

FOR ENTERTAINMENT
PURPOSES ONLY

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. -DUSK.

Rain falls lightly on the well maintained suburban street. The street is lined with victorian-style homes. The sidewalk is empty.

A wooden sign hangs in front of one house: 'MISS GINA LUKAS.'

MICHAEL walks up the steps to the house. He rings the doorbell and carefully looks around.

A set of wind chimes catches his attention.

GINA (O.S.)
One minute...

He looks around again, self-conscious.

The door opens. Bells are heard RINGING. Michael is greeted by GINA.

GINA
You must be Michael.

MICHAEL
You're Miss Gina?

GINA
Yes I am. I wasn't sure if you were here or one of the kids.

MICHAEL
Kids?

GINA
Please come in--

She opens the door all the way and motions him in. The RINGING is heard again

INT. GINA'S HOUSE.

Michael walks in, looking all around. Gina closes the door. A small string of bells, hanging off the door knob, RING.

The place is nicely furnished and very spacious. There is a spiritualistic theme in the decor.

GINA
Neighborhood kids. They ring my
bell and run. Make me come out for
nothing.

MICHAEL
Oh...kids.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

The "fortune teller's room" is a front room in the house. It is more decorated in a spiritual motiff than the other room. In the middle is a large table. Near an old wood stove is a smaller table with two chairs around it.

GINA
Can I take your coat for you?

MICHAEL
No thank you.

GINA
I normally don't see new clients on
the weekend. But your call made
you sound very... anxious.

Michael looks out the windows, to the street. He opens his expensive leather jacket.

MICHAEL
And you sounded older on the phone.
You told me you were telling
fortunes for fifteen years.

GINA
You were expecting someone older.
I Get that a lot. I've been
telling fortunes since I was ten.

She steps over to the small table.

GINA
My mother, God rest her soul,
taught me and my grandmother taught
her.

She sits in a chair and motions to the other one.

GINA
 So just ignore my youthful
 appearance. I'll take good care of
 you.

He sits down opposite her.

GINA
 You told me on the phone your name
 is Michael Named after Archangel
 Michael--?

On the desk is an oak box, the size of a small humidor. Next
 to it is a business card holder.

GINA
 Patron saint of the sick and
 ambulance drivers?

MICHAEL
 Named after my father actually--

He takes a card and looks at it.

On the bottom reads: 'FOR ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY.'

GINA
 I didn't think so... Have you ever
 had a reading before?

MICHAEL
 My sister's been doing my readings
 for years now--

He puts the card in his shirt pocket.

GINA
 --ahh--

MICHAEL
 --only now she's away on vacation
 and I need a reading right away.

GINA
 Well, don't worry dear--

She places a comforting hand on his.

GINA
 --we'll take good care of you.

She opens the small wooden case on the table. In it is a
 small item wrapped in a silk kerchief.

GINA

Since your familiar with the cards,
already, I'll let you decide. I do
a 'three fates' spread as well as a
'celtic cross' spread--

MICHAEL

--celtic cross will be fine--

GINA

--Celtic cross--

MICHAEL

--That's what my sister does.

GINA

(smiling; pleasant)

It's a very popular spread. It's
my personal favorite, too...

She casually opens the kerchief and pulls an old deck of
tarot cards from it.

GINA

Good to be dealing with someone who
knows a little about the craft.

She puts the deck on the table in front of Michael.

GINA

(beat)

So you know now, my fee is forty
dollars for the standard reading.
Sixty dollars for--

He pulls a roll of bills from his shirt pocket.

GINA

--the more detailed reading.

He peels three twenties from it and places it next to the
cards. She reaches over and takes them, making sure the
money and the cards do not touch.

She tucks the money into her bra. She briefly smiles at him.

GINA

You can shuffle whenever you're
ready. Think about the question or
problem that brought you here.

Michael shuffles the deck.

GINA

My mother left me these cards when she died. She used them for over forty years. I've used these cards for nearly five years. I find my--

He finishes shuffling and places them in front of Gina, cutting them in three piles.

GINA

Readings to be extremely accurate with them and I thank my mother--

Gina places the cards in one stack.

GINA

-- for it. I strongly feel that she guides me through them--

She places the bottom over the top half. She picks up the entire deck.

GINA

--And I'm not just giving you some touristy nonsense. Your sister can tell you that readers are often guided by the dead.

She exhales a cleansing breath and smiles at Michael.

GINA

Ready?

MICHAEL

I'm...considering a job--

GINA

A job. That's all I need. Ninety-nine percent of those who come through my door want to know either about a job or about their love life.

MICHAEL

(being polite)
Really?

GINA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't be chattering right now. I'm sorry... You're considering a job.

She flips over a card and places it in the center of the table.

It is the KNIGHT OF PENTACLES.

