

Streamed to Death

written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. CAMP GROUND - NIGHT**

A sewer connection, and several wires, from a small power station are hooked up to a luxury RV.

DENISE (V.O.)  
It's been a long day. I'm going to  
get a good night sleep.

**INT. RV - NIGHT**

Live Streamer DENISE (mid 20s, white) looks into the camera of a small netbook.

Denise is short and athletically built.

She's broadcasting to over ten thousand people.

A red thumb drive sticks out of the netbook.

DENISE  
The nice part is I'll be able to do  
so in this nice, cozy RV from  
"Bob's RV's." Use the code "Denise  
ten" to get ten percent off."

Her phone is nearby. The power is at 5%.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Please like this video, subscribe  
to me here and everywhere else on  
social media.

She blows a kiss at the camera and turns it off.

Denise stands up and walks around. She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes, listening.

Silence.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
I could almost get used to this.

Denise's boyfriend NICK (mid 20s, handsome) FaceTimes her.

NICK (FACETIME)  
How's life out in the wild?

DENISE  
I had a great hike this afternoon.

NICK (FACETIME)  
Why didn't you stream it?

DENISE  
I was thinking about something and  
needed time to work it out in my  
head, you know?

NICK (FACETIME)  
You want to talk about it?

DENISE  
Not now. When I'm ready.  
(looks around)  
This place is so empty I could hear  
a mouse fart.

NICK (FACETIME)  
Is anybody else there?

DENISE  
I thought I saw a homeless man in  
one of the lots.

NICK (FACETIME)  
Make sure to lock your doors.

DENISE  
Don't be so suburban.

The power in her RV turns off. She groans.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
The brochure said the power was  
stable and amazing.

NICK (FACETIME)  
Maybe this is a sign you should  
come home and let me help you out  
of that outfit.

Denise walks to the door.

**EXT. CAMP GROUND - NIGHT**

Denise exits the RV.

DENISE  
Maybe it's a sign we should move in  
together.

NICK (FACETIME)  
What about your place?

Denise walks over to the power box.

DENISE

The drama over everything is just becoming too much to deal with.

Denise looks at her phone. It's dead.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Denise looks at the power box. It's unplugged.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What the--

She gasps for air and looks down.

A butcher knife protrudes from her chest.

Blood gushes out.

Denise falls to her to knees.

A boot is pressed on her back and pulls the knife out.

Denise hits the ground with a thud, moaning in pain.

She rolls over and looks up.

A hint of recognition comes over her face.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(gasping for air)

Why?

A gloved hand plunges the knife into her repeatedly.

Denise screams out in pain and then dies.

#### **EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Super: Three months later

An older Jeep is alone at the edge of the parking lot.

A pair of long, lean legs dangle out of it.

#### **INT. JEEP - DAY**

Those legs belong to professional gamer AMBER (20, Hispanic). She's tall and thin.

An 8-bit drawing of Amber is in the middle of her shirt.

"Eight Bit Amber" in block lettering surrounds it.

Her eyes stare into an expensive looking cell phone. Her camera app is open and recording her.

In her free hand is a half full bag of cheap, gas station orange slices.

AMBER

Mom always said every good road trip begins with orange slices.

(eats an orange slice)

She loved those things.

(looks around)

Thanks for tuning in to this impromptu road stream. I'll try to get a proper one going later.

She stops recording.

A dating app buzzes her with "a great match."

Amber opens it up and sees an OLDER UGLY MAN (mid 40s). A message asks if she wants to connect.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Ewww.

She swipes no.

Her preferences come up. Men and women are selected. She stares at it for a while. Her fingers close the app.

Amber's father ESTEBAN (mid 50s, Hispanic) gets inside.

He's short and stocky with a mustache.

Esteban starts the engine and drives.

Amber eats another orange slice.

ESTEBAN

The taste of freedom.

AMBER

Freedom tastes like Diabetes.

ESTEBAN

It was the first thing she had when she crossed the border.

She reaches over and grabs his hand.

He squeezes it.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

I had to Google what an "influencer house" was. It doesn't seem like it fits what you want to be.

She lets go.

AMBER

It's a house where fierce women can come together and grow their brands together. That's exactly like me.

ESTEBAN

You don't need them to do that.

AMBER

If I want to be PewDiePie level big I can't just play games in your basement and expect to grow.

ESTEBAN

I don't know who that is.

AMBER

More people watch his videos on a daily basis than the evening news.

ESTEBAN

Why does being like this pie guy matter that much?

AMBER

I remember the first video game tournament you took me to.

ESTEBAN

That trophy barely fit in here.

AMBER

Before my first game, some guy laughed when he saw me because he didn't think a girl could play "Mega Man 2" like a man could.

ESTEBAN

People are assholes.

AMBER

I want to show the world you can be a top tier gamer and a strong woman, too. This gets me there.

ESTEBAN

You're already doing that.

AMBER

Nobody but speed runners and retro gamers follow me. I want more than just them to see me play.

Amber looks out the window.

ESTEBAN

Marcy used to live there.

(beat)

Your mother told me about it.

AMBER

Grandpa said that gay people go to Hell, guaranteed.

ESTEBAN

He would've voted for Trump.

Silence

AMBER

Trust me, dad. I got this.

ESTEBAN

Can you talk to them about the name, at least? The "Red Light District" has bad optics, honey.

AMBER

OK, boomer.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

A several thousand square foot, multi-million dollar residence in the hills of Los Angeles.

High-end electronic locks are on the doors.

Thick iron bars on the windows.

Video cameras are barely visible near the roof.

Several high-end luxury vehicles are parked up front.

Esteban's Jeep pulls up and parks.

Esteban and Amber exit and look around. Both are in awe.

He opens the back door and takes out a large military Duffel bag marked "clothes" and a small laptop bag.

Pop Culture Critic RAQUEL (mid 30s, Hispanic) walks out of the house and towards them.

An obscure anime-themed t-shirt about internet culture hangs off her. Horn rim glasses frame her face.

Awkwardness surrounds her.

Amber and Raquel embrace.

AMBER

It's so great to finally meet you.

RAQUEL

Everyone is excited!

(to Esteban, in Spanish)

Hello, Detective Rodriguez. It's nice to meet you. I'm Raquel.

Raquel extends her hand to Esteban.

ESTEBAN

(in Spanish)

Just call me Esteban.

They shake hands.

RAQUEL

(in Spanish)

I was pleasantly surprised when Amber told me your family is from Campeche, too.

ESTEBAN

(in Spanish)

What's your last name?

RAQUEL

Martinez.

Esteban recognizes it.

ESTEBAN

(in Spanish)

Are you related to the Butcher of the Bay, by chance?

AMBER

The Carver of the Hills?



RAQUEL  
 (in English)  
 The Butcher of the Bay.

Esteban and Raquel exchange looks.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
 My nephews Lester, James and Blake  
 are the same way.

AMBER  
 Total gringos, right?

Esteban and Raquel cringe.

ESTEBAN  
 Sure, *Amber*.

RAQUEL  
 We're all excited to have you come  
 and join us here.

ESTEBAN  
 In the red light district.

AMBER  
 Dad, please.

RAQUEL  
 When we started the house someone  
 referred to us as that. I put it on  
 a t-shirt to spite that neck-beard.

ESTEBAN  
 That's clever.

Esteban is impressed. He looks at the windows and then the  
 rest of the house.

RAQUEL  
 What's clever is how much money we  
 made off it.

ESTEBAN  
 You have a lot of security.

RAQUEL  
 Jake Paul ruined it for all of us.

ESTEBAN  
 Who?

AMBER  
 He's a famous YouTuber.

RAQUEL

He invited his fans to show up to his house, and they made things a nightmare. I keep worrying someone will do that to us.

ESTEBAN

Better safe than sorry.

RAQUEL

Exactly.

(points to cameras)

A service handles that for us every day of the year.

(points to bars)

Those are military grade.

(points to locks)

We have a security system and individual pass codes.

(points inside)

That's not even the best part.

Raquel walks inside.

Amber and her father exchange dirty looks.

**INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS**

A massive chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

Several cameras are on the ceiling, moving back and forth.

A security keypad is next to the front door.

Raquel walks in and points around.

FRANCINE

Hello, Raquel. How may I help you?

*Note: Francine is an older, English woman's voice and comes from speakers placed throughout the home.*

RAQUEL

Meet Francine, our twenty-first century smart home. Everything but our smoke alarms is cloud-based. She monitors everything for us.

ESTEBAN

Hi, Francine?

FRANCINE

Voice not recognized.

RAQUEL

Francine, I'm going to show Amber and her father around the server room. Add them to the archives.

Esteban and Amber walk in and look around.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

YouTube is trying to buy the company that made her.

ESTEBAN

What does Francine stand for?

RAQUEL

I don't remember but it was really technical.

Esteban looks around the room.

Raquel's eyes follow his.

Esteban spots a keypad with a hand print scanner next to a steel reinforced door.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

That's our server room.  
(points to a large door)  
You should see our gym.

The three walk over to it.

A camera stops and follows Amber as she walks.

**INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY**

Loud, obnoxious punk rock blares through the room.

A large closet is open, revealing a massive digital entertainment system and a rack of towels.

TONI (early 20s, Jewish, muscular) squats well over 300-pounds on a power rack. She's six feet tall with short hair.

Sweat pours off of her.

A DSLR camera mounted on a tripod is pointed at her.

Raquel, Amber and Esteban walk inside.

RAQUEL  
 This is our gym.  
 (to Toni)  
 You got a minute, Toni?

Toni racks the weight and looks at the trio. She adds another 45-pound plate to the bar. Her eyes turn to Amber.

TONI  
 I'd offer you a hug but--

AMBER  
 It's OK.

TONI  
 Veronica did that when she lived here and it wasn't pleasant.  
 (beat)  
 I got your email about your workout routine. It's not bad, actually.

AMBER  
 I'm clueless with that stuff.

TONI  
 When you've got the time, we should sit and go over it. I've got a lot of ideas to really help you out.

AMBER  
 Thank you!

Toni unracks the weight and squats again.

Amber, Raquel and Esteban leave.

**INT. LANDING - DAY**

The three walk towards the kitchen.

ESTEBAN  
 Who's Veronica?

RAQUEL  
 She was a... personality conflict.

Esteban and Amber exchange dirty looks.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Everything in here is immaculately clean and straight out of Martha Stewart's dreams.

An expensive knife set is hung on the wall.

A massive, smart refrigerator takes up most of a wall.

A door to the basement is nearby.

Amber, Raquel and Esteban walk inside.

Esteban opens up the fridge.

It's full of fancy bottled water and takeout containers.

ESTEBAN

So no one here cooks, huh?

Amber looks away in embarrassment.

VANESSA (V.O.)

There are so many amazing places to eat around here that sometimes we forget that there are several great grocery stores nearby, too.

VANESSA (late 20s, Asian, elegant) sits on a table far from them. Her laptop has a "Talk with Vee" sticker on it.

RAQUEL

Show prep?

VANESSA

The lock on my door broke this morning. Can you handle it?

RAQUEL

I'll call someone.

VANESSA

(to Amber)

It's nice to meet you in person.

AMBER

Me too. This is so exciting!

Vanessa stands up and walks over. They hug.

VANESSA

Oh, I got you something.

AMBER

You didn't have to.

VANESSA

One of my fans sent it in and I thought of you.

Vanessa reaches under the table and hands a small wrapped box to Amber.

Amber opens it up, revealing a handmade, older retro gamed theme landline phone.

AMBER

Oh my god.

VANESSA

He made it himself, too.

Amber turns it over. It looks like a fire hazard.

AMBER

It's the thought that counts.

VANESSA

I don't want to try it. You'd need an old phone jack to even use it.

AMBER

Do we have any of those?

ESTEBAN

They're probably in the basement.

RAQUEL

This is Amber's father, Esteban.

ESTEBAN

(looks at laptop)

Is "Talk with Vee" some meme I do not know about?

VANESSA

Pardon?

ESTEBAN

Amber's got this little blue guy and his dog on her laptop. That's a meme too, right?

(to Amber)

Am I using meme right?

AMBER

Mega Man and his dog Rush are from a video game, not a meme.

VANESSA

"Talk with Vee" is the name of my show. People call in and I walk them through their issues.

Esteban looks outside and spots a large pool.

ESTEBAN  
Amber didn't mention that you guys  
had a pool here.

RAQUEL  
It's why I bought the house.  
(points to pool)  
Let me show it to you.

**EXT. MANSION - POOL - DAY**

Esteban walks outside and looks around.

A mini bar is on end of it.

Expensive-looking lawn furniture is on the other,

Raquel and Amber follow him.

ESTEBAN  
This is magnificent.

RAQUEL  
Our pool is regularly booked for  
photo shoots.

Raquel looks and spots LAURA (early 20s, black, curvy)  
painting line art of a flower on an easel.

Laura has multi-colored, dread-locked hair. She looks over  
and sees the three. It bothers her.

ESTEBAN  
How often do you swim in it?

Laura's eyes turn back to her easel and stare at it intently.

RAQUEL  
Not as much as you'd think.

Amber spots a mural painted on the wall.

A handful of computers, an artist's easel, a heart with a  
headset on, a barbell and an old school video game controller  
are prominent.

"Red Light District 4-ever" is underneath it all

The controller is freshly painted it.

Amber sees it and smiles.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
 (to Amber)  
 Laura painted that.

LAURA  
 What do you think?

AMBER  
 I love it.

LAURA  
 I was hoping it would be the right  
 one for you. There are so many.

Laura turns to them.

AMBER  
 It's so nice to meet you.

LAURA  
 I mean in person. This is going to  
 be great!

Laura and Amber hug.

RAQUEL  
 Esteban, this is Laura.

LAURA  
 It's nice to meet you, sir.

ESTEBAN  
 Likewise.

RAQUEL  
 We'll get out of your way.

Amber, Esteban and Raquel walk back inside.

Laura turns back to her painting.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Vanessa's laptop is there but she is not.

Esteban, Amber and Raquel walk in.

ESTEBAN  
 (to Raquel)  
 May I have a moment with my  
 daughter, Raquel?



RAQUEL  
I'll be down the hall.

Raquel leaves.

Amber grabs the older landline phone.

ESTEBAN  
Veronica?

AMBER  
Houses have turnover all the time.

ESTEBAN  
Your Uncle lives nearby. He has a carriage house you could rent.

AMBER  
I'm going to be fine, Dad.

He doesn't believe her.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Raquel leans against a wall.

Esteban and Amber walk up to her.

Gaming awards and statistical achievements litter the walls.

Esteban looks at one as they pass by.

RAQUEL  
Every time we hit a mark of significance we put it up.  
(points to one)  
Toni's first million on YouTube.  
(points to another)  
Laura had five hundred thousand viewers on a live stream.  
(points to another)  
Vanessa received an award from the American Psychological Association for helping to expanding mental health awareness online.  
(points to another)  
Instagram gave us a really nice plaque as part of Women's History Month. We have a combined one hundred million followers on there.

ESTEBAN  
Is that more than you have?

AMBER

Dad!

ESTEBAN

This feels like, what would Amber call it... a large humble brag.

Raquel and Amber cringe.

RAQUEL

If we were men this would be a sign of competition.

ESTEBAN

I didn't mean it like that.  
(looks around)  
Which ones are yours?

Raquel looks away.

RAQUEL

I have one for a hundred thousand subscribers on YouTube and my Webby for best online film reviewer.

AMBER

Her series on the feminism of "Orange is the New Black" is amazing. I put it in your watch later list on YouTube.

ESTEBAN

I must've missed it.

They walk past an open door and look inside.

RAQUEL

This is me.

Esteban and Amber look inside.

ESTEBAN

You really like movies, huh?

RAQUEL

A long time ago I was a film student trying to make it.

**INT. RAQUEL'S ROOM - DAY**

Foreign movie posters, video games and other pop culture minutia are all over the walls.

A large desk in the middle has a high-end desktop computer, several tools and a high-end DSLR camera on it.

Raquel, Amber and Esteban walk in.

ESTEBAN

And then what?

Amber looks around.

RAQUEL

Not everyone makes it in Hollywood.

AMBER

I'm totally fan-girling out, not going to lie.

RAQUEL

In six months this won't even phase you, Amber.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Esteban, Amber and Raquel walk down to Amber's room.

**INT. AMBER'S ROOM - DAY**

Everything inside is brand new.

Esteban, Raquel and Amber walk in.

RAQUEL

Welcome to your new home. I'll let you settle in.

Raquel leaves.

Esteban looks around. He isn't impressed.

ESTEBAN

My basement is bigger than this.

AMBER

This is going to be good for the both of us, Dad.

ESTEBAN

They don't seem to have a lot in common with you.

AMBER

They're nice.

ESTEBAN

I'm staying at Guillermo's for the weekend, so if you need anything before I head back let me know.

AMBER

I got this, dad.

They hug.

ESTEBAN

I love you.

AMBER

Love you too.

Esteban leaves.

Amber looks around, taking it all in. Her eyes wander over to her bags. She takes out some of her clothes and puts them on the bed. Her eyes see her laptop bag.

She grabs it and walks into her office.

#### **INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - DAY**

An executive desk and a gaming chair dominate the room.

Amber walks in and looks around. She springs over to the chair and sits down. It's remarkably comfortable. Her eyes close for a moment, taking it all in.

Amber's eyes open. Her hands place her laptop on her desk.

Large, eight bit style stickers of Mega Man and his dog Rush are on it.

Amber logs into a streaming service. After a moment ten thousand people are watching her.

AMBER

Hey guys... guess who's in the Red Light District now?

(picks up her laptop and aims it around the room)

This is so cool.

An eight bit computer noise comes out of her computer.

Amber puts her laptop down on the desk.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 Thanks, chat! Let's see who--  
 (looks at screen)  
 --decided to make my--  
 (reading)  
 This is all going to end soon, you  
 nasty bitch. All of you will pay.  
 (beat)  
 That's a nice waste of money.

Amber pulls up the user's profile. It's Marcy.

She clicks on "report comment."

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Maybe you'll respond now.  
 (normal voice, to laptop)  
 I'll talk to you guys later.

Amber closes her laptop and takes her phone out. Her fingers quickly pull up Marcy on her phone and dial her.

MARCY (V.O.)  
 Hey, this is Marcy. Text me.

She hangs up. Her fingers quickly pull up "Dad" on her speed dial and stares at it for a long moment.

AMBER  
 You've got this.

**INT. FITNESS CENTER - NIGHT**

Toni's camera is focused on Toni, bench pressing. Nearly two hundred pounds is on the bar.

The door opens up and slams shut.

Toni struggles with the bar.

TONI  
 Can you give me a spot?

WHACK!

A dumbbell hits Toni in the face.

Toni's skull breaks with a crunch.

The barbell crashes onto Toni's throat, crushing it.

Blood pours off the bench and onto the floor.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Laura stands by the fridge.

Vanessa types on her computer.

Raquel eats Chinese food from a takeout container.

VANESSA

She left. Isn't that enough?

A camera focuses on Laura.

No one notices.

LAURA

Her stuff is still here.

Laura opens the fridge. She takes a bottle of water out.

RAQUEL

I've left them several voicemails.

Laura closes the door.

VANESSA

They're probably embarrassed by everything that happened.

The fridge shows one less bottle.

RAQUEL

Denise's stuff is still here, too. Her parents won't call me back.

The camera focuses on Vanessa.

No one notices.

