

FORESHADOW

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FADE IN:

EXT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE exit an Irish pub. The cool night reflected by their dress. DOUGLAS, 28, lanky, walks briskly with his wife SANDRA, 27, blond, tiny.

DOUGLAS
I haven't had a black and tan in years.

SANDRA
I was surprised you knew what one was.

DOUGLAS
I went to collage.

SANDRA
You're a sexy educated man, aren't you?

DOUGLAS
I don't know about educated.

SANDRA
We'll work on the sexy part tonight.

DOUGLAS
Oh, see now that's what I love about you.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLERS SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The two walk by the window front. Painted on it, "FORTUNE TELLER". A neon sign flickers, "OPEN".

They both stop.

SANDRA
Come on, lets go in.

DOUGLAS
Are you kidding me? These things are a joke.

SANDRA
Exactly. Come on, it'll be fun.

She pushes through the door.

INT. FORTUNE TELLERS SHOP - NIGHT

The door chime sounds as the two enter. The room, red velvet walls, incense burn, a small dog barks, then scurries off.

The two look around.

From the back room, MARJORIE, 40, attractive, gypsy attire calls out.

MARJORIE(O.S)

Do make yourselves at home. I won't
be but a moment.

Douglas picks up a business card. It reads, BEYOND FORTUNE -
BEYOND LIFE.

The card instantly disappears, consumed by a flame.

DOUGLAS

Shit...did you

Marjorie walks in.

MARJORIE

Well hello my little happily
married couple.

DOUGLAS

Wow, how did you...

SANDRA

The rings honey.

MARJORIE

She's quick. Do come on back. Let's
get started, shall we?

The three walk through the hanging beads into the reading
room.

INT. FORTUNE TELLERS SHOP - READING ROOM - NIGHT

Marjorie motions for them to sit.

MARJORIE

Douglas, Sandra, please make
yourselves at home.

SANDRA

Wait a minute, we didn't tell you
our names.

DOUGLAS
That's right, we didn't.

MARJORIE
I know more than you think.
Sit...now.

Marjorie smiles at the two.

MARJORIE (CONT)
Please.

The two reluctantly have a seat, Marjorie has a seat as well.

DOUGLAS
I suppose we should discuss how
much this is going...

MARJORIE
Oh no. No, no, no, no. This is...on
me. I insist.

SANDRA
We don't want to appear ungrateful
but...

MARJORIE
Tonight will cost you dear. Believe
me, but your money is no good here.

DOUGLAS
You know what? Maybe we should just
come back.

Douglas motions to get up.

Marjorie looks into a crystal ball that sits on the center
of the table.

MARJORIE
You want children I see.

The couple looks to one another. Douglas settles back in his
chair.

SANDRA
We've discussed it.

DOUGLAS
The problems on my end.

MARJORIE

Oh, I'm afraid it will have to wait. You have a nephew? A cute boy around ten.

Marjorie stands up, walks over to a closet, opens the door. In it, clothes hang on the rack. She reaches in, pulls out a white tee shirt. She walks back to the table.

DOUGLAS

Nathan, yes...why?

Marjorie rolls up the tee shirt into a tight ball.

MARJORIE

Your sister will need you tonight.

Marjorie unrolls the tee shirt. It's soaked with blood, slash marks throughout.

MARJORIE

I'm afraid little Nathan was just located. In a ditch I believe.

Douglas cell phone rings. He looks to Sandra.

DOUGLAS

It's my sister.

He answers it. His sister, GALE is hysterical.

GALE(V.O)

Doug...Doug...my God, it's Nathan. The police...they're here. They're saying he's dead. Doug, are you there? Doug...

Marjorie's face morphs into a grotesque figure of a one eyed, single nostril hag, a single massive tooth protrudes from her lip-less mouth.

Douglas springs from his chair, stumbles over, then falls backwards across the chair onto the floor.

Sandra screams. Marjorie grabs Sandra's wrist, stabs her arm with a long brown fingernail, slices her open.

MARJORIE

Those pricked amidst the deepest scream, forever dwell the visioners dream.

Sandra pulls her arm away, grabs Douglas. In panic, they back out stumbling.

