

DANGEROUS WOMAN

Written by

Toby R. Jones

[contact@tobyjones.ca](mailto:contact@tobyjones.ca)

Copyright © Toby R. Jones

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:

2

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - MIDDAY**

2

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:

3

**INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

3

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.