

EYES OF THE STONE - REVISED

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The road is quite with fewer number of vehicles.

INT. CAR

SAURAV BHATT(30s), drives the car.

SAURAV (VO)

Working in an art gallery is not  
cake. Today was hectic. Had to  
display eighteen new portraits in  
an hour. Fucking exhausted.

He sees a board of Yard Sale at a distance. Parks the car  
and goes in with no intention to buy.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Few people in the sale. Secondary items like  
tools, furniture, etc. on sale.

Saurav sees a canvas leaning against a cabinet with the back  
towards him. On the back of the canvas is the price tag of  
four-thousand, below it, is the name of the painting as EYES  
OF THE STONE.

He picks it.

SHOBNA (OS)

Excuse me, sir. May I help you?

Saurav turns to see SHOBNA MURTI(60), plump, grey hair.

SAURAV

Saurav Bhatt.

SHOBNA

Shobna Murti. Seem to be interested  
in buying that?

Before Saurav answers, someone calls her.

SHOBNA (CONT'D)

Have to go. If you want to buy that  
then come to that counter.

She points at a counter on her left and leaves.

Saurav quickly looks at the canvas.

It has a grey coloured tombstone against a blood-red  
background with eyes made on the stone. The eyes are closed.  
They seem neither male nor female. Distinct.

No epitaph.

He goes to the counter.

Shobna looks at him and smiles.

SHOBNA  
You gonna buy it?

SAURAV  
Yes. I work in an art gallery and I like this one.

SHOBNA  
Good choice. Four-thousand for that.

Saurav writes a cheque.

SAURAV  
Do you know who made this?

SHOBNA  
No.

SAURAV  
Strange.

SHOBNA  
I keep record of every item on sale but of that, I don't know. One of my boys found it in our loading truck. It turned up outta nowhere. So we just stucked it a price tag and put it on sale.

SAURAV  
Name was already on it?

SHOBNA  
Oh yes. We just gave it a price.

Saurav hands her the cheque, walks back to his car.

A lady waiting on the kerb, looks at the painting.

LADY  
Isn't it creepy?

SAURAV  
Why? I don't see any problem.

INT. CAR - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Saurav looks a bit freaked out. The painting sits on the backseat of the car with tombstone visible in the rear-view mirror.

The road is empty.

He looks in the mirror, sees the eyelids to be slightly open. Slams on the brake, looks back.

Below the eyes is written;

SAURAV BHATT

1986 - 2018

He is terrified and begins to drive very fast.

Suddenly he hears ringing of bells. Hundreds of them.

He looks back at the mirror, sees the eyes on the stone fully open.

Bells get louder. He screams.

He looks ahead at the road, a sharp light comes at him. He tries to stop the car but the brakes do not work.

The light grows brighter with each second.

He again looks at the mirror, sees the open eyes and the epitaph on it.

Bells become too loud.

Saurav covers his ears with his hands but it is of no use.

Light grows insanely bright.

He closes his eyes, screams for the last time.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Saurav is on the bed, severely injured.

Breaks his left arm. Glass pieces pierce in his chest. Not too deep. His legs are fine. Bandage on the head. Bruises on his face.

SAURAV

I don't know what happened,uncle.

Amit Bhatt(50s), Saurav's uncle, moustache. Sits beside Saurav.

AMIT

Tell me, boy.

SAURAV

I don't know. I just bought a painting from a yard sale.

AMIT

Painting? But there was no painting in your car.

SAURAV

I don't know. I bought this shit and on my way back home some weird fucking things started to happen.

AMIT

Like what?

SAURAV

This painting began to alter on its own. Bells started to ring from God knows where. And then this fucking truck hit me.

AMIT

You are right. Police found out that you were indeed hit by a loading truck. It was registered to a lady named Shobna Murti.

Saurav is stunned.

AMIT (CONT'D)

Driver was a man in his mid-thirties. Unfortunately, he died on the spot.

SAURAV

What about Shobna?

AMIT

As you may think, police went to Shobna's house. But she was found dead.

SAURAV

How?

AMIT

She was found in the pool of her blood. Excessive blood-loss. Exact reason of her death is not known. But one of the plausible reasons of her mishap is speculated that she may have tripped from her staircase and hit her head on the floor.

SAURAV

She wanted to kill me?

AMIT

They don't know. Maybe there is no way of knowing now.

Amit places his hand on Saurav's shoulder.

Saurav winces.

AMIT (CONT'D)

Sorry.

He kisses Saurav's forehead.

AMIT (CONT'D)

I am going home to get you some food. Take proper rest. I have called your parents and brother, they will be here by this noon.

Amit gets up.

SAURAV

Uncle.

AMIT

Yep.

SAURAV

You asked me once which painting I liked the most.

AMIT

Yeah. And you didn't answer me.

SAURAV

Because I wasn't able to decide. But now I have.

AMIT

Then tell me.

SAURAV

'THE OLD GUITARIST'.

AMIT

Ohh. Picasso. I like it too.

Amit exits the ward.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Amit gets in his car and drives off.

Not knowing that behind his seat are the eyes of the stone watching him.

THE END