

OFFLINE

by

Nelson Greaves

Based on an idea by Timur Bekmambetov

The following took place on BALIRE DILLER'S computer desktop on January 17, 2013, from 7:13pm - 8:34pm PST.

Our picture is always and exclusively a computer desktop.

OVER BLACK:

MAN'S VOICE

Oh -- be fair --

WOMAN'S VOICE

What? You don't like em --

ONSCREEN

Two webcam streams in skype. The first shows five wiggling toes painted pink. They're BLAIRE DILLER's (17, girl next door beautiful). An ugly SCAB mars her big toe.

Watching via the other cam is MITCH (18) -- all American, kind of a meathead but a heart of gold. His shirt's off.

MITCH

There's just other things I kind of want to see more...

BLAIR (O.S.)

How about...

Suddenly, the camera is pulled up Blaire's beautiful bare leg, quickly arriving at her inner thigh.

MITCH

Yes! Please yes, please yes!

BLAIRE (O.S.)

How much do you love me?

MITCH

Completely. Entirely. Ughh. You gotta let me come over.

SPLAT! A dollop of lotion lands on her inner thigh. Blaire's hand comes in, starts spreading the lotion up her thigh, rubbing it in, back and forth...

BLAIR (O.S.)

Mitch...

MITCH

We'll just kiss, I swear.

BLAIR (O.S.)
Baby, it's just... simpler this
way... Fewer temptations.
Besides...

The camera moves toward her crotch, led by her hand streaking the lotion.

MITCH
Oh, please yes, please yes...

But when we get to between her legs, Blaire's hand is perfectly covering her unmentionables.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Cheater!

And now the camera moves up quickly, over a beautiful teen stomach, and then we see the full image of Blaire, her arm covering her breasts, smiling cutely.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Little peek.

BLAIRE
Make me.

He smiles, then -- PULLS a GIANT BOWIE KNIFE out of his drawer, he holds it up like a pirate.

MITCH
Unhand them, wench!

BLAIRE
You're adorable.

MITCH
Enough to earn a peek?

Blaire grabs her guitar. Uses it to cover her chest. She starts strumming, hiding her goods.

BLAIRE
Fine. But you'd better not be
recording this.

Mitch stares back at her. Love in her eyes.

MITCH
I want to BITE you.

Mitch bites at the camera -- like a dog, as a grin spreads across Blaire's face. She gets giddy, and --

BLAIRE
Let's make prom the night.

And at this Mitch stops. Stone cold. And then smiles so big.

MITCH
Really? Baby are you serious?

BLAIRE
I know I've been weird about it
but... Who else is... I dunno.
Gonna be you?

Mitch is shocked. He starts celebrating!

MITCH
2-4-6-8 who do we appreciate!!!

And for a second, the two just stare at each other, Blaire starts to bring down the guitar completely as --

DADUH, DA!

A skype call comes through.

BLAIRE
Shit! We've got the thing.

Mitch looks -- we see "Incoming skype from, JESS OLIVER, ADAM WINEGUARD, KEN HAAS."

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hang up, we'll call em back --

MITCH
How do I --
(as he hits enter)
Uh oh --

THE VIDEO CHAT WINDOW COMES UP -- Mitch accidentally joined the call. Blaire sees -- freaks!

BLAIRE
Oh shit!

Blaire drops to the floor, as 3 other video screens pop up. JESS OLIVER (17) -- blond and bitchy -- turns her eyes to Mitch's bare chest.

JESS
Nice! Any reason you're sharing?

Mitch stares back at them. His bare chest kind of obvious...

MITCH

Oh!

Mitch quickly grabs his football jersey and throws it on.

JESS

Where's Blaire?

Blaire's hand enters the frame, as she pulls herself onscreen. Her shirt is inside out.

BLAIRE

Here! I'm here.

And with that, the whole crew starts laughing, including ADAM (17) -- smart, slick, rich; and KEN (18) -- fat and quirky. Ken lays on his back, eating a bag of Dorritos and salsa.

KEN

Oh, snap! You guys were cybering.

JESS

Blaire, you dirty girl!

Jess whips out a tube of lipstick and reapplies a layer, looking into her webcam like a mirror.

BLAIRE

We weren't, guys.

KEN

Was it anal or oral? Or just like cyber grinding?

Ken pops a couple of Dorritos. Chews loudly.

ADAM

I've seen your search history, Ken. You're into nasty shit, too!

Ken just flips off the camera, as Adam pops a cork, bringing up a bottle of whiskey. He pours himself a large glass.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A client gave it to my father. It's like 400 bucks.

MITCH

Thanks for sharing.

ADAM

You can have a sip when it comes out the other end.

MITCH
Or I could fight you for it,
motherfucker!!!

Mitch puts his fists up in a big dramatic boxing style. Adam rolls up his sleeves! They start exchanging fake punches, dodging each others' blows.

MITCH (CONT'D)
And he's down, down, down and --

Suddenly -- Adam points something at the camera.

ADAM
And KABOOM! Oooohhh!! His brains
fly and the crowd goes wild!

BLAIRE
Is that a gun? Adam --

JESS
(overreacting)
Jesus!

ADAM
Chill - it's not even loaded.

Adam holds up the early 20th century pistol for inspection.

MITCH
Your old man's a weird dude.

ADAM
Try living with him.

Adam puts the gun in his mouth.... Pretends to blow his brains out.

BLAIRE
So how about the weather...

KEN
Wouldn't know -- just finished an
eight-hour World of Warcraft sesh.

JESS
Did you save the hobbits?

KEN
Hobbits is Middle Earth, retard.

JESS
Oohh. You're so sexy, Ken.

BLAIRE
Jess... don't be cruel.

Jess makes a face at Blaire, and right then, her skype image freezes. Ken points to Jess's distorted face.

KEN
Speaking of sexy.

JESS (O.S.)
Ugh. It's so fucking slow.

ADAM
Where's Val? She like, insisted we meet.

MITCH
I don't get why dances need planning months in advance.

Blaire clicks to her facebook, types in -- VAL KUTKA. Val's Pics come up, and we see -- a super type-A overachiever. She's riding a horse, she's on a sailboat, she's at a fancy dance...

JESS
Madame President demands it.

BLAIRE
She's just trying to be responsible.

JESS
She told Chandler I had a drinking problem at Adam's.

KEN
You were wasted.

Adam takes a swig from the liquor...

JESS
So were you. So was Blaire.

MITCH
This fucking party again?

KEN
It was that good.

Blaire comes to a photo of Adam at his birthday party. He's not wearing a shirt -- and he looks damn good. Blaire stands next to Adam, her hand near his belt.

BLAIRE
You really didn't miss anything,
babe.

Blaire stares at the photo a bit too long.

ADAM
I don't know about that, Blaire.

