

The Veiled Eye

written by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SEA. MORNING

The sun has not yet risen and the sea is a dark blur. Dim gold 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. GARDEN. DAY

It is a windy day on the east coast of Fife, Scotland. **SYLVAN**, a young man (20s-30s) with cataract blindness, sits against a wall on the beach, which separates the beach from a house overlooking the sea. He looks at the waves and squints his eyes, but the setting is just a mess of blurred shapes and colours.

Beat.

He sighs and turns around, looking at the house. Everything is a blur again, except for a very clear gold light from within the house. Sylvan picks up his white cane but does not use it, instead stumbling up to the garden gate.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY

SYLVAN enters the house. It is empty save for a few dusty pieces of furniture and some moving boxes.

SYLVAN (SHOUTING. CURIOUS)

Hello?

Beat.

He walks through the kitchen and into the hall. An old clock ticks away.

SYLVAN (CONFUSED) (CONT'D)

Hello? Anyone here?

SYLVAN snaps towards the sound of the waves. He walks into a sunroom at the front of the house, where a huge window displays the garden, beach and sea. The waves crash violently.

Beat.

The ticking of the clock slows down. The room now appears as if it has sunken to the bottom of the sea: wooden furniture, darkened atmosphere, water beneath SYLVAN's feet and floating driftwood in front of the window. The waves get louder. SYLVAN, despite his condition, seems to notice the room's condition. From his perspective, the room is now clear. He gulps.

SYLVAN (SHAKING. NERVOUS.) (CONT'D)

Hel-

Beat.

The room darkens. The waves and wind get louder. A figure glides around the corner behind the door and into sight. SYLVAN turns as the clock ticking slows to a halt.

SYLVAN sees the ghost of an old **SAILOR** (50s-60s), wearing a worn dark blue jacket, a white and blue sailor cap and a bright gold badge on his chest. The SAILOR looks furious and glides towards SYLVAN rapidly, before disappearing as the waves crash against the shore outside. SYLVAN gasps and falls on his bottom as the room reforms itself.

CUT TO:

3. INT. BEDROOM. DAY

SYLVAN sits by his bedside window and shivers slightly. He squints his eyes at the sea outside. As he does this, the waves get more aggressive and the room creaks.

CUT TO:

4. INT. BEDROOM. EVENING

SYLVAN is lying in bed, asleep. The linens are all different and vibrant colours. The waves sound extremely violent. The bed creaks and gently sways side to side.

Beat.

SYLVAN wakes up to the sound of crashing lightning, as the room is lit up by it. The light produced by the lightning is so bright that it is as if it struck within the room. The bed rocks violently, the sound of the sea engulfing the space. Sylvan looks around the room, trying to see what is causing the ordeal, and is eventually thrown off his bed. He sprawls onto the floor stares at the ceiling, dazed. Out of the corner of his eye in the midst of the blurred mess, he sees another gold light outside his window.

He gets up and tries to get a better look at it, but the approaching sound of screaming men and oncoming tides slap him, and he is pushed to the ground by an invisible force. He flops onto his knees and gags. He then sees briny water on the floor, which floats upwards and seeps into his mouth. He wrenches, trying to get the water out.

SYLVAN suddenly wakes in bed with a gasp.

Beat.

He breathes heavily, still in shock from the dream.

CUT TO:

5. INT. SUN ROOM. MORNING

The waves lap calmly and the old clock ticks rhythmically. SYLVAN walks into the sunroom having clearly not slept through the night. He rubs at his face as he slumps into a cushioned chair. The clock slows and the waves pick up.

SYLVAN (QUIET. CONSIDERED.)

Is that what it felt like?

The room transforms once more and the SAILOR appears on the chair opposite SYLVAN. The SAILOR looks at the floor. SYLVAN shudders and adjusts himself in his seat, gripping onto his white cane.

Beat.

SYLVAN (SYMPATHETIC) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

SAILOR (SNAPPING. FRUSTRATED.)

Why won't you leave?

SYLVAN (SIGH)

I can't. I bought the place.

He holds up a set of keys and nods to the window towards the sea. The SAILOR refuses to look at it.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)

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

Beat.

SAILOR (CONFUSED. FRUSTRATED)

Why do you want to help me?

SYLVAN notices the SAILOR rubbing at his ring finger. There is a mark there.

Beat.

SYLVAN shrugs.

SYLVAN
Because I can see you.

Beat.

SAILOR (DEFEATED. DISSMISSIVE)
There's no way to help me. Not
unless you can silence the sea.

the SAILOR gets up, looks down at his ring finger once more and flinches as the waves crash outside. SYLVAN continues to stare at him.

CUT TO:

6. 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:

7. EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT

SYLVAN takes out the keys to the house and is about to slot them into the front door when he notices a light coming from the garden.

Beat.

He makes his way down to the garden where he sees a **PALE WOMAN**, around the same age as the SAILOR, in a worn white dress. Her skirt is dirty at the knees, presumably from kneeling, and she has a glowing 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.

Beat.

In the dark and uneven terrain, he struggles to make his way there, and knocks into several objects along the way. He kneels down, turns to the PALE WOMAN, and she nods.

Beat.

SYLVAN paws 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*. It is covered in dirt and pebbles and he cannot make out its shape by squinting his eyes. SYLVAN fiddles with it until he realises what it is. He turns to the PALE WOMAN, but she is gone. the waves are still.

CUT TO:

8. 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.

CUT TO:

9. INT. SUN ROOM. NIGHT

The SAILOR follows SYLVAN'S footprints from the porch into the sun room, ignoring the footsteps leading to his room coming back. He notices the ring on the table. SYLVAN re-enters the room. The SAILOR pays him no mind as his eyes are still fixated on the ring. The SAILOR collapses to his knees, staring at it, and begins to cry. SYLVAN stands next to him and reaches his hand out as if to touch the SAILOR's shoulder, but hesitates. The sound of the waves picks up, and the SAILOR looks out the window to the sea for the first time.

CUT TO:

10. INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

SYLVAN is fast asleep in his bed. The room is silent. The SAILOR appears next to the bed and kneels to SYLVAN'S level.

SAILOR
Thank you. I'm going back to her
now.

Beat.

He looks at the white cane which lies at the other side of the room, far from SYLVAN'S side.

Beat.

He then places a hand on SYLVAN'S head and leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

11. INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

SYLVAN wakes up. He gets up and wanders around the house, without his white cane. SYLVAN rubs the back of his head when he gets into the sun room and looks around. The waves are silent and the clock is ticking consistently, no sign of the sailor. SYLVAN notices something out the window. A pair of gold footprints lead down from the garden to the beach.

CUT TO:

12. EXT. GARDEN. MORNING

SYLVAN follows the footprints, stumbling as he does. The footsteps gradually fade as they follow the path. They disappear at the gate leading to the beach. He looks up, and the sea is still a blur.

Beat.

SYLVAN takes a deep breath and opens the gate. He stumbles down to the beach and tries to make out the waves, getting visibly frustrated as he does.

Beat.

He closes his eyes and walks into the water until it is just above his ankles. He listens out to the waves, the seagulls and the sound of distant ships.

Beat.

He sits cross-legged in the water and breaths in, before opening his eyes. From SYLVAN'S perspective, everything is clear.

FADE TO BLACK.