VANESSA

They're still in mourning.

RAQUEL

We're doing the right thing for them with this fundraiser. She would've wanted us to do it.

LAURA

(looking around)

Where's Toni? She owes me for her half of the liquor.

RAQUEL

Francine, where's Toni?

FRANCINE  
Toni isn't on the premises, Raquel.

RAQUEL  
When did she leave?

FRANCINE  
I don't know. I will scan today's  
footage for her.

RAQUEL  
Give yourself a diagnostic after.

LAURA  
Why did they have to give it a  
name? It's creepy.

VANESSA  
Giving her a name makes us feel  
like she's part of our little home.

Amber walks in. The camera focuses on her.

AMBER  
I got a weird message from Marcy.

RAQUEL  
Weird how?

AMBER  
It was something about how I was  
going to pay. We all were.

RAQUEL  
(to Amber)  
Are you sure it was her?

Amber nods.

AMBER  
I don't want any drama.

The camera focuses on Amber.

VANESSA  
Don't worry about her. She's still  
upset over what happened.

RAQUEL  
This is a great opportunity for  
you. Don't worry about her.

FRANCINE

A delivery truck is pulling into the driveway.

LAURA

I'll handle it.

Laura leaves.

RAQUEL

We're having a fund-raiser for Denise's family tonight.

AMBER

I was going to do my first real stream here tonight.

RAQUEL

This is going to be the social event of the season.

VANESSA

Is it a special game?

AMBER

I found a cool modded version of "Lode Runner" I wanted to--

Everyone looks at her oddly.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'll be there.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A small den with pictures of Guillermo hunting are all over.

Esteban sits on a couch. His wallet and a revolver are on an end table near him.

He's half watching local news on a small television.

The Chyron flashes "Breaking News." It turns into "Alt-Right Blogger turned Missing Person?"

His eyes perk up.

A photo of MARCY (early 20s) comes up on the screen. She has red hair and is sticking her tongue out.

Esteban takes his phone out and pulls up "Nancy Next Door" on his speed dial.



**INT. CORNETTE LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Everything is expensive looking.

Marcy's mother NANCY (mid 50s, red hair) watches the same news program. A glass of wine is in her hands, a nearly empty bottle on a small table in front of her.

NANCY

I can have Rusty stop by and walk Bailey if you need it, Esteban.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN GUILLERMO AND NANCY**

ESTEBAN

I just saw Marcy's photo on the news, Nancy. I'm sorry.

NANCY

You're the only person we know who's called to say that.

ESTEBAN

After everything, I thought you guys could use the space.

NANCY

There's no easy way to apologize for your daughter using racial slurs on social media.

ESTEBAN

It didn't seem like her.

NANCY

We didn't raise her like that. She wanted to know computers so she knew computers. Then apparently she fell into the dark web and my little girl became David Duke.

ESTEBAN

How long has she been gone?

NANCY

After everything that happened she sent a text saying she'd come home in a couple of months, once she sorted everything out. I couldn't wait for her anymore.

ESTEBAN

Let me know if there's anything I can do to help.

NANCY

I told her after that Denise girl  
was murdered that she needed to  
leave that place.

ESTEBAN

What Denise girl?

NANCY

It was on the news.

ESTEBAN

I must've missed it.

(beat)

Let me know if you need anything.

NANCY

I will.

Nancy hangs up.

END INTERCUT

Esteban opens up a drawer and pulls out a notepad and a pen.

He writes "Red Light District" on the top, "Marcy" and  
"Denise" underneath it. Underneath it he writes "Murder" next  
to Denise and "Suicide?" next to Marcy.

Esteban takes his phone out and searches for "Denise Red  
Light district" in an internet search engine. An article  
about an upcoming trial is the first result.

He clicks on it.

The story says Denise was murdered by a homeless man who's  
currently in jail. Prosecutors are seeking the death penalty.

**EXT. MANSION - POOL - NIGHT**

Loud dance music plays.

A massive crowd of FAMOUS SOCIAL MEDIA INFLUENCERS parties  
their asses off.

Raquel and Amber walk around.

AMBER

Everyone here is super famous.

RAQUEL

If you added up the social media imprint of everyone here it's nearly five billion people.

AMBER

Holy shit.

RAQUEL

We helped us raise three hundred thousand dollars for Denise's family with a Go Fund Me. I think that's a good enough excuse for a gathering, right?

Vanessa and TikTok star PAUL (mid 20s, internet prankster) walk up to Amber and Raquel.

VANESSA

Amber, this is Laura's boyfriend Paul. He wanted to meet you.

PAUL

I was bringing our new guy around, and he just disappeared on me. Let me know if you see a tall, dorky looking guy around here.

AMBER

I'll make sure to keep an eye out.

VANESSA

I mentioned you moved in, and he said he had to meet you.

AMBER

Your pranks are amazing!

PAUL

How do you do *that* jump in Super Mario? I saw it on TikTok and I can not figure out *how* you did it.

AMBER

Very carefully.

PAUL

Did you hack the game or what?

AMBER

It's about your pixel position as you jump and manipulating the hit box of Mario in that frame rule.

PAUL  
We should do a collab sometime.

AMBER  
I can show you how to do it and you  
can prank me, I guess.

PAUL  
It'll really boost my numbers.

AMBER  
You don't need me for that.

PAUL  
It's a different audience and the  
thumbnail alone will sell it.

AMBER  
If that's the case you could do  
something with Raquel and--

Everyone looks around.

RAQUEL  
We did that once.

AMBER  
I must've missed it.

PAUL  
Most people did.

Raquel is hurt.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Shit, I'm sorry.

RAQUEL  
More people follow your clips  
channel than follow me, total.

PAUL  
Yours was my best video, for what  
it's worth. I'll tell my ad guys to  
try pushing it again.

Raquel smiles.

VANESSA  
Have you seen Toni?

RAQUEL  
Not since this morning.

VANESSA

I thought she'd be here. This isn't like her to skip a party.

RAQUEL

Maybe she needed some "me" time?

Vanessa takes her phone and pulls up Toni's Twitter feed. It hasn't been updated all day.

VANESSA

She's always Tweeting.

(thinking)

I'm going to call the police.

RAQUEL

Toni has to be missing for twenty-four hours before you call them.

AMBER

No you don't. In fact, you should call them right now if you really think something's wrong.

VANESSA

That doesn't sound right.

AMBER

My dad and uncle are police officers. I grew up with this.

Vanessa pulls up "Police" on her speed dial.

PAUL

Did they teach you anything else?

AMBER

I can pick a lock with a credit card and take apart a police issue nine millimeter, blind-folded.

PAUL

You should show me that trick.

AMBER

My uncle taught it to me.

Her fingers linger over "dial" for a long moment.

VANESSA

(puts phone away)

Raquel's right. She's probably at Bjorn's place. I'll see her tomorrow during our workout.

RAQUEL  
I'm going to get a drink.

Raquel walks away.

Paul sees a group of people dancing. He grabs Vanessa's hand.

PAUL  
Indulge me?

VANESSA  
(takes his hand off)  
Aren't you and Laura--

PAUL  
She's busy painting and I'd like to  
dance with somebody.

She nods, and they sprint over, joining in and dancing.

Amber looks around nervously.

This isn't her kind of party.

She spots Pro Gamer STEVEN RACKETTS (mid 20s) standing  
awkwardly in a corner. He's tall and rail thin with  
shoulder-length hair.

A large mixed drink is his hands.

Amber smiles and walks over to him.

AMBER  
Hey scumbag!

Steven looks up and sees her.

STEVEN  
Eight Bit Amber?

They awkwardly hug.

AMBER  
Paul said he lost a dork.

STEVEN  
I got an email from GDQ about you.  
They want us to rematch on "Lode  
Runner" at the next one.

AMBER  
I was going to play the new mod  
tonight, the one where you're in  
hell, but guess what?

STEVEN  
 (points to his drink)  
 You should try this. It's helping  
 me adjust to all this.

He gives it to Amber. She takes a drink. It's good.

AMBER  
 What is this?

STEVEN  
 It's a Porch Crawler. I never heard  
 of it until an hour ago.

AMBER  
 I think I'm going to have one of  
 those Porch Crawlers.

STEVEN  
 Do you have the new Tetris?

AMBER  
 Got it on sale at Steam.

STEVEN  
 Want to play co-cop tomorrow?

AMBER  
 I'd love to.

**EXT. MANSION - POOL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)**

Everyone parties their asses off in the biggest, most bad ass party any of them have ever been at.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber drunkenly stumbles into her office and turns her laptop on. She pulls up a word processing app and opens a file marked "inspiration." A number of gaming ideas are listed.

A category marked "Expand my brand" is blank. Her cursor moves into it. It lingers there for a while.

Amber pulls up Raquel's YouTube channel. She clicks on her most popular videos.

"Raquel's Dating Tips," "My father's heart attack" and "Living your Best Life (Collab with Talk w/Vee)" come up.

She types "Dating as a social media influencer."





Vanessa takes her phone out and calls the police.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I'd like to report a missing  
person, please?

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
We can have a deputy up there in  
several hours.

VANESSA  
OK.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
What's your address?

**INT. AMBER'S ROOM - DAY**

Amber takes a selfie and uploads it to Instagram.

The caption reads "Prepping for my first big stream from the Red Light District."

Her finger close it out. A dating app comes up with Marcy's profile. She presses "send message."

Marcy's profile disappears. A message comes up states that it has been deleted since they matched.

Amber logs into a social media account. She pulls up a tab marked "Private." Her cursor clicks on "Photographs."

A series of photographs of Vanessa and Marcy over the span of several years comes up.

A tear of nostalgia comes down her face.

Amber pulls up her stream from last night. A video file is marked by a fan as "Crazy stalker." She presses play.

Marcy's message flashes across the screen.

She pauses it and looks at it for a long time.

