

**TEASER**

INT. HIGH RISE TOKYO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The fireplace provides the only light in the dark apartment, with the apartment's resident - YUMIKO MIYAMOTO (50s) - seated on her couch in front of it. She sips cognac from a snifter, watching the flames.

A black cat races across the living room from an adjacent room and jumps up onto a nightstand.

It meows, then turns its gaze to a poster on the nearby wall. The poster is titled "Yumiko National Tour '86" (written in Japanese) and features a teenage girl in a sequined outfit hugging a black cat that bears a striking resemblance to the cat now standing before it. The cat's reflection partially aligns with the photographed cat in the poster.

The cat spots his human across the room, hops off the nightstand and trots over to the couch. Pet and pet owner exchange a look. The cat once again meows.

YUMIKO

(in Japanese)

Have I already had too much to  
drink?

CAT

*Meow.*

YUMIKO

(in Japanese)

The sweetest little guardian, my  
Myojo.

Yumiko gets to her feet and sips more of her cognac as she looks towards her fireplace mantle. Atop it is a golden microphone adorned with a eight pointed star on its front face, the bottom point extending downward forming the microphone's stem.

Next to the microphone is an old photo, its quality appearing to belong to the mid 1980s. The photo features the same teenage girl from the poster with her arm wrapped affectionately around another teenage girl. Both are smiling for the camera garbed in stylish 80s attire. Yumiko stares at the photo.

YUMIKO (CONT'D)

(in Japanese)

(MORE)

YUMIKO (CONT'D)  
 Were you this protective of all  
 your former owners? Or am I just  
 the reckless one in need of-?

The cat - now referred to as MYOJO - lets out a soft trill,  
 its gaze now set across the room.

Yumiko looks over to where Myojo is staring. Behind the  
 sliding glass door leading to her large terrace sits a  
 feathered creature, perched on the terrace balustrade.

YUMIKO (CONT'D)  
 (in Japanese)  
 Oh, we have a visitor...

Yumiko saunters towards the glass door, somewhat drunkenly  
 off balance, and opens it. Myojo tries to follow her as she  
 steps out onto the terrace, but she gently shoos him away  
 with her foot and closes the door behind her.

EXT. APARTMENT TERRACE - NIGHT

Yumiko glances at Myojo through the glass door.

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 Stay...

She then turns towards the winged animal and slowly  
 approaches it. It turns its head near-completely around at  
 her approach, revealing it to be an owl.

**Hoot.**

The owl takes off into the night sky. Yumiko huffs a slight  
 snicker, smiling. She takes a large swallow of her cognac,  
 failing to notice the heavy *puff* sound behind her, nor the  
 thick black vapor that wisps by.

She does however notice Myojo's shrill caterwaul on the other  
 side of the glass door. And then...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (in English)  
 Singer...

Yumiko whirls around, spilling her drink. Before her stands a  
 STRANGE WOMAN (70s) and a STRANGE MAN (60s), both dressed in  
 bizarre black attire and bearing western features.

Yumiko stumbles back in fear and drunkenness, eventually  
 stabling herself with one arm on the railing at her back.

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 Who- Who are you?! How did you get  
 up here?!

The strange woman blinks in confusion.

STRANGE WOMAN  
 (in English)  
 Come again?

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 What do you want?!

STRANGE WOMAN  
 (in English)  
 I- I can't understand you.  
 (to her companion)  
 Why can't I understand her?

The strange man seems as puzzled as she is. He shrugs.

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 Who...?

Yumiko squints to get a better look at her unwelcome guests.  
 Her eyes suddenly grow large with bewilderment.

YUMIKO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 (in Japanese)  
 You're... no... no it can't be...  
 It can't be!

The strange woman grits her teeth in a terrifying fury and  
 turns on her companion.

STRANGE WOMAN  
 (in English)  
 I can't understand any of her  
 words!

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 You... you died!

The strange woman turns and glares at Yumiko.

STRANGE WOMAN  
 (in English)  
 Where are the girls?

YUMIKO  
 (in Japanese)  
 I... I...

Yumiko quickly hurls her snifter at the strange woman. She then darts past the two intruders towards the glass door leading back into her apartment.

The strange woman screeches in anger, then suddenly bursts into a cloud of black vapor...

...only to reappear half a second later in another burst of black vapor directly in front of Yumiko.

Yumiko slams into the strange woman, who catches her by the throat, gripping fiercely. Yumiko grabs the strange woman's wrist instinctively and gasps for air. Incredibly, the strange woman lifts her off of the ground with a supernatural strength.

Myojo paws frantically at the glass door behind them.

STRANGE WOMAN  
 (deep, uncanny voice)  
**Tell me where the girls are!**

Yumiko continues to gasp for air, gripping the woman's arm and kicking her legs about desperately.

STRANGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (deep, uncanny voice)  
**Fool. Had you not known of my  
 temperament? The horrors I've  
 unleashed, the pain and  
 punishment... the terror!**

STRANGE MAN  
 (in English)  
 Queen Vima.

The strange woman - now known as QUEEN VIMA - turns her gaze towards the man.

STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)  
 (in English)  
 We must needs make haste, my queen.

Queen Vima grits her teeth in anger. She drops Yumiko to the ground, who splays, coughs, and gasps to catch her breath.

QUEEN VIMA  
 (in English)  
 Very well.

Queen Vima saunters around Yumiko.

QUEEN VIMA (CONT'D)  
 (in English)  
 Goodbye, singer...

She extends her arm downward towards Yumiko.

In a sudden flash of bright light, a continuous stream of electricity pours out of her open palm, striking Yumiko.

Yumiko screams in agony. Queen Vima smiles sadistically.

Suddenly an ethereal sound pierces through the crackling din of the attempted electrocution.

Queen Vima winces.

The sound grows in intensity, affecting Vima to the point of recoiling backwards, cutting off the stream of electricity issuing from her hand. She clutches both of her ears, grimacing in pain and stumbling erratically.

Her companion too cowers and shudders in the wake of the other-worldly sound enveloping the apartment terrace.

QUEEN VIMA (CONT'D)  
 (shrieking)  
***The ul- the ultrasonic... Ahhhh!  
 Razgoooo!***

STRANGE MAN  
 (exasperated bellowing)  
**My queen?!**

QUEEN VIMA  
 (screaming)  
**To me!**

The strange man - now referred to as RAZGO - runs over to Queen Vima. She quickly frees a hand to grip his wrist tightly and, in a sudden instant, the two vanish in a explosive plume of black vapor.

The wafting vapor is quickly carried away on the nightly breeze. The ethereal sound continues. Yumiko glances about, still sprawled out helplessly on the ground. She tilts her head to look back into her apartment through the glass door. Myojo can be seen atop the fireplace mantel, still caterwauling, one paw placed delicately upon the golden star-shaped microphone.

Yumiko closes her eyes and passes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

**END TEASER**

ACT I

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

JESSICA (12) - white, curly dark hair - walks through a dark hallway surrounded by lockers lining the walls to either side, separated by the occasional classroom door.

JESSICA  
(mutters to self)  
Seventh grade...

One of the classroom doors far behind her suddenly opens up, spilling bright yellow light into the darkness. Jessica whirls around to look.

A SHADOWY FIGURE - with notably large hair - emerges from the room. It reaches the middle of the hallway then slowly turns to face Jessica. The light oddly does nothing to illuminate the shadowy figure, even as it pivots, thus remain a dark shadow at all angles. Only the lenses from the figure's triangular-shaped eye classes reflect any light, giving the shadow a demonic aspect.

SHADOWY FIGURE  
(soft and ethereal)  
Jessica...

Jessica takes a step back, her expression fearful.

SHADOWY FIGURE (CONT'D)  
... come here, child.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**That's not Mrs. Ennes, Jess!**

Jessica glances about.

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**She's under a shadow spell!**

JESSICA  
Where are you all?!

THIRD GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**Get your gear!**

Jessica glances to her left, then runs to a nearby locker. She fumbles with the combo-lock.

JESSICA  
 (frantically)  
 I can't remember the combo!

The shadowy figure begins to saunter towards Jessica.

FOURTH GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**Jess, hurry!**

JESSICA  
 Six... fifty-eight... thirty...  
 Damn it, I overshot!

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**She's getting closer!**

Jessica looks over at the shadowy figure in a panic. She pushes away from her locker and addresses the air around her.

JESSICA  
 (yelling)  
 I can't do this! I can't do any of  
 this! It's been too long!

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**As if!**

THIRD GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**You're Jessica Iconomou!**

FOURTH GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**You're the team leader!**

JESSICA  
 Am I though?! Are we even still a  
 team anymore?!

The shadowy figure is closing in.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**Of course we're a team, Jess!**

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**We'll always be a team!**

Jessica's locker suddenly opens on its own. She glances over at it. As the locker door slowly creaks open, shimmering bright rainbow-colored light pours out of it, illuminated across Jessica's face.



THIRD GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
**We are and always will be... the  
 Rainbow Star Silverlite Team Five!**

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

RANDALL (50s), dress shirt and tie, is seated behind a large desk.

RANDALL  
 Sorry, the *rainbow silver* what?

Jessica (now 40s), lays outstretched on a nearby office couch, staring up at the ceiling.

JESSICA  
 Rainbow Star Silverlite Team Five.

RANDALL  
 Right... well... there's certainly a lot of vivid imager to work with here.

JESSICA  
 To say the least.

RANDALL  
 Alright, well, let's start with these *rainbow powers*. Not an obvious metaphor. It could be...  
 (pauses to consider)  
 Maybe it's your subconscious appreciation of the sum of all parts versus the whole.

JESSICA  
 (exasperated)  
 What?

RANDALL  
 Yeah, see, a rainbow reveals that a single beam of light contains a full spectrum of colors. So it's that sense of-

JESSICA  
 (interrupts)  
 Could we maybe...  
 (sits up)  
 ...focus less on metaphors and more so on literal meaning?

RANDALL

But... isn't that what dream analysis is? Deciphering metaphors to derive literal meaning?

JESSICA

You really are just winging this, aren't you?

RANDALL

(shrugs)

I told you you'd be better off seeing a real therapist, instead of bothering your co-workers.

JESSICA

Well, when you said you studied psychiatry in college, I thought-

RANDALL

(interrupts)

Whoa, hold up, I said that I studied psych-ology not psychiatry. Behavioral psychology at that. None of the dream shit.

Jessica stands up, sighs, and begins to pace.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Besides, I switched to a business major because my dad was being a dick about it.

JESSICA

So you have nothing for me? No insights?

RANDALL

Mid-life crisis...?

Jessica smirks and rubs her eye with her middle finger in Randall's direction.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Alright, well - the superpowers and cosmic horror aside - it does seem like your dreams of preoccupied with grade school. It's always grade school, right? Never your college years or anything like that?

JESSICA

No...

She takes a seat at a chair in front of Randall's desk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Always grade school. Specifically with my closest group of friends from that time. First met in fifth grade, I think.

RANDALL

Gotcha. And are you still in touch with any of them.

JESSICA

Yeah, I-

(pauses)

Actually, no. The last time I spoke to any of them was a few years ago now. Yeah, I guess I've completely fallen out of touch with them.

Randall gives a big open arm gesture.

RANDALL

There it is! Maybe. You might just be desiring to reconnect with your childhood friends. Get the group back together, and what not.

JESSICA

Come on, Randall. That's a low-hanging fruit of an interpretation. I mean, yes, sure I get nostalgic from time to time. Who doesn't? It's just bizarre that I'm dreaming about that time period *so much* recently. Like, pathologically so.

RANDALL

Not to mention all of the Saturday morning cartoon style additions to that nostalgia.

Jessica snickers, getting to her feet.

JESSICA

Right, well that part is easy enough to explain. You just implied it: I watched too many cartoons as a kid. But anyway, I'll leave you be.

(turns to leave)

Thanks for the chat, Randall.

RANDALL  
I didn't really do anything, but  
you're welcome.

Jessica opens the door, but turns back towards Randall before  
exiting.

JESSICA  
You regret not getting that  
psychology degree?

RANDALL  
Not in the least.

Jessica snickers and exits.