

A DEADLY FATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OLESON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1869

Basic room - stone fireplace off to the side, card table and two chairs in the center, a couple of cabinets. Through an open doorway, a set of stairs leads up to the second story.

At the table, FREDERIC OLESON (30s) a talented magician with an evil look about him, suave, handlebar mustache classic for the time period, plays poker with a fellow MAGICIAN (40s), who has most of the money on the table in front of him.

The deck they play with contains basic cards, only Frederic's likeness, dressed in full cape and top hat, adorns the back of every card.

Frederic takes a moment to examine the five cards in his hand. Seemingly satisfied, he tosses the rest of his cash into the kitty.

With a confident leer, Magician matches the amount.

MAGICIAN

I call.

Frederic lays his cards down to reveal a full house, 5s and 2s. He looks self-assured, like he knows he has won.

But Magician lays his hand on the table. Four Jacks. He claims the kitty, adding it to his already large pile of money.

INT. OLESON HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT - LATER

Deck of cards in his hand, Frederic opens the door to Magician, who uses a cane to walk as he stops in the doorway.

MAGICIAN

Let's hope you are a much better  
magician than poker player.  
Wouldn't want to lose my only  
competition.

In response, Frederic tips his hat. The grin on his face suggests the intended insult fails to bother him.

FREDERIC

Careful driving home, my friend.  
The roads can be treacherous at  
night.

With a lighthearted smirk, Magician leaves. He heads to a horse and buggy parked out front, climbs into the driver's seat and drives off down the dirt road.

Frederic's grin transforms into a wicked smile as he closes the door. His eyes turn to the cards in his hand. A red glow coming from their direction illuminates his face.

EXT. BASE OF HILL - DAY

Very steep with lots of shrubbery along the way. Magician lies at the bottom, amongst the debris from a busted up buggy. He's dead, a broken wheel's spoke protruding through his chest. Blood soaks his shirt.

On the ground next to him is one of Frederic's cards, only his image has been replaced of one with Magician lying at the bottom of a hill, dead. The card fades from sight.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY - PRESENT DAY

A few students scattered about in-between classes.

INT. COLLEGE HALL - DAY - SAME

Students flood out of a classroom. Amongst them is LINDA PRESCOTT (21), glasses, no make-up, little fuss over her hair. A true "nerdy" look covering a bold interior dying to burst out.

Books in her arms, she goes unnoticed as her peers socialize.

TRACY HOWARD (21), preppy, lots of makeup and well-done hair, expensive clothes, oozing family wealth, trots up to Linda.

TRACY

Hi, uh...

LINDA

Linda.

TRACY

Right. Want to hang out this weekend?

LINDA

With you?

Tracy laughs, one of those giggling kind that lacks sincerity. It's done for show.

TRACY

Of course with me... and a few others.

LINDA  
I don't see why...

TRACY  
Do you want to or not? I'd think it  
would be good for your image.

Linda considers a moment, then...

LINDA  
I guess so...

TRACY  
Of course you do. What other plans  
could you possibly have?

Linda stares.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Be at the Magic House by six.

LINDA  
Magic House?

TRACY  
You know, that old house over on  
Landen. That's where we're spending  
the weekend. They're tearing it  
down Monday so it's our last chance  
to check it out.

Tracy steps away, then turns back.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Oh, bring a friend so you'll have  
someone to hang out with. And beer,  
or whatever it is you drink.

Tracy bounces down the hall.

Linda clutches her books as she watches Tracy go.

EXT. BACK STREET - DAY

An overstuffed backpack on her back, Linda walks with MIKE  
LEONARD (22), similar nerdy appearance and very shy. They  
carry a cooler between them.

Each glances at the other as they walk, wanting to say  
something, but too shy to start. Finally...

MIKE  
Maybe we should have taken my car.

LINDA

I don't mind walking. Really.

Mike looks at Linda longingly, an obvious interest that seems to go unnoticed on Linda's part.

EXT. OLESON HOUSE - DAY

Two stories, a couple centuries old, ready to fall down, secluded off of a dirt road. Chipped paint, rotted wood, broken windows, weeds in place of grass make this look like it's been abandoned for decades.

RON MORRISON (20), long hair, ear piercing, trouble with a capital T, stands out front. He wears a leather jacket and boots, holds a beer can in his hand. Tracy is in his arms. They make out, hot and heavy.

A beat-up truck is parked off to the side. A nice car parks next to it.

BRAD WESTLING (22), jock-type, letterman's jacket, and KAREN ANDERS (21), cheerleader, get out and remove a couple cases of beer from the trunk. Left inside are a couple of sleeping bags and duffels.

Linda and Mike arrive. They set their cooler down and catch their breath.

Brad eyes them with disapproval.

BRAD

(quietly to Karen)

Who invited the geek squad?

Karen giggles. Brad and Karen carry their beer inside.

Linda and Mike wait to be acknowledged but it looks like it could be a long wait.

MIKE

Are you sure we're in the right place?

Linda turns to Mike with a sigh.

LINDA

Afraid so. Sorry.

MIKE

Well, at least we have each other.

Ron pauses in the midst of kissing Tracy to sip from his beer. At that moment, he notices the newest arrivals.

His expression shows he doesn't approve. The tone of his voice evident that he couldn't care less if Linda and Mike hear him.

RON  
(to Tracy)  
What are the geeks doing here?

Linda and Mike share a look.

TRACY  
You said to invite a variety of people.

RON  
I meant a variety of COOL people.

TRACY  
(quietly)  
It could be fun. We'll have someone to laugh at.

Beaming with pride, Ron pulls Tracy close.

RON  
I like how you think.

They kiss passionately. Linda and Mike carry their cooler up to them.

MIKE  
Where, um... where should we put this?

Ron breaks out of the kiss to look at Mike quizzically.

RON  
In a tree. Where the fuck do you think you should put it?

Mike hesitates, then leads Linda through the open doorway.

Ron shakes his head.

RON (CONT'D)  
Geeks.

Ron finishes his beer.

INT. OLESON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Several cases of beer stand against the wall, along with a few unlit lanterns.