Amber calls Marcy.

MARCY (V.O.)  
Hey, this is Marcy. Text me.

AMBER  
If you aren't going to talk to me,  
at least call your folks.

Amber hangs up. Her hands pull up an internet search engine. She types in "Marcy Cornette hacked."

A list of fringe conspiracy websites come up.

Amber clicks on one.

A handful of people discuss ways to "prove" Marcy's Twitter was hacked. One of them suggests getting access to the Red Light District Server.

Several people have tried to no success.

Amber looks in either direction and pulls up her server. She types for a moment and pulls up Francine.

She tries to log into it. Nothing.

Amber grabs the older landline phone and looks around. There isn't an outlet around.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Raquel eats a bagel.

Vanessa has a mug of coffee in her hands.

VANESSA

I'm getting worried about Toni. She wasn't in the gym this morning.

RAQUEL

Maybe she's busy and away from her phone right now?

Raquel's phone buzzes. She looks at it for a moment.

VANESSA

She's always good at letting me know if she can't make it.

RAQUEL

Why is this so important?

VANESSA

We're doing a series on the effects of physical fitness on mental health and I'm documenting it all.

RAQUEL

She sent me a weird email a couple of days ago about her Fastrak.

VANESSA

She said last week about how the charges didn't add up.

RAQUEL

Maybe she drives more than she cares to admit?

VANESSA

It was from around Denise's death. I think it might've been just her processing her grief about it.

RAQUEL

That could be.

Amber walks into the room with the landline phone.

AMBER

Do we have an outlet for this?

RAQUEL

In the basement, probably.

(beat)

Francine said you tried to log into her a couple of minutes ago.

AMBER

(puts phone on table)

How do you--

RAQUEL

Anytime someone does anything with her I get notified.

AMBER

I was logging into my server and just clicked on the wrong thing.

VANESSA

I did that once, too. It's not a big deal.

AMBER

I think Marcy was here last night.

VANESSA

I didn't see her.

AMBER

She came up on my OkCupid.

RAQUEL  
Francine, scan last night's footage  
for any instances of Marcy.

FRANCINE  
Scanning.

RAQUEL  
Thank you.

Laura walks in and straight to the refrigerator. She grabs a  
bottle of water out and looks around.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
Did you see Marcy here last night?

The fridge's stats remain the same.

LAURA  
Paul wanted to party and I wanted  
to finish that painting.

Raquel's phone buzzes. She looks at it.

VANESSA  
Maybe she wants to apologize and  
work it out. She could feel guilty  
about everything.

Raquel's eyes open wide.

RAQUEL  
Is Paul still here?

LAURA  
He left this morning.

RAQUEL  
He just sent me a release form and  
a still of something he shot from  
inside the house.  
(looks up)  
Francine, scan for Paul Munch.

FRANCINE  
He's not here right now, Raquel.

AMBER  
Wait... the guy from last night?

RAQUEL  
Let's search the house and see if  
he left anything behind.

LAURA  
I'll go call him and see what's  
happening right now.

Vanessa grabs Amber by the arm.

VANESSA  
We'll take the backyard.

RAQUEL  
I'll check the basement.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Printed out photos of Marcy, Denise and the women who live at the house are all over the whiteboard.

A timeline of both of their deaths and Amber's arrival is in the middle of the board.

Esteban looks at it for a long moment.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Four doors are spread out throughout the room.

A large fire extinguisher is in a corner.

Raquel walks down there and spots a trail of blood. Her eyes follow it until she sees something.

The garbage bag falls out of her hand.

**EXT. MANSION - POOL - DAY**

Empty bottles and garbage are all over.

Vanessa and Amber throw garbage into the bags.

VANESSA  
I'm not seeing any pranks out here.

AMBER  
Maybe it's underneath this bottle.

VANESSA  
You want to collab on something?

AMBER  
I usually do that with people who  
game and--

VANESSA

This'll be fun.

AMBER

What do you want to do?

VANESSA

You can come on my show, and we can talk through an issue, if you're comfortable enough.

AMBER

I'm not ready for that.

VANESSA

Last night Paul from Prime House said he wants to have his newest guy to do the rounds.

AMBER

What does that mean?

VANESSA

Every time you have new people you have them do collabs with people all over the area. It spreads good will and helps everyone's numbers.

AMBER

Steven doesn't need my help for that.

VANESSA

You know him?

AMBER

We played against each other at GDQ a couple of times.

Vanessa doesn't understand.

AMBER (CONT'D)

It's a gaming thing.

VANESSA

You guys can tell me all about it.  
(looks either way)  
Can you do something for me?

AMBER

Sure.

VANESSA

Double check your payments and the invoices when Raquel pays you. Marcy said the numbers were off. It was right before she was cancelled.

AMBER

Do you think someone is stealing?

VANESSA

It's the only thing I can't explain about her behavior based on knowing her. She may have been right of center, but she wasn't that--

Raquel's screams blister out of the house.

A man's screams of pain follow it.

Vanessa and Amber drop the bags and sprint into the house.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Paul is on the floor, grabbing his crotch in pain.

A bloodied fake knife is glued to his forehead.

RAQUEL

I should call the cops, asshole.

An expensive camera is in the corner, on a tripod.

PAUL

You assaulted me!

Vanessa and Amber sprint downstairs and look around.

VANESSA

What the hell?

Paul gets to his feet.

PAUL

I was going more for "oh my god," not "kick me in the nuts."

RAQUEL

Show up here uninvited again and I'll call the cops, OK?

PAUL

Laura said it was cool.

RAQUEL

It's not.

Paul grabs his camera and leaves.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Francine, why did you not see Paul on the camera feed?

FRANCINE

Paul Munch is listed as allowed everywhere in the house.

RAQUEL

Under whose authority?

FRANCINE

Laura.

RAQUEL

Revoke it on my authority.

FRANCINE

Revoking.

(beat)

Someone is at the door, Raquel.

**INT. LANDING - DAY**

Raquel opens the door, revealing Local Sheriff's Deputy GUILLERMO RODRIGUEZ (mid 40s). He's Esteban's brother.

Guillermo is a dead ringer of Esteban but heavier and with a full beard. Thick glasses frame his face.

GUILLERMO

I got a call about a missing person from this address from a Vanessa--

RAQUEL

I'll get her.

(turns around, yelling)

Vanessa!

Vanessa walks up.

VANESSA

I'm worried.

RAQUEL

I thought we'd have the city police out here.



GUILLERMO

This area is unincorporated and falls under the jurisdiction of the sheriff's office, ma'am.

VANESSA

Our roommate Toni isn't around and I'm worried something may have happened to her, officer.

GUILLERMO

May I come in?

Vanessa nods.

Guillermo walks in.

Amber walks in and smiles.

AMBER

Uncle Guillermo!

They look at each and smile.

GUILLERMO

I'm working, chica.

VANESSA

I'm filing a report on Toni.

GUILLERMO

I need to interview you all separately for this, OK?

VANESSA

Let's go to the living room.

RAQUEL

I'll be in the kitchen.

AMBER

I'm upstairs, third door on the right, when you're done.

Guillermo nods.

**INT. LAURA'S ROOM - DAY**

Framed Line Art is hung all over the room.

A photo of Laura and a FAMOUS ARTIST at a gallery opening is prominent on the wall.

Laura walks in and sits down at her desk. She turns on her laptop, Her eyes focus on the screen.

Her fingers quickly log in to a streaming service. She sets up a countdown of several hours before going live.

A small window pops up on her screen with video from the laptop. Laura looks at herself for a moment.

A chyron indicates it's recording but not broadcasting.

A black glove comes on screen and Laura's eyes see the garbage bag go over face.

The bag goes around her neck and a pair of hands in black gloves squeeze. Laura struggles for a moment before dying.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Amber plays a tile matching puzzle game on her laptop.

Steven is on a video screen, playing against her.

He's winning.

STEVEN

You're terrible at this game.

AMBER

I run platform games, not this.

STEVEN

So?

AMBER

It's a different skill set.

STEVEN

Paul told me we're doing a collab tonight.

AMBER

It's you, me and Vanessa.

STEVEN

Oh, god.

AMBER

What?

STEVEN

She's really hot.

AMBER  
You can't say that.

STEVEN  
Why not?

AMBER  
Because you marked yes last night.

STEVEN  
Oh, nuts.

AMBER  
I'm flattered but--

STEVEN  
I meant to swipe no.

AMBER  
HEY!

STEVEN  
What?

AMBER  
I had this nice speech about how  
great of a friend you are.

Steven beats her in the game.

STEVEN  
Apparently nice guys finish first  
today, right?

AMBER  
I feel better that you didn't say  
yes on purpose.

STEVEN  
It'd make tonight weird.

AMBER  
Vanessa is nice. Just think of it  
as you, me and Augie playing the  
TMNT arcade game together.

STEVEN  
Augie doesn't look like her.

AMBER  
It'll be fine!

KNOCK KNOCK!

Guillermo walks in.

                          GUILLERMO  
Hey kid!

                          STEVEN  
I'll see you tonight.

Steven logs off.

                          GUILLERMO  
Who was that?

                          AMBER  
One of my gaming friends.  
                          (beat)  
Is everything OK?

Amber gets up and they hug.

                          GUILLERMO  
You tell me.

                          AMBER  
Toni and I aren't close.

                          GUILLERMO  
Your friend Raquel seems to think  
this isn't a big deal.

                          AMBER  
So what do you think?

                          GUILLERMO  
I bet your father loved this place.

                          AMBER  
He wants me to rent your carriage  
house instead.

                          GUILLERMO  
Your grandfather was the same way.

                          AMBER  
He'd probably would have hated it  
more than my dad does.

                          GUILLERMO  
Your grandfather was delightfully  
old school that way. Esteban hates  
it when you point out that he's  
just like dad but... he's just like  
him in every way.

AMBER

Do you have any leads?

GUILLERMO

You know I can't tell you that.

AMBER

Vanessa is worried and Toni is one of my roommates. I sort of qualify for something, I think.

GUILLERMO

If you see something that doesn't make sense, call me OK?

Amber nods.

Guillermo looks at his notepad.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Which way is Laura's room? I need to catch her before I see Raquel downstairs in the kitchen.

AMBER

Down the hall and to the left. There's a weird painting on it.

GUILLERMO

I thought I'd see if she had something to say about this.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Esteban stares at the white board. He takes his phone out and pulls up Guillermo on his speed dial. His eyes fixate on it.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

On the door is an art deco painting that spells out "Laura."

Guillermo knocks on it.

Silence.

GUILLERMO

Miss Jackson? LA County Sheriff.

He knocks again.

Silence.

Guillermo turns the door knob. It's locked.

He takes his card out and slips it under the door.

Guillermo knocks again.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)  
If you want to talk, call me.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Esteban calls Guillermo.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

Guillermo walks towards a small police vehicle. His phone rings. "Esteban" comes up on the Caller ID.

An exterior camera focuses on him.

GUILLERMO  
I just talked to your daughter.  
She's got a lovely home.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN GUILLERMO AND ESTEBAN**

ESTEBAN  
I need a little help with her.

GUILLERMO  
No.

ESTEBAN  
What do you mean no?

GUILLERMO  
How's the notepad?

Esteban looks at notepad. He's ten pages deep in notes.

ESTEBAN  
It's due diligence.

GUILLERMO  
You'll ruin your relationship with  
your daughter if you keep this up.

ESTEBAN  
She should be in college.

GUILLERMO

If she wanted to live that life,  
she'd live your version of her  
life. This is what she wants and  
you need to respect it.

ESTEBAN

One of the girls who used to live  
there was a racist.

GUILLERMO

And I'm here on some horseshit  
missing person's call.

ESTEBAN

What?

GUILLERMO

I swear I spend more time dealing  
with the bullshit of these idiots  
than I do with real police work.

ESTEBAN

You need to call in the dogs to  
search that place.

Guillermo stops and looks at the house. He takes a deep  
breath and looks at his phone.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Something fishy is going on there.

GUILLERMO

Did you raise her well?

ESTEBAN

Excuse me?

GUILLERMO

Did you raise her well?

ESTEBAN

Cecilia would be proud of the woman  
she's turned out to be.

GUILLERMO

That might be the first time you've  
referred to her as an adult.

ESTEBAN

She's not a kid anymore.

GUILLERMO  
So why are you treating her like  
one, Esteban?

ESTEBAN  
I'm not.

GUILLERMO  
She told me about Dad's gun.

ESTEBAN  
Cecilia would be losing her shit  
over all of this.

GUILLERMO  
Cecilia would be losing her shit  
over you right now.

ESTEBAN  
No she wouldn't.

GUILLERMO  
You sound like dad right now.

Silence.

ESTEBAN  
God-damn it.

GUILLERMO  
You know I'm right.

ESTEBAN  
He didn't lose his mind when we  
didn't take over the store.

GUILLERMO  
He knew we didn't want it and look  
at us now.

ESTEBAN  
Why does she want this?

GUILLERMO  
Why did you become a cop?

Beat.

ESTEBAN  
Fair enough.

GUILLERMO  
Just let her find herself.



ESTEBAN

I'm going to order something from  
UberEats for diner.

GUILLERMO

I'm on a twenty-four-hour shift.

ESTEBAN

You can have my leftovers.

GUILLERMO

Ten-four.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Guillermo stares at the white board for a long moment and then sighs. He takes everything down from it.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Vanessa walks up to Laura's door. She knocks on it.

VANESSA

Hey Laura, I'm going to order some  
dinner. Are you hungry?

Silence.

Vanessa takes her phone out and pulls up her speed dial. She cycles through until she hits "Police."

Her eyes linger on it for a moment.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber plays a video game on her laptop. A high-end gaming controller is plugged into it.

ESTEBAN (TWITCH)

I'm proud of you, honey.

Amber smiles.

AMBER

Thanks Dad.

Her chat thinks it's adorable.

Amber's controller stops working. She unplugs it and plugs it back in. It's still not working.

Her system freezes up for a moment.

Amber tapes her keyboard several times. The system unfreezes.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hey guys, I'm going to cut this short. I'll be back later with Super NES Steven and Talk With Vee.

Amber logs off her streaming service. She pulls up a diagnostic program and runs it.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A steak knife is missing from the knife display.

Raquel takes a bottle of water out of the fridge. She closes the door and looks at the count.

It hasn't changed.

RAQUEL

Francine, is the fridge OK?

Silence.

Vanessa walks in.

VANESSA

My server is acting funny.

RAQUEL

I think Francine's off-line.

VANESSA

Is that possible?

RAQUEL

It's not supposed to be.

Vanessa looks up and sees the camera focused on her. She takes a step right. It follows her.

VANESSA

Francine, why are you following me?

Silence.

RAQUEL

Francine, answer the question.

Silence.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
Francine, are you online?

VANESSA  
Who do we call to fix this?

RAQUEL  
It can't be that hard to figure out  
what's wrong with her.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber's diagnostic system flashes. She clicks on it.  
An outside program is on the server.

**INT. LANDING - NIGHT**

Raquel and Vanessa walk up to the server room door.  
Vanessa and presses her hand on the scanner. It turns red.

RAQUEL  
Francine, why won't you let Vanessa  
into the server room?

Silence.

VANESSA  
That's never happened.

RAQUEL  
Let me try.

Raquel presses her hand onto the scanner.  
After a long moment it turns green. The door opens.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber pulls up an IP trace program.  
She types in the coordinates of the outside program.  
Her cursor selects "find right now."  
It starts and indicates the signal is being run through  
several dozen locations. The program goes through them.

**INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT**

Eight massive servers are in the middle of the room.

Several monitors with volumes of computer statistics about them are on the walls.

Raquel sprints in with a tablet computer in her hands. She plugs it into the "Francine" server. It lights up.

RAQUEL

What's wrong with you, girl?

She pulls up a diagnostic program.

Vanessa walks in and looks around.

VANESSA

What do these numbers mean?

RAQUEL

The installer guy said it monitors everyone's performance.

Vanessa's eyes focus on a server labeled "Denise." It's numbers are wildly different from the others.

VANESSA

Do you know what any of them mean?

RAQUEL

No clue.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber looks at the tracing program.

It's through half of the bounces.

**INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT**

Raquel stares at her tablet.

A series of diagnostic errors come up.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber's trace is nearly done.

One location bounce is left.

**INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa spots Denise's red thumb drive in an obscure port.  
Her eyes focus on it for a moment, and then she yanks it out.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The outside program disappears.  
Amber is stunned.

**INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT**

Raquel stares at her tablet in disbelief. Her eyes look up.  
The monitors show Denise's server with the same numbers as every other server.  
Vanessa has the red thumb drive in her hand.  
Raquel curses under her breath.

VANESSA

Did someone break in and do this?

RAQUEL

Denise couldn't figure out how to use an encrypted line or a VPN.  
Marcy jury-rigged that for her.

VANESSA

It's her. It has to be.

RAQUEL

How do you know?

VANESSA

Denise was the first one to cancel her. I bet if we looked into her stuff we'll find the other half of this drive.

RAQUEL

I'll go look for it downstairs.

VANESSA

We should call the cops.

Raquel nods.

RAQUEL  
I'll reset Francine. That should  
get rid of anything she left in  
here.

Francine's server hums.

Amber calls Raquel.

AMBER (V.O.)  
I almost had her.

RAQUEL  
We found out what's happening.

AMBER (V.O.)  
My uncle was here already. I'll  
call him.

RAQUEL  
OK.

Raquel hangs up.

Francine's server powers on.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
Francine, are you online?

FRANCINE  
Hello Raquel. How can I help you?

RAQUEL  
Run a full diagnostic on yourself  
and then send the results to the  
monitoring company.

FRANCINE  
We should have a full diagnosis in  
twenty-four hours.

RAQUEL  
Have them mark it a rush, please.

FRANCINE  
I'll do that for you.

Francine's server hums.

Raquel breathes shallowly. A cold sweat comes down her face.  
She sprints out of the room.

After a moment Vanessa follows her.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber has her phone glued to her ear. The caller ID reads "Uncle Guillermo."

AMBER

Can you come over here?

(beat)

It's an emergency!

(beat)

Thank you!

Amber hangs up.

Her eyes glance to her laptop for a moment. She pulls up her internet connection.

The server "Francine" is available.

Amber logs into it. Her fingers move quickly to data from Marcy's server. She looks at Marcy's Twitter feed.

Her last four Tweets come up.

"Black lives only matter when they're killed by white cops."

"13/50 isn't just a bad stat line, folks."

"Anyone who kneels during the anthem should be deported, Naked, to the Taliban. #SquadGoals"

"Just had the best taco on a food truck in Santa Monica. Don't know if I should tell you where it is. #SpoilTheSecret"

She looks at the first three and then the fourth. They have a slightly different IP address on them.

Her fingers pull up her logins from that day.

They don't match.

She sees a folder marked "Location login."

Her cursor moves over to it.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Holy--

Amber is booted out of the server.

Her eyes look over and sees Francine is back online.

She takes her phone out and calls Marcy.

MARCY (V.O.)  
Hey, this is Marcy. Text me.

AMBER  
I know what you're doing. I can help you figure it out.

Amber hangs up and calls Guillermo.

GUILLERMO (V.O.)  
Hey stranger.

AMBER  
I need your help.

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER**

Guillermo has a report titled "Missing persons" up on his computer. Toni's information is in it.

His cell phone is on a table, his ear buds are in. The caller ID reads "Amber."

INTERCUT BETWEEN AMBER AND GUILLERMO

GUILLERMO  
So let me get this straight.  
(looks at notepad)  
Your racist ex-roommate may or may not have hacked into your server using a thumb drive system from a dead woman?

AMBER  
She used it to get into our server and do a lot of things.

GUILLERMO  
Do you have any proof?

AMBER  
Don't you guys have a cyber team you can send in? I can point them where to look but I don't have access to it.

GUILLERMO  
We're the Sheriff's Office, honey.

AMBER  
Hacking is a crime. We had that lecture when I was young, remember?



GUILLERMO

This isn't what we talked about.

AMBER

She sent me a nasty message on Twitch yesterday. It could be called a threat, right?

GUILLERMO

(under his breath)

Even better.

(normal voice)

What'd she say, specifically?

AMBER

Something about how this is going to end soon. That we were going to pay for it.

GUILLERMO

That's not a threat.

AMBER

It absolutely is!

GUILLERMO

A threat is I'm going to burn your house down. You're going to pay is bad banter in a superhero movie.

AMBER

Can't you just come up here or send a patrol car to drive by?

GUILLERMO

If you're that worried, you can bunk up with your old man.

AMBER

What?

GUILLERMO

He's ordering from UberEats, so I assume he could use the company.

AMBER

I didn't drive eight hours to live with my father again.

GUILLERMO

Then is it that serious?

Amber looks around.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

I have a friend at the FBI. I'll call him tomorrow and see if they can come over, OK?

AMBER

Why not now?

GUILLERMO

He's eating dinner.

AMBER

This is important.

GUILLERMO

Every time someone in your neighborhood has something tiny and inconsequential you call us instead of handling it like adults.

AMBER

This isn't--

GUILLERMO

If it's so important you can call a cab and come over to my place. I'll let your friends stay there too.

AMBER

Please?

GUILLERMO

I'll try to stop by in a couple of hours, OK?

AMBER

Thanks.

**INT. RAQUEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The medicine cabinet is open.

One of the bottles is on the sink, opened. It's a strong anti-psychotic drug.

Raquel splashes water on her face. Her breathing slows down.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Vanessa walks in.

VANESSA

Are you OK?

RAQUEL

Just a panic attack, that's all.

Vanessa looks at one of the bottles closely.

VANESSA

That's usually not prescribed for anxiety, Raquel.

RAQUEL

He said it was an off label use.

VANESSA

Do you know what it's usually prescribed for?

RAQUEL

I'm fine.

VANESSA

This stuff usually needs two doctors to sign off on it before they can dispense it.

RAQUEL

Don't worry about me, OK?

VANESSA

Just be careful.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Vanessa walks up to Laura's door and knocks on it.

VANESSA

You got a minute?

Nothing.

Vanessa takes her phone out and pulls up Laura's live-streaming account. It's listed as offline.

She calls Laura.

LAURA (V.O.)

You know what to do.

Vanessa hangs up and sends Laura a text.

VANESSA (TEXT)

Hey.

Silence.

Vanessa knocks on the door several times.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Hey you!

Silence.

**INT. LANDING - NIGHT**

A gloved hand types a security code into system.

"Full lock down, shut down in 30 minutes" comes up.

A finger presses "Activate."

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber plays a competitive platform jumping video game against Steven. His face is in a window on her screen.

Vanessa is in another window on the screen, watching them.

Her eyes are focused intensely on the game, her hands expertly using her controller

Fifty thousand people are watching them.

AMBER  
 If you're just tuning in I got my new housemate, Talk to Vee, and Super NES Steven on the stream to play some "Thrash Jumper."

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 Steven takes an eight bit beating like a champ.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
 That's because you're cheating.

Amber's character is far ahead.

AMBER  
 You have the same controller I do.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
 Then how come you're doing things I can't do?

Amber's character does a spinning back flip.

AMBER (V.O.)  
 An artist doesn't blame his tools  
 for his bad performance.

Amber's character is nearly finished with the course.

Steven's character falls off a platform and dies.

AMBER  
 That last jump is a nightmare.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
 How do you do it?

AMBER  
 Practice.

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 Why'd you get into gaming, Steven?

A cold sweat comes down his face.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
 Because I sucked at basketball.

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 Most athletes I've met aren't as  
 interesting as some professional  
 gamers I've watched.

AMBER  
 His story is better than mine.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
 You should tell it. It's great.

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 Now I'm very curious.

AMBER  
 It's a family tradition to play  
 video games during the holiday for  
 my dad and his brother. One year I  
 beat both of them at "Super Mario."

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 Why do they play games?

AMBER  
 When they were kids the adults  
 would go drink, and they'd get to  
 play video games.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

My dad bet my uncle that I could finish "Super Mario" faster than he could as a joke. Joke was on him, apparently.

VANESSA (V.O.)

How fast did you beat it?

AMBER

I beat it in under ten minutes. My uncle bet me twenty bucks I couldn't beat that time. He kept raising the stakes until I was under six minutes. I would up with a hundred and fifty dollars.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Did your dad stop him?

AMBER

Uncle Guillermo ran out of money.

Amber's computer locks up. She shakes the mouse.

Nothing.

She types on the keyboard.

Nothing.

Amber presses the power button.

Nothing.

Amber takes her phone out and calls Steven.

She doesn't have a signal.

Vanessa walks into the room.

VANESSA

I'm glad I'm not the only one.

Raquel walks into the room.

RAQUEL

This shouldn't be happening.

VANESSA

I thought you fixed her.

RAQUEL

The tech people said nothing was wrong. I had them run a scan from their end and nothing--

A browser comes up Amber's screen.

A video player comes up. A video is already selected.

"Guess who?" pops up.

Laura adjusts her makeup on the screen. A garbage bag goes over her face. A pair of gloved hands grab Laura by the throat and drag her off-screen.

Amber's laptop turns off.

All three scream loudly.

Vanessa grabs Amber's phone and calls 911.

Nothing.

Amber frantically types on her laptop.

Nothing.

Raquel grabs it from Amber and types on it.

Nothing.

AMBER

What do we do?

VANESSA

We should lock the door, put some furniture in front of it and get the computer back up.

AMBER

What about Laura?

VANESSA

What do you think happened to her?

AMBER

We have to know for sure.

VANESSA

She's dead.

AMBER

What if it's a prank?

VANESSA

WHAT?

AMBER

Paul does pranks!

VANESSA

That didn't look like a prank!

RAQUEL

Maybe she was planning this out with him. He had "bedroom access" with her that made Francine OK with him being anywhere here.

AMBER

Then how did they hijack my PC?

RAQUEL

Maybe he talked her into doing something with the server?

Amber goes to her purse and takes a credit card out. She sprints out of the room.

Amber and Vanessa follow her.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Amber slowly approaches Laura's door.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Get back in here. We need to lock the door.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

If this is his idea of a prank I am going to rip his balls off and shove them somewhere painful.

Vanessa and Raquel emerge behind her.

Amber uses her credit card to jimmy open the door.

**INT. LAURA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The paintings are on the floor, ripped apart.

"You know what you did" is spray painted on the walls.

Laura's body is on the ground.



The door opens up.

Amber cautiously walks in and turns the light on. Her eyes wander the room and focus on Laura. She freezes.

Raquel walks in and sees Laura's body. She walks over and feels for a pulse.

Nothing.

Pure fucking terror comes over Amber's face.

Vanessa looks in and spots Laura's body. She screams.

RAQUEL

Let's get out of here!

All three sprint out of the room.

**INT. LANDING - NIGHT**

All three sprint downstairs.

Vanessa sprints to the front door and yanks on the handle.

It won't open.

Vanessa yanks again.

Nothing.

Raquel walks over to the security system.

"Full shut down" is indicated on it.

RAQUEL

Francine, open the front door!

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, Raquel, but I can't do that for you.

RAQUEL

Why not?

FRANCINE

The house has been turned into lock down for the time being.

VANESSA

Francine, open the door!

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, Vanessa, but I can't do that for you.

AMBER

Francine, open the door!

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, unidentified voice, but I can't do that for you.

Raquel types her code into the security keypad.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

Francine, why is my code not working right now?

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, Raquel, but all security systems have been disabled.

Raquel types her code in again.

Nothing.

VANESSA

What did you do to Francine?

RAQUEL

Nothing. She's technically working like how she's supposed to.

VANESSA

How is this normal?

Raquel types her code in again.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

If you put in the master code then Francine's system won't let anyone in or out until you put it in again. It's a fail-safe in case something bad happens.

VANESSA

So what's going wrong?

RAQUEL

I have the master code and it's not working.

Vanessa sprints over and types her code in.

Nothing.

VANESSA

Why not?

Vanessa types her code in again.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

Someone could've overwritten it.

AMBER

I have a code, don't I?

Raquel types in a different code.

Nothing.

VANESSA

How could she have done it?

Raquel types in a different code again.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

She'd need to get into my computer  
and my phone without me knowing.

VANESSA

Do you know Marcy's code?

Raquel thinks for a moment and types it in.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

Damn it.

VANESSA

Do you remember Denise's code?

RAQUEL

I changed it after she died.

VANESSA

Maybe it'll work if you try.

RAQUEL

It shouldn't.

AMBER  
Maybe it'll set it off?

RAQUEL  
What?

AMBER  
You know how your email locks you out if you screw up your password so many times?

RAQUEL  
It's not supposed to do that.

AMBER  
Doesn't hurt to try, right?

Raquel types in another code.

Nothing.

RAQUEL  
We're screwed.

Vanessa takes her phone out and looks at it.

There's no signal.

VANESSA  
Why can't I get a signal?

Amber takes her phone out.

There's no signal.

RAQUEL  
Maybe she's using a signal jammer?

VANESSA  
She's not a spy.

RAQUEL  
You can buy one on Amazon.

