

DANGEROUS WOMAN

Written by

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PETER (20s, lanky, dressed in jeans and a faded band t-shirt) walks with his bags.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"This is a true story. The events took place in 2018. Although the names and locations have been changed, the rest has been told as it occurred."

IZZY (V.O.)
(Angrily)
You lying, cheating, worthless
toad!

PETER (V.O.)
(Calmer, but still angry)
Hey!! That's so unfair!

IZZY (V.O.)
(Angrily)
Unfair?! You want to talk about
unfair?!

Silence.

IZZY (V.O.)
(Angrily)
I go on vacation for one week with
my sister and come back home to you
in bed with some girl you met on
Facebook. Not even Tinder!
Facebook!

PETER (V.O.)
(Peaceful)
I don't know what you want me to
say.. but you have to see things
from my perspective-

IZZY (V.O.)
(Calm and relaxed)
Honestly, I've tried to see things
from your perspective but I can't
get my head that far up my butt.

PETER (V.O.)
(Astonished)
Wow.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - MIDDAY

The fluorescent lights of the corridor hum, casting a sterile glow on the peeling paint and threadbare carpet. Dust dances in the single shaft of sunlight piercing through the grimy window at the end of the hall.

Peter adjusts his backpack nervously. He glances at his watch.

He takes a deep breath and raises his hand to knock. His knuckles rap against the chipped, wooden door three times.

JAMIE (O.S.)
(Distant on the other side
of the door)
Coming!!

Beat.

The door creaks open. In the doorway is JAMIE (also 20s, shorter than Peter).

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hey, pal.

PETER
(A little embarrassed)
Hey, um. I need to ask a favour.. I
need somewhere to crash tonight.

JAMIE
Oh, sure man. Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is a chaotic symphony of loneliness. Empty pizza boxes litter the coffee table, a mountain of laundry threatens to engulf the armchair, and a trail of discarded socks leads from the living room to what can only be assumed to be Jamie's bedroom.

JAMIE
So, what's happened? How come you
need a place?

PETER
Err. Izzy broke up with me.

JAMIE
 (Sorrowful for him)
 No man, I'm so sorry-

PETER
 -Yeah.

JAMIE
 Well, at least you don't have to
 pretend you like her cat anymore.

Peter looks to Jamie confused.

PETER
 She didn't have a cat?

JAMIE
 Didn't she?

PETER
 No... That was Molly.

JAMIE
 Ahhhhh.

Awkward silence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, the couch is yours. I'm out
 most of tonight with my dad so make
 yourself at home.

CUT TO:

4

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

4

Peter is slumped on the sofa, scrolling through his phone. The vibrant colours of social media posts and news articles do little to distract him. He sighs, pushing himself upright and opening a new incognito tab on his browser.

With a mixture of curiosity and desperation, he searches for "video call women online."

His eyes settle on "Chick Roulette," a website with a bold, neon logo and a tagline that promises "random video chats with exciting women." Intrigued, he clicks on the link.

He hesitates for a moment, then clicks "Start Chat." The screen flashes, and a live video feed appears.

He skips the first few streams, before settling on VIDEO WOMAN.

He props the phone up on the coffee table as he talks to her.

PETER
Hey, how are you?

TEXT FROM VIDEO WOMAN: "Good, how are you baby?"

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm good now I've seen you. Where
are you from?

TEXT FROM VIDEO WOMAN: "Germany, you?"

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh nice, I'm American. What are you
wearing?

TEXT FROM VIDEO WOMAN: "Well, I could be wearing less.. want
to play with a *dangerous woman*?"

PETER (CONT'D)
Yeah- yes. Yes I do.

TEXT FROM VIDEO WOMAN: "Sounds good baby."

The woman stands and removes her jacket.

Peter stands and props his phone against the back of the sofa
as he removes his shirt and unties his shoes.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT**

5

The city street throbs with a late-night energy. A cacophony
of sounds fills the air: the screech of tires on wet
pavement, the distant wail of a siren, the rhythmic thump of
bass from a passing car, the murmur of conversations spilling
out from crowded bars.

CUT TO:

6 **INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LATER**

6

Peter is putting his shirt back on.

PETER
You have no idea how gorgeous you
are.

The video feed ends and Peter receives a call from an unknown
number. He accepts it.

EXTORTION ARTIST (V.O.)

(Menacing)

Check your inbox. Watch your nude video. I will send it to all of your friends and family if you don't send two-thousand dollars. Check inbox I'm not lying.

Peter checks his inbox and sure enough, there is an array of photos of him in various states of undress, along with the contact details of many of his friends and family members.

PETER

(Scared)

Two-thousand!! I don't have two-thousand, I'm broke!

EXTORTION ARTIST (V.O.)

You think I'm joking!! I will send now!! I will send!!

