

IDENTICAL FATE

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

THE SOUNDS OF A PHONE CONSTANTLY RINGING IN FACETIME MODE IS PRESENT:

UNKNOWN VOICE

Make sure you watch out for the
rollers for me Virge.

INT. CLARENCE'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

A face pops on an I-Phone. It's CLARENCE he is in his county blues.

The female holding the phone is LISA.

INTERCUT - CLARENCE'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

LISA

Hey baby, you called just in time,
you want to talk to your brother?

She hands Clarence's brother CHRIS the phone.

They are identical twins, but one is free and the other is not.

CHRIS

Damn, how you get a Iphone in
there?

CLARENCE

It's easy access when you got
money. Never mind that, I need you
to give Lisa that money so she can
bail me out.

CHRIS

You impatient bra. Why you just
couldn't wait for me to bring it
down there?

CLARENCE

Listen, my next court date is in
two days. I'm not about to chance
them raising my bond, off no
witness' statement.

CHRIS

You know I was going to bond you out. I'm not about to let them give my brother life for a body he didn't commit.

CLARENCE

But you know I would do life before I tell on you.

CHRIS

Well it's not going to come to that because we both getting out of here.

CLARENCE

I'm already packed and ready to go.

Lisa taps Chris on the shoulder.

LISA

Don't forget to tell your brother.

CLARENCE

Tell me what?

CHRIS

Can your cell mate hear me?

CLARENCE

Yeah but he cool tho. Tell me what?

CHRIS

(to Lisa)

Can you get me that bag of money from under the sink Lisa?

Lisa goes into the kitchen...

CHRIS

The Jamaican's are on the hunt for you out here.

CLARENCE

Man I ain't worried about them niggas.

CHRIS

You might not, but you do realize we look just alike. They paying fifty thousand for you.

CLARENCE

Make sure you don't tell Lisa that
shit. I don't need her worried
about me.

CHRIS

Alright I got you.

LISA

Where is the money? I can't find
it.

CHRIS

Hold on Clarence let me grab this
money real fast, talk to your girl.

He passes her the phone.

LISA

Can you quit acting like I don't
already know what's going on?

CLARENCE

What you talking about?

LISA

What you just told Chris, and it's
not fifty they raised it to seventy
five.

CLARENCE

Shit another twenty five, I'll chop
my own head off and take it to
them.

Clarence is laughing as she chuckles lightly as well.

LISA

Stop it that's not funny, I need
you out here with me. But we don't
need nobody attempting to kill
Chris neither--

CLARENCE

Don't say that. Don't say that. I
would lose my mind.

LISA

I'm just saying baby, you have to
think reality out here. Ya'll look
just alike and people are starving,
seventy five thousand is a lot of
money--

Chris drops the bag of money on the table.

LISA

Where did you find it? I was looking all over your kitchen.

CHRIS

That don't matter, but what does matter is you helping me count this money out...

Lisa hands Chris the phone.

LISA

You got some rubber bands right?

CHRIS

Yeah check one of them drawers in the kitchen.

CHRIS

Aye how much is your bond again brother?

CLARENCE

Fifty thousand.

CHRIS

(jokingly)

And how much they want for your head again?

CLARENCE

They just up'd my shit to seventy five thousand.

CHRIS

Shit, that's a lot of money boy. It's time for us to get the fuck out of here.

In Chris's background, WE SEE Lisa walking toward him with a menacing expression, gun in hand.

Clarence's eyes widen, as he yells out.

CLARENCE

Chris turn around look out!

BOOM!!!

Lisa shoots Chris in the head.

The phone drops to the ground with the facetime screen directly on a dead Chris.

Lisa slowly picks up the phone.

Her face now has Chris's blood on it.

Clarence is witnessing this with his eyes wide, and shaking in disbelief.

LISA

What's the matter Clarence? You
losing your mind?

She musters out a sinister laugh. Lisa no longer has the innocent look.

CLARENCE

No, no, no, noooo!!!

Clarence is balling on the ground crying, as he beats the pavement.

Virge grabs the phone, also shocked looking at Lisa as she stuffs money in a bag.

LISA

(to Virge)

Oh, hi. You must be his bunky. I
never told him the extra twenty
five was for his brother. And this
money...

(holds up bag of cash)

Is just a extra bonus. Tell him
I'll make sure to put money on his
books every month. BYE!

FACETIME ENDED

THE END.