

SPOILER ALERT

Written by

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INT. HALLWAY - DAY

1

CRAIG (late 20's, bedraggled and in a suit) walks down a dark and dank hallway. He stops in front of a door and reads a crudely handwritten sign stuck to the front.

INSERT - SIGN 'PSYCHIC.'

He deliberates over whether to knock or not. Suddenly the door swings open and a TEARFUL WOMAN runs out of the room sobbing. As he watches her go, he hears a voice from within the room.

KAREN

(O.S)

If you're gonna come in can you do
it before the heat escapes?

He hesitates a beat and enters the room.

2

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

2

KAREN (casually dressed, also in her late 20's) is tidying up after a recent scuffle. The room is bare, small. There is a table and two chairs in the centre. She motions for him to sit.

KAREN

Sit down. Warm your toosh. It's
cold outside right?

CRAIG

Yeah. Freezing.

He sits down, and gives her a quick glance up and down.

KAREN

I know, not what you expected.

CRAIG

I don't know what I expected.

KAREN

Uh huh.

Karen looks at her now straightened out room.

KAREN (CONT'D)

That will do. Shall we start?

CRAIG

Yeah.

KAREN

I like it, a man who doesn't
believe in foreplay.

(beat)

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, wild assumption. But before we begin here's your, what I like to call, spoiler alert.

CRAIG

Okay?

Karen leans forward, suddenly deadly serious.

KAREN

Are you sure you want to know your future?

CRAIG

Yes.

KAREN

Really sure?

CRAIG

Yes? Wait. Unless it's bad. Is it bad?

KAREN

I have no idea yet. It's just in the future people tend to let themselves down. They find out they didn't travel across Asia with a knapsack or meet the one but sat down a lot instead, ate too many white carbs and died rather un-spectacularly in their sleep.

CRAIG

Actually, that all sounds great. I could stand to hear about a little monotony at the moment.

KAREN

Good, now give me your right hand.
(beat)
And fifty pounds.

CRAIG

Okay.

Craig takes out his wallet, gives her the money and then his hand. She spits in it.

KAREN

Sorry. It helps. Really it does. Okay, lets start with some proof. So when you were 12 you were really into gardening.

CRAIG

I don't think so -

KAREN

Now now. Don't be modest. You even had a little vegetable patch where you planted carrots and tomatoes, and you spent ages growing them and you put them in a salad to serve to your Grandmother on her birthday and - oh, they tasted a bit weird and you were embarrassed and you threw them in the bin. Set fire to the whole thing.

CRAIG

That's quite specific, I can't quite remember.

KAREN

Okay, I'll carry on then. When you were 16 an elderly man on a bus flashed his genitals at you.

CRAIG

I never told anyone that!

KAREN

You did, you just told them it happened to someone else. It became a anecdote about your friend Steve.

CRAIG

Jesus.

KAREN

You're really good at juggling you know.

CRAIG

I don't think so.

KAREN

That's only because you haven't tried it yet, but if you did you would discover you have a natural talent for it. We all have our gifts. Want me to continue?

CRAIG

Erm...I guess.

KAREN

Okay. Just let me -

She grabs a packet of sugar from her side table. She empties it into her mouth. She then does it with 3 more packets.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry, being clairvoyant really does fuck with your blood sugar levels.

She takes his hand back and spits into it again.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Again, I'm sorry. It lubricates what I see. Okay, so when you were 24 your fiance slept with someone else.

CRAIG

Judy? No way. That's fucking ridiculous. If you had met her....

KAREN

Bill? Does that ring any bells.

CRAIG

Bill? Our neighbour?

Craig and Karen say this at the same time:

KAREN

Who kept making excuses to come over and put insulation in the attic, but it wasn't the attic he was really interested in.

CRAIG

Who kept making excuses to come over and put a insultation in the attic, but it wasn't the attic he was really interested in.

KAREN (ALONE)

It was her vagina.

(beat)

You knew about it. It just served you better to pretend you didn't.

He snatches his hand back.

CRAIG

I didn't come here to be insulted.

KAREN

Then why did you come here then? Oh. I know. Because of a girl. How tedious.

(beat)

What's your name?

CRAIG

You can see all that, but my name stumps you?

KAREN

I can see your future, not your birth certificate.

CRAIG

It's Craig.

KAREN

Well Craig, you think if I had the power to see lottery numbers or stocks and shares I would be sitting in this room talking to you? No. I didn't even want to be a psychic you know. I wanted to be a Doctor. Unfortunately that's pretty tricky when you can tell if people are going to live or die, or if they're lying about how many units of alcohol they've drunk that week. I don't want to tell you bad news, I am just telling you what I see. So. Left hand?

He gives her his left hand. He flinches, waiting for her to spit in it. She does nothing. He relaxes. She spits in it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Right. Ah! So that's why you have that beard! Because she told you she liked them!

Craig subconsciously touches his beard.

KAREN (CONT'D)

How did you know she wasn't talking about Kelly Preston or Katie Holmes? Ha!

Craig looks confused.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's a joke about Tom Cruise and John Travolta. Because everyone knows they're - oh never mind. You will kiss this girl, eventually. And soon. After your cousins funeral in fact.

CRAIG

That's awful!

(beat)

Wait. Which cousin?

