

PROFILE

Written by

Luis Antonio Garza

May 2, 2021

luisceebra@gmail.com

Copyright (c) 2021. This screenplay
may not be used or reproduced without
the express written consent of the author.

"We strive to present the best versions of ourselves to people we will never meet... Until that blood thirsty facade finally pounces, it's hungry mouth salivating at the thought of stripping us of our individuality."

'PROFILE'

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The trees rub against the only lit window of a large house.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A very large bedroom drenched in luxury. A potent and up-beat pop song fills the four walls of the brightly-lit room.

GISELLE (24) sits opposite a mirror, a large pile of beauty products laid out on the desk. She leans into the mirror, lips puckered up. She applies some red-hot lipstick.

Giselle levels her compact mirror to admire her eye makeup. A bright blue, finely decorated eye with dark and electric colors stares back at her.

She smiles.

Giselle rises from the chair, her slick and carefully presented high ponytail oscillating back and forth with her movements. A pearl necklace decorates her neck, which matches perfectly to her knee length purple dress and stiletto heels.

The pop music switches to a slow and sultry R&B jam.

GISELLE adjusts her dress.

She turns around and faces an expensive camera sitting atop a tripod.

She paces toward the camera, moving to the pace of the song, seducing it.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The camera snaps a few pictures.

INSERT - PICTURES

Various shots of Giselle in different poses.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Giselle scrolls through the multiple pictures she took of herself.

INSERT: PHONE

A professional, yet slightly exotic portrait of Giselle from the chest up fills the phone screen. Her window and lamp serve as the backdrop of the portrait. The portrait features a slightly slanted pose of Giselle, eyes piercing directly back at her.

END INSERT

A satisfied smile finds itself to Giselle's face, she selects the picture.

INSERT: PHONE

Giselle's finger finds "Twitter".
She selects "Profile".
Profile - Giselle Reynolds.
2.4 million followers.
New Picture.
Giselle's fingers type "#NewProfilePicture".
Her finger hits "send".
Picture uploads.

END INSERT

Giselle smiles and puts away her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Giselle sits on her bed. The brightly-lit screen laptop monitor resting on her crossed legs provide the only source of light in the room.

She has stripped herself completely from her full-glam. Her expensive dress has been replaced by a full set of ying-yang pajamas, her head now sports shoulder length hair and her makeup has been removed.

She glances at her desk chair, her previously worn dress and wig are spread out carefully.

RING! RING! RING!

She answers her phone

GISELLE

Hello?

VOICE (O.S)

Giselle? Is this you? I wasn't sure if your old number still worked.

GISELLE

Yeah, it's me, who is this?

VOICE (O.S)

It's me, Clarissa! It's been so long since I've seen you! We need to hang out!

GISELLE

(forced excitement)
Yeah yeah! Sounds fun!

CLARISSA(O.S)

What are you doing tomorrow morning? My friends and I are currently in L.A and I would love to see you!

GISELLE

What? Uh... I don't know if I can. Kind of short notice.

VOICE (O.S)

Just for thirty minutes or so if you're able to. Just to catch up. I know you're probably doing a million things.

GISELLE

I can't, it's just I'm... I'm allergic to the sun.

VOICE (O.S)

Allergic to the sun? You were never allergic to the sun.

GISELLE

Not before. But now it's like really bad, yeah. It's like a recessive gene that didn't activate till not that long ago. I don't know. Medical talk. Y'know?

Giselle awkwardly shakes her head, struggling to believe her own lie.

VOICE (O.S)
Sorry to hear that. Maybe I can go over?

GISELLE
No, yeah. Well.. I'll let you know for sure!

VOICE (O.S)
Okay. Yes please! The only Giselle I know is that 7 inch version of yourself on my phone. (laughs)

GISELLE
(forced laugh)
Yeah! Call me tomorrow.

Giselle hangs up. She looks at her phone.

INSERT: PHONE

Notifications roll in fast, hundreds and hundreds of them.

New comment: "You're so gorgeous!"

New comment: "I love you."

New comment: "Step on me with those heels."

New comment: "When are you going live again?"

END INSERT

Giselle slugs out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Giselle pours herself a glass of tap water. She drinks.

She washes the cup.

She dries the cup with a rag.

She opens a glass cabinet to reveal a collection of many different glass cups - all sorted by shape, color and size. She places the cup in a missing spot.

Giselle is about to close the cabinet, but notices the cup is not facing perfectly straight like all the other cups. She turns the cup sideways so they all match.

And only then, she closes the cabinet.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Giselle walks past the bathroom, perfectly rolled towels arranged by color rest on a shelf.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giselle takes the dress from the desk chair.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Giselle hangs the dress next to many other carefully arranged articles of clothing.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She lays on her bed, phone in hand. She opens up her new profile picture once more.

INSERT: PHONE

The portrait of Giselle takes over her phone screen.

CLICK!

The screen goes black.

END INSERT

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Giselle lays in bed, sound asleep.

INSERT: ALARM CLOCK

4:14am.

END INSERT

The sound of light footsteps resonate somewhere in the house.

Giselle slowly rises from her bed, a delayed reaction to the footsteps.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

Giselle snaps awake. Her eyes fixate on the open door that leads to the hallway - complete darkness awaits for her.

Giselle grabs her phone, turns on the flashlight and points it to the hallway.

Nothing. An empty hallway.

DING!

Giselle looks at her phone.

INSERT: PHONE

She opens twitter.

Clicks "profile"

"profile picture"

Her profile picture shows her window and lamp, but she is no longer in the picture.

END INSERT

Giselle shrugs. She opens her laptop.

