

UNFORETOLD

Screenplay
by

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FROM A BLACK SCREEN

A crash of lightning cuts into a dark, rainy sky and illuminates a neon sign.

The words "PSYCHIC READER" - in purple letters framed inside a pink circle - curve above and below the outline of a pink hand - palm out, five fingers spread. The sign hangs in front of--

EXT. PSYCHIC READER BUSINESS - NIGHT

1940s bungalow, shabby neighborhood.

A lightning strobe catches the reflection of a MAN (45) in the front window glass. Painted stars and crescent moons splay the window. The words "LOVE, FATE, FORTUNE" are scrolled in an ancient font.

The Man peers into the window, takes a determined step toward the front door.

INT. PSYCHIC READER BUSINESS - NIGHT

A PSYCHIC (45) - in bejeweled lace, a matching sash around her head, bangles on her wrists and gaudy rings in her ears and on her fingers - sits in a puffy chair at a round table aglow in warm candlelight.

Ruby-red sheen curtains and tapestries with ancient symbols choke the walls, make the room more intimate.

The Man eases into an empty chair across from The Psychic.

The pair merge hands across a filigree cloth draped over the table. The Man's hands rest atop The Psychic's palms. Her thumbs clasp his fingers.

The Pyschic stares at The Man intently, closes her eyes, inhales. Her brow furrows in deep concentration.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PSYCHIC'S VISIONS

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The Man wrenches an electric cord that cinches a plastic bag around the neck of WOMAN VICTIM #1. Her eyes bug in terror as she gasps her lasts breaths.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Blood leaks from the crushed skull of WOMAN VICTIM #2. The Man bashes her head with a heavy antique candle holder.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

WOMAN VICTIM #3 screams as she lies supine on a table and The Man drills into her blood-spurting stomach with a protracting homemade torture device.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

In one hand The Man holds an axe dripping with blood, and with the other hand he rips a bloody arm off the body of WOMAN VICTIM #4 as he dismembers her.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The Man chomps on a mouthful of intestines from WOMAN VICTIM #5 as her bound, blood-drenched limp body hangs from plumbing pipes running along the ceiling.

BACK TO:

INT. PSYCHIC READER BUSINESS - NIGHT

The Pyschic's eyes open widely. Her shocked look quickly shifts from The Man's hands to the chair across from her, but The Man's chair is unoccupied; The Psychic's open palms reach out for empty air.

The Man jumps out of the darkness from behind The Psychic. He drags a long, sharp blade across her neck. A gash opens from ear to ear. Blood spurts and cascades. A horrifying look in her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK