PEOPLE YOU MAY HAVE KNOWN

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

SHAUN, 18, sits in front of the computer desktop. Home alone and bored, the young man goes through Facebook while a nearby clock reads: 11:14 P.M.

A lonely window in the corner reveals the foreboding and stormy dark night awaiting him outside.

He sends his latest message to a chick from out-of-town before noticing a group of pictures in the People You May Know section. A photo of a very pretty young woman, CARMEN DAVIS, sits in the middle, listed with eight mutual friends.

Piqued by the attractive face, he immediately clicks on her name and scours through her About Me with strong interest.

After checking out various photographs depicting her beauty, he then shoots the young woman a friend request as THUNDER strikes.

Afterward, Shaun clicks on his Messages tab where his sent messages are displayed, all read with no replies.

The alienated teenager then gets up and is about to leave when all of a sudden the computer ALERTS him of a NOTIFICATION. He immediately clicks on it and smiles after seeing Carmen's accepted his request.

SHAUN
(happy)

Shit...

Suddenly a message sent from her mobile phone pops up: Hey cutie. The excited Shaun quickly replies: Hey...thanks for accepting my request.

Carmen: No problem.

Carmen: Saw where you're from Earle.

Me: Yeah...you're not too far...only like twenty mins from Crawfordtown.

Carmen: Stalker ;)

Shaun smiles and replies.

Me: Hey you checked out my profile too...

Carmen: I know...what are you doing tonight? I'm actually in Earle right now...

Me: Shit really? Just chillin...got the place to myself...
Carmen: Maybe we should meet up then…
Carmen: :)
Me: Definitely…wanna come over?
Carmen: Where you at?
Me: Right outside town…Myrna Lane, dirt road. Only house.
Carmen: Shit I passed it on the way! Be there real soon babe.
Me: Sounds good…wanna text?
Carmen: Sure 338-447-9295
Me: Just call me when you get here.
Carmen: Sure thing babe.

Shaun smiles as the THUNDER and storm rampage on.

SHAUN
Too good to be true…

He exits the screen and takes out his cell phone before leaving.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The young man texts her while walking down the stairs, the message reading: Hey it's me Shaun. You on the way?

More THUNDER ominously continues as he sends it. The T.V. in the living room plays an old black-and-white horror movie while an open pizza box sits on a nearby table. Carmen's fast reply: Yeah…I’ll call you when I get there!

Shaun glances out a window, noticing how bad the weather is, before texting her back: Be careful.

Suddenly he hears really loud THUNDER before the electricity quickly goes out in succession. The scared young man nervously looks around the dark room.

SHAUN
Shit!

He uses the cell phone’s light to see as the girl's newest message comes in and reads: I'll try. Shaun then makes his way toward the kitchen when all of a sudden he hears a loud BANGING noise outside.
SHAUN
The fuck?

He fearfully turns toward a window near the front door as the BANGING continues.

The teenager nervously goes up to it, shining his phone through the glass to see a large tree branch blowing across the outdoor wooden floorboard.

He smiles and shakes his head before standing back by the T.V. to text her back: Hope you got some candles...

Just before he hits the Send button the electricity cuts back on, the incident prompting him to erase the message before typing in another one: All alone in here waiting for you babe...

Shaun sends it when suddenly he hears loud FOOTSTEPS on the roof. He alertly looks up as it continues, the noise sounding like it's going toward the front yard.

SHAUN
Fuck really?

The scared young man rushes to the front door and stops outside a window just as the sound ceases. He peers through it again, this time seeing nothing but rain and darkness as well as the occasional bolt of lightning outside.

SHAUN
Shit's gotta be happening now...

He shakes his head in anger before turning off the outdoor light and walking back up the steps. Another text from Carmen arrives: Almost there babe. He smiles and texts her back: Hope you're not too scared.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shaun walks back into his bedroom before sitting down at the computer. After turning it back on, a new message on his phone reads: Maybe you should be the one scared of me ;)

He smiles while typing his reply: We'll find out. He then logs onto his Facebook as a new text comes in: We will.

The young man clicks on Carmen’s profile while another new text arrives: About to be there. He sends her a new message before looking at her wall, his text reading: Can't wait to see you.
He then uneasily stares upon some of the comments on her page, many of her friends posting things like: We miss you! Where are you Carmen? Hope you're okay.

SHAUN
The fuck...

He notices a link on her page posted by Scarlett Davis, her mother. The young man quickly clicks on it, the link leading him to a headline reading: Local Teen Missing with a picture of Carmen lying underneath it.

SHAUN
Shit...

Suddenly his phone loudly VIBRATES and startles him.

SHAUN
Fuck!

He looks down and sees she's now calling him, Shaun nervously glancing at it before answering.

SHAUN
Hey...

CARMEN (V.O.)
(voice kinda murky, weak)
Hey I'm here!

The teenager stands up and makes his way out.

SHAUN
Hold on I'm coming...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He walks downstairs and toward the front door where a few eerie, quiet KNOCKS continuously erupt.

CARMEN (V.O.)
I'm waiting...

SHAUN
Almost there...

He turns on the porch light before opening the door, dropping his phone in horror after staring upon his date.

The decomposing young woman stands there covered in blood while missing pieces of flesh and an eyeball, her clothes torn and ragged. The zombified teenager stares right at Shaun as she lowers her phone.
CARMEN

Shaun...

Old blood oozes from her mouth while she stumbles toward him, the young man now fearfully backing away from her.

SHAUN

No! Get the Hell away from me!

CARMEN

Shaun...what's wrong? Ain’t I pretty enough for you?

SHAUN

Don’t fucking come near me!

He tries to turn before she quickly grabs him and knocks him to the floor, Carmen smiling upon her victim as blood drips down from her mouth and onto his face.

CARMEN

Shaun...

SHAUN

Aw fuck! Get off me!

CARMEN

What’s the matter Shaun? Don’t I look good...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Carmen feasts ravenously on the young man inside, his blood and pieces of flesh splattering onto the furniture and upon some of the windows as the storm continues outside.

Her wrecked vehicle remains off in the distance, near the turn-off onto Myrna Lane where it stands crashed into a tree in the middle of a rural, murky forest.

Hidden off by some of the shrubbery, the ravaged car's covered in rainwater with tires deeply swamped into the moist ground.

Much of Carmen's blood and bits of flesh are collected inside while her bloody handprints still stain the handle of the recently-forced-open door.

Clearly implemented into the muddy ground are her footprints which lead all the way up to the driveway of Shaun’s house.