MARJORIE

The eye of the foreseen damned now
blinks in your soul.

Marjorie cackles aloud.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLERS SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The two bust through the door onto the sidewalk and rush
away. Douglas tries the phone.

DOUGLAS

The phones dead.

SANDRA

Douglas...my arm.

The two stop. He looks at it. The open wound bubbles puss.

DOUGLAS

That looks bad. Let's get back to
the...

He stares past her. She turns around. They slowly walk back
to the fortune tellers shop.

SANDRA

This cant be.

The building is closed up. No writing on the windows, no
open sign, no lights. They look through the glass.

The building is empty.

DOUGLAS

Come on.

He grabs her arm.

SANDRA

Douglas, whats going on?

DOUGLAS

Lets get back to the room.

SANDRA

I don't feel very good.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door flies open, Douglas assist Sandra through it. She is gaunt, pale.

He lay's her on the bed.

SANDRA

What are you doing?

Douglas sits at the desk where his laptop is hooked up. He goes online.

DOUGLAS

What did she say her name was?
Marjorie, right?

SANDRA

Yeah! I think I'm gonna get sick.

She gets up to go, goes to the sink.

DOUGLAS

Get a load of this. Marjorie
McLean, a once prominent fortune
teller fell sick and died shortly
after giving a reading.

SANDRA

How long ago?

Douglas looks back to Sandra.

DOUGLAS

Three hundred years ago. There's
more. Local villagers claim to see
her often. Usually around the time
of a person's death. To them, she
is known as Bean Nighe. Foreseer of
death. She attempts to clean the
bloody clothes of those who are
about to...

SANDRA

Douglas?

Sandra stands over a wash sink, leaned over.

DOUGLAS

Yeah sweetheart?

SANDRA

Oh Douglas. I'm afraid you will pay
as well tonight my dear one.

She lifts her head, to show her reflection in the mirror
above the sink. She's morphed into a single eyed, single
nostril hag with one huge tooth protruding from her mouth.

She pulls a bloody shirt from the sink.

SANDRA

Recognize this my love? Our
honeymoon.

Douglas jumps up from his chair. He grabs his jacket.

DOUGLAS

Oh my God, Sandra. The cut, your
arm. What is going on?

SANDRA

On this day, Nephew and Uncle shall
both pay.

DOUGLAS

I'll get...wait here.

Sandra cackles aloud.

Douglas backs into the door, opens it from behind, backs out
of the door, horrified at the sight of Sandra.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Douglas backs out of the room into the hallway to the edge
of the stairs.

He stumbles over the edge of the first step, loses his
balance, falls down the flight to the bottom.

INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE BOTTOM - NIGHT

Douglas lays at the bottom of the staircase, contorted, eyes
wide open. Gasping for breath. Slower, more labored.

One last gasp, then-

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

SUPER: FORTY YEARS LATER

Sandra stands over two tomb stones. Hers and Douglas, side by side. She's as young as when they were married.

She lays flowers on Douglas site.

Across the grave site, a second shadow appears. Sandra looks over to NATHAN, 10, blond, cute.

NATHAN

We all died that night Ante Sandra.
I know you loved him.

SANDRA

Oh, of course I loved him. Don't
get me wrong sweetie.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. FORTUNE TELLERS SHOP - READING ROOM - NIGHT

Marjorie looks into a crystal ball that sits on the center of the table.

MARJORIE

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The couple looks to one another.

SANDRA

We've discussed it.

DOUGLAS

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MARJORIE

Oh, I'm afraid it will have to
wait. You have a nephew? A cute boy
around ten.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Sandra walks with Nathan, they stop for a moment. She kneels down, strokes his hair.

SANDRA

When Marjorie came to me later that night, after I died, she gave me a choice. You or Douglas. Well... I've already had a husband.

Nathan smiles. They walk again.

SANDRA (CONT)

We're going to be busy tonight sweetie. There's a river ferry that's due to sink. Around ten o'clock I believe.

NATHAN

Will Ante Marjorie be there?

SANDRA

She wouldn't miss it.

The two walk off, disappear into the mist.

FADE OUT: