Gorehighlights.com

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FOREWORD

Throughout the story characters will correspond via chat and messaging, displayed through colorful text bubbles.

FADE IN ON

DEATH DO US PART

INT. HENDERSON HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Most of the living room is dim except for the spotlights which shine on TABITHA and ARTHUR HENDERSON, a young, newlywed couple held bondage to chairs by leather bracelets and torso straps.

THE HOST (O.S)
Tabitha, your husband has a show that he must watch which premieres every April, name that show?

Tabitha remains silent. THE HOST, a ski-masked, sharp-suited game show host looks at his watch. A MASKED CAMERAMAN records them.

THE HOST (O.S)
Time's up. What's your answer?

Tabitha says nothing. The Host looks at his tray of stainless torture tools which lie on a table close to him.

ARTHUR
Tabby, please.

TABITHA
Mad Men.

The Host looks at his card.

THE HOST
Correct. Very good Ms. Henderson.

TABITHA
Give us the next question.

THE HOST
Arthur, your wife's book club is currently reading what book?

(CONTINUED)
ARTHUR
That James Patterson book... The Victim.

THE HOST
(reading card)
I’m sorry that answer is incorrect.
The correct answer is The Cuckoo’s Calling.

The Host looks at the weapon tray and picks up a fancy looking knife. He walks over to Tabitha and sticks the knife into her arm, twisting the blade.

ARTHUR
Sorry, honey.

TABITHA
(Suppressing pain)
It’s okay.

THE HOST
Tabitha, a couple times a month your husband goes to what night club.

TABITHA
The Pink Cave.

The Host looks at his card, his eyes shift back to the Hendersons.

THE HOST
Arthur you lucky son of a bitch that was correct!

TABITHA
How many of these questions do we have to answer?

THE HOST
Twelve each.

TABITHA
Jesus Christ fuck me sideways.

THE HOST
Next question. Arthur, where is the one place in the world your wife has always wanted to go?
ARTHUR
Why do I keep getting the hard questions?

TABITHA
Arthur baby, we’ve went over this hundreds of times, we’ve been saving to take a trip there next year.

THE HOST
Tabitha you are not allowed to give your husband any hints. If it happens again you’ll get a penalty.

ARTHUR
Amsterdam.

THE HOST
I’m sorry, I’m afraid the correct answer is Dublin, Ireland.

TABITHA
Arthur, what the fuck?! We went over it a hundred fucking times, we’re going to visit the town where my ancestors lived.

ARTHUR
I thought we agreed to go to Amsterdam?

TABITHA
No, that’s where you want to go.

The Host takes a scythe off the table and severs Tabitha’s hand.

TABITHA
Mother-cocksucking-fucker!

THE HOST
Tabitha name the five magazines that your husband subscribes to.

Tabitha is trying to not to faint.

TABITHA
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

THE HOST
Stay with us Tabitha, you’re doing a fantastic job, you’ve answered every question correct so far.

(CONTINUED)
Tabitha takes a minute to regain her composure.

**TABITHA**
Seventeen, Cosmopolitan, Ebony, Jet, and Playgirl.

**ARTHUR**
Playgirl? Ebony?

**THE HOST**
I’m sorry that answer is incorrect.

The Host takes a ball peen hammer and shows it to us.

**THE HOST**
Anybody who’s watched this show long enough knows this is my favorite.

The Host hits Arthur across his jaw, leaving him drooling blood.

**ARTHUR**
(Unintelligible)
Tabby, what the fuck?!

**TABITHA**
You need to get your head in the fucking game.

**THE HOST**
Next question. Mr. Henderson, where did the two of you go on your first date?

**ARTHUR**
(Unintelligible)
42nd street.

**THE HOST**
I’m sorry what was that?

**ARTHUR**
(Completely unintelligible)
A Hibachi restaurant on 42nd street, in New York.

**THE HOST**
Mr. Henderson you must provide an intelligible answer or I’m going to have to penalize you.
TABITHA
He’s trying to say forty-second street. forty-fucking-second street. We met at a restaurant in New York on 42nd Street.

THE HOST
Ms. Henderson You’re not allowed to say the answer, that will count as a wrong answer.

The host hits Tabitha in the temple of her skull, sending pieces of brain flying into the camera.

ARTHUR
Ohmygod, Tabitha! Tabitha!

Tabitha lies in her chair, the life has completely evaporated from her. The Host goes back to his torture tray.

THE HOST
Since neither of you can answer any questions, the two of you will have to forfeit.
(To Cameraman)
What do you think I should use next?

The cameraman points to the weapon on the right end of the table, and wipes the brains off his lens.

THE CAMERAMAN
The one on the end.

The host picks up the weapon, a scepter with curved blades attached to the end.

The host drives the scepter into Arthur’s stomach, tearing him open as he pulls the blade out. The host swings again, this time at his head.

FREEZE FRAME
A play symbol is superimposed over the frozen image on the screen.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

CLOSE UP ON

GOREHIGHLIGHTS.COM

(CONTINUED)
A gore fetish website with a gothic themed, dark color scheme and a column of thumbnailed videos, on the left side of the page.

On the right side of the page are links to the other pages of gorehighlights.com. At the top of the middle column is the frozen image, a video, with the comments underneath.

A arrow icon moves to the search bar, selects the url and copies it.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

NATHAN SINCLAIR (17) sits at his desk, in front of his laptop, moving the mouse, reclining in his office chair.

FACELINK.COM

A social media website so similar to Facebook, Mark Zuckerberg is probably suing the owners.

Nathan pastes the gorehighlights.com link on Patrick Guiles’ private messages page.

INT. GOODMAN HOME - ARIANNA’S BEDROOM.

ARIANNA GOODMAN (17), a tall, beautiful girl, sits in her bed with her laptop on top of her legs.

FACELINK

On Arianna’s private message page, is the link to the Hendersons’ murder on gorehighlights.com, sent moments ago from Nathan.

Arianna clicks on the link, she’s brought to the same gruesome webpage that Nathan and Patrick visited. She reads the text underneath the video, describing the Hendersons.

A cellphone rings. She fishes in her covers for the hidden phone. Kevin Mitchell is calling. She presses the red button, ignoring the call.

Arianna leaves the gory website and visits Facelink.com

Arianna’s phone gets a jingle. She picks up the phone. A new text message from Kevin Mitchell.

KEVIN MITCHELL: Why aren’t u picking up ur phone?

Arianna texts back.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANNA GOODMAN: Because we got nothing to talk about you fucking asshole

KEVIN MITCHELL: What did I do this time?

ARIANNA GOODMAN: You were being yourself I was a idiot to think that it wouldn’t happen again

KEVIN MITCHELL: Idk what ur talking about

ARIANNA GOODMAN: I saw a photo of that skank Jennifer Saxon spread wide open on ur phone

ARIANNA GOODMAN: you could see her fucking organs, it was disgusting

KEVIN MITCHELL: She didn’t send it Derrick did

ARIANNA GOODMAN: from her phone number which is saved in ur phone?

ARIANNA GOODMAN: don’t embarrass urself

ARIANNA GOODMAN: You have a stable of fuckslut groupies

ARIANNA GOODMAN: So go fuck them just don’t call me anymore

Arianna turns the screen off and tosses the phone on the bed. She gets her laptop and switches over to the Newsfeed page on Facelink. She opens the status window and starts typing.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Nathan is playing a online game in which he is a bank robber and must shoot as many cops as he can, using a bullseye as a target cursor.

Nathan gets a message from Patrick on Facelink. He switches tabs over to Facelink.

PATRICK GUILES: Holy shit when did u see the video?

NATHAN SINCLAIR: A hour ago, it was a fresh post.

PATRICK GUILES: Did u go to any news sites?

NATHAN SINCLAIR: not yet, but it will definitely be up there in the morning.

PATRICK GUILES: This is fucking crazy. It’s in our town.
CONTINUED:

NATHAN SINCLAIR: It was only a matter of time before the trend spreaded to here.

On Facelink’s news feed page, ARIANNA GOODMAN posts: I wonder how long it will take for stupid ass bitches to realize that their just a skanky piece of ass smh.

On Nathan’s private messages page:

NATHAN SINCLAIR: Facelink fight.

PATRICK GUILES: Between who?

On the news feed, JENNIFER SAXON posts back: @Arianna Goodman calling somebody a skank is like Charlie Sheen calling somebody a crackhead.

Back to Nathan’s private messages page:

NATHAN SINCLAIR: Arianna Goodman and Jennifer Saxon.

INT. ARIANNA’S HOME – ARIANNA’S BEDROOM

Arianna reads Jennifer’s response and texts her own.

FACELINK

Back on the news feed, ARIANNA GOODMAN posts: Jennifer thinks she’s in a relationship, just like she thinks that we don’t know that she gets all her clothes from Walmart, lol.

JENNIFER SAXON quickly responds: Sad ass little girl crying cause she lost her man Why don’t you go and slit your wrists in a bathtub after you write a lame ass suicide post.

NATHAN

That’s fucked up.

Nathan gets an idea and starts typing. He sends Arianna a PM.

Arianna gets the message from Nathan. She copies and pastes.

Arianna Goodman: Shut the fuck up three hole Jenny.

NICK BREWER: lmao

JACK SCHARTZ: ROFL I remember that from freshman year.

DANIELLE HART: lol Even when she’s 80 years old, she’ll still be remembered as the girl who fucked three guys in the boy’s bathroom.

(CONTINUED)
Jennifer Saxon signs off.

Nathan and Arianna laugh at the post.

On Nathan/Arianna’s private messages page:

ARIANNA GOODMAN: Thanks for the comeback.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: It was nothing.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: do they really call her "three hole Jenny"?

NATHAN SINCLAIR: I just remember the story from freshman year.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: Can I ask u something?

NATHAN SINCLAIR: Sure.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: How come u never talked to me n school?

NATHAN SINCLAIR: I do talk to you.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: Saying hi isn’t talking.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: wait a min why don’t YOU talk to me in school?

ARIANNA GOODMAN: I asked you first.

Nathan’s heart starts to pound, his fingers get sweaty and stiff.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: Maybe because ur boyfriend is a possessive psycho.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: Fuck Kevin. I need somebody who knows how to treat me.

Nathan’s heart beats even faster.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: And who might that be?

Nathan’s room goes black, except for the laptop which now runs on it’s battery. Nathan’s internet connection is down.

NATHAN

Goddammit.

Nathan gets up and out of his room.
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - KITCHEN.

Nathan steps into the kitchen, which has light, along with the rest of the house.

AARON MCCARTHY (45), Nathan’s Stepfather is at the circuit panel.

NATHAN
What the hell?

AARON
Last month’s bill was almost 400 dollars.

NATHAN
That’s what happens to your bill when you leave everything that consumes electricity on day and night. You wanna know what happens when you...

Aaron walks up to Nathan and raises his arm. Nathan quickly covers his face. Aaron responds with a vicious blow to the stomach from the other arm.

AARON
What did I tell you about that smart-ass mouth, boy?

Aaron goes into his bedroom. Nathan picks himself up from the floor.

EXT. BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT. DAY.

Bentonville High school, made up of several two story buildings connected by walkways. The front entrance has a few students standing around, holding their phones to their faces.

DERRICK SOMMERS: There was a masksnuffing in town last night.

KEVIN MITCHELL: Who?

DERRICK SOMMERS: The Hendersons check out the video.
Http://Gorehighlights.com/videos/death do us part episode 4/
EXT. BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD.

PE students jog, throw footballs and baseballs to each other. Other PE students have their phones in their hands, their faces glued to the screens.

SANDY NEWTON: A couple got beat to death in their home and got videotaped

IAN HARTWELL: Check out this video
Http://Gorehighlights.com/videos/death do us part episode 4/

GREG YATES: Masksnuffing has finally arrived @ Bentonville


EXT. BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA.

The Cafeteria is populated with students and all of their tech devices at their hands. They watch the Henderson’s video or a morning news segment of the murder or some article about it.


FIONA SKYE: Holy shit!

DALE DAYTON: Did you see that chick’s brains get on the lens at 4:34, sick.

CALLIE THORNTON: Do you think the killer could be from here?

TANYA DELGADO: Damn that’s fucked up.

JENNIFER SAXON: Maybe if he kills enough people they’ll cancel classes.

TANYA DELGADO: How do you know it’s a man?

JENNIFER SAXON: Since when do women smash heads in with a hammer?

TANYA DELGADO: Since investigation discovery.

Nathan and his best friend PATRICK GILES are sitting at their own table, watching another video from "Death Do Us Part" on Nathan’s laptop.

STREAMED ONLINE VIDEO

(CONTINUED)
In the video, THE HOST stands between ALINA and JAY, a young newlywed couple, each strapped by the wrists and ankles to a twin bed. THE HOST mercilessly whips ALINA, getting more and more blood on his suit as she flails and screams.

THE HOST stops whipping Alina, leaving her naked, punished body to rest. Both of their backs are covered with bloody lashes. THE HOST stands between the couple with a whip and mic.

THE HOST
This is why I love to wear white suits, you would think I was working in a slaughterhouse. Alina, Joe you have nine questions to go, you still have all of your limbs in tact, and I've only used one of my weapons so far, lets play.

A wacky siren goes off. THE excited HOST goes over to his torture table and gets a spiked, metal dong with a bottle of lubricant. THE HOST stands right over JAY'S ass.

THE HOST
It's the double damage round, where the answers are worth double, but answer wrong and the pain will be twice as severe. Alina, your husband has a secret which he has been keeping for the entire two years of your marriage, is it A: He has a pregnant mistress? B: gambling addiction? C: He's a fugitive, evading capture from the authorities? Or D: None of the above? Go.

THE HOST looks at his watch. The answers are superimposed on the screen as Alina looks at her husband and thinks to herself.

ALINA
(to herself)
I know it can’t be C because I keep our birth certificates and Social security cards and it can’t be B because our finances are in order, which leaves A and D.

THE HOST
Ten seconds.
JAY
Baby, you know I wouldn’t keep any
secrets from you.

ALINA
I choose D.

THE HOST
Is that your final answer?

ALINA
Yes.

The D choice highlights.

THE HOST
I’m sorry the answer is A. Your
husband Jay has been seeing a girl
who is 4 months pregnant.

ALINA
What?! You motherfucker, we’re
playing for our lives.

JAY
Baby, that piece of shit is a liar,
he’s saying I’m lying so he can
torture us.

The Host digs into the jar of lube with his rubber-gloved
hand. The camera closes up on Jay’s face as he gets lubed.
Jay really begins to fight back.

THE HOST
now if you shake and move, it will
be alot more painful and... forget
what I said go ahead and shake that
booty.

The Host Squirts a little lube on the tip of the dong shaped
weapon. Jay continues to struggle, but THE HOST guides the
death dong closer and closer to Jay’s butt.

The screen freezes. A buffer ring pops up on the screen.

ANGLE ON NATHAN
Nathan waits for the video to continue.

NATHAN
I hate the WiFi in this school.
PATRICK
I don’t think sending out that video was a really good idea.

NATHAN
From last night? It was just a video.

PATRICK
Of our neighbors getting killed. Mr. Shueman caught Cindy Prescott watching the video in English earlier and he took her cellphone and smashed it against a wall.

NATHAN
So...

PATRICK
You got suspended for sending Gracie Willis that pic of a rotting body sophomore year.

NATHAN
Can’t do anything about it now, it’s sent.

PATRICK
Aren’t you worried at all?

NATHAN
To be honest, I don’t care. I feel like the only reason I come to school is to stare at girls and out of the fear that if I don’t graduate I’ll end up sucking old wrinkly dicks as a male escort.

Nathan turns his head to stare at ARIANA walking across the lunchroom with her beautiful stride.

PATRICK
You’re still on Ariana? You’ve been obsessing over the same girl for five years.

NATHAN
I know, it’s like OCD, some people have to do shit nine times to get through the day, I gotta look at Ariana’s hair, legs, breast and ass move in perfect harmony.

(CONTINUED)
PATRICK
Just go and talk to her, tell her how you feel.

NATHAN
Maybe I will. We do talk.

PATRICK
What about her boyfriend?

NATHAN
According to popular opinion, Ariana will soon be single and available. And I will finally move out of friendsville and into her coochietown.

PATRICK
Great simile, but what will happen to you when Kevin finds out that you’re boning his former squeeze? Given the way he treats you under normal circumstances.

CUT TO

IPHONE POV

A shaky iPhone camera follows a kicking Nathan carried across the school parking lot by several laughing JOCKS.

The JOCKS carry Nathan over to a overflowing dumpster and toss him in head first.

PHOTOS

A photo of half of Nathan from the bottom up, sticking out of the dumpster.

Another photo of Nathan, crawling out of the trash can, covered in trash and school lunch.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON NATHAN AND PATRICK

NATHAN
That’s why I need to do this, if I can pull it off and score with Ariana, it would be the biggest fuck you to Kevin. And I wouldn’t have to resort to plan B.

(CONTINUED)
PATRICK
Which is?

NATHAN
Fuck his sister.

PATRICK
His sister’s nine.

NATHAN
Revenge is a dish best served cold.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S)
Nathan Sinclair.

Nathan turns around, a security guard stands behind him with a walkie talkie in his hand.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S)
Principal sent me to come get you.

INT. BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL – PRINCIPLE’S OFFICE.

Nathan sits before GEORGE WADDE (60), the short, crabby Principal of Bentonville high school. George is watching a video on a tablet.

WADDE
Nathan do you know why you’re here?

Nathan shakes his head. Wadde hands Nathan the tablet, the murder of the Hendersons is playing.

WADDE
Last night Arthur and Tabitha Henderson were murdered in their home and this is a video of it. Have you seen it?

NATHAN
No.

WADDE
This video’s been spreading around the school worse than the chlamydia outbreak in 06. And you have no idea about the video? At all?

NATHAN
No.

(CONTINUED)
WADDE
Our IT specialist traced the viral spread of the Henderson murder video back to an IP address that your computer uses.

NATHAN
Wait a second. Doesn’t that violate privacy laws? I didn’t even send the video while I was in school.

WADDE
Two of your neighbors are killed in cold blood and your first impulse is to send a video of it to other students?

NATHAN
I only sent it to a few people, they’re the ones who spread it. I can’t control what other people do on their computers.

WADDE
I am sick and tired of you kids with no respect for life, or death. You’re expelled, get out!

NATHAN
But that’s not fair, what about the other students who forwarded the video.

WADDE
I’ve been handing out suspensions all day, I just suspended your friend Patrick Guiles.

NATHAN
And you expel me? how is that fair?

WADDE
Fair, let me tell you something about fair. one day you’re gonna lose somebody you care about and I wanna see if you take pictures and make a wisecrack on the internet.

NATHAN
What about Kevin Mitchell? that piece of shit goes around assaulting people and recording it, I don’t see his ass getting hauled

(MORE)
NATHAN (cont’d)
into the office. For four years I barely made a peep around here and the first time I sneeze, you cut my balls off.

WADDE
The first time? what about the time you showed Krista Jenner a picture of a rotting corpse? Or the time you were found watching a gangbang porn in history class? And what about the time you wrote that obscene story about a meat grinder in poetry class?

NATHAN
Actually it was a foursome, three guys one girl. It’s a common mistake.

WADDE
Get out.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Nathan is sitting on the couch, rolling his eyes as Aaron storms around the living room with his face crumpled, his mother MARY (38) sits at the table, smoking.

AARON
what the hell is wrong with you, boy.

NATHAN
The only person I sent that video to was Patrick, the school’s just looking for a scapegoat.

AARON
I’ll be goddamned if you lay up in this house all day because you were too stupid to stay out of trouble.

Nathan looks at his mother.

AARON
Look at me, don’t look at her.

NATHAN
Mom, would you say something?

(CONTINUED)
MARY
Nathan what were you thinking?

AARON
He wasn’t, wasn’t thinking about a goddamn thing. Wasn’t thinking about how this would affect us.

NATHAN
How it affects you? You don’t give a fuck as long as you don’t have to look at me during the day. Teachers all think I’m a fucking orphan.

AARON
I will slap the shit out of you, boy.

NATHAN
Because you’re such a concerned parent?

Aaron jumps out of his seat and at Nathan, fastening his hands around his neck. Mary rushes over to Aaron.

AARON
who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me that way in my house?

MARY
Aaron that’s enough. That’s enough, you’re hurting him.

Aaron throws Nathan to the floor. Aaron storms into Nathan’s bedroom. Something breaks. Nathan gets up and runs to the aid of his stuff.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Aaron stomps a crater into the flat screen on the floor. Then he takes Nathan’s laptop, bends it backwards, breaking the hinges and throws it against the wall.

Finally he grabs the PS3 and walks out, pushing Nathan aside.

AARON
During the day, I want your ass out of the house.

Nathan gets his phone.
EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONT DOOR. EVENING.

Nathan walks out the door.

EXT. ROAD.

Nathan walks down a dark neighborhood street, he’s got his headphones in his ear, connected to the phone he holds in his hands which are texting.

Nathan logs onto the Gorehighlights.com website, under the username "killerwithakeyboard". He starts writing a new post with the title "My Deathpost".

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: I live in Bentonville, a shitty little town in the middle of nowhere that’s best described as a hellhole in which only the biggest asshole survives.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: For as long as I could remember, I felt like an alien to this place even though I always lived here.

EXT. BENCHLEY PARK.

A small neighborhood park with a playground, a table, a little public bathroom and another building, this one an office of some kind. Nathan, still pissed, enters the park.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: And as long as I’ve lived here, I couldn’t think of a single fucking thing that I liked about it.

Nathan sits at a empty park table continuing his texting.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: A couple got masksnuffed in my town yesterday. Everybody wants to know who’s next.

ANGLE ON NATHAN’S PHONE

Nathan turns on the wi-fi antennae and actually gets a signal. Nathan logs into Facelink. On the site, he clicks on the searchbar.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: Who’s next? Isn’t it funny how we don’t think about our own mortality until somebody we know dies, otherwise we think we’ll live forever.

Nathan types in the following names: Kevin Mitchell, George Wadde, Jennifer Saxon, Tonya Delgado, Aaron McCarthy. Each typing of a name brings us to it’s profile page. Nathan enlarges each profile photo and saves it to his phone.

(CONTINUED)
KILLERWITHakeyboard: Who’s next? I could think of a few names, a couple people who’s not only on my shitlist, but everybody’s shitlist.

KILLERWITHakeyboard: People who don’t deserve to live forever.

Back on Gorehighlights, Nathan uploads each picture he downloaded from facelink. Finished, he clicks the post button.

KILLERWITHakeyboard: A list of undesirables who act like emotional blackholes, their lives are so shitty, that they can only function by making the rest of our lives shittier.

The title "My Shitlist" is above a long essay, which includes what Nathan has writing as Killer with a keyboard. The essay is accompanied with the photos Nathan uploaded.

KILLERWITHakeyboard: Misery loves company. I say shoot Misery in her fucking face and hang her corpse high for the world to see.

Nathan’s face is still buried into his phone. A car with it’s bright lights pulls in and flood Nathan. The engine still hums as the car sits in the parking lot.

KILLERWITHakeyboard: AARON MCCARTHY, KEVIN MITCHELL. TANYA DELGADO, JENNIFER SAXON. I’m already thinking of five ways somebody could die.

Nathan tries to look into the car, but the lights shine too bright and he covers his eyes. The engine stops, and all the lights turn off.

Nathan puts his phone in his pocket, ready to leave at the first sign of trouble.

The driver’s door opens and Ariana steps out of the car.

ARIANA
What are you doing out here?

NATHAN
getting good reception.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Aaron and Mary are sitting on different sofas adjacent to each other, the both of them are watching TV, Mary is having a cigarette and a beer.
AARON
Are you gonna give me the cold shoulder the entire night?

MARY
You didn’t have to hurt him. He didn’t do anything that bad, he’s already getting punished by the school.

AARON
He got expelled from school and no thanks to you or his dad. That boy doesn’t have any real discipline in him, they expelled him cause he’s on that fucking computer all the time looking up god knows what. That boy ain’t right.

MARY
Call Nathan.

AARON
I’m not calling him, let him call us.

MARY
Aaron it’s too dangerous for him to be out there.

Aaron picks up Mary’s phone off of his side of the table and throws it at Mary. The door bell rings. Aaron gets up and walks over to the door.

AARON
I bet that’s him coming back after his little tantrum.

He looks through the window next to the door. Outside on the curb is a maintenance van with a ladder. Aaron looks through the peephole, two Technical support agents outside.

TECHNICIAN (O.S)
Cable repair.

Aaron opens the door.

AARON
I didn’t call you.

TECHNICIAN
We’ve been visiting all of our customers in the area. There’s been (MORE)
a product recall for safety issues, a couple of incidents of people turning on the cable box, causing a power surge. There was one incident where a guy turned on his box, his electric socket exploded started a huge fire, he got out, but his wife and his daughter didn’t make it. The daughter was only 7, her lungs were as black as coal in the autopsy and the mom’s face was melted like a piece of cheese.

AARON
Okay, okay, come in.

Aaron opens the door wide, standing aside for the two service men to step in.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

The first Maintenance Worker is behind the television, disconnecting the cable box.

Mary sits in the kitchen, smoking.

MARY
You guys don’t mind if I smoke this while you’re in here?

TECHNICIAN
No, ma’am go right ahead.

Service employee 2 walks out of Aaron and Mary’s bedroom holding two cable boxes.

AARON
What’s the problem with the boxes, we haven’t experienced any trouble lately.

TECHNICIAN 2
Sir, they just send me here to pick up the boxes.

AARON
Well how long is it gonna take to fix the boxes?
Aaron notices that the first Technician, still behind the TV, has a gun sticking out, nestled between the crack of his ass.

Aaron goes to Mary and whispers in her ear.

AARON

(Low whisper)
Mary call the cops.

MARY

What?

AARON

Just call the fucking cops, hurry up.

MARY

You call the cops, if you’re going to talk to me that way.

AARON

Shut the fuck up and get the phone, hurry before they notice.

MARY

Notice what? Why do you talk to me that way? You could just ask me.

AARON

Fucking forget it. I’ll get it myself, you stupid bitch.

Aaron gives up and walks into his bedroom. Service Employee 2 comes back into the house, with the same strange chair we saw at the Henderson’s house.

MARY

I don’t want to get in the way, but what is that chair for?

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 2

It’s for the game.

MARY

What game?

Finished disconnecting the cable box, Service employee 1 turns around and addresses Mary.

(CONTINUED)
SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1
Game show. Quiz show to be specific.

MARY
What are you talking about? What quiz show?

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1
Where’s your husband?

MARY
He’s in the bedroom, he’ll be out in a minute, he’s looking for his phone.

Before Mary finishes, Service employee 1 storms into her bedroom, pulling his gun out of his pants.

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1 (O.S)
Give me the phone.

AARON (O.S)
I was just looking for batteries...

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1 (O.S)
Who were you calling?

AARON (O.S)
I wasn’t calling anybody.

A LOUD THUD comes from the bedroom, followed by the sounds of a one-sided fight accompanied by Aaron’s screams.

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1 (O.S)
Don’t fuck with me, asshole.

Mary bursts towards the bedroom, only to be quickly grabbed by the second Service Employee.

MARY
Aaron!

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 2
No, no, baby stay right here. He’s gonna bring your husband out in just a second.

Service employee 1 brings Aaron out from the bedroom, Aaron’s face is covered in blood, cuts and bruises. He throws Aaron on the floor, turns him on his stomach and ties his hands up.
Service Employee 2 follows suit and throws Mary to the floor next to Aaron and ties her hands. Mary starts crying.

MARY
What’s the point of all of this?

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1
(To Service employee 2)
Get the other chair and the masks.

Service Employee 2 runs out of the house.

AARON
If you’re robbing us, we got 1000 dollars in between the bed, take that and our electronics, we even got a Xbox One.

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1
I don’t need your money.

Service Employee 2 comes back into the house, holding a pair of masks and a tripod. He throws one of the masks at the first technician who catches it.

SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1
Set it up.

Service Employee 2 sets up the tripod. Service Employee 1 puts on the mask and instantly we realize that he is THE HOST.

THE HOST
It’s showtime.

INT. ARIANA’S CAR.

Nathan sits next to Ariana, unsure of what to say or do next, he’s never been this close to her.

ARIANA
So what did Mr. Wadde say to you?

NATHAN
Pretty much told me to fuck off, that I wasn’t a student at Bentonville high school anymore. What about you?

ARIANA
Ten days for the video and ten days for that shit with Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN
Damn.

ARIANA
Fucking Wade’s always been on a power trip, talking about our social media destroying the foundation of our school. Fucking asshole.

NATHAN
Sorry.

ARIANA
Sorry for what?

NATHAN
I sent the video to you.

ARIANA
Yeah, but I resented it.

NATHAN
My Stepdad doesn’t give a shit where I am, just as long as I’m out of the house during the day.

ARIANA
Nathan, is there anywhere you want to go?

NATHAN
I don’t know, I’ve never even left the state, that sounds embarrassing but...

ARIANA
No, it’s just that I was thinking that ever since I was small, I always wanted to go to New York and study fashion. But I just applied to a list of schools in the state and none of them have anything remotely close to fashion. Except art or something. My first choice was to southern state where Kevin’s going next year.

NATHAN
But...

( CONTINUED )
ARIANA
Fuck Kevin. The first time I found pictures of other girls on his phone, he worked really hard to win me back, he doesn’t even try to hide it anymore. I wanna go to college somewhere far away and just start over. I gotta get away from this town. That’s why I’m out here, to think of escape and revenge.

NATHAN
Maybe you should get back at him.

ARIANA
How?

NATHAN
We could make a sextape and send it to him.

Ariana thinks for a beat. Nathan thinks that he just fucked up with her.

Ariana bursts into laughter.

ARIANA
(Laughing)
Yeah, that would really fuck him up, to know that you of all people fucked me.

Nathan tries to laugh with her.

NATHAN
Yeah, and I could send him a picture with my cock in your mouth.

All the laughter immediately dies, followed by a awkward silence.

NATHAN
Sorry. Too much?

ARIANA
Yeah.
EXT. CONVIENCE STORE - PARKING LOT.

State Detective BRADLEY JACKSON (38) sits in his plain, unmarked car, texting on his phone.

Bradley Jackson: 10 inches, with a hook.

Norra Lansing: I don’t believe you, I wanna see it.

Bradley Jackson: Baby, I can’t, I’m in public.

Norra Lansing: I want to see it now. I wanna see that big curved cock in your hands.

Jackson unzips his pants and grabs his dick. The radio goes off.

DISPATCHER (O.S)
We have a possible home invasion at 231 Fillmore Drive.

Jackson zips up his pants and grabs the radio.

JACKSON
This is Detective Jackson, gimme the address again.

DISPATCHER (O.S)
231 Fillmore drive.

JACKSON
I’m on my way.

Jackson’s car pulls out of the parking lot, the siren lights turn on.

Jackson cruises through the dark suburban streets. He makes a turn at a corner onto Fillmore drive.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONT.

Jackson pulls up in front of the Sinclair residence. The repair van hasn’t moved.

Jackson turns off the engine. A vibration prompts him to look at his phone.

NORRA LANSING: Where’s my picture of that big cock of yours? :

BRADLEY JACKSON: I got work baby might have to stop a bad guy dead in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)
NORRA LANSING: Be safe big daddy ;)

Jackson gets out of his car and approaches the van, he circles the van, inspecting it and writes down the license number.

Jackson walks to the front door. The windows of the home are covered with thick blankets.

THE HOST (O.S)
Answer the question, Mr. McCarthy.
Where was your wife born?

Jackson puts his ear to the door.

AARON (O.S)
(Heavy breathing)
Springfield Illinois?

THE HOST (O.S)
I’m sorry that answer is incorrect.

AARON (O.S)
That’s bullshit, you think I don’t know anything about my wife?

THE HOST (O.S)
Mary McCarthy was born Mary Winter on June 3, 1975 in Topeka Kansas to parents Mark and Madeline Winter.

MARY
How could you know that?

THE HOST (O.S)
Don’t worry Ms. McCarthy you’ll have plenty of time to find the answer in hell.

AARON (O.S)
Nooooo!

Mary’s sharp scream full of pain pierces through the walls and into Jackson’s ear. Jackson pulls his gun out and kicks the door open.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Jackson enters the home. Aaron and Mary are in the same chairs the Hendersons were in. The Host stands over the couple with his bloody hammer. The cameraman is still recording.
Mary is dead with a dark, bloody bruise on the left temple of her forehead. Aaron is covered in blood and cuts, his eye has been removed and several of his fingers are missing.

The Cameraman drops his camera and draws his gun. Jackson fires two shots into his chest sending his body crashing on the floor. Jackson turns to The Host who keeps the hammer in his grip.

JACKSON
Put it down motherfucker, right now.

What was a foursome is now a showdown between Jackson and the Host, who has a gun in his pants.

JACKSON
Don’t be stupid, you saw what I just did to your friend, put the hammer down.

THE HOST
We had a great run.

Simultaneously, The Host swiftly drives his hammer into Aaron’s head and Jackson pulls the trigger, the bullets fly straight through The Host.

The Host, Aaron, Mary and The Cameraman’s corpses are scattered across the living room. Jackson has never seen anything like this in his life.

EXT. FILLMORE DRIVE.

Arianna’s car pulls up in front of Nathan’s house, behind Jackson’s car and the repair van.

NATHAN
Ariana, I know it’s a little out of nowhere... Do you wanna see a movie this weekend?

Ariana can’t help but pay attention to Nathan’s house.

NATHAN
Never mind.

ARIANA
I think something is going on in your house.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NATHAN

What?

Nathan notices the flashing sirens and bursts out of Ariana’s car. Nathan dashes to the front door.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Standing in the threshold, Nathan is looking at the carnage spreaded across the room in corpses and blood.

Jackson approaches Nathan, talking to him. Nathan’s expression remains frozen. His eyes fixed on his mother’s corpse.

DISSOLVE TO

THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE SAME ANGLE

It’s much later into the night. Nathan and Jackson are long gone. Body outlines and blood remain on the carpet.

We hold on the same angle as Night turns to day and back to night and back to day again, over and over, five more times.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

ON THE SAME ANGLE AS THE PREVIOUS SCENE

Nathan stands in the center of the room staring at the dried blood on the carpet. His entire body is suspended in motion. Only his eyes move around, scanning small and large spots of blood painted across the room.

Nathan walks over to the couch and drops down on it. His eyes remain on the spots of blood.

CUT TO

THE LAST IMAGE OF NATHAN’S MURDERED MOTHER, MARY

CUT TO

Nathan, eyes still on the blood. He takes out his phone.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF NATHAN’S PHONE

At the website Facelink, Nathan’s status window is blank.

(CONTINUED)
ANGLE ON NATHAN
Nathan’s fingers slowly begin to type.

CLOSE UP ON NATHAN’S PHONE

NATHAN SINCLAIR: A week ago my parents Aaron and Mary McCarthy were brutally slain by masksnuffers connected to the website Gorehighlights.com. The last minutes I spent with my parents was in an argument. I always took them for granted and now they’re gone forever. #Masksnuffervictim

Nathan clicks on the post button, the post appears on the timeline.

A MONTAGE OF POSTS, NEWS ARTICLES AND PHOTOS

Replies to Nathan’s post appear during the montage.

Nathan continues typing on his phone.

PATRICK GILES: Nathan, me and my family are here for anything you need bro. CONDOLENCES!!!

ARIANA GOODMAN: Nathan I’m so sorry.

MICHELLE RETHERFORD: Oh my god, Nathan I’m sorry for your loss

Nathan’s post gets 356 likes.

INSERT NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

BENTONVILLE UNDER SIEGE: MASKSNUFFINGS CONTINUE is the headline of the article. Aaron and Mary in a wedding photo, is at the top of the article. A photo of Detective Jackson is also in the article.

JACK ERICSSON: Nathan you are very courageous for sharing your tragedy over the internet, my prayers go out to your family

DARIEN SCOTT: How could somebody slaughter a family for views?

FRANK TOSCO: @Darien Scott, welcome to the 21st century, dude.

(CONTINUED)
ALVIN REDDING: As the body count rises, the police are dumbfounded with a lack of suspects and the government still refuses to take action against the websites that encourage and profit off murder.

Nathan is uploading selfies he took at his parents funeral: photos of Nathan with family, Nathan with detective Jackson, Nathan with Patrick and Ariana.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: My parents are now dead and buried and so are their murderers. I would like to thank everybody both in person and online for their support. #Masksnuffervictims

EXTREME CLOSE UP: OF NATHAN’S COMPUTER AND THE LIKE BUTTON

Nathan’s post has 1547 likes.

INSERT NEWS HEADLINE

The headline reads: GRUESOME EXECUTION VIDEO LEAKED. In the article, a clip of the last Death Do Us Part video involving Aaron and Mary is playing in the upper left corner of the wordy article.

TONY STEWART: Such a gruesome attack on a innocent family

DARIEN SCOTT: Why don’t black masksnuffings get the same attention as White victims?

ALTON RICHARDS: what about that kid in Chicago who got knifed to death on world star?

INSERT NEWS HEADLINE

Another news headline reads: MASKSNUFFING VICTIMS BEGIN TO SPEAK OUT AND SEEK EACH OTHER FOR SUPPORT

DARYC LEWIS: My mom was tied up with designer belts and kicked through the glass window of a shopping mall. She fell to her death and the suspects are still making murder videos. #Masksnuffervictims

GREG OWENS: Two weeks ago I found my daughter stuffed and mounted and hung from a traffic sign. The video has 54,000 views. #Masksnuffervictims

TREY DAVID: My big brother was in a gang and they accused him of snitching. They killed him, cut out his tongue and posted it on the internet. #Masksnuffervictims

A photo of Nathan with Detective Jackson. The photo receives 221 likes.
Another selfie of Nathan, Arianna and Patrick at a party. The photo gets 135 likes.

A selfie of Nathan and Arianna cuddling. The selfie gets 197 likes.

A selfie of Nathan asleep with a frank in his mouth. The selfie gets 325 likes.

Nathan and Patrick are playing the XBOX 360 in Nathan’s living room.

Arianna and Nathan are watching a movie. Inside of Arianna’s bag, her cellphone is ringing, it’s Kevin. Arianna sends it to voicemail.

Nathan’s facelink account has 5000 friends. His news feed is filled with his posts, all of which have dozens and sometimes hundreds of likes and comments.

Nathan’s e-mail account, Nathanator1291@gmail.com has a long list of e-mails from various companies and retailers who all want to sponsor him.

Nathan clicks on a particular email from Harold Winter (Hwinter243@yahoo.com) The email discusses Harold’s interest in Nathan and the possibility of a reality TV show.

Another photo of Nathan and Arianna, sitting down, having lunch at a outdoor cafe. HAROLD WINTER (23), a filmmaker with his brand new Panasonic HVX, films the dining couple.

EXT. BENTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT. EVENING.

THE MONTAGE COMES TO AN END AS...

Principle Wadde walks across the empty parking lot to his car and gets in. A pistol touches the back of his neck.

The pistol with an impressive, homemade silencer is wielded by The WHITE MASK, a man wearing white stockings over his face with a white jumpsuit.

WHITE MASK

Relax. No sudden movements.

WADDE

How did you get in?

WHITE MASK

You always leave your doors unlocked, you idiot.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WADDE
My wallet’s in my left jacket pocket.

WHITE MASK
Drive.

Wadde pulls out of the lot.

EXT. DIRT ROAD.

Wadde’s car slowly rolls along a rocky dirt path off of a highway. The car comes to a halt. The engine shuts off, but the lights remain on.

WADDE
Your voice sounds familiar. You one of my students? Faculty? Is this because I gave you a hard time at school?

WHITE MASK
Stop right here.

Wadde and the White Mask get out simultaneously, the gun steadily pointed at Wadde.

WHITE MASK
take off your clothes.

Wadde turns around to face The White Mask.

WADDE
What do you want? what did I do to deserve this?

WHITE MASK
I’ll get to that in a minute, now take off your clothes.

WADDE
(crying)
I don’t want to die. please don’t fucking kill me. Please, I can’t die.

WHITE MASK
Take off your clothes, I won’t say it again.

Wadde strips down to his tightie whities. The White Mask throws a jar at him.

(Continued)
WHITE MASK
put this on.

Wadde doesn’t follow, he looks at the jar, it’s a jar of honey. He opens the jar and sniffs the honey.

WADDE
you’re not gonna rape me are you?

WHITE MASK
Stop stalling and put on the honey.

Wadde sticks his hand into the jar and pulls out a thick wad of honey. He spreads it over his chest, his legs and then his arms.

White Mask throws another jar at him.

RASKOLNIKOV
More, I want every inch of your body covered, don’t be afraid to get in those cracks and pits.

WADDE
Are you sure this doesn’t involve sex?

WHITE MASK
Shut up and put it on.

Wadde collects the last of the honey in his hand and smears himself.

WADDE
Now what?

White Mask shoots Wadde in his knee caps, he falls to his wounded knees.

WHITE MASK
Stay put, I’ll be back.

White Mask goes to the trunk and takes out a box and a camera, he walks back to Wadde and drops the box. He turns on the camera and points it at Wadde. White Mask takes out a piece of paper.

WHITE MASK
(Reading)
principle Wadde is another middle aged dickhead who gets a orgasm from yelling and disciplining kids. Slather him with honey and let a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
WHITE MASK (cont’d)
swarm of bees sting his ass to death”. I couldn’t find bees so I got hornets.

WADDE
What?

White Mask unleashes a swarm of hornets which covers Wadde. Wadde rolls around in agony as he’s stung countless times, leaving no spot on his body without a sting. White Mask keeps filming.

EXT. WHITE MASK’S HOME. NIGHT.
Push in on the White Mask’s home, no different from any other home in that neighborhood.

INT. WHITE MASK’S HOME - BEDROOM.
White Mask is rendering the video of Principal Wade’s demise into an AVI file.

White Mask logs on to his Gorehighlight account "Raskolnikov”. He uploads the video and titles it "Deathlist Execution part 1".

Principal Wade’s bee-filled death streams on the website’s video window.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - STREET. NIGHT.
The booming music coming from Nathan’s house could be heard for miles.

Cars are parked all over Nathan’s front yard, double parked in the street. Where there isn’t a car there’s party-goers lounging around with cups in their hand.

A nice looking convertible comes speeding around the corner onto Nathan’s street, at the last minute it slows down and randomly double parks close to Nathan’s house.

Behind the wheel of this convertible is KEVIN MITCHELL, a broad-shouldered, broad-faced kid full of anger.
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Nathan’s home is jam-packed with his former classmates and party-goers across the neighborhood drinking, dancing, talking and smooching. A DJ with his mix set, sits in the corner mixing.

Other kids are glaring at their cellphones, captured by whatever they’re watching. whoever isn’t watching is pulling out their phones reacting to the link that was messaged to their phones.

The gruesome murder of Mr. Wade plays on all the phones. A look of shock, horror and intrigue comes across the viewers’ faces.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - BACKYARD.

TANYA DELGADO, a cute, bubbly girl the same age as Nathan and the others, nervously stands in front of a crowd, blindfolded with an apple on her head.

Nathan stands a good thirty feet from her, steadily holding a crossbow pointed right at Tanya. Ariana stands next to him. Harold has his camera pointed at this contest of accuracy.

ARIANA
Nate, are you sure you can hit that apple from here?

NATHAN
Yup, been doing this shit since I was 12.

ARIANA
But you never hit a apple on a girl.

NATHAN
Bulls-eyes, apples, they’re both red and round.

TANYA
Sinclair, I’m getting cold feet about this.

NATHAN
Stay still, I don’t want to hit you in the eye.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANA
Now I’m scared, are you su...

Nathan abruptly pulls the trigger.

ARIANA
Whoa!

Harold rushes over to Tonya, he points the camera and examines her head. Tonya’s life just flashed before her eyes.

Harold searches the grass. He finds a piece of the apple and the larger chunk, along with the arrow. Harold picks up the arrow and holds it up. Everybody cheers.

ARIANA
Holy crap, that was awesome.

NATHAN
I told you I could shoot. Anybody got a request?

Harold shows Nathan a nice looking smartphone.

NATHAN
That? Are you sure?

HAROLD
It’s not mine, I found it. I was gonna sell it on craigslist, but this is waaay more fun.

NATHAN
Okay.

Nathan points his crossbow into the air. Harold turns on the phone, it lights up.

HAROLD

Harold tosses the phone high in the air. The phone is still lit as it spins, speeding into the air.

Nathan holds his breath and pulls the trigger. The phone falls to the ground.

Harold rushes over to the downed phone. Zooming in on the phone we can see a spiderweb-shaped crater of a cracked screen with a punctured hole in the center.

Harold displays the cracked phone and everybody cheers again.

(CONTINUED)
As Nathan absorbs the applause with Harold, Ariana on the other hand takes out her phone and walks off to herself, texting.

KEVIN MITCHELL: I’m here.

ARIANA GOODMAN: What are you doing here?

KEVIN MITCHELL: I want to talk to you.

Ariana quickly walks around the corner to the front of the house.

Patrick comes through the sliding back door, he runs up to Nathan and Harold.

PATRICK
Nathan, Mr. Wadde’s dead.

NATHAN
What?

PATRICK
I need to talk to you about something, can we go somewhere private?

Patrick and Nathan walk into the house, Harold begins to follow them.

