

The Veiled Eye

written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SEA. MORNING

The sun has not yet begun to rise and the sea is a dark blur. Dim yet clear pale yellow lights pulse between the waves. The wind howls, and it begins to sound both like the creaking of wood on a ship and the pained cries of a woman.

CUT TO BLACK.

2 EXT. HOUSE DRIVEWAY. DAY

It is a windy day in the east coast of Fife, Scotland. SYLVAN, a man in his 30's with cataract blindness, is walking down the street near a house right by the sea. Sylvan listens out to the waves and turns towards the house. The setting is a mess of blurred shapes and colours except for a very clear pale yellow light from within the house. Sylvan adjusts his white cane and carefully walks down the driveway to the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Sylvan enters the house, shortening his white cane so he can navigate through the tighter space. The house is empty save for a few dusty pieces of furniture.

SYLVAN

Hello?

He walks through the kitchen and into the hall. An old clock is ticking.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Anyone here?

Sylvan snaps towards the sound of the waves. He walks into a sun room at the front of the house, where a huge window displays the garden, beach and sea. The waves are crashing violently, but Sylvan cannot see them.

Behind Sylvan, the ghost of an OLD SAILOR walks into the room with a furious expression. He breathes heavily. Sylvan turns to face him. Sylvan can see the old sailor clearly despite his blindness. The room now appears half nautically built: wooden furniture, darkened walls and an old steering wheel in front of the window. The waves get louder

SYLVAN (CONT'D)
 Ah... hello there. I thought
 someone might be here. My name's
 Sylvan. I hope you don't mind my-

OLD SAILOR
 Leave. Here.

The room darkens. The waves and wind get louder.

SYLVAN
 Now, now. We-

OLD SAILOR
 LEAVE!

The Sailor leaps towards Sylvan and disappears as the waves crash against the sea outside. Sylvan gasps and falls on his bottom as the room reforms itself.

CUT TO:

3. EXT. GARDEN. EVENING

Sylvan sits out on a bench overlooking the sea in the house's garden, shivering partly from the cold and partly out of fear. He squints his eyes to try and see the waves but cannot. He can, however, see the yellow lights engulfing his view. He gulps, and stares back to the house where the yellow light can be seen through a window.

CUT TO:

4. INT. BEDROOM. EVENING

Sylvan makes his bed: the linen are all different and vibrant colours. He lays them out neatly as to easily distinguish them. After he finishes making his bed he tucks himself in and hears the waves getting louder. The bed starts to creak.

SYLVAN
 You can't scare me with the waves.
 I actually really like them.

Sylvan turns to face the old sailor who is looming over the bed with a furious expression. He grits his teeth.

OLD SAILOR
 Like them, eh?

SYLVAN

I miss them. Wish I could watch
them ag-

The sailor stomps on the ground and the room goes pitch black. Lightning strikes within the room as the bed rocks back and forth, the sound of the violent sea engulfing the space. Sylvan struggles to hold on and is eventually thrown off his bed. He sprawls onto the floor and while he reaches out for something to grab onto in the dark, he sees the pale yellow light again. The approaching sound of sailors screaming and oncoming tide slaps him and he is pushed to the ground by an invisible force. He flops onto his knees and vomits out briny water.

Sylvan suddenly wakes up on the floor next to his bed. He breathes heavily, still in shock from the dream.

CUT TO:

5. INT. SUN ROOM. MORNING

Sylvan walks into the sun room having clearly not slept through the night. He rubs at his face as he slumps into a cushioned chair. The waves appear very still.

SYLVAN

I'm sorry for what you had to go
through.

The waves get wilder. The room transforms once more and old sailor appears on the chair opposite Sylvan. Sylvan shudders.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell me your name?

OLD SAILOR

Why won't you leave?

SYLVAN

I bought the place.

He holds up a set of keys and nods to the window towards the sea. The old sailor refuses to look out to it.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you have to see it every
day. There must be something I can
do to help?

OLD SAILOR

Why do you want to help me?

Sylvan notices the sailor rubbing at his ring finger. There is a mark there.

SYLVAN

I've suffered enough for not helping people. I think being able to see... folk like you... is a sign.

OLD SAILOR

There's no way to help me. Not unless you can silence the sea.

Sylvan looks at the ring finger. The old sailor notices and quickly stands. The room darkens and creaks like an old ship again. Sylvan clutches onto the arms of the chair as it begins to sway. The old sailor looks down at him and scoffs before leaving the room. Sylvan sighs and grabs his white cane.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. COASTAL PATH. DAY

Sylvan goes for a walk on the road by the beach. He wanders around until the day turns to night.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT

Sylvan slots the key into the front door of the house when he notices a light coming from the garden. He makes his way down to the garden where he sees a pale woman, around the same age as the sailor in an worn dress. Her skirt is dirty at the knees, presumably from kneeling, and she has a gold ring on her finger. Sylvan stares at her wide eyed and notices that she is looking down at something: a patch of greenery at the garden wall. Sylvan struggles to get over there in the dark and uneven terrain and kneels down. He turns to the woman and she nods. Sylvan then begins to paw at the ground, shrugs, and begins to tear away at the dirt with his hands. After a while, he feels something. It is a small, gold ring. Sylvan fiddles with it until he realises what it is. He turns to the woman, but she is gone. the waves are still.

CUT TO:

7. INT. SUN ROOM. NIGHT

Sylvan enters the sun room, his hands and knees covered in dirt. He feels around for the table in the centre of the room and places the ring down.

SYLVAN (MUTTERING)
You should look outside more...

He then leaves the room to go to bed.

CUT TO:

8. INT. SUN ROOM. NIGHT

The old sailor follows Sylvan's footprints from his room into the sun room. He looks angry, but then notices the ring on the table. The sailor collapses onto his knees and tries to pick up the ring.

CUT TO:

9. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

The old sailor goes into Sylvan's room and stares at him while he sleeps. Sylvan mutters something. The sailor kneels down to hear what he says, then when he hears it, closes his eyes. The sailor sees a blurry visual: the sun setting golden upon the sea, as two silhouettes, a man and a woman, stand hand in hand there. The man, who's stature resembles Sylvan, seems to get distracted by something on the floor and leaves the woman behind to look at. The woman falls onto her knees and begins to sob, but the man does not notice. She then disappears. The sailor opens his eyes to see Sylvan weeping in his sleep. He leans closer.

OLD SAILOR
Thank you.

He then places a hand on Sylvan's head and leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sylvan hears the old sailor's voice.

OLD SAILOR (V.O.)
My name's Gregor.

CUT TO BLACK.

10. INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

Sylvan suddenly wakes up.

SYLVAN (WHISPERING)

Gregor...

Sylvan gets up and loos around the rooms of the house, shouting for the old sailor. He cannot see him anywhere. Sylvan rubs the back of his head and then squints his eyes. Out the window, he can see into the garden, where yellow footprints lead down to the beach.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. GARDEN. MORNING

Sylvan follows the footprints down until he stops at the gate leading to the beach, where the foot prints stop. He looks up and to his astonishment, he can see the waves clear as day. He cannot see the rest of the world, but he can see the waves. He slumps onto the bench, and stares at the waves, as they gradually pick up and begin to crash against the shore. As one powerful wave hits the sand, two blurry yellow lights can be seen within the sea.

CUT TO BLACK.