GINA

The Knight of Pentacles. This is you, this card. You're careful and dedicated, almost to the point of stubbornness.

She turns over the second card and places it on top of the first.

It is the CHARIOT. It is upside down (in comparison to the knight)

GINA

The Chariot. It shows hesitation. You're very hesitant about this job.

She flips over the third card and places it over the first. The EIGHT OF SWORDS.

GINA

The Eight of Swords. You're feeling like you lack confidence for this job, which is funny because you've--

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOME -DAY

Michael exits his upper class home. He wears a three-piece suit and carries an expensive leather satchel.

GINA (V.O.)

You've had the same job--for many years. I can see--

Michael climbs into his car, parked in the driveway.

GINA (V.O.)

That. But, for some reason, you have a lot--

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR.

Michael sits behind the wheel and places the satchel in the passenger seat. He starts the car.

GINA (V.O.)
Of doubt about this new job.

Before putting the car in gear, he looks at his bag. He moves it, making sure it's in the seat just right.

He's being really anal about it.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

The reading continues.

GINA
Is that right?

MICHAEL
(nodding)
Yes.

GINA
You shouldn't be. If you're good at what you do, you shouldn't feel this way. Hmm?

He raises an eyebrow to her.

She turns over a fourth card and places it on the table. It is the NIGHT OF CUPS. It is upside down.

GINA
Here's your problem, Michael.
Right here. The Knight of Cups--

She points to the card, gently tapping it with her finger.

GINA
There's a friend involved, isn't there.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. -NIGHT.

Several 'Goodfellas' sit around a table, enjoying drinks and sharing laughs (MOS). Among them is Michael. Seating next to him is STEVEN (52).

GINA (V.O.)
An old friend--?

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

MICHAEL
(nods with guilt)
--Yes--

GINA
--yes. I can see that. Someone
you admire. You respect..

She turns over another card. It is the ACE OF SWORDS.

GINA
You're afraid that taking this job
will affect your relationship with
your friend. I don't see you
taking a job from your friend.
That's not it, is it?

MICHAEL
(beat)
No.

GINA
No, it's not... But it will affect
him in a very significant way.

She turns over another card. The HERMIT.

GINA
Secrecy... You don't want anyone
knowing you're considering this
job. There's a lot of risk
involved.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE -NIGHT

Michael sits in front of a mahogany desk. Behind it is his
EMPLOYER (55). The room is dimly lit. The tone is serious.

GINA (V.O.)
If anyone finds out that you're
taking this job--if you were to
take this job--you could be in
trouble. Big trouble.

She turns the seventh card. The FIVE OF SWORDS. He places it down, upside down.

GINA

I see your friend in his driveway--

Fear grows on her face.

GINA

Oh no...

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVEN'S HOME -EARLY EVENING.

Steven is on his hands and knees in a driving circle of a lavish house. He wears a red shirt. He crawls around.

GINA (V.O.)

Your friend... He's... He's hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

Gina leans toward Michael, upset.

GINA

Could accepting this job affect your friend's health? Does he have a weak heart?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

GINA

This is what I see. Your friend's health could be in danger. Perhaps you create stress--I don't know how. But you should carefully think about--

MICHAEL

Please continue the reading, Gina.

GINA

Continue?

MICHAEL

I need to know everything.

She looks at him. He stares at her cold and emotionless.

After a moment, she places her hand on the deck, ready to turn the next card over. Her hands are a little shaky.

GINA
(nervous)
The, er... This next card will tell us if you... If you accept this job.

She turns over the DEVIL and lays it down with the others

GINA
The Devil. The deciding card... It will tell you of your role and what you should--

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVEN'S HOME.

Steven raises his hand to his chest and pulls it away. It's covered with blood. He looks up, horrified

GINA (V.O.)
He's--he's dying. Oh my Lord. Oh my lord. Why is he--?

Michael lays belly down in some nearby bushes, pointing a pistol at Steven (O.C.).

BLAM!

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

Gina's eyes are wide in horror.

BLAM!

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVEN'S HOME.

Michael walks over to Steven, emptying his gun into his chest.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

Michael sits back. His jacket opens a little, revealing a pistol in a shoulder holster. She stares at it, horrified.

GINA
How could you...?

The two stare at each other in silence.

MICHAEL
I need you to finish, Gina.

GINA
Finish?

MICHAEL
I need you to finish.

GINA
I can't. I must stop here.

MICHAEL
You have no choice. Finish.

Michael draws his pistol. He holds it between his knees, hiding it from view.

MICHAEL
My employer needs me for this job.
I need to know what would happen if
I did it.

She looks at him, very upset.

MICHAEL
If it makes you feel any better,
the man that I must deal with is
not a good man.

GINA
Killing a man is wrong. It's evil.

MICHAEL
Depends on the man, doesn't it?

