

EYES OF THE HOLLOW

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2024  
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is bathed in soft sunlight. Posters of unicorns and pop stars adorn the walls. SOPHIE, an 8-year-old with plaited hair, sits cross-legged on her bed. EMMA, her mother, (30's) stands by the closet, sorting through clothes.

EMMA

(smiling)

Are you excited to visit Grandma and Grandpa?

SOPHIE

(nodding)

Yeah, it feels like forever since I was last there.

Emma walks over to Sophie, kneeling down to her eye level.

EMMA

(softly)

Grandma will cook whatever you want and Grandpa will let you have the run of the house. You'll have so much fun.

Emma helps Sophie put on her little shoes, her fingers deftly tying the laces.

SOPHIE

(giggling)

Mommy, do you think Grandpa will take me out in his boat?

EMMA

(chuckling)

I'm sure he will. You'll be his little fishing buddy. But remember, you have to listen to what they both tell you, okay?

Sophie nods.

Emma helps Sophie into her coat, buttoning it up carefully.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(stroking Sophie's cheek)

You know, sweetie, Grandma and Grandpa love you more than all the stars in the sky.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

They'd do anything for you. You're lucky to have them.

Sophie hugs her stuffed bunny tightly.

SOPHIE

I love them too, Mommy.

Emma lifts Sophie into her arms, carrying her towards the door.

EMMA

(whispering)

And when you miss me, just look at the moon. I'll be looking at the same moon, thinking of you.

They reach the bedroom door. Emma opens it. She kisses Sophie's forehead.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Mommy just has some stuff to sort out. Boring adult stuff. But mommy loves you. Never ever forget that.

INT. CAR - DAY

The sun shines through the windshield, casting a warm glow on the dashboard. The car hums along the open highway, surrounded by vast fields and distant mountains. Emma grips the steering wheel. Sophie sits in the backseat, peering out the window.

SOPHIE

(excited)

Mom, do you think I'll be there for the whole summer?

EMMA

(smiling)

I can't say, but I do know you're going to have the best time. Even though your grandparents can be a little different to live with.

SOPHIE

(raising an eyebrow)

Different how?

EMMA

Superstitious. Very superstitious. They believe in things most people don't.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I had to put up with it my whole childhood. But I just went along with it and stopped noticing it after awhile.

SOPHIE

Like what?

EMMA

It's the curtains. All of them. When the sun goes down they have to be closed. And you're not allowed to open them until the sun is up. And they take it so seriously.

SOPHIE

What do the curtains do?

EMMA

Keeps out things. Spooky things. But it's just what they believe. None of it's real. But it's best that you just go along with it.

SOPHIE

Spooky things? Like what?

EMMA

It doesn't matter, I don't want to scare you.

SOPHIE

I won't be scared. I promise.

EMMA

Just remember, you're at their house so respect what they want. Try and do as you're told. And just keep the curtains closed.

SOPHIE

I will.

Emma smiles, knowing that this summer will be unlike any other.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is filled with old-fashioned furniture, family photos, and a sense of nostalgia. The sun streams through lace curtains, casting warm patterns on the floor.

Emma stands at the door, her eyes welling up. She clutches a small suitcase.

The GRANDMA, late 60s, waits, her hands trembling slightly.

EMMA

(voice breaking)

Mom, I promise I'll be back for her. As soon as I've sorted out a new place for us to live I'll be back.

GRANDMA

(smiling, but her eyes betray sadness)

Emma, you know she'll be safe here. We'll take good care of her. You get your life in order and do it for her.

The front door creaks open, and Sofia steps in. She clings to her stuffed bunny, eyes wide.

SOPHIE

(whispering)

Mommy, are you leaving now?

EMMA

(kneeling down, hugging Sophie tightly)

I've got to. But don't worry about me. Grandma and Grandpa will spoil you rotten. And I'll call every day.

SOPHIE

(sniffling)

Promise?

EMMA

Cross my heart.

Emma kisses Sophie's forehead.

Grandma approaches, her arms open. Sophie hesitates, then runs into her embrace.

GRANDMA

(stroking Sophie's hair)

We're going to have so much fun together, you'll see.

Emma stands, wiping her tears. Eyes locked onto Sophie.

EMMA

I love you.

SOPHIE

I love you too, Mommy.

Emma walks to the door, her footsteps echoing. Sophie waves, tears streaming down her cheeks. Emma steps outside, and the door closes behind her.

Grandma holds Sophie, rocking her gently.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is quaint, filled with antique furniture and faded photographs. Low Sunlight streams through the lace curtains, casting patterns on the wooden floor. Sophie gazes outside.

SOPHIE

Grandma, can I go out into the garden?

GRANDMA

(smiling)

Not now, my dear. The sun will be down soon. I hope you're mom told you about our silly little rules we have here.

SOPHIE

Yes, but I don't understand.

GRANDPA, (70's) stands up from a comfy chair, folding his newspaper in half.

GRANDPA

We close the curtains at sunset. There's nothing to think about.

SOPHIE

(pouting)

But it's not even dark yet.