Adam takes a slow drink of whiskey. Blaire grows noticeably uncomfortable. Shuts the photo of Adam with his shirt off...

MITCH
I get it, can we move on.

JESS
Ken! I can hear you chewing.

MITCH
Oop! There she is --

BLAIRE
Who?

JEESIE
Val just sent an email. You're
copied.

Blaire goes to her email. Sees a message from VAL.

The subject line reads You are warned: do not click this.

Inside the email, a hyperlink reads, You are warned.

JESS
(imitating Val)
How mysterious. Oh. Aren't I
wonderful and mysterious.

BLAIRE
Maybe we shouldn't click it --

KEN
It's a video.

Suddenly, some strange, Arabic shouting from Adam's computer, as his face colors with the reflection of the video.

Ken plays the video, too. The shouting starts in.

Blaire's cursor moves over the hyperlink...

Deciding if she should click it or not...

The noise of a murmuring crowd comes from the video.

Adam stares intently. Then -- *POW POW!* -- two loud popping sounds.

ADAM
AWESOME!!!

KEN
Holy shit!!! Ahahaha!

The two of them explode in laughter, as they rapidly start fiddling with the video again.

BLAIRE
What is it?

And now more shouting noise from Mitch's computer as --

MITCH
No way! Hahaha!

KEN
I'm going again.

Jess's face gets colored by the video as -- Jess's fierce, hearty laughter cuts through.

JESS
Oh, yes!

ADAM
Fuck ya! Cooler the second time!

KEN
I'm freeze-framing this.

MITCH
Blair. Did you see?

BLAIRE
Fine...

Blair clicks the link and we move to youtube, where a video loads. At first we see --

Shaky iphone footage of a train station in an Arabic country.

PEOPLE white robes shout and laugh as *A MAN* walks on the roof of a passenger train.

He WAVES to the passengers below, playing the clown.

And suddenly he grows still. Almost solemn.

The camera shakes, as the man raises his hand, and --

Grabs an electrical wire over head --

In two quick POW POWS -- Dual explosions shoot voltage through the man --

As he goes still, falls to the roof, rolls off the train.

Blaire stops the video.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

That was disgusting!

KEN

I'm making it my background.

Ken busies himself... takes a screen grab of the image.

BLAIRE

This looks real.

KEN

If you're gonna end it, end it right!

BLAIRE

Isn't that a little twisted?

ADAM

It's not like we killed him, Blaire.

KEN

You can laugh. It's not illegal.

JESS

Or actually scary, like SEX.

KEN

Buuurned! How's that going by the way?

MITCH

Uh, none of your business. And sex with you WOULD be scary.

And at that exact moment. VAL joins us. She's immaculately done up in a white prom dress. Speaks very proper...

VAL

I heard sex and scary. Are these themes for the prom?

JESS
Blaire's virginity.

VAL
What do you think of my dress? I
thought we'd use it as a starting
point.

KEN
Uhh... I can think of a better one.

ADAM
That video you sent --

KEN
Fuucked Uuupp.

MITCH
It's like two girls one cup status.

BLAIRE
What's two girls one cup?

KEN
It's these girls eating shit.

VAL
I've seen "Two Girls One Cup". What
about it.

Blaire reopens the video. She stops at the moment the man
gets electrocuted.

MITCH
You just sent a video.

VAL
Uh. No. But OK.

KEN
A minute ago.

VAL
A minute ago I was in the little
girls room.

JESS
Ok. You got us, Val. We're totally
tricked.

VAL
Um... fuck you Jess. And seriously -
- what are you talking about?

Blaire opens up the email, and forwards it to Val.

BLAIRE

I just sent it back to you.

We see Val's face as she clicks on the link. The distinctive shouting of the crowd, then the murmurs, and then -- POW!

VAL

(laughing)

Holy shit! Ok, who did this?

KEN

Some A-rab, I'm guessing.

And suddenly Val changes. Suddenly dark, as she digs through her email...

VAL

Guys. This is in my outbox, but I didn't send it. Who the FUCK's in my email?

The friends just laugh -- Val is suddenly super intense.

VAL (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm like really annoyed right now, and I don't like feeling annoyed.

JESS

Cause we all love it, Val.

VAL

I just need whoever sent this to tell me right now.

(off no response)

GUYS!

And suddenly, a text pops into their chat window under the screen name BILLIE.

BILLIE: *I sent it.*

The group stops. Stares at the text. This BILLIE has somehow entered their conversation.

MITCH

Whoa! Who's doing that?

VAL

Ken is this you?

Beat, as we see -- the cursor flashing...

VAL (CONT'D)
Ken!!!

KEN
Negative...

BILLIE: *Did you like the video...*

MITCH
Seriously. That's cool. Ken, come
on --

KEN
I'm coming on!

VAL
This guy has access to my email!

KEN
I think we got a fan.

Ken types: *we loved the video, Billie.*

VAL
Stop encouraging him. I'm seriously
flipping a shit.

BLAIRE
I'm confused.

KEN
It's just some tard hacking us.

VAL
Like that's super normal.

KEN
A zero-day attack in the kernal.
It's child's play.

BILLIE: *Would you like to see another?*

KEN (CONT'D)
Y-E-S!

Ken types into the computer.

VAL
Ken. I am not joking. Stop it.

Billie sends a link. [http\\www.vimeo.com/nkjadfkjasdf=?kakdj](http://www.vimeo.com/nkjadfkjasdf=?kakdj)

VAL (CONT'D)
No one's listening to me.

KEN
Watching vid...

Everyone clicks on the link. Blaire clicks on the link, too.

BLAIRE
This better not be gross...

JESS
We wouldn't want to offend Blaire..

An iphone recording of A YOUNG TEEN sitting on a motorcycle in the front yard of a SHITTY HOUSE.

A GIRL TEEN sits behind him, as an OLDER BROTHER stands by, helping the Young Teen start the bike.

OLDER BROTHER
Go slow!

The Bike starts, and the young teen SPEEDS forward, doing circles on the bike -- tearing up the grass.

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Slow down, fuck head!

The young teen makes a sharp turn and, and the bike starts to tip, as -- the Teen Girl is THROWN from the bike.

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Hey --

But the Young Teen recovers, or so it seems, until he loses control and -- JETS into the road, as --

WHAM!

A semi-truck slams into him -- carrying him out of frame!

OLDER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Oh my god!!!

MITCH
Shit!

ADAM
Christ! He got OWNED.

KEN
I've never seen these.

ADAM
I thought you knew every depravity on the internet.

MITCH
Check the view count.

They look to the bottom and see: 6 views.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Nobody's seen these.

Ken types: *Billie, got any more?*

VAL
Why are you talking to him?

KEN
I wanna take this loser for all
he's worth.

BILLIE: *Would you like to see them all?*

VAL
No, freak!

BLAIRE
I don't like this either.

MITCH
Ken, maybe we should --

KEN
Hang on, ok?

KEN: *Do your worst, Billie...*

And suddenly -- Billie sends a link.

And another... and another.

And then the links start landing rapidly into the chat. Like
maybe 50 of them.

BLAIRE
I'm not clicking any more.

Adam takes another drink...

ADAM
Like you're so goddamn innocent.
Screenshare, Ken.

BLAIRE
Seriously, I don't want to watch
anymore.

KEN

What are you afraid of?

VAL

Talking to some psycho!

KEN

There's no proof he's a psycho.

Ken switches his camera so that it shows his desktop instead of his face -- forcing all the friends to watch the videos.

He clicks another -- some shitty pirated video site comes up and starts playing a clip...

An OLD MAN hobbles through a dry field toward a rickety outhouse.

We're watching from a camera phone 20 yards away -- tucked behind bushes at the edge of a forest.

In the background, the sound of BOYS laughing. On the ground near the camera, empty cans of beer.

The Old Man disappears inside the hut, as 3 BOYS exit the brush -- laughing and running toward the hovel, bringing the camera with them.

They whisper in some Slavic language, laughing, as they fiddle with a bag filled with 3 ROMAN CANDLES.

The boys grab one each, and LIGHT them up -- laughing -- SHOVING them through 3 different holes in the outhouse.

Fire BLASTS out the end as the mortars EXPLODE inside the outhouse.

OLD MAN

Ahhhh!! Ahhh!!!!

And the boys laugh and run back to their hiding place, while the shack catches fire. But the Old Man doesn't exit...

The boys laughter dims a bit, as -- the Old Man falls from the Out House, his hair already burnt off. His shirt burning.

He doesn't even cry. Just crawls, trying to escape the fire. But the door arch BREAKS free -- crashes on top of the man. Pins him under the fire.

The sizzling and popping of flesh mixes with the low moans of the man....

The clip ends. And the crew stays silent.

KEN

Ok. Billie. You're a sick guy. Even for me.

MITCH

We're done. Tell him to go away.

Ken types... *First two were funny. Dis one. F*cked Up.*

VAL

Can we act like adults for a minute here.

BILLIE: *You must be very brave to laugh at death.*

KEN

Ok, goodbye, Billie.

ADAM

Later, dude.

KEN: *Time to go.*

BILLIE: *You must be very brave to laugh at death.*

VAL

I'm starting a new chat.

KEN

Ya... OK.

ADAM

You'll call us back?

VAL

Fuck off, creep!

The window shuts as Val ends the conversation. All the windows close.

Even though Blaire quit the skype convo, her cam alone stays on, and we watch as she waits. Suddenly, Adam types a skype chat to her.

ADAM: *Hey...*

Blaire fidgets, types back...

BLAIRE: *Hey...*

Blaire goes back to Adam's facebook. She finds the same picture of them together at the party.

She clicks through to the next one: Blaire -- clearly drunk -- has her arm around Adam. It looks innocent enough...

ADAM: *Were you guys really cybering?*

BLAIRE: *Adam, you promised...*

Blaire waits, as skype informs us -- *Adam is typing....*

And then he stops. And then starts again.

ADAM: *I miss you.*

BLAIRE: *Adam...*

ADAM: *I know.*

Blaire goes through her sykpe and delete's her responses, one by one. She stares at "I missed you..." When suddenly --

DUDAH -- DUAHH!!

The skype call returning. The friends all join them.

VAL (CONT'D)
He's not here, right?
(off no response)
Great --

MITCH
You guys miss me?

ADAM
Like a cold sore.

VAL
Can we talk about the dance now?

BILLIE: *I missed you, Mitch.*

Suddenly, the friends stop. Val starts to lose it, pounding on the desk. It's kind of funny. She tries to be proper.

VAL (CONT'D)
Listen, mother fucker. I'm trying to do something here. So do as your mother taught you and shut the fuck up.

The friends all chuckle.

VAL (CONT'D)
I'm glad you all find this funny.

KEN

Wait. I'll run a tcpdump on him,
it'll knock him out in a second.

BILLIE: *Who knows Val?*

VAL

What is that supposed to mean?

ADAM

This is getting old.

Suddenly, on Blaire's facebook, she gets 5 new notifications.

VAL

Hello? What the fuck does that
mean??

Blaire opens her facebook, and sees --

She has been tagged in 5 photos...

And when Blaire starts clicking through the photos, we see --

They're all of Val... all security camera snapshots of Val in
various locations.

Val on the yacht, drunk and passed out. You can see her
bunched underwear up her skirt.

Val taking a hit from a bong outside a 7-11.

Val getting groped in a nightclub bathroom. Her shirt's off,
but you can't see anything...

Val throwing up all over the toilet in the same nightclub
bathroom. There's an open condom wrapper on the floor.

BLAIRE

Uh... guys?

But the silence says they're busy checking out the photos...

JESS

Val?

VAL

What?

ADAM

Your page. Now.

Val's face goes cloudy as she digs into her facebook.

VAL

Who...

The light on Val's face changes, as she scrolls through the pictures.

VAL (CONT'D)

Who did this? This isn't funny!

And just then -- another message comes up: *You've been tagged in 5 photos...*

BLAIRE

There's more...

KEN

These are public, Val.
(seeing another photo)
Holy shit!

BLAIRE

You gotta delete these, Val.

VAL

It won't let me! Guys, my parents
can see -- oh god -- oh god!

JESS

More than your parents...

But as she's talking, we see that the "likes" on one of her photos are shooting up.

15, 16, 17, 25

JESS (CONT'D)

Look, Val. They like you!

BLAIRE

Where are these from, Val?

VAL

No. No. NO!

And people have started posting comments.

COMMENT 1: LOL! Harvard material, for sure.

COMMENT 2: Looking good, Mrs. President!

COMMENT 3: CRash! And! Burn!

JESS

Val, do you have a drinking problem?

VAL

Shut up, bitch! Did you do this?

JESS

I wish!

BILLIE: *They are from me.*

VAL

Ya, well, whoever you are. You're fucking dead.

(to Ken)

I thought you were going to shut this down, Ken.

KEN

He's got some loopback interface. Like he's broadcasting from nowhere. Jeez. This guy's good.

MITCH

Val, if you have a problem --

VAL

My problem is I'm locked out of my account.

JESS

I hear they're still taking applications at Fresno City College.

VAL

I don't have to take this shit. Least of all from your slut ass, Jess.

BLAIRE

Guys... Stop!

And on Blaire's screen we see -- the photo count keeps going up. Now there are different nights. Different haunts, etc.

VAL

You know what? Fuck you guys. I'm out.