PATRICK
Private.

INT. NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Nathan and Patrick walk in. Nathan shuts the door behind him,

PATRICK
Did you have anything to do with Mr. Wadde getting killed?

NATHAN
Mr. Wade is dead?

PATRICK
Nate answer me, did you have anything to do with this? Or your parents? Aaron?

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN
No. What kind of question is that?

PATRICK
What about that letter you wrote on Gorehighlights?

NATHAN
What letter?

FLASHBACK
A brief flash of Nathan, sitting at the park typing on his phone, uploading photos, clicking on the "send post" button.

FLASHFORWARD
It all comes back to Nathan. Patrick waits for Nathan to recollect his thoughts.

NATHAN
Holy fucking shit. Awesome.

PATRICK
What?!

NATHAN
I forgot all about that letter. I can’t believe somebody actually did it. It had to be somebody we know, right?

Nathan quickly takes out his phone and starts browsing the internet.

PATRICK
What are you doing?

NATHAN
Searching for that Wade video. I wanna see if they carried it out down to the letter.

Patrick grabs Nathan’s hands and phone.

PATRICK
They did, okay. You gotta tell somebody what’s going on.

NATHAN
No I don’t.
PATRICK
Two names on your list are dead and there’s still Kevin Mitchell and why are Jennifer Saxon and Tanya Delgado on your list?

NATHAN
You remember when I asked Tanya out and then her and Jennifer publicly humiliated me and then made a spectacle of it on social media taking pictures of me and comparing them with bums?

PATRICK
You know what’s gonna happen if their names stay on that list?

NATHAN
I’m a little curious about it.

Patrick stares daggers at Nathan, folding his arms.

NATHAN
What are you looking at me like that for? The cops had the video of my parents getting whacked and then it got leaked, right? If anybody finds out that I wrote that post. Patrick, this is the first time in my life that I’m popular. I might even get laid tonight should I be lucky enough. Can we postpone telling somebody and risking everything until after Ariana jumps on my love muscle.

Patrick says nothing and remains stone faced.

NATHAN
What if I delete the post, no more post, no more copycat murders.

Nathan displays his phone to Patrick and logs into his gorehighlights.com personal account, he finds the death post and clicks on the "remove post" button.

NATHAN
Look, removing the post, now nobody can read it.

(CONTINUED)
PATRICK
You have to tell the cops.

NATHAN
And I will, mom. But can’t we just enjoy the night, I’m sure whoever is behind it will keep it to one murder a night.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONTYARD.

Ariana and Kevin are standing in the yard.

ARIANA
You can’t be here.

PATRICK
Why? ’cause Sinclair said so?

ARIANA
For starters. The answer is no so why are you here?

KEVIN
This is bullshit. I fuck up one time and it’s like everything else between us didn’t matter.

ARIANA
One time?

KEVIN
I know I screwed up, and I screwed up before. I just need one more chance to make you see how much I want to make this work.

Kevin brushes Ariana’s cheek with his palm, and for a moment she remember’s the feeling. Ariana breaks from him and walks away, but Kevin grabs her wrist.

ARIANA
I gotta go.

KEVIN
Wait.

ARIANA
Let me go, Kevin.

(CONTINUED)
KEVIN
Just give me a minute to explain.

Nathan, Patrick with Harold following behind with the camera, approach Kevin and Ariana.

NATHAN
Let her go.

KEVIN
Mind your own fucking business
bitch, I’m not in the mood.

Nathan gets even closer. A crowd of onlookers have formed around the heated scene. Harold has his camera pointed at the three.

NATHAN
This is my house.

KEVIN
And I’ll beat the shit out of you
in your house if you don’t back off.

ARIANA
Nathan, I can handle this.

Kevin lets go of Ariana and faces Nathan. Nathan tenses up.

KEVIN
You look like you want to do something.

Nathan stands still for a beat. All eyes are on him, including Harold and his camera. Nathan puts up his dukes.

KEVIN
Are you serious?

Nathan tilts his face, bracing for a hit and charges at Kevin

CUT TO

WEBVIDEO

Kevin punches Nathan square in the jaw with precision and impeccable timing. Nathan drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

CUT TO
INT. SINCLAIR HOME. DAY.

Nathan lies on the armchair with an icepack resting on top of his cheek. Patrick sits on the couch with Harold, watching the video.

NATHAN
Jesus Christ, it still hurts.

Harold moves the cursor in the timeline back, the video returns to the devastating punch.

PATRICK
That dude’s technique is incredible.

HAROLD
Fuck football, that kid should box, he knocked you out with one clean hit.

Harold moves back the timeline and watches the video once more.

HAROLD
I gotta see that punch one more time.

NATHAN
That’s it. I want that video down, this is fucking ridiculous.

HAROLD
Not a chance. You know how many views your video got this morning alone? 15,000. Somebody already went and made a music video using our footage.

Harold clicks on another link, which is a compiled music video of Kevin’s knockouts, beginning with a slo-mo replay of Kevin knocking out Nathan.

PATRICK
They already made a compilation video?

HAROLD
Dude, you’re a hero right now, thousands of people a day are watching you defending your girl’s honor.
NATHAN
Why does it have to be me getting assaulted that gets all the views? And to top it off, after the fight, everyone left including Ariana who was too embarrassed to be around the guy who got brought down with one punch.

PATRICK
How do you know this?

NATHAN
Cause she’s not here.

PATRICK
Don’t you think you should call her?

NATHAN
Why doesn’t she call me?

HAROLD
You should call her because it would make good material.

Nathan picks up the phone and dials Ariana. Harold takes the camera off the coffee table, turns it on and points it at Nathan. Nathan listens to the dial tone.

ARIANA (O.S)
Nathan.

NATHAN
What happened to you last night, after the cops came? You left without saying anything.

ARIANA
About last night...

The doorbell rings. Nathan walks to the door.

NATHAN
Hold on, can I call you back?

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONT DOOR.

Nathan opens the door. It’s detective Jackson. They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN
Mr. Jackson.

JACKSON
'Morning Nathan. What happened to your face?

NATHAN
I fell. I’m not sure if I thanked you for that night.

JACKSON
Do you mind if I come in?

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Jackson enters the home, Harold shoots his entrance.

JACKSON
What’s this for?

HAROLD
A documentary about survivors of violent attacks and tragic events. Harold Winter.

Harold extends his hand to the detective who shakes it.

JACKSON
Bradley Jackson.

HAROLD
As a homicide detective and the investigating officer in the string of attacks in town. I’d like to get your opinion on masksnuffing.

JACKSON
Not at the moment, I need to discuss something with Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Guiles.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - KITCHEN.

Nathan, Patrick and Jackson sit at the table. Harold stands a few feet away, his camera pointed at the three men.

JACKSON
Could you excuse us?

Harold leaves the three men to themselves.

(CONTINUED)
JACKSON
I’m glad to see that you’ve been adjusting well. I won’t waste your time any further. Yesterday a video surfaced on the internet. In it, Damien Wadde was tortured and murdered. Either one of you know anybody at school who might have had a grudge with Mr. Wadde? Student? teacher?

NATHAN
No. Not really.

HAROLD
(Shaking his head)
Uh-uh.

JACKSON
Are you sure? I had Wadde as a History teacher back when I went to BHS and he wasn’t known for his people skills back then, general opinion was that he was a real asshole.

Nathan and Patrick shake his head.

NATHAN
Nope, can’t think of anybody.

JACKSON
Not even the 30 kids who got suspended and expelled including yourselves?

Nathan and Patrick’s heartbeats accelerate.

JACKSON
I didn’t mean to scare anybody, nobody’s a suspect, but I need to check every lead. The video was posted by a guy who goes by the name of Raskolnikov, a character in a nineteenth century russian novel, there’s also a link to a post that was removed. Once I get the ip addresses, the investigation will start moving alot quicker.

NATHAN
Maybe the killer doesn’t even know the victim, just another head on

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN (cont’d)
gorehighlights.com who wants his fifteen minutes?

JACKSON
That’s unlikely. Several witnesses spotted Mr. Wade get into his car alone. When we checked his car, there was no sign of a break-in of any kind, not to mention that everybody’s been on edge since this masksnuffing mess started. Right now nobody would except so much as a handshake from a stranger let alone give one a ride.

Jackson gets up from the table and hands Nathan and Patrick his business cards.

JACKSON
If you come across anything suspicious, on social media or wherever, give me a call, no matter how little the detail.

Jackson walks to the door.

NATHAN
Before you go, could you give me some legal advice?

JACKSON
Sure, shoot.

NATHAN
I have a friend who is in a bit of a jam. On the internet, he wrote that somebody should be killed and a few days later they were. He says he didn’t do the murder, but he’s scared that the cops might go after him. What could he be charged with?

JACKSON
He should be scared, aside from being considered a prime suspect, he’d have a few other things to worry about. For starters he could get charged with obstruction, especially if he had knowledge beforehand and didn’t report it to law enforcement, there’s also incitement of a violent act, if the (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
prosecution wanted to be hard-asses they could charge him with manslaughter and conspiracy to murder, though I doubt the charges would stick in court. But from those other charges alone he would be facing some serious jail time. Thanks for the few minutes you gave me and you gentlemen have a good morning.

Jackson walks out the front door. Nathan follows him to the door and closes the door. Patrick gives him a "what the fuck" look.

NATHAN
What?

PATRICK
Perfect opportunity to tell him, he looks like a guy that you could trust.

NATHAN
Don’t even start.
(low voice)
And not on the fucking camera.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan sits alone at his bed, with his phone in his hands, texting.

CLOSE UP: OF NATHAN’S PHONE VISITING GOREHIGHLIGHTS.COM

He signs into his profile page, his username is "Killerwithakeyboard".

Nathan types "unaired episode of death do us part". Aaron and Mary are restrained in the Host’s chairs. The Host walks over to Mary with a screwdriver.

Nathan quickly moves the timeline cursor. The video jumps to Aaron getting his hand smashed to a bloody pulp with a hammer.

Nathan moves the timeline cursor. The video jumps to another gruesome act against Aaron, this time the Host swings the sharp end of the hammer into random points of Aaron’s chest.
Nathan clicks on the thumbnail to Principle Wadde’s masksnuffing video. The video buffers, then it starts playing.

WHITE MASK (O.S)
Principle Wadde is that cliched, cranky old principle who looks like the monopoly tycoon. Another middle aged dickhead who gets a orgasm from yelling and disciplining kids, who the fuck does he thinks he is, lecturing people. Slather his ass with honey and let a swarm of bees sting his ass to death”. I couldn’t find bees so I got hornets.

In the video, White Mask unleashes the hornets on Wadde, thousands of insects attacking every inch of his body.

Nathan clicks on Raskolnikov, the username of the uploader, he’s brought over to Raskolnikov’s profile page.

Raskolnikov’s profile page is literary-themed with a courier font for text and a picture of a bookshelf as a background.

Nathan’s got a private message, he opens the chat window.

RASKOLNIKOV: Did you see what happened to Wadde?

Nathan starts typing.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: why did you kill him?

RASKOLNIKOV: Because you inspire me.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: you don’t have to do this for me.

RASKOLNIKOV: But I do. You’re not the only one with a fanbase to entertain.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: I was angry I was having a really shitty day, and I don’t want to see anybody else get hurt.

RASKOLNIKOV: Then all you have to do is tell the cops.

Nathan closes the gorehighlights.com window. He closes his laptop.

Nathan’s phone lies inches away from his computer at his desk. He pulls out the card that Jackson gave him, studying his number.

His phone jingles and vibrates. He recieves a new message from Patrick.

(CONTINUED)
PATRICK GILES: Dude check out this video http://sluttube.com/cockwarrior/T/

Nathan presses the link. Nathan finds himself at sluttube.com, watching a video titled "T"

In the video, Kevin lies in bed in nothing but a towel, waiting for someone. The girl comes into the frame and the two begin to make love.

Nathan definitely knows who the girl is and he can’t believe what he is seeing.

EXT. CAFETERIA. DAY.

The Cafeteria is empty, not a soul outside. TANYA DELGADO, (17) sits at a table to herself crying. A TEACHER approaches her and sits at the table. We can’t see the Teacher’s face no matter what angle we’re shooting at.

    TEACHER
    What’s wrong?

    TANYA
    Nothing. Family issues.

    TEACHER
    Are you sure there’s anything I can’t do.

    TANYA
    No thanks, I was just about to get back to class.

    TEACHER
    Nonsense, you’re in no state. What you need is a nice warm cup of tea and somebody to talk to.

Tanya’s tear-soaked face looks up at the teacher.

    TANYA
    Okay.

Tanya and the Teacher get up and leave the table. Instead of walking back to the school, they walk towards the gate.
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

"THE SURVIVOR" WEB SERIES

Nathan, wearing a T-shirt that says, "Arrowhead.com" sits on the couch accompanied by some cool swag including a PS4 game, a light saber, a perfume gift set, and a stained blanket.

NATHAN
In advance I would like to thank all the loyal viewers out there, our last episode broke 700,000 views, every eyeball makes this show possible.

HAROLD (O.S)
What’s all that stuff on the couch?

NATHAN
Oh, this? This is all the cool swag my fans sent me.

HAROLD (O.S)
Don’t be selfish, share it with all of us.

Nathan starts with the PS4 game.

NATHAN
This was from Jacob Carlyle in St. Petersburg, Florida. Who writes: "Nathan your story of courage inspires me to go to school everyday even though I am bullied. This is a extra copy that UPS sent to me by mistake I hope you enjoy it". I wish I could get the same response from my school which I’m still expelled from, despite going through tragedy and almost dying.

Nathan moves on to the perfume gift set.

NATHAN
Arielle Stewart sent me this perfume gift set, she writes: "Smelling good is as important as your survival, so I hope you and your girlfriend enjoy this gift from me" Well Arielle, I’d rather be stabbed to death than smell like Justin Beiber, but I’m certain my girl will love this.

(CONTINUED)
Finally, Nathan pulls out a very large pair of granny panties.

HAROLD (O.S.)
Is that a parachute?

NATHAN
I don’t think so. These are from Lisa Graham in Springfield Illinois who writes: "Just the idea of you coming so close to death makes me want to sit on your face. PS, I didn’t wash them, enjoy". That explains the skid marks.

Nathan throws the panties away and gets the used blanket.

NATHAN
Last, but not least, I guess. Somebody sent me their security blanket. Michael Brandon writes: this blanket protected me from the forces of evil my entire life. I hope it will keep you safe.

The doorbell is rung furiously. At the same time, A jingle comes from Nathan’s phone. Nathan looks at his phone.

PATRICK GUILES: Dude, check this out immediately, seriously. Http://smuttube.com/Cockwarrior

PATRICK GUILES: Http://Bentonvilletimes.com/

Nathan clicks on the first link and the website starts loading.

Nathan opens the door. Once again, it’s Ariana, but this time she’s much more distraught than before.

NATHAN (O
How was school?

ARIANA
I wish I was fucking dead.

Ariana storms into the house, dropping her book bag on the couch. She paces in circles. Harold immediately starts shooting her.

ARIANA
I want to open his big fat neck with a broken bottle and bash his dick in with a spiked bat. Two years, after two years together.
HAROLD
You wanna tell me all about it?

Ariana grabs Harold’s camera by the lens and shoves him away, she walks straight to the backyard through the back door.

ARIANNA
Get that goddamn camera out of my face!

HAROLD
What the fuck? That’s sensitive.

Nathan runs after her.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - BACKYARD.

Ariana stands close to the fence, she’s sobbing with her face in her hands. Nathan approaches her, followed by Harold with his camera.

NATHAN
Arianna what happened?

ARIANA
(sobbing)
He videotaped me.

NATHAN
What?

ARIANA
He videotaped me. Get that camera out of my face, what the hell is wrong with you?

Nathan turns to Harold.

NATHAN
Could you just give us a little space?

HAROLD
Come on man, work with me here, can’t you get her to open up a little.

NATHAN
She’s really hurt right now, just give us a little space, and we’ll do the interview when she’s not crying.
HAROLD
but the emotion is raw.

NATHAN
Harold.

Harold backs off.

HAROLD
Okay, okay.

Nathan’s phone rings, he answers.

PATRICK
Did you get what I sent you?

NATHAN
Patrick, could you give me a second, I’m with Ariana right now.

PATRICK
Kevin Mitchell got arrested earlier today, they charged him with child porn, he was videotaping himself banging a bunch of girls in the school.

Nathan looks at Ariana, then he looks at his phone and clicks on the top link.

A sluttube webpage pops up. It’s Cockwarrior’s profile page with a dozen thumbnailed video links on the page. One of them has Ariana’s pixelated image.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - PARKING LOT. EVENING.

Kevin Mitchell and his father JAMES are walking to their car, parked at the edge of the lot.

JAMES
I can’t believe this shit, a waste of my time, you know what this could do to your scholarship?

KEVIN
Yes dad.

James and Kevin get into the car. The car pulls out of the parking lot and takes off down the street.
EXT/INT. JAMES’ CAR.

James has his hands on the wheel, still pissed at his son.

JAMES
Can you even count the hours we’ve put into preparing and training, all those games you’ve won and for what?

KEVIN
I don’t know, dad.

JAMES
Don’t "I don’t know" me goddammit. We can convince them to go light on you, but this looks bad, it’s gonna follow you around.

(Pauses for a beat)
When we made sex tapes we kept them to ourselves. We’d show them to a couple of buddies but we didn’t put them on the internet.

KEVIN
Did they even have the internet back then?

A car is behind them, its siren is flashing.

JAMES
Kiss my ass, I’m not your grandfather. We put the tapes on Playboy.

The horn sounds. James pulls over.

JAMES
What the fuck is it now?

James looks in the rearview mirror and watches a HIGHWAY PATROLMAN step out of the car. As the Patrolman comes closer to James’s car, James takes his license out of the upper compartment.

JAMES
And for the record me AND that girl sent it to Playboy.

The Patrolman walks up to the front door. James rolls his windshield down, with his license in his hand

(CONTINUED)
JAMES
I don’t know what your problem is,
but we were under the speed limit..

The Patrolman whips out his gun and shoots James twice.
Kevin jumps out of the car and takes off into the woods.
The Patrolman quickly pursues him.
Kevin runs through the forest faster than he has ever ran on
a football field.
The Patrolman proves to be as fast as Kevin, quickly
catching up with the star football player.
Kevin jumps over bush and stone, with no loss in pace.
The Patrolman halts, draw his gun, takes steady aim at Kevin
and fires and continues running.
Kevin is hit, his pace slows. The Patrolman closes the gap
and fires two more shots into Kevin’s back. Kevin goes down
face first into the dirt.
The Patrolman catches his breath as he stares at Kevin’s
immobile body, tranquilizer darts sticking out, not a drop
of blood.

EXT. WHITE MASK’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY.
The Patrolman’s car pulls into his driveway, Kevin is in the
backseat, completely unconscious, arms and legs tied. The
garage doors open and the car is swallowed by the garage.

INT. GARAGE.
The Patrolman shuts off the engine and goes into his glove
compartment, he pulls out a white stocking. He takes off his
sunglasses and hat and slips the stocking over his face,
revealing himself to be the White Mask.

White Mask gets out and pushes a button, the garage door
closes. White Mask opens the back door, pulls Kevin out and
drags him into the garage to the kitchen door.
INT. KITCHEN.

White Mask drags Kevin into the kitchen. Kevin’s eyes flicker open.

KEVIN’S SLEEPY POV

Jennifer Saxon sits in a chair, unconscious, her arms and legs bound with tape to the legs and armrests of the chair.

Noticing Kevin’s awakening, White Mask quickly drops Kevin and walks through the basement door.

WHITE MASK
Horse tranquilizers my ass.

INT. BASEMENT.

White Mask runs downstairs. He stands at the beginning of the room, scanning everything.

WHITE MASK’S POV

Tanya Delgado, the crying girl from earlier is lying unconscious on a thin, dirty mattress, naked and chained with thick shackles by her hands and legs to a wooden pillar. A bucket and a plate lie in front of her.

Three bright, powerful lights shine directly on Tanya. On the opposite side of the room, a camera is pointed directly at Tanya, capturing her every movement.

A few feet from Tanya is a camera that records her, connected to a computer on a table that also holds a tray of stainless knives and tools.

White Mask walks over to the table and grabs a small bottle and a syringe out of his drawer. He extracts liquid into the syringe.

INT. KITCHEN.

Kevin is much more lucid than before, he’s looking right up at Jennifer who is in a deep sleep.

KEVIN
Jenny.
   (louder)
Jenny!
   (even louder)
JENNY! JENNY! JENNY!

(Continued)
White Mask comes through the door with the syringe and quickly drops over Kevin. Kevin jerks wildly for his life.

WHITE MASK
That’s enough of that.

KEVIN
JENNY! JENNY! JENNY!

White Mask’s free hand grabs Kevin by the hair.

WHITE MASK
Hey. Now we can do this either two ways, either I inject this syringe into your neck or I can bash your skull in until you’re unconscious, it’s your choice.

Kevin doesn’t move, and White Mask slowly closes in on the spot with the needle.

Kevin jerks his head wildly, cutting himself in the neck and knocking the needle out of White Mask’s hand.

WHITE MASK
Goddammit.

White Mask gets up and kicks Kevin’s back several times. He pulls out his tranquilizer gun and shoots Kevin three times. Kevin stops moving.

WHITE MASK
Fucking asshole.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Ariana sits on the edge of the bed, facing the window. Nathan sits next to her.

ARIANA
They called me into the office with Tanya Delgado, she ran out as soon as she saw her video. Meghan Ashford, Patricia Kelly was in the office too. Called us in one by one. The videos been getting passed around the school for days now. I fucking hate him. He made those videos while we were together. Most of them at the least. I just want him to fucking suffer.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NATHAN
When he goes to prison he’ll probably end up in a sextape.

ARIANA
He’s probably leaving the precinct with his dad right now. He’ll plead down to some lesser charge and it’ll get swept under the rug and he’ll go on to college like it never happened.

NATHAN
So how do you want him to die?

ARIANA
Huh?

NATHAN
How do you want him to die? If you could make a masksnuffing video and get away with it, how would you do it?

ARIANA
I don’t know.

NATHAN
First thing that comes to your mind.

Ariana thinks to herself for a second.

CUT TO

MURDER FANTASY

Kevin is restrained to the floor, wrists and ankles tied to brackets screwed to the floor. A bucket with a rat running around on the inside is quickly placed over Kevin’s stomach.

ARIANA (V.O)
Ugandans would put a rat in a bucket and place it over your stomach.

The bucket is firmly held against Kevin’s bare stomach. A lit torch touches the bucket heating the mucket until the metal burns. Kevin grinds his teeth in pain as the metal burns his skin.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANA (V.O)
Then they heat up the bucket.

Kevin feels a horribly sharp pain in his stomach. The pain is agonizing, causing his entire body to shake. He coughs blood and tugs at his straps. The rat crawls out of Kevin’s mouth covered in blood.

ARIANA (V.O)
And the rat has to eat through the stomach to escape the hot bucket.

CUT BACK TO

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Ariana’s laughing, she’s in much better spirits than before. Nathan’s a little shocked at Ariana’s dark fantasy.

ARIANA
What are you giving me that look for?

NATHAN
I didn’t know you had that in you.

ARIANA
I saw it in a movie. How would you do him?

NATHAN
I’ve never thought about it until now.

ARIANA
Bullshit, I know if anybody’s thought about killing Kevin it’s gotta be you.

NATHAN
What makes you think that?

ARIANA
I think anybody who’s met Kevin thought about killing him at least once.
MURDER FANTASY

Kevin’s knee is bashed with a bat, causing blood to spurt like a broken water main. The same thing is done to his other knee for the same effect.

NATHAN (V.O)
I’d smash those million dollar knees with a bat.

Kevin falls to his hands and bloody knees, screaming in pain. Then his elbow is hit, Kevin is stomach first on the floor, clutching his broken arm.

NATHAN (V.O)
Hit that arm that could throw a pass at ninety miles an hour.

The assailant stands over Kevin’s head, holding the bat. Kevin rolls over and looks up at his killer, the killer looks right into Kevin’s eyes.

NATHAN
I’d look right over him as he looks up at me, stare into those eyes.

The assailant swings the bat into Kevin’s head.

CUT TO

BACK TO NATHAN AND ARIANA

Nathan and Ariana are lying on the bed, staring into each other’s faces.

NATHAN
Or I’d could do him like they did Theon in Game of Thrones, filet the meathead motherfucker’s cock and send it to his dad.

ARIANA
That’s what I said on Facelink.

NATHAN
Yeah?

ARIANA
I did it after I left the office, got really pissed off and went on Facelink. Looking back, that wasn’t the best move.

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN
Nobody’s attacked you, your post got a lot of likes.

ARIANA
But with everything that’s going on... I don’t really want him to die, I just want him to know how the rest of us feel when he does the things he does.

NATHAN
Would you settle for him feeling some dude’s dick in prison?

Ariana and Nathan share a laugh. Nathan’s face draws closer to Ariana’s. They kiss, their tongues dancing in each other’s mouths. They undress each other, mouths still locked together.

INT. WHITE MASK’S HOME – BASEMENT.

Tanya slowly wakes up, hazy as the tranquilizers wear off. Right away she notices her chains and her surroundings.

The upstairs door can be heard opening and closing, followed by footsteps.

White Mask comes down the stairs covered in blood, his white apron is covered in blood along with his boots, his long gloves and his mask.

White Mask comes down the stairs covered in blood, his white apron is covered in blood along with his boots, his long gloves and his mask.

White Mask comes down the stairs covered in blood, his white apron is covered in blood along with his boots, his long gloves and his mask.

Images of Kevin can be seen, the lower half of his naked body covered in blood, a photo of Kevin with his penis in his mouth, other gruesome photos of Kevin.

Then comes photos of Jennifer Saxon with her eyes and body cruelly and crudely embedded with jewelry, ears severed off. A close up of Jennifer’s severed ears with large earrings still attached.
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Lying on his dresser, Nathan’s phone has a new message. Nathan wakes up with a big smile on his face. He quickly notices that Ariana isn’t next to him. Her purse and her clothes are still in the room.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Sunlight pours into the otherwise dark room. Nathan walks into the room and notices not only light coming from the bathroom door on, but the sounds of sobbing and sniveling.

Nathan puts his ear to the door.

NATHAN
Ariana? You okay?

Ariana can’t stop sobbing.

ARIANA (O.S)
(barely audible)
Kevin and Jennifer are dead.

NATHAN
What?

ARIANA (O.S)
Kevin and Jennifer are dead.
Somebody sent photos

Nathan runs back into his bedroom.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.

Nathan quickly snatches his phone from the dresser.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM.

Nathan paces into the living room, absorbed into the phone. Nathan swipes the phone on and clicks on his message app.

NATHAN
Ari, You can’t let that guilt rule you,

what happened to Kevin and Jennifer was going to happen anyway, or it would have happened to somebody else.

(CONTINUED)
That doesn’t seem to console Ariana who still can’t stop crying.

A new message comes from a number that’s alien to Nathan.

(555)-555-0199: Tell me what you think.

The photos in the message are of the same photos that we saw White Mask uploading, only this time Nathan is taking his time to look at them, giving us a better look.

NATHAN
Fucking Jesus.

The first few are of Kevin, lower legs and lower arms dismembered, his head smashed in, individual shots of his severed arms and legs. However the quality of the photos are shockingly high and have some artistic edge to them.

The next few are of Jennifer, three of her ring fingers severed, severed ears and earrings, a chunk of her midsection with her bellybutton ring, severed tongue and it’s ring.

Nathan presses the back button and looks on Facelink for comments.

RASKOLNIKOV:
http://gorehighlights.com/raskolnikov/deathlist2and3

MICHELLE RETHERFORD: When will be able to live in peace?

STANLEY FROST: And Number 34 is is down for the season, looks like we won’t be going to the state championship this season.

TOBIAS CLARKE: What’s with all the couple killing?

STANLEY FROST: Maybe the killer is a lonely dude who ain’t gettin any.

CHIRLEY TAYLOR: I think it was one of the girls who got filmed.

DANIELLE WARNER: Maybe it was his ex.

STANLEY FROST: I know it’s out of place, but those are some really good pictures.

DANIELLE WARNER: Yeah, I noticed too. He’s a good photographer.

CHIRLEY TAYLOR: The lighting is brilliant and he really brings out the emotion and emphasizes the color red.
MICHELLE RETHERFORD: How can you all talk about something like that when two kids are dead?

STANLEY FROST: We’re still mourning the kids, but their last moments are undeniably beautiful.

Ariana comes out of the bathroom looking petrified.

ARIANA
What have I done?

Nathan grabs Ariana by her arms.

NATHAN
That asshole on the internet killed them.

ARIANA
But I feel like I pointed the finger at them.

NATHAN
We all feel that guilt at first, but we gotta put it behind us and let them go.


JACKSON (O.S)
Mr. Sinclair I need to talk to you for a moment.

The hairs on Ariana’s back jump up, she recognizes that voice.

ARIANA
Holy shit, that’s the state detective who interviewed me at school. How does he know that I’m here?

NATHAN
Mr. Jackson’s cool, he just wanted my help with the murders, he’s probably here to warn me about being careful.

Ariana frantically looks around like a panicked dog. She hides in the hallway to Nathan’s room.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANA
Easy for you to say, you don’t have a post that directly links you to a death.

Nathan goes to the front door and opens it. Detective Jackson is standing right in front of Nathan, pissed, with his phone in his hands.

JACKSON
You lied to me. You lied about Gorehighlights and three people are dead. I wanna know why.

NATHAN
I didn’t lie.

JACKSON
I subpoenaed for IP records. You’ve been going to that site for years. I checked the Wadde video’s link to a removed post. That post came from your account. Who is he? Tanya Delgado’s still missing, what’s he gonna do with her?

NATHAN
I don’t know.

JACKSON
Bullshit. I’m giving you a way out, you better take it while the offer’s still on the table.

NATHAN
I don’t know.

JACKSON
You don’t know. Damien Wade expels you, Kevin Mitchell tormented you for years, your step dad’s an abusive asshole and inside of a month all three are dead. Christmas came quite early for you.

NATHAN
Are you going to arrest me?

JACKSON
Not yet.
NATHAN
Then I’m not saying anything else
without a lawyer.