PETER

No! Please don't! No!

EXTORTION ARTIST (V.O.)

Send money!!

CUT TO:

7

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

7

The New York street is dark and cold.

Peter is pacing up and down.

Phone dials. It rings 5 times then goes to voicemail.

IZZY (V.O.)

(Teasingly)

Hello, this is Izzy. I can't reach the phone right now. Be sure to leave a message and if I like you enough I'll get right back to ya!

Phone beeps.

Phone dials.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hey, how's it going? You haven't burnt my kitchen down again have you?

PETER (V.O.)
 No, um. I did something though and
 I kind of need someone with more
 brains than me.

JAMIE (V.O.)
 Peter, the microwave has more
 brains than you.

Beat.

JAMIE (V.O.)
 I'm kidding, what's up?

PETER (V.O.)
 When do you get home?

FADE TO:

8

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

8

Jamie stands across from Peter, who is visibly nervous.

JAMIE
 You hired a sex worker online!?

Jamie chuckles.

PETER
 Yes- No- Um that isn't the point.
 I, I received a phone call from a
 number I don't know and he
 threatened to release images of
 me.. unclothed if I didn't send him
 two-thousand dollars.

JAMIE
 You don't think it could just be a
 scam?

PETER
 He sent me the images and contact
 details of my friends and family.
 I've seen it. He isn't messing
 around.

JAMIE
 You have other friends?

Awkward looks are exchanged.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. How did he get the images if you were on a call to this woman?

Peter clears his throat.

PETER

He must have been the one the call.

JAMIE

So you're telling me the woman was a man?

PETER

No, it was a woman.

JAMIE

But you just said the caller was a man and that he was on the call?

PETER

Yes, the man was the woman on the video.

Peter runs a hand through his hair, looking increasingly distressed.

Jamie looks confused at the mis-matching statement.

JAMIE

"The man was a woman on the video". Do you think it could have been two different people? Like the woman was pre-recorded?

PETER

Yes, a man and a woman.

JAMIE

So that's what you needed to tell me... You were catfished. Can I see the messages he sent you with the "evidence" of images and contact details?

PETER

Sure. Here. Erm.

Peter fumbles in his pocket for his phone, his fingers trembling slightly. He hands it over.

JAMIE

Okay. They probably won't go through with it.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Don't send them any money.
 Everything will be okay. Block the
 number.

PETER
 Okay, thank you.

Peter lets out a relieved sigh.

FADE TO:

9 **INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LATER** 9

TIME LAPSE

Clock hands changing from 1AM to 8AM.

END TIME LAPSE

CUT TO:

10 **INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING** 10

Peter's alarm rings. His phone is full of messages and missed calls from people. He picks it up, and sees that the Extortion Artist had sent the photos to his friends and family.

AUDIO MONTAGE

- Extortion Artist says: *Watch your nude video. I will send it to all of your friends and family if you don't send two-thousand dollars.*
- Jamie says: *They probably won't go through with it.*
- Izzy says: *Unfair?! You want to talk about unfair?!*
- Peter says: *You have no idea how gorgeous you are.*
- Video Woman says: *Want to play with a dangerous woman?*

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. WATER FRONT - MORNING** 11

The New York street is dark and cold.

Peter is shaken.

He's walking along in self-reflection.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LATER

12

Peter stands facing the water. Pedestrians wander past him like he's a ghost. He picks up the phone and dials Izzy.

IZZY (V.O.)
(Teasingly)
If I like you enough I'll get right
back to ya!

Phone hangs up then dials again.

MOM (V.O.)
Hello sweetie.

PETER
(Audibly melancholy)
Mom. Hey. How was your New Years?

MOM (V.O.)
It was good, thanks. Your auntie
Blinda drunk herself into thinking
she's a wizard again so, you know.
The usual.

Peter becomes sniffly.

MOM (V.O.)
Is everything alright Son?

PETER
No.

MOM (V.O.)
Peter?

Peter stares out at the water.

PETER
Everyone has them Mom. Everyone has
a picture of me-

MOM (V.O.)
Peter. Where are you?

PETER
I'm on the bridge. I- I can't Mom,
I'm sorry. I love you.

MOM (V.O.)
Peter what are you doing? What pictures?

PETER
Mom, this call.. it's my note.

MOM (V.O.)
Your note? Peter!

PETER
I love you Mom.

MOM (V.O.)
(Hardly audible)
Your note for what?

Peter throws his phone onto the ground.

Inaudible shouting from the phone.

Peter looks over the water and traffic.

Turning, he sees a young couple laughing as they try and take a selfie in the breeze.

He takes a shaky breath and steps back from the edge.

The couple he saw before move slightly behind Peter.

BOYFRIEND
(To Peter)
Hey, would you mind taking a picture of us?

CUT TO BLACK.