Val grabs her mouse, goes to click off skype, when a link comes through from Billie.

BILLIE: Don't leave, Val.

VAL (CONT'D)

What do you fucking want?

Val's not even paying attention. She's busy collecting her notes, when Blaire clicks on the link --

It takes us to a website with titles that say "Don't leave, Val". It's eerie as fuck...

Blaire moves her cursor over to watch and --

A very naive animation plays. It shows a cartoon version of Val dancing around in a girls' bedroom.

The cartoon Val holds streamers in her hand, and hangs them around her room.

BLAIRE

Val, you should really see this...

VAL

Fuck a duck.

We see Val's face as she zeroes in on the video.

Cartoon Val walks down the stairs and meets a dog in a living room. She pets the dog. The Dog furiously BARKS at her. Giant teeth jut from his mouth...

Cartoon Val turns around, leaves the dog behind, walks into the living room. A fire burns in the fireplace.

Cartoon Val passes the fireplace slowly. Her long blond hair dangles inches from the flames. The ends whisp in the fire, but never catch.

And cartoon Val keeps walking...

VAL (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Cartoon Val heads into the kitchen. She PULLS a knife from drawer. It's a big one. She holds it there. As it sparkles in the lamp light. And then, she sets it down, moves to the window, and --

BASHES her head through the glass, creating a sharp edge at the bottom of the break. Cartoon Val looks to the camera, then slides her neck across the sharp edge.

She sits back in a chair, grabs a larger piece of glass, and continues pressing it into her neck, all while smiling. The blood rains down her neck onto a nice, white, cartoon dress.

From there, it drips down and pools on the floor...

VAL (CONT'D)

That's it. I'm calling the cops.

BILLIE: *Why did you not laugh?*

VAL (CONT'D)

You're gonna be laughing in prison bitch.

Val pulls her phone, dials 9-11. After a sec --

VAL (CONT'D)

(to her friends)

Bad service. I'm going upstairs.

With that, Val hangs up the skype call, and disappears.

BLAIRE

I'm a little freaked. Maybe we should go.

BILLIE: *Stay. We can play a game.*

MITCH

Why don't you shut up, man?

BLAIRE

Can we just go, guys?

MITCH

You're twisted, dude.

ADAM

Ya. You're twisted.

BILLIE: *When I joined, you were laughing at death.*

Suddenly, a facebook notification comes up. "Val is no longer in your network".

BLAIRE

Val just defriended me.

JESS

Duh. Her life's over.

KEN

Are we done, guys?

Blaire goes to her e-mail. There's a file waiting in the inbox. It's titled: "I warned her not to leave."

BLAIRE

Wait --

MITCH

What is it?

Blaire opens the email and there's an attachment that reads.

"Goodbye Val.dmg"

BLAIRE

An email. It's from him.

MITCH

Open it.

BLAIRE

Maybe we shouldn't.

ADAM

OPEN IT!

Adam takes another swig from his drink, as Blaire downloads the file. It opens, and --

A black window comes up. In the center is a spinning wheel that reads: "Buffering live feed." And below that...

BLAIRE

It's some kind of video thing. It's loading...

2%...(time remaining, 3 hours).

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's gonna take three hours.

ADAM

Are you torrenting?

BLAIRE

I think so -

ADAM

DUH!

BLAIRE

Ok, don't yell at me.

JESS

Connection's not her fault.

And on cue, Jess's connection sputters a bit, altering the image of her face.

Blaire opens her bittorrent client and pushes hold on all her downloads.

Some of them won't quit, so Blaire pushes Command + Q --
"Application not responding..."

Blaire clicks "force quit."

JESS (CONT'D)
What does it say now?

Blaire looks at the load window.

5%... (1 hour remaining)...

BLAIRE
Ok... it's moving. But it's going
to take a minute.

JESS
Don't like this.

KEN
Think of all the people who hate
Val. Someone's playing a prank.

JESS
I guess...

And suddenly, the sound of a single, low violin string

JESS (CONT'D)
Um...

KEN
Alright, that *is* pretty creepy.

The music is super creepy.

JESS
Whose computer's playing it?

ADAM
Does it matter?

BLAIRE
Let's stop yelling at each other.
20%.

MITCH
Ken -- you can't do anything?

KEN
I've got something brewing. No
guarantees...

BLAIRE
This is creeping me out.

The violin music plays as the file continues to download...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
50%

ADAM
Don't like this.

Adam takes another big sip from his bottle...

BLAIRE
70%.

MITCH
What is this fucking music?

JESS
This is stupid as shit.

ADAM
Hurry it up --

KEN
It's just some perv trying to scare
us.

BLAIRE
It's almost done.

ADAM
Share your screen...

BLAIRE
How do I --

ADAM
(yelling
The bottom corner!!!!

MITCH
Don't yell at her!

Blaire takes a deep breath. Moves her mouse to the bottom
corner. Shares her screen.

BLAIRE
90%...

And then 95, 97, 99

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Here goes...

It gets to 100 and --

ERROR! "You do not have the necessary plug-in to access live feed. Would you like to download the plug-in now?"

ADAM
Shit! Update, Blaire.

BLAIRE
Ughh!!

Blaire clicks the link, and the plug-in downloads.

And then, without warning --

THE VIDEO PLAYS

It's a live view from Val's webcam. A cartoon title obscures the bottom two-thirds of the screen. It reads: Goodbye Val...

In the top third, Val's lightbulb sways back and forth, rhythmically changing the exposure of the camera...

JESS
Guys...?

And then the cartoon title fades out, revealing...

Val... in her chair, a few feet back from her computer.

Her neck is completely destroyed, a wide, messy cut digging deep into it. The blood has spilled down her front, just like the cartoon animation.

It's hard to get a clear view of the wound, since the overhead bulb keeps swaying, and changing the exposure on the video. The image comes in and out...

And as Val's eyes roll back into her head, as she moves slightly...

ADAM
What the fuck is this?

MITCH
It's not...

JESS
Oh...

ADAM
I don't...

BLAIRE
This is a joke.

MITCH
Maybe she's teaching us a lesson.

KEN
A lesson...

JESS
I'm calling her.

ADAM
Ya...

BLAIRE
What the fuck...

Jess puts it on speaker.

It rings...

Rings...

Rings...

The call drops.

JESS
It didn't go. Someone else...

BLAIRE
Val....

Mitch pulls out his phone. He dials... holds it to his ear.

MITCH
It's ringing... ringing...
(beat)
...no go.

Blaire begrudgingly takes her phone out.

BLAIRE
I've got it.

And Blaire hits speaker -- so everyone can hear.

It rings...

Rings...

And suddenly --

Bzzz bzzz. The sound of a phone vibrating on the table...

And slowly... Val's phone buzzes into the shot.

And the call goes to voicemail, and the phone stops buzzing.

And the voice on the voicemail says,

VAL (VOICEMAIL)
Hi, you've reached Val. I'm out
having fun or something. Leave me a
message. Or don't.

A beat, and then --

VAL SCREAMS --

Gurgles a bit, as the line goes dead.

Blaire looks to the screen. Sees the dead image of Val.

BILLIE: *Did you find it funny?*

A lull, then -- Jess starts SCREAMING and doesn't stop --

BLAIRE
Mitch...

ADAM
Oh my god.

Jess screams -- gets sick. She hacks -- throws up on herself.
She sees the puke on her fingers. She looks at it -- cries
harder.

MITCH
Everyone calm down.

KEN
Jesus fucking Christ!

Ken starts coughing in disbelief.

BLAIRE
Mitch?

MITCH
Let's just stay calm.

ADAM
Oh, God. Oh Jesus.

JESS
Ahhhh!!!!

KEN
Fuck me. Fuck!

BLAIRE
Mitch. MITCH!

MITCH
(losing it)
WE'RE ALL STAYING CALM!

JESS
Ahhh!!! HELLLLPP!!!! Someone help!

ADAM
Shut the fuck up!!!!

MITCH
We're all staying fucking calm!!!

JESS
Help!!!

Jess stops screaming, and instead just whimpers to herself...

MITCH
What the fuck is this. Who the fuck
are you --

ADAM
Someone call the cops.

BILLIE: *Do not call the cops...*

JESS
What do we do, what do we do --

ADAM
Who's calling the cops.

KEN
He's --

BLAIRE
Val. No Val.

JESS
Someone help us!!!!

BLAIRE
What's he talking about? What is
this...?

KEN
Oh fuck. Oh fuck fuck fuck!

ADAM
Somebody call!

JESS
He said not to!

ADAM
Who cares what he says!

JESS
Then you do it!

BLAIRE
Let's stop fighting.

ADAM
You got a better idea?

JESS
I can't take this --

ADAM
I'm calling.

MITCH
Don't!

ADAM
The fuck not?

MITCH
You wanna die?

ADAM
That's why I'm calling!

BLAIRE
He stopped talking.

JESS
This isn't real. This isn't real.

BLAIRE
Where'd he go?

ADAM
Jess, that's really gonna help.

MITCH
What do you want? Why are you doing
this?

BILLIE: *Can we play a game?*

Jess sniffles starts to weep audibly... Blaire closes the video of Val. And suddenly --

A PHONE RINGS OUT --

Blaire jumps as she looks down to her phone. She looks up -- scared -- and makes eyes with Mitch.

We can just make out Mitch's cell phone sitting on his desk. Mitch moves his mouth, like he's talking -- but no sound comes out. *And now Blaire understands...*

She clicks the mute button on her skype -- the little icon turns red, as she puts Mitch on speaker phone.

BLAIRE
I'm shaking.

MITCH
I don't know what's --

BLAIRE
Is she dead?

MITCH
Conference in Ken. I can't --
(as Blaire whimpers)
Stay here -- stay with me baby.

Blaire dials Ken while Jess continues to whimper. Ken picks up -- as we hear his audio through Blaire's phone.

KEN
I've got Adam, too. One sec --

ADAM
Here.

Jess continues to whimper, not really realizing they are gone.

JESS
This isn't real. This isn't real.

BLAIRE
What about Jess?

ADAM
How did he get to Val's apartment?

ADAM (CONT'D)
How is he doing any of this?

KEN

Let's stay calm. Be rational. Who could be doing this and how?

BLAIRE

Lotta people hate Val.

KEN

Enough to kill her?

MITCH

How'd he even get to her?

KEN

Camped outside her place?

Ken pulls his hair out, as Jess realizes the friends have left her out.

JESS

Guys, I can't hear you...

KEN

*He'd have to be outside her door.
And then how's he hacking us?*

MITCH

We're gonna be ok.

JESS

Guys...?

Ken gets up and starts pacing in front of his computer.

ADAM

What if we just all hang up?

MITCH

You wanna risk it?

JESS

Guys, please come back!!

BLAIRE

It must be someone we know, right?

KEN

From school?

ADAM

Are you guys retarded?

MITCH

Adam!

ADAM
*Do we go to school with fucking
 Satan?*

The friends pause for a moment, then...

BILLIE: It is a fair question...

The friends see this and scream. Mitch hangs up his phone,
 throws it down -

MITCH
 FUCK! Might as well just do this
 here...

The friends bring their phones down...

JESS
 Where did you guys go?

ADAM
 Jess! Shut up!

KEN
 This guy's good. But he still has
 to play by the rules. There's a
 chance I can beat him.

JESS
 We don't even know what he is!

ADAM
Who he is?

MITCH
 What?

JESS
 Please, please...

ADAM
 This isn't fucking magic.

MITCH
 What was Val?

ADAM
 I don't know! Ok?

JESS
 Please!!

ADAM
 SHUT UP, JESS!

MITCH
 SHUT UP, JESS!

KEN
You gotta stop yelling, I can't
fucking think.

BLAIRE
Let's just do what he says and let
Ken work.

MITCH
I agree.

Adam takes a giant swig from his whiskey.

ADAM
You agree with your girlfriend, big
surprise!

MITCH
I'm trying to save our lives here.

ADAM
SO AM I!

KEN
I'm with them, Adam.

ADAM
Christ Almighty!

MITCH
What choice do we have?

BLAIRE
No choice!

ADAM
I'm just going to turn off my
fucking computer.

BLAIRE
Don't... Adam!

ADAM
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, BLAIRE?

MITCH
Adam, you're drunk.

Adam hits his bottle again, taking big swigs.

ADAM
Who the FUCK cares?

The friends sit in silence.

KEN

Anyone who wants to leave can leave. Adam, you wanna end up like Val. Your choice. But those who stay work together. We vote.

Jess drops her head, sobbing.

MITCH

Those who want to play.

Mitch, Blaire, Ken... and finally -- even Jess, raise their hands. Adam is outvoted.

ADAM

Fine.

MITCH

Billie?

BILLIE: *I'm right here, Mitch.*

MITCH (CONT'D)

Then you know...

BILLIE: *The first game is "why"...*

Suddenly, an email lands in Blaire's inbox. It's from BILLIE.

BLAIRE

Guys, we got something.

Blaire opens the email, and in the body of it, there's a cartoon combination safe.

Sitting on the combination safe, is an animated image of Adam's facebook profile picture.

The Adam in the picture is holding a giant cartoon gun in his mouth. On the side of the gun is a timer that's counting down from 6 minutes...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Billie, what is this?

ADAM

Oh shit.

MITCH

Just stay calm.

ADAM

This is why I didn't want to play!

