

They sent a Psychic page 1

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK is pacing back and fourth. LESLIE is sitting on the couch.

LESLIE
Mr. Aiden, you have to calm down.

JACK
Calm down? My wife has been missing for the last three days and you want me to calm down?

Leslie looks around the room.

LESLIE
If I could just get a piece of clothing or something that belonged to her.

JACK
What the hell is a piece of clothing going to do for you?

LESLIE
Well sometimes I can get a connection from it. It helps me try and see her energy a bit better.

Jack spins around. He glares at her.

JACK
You mean you aren't a cop?!

LESLIE
Well no, I work closely with the police department on missing persons cases.

JACK
So you're some kind of specialist?

LESLIE
Actually, I'm a psychic.

Jack is shocked.

JACK
You mean my wife has been missing for three days and the police send a fucking psychic?! Unbelievable.

Leslie tries to calm him.

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LESLIE

Look Mr. Aiden, I understand you are going through some stress right now, but I really am just trying to help.

Jack calms slightly.

LESLIE

Now, that piece of clothing?

Jack walks out of the room and comes back with a shirt. He throws it at her. She grabs it from the floor and holds it tight.

LESLIE

Was your wife blonde?

JACK

Yeah, but you could have seen a picture of her.

LESLIE

Did she have a slight limp in her right leg?

Jack takes notice.

JACK

Yes.

LESLIE

Did she go jogging every morning around 6?

Jack nods his head.

JACK

Yes. Do you know where she's at?

LESLIE

I'm trying. This is not an exact science.

She holds the shirt a little tighter. Suddenly her eyes open. She looks like she's seen a disturbing image. Her hands start to tremble. Jack notices her look.

JACK

What is it? What the hell is wrong?

She tries to come up with the words.

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LESLIE

Mr. Aiden, I'm not a hundred percent sure, but I think your wife might have fallen.

JACK

Is she okay?

Leslie looks down.

LESLIE

I'm sorry.

Jack starts to lose it. He starts pacing again.

JACK

You don't know that! She isn't dead! You said it yourself, it's not an exact science.

LESLIE

I'm so sorry.

Jack slides down the wall as we...

FADE TO BLACK.