AMBER  
Seriously?

RAQUEL  
Six months ago her and I did a breakdown of the Bourne movies. It's surprising what sort of things they sell on Amazon these days.

VANESSA

She has the tools to kill us.

RAQUEL

You said we needed the nice garbage bags because Laura doesn't recycle.

Amber looks around and spots a small end table.

VANESSA

How do we get out of here?

RAQUEL

Francine won't let us out.

Amber pushes everything off the table. She grabs the table by the leg and smashes it on the door as hard as she can.

The table shatters.

The door isn't harmed.

Raquel sprints over to the server room. She places her hand on the scanner. It turns red and then powers down.

VANESSA

Does everything run through Francine in this place?

RAQUEL

Not the smoke alarms! They go off and the fire department is called after ten minutes.

AMBER

Do you have a lighter?

RAQUEL

I don't smoke.

AMBER

The oven burns things. We just need something we can light on fire.

Everyone sprints into the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A large steel gate is over the back door.

Raquel and Vanessa sprint inside.

Amber rummages through the drawers. She finds an old appliance manual and turns to the oven.

Raquel turns the oven on.

Amber throws the manual into the oven. It lights on fire.

After a while smoke comes out.

Everyone turns to the smoke alarm.

Nothing.

RAQUEL

What the hell?

Amber grabs a chair and places it underneath the alarm. She steps onto it. Her hands examine the smoke alarm.

The battery is gone.

AMBER

Where do you keep your batteries?

RAQUEL

Upstairs.

Amber grabs a knife off the wall.

AMBER

We all need one of these.

Raquel grabs a butcher's knife off a wall.

RAQUEL

That's a good idea.

Vanessa grabs a carving knife off the wall.

AMBER

You have batteries, right?

RAQUEL

There's three other smoke alarms in the house. Maybe one of them is still working.

AMBER

Three alarms for three of us.

VANESSA

I'm not going out there alone.

AMBER

We can cover more ground that way.

VANESSA

She also could be waiting for one of us alone, too.

RAQUEL

There's one in the landing, by Vanessa's room and in the gym.

**INT. LANDING - NIGHT**

The women run in.

Amber spots the smoke alarm. It's been destroyed.

**INT. FITNESS CENTER - NIGHT**

All three run in.

Amber spots the smoke alarm and runs over to it. She grabs a fitness bench and stands on it. Her hands open it up.

Nothing.

She gets off it and her eyes wander the room.

RAQUEL

Check the closet ... maybe there's a spare in there.

Amber sprints over to the closet and opens it up. Her eyes look all over it.

Vanessa looks and sees Toni's dead body. She screams and sprints out of the room.

Amber spots the body and sprints out.

Raquel follows them.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The three women run inside.

Vanessa spots the smoke alarm.

Raquel moves over a couch and climbs on top of it. She opens up the smoke alarm.

A battery is in there.

Raquel takes it out and tosses it to Vanessa.

They sprint towards the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Smoke pours out of the oven.

Raquel gets onto the chair and swaps out the battery.

RAQUEL

Give it a moment to power up.

The women stare at the smoke alarm for a long moment.

The battery turns on.

The women smile.

The smoke alarm powers off.

VANESSA

What do we do?

Raquel looks around and spots a security pad by the door. She types a code into it.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

We need to call 911.

RAQUEL

How?

VANESSA

Maybe I can find a way using a VOIP system?

RAQUEL

We need to stay here and--

Vanessa sprints out.

AMBER

We should stay together.

RAQUEL

I'll go get her. Go downstairs and see if you can reset the power.

Raquel sprints out after Vanessa.



Amber looks around and spots the landline phone. She grabs it and runs into the basement.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Esteban's wallet and keys are on a side table.

The local news is on the television.

Esteban watches it. He has a glass of whiskey in his hand. He grabs his phone and calls Amber.

AMBER (V.O.)

Hey, this is Amber. I'm hopefully doing fabulous things with amazing people in somewhere awesome. Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

Esteban hangs up and calls Guillermo.

**INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa sprints into her room. Her hand slams the door shut. She pushes a small end table in front of the door.

Vanessa's eyes turn to the lock. Her hand tries to close it.

Nothing.

She frantically looks around the room until she sees her cell phone. Her hands grab it and she dials 911.

Nothing.

Vanessa dials 911 again.

Nothing.

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Guillermo is going through a large bundle of paperwork marked "Influencer Row." He's not enjoying it.

His phone rings. The caller ID says "Esteban."

GUILLERMO

Not a good time, brother.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GUILLERMO AND ESTEBAN

ESTEBAN

Can you swing by Amber's place?

GUILLERMO

We're down several guys, including my boss, tonight.

ESTEBAN

She never lets me go to voicemail.

GUILLERMO

I told her that if she's that worried then she and her friends could stay with you at my place.

ESTEBAN

Worried about what?

GUILLERMO

One of them took a day trip, I think, and didn't tell anyone.

ESTEBAN

You have to over there RIGHT NOW and make sure she's OK!

GUILLERMO

I'll try to swing by in a couple of hours but I have a lot of things to do right now.

ESTEBAN

What about--

GUILLERMO

If it's that big of a deal then you can drive on over.

Guillermo hangs up.

**INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa dials 911.

Nothing.

She switches her wi-fi on and dials 911.

Nothing.

Vanessa logs into her laptop. She has no connection.

She reaches into her desk and takes out an Ethernet cable.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Four doors are spread out throughout the room.

Amber sprints in and looks around. She spots a telephone wall jack and sprints over to it. Her hands plug the phone in.

She calls Esteban.

**INT. GUILLERMO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Esteban stares at his phone, pacing. His eyes linger over to his keys for a moment.

His cell phone rings.

ESTEBAN

Hello, can I help you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN AMBER AND ESTEBAN

AMBER

I need your help dad!

ESTEBAN

What's wrong, honey?

AMBER

It's Marcy. She's here and I think she wants to kill everyone.

ESTEBAN

Call 911 and then find someplace to hide right now!

AMBER

OK!

Esteban hangs up, grabs his keys and sprints out.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Amber hangs up and calls 911 on the phone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

Sparks come out of the phone's bottom.

Amber drops it to the ground.

The phone shatters upon impact.

**INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa pulls up a Voice over Internet Protocol service provider. She dials 911 on it.

The provider says she needs an internet connection.

Vanessa picks up her router and places it on her desk.

She takes out a cord from her desk and plugs the laptop directly into it.

The router comes up on her laptop. She runs a program and sees access is being blocked.

She types some more, trying to deactivate it.

Vanessa pulls up a file system. She digs through several folders until she finds "password changes."

She opens it up.

The door handle turns. After a moment the door pushes the end table back.

Vanessa doesn't hear it.

Vanessa sees a series of password files.

She opens the latest one and digs through it.

Her eyes find the new password.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Amber opens the first door and looks at the handle.

There isn't a lock on it.

She looks up and sees a dozen boxes.

Everything is marked "Marcy's stuff."

Her eyes wander and spot a folder marked "Academic Records."

It intrigues her.

She opens it up.

Several folders marked "financial transactions" catch her eye. Her hands pluck one out and open it up.

Inside are bank records from several accounts.

Five transactions are circled in red.

She takes out another folder marked "Lawyer information."

Amber opens the folder.

It's correspondence between Marcy and her attorney.

The subject line is "Am I getting screwed by the LLC?"

Amber puts them down and walks over to the next door.

She opens it up.

Several dozen boxes marked "Denise's stuff" are inside.

Amber looks at the door handle. There isn't a lock on it.

She spots a box marked "Academic Records."

Amber grabs it and opens it up.

Several folders marked "Bank transactions" stand out.

She pulls it out and looks inside.

Inside are bank records. A number of items are red circled.

Amber wanders back over to the first door and grabs the bank transactions sheet from there. She compares the two.

The same transactions are circled.

Amber opens the next door.

A large freezer dominates the room.

Amber opens it up and looks inside.

She drops the papers.

#### **INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa pulls up the wi-fi and logs into it with the new password. After a moment she's connected.

She pulls up a Voice Over Internet Protocol Service Provider and logs in. She presses a button.

A dial tone rings loudly.

The door opens up. A gloved hand is seen.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Marcy's body is inside the freezer, frozen solid.

Stab wounds are all over her body.

Amber stares at it, shock all over her face.

Footsteps are heard in the distance.

Amber doesn't hear then.

She touches Marcy's body.

It's stiff to the touch.

AMBER

I'm so sorry.

Her eyes spot a frozen bar of cookie dough in there. It's been in there for quite some time.

**INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vanessa dials 911. Nothing.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

You need to dial star and then nine  
with a VOIP program.

Vanessa turns and sees Raquel.

Raquel has gloves on, a large butcher knife in her hands.

She stabs Vanessa in the neck.

Vanessa falls to the ground, moaning in pain.

Blood pours out of her neck.

Raquel stabs her again.

Vanessa howls in pain.

Raquel kicks Vanessa in the face.

Vanessa spits out blood and a pair of teeth.

Raquel stares as Vanessa groans in pain. She's enjoying it.

WHACK!

Raquel kicks Vanessa in the face.

Vanessa groans in pain.

Raquel stabs her a dozen times in a pure blood-lust.

Vanessa dies.

Raquel leaves.

**EXT. MANSION - NIGHT**

Esteban's Jeep screams into driveway.

Esteban exits and sprints to the front door.

He yanks at it hard.

Nothing.

His eyes look to the windows.

Esteban sprints over and grabs one of the bars. He yanks it hard and it comes off easily.

ESTEBAN  
Military grade, huh?

He takes his pistol out from his lower back.

CRACK!

The window shatters.

Esteban reaches inside and opens it up.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Amber's eyes turn back to Marcy's body.

A tear comes down her face.

RAQUEL (O.S.)  
Don't cry for her.