MITCH

You agreed to the vote!

ADAM

Not to fucking die.

MITCH

I thought you didn't believe in all this shit!

ADAM

Ya. Well now there's a gun in my mouth.

BLAIRE

Stop -- both of you! Think about what he said -- "The first game is why." What does that mean?

ADAM

Nothing.

MITCH

Just ask him.

ADAM

That's retarded.

BLAIRE

Billie, what does that mean?

No response from Billie...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Can we have a hint?

The animated Adam rocks his head back and forth, childishly, with the gun sticking out of his mouth

Adam grabs the gun -- he opens a drawer, starts loading bullets inside of it...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Adam, what are you doing --

ADAM

I'm sorry I don't just want to roll over --

MITCH

Dude, do you even know how to shoot that?

JESS
Why WHAT!?!?!!??

KEN
Maybe it's simple. Why's he's doing
this?

ADAM
Cause he's a psycho!

BLAIRE
Maybe we did something?

KEN
What?

BLAIRE
Something bad?

ADAM
Right, like the thirty people I
killed last night.

JESS
Don't be dumb, Blaire.

BLAIRE
It's an idea!

JESS
Well we didn't do anything.

BILLIE: *False...*

The friends just wait. Staring at each other.

ADAM
False what?

MITCH
(to Jess)
What did you say?

JESS
I said we didn't do anything.

BILLIE: *False..*

The friends scream!!

BLAIRE
What'd we do, Billie?

ADAM
I'm going to die.

BLAIRE
Stop.

ADAM
I'm fucking dead.

BLAIRE
Let's THINK for a second.

ADAM
I've never murdered anyone, ok?

BLAIRE
I mean something else, you -- we
could have done...

Blaire stares at Adam in a weird way. Adam stares back. Mitch notices.

MITCH
What are you guys talking about?

But before they can respond.

KEN
I got something! I got something!

JESS
Oh, Jesus, yes.

MITCH
A fix?

KEN
(suddenly weird, lying)
Uh... no. Not a fix. A super cool
game. That I need you all to
download.

ADAM
(understanding)
And what if this doesn't work.

KEN
(still being weird)
It's just a harmless game...

ADAM
Ken.

KEN
I'm not wrong.

JESS
Ken...

KEN
You wanna sit here and list the felonies we've committed? Anyone rape a baby? No? Then I suggest we try my route...

BLAIRE
What if we did do something?

ADAM
Would you SHUT UP!

JESS
We're good people Blaire.

BILLIE: *3 minutes...*

KEN
Guys -- it's this or nothing.
Download now. Fast -- go!

Ken sends a link via skype. And Blaire immediately clicks on it. It starts downloading.

BLAIRE
Nobody has anything to admit? Adam?

KEN
You guys downloading?

JESS
Yes.

BLAIRE
Mhmm.

The link finishes downloading, and Blaire opens it.

And it's a strange program with a giant magnifying glass.

And it starts searching through all of her files and then "flagging" some of them off to the side.

KEN
It's going, yes? Searching?

The program finishes its lightening search of all of Blaire's files. And suddenly --

It asks for a password.

BLAIRE
It wants a password.

Ken furiously types away at his computer, then --

KEN
Here --

KEN: 209249

Blaire moves her cursor over -- copies the text and plugs it into the program, the program spins.

PROGRAM: *Loading Tron Killer.*

Billie: *2 minute...*

ADAM
Fuck!!! Hurry, please god hurry!

KEN
It's a rogue kernel module --

ADAM
English please!!

KEN
He's hiding in our files.

ADAM
(to Billie)
Billie! Listen, I killed someone.
Ok? I'm a killer, ok? That's the
why! We're all killers. Get it?

The friends wait for a moment in silence. But Billie doesn't type back.

JESS
Billie? Hey!! You hear me? We're
killers. All of us.

The other friends see what she's doing. And join.

MITCH
Oh yeah. Loads of people.

ADAM
Hundreds. And we know it's wrong
now. And we're sorry.

BLAIRE
It's not going to work guys.

ADAM
NOW it won't!

MITCH
Don't yell at her.

ADAM
Don't tell me what to do --

And suddenly -- the program flags a line of code.

BLAIRE
Mine's got something.

MITCH
Me, too.

JESS
Me too. Oh, God. Me too.

KEN
Told you I'd crack him!

BILLIE: *1 minute...*

KEN (CONT'D)
Or so you think Billie...

A dialogue box comes up that says, "Trash? Or Save?"

KEN (CONT'D)
Ok -- everyone got it.

JESS
Yep.

KEN
Hit "trash" -- and then
immediately, empty recycling bins.

Blaire snaps to -- hits "trash" -- then as the program shuts down, she empties her recycling bin.

Blaire's computer says, "deleting 20034 items.."

KEN (CONT'D)
Updates?

ADAM
Mine's done.

MITCH

Same.

JESS

I'm good.

Silence from Blaire's end...

KEN

BLAIRE?

BLAIRE

I'm sorry -- it's coming. There's a lot in my bin.

BILLIE: *30 seconds...*

ADAM

When was the last time you emptied it?

BLAIRE

I dunno. Never?

ADAM

Fuck.

The status bar gets past 50%.

BLAIRE

Half way.

ADAM

Blaire... BLAIRE!!!

The bar loads faster. A little faster.

BLAIRE

It's almost there...

BILLIE: *20 seconds...*

The email of Adam's face automatically comes back up -- and the figure dances around as the clock counts down...

Real Adam points his gun toward the empty space. He gets back against the wall -- holding his gun up -- looking back and forth -- waiting for an attacker.

ADAM

I'm ready you for you,
motherfucker!

Blaire pulls up the status bar. It's almost there, and... --

It finishes! But then -- an error message.

ERROR: Could not delete all files because some are in use.

BLAIRE

Oh shit --

ADAM

What? What's oh shit.

KEN

Blaire? You need help? What's going on, Blaire?

Blaire rushes through her windows -- frantically closing programs, and then trying again to empty her recycling bin.

BILLIE: *15 seconds...*

ADAM

BLAIRE!

BLAIRE

There's something open! It won't let me....

KEN

Then close it!

BLAIRE

Everything's closed!

Billie: *13.*

ADAM

Come on Blaire --

KEN

Blaire -- hit command Q. GO!

Claire hits it and a screen comes up that says, "Would you really like to quit Safari..."

And Blaire tries to click "yes". But the pinwheel is spinning.

KEN (CONT'D)

Blaire

BLAIRE

Fucking pinwheel!!!

Billie: *11, 10...*

The pinwheel keeps spinning.

That FUCKING pinwheel of death...

BILLIE: 8, 7, 6, 5, 4...

And it suddenly stops and Blaire hits "yes!" And the program closes.

Billie: 3, 2...

