

CONTROL: 1996

CHARACTERS

Paige 17 – high school senior. aspiring film artist. psychic empath.

Mom 47 – former actress. failed sorceress. now works at Hot Topic.

SETTING

Agatha's Manor in Hancock Park.

TIME

Present

Scene 1

Time: 3:45am

Place: Paige's Bedroom

At Rise: Paige is in the middle of her dream. In college at the Quad.

Paige: God I'm gonna be so late for my final. Wait is that...is that my mom?

Mom suddenly appears in front of Paige. A dark purple dress and cape wraps around her like a breeze. She's clearly upset.

Mom: Hey is that you? What are you doing here?

Paige: What are *you* doing here?!?!?

Mom: More so I would ask what are you doing here? You shouldn't be here. I thought you were supposed to be at home?

Paige: I'm here because I have to film my thesis...

Mom: Since when??

Paige: Since forever. I did it behind your back because I knew you would act like this!

Mom: Why would you not tell me? This is you betraying me?!

Paige: Because Mom this...this is...how I knew you would react. Angry for no reason! I don't know what you have against me doing this, but I need it to stop!

Mom: It doesn't matter. I don't know why you like this..this is BORING and you do not have my permission to be here.

Paige: First of all this is *my* dream!

Mom: Yeah yeah whatever it doesn't matter. If you don't leave right now, I am going to kick you out of the house and you are going to find somewhere to live and you will not be welcome to our family!

Paige: Mom! What is wrong with you! What do you have against what I love doing!?!

Mom: I don't have anything against you...this isn't right...this is...this wouldn't be a good job for you or something that you can get paid well for.

Paige: It doesn't matter. It's what I love. It's everything to me.

Mom: So like I told you, If you don't leave, I'm going to kick you out of the house and you will no longer be welcome to our family. It is your choice not mine.

Paige: You're insane!!

Purple smoke begins to appear from Mom's hands as it gradually surrounds her and the entire school. For a moment it seems like Paige is about to suffocate but she suddenly wakes up. Cold sweat.

Scene 2

Time: 7:45am

Place: Kitchen

At Rise: Paige is pacing around still processing her dream. She is about to make breakfast.

Paige: Oh my gosh I don't even know what I dreamed of. OH MY GOSH I still have to submit my application before the deadline.

Mom enters

Paige: Morning Mom.

Mom: Good morning daughter. How are you doing today?

Paige: I'm doing... I guess whatever..

Mom: I was a little worried because I heard you bumping around your bed at night. I was wondering if you were having some sort of nightmare.

Paige: Oh...you heard?

Mom: Yea.

Paige: Well mmm....I don't know I was just dreaming about something crazy. But nothing really that you would want to know about.

Mom: Weird. I heard you muttering in your sleep but I couldn't make out what you were saying so I ignored it.

Paige: *(relief)* Good. Ummm what are you making?

Mom: Just some eggs. I have to go to work in a few minutes.

Paige: Well I have to finish up some homework, so I guess I'll see you later.

Mom: Ok then.

Paige: Oh my gosh I don't even know if I still want to go to this school...

Mom: Um...What school are you talking about?

Paige: Oh nothing mom I was just mumbling.

Mom: You know something about schools...they're always really freaking boring, so I understand if you don't want to go. If you're confused, you can always just stay with me. Doesn't matter.

Paige: Mom I don't wanna work a boring job. (under her breath) Like you...I want to creatively support myself. Have a great career. I want to be a director and tell murder mysteries.

Mom: Ugghhh never a director. Never...never. Believe me that road leads nowhere.

Paige: I can be something. I just won't be like you and not try again.

Mom: *(pissed that she would go this far)* How bout we end this conversation. Here. Before someone gets hurt.

Paige: Ok.

Mom: See you later.

Paige: Bye.

She exits.

Mom starts to do the dishes and spots an old newspaper article. She grabs it. A flashback vision. 1996 on a rainy afternoon. Paramount Studios soundstage. Mom (22yo) is having a conversation with a woman in a black pants suit and red hair. The discussion gets mild then intensifies. Dark purple clouds begin to roll inside the soundstage.