GINA
(crying)
Please leave my store. I won't
tell anyone.

MICHAEL
Leave? And then what? Find
another fortune teller who'd tell
me to leave when they discovered
the truth?

GINA
They may not--

MICHAEL
You're doing it to me right now.
Why should the others be any
different?

She turns away. Her eyes are closed tightly. She's shaking.
He sits there calmly.

MICHAEL
I'm tired of waiting, Gina. Turn
over the next card.

GINA
I can't!

MICHAEL
(sternly)
You must!

GINA
I can't! I can't help you. I'm
afraid--

MICHAEL
Afraid? Afraid of what? The
cards? Or me?

GINA
(low)
Please don't hurt me...

MICHAEL
If you finish the reading, I'll
leave you alone.

She looks at him.

MICHAEL

But you must be honest with me.
I'll know if you're lying... Is
that understood?

GINA

But this man. Your friend--

MICHAEL

He's no longer a friend.

She swallows hard and slowly flips the next card over.

GINA

The Page of Cups. He... He hurt
somebody. Somebody innocent.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY HOUSE. -DAY.

The house is decorated for a party. Many people are seen
through the french doors leading to the back yard.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A fifteen year old girl.

SARAH (15) pours herself a soda in the empty kitchen. She's
very attractive.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A fifty-two year old man--

STEVEN (52) stands in the doorway with a glass of wine in his
hand. He's eyeing her.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Took advantage of a fifteen year
old girl at a party.

He walks up to her. The two talk (MOS). He gives her the
glass of wine.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A birthday party for her father.

He brushes some hair away from Sarah's face.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

For my employer...

She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

Michael and Gina face each other.

MICHAEL

Do you see things differently now?

GINA

The girl--?

MICHAEL

She's fine. Restitution, however,
must be made. He must be punished
for his crime.

GINA

And you're going to kill him?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ENTERTAINMENT ROOM.

It's a nicely furnished rec room.

Steven has Sarah cornered on a sofa. His hands are all over
her.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

He robbed her of her innocence--

She has a near empty glass of wine in her hand. She looks
drunk.

The glass falls from her hand and SHATTERS on the floor.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

He shamed her and her family. He
couldn't have committed a worse--

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S ROOM.

Michael and Gina continue.

MICHAEL

Act if he killed her.

GINA

But you said the girl was alright--

MICHAEL

She'll survive. But he disgraced her. Disgraced the family.

GINA

But--

MICHAEL

The next card, please.

She stares at him.

MICHAEL

(sternly)

Gina? The next card?

She turns over the next card and looks at it.

The TOWER.

GINA

Tower. Potential loss. If you accept...if you kill this man and get away with it, you'll lose a friend. If anyone finds out it was you, many will die... This man. Is he, like a--?

MICHAEL

He's very important. Very powerful. I can't tell you anymore than that.

GINA

But many people--

MICHAEL

Many people will die in a family war. I know. That's why I need your help. I need to know if I'll succeed.

She looks at him, completely flustered. She nervously taps her fingers on table.

She looks at the cards.

Then Michael.

She swallows hard.

Perspiration rolls down her face.

She places her hand on the next card.

She looks at Michael.

He looks at her.

Her fingers bend the top card up as she starts lifting it.

She turns it over.

They both look at it.

The WORLD CARD.

GINA
The World Card--

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVEN'S HOME -NIGHT

Michael stands over Steven's body. Blood is all over the driveway.

GINA (O.C.)
It says that you are in total
control. Everything will balance
out. Everything that happened--

He quickly looks as he puts his pistol in his satchel.

GINA (O.C.)
To the girl... Will conclude with
what you do...

He looks around before walking into the field.

GINA (O.C.)
To your friend--

He disappears into the darkness.

MICHAEL (O.C.)
So, I get away with it?

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S SHOP.

The two stare at each other.

GINA

Yes.

(she swallows hard)

You get away with it...

Michael brings his pistol up. Gina shuts her eyes and cringes.

He holds the pistol at chest level and looks at her. After a moment, he stands up.

She shields her face with her arm.

He holsters his pistol as he walks toward the door, looking at her the entire time.

He opens the door. The bells bounce off it, CHIMING.

Gina peeks over her arm, looking at him.

GINA

You're leaving?

He looks at her.

GINA

You're not--you're not going to--

MICHAEL

You did your job, Gina.

GINA

You're not afraid I'll go to the police?

MICHAEL

And tell them what? You're a tarot card reader and you had a vision of a murder?

He pulls a piece of paper off the door and gives it to her.

MICHAEL

Who'd believe you? A fortune teller?

She watches him leave. The door closes behind him.

She looks at the paper in her hand. It reads: 'FOR ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY.'

The bells CHIME as the door shuts closed.

She looks around and SIGHS heavily.

FINAL FADE OUT.