ADAM

Oh, god. Oh god...

And a second later -- she opens her recycle bin, and it goes, and a moment later --

BLAIRE

Done!

BILLIE disappears...

And the group takes a collective sigh as --

ADAM

He's gone. Oh... he's gone.

KEN

Fuck ya! That was some Stephan Hawkins shit right there! BOO ya.

JESS

Oh my god..

Jess's laughing -- tears shoot through her laughs.

ADAM

Oh God. Thank you. Oh Jesus thank you.

BLAIRE

Sorry about that...

ADAM

I'm sorry I yelled.

MITCH

Ok -- somebody call the cops.

But nobody moves.

ADAM

Ah, screw it, I'll call.

JESS
Ken, thank you!

KEN
It was an entirely selfish act.

Adam holds his cell up to his ear.

BLAIRE
You get through Adam?

ADAM
Hi -- I'd like to report a -- I
guess. A murder.

JESS
Jesus...

Hearing the word "Murder" aloud, the crew breaks down.

Heads hang...

Tears fall...

ADAM
I saw it on... a webcam. It's 1175
San Felipe... yes. One sec.

Adam puts the phone on hold a second.

MITCH
Maybe we imagined this.

BLAIRE
Together? We each separately
imagined this?

ADAM
Guys, they're sending a squad over,
but they want to talk to everyone.

Adam presses "speaker" on the phone, and the DISPATCHER'S
VOICE comes up -- a mild, young-sounding woman's voice.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You're on with everyone.

DISPATCHER
Hello. Please tell me your names,
and we can get help right over to
you.

Silence among the friends, except for the static on the line.
Then Jess starts in.

JESS
Jess Oliver...

DISPATCHER
Jess.

ADAM
Ya. My name's Adam Winegaard.

DISPATCHER
Thank you.

KEN
And, uh -- Ken Haas. H-a-a-s.

DISPATCHER
Yes. Ken.

ADAM
I'm at 44 Fedora, and --

DISPATCHER
Yes, Adam. Don't worry. It's Ken
that should worry.

But then Adam stops, as the group turns to Ken. Ken's busy
putting a giant chip covered in salsa into his mouth...

Everyone's faces drop...

ADAM
What do you mean?

DISPATCHER
Ken is a cheater.

JESS
No... No...

MITCH
Who is this??

And by now, we can pretty well guess the answer to that
question. This voice is Billie -- and we'll continue to hear
this voice as her (not him), throughout the film.

BILLIE
Ken tried to avoid responsibility.

KEN
Wait a second. Billie...

JESS
Oh my god...

BILLIE
You have laughed at death, Ken.

KEN
Billie, I'm sorry, I won't cheat
again -- I'm sorry.

Ken gets up from his bed, he exits his door into the hallway.

MITCH
Ken, run!

BILLIE
The first game was why...

KEN
There is no fucking why. We haven't
done anything, asshole!

MITCH
Drop the computer and run!

Ken hurries down the dark hallway...

JESS
Oh my god...

KEN
Fuck this!

Ken THROWS down the computer, as a bit of salsa from his
shirt SPLASHES onto the webcam lens, obscuring our view.

BLAIRE
Ken! Run!!!

The friends can't see into Ken's screen, because of the
salsa. But they hear things SMASHING, doors SLAMMING, glass
BREAKING -- all signs point to the fact that Ken has just
made a miraculous escape away from his house...

JESS
Someone call him --

MITCH
He made it.

And suddenly, as if answering...

KEN (O.S.)
Ahhh!!! Oh god!!! Ohhhh!!! What
is... What is that?? What?!!
WHAT??!! No no!!! Oh, no!!!

ADAM

Ken!?

And suddenly his moaning gets guttural and scary and weird...

KEN (O.S.)

Ohhhhh!!!

BLAIRE

Let him go!!

JESS

No....

MITCH

You're think you're brave,
asshole!!

And with that, the last bit of salsa drips off Ken's camera, revealing -- a view of Ken's head, turned to the side. His face is just perfectly out of view, blocked by a defocused ribbon of red at the bottom of the frame...

And suddenly, a strange little SPURT of salsa jumps from the ribbon of red, just missing the camera.

ADAM

What the...

And as the image sharpens and adjusts, we realize -- it's not salsa, it's blood.

Ken's laptop is sitting inside of his stomach.

The ribbon of red at the bottom, is the interior ledge of his rib cage.

MITCH

Oh Jesus...

Jess is crying again.

With that, Billie sends a file, via chat. It's labeled, "Why.mov."

ADAM

Oh, Jesus...

Blaire accepts the file transfer, and in a moment her video pops up in quicktime.

An iphone recording opens of HIGH SCHOOL KIDS at a house party.

They're playing beer pong, music blares, kids are drunk." A TALL BLOND (LAURA), finishes her drink and points to two GIRLS across the way.

LAURA

I thought I said no losers at --

And suddenly the video cuts to --

-- another video from later in the party. Laura -- now more drunk -- looks to the camera -- blows into the camera.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Get that out of my face, bitch.

But she's too drunk to effectively push the phone away.

And suddenly we cut again to --

A blurry video. Someone's running downstairs with a camera phone. Girls voices' giggle, grow louder as we approach. The camera phone turns toward the SHORT GIRL who holds it.

SHORT GIRL

You ready for this?

OTHER GIRL'S VOICE

Hurry...

And they get down the stairs, and see -- a SMALL CROWD in a corner. They're all laughing, recording something with their phones.

SHORT GIRL

Lemme through...

And that's when we see -- Laura passed out in the corner, her pants are wet -- she's pissed herself. But that's not all...

Some dude suddenly jumps back from Laura's body.

SOME DUDE

Oh... that is wrong...

OTHER DUDE

What?

But when the first Dude grabs his nose -- turns back to the crowd. We pretty much get it. Especially when everyone else starts grabbing their noses and jumping back.

SOME GIRL

No way!

GIRL'S VOICE

So gross!!

SOME DUDE

It's just leaking out of her!

OTHER GIRL'S VOICE

Ahhhhhaa!! Leaky Laura!

The kids all laugh. They like that -- Leaky Laura.

And then the video cuts out...

JESS

Ya. We've seen it. What's your point?

ADAM

Billie!

BLAIRE

Billie!

JESS

The whole school saw this -- what's your point??

And suddenly as we're watching Blaire's screen --

Her mouse starts RACING -- controlled by some unknown force.

BLAIRE

Guys, he's hacking me --

MITCH

Me, too!

JESS

And me....

ADAM

I think it's all of us...

The cursor moves through Blaire's Facebook. Clicking madly.

BLAIRE

I don't understand.

And finally we land at Laura Bower's facebook page. Her cover photo is her in a beautiful red dress. Her profile pic is her in a bikini.

