Cyberkill

By

Rhonnie Fordham

229-400-5262
rhonnief@yahoo.com
FADE IN:

INT. LAUREN’S HOUSE – LAUREN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Classic horror movie posters hang on the wall. Quirky pop culture decorations are everywhere. A Jason Voorhees figurine, a framed still from A Clockwork Orange, a hunky Dracula portrait. The whole room is a Rolodex of cult-movie history.

Sitting in front of a laptop, LAUREN PALMER, 17, flamboyant hipster, records her latest VIDEO BLOG. A clear drawstring bag hangs off her chair.

Flashy font APPEARS across the screen: The Loser Life Of Lauren.

Lauren waves at the laptop’s camera.

LAUREN
Hey, everybody.

As if all those collectibles already didn’t, her voice and personality give off an aura of pretentiousness.

LAUREN (CONT’D)
We’re back to my blossoming teenage life. Not sponsored by MTV, so I won’t be yelling or flashing my tits for the camera.

Sound EFFECT BOOS play. Lauren LOOKS through her YouTube channel. At all her videos.

LAUREN
So tomorrow, I report back to Stanwyck High. AP Lang in the A.M.

She stops and stares at the screen, unease in her eyes.

LAUREN
What the Hell...

In her comments section, several comments are made from the same user: ADMIN. All the posts were made in the last few hours: "I see u ;)") "U look nicer than I remember, Lauren" and "Wish I could do more than subscribe"

Admin’s YouTube Profile Picture is the typical blank avatar image. Totally anonymous.
LAUREN
Welp. Looks like the creeper’s back.

She pulls up the comments for the camera.

LAUREN
I guess I should’ve blocked him.

She points toward her channel’s subscribers: Just ten people.

LAUREN
But that’d take out most of my dear readers.

Smug as always, she smiles for the camera.

LAUREN
Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do, right.

A new comment from Admin appears: Don’t block me.

LAUREN (CONT’D)
(oblivious of comment)
And yes, that means pleasing all the weirdos and bots.

Another comment: U better please me

Lauren sees it. Fear hits her eyes.

LAUREN
What the fuck..

She faces the camera as Admin’s next comment appears: I see u

LAUREN
How are you seeing this?

Confused, she looks back-and-forth between the message and camera.

LAUREN
It’s not even uploaded.

The next comment: I know.

The laptop screen GOES BLACK.
LAUREN
Whoa, what the fuck, man!

She tries the touchpad, but nothing happens. She can’t even restart the computer.

LAUREN
What the fuck!

A Skype Video Call APPEARS on the black screen: Admin. The Call is the only thing on screen.

Uneasy, Lauren stares at the Call.

Admin looks back at her. Admin is quiet and intense. A mannequin-like mask covers their face. The face of an older man with harsh features. Red robes adorn Admin’s body. The mask is life-like but still unsettling.

Lauren recognizes the face.

LAUREN
No. Mr. Fountain...

Emotionless, Admin STARTS TYPING.

LAUREN
Who are you!

But Admin doesn’t respond.

LAUREN
Answer me, asshole!

A MESSAGE appears in the chat box: Remember me???

The message gives Lauren chills.

LAUREN
No.

Admin SENDS her another message: bc I certainly remember u.

LAUREN (CONT’D)
It can’t be.

The next MESSAGE: U were 1 of my star students.

LAUREN
No, Mr. Fountain’s dead! You’re lying!

Another MESSAGE: Not so fast.
LAUREN
Fuck you, bitch!

Panicking, she tries to TURN OFF the computer. The power button TURNS OFF, but the Skype call stays on screen. Lauren can’t escape.

Still TYPING, Admin SENDS another message: hahahaha I’m always watching u Lauren

LAUREN
No, leave me alone!

Admin’s NEXT messages arrive in a frenzy: U should b doing ur homework. I’ll make sure u do it.

Helpless, Lauren watches Admin continues TYPING.

Admin’s next MESSAGE: I’m otw. 345 Corman Avenue.

Horror crosses Lauren’s face. Her address.

LAUREN
No, fuck you! I’m calling the police!

She grabs a baseball bat off the ground.

Ignoring Lauren, Admin finishes their last message.

LAUREN
I’ll fuck you up, I swear!

In one quick motion, Admin looks up at the camera and makes direct eye contact with Lauren. The disturbing mask seems to hide a smirk.

Admin’s last message POPS UP: Time for class.

Lauren looks at the message, mortified.

The Skype Call CUTS OFF. The laptop screen goes black.

LAUREN
No!

She tries to get the laptop to work.

LAUREN
What the fuck! You dickless asshole!
Full of fear and anger, Lauren snatches the drawstring bag and empties its contents onto the desk: several books, electronics, and a can of pepper spray.

Lauren grabs the pepper spray and clutches it tight. She’s now armed with that and the bat.

Like a soldier scanning a battlefield, she looks around her bedroom.

All those horror posters and collectibles now look ominous rather than comforting.

Lauren sees the bedroom door is wide open. Was it open before?

The bedroom lights cut out. Oh fuck.

Startled, Lauren raises the pepper spray, ready to attack.

LAUREN
Come on, motherfucker!

A loud video blasts away on the laptop. The video features terrifying string music. A loop of insanity.

Lauren turns and stares at the video.

Endless flashes of violent clips greet her eyes. People screaming, gore galore. All the while, the string music continues blaring.

Entranced, Lauren leans in closer toward the hypnotic video. Inches away from the screen.

In the video, cryptic code flares between the clips, holding Lauren’s gaze.

Lauren’s eyes go blank. Soulless.

The laptop cuts off.

In the pitch black room, a struggle is heard. The bat and pepper spray hit the ground. Items fall off the desk.

Just as loud gasping is heard, the lights and laptop turn back on.

Still seated, Lauren pulls tight on the strings, tightening the drawstring bag over her head. Her gasps grow weaker and weaker.

All the while, the camera continues filming her.
Strangling herself, Lauren ROCKS back-and-forth. The bag SMOTHERS her face. It’s as tight as it’ll go.

She looks over at the laptop screen. The VIDEO is no longer playing. No music or violence.

Through the clear bag, Lauren’s eyes can be seen. They’re no longer blank. Instead, they’re wide-open and full of pain. She don’t wanna die, but there’s no turning back now. She has no control. She can’t even scream.

Her eyes bulging, Lauren becomes paler. Sweat slides down her face. It’s a fucking agonizing death.

Like a crescendo of gore, BLOOD SHOOTS OUT HER MOUTH AND SPURTS ACROSS THE BAG.

Lauren SLUMPS BACK in her seat.

Her hands fall to the side, blood and sweat DRIPPING OFF her dead fingertips.

The camera still RECORDS. Still films her gruesome corpse.

On the laptop, the screen shows Lauren’s YouTube page.

Moving on its own, the arrow DELETES each of Admin’s comments one by one.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY


The school is hectic and rowdy. Several trees stand near the parking lot. A breezeway leads toward the school’s main entrance.

Near the entrance, HAPLESS ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS and OUT-OF-SHAPE SECURITY GUARDS try to control the madness. All the CROWDS and CLIQUES. There’s cussing, bullying, smoking, etc.

The STUDENTS are diverse, albeit most of them are assholes. The usual cliques: NERDS, GEEKS, PREPS, JOCKS, etc. Sorry, John Hughes. This place sucks.
INT. STANWYCK HIGH - MS. CHAMBERS’S CLASSROOM - DAY

Afternoon. A small classroom. The student desks have seen better days.

Literature posters hang on the walls. Most of them featuring female authors or classic feminist novels.

Only six students are in the AP Language class: ASHLEY BUECHLER, 17, smart and attractive, her charming charisma often ravaged by low self-esteem, PATRICK GREEN, 18, Ashley’s boyfriend, a wannabe James Dean, a sensitive rebel, sits right across from Ashley, and ANN MYERS, 17, dark and aggressive, a badass rebel unlike Patrick. Ann sits close to Ashley and Patrick.

In their own little clique, the other students sit a few desks away: KATHRYN GELLAR, 18, gossipmonger, lives on social media, JOEY JAMES, 17, handsome and arrogant, a "gamer" who doesn’t associate himself with that scene, and RACHEL KENNEDY, 17, Joey’s girlfriend, enjoys showing off her looks but still ambitious and intelligent.

Ashley is the only black student in the class. She’s too used to it to be upset about it... resigned to how biased these "advanced placement" classes really are.

As her classmates talk, the restless Ashley looks over at the empty desk right behind her. Lauren’s desk.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Ashley.

Ashley faces him.

PATRICK
Hey. You okay?

ASHLEY
Not really...

She looks at all the other students. They’re all on their phones. None of them seem too affected by Lauren’s death.

KATHRYN
(to Joey and Rachel)
Did y’all know Lauren killed herself while filming?

RACHEL
Ugh, Kathryn.
KATHRYN
I wonder if they have a copy.

Disgusted, Ashley faces Patrick.

ASHLEY
It’s just a fucking story to them.

Sitting at her teacher’s desk, MS. HEIDI CHAMBERS, 30, awkward and nerdy, stays focused on her computer screen.

PATRICK
(to Ashley)
Yeah.

Ms. Chambers’s computer displays a webpage for Dissertation help. She’s really wanting that doctorate.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
I know what you mean.

ASHLEY
It’s only because it’s trending.
It’s not like they actually cared about Lauren.

Upset, she gazes back at Lauren’s desk. Morose silence comes between her and Patrick.

Trying to comfort Ashley, Patrick grabs her hand.

PATRICK
Hey, Ash.

Ashley looks at him, bitter.

ASHLEY
It’s just not right.

PATRICK
What do you mean?

ASHLEY
You know Lauren. She wouldn’t do this.

PATRICK
I know, babe, but I don’t know. Maybe something just finally pushed her over the edge, you know.
ASHLEY
No, it didn’t. And no one seems to
even give a shit or find it weird.

Patrick gives her a weak smile.

PATRICK
At least they’ll post about it on
Twitter.

Even Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY
Yeah. All two-hundred-and-eighty
characters.

Silent, Ann glares at Ashley and Patrick. She’s been
watching them this whole time.

LATER

Thirty minutes later. Like the notes of a mad scientist,
countless bullet points and ideas are scribbled on the dry
erase board.

Holding a cop of Death Of A Salesman, Ms. Chambers continues
her passionate lecture.

Too bad her students don’t have the same enthusiasm. Ashley
and Patrick are the only ones interested.

MS. CHAMBERS
So what do you think was the
central conflict? Man versus self?

She looks on at the silent students.

MS. CHAMBERS
What about man versus society?

Trying to get Rachel’s attention, Joey flashes her a
devil-may-care smirk. She refuses to pay him any attention.

MS. CHAMBERS
Even man versus man works I think.

An unamused Ms. Chambers sees Joey leaning in toward Rachel.

MS. CHAMBERS
What do you think, Joey.

Startled, Joey faces her. Rachel cracks a smile.
JOEY
Uh. Man versus nature?

The other students chuckle.

ANN
What about straight while male versus straight white male?

Whoa. Patrick and Ashley like that one.

Ms. Chambers hesitates. Not sure how to react.

MS. CHAMBERS
Well, that’s a new one.

ANN
It’s certainly relevant.

Using her phone, Kathryn checks her Twitter.

MS. CHAMBERS
Fair enough...

Someone KNOCKS on the classroom door. Ms. Chambers faces her students as she goes to answer.

MS. CHAMBERS
Hold on.

Ashley looks over and makes eye contact with Ann. Ann gives her a seductive smile. Uncomfortable, Ashley looks away real quick.

Ms. Chambers lets a TEACHER in.

TEACHER
Ms. Chambers, I’m sorry to interrupt. Do you mind giving us a hand real quick?

MS. CHAMBERS
Sure, no problem.
(to the class)
I’ll be right back.

Together, Ms. Chambers and Teacher walk out, leaving the classroom door open.

Isolated from the rest of school, the AP students start talking amongst themselves. Kathryn stays on her phone.

Ashley and Patrick continue their talk from earlier.
ASHLEY
But she didn’t have a reason to.

PATRICK
Look, we don’t know what was going through her head--

ASHLEY
She got accepted into GSU, Patrick. She was about to graduate, she had the show.

ANN (O.S.)
(cold)
That nobody watched.

Patrick and Ashley face Ann.

ASHLEY
(defensive)
She had a fucking four-point-o. The film program was practically begging her.

Amused by Ashley sticking up for Lauren, Ann scoffs.

ANN
Grades don’t mean happiness. Lauren was a fucking loser.

PATRICK
No, she wasn’t--

ANN
Just like the rest of us.

A GROUP OF DOUCHEBAGS laugh as they walk near the classroom door. Their leader BILLY HALL, 18, preppy tough guy, looks over at the AP Lang class.

ANN (CONT’D)
The only reason she did that blog was cause she was desperate.

Ashley glowers at Ann.

ANN (CONT’D)
Maybe if she uploaded her suicide, people would’ve actually started watching. Or cared.
ASHLEY
Fuck you.

Ann smirks.

BILLY (O.S.)
(asshole tone)
Hey, check out the mutants.

Turning, Ashley looks at Billy.

BILLY’S FRIEND
They still got them quarantined.

Billy and his band of Douchebags stop at the door.

BILLY’S FRIEND #2
I bet Mr. Fountain’s gonna try and fuck them again.

BILLY
Oh yeah.

He focuses on Ashley.

BILLY
Hey Ashley, you still showing off them thunder thighs?

Ashley struggles to control her anger. Patrick is pissed as well.

BILLY
You lose a little more of that fat, you might actually be worth the fuck.

Being the asshole he is, Billy sticks out his tongue. His Friends all cackle with glee.