GRANDMA

(leaning in)

Because, my love, there are things that come out when the sun goes down. Things we don't want to see, don't want to hear. And we don't want them to see or hear us either.

SOPHIE  
(nervous)  
What things?

GRANDPA  
(voice low)  
Things that we need to keep a part  
from. Things that we cannot get  
close to. Things you wouldn't want  
to get near.

Grandpa trails off, his gaze fixed on the window.

SOPHIE  
What would happen if I went  
outside?

GRANDMA  
(softly)  
We would have to lock the door and  
couldn't let you back in until the  
morning.

Sophie's eyes widen. She glances at the curtains, now bathed  
in golden sunlight.

SOPHIE  
Then why do you live here?

GRANDPA  
Because, my dear, it is our duty.  
We know what they are, if someone  
else lives here they might not know  
what to do and lose themselves. We  
have a responsibility here. A role,  
a role I hope to pass down onto  
you.

Grandma reaches for the curtains, pulling them shut. The room  
darkens.

GRANDMA  
(whispering)  
Remember, Sophie. No peeking until  
morning. Promise?

Sophie hesitates, then nods.

SOPHIE  
I promise.

As the room grows dim, Emma feels a mixture of fear and  
curiosity.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is cosy, adorned with floral wallpaper and antique furniture. A single bed sits against the window, its curtains drawn shut. The moonlight filters through the gaps, casting eerie patterns on the wooden floor.

Sophie, stands before the window. She wears her colourful PJ'S. Her breath fogs the glass as she pushes the curtains aside. Outside, the world is bathed in silver light.

Sophie's eyes widen.

The garden stretches out before her, a sea of dew-kissed flowers and gnarled trees. But beyond the garden, in the distant woods, something catches her attention.

A BLACK FIGURE stands there, motionless. Its silhouette blends with the shadows, but Sophie can make out the shape of elongated limbs and hollow eyes.

The figure seems to sway, as if beckoning her.

Sophie reaches for the window latch, her heart pounding. She hesitates, then throws the curtains wide open.

The moonlight spills into the room, revealing the figure in stark detail.

It has no face. No features. Just an abyss of darkness.

Sophie gasps.

SOPHIE  
(whispering)  
What is that?

Sophie's fear gives way to curiosity.

The figure retreats, merging with the night.

Sophie closes the curtains, but her mind races with so many unanswered questions.

INT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The moon hangs low, casting an otherworldly glow over the dew-kissed grass. Sophie, slips out of her bedroom window. Her breath mingles with the chilly air as she steps into the darkness.



In the corner of the yard, beneath the ancient oak tree, stands the BLACK FIGURE. Its silhouette is elongated, its edges blurred.

SOPHIE  
(voice trembling)  
Are you real?

The figure turns, and Sophie gasps. It's her own reflection, but twisted—like a funhouse mirror.

BLACK FIGURE SOPHIE  
(voice echoing)  
Now I am you.

SOPHIE  
(confused)  
What?

BLACK FIGURE SOPHIE  
It's too late now. It's done. I am  
you.

SOPHIE  
No, I'm me.

BLACK FIGURE SOPHIE  
Not anymore.

Sophie trembles. The black figure steps forwards, reaching out and taking a hold of Sophie's head.

Sophie tries to free herself but is powerless.

INT. SUNLIT KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is cosy, filled with the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the soft clinking of cutlery. Grandma and Grandpa sit at the wooden table, the curtains on all the windows pulled wide open.

The door creaks, and SOPHIE steps in. But something is different. Her eyes are pitch black.

GRANDMA  
(shocked)  
Oh my God no!

Sophie nods, her expression serene. She glides to the table.

SOPHIE  
Good morning, Grandma. Good  
morning, Grandpa.

Her voice is melodic, otherworldly.

GRANDPA

(scared)

We told her everything, but she didn't listen.

GRANDMA

(to Grandpa)

It's too late now. It's done.

Grandma places a plate of pancakes in front of Sophie. The syrup glistens like amber.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We tried to warn her but just like all the others, she didn't listen. That's the problem with this new generation. They just don't want to listen.

Sophie's black eyes fixate on the pancakes. She doesn't touch them.

Sophie's gaze drifts to the window, where the morning mist dances.

SOPHIE

I wish to see more of the world.

Grandma glances at the clock.

GRANDMA

(softly)

Well, I have some news. My own daughter will be here soon. She's had a change of heart. She wants Sophie with her.

(a deep breath)

Hopefully she won't know what you are, and she'll take you away with her. And from there you can see as much of the world as you like.

(another breath)

But you've taken her daughter from her, so be kind.

GRANDPA

I just hope she takes you far, far away from us. I don't want you in my house.

INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door opens, and Emma steps in.

EMMA  
(smiling)  
Sophie, I'm sorry but I had to come  
back for you. I couldn't just...

Emma stops. Her eyes widening when she sees Sophie.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(stammering)  
Sophie...your eyes...

Sophie stands, her small form ethereal.

SOPHIE  
It's time for us to go.

GRANDMA  
(to Sophie)  
Remember, be kind to her.

Sophie walks gingerly over towards Emma, unnatural steps.

Emma let's out a terrified scream.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END