

Dead Filter - Sample Scenes

By

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A high-school influencer is cursed with a filter that kills whoever she sends it to. But if she doesn't send it every 12 hours, it kills her.

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INT. MAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT - LIVESTREAM

The face of an excited, anxious girl fills the screen, our hero: MAINE ARKWRIGHT, 17, desperately putting on her best influencer smile. Her room is typical American teen: constructed from countless vlogs - fairylights, cuddly toys, pictures of friends (well, her one friend, Chloe).

MAINE

Hey besties! It's your main girl here. And oh my God, like, you wouldn't believe my night. So I wore my mom's vintage top to this party, and this guy spilled four loko all over it, it was insane-- Frick!

Maine resets the camera, annoyed at herself.

MAINE

(to herself)

Can't say insane, offensive to crazies... Okay. Reset. Happy, smile, energy, they like you.

Maine frames herself again, she tries a VLOGGER SMILE, but her eyes are full of painful desperation.

MAINE

Hey besties! It's your main girl here. It's like lam and I just got back from this party-- FRICK! What's that smile!

Maine pulls at her hair in self-punishment. A clock on the wall reads - 9PM, she frames it out.

MAINE

Come on! Smile normal, smile like a person.

Maine pulls the camera up to her face, the pained grin still there.

MAINE

Hey guys, it's your main girl here, coming at y'all-- FUCK!

Maine slaps herself.

MAINE

They can tell! They can tell you're not real!

THE FIRST NON-PHONE SHOT: Maine slaps herself again and again.

MAINE

Energy. Excitement. Interaction.
Clickable. They need you. They
love you. They SEE YOU!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MAINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Maine is entranced by her phone: the video shows SARAH STAR, a gothic presenter, talking in a Youtube style vlog. She holds up her hand, painted on it is the same symbol as Oma's book.

SARAH

... Attention, hold their
attention, that's your only job--

Maine absently paints the same symbol on her own hand as she watches the video. CHLOE scampers in with a wine bottle, already drunk.

CHLOE

This one looks fancy, it's got
fucking wire and everything.

Chloe sees the Sarah Star video and grabs the phone.

CHLOE

(mocking)

What the fuck did I say about
watching those? Bad Maine. Bad!

Chloe closes the Sarah Star video, the next video below is a livestream of Kori, Chloe rolls her eyes.

CHLOE

There's enough bullshit online.

Chloe types in Kori's chat "kys thot."

A message pops: YOU HAVE BEEN BANNED FROM KORILOVES STREAM. Chloe giggles and pours the wine.

CHLOE

So fucking salty, like if you're
gonna put your tits on display,
you're gonna get milked.

MAINE

I don't know?... She looks happy?

CHLOE

Of course she *looks* happy. They
look exactly how you want them
to. Big smile, rattling off

(MORE)

CHLOE (cont'd)
buzzwords, besties, simps,
relationship goals--

MAINE
-- Okay, but like would a
relationship be so bad?

CHLOE
If you want me to go down on you,
all you have to do is ask.

Maine scoffs at the joke, Chloe squeezes her friends side
and she squeals in laughter, flinching back and knocking
the wine glass to the floor - SMASH.

MAINE
Shit.

Maine scampers up and picks up the pieces, then winces as
a jagged bit of glass cuts her hand - BLOOD runs.

Chloe is too drunk though, pulling up her phone and
videoing with laughter.

CHLOE
Yo, let's do a parody bitch, give
me your best Insta-thot
impression.

MAINE
One sec.

Maine winces and squeezes her bloody palm.

CHLOE
Now now now! Come on, get some
fucking life in here.

Maine struggles into the role, faking a vlogger smile.

MAINE
Like, oh my God, besties, like
I'm having such a fricking
awesome time being alive.

CHLOE
More!

Maine gets more into it, moving closer.

MAINE
Don't scroll! Whatever you do!
Stay with me. Don't look at those
twerking twelve year olds, those
scripted Asian panty slips.

CHLOE

Come on! You know you fucking hate them!

MAINE

The attention addicts, the challenge cucks, the beauty bimbos with recycled butt implants. Forget all of them because you're mine!

Maine grabs her phone, the blood dripping from her palm, the symbol still on the back of her hand.

MAINE

You're going to love me! Worship me, simp for me, fund my ego. Watch my whole life in 15 second clips, share me with your friends, cry for me, jerk for me, lust for me, kill for me and I'll give you everything you want. I'll give you pleasure and addiction and a need you can never satisfy.

Chloe leans back, worried, as Maine rants, possessed - her voice is unnatural: scratchy and harrowing.

MAINE

I'm your God and your whore and your secret and your shame and your mother. I'm the only one who understands you, because I'm all you've got, at the end of it all, at the end of your life, I'm the only one who truly sees you. I see you!

SHRIEK - A blood-curdling banshee wail explodes from Maine's phone.

Maine flinches and drops it, breaking the spell.

CHLOE

What the fuck was that?... Maine?

Maine looks around, dazed, then picks up her phone, she wipes the blood off. A little rectangle symbol flashes in her notifications.

MAINE

Livestream notification...

CHLOE

No, I mean the impression. Fucking A plus.

MAINE

It says I have a filter to gift?... "The Gaze... for those who crave attention"... I have twelve hours to send it?

Chloe looks at the phone, an attractive rave-girl, ARABELLA, 18, streaming from a club, screams into the camera.

ARABELLA

I love you all!

CHLOE

Love her back.

Maine clicks SEND GIFT. Chloe chuckles and downs her wine, but Maine feels uneasy. She stares at the BLOODY thumbprint on the phone as Arabella dances on the screen.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Maine sleeps, leant against her hand - SHRIEK - the same banshee scream as before explodes from Maine's phone. Maine flinches, the TEACHER looks up from her desk. Maine mouths "sorry", then checks her phone under the table.

MAINE

Arabella opened the gift.

Chloe, beside Maine, leans over and looks at Arabella's LIVESTREAM:

INT. ARABELLA'S ROOM - DAY - LIVESTREAM

Arabella paces in her messy room, clearly still high.

ARABELLA

Just got back from the realest rave, love you whoever sent this gift, you're a star!

Arabella clicks a button, the SCREEN goes slightly DARK and BLUE-TINTED.

ARABELLA

Dark blue? Okay, not my scene y'all, you gotta see these eyes.

Arabella pushes the camera into her heavily dilated eyes, when she pulls it back out there is a WOMAN stood in the doorway behind her, Arabella yelps.

The WOMAN has a slight BLUE GLOW around her and wears a TATTERED DRESS. Her face is demonically shattered open, leaving fragments of a jaw, half an eye and a mess of cartilage and bone, like a bomb has literally just exploded in her mouth - this is **THE GAZE**.

ARABELLA

Oh my God! That is legit!

Arabella waves behind her at The Gaze and then laughs, she can only see it on the phone screen.

ARABELLA

Oh my God you guys, it so got me,
like I am literally shaking.

Arabella pans down to show her hands which are SHAKING.

Arabella pulls the camera back up to her face, The Gaze has now jumped one yard behind her; Arabella screams.

ARABELLA

Ah! My God! This is legit...
this... this filter makes me feel
weird.

Arabella brings the camera close to her mouth and whispers into it.

ARABELLA

It's real you guys. Like. It.
Might. Get. Me--

The Gaze's hand suddenly phases through Arabella's face.

Arabella, frozen on the screen, The Gaze's hand protruding from her face like a broken bone.

Mouth writhing, eyes bleeding, choking, she drops to the floor.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Chloe and Maine watch the livestream, not even flinching as Arabella chokes to death on the floor of her room.

CHLOE

Like. It. Might. Be. Cringe...
and she wants to be a fucking
actor kek. Nice AI though, you
see the blood detail?

Maine gives a weak smile and then looks back at her phone - a TIMER has appeared with a countdown: 11:58:54,3,2,1

INT. LUNCH-HALL - DAY

Maine eats by herself, checking the countdown - 09:05:00 -
Chloe slams her tray down on the table.

CHLOE
Glitter tits is dead.

MAINE
What?

CHLOE
She fucking OD'd. That's why she
hit the ground like a roofied
freshman.

MAINE
What!

Chloe shows Maine her phone, there is a twitter video of
ambulances outside a suburban house.

MAINE
Shit... shit! You don't think...
the filter?

CHLOE
What? Maine?

Maine shoots up, whipping her neck around the room:
everyone is staring at their phones - they know!

A STUDENT looks up at Maine, she freaks out and flees.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maine fast-walks down the hallway, looking at the video of
Arabella's livestream on her phone, Chloe catches up.

CHLOE
What the fuck Maine?

Maine yanks Chloe into a quiet corridor.

MAINE
What if the filter did something?

CHLOE
She OD'd Maine, they did like
fucking CSI tests and everything.

MAINE
She ODs right after she opens
that filter?

CHLOE

She miscounted her xannies, it happens, opioid America bitches.

Maine shows Chloe the video, The Gaze has its hand through Arabella's face.

MAINE

Its hand was through her face!

CHLOE

Maine, it's just good AI, you've seen fucking deepfakes right--

MAINE

-- We have to tell someone.

CHLOE

Oh what? "Hi Mr. Long dick of the law, I accidentally hired a headless woman to kill someone through an online filter, you wanna fucking enema me with Prozac now or later?"

MAINE

She's dead Chloe.

CHLOE

And the world has lost a wonderful, beautiful, busty vlogger, but it will recover.

Maine looks around, shaking with fear and adrenaline.

CHLOE

Look, if you're that stressy, just like, delete the video--fuck--delete the whole app, put it out your mind.

Maine clicks the app and clicks UNINSTALL - PING - ERROR.

MAINE

I can't... it won't let me uninstall.

SHRIEK! - the countdown timer reads 09:00:00

MAINE

Fuck! Fuck... we have to get Del to cancel the party.

CHLOE

No! No, you're just freaking out--

MAINE

-- Then lets just stay at yours tonight, please.

CHLOE

It's my mom's drinking night and my dad'll be back from the store with cigarettes any minute now.

Maine shrinks back, even Chloe's jokes aren't getting through to her.

CHLOE

Look, here's an idea, Arabella's friends will be at the party. They'll tell you about the bad pills and you'll feel better okay?

Chloe gives Maine a quick comforting hug. Maine looks down at the COUNTDOWN - 08:59:03,2,1

SKIPPING 8 PAGES - CONTEXT: MAINE GOES TO THE PARTY, MEETS LUCAS, HER LOVE-INTEREST, REALISES THE FILTER IS CURSED, BUT HER PHONE GETS STOLEN AND THE GAZE IS SUMMONED AGAIN:

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Maine sees Floyd on LIVESTREAM, the filter is on and The Gaze is stood way behind him in the garden.

MAINE

Floyd!

Maine sprints around the corner, catching Floyd as he videos alone.

MAINE

Floyd! Stop streaming--

Maine gasps she can see The Gaze, stood in the garden, in reality.

MAINE

What the fuck?

FLOYD

Bro this filter is so sick, for real I don't know how they got it so crisp.

MAINE

Floyd, turn around, you can see that right?

FLOYD
 (looking at the phone)
 Yeah, I see it, it's dope!

MAINE
 Not the filter! Turn around! It's
 there!

Floyd glances back, there is nothing in the garden from his POV - only Maine can see The Gaze in reality, everyone else needs the screen.

FLOYD
 Maine, you tripping.

Lucas rushes out.

MAINE
 Tell me you can see that!

Maine points to The Gaze, Lucas squints at the garden.

LUCAS
 See what?

MAINE
 Fuck!

Maine holds up her phone, it shows the livestream of The Gaze.

LUCAS
 Man, that thing was on Bella's
 stream!

Floyd peers at his phone, currently both him and The Gaze are on the screen, like a selfie.

FLOYD
 Yo, why ain't it moving though?
 Is that like a glitch?

Floyd shakes his phone left and right.

MAINE
 Floyd, turn it off!

The Gaze leaves the frame completely, but when it next comes into frame, it has jumped one step closer. Floyd flinches.

FLOYD
 Shit! probably not coded to move
 man, like a jump-scare bot,
 still...

Maine approaches him, hands up, like calming a wild animal.

MAINE

Floyd. Just turn it off,
please...

FLOYD

(trance-like)
Man, look at these viewers bro...

LUCAS

Maine, what's happening?

Maine sees a bunch of PARTIERS are at the windows of the conservatory, staring out at Floyd.

FLOYD

They love me.

Floyd flicks the camera. The Gaze is right over his shoulder now, perfectly still.

MAINE

Floyd, for fuck's sake! Stop
letting it move.

FLOYD

3K viewers, they... see me.

The PARTIERS are in all the windows of the house, staring at Floyd, trance-like.

FLOYD

They wanna see it move.

MAINE

Floyd, what are you doing?

Floyd's eyes - hypnotised.

FLOYD

They wanna see...

Floyd holds the camera up to his face, obscuring The Gaze.

MAINE

No!

Too late - from Maine's POV, The Gaze pushes its face through Floyd's.

Their two faces imposed on one another, a grotesque horror mask.

Maine stares, terrified.

Floyd coughs - blood. Just a little, then more and more!
He chokes.

He drops to the floor, still grasping the phone, which videos his corpse.

MAINE

Floyd!

Maine rushes to Floyd and turns him over, he bleeds from the eyes just like Arabella.

LUCAS

What the fuck?

Maine glances up at The Gaze, terrified. Lucas quickly grabs a POTTED PLANT and throws it where The Gaze stood--

SMASH - the pot shatters, dirt spills everywhere, but from Lucas's POV, it looks like the pot has smashed on thin air.

The Gaze turns its head with a creak to stare at Maine.

Maine blinks, and suddenly The Gaze is gone.

LUCAS

(to the inside)

Help! Yo, we need help!

Teenagers stagger out, no longer in a trance - the music still blares, but Maine's phone SHRIEKS - a new countdown: 11:59:58,7,6...

FADE OUT