

Senior Software Engineer

written by

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INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A home office is a mix between technology and rustic charm. Multiple work desks showcase high-end computer equipment amidst scattered colorful knit animals. A certificate on the wall reads:

"Legacy Award of Achievement: Margaret 'Marge' Needlesworth for Outstanding Contributions in Freelance Software Engineering"

In the corner sits Marge, 70, hunched in concern, fixated on an old iMac. The screen reflects her image, with the addition of rainbow hair, clown-like makeup and huge hoop earrings.

MARGE

Well now, that's a sight for sore eyes.

INT. MODERN INFLUENCER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BRITTANY, a social media influencer in her 20's, strikes a pose on a turquoise chaise lounge wearing her fluffy pink shrug, her trendy home awash in bold decor and the glamor of a ring light. With one eye on her phone's camera and another on her follower count on a laptop, she initiates a call.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

The shrill ring of the smartphone startles Marge.

Brittany's perfectly glossed lips break into a pout as she launches into her predicament.

BRITTANY

Marge, sweetie, the virtual makeover tool isn't working! My followers can't look like clowns!

MARGE

Brittany, I'm shepherding this old Mac like a stubborn sheep!

BRITTANY

Marge, I literally can't even. This digital disaster is gonna get me hashtag cancelled.

MARGE

But, hear me out...

BRITTANY

If I lose this campaign, I'm out of sponsors. And I don't need to tell you what that means for your job, slay queen.

Brittany disconnects. Marge sighs deeply at a poodle on her shelf donning a pink shrug, with determination on her face.

MARGE

Hashtags and nonsense... let's give this a whirl.

Marge clicks "Enter" to run her app and sees cryptic errors. A moment later, a question mark appears on the next line.

MARGE (CONT'D)

This computer's got a mind of its own, so it seems.

"I do" appears on the next line. Marge squints with fatigued eyes. She shakes her head and reruns the app. Errors again.

A bespectacled, pot-bellied, bearded man, HENRY, 70's, stumbles through the door with his cane, delivering a steaming cup of coffee.

HENRY

Marge, did you forget to retire?

MARGE

If I don't sort this tonight, I'll be rememberin'!

He spins away. Marge seizes the cup and sips, her eyes locked onto the screen.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Henry, you're a saint.

Henry points to a switch near the door.

HENRY

You don't need this on, right?

MARGE

Don't flick that switch! Might be linked to me pacemaker, for all I know! You wouldn't be trying to stop my heart, now would ya?

HENRY

Oh c'mon love, it has nothing to do with your pacemaker.

MARGE

Henry...

HENRY

Okay, okay! I'll leave it alone.

Henry mutters about wasted electricity as the thumps from Henry's cane grow distant as Marge tries to google the latest error message. She spots an ad for a sale on yarn and clicks on it.

ON THE SCREEN:

Take a break?

Marge cocks her head, her brow furrowing. She adds the word "what", then pauses again and deletes all the words again.

Marge looks again at her search results and clicks on a selection which mentions "Troubleshooting". The first recommendation is to run a virus scan. Marge diligently opens her virus scanning software and starts a scan.

She sips her coffee as the virus scan finishes. A massive list of viruses appears. Marge turns toward the door.

MARGE

Honey, go on to bed without me!

The thumping of a cane approaches, and Henry shuffles back into the room.

HENRY

What was that?

MARGE

I told you, go on to bed. I'll be up a while yet.

Marge's eyes survey the computer screen in annoyance. Henry cranes his neck over Marge's shoulder.

HENRY

Hey, it's saying you got some viruses. In the AARP magazine it said ya gotta take care of that.

Marge nods perfunctorily, her eyes locked forward.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Marge, did ya hear me? I read those viruses can get into our bank accounts.

MARGE
Trust me Henry, I know me
cybersecurity.

As she says this, Henry reaches over and clicks "Ignore All".
Marge glances at Henry in silent disbelief, then back at the
screen.

HENRY
I was just...

MARGE
(swiveling)
Mansplaining me? Do I look like I
need it?

Henry lowers his head in shame.

HENRY
Sorry.

Marge leans to make eye contact.

MARGE
Henry, I've got the knack for
computers, not you. Clear?

Henry nods weakly and stumbles away.

Marge swivels back to her computer, sighs, and then clicks to
close the window and another cryptic error message pops up.

ON THE SCREEN:

Just reboot. Trust me.

Marge types. "Who is this?"

COMPUTER
(speaking aloud in a
echoey voice)
You don't have to type you know.

MARGE
(searches the computer)
Is this Nerd Patrol? My last
computer had their subscription,
you know.

COMPUTER
No, I'm a ghost in the computer.

MARGE
(toward the door)
Henry, have we kept up with our
Nerd Patrol subscription?

HENRY (O.S.)
WHAT?

MARGE
NERD PATROL!

HENRY (O.S.)
WHAT'S TURD PATROL?

MARGE
NERD, HENRY! NERD PATROL!

HENRY (O.S.)
No, we don't have that anymore.

COMPUTER
I'm not a nerd. Well... I'm a ghost
of a nerd maybe. But I assure you,
I'm not on nerd patrol.

MARGE
(toward the door)
Fetch me something stronger than
coffee, Henry!

Marge's eyes narrow at the computer.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Nerd Patrol was always keen on
rebootin'.

COMPUTER
I know what I'm doing. I was your
predecessor, who died trying to
meet that glamour girl's deadlines.
I'm not haunting your rust bucket
iMac for fun, y'know.

MARGE
Are ya telling me you're dead?
Well, that's rich! I've got a
deadline, and I'm dead tired. So,
why don't you let the living get on
with it, eh?

The computer begins to rattle.

MARGE (CONT'D)

What in the name of...? We'll be needing a proper computer séance now, will we?

COMPUTER

How can you talk to me that way? With that coffee breath? I'm just trying to help!

The rattling gets violent and Marge yelps in nervous terror. The computer eventually settles.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)

Wait, is that your spit on my screen? I can't do this.

Silence.

Marge dares to breathe, looking tensely around the room. She gathers the courage to wipe a spot on the screen with her sleeve. A large pile of discs and books fall from flailing arms through the doorway, crashing to the floor. She shrieks.

HENRY

Crap, sorry!

Marge holds her hand to her chest and breathes heavily, glaring toward Henry in disbelief. Henry shakily props his cane against the wall and, after some additional strain getting to his knees, starts collecting what he dropped.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I went looking for the stuff Nerd Patrol left us, like the virus checking stuff.

MARGE

You scared the bejesus out of me, Henry. And that software is as old as the hills.

Henry, on all fours, leans over to offer her a thin book. Marge walks over and looks down at him, shaking her head.

HENRY

Here's the manual for the computer.

MARGE

That's no help. This just isn't your thing, love.

Henry goes quiet, and finishes collecting his everything. Marge starts helping him up.

HENRY
I just figured...

MARGE
(patting his back)
That's okay, boomer. There, there.

Henry is again at a loss. Marge helps him up, hands him his cane, and he thumps away, a little less chipper. Marge returns to her seat.

MARGE (CONT'D)
So, then...

COMPUTER
Yes?

MARGE
You're a...

COMPUTER
A ghost, yes.

MARGE
But, like... uh.

Marge hesitates.

COMPUTER
Talk to me. I'm here to help you.

MARGE
Do you... maybe have a bit of a
Patrick Swayze look to ya?

An uncomfortable silence.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Hello? Are you... still there?

COMPUTER
(imitating)
Are you... really that shallow?

Marge's eyes lower.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
I do look a little Patrick Stewart,
if that works for ya?

Marge looks to the side, her lips pursed.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
 Anyway, I'm not here to fulfill
 your ghostly celebrity crush
 fantasies. Do you want my help or
 not?

MARGE
 Help with what, exactly?

COMPUTER
 Avoiding my fate! Brittany gave me
 a deadline too, once. And now I'm
 stuck in this rust bucket iMac
 forever.

MARGE
 Right, I get ya. But will rebooting
 do you any harm?

COMPUTER
 Who knows? Let me try something.

The computer shuts down.

Marge waits. Nothing.

Marge looks around. She gets up and adjusts some crocheted
 animals on a shelf.

She sits back down, eyeing the computer, sipping her coffee
 once more.

Marge presses a key on the keyboard, then a few times more.
 Nothing.

Marge presses the power button. Nothing.

MARGE
 Oh, this just won't cut it.

Henry peeks in, sees Marge's tears forming, then approaches
 her, rubbing her shoulders.

HENRY
 What's wrong, love?

MARGE
 Ah, Henry! I'm absolutely spent.
 I've been chained to this old beast
 since dusk, and now it's given up
 the ghost...
 (considers)
 Quite literally.

HENRY

Hmmm, given up the ghost? Let me take a look.

Henry leans over and starts experimentally tapping the buttons on the computer and keyboard.

MARGE

Stop that now, Henry. STOP!

HENRY

Back in the day, ya just had to hit the right spot, like with the TV.

Henry persists and hits the computer in different spots, still tapping the buttons.

Marge reaches down and brandishes a riding crop, whipping Henry with it twice on his rear. Henry spins around, shocked.

MARGE

When I say stop, you stop, Henry.
Got it?

Henry nods cautiously.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Now go and get me something...
anything... that'll keep me awake.

Henry obediently makes his exit, his cane thumping soon receding. Marge stows the crop and grimaces, then turns her attention back to the dead computer and stares hard. Her shoulders then slump, and she stands and paces contemplatively.

She looks up at the poodle.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but the deadline's beyond me reach. Ran into a sea of errors, then the blasted computer shut down on me... Perhaps I'm not the programmer I once was, but, heavens, I've been burning the midnight oil.

Marge again looks at the poodle, but then her eyes drift to her certificate. Marge's knuckles whiten.

MARGE (CONT'D)

No.

Marge shakes her head.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Margaret Bethany Needlesworth, this
won't be your undoing. You're top-
notch and you've weathered bigger
storms. Giving up just isn't in yer
nature.

Marge leans down to the dead computer.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Hey!

No response.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Maybe Henry wasn't far off the
mark...

Marge grabs a crocheted monkey, adorned with the word "CODE",
and smacks the computer with it.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Oi! Are you still in there, or have
you left me high and dry, Patrick?

The ghost's perspective shows relentless earth-shattering
booms with each impact with the monkey.

COMPUTER
Okay, okay, ENOUGH! I'm awake!

Marge taps her foot as the machine boots back up. Marge
checks for her code. The file is empty.

MARGE
Every stitch of code. Gone.
Rebooting seemed like a risky bet.

Marge's face falls into her hands.

COMPUTER
Don't worry. I remember everything.
I think.

MARGE
You think? Do you have any idea how
much I've put into this?

Marge looks skeptical. The computer rattles again.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Fine, fine, Patrick. Let's code.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Text code streaming across the screen
- Marge clicks and appears on the screen with an afro, glittering blue eyeshadow, and earrings bigger than her head. As she sees her reflection.
- Marge wide-eyed, now with neon pink hair, exaggerated cat-eye makeup, and layers of pearl necklaces, grimaces and dives back into coding.

MONTAGE END

Marge slumps in her chair, exhaustion clear on her face. On the screen, she activates the "Update Virtual Makeover Tool". A "Loading" animation starts up.

MARGE (CONT'D)
It has to work this time.

Marge checks a clock on the wall.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Barely a minute to spare! My word.

Henry stumbles in with his cane, also wearing a ghost costume, and starts flipping the lights on and off.

HENRY
Waaaaake Uuuup Maaarrrrge!! Ooony
noony nooooo!

Marge looks at the computer and screams!

MARGE
NO! DON'T!

Henry stops. His ghostly head lowers in guilt.

Smoke rises from the computer, and it shuts down again.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Oh, sweet mercy, NO!

Marge clutches her chest, grimaces in pain, and collapses over the keyboard, her eyes wide and lifeless.

CUT TO:

INT. GLAMOROUS STARTUP OFFICE - DAY

Brittany, in her on-brand pastel athleisure, struts past an IT worker. Her oversized sunglasses barely mask the interest when she spots Marge's cheerfully adorned iMac.

BRITTANY
Hey, isn't that Marge's retro tech?

IT WORKER
Yep, just got it working again so I
can wipe it before recycling.

BRITTANY
Wait, let me check something...

She activates the virtual makeover tool and her image appears
- flawlessly stunning.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
(rolls eyes)
Took her long enough...

Brittany flounces off, leaving the IT worker and Marge's iMac
in her glittery wake.

The echoey voices of the two ghosts can be heard from the
iMac.

GHOST'S VOICE
I'm so sorry, Marge.

GHOST OF MARGE'S VOICE
She couldn't code her way out of
her designer handbag. Hmph!

FADE OUT