INSERT: LAPTOP

She opens twitter

Clicks "profile"

Clicks "profile picture"

Again, her window and lamp, but Giselle is missing from the picture.

END INSERT

GISELLE

What the hell?

She scrolls through the photoshoot pictures on her phone. All of the pictures show Giselle's room as a backdrop, but Giselle herself is now absent from all the pictures.

GISELLE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

TACK! TACK! TACK!

The footsteps sound closer.

She turns on her phone flashlight and slips out of bed.

She walks toward the edge of her room, facing toward the dark hallway.

She points her flashlight toward the hallway to reveal the silhouette of a tall woman with stiletto heels and a high ponytail standing at the end.

GISELLE (CONT'D)
Who are you!? What are you doing
here.

The silhouette doesn't speak. The silhouette simply stares
back at Giselle.

GISELLE (CONT'D)
I have a gun!

The silhouette's hand reaches for something in the back of her
dress and pulls out a kitchen knife.

The silhouette launches herself toward Giselle, dashing from
the end of the hallway to her room in seconds.

Giselle slams her bedroom door shut.

CLICK! She locks it.

Giselle's eyes search the room in a panic rush.

BANG! BANG!

The door behind her begins to break.

She bolts to the window, separates the curtains and elbows
the glass, causing it to shatter.

She looks down at her possible landing options: the roof of
the first story of the house a good ten feet down, or her
pool, which is about thirty feet down.

BANG!

Her bedroom door shatters to pieces as her perpetrator appears
from the hallway and launches themselves toward her.

She ducks, catching the killer's hand and pushing their feet
toward the window. The killer's legs trip over the windowsill
as they flip outward and into the backyard.

THUD!

Giselle inches closer toward the window and looks down.

The perpetrator has landed on the first story roof. Giselle
takes a closer look at the outfit: a purple dress and a pearl
necklace that finely decorates the killer's neck.

The killer casually rises from the first story roof just
below Giselle, as if she was programmed to do. The killer
looks down at her bleeding arm. She runs her finger through
the blood and levels it to her lips.

She applies the blood as if it were lip gloss, blending it with her red-hot lipstick.

The killer opens the window in front of her and enters the house once again through the first floor.

Giselle reacts quickly. She runs past her shattered doorway and into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She opens a cabinet under the sink and pulls out a metal rod.

She exits the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She slowly walks through the hallway and makes it to the upstairs landing.

She inches toward the stair railing and looks down at the downstairs landing.

FLICK! She turns on the light.

Nothing.

She slowly descends the stairs, metal rod in hand, ready to strike.

INT. MIDDLE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

She peeks through an exposed space that permits her to see into the living room.

Empty.

She bolts down the stairs till she makes it to the downstairs landing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

She runs toward the backdoor that leads to the backyard and swings it open. An arm appears from her side and pushes the door shut, leaving Giselle to stare at two reflections of different versions of herself on the glass door.

She turns around to face the killer, only to see the glammed up version of herself she was just a few hours ago.

The killer has a permanent smile on her face, photo ready for any instance.

Giselle reacts quickly, connecting the metal rod to the killer's forehead. The killer falls, and quickly stands. She slashes the knife at Giselle multiple times. Giselle avoids as many hits as she can, although there are already some gashes in her stomach and arms.

She runs, Giselle #2 right on her heels.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The killer grabs hold of Giselle's head and pushes her against the counter.

Giselle's gaze meets the cup cabinet. She opens it and launches multiple glass cups at the killer. The killer paces toward Giselle, smile flashing at her as the cups connect with various parts of her body.

The killer catches one of the cups and flaunts it back at Giselle, breaking just right above her eye.

She then plummets the knife right into her side. She removes the knife.

Giselle runs toward the other side of the kitchen and back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She beats past the room and opens the door that leads to the patio.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Giselle's pace is slowed by her injuries.

She glances back to see her killer strutting out of the house and faboulously chasing her, knife in hand.

Giselle's lack of strength causes her to fall into the pool.

INT. POOL - CONTONOUS

Giselle descends into the depths of the pool, her vision blurs.

She looks at the steps on the edge as a pair of stiletto heels elegantly walk down and into the pool.

The killer floats toward her under water, until she's finally right in front of her.

Giselle cups the killer's face in between her hands and smiles with admiration.

The killer smiles back at her, running her hand through her cheek as well.

The knife plummets into Giselle's heart one last time, Giselle's smile still standing through the pain.

Her vision begins to fade, her own beautiful and carefully painted face smiling back at her as the world turns to black.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - LATER

Giselle #2 emerges from the depths of the pool, smile still plastered on her face, makeup somehow unaffected by the water. Every movement in which she moves toward the house is very calculated, very camera-ready, and very attractive.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The sunlight bathes the mansion in a mystical glow.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giselle #2 sits on her bed, full-glam and dress still on. Her phone rings.

She grabs the phone and looks, her smile gets even wider.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY SIDEWALK - LATER

A pair of stiletto heels strut past the many businesses and cars.

We follow Giselle #2 as she flaunts herself toward the many pedestrians that take a second out of their day to admire her.

She flashes her permanent smile at each one of them as she walks toward a convertible car - ponytail moving fiercely with each gesture.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Giselle #2 squeezes into the car.

GIRL

Giselle! I'm glad you were able to
make it!

Giselle #2 turns her permanent smile toward the girl as the car drives forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. GISELLE'S HOUSE - PATIO - MORNING

Giselle's floating body remains on a scarlet pool, floating in harmony with an early morning breeze.

CUT TO BLACK.

"PROFILE"