JACKSON
Listen dickhead. I might not have
all the pieces to the puzzle. But
If anybody else dies because you
were withholding information,
there’s gonna be hell to pay.

Jackson turns around and walks back to his car.
Nathan turns around to notice that Ariana has heard every
word.

NATHAN
Did you hear us?

Ariana nods. The two stare at each other for a minute.

NATHAN
He’s got this crazy idea in his
head.

Ariana quickly dashes into Nathan’s bedroom. Nathan follows
her.

NATHAN
(To himself)
Fuck.
(To Ariana)
Ari, hold on.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM.
Ariana snatches her pants and her blouse and puts them on.
She takes her purse into her arms.

NATHAN
Ariana you gotta believe me... I
didn’t have anything to do with
Kevin dying.

ARIANA
What about Jennifer? Mr. Wadde?
Your parents?

Nathan doesn’t have a response.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANA
What kind of man are you?

Ariana quickly makes an exit, but Nathan blocks her.

ARIANA
Get out of my way.

NATHAN
This isn’t what it looks like, it’s very complicated.

Ariana quickly whips out her phone.

ARIANA
Get out of my way or I’m calling 911.

Nathan steps out of the way. Ariana quickly walks out of the room, through the living room and out the front door. Nathan sits on the edge of his bed.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONT. NIGHT.

Another push of the doorbell.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME. LIVING ROOM.

Nathan opens the door. Patrick’s in front of him and he looks like he just fucked his mother.

NATHAN
Great. I can only guess what I’m about to hear.

PATRICK
Nathan you got to tell them about the post, this has gone way too far.

NATHAN
I know what happened to Kevin and Jennifer was excessive.

PATRICK
Excessive? It’s creepy enough that I was willing to go along with it but...

(CONTINUED)
NATHAN
I’m not exactly going along with it either. I told the guy to stop and he said no.

PATRICK
Have you been talking to him?

NATHAN
no.

PATRICK
You just said you told him to stop.

NATHAN
I said it in a post on gorehighlights.

PATRICK
Don’t fuck with me. Do you know who’s doing this?

NATHAN
No. Not really.

PATRICK
What the fuck is "not really"?

NATHAN
He PM’ed me on gorehighlights. He wanted me to know that he was behind the murders, I told him to stop.

PATRICK
Are you fucking crazy? The guy’s killed 3 people. What if that detective keeps digging and...

NATHAN
He don’t got shit. All I did was post something. I never met the guy, I never told him to kill anybody. If I’m guilty, than everybody on that fucking website is guilty, you all went along with my post and commented on it and reposted it, even you Patrick.

PATRICK
This isn’t about how many people are guilty you fucking idiot.
NATHAN
I deleted the post, If I was in trouble, that detective would have taken me today.

PATRICK
Nathan, tell somebody, anybody. Send the list anonymously.

NATHAN
Nothing’s anonymous today. It doesn’t matter how I tell them it’ll get traced back to me.

PATRICK
And what will happen if everybody finds out that you knew what was happening the entire time and did nothing?

NATHAN
That won’t happen as long as we keep our mouths shut.

Patrick heads for the door.

PATRICK
I can see this is going nowhere.

Nathan pursues him.

NATHAN
Patrick, nothing is gonna happen to us, quit being a girl.

Patrick pushes Nathan.

PATRICK
What the fuck is wrong with you? What did Kevin, Jennifer or Wadde do to you that made them deserve to die? Did Aaron deserve to die? How about your mom?

Nathan pushes back.

NATHAN
I didn’t want my mom to die you fucking asshole, I didn’t put her on the list. But shit happens and people die Patrick. It’s a fact of life and you know that. You’re just too much of a bitch because you care what people think.
Patrick punches Nathan square in the jaw. He grabs Nathan by the collar and balls his fist, Nathan quickly covers his face.

PATRICK
You’re a real tough guy on the internet, but you don’t put up much of a fight in person.

Patrick pushes Nathan to the floor. Patrick turns around and heads for the door.

PATRICK
I’m going to tell them about the list first thing tomorrow.

Nathan gets up, grabs the lamp on the table on the side of the couch and paces towards Patrick.

Patrick turns around. Nathan drives the stone, block base of the lamp straight into Patrick’s temple, Patrick crashes to the floor, spilling a small puddle of blood.

Nathan stares at Patrick who twitches as he lies on the floor otherwise immobile. He studies the fresh coat of blood painted on the sharp corner of the base.

NATHAN

Nathan picks up Patrick and drags him towards the garage. Halfway to the door, he drops Patrick, getting blood all over him and the floor.

On his laptop Nathan looks at "how to dispose a body" results on google. He clicks a link and goes to...

A FORUM WEBSITE

On a forum, somebody posted a question Asking "How do I dispose a human body and make it untraceable?".

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: Are you there?

RASKOLNIKOV: I’m always here.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - GARAGE.

Nathan looks through the tool shed and finds a hand saw.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: When you killed Mr. Wadde, was that the first time you killed somebody?
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - KITCHEN.
Nathan looks inside the knife drawer and pulls out a very rigid knife.

RASKOLNIKOV: I was sixteen.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME. KITCHEN.
Nathan goes to the cabinets looking, opening doors. He opens a drawer and takes out the entire box of heavy duty trash bags.

RASKOLNIKOV: and terrified.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME. LIVING ROOM.
Nathan wraps up Patrick. He drags the body to the bathroom.

RASKOLNIKOV: She was an adorable little girl.

CUT TO

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LIVING ROOM
Nathan, is now on his phone, texting with Raskolnikov on a gorehighlights chat window. The screen displaying "RASKOLNIKOV: She was an adorable little girl"

The following text appears: "short, skinny, you wouldn’t believe that she was the same age as me."

INT. SINCLAIR HOME. BATHROOM.
Nathan drops Patrick on the floor. He takes plastic bags out of the box, and covers the bathtub inside and out.

Nathan takes off Patrick’s pants. Then his shirt. Nathan throws Patrick’s naked body into the tub.

RASKOLNIKOV: Where I lived, we had a creek.

Nathan takes off his clothes. He takes another bag out of the box, punches a hole in it’s bottom, puts it on and punches more holes for his arms.

RASKOLNIKOV: And she liked to play by that creek.

Nathan grabs the handsaw on the bathroom sink.

(CONTINUED)
RASKOLNIKOV: One morning, I met her at the creek. She was very startled to see me.

Nathan stands over Patrick’s body with the saw in his hand, assessing what is quite a task.

RASKOLNIKOV: It was an impulse that came from some part of me that I didn’t know existed.

Patrick lies lifelessly in the tub.

RASKOLNIKOV: She had her back to me, looking into the creek.

Nathan’s saw-holding hand is trembling.

RASKOLNIKOV: Her skin was lily white, and her neck was so skinny, like a pencil.

Nathan lowers himself, he gets to cutting. He starts with the feet.

RASKOLNIKOV: Her skin felt so soft and warm. Her gasps for air as her arms flailed against me.

Nathan is up to the torso. He struggles to sit the rest of Patrick up. Every time Nathan sits him up, Patrick just falls over again.

RASKOLNIKOV: Once her body went limp, everything became clear.

Patrick’s back leaned against the back of the tub, Nathan has his left arm in the air, chipping away at Patrick’s hand.

RASKOLNIKOV: I became aware of my place in the universe.

Nathan has been sawing away at Patrick for a while. Now he’s down to just the torso and the head. Nathan is cutting the neck, blood squirts all over Nathan’s face.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: How did you dispose of her?

Patrick’s head is put among the rest of the severed parts.

RASKOLNIKOV: Tied her to a big rock and dropped her from a bridge.

Nathan is puzzled at how to begin dividing the torso.

RASKOLNIKOV: The tricky part was sneaking her body into the car.
INT. SINCLAIR HOME - KITCHEN. LATE NIGHT.

Plastic bags full of Patrick lie next to a freezer box, along with all the frozen contents of the freezer.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: Why didn’t you just dump her into the creek?

RASKOLNIKOV: Because the creek was too shallow.

The freezer is already filled with limbs. Nathan holds Patrick’s head, puzzled as to how he’ll fit it in.

RASKOLNIKOV: You’ve been a naughty, naughty boy.

EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - BACK YARD. EARLY MORNING.

Nathan digs a small hole. He drops Patrick’s head into the hole.

RASKOLNIKOV: You killed somebody, didn’t you?

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - GARAGE.

Nathan carefully puts Patrick’s plastic wrapped torso in Patrick’s trunk. Nate jumps into the front.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: No

RASKOLNIKOV: How did you kill them?

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: I didn’t kill anybody.

Patrick’s car pulls out of the driveway and takes off.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: Do you regret killing anyone?

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - GARAGE. MORNING.

An exhausted Nathan is jogging back into his garage.

RASKOLNIKOV: all of them.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - BATHROOM.

The shower washes the dirt, stink and blood off of Nathan. Nathan just stands still, his hands grabbing the soap rack and the nozzle.

KILLERWITHAKEYBOARD: then why kill them?

(CONTINUED)
RASKOLNIKOV: Because I love killing.

RASKOLNIKOV: When you kill someone, they become a part of you, forever. It’s the best and worst thing about killing.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOUSE – KITCHEN.

The White Mask is finishing his last text to Nathan. Finished cooking a pot of soup, he scoops a bowl full and carries it to the Basement door.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME – BASEMENT.

The White Mask carries the bowl down the steps into the basement. He walks over to Tanya. He bends down, takes out a spoon and begins to feed her.

After feeding her, Raskolnikov checks the bucket, picks it up and walks back to the stairs.

TANYA
What are you going to do with me?

Raskolnikov keeps going as if it were silent as the night before Christmas.

TANYA
Hey! Answer me you sick fuck!

Tanya lets out a sharp shriek, tears begin to fall from her eyes.

INT. ARIANNA’S HOME – ARIANNA’S BEDROOM.

Arianna opens her laptop. Her door is opened by her father, Stuart (40).

STUART
Ari, breakfast is ready.

ARIANNA
Okay, dad.

STUART
You wanna come in and eat with us?

ARIANNA
I’ll come in in a minute.

Stuart examines Arianna who quickly resumes her activities.

(CONTINUED)
STUART
Ari.

ARIANNA
Yes dad?

STUART
Whenever you’re ready to talk to us... You know you can talk to us about anything right?

ARIANNA
Yeah, dad.

Stuart closes the door behind him. She opens an internet window, in the search bar she types in Gorehighlights.com. She’s taken to the bloody website

The post at the top of the webpage is an article about a young girl, accompanied with a gruesome photo of her head caved in with a bloody rock.

She scrolls down. Another post is about a young Afghani boy, a chunk of him is missing, no doubt the victim of an explosion.

Further down the news feed is a very recent repost of Nathan’s post by another user. Every last word of Nathan’s dark literature with Aaron, Kevin, Mr. Wadde, Jennifer and Tanya’s pictures, is scanned by Arianna.

Arianna’s leaves gorehighlights.com for:

FACELINK

Arianna’s is on the news feed page of the site. In the post space, she pastes a link to the gorehighlights page she just visited and types a long paragraph.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - NATHAN’S BEDROOM. DAY.

Nathan sits at his desk, logging into Facelink on his laptop while Harold sits across the bedroom, shooting him.

HAROLD
Who wrote to you today?

NATHAN
If you gave me a minute to read one, I’d tell you.

Nathan logs into Facelink.

(CONTINUED)
FACELINK

Nathan has over a hundred private messages and twice the amount of notifications. On Nathan’s message board, Nathan reads some brutal comments.

DAVID ORION: Ur a sick bastard and u should be arrested.

TABITHA HARRISON: How could you post something like that after what happened to your parents?

JANET RODRIGUEZ: Fuck you, you deserve what happened to your family and everything else that happens to you.

Nathan scrolls down the hate filled message board, not a single message in the box is nice.

HAROLD
Are you gonna read one or are you gonna keep us in suspense?

NATHAN
I’m still looking.

Nathan keeps scrolling. Nothing but hatred. Nathan moves back to the News feed page. More scathing comments which never seem to end.

HAROLD
You found anything?

NATHAN
Hold on.

Nathan scrolls down to Arianna’s last post.

ARIANNA GOODMAN: Nathan Sinclair is a fraud who lied to the entire town of Bentonville and to everyone on Facelink. Read the lie he posted a month ago and read the truth in this link.

Nathan clicks on the link at the bottom of the post, the link takes him to gorehighlights.com to the same repost of Nathan’s deathlist that Arianna visited.

Nathan scrolls to the top of the news feed and opens the status space.

HAROLD
What’s wrong?
NATHAN
Nothing. I’m just writing to somebody.

HAROLD
What are you writing?

NATHAN
Just let me finish writing.

HAROLD
This isn’t very cinematic.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: Arianna Goodman is a lying slutbag who’s mad that her boyfriend fucked her on camera and uploaded it and when he got killed, the cops came to HER first. That gorehighlights account belongs to her.

TABITHA HARRISON: LIAR!

DARREN JACKSON: What goes around comes around ASSHOLE! We know where you live.

Harold gets up and hovers over Nathan, trying to get a good look at the screen.

HAROLD
what’s going on?

Loud banging on the door.

DERRICK (O.S)
Sinclair, get your fucking ass out here right now!

HAROLD
What the hell is going on?

Nathan runs out of the room, Harold follows him.

DERRICK (O.S)
Go around the back.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME – LIVING ROOM.

Nathan and Harold run into the middle of the room. More banging on the front door. Heads are peeking through the window. Nathan quickly recognizes the faces.

Harold and Nathan run to the kitchen door, but they’re met by DERRICK SOMMERS and ROBERT ROBERTSON who walks past Nathan and Harold and opens the front door for two more of Derrick’s friends.

(CONTINUED)
DERRICK
I read all that shit you posted on
gorehighlights. Is that true? Did
you fucking put a hit out on Kevin?
his girl? And the principle?

Derrick pushes Nathan, backing them into the living room.
Now it’s Derrick and four of his teammates ROBERT, TERRANCE
and MALIK. All of them are clearly former friends of Kevin
and just as big as the fallen athlete.

DERRICK
I wanna hear you say it.

NATHAN
This is a huge misunderstanding,
Ariana’s trying to smear my name.

DERRICK
What kind of person orders his
parents killed?

Nathan and Harold are surrounded. Terrence goes into
Nathan’s room. Nathan tries to follow him, but he’s
immediately blocked by the others in the circle.

DERRICK
You go on Facelink, pandering for
sympathy, while the real victims
were picked off one by one.

Derrick delivers a vicious punch to Nathan’s stomach. Nathan
curls up in pain. Robert comes out of Nathan’s bedroom with
Harold’s camera and Nathan’s computer.

FOOTBALLER 1
Look at what I got.

Robert hands Derrick the camera.

DERRICK
Did you film any of the murders
with this camera?

HAROLD
I can speak for him when I say that
no murders were filmed with that
camera which belongs to me.

He smacks Nathan’s head with his free hand.

(CONTINUED)
DERRICK
Answer me motherfucker.

NATHAN
No, are you fucking crazy? This is all a ball of lies, my character is being assassinated.

DERRICK
If you say that one more time, I’ll beat your face in with this camera.

HAROLD
Please don’t do that, that’s a very expensive camera.

Harold reaches for the camera and gets pushed back. Terrence is sitting on the couch, using Nathan’s laptop.

