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Corporate Monster

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SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

Corporate Monster- Summary/Abstract

By: Chelsea A. Adamczyk

Genre: Cyber-gore, political thriller

Logline:

When a paranoid, ex-druggie finds something nefarious in her bank's files, she learns of a massive, dark underbelly of conspiracy lead by corporations, mutated reality TV show stars, and an interdimensional foe hellbent on Armageddon.

Summary:

She wasn't always an agent of the apocalypse. She used to be a head compliance officer at a bank. A nobody with no friends. She's always been a go-getter, but when she discovers some of her bank's files and transaction histories with a plastic surgeon named Dr. Tikoshi, she falls down a deep rabbit hole of drug-riddled conspiracy. She didn't mean to die. Twice. Yeah, Mara's not the ideal soldier against late-stage capitalism or seven-foot brain-eating monsters, but how was she supposed to know that too much coffee and a few bad decisions would lead to the end of the world?

See, life as a corporate drone was killing Mara Brokowski, so she decided to bring down the whole corrupt system from the inside. People thought she was crazy for a while, but after she was granted for murder and trapped inside her conspiracy beyond reason, she finds that she was right the whole time.

Now, Mara's doing the best to survive against a nightmare cabal of crooked conglomerates, DNA-doped mutants, drug-addled freak show celebrities, experimental surgeons, depraved doomsday cults, and the ultra-bad mojo of a full-blown Hexadrine habit; a widely popular pharmaceutical stimulate with hallucinogenic qualities.

Joined by her pet tortoise Edgar, and Kade, a beautiful missionary with a tragic past, Tim, a bomb-happy agent, and Ms. A, a sweet old woman who leads an underground resurgence society, Mara must find a way to save humankind and fight the terrible truth at the heart of the..

CORPORATE MONSTER.

Similar to:

The tone and gore-tastic stylings of David Cronenberg films such as *Naked Lunch*, *Videodrome*, and *Scanners*. Like science fictions novels such as *John Dies at the End* and *This Book is Full of Spiders* by David Wong.

Similar tone as *Army of Darkness* by Sam Raimi and other B-rated 90's flicks such as *Tammy and the T-Rex* (Stuart Raffill).

Political commentary on capitalism and drug/pharmaceutical epidemic parallels other movies like *The Banshee Chapter* (Blair Erickson) and *Braindead* (Peter Jackson).

Next Steps:

My plan is to begin submitting to film festivals and screenwriting fellowships as soon as possible. A few specific ones I have in mind are Wild Sound Fantasy and Sci-Fi, Women in Horror Film Festival, The Atlanta Horror Film Festival, and Stage 32.

In addition, I intend to film a condensed version of this story (6-15 minutes) with the help from colleagues and friends. The reason is so I can have an actual product to show potential producers or investors.

Lastly, I intend to adjust this script so there are two versions: one that can be shot for \$50,000 and one with a much higher budget (\$3 million) for the purpose of versatility.

--Below are the first page pages of the feature. The entire piece is 112 pages (approximately 112 minutes of screen-time).

OVER BLACK:

THE SOUND OF CHIRPING BIRDS. TEENAGERS LAUGHING.
A steady crescendo of PANTING, SCREAMING, and CRACKLING FIRE.

Abrupt silence.

SUPER: CORPORATE MONSTER

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DUSK

A beautiful day with an even more beautiful, young couple on a picnic blanket. A buffet of food spread on the ground. They are JOEY (17), in a LETTERMAN JACKET, and JENNY (16).

JOEY

Beautiful sunset, aint' it, toots?

JENNY

Gee, sure is Joey. I sure like being with you, too.

Joey puts his LETTERMAN JACKET on Jenny's shoulders. She remains fixed on the scene while Joey kisses on her neck.

Jenny GIGGLES.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Joey, stop that.

He doesn't. Kisses harder. Tries to cop a feel.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I said stop. What are you doing?

JOEY

Aw, c'mon, baby. It's almost our one-month anniversary.

JENNY

You know I'm saving myself for marriage.

JOEY

Waiting for marriage ain't a thing
anymore, toots. Like Santy Clause
or all that fake money we owe
China.

Jenny pushes Joey's arm aside. He pushes harder.

JENNY

Joey, stop it right now!

JOEY

Stop being such a prude.

Joey pins her down on the picnic blanket.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're gonna like this.

His hold of her grows tighter. He's not used to the word
"no." A GROWL from the distance.

JENNY

J--Joey. What was that?

JOEY

Stop distracting me. Be a good
little broad and shut up.

A SHADOW of a giant beast overcasts the couple. It's too late
before Joey turns around and--

JOEY (CONT'D)

What the---

The beast tears Joey's neck out. Jenny SCREAMS, pinned under
her boyfriend's lifeless, bleeding body. Crimson covers her
chest, her face, her teeth as--

T.V. STATIC

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mara (30s) is slouched on a messy couch in an even messier
apartment. Basketball shorts and sports bra. A bag of chips
sit at her side. Crumbs decorate her torso like body glitter.
A loud SNORE escapes her ribcage as the T.V. STATIC roars.

MARA

(still asleep)

Hands off my tortoise, sir.

A POLICE SIREN stirs her awake. Mara quickly sits up and dusts the crumbs from her torso.

She walks over to her window and peers out.

EXT. FLOWER AVENUE- CONTINUOUS

Two COP CARS parked. Another pulls up. Three COPS set up TRAFFIC CONES and CRIME SCENE TAPE blocking off the road.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mara SIGHS and closes the blinds. Mara walks over to a WHITEBOARD that reads *2 days of peace in the neighborhood*. Mara erases the 2 and writes ZERO.

A tortoise sunbathes in a terrarium under the HUM of a lamp.

INT. DEPT. OF HEALTH, OFFICE - MORNING

Mara, dressed in a pant suit but still looking like hell, sits across from a SOCIAL WORKER (50s).

The Social Worker sits behind his desk, waiting for Mara to stop crying. He's been through this before. It finally subsides. Deep breath.

MARA

I losing my mind, doc.

SOCIAL WORKER

Pressure from work too much? Or is it your mother again?

MARA

No, it's just...

(beat)

Is it just me, or is it getting worse and worse out there?

SOCIAL WORKER

People are upset, people are struggling. This Hex epidemic is tricky. You know how tough this drug is. These are tough times.

(beat)

How about you? How long has it been since--

MARA

Six months. I've been clean for six months.

He smiles. Writes something down. Looks at the clock.

SOCIAL WORKER

Are you still spending all your time in studies? Your research, as you say?

MARA

(dodging the subject)
I'm sorry, what now?

SOCIAL WORKER

(impatient)
Ms. Brokowski, I told you that you need to get out there. Find some friends, a girlfriend, someone you can talk to.

MARA

I have Edgar.

SOCIAL WORKER

A tortoise isn't a real companion. How are you supposed to recover fully if you spend all your free time stuck inside?

MARA

You want me to make nice with one of the soulless shmucks at work?

SOCIAL WORKER

That's entirely up to you.

Looks back at clock.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Alright. So, I'll see you again two weeks from today?

Mara nods, but keeps sitting there for a moment.

He stands up, trying to signal it's time for him to leave--

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Is there something else I can help you with? My next appointment is waiting.

She just keeps sitting there.

MARA

Do you think the things they're saying on the news are true? About the murders and the pharmaceutical companies?

SOCIAL WORKER

I'm sorry, but I don't have time to wax philosophical on the possible conspiracies happening nowadays. You're just as lost as I am.

He motions her outside.

I/E. MARA'S CAR - DAY

Mara's BMW coughs black smoke and painfully SCREECHES away.

EXT. FLOWER AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The streets are disgusting. Trash, boarded up windows, rainbow-colored broken glass on the ground. Reeks of piss.

GUTTER PUNKS throw beer bottles at a brick wall. SHATTER.

VAGRANTS in tattered business clothes huddle around barrel bonfires. One YELLS something at Mara, but she rolls up the window. She turns on the radio.

She quickly turns it off. Lights a cigarette.

EXT. CABEZABANK HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mara pulls into a parking space. She hastily looks for something to fix her smudged lip-stick.

MARA

(dripping with apathy)

It's Friday. Free Pizza Day. Best day of the week.

She wipes the corners of her mouth on a piece of paper. Steps out of the car. Extinguishes the cig with her shoe.

INT. CABEZABANK HEADQUARTERS, MARA'S CUBICLE - DAY

PROMOTIONAL MUGS line her cubicle like heads on poles outside a cannibal village. A picture of Edgar sits by the keyboard.

Enter DOYLE (40s). Suspiciously white smile.

DOYLE

Mara! My main lady hard at work as always. How's it going?

MARA

Just finishing this week's project, sir. Still gotta clean out those--

DOYLE

Wonderful, good stuff. Meet me in my office. Five minutes.

Doyle leaves. Mara SIGHS. She takes a long sip from a MUG that reads "World's Greatest Bank."

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Doyle sits opposite of Mara with his feet on the desk. The office is elegant, but excessive. Pristine and shining.

DOYLE

Mara, I just want to start by saying how impressed we all are with your work.

MARA

Thank you, sir.

DOYLE

Thank me? No, Mara dear, I want to thank YOU. You've been an absolute asset to the success of this bank.

Doyle walks to the mini-bar.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Ever since we hired you as our Primary Compliance Officer, we've had far fewer problems with renegades.

He pours himself a drink. She musters up all her courage.

MARA

Mr. Doyle, there's something I need to ask you. See, I'm having a hard time with--

Doyle LAUGHS.

DOYLE

Mara, honey. Do you remember why I picked you for this position in the first place?

Sits there. Deer in headlights.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Let me re-phrase that. How long have you been with us, Mara?

MARA

Ten years.

DOYLE

Ten fantastic years.

He walks back to his desk and eyes Mara closely.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You say you're "having a hard time," but imagine how hard things would be if you, say, didn't have a roof over your head. That nice BMW we bought you. Those fabulous paid vacations.

MARA

(yeah, right)

Yes, sir. It's just I've been seeing some really strange things in the files. Things that I'm afraid are--

He SLAMS his glass on the desk. If looks could kill...

DOYLE

Miss Brokowski, when I asked you to keep our cowboys in line, I meant for that to be a reward. What you're doing is a most prized and revered position.

He moves from behind the desk. He towers over Mara.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

If you want to talk about concerning details, we need to talk about your work ethic, Mara.

She shifts uncomfortably.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 You wanna help us reach our fullest
 potential, right, Mara honey?

Sips from her "World's Greatest Bank" mug. Shakes her head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Thought so. You live over on Flower
 Avenue?

MARA
 Why there? Flower Avenue's gone to
 hell with junkies.

DOYLE
 It's just a side-effect of the
 natural ebb and flow of last stage
 capitalism. Completely natural!
 Anywho, we need you to hand-deliver
 this to a friend of ours.

He throws down a YELLOW ENVELOPE on his desk.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 There's a warehouse by the old
 sushi place. You know where it is?
 Of course you do! He's in town for
 one night. From Japan.

Mara inspects the ENVELOPE closely.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Maybe do a bow or something when
 you see him. I want us to seem
 cultured.

MARA
 Mr. Doyle, I'm not sure if--

Moves closer. Inches from her face. Air constricts.

DOYLE
 Let's keep a few things clear:
 Follow my directions. Give our bank
 the appearance of utmost propriety.
 And never, ever get in the way of
 our money. We clear, Miss
 Brokowski?

INT. CABEZA BANK HEADQUATERS, OFFICE BACKROOM - DAY

Mara sits alone at a conference table eating PIZZA. RUDY,
 40s, portly and balding, ambles over.

RUDY
Another day of busting our chops,
huh?

Rudy winks.

MARA
Well, you know how it is.

Awkward silence. Mara contemplates a piece of pepperoni.

RUDY
Gotta love Free Friday Pizza Day.
Best day of the week.

She pairs this with a shrug.

RUDY (CONT'D)
I read your report. You were kind
of tough on the girls in loan
processing. I don't think they're
used to being watched so close.
They'll follow your suggestions,
though, I mean, we all have to toe
the line.

He crams a slice into his mouth. Mara avoids eye contact.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Used to be, before all this nanny
state B.S., pardon my French, but
it used to be that *that* was the
main thing. Used to be an "Easier
to beg for forgiveness than ask
permission" kind of set-up, and you
didn't get hit with a colonoscopy
so long as the deal closed.

Mara feigns amicable, but concerned.

MARA
Just seems like everyone's got
something to hide nowadays.

RUDY
You ask me, a little less
government involvement, and we
could have set that ship straight.

MARA
Rudy, you ever think that maybe
those journalists are right. About
all the drugs, the murders... The
economy.

Rudy's eyes and nose wrinkle like Mara just shit herself.

RUDY

I'd say we were doing our best to survive in a free market.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Mara watches TV encircled by a ring of pizza crusts. Edgar sunbathes under a lamp.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - DAY

A group of rugged and semi-scary-looking body modification enthusiasts sit around a table. BUDDY THE BRAIN (45) in front. His brain is detached and sits in an AQUARIUM. OPTIC FIBERS sprout from his head.

SUPER: *League of Zeros*

BUDDY THE BRAIN

See, Titus should be voted off this week. He's been nothing but drama, and his tentacles are oozing all over the carpets again. No one likes stepping in that [beep] in clean socks.

BOOING from an off-scene audience. TITUS (30s) with two slimly, green tentacles for arms stands.

TITUS

Whatever, holms. You're just mad because you know I'm [beep]-ing Stacy.

OOHS from the audience. Buddy stands up, brain aquarium juices splashing around. Two SECURITY GUARDS run on stage.

TITUS (CONT'D)

You mad your girl's into hentai, Buddy?!

Mara CLICKS the TV off.

MARA

All the money in the world, and these weirdos spend it all on body mods. What would you do with endless wealth, Edgs?

Edgar closes his eyes and relishes in the light.