

SHE

Written by

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INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

DANA (20s) stands in an open room with paintings of self portraits of the same MAN, just done in different styles.

She looks at a placard that reads:

"UNKNOWN TITLE"
PEARSON SPARKS
1990 - 2022

BEN (20s) walks up to Dana, who pulls out her phone and types something in.

DANA
Apparently the gallery opened up
this exhibit in his honor.

BEN
What happened to him?

Dana shows Ben her phone.

DANA
It says here that he committed
suicide before telling anyone what
this series was about, but left a
note that said one thing: "I met
Death. And It was me."

BEN
Sounds like a guy who was real into
himself and couldn't get laid.

DANA
Shut up, be respectful. I like it.

BEN
Well I'm going to the next room.
Looks like they've got nude
portraits in there.

She smirks as he walks away.

She continues to stare at the portraits. In a way, they're almost haunting...

She turns around to move to the next room, and catches--

A WOMAN among the other patrons, who turns away before her face is seen. The woman walks out of the room.

Dana watches.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Plants rustle in the wind outside the windows of the first-floor apartment.

A room filled with sunlight, with many canvases, both used and unused, against the walls. Art supplies lay scattered about, and an easel stands in the center of the room.

Dana paints on a canvas. It's of the woman at the art gallery, as she was turning away from Dana. Her body and hair flow and morph into a whimsical pattern of paint strokes and colors; a blur. The rest of the setting is more detailed, and everyone else's faces in the painting are seen.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

DANA
(yells)
Door's open!

The door opens, closes (O.S.). Ben walks into the room.

BEN
Looks nice. What's it called?

DANA
The One Who Got Away.

He walks up to the painting.

BEN
Oh yeah? And who is the one who got away?

DANA
I dunno...something about this woman at the art gallery really got the gears turning.

She makes another stroke with her paint brush.

BEN
Yeah, the women in the next exhibit really got my gears turning too, if you know what I mean.

He wraps his arms around her and kisses her neck. She smiles, giggles.

DANA
You're gonna mess me up.

BEN
I like it messy.

He continues smooching on her. She sets her paint brush down, closes her eyes to enjoy the moment.

She opens her eyes--

Peeking in through the window is the woman from the art gallery!

She's quick to disappear behind the plants, and her facial features are nothing more than a blur, but this time a bit more noticeable.

Dana screams.

DANA
Ben! Someone's watching!

EXT. DANA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The unit door opens, and Ben steps out. He looks around, doesn't see anyone.

He walks back inside.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dana stands in the room as Ben shuts the door.

BEN
There was no one there.

DANA
That was weird.

BEN
Do you want me to stay here
tonight? Protect ya?

Dana smiles, a bit mischievous.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana paints.

Ben leans against the doorway.

BEN
It's late. Come to bed.

DANA
Not yet, I'm in the zone.

Ben sighs.

BEN
Alright.

He turns and walks away.

Dana continues to paint. It's a portrait, of the woman. Her facial features are a blur of abstract brush strokes, done on purpose.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dana browses the shelves at one end of an aisle. She picks a food item off and sets it in her basket.

Down the aisle, a woman stands at the other end, in a wide stance looking at Dana.

Dana notices. The woman is too far away to discern any recognizable features.

Dana walks down the aisle closer to the woman. The woman turns just as her features become more detailed and disappears beyond the next aisle.

Dana begins to speed walk to the end of the aisle, reaches it and looks in the direction the woman walked. She's nowhere to be seen. Dana checks the next aisle over. The woman is not there.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dana and Ben cook dinner together.

DANA
She was just standing there looking at me.

BEN
What did she look like?

DANA
I don't know, brown hair? Average height, average figure. Looked like she had kind of a skinny nose, too, full lips...

BEN
You just described yourself, Dana.

DANA
Well that's what she looked like.

BEN
And this weirded you out...how?

DANA
I mean, you would be a little
freaked, right? Especially
considering what happened
yesterday.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dana walks into an elevator with other people. She looks out as the doors begin to close.

The woman stands beyond the elevator doors, staring at Dana. She looks familiar...

The doors close.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A clock reads 2:14 AM.

Dana paints on a canvas, this time more intense.

It's noticeable that most of the canvases around the room are abstract portraits of this woman, done in various styles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dana stands in the living room with Ben at her side. She looks concerned.

They stare at her portraits.

DANA
Who do you see?

BEN
You. I see you.

DANA
Well. It's not me.

BEN
This is the woman you keep seeing?

DANA
I'm seeing her everywhere I go.

BEN
Why do they look like you then?

DANA
I can't stop thinking about her.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana shuts a medicine cabinet mirror, reveals her reflection.

BEN (V.O.)
I'm concerned, Dana. If someone
really is stalking you, they're
succeeding.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana stands in front of the easel. She stares at a painting,
bites her nails. She looks like she hasn't had any sleep.

BEN (V.O.)
It's really starting to get to your
head.

The painting is a portrait of Dana.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dana and Ben stand in the apartment with the portraits.

DANA
I'm not crazy.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana stares at her reflection in the bathroom mirror.

DANA
I'm not crazy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben sleeps, while Dana sits up awake.

BEN (V.O.)
I'm concerned for you. I'm
concerned for us.

DANA (V.O.)
What do you mean 'us'?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana stares at her self portrait.

BEN (V.O.)
We just started getting serious and
you're beginning to act different.

Dana stabs the portrait's eye with the end of a paintbrush.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dana and Ben in the apartment.

DANA
Someone is following me, Ben!

BEN
It's just freaking me out a bit,
that's all.

DANA
It's freaking you out? This isn't
happening to you!

BEN
That's not what I meant.

DANA
I'm not crazy.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CALL CENTER - DAY

Dana sits at her cubicle desk.

Behind her, a familiar woman walks by her cubicle. Dana perks
up, sticks her head out of her cubicle and sees the woman
turn a corner.

DANA (V.O.)
I'm not crazy.

INT. DANA'S CAR (TRAVELING) - DAY

Dana drives down a street.

She notices the woman at a bus stop among others who are waiting. She watches Dana drive by.

DANA (V.O.)
I'm not crazy.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dana stares at her reflection.

DANA (V.O.)
I'm not crazy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ben backs out of the apartment. Dana slams the entrance door shut.

DANA (V.O.)
(aggressive)
I'm not crazy!

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dana, in a nice business outfit, walks along the sidewalk. She looks pale, tired, worn out.

She stops, looks ahead of her. Ben stands down the sidewalk, with flowers in his hands. He smiles.

Dana smiles. Then--

She looks across the street.

A woman stands on the sidewalk. She is dressed in the same outfit as Dana.

Dana stares at the woman.

Many people walk past the woman, in front of and behind her. They don't seem to pay her any attention. So many people, in fact, that it's practically impossible to see this woman's face except bits and pieces.

The woman smiles, almost as if she's coaxing Dana.

Dana continues to stare. Everything around her has gone silent. Ben calls for Dana but his voice is inaudible.

She takes a step forward toward the street, in the direction of the woman.

She steps off the curb--

A car smashes into her! Her body tumbles through the air, over the car, onto the pavement with a crack--

Ben's flowers drop to the ground.

People run to the accident scene. The DRIVER freaks.

DRIVER

She walked out in front of me, I
swear!

Blood flows from Dana's nose, her ears, her eyes.

Dana stares up at the group of people surrounding her. Ben attempts to console her.

DANA'S POV: past Ben, at the people standing around her, looking down as she dies.

Amongst the people, hidden behind some faces, is the woman.

It's Dana.

THE END.