

Desperately Seeking Psychic

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FADE IN:

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

ARDEN (36), a pretty, upper class socialite stands sideways in front of the mirror, checking out her profile.

She is very fit but sticks out her stomach with exaggeration.

A BATHROOM ATTENDANT (50s), Latina, sweet and uncomplicated, smiles at her as she watches.

BATHROOM ATTENDANT
(in Spanish)
Very beautiful.

Arden gags and covers her mouth, as she runs for a stall.

INT. UPSCALE BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Arden quickly lays down a scarf and kneels on it, letting loose the contents of her stomach into the toilet bowl.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Arden walks by the hostess stand and grabs a mint.

As she walks over to her table her husband, HANK (42), J-Crew handsome and dressed impeccably gives her a wink and she smiles.

At the table sits FAEDRA (43), an attractive, ball busting brunette, her husband JOHN (46) a short but confident, hedge fund manager and another COUPLE of similar ilk.

Hank gets up to pull out Arden's chair for her and whispers in her ear.

The chemistry between them is palpable.

A few feet away a BOY (4) throws his fork on the floor in a mild tantrum.

They both look over with distaste.

Faedra refers to the child.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAEDRA

Careful you two, that's how those things are made.

ARDEN

Seriously?

FAEDRA

Yeah, you're welcome. I wish someone had told me sooner.

Hank goes back to his side of the table and sits with the men to sip scotch and talk golf.

The WAITER approaches politely, accompanied by a PORTER who wheels an elaborate dessert tray.

WAITER

Ladies, may I interest you in a dessert?

FAEDRA

No, of course not. What do you have though?

The three women try to feign disinterest while actually listening intently.

The porter gestures to each dessert and the waiter describes it.

WAITER

This is a coconut panna cotta with a delicately whipped Mascarpone cream and here is a lavender scented mousse with Earl Grey shortbread, very popular--

The boy, lets out a SCREECH and Arden looks over catching Hank's eye.

The waiter's voice fades into another galaxy and there is the sense that Hank and Arden are the only two people in the room.

Hank signals with his eyes that the waiter is behind her.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Do any of those tempt you, madam?

Arden's eyes remain locked on her husband's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hank subtly shakes his head indicating that she should not get dessert.

ARDEN

Thank you, no.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

Arden and Faedra wear fluffy white robes and sit in luscious massage chairs at a posh spa sipping mint water.

SOFT MUSIC plays and the lights are dim.

They are getting pedicures from two identically dressed ESTHETICIANS.

FAEDRA

I swear when she was leaving today she had sheet marks on her face. And I mean, how would I know? She's the one the makes the beds. Perfectly, I might add. The corners look like origami. Flawless. Her ironing skill leads me to believe she was reincarnated from the Third Reich. I go to a hotel now and it looks sloppy to me.

Arden looks up from her magazine and down at her toes.

ARDEN

(to the esthetician)

Please make sure you go right to the cuticles this time.

The esthetician smiles wanly at her.

FAEDRA

I'm thinking about having a security camera installed. It will have to be subtle though. John freaks out when he thinks I'm trying to snoop in his business. It would be perfect though, wouldn't it? I can see what everyone is up to.

ARDEN

But then what would you do with that knowledge?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAEDRA

I'd know it.

ARDEN

Sometimes ignorance is bliss.

FAEDRA

Like when?

ARDEN

I don't know what Hank does all day and I prefer it. It adds an air of mystery.

FAEDRA

Oh you two. You probably still fuck like three or four times a week. God.

ARDEN

More like six or seven.

FAEDRA

It's because you don't have kids.

ARDEN

We're so blessed.

Faedra's phone RINGS.

FAEDRA

Hello? What? Oh, Jesus. Why didn't Griselda let you in?

She leans to talk to Arden.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

Because she was asleep no doubt.
(back to her phone
call)

Well, I'm right in the middle of something important, did you call your dad? Oh God, useless. I have to do everything. All right, I'll be home in twenty. Tell them to wait.

ARDEN

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAEDRA

My dipshit son mis-entered the alarm code and now the police are at my house.

ARDEN

The incompetence of others is our curse.

(to the esthetician)

Right to the cuticles please.

FAEDRA

(to her esthetician)

I'm going to need you to chop-chop please.

ESTHETICIAN

Chop-chop?

FAEDRA

Hurry. Go fast please. I'll give you an extra hundred bucks if you can finish in a under two minutes.

She turns to Arden.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

Take a page from my husband's book.

Arden laughs and rolls her eyes sympathetically.