KAREN

Sometimes I can see something as specific as the shade of lipstick your brothers wife will be wearing the day you kiss her, but the name of your cousin. I got nothing.

CRAIG

She's not my brothers wife.

Karen gives him a "your not fooling me look."

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Okay she is. But only in name.

KAREN

Right. Anyway the shade of lipstick is scarlet letter red. Just in case you wondered.

She looks at his hand again.

KAREN (CONT'D)

At 32 you will have a romance.

CRAIG

With Joy?

KAREN

Joy?

CRAIG

Joy, that's my brothers wife's name!

KAREN

No. It will be with an actress 10 years your senior. She has been in Casualty and has one of those faces which makes people go "OHHHH where do I know her from," but then they can never actually place her. You will tell her things you have never told anyone before.

CRAIG

That sounds good. I think.

KAREN

You will tell her how Joy won't speak to you anymore, how much you hate your job. How worried you are that you'll will end up as lonely as that old man, flashing your winky at passersby for attention, and she will nod, smile and then ask you to take the recycling out as you leave.

Craig puts his head on the table

CRAIG

Is there anything good in my future? At all?

KAREN

You'll learn guitar at 40 and perform at open mic nights.

CRAIG

I always wanted to learn guitar.

KAREN

There will be free refills of coffee for all performers and by the time your 40, coffee will be very expensive.

CRAIG

How expensive?

KAREN

Like, a hundred quid. Also there will be a third sex, people will start living on mars, and the robot uprising will have started.

CRAIG

That's a lot to happen in 12 years -

KAREN

What number am I thinking of?

CRAIG

I don't know... 9?

KAREN

Wrong. So now we know who the telepathic one is, can I continue?

CRAIG

Yes. What happens with Joy?

KAREN

You will move to the countryside when you are 42, because it hurts too much to be in the same room as her, and you will spend evenings drinking red wine, and reading. It will be the happiest year of your life. But then you return to the city and begin an affair with Joy.

CRAIG

Which makes me happier?

KAREN

Listen, would it be easier if I peppered in a few lies here and there? Told you about a beach, some ice cream, and a big fat smile on your face?

CRAIG

No. Tell me the truth. I can handle it.

Karen stares at his hand in total concentration, but seems confused at what she sees. Or rather doesn't.

KAREN

Excuse me a second.

Karen picks up a chocolate cake from her side table and scoops the middle into her mouth. She sits back down.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Right. Found you again. So, you're 55 and you have taken up meditation.

CRAIG

I'm being kind to myself. That's good.

KAREN

Then suddenly, in the middle of a chant, you think about me, and this very moment.

(shouting)

Hi future Craig! How's it going? You aren't happy with me though. You want to find me. But you can't remember my name.

CRAIG

What is your name?

KAREN

Oh, its Karen. Karen Walker. Lovely to meet you.

She shakes his spit riddled hand.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Ewww. Anyway you need to know something from me. But you can't find me on the internet, why can't you find me on the internet? I was hoping I would have set up some kind of blog by then, or at least have a twitter handle.

CRAIG

Can we continue?

KAREN

Yes sorry. Right, so when you are 58, you go to India. You are attending a meditation retreat. You bring Joy.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

She laughs at something the man sitting next to her on the plane says, and you realise she will never leave your brother and as the plane takes off you tell her it is over and you are tired of searching your soul for the missing piece. You are tired full stop. You are finally tired and...

Karen stops abruptly. Leans back.

CRAIG

What?

She stands up, clearly shaken.

KAREN

I think that's enough for today. It was great to meet you.

CRAIG

What?

Karen starts trying to push him out of the apartment. He is so taken aback he briefly complies.

KAREN

You should go. I'm super tired, and I have this really early hairdressers appointment.

She manages to get him to the door.

CRAIG

What did you see? I need to know.

KAREN

You seem like a sweet kid but there are some things that should remain a mystery. Like, how bummed were you when David Chase went around explaining the end of The Sopranos? Anyway -

She tries to push him out the door.

CRAIG

I have money!

He starts getting money out of his wallet

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'll give you £400. That's enough to buy 4 cups of coffee in 2027!

KAREN

It's not about the money. Please -
just go and enjoy your day.

CRAIG

Name your price.

KAREN

Fine. £4000.

CRAIG

What?

KAREN

I'm asking for more then you can
offer for a reason Craig. Please.

Craig takes off his watch and gives it to her.

CRAIG

Balloon Bleu de Cartier watch. It's
worth £5000. Take it.

Karen pauses, trying to work out what to do.

KAREN

Fine.

She takes the watch, and they resume their positions. He puts
his hand out. She spits in it again. He doesn't flinch.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You're on the plane. It never makes
it to India. I'm sorry.

Craig leans back in the chair, shocked.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Craig. Don't kiss Joy okay? If you
don't then you still have a chance.

CRAIG

But I love her.

Craig's phone starts ringing. He gets it out of his pocket.
By his suprised reaction we know exactly who is calling.

KAREN

Don't.

Craig gets up.

CRAIG

No. This is stupid. You don't
control my life. I control my life.
Fucking con artist.

He leaves, answering the phone as he goes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Hey, what's wrong? Are you okay?

Karen watches him leave, a deeply troubled look on her face.
She sighs, and shuts the door to her apartment.

THE END