

PEEKER

Femi Taofeeq

A young woman on a three-minute, high-stakes video dating app finds herself on an increasingly bizarre and cringeworthy call with a handsome stranger, forcing her to question where she draws the line between disgust and desire.

NOTE: The entire film is viewed from the perspective of a laptop screen. We see the OS desktop, a web browser open to the "Peeker" website, and various UI elements.

1. INT. GRACE'S LAPTOP - DAY

The screen displays a VIDEO CALL. In the main window, CHLOE (20s) is mid-laugh, covering her mouth. In a smaller self-view window, GRACE (20s) looks mortified, picking at her nails.

CHLOE
(Wiping a tear of
laughter)
Wait, wait, back up. You mean he
stood you up for an *hour*? And you
actually waited for him?!

GRACE
He kept texting! "Just parking,"
"Five minutes out," "The traffic is
insane." I feel so stupid.

CHLOE
Oh, honey. No. He's the stupid one.
But listen, you can't give up.
You gotta try that weird site I
sent
you yesterday. What was it...
Peeker?

GRACE
(Sighs)
I already made a profile. I just...
I stopped on the last step.

Grace's MOUSE CURSOR moves and CLICKS on a different browser
tab.

The main screen changes to the sleek interface of PEEKER.
Chloe's video call automatically shrinks to a small, square
window in the upper left corner of the screen.

On the Peeker site, a pop-up is center screen. Grace's cursor
hovers indecisively between the two options.

From the small video window, Chloe leans in, noticing what
Grace is doing.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Yes! Do it, girl! What have you got
to-
(She looks off-screen)
Oh, shoot, that's my delivery. I
gotta go!
Text me everything!

Chloe waves frantically and her small video window vanishes.
The SOUND of the call disconnecting clicks off.

Grace is left alone, staring at the pop-up. She takes a deep breath. Her cursor makes a slow, deliberate move and CLICKS [Allow].

The pop-up vanishes. Grace's webcam feed in the corner widget activates. The main part of the website changes, showing a loading animation: "MATCHING YOU WITH A PERFECT STRANGER..."

After a few seconds, the widget transforms. It now displays a pulsing audio waveform. A large, digital timer appears above it, starting at 3:00.

SUPER: AUDIO ONLY

A calm, confident male voice, BOBBY's, comes through the speakers.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Hello? Grace?

Grace leans forward, a hopeful smile playing on her lips.

GRACE
Hi! Yes, that's me. Bobby?

BOBBY (V.O.)
The one and only. For the next two minutes and forty-nine seconds, anyway. You nervous?

GRACE
Not at all. Should I be?

BOBBY (V.O.)
I am. Never done a blind date quite this... gamified before. Feels like a slot machine for people.

GRACE
Me neither. But it seems fun. A bit of mystery.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Exactly. So, let's get straight to it.

Grace's posture straightens. The cursor is motionless.

BOBBY (V.O.)
(calmly)
Doggy or missionary?

Grace's smile freezes. The cursor JERKS a few pixels to the side, then stops.

GRACE
(a beat)
Oookay. Wow. That's... direct. But,
uh... missionary, I guess?

BOBBY (V.O.)
Good to know. Ever given a rim job?

Grace physically recoils, her face a mask of disgust.

GRACE
Ew! No!

She catches herself, a flicker of concern on her face.

GRACE
(almost worried)
Have you?

BOBBY (V.O.)
We're not talking about me.

The TIMER hits 2:00.

The screen flashes. Bold numbers appear over the audio waveform, counting down: 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

BAM.

The audio waveform vanishes, replaced by a handsome, professionally shot portrait of BOBBY. He's smiling, with kind eyes and a perfectly groomed beard.

Grace's face melts with relief. An impressed smile spreads across her face. The cursor moves smoothly, tracing the outer edge of the square widget containing his photo.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Hmmm. Not bad.

The cursor's tracing motion STOPS ABRUPTLY. Grace's smile falters. She cocks her head, confused and slightly annoyed.

GRACE
What do you mean, "not bad"?

BOBBY (V.O.)
Do you have Podophilia? Because I do.

Grace's brow furrows.

GRACE
Podo... what?

Her cursor moves swiftly. It opens a new browser tab. She types "podophilia" into the Google search bar.

The search results load. Her eyes scan the first line of the Wikipedia entry.

Her expression shifts from realization to profound disgust.

The cursor flies to the 'x' on the browser tab and CLICKS it shut.

GRACE
(firm, definitive)
NO. Never. What do you mean you do?

BOBBY (V.O.)
Too bad. So, no interest in feet.
What about being watched? Or maybe
a little dacryphilia? Seeing a girl
cry can be... intense.

Grace stares, dumbfounded and horrified. The cursor moves to open a new tab, types "dacryphilia", then stops. It deletes the word and clicks the tab closed.

GRACE
(voice trembling slightly)
You are... unbelievably creepy.

BOBBY (V.O.)
(casually)
Well, I'm not really an ass person,
so you're in luck.

Grace's face is a blank canvas of disbelief.

The TIMER shows 0:25.

The screen flashes again. The countdown begins: 5... 4...
3... 2... 1...

Grace maintains her unimpressed, deadpan stare.

The portrait of Bobby is replaced by a live VIDEO FEED.

It's him. Even more handsome in motion. He wears an expensive silk shirt, sitting in a stunning, modern apartment. He looks directly into his camera, his gaze intense.

SOUND of the laptop's internal fan whirring to life, a low hum.

Grace's unimpressed expression dissolves. Her jaw goes slack. Her eyes widen with awe. The cursor slowly retreats to the bottom right corner of the screen.

BOBBY
(low, intimate)
Where would you rather fly for a

first... encounter? Bali, Saint
Lucia,
or Santorini?

Grace is mesmerized. She opens her mouth, but no words come out.

The TIMER hits 0:03... 0:02... 0:01...

0:00

The video feed cuts out. The screen is black for a beat, the fan noise cutting into jarring silence. The Peeker interface returns. A new pop-up appears.s

Grace stares at the screen. The cursor appears. It sits over [NO] for a long second. Then, it drifts slowly, in a smooth, continuous motion, over to [YES]. It pauses. It makes a faster, more direct movement back to [NO]. It stops again, before beginning another slow, deliberate drag toward [YES].

The screen cuts to black.

SOUND of a single, definitive MOUSE CLICK.