

PSYCHED

Screenplay by  
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After being kicked out of his mother's basement, a delusional, talentless psychic must deliver a business pitch to secure a crucial loan for funding his psychic business- or stay a loser forever.

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EXT. OUTSIDE BANK - DAY

ENNO (24), a talentless, women-hating psychic, stands outside the bank. He's dressed in a long cloak and a fedora. He takes a deep breath and does the Superman pose for confidence.

INT. BANK/OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

CLARICE (60), a depressed loan officer, leans against the counter with a cup of black coffee. She checks her phone and sees a reminder to "meet with magician kid". Clarice looks towards the camera.

CLARICE

That's the last thing I wanted  
first thing this morning.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clarice sits at the table uninterestedly sipping her coffee. Enno stands at the front of the room.

CLARICE

So you're a magician, huh?

ENNO

Um, no, actually, I'm a psychic.  
There are essential differences  
that set apart the craft of a  
magician and the craft of a psychic-

Clarice rolls her eyes at the camera.

CLARICE

Yeah, yeah, get on with it.

Enno takes a step back, turns around, takes a few deep breaths, and starts to play INTENSE MUSIC from his phone. He puts a finger on his temple, then spins back to face Clarice, eyes closed, pointing with his other hand. He's off by a bit.

ENNO

I can see into the inner  
machinations of your mind. You're  
troubled, Clarice. You want a man  
in your life to take care of you.  
To dominate you.

She looks at the framed photo on her desk of her and her wife's wedding.

CLARICE

Sure.

ENNO

But above all, you want to give me  
a loan.

Clarice tries not to laugh.

ENNO (CONT'D)

You do! You want to give me  
\$250,000 so I can share my gift  
with the world!

Enno opens his eyes, stops the MUSIC, and takes a seat in  
front of Clarice.

ENNO (CONT'D)

So, where do I sign?

Clarice sips her coffee while concealing a laugh, but ends up  
choking on it, making her cackle.

The laughter gets distorted, and Enno hears RINGING.

INT. AMERICA ACTUALLY HAS TALENT STAGE - DAY

FLASHBACK:

19-year-old Enno, dressed in his wizard robes, stands on a  
stage in front of thousands of people. Everyone laughs as he  
panics. He bolts off stage in tears.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clarice's laughter is fading to a chuckle, but not stopping.  
Enno's embarrassment changes to aggression. Clarice stands to  
see Enno out.

CLARICE

Y'know, most people come in here  
with at least some kind of business  
plan, but this was fun! Have a nice-

ENNO

NO! STOP, HARLOT!

Enno shoots out of his seat, points at Clarice, touches his  
temple, and makes that sound from *The Six Million Dollar Man*  
with his mouth. Clarice stands there in shock.

ENNO (CONT'D)

I *DO* have a business plan! God, no one appreciates a theatrical bit anymore.

Enno pulls a large manila folder out of his cloak and slams it on the desk. Clarice scoffs, sits back down, and opens it with a pen to avoid touching it.

Inside, there are vague but professional-looking documents. One of them is an incorrectly labeled, crayon graph with a rising line. Clarice raises her eyebrows.

CLARICE

Alright, but what is the actual business here?

ENNO

I read minds for money. Jeez, it doesn't take a psychic to-

CLARICE

I mean, how are you actually going to run your business and-

Enno aggressively flips through the papers until he reaches a diagram with arrows.

ENNO

Follow the arrows. My clients will call ahead, since I'm too busy for walk-ins, and my secretary will arrange the meeting. Then, I shall perform my craft, tap into the essence of the future, and my clients shall pay me in Bitcoin.

CLARICE

Bitcoin, huh? How do you plan on paying for the office space?

ENNO

Pfft, I don't need to *pay* my mom!

CLARICE

Ok, and your secretary?

ENNO

...Same answer.

CLARICE

I see. Let's talk clientele. What market are you catering to?

ENNO

Well Clarice, there's always a market for a mind reader! Tell me, when people struggle to understand themselves, where do they go?