With hurt in her eyes, Ashley looks away. Ann smirks. No one seems to care. No one except Patrick.

BILLY’S FRIEND #2
Mr. Fountain probably sucked them titties dry.

BILLY
Hell, I don’t blame him.

Pissed, Patrick stands and approaches them.
PATRICK
Hey, didn’t you assholes drop out already?

Ashley watches Billy’s Friends "ooh" as Billy shoves Patrick back.

BILLY
What’d you say to me, faggot?

PATRICK
You heard me, bitch!

BILLY
Aren’t you the queerass showing your dick to dudes all the time?

Uneasy, Patrick doesn’t respond.

BILLY’S FRIEND #2
Yeah, them boys like him alright.

BILLY
You know they do.

Billy touches Patrick’s cheek.

BILLY
I bet every cocksucker in town still goes crazy over those pics. Maybe I need to throw them out on Facebook again.

Cackling, he pats Patrick’s cheek. Patrick pushes his hand away.

PATRICK
Suck my dick, asshole!

BILLY
Like Mr. Fountain did?

Holding back tears, Patrick just glares as Billy leans in closer.

BILLY
Or was it the other way around?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
You should know, you little bitch.

Amused, Billy looks over and sees Ashley stopping next to Patrick. She’s got Patrick’s back.
BILLY
Well, well, I didn’t know your fatass could even walk, Ashley. You trying out some new cardio.

ASHLEY
What’s the matter, Billy? No one’s wanting to date your closeted ass?

Billy glowers. He don’t like this.

ASHLEY
Come to think of it, all I ever see you with is your "guy friends." There’s never any girls.

Billy’s Friends look on, intimidated.

Even Rachel and Ann are impressed.

BILLY
Shit, your uglyass is the one fucking around with girls!
(motioning toward Patrick)
Like this bitch sending pictures of his dick to old guys.

Leaning in toward Billy, Ashley grabs the door.

ASHLEY
At least he’s got something worth showing off.

She starts to close the door as the angry Billy reaches toward her.

ASHLEY (CONT’D)
Unlike your dickless ass.

Ashley SLAMS the door in Billy’s face.

Her entertained classmates look on as Patrick grabs a hold of Ashley’s hand.

PATRICK
Thanks.

CAFETERIA

Lunchtime. A cramped cafeteria. Rowdy as Hell.

Each CLIQUE has their own area.

LIBRARY
A large library. Rows and rows of books. Old desktop computers. Several tables and uncomfortable chairs scatter about. It’s nowhere near as crowded as the cafeteria. Most of Stanwyck High doesn’t like books.

At the front desk, an indifferent SCHOOL LIBRARIAN surfs the internet.

In the very back of the library, Rachel and Kathryn sit at one table. Ashley at another. Even at lunch, the AP Lang students are forever ostracized at school. Rachel and Kathryn gossip while Ashley just goes through her phone.

KATHRYN
I’m serious, she gets around, girl.

RACHEL
Who? Ann?

KATHRYN
Yeah!

Ashley pretends not to overhear their conversation.

RACHEL
Well, I mean. I knew about some of them.

Smirking, Kathryn nods toward Ashley.

KATHRYN
She even got Ashley to taste the rainbow.

Rachel pulls Kathryn’s arm, trying to keep her from talking about Ashley out loud.

RACHEL
Stop it...

But the damage has already been done. Pretending not to hear them, Ashley just reads shit on her phone... but she still feels shame.

KATHRYN
(to Rachel)
I heard she hooked up with Christine Phillips at Brock’s house last Friday.

RACHEL
Nuh-uh, no way!
KATHRYN
I saw it on Facebook.
Ashley looks over at them, disgusted.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Hey.

Startled, Ashley turns and sees Patrick sit next to her.

PATRICK
Sorry I’m late.

ASHLEY
No, you’re fine.

She glances over and sees an excited Rachel follow Kathryn out the library.

Patrick notices Ashley watching them leave.

PATRICK
You on Reddit?

Nervous, Ashley puts her phone on the table.

ASHLEY
Yeah.

Patrick grabs her hand.

PATRICK
What’s wrong?

Not replying, Ashley looks right into Patrick’s eyes.

PATRICK
I know it’s tough with Lauren and all. I don’t get it either.

ASHLEY
No. It’s something else.

PATRICK
What?

ASHLEY
I think someone made her do it.

Patrick flashes her an uneasy smile.
PATRICK
What. What do you mean.

Ashley leans in closer.

ASHLEY
You’ve seen him too, haven’t you?

Uncomfortable, Patrick struggles to answer.

PATRICK
Who?

ASHLEY
Mr. Fountain.

Patrick avoids her intense eyes.

PATRICK
Ash. He’s dead--

ASHLEY
Be honest, Patrick.

Patrick confronts her. He knows she can read him like a book.

LAPTOP SCREEN – SKYPE VIDEO CALL (FLASHBACK)

In Patrick’s mind, he thinks back on an Admin Skype Video Call. Admin staring right at the camera. The eerie red robes. The Mr. Fountain mask a nightmare by way of the Uncanny Valley.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
You’ve seen him, haven’t you.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. STANWYCK HIGH – LIBRARY – DAY

Ashley tightens her grip on Patrick’s hand.

ASHLEY
He’s talked to you too.

Scared to admit it, Patrick nods.
LAi;P SCREEN - SKYPE VIDEO CALL (FLASHBACK)

Admin is silent except for their INCESSANT TYPING.

Admin’s MESSAGE appears in the chat box: U know who I am, prettyboy.

With startling quickness, Admin looks straight into the camera. Straight at Patrick.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. STANWYCK HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

The memories still freak Patrick out.

ASHLEY
What if he’s the one doing this! He could be talking to all of us.

PATRICK
But it’s not him, Ash. It can’t be.

ASHLEY
But what if it is?

PATRICK
He’s fucking dead.

ASHLEY
But the mask. It looks just like him.

Trying to calm Ashley, Patrick caresses her hand.

PATRICK
Hey, Ash. Look, everyone knows about it, alright. It could be anyone fucking with us.

Ashley doesn’t respond. She knows he’s probably right.

PATRICK
It’s probably just some fucking shithead troll with a mask on. God knows there’s enough assholes out here.

ASHLEY
True...

Patrick gives her a reassuring smile.
PATRICK
It wasn’t ever our fault, alright.

Still unsettled, Ashley doesn’t reply.

PATRICK
We didn’t say anything or tell anyone. That asshole brought it on himself. It was his fault, not ours.

The two go silent. Reassuring Ashley, Patrick squeezes her hand.

PATRICK
Mr. Fountain’s dead, and he ain’t ever coming back.

Comforted, Ashley looks into his eyes. This is their moment and Patrick knows it. He leans in closer.

A LOUD VIBRATION startles them.

PATRICK
Shit.

ASHLEY
Sorry.

Grinning, she grabs her phone and sees a new text message. Annoyed to have their moment ruined, Patrick looks away.

Ashley reads a group text. The AP Lang students all want to meet at Joey’s house for a study group.

ASHLEY
Oh shit.

Patrick looks at her.

PATRICK
What is it?

ASHLEY
The fucking study group.

Aggravated, Patrick checks his phone and sees the same group text.

PATRICK
Shit, I forgot all about it.
Ashley places her phone on the table as she leans in toward Patrick.

ASHLEY
Midterms...

PATRICK
Great.

A FaceTime window APPEARS on her phone screen. Completely silent and still, a glowering Admin sits in the video. They wear a new mannequin-like mask... a female mask. A warped version of Lauren’s face.

EXT. JOEY’S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Evening. A large house in an upscale neighborhood. A privacy fence surrounds the home.

Several cars line up in the long driveway. LOUD MUSIC is heard inside the house.

INT. JOEY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nice furniture. A huge flatscreen. The house’s front door is in the very back of the room.

Framed family photos sit on top of various shelves. Most of the photos show Joey with his FAMILY. There’s also a few glorious prom pictures of Joey with Rachel.

Judging by the big speakers and latest video game system, Joey is spoiled by his parents. The room may as well be his own personal man cave. LOUD MUSIC plays on the speakers.

Joey and Rachel sit on a couch, Kathryn in a seat right next to them. Kathryn is glued to her phone. Sitting on the ground, Ann leans against the seat.

A coffee table is in front of them. A gaming headset, several controllers, and Joey’s beer bottle are on top of it.

Patrick and Ashley sit on another couch. It’s supposed to be study time, but only Rachel has her notebook open. She’s even wearing her glasses.

Listening to the latest HITS, everyone else drinks beer or wine. Obviously, Joey’s parents ain’t home.

Holding a controller, Joey stares at the flatscreen, laser focused on a SHOOTING VIDEO GAME.
Nursing a glass of wine, Ashley leans in toward Patrick.

ASHLEY
Do you think we should ask?

PATRICK
Babe, I already told you.

The drunk Ann watches Patrick rest his hand on Ashley’s leg.

PATRICK
Don’t let the ugly trolls bother you.

Ashley caves in with a smile.

Tired of studying on her own, Rachel pleads with the others.

RACHEL
Guys, this test is freaking Monday!

JOEY
So?

RACHEL
It’s the midterm!

Ann gets ready to down a beer.

ANN
We’ll just cheat.

RACHEL
Uh, no.

Still on her phone, Kathryn browses an online forum about Stanwyck High. All the latest shit-talk.

RACHEL (CONT’D)
I have a future here. We all do.

JOEY
Look, it’s cute, babe, but no one really cares right now. It’s fucking Friday!

Rachel groans as the anxious Kathryn finally looks up at them.

KATHRYN
They just officially ruled Lauren’s death a suicide.
Amidst the awkward tension, Joey places his controller on the table.

JOEY
Well, duh...

ASHLEY
I don’t think it was a suicide.

RACHEL
What do you mean?

ASHLEY
I think somebody killed her.

JOEY
What the fuck, really?

The worried Patrick watches Ashley put her glass of wine on the floor.

ASHLEY
Look, someone was stalking her. In her videos, she talked about how this one guy was always commenting. He was obsessed with her.

ANN
It’s the internet, Ashley.

ASHLEY
But this was different!

ANN
How?

ASHLEY
Because he’s talking to all of us.

JOEY
What!

PATRICK
She’s right.

RACHEL
Wait... you mean the guy with the mask?

ASHLEY
Yes!

Joey scoffs.
JOEY
That bitch? Y’all think his bitchass killed Lauren?

ASHLEY
He did something to her.

JOEY
He didn’t do shit!

ASHLEY
So why’s he wearing the mask then! He looks just like Mr. Fountain!

RACHEL
He does...

JOEY
Okay, so someone knows us. They know what the fuck happened and now they’re just trying to scare us! It’s not that serious.

ASHLEY
But why go this far! With the mask, harassing us.

ANN
(serious for once)
The one-year anniversary.

Everyone except Joey gets a little uneasy.

RACHEL
Jesus. You’re right.

JOEY
Whoa, whoa, whoa! That don’t mean anything.

ASHLEY
Oh, really?

JOEY
That just gives whoever’s doing this shit more reason to be doing it now.

ASHLEY
And start killing us?

Everyone goes quiet. Scoffing, Joey grabs his controller.
JOEY
Man, fuck this.

ASHLEY
It’s the anniversary, Joey.

Joey looks toward the T.V.

ASH
This isn’t just some fucking coincidence.

The T.V. GOES BLACK. No video game.

JOEY
What the fuck!

Everyone else looks toward the black screen, nervous.

JOEY
What the fuck happened!

He fiddles with the controller, but nothing comes on. The T.V. stays the same.

Ashley stands and goes toward the T.V.

JOEY
What are you doing!

ASHLEY
I’m turning it off!

Accompanied by a creepy SOUND EFFECT, A SKYPE VIDEO CALL appears on the flatscreen.

The teens stop and look on in horror.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

In the Call, Admin stares right at them with the cold detachment of a scientist evaluating test subjects. Admin still wears the creepy Lauren mask.

ASHLEY
It’s him.

Concerned, Patrick stands and wraps his arm around her.

Joey jumps out of his seat and points his controller at Admin.
JOEY
Hey, get off my T.V., motherfucker!

Admin’s TYPING is heard.

ANN
He can’t hear you dipshit.

Joey snatches the headset and puts it on.

A text appears in the Call’s chat box: Enjoy.

JOEY
Hey bitch!

Admin lifts up their black-gloved hand and gives the group a patronizing wave.

JOEY
What the fuck do you want!

Another WINDOW appears over the Call. A VIDEO CLIP. Lauren’s unofficial "suicide video" Lauren suffocating herself with the bag.

ASHLEY
No... Lauren.

In the Clip, Lauren moves back-and-forth. A struggle into death. Her dying eyes seem to stare at Ashley.

JOEY
(yelling into headset)
Turn it off, Goddammit!

KATHRYN
I’m calling the police!

JOEY
Yeah, that’s right, motherfucker!
We’re busting your trollass now!

Morbid curiosity getting the better of her, Ann watches the Clip play out. Watches Lauren’s DESPERATE FINAL BREATHS.

Using her phone, Kathryn can’t make the call. She can’t tap the numbers. It won’t let her.

KATHRYN
What the Hell...
ASHLEY
(to Kathryn)
Call them!

KATHRYN
I can’t!

The Clip ends with Lauren COUGHING UP BLOOD into the bag. Her body goes still.

Ashley clings tighter to Patrick. The teens stare at Lauren’s corpse, horrified. Joey’s man cave now has the morose silence of a funeral home.

JOEY
(into headset)
You sick fuck! Fuck you, asshole!

The Clip disappears. The Video Call is back on the flatscreen. Admin is seen TYPING.

Joey gets up close to the T.V. "Getting in Admin’s face"

RACHEL
Joey!

JOEY
Get your fatass off that keyboard, bitch!

As Joey reaches the flatscreen, Admin looks up at him.

A message APPEARS in the chat box: I’M WATCHING U

RACHEL
Oh God!

JOEY
(to Admin)
Yeah. Well, that ain’t scaring me, bitch.

The Skype Call CUTS OFF. The screen goes back to a LOUD VIDEO GAME, startling everybody.

RACHEL
Shit!

Ashley faces Joey.

ASHLEY
I told you it’s him! Mr. Fountain’s back!
Yanking off his headset, Joey sits down next to Rachel.

**RACHEL**
I don’t understand how he could do that...

**ASHLEY**
Mr. Fountain taught computers. He could’ve easily hacked it.

Still recovering from the scare, Kathryn goes back to reading gossip on her phone.

**JOEY**
No, Ashley, Goddamn! It could be anybody!

**RACHEL**
But what if it’s really him? He could be controlling it like she said!

One of the gossip posts makes Kathryn even more uneasy. It’s about the one-year anniversary of Mr. Andrew Fountain getting busted for child pornography. Local teens at Stanwyck High were all involved.

**JOEY**
Look, I hate to be the asshole here, but little Andy Fountain offed himself, guys! Mr. Kiddie Porn’s dead!

**ASHLEY**
Yeah. Just like Lauren.

**JOEY**
It’s just a fucking troll, man. Chill!

Annoyed, Ashley points toward the T.V.

**ASHLEY**
You saw what he sent us!

Joey stands and grabs his beer.

**JOEY**
Okay.

Still on her phone, Kathryn reads the post. Andrew Fountain took his own life after being charged with possession of child pornography. Andrew was believed to be in possession of photos of several of his teen students.
JOEY (CONT’D)

So it’s a sick joke.

On her phone, Kathryn sees the post has a photo of ANDREW FOUNTAIN, 42. He looks intense. A combination of mild-mannered suburbanite and manipulative psycho. His face is similar to Admin’s first mask. The computer teacher of your nightmares...

ANN

Maybe Joey’s right. I mean look at us... we’re pretty easy targets.

Ashamed, the others go quiet. They know she’s right.

ANN

What if it really is just some sicko fucking with us.

ASHLEY

But it could be someone close to him! His wife, his daughter.

JOEY

Ashley...

ASHLEY

Just fucking listen to me!

The aggravated Joey THROWS his longneck against the wall, SMASHING it into a million pieces.

Startled, everyone watches him point at Ashley. Even Kathryn looks up from her phone.

JOEY

You know what, just fucking leave!

ASHLEY

What?

RACHEL

Joey!

JOEY

You fucking heard me, bitch!

PATRICK

Hey, what the fuck, man!

Joey gets in Ashley’s face.
JOEY
It’s your fault this shit ever started in the first place!

Right before Ashley can throw a punch, Patrick SHOVES Joey back.

PATRICK
Leave her alone, asshole!

Joey PUSHES him back.

JOEY
No, bitch!

Patrick stumbles back. He’s not quite a tough guy.

Pissed, Rachel stands up.

RACHEL
Joey, stop!

Joey points at Ashley.

JOEY
It’s your fucking fault! You embarrassed us!

He leans in closer toward Ashley. Her rage is boiling.

JOEY
You’re why Lauren killed herself!
Not some fucking ghost!

Fighting back, Ashley PUNCHES Joey in the face. He staggers back, stunned by the hit.

ANN
Oh wow...

ASHLEY
Fucking pig.

She grabs Patrick’s hand and leads them toward the front door. Rachel SLOW CLAPS.

Ann "oohs" as Joey glares at the couple.
EXT. PATRICK’S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

A nice city home. Not quite as fancy as Joey’s place. Other houses line up down the street.

INT. PATRICK’S HOUSE - PATRICK’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sports and classic movie posters hang on the walls. Patrick particularly likes James Dean. Montgomery Clift and Brando are also revered.

Patrick’s laptop sits on a desk, PLAYING CLASSIC ROCK.

Sitting on the bed together, Patrick tries to comfort the uneasy Ashley. Ashley holds her phone.

PATRICK
I know it’s been weird and creepy.
But they’re right, babe. Mr. Fountain’s dead. Maybe we should just not worry about it.

Ashley remains unconvinced.

PATRICK
I mean people do this kinda shit all the time. The Blue Whale Challenge, cyberbullying--

Ashley grabs Patrick’s hand.

ASHLEY
Just stop.

PATRICK
But, babe--

ASHLEY
God, no one ever believes me.

Seeing Ashley’s emotions get the better of her, Patrick runs his hand along her arm.

PATRICK
Hey, I do, abbe.

ASHLEY
It’s always something. People think I’m crazy, I’m wrong. I’m fat...
PATRICK
No you’re not!

ASHLEY
They still look at me like I’m a nobody. Everyone listens to Rachel and Kathryn... but to everyone else I’m just a big fat lesbian. I lose the weight, and it still doesn’t matter. It’s still the same.

Patrick squeezes her hand.

PATRICK
Ash.

Upset, Ashley pulls her hand away.

ASHLEY
It’s why I did it in the first place! I talked to people, I posted pictures. So what! I just wanted to feel better about myself. Like I wasn’t just a fat and ugly dyke.

Comforting Ashley, Patrick puts his arm around her.

PATRICK
Hey, you’re none of those things, babe. You’re fucking gorgeous.

He leans in closer.

PATRICK
And you wanna know something else.

Ashley looks right into his eyes. A tender moment between the two.

PATRICK
You were never fat.

Ashley cracks a smile as Patrick gives her a gentle kiss.

EXT. JOEY’S HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT

Most of the cars are gone, but the MUSIC still plays inside. Joey is keeping the party going no matter what.

Kathryn sits inside her car. Ready to leave.
INT. KATHRYN’S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Clean and organized. Sitting behind the wheel, Kathryn reads another Andrew Fountain article on her phone.

Entranced, she fixate on a photo in the article. A picture of Andrew’s bloodied corpse. Suicide through a bullet to the head. It’s a fucking mess.

In Joey’s house, the MUSIC gets even louder. An obnoxious Top 40 SONG PLAYS. Uneasy, Kathryn glances at Joey’s house. Looks back at her phone.

In the photo, Andrew’s dead eyes look right at Kathryn. His face even has a cryptic smile.

KATHRYN
What the Hell...

She traces her finger along the image. Along the smile.

A FaceTime WINDOW POPS UP on Kathryn’s cell phone, scaring her.

KATHRYN
Oh God!

Admin is in the Window. They still wear the Lauren mask.

Kathryn looks on in horror. Admin just stares back at her. No TYPING. Not even their breathing is heard. Just intense silence.

And just like that the WINDOW vanishes. Back to the photo of Andrew’s corpse. He looks dead as shit for sure now. No staring, no smiling.

Kathryn relaxes.

Like Admin was just teasing her, A NEW WINDOW pops up on her phone. A LIVE STREAM.

Kathryn stares at it in rekindled fear.

The Live Stream shows Kathryn in her car. Kathryn on her phone. It’s LIVE FOOTAGE.

Panicking, Kathryn looks around. Looking for the camera... who the fuck is filming her?

A NOTIFICATION startles her. She looks at her phone.

The Live Stream is gone. Replaced instead by the FaceTime Window. Admin TYPING.
Kathryn sees a MESSAGE from Admin: Remember. I’m watching u

Another message APPEARS: Don’t b scared, Kathryn

With that, Admin stops typing and looks right at Kathryn. Their eerie stare holds her gaze. She can’t look away.

INT. PATRICK’S HOUSE – PATRICK’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ashley and Patrick make out with passionate vigor. Not awkward at all.

Patrick lifts up Ashley’s shirt. As if on reflex, the smiling Ashley pulls it back down.

    PATRICK
    What?

    ASHLEY
    You’re showing my fat.

    PATRICK
    Oh my God. Seriously?

Trying to prove her point, Ashley grabs her smaller-than-average stomach.

    ASHLEY
    Yes!

Patrick pushes her hand away from her stomach.

    PATRICK
    Cut that shit out, weirdo.

Chuckling, Ashley TOSSES her phone on a nightstand.

The couple share another kiss. Begin to feel on one another.

The open laptop looks on at the couple as their MAKE-OUT SESSION goes to the next level. Ashley rips off Patrick’s shirt.

All the while, the laptop’s camera watches them like an unseen voyeur.
EXT. PATRICK’S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

It’s quiet outside. Most of the houses have their lights off... except for Patrick’s bedroom.

A car is parked across the street from Patrick’s house: Kathryn’s vehicle. Sitting behind the wheel, she stares off at Patrick’s house, looking right toward his bedroom window.

INT. KATHRYN’S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

The intrigued Kathryn looks down at her phone.

The screen shows live footage of Ashley and Patrick MAKING LOVE. Hot, steamy sex. The footage is from the laptop’s camera.

Like a reporter discovering a bombshell scoop, Kathryn watches the clip with excited eyes.

A FACETIME WINDOW appears on the screen. Admin. They SEND a message: U like?

Apprehensive, Kathryn just looks at Admin. Hesitates on what to do.

She gives in and sends Admin a reply: Thank u.

With that, the WINDOW disappears. Back to the live CLIP. The live sex.

Displaying a smug smile, Kathryn looks back at Patrick’s bedroom window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Morning. A suburban street close to Stanwyck High. Patrick’s car CRUISES through the neighborhood.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Messy. Different essays and stories scatter across the backseat. Textbooks on the floorboard. A fast DOO-WOP SONG plays on the radio.

Patrick sits behind the wheel, Ashley right beside him.

PATRICK
Naw, you were great.
ASHLEY
Maybe you just have a fat fetish.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
No I don’t!

Full of dread, Ashley just stares out the window.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
And you’re not fat!

He notices how anxious Ashley is.

A suburban house is up ahead on the right. An eyesore in an otherwise pristine neighborhood. A few faded For Sale signs sit in the home’s overgrown front lawn.

Uneasy, Ashley looks right at the house. She recognizes it. Patrick places his hand on top of hers.

PATRICK
Hey.

Ashley faces him.

PATRICK
Just don’t look, alright. Like I told you.

As Patrick gets closer to the house, Ashley squeezes his hand.

PATRICK
He’s gone, babe.

Ashley gives him a silent nod.

As Patrick looks back out the windshield, Ashley steals a look over at the house.

The eyesore is even worse up close. Even uglier. The windows are busted. The front door open ajar. It’s like a haunted house in the heart of the suburbia.

The inside of the house is dark, but it still looks furnished... its previous owners must’ve left in quite a hurry. Its cute colors and quaint appearance are now replaced by a decrepit eeriness.

Spray-painted graffiti covers the mailbox and house. Words and phrases like "pedophile" "sicko" "Mr. Fountain likes children" "Rot in Hell Fountain"
Frightened, Ashley can’t look away from the freak show that is Andrew Fountain’s old home.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY
Morning. Each CLIQUE hangs out in their zone. Patrick’s car sits in one of the first spaces.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - PARKED - DAY
Patrick and Ashley talk as they look out at Stanwyck High. At all the teenage assholes.

    PATRICK
    I had the same problem, you know.
Struggling to go on, he looks away.

    PATRICK
    They made fun of me a lot too.
Ashley grabs his leg. A supportive grip.

    ASHLEY
    Patrick, I’m really sorry. I know it sucks. I know how it just eats you up and never stops.
Fighting back tears, Patrick moves her hand away as he faces her.

    PATRICK
    No, it’s fine. It’s really not a big deal, man.

    ASHLEY
    Yes it is!

    PATRICK
    I’m acting like I have real problems, you know. It’s just people being assholes. That’s high school though...

    ASHLEY
    Yeah, but that shit’s not fucking cool, man!
Reflective, Patrick thinks for a moment.
PATRICK
You know Craig slapped me in gym.

ASHLEY
What? When?

Teardrops slide down Patrick’s face. He’s uncomfortable talking about this... a painful memory.

Ashley leans in closer.

ASHLEY
Babe, I didn’t know. I’m sorry.

PATRICK
It was in seventh grade. It was a long time ago, I don’t know, I was a loser... always alone.

ASHLEY
Babe, it’s okay.

PATRICK
He sat next to me and then he called me a faggot. I decided to stand up for myself for once. That sticks and stones wasn’t doing shit. So I told him at least I’m not a fat fuck.

Ashley cracks a weak smile.

PATRICK
And then he slapped me.

With that, Ashley’s smile dissipates.

PATRICK
He said a pussy like me doesn’t deserve a punch. Then he left. He just fucking left me there...

Patrick breaks down in tears.

ASHLEY
It’s okay. Baby, it’s okay.

PATRICK
I had to tell my parents... I could tell they were disappointed. My dad saw me cry. Probably thought I was a fucking pussy.

Trying to comfort him, Ashley rubs his back.
ASHLEY
No. He didn’t, Patrick. I know he didn’t.

PATRICK
I didn’t fight back. I didn’t do shit.

ASHLEY
Babe, you didn’t have to. Shit, I mean just look at you now.

She makes Patrick face her.

ASHLEY
You’re handsome, you’re about to graduate. Clark’s sorry ass is probably someone’s bitch in juvie by now.

Through the tears, Patrick smiles.

ASHLEY
You can’t dwell on this stuff... I know I do, but still.

Patrick wipes away his tears.

PATRICK
It’s just stuck with me. It always has.

Ashley caresses his hand.

ASHLEY
I know how it feels, babe. I do.

PATRICK
It all stayed with me... made me feel like this. Like you were saying. Like I wasn’t attractive or could do anything.

Silent, he clutches her hand.

ASHLEY
Is that why you send pics?

PATRICK
What do you mean?

Ashley grins.
ASHLEY
The nudes. The dick pics, ass shots. Everyone’s seen them.

Comforted by Ashley, Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
Yeah. I guess it just made me feel better, you know. The attention. People giving me compliments on my body.

ASHLEY
I don’t blame them.

PATRICK
I felt ugly all throughout middle school, Hell, even now. It seems like the only cure for all that was getting compliments on my big dick.

ASHLEY
I did the same, so what can I say.

PATRICK
You really thought you were fat?

ASHLEY
Yeah, hello. Fatass Ashley.

PATRICK
Get out...

ASHLEY
Thunder Thighs...

Reassuring Ashley, Patrick rubs her face.

PATRICK
Not even close.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY

Standing near the trees, Ann and Kathryn look over at Patrick’s car. Both girls hold their cell phones.

ANN
God, really.

Smirking, she looks down at her phone. The screen shows LIVE FOOTAGE inside Patrick’s car: Ashley and Patrick making out.
ANN
What a slut.

KATHRYN
I know, right.

In gossip girl mode, she stares down at her phone. The same LIVE FOOTAGE plays on her screen.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
I still don’t know why she’s with him.

Ann faces her.

ANN
How’d you get this anyway?

KATHRYN
I don’t know. Someone just sent it to me.

ANN
One of your "sources?"

KATHRYN
Yeah.

Ann glares at Patrick’s car.

ANN
We should ambush them.

Not replying, Kathryn still stares at her phone. Her expression is blank. She’s entranced. STRING MUSIC BLARES off her phone. Like an ORCHESTRA OF STATIC.

ANN (CONT’D)
Totally just bust in on those bitches.

The CREEPY VIDEO plays on Kathryn’s phone. The MONTAGE OF VIOLENCE. The SOUNDTRACK OF STRINGS. The ODD CODE FLICKERS between the horror.

Excited, Ann looks over at Kathryn.

ANN
Then we can put it all on Instagram! Everyone’ll see that slut in action!

Kathryn doesn’t even face her. Too immersed in her phone. In the VIDEO.
Ann hears the EERIE MUSIC.

Ann
Hey.

Trying to get Kathryn’s attention, Ann grabs her shoulder.

Ann (CONT’D)
What the Hell are you playing?
Kathryn?

Kathryn confronts her. Kathryn’s cold, blank eyes scare Ann.

Ann
Shit. Are you alright?

Still clutching her phone, Kathryn marches toward Patrick’s car with determined FOOTSTEPS. Like she’s on a mission.

Ann
Kathryn! Where are you going!

The STRINGS ACCOMPANYING her, Kathryn doesn’t reply. Her eyes are too focused on Patrick’s car.

None of the other Students notice Kathryn descending upon the car. Her footsteps become faster and more frenetic.

Nervous, Ann looks down at her phone. The Live Feed still PLAYS: Ashley and Patrick talking in his car.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Grinning, Ashley leans in toward Patrick.

Through the windshield, the glowering Kathryn is seen getting closer and closer. Her distant eyes fixate on the couple. Neither Ashley nor Patrick see her.

Ashley
Thanks for always believing me.

Patrick
Why not.

Ashley
You’re a great guy. You know that.

LOUD BANGING startles them. The BANGING is brutal and incessant.
ASHLEY
What the Hell!

The couple turn and look on in horror.

Standing outside the car, Kathryn SMASHES HER HEAD STRAIGHT DOWN ONTO THE WINDSHIELD, OVER AND OVER. Her blank eyes stare right at Ashley and Patrick.

PATRICK
What the fuck is she doing!

He retrieves his phone.

The windshield starts CRACKING. Now Kathryn’s temple is cracking apart as well...

Blood SMEARS across the windshield. Kathryn is unrelenting.

ASHLEY
Oh God! Kathryn, stop!

PATRICK
Fuck!

Freaking out, Patrick lowers his phone. TORTUOUS STATIC CONTINUES BLARING through his cell. He dialed 911, but the call won’t go through.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY

Kathryn’s ASSAULT continues, her face battered and bloodied beyond belief. The VIDEO and STATIC have stopped playing on her phone.

Students stare at the sight, simultaneously fascinated and terrified. Some even film it on their phones.

Clutching her phone, Ann rushes toward Patrick’s car.

ANN
Kathryn!

She doesn’t notice her phone TURNING ON Camera Mode by itself. It’s recording Kathryn’s eerie act.
INT. PATRICK’S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Like creepy 3-D, Kathryn’s face SMASHES into the windshield. The disturbed Patrick and Ashley have front row seats to the horror.

The windshield is COVERED IN BLOOD. A canvas of redness.

ASHLEY
Goddammit, Kathryn! Fucking stop!

She makes intense eye contact with Kathryn. Through all the streaming blood, Ashley can tell Kathryn’s eyes are no longer blank... they have life in them.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

Kathryn SMASHES her face into the windshield once more.

Her movements are slower and weaker as she pulls back for another blow.

Patrick tries DIALING 911 again, but the numbers won’t tap. The UNBEARABLE STATIC CONTINUES TORTURING his ears.

PATRICK
What the fuck!

Watching Kathryn prepare for another brutal hit, Ashley notices Kathryn’s tears mix in with the gallons of blood on her face.

ASHLEY
Oh God! Kathryn!

Panicking, she OPENS the door on the passenger’s side.

PATRICK
Ashley!

But it’s too late. One more HIT and Kathryn BREAKS THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

A BOMB OF GORE GOES OFF in the car.

Leaning over, Patrick PROTECTS Ashley from the FLYING GLASS AND BLOOD.

Kathryn’s phone HITS the floorboard.

The car’s interior is coated with blood and pulpy flesh. A lot of it splattered onto Ashley and Patrick. PANICKING STUDENTS are heard running toward them.
Terrified, Ashley and Patrick look toward the windshield.
The mess.

Kathryn’s head and arms dangle into the car. Deep slices all
over her body. Her face pulverized and almost flayed... save
for those wide-open eyes. Helpless eyes.

Blood FLOWS down her fingertips and FALLS straight onto her
phone, blanketing the screen with redness.

INT. STANWYCK POLICE STATION - SHERIFF’S OFFICE - DAY

Crammed. Files and papers scatter across the sheriff’s main
desk.

A window near the office door showcases the department’s
main room: a collection of cubicles crammed together, filing
cabinets lined up, COPS and DETECTIVES running about.

In the office, SHERIFF, 55, a gentle grouch, looks like he
hasn’t slept in years, sits behind a computer desk.

Sitting in front of his desk are Ashley, Patrick, and their
CONCERNED PARENTS. Several OFFICERS stand nearby.

ASHLEY
She just kept hitting herself. She
wouldn’t stop.

SHERIFF
And she did this repeatedly?

ASHLEY
Yes! I tried to stop her, but she
wouldn’t listen. She just wouldn’t
stop.

Supportive, Ashley’s Mom puts her arm around her.

SHERIFF
From what we understand, Ms. Gellar
was suffering from pretty severe
depression.

ASHLEY
What?

In disbelief, Ashley glances around the room. All of the
other Cops are immersed in their cell phones.

Even Patrick’s Dad checks his cell phone. No one seems to be
paying any attention except for Patrick.
ASHLEY

No.

She locks eyes with Sheriff.

ASHLEY (CONT’D)

She wasn’t like that.

PATRICK

Yeah, that still don’t explain why she’d kill herself like that.

SHERIFF

Evidently, she’d had just broken up with her boyfriend.

ASHLEY

A boyfriend? No, she wasn’t depressed, and she didn’t have a boyfriend!

SHERIFF

I’m sorry--

ASHLEY

The whole world would’ve known if she did! She lives on Snapchat.

PATRICK

Yeah.

SHERIFF

Her parents said he was a secret. Some boy she met online.

Stunned, Ashley and Patrick go quiet.

SHERIFF

The whole thing must’ve caused her to take her own life. The poor kid didn’t have a chance.

ASHLEY’S MOM

That’s horrible.

PATRICK

Well, what about Lauren?

PATRICK’S DAD

Patrick--
PATRICK
So you’re telling me that they both just happened to kill themselves!

Frustrated, Sheriff stares right at Patrick and Ashley.

SHERIFF
We believe hers had to do with cyberbullying.

PATRICK
Cyberbullying!

SHERIFF
We didn’t want to say anything out of respect to the family.

Unconvinced, Patrick and Ashley go silent again.

PATRICK’S DAD
That cyberbullying’s only gotten worse, hasn’t it.

SHERIFF
Yes, sir, it has.

PATRICK’S MOM
After all the work they did to stop it in school too.

ASHLEY’S DAD
I know.

Feeling helpless, Ashley looks around at everyone. They’re eating this shit up.

SHERIFF
Yeah. It’s a damn shame.

Turning, Patrick looks out the back window.

He sees Ann sitting at a cubicle. Her PISSED PARENTS and an ANGRY DETECTIVE scold her.

SHERIFF
Damn bullies just caught up with the times.

At the cubicle, Ann looks over and glares right at Patrick.
INT. ASHLEY’S HOUSE - ASHLEY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bright walls. A video game system lies under a flatscreen. Books about serial killers and unsolved mysteries cram the bookshelves. Ashley has a morbid curiosity. Maybe some paranoia too.

Sitting at her laptop, Ashley engages in a group Skype chat with Ann, Patrick, Joey, and Rachel.

ASHLEY
We didn’t do anything!

LAPTOP SCREEN - SKYPE GROUP CHAT - NIGHT

Joey and Rachel are together in Joey’s living room. Everyone else is in their own bedrooms.

ANN
(pissed)
Y’all are the ones ratting me out and getting me a fucking misdemeanor!

PATRICK
Look, I didn’t say shit, alright.

RACHEL
(to Ann)
Didn’t you upload her dying?

ANN
I didn’t mean to!

JOEY
Yeah right!

ANN
Fuck you, Joey!

Wanting this to be more serious, Ashley intervenes.

ASHLEY
Look, none of this is makes sense, y’all. Did anyone even know Kathryn had a fucking boyfriend?

Uneasy silence. No one says anything.

ASHLEY
Y’all, I know this isn’t normal. This isn’t just a fucking bully or (MORE)
ASHLEY (cont’d)
whatever. Someone’s trying to kill us.

Joey scoffs. Rachel punches his shoulder.

RACHEL
Stop it.

JOEY
Look, Ashley, I’m sorry, but this is crazy, alright. You can’t keep connecting this to our dead perv teacher.

ASHLEY
Who else could it be then? Our friends are dead because of him!

JOEY
Look, they’re suicides, Ashley! Big fucking difference, okay. You’re talking fucking ghost stories.

PATRICK
Dude, chill the fuck out!

JOEY
I’m just being honest, alright. Sooner or later, she’s gonna have to face reality that that shit’s in the past, and what she did to Mr. Fountain--

RACHEL
What she did?

Aggravated, Joey faces Rachel.

JOEY
She’s the one who told on his ass!

ASHLEY
No, I didn’t!

Joey confronts Ashley.

JOEY
Well someone told them he was getting y’all’s nudes.
RACHEL
I thought it was Kathryn?

ASHLEY
No, it was you, Joey! I know it was!

JOEY
Bullshit!

Upset, Ashley doesn’t say anything as she pulls up a webpage. A search engine.

ANN
It was Kathryn. You know she told the whole fucking school.

Ashley TYPES "Andrew Fountain Stanwyck High Child Pornography" into the search engine.

PATRICK
(confused)
I never told her anything. She couldn’t have told the cops.

Looking through a webpage, Ashley scrolls through the photos of Andrew Fountain. His sinister smirk. Each picture only reignites the bad memories. The shame.

RACHEL
(to Joey)
Who told you then?

JOEY
Why?

Rachel pushes him.

RACHEL
Cause you told me, asshole!

Ashley plays a VIDEO. Footage of POLICE leading Andrew Fountain away in handcuffs. Andrew glares at the cameras.

JOEY
I thought it was Ann!

Joey’s confession catches Ashley’s attention. She pauses the video on Andrew’s glare and minimizes the page.

ANN
No, I didn’t!

Suspicious, everyone looks toward Ann.
PATRICK
You found out first.

ANN
No, Kathryn’s bitchass told everyone! It wasn’t me.

PATRICK
Then who the Hell told her!

Ashley’s harsh stare pierces right through Ann’s soul.

ASHLEY
You did know.

ANN
No! Fuck y’all!

She gets ready to leave the chat.

JOEY
Hey, wait a minute--

Pissed, Ann EXITS the chat. The other teens are left confused and pissed.

JOEY
Crazy bitch.

ASHLEY
It don’t matter.

JOEY
What are you talking about?

Ashley hesitates.

ASHLEY
None of you believe me anyway. No one will.

JOEY
What, that a fucking ghost is killing everybody in AP Lang?

ASHLEY
Okay, so maybe it’s not him, but it’s someone who knows him!

Drawn to Ashley’s sincerity, Patrick watches her.
ASHLEY
Someone who knows us!

JOEY
What the fuck...

RACHEL
(to Ashley)
Who is it then?

Ashley pauses to gather up the courage.

ASHLEY
I think it’s Ms. Chambers.

In true heckler fashion, Joey laughs out loud. Patrick glares at him.

PATRICK
Dude, what the Hell’s your problem!

JOEY
Our teacher’s killing us? Really?
Ms. fucking Chambers!

Rachel GIVES him another punch. That one hurt.

ASHLEY
Look, Mr. Fountain had a daughter.
She was in college when he got arrested.

JOEY
And somehow that’s Chambers?

ASHLEY
She didn’t start teaching till this year! Think about it, she knows all about us, our information. She can probably hack into our phones.

JOEY
Uh, her name isn’t MS. FOUNTAIN.

ASHLEY
She could’ve changed it!

JOEY
Come on...

ASHLEY
He knew he embarrassed his family!
It’s why he killed himself.
Joey and Rachel just stare at her, unconvinced. Not even Patrick says anything.

RACHEL
I don’t know, Ashley.

JOEY
Shit, it’s probably Kathryn’s "boyfriend" just being a little bitch.

Rachel smirks.

ASHLEY
No. It’s more than that.

RACHEL
I mean it could just be a bot.

ASHLEY
No! It’s not!

Sympathetic, Patrick watches Ashley. He can tell she’s uneasy... that she believes something more is going on.

ASHLEY (CONT’D)
Why won’t anyone just fucking listen to me!

JOEY
Whatever, man.

Rachel tries to stop him from exiting the chat.

RACHEL
Joey!

JOEY
I’m out!

Rachel and Joey LEAVE the chat. Only Ashley and Patrick are left. Ashley groans, frustrated.

PATRICK
Hey, I’m sorry.

ASHLEY
You don’t believe me either, do you?

PATRICK
No. I think there’s something more to this. I really do.
INT. ANN’S HOUSE – ANN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Smartass novelty posters hang on the walls. Even Ann’s name is spraypainted above her dresser mirror.

Sitting at her desk, a smiling Ann stares at her laptop. She’s having a Skype call with Billy.

On screen, Billy STICKS a dildo up his ass.

    BILLY (V.O.)
    Yeah, you like that, don’t you!

Laughing, Ann types in the chat box: Yeah, keep going sexy.

Ann isn’t on camera. Instead, her profile name is LUCY. She has a bunch of photos and videos of a HOT BLONDE on her page. It looks legit, but it’s a fake profile. She’s catfishing the shit out of him.

    BILLY (V.O.)
    You sexyass bitch!

He lowers the dildo as he sits back down.

    BILLY (V.O.)
    Whoo. Get on camera again, baby.

Smiling, he leans in closer toward his laptop’s camera.

    BILLY (V.O.)
    It’s your turn.

Still cracking up, Ann types in the chat box: U ready?

    BILLY (V.O.)
    Yeah, get your fineass on.

Ann turns on the camera, revealing herself to Billy.

    ANN
    Ta-dah!

Billy looks on, mortified.

    BILLY (V.O.)
    What the fuck! Ann?

    ANN
    Yeah, you got me.
BILLY (V.O.)
You ugly bitch! What the fuck are you doing!

ANN
Nice ass, Billy.

With a dramatic flourish, she ENDS the call.

INT. ASHLEY’S HOUSE - ASHLEY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ashley continues talking to Patrick on Skype.

ASHLEY
I miss you.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Ditto.

They smile at one another.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I don’t like being stuck over here all alone.

ASHLEY
Yeah?

Like he’s caressing Ashley’s face, Patrick touches his laptop screen.

PATRICK (V.O.)
You’re too far away. Right down the road.

Ashley gives him a seductive grin.

ASHLEY
I thought this was how you liked it.

PATRICK (V.O.)
What do you mean?

ASHLEY
This.

She motions at the screen.

ASHLEY
Your pics. The sexting.
PATRICK (V.O.)
So do you.

ASHLEY
Yeah, but I’d rather see you go first.

Excited, she leans in closer toward the screen.

ASHLEY
You always know how to distract me.

For Ashley’s female gaze, a turned on Patrick takes off his shirt. Ashley’s eyes light up.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I guess it’s almost like being there.

ASHLEY
Close enough.

INT. ANN’S HOUSE – ANN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ann goes through her laptop’s Pictures folder.

Many of them are naked pics and videos. Girls and guys. All the people she’s catfished. Several of the pics show a nude Ashley and Patrick. The ones they sent to Mr. Fountain.

Ann even has a few screenshots of Ashley and Patrick’s sext messages with Mr. Fountain. He’s real into them, complimenting Ashley’s sizable boobs and Patrick’s dick.

Like a smut reporter, Ann enjoys reading the messages. Proud of her work.

A Skype chat POPS UP on her screen. Wearing their ominous red robes, Admin sits in a dark room. Like a guard in a dungeon.

Their mask no longer resembles Lauren. Instead, they wear a mannequin-like mask: Kathryn’s face.

Admin stares right at Ann. The creepy Kathryn mask disturbs her.

ANN
Ugh. Get lost, sicko.

She tries to exit the Call, but her arrow won’t move.
ANN
What the fuck, man! If you fuck my shit up, you better use those hacking skills to fix this bitch!

Silent, Admin just glares at her.

ANN
Lose the mask too. Real nice way to honor the dead, creep.

Admin TYPES a messages and sends it: Like u honor them, Ann?

ANN
What the fuck’s that supposed to mean?

Not responding, Admin just TYPES.

ANN
And how’d you know my name?

A Facebook page APPEARS on her screen. Ann’s upload of Kathryn’s "suicide"

ANN
No...

A message ARRIVES in the chat box: Ur fault, Ann

ANN
No, it wasn’t me! I didn’t do that!

Another message APPEARS: Sure u didn’t

ANN
Fuck you!

More messages SHOW UP: No fuck u u lil bitch. I’ll fucking kill u

Losing her badass demeanor, Ann looks on in petrified fear.

Admin’s next MESSAGE: We know this isn’t the first time youve ruined lives!!

Ann tries to type into the chat box, but it won’t let her. Her computer is frozen. Frozen by Admin.

ANN
Fuck off, asshole! Leave me alone!

Quiet, Admin TYPES UP another MESSAGE: I know it was U
ANN
No... no, I didn’t do it!

More MESSAGES: U ruined me! Ur fat fuckin mouth ratted on me! U told everyone about me and my kids! our pics!1!

Terrified, Ann reads all the messages.

They arrive one after the other, the NOTIFICATION SOUND working overtime.

Admin keeps it up: Youve been a very bad girl. U shouldn’t have told on us. U did this. Im very disappointed in u. U lil bitch. U slut. U liar. Mr. Fountain isnt pleased.

Tears slide down Ann’s face. The messages torment her.


ANN
Fuck you!

Angry, she SHUTS the laptop.

Through her tears, Ann stares down at it. Her eyes full of dread.

INT. ASHLEY’S HOUSE - ASHLEY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

With hungry eyes, Ashley stares at her computer screen. Patrick is down to his boxers.

ASHLEY
You should recreate those videos.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Like me twerking or whipping out my big dick?

Ashley’s hand strays toward her crotch.

ASHLEY
Mmm, maybe both.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I hope you saved them.

ASHLEY
You know I did.

Grinning, a playful Patrick slides off his boxers.
PATRICK (V.O.)
It’s all for you, babe.

Ashley leans in closer to the screen, excited.

ASHLEY
Thanks, stud.

A WINDOW POPS UP on Ashley’s screen, startling her. A Skype Call from Admin.

Behind the mask, Admin just stares at Ashley. She recognizes the terrifying mask. The resemblance to Kathryn’s face. Patrick doesn’t see the window.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

PATRICK (V.O.)
Babe.

Ashley makes intense eye contact with Admin.

ASHLEY
You sick fuck.

Concerned, Patrick moves in closer toward his laptop’s camera.

PATRICK (V.O.)
What’s wrong?

LOUD STRINGS ERUPT like a shrill scream as A VIDEO POPS UP on Ashley’s screen.

Full of uneasy dread, Ashley stares at the VIOLENT VIDEO. The BLARING STRINGS ravage her mind.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Ashley!

Entranced, Ashley leans in closer toward the video. Her eyes begin to lose their luster. Their emotion gone.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Ashley, what are you doing!

In between the horrific imagery and scenes of death, the video shows SCRAMBLED NUMBERS AND LETTERS. The code.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Ashley!
Not responding, Ashley focuses on the video. The SOUNDTRACK, the gore, the blood, the code. All of it overwhelms her. It’s fucking madness.

In the Skype video, a frantic Patrick is seen putting his clothes on.

PATRICK
Babe! Answer me!

Ashley’s eyes are blank. Just like Kathryn and Lauren’s were. The code has not only captured her attention but her mind. The video has a stranglehold on her sanity.

Desperate to get her attention, Patrick moves in closer toward the camera.

PATRICK
Ashley, please!

Moving on its own, the arrow icon CLOSES the Skype call with Patrick. Only the unsettling VIDEO remains on Ashley’s laptop screen.

INT. PATRICK’S HOUSE – PATRICK’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Now dressed, Patrick YELLS at his laptop as he tries to call Ashley back on Skype.

PATRICK
Ashley!

The call won’t go through. Ashley is listed as offline.

PATRICK
Goddammit!

He grabs his phone as he rushes out the room.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD – NIGHT

Patrick’s car SPEEDS through the quiet neighborhood.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR – MOVING – NIGHT

Pressing the phone to his ear, a panicking Patrick controls the wheel.
PATRICK
Come on, Ashley.

The TORTUOUS STATIC Erupts through the phone, terrifying Patrick.

PATRICK
Aw, fuck!

He looks down at his phone. He dialed Ashley’s number, but apparently, only the STATIC answered.

Pissed off, Patrick GUNS the gas pedal.

EXT. ASHLEY’S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Narrow streets. The houses are nice but very close together.

Patrick’s car HEADS toward the last house on the left. Ashley’s home.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Patrick DIALS 911 and puts the phone to his ear. It’s not RINGING.

PATRICK
Hello?

The UNNERVING STATIC hits him again.

PATRICK
Fuck!

Frightened, he HANGS UP and THROWS the phone onto the passenger’s seat. The Call Menu shows his last few calls were all made to Ashley and 911.

Patrick SLOWS DOWN as he gets closer to Ashley’s house, Checks the speedometer and sees he’s still going over the speed limit.

He looks through the windshield. Panic conquers him.

PATRICK
Shit!

Standing in the middle of the road, Ashley’s blank eyes look head on at Patrick’s vehicle. Like she’s challenging him.

Patrick SWERVES THE WHEEL.
EXT. ASHLEY’S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Patrick’s car VEERS to the right.

Like an eerie statue, Ashley doesn’t flinch.

The vehicle CLIPS her, knocking Ashley to the hard pavement.

Patrick’s tires SQUEAL as the car SPINS all the way around.

Throughout the neighborhood, all the houses’ LIGHTS CUT ON. CONCERNED NEIGHBORS scramble to their windows.

Dazed, Ashley sits up and touches the back of her head. Traces of blood stick to her fingertips. At least she’s not hurt too bad.

Worried, Patrick jumps out the car and RUSHES toward her, leaving the door on the driver’s side open. He holds his cell phone.

PATRICK

Ashley!

He kneels down beside her.

PATRICK

Are you alright? Jesus Christ.

ASHLEY

What happened...

PATRICK

You were in the middle of the road!

He helps her stand up.

PATRICK

It was like you wanted to be hit.

ASHLEY

I saw something.

Able to walk on her own, Ashley holds him back.

ASHLEY

It was like a code. A video.

PATRICK

I tried calling you, but nothing went through. It was all static-y and shit.
Looking around the neighborhood, Ashley sees nosy neighbors stepping outside.

    PATRICK
    I think he’s controlling everything! Our phones, our computers.

Nervous, Ashley looks toward her house. Through the windows, she can see her worried parents going toward the front door.

    ASHLEY
    We need to call everyone.

    PATRICK
    What?

Desperate to get out the neighborhood, Ashley pushes Patrick toward his car.

    ASHLEY
    Come on, let’s go!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights illuminate all the closed businesses. Patrick’s car drives down the empty streets.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Patrick sits behind the wheel, Ashley right beside him. Both of them uneasy.

Ashley holds her phone to her ear. It just rings and rings until Ann’s voicemail comes on.

    ANN (V.O.)
    Hey, this is Ann--

Frustrated, Ashley hangs up.

    ASHLEY
    She ain’t answering.

She gets ready to call Joey as Patrick turns into Joey’s neighborhood. Patrick looks over at her.

    PATRICK
    What are you doing?
ASHLEY
I’m calling Joey.

Facing the windshield, Patrick looks ahead in horror.

PATRICK
I don’t think you need to worry about that.

Confused, Ashley looks over at him.

ASHLEY
What, why?

She follows his gaze out the windshield. A terrified expression appears on her face.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

An ambulance and multiple police cars pile up in Joey’s driveway. The Sheriff, POLICE OFFICERS, and REPORTERS scurry about. It’s chaos.

EXT. JOEY’S HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT

Moments later. Running past the Cops and Reporters, the nervous Ashley heads toward the open front door. Patrick struggles to keep up with her.

PATRICK
Ashley, wait!

A YOUNG COP sees Ashley and Patrick getting closer to the front door. He alerts Sheriff.

As Ashley nears the door, NERDY DETECTIVE stops her and Patrick.

NERDY DETECTIVE
Whoa, y’all can’t go in there!

ASHLEY
What happened! He’s our friend!

Sheriff rushes up to them.

SHERIFF
What the Hell are y’all doing!

Nerdy Detective faces Sheriff.
NERDY DETECTIVE
I got this, Sheriff.

Seeing Nerdy Detective get distracted, Ashley charges past him and goes up to the door.

SHERIFF
Get her, Goddammit!

Ashley stares into the living room. She’s overcome in fear as Patrick stops behind her.

PATRICK
Oh fuck...

Disturbed, he hugs Ashley.

Water drenches the living room floor. Water tinged with redness.

Joey’s charred corpse leans against his precious game system. Huge splotches of blood in his eardrums and nostrils. His flesh swelled to grotesque proportions. His waterlogged clothes stuck to his skin.

The flatscreen, the video game system, all of it is still plugged in. All of it soaked in water.

Several spilled buckets and jugs are within reach of Joey’s dead hands.

Joey’s bulging eyes stare right at Patrick and Ashley. Joey’s eyes wide with terror.

ASHLEY
He killed him. He fucking killed him...

As Nerdy Detective RUSHES toward them, Patrick clings to Ashley. The grisly scene holds the couple’s horrified gaze.

LATER

Minutes later. Standing near Joey’s car, Sheriff talks to Patrick and Ashley in private.

SHERIFF
I’m sorry, but we found the note on the table.

The couple plead with Sheriff.
ASHLEY
But it’s not suicide!

PATRICK
Yeah, you can’t keep buying this shit.

Respectful, Sheriff hesitates.

SHERIFF
Listen. I know this is hard.

ASHLEY
Sheriff--

SHERIFF
But you don’t know what’s going on with these kids’ heads. After what happened with y’all and that teacher last year--

ASHLEY
No, that’s bullshit!

SHERIFF
Alright, first of all, you didn’t know the Gellar girl had a boyfriend. Then you don’t know about this kid’s addiction to violent video games.

Patrick scoffs.

PATRICK
Come on, really, Trump?

SHERIFF
All I’m saying’s that maybe your friends had more going on than you realized.

Holding his hands up, Sheriff keeps Patrick and Ashley from protesting.

SHERIFF
Now look. I’m sorry. I really am, but we found the note and that’s that.

ASHLEY
So he electrocuted himself?
SHERIFF
It’s more common than you think.

Interrupting the chat, Nerdy Detective approaches them.

NERDY DETECTIVE
I’m afraid I’ve got some more bad news, Sheriff.

Sheriff reaches in his pocket as he faces Nerdy Detective.

SHERIFF
Hold on.

He retrieves a business card and hands it to Ashley.

SHERIFF
If you kids need anything, just give me a call, alright.

Sheriff and Nerdy Detective walk back toward the house.

Left alone, the unsettled Patrick and Ashley stay next to Joey’s car.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY

A school morning unlike any other. REPORTERS are everywhere, and everyone wants a piece of the action. Students, RENT-A-COPS, even teachers.

All the televised interviews range from obnoxious camera mugging to over-the-top descriptions of how “weird” Joey was.

Walking to the school with Patrick, Ashley stops and looks on at the media circus. Disgusted by the fame feeding frenzy.

PATRICK
Ashley.

Ignoring Patrick, Ashley sees Ann talking to an eager reporter.

Ashley and Ann trade glares. Ann flashes her a sinister smile.
INT. STANWYCK HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

It’s quiet. No one is in here except for the School Librarian and a few students. Everyone else must be outside cashing in on their fleeting fame.

Sitting at a table, Patrick and Ashley read a local newspaper.

The front page headline: LOCAL TEEN BELIEVED TO HAVE KIDNAPPED GIRLFRIEND BEFORE SUICIDE. Pictures of Joey and Rachel are right below the headline.

The article details how police are still searching for Rachel. They don’t know if she’s dead or alive.

Nervous, Ashley sits back.

ASHLEY
This is crazy. He wouldn’t have kidnapped her. He’s an asshole, but that’s not Joey.

PATRICK
Unless he was...

ASHLEY
The code. Admin.

PATRICK
Exactly.

ASHLEY
So he gets at us through technology. Then he makes us watch the video and hypnotizes you.

PATRICK
Like what he did to you.

ASHLEY
Jesus...

Patrick looks down at the newspaper’s photos. The innocent pictures of Joey and Rachel make him uneasy.

ASHLEY
We can’t keep using our phones and laptops. Not as much as we have at least.

Smiling, Patrick faces her.
PATRICK
Easier said than done.

ASHLEY
Well yeah.

Nervous silence.

PATRICK
Do you really think it’s him?

ASHLEY
I don’t know. Someone close to him at least.

PATRICK
Like what you were saying about Ms. Chambers?

ASHLEY
He had a daughter. She was at school during the whole thing. I mean you gotta think, if she came back, she would’ve changed her name.

PATRICK
Right.

Like a paranoid conspiracy theorist, Ashley leans in closer.

ASHLEY
And she’s new. She just started this year.

PATRICK
That’s so wild though...

Defensive, Ashley gets louder. Their argument is actually kinda cute.

ASHLEY
Just think about it! She can watch us this way! Keep tabs on us. I mean shit, does she even teach any other classes--

School Librarian SHUSHES them.

Aggravated, Ashley just glares at her. Patrick runs his hand along Ashley’s arm, soothing her.
PATRICK
It's cool. We'll figure this shit out, alright. We'll screenshot the fucker, we'll record our conversations.

ASHLEY
But the phones won't let us, remember. We can't do shit, Patrick.

LOUD VIBRATING interrupts them. The uneasy Ashley watches Patrick pull his cell phone out.

Excitement hits Patrick's eyes as he gets ready to respond to a Facebook notification.

PATRICK
Hey, the writer's group added me--

Ashley KNOCKS his phone to the ground.

PATRICK
What the fuck.

ASHLEY
I told you not to use your phone!

MAIN HALLWAY

A minute before class. The walls are bland, the lockers ancient. Most of the Students and Teachers are already in their classrooms.

Together, Ashley and Patrick walk toward Ms. Chambers's classroom. They see a stealthy Ann peering inside it.

ASHLEY
Ann.

Ann shushes them as she holds her hand out, keeping the couple back. They all stand out of view of the open classroom door.

ASHLEY
What? What's up?

ANN
We got a sub.

Like detectives, Ashley and Patrick lean in closer and see a SUBSTITUTE in the classroom. Substitute sits at the teacher's desk, their eyes glued to the computer.
Ann walks down the hallway.

    ANN
    So I’m bailing the fuck out.

Ashley and Patrick follow her.

    ASHLEY
    Wait, why?

    ANN
    Come on, Ashley.

She flashes Ashley a flirtatious smile.

    ANN
    We used to do it all the time.

Patrick and the annoyed Ashley follow her toward a door at the end of the hall.

    ASHLEY
    Look, we need to talk about what’s going on. Something isn’t right.

    ANN
    Great, this again...

    PATRICK
    None of our phones or computers work. Admin’s hacked everything.

    ASHLEY
    And now Ms. Chambers isn’t here.

Amused, Ann PUSHES a door open.

    ANN
    Y’all are still on that?

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - BREEZEWAY - DAY

Ann, Ashley, and Patrick emerge from the building. In the parking lot, Reporters talk to various COPS.

    PATRICK
    Look, these aren’t just fucking suicides, Ann.

    ANN
    Joey’s an asshole. Lauren and Kathryn just wanted attention. That’s it, that’s all.
Glowering, Ashley stops. Patrick stops next to her.

ASHLEY
So what about Rachel then?

Ann keeps heading toward the Reporters.

ANN
I don’t know, maybe she ran away.
Who fucking cares.

ASHLEY
Yeah, "who fucking cares." That’s it, just go talk your shit to the Goddamn reporters like you’re a fucking star or something!

Suppressing her hurt, Ann keeps walking.

ASHLEY
You know, you play hard like you’re fucking smarter than everybody else, but deep down, you’re just a fake piece of shit like everyone else in this town, Ann!

Stopping a few feet away from the couple, Ann turns and confronts them. Disappointment in her eyes.

ANN
Look, I do care, alright.

Ashley looks on, surprised to see Ann show real emotion.

ANN
You don’t even know anything about me! None of you do.

She points toward the NEWS CREWS.

ANN
So don’t act like I’m some heartless stuck-up bitch just for getting on T.V.!

ASHLEY
You sure don’t fucking act like it.

ANN
Why? Because I don’t think our teacher is a "serial killer."

Ashley takes a step toward her.
ASHLEY
So what about you then, huh?

PATRICK
Ash.

Ignoring Patrick, Ashley gets in the uneasy Ann’s face.

ASHLEY
You’ve been lapping up this shit the whole time. Probably pimping out your Facebook with it right now.

ANN
What are you talking about.

ASHLEY
You never gave a shit about anyone but yourself, you selfish fucking bitch.

ANN
Ashley--

ASHLEY
Why shouldn’t we think you’re the one behind all this!

ANN
No, I’m--

ASHLEY
You do this kinda shit all the time! Catfishing people, making fake profiles.

Patrick doesn’t intervene. Ashley’s emotions change from anger to heartbreak.

ASHLEY
I knew you had something to do with it! That wasn’t just Kathryn who told on him! She had to find out from somebody.

Tears well up in her eyes.

ASHLEY
Somebody I trusted.

Full of hurt, Ann avoids eye contact. Her confident coolness has melted away under Ashley’s intense interrogation.
Patrick stares at Ashley, sympathetic.

ASHLEY
You fucking betrayed me, Ann.

Feelings of guilt dominating her, Ann faces Ashley.

ANN
I’m sorry. I didn’t think she’d tell the police.

ASHLEY
Well, she did. Everyone knows what me and Patrick did. We sent our fucking pics to Mr. Fountain. We’re the fucking jailbait, and everyone knows because of you!

She PUSHES Ann back.

ANN
I’m sorry. Ashley, I’m fucking sorry... I was just messing around. It wasn’t supposed to be serious.

ASHLEY
And now you act like I’m crazy! Like I’m fucking lying!

ANN
I’m sorry! I know you’re not lying, alright! I know someone’s after us!

Ashley can see how scared Ann is. Her genuine fear.

ANN
He’s got Rachel. He showed me pics of her, and he’s gonna try to kill us next.

ASHLEY
He sent you pics?

ANN
Y’all didn’t get them?

PATRICK
No...

Ann pulls out her phone.
ANN
He sent them to me on Facebook.

Nervous, she hands her phone to Ashley.

ANN
I don’t know what to do.

Ann’s phone shows a private message on her Facebook. A picture message from Admin. Like all their other profiles, Admin’s photo is blank and mysterious.

In the message is a picture of the horrified Rachel. She sits in a dark room. Duct tape ties her to a chair. Weeping and begging for help, she’s looking straight into the camera. Bruises and dry blood are all over her fragile skin.

Patrick and Ashley stare at the pic, horrified.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

Patrick retrieves his phone and checks his Facebook.

Ashley sees another photo in the message to Ann. Another picture of Rachel. Rachel’s eyes are closed... like it’s the only way she can avoid having her picture taken.

Scribbled font on the photo reads: Go to the police and her death goes VIRAL

ANN
I can’t go to the police.

Paranoid, she grabs her phone and looks all around the school.

ANN (CONT’D)
I can’t do anything.

Patrick shows Ashley his phone. The Facebook message. They all got it. Admin sent them a whole collection of disturbing Rachel pictures.

PATRICK
He sent it this morning.

Sickened, Ashley stares at the pictures. Rachel hasn’t just been kidnapped and beaten: her torture is being exploited on-line.
ANN
See. Now we can’t just stay off social media.

Ashley faces the defeated Ann.

ANN (CONT’D)
He knows how to keep us on. And he’s just gonna keep following us and controlling us!

Ashley grabs Ann’s shoulder.

ASHLEY
No. We can still stop him--

Ann pulls back away from her.

ANN
No! I can’t keep doing this! Look, I’m sorry, Ashley. I’m sorry about what I did to you, but we can’t do shit. We’re fucking trapped!

Trying to calm Ann, Ashley reaches toward her.

ASHLEY
Ann.

Motivated by fear, Ann avoids Ashley’s touch and rushes off toward the parking lot.

ASHLEY
Ann, wait!

As she heads for her car, the paranoid Ann looks all around the parking lot. Like she senses Admin’s presence.

FRONT PARKING LOT

Like vultures sniffing out vulnerable prey, MALE REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN try to ambush Ann. Male Reporter sticks a microphone to Ann’s face.

MALE REPORTER
Do you have anything to say about Joey James and Rachel--

Ann KNOCKS the mic out of his hand.

ANN
Fuck off!

BREEZEWAY
With Patrick by her side, the anxious Ashley presses her phone to her ear.

PATRICK
Who are you calling?

ASHLEY
The sheriff.

As Ashley talks to the Sheriff, Patrick looks off toward the parking lot.

He sees Ann’s car TAKE OFF in a hurry.

ASHLEY
Look, sheriff, he sent us pictures!
He has Rachel!

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Who does?

Hesitant, Ashley makes nervous eye contact with Patrick.

ASHLEY
(to Sheriff)
Did Mr. Fountain have a daughter?

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Yes. Tammy Fountain.

Trying to sound calm, Ashley struggles to go further.

ASHLEY
I think it’s her.

Sheriff doesn’t respond, stunned.

ASHLEY
She has to have something to do with it.

INT. STANWYCK POLICE STATION - SHERIFF’S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at his desk, Sheriff talks to Ashley on his cell phone.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
She had a reason. She’s the only one who makes sense.

Sheriff contemplates Ashley’s theory.
SHERIFF
I see. I see the motive.

He looks through the window. In the main room, busy Police Officers keep working on Joey’s suicide and Rachel’s disappearance. They field calls, talk to Rachel’s family, etc.

ASHLEY (V.O.)
It’s gotta be her!

SHERIFF
I know, but there’s only one problem, Ashley. Tammy Fountain killed herself last October.

EXT. STANWYCK HIGH - BREEZEWAY - DAY

Shocked, Ashley continues talking to Sheriff. Patrick waits by her side.

ASHLEY
What?

PATRICK
What’s he saying?

SHERIFF (V.O.)
She hung herself a couple of months after her daddy died.

