

The Veiled Eye

written by

Louie Williamson

2 Mill Wynd, Lundin Links
07484212303
louiewilliamson004@gmail.com

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.

His phone rings, and he turns it off, not even looking at who is calling. 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, he stumbles up to the garden gate.

CUT TO:

3. INT. HOUSE. IMMEDIATELY AFTER

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, the beach, and the 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:

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 sound of the sea engulfs the room.

Beat.

A bright light enters the room from the window. Sylvan gets out of bed, walks to the window, and tries to get a better look at it. He sees the face of a **PALE WOMAN**. She is crying.

Beat.

The room begins to shake. Sylvan loses balance and falls onto the side of the bed, then onto the floor. He flops onto his hands and knees and gags.

He then throws up briny water, which floats back up from the floor and into his mouth. He retches, 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. SUNROOM. 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 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. The SAILOR leaves, and SYLVAN'S phone rings again. He turns it off, still staring in the direction of where the SAILOR left.

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 looks down to the waves.

Beat.

He sees a bright light in the water. He squints his eyes and makes out the image of the same PALE WOMAN as he saw the night before. She is around the same age as the SAILOR, wearing a worn white dress.

Beat.

Sylvan rushes down to the beach, stumbling as he does until he eventually trips and falls at the wall. He kneels up and peers over the garden wall.

Beat.

She stands knee high in the water, her dress sleeves and hands dirtied with soil, and she is facing the sea.

SYLVAN stares at her wide-eyed and notices that she is looking down at her hands. She turns to face the moon, and Sylvan sees her rubbing at her ring finger.

Beat.

SYLVAN runs, or rather stumbles, up to the house and rushes in, slamming the door behind him.

8. INT. SUNROOM. NIGHT

SYLVAN enters the sunroom.

SYLVAN
You need to-

He hesitates. He stares out the window to the sea, at the clear woman and the blurry sea. He then looks down to the blurry view of his white cane.

Beat.

The clock slows down, and SYLVAN takes a deep breath. The SAILOR appears behind him. SYLVAN turns to him.

Beat.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)
I've been meaning to ask... can you help? With...

He gestures to his own eyes. The SAILOR looks to his ring.

SAILOR
How long has it been?

He gestures to his own eyes. SYLVAN sighs

SYLVAN
I've lost track. Somewhere between a few months and forever.

Beat.

SYLVAN (CONT'D)
Does that matter?

SAILOR
No.

Beat.

The SAILOR looks up at Sylvan and shakes his head. SYLVAN looks to the floor. He then sighs deeply, looks at the SAILOR, and moves out of the way. The SAILOR turns away and rubs at his ring finger, then a gold light shines in his eyes.

Beat.

He blinks and looks up. His jaw drops as he walks towards the window. He sees the PALE WOMAN in the water. His eyes well up with tears. Sylvan sits down on one of the chairs and stares at the floor, fiddling with his white cane.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

10. INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

SYLVAN wakes up to his phone ringing. He stares at it, then groans and picks up.

SYLVAN

Hi mum.

CUT TO:

11. INT. HALL. MORNING

SYLVAN wanders around the house without his white cane. He rubs the back of his head when he gets into the sunroom and looks around. The waves are silent, and the clock ticks rhythmically, 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.