CLARICE

Well there's therapy, close friends, (beat) wine-

ENNO

Nowhere! They have nowhere to turn. That's where I come in. I can see down into the depths of people's souls. My wisdom can show them how to transform their lives, discover their passion, mend their relationships! I'm not just a psychic, I'm a healer. I don't think you understand the talent I'm bringing to the table. All I ask is for a measly \$250,000 startup loan.

Clarice stares at him, amused and bewildered.

CLARICE

You can fix relationships, huh? Now tell me, have you ever been in a relationship?

ENNO

Psssh, I don't need anyone. Besides, the last thing I need is some succubus draining the psychic essence from my balls. It's why I'm so good.

Clarice opens her mouth to speak when JOSH (28), a permanent man-child, enters.

JOSH

Bruh, did you just say you could fix relationship problems?

ENNO

Certainly. Take a seat.

Clarice tries to interject, but Enno continues on.

ENNO (CONT'D)

What seems to be the issue, Fine Sir?

JOSH

Ugh, my girl is just controlling.  
Like, doesn't want me to have my  
bachelor party at a strip club. But  
like, I was just gonna look, not  
touch anyone-

Enno closes his eyes and puts 2 fingers to his temple.

ENNO

Wait. I'm sensing something.  
Hmmm... she limits you. She's  
holding you back.

JOSH

Brooo.

ENNO

She doesn't want to see you  
activate your full potential! I'm  
sensing... she's a witch. You must  
leave her at once.

JOSH

Really?

CLARICE

Josh, get out! Don't make me call  
HR again!

JOSH

Dawg, this guy's a genius!

ARTHUR (53), a walking midlife crisis, enters. Hair gel is  
dripping from his combover onto his leather jacket.

ARTHUR

Wait, can you tell me what to do  
about my psycho ex-wife? This woman  
is crazy, I'm telling you.

Arthur stares daggers at Clarice

CLARICE

Oh, I'M the crazy one? Wanna clear  
that up with my lawyer again, or  
have I taken enough of your stuff?

Clarice stands up and locks eyes with Arthur, who runs away.

ENNO

(as Arthur leaves)  
Run! Run while you still can!  
Before she takes your soul!

CLARICE  
He doesn't have one!

Clarice turns to Enno.

CLARICE (CONT'D)  
Boy, I don't know what your deal  
is, but I've had it up to here-

ENNO  
You kicked out my clients! Curse  
you, breasted-beast!

Clarice's foot swings. Enno clutches his balls and crumples  
to the floor.

ENNO (CONT'D)  
No! My psychic essence! How dare  
you! Succubus! Evil! The Salem  
witch trials should have never  
ended. All of you are terrible...

Enno gets emotional.

ENNO (CONT'D)  
You're just like my mother!

CLARICE  
Boy, I am not your mother, cause I  
wouldn't have raised a little  
bitch!

ENNO  
You don't understand me and you  
never will... I- I just wan't to be  
a psychic... I'll never be  
anything.

Enno tries to hide that he's started crying.

CLARICE  
Boy, are you... crying?

ENNO  
You tell me, you're the one who  
cast the spell of tears...  
\*sniff\*... bitch.

Clarice sighs, exasperated.

CLARICE  
It's time for you to go before I  
kick your ass again. Don't make me  
call security.

Enno looks up at her, shocked. He sobs harder. He crawls around to hug her legs.

ENNO

No no, not you too! I'm sorry, let me stay, please! Don't be mad!

Clarice wriggles out, and Enno curls up into a ball.

CLARICE

I'm not mad, I'm disappointed. I don't know what your deal is, but it's bad. Real bad. Now go home. You're getting your snot on my carpet.

Enno weakly tries to hold in his blubbering sobbing.

ENNO

I don't have a home. My mother kicked me out...

Clarice pauses and looks slightly sympathetic. She kneels down beside him.

CLARICE

Then go give her a damn call. You need her.

ENNO

If I do, will you give me a loan?

CLARICE

I can get you the number of a great therapist. She got me through a real bad divorce... she might even take you on pro bono... this is quite the case.

ENNO

But-

CLARICE

LEAVE!

Enno exits. Clarice looks to the camera.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

Now I know why my daughter doesn't want to date. I'm never getting grand-babies. These men are children.