The esthetician picks up her pace dramatically.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

My whole day is fucked now. Instead of getting to the bottom of why the maid is so well-rested and chipper when I get home, I'm going to have to pretend to be interested in what my eleven-year-old did at school.

ARDEN

Did you have an appointment with a detective or something? Was it Magnum PI? God, Tom Selleck sure did age well, didn't he? Remember when he was Monica's boyfriend on *Friends*?

The esthetician is working as fast as she can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAEDRA

Yeah, they broke up cuz he didn't want kids. Handsome, smart and he could pull off a mustache.

ARDEN

The holy trifacta. So who's this mystery appointment with? Are you sleeping with a 23-year-old?

FAEDRA

No, but if ever I'm going to, Omyrrah will predict it.

ARDEN

A psychic?

FAEDRA

Not just any psychic, this woman is amazing. She knows shit that she has no way of knowing. Like, last month when I saw her, she told me that I was going to go blonde for summer and I was like "Oh, hell no!" I mean blonde is for hookers and Swedes but then the idea was planted in my head and I was like fuck it! And I got these highlights.

Faedra's hair is very dark brown, almost black.

ARDEN

You got highlights?

FAEDRA

They're subtle. The point is, this woman knows what she's talking about. She's got the gift.

Arden nods skeptically.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

Wait, do you have plans this afternoon? Can you be on Abott Kinney by 2:00?

ARDEN

To see a fortune teller? Um, no. Hank would never let me hear the end of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FAEDRA

Come on, isn't there anything you want to know? Anything?

ARDEN

Like what my next hair color will be?

FAEDRA

You could ask her all the stuff I was going to ask her.

ARDEN

Like?

FAEDRA

Like if I'm going to die in the next six months, if I'd be happier in an Audi than I am in the Porshe. It's just that Audis can be so mommish, but the Cayenne reminds me of a mini van sometimes you know?

Arden nods, feigning empathy.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

Whether my maid is sleeping on shift and whether or not it's with John.

ARDEN

You actually think that?

FAEDRA

We haven't had sex since Monaco.

Arden's face registers horror.

ARDEN

That was three months ago.

FAEDRA

Yeah. I know.

ARDEN

I mean, I guess that happens sometimes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FAEDRA

Please just go in my place? I don't want to lose my spot.

Beat.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

I'll be your best friend.

ARDEN

I think you are my best friend.

FAEDRA

Then you'll go? Don't forget to ask her if John is in love with her.

(MORE)

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

If it's just a fling I can handle it but imagine the humiliation of being left for a maid?! I can't even.

ARDEN

You're crazy.

Faedra's esthetician finishes up and helps Faedra into her open-toed shoes.

FAEDRA

Crazy for you, girl.

They air kiss.

FAEDRA (CONT'D)

Love you long time. I'll text you the address.

Arden flips through her magazine. She takes a sip of her water and scrunches her face.

ESTHETICIAN

Everything okay?

ARDEN

Are you using chemicals? It smells absolutely toxic in here. Like something Monsanto would spray on the strawberries people on food stamps eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

She holds her breath dramatically.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

I can't breathe.

ESTHETICIAN

Everything's the same as far as I know.

ARDEN

I don't think so.

ESTHETICIAN

Just about finished your toes.

ARDEN

I'm going to skip my manicure today. I think I'm getting a migraine.

ESTHETICIAN

I can bring the air purifier closer if you like?

ARDEN

That's okay. I'm just going to go. I think maybe I had too much to drink last night. Can you give me the expedited version you gave my friend?

ESTHETICIAN

Oh, um, sure.

ARDEN

Chop-chop please.

The esthetician laughs but Arden looks ill.

ESTHETICIAN

Chop-chop!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Arden gets into her Mercedes and turns on the air conditioning. She packs a pipe with weed and lights it, inhaling like a pro. Feeling better, she puts on some RAUNCHY HIP HOP and sings along nodding her head to the beat.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

The gentle tinkle of chimes sound as Arden, a little stoned, opens the door into an ultra peaceful room filled with books, incense, Buddha statues, etc.

A fat black CAT brushes past her legs and she lets out a SQUEAL of surprise.

The owner of the store, BASQUIAT (43), man-bun, billowy Thai pants and countless beads around his neck smiles and speaks just barely above a whisper.

BASQUIAT

Hello, goddess.

ARDEN

Pardon?

BASQUIAT

Welcome to Inner Light.

ARDEN

Oh, hi. Um, I'm here to see--

She looks again at the name Faedra has texted her.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

(having a hard time
with the
pronunciation)

Omy-rrrrrah.

