

The Metamorphosis

written by

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INT. JANE AND DOYLE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

DOYLE (20s) a wannabe indie artist whose ego is larger than his head, sits at his computer, which is pouring out an upbeat melody.

The bedroom door opens and JANE (20s) a spirited and hardworking college student, strolls in. She takes off the black apron tied around her waist and throws it on top of the overflowing laundry basket.

JANE

Did you not see the note on the counter? Or the text I sent you reminding you to throw the laundry in the wash?

Doyle's attention stays glued to the computer.

DOYLE

No, sorry. I've been super busy today.

JANE

You're in the same spot as when I left this morning.

She picks up the laundry basket and walks out of the room.

DOYLE

(shouting)

I promise once you hear what I've been working on you won't be upset anymore.

Jane walks back into the bedroom and flops onto the bed.

INSERT MUSIC

DOYLE (CONT'D)

So what'd you think?

JANE

They're really good. I really like them. How's the job search going though? I worked a double today and barely made enough for groceries.

DOYLE

Babe, I'm telling you my music is going to take off. After I release these new singles we won't have to worry about money anymore.

JANE

You know I'll always be your number one supporter, but I think you need to be a little more realistic. It's going to take time before your music will cover all of our expenses.

Doyle turns away from the computer to look at her, and rage fills his face.

DOYLE

So you're saying you don't like the songs?

Jane sits up stiffly.

JANE

Not not at all, they're amazing. It's just...we talked two weeks ago about how overwhelmed I've been.

Doyle grunts.

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't mind that I've been picking up the slack since you got laid off, but that was almost two months ago now. With all the extra shifts I've been taking at the restaurant, I have no time to get my homework done...or even breathe.

Doyle shoots out of his chair and towers above her.

DOYLE

Can we please just have one day where you don't criticize me? Stop nagging me like you're my fucking mom.

JANE

(under her breath)

If you just did the things you needed to do then I wouldn't have to nag you.

He grabs a pack of cigarettes from the desk and walks out of the room.

Jane lays back on the bed and shuts her eyes.

INT. JANE AND DOYLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Doyle wakes up and jumps out of bed. A note sits on the edge of the desk and he picks it up on his way to the bathroom.

JANE
(Voiceover)
Needed some space, I'll be back
tonight.

He puts the note in his pocket and opens up instagram.

He scrolls through dozens of posts, but a colorful ad with an image of a beautiful woman catches his attention.

MADAME MARIE WILL GRANT ANY WISH AT
THE LAIR, TONIGHT AT 7:30PM.

DOYLE
(To himself)
Any wish?

He looks towards his sound cloud page.

EXT./INT. THE LAIR - EVENING

Doyle parks his car in front of THE LAIR, a speakeasy downtown.

He enters the building and walks down a narrow spiral staircase. He gets to the bottom and is greeted by a long, dark hallway with a door at the end. He walks slowly and confidently.

The music coming from the doorway gets louder as he approaches.

He opens the door and smoke pools around him.

The room is dark and vast. Red drapery is hung all around and an assortment of antique furniture is placed throughout the room.

The woman from the advertisement sits in a throne in the center.

MARIE
Welcome to hell.

She leans back and lets out a maniacal laugh.

MARIE (CONT'D)
I'm only kidding darling. What
brings you in on this fine evening?

Doyle takes a step back. He looks around curiously.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Speak up!

DOYLE
Well... I uh. I saw an ad on
instagram saying you could grant
any wish.

MARIE
And what's your wish?

She stands up and looks down at him.

DOYLE
I really want to be like all the
other famous indie musicians.

MARIE
(To herself)
What an odd request.

She puts her hand up to her chin as if she is thinking hard.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Alright! That should be simple
enough. Just give me a moment.

She scurries away and there is a sound of papers rustling.

She reappears in a moment and unravels a large piece of paper
with red inked cursive.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Just sign here.

She points to a line at the bottom of the long page.

Doyle grabs the feathered pen from her and signs his name.

MARIE (CONT'D)
And tomorrow, your life will be
changed forever!

A childlike grin creeps across Doyle's face.

DOYLE
This is amazing!

He turns and skips out the door.

MARIE

Always read the fine print and
always say thank you.

She rolls her eyes and sits back in her chair.

INT. JANE AND DOYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doyle walks in the bedroom and Jane is burrowed under the covers.

He sits down at his computer and opens up his sound cloud page.

THE ROACH MAN
TWO MONTHLY LISTENERS

DOYLE

(To himself)
I hope she isn't lying.

He shuts off his computer and slithers into bed.

INT. JANE AND DOYLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane is folding laundry and her phone lights up.

She is texting her friend Grace (20s) who works at the restaurant with her.

GRACE

(TEXT)
Any work from Doyle?

JANE

(TEXT)
No he never came home last night.

GRACE

(TEXT)
He's acting like such a child. Do
you want to go out to dinner with
the rest of us since you won't have
to cook for him?

JANE

(TEXT)
He'll probably be home by
then...but if he's not then
definitely.

GRACE

(TEXT)

It'll be so fun! You never come out
with us anymore :(

JANE

(TEXT)

I haven't had time to do anything
anymore. I'll keep you updated.

She throws her phone onto the bed and finishes putting the
laundry away.

INT. JANE AND DOYLE'S BATHROOM

Jane is getting ready to go out with her friends. She is
curling her hair, but drops a bobby pin. She leans down to
pick it up and is greeted by a large roach running in circles
around her feet.

JANE

Aah!

She jumps back.

JANE (CONT'D)

I hate those things!

She steps on the bug, and roach guts splatter.

She grabs a piece of toilet paper and collects the remains,
dropping them in the toilet.

The squashed roach swirls in the toilet bowl.

QUEUE WEST COAST by Lana Del Ray.

THE END.