

Screenplay

by

Augustin Moga and Scott Danzig

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1

STORAGE ROOM - DAY

1

A cat hurries past. MADELYN, a young girl dressed in pajamas, crawls hands and knees after her. The cat hurries past in the other direction. The girl again follows.

MADELYN

I'm gonna get you!

The cat races off to the next room, while the girl curbs her pursuit, distracted by a box, topped with a dusty pointy hat. Madelyn peeks into the shadows beneath and pulls out a wand with one hand, and an ominous-looking book with the other. Madelyn gapes and mouths the word "Wow".

2

INT. OFFICE - DAY

2

The walls of an office boast brightly colored posters from past marketing campaigns. A spacious computer screen lists out bullet points in a crisp font. LAURA, a smartly dressed, energetic woman, stands in a squatted haka pose, legs wide apart, arms held up and folded, eyes locked forward. WARREN, a tall man wearing both a serious suit and face, walks in.

WARREN

Laura, your presentation looks great.

Laura stomps her right foot.

WARREN

I can't believe this is finally happening. Fighting tooth and nail, for every opportunity. That's how you succeed! I just never thought we'd get... friggin' Oshiro Corp!

LAURA

(slapping her elbow)

Proud to be on the team, Sir!

Laura exaggerates her breaths with her lips and cheeks. Warren looks up at Laura.

WARREN

Are you ready for this?

Laura lands on one knee, with her arm raised and her back straight and stiff.

LAURA  
I'm ready for this.

WARREN  
(standing over her)  
ARE YOU READY FOR THIS!

LAURA  
(stands up to meet his gaze)  
I'M READY! I'M READY!

WARREN  
(patting Laura on the  
shoulder)  
I'll see you in five.

Warren slips out the door.

3 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

3

With her laptop and papers under her arm, Laura arrives at a closed door labeled "MEETING ROOM", about to turn off her phone. The image of a girl and the name "Madelyn" appears on its screen. Laura breathes, calms herself, then takes the call.

LAURA  
Maddie, I'm really, totally,  
seriously super busy at the moment.  
Just tell me if you're okay?

4 INT. HALLWAY/CHILD ROOM - DAY

4

MADELYN, a young girl, wearing pajamas in bed, but sporting a witch hat and a magic wand, holds another phone.

MADELYN  
I'm fine, Mom.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURA AND MADELYN

LAURA  
Is that fleabag on the sofa again?

Madelyn looks to the side where the cat, not amused, occupies a large glass jar.

MADELYN  
No, Mom. Hey, she's still out of  
catnip. Can you get her more?

LAURA  
It should be grateful for the roof  
over its head. Sorry, I need to  
go. Bye sweetie!

Laura pockets her phone and opens the door.

5

INT. CHILD ROOM - DAY

5

MADELYN  
(shrugging)  
Oh well. She never seems to care  
about karma. Time for plan B.

Madelyn drops the phone and glances towards the cat,  
stretching, then flips a page of a weird-looking book.

MADELYN  
(chin resting on her palm)  
Let's see... Burning Eyes with  
Tears of Fire...

Madelyn's finger strokes above her upper lip.

MADELYN  
Nah..

A few more pages flip by.

MADELYN  
Curse to the Contrary. Interesting.

Madelyn silently reads to herself with concentration. Her  
eyes close, then shift about with REM-like activity. She  
takes a deep breath, grins, and her eyes suddenly wide.  
Thunder rumbles from the window.

MADELYN  
(whispering)  
I cast this spell to curse your  
verse, for all you speak shall be  
converse!

6

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

6

Warren sits at the head of a long table in a dark, shadowy  
conference room, lit only by the brightly projected image of  
a company logo. Seated at the other end is the venerable  
Japanese businessman, MR. SAKAMOTO, waiting  
expressionlessly, flanked on his left by an ASSISTANT.

WARREN  
(checking his watch)  
Our presentation will begin in just  
a moment. If anyone would like  
coffee, or ...

ASSISTANT  
Hey, nice watch.

The door is pushed open by a stumbling Laura as relief  
washes over Warren's face.

WARREN  
Ah, there she is...

Laura dumps her papers and laptop onto the table, looking  
apologetic.

WARREN  
Umm... Konnichiwa, Sakamoto-san.

Warren bows toward Mr. Sakamoto, while looking for his  
approval. Mr. Sakamoto's eyes float upward, then, after a  
blink, he reluctantly nods his head.

WARREN  
May I introduce our Creative  
Director, Laura Andrews.