TERRENCE
I like this computer, it’s got touchscreen and everything.

NATHAN
No fucking way you’re leaving with my computer.

Malik punches Nathan in the stomach. Nathan is brought to the floor. Derrick crouches over Nathan.

DERRICK
Now Sinclair, Terrence said he likes your laptop. Terrence was devastated by Kevin’s death, they were really good friends. It’s only fair that he should get your laptop.

HAROLD
Just to set things straight, that camera you’re holding, doesn’t belong to Nathan, it belongs to me so if I could get that back.

Derrick throws the camera straight into the wall.

DERRICK
I’m done. Now you can have it.

HAROLD
I don’t even know what’s going on.

(CONTINUED)
Derrick punches Nathan in the face. The rest of the footballers start grabbing random things in the house, smashing them to the floor, breaking them.

Derrick punches Nathan in the face. The rest of the footballers start grabbing random things in the house, smashing them to the floor, breaking them.

Robert punches Harold in the face.

**HAROLD**
I got nothing to do with this.

Harold is kicked in his stomach. Derrick continues to pummel Nathan. Robert and Terrence continue to wreck the house.

Malik takes out a knife and rips holes into Nathan’s beautiful furniture. Derrick smashes a vase against the wall.

Robert and Terrance continues to pummel at Nathan and Harold, Malik and Derrick join in on the one sided fight.

Harold and Nathan lie on the floor, bruised, barely able to move. What was a cheesily stylish pad, is now in complete ruins. Derrick and his friends walk out.

**EXT. SINCLAIR HOME - FRONT YARD.**

Harold carries his broken camera in a box and drops it in the trunk of his car, slamming the trunk. Harold walks over to Nathan and shakes his hand.

**NATHAN**
Wait, I know today was a setback.

**HAROLD**
Setback? Those cocksuckers trashed a 10,000 dollar camera that wasn’t insured.

**NATHAN**
Fuck it, we’ll buy some new equipment, I’ll help you.

**HAROLD**
Nathan take a second to listen to me, it’s over. Even if we had new equipment, nobody’s gonna let us film in this town after today. Yesterday you were a brave survivor of a brutal attack. Today you’re a (MORE)
HAROLD (cont’d)
twisted psycho fuck who whacked his parents and a half dozen others with a computer.

NATHAN
What happened to the saying "no news is bad news"?

HAROLD
I know these past few weeks was the first time that more than three people knew your name, but it’s over, your brand is dead. And if I were you, I would worry more about getting a good lawyer.

NATHAN
Harold, I can get the fanbase back, it’ll blow over, it’s just a big misunderstanding, I can fix it.

Harold gets into the car.

HAROLD
Then let me give you 2 cents worth of advice. There are plenty of killer sociopaths out there with legions of fans. I’m sure there’s a undercurrent of psychos who are worshiping that letter you wrote. I wish the best of luck to you.

Harold drives off.

INT. SINCLAIR HOME. LIVING ROOM.

Nathan walks over his broken tables, speakers, pieces of sofa. He grabs the sofa cushions and shoves them back into place. He sits down and stares straight into a blank spot.

MURDER THOUGHTS

Arianna struggles to get air as a pair of hands around her neck drain the life and oxygen from her.

Nathan continues to stew in his newfound hatred.

Arianna’s head has a bloody wound from a blunt object

Nathan snaps out of his trance. He picks up his phone and dials Arianna.
The phone keeps ringing.

ARIANNA
Hello Nathan.

NATHAN
Why did you do that to me? Why did you write that post? You ruined my life, do you know that?

ARIANA
Why? Why did You write that post that killed my boyfriend and five other people? Why did you go on facelink and pretend to be a victim while the real victims were dying? Why did you drag me into your sick scheme?

NATHAN
I didn’t drag you into anything. I didn’t make you write that post on Facelink about Kevin. You wanted him to die as badly as I did, I know you did.

ARIANA
You’re right, I did want to see Kevin die. I’m as much apart of this as you are and I feel bad about it, how do you feel Nathan?

NATHAN
This is ridiculous going back and forth on the phone like this. I want to see you and talk this out.

ARIANA
There’s nothing to discuss, because there’s nothing left between us. You pretend like you’re this nice, meek person, but you’re mean, you’re cruel, sadistic, you have no soul. Goodbye Nathan.

NATHAN
Ariana wait.

Arianna hangs up. Nathan drops his phone.
EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

Derrick, Robert, Terrence and Malik are all walking from the field, back to the playground and the parking lot.

MALIK
Sinclair couldn’t have done them himself, Mr. Wadde died while he was having that party.

ROBERT
But that list he wrote had every victim, it had to be him.

DERRICK
I think he’s covering for somebody.

TERRENCE
But he didn’t tell us no matter how hard we hit him.

DERRICK
That’s because he’ll get life. We’re talking about murder, especially with the way they died.

TERRENCE
Maybe he really doesn’t know.

DERRICK
He still wrote that post, he should have known what would happen.

ROBERT
Whoever killed Kevin, you think Sinclair would try to sic them on us?

A arrow goes right through Robert’s neck, he drops like a bloody sack of potatoes. Terrance kneels down to look at Robert’s impaled neck, using the light for his phone.

TERRENCE
Fuck. He’s dead.

A arrow pops right through Terrance’s head. He falls to the ground as dead as Robert.

NIGHT VISION POV

Derrick and Malik stare at the dead bodies as it dawns on them what is happening.

(CONTINUED)
Derrick and Malik quickly makes a run for it. A arrow goes through Derrick’s knee, sending him to the ground like a wounded animal.

NIGHT VISION POV

Malik runs past the playground into the parking lot.

A figure dressed in black sweats and a hoodie with a white hockey mask sprints close enough, takes aim with his crossbow and fires.

Malik goes down into the hard asphalt. The hockey mask killer walks up to Malik.

Malik tries to recover but the triggerman walks up on him and puts another arrow in his head, he collapses.

The killer takes out his cellphone, frames Malik’s head and takes a picture.

The killer walks back into the grass where three bodies remain.

The killer holds his phone out and takes a picture of Terrence and Robert, dead and humped over each other.

Then the man in black turns his attention to Derrick.

DERRICK
Stop, Stop. Sinclair, I know that’s you. I won’t tell anybody who you are...

Derrick takes a deep breath.

DERRICK
Fuck. Can you just shoot me in the head and make it quick.

The black hooded figure remains still, crossbow pointed at Derrick. The hooded figure checks his ammunition, aims and shoots Derrick right in his neck.

Blood spurts from Derrick’s neck as he wheezes, struggling to breathe. The Black hooded figure takes off his mask, revealing himself to be Nathan.

Nathan takes out a phone, frames the bloody, dying Derrick and then takes a picture, and then another, and another, and another.

Nathan digs inside of Derrick’s pocket and takes out a set of keys. He grabs the car remote and pushes the red button.
Derrick’s car, off to the corner of the parking lot makes a sound.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOUSE – BASEMENT.

The White Mask walks over to the camera and looks through the viewfinder.

The White Mask walks over to Tanya, looks into her terrified eyes, places his hand over her breast to listen to her rapid heartbeats. His other hand grabs her hair and pulls her head back. The breast holding hand travels up to her neck and grips it.

WHITE MASK
Do you have any idea what’s about to happen to you?

Tanya nods.

WHITE MASK
You know Nathan Sinclair?

Tanya nods her head.

WHITE MASK
He wanted you to get eaten alive by dogs, both literally and sexually. Lucky for you I didn’t have the dogs to train. My fans will just have to settle for a good ol fashion bleed out.

White Mask takes out a knife and cuts Tanya across the leg.

WHITE MASK
I haven’t done it like this in so long, I can barely contain myself.

White Mask runs back upstairs.

WHITE MASK
I got to get my tools. I’ll be back in a minute.

The upstairs door closes. Tanya jerks the cuffs and chains, looking for a weakness.
INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - GARAGE.

White Mask walks to the trunk of his car and opens the trunk. A large case is inside.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - BASEMENT.

Tanya uses her legs and arms to put as much pressure on the cuffs as she can, but to no avail.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - KITCHEN.

Case in hand, White Mask walks back into the Kitchen. Before he goes downstairs, he pauses.

WHITE MASK
Damn, forgot about the salt.

White Mask opens his spices cabinet and takes out a carton of salt.

WHITE MASK
Can’t forget the salt.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - BASEMENT.

Tanya keeps jerking with her cuffs, shackles and chains. At the bottom end of the pillar, the wood is weakening, tearing.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - BASEMENT.

The White Mask closes the door behind him. Tanya freezes with her ears to the air.

Raskolnikov goes back into the kitchen.

Tanya tugs at the bottom of the wooden pillar, jerking her legs back, tearing through the wood.

INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - KITCHEN.

The White Mask takes a bottle of water out the fridge, he takes a swig.
INT. THE WHITE MASK’S HOME - BASEMENT.

Tanya yanks away at the pillar. The kitchen door closes and the White Mask walks down the steps, reentering the room.

   WHITE MASK  
   Sorry I took so long, but you won’t believe what I got.

White Mask opens the case, which boasts a collection of torture tools that would make The Host of Death Do Us Part jealous, including a sleek leather whip embedded with blades.

   WHITE MASK  
   You want me to go with the heavy duty stuff? Nah, I don’t want you to pass out, not yet.

He chooses the whip.

   WHITE MASK  
   This is giving me goosebumps.

He approaches Tanya. Tanya looks back at him.

   WHITE MASK  
   The safety word is...
   (Starts laughing)  
   That was too funny.

White Mask cracks the whip, the loud crack makes the hairs on Tanya’s back stand.

White Mask cracks again, shattering a jar.

White Mask throws his arm back, he cracks the whip one more time when Tanya pulls herself and the pillar free, avoiding a lash.

Tanya runs up the stairs, White Mask quickly grabs her and throws her to the floor.

White Mask gets close enough for Tanya to take the chains wrapped around her hands and hit him in the face. She quickly picks herself up and heads for the stairs again.

White Mask gets up, taking off his bloody stocking, revealing a huge gash on his forehead.

   WHITE MASK  
   You fucking bitch.

(CONTINUED)
Tanya’s shackles impede her run for the door. White Mask casually catches up to Tanya and grabs the back of her neck.

**WHITE MASK**
Where do you think you’re going?

By her neck, White Mask takes her to the bottom of the stairs, they look at the light that comes from the crevices of the door.

**WHITE MASK**
Look up at that door, bitch. Cause this is as close as you’ll ever get to seeing the light of day again.

**WHITE MASK CAMERA POV**

White Mask pulls Tanya back into the frame and throws her to the floor. He reaches down and pulls Tanya up by her neck.

**WHITE MASK**
Keep fighting, just gives me more satisfaction.

White Mask sends the knife towards Tanya’s abdomen, she grabs the handle. They wrestle for control of the knife.

The knife Pops out of their hands, it’s sent flying across the room. Tanya dives for the knife as best as she can. White Mask quickly grabs Tanya. Before White Mask can react, with both hands, Tanya pushes the knife into his midsection.

Tanya pulls the knife out. White Mask is frozen in shock. He staggers, struggling to remain on his feet, blood spilling on the floor.

Tanya stabs White Mask again and again and again and again, screaming bloody rage.

As the White Mask gets closer to the ground, Tanya gets on top of White Mask and continues stabbing him, crying.

White Mask is beyond dead. Tanya slows down, realizing that his body no longer moves.

**EXT. WALKER STREET.**

Derrick’s car comes to a intersection. Nathan, behind the wheel and masked, his only visible features are his icy, cold eyes.

Nathan makes a turn on Walker Street, and in the distance he spots Harold standing behind the trunk of his car.
Harold opens the trunk of his car and stares at its contents: his broken camera and his broken computer. He closes the computer and looks up at the sky.

**HAROLD**
Where the hell did I go wrong? I had a good subject, the videos were well made, we even had a really good fanbase. And then my star turns out to be a lying psychopath.

Derrick’s car slowly creeps down the street, closer and closer to Harold, it comes to a complete stop. The driver’s window slides down.

The Masked Nathan and Harold stare at each other. The two are frozen in their observation of each other. Masked Nathan lifts the crossbow and points it at Harold.

**HAROLD**
Wait a second. You’re a masksnuffer, right? We’d have some legal hurdles, but I think I could take your act mainstream, get you a much larger audience. Isn’t that what you want?

Harold spontaneously runs down the street. Nathan gets out of Derrick’s car with his crossbow at hand.

Nathan steadily aims at Harold who sprints down the street. Nathan pulls the trigger, and from an amazing distance of 50 yards Harold is hit. He collapses, but starts to crawl.

Nathan walks up to Harold who continues to crawl, he’s coughing blood. Nathan kicks Harold on his back with his foot.

Breathing heavy and coughing blood, he looks up at Nathan who takes off his mask, revealing his face. Nathan aims his crossbow at Harold’s neck and pulls the trigger.

Harold stops breathing. Nathan takes out his phone and snaps a photo of the corpse and walks back to Derrick’s car, gets in and drives off.

**INT/EXT. DERRICK’S CAR.**

Nathan steers Derrick’s car around a corner, mask still on, lurking for his next target.
EXT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - FRONT.

Derrick’s car slowly cruises by Ariana’s house. Nathan eyes the beautiful house as he comes to the corner and takes a turn.

Derrick’s car comes to a stop, the Masked Nathan steps out, bringing his backpack and his crossbow with him.

INT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.

Ariana sits on the couch watching TV and texting on her phone.

NEWSANCHOR (O.S)
Tonight the war on Masksnuffing has struck a victory for Law enforcement. Earlier tonight, a young girl from Bentonville whose identity is being withheld because she’s a minor, was found by the Authorities. James Dalton the alleged captor was found dead on the scene. According to her statement Tonya fought off the killer who lost his life in the struggle. James Dalton is believed by Authorities to be the White Mask who has been responsible for several murders of Bentonville High School students, as well as it’s principal. The suspect James Dalton, was also a teacher at Bentonville High School.

ARIANA GOODMAN (10:10pm): Omg mr dalton was the killer.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: u sound like Daffney from scooby doo.

ARIANA GOODMAN: But he was my favorite teacher, he always gave me an extra day to turn in my essays.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: I wonder who’s gonna fill in for him. hopefully some nobody who just sits at the desk and texts all day.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: Hey, did you see the video Derrick posted?

ARIANA GOODMAN: No.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: Him and Robert Fisher went over to ur boyfriend’s house and beat the shit out of him.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANA GOODMAN: Nathan wasn’t my boyfriend.

JOEL, Ariana’s kid brother comes into the room and looks for the remote.

        JOEL  
Where’s the remote?

        ARIANA  
I got it, now would you go somewhere.

        JOEL  
C’mon, you’re not even watching TV.

        ARIANA  
Yes I am.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: Relax, plenty of girls go on for years without knowing their man is a psycho killer.

ARIANA GOODMAN: Fuck you.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: So nathan wrote the list and mr dalton executed it u think they were gay for each other?

ARIANA GOODMAN: No.

NANCY CARTWRIGHT: Maybe Nathan was mr dalton’s bottom in return for dalton killing everybody.

Ariana lets out a giggle.

ARIANA GOODMAN: LMAOSTFU.

Joel crudely reaches over Ariana’s lap and grabs the TV remote on her other side. and changes the channel to a movie.

