

**Black Face, White Masks (Identity Theft)**

written by

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**Genre:** Dark Comedy, Psychological Thriller

**Logline:** When a man returns home from taking out the trash, he discovers a stranger claiming to be the resident, a situation that escalates into a chilling battle for his identity and sanity.

**Synopsis:** Guy, a somewhat isolated young man, looks forward to a promising third date with his girlfriend, Tiffany. After quickly tidying his messy apartment, he steps out to dispose of the trash. Upon his return, however, he's met with an inexplicable and disturbing scenario: a man named Greg is inside, claiming the apartment as his own.

As Guy desperately tries to assert his ownership, Greg presents photos and evidence that contradict Guy's claims. The situation intensifies with the arrival of a food delivery and, most shockingly, Tiffany, who sides with Greg and denies ever knowing Guy.

Increasingly disoriented and questioning his own sanity, Guy is forced to leave his own home, stepping into a reality where his identity seems to be unraveling. This story blends elements of psychological thriller and dark comedy, leaving the audience to question the nature of reality and the fragility of identity.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

**GUY** (20s, black, restless), unshaven and harried, shaves quickly in front of a mirror, a half-eaten WHITE CHOCOLATE COVERED protein bar clenched between his teeth. He's trying to do two things at once, his perpetual bad habit.

A PING from his phone distracts him. He glances down, nicking his cheek with the razor.

GUY  
(muttering)  
Damn it!

He checks the phone.

A text message from "Tiffany" reads: "Almost there. Can't wait! 😊" His phone's screensaver is a photo of him and TIFFANY (20s) in an intimate embrace.

Guy finishes shaving, dabs at the cut with a tissue. He exits the bathroom, stepping into his living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is a mess: dirty laundry overflows from a basket, takeout containers litter the coffee table, and books are stacked haphazardly.

He sighs, grabs a large garbage bag, and starts frantically cleaning up the apartment.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Guy orders takeout on his phone.

As he cleans his bedroom, he glances at a calendar on the wall. Three dates are circled, each with Tiffany. Today's date is circled multiple times, with "3rd date" scribbled beside it.

He opens his bedside table drawer.

Inside are a book, a box of scented candles, and a small mountain of condoms. He takes one out and slips it under his pillow, patting it twice as if for good-luck.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

GUY's apartment is now almost presentable. He surveys it with satisfaction.

He opens the overflowing garbage bin. He struggles to remove the bag, ties it off, and opens his apartment door.

**EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Guy closes his apartment door behind him.

He lugs the heavy trash bag to the garbage chute at the end of the hall.

As he walks back to his apartment, he nervously straightens his shirt and inspects it for dirt.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

GUY returns to his apartment. The door is ajar, a sliver of unease cutting through his anticipation.

He pushes it open and walks inside.

**GREG** (20s, white), dressed in worn jeans and a t-shirt, is rifling through the fridge, seemingly oblivious to Guy's presence.

GUY

What the hell are you doing?

GREG

(without turning around)

Looking for my... where's the milk?

(Greg looks up, startled)

Who the hell are you?

GUY

I can say the same! And what are you doing in my apartment?!

GREG

(Scoffs)

You've got the wrong place, buddy.

GUY

No, I don't. This is my apartment.  
I've lived here since September.  
You need to get out. Now!

GREG

Whoa! I don't know who you are, but  
you need to leave. I'm expecting  
someone any minute now.

GUY

(Arms crossed, a mix of  
anger and disbelief)  
I'm not leaving.

Greg stares at Guy for a long beat, a flicker of something  
unreadable in his eyes.

GREG

Okay... let's figure this out.

Greg walks casually to a framed photo on the coffee table. He  
picks it up and shows it to Guy.

The photo shows Greg and a friend laughing in the apartment.  
Guy is nowhere in sight.

GREG (CONT'D)

Sure looks like your apartment.

Guy stares at the photo, his confusion growing.

GREG (CONT'D)

Or how about this?

Greg reaches for his phone and shows Guy a photo. The photo  
shows a smiling Greg moving into the apartment, with moving  
boxes scattered around him. A "Welcome Home" banner in the  
background.

GUY

That's gotta be fake. I've lived  
here since September.

GREG

This is my fourth year living in  
this dump. I don't know what's  
going on, but you're going to have  
to--

Knock knock knock.

Guy and Greg whirl around to face the door, their conflict  
momentarily suspended. They both rush towards it, grappling  
for the doorknob.

GUY wins the struggle and throws open the door. Standing in  
the hallway is **THE DELIVERY MAN** (20s) holding two bags of  
takeout.

DELIVERY MAN  
Delivery for... (checks his  
crumpled receipt) ...Greg?

GREG  
Yup. I'll take that.

GUY  
What the--

GREG  
Your tip should be included.

Greg reaches to close the door.

DELIVERY MAN  
(Peering at his phone)  
Actually, no tip was included in  
the order. It's 20%.

He stands there, expectantly. Greg shuts the door.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Greg places the food on the kitchen counter. He pulls out his  
phone and starts dialing. The Delivery Man, persistent,  
begins banging on the door.

GREG  
(Into the phone)  
Yeah, I need to report a break and  
entering...  
(To Guy, covering the  
mouthpiece)  
Now listen! You either leave now,  
or you can explain this to the  
police.

GUY  
You're calling the cops on me? I  
live here!

The knocking on the door intensifies.

DELIVERY MAN  
(O.S.)  
I need my tip, man!

GUY  
(To Greg)  
You're in my house!

GREG  
(Into the phone,  
exasperated)  
Yes, he's still here! He claims...  
(To Guy, yelling)  
For the last time, I don't know  
you! I've never seen you! Get the  
fuck out!

Greg lunges at Guy, but Guy fights him off.

Greg tries again, getting a solid grip on Guy's arm, and struggles to drag him towards the exit.

Guy breaks free and grabs a large pot from the kitchen counter, wielding it like a weapon.

They engage in a chaotic "cat-and-mouse" chase around the living room, dodging each other.

The knocking at the door becomes frantic. Greg makes a dash for the door, but Guy, fueled by adrenaline and desperation, gets there first.

He throws open the door, and standing before them is TIFFANY... and the Delivery Man, still demanding his tip.

GUY  
(Wave of relief, reaching  
out to hug Tiffany)  
Tiffany! Thank god! You won't  
believe what's been going on. This  
guy--

Tiffany stiffens and blocks his arms, her expression blank.

TIFFANY  
(To Greg, coldly)  
Who is this?

She pushes past Guy as if he's invisible and walks into Greg's arms. Greg hugs her tightly, a possessive gesture.

DELIVERY MAN  
(Muttering)  
Oh, y'all into some freaky shit.

Greg digs into his pocket and pulls out a wad of crumpled bills. He peels off a few and shoves them at the Delivery Man.

The Delivery Man eyes the bills suspiciously.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

This is only--

Greg slams the door in his face.

GREG

(Leaning against the door,  
sighing)

Some lunatic. And get this... thinks  
he's lived here since September.

Tiffany, still in Greg's embrace, looks at Guy with a  
chilling lack of recognition.

TIFFANY

Want me to call 911?

GUY

(Pleading)

Baby, what are you doing?

TIFFANY

(Flatly)

Baby? I've never seen you before in  
my life.

GUY

(Desperate)

Don't you remember? We met  
sophomore year at that frat party,  
and you said to your friend, loud  
enough so that I could hear, that I  
was "the most beautiful chocolate  
man you'd ever seen". Then I walked  
up to you and asked you to dance.  
You don't remember any of that?

Greg laughs, a harsh, mocking sound.

GREG

Chocolate? Check again, buddy.

Guy, bewildered, shows Tiffany his phone's screensaver. Greg  
and Tiffany stare at it blankly, then back at Guy.

TIFFANY

(With feigned disinterest)

What is that supposed to be?

Guy turns the phone around so he can see the screen. His face  
crumples in disbelief. The screensaver is a photo of him...  
and a dog licking him.



GUY  
(Stuttering)  
I... I'm so confused.

GREG  
You and me both, pal.

TIFFANY  
(With a dismissive wave)  
No, seriously, if you need us to  
call paramedics or your caretaker  
or something, I'd be glad to--

GUY  
(Defeated)  
No. It's fine.

Guy turns and slowly walks to the front door, his shoulders slumped.

TIFFANY  
(Watching him go)  
Poor guy. I hope he'll be okay.

GREG  
(To Tiffany, putting an  
arm around her)  
Must've skipped his meds today.  
(To Guy, exaggerated  
sympathy)  
I hope you find what you're looking  
for!

With one last, desperate look at the apartment, at Greg and Tiffany entwined, Guy turns and walks out the front door.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

The street is nearly empty, dim streetlights casting long shadows that distort Guy's figure. He looks lost and vulnerable.

Guy walks past a store's display window. He stares at his reflection, his eyes filled with doubt.

In the reflection, we see GREG, dressed in Guy's clothes, smirking. This is a subtle and unsettling image, not over-the-top.

GUY

(Whispering, to himself, a  
growing horror in Greg's  
voice)

Is it me, or is it... not me?

FADE OUT: