

SENSE

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EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

An old abandoned house, dilapidated and empty stands quietly on a dusty road.

A Ford Focus pulls up outside.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

VINCE, 40's, a collections agent, heavy set and bald with an aggressive demeanour clutches a clipboard.

He writes on his papers and looks towards the house

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Vince approaches the house, this is routine for him, without missing a stride he notes on his clipboard, surveys the scene and arrives at the door.

He he presses the doorbell.

Nothing.

He rings the doorbell again and bangs on the door with his fist.

VINCE

Hello!

There is no response

He approaches the window, and rubs it with his sleeve to improve the view but it is covered in a thick layer of dust from the inside, he cups his hand to block out sunlight and looks in trying to identify goods for levy but cannot make anything out.

He goes back to the door and pushes the letterbox open.

INT. THE HOUSE - VIEW THROUGH THE LETTERBOX

He can see that the interior of the house is as unkempt as the exterior. Dusty furniture, an old bookcase, part of a lamp, nothing to denote value and certainly no sign of life.

He leaves the front of the house

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Vince walks around the house in search of a vehicle but he is greeted with more overgrown desolation, the area appears devoid of human activity.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Vince returns to the letterbox, he pushes it open once more and begins to shout through it

VINCE

Mr Dormir! This is Greenbrow
Recovery

We need to have a chat...

His words are greeted with silence

VINCE (cont'd)

Mr Dormir, I'm afraid this can't be
ignored, I'm happy to work with you
sir, we can find a solution but you
need to open the door

Again, his words hang in the air, alone.

Vince thinks about moving on but then looks down at the door. He surveys the environment to ensure that there is no one to witness before turning the handle.

It's unlocked.

INT. THE HOUSE

A mountain of letters and parcels pile up against the door and with significant force, Vince pushes the door open spreading the pile across the floor.

He surveys the house, an open plan kitchen and lounge, it's dark. Cracks in the curtains shoot two shafts of light across the room illuminating dust particles as they dance in the sunbeams. Everything is neat and tidy but covered in a thick layer of dust and cobwebs.

VINCE

Mr Dormir? Hello...

His words are soaked into the walls, echoless. He moves through the house with slight trepidation, as he scans the environment he makes out the unmistakable shape of a human, sat in a chair, in a darkened corner of the room.

Vince is startled.

This is MR DORMIR

Vince takes a moment to regain his composure

VINCE (cont'd)

Mr Dormir?

Mr Dormir is motionlessness and in complete silence.

It occurs to Vince that he may not be alive.

He approaches slowly, inching closer and reaches out, he moves two fingers towards the old man's neck to check a pulse.

The moment his fingers make contact a hitherto unseen medical ventilator that was behind Mr Dormir, kicks into life. Vince jumps again clutching his chest

The rhythmic drone of the ventilator cracks the silence to become a constant, background white noise

BREATHING IN...AND OUT. IN...AND OUT.

Mr Dormir is alive but remains motionless, he is now eerily lit from the display on the ventilator's monitor, his cracked and withered features made to look older by the tubes snaking across his face to his nose from the ventilator's oxygen tank

VINCE (cont'd)

Mr Dormir, I'm here about the council tax bill.

Again there is no response

VINCE (cont'd)

I can see that you have some health... difficulties, but, I'm afraid this really needs attention

Vince holds up the clipboard indicating Mr Dormir's debt, before setting it down.

Vince takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, he pulls one cigarette out and taps it on the packet as he ponders the situation and what he should do.

Vince lights his cigarette and walks to the door to look at the letters spread across the floor, he shuffles through them, each with the Greenbrow Recovery logo on the envelopes, each one unopened. Vince talks whilst still looking at the letters

VINCE (cont'd)
We can discuss options, repayment
plans, post office cards...

Vince looks up from the letters and back towards Mr Dormir

VINCE (cont'd)
There's more than one way to resolve
this

The rhythmic drone of the ventilator is the only response

Vince takes a pull of his cigarette and exhales a cloud of smoke in the room, he's made his decision.

He takes a breath and approaches the chair bound man, he moves closer, until they're face to face

VINCE (cont'd)
Under Schedule 12 of the Tribunal
Courts and Enforcement Act

It is clear he has memorised this passage

VINCE (cont'd)
if a legally authorised enforcement
agent... aka me, gains lawful,
unforced entry into a debtors home,
he can legally enforce a liability
order for seizure of goods to be sold
at auction to service the
aforementioned debt

Vince draws on his cigarette and exhales, some of the smoke drifts into Mr Dormir's face

Mr Dormir smacks his lips, this is the first movement or sign of life from him

The catches Vince's attention, it hardens his resolve, he stares at Mr Dormir for a moment, waiting for another reaction

Vince walks away from the chair, pulls the cigarette out of his mouth and looks at it, he takes another puff... looks at it again, something tastes off about it. He throws it to the floor and stamps it out as he walks towards the window.

VINCE (cont'd)
This is an eventuality I try to avoid
Mr Dormir

A slight smirk on Vince's face belies his intention

He pulls the curtains open and floods the room with light

INT. HOUSE

Vince starts to stroll around the house, now fully lit from the sunlight it is revealed just how old and dusty everything is.

Vince is looking through the kitchen cupboards, when he sees a bag of tea bags, he shoots a condescending smile at Mr Dormir

VINCE
Brew?

The drone of the ventilator is his only response

VINCE (cont'd)
Suit yourself

Vince looks for a kettle but does not see one, he grabs a pot, fills it with water and sets it on the stove top, he flicks on the hob before turning his attention back to Mr Dormir

VINCE (cont'd)
We all have to earn a crust Mr
Dormir

Vince leans against the cooker

VINCE (cont'd)
I am a last resort, opportunities to
settle these issues couldn't be
easier...

Vince stops mid sentence, he sniffs the air, a strange, burning smell, Vince looks down to see his hand placed on the red hot stove top blistering under the intense heat

VINCE (cont'd)

Argghhh!!

Vince falls backwards clutching the wrist of his burned hand, he clatters into a bookcase erupting a cloud of dust into the room, he slides into a seated position, breathing heavily and staring at his hand

Vince's heavy breathing slows, as he stares at his blistering hand, the shock subsides and Vince feels no pain at all. Its a deep burn, right down to the subcutaneous fat layer.

Vince closes his fist and opens it repeatedly, he can feel no discomfort whatsoever

His earlier bravado and derisory tone is tempered, Vince is worried.

Mr Dormir remains unresponsive, the rhythm of the ventilator returns and everything is as it was before

Vince gets up, still staring at his hand, the cloud of dust from earlier is still clearly visible

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

We see a close up as the dust settle on Mr Dormir's arm, the hairs on his arm react and stand on end as they sense the dust particles land on them

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Vince is unsettled, he is aware that something is going on beyond his control, he wants to leave

VINCE

Mr Dormir, I'm going to write this off

Vince starts to walk away

VINCE (cont'd)

I'll report that there was no response when I called

Suddenly Vince stops in his tracks. He take a sharp intake of breath, shocked

Vince's arms go out in front of him to feel his surroundings, he is fumbling around, panicked... he has lost his sight

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - MR DORMIR P.O.V

We see the world through Mr Dormir's eyes as they slowly open

Vince is fumbling around in the room, terrified, his voice which had been so full of authority earlier is now a mere whimper

VINCE
I'm sorry, I'll...I'll go, like I
was never here, I'll write you off
the list, no one will come again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

There is no acknowledgement on Mr Dormir's face, he registers not a single syllable of Vince's words and stares at him, with ice cold indifference.

Vince turns his head around, an instinctive reaction, from when he could see.

VINCE
HELP!!!! HELP!!!!!! HEL...

Suddenly Vince falls silent, he grasps his throat with both hands.

Mr Dormir blinks slowly.

The ventilator stops, the absence of the drone creates an eerie silence, then the silence is cracked...

MR DORMIR
Your speech

Vince shoots his head towards the sound of Mr Dormir's voice

MR DORMIR (cont'd)

Your lungs are the power source of your voice, your diaphragm lowers, you ribcage expands and you push an air stream through your trachea.

Vince's head is darting about, trying to get some sense of his bearings

MR DORMIR (cont'd)

The larynx sits on top of the windpipe and contains the vocal folds, they vibrate as the airstream passes through them, producing pitch

Vince is reaching out, blindly trying to connect with anything, his arm presses against a wall and he turns his back to lean against it, he cannot see, he cannot speak, he is on edge, confused, panicking.

MR DORMIR (cont'd)

The cavities of your nose, throat and mouth act as a resonator, like the bell of a trumpet. By changing the shape of these cavities we can shape the vibrating buzz of the vocal folds into the variety of sounds that make up the human voice.

Vince slides to a seated position with his back against the wall, he is breathing heavily, in fight or flight mode

He calibrates his position based on where the sound of Mr Dormir's voice is coming from, he has a rough idea of where the door is, this is his last chance...

Vince makes a run for it

Me misses, by a distance. He runs directly into the wall knocking over a bookcase and a lamp, creating havoc, he is trying to pull himself back to his feet

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

Vestibular system

Vince drops to one knee, he tries to stand up again on his own two feet only to fall with each attempt

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

The labyrinth of your inner ear controls your sense of balance and spacial awareness

Vince repeatedly attempts to get to his feet and collapses with every try, each time getting more and more exhausted and further resigned to defeat

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

The fluid collected in your semi circular canal indicates rotational movement to your brain, it works in collaboration with your otoliths which indicate linear accelerations... these combine to give you your sense of balance. This cerebral system is referred to as you proprioception, it affords you the ability to...

Vince makes a last attempt to get up and falls flat on his back, in the star position

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

...stand up

Vince is flat out, exhausted and unable to perceive anything but sound. Mr Dormir unhooks the tubes from his nose, placed his hands on the arms of his chair and slowly push himself up to his feet. We can hear the exhausted Vince breathing heavily on the floor in a sound similar to the ventilator from earlier.

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

Auditory perception

Vince moves his head towards Mr Dormir's voice, Mr Dormir slowly walks toward the broken man splayed out across his floor

MR DORMIR (CONT'D)

The ear drum vibrates as sound waves enter the ear canal, moving through the ossicles bones, first through the malleus before transmitting to the incus and onwards to the stapes. these vibrations once in the oval window of your inner ear move the fluid in your cochlea where...

All sound starts to fade out until everything goes silent save for a faint, barely noticeable tinnitus ringing, that eventually fades out.

In the silence, Mr Dormir, still clearly talking to Vince but we don't hear anything, slides his arms under the armpits of the comatose bailiff and lifts him to his feet, Vince is unresponsive and limp as Mr Dormir drags him towards the chair and places him in it. He hooks him up to the ventilator.

As the rhythmic drone of the ventilator once again cracks the silence, Mr Dormir opens the door and walks out of the house.

FADE TO BLACK