        ARIANA  
Joel, what the fuck.

VICTORIA and STUART, Ariana’s parents walk into the living room, though Victoria from the kitchen and Stuart from his bedroom.

        VICTORIA  
Ariana watch your mouth.

        ARIANA  
Well tell him to have better manners.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
She was hogging the TV remote and she wasn’t even watching TV

ARIANA
Yes I was, I was watching the news, something you should be watching.

EXT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - FRONT.
Nathan approaches the Goodman home, going straight to the side of the house. Nathan jumps the fence.

JOEL (V.O)
Why?

INT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.
Ariana menaces Joel.

ARIANA
Cause the mask snuffer’s still out there and his next target might be a little boy.

EXT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - SIDE.
Nathan quickly dashes across the side of the house and to the backyard.

STUART
Ariana, don’t say stuff like that to your brother, especially when the killer could be still lurking around.

ARIANA
Not anymore, he got caught earlier tonight.

VICTORIA
Thank Jesus. I was beginning to wonder where our tax dollars was going with the police department.

Stuart looks at the TV.

STUART
Dalton? Your teacher Dalton?
INT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN.

The back door opens, Nathan carefully steps into the house and slowly closes the door. Nathan begins to make quiet footsteps towards the living room with his crossbow in hand.

   VICTORIA (O.S)
   What about that girl?

   ARIANA (O.S)
   They found her with the body. I think she killed him.

   JOEL (O.S)
   Cool.

INT. ARIANA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.

Nathan quietly joins the family, who are still unaware of his presence.

   VICTORIA
   I pray to god that he’s the last of them. What’s wrong with people today? It’s like I said, those cellphones are the worst things that ever happened to us.

   NATHAN
   My mom used to say the same thing.

A sharp scream jumps out of Victoria’s mouth, as she shivers in shock. Ariana and Stuart are alert to Nathan’s presence, Joel’s heart jumps beats.

   ARIANA
   Nathan?

   NATHAN
   What?

   ARIANA
   What the hell are you doing here?

   NATHAN
   What’s it look like, getting back the followers that you took from me.

Stuart approaches Nathan.

(CONTINUED)
STUART
Joel and Ariana are just kids, leave them out of this.

Nathan points the crossbow at Stuart’s chest.

NATHAN
This is a family occasion. Ariana, shame on you, you have a real nice family. Wish I had one like this.

Stuart sits down. Ariana stands up.

ARIANA
My family doesn’t have anything to do with this, you can’t hurt them.

Nathan takes out a stack of plastic bands and throws them at the couch.

NATHAN
Here, you’re gonna tie yourselves up with these.

STUART
No we’re not.

NATHAN
Yes you will.

STUART
No we won’t.

NATHAN
Yes you will.

STUART
No.

NATHAN
Yes.

STUART
No.

Nathan points his gun at Stuart.

STUART
Go ahead then. You want to kill us, fine.
VICTORIA
Stu, me and the kids don’t want to die.

ARIANA
Speak for yourself.

VICTORIA
Ariana don’t provoke him.

ARIANA
No, he really wants to kill us, fine, he just ain’t doin it on camera like he wants to.

Nathan switches targets, choosing Joel.

ARIANA
Nathan!

Nathan pulls the trigger. Victoria screams. The arrow lands right between Joel’s legs, in the couch.

NATHAN
I got to get this show on the road so if you could all hop to it would be greatly appreaciated.

Stuart ties Joel’s wrists with the bands, then Victoria ties Stuart, Ariana then ties Victoria.

NATHAN
Dad you do your son and Mom you do Dad and Ariana, you do mom. Ariana come over here.

Finished tying mom’s hands, Ariana approaches Nathan.

NATHAN
Now come here.

Nathan ties her hands with the plastic bands,

ARIANA
Nathan, didn’t anything we had mean anything to you?

NATHAN
I’ll miss you.

ARIANA
What are you trying to prove, doing all of this?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NATHAN
Sit down.

Ariana returns to the couch, hands bound.

ARIANA
Now what?

NATHAN
Now you shut up and sit back.

Nathan takes out his cellphone.

EXT. BENTONVILLE OVERVIEW.

The town of Bentonville, dark, lit by homes and streetlights, the quiet ambience that blankets the town like a huge dust cloud of sleeping powder.

A GRAPHIC OF:

Nathan scrolling through the collection of photos on his phone and selecting the gory images of Derrick, Robert, Malik, Terrance and Harold, he shares them with the websites Gorehighlights.com and Facelink.com. Then he texts the following:

NATHAN SINCLAIR (10:32PM): I killed Derrick Sommers and his friends and I killed Harold Winter. This is what happens when you fuck with me.

Nathan scrolls through his photos again, this time he uploads his last picture, a picture of Ariana and her family, bound on the couch.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: I just kidnapped Ariana Goodman and her Mom, Dad and her little bro. I leave their fate in your hands, how do you want them to die?

EXT/INT. JACKSON’S CAR.

Driving down a street, Jackson’s phone rings. He pulls over and answers the phone.

JACKSON
Yeah... Jesus fucking Christ...
Hold on a second, don’t do that...That’s exactly what he wants us to do...I don’t want this kid to get anymore of an audience than he’s already got, the more (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Jackie (cont’d)
attention we devote to this, the worse it’s gonna get...Trust me,
give me an hour, If I can’t get him out by then, send in the calvary...
Thanks alot, this means alot.

Jackson hangs up. He starts the car, makes a U-turn and zooms down the street.

INT. ARIANNA’S HOME – LIVING ROOM.

Arianna and her family sit in terror. On the TV the end credits of a movie are rolling. Nathan picks up the bowl of chips.

NATHAN
chips?
The Goodmans shake their heads.

NATHAN
Soda?
The Goodmans shake their heads except for Joel who nods.
Nathan holds Joel’s cup to his mouth and lets him take a sip.

ARIANNA
Nathan, how long is this going to last?

NATHAN
Don’t worry I’ll kill all of you as soon as enough people are watching.

Nathan changes the TV to the news, but it’s ordinary, daily news no mention of the kidnapping. He switches to another TV station, more mundane news. He switches to another channel, and another.

ARIANNA
Looks like you’re not as relevant as you thought you would be.

NATHAN
They just haven’t taken my post seriously yet.

Nathan takes the boot of his crossbow and jams it into Stuart’s face over and over, turning his nose into bloody mush. Joel, Arianna and Jocelyn all start crying.

(CONTINUED)
ARIANNA
(crying)
Stop it! Stop it!

Nathan takes out his phone, takes a picture of Stuart’s mashed face and starts texting.

NATHAN SINCLAIR: been holding @Arianna Goodman and her family hostage for a hour already. How they should die? Tell me in what order? Should I burn the house down?

Nathan takes a picture of Stuart, Arianna, Joel and Jocelyn. He uploads the photos and the post.

Nathan shares his gorehighlights post and photos with Facebook.

JASONVOORHEESSON: put arrows in their brainz.

9MILLIMETERBILLY: get a kitchen knife and gut them like fishes.

THEDISCIPLEOFSATAN: we don’t need no water let the motherfucker burn, burn motherfucker, burn

FRANKSINATRA: go out like butch and sundance.

FACELINK

MIKE BARR: just another story of another mass murdering, fucked up kid who needs to be the center of attention.

AUSTIN TRAVERS: surrender, let the family go.

WINONA TULLIVER: Shoot yourself in the throat you sick bastard.

DERRICK MOON: good luck Nathan.

BARRY LEWIS: don’t let them take you alive.

ADRIENNE TUCCI: Go out like a gangsta.

ARIANNA
Nathan, this isn’t you. What happened to the guy who used to make me laugh? to the boy who poured his soul to me?

Joel breaks down.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
Can I go use the bathroom?

JOCELYN
I need to go to the bathroom too.

NATHAN
What’s the point? You’re not even gonna be alive in the next few minutes.

Joel starts crying.

NATHAN
Relax, relax. Look on the bright side, your friends will be talking about you for years.

Nathan points the bow at Jocelyn. Ariana springs up from her seat, still bound from her feet and legs.

ARIANA
kill me first.

What?

ARIANA
You want to kill us to get famous, start with me. Young white girl, the media would explode if a photo of my dead body hit the internet.

NATHAN
what are you doing?

ARIANA
giving you creative suggestions, why don’t you slit my throat from ear to ear, wouldn’t that be a little more photogenic?

JOCELYN
Ariana stop.

ARIANA
No, the world wants us to die, so he can take a picture, put it on the internet, where every asshole will take the picture and post it on their page, send it to their friends, write some stupid caption they think is funny, or get on some (MORE)
ARIANA (cont’d)
soapbox and talk about gun control,
the mental health crisis or how
fucked up the internet is.

Stuart’s feet is rubbing the tape loose, he’s almost loose enough to get free.

NATHAN
Sit down. You don’t decide when you
die, this isn’t your show.

ARIANA
It’s not your show either. You
think you’re something new, James
Dalton was a killer, he was
creative and he wouldn’t take 20
minutes to decide whether or not to
kill us, he’d do it with snap of a
neuron.

Nathan points the bow right at Arianna

NATHAN
What the fuck do you know, you
stupid slut? You don’t know shit
about me. You don’t know whether
I’ll pull the trigger or not.

Stuart lunges at Nathan and tackles him to the floor. The
crossbow is knocked out of Nathan’s hands and across the
room.

Stuart headbutts Nathan and then he does it again. Nathan
pushes him off.

Nathan gets up and snatches the crossbow into his arms.

Nathan pulls the trigger, putting arrows into Stuart’s face
and chest.

JOCELYN
Stu!

ARIANA
dad!

Nathan reloads, this time he points the crossbow at Ariana.
He takes a deep breath. Nathan’s phone rings. He stays
focused. Nathan’s phone stops ringing.

Jocelyn and Ariana looks to him for a response. After a
pause, the phone resumes ringing.

(CONTINUED)
JOCELYN
Are you gonna get that?

ARIA
Maybe it’s important.

Nathan reluctantly answers the call.

NATHAN
yes?

JACKSON
Hello Nathan.

NATHAN
So this is the part where you tell me that half the state is outside waiting for me to surrender?

JACKSON
There’s nobody except me.

NATHAN
Really? I couldn’t even get a couple of cop cars?

JACKSON
Chief didn’t want to waste the tax dollar. Nathan, don’t you think this has gone far enough?

NATHAN
Where is everybody? I’ve been holding the Goodmans hostage for an hour and posted it on Facelink. You’re telling me that nobody gives a fuck enough to send more than one self-righteous detective?

JACKSON
There won’t be any audience for you. No platform for any more murder.

Nathan hangs up. he takes a picture of Stuart’s dead body.

FACELINK
The photo of Stuart’s bloody, arrow-riddled corpse appears at the top of the News feed as Nathan’s new post.

FRANK TOSCO: Holy fucking shit

WINONA TULLIVER: Oh my god

(CONTINUED)
MIKE BARR: That kid wasn’t bullshitting

Nathan sends the photo to Jackson. Jackson gets the photo, he hurries to the back door of the house, it’s locked.

ANDREW HARRINGTON: Where the hell is the police?

EXT. ARIANNA’S HOME – BACKYARD.

Jackson is walking through the side of the house. He receives the photo of a arrow-skewered Stuart on his phone.

Lucky for Jackson, he has a few thin pieces of metal which he jams into the keyhole, cheating the door open. Jackson steps inside.

INT. ARIANNA’S HOME – LIVING ROOM.

Nathan’s finger is on the trigger. Arianna, Jocelyn and Joel are sniveling and shivering.

NATHAN
Would you all relax, I’m about to make you famous.

JACK
Nathan!

JACKSON
Nathan look at me. This is it. Whatever you do right now decides how this ends. There’s no cameras, no audience, it’s just you, me and this family and now you gotta let this family go.

Nathan turns to the Goodmans.

NATHAN
Stay still.

JACKSON
Nathan, look at me. They aren’t going anywhere.

NATHAN
If you move, they die.
JACKSON
That’s not going to happen, because
You’re going to lay that gun down
on the table and let them go.

NATHAN
You still don’t get it. You think
the world doesn’t listen just
because their televisions are off.

JACKSON
Is this what you want them to
listen to? What about your parents?
I checked the timing of the posts,
there’s no way you could have known
what would happen to them. And I
know your involvement in the White
Mask killings was very limited.

NATHAN
Shut up. Stop trying to convince me
about the good that’s fighting to
get out.

JACKSON
Good? You’re a rotten little shit
having a temper tantrum. I’m giving
you two choices, you can live and
tell the world your story or you
can die right here. The world will
remember whatever story it wants to
hear.

Nathan points the crossbow at Ariana. Nathan and Jackson
pull their triggers simultaneously.

NATHAN
fuck all that. I’m gonna be famous.

Blood spreads from Nathan’s chest. An arrow, clearly meant
for Ariana, sticks through the wall behind her. Nathan drops
to the floor, trying to keep his focus on a terrified
Ariana.

Jackson approaches the Goodmans and unties them. Arianna,
her mother and her little brother all hug each other in
relief. Jackson gets on his phone. He feels Stuart for a
pulse. He switches over to Nathan and checks his pulse.

JACKSON
(on phone)
This is state detective Bradley
Jackson, I got two men down, both
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACKSON (cont’d)
of them are in critical condition
losing alot of blood. The address
is 1545 Redwood Drive.

GEORGE POUROS: The cops killed Nathan Sinclair.

ANNIE MADDOX: Serves him right.

STEVEN DARRICK: Is there a photo of the body?

SARAH DANIELS: He’s not dead, they’re holding him at the
Dayton County ICU, my sister works there.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BENTONVILLE OVERVIEW. NIGHT.

A overview of the town of Bentonville. Once again it’s
quiet, flat and pitch black.

NEWSANCHOR 2 (O.S)
(overlapping Newsanchor)
Nathan Sinclair was critically
injured in a shootout with local
law enforcement, but doctors expect
him to make a speedy recovery.
Nathan himself was one of the
survivors of the recent string of
murders connected to
Gorehighlights.com, a controversial
website known to stream murder
videos including many of the
murders which took place in the
town recently In a shocking twist
it appears Nathan Sinclair himself,
might have had a hand in the murder
of his own parents. Before the
standoff took place he was a
suspect in the murder of Derrick
Sommers, One of Nathan’s classmates
at Bentonville high schools, Nathan
was locked in a standoff with law
enforcement while he held a family
hostage and posted updates on the
social media website Facelink.

STEVEN DARRICK: Fuck! Facelink took all the photos down.

AUSTIN AYLES: you can see them at
Http://Gorehighlights.com/Userprofile;Killerwithakeyboard/20141105

FRANK TOUSE: you think he’ll get the death penalty?

(CONTINUED)
STEVEN DARRICK: he’s not 18, he’ll get LWP.

MARY TOLAND: I wish he was a few months older, an eye for an eye.

FRANK TOUSE: I’d rather get the death penalty than spend the rest of my life dodging shivs and dicks.

AARON CARTHY: funny that there hasn’t been one mention of gorehighlights, the website that sponsors these type of killing sprees, or any mention of the victims.

FRANK TOUSE: @Aaron_Carthy Nobody gives a fuck about the victims. Do the Romans cheer for the victorious Gladiator or the loser who got fed to the lions?

FADE TO BLACK