



‘THE GHOST’ - SELF TAPE INSTRUCTIONS

YOU DO NOT NEED TO SPEND ANY MONEY TO SELF TAPE FOR THIS PROJECT.

Please try to find a well-lit and quiet space to tape.

If you are using a phone, please film horizontally, not vertically.

A good estimate for the frame – bottom of the frame will be several inches below the shoulders; top of the frame will be an inch or two above the head.

Place the reader close to the camera, and play the scene to them. Your eyeline should be just off frame, do not play directly into the camera.

Please note that we do not mind if the scenes are not word-perfect. We care more about the relationships you establish, and the character choices you make.

Please slate with your name, height, age if under 18, and where you are based.

Please upload your scenes and slate **as a single file with your slate appearing last** using the link below – please DO NOT post your tape using any public sites such as YouTube or Vimeo.

TAPE UPLOAD: <https://castitalent.com/Launchpad Shorts S2 The Ghost>

NOTE: This production has adopted a mandatory vaccine requirement for Zone A and non-union roles. As a result, you will need to provide verification that you are fully vaccinated for COVID-19 in order to be assigned to this production, absent an approved accommodation.

NAOMI

START

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

At the breakfast table, DAD (late 40s) eats instant ramen from a bowl. A "**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**" banner hangs above his head.

Clarice grabs a pitcher of *boricha* (barley tea) from the fridge. Naomi pulls out *banchan* (sides) in Tupperware and holds them out for Clarice to take - the air is frigid between them. *

Begrudgingly, Clarice takes them, and Naomi returns to check the pot of ramen. *

DAD
(Korean, gently)
Girls, come sit down.

BREAKFAST TABLE - MOMENTS LATER *

Naomi pours Dad and Clarice *boricha*. Clarice scowls over her bowl of ramen, glaring at the empty chair. *

CLARICE
I knew this would happen.

Naomi checks her phone: no texts. She sighs, and takes out a BOXED BLUETOOTH SPEAKER from her bag with a tired smile.

NAOMI
(honorific Korean)
Happy birthday, Appa.

DAD
 (Korean)
Wow! Such a fancy speaker!
 (English) Thank you, my daughter.

They hug. Dad looks at Clarice, who's steeped in guilt.

Naomi kicks her under the table: You tell him, or I will. *

CLARICE
 Sorry, Appa. I didn't...

A flash of hurt from Dad -- but only for a moment. *

DAD
 It's okay.

He means it. Naomi rolls her eyes as the FRONT DOOR OPENS. *

MOM (O.S.)
 (Korean)
Aigoo (My God), today was insanity!

MOM (late 40s, LA BUS DRIVER) dashes into the kitchen, protectively holding a bag from a Korean bakery. *

CLARICE
 (gets up and hugs; flat)
 Hi, Umma.

Mom brushes aside stray hairs from Clarice's forehead before kissing it. Clarice shakes her off. *

NAOMI
 (gets up and hugs; Korean)
Welcome home, Umma.

MOM
 (Korean; to Naomi)
Ah, you made ramen? Well done.
Where are the other presents?

NAOMI
 (Korean)
Clarice forgot Appa's birthday.

MOM
 Ahhh. I don't have present too...
 But I have cake!

Mom triumphantly pulls out a BOXED FRUIT CREAM CAKE from her bag. Dad and Naomi laugh, glad to have her. Clarice remains stony-faced, simmering. *

Naomi serves Mom ramen, moving in unspoken rhythm together.
Dad silently unboxes his Bluetooth speakers as Mom sits down.

CLARICE
We waited a while.

*

Naomi throws her a sharp look, but no one else heard.

MOM
Today was so busy. (sighs; Korean)
*I had to talk to technicians about
a bus issue, but I couldn't find
the right words for it. (chuckles)
They were losing their minds.*

*

*

*

*

*

As she talks, Mom puts extra *banchan* in Clarice's bowl.

DAD
(Korean; clicks tongue)
It is their job to figure it out.

*

*

NAOMI
(Korean)
*That must have been rough, Umma.
You --*

*

CLARICE
Oh, so you're cool with *Umma* being
super late? It's only me you want
to treat like a war criminal?

*

NAOMI
Umma was out working! And she
didn't forget *Appa's* birthday.

*

As Naomi and Clarice argue, the KITCHEN LIGHTS pulse
strangely. Mom tries to interject where she can.

*

*

CLARICE
Appa's not even upset! Stop making
this such a big deal!

NAOMI
Maybe I wouldn't need to, if you
cared more about our parents than
playing hockey.

*

That cuts Clarice deep - she has no words.

DAD
(Korean)
*You know Naomi, birthdays start
meaning less when you get older.
(MORE)*

DAD (CONT'D)

*What I'm thankful for the most is
this summer we get to share as a
family, before college starts and --*

*
*
*

Clarice PUSH-KICKS Naomi's chair hard, jerking her backward.
Naomi stares, stunned. You can hear a pin drop.

*
*

Then the sisters KICK ASIDE their chairs and are at each other.
Clarice grabs Naomi, pushing her into the kitchen. Mom leaps up immediately; Dad's too stunned for words.

*
*

The FLICKERING gets STRONGER and STRONGER...

*

MOM

(Korean; keeps them apart)

Stop it! Have you both gone crazy?!

POP! The POWER IN THE WHOLE HOUSE goes out. The family all look up in confusion, catching their breaths in the dark.

*

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - EARLY EVENING

The sun has set, bathing everything in blue. Clarice shoots tennis balls into a hockey net, beside the DETACHED GARAGE. She pours resentment and anger into every slap-shot.

*

In the open window, Mom and Naomi argue while Dad mediates.

*

NAOMI

(Korean)

She's the one who started it!

*

MOM

(Korean)

You're still the oldest. You should know better than that... (ad lib)

*

STOP