Ashley faces Patrick. He can see the unease in her eyes.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
She was off at GSU at the time. I don’t think the girl was ever right after all that...

ASHLEY
(to Patrick)
His daughter killed herself.

PATRICK
What the fuck...

The memories unnerving him, Sheriff sighs.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
They say Andrew might’ve done something to her when she was younger. That’s what the doctors said at least.
ASHLEY
I didn’t know. I had no idea.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Well, mark my words, we’ll get to the bottom of this. We’re working overtime...

Sheriff’s voice STARTS BREAKING UP. His words fading in and out.

ASHLEY
Sheriff? Hello?

PATRICK
What happened?

The call endures a SLOW DESCENT from BAD CONNECTION to that same Goddamn TERRIFYING STATIC. The BLARING STATIC.

Ashley lowers the phone, scared.

ASHLEY
Oh fuck...

Patrick hears the HORRIFYING STATIC.

Like a CRYPTIC CHORUS, LOUD VIBRATIONS go off on both Ashley and Patrick’s phones. Ashley’s phone call DISCONNECTS as the VIBRATING CONTINUES.

The nervous Patrick checks his cell phone.

PATRICK
Shit!

Countless Facebook messages POUR IN to the group chat. Admin’s messages.

On her phone, Ashley goes to the group chat. A VIDEO MESSAGE awaits them. The image is in a dark room. The same room Rachel is in.

Lowering his phone, Patrick looks toward her screen.

PATRICK
What the Hell is it?

Hesitant, Ashley PLAYS THE VIDEO.

On screen, the camera SHIFTS TO the weeping Rachel. She’s still tied up.
RACHEL (V.O.)
Ashley, please! Help me! Help me,
Ashley! God, please! Please! I’m sorry... I’m fucking sorry.

Ashley and Patrick watch the footage, stunned in horror.

In the Video, Rachel TRIES TO BREAK free but can’t. Blood DRIPS OFF her nose. Her agonizing CRIES for help are hard to watch. She knows this is all she can do...

RACHEL (V.O.)
Somebody help me!

The VIDEO CUTS OUT. Ashley scrolls down to the rest of the messages. Admin is persistent: Meet me or shes dead. I know where u r. Don’t call the police!!

PATRICK
Fuck, man...

A new VIDEO APPEARS. Ashley hovers her finger over it.

PATRICK
Wait, don’t click it--

Ignoring Patrick, Ashley TAPS IT.

On screen, surveillance FOOTAGE shows Patrick and Ashley standing on the breezeway as they look down at her phone. Live footage from Stanwyck High.

PATRICK
Oh fuck!

ASHLEY
He’s watching us.

The VIDEO ENDS.

Ashley and Patrick look around the school. They see the cameras. The Reporters. The Students. Where’s Admin?

PATRICK
The fucker could be anywhere...

Ashley’s phone VIBRATES. The couple look at it.

Another message from Admin: I c u ;)

Scared, Patrick looks around the school as Ashley types a reply.
PATRICK
This is fucking crazy...

Ashley SENDS it: Where are you?

Almost immediately, Admin replies with ANOTHER VIDEO. The text underneath it reads: Meet me here. Now.

Ashley PLAYS THE VIDEO. Terror crosses her eyes.

PATRICK
What is it?

He looks at her screen.

Like a specter resurrected from the past, the Video’s images haunt the two teens: Andrew’s house in glorious black-and-white.

PATRICK
Oh fuck...

The VIOLENT STRINGS BLASTS OVER THE FOOTAGE as Admin walks through the yard, their slow footsteps CRUSHING the tall grass. A Joey mannequin mask covers their face.

The STRINGS REACH THEIR SHRILL CRESCENDO once Admin stops right outside the front door. Before we see Admin open it, the VIDEO CUTS OUT.

INT. PATRICK’S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Patrick drives through Andrew’s old neighborhood. Sitting beside Patrick, Ashley tries to send Admin’s videos to Sheriff. None of them can be delivered.

ASHLEY
Come on!

Concerned, Patrick looks over at her.

PATRICK
What’s wrong?

ASHLEY
They won’t send!

Ashley’s phone VIBRATES. A text from ANN: I’m sorry.

ASHLEY
What the Hell.
Who is it?

Ann.

Confused, Ashley watches Ann’s next few texts appear: You forced me. You caused this.

Patrick gets closer and closer to Andrew’s house as Ashley sees another new text from Ann: It’s your fault, Ashley!

Patrick pulls into Andrew’s back yard.

Patrick looks on in confused horror.

Oh shit...

Looking up, Ashley sees Ann’s car parked just a few feet away from them.

What the fuck! What’s Ann doing here!

Ashley’s phone vibrates. She reads another text from Ann: I told you not to go to the police!1!

Patrick leans over.

What’s she saying?

With frantic eyes, Ashley reads the next few messages: You put her life in danger!1! It’s your fault, Ash. You caused this!

I think he’s using her phone.

Ann sends a video message. It’s a live video. On screen, the bound Rachel yells for help. She’s still beaten and abused.

Please! I’m sorry... I’m fucking sorry.
ASHLEY
Oh my God...

In the video, Rachel TRIES TO BREAK FREE again but doesn’t have a chance.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Somebody help me! Ashley! Ashley, please!

A gloved hand PLASTERS duct tape over Rachel’s mouth, suppressing her CRIES.

Patrick and Ashley watch the Video, horrified. Rachel’s pleading eyes and WHIMPERS disturb the couple. Like Rachel, they too can’t do anything. They’re at the mercy of a psycho.

The VIDEO ENDS. Petrified in fear, Patrick and Ashley don’t say a word.

Ann’s next TEXT arrives: See u inside ;)

INT. ANDREW’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Kaleidoscopic sunlight shines in through the busted windows. A hallway connects to the living room. A bedroom door is seen at the beginning of the hallway.

Graffiti covers the walls. All of it anti-Andrew: Child Molester! Perv! Cocksucker! Sickass bitch!

Even gay slurs are included. A drawing of a big penis as well.

Countless beer bottles and cigarettes litter the floor. This is vigilante justice by way of immature juvenile delinquents.

Old framed photos sit on decrepit shelves. The photos show Andrew with his WIFE and DAUGHTER.

Next to the pics are framed awards and headlines. They highlight his admirable career as a great teacher and community leader. Stanwyck’s finest computer instructor.

In the center of the room, Ann’s glowing laptop sits on a large desk. A few lamps stand next to it. Unlike the rest of the house, this "station" and the framed pictures and awards have all been placed here recently... all of it staged by someone.
As Patrick and Ashley step inside, the front door CREAKS SHUT behind them. Ashley holds her cell phone. The couple look around the room, uneasy.

PATRICK
What the fuck.

He follows Ashley toward the desk.

PATRICK
Who put all this shit up?

ASHLEY
Admin.

Together, they stop in front of the desk.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

On the laptop is a Facebook Live Stream feed.

ASHLEY
What the Hell’s he doing...

Nervous, Patrick looks at all the photos. Andrew’s grinning face. Without the graffiti, the room would be a perfect shrine for this asshole.

Ashley’s phone VIBRATES. She checks it. Another TEXT from Ann: It’s ur turn now.

A Skype WINDOW appears in the corner of the laptop screen. The footage of the tortured Rachel CRYING. She’s tied up but doesn’t have the tape on her mouth. The footage shares the screen with the Live Stream page.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Somebody help me!

PATRICK
Fuck, where is he!

Trembling, Ashley texts Ann back: We’re here! Let her go!

RACHEL (V.O.)
Ashley! Oh God!

Ashley looks around the room.
ASHLEY
We’re here, motherfucker! Where are you!

Another REPLY from Ann: Do what I say r she’ll die!1!

Patrick sees the message.

PATRICK
What do we do?

Ashley texts them back: We did what u said!

PATRICK
Ashley--

ASHLEY
Let me do it!

She sends another angry MESSAGE: Fucking let her go! We’re here, you little bitch!

On the laptop screen, Rachel doesn’t say anything. Weeping, she turns away, her tears mixing with blood.

Patrick looks toward the hallway. The bedroom door.

Another MESSAGE from Ann pops up on Ashley’s phone: No if u want her 2 live youll have 2 do more!1!

Ashley stares at the message in silent dread. Patrick faces her.

PATRICK
What’s he saying?

The laptop’s camera indicator light CUTS ON.

Alarmed, Patrick looks over at it.

PATRICK
Whoa, what the fuck.

Another TEXT MESSAGE from Ann: Now dont just show me

Ashley looks at the laptop. The Live Stream page shows live footage of her and Patrick. The laptop’s camera is recording them for Facebook.

Ann’s next TEXT arrives: Show the world.
Comments and views APPEAR on the Live Stream page. People are watching Patrick and Ashley. Comments like "do something" "they’re sexy" "she’s got huge tits" "I saw his big dick on Reddit"

On the Skype video, the brutalized Rachel YELLS IN HORROR.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Ashley, please! Help me!

Horrified, Patrick and Ashley watch her SCREAM.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Help me, Ashley!

Ashley’s phone VIBRATES. Another message from Ann: Now do what u like doing. what yall did to me

Hesitant, Ashley looks toward the Live Stream.

Ann’s next MESSAGE: Show the world those bodies. like u showed me!1!

DANCE MUSIC plays on the laptop, accompanying the Live Stream. Combined with Rachel’s SCREAMING, it all makes for a SCARY SMORGASBORD OF SOUND.

RACHEL (V.O.)
God, please! Please! I’m sorry...

Ashley faces Patrick.

ASHLEY
He wants us to strip.

PATRICK
(referring to MUSIC)
Yeah, I think I got that.

Another MESSAGE from Ann: Do it now r she dies!1!

The scared Patrick sees the message.

Patrick and Ashley both look toward the laptop. Right at Rachel’s beaten, bloodied, and helpless face. Her wide eyes stare back at them.

RACHEL (V.O.)
I’m fucking sorry. Ashley! Help me!

Ann’s next text ARRIVES: Start stripping u little shits

The couple look at one another. They have no other choice.
Another TEXT: Show everyone like u showed me!1! Show them what I saw!

Ashley places her phone on the desk.

    PATRICK
    Hey, it’s okay.

Gentle, he holds her hands.

    PATRICK
    We’ll be okay.

Awkward as shit, Patrick and Ashley start dancing together. It’s cute but not very sexy.

    RACHEL (V.O.)
    Help me!

Ann’s next TEXT catches Ashley’s eye: Get sexy. Get naked. Show me more!1!

Trying to comfort Ashley, Patrick caresses her chin.

    PATRICK
    Just focus on me, alright. Not on anyone else.

In the Skype video, the crying Rachel looks away, her SOBBING so loud and agonizing.

Upset, Ashley turns to look at the video, but Patrick stops her.

    PATRICK
    Just focus on me, babe.

Another TEXT from Ann: Get sexy 4 her!1! Rachels counting on u!

    PATRICK
    I love you. Just look at me.

Ashley nods. Together, they dance faster. They move in a little closer. It’s seductive. Sexier.

Live Stream comments pile up. "Strip!" "Show more!"

Like amateur yet hot exotic dancers, Patrick and Ashley help each other strip. All in rhythm to this INCESSANT FUCKING MUSIC.

The next TEXT from Ann: Yeah thats what we like! More, more. I wanna see u naked ;)}
Minutes later. Both of them now half-naked, Patrick and Ashley continue dancing together.

Trying to soothe Ashley, Patrick runs his hands along her arms.

**PATRICK**

We’re almost done. You’re doing great.

He gives Ashley a kiss, easing her anxious self-doubt.

**PATRICK**

I love you, Ash.

As they GROOVE to the beat, the Live Stream comments go fucking nuts. People from Stanwyck High recognize them: "Oh my God, Patrick’s showing off his monster off again" "Look at Ashley’s big boobs" "No wonder Fountain lost his job" "Holy fuck, they were in my science class"

**PATRICK**

Just take my lead.

He thrusts his crotch toward the laptop. Ashley squeezes her breasts together. Much to the delight of their "fans."

Ann SENDS another text: Thats what I like 2 see. I remember those

In the Skype video, Rachel STRAINS TO BREAK FREE but can’t. The ropes are too tight. Blood pours from her nose.

**RACHEL (V.O.)**

Help me!

Her SCREAMS contribute to this endless LOOP of torture, text messages, and BAD MUSIC.

Patrick twerks for the crowd.

**RACHEL (V.O.)**

Ashley, help me!

Uneasy, Ashley looks over at Rachel. Rachel’s voice, her mannerisms: all of it sounds so familiar.

**RACHEL (V.O.)**

Help me, Ashley! God, please!

Please!
More Live Stream comments: "Look at those sluts" "They always do this shit" The footage now has over twenty-five thousand views.

Texts from Ann PILE UP: Now it’s not just me. Everyone sees u. Ur dick, ur boobs. Im not the sick one. Its u. both of u Seductive, Patrick KEEPS DANCING to save Rachel’s life.

Ashley looks back-and-forth between the laptop and her phone, concern in her eyes. Something ain’t right.

    RACHEL (V.O.)
    I’m sorry... I’m fucking sorry.

The Skype footage SLOWS DOWN. It’s fucking lagging. Rachel’s voice isn’t synced to the video.

    RACHEL (V.O.)
    Ashley.

Ashley grabs Patrick’s arm and motions him toward the Skype chat.

    ASHLEY
    Look!

Disappointed Live Stream viewers comment: No, let him keep dancing. That dick and ass though!

Patrick stares at the Skype call, disturbed.

In the call, the footage veers between clear and blurry. Rachel’s voice going between distorted and coherent.

    RACHEL (V.O.)
    Ashley, help me. Help me, Ashley.
    Please!

Ashley and Patrick don’t see Ann’s newest TEXT: What r u doing!1! Keep dancing

    ASHLEY
    It’s not live.

She faces Patrick.

    ASHLEY
    It’s the same shit she’s been saying over and over. The shit’s prerecorded!

A new TEXT from Ann: Show me more u whores
The stunned couple ignore the text.

PATRICK
Fuck. Really?

The FRONT DOOR BURSTS IN. Guns drawn, OFFICER KENT, mid-20s, tough, leads SEVERAL OFFICERS inside.

OFFICER KENT
Police, put your hands up!

Startled, Patrick throws his hands up. Ashley covers her breasts as she faces the Police.

Officer Kent gives them a weird look.

OFFICER KENT
What the Hell’s going on!

On the Live Stream, several viewers LOG OFF. A few comments: Oh shit why the fuck does the police have to show up! Ik, right when they were getting naked!

ASHLEY
He made us strip!

She points at the laptop. The laptop’s camera POWERS OFF. No more footage for the Live Stream.

On the Skype Call, Rachel’s voice is still distorted, her face a pixelated mess. Like a robot running on fumes.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Help me, Ashley! God, please!

ASHLEY
He said he’d kill her if we didn’t!

Sheriff and Nerdy Detective enter the room.

OFFICER KENT
Where is he?

She looks over and sees the bedroom door.

ASHLEY
I don’t know!

Uneasy, Sheriff sees the Skype Call. Rachel’s image GLITCHES. Her voice so eerie...
RACHEL (V.O.)
Somebody help me!

SHERIFF
Jesus Christ.

Commanding the other Cops, Officer Kent rushes toward the door in the hallway.

OFFICER KENT
Come on! Follow me!

As he follows the other Officers, Nerdy Detective looks over at Patrick and Ashley.

NERDY DETECTIVE
Put some damn clothes on.

The pissed Ashley takes a step toward him.

ASHLEY
Fuck you!

Patrick stops her as the bedroom door is heard being KICKED OPEN.

PATRICK
It’s cool, babe. We’re okay.

Sheriff approaches them.

SHERIFF
We got calls all day about some music and bad smells in this house. What the Hell were y’all--

From the room, Disturbed Cops are heard GASPING and SCREAMING.

YOUNG COP (O.S.)
Oh God!

Fueled by horrified curiosity, Ashley TAKES OFF for the bedroom. Patrick follows her.

HALLWAY

Ashley stops at the busted-in doorway and looks on in paralyzing fear.

Stopping behind her, the scared Patrick stares at the terrifying scene.
PATRICK

Fuck...

The bedroom was Andrew’s old office. Amidst the graffiti and debris is a museum of broken electronics. Busted computer screens, cracked flatscreens.

New equipment has also been stationed in the room. Hi-tech cameras and laptops.

The scene disturbs and unnerves all the Officers.

Three corpses populate the room. Rachel is still bound to the chair. Duct tape over her mouth. A bullet in her forehead.

Her pale head is tilted back, her scared eyes wide open. Dry blood stains run all down her face like grisly warpaint. She’s been dead for a day at least.

A camera is positioned right in front of Rachel, still pointing at her.

Both Ms. Chambers and Ann lie on the floor. Ms. Chambers’s wrists are bound in rope. Multiple bullet holes in her face. Bits of her face are missing, replaced instead by gooey flesh.

Like a red snow Angel, Ann lies sprawled out on the floor. Grey matter and blood pile up beneath her head. A gunshot to the mouth her cause of death.

Ann’s dead hand clutches a pistol. Her other hand clings to her cell phone. The last items she ever wanted to use.

ASHLEY

No... oh God...

Trying to comfort her, Patrick wraps his arm around Ashley and kisses her cheek.

PATRICK

I’m sorry, babe.

LIVING ROOM

Ten minutes later. Police and PARAMEDICS go toward the hallway. It’s a somber yet chaotic crime scene.

Ashley, Patrick, and Sheriff all sit in chairs near the desk.
Ann’s open laptop still sits on the desk. The frozen screen shows the Skype Call: Rachel’s face resembles a surreal monster, the stuff of technological nightmares.

Ashley stares at the image of Rachel, disturbed.

SHERIFF
I’ll never forget where his office was.

Turning, he looks toward the hallway. Toward the bedroom.

SHERIFF
It’s where we found all his pictures. His videos. Everything.

PATRICK
But it doesn’t make sense.

Sheriff faces him.

PATRICK
Ann didn’t have a reason to do this.

Ashley watches the laptop CUT OFF. Only she notices the screen going black.

SHERIFF
It was her cell phone she used to text y’all. Her fingerprints are all over the murder weapon.

Defeated, Patrick doesn’t respond.

SHERIFF
I think it’s clear she tried to frame the teacher. Once we arrived, she must’ve given up and taken her own life.

PATRICK
But why.

Sheriff hesitates, trying to find the fine line between theorizing and being respectful.

SHERIFF
I know she had a thing for Ashley in the past.

Uneasy, Ashley looks at Sheriff.
PATRICK
So...

SHERIFF
Jealousy can make high schoolers do a lot of stupid things. Hell, adults ain’t no different.

PATRICK
But what about Rachel.

ASHLEY
Yeah, how’d she end up here? If Joey kidnapped her--

SHERIFF
Look, we’ll investigate it thoroughly, I assure you. For all we know, there may even be a connection between Ann and Joey James. But in the meantime, it’s too early to tell.

Unconvinced, Ashley goes silent as Patrick rubs her leg.

No one says a word.

SHERIFF
Honestly, I don’t think any of y’all got over what happened. To be in the spotlight like that and have all your business aired out there. It ain’t healthy, that’s for sure.

He can tell he’s losing his audience. They’ve heard this routine before.

SHERIFF
The best thing y’all can do’s just stay away from this house. Go on to college, forget all this ever happened. Andy Fountain don’t have to follow y’all y’all’s whole damn lives.

The couple don’t reply.

SHERIFF
And for God’s sakes, stay off the internet!

Entering from the hallway, Nerdy Detective walks toward them. He holds a laptop.
NERDY DETECTIVE
I think I figured out how she did it.

Everyone watches Nerdy Detective sit in an empty chair next to them. He looks over at Ashley and Patrick.

NERDY DETECTIVE
You said you saw her on the screen, right? The Skype video?

ASHLEY
Yes! Rachel was alive, I swear.

NERDY DETECTIVE
Like this?

He turns the laptop to face them.

On screen is a Skype call: Rachel. She’s tied to the chair. The footage looks live and authentic. Certainly, her fear is real.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Ashley, please!

Stunned, Ashley and Patrick watch the video. There’s no doubt. It’s the same footage they saw earlier.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Help me!

Nerdy Detective PAUSES the Clip.

NERDY DETECTIVE
The whole thing’s a hologram.

ASHLEY
Wait, what...

Embarrassed, she looks down.

ASHLEY
Oh God...

NERDY DETECTIVE
Ann recorded all this then manipulated the footage. She made it into a loop.

He TYPES IN a command. A series of numbers and letters.

On screen, Rachel stops pleading and WEEPS as she turns away. Right on command.
NERDY DETECTIVE
She made her do whatever she wanted.

He TYPES IN another command.

On cue, the desperate Rachel stares back at the screen.

RACHEL (V.O.)
God, please! Please! I’m sorry...

NERDY DETECTIVE
She made it seem like it was live.

RACHEL (V.O.)
I’m fucking sorry.

PATRICK
Jesus Christ...

Ashley stares at the Skype call. It looked so real, the footage so harrowing.

NERDY DETECTIVE
She used it as bait to lure y’all here.

He SHUTS the laptop.

NERDY DETECTIVE
The poor girl was dead all along.

Like a concerned parent, Sheriff looks over at the couple.

SHERIFF
Like I was telling y’all earlier, this technology is scary.

Ashley turns and looks toward the laptop on the desk. The one that turned off by itself.

NERDY DETECTIVE
Indeed.

Patrick locks eyes with Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Just think if y’all could’ve stayed off the internet just a little bit, y’all might’ve avoided this whole damn mess with Fountain.

The laptop TURNS BACK ON. Ashley stares at it in dread. She’s the only person who saw it turn back on.
SHERIFF (CONT’D)
The cyberbullying, the murders, everything.

The laptop screen shows the frozen Skype call. Most of Rachel’s face is blurred except for those piercing eyes. They stare right at Ashley, honing in on her fear.

INT. ASHLEY’S HOUSE – ASHLEY’S BEDROOM – DAY

Evening. The windows’ blinds are pulled up. Ashley’s open laptop sits on the desk.

Sitting on the bed, Patrick watches the still-rattled Ashley walk toward the desk. Patrick clutches his cell phone.

PATRICK
There’s nothing else we can do, babe.

Not replying, Ashley SLAMS the laptop shut.

PATRICK
They said it themselves. It all ties back to Ann.

ASHLEY
I know.

She sits down next to him.

ASHLEY
I just, I don’t know. I know she does fucked-up stuff, but she’s not a murderer. She couldn’t have orchestrated all this.

PATRICK
Maybe she just lost it.

Trying to reassure Ashley, Patrick caresses her leg.

PATRICK
It’s not like she was a great person. She was always fucking with us, always starting shit.

Ashley doesn’t respond.

PATRICK
I mean she’s the one who started all this. She got a sick kick out (MORE)
PATRICK (cont’d)
of hurting others. She never gave a
shit about me or you or anyone else
for that matter.

Still anxious, Ashley just looks at him.

PATRICK
But it’s over now.

He squeezes her leg.

PATRICK
It’s just us.

Enjoying his touch, Ashley reveals a weak smile.

ASHLEY
Yeah.

Patrick’s phone VIBRATES. He checks it. A satisfied
expression hits his face.

PATRICK
Whoa.

ASHLEY
What is it?

Grinning, Patrick shows her his phone. A Twitter update:
#StanwyckHighHotStripping is getting lots of views and
comments.

PATRICK
We’re trending!

Ashley KNOCKS the phone out of his hands.

PATRICK
What?

Smiling, Ashley runs her hand along his chest as she leans
in closer.

ASHLEY
Can we stay off the internet for
awhile.

PATRICK
Whatever you say.

They share a sexy kiss. Ashley eyes his body up and down,
seductive.
ASHLEY
I’d like a for real show this time.

Patrick grins.

PATRICK
I thought I just gave you one.

ASHLEY
I mean like one just for me! And in person!

PATRICK
I can do that.

On the floor, his phone VIBRATES.

Ashley groans as the couple look down at it. A FaceTime call from Patrick’s mom.

ASHLEY
Come on...

Patrick grabs his cell.

PATRICK
Sorry, babe.

He ANSWERS IT. The FaceTime call shows a dark room. Frightened, Patrick nor Ashley don’t see anyone in there. They recognize that room though.

PATRICK
Hello?

The CRYPTIC STATIC greets the couple’s ears.

Ashley and Patrick stare at the phone in horror.

PATRICK
Mom!

Admin appears on the screen. Sitting in the room, they wear their red robes and a new mask: an uncanny iteration of Rachel’s face. Still silent as ever, Admin just glares at them.

Now Ashley and Patrick are even more horrified.

ASHLEY
Who are you!

Admin’s TYPING is heard.
ASHLEY
Goddammit, what the fuck do you want!

Admin’s message POPS UP in the chat box: Not done wit yall yet!!

ASHLEY
No, fuck you! You sick bitch! Go to Hell!

On the desk, Ashley’s laptop OPENS UP ON ITS OWN.

Startled, the couple turn and see it. Terror in their eyes.

The open laptop shows a SKYPE CALL. The person on it resembles Admin except they’re wearing an entirely different mask! The ANN MASK. An eerie mannequin-like recreation of Ann’s face.

Ashley glares at Ann Mask.

ASHLEY
What do y’all want!

Ann Mask just stares back. Silent and still.

ASHLEY
Answer me, Goddammit!

PATRICK
Let’s go!

He gets ready to stand and lead them out the door. UNNERVING STATIC BLARES on the laptop, stopping him.

PATRICK
Oh shit!

The laptop PLAYS a video. It shows a young couple sitting in a bedroom: Ashley and Patrick. The video was filmed right outside her bedroom window.

ASHLEY
Oh God!

Patrick’s phone VIBRATES. The couple see Admin’s new message in the chat box: Were still watching u

ASHLEY
No, bitch! I’m taking your ass out now!

The FaceTime call ENDS.
The scared Patrick sees the laptop screen TURN OFF.

Ashley keeps YELLING at Patrick’s phone.

    ASHLEY
    You hear me, motherfucker!

Her adrenaline pumping, Ashley PULLS Patrick off the bed and runs toward the door.

    ASHLEY
    Come on, let’s find this bitch!

EXT. ASHLEY’S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Moments later. NEIGHBORS are seen outside. Walking their dog, riding their bike, standing on the porch, washing their car. Other NEIGHBORS are seen inside their homes.

Panicking, Ashley and Patrick stop at the edge of her driveway and look all around the block. At all the Neighbors.

    ASHLEY
    Where is he!

Looking around the area, she goes quiet. Her helpless eyes spot a common denominator amongst her Neighbors.

All the residents either hold a phone or have one close to them. The bicyclist and man washing his car play MUSIC on their cells. The dog walker stares at the latest hot app. The people on their porches take selfies and group photos.

Inside the houses, Neighbors watch T.V. Play video games. Stare at their computer screens. Surf the web on their smartphones.

The morbid realization sinks deep within Ashley’s tormented mind. Admin or whoever recorded that video could be anywhere. They could be anyone. Their identity forever shielded behind their anonymous screens.

    FADE OUT.

THE END