

VISION OF LONDON OPENING SCENES

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

YOUNG KIMBER, aged 8, runs from friend, PAIGE, same age. They're all giggles.

Kimber zig zags away from the girl's reach, obviously way faster than her chaser and she revels in that fact.

Kimber's focus is abruptly channelled away from this moment. She stops mid-run, trips down to the ground and cradles her belly, winces in pain.

A VISION smacks her in the face:

KIMBER'S VISIONS

-- A WOMAN grabs Kimber away from a house.

-- The same house explodes.

-- An unseen couple runs frantic down a block in London near the Millennium Bridge, a shadowed figure speeds behind her.

-- A serene and calming bright sunny day near a small cottage in a rural area.

INT. KIMBER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

KIMBER LEE CLARKE, 25, an angelic beauty even first thing in the morning, rises awake, startled.

She clutches her stomach in the same area from the vision. Then fumbles for her cell phone, checks the time.

Kimber flies out of bed and rushes towards the bathroom.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR ISSAC, a gentile man in his 50s is in the midst of a lecture.

Kimber slides inside with haste, takes a seat up front.

The Professor throws a loud stare at Kimber that lingers harshly.

INT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

The students pack up their belongings and file up in no real hurry, some linger to chat up about the lecture.

Professor Issac makes visual contact with Kimber, issues a subtle request. Kimber makes her way over to him.

KIMBER

Professor Issac, I apologize. I was... held up this morning.

PROFESSOR ISSAC

Make sure you don't do that this summer. I noted your attendance was more than stellar.

KIMBER

Pardon?

Professor Issac hands Kimber an envelope.

PROFESSOR ISSAC

You've been approved.

KIMBER

I'm going to London?

PROFESSOR ISSAC

Make me proud young lady.

The news hits her with unexpected overwhelming joy. Kimber hugs onto the Professor with sincere gratitude.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Kimber listens to a blend of forest sounds. The recording has a soothing affect on Kimber.

Kimber observes TWO BOYS play catch in their yard. She is drawn to this scene, almost like she's hypnotized by the innocent play, so much so she stops walking.

The tallest boy torpedoes the ball past the gate onto the middle of the street and quickly rolls away.

The younger boy sighs at the task of having to retrieve the ball. He jets out of the yard, scurries between two cars--

KIMBER

Hey--wait!

Suddenly the younger boy throws himself back just as a car dashes out of its parking space hidden behind another parked SUV--the driver slams hard on the brakes.

The driver flies out of the car, frantic. He checks on the younger boy. The worry on his face slowly disappears.

Other neighbors charge nearby to check on the boy, who's attention has gravitated towards Kimber.

She is already halfway down the block, but glances back at the situation, locks eyes with the shaken boy.

INT. KIMBER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kimber chills in a corner of her small, yet quaint apartment. Amongst her is a clutter of science literature, textbooks and thick articles.

Stuck in the middle of that brain power is a grey Macbook. Kimber types up a summery of her VOICE RECORDING:

KIMBER (V.O.)

June fifth. Precognitive intuition event number twenty-five, sensed approximately two minutes prior to event. A car just barely missed hitting a boy.

Kimber stops and picks up her voice recorder and speaks another entry.

KIMBER

This morning, I awoke with the pain again, near my abdomen. It remained with me, the same area as the vision in my dream. Is this early onset of paranoia... Mom.

EXT. TWO FAMILY HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ANGIE CLARKE, 30s, always in a constant state of anxiety.

She is ashen with worry as she watches young Kimber skip towards the home with her overnight bag in tote.

Paige, Kimber's friend from the visions keeps the door wide open for Kimber to step inside.

Suddenly, Angie pulls Kimber away from the door and both of them nearly trip down the steps.

ANGIE

Let's go.

KIMBER

I just got here.

ANGIE

We need to go back home, sorry.

KIMBER

You said, it's okay.

ANGIE

Well, I changed my mind.

Angie grabs the bag from Kimber and shoves her back into the car. Kimber protests.

KIMBER

Mom, what's wrong?

ANGIE

Get in the car--

KIMBER

What about Paige?

ANGIE

I'll call her mother. They can come to our house.

KIMBER

But--

ANGIE

You have to listen to the visions Kimber. We have to go. Now.

Paige watches from the door upset. Kimber inadvertently waves back to Paige, who shuts the door in anger.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PRESENT DAY

Kimber stands with her father JERRY LEE, 60, handsome with an air of laid back elegance.

He neatly places two hefty suitcases and a large designer tote bag into the trunk of his SUV.

JERRY

Seems like you packed your entire existence.

KIMBER
Nanna said, the weather can be unpredictable.

JERRY
You sure staying with her is a good idea?

KIMBER
Dad...

JERRY
Alright, your call.

KIMBER
I'm all grown up now.

JERRY
That you are.

KIMBER
And I have the ring.

Kimber showcases a glossy brass ring with a celtic symbol embossed on the top.

JERRY
The ring.

KIMBER
Mom's safety net, my safety net.

JERRY
Alright, alright. Let's make a move, don't want you to be late.

Kimber and Jerry enter the SUV, fasten their seatbelts. As Jerry preps to drive, Kimber stares at the apartment complex, hard pressed to look away. Jerry waits patiently.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Ready...

KIMBER
Yeah. I'm ready.