Warren pauses between sentences for Mr. Sakamoto's assistant  
to translate.

WARREN  
She's been hard at work, developing  
a marketing strategy for your  
global product launch. I'm sure  
you'll be pleased.

Without further ado, Laura?

Laura briskly approaches the screen and uses a clicker to  
start her presentation, displaying four demographics of  
people each sporting serious cameras. She wheels around,  
flashing a smile.

LAURA  
The capabilities of today's amateur  
photography enthusiast is  
unprecedented. Like never before,  
Oshiro Digital's new product line  
empowers us to... forget the  
moment!

WARREN

Excuse me?

LAURA

(motioning at the words as if  
in the air)

Forget the moment!

Laura's eyes make contact with bewildered expressions. She clears her throat and clicks to the next slide. A vivid image of an autumn day floods the screen.

LAURA

Each clunky, unusable piece of shit  
Oshiro camera produces truly  
hideous, blurry photos with with  
heavy, unreliable, impossible to  
use camera produces blurry  
unexpressive photos with lifeless  
colors that your customers will  
abhor.

Warren and Mr. Sakamoto's assistant stare, speechless, mouths agape. Laura's eyebrows twitch downward a tiny bit. She steels herself, clicks to the next slide and continues.

LAURA (V.O.)

Oh god. What the hell am I saying?

Mr. Sakamoto looks expectantly toward his assistant, who in turn leans toward his ear. Warren's arm wrenches the assistant back toward him as the two huddle.

WARREN

How much will it cost me for you  
not to translate this?

The assistant looks down at Warren's watch.

LAURA

... and your sales should plummet  
in the fourth quarter.

MR. SAKAMOTO

(barking in Japanese)

Why aren't you translating?

The assistant holds his hands up, with an attractive watch on his left wrist, as he tries to calm Mr. Sakamoto down.

Laura's words tail off as she notices Warren's frigid stare.

WARREN

I don't know what you were trying  
to accomplish here, but you are so  
fired.

Warren stands and silently proceeds toward the door. The  
rest of the room follows suit.

LAURA

I understand what's going on! I  
meant to say all of that! Oh  
Satan!

7 INT. CHILD ROOM - DAY

7

Madelyn finishes polishing one of her fingers. She casually  
picks up her cell phone, looks at the screen.

MADELYN

Yup! Time's up...

Madelyn starts texting a message.

8 INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

8

Laura stands alone as signs of despair contort her face.  
Her cell vibrates on the table. Without picking it up, she  
looks down to it. The screen shows an incoming message from  
Madelyn, "Next time, just get the catnip."

Laura chuckles. She laughs. She stands in the light of the  
projector and laughs hysterically.

FADE TO BLACK

9 INT. CHILD ROOM - DAY

9

Madelyn, with neither hat nor magic wand, lies on her bed  
flipping through the weird-looking book, a bored expression  
on her face.

The cat stands near, craning her neck toward a page. She  
taps some text with her paw, then looks up, expectantly.

MADELYN

(giggling)

My little kitty cat wants me to  
cast a spell?

Madelyn silently reads from the page. She nods her head and  
strokes her chin, bemusedly impressed.

MADELYN  
I wonder what trans-fer-rence  
means.

She looks at the cat.

MADELYN  
Sure, why not? Looks like fun!

Madelyn raises her arms, closes her eyes, then pauses. The cat sits and continues to observe patiently as the lights dim. Madelyn's eyes attack the book, her hands clamping down on its edges.

MADELYN  
I switch myself, my mind in whole,  
become the one whose soul I stole!

FADE TO BLACK

10 INT. CHILD ROOM - DAY

10

MONTAGE

- Madelyn turns and gently leaves her seat.
- Madelyn gracefully lands on all fours, then stretches, arching her back.
- Madelyn pads toward the cat.
- Madelyn grins while placing a cap on a glass jar, with the cat in it.

END OF MONTAGE

Madelyn picks-up her cell phone, looks through the numbers and dials. The ringing stops, replaced by noise that sounds like Laura.

MADELYN  
I'm fine, Mom.

Madelyn impatiently waits through more noise.

Madelyn looks to the side where the cat is stuck in the glass jar. The cat's name tag says "Karma".

MADELYN (O.S.)  
No, Mom. Hey, she's out of catnip.  
Can you get her more?

FADE TO BLACK



Karma walks around, carefree, then curls up and purrs as she falls asleep.

FADE TO BLACK