

Sensitive

Written by

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INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The windowless space is dark, save for a spotlight that illuminates a banner with the phrase:

"Life Beyond"

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (60's) the Dolly Parton of Psychic Mediums, steps into the light. She gazes at the rows of folding chairs set out before her, the crowd just a cluster of shadows.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR
I know it hurts. Believe me, I
know. Life hurts. Death hurts.

She tugs on her tight top, that reveals a hint of cleavage.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Shoot, the damn under wire in this
bra hurts.

One person in the back right row chuckles.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
But do you know what else hurts?
Growth. Change. Transformation.

She sashays to the other side of the room.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
That's all death is, y'all. The
ultimate metamorphosis. We shed
this snake skin and slither into
the Beyond.

She scans the crowd.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
But we don't leave everything
behind. Do you know what we take
with us?

She points to a BURLY MAN in the front row.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
You, sir. Do you know what we take
with us?

She puts her microphone in the man's face.

BURLY MAN
Uh...our soul?

She snaps the mic back.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR

You don't take a soul, baby. You
are a soul.

Some emphatic "mmm's" ripple through the crowd.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Love. That's what we take. All the
love we had in this life. All the
connections we've made. Our
relationship doesn't end with
death. It just begins a new phase.

She takes a swig from her plastic water bottle on the stool
beside her.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Our loved ones are constantly
sending us signs they're still with
us. But it's up to us to open our
eyes and see them for what they
are. A sign of Life Beyond.

Cynthia closes her eyes.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I have to say, I'm getting a pull
in this direction.

She walks across the make-shift stage and points into the
crowd.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

You, sweetheart. Would you stand up
for me? I've got a message for you
from Beyond.

A woman three rows back hesitates before standing. This is
JODI RICE (49). She has a mop of curly brown hair, with gray
streaks tangled through it. Her expression is like a dog
before it vomits, upturned lips but not quite a smile.

CYNTHIA SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I can only communicate
with a singular spirit at a time.

Jodi smiles because she doesn't get it. After an
uncomfortable moment of silence, she glances behind her to
see another WOMAN standing up. She points at herself.

JODI

Oh, not me? Sorry.

She turns to the woman behind her.

JODI (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She has a seat and the whole world seems to fade away. We stay on Jodi, as the sound of Cynthia's voice is drowned out by her shaky breath.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - LATER

Jodi powers down the hallway. She passes by a young FAMILY OF FOUR, the parents each holding a sleeping child. Jodi smiles at them. Once they're past, her face crumples.

INT. ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - SAME

Jodi's finger mashes the "Down" button. She looks up at the arrows above, willing one to light up.

DING! It arrives. Jodi steps inside, as the sound of rolling luggage and footsteps make their way into the corridor.

She presses the "Close Door" button, just as a JAPANESE MAN rounds the corner. His WIFE, trails behind holding their BABY.

JAPANESE MAN

Hold please!

The transparent glass doors shut, just as the family arrives outside of it.

JODI

(through the glass)

I'm sorry.

She sobs, like a child who's been denied whatever it is they most want in the world. The family looks down at her, as the elevator descends. The baby looks at Jodi and laughs.

MAIN TITLE