

THE BEHOLDER

Written by

J. Michael Miller

Meridian, ID 83646
208-513-4472

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

KYLEE, 25, dressed in this season's finest, leans against a wall and scrolls on her phone.

ON KYLEE'S PHONE

A social media post appears:

"Dream as if you'll live forever. Live as if you'll die today."

Another social media post appears:

"Live for the nights you'll never remember with the friends you'll never forget."

Kylee rolls her eyes.

ON KYLEE'S PHONE

A pop-up warning appears:

"Fifteen percent battery remaining."

Kylee sighs and taps her phone. She continues to look at social media on her cell phone.

ON KYLEE'S PHONE

An image of a beautiful sun setting over the beach with a caption appears:

"The only place my soul feels at home."

Kylee stands up.

KYLEE

Ugh, she is so basic. I better show everyone what a great weekend I'm having.

Kylee looks around the art gallery. A beautiful painting draws her attention and she walks towards it.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Perf! I'll take a selfie in front of this, throw on a filter and post.

Kylee raises her cell phone, snaps a photo and checks it.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Damn it! This one's blurry.

Kylee purses her lips and snaps a few more photos. She reviews the images.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

I'm barely in this one; this is missing the painting; this would be perfect without my double chin.

*
*

THE BEHOLDER, 25, average, black peacoat, and friendly appearance strolls by. Kylee calls out to him.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Kylee catches up to him.

THE BEHOLDER

Yes?

KYLEE

Hi! Could you please do me a favor?

THE BEHOLDER

I'm in a bit of a hurry.

Kylee flirts.

KYLEE

Pretty please?

The Beholder looks her up and down. His nose cringes and a grimace spreads on his face.

THE BEHOLDER

What do you need?

KYLEE

I can't get a good picture of me next to this painting.

THE BEHOLDER

And you want me to take one for you?

KYLEE

It'll just take a second. Here. Just press the shutter button when I'm in frame.

THE BEHOLDER

I know how to take a picture.

KYLEE

Right. Sorry.

The Beholder grabs Kylee's phone and raises it to take a photo. The screen remains black.

THE BEHOLDER

I think your phone's dead.

KYLEE

What? No! Let me see.

Kylee rips her out of his hands and checks her phone. She sighs.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Ugh! Great. Could you just take it
on your's and send it to me?

*
*

THE BEHOLDER

Maybe instead of seeking the
perfect photo you should just enjoy
the experience. A phone can be
ruining your life.

*
*

KYLEE

Oh, I am. I just need the perfect
picture to share and show everyone.

The Beholder rolls his eyes and nods.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Did you really experience it if you
don't share it with everyone else?

The Beholder ignores the question.

THE BEHOLDER

Are you sure you want me to take
this?

KYLEE

Yes!

The Beholder grins from ear to ear.

THE BEHOLDER

Very well.

The Beholder withdraws his cell phone from his peacoat pocket and holds it on its side.

KYLEE

Make sure you get me in the picture!

THE BEHOLDER

That's the plan.

He taps the screen and the frame focuses on Kylee standing next to the beautiful painting.

ON THE BEHOLDER'S PHONE

"CAPTURED"

INT. THE PHOTO - DAY

Sound is absent. The only noise that can be heard is Kylee's voice. She's trapped inside the frame of the picture The Beholder took.

KYLEE

Did you get it?

Silence greets her. She calls out louder.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

Where'd you go? Hello?

She walks away from the photo, but an invisible barrier stops her.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Kylee pushes against the immovable barrier. Her brows furrow and she walks to the other side.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

No. No, no no!

Her breaths grow shallow; a bead of sweat rolls towards her nose. She looks where The Beholder stood. His smiling face is all she can see.

KYLEE (CONT'D)

What is going on?

She runs towards the front of his phone screen. She pounds against the screen and screams, but we can't hear it.

THE BEHOLDER

Such a pity.

INSERT CAMERA ROLL SCREEN

A multitude of photos on a camera roll grows bigger. Each square contains a trapped victims.

THE BEHOLDER (CONT'D)

I guess a picture can say a
thousand words.

The Beholder smirks and slides his phone back into his peacoat pocket and walks away.

END