

IN YOUR HANDS

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OVER BLACK.

We hear an announcer of a football game. At this point we aren't sure quite yet if we are in a stadium or not. The game plays on in the background...

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE:

We now know we aren't in a stadium. We are in Grace's home on what seems to be a lazy, forgettable Sunday afternoon. The game plays on in the background as we get quick glimpses of what we will learn to be an eccentric home. We see...

...A cluttered kitchen countertop

...A sink full of dishes

...A coffee pot brewing a fresh pot of coffee

...Another countertop with incense burning

...A windowsill with natural light that fills the room with what looks to be a crystal ball in front of it

...Close up of a hand (Grace's) writing in a thank you card

...The back of someone (Kyle) out of focus, glued to a tv.

END MONTAGE

INT. GRACE'S HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We finally get our establishing shot and see in full where we are and who we are with.

GRACE and KYLE sit opposite each other at a kitchen table. The kitchen is cluttered in all the best, most eccentric ways as Grace is a good, old-fashion, small-shack-on-the-side-of-the-road, suburban psychic.

On the table are dozens and dozens and dozens of thank you cards, all waiting their turn to be filled out. Grace, with a list at the ready, diligently writes out thank you cards. Kyle is there to help... She's not, but she's totally supposed to.

Kyle's attention is completely ensnared by the television with a football game on.

GRACE

Kyle?

KYLE

(not paying attention,  
impatient)

I'll get 'em done, I'll get 'em  
done!

(to the TV)

C'mon! C'mon, C'mon, C'mon...

GRACE

Really? Doesn't seem like--

KYLE

(to the TV)

C'mon, move! Move!

GRACE

Kyle, I said it doesn't seem like-

Kyle is getting excited. She's slowly but surely getting out  
of her chair, attention firmly with the TV.

KYLE

Hold on, hold on! Wait-wait-wait...

Yes! Yes! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Kyle is out of the chair completely.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go! Go!

GRACE

(losing her patience)

Kyle!

Annnnnnd whatever she was excited about was nothing but a  
fleeting moment. Frustration pours over her. Pushing her  
chair out her way as she paces around, yelling at no one in  
particular, the whole nine.

KYLE

God-- Son-of-a... Rghhh...

GRACE

Kyle, we gonna do this 'er what?

KYLE

What? Yeah, yeah I'm gonna do them.

(to herself, under her  
breath)

Shit...

Kyle storms over to the near by coffee maker and pulls out a mug from a near by cabinet and starts to pour coffee from the coffee pot into her mug.

GRACE  
Thought you wasn't gonna be  
gambling any more?

KYLE  
Not gambling if it's a sure fire  
win.

GRACE  
(sarcastic)  
That your victory sulk then?

Grace continues with her head down filling out thank you cards. Kyle gets milk from the fridge, pours it in her coffee.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You loose money?

Kyle takes a moment and rest up against the counter, coffee in hand, ready to dodge all kinds of questions.

A beat.

KYLE  
Doesn't matter.

GRACE  
Who you owe?

KYLE  
(quickly, without missing  
a beat)  
Doesn't matter.

GRACE  
Mickey?

KYLE  
(even quicker)  
Can you stop?

This gets Grace's attention.

GRACE  
Mickey 'Knee Caps' Monroe?

Kyle goes for her first sip, but doesn't take it.

KYLE

Screw him! Shitty name too. What?  
He some kinda 1920s mobster?

GRACE

He didn't pick the name. The name  
picked him. And for good reason as  
I understand it.

KYLE

Grace! The man's a crustless, PB&J  
eating, roller-skating nobody.

GRACE

You ever seen one of them Roller  
Derby women?

KYLE

(cockiness fading a  
bit...)  
Well, he's not them.

Grace goes back to writing the cards.

GRACE

Yeah, better hope not. You only got  
two knees.

KYLE

I can walk it off.

Kyle goes to take her first sip of coffee and it's HOT. Like  
really hot. She turns to spit it in the sink. Grace, without  
even looking up from her cards, stops her.

GRACE

Don't you spit on them dishes.

Kyle, desperate for a place to spit it out, spits it back  
into her coffee cup. Gross.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now, c'mon and help me with these  
thank you cards. Think you can do  
that?

Kyle pulls back the chair that she pushed aside earlier and  
sits down, coffee cup in hand. She debates about drinking  
from it and thinks "*what the hell, why not*" and takes a sip.

Grace looks up. A beat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're disgusting.

Kyle grabs a list and a thank you card and starts to write a message in it.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Why're you still gambling anyway?

KYLE  
You're the psychic. You tell me.

GRACE  
Because it's \$50 for a reading.

KYLE  
That's robbery, you know that?

GRACE  
I pay you don't I? Pretty good too  
if you ask me.

KYLE  
Not good enough. Less than what I  
was making before.

GRACE  
You quit what you did before.

KYLE  
Yeah. And look where it's gotten  
me.

It's clearly gotten her no where...

KYLE (CONT'D)  
I know how it sounds, Grace, but I  
know I'm meant to do something  
bigger.

GRACE  
Says everyone I've ever met. Trust  
me, sometimes you just do what  
you've gotta do to get by.

The phone on the table rings. Kyle reaches for it.

KYLE  
(slightly annoyed, bracing  
for a confrontation)  
I got it. Probably Mickey...

Quickly, like she's got something to prove, Grace snatches  
the phone. Kyle is taken aback.

GRACE

Leave it!  
 (she composes herself)  
 It's uh...I've got it.

Kyle, hesitantly, goes back to writing. Grace answers the phone, gets up, and walks out of the room. Kyle's eyeing her from the table.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(on phone)  
 Thank you for calling Grace's  
 Psychic Readings. How may I be of  
 assistance?  
 (a few beats)  
 No. Sorry, now's not a good time.  
 Okay...Okay. Thank you.

Grace hangs up, takes her seat, and goes back to writing. A moment passes and Kyle speaks up.

KYLE

You waiting for a call or  
 something?

GRACE

No. No one in particular, but you  
 were right. It was Mickey. Don't  
 worry, I covered for you but can't  
 promise he's not gonna call again.  
 You just let me handle the phone  
 for a while.  
 (a beat)  
 Make sure you put a business card  
 in the envelopes.

KYLE

Who're all these people we're  
 sending thank you cards to? Never  
 seen half of these people come  
 through, they can't all be  
 customers.

GRACE

They don't know it, but they will  
 be. The spirits have shown me.

Kyle, clearly, in no way believes this. She stops writing cards and directs her attention to Grace.

KYLE

You really believe any of this? I mean, you can see the future and you only charge the price of, what, dinner and a movie?

GRACE

(joking)

You asking me out?

Kyle rolls her eyes. Grace stops. They both do. Grace thinks for a moment and then...

GRACE (CONT'D)

Let me see your hand.

Kyle hesitates.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's on the house.

A beat.

KYLE

Fine.

Kyle offers up her hand. Grace takes it and starts to do a palm reading. The room gets unnaturally dark, Grace and Kyle being the only one's illuminated, though the light around Grace is harsh and focused. We think maybe, just maybe, she is a real psychic...

GRACE

You're...You're very tense. I see you were at a crossroads. A life you left behind. A thankless job. A manager? At a restaurant perhaps?

KYLE

You already knew that.

GRACE

But you felt you had a calling. You have worn many faces. A masquerade of sorts... You want to be an actor?

KYLE

You knew that too.

GRACE

Your spirit, Kyle, it's grown a voice. It's telling me everything I hear.



KYLE  
(lacking belief)  
Right. Of course it has.

GRACE  
It's been a long road, hasn't it?  
You're desperate...

Grace pauses. She becomes somber.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Your future... Kyle... You come  
short. Your dreams are never  
realized. They don't come to  
fruition. You--

The room's lighting returns to normal. Kyle snatches her hand back. It's the first time she seems nervous, almost like she suddenly believes this. Though nervous, she tries to mask it with the anger that's building...

KYLE  
Seriously? You're going to sit  
there and tell me I'm not going  
to...I'm never going to--

GRACE  
I'm not telling you anything, Kyle.  
The readings they--

KYLE  
Oh, c'mon! Fuck your readings! You  
kidding me?

This actually really hurts Kyle. She doesn't believe in the readings, but she has a strong sense of impending failure. She gets up from the table, trying to calm herself but it's not working.

GRACE  
You know, this is a good life. I've  
given you a room, a bed, money.  
What more could you need?

KYLE  
(trying to temper her  
anger, stern)  
I don't-- That's not what I want.

GRACE  
Well, what do you want then?

KYLE

What you're saying I can't have!  
Everything I've worked for.  
Everything I've given up. My own  
life. Not any of this. I've been  
stuck here for over a year, Grace!  
Just waiting for a call that tells  
me the wait's over!

GRACE

You don't control your future,  
Kyle. Believe me.

Kyle's deflated. She sits back down and begrudgingly writes cards. There's a long silence. Grace sees Kyle's upset. She reaches for a thank you card made out to her and hands it over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Here.

Kyle doesn't look up. Doesn't even attempt to get it from her.

A beat.

KYLE

I was never your customer.

GRACE

You were today. I knew you would  
be.

Kyle stops and looks up. She takes the card and considers it for a moment...before she tears it up and goes back to writing.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Grace goes back to what she was doing and just as she tries to work, Kyle snaps back into the conversation. It's clear Grace doesn't fully know what Kyle's angle is.

KYLE

Is this how you are with the rest?  
These customers. The real ones. The  
ones that have actually come here.

GRACE

Kyle, I just tell them the truth.

KYLE

Which is what exactly?

GRACE

I tell them what the spirits tell me. I tell them the events that'll come to pass.

KYLE

What do you think? Not your spirits or whatever. What do you think about me?

GRACE

(a pause)

You've done your best, I'm sure. I've been told as much anyway. And look, some may not have gone your way but you'll get other callbacks. Honestly, I have to say...

Kyle's attention is peaked. She's skeptical.

KYLE

(cutting off Grace)

What do you mean "you've been told as much"?

Grace collects her thoughts...

GRACE

I just read your palm, I could see that you are destined to--

KYLE

No, but you said "other callbacks". As in this has happened before.

Grace is losing composure. Kyle is putting two and two together and it's not sitting right...She's pissed.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Are you keeping-- Who called earlier?

GRACE

(nervous)

I--It was Mickey. I told you he--

Kyle pushes all the cards off the table.

KYLE

(yelling)

Just stop, Grace! Who was on the phone?

Grace goes rigid. Neither of them move. Their eyes are deadlocked. A long beat goes by when the phone rings. They both look to the phone. No one moves... That is until they both leap for the phone. Kyle gets it barely.

Grace completely loses her composure. This is not the same Grace we've seen. She's about to be found out and she's come unhinged.

GRACE

Don't answer that! I've given you a home, a job! You'll lose all of it. You answer that and I'm going to put you out on the street, you understand me?

Kyle holds the phone. It's ringing... And ringing... And ringing... On what must be the very last ring... Kyle answers. Kyle takes this phone call staring Grace right in the eyes...

KYLE

(on phone, stern)  
Hello? This is her. Alright.  
Alright, yes. That's great, I'll be there. Thank you so much.

Kyle hangs up the phone. It's very tense but then she starts to smile.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I got it.

Kyle can't hold back her happiness. She's ecstatic, everything that has happened prior seems to have melted away. Grace though... Grace has anger that's just starting to boil over.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I got the job! I can't-- Can you believe it? Oh my God I got it!

GRACE

(a calm before the storm  
kind of angry)  
I need you to leave.

Kyle is pacing, she's so happy she doesn't hear Grace.

KYLE

It's a supporting role, but I got it! Network television! Primetime! They said I'll be reoccurring and--

GRACE  
(screaming)  
I SAID GET OUT!

They both stop and the room comes to a jarring silence.

A long, heavy beat.

KYLE  
(almost sorry for Grace)  
What was the point? Why try and  
keep me here?

GRACE  
You actually think I believe any of  
this is real? I'm just as fake as  
everyone else! But other  
people...they convince themselves  
this is real. They pay me to tell  
them all some made up fantasy to  
hide away in. I have no fantasies,  
I have no delusions! I live in the  
real world and I've got nothing...  
But I had more than you and, I  
guess, that made it easier.

Kyle thinks it over. There is a stillness. She can't help but  
to let loose a smirk. She's done with this, she's got better  
things to do now and it's all waiting out that door.

KYLE  
You know. In a weird way. I totally  
get that.  
(a beat)  
Good luck with...whatever this is.

Kyle pushes in her chair and walks out the door, off on a new  
journey, leaving Grace standing alone...

END.