Amber turns and sees Raquel walk into the basement. She clutches the bloody butcher knife tightly.

AMBER  
Why?

RAQUEL  
They were going to take this house away from me.

AMBER

They?

RAQUEL

Marcy found out I skimmed some money. I had a balloon payment and it was that or lose it.

AMBER

You didn't have to kill them.

RAQUEL

I thought if I just ruined Marcy's reputation that it would be the end of it. But you know what happened? Denise didn't care once she saw that money was involved. She threw Marcy under the bus and then said "I want everything."

AMBER

You stole from your friends.

RAQUEL

I did what I had to keep this house away from the same predatory assholes that charge six figures a month in rent for nothing. I tried to explain and Marcy didn't believe me. She told Denise and Denise said I had to give it to them or else.

AMBER

You could've negotiated.

RAQUEL

They said I could go quietly, or she would make sure I was ruined. I made sure no one would ever take her seriously.

AMBER

They were your friends.

RAQUEL

She said she could prove I did it. I couldn't take that chance.

AMBER

I loved her.



RAQUEL

And I killed her right where you're standing. Denise wouldn't let it go... so she had to join her.

AMBER

No one else had to die.

RAQUEL

The world didn't give a shit when Marcy disappeared, because it was good riddance to bad rubbish, but what did they do when Denise died? She because this hiker philosopher, in touch with nature. How many deep thinkers have an OnlyFans account?

AMBER

She was your friend.

RAQUEL

Friends would've forgiven me for a momentary trespass. They would've understood it was for the greater good. But you know what struck with me? They complained I stole their hard-earned money. All they did was bend over for twelve year old boys who were blocked from PornHub.

AMBER

You didn't have to kill anybody.

RAQUEL

They all acted like they were doing something great when they were just taking money, and time, away from people with actual talent. It was the same way in film school. The pretty people got the best things and I had to settle for being their token representation of diversity. I put in effort and what did that get me? NOTHING but a token interview, so they could hire their white friends. I decided to try to educate people about film and what do they gravitate towards? Shit like "Everything wrong with a popular movie" or dorks talking about bad movies from the eighties. I gave the world substance and it spat in my face because I tried to offer them more than cleavage.

AMBER

We can call someone. You can get the help you need.

RAQUEL

I'm not crazy. My uncle wasn't crazy. This is justice.

AMBER

You don't have to kill me. You can leave right now and--

RAQUEL

You're the worst offender.

AMBER

I keep my clothes on.

RAQUEL

I give them collabs, skits, short films, and interviews with talented people and gain zero subs. You do a quick video about moving here and get more views than I did all month.

AMBER

The people are fickle.

RAQUEL

They just want some girl who can play a stupid game more than real, genuine content from someone who can actually edit their video.

AMBER

I'll do different things, I'll learn how to use Sony Vegas, just please put the knife down.

RAQUEL

You know who wasn't on the top thirty most influential Hispanic social media influencers list?

AMBER

It's subjective.

RAQUEL

I asked why not me. They told me I needed to be more like you.

AMBER

They're a bunch of racist gringos!

RAQUEL  
 (in Spanish)  
 Do you even know what that word  
 even means?

Amber grips the roll of cookie dough tightly.

AMBER  
 They'll know it was you.

RAQUEL  
 One push of a button and the whole  
 system is wiped.

AMBER  
 They'll investigate.

RAQUEL  
 All I had to do was plant one knife  
 in one homeless guy's bag.

AMBER  
 They'll figure it out.

RAQUEL  
 Toni saw a charge on her Fastrak  
 that didn't match her schedule. One  
 word and that ties my car to that  
 campground and I could not allow  
 that to happen. Everything else is  
 just inevitable.

AMBER  
 People saw the video! They'll  
 figure out you murdered her!

Raquel looks at Amber and shakes her head.

RAQUEL  
 You'd be amazed at what a delay  
 button can do to a stream.  
 (beat)  
 In about an hour it'll go live to  
 the world. Then I'll press a button  
 on my phone and Francine will self-  
 destruct, eliminating every trace  
 that can point back to me. When  
 they ask, I will tell them you  
 accessed the server this morning on  
 "accident." Twenty minutes after  
 that I'll call 911.

(MORE)

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

They are going to see the bodies and I'll tell them about the crazed fan girl who decided to take away everything holding back her hero from internet fame. That only my wits allowed me to survive. And when I upload the tear filled video, they all will watch me.

AMBER

You can't explain away Marcy.

RAQUEL

You must've planned this for months, apparently.

AMBER

What about that weird guy?

RAQUEL

His computer system reset itself back to the factory setting after he died this afternoon. Oops.

Amber looks around.

AMBER

Francine, call 911.

FRANCINE

I'm sorry, unidentified voice, but I can't do that for you.

RAQUEL

Your voice has to be programmed into it. Remember?

Raquel measures Amber with her eyes.

WHACK!

Amber throws the cookie dough at Raquel.

Raquel ducks.

Amber sprints over to the fourth door and walks in.

**INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

It's pitch black inside.

Amber braces her body against the door.

It pushes back against her.

Amber pushes back with all her strength.

Her fingers touch a soft pole light switch. She turns it on.

Amber shoves the door closed and looks at the handle. She quickly locks it.

She looks around and spots a keypad at the end of the hallway. It's locked.

The door handle rattles from the other side.

WHACK!

The handle shakes violently.

Amber spots a fuse box. She opens it up and sees a fuse is turned off. Her hand flips it back on.

WHACK!

The handle shakes again.

BEEP!

Amber turns to the keypad. It's powered off.

It powers back on and she sprints over to it.

Amber types in a code.

Nothing.

She smacks it.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The butcher knife is on the ground.

Raquel has the fire extinguisher in her hands. She smashes it into the door handle.

Nothing.

ESTEBAN (O.S.)  
What's going on?

Raquel turns and sees Esteban sprinting towards her, gun in hand. She puts her hands up.

RAQUEL  
I think she went crazy. She killed  
people and locked herself inside.

ESTEBAN  
Where's Marcy?

RAQUEL  
She'd dead. Amber killed Vanessa  
too. I tried to stop her but--

Esteban grabs the fire extinguisher out of her hands.

ESTEBAN  
We can handle this together, honey!

WHACK!

Esteban smashes the fire extinguisher onto the handle. It  
falls off. He kicks the door open.

**INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Amber turns and sees her father.

AMBER  
Dad!

ESTEBAN  
Honey, I--

Esteban gasps and looks down. A knife protrudes from his  
desk. He falls to his knees, blood pouring out of him.

Raquel is behind him, smiling. Her hand grabs the knife  
handle, her foot squarely on his back. She pulls the knife  
out of Esteban, his body slumping to the ground.

Raquel's eyes look down and spots Esteban's gun. She drops  
the knife and picks up the gun.

Raquel points it at Amber.

RAQUEL  
Where do you want to die?

AMBER  
Call 911. My father had nothing to  
do with this.

Raquel motions for Amber to walk towards her.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Raquel walks backwards.

Amber walks into the basement, her hands up.

Raquel points the gun at her.

AMBER

You're not going to be explain him  
away.

RAQUEL

He tried to help you cover it up.

CLICK!

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

What the--

AMBER

You might want to take the safety  
off, first!

Raquel looks at the gun. The safety is on. She clicks it off.

THWACK!

Amber tackles her to the ground, grabbing for the gun.

They wrestle for it.

Amber slowly twists the gun towards Raquel.

BANG!

A bullet pierces the wall.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bullets rattle off the ceiling.

Raquel gets control of the gun and hits Amber with it.

Amber's hand flies away touching the knife.

Raquel aims the gun at her.

RAQUEL

Safety's off.

Amber stabs Raquel in the throat with the knife.

The gun bounces off the ground.

Blood pours out of Raquel's neck. Her body slumps to the ground.

Esteban gurgles.

Amber sprints up and over to him.

She feels for a pulse. He's still alive, but barely.

Police and Ambulance sirens wail in the distance.

**INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY**

Super: One year later.

A loud crowd rumbles in the distance.

Amber sits in a chair. She sends a text to her father.

AMBER (TEXT)

I'm up in about five minutes.

Amber smiles.

STEVEN O.S.)

Holy shit, it's eight bit Amber!

She turns and sees Steven walk into the room.

His hair is short, and he has a well coiffed beard. He's in terrific physical shape.

AMBER

You remind me of a scumbag I used to know.

She gets up and hugs him.

STEVEN

I saw the upcoming match up and I had to see it for myself.

AMBER

They asked if I wanted to play at the last moment because Gigs Thirty dropped off.

STEVEN

I didn't expect you to do one of these things ever again.



AMBER

My therapist said it'd be good for me to do it.

STEVEN

I was going to call but I figured if you needed to talk you'd find someone better than me to unburden your soul.

AMBER

I appreciate the spirit of it.

STEVEN

I saw your numbers on Twitch. You're up there with the Thots.

AMBER

I haven't looked at my numbers ever since it all happened.

STEVEN

The downside of Prime House is--  
(curses under his breath)  
I'm sorry.

AMBER

It's OK.

STEVEN

How's your father?

AMBER

He's doing well... it was touch and go for a while.

STEVEN

I sent a card but--

AMBER

Thank you for that.

STEVEN

Is he going to be able to be a police officer again?

AMBER

They don't know yet. I'm just grateful he's alive right now.

Silence.

STEVEN

I saw you weren't doing collabs  
anymore, at least on Twitter.

AMBER

They want to talk about everything  
and I really don't.

STEVEN

That's fair.

AMBER

Apparently she got half a billion  
views before YouTube shut  
everything down.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT walks into the room.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

It's time.

Amber takes a deep breath.

AMBER

(under her breath)

You got this.

(to Steven)

Wish me luck.

STEVEN

Break a leg.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Follow me.

The Production Assistant leaves. Amber follows them.

FADE OUT.