

CONTINUED:

She studies Mary Jane's diary closely. Harry looks at her with anticipation.

BOOKSTORE LADY

It could be Latin, or Greek, or maybe... something else.

HARRY

Like what?

BOOKSTORE LADY

Possibly a religious language or hidden code. Let me study it for a few days?

HARRY

I can't. Sorry.

As Harry reaches in to take the diary back. The Bookstore Lady places the diary down on the counter and grabs Harry's hand. He flinches, a bit startled.

She holds Harry's hand and starts slowly rubbing it. Harry frowns at this. The Bookstore Lady looks into Harry's face.

Harry, feeling awkward looks around and notices the store is empty. He then focuses back on the Bookstore Lady, who is still fondling his hand, although she's no longer looking at his face. She now stares down at his hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I have a lunch date. So, I need to go.

She flips his hand over, revealing his palm. She looks at it with deep interest.

She looks up and stares gravely at him for a few seconds.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

She looks at his palm again.

BOOKSTORE LADY

I see... Looks like signs of Mistrust, Betrayal, and maybe Jealously? One false move from the past leads to another. And... there's something else.

HARRY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She caresses the lines in his palm. She mumbles something unintelligible, then looks at Harry with gloom. She slowly releases his hand.

Harry frowns.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why did you... What did you see?

BOOKSTORE LADY

Sorry. It's not clear.

Harry stares at her intensely for a moment. He then reaches his hand out to her.

HARRY

Look again.

She warily starts to read his palm again.

BOOKSTORE LADY

It's something like... De... De...

HARRY

Is it death?

Her eyes are still glued to his palm.

BOOKSTORE LADY

No. Dec... Deceive. It's not completely clear but, I think... someone's... Your deception... Your deception may come at a price.

HARRY

What's going to happen?

She looks up from Harry's palm and sees the fear and uncertainty registering on his face.

She forces a smile then gives him his hand back.

BOOKSTORE LADY

Knowledge is precious, but knowing some things only make the journey to Gehenna more difficult.

HARRY

Gehenna?

BOOKSTORE LADY

Sorry. That's all I can see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Harry frowns. The Bookstore Lady looks at the clock on the wall, behind him. It's five after five.

BOOKSTORE LADY (CONT'D)  
And it's closing time.

She walks away from Harry and begins to put things in the store away. Harry puts Mary Jane's diary back into his briefcase. The Bookstore Lady starts to turn down the lights. Darkness begins to fill the store.

Harry sluggishly leaves.

EXT. BOOKSTORE-LATE AFTERNOON.

Harry pauses outside the store and looks back at the Bookstore Lady. As she closes up her shop, she is surrounded in near darkness.

She sees him looking at her and begins to walk towards him. They are face to face, with only a thin layer of glass between them. She flips around a sign that states: "CLOSED".

He glares at her, with animosity then walks away.

Although Harry is no longer in frame, she continues to stare in his direction. The camera moves in slowly as she mumbles something to herself, in what almost sounds like a foreign tongue. She continues to mumble as she walks away. She then seems to vanish within the dark shadows, inside the store.

INT. BAR-LATE AFTERNOON.

Harry sits at the bar alone-drinking. He seems a little spooked. As he drinks his hand trembles.

Joe comes up from behind and pats Harry on the back.

JOE  
What's up Pimp Juice?

Harry flinches at Joe's touch. Joe then sits next to him.

HARRY  
Have you ever heard of a place called  
Gehenna?

JOE  
Yeah. I think it's... Yeah, it's a Latin  
club down on 18th Avenue. Why?

Harry rolls his eyes at Joe's uninformed answer. He then takes another drink.

(CONTINUED)