Scene 3

Time: A week later. 9:35pm

Place: Living Room

Mom is cleaning her tennis shoes and a crystal ball as Paige immediately bolts down the stairs.

Paige: Mom!

Mom: How are you Paige?

Paige: Yo I find it kinda...strange that you are *always* appearing in my dreams. It's been happening every night now.

Mom: I mean...I'm your Mom. What do you expect? Of course you're dreaming about me...

Paige: I know but...it's weird. It's not like...any nice dream it's.... strange and oddly terrifying.

Mom: Well I dunno what to say Paige. Ummm.... I'm not...uhh....I....you just love dreaming about me! I mean that's the only thing I can come up with. It's probably the fact that you're trying to be a director. It's *clearly* showing you that the Universe is telling you something. Like all this stuff is leading you nowhere.

Paige: It seems like it has something to do with your past.

Mom: My past? What are you talking about?!

Paige: Don't play dumb!

Mom: No I don't know what you're ---

Paige: What happened 25 yrs ago?

Mom: 25yrs ago?! What do you mean 25yrs ago??!! Honey I don't know what you're talking about.

Paige: Yes you do Mom. I went into your room and found a newspaper with that tragedy!

Mom: Okay fine! Yes I am spying on your dreams! Look, you are going on a dangerous path about this business. I'm warning you Paige...this is a mistake. You are not ready to *comprehend* what it means to be a director.

Paige: But what happened?? Why did you have this sudden urge to just....KILL EVERYONE?!

Mom: They crossed me and it was the only way I knew how to pay them back. If you cross me, you DIE!!

Paige: Mom, you should learn how to manage your anger.

Mom: 25 years ago and it's still soooooo stupid. If it wasn't for Margaret. I wanted her position as Director. Instead, she made me the lead in the film! That rumor she started about me was rude! *"She's such a bad actress I think she needs to die in the first 3min. Plus, she's sleeping with the Producer! So unprofessional."* (beat) But that

mistake I made...it all happened so quick. Heat started rising from the inside of my palms. Before I knew it, I started seeing purple haze.... then everyone was gone. I killed them. All of them. At first, I felt relieved, but then I felt a sudden coldness and saw these shadows creeping behind me. I had to get out of there as fast as possible. I knew this was wrong and I'm still a little bit of a control freak. The Elders banned me from using my powers for 20yrs and ordered me to work this stupid boring job as a Manager at Hot Topic. I hate it. I have to wake up at 4:45am...soooooo early in the morning to open up the shop and I can't leave until 8pm. every. single. day.

a moment

Paige: You should've just left that alone and handled it more maturely.

Mom: You don't understand Paige. See you're too nice. This business is ruthless and you have to fight so hard for your respect AND reputation. The only way I knew how to get revenge is through DEATH

Paige: Well look where that led you. Look mom, times have changed so much now. There are so many considerate directors in the world. Sounds like you should give yourself another chance...

Mom: Been there. done that. Total disappointment. If you wanna go and be a director, I'm not gonna support you. You're gonna have to fail in order to succeed. You're gonna fail, come right back to me, and I'm gonna turn you away.

Paige: Mom I'm not going to end up like you. PERIOD.

Mom: Well then what are you gonna do differently than me? Like...like...,what exactly are you gonna do differently? Like...you can't just say that. What are you gonna do differently??

Paige: Not let things get to my head.

beat

Mom: What does that mean???

Paige: If you wanna be free from Hot Topic Hell, you gotta learn how to be nice. Simple as that. Go see a therapist, a counselor, a priest, a rental boyfriend, a funeral director, I don't care! Everyone has choices in life. Take your responsibility as an adult. I'm gonna handle conflict maturely and with respect.

Mom: Like I said, If you wanna be a director soooo bad, GO AHEAD AND DO IT! Just go ahead if you wanna be a director so damn bad!

Paige: I know you would never take back what happened, but I'm gonna stand for what I want to finally do in life.

Mom: You know what? fine.

Paige: fine.

Mom: FINE!

Paige: FINE!!

A breath. A reflection. A moment of Humility.

Mom: can I get a ride to work tomorrow?

They both disappear. to their rooms

The End.