

DEAD LINE

by

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SCREENPLAY

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EXT. STREET NEAR MALL - DAY

Two friends exit from the Mall main entrance carrying several shopping bags. They talk cheerfully. ALICE, 21, long blonde hair, pretty, good style. And BECCA, same age, dark hair, same style. They could be sisters.

BECCA

Are you sure you don't want me to drop you home?

ALICE

Becca, stop being nice to me, I'm going to be fine! Your house is the opposite way.

BECCA

I know, Alice, but--

Alice takes Becca's hands in hers. Looks into her eyes.

ALICE

I'll be fine. I'll take a taxi.

Becca sighs. She tried at least. She kisses Alice on the cheek. Suddenly she remembers.

BECCA

We didn't take the photo!

ALICE

Shit! Thank God you remembered!

Alice takes her phone from her purse and points it at them. The girls pose like models. Then Alice takes a photo of Becca and Becca takes a photo of Alice.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

The girls laugh.

BECCA

Call me if you need me, will you?

ALICE

Come on, go!

Alice hits Becca's bum with her bags. They laugh. Becca leaves, looking back one more time. Signs "call me". Alice waves her good bye. Her smile quickly fades as Becca turns the corner.

She takes her phone and reviews the photos. Her face goes

WHITE IN TERROR.

On the screen, the last image of Alice. Instead of her model pose, she sees her disfigured face turned into a bloody mess, her blonde hair torn from the skull, smashed against the road, the mouth unnaturally open, the white eyes looking at the camera. Dead.

Alice screams and throws the phone away, she stumbles to the ground, all her shopping scattered on the sidewalk.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE. The screen is cracked but the horrible image stays there.

Some people look at her but nobody helps. Alice looks around, embarrassed. Picks up her phone and bags and runs.

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alice is on her bed, completely covered in blankets, shivering. Her eyes fixed on the phone, resting on the table.

The phone buzzes. And buzzes. And buzzes.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE and the horrible image of Alice. Under the cracked glass a notice of 7 messages and missed calls from Becca.

Alice quick breath relaxes a little. She looks around. Slowly gets out of the bed, the blanket still around her. She walks slowly to the phone. Picks it up.

Alice looks at the image and her strength fades. She starts sobbing, unable to control herself.

ALICE

Oh, God, what is this?

Her trembling fingers try to dial a number. Suddenly a LOUD SERIES OF KNOCKS on the door. Alice jumps, startled.

She walks to the door. Looks through the peephole. It's Becca. She opens the door.

BECCA

Alice! Shit, I have called you a hundred times. I thought--

Becca realizes the terrible look of her friend. Alice cannot talk, just cry.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Alice? What happens? I knew I shouldn't leave you alone!

Alice seeks refuge in Becca's arms.

ALICE
(voice broken)
No-- No-- I have to show you
something.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Alice and Becca sit on a table in front of two steamy cups of coffee. Alice is exhausted. Becca looks at the image on the phone.

BECCA
I don't understand. This must be a
bad joke.

ALICE
No... I don't know. I cannot delete
it, the phone doesn't let me.

Becca looks at the image, concerned.

ALICE (CONT'D)
And look at this.

Alice takes the phone with shaking hands. She shows the properties of the image.

ALICE (CONT'D)
The image was taken at 2am, today.
That is in half an hour! This
hasn't happened yet!

BECCA
Shit. What does that mean?

Alice starts sobbing.

ALICE
I think I'm gonna die!

BECCA
Sssh, don't say that. Don't-- wait
a minute.

Becca inspects the photo closely. Alice tries to control herself.

BECCA (CONT'D)
This is not you!

ALICE
What?

BECCA
This is not you, silly! Look!

Becca shows the image to Alice. Points to one corner.

BECCA (CONT'D)
See? You can see a bit of her
jacket. It's green.

ALICE
It's green.

BECCA
You hate green!

ALICE
I hate green! Oh, my god.

Alice looks at the image. It's true. The girl in the photo is wearing a green leather jacket.

BECCA
I mean. This is horrible and
whoever this is-- but it's not you.

Alice's color return to her face. She even smiles. A ton removed from her shoulders.

And then the color fades as quick as it came. Her breathing stops. Her eyes widen, fixed on something.

ALICE'S POV: a girl just payed at the counter and is leaving the cafe. She's RACHEL, long blonde hair, 20 something, pretty, good style. She looks a lot like Alice. And she wears a green leather jacket.

Alice looks through the cafe window as Rachel exits the door and walks down the street. Alice pushes the table aside, picks up her phone and runs after her.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Alice! Wait!

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --