

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

OVER BLACK

Sounds of TYPING

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Luggage packed sitting by a doorway. A Christmas tree flickers. A Calendar with ex's that mark every day in December, and a circle around the thirtieth with words that read, "do you want to get fired?"

Post it's read "You got this," "You're tougher," "Stay focused."

A white candle, Palo santo sits in a abalone shell, Agua de Florida.

Fingers typing feverishly on a keyboard. On the computer screen an excel document reads, "2022 Balance Sheet." Papers, and receipts are scattered all over a desk.

An Apple Watch on a wrist reads 3:45 pm. Exasperated SOFIA CASTRO, (40's) latina business type, who practices an alternative spiritual lifestyle exhales.

Through the window leading to her backyard, something catches her eye.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sweat running down a face, eyes peering over the fence and with evil in his eyes, we meet JIM, an older Caucasian man dressed in a suit and Sofia's neighbor.

He observes tarot cards on a table, a candle, sage, and some crystals.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Sofia jumps up and runs towards the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Sofia bursts through the door.

SOFIA  
Mind your business.

JIM  
You're going to hell witch.

SOFIA  
You call yourself a pastor.

Sofia flashes claw fingers at Jim.

SOFIA  
I'll put a spell on you...

Jim retreats back over his fence. Sofia takes her tarot cards.

JIM  
Prayer won't save you.

A cell phone RINGS. Sofia runs back toward her house.

INT. HOUSE - SOFIA

Sofia picks up the phone and sits at her desk.

SOFIA  
Yeah, yes I know. Yes, no, yes by  
5:00. Sure, okay Happy New Year.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A laptop slam's shut, Sofia stands up.

SOFIA  
Not today Wolf Enterprises you  
aren't gonna fire my ass today.

Sofia turns on an upbeat pop song on her cell phone. She turns it up and starts dancing around her apartment.

SOFIA  
I keep my job, off to Puerto  
Rico..no numbers, no boss, no  
stress.

She dances around a bit more, catches the time on her watch.

SOFIA  
Shit.

INT. ALTAR - NIGHT

At the Altar of the Virgin of La Regla, Sofia kneels.

SOFIA  
Protect me on this trip (Protejeme  
en este viaje).

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Rolling luggage down the driveway, Sofia clicks open the trunk to her Model 3 Tesla and piles in her luggage.

EXT/INT. CAR MOVING - NIGHT

Sofia pushes hard as she can on the gas and the her car pulls out of the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jim darts in front of her car.

EXT/INT. CAR MOVING - NIGHT

Sofia is jolted when her car slams into Jim. She lets out a life ending SCREAM.

SOFIA  
Oh shit! I hit him!

From the rear view mirror she sees a bloody Jim pop up and circle to her window. He knocks on the window, and tries to open the door. Sofia screams.

JIM  
You killed me.

His body drops to the ground. Sofia squints her eyes tight. When she opens them a pale Jim, now a ghost looks blankly at her.

Panicked Sofia hits the gas, she pulls further into the street only to be T - Boned by a large truck. Her car spins and crashes into a tree.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nodding his head, Jim stands outside the mangled car.

JIM  
Look at your car.

Sofia's body lies limp in the front seat.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Now also ghost Sofia stands next to Jim observing the car.

SOFIA

Look at my car? Look at my body,  
I'm dead you asshole.

The End.