BASQUIAT

Omyrrah.

ARDEN

Omyrr-AH.

BASQUIAT

Omyrrah.

ARDEN

(saying it
deliberately weird)

Omyrrah. Ohhh-meee-rah. O-meeee-
rahhhh.

She LAUGHS at herself.

Basquiat smiles and comes out from behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASQUIAT

Are you sure you're not here to
see me?

ARDEN

I'm sorry?

Basquiat comes around the counter and smiles in what he considers to be a seductive manner.

Arden tries to stifle her laughter.

BASQUIAT

I have very healing hands; would
you like to try some Reiki?

He reaches for her arm but a large statue of Ganesh (a multi-armed Indian elephant God) stands between them and he gets one of his beaded bracelets caught on it.

The dam breaks and out bursts Arden's laughter.

As he tries to get his bracelet free she LAUGHS harder.

He is very frustrated and not laughing at all.

OMYRRAH, (61), dressed entirely in white with a colorful scarf around her head pops her head out of one of the rooms. Her eyes twinkle with wisdom and her smile shines as brightly as a thousand stars.

OMYRRAH

I hear a lot of fun being had.

ARDEN

(still laughing)

I'm, I'm sorry. I'm going to wet
my pants. Oh, Goddamn. Do you have
a restroom?

OMYRRAH

Through the curtains, first door
on your left.

Arden, trying to compose herself, hurries down the hall.

Omyrrah helps Basquiat untangle his bracelets and he storms off pouting.

OMYRRAH (CONT'D)

Are you coming back, Basky?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He doesn't answer. Omyrrah rolls her eyes and smiles. She straightens the statue and talks to it.

OMYRRAH (CONT'D)

Are you being a rascal again
Ganesh? You embarrassed poor
Basky.

Arden emerges from behind the curtain having gotten herself together.

ARDEN

Thank you.

OMYRRAH

I'm Omyrrah. You must be my
2 o' clock?

ARDEN

(trying not to laugh)
Omyrrah.

OMYRRAH

Got a case of the giggles I see.

ARDEN

Sorry.

OMYRRAH

Don't apologize. You have a lot to
be excited about. The miracle of
life is within you. You must be
positively giddy.

ARDEN

Miracle of life?

Omyrrah looks her up and down. Steps a little closer and reaches out her hand.

OMYRRAH

May I?

Arden smiles, not knowing what the hell is going on.

Omyrrah touches her stomach.

OMYRRAH (CONT'D)

It's early. You're only about
three weeks in but no matter. You
can go ahead and get excited.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OMYRRAH (CONT'D)

This one is coming and he's a bright light not just for you, but for the world.

ARDEN

What? What are you talking about, lady? I'm just here cuz my friend couldn't make it.

OMYRRAH

I know, my love. Faedra. She'll be back next week. I'm talking about you.

ARDEN

Is this Faedra's idea of a joke? Wait, am I being punked? Is that show back on the air? Where's Ashton Kutcher? Haha. Very funny!

OMYRRAH

Did you not know about this little one?

Arden looks around, trying to see a hidden camera or the likes.

OMYRRAH (CONT'D)

Oh, this is a surprise for you.

ARDEN

Okay, I take it back. This isn't actually funny at all.

OMYRRAH

I didn't mean to shock you sweetheart. This little one just shines so brightly.

ARDEN

Do NOT call me sweetheart, you crazy witch. There is NO "little one."

She looks around at the store taking it all in. The cat stands at her feet again and mews up at her.

OMYRRAH

Azrael says hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARDEN

Yo lady, you're a nut job. Cats don't talk and I'm not having a motherfucking baby.

She walks briskly toward the door, knocking a help wanted sign down as she goes through it.

Omyrrah smiles and waves sincerely.

OMYRRAH

See you soon, darling.

INT. ARDEN AND HANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Arden sit watching television. Hank has his laptop open and TYPES periodically.

Arden gets up and goes into the kitchen to get a water from the fridge. She stands at the counter watching Hank smile as he types.

ARDEN

Is that your mom?

HANK

Hmmm?

He gets up and goes into the other room, taking his computer with him.

Arden takes a spoon from the drawer. Artfully hiding behind the door of the freezer, she swiftly pulls out a pint of sherbert hidden beneath a bag of ice and shovels it into her mouth like a fat kid at a buffet. All semblance of upper class socialite status is forgotten for one blissful moment.

INT. ARDEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Arden sits on the edge of the bathtub staring at a boxed pregnancy test.

END OF ACT ONE