

1 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**1**

The city buzzes with sounds, each surface seeming to ricochet both sound and light. Hues of purple and pink cut through the darkness with the hazy glow of a hyper-industrial cityscape.

Holograms glow and offer useless products to a futuristic world, citizens pack the streets like sardines. Eyes cast down, focused on other things.

KRIKIT (20's), a bio-mechanical girl who still believes in humanity, grips a metal chip in her hand. Her hood is up, eyes trained forward. Her face is focused, the tracking lines visible behind her glasses.

Krikit turns down an alleyway, dodging figures as she approaches a flickering light. Taking a deep breath, Krikit turns the knob and steps inside.

The sign above reads "Madame Sona: The Last Oracle"

CUT TO:

2 INT. MADAME SONA'S - NIGHT**2**

Krikit walks through the shop, admiring the odd items displayed on case shelves.

The place is rundown, like it's built into an old warehouse, but that doesn't take away from its charm. At the center of the room is a couch, a table and a single empty chair.

Flickering hues of purple and pink and yellow illuminate the area.

Krikit observes the room nervously, approaching the table. On the table it reads "what is left behind". Krikit digs into her bag and finds what she is looking for. In a small tin dish is a baby tooth. She takes a deep breath and places it in the dish.

SONA

Your last baby tooth, how gorgeous.
You know it's considered an
abnormality to keep these now?

Krikit jumps and turns to see the chair now occupied by the mysterious SONA (20's), the last living relic of old world magic, holds the tin. In her hands are TAROT CARDS, the she flips masterfully.

SONA
Come, sit.

Krikit nods and sits on the couch across from Sona. There is a silence that rings before Sona looks at Krikit.

KRIKIT
Can you really tell the future?

SONA
Well, my dear, you can hardly tell the future anything she doesn't want to hear. Time is a nasty mistress.

KRIKIT
Oh.

SONA
But, as I see it, since you've come all the way from the fifth quarter-

KRIKIT
How did you--

SONA
I will read your tarot, but I cannot promise a desirable outcome.

Krikit nods.

SONA
What is it that you desire to see?

Krikit frowns, but thinks, her eyes meet Sona once again and opens her mouth to speak.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MADAME SONA'S - NIGHT

3

Sona flips her tarot cards.

SONA (V.O.)
I will shuffle, you will split and choose three cards. I wi--

KRIKIT
 (genuine curiosity)
 Why three?

Sona sends her a look as if to say 'do not interrupt me again' and Krikrit gulps.

SONA
 What was, what is, and what will
 come to pass.

Krikrit looks at Sona apprehensively. Sona winks.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. MADAME SONA'S - NIGHT

4

Start Montage:

Cards flips back and forth, like an infinite game.

Krikrit splits the deck

Sona spreads the cards

Krikrit pulls three.

Sona flips them one after the other.

KRIKIT
 So?

Sona looks humored by Krikrit's enthusiasm before looking down at the three cards. A frown crosses her face, something more serious.

SONA
 Who did you say you were?

KRIKIT
 I didn't.

SONA
 You gave me the last piece of your
 childhood, and yet deny
 formalities?

KRIKIT
 It's for your own good, trust me.
 Mine is not a name that brings
 blessings.

SONA
 (a beat)
 Very well.

Sona takes a deep breath and begins.

PAGE OF SWORDS: a holographic woman holds a sword high above her head, frozen.

SONA
 Your entire life you've played the role of Watchman, a painting on a wall with human eyes. You are an observer, this has recently caused your life to change. Something has thrust you forward...a revelation perhaps?

Sona peaks at Krikit's reaction and smirks.

SONA
 A revelation...indeed.

EIGHT OF CUPS: a cloaked figure facing away floats, eight cups sit in the foreground.

SONA
 This revelation has led you down a path of confusion and pain. This makes you vulnerable to the enemy.

DEATH: A reaper stands tall, yet oddly calm, as it floats hand offered kindly to some invisible entity.

SONA
 And finally, my dear. Dea--

Sona freezes, as do her surroundings. And a ringing sound is heard, like a facetime call is coming in.

A POP-UP appears on the screen and reads: MESSAGE FROM
 _DYNAMO67

A mouse appears on the screen and moves up to answer the message, a PAUSE SCREEN covers the scene.

INSERTS:

_DYNAMO67- Dude are you done with the chapter yet?

LUCKY_SEVENS - Almost, I just chose the cards.

The mouse exits the message and presses play on the game again.

INSERT: _DYNAMO67 - oh shit yeah dude when I found out that Krikit was the sister of Prince Damion I was fucking rolling.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

A girl throws her hands up and pushes back in her chair.

EMMIE
WHAT THE FUCK CHRIS I DIDN'T SAY I
WAS THERE YET!

Emmie yells into her headset with a fury. Cursing comes from other players in response.

FADE TO BLACK.