But though she's trying hard to save face -- Laura's Facebook has become a bastion of high school shame.

Hundreds of posts and comments from kids exacting their revenge against the notoriously mean Laura.

We come to some comments by our heroes.

JESS: "Can't wait for the next video where you kill yourself."

ADAM: "R.I.P. Leaaaakky Laura....1995-2013"

KEN: "She leaked until nothing was left..."

MITCH: "Bullet or noose?"

VAL: "Honestly, Bitch. Kill yourself."

BLAIRE: "Leaky!"

Each of their comments has HUNDREDS of "likes".

BILLIE

You must be very brave to laugh at death.

JESS

This? THIS IS WHAT WE DID?? Laura's a fucking bitch!

ADAM

She deserves it man!

JESS

She told 3rd period PE that I have warts. She tried to get me expelled!

MITCH

She's made kids transfer schools.

BLAIRE

He can't be serious...

And that's when, another live video comes up featuring, a chair in the middle of a girl's room. And suddenly, a body walks by the camera, bumping it.

The camera tilts up, and we see --

-- A noose. Hanging from the ceiling.

And that's when Leaky Laura steps on screen. She's crying, there's mascara running down her eyes. But there's also a look of deadness in her eyes.

ADAM

Come on, man -- stop it! What is this?

Adam takes a swig of the drink.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Turn this off!

But Laura continues, stepping up onto the chair. The chair is wobbly -- and she steadies herself on it.

BLAIRE

I can't watch this.

Jess stares -- fixated on the screen.

Laura grabs the noose, and slips it on her neck, when --

The chair topples over -- and Laura falls to the ground, slipping out of the noose.

JESS

Ahh!

BLAIRE

Christ!

But Laura stands up. She turns the chair upright. And she climbs on again.

MITCH

What the fuck is this?

ADAM

This is disgusting.

And Laura slips the noose carefully around her neck again. And she stands there... deciding what to do...

And that's when car headlights flash through the window. Distracting her a second. She turns toward the arriving car as --

She slips -- almost falls off the chair -- and now she's struggling -- grabbing at the rope above her.

But then the chair slips out from under her -- and Laura kicks for a second.

Keeps kicking... it's longer than we want it to be.

Finally, she goes limp...

BILLIE
You must be very brave to laugh at
death.

ADAM
What the fuck is this?

BILLIE
You must be very brave to --

ADAM
Stop fucking saying that.

MITCH
When was this? Is this now?

JESS
This isn't our fault.

BILLIE: *Can't wait for the next video where you kill
yourself.*

BILLIE: Kill yourself, Bitch.

BILLIE: Bullet or noose?

JESS (CONT'D)
We were just joking!

BLAIRE
Please. We didn't want this to
happen.

ADAM
It's not a real thing. It's just
words we typed.

MITCH
It was wrong.

ADAM
It was words! It was a game,
Billie.

BILLIE
This is also a game.

JESS
Why do you even care about her?

BLAIRE
I know what we did was wrong. But
we're good people, Billie.

BILLIE
What are you?

BLAIRE
What does that mean?

BILLIE
The second game.

BLAIRE
Billie?

Off no response.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Huh? Billie? What does that mean?

MITCH
No one's laughing at this, Billie.

JESS
We're friends Billie -- we're nice
to each other...

Suddenly -- a download link lands in their inboxes. It's
called, "What."

JESS (CONT'D)
Billie, what is this?

But there's no response from Billie...

ADAM
Billie. What is this?

But still no response...

BLAIRE
I think we should download it.

ADAM
How'd that work last time!

BLAIRE
Last time Ken cheated!

ADAM
He died caused he tried to save us.

BLAIRE
Maybe this time we do what he says.

Blaire clicks on the link, and it starts downloading.

It keeps downloading.

And finally... Blaire clicks it open.

But the only thing that comes up is a black screen with a list of the friends' names: "Waiting for Adam, Mitch, Jess..."

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

It doesn't work unless we're all on.

MITCH

We're all gonna fucking die.

BLAIRE

Then why hasn't he killed us yet?
If we figure it out, maybe --

ADAM

We just go back to life as normal?

MITCH

Blaire tried to talk us out of
posting that shit!

JESS

Ughh!!!

MITCH

You're the one who forced her into
it.

ADAM

Cause Blaire couldn't possibly be
responsible for her own actions.
Poor, sweet, innocent, perfect
fucking. Blaire.

Adam finishes, takes another drink. Blaire's getting mad.

BLAIRE

Unless someone has a better idea.
Download the fucking game.

The file sits open on Blaire's desktop, as -- one by one, the names of the friends disappear. Then --

CIRCUS music BLASTS from their computers, as an animatic fades in from the darkness.

Pictures of the friends have been digitally animated so they all look like clowns. Their limbs dance around, crudely animated.

MITCH
What is this?

JESS
This is twisted...

ADAM
Good idea Blaire.

BLAIRE
Billie, what is this?

Continued silence from Billie.

MITCH
Maybe he's gone..

ADAM
Ya. He got bored, and left.

JESS
What are we supposed to do?

Blaire moves her cursor over Mitch's pictures and clicks. A text box comes up. It's of a picture of Mitch making out with some girl at a party.

Apparently, all the other friends can see it as well.

MITCH
Babe. Let me explain.

BLAIRE
What is this?

MITCH
Beth got sick. I was just helping her get water.

BLAIRE
Was the water in your mouth?

MITCH
We were drinking. Nothing else happened.

BLAIRE
I don't...

MITCH
Nothing happened.

Blaire moves her cursor to Jess's picture.

And suddenly, a text box comes up, showing an email that Jess sent -- *"Blair was being such a bitch tonight. She always has to be the center of attention."*

BLAIRE

Jess?

JESS

What? You were being a bitch.

And suddenly, enormous groups of text come up. In each case, they show her calling Blair a bitch.

"What a bitch..."

"...that bitch..."

"...bitch doesn't know what..."

JESS (CONT'D)

I don't know where these are coming from.

ADAM

That's from an email you sent me.

JESS

Like you guys never talk about me behind my back.

BLAIRE

He can see all our emails...

And with that -- Blair springs into action -- she goes to her email, and types in -- ADAM --

Hundreds of emails come up --

And Blair adjusts her search.

"Adam sex..."

And only a few emails come up. We just get little glimpses of their contents.

"Adam no..."

"Adam we can't..."

"Please Adam..."

Blair races through them, deleting them as fast as she can.

She goes to the "Trash" of her email -- empties it.

MITCH

Jess, fuck you for saying all this about Blaire.

JESS

But it's fine for you to make out with that slut in the photo.

BLAIRE

Let's stop fighting.

JESS

Let's click on you, then.

Blaire's cursor moves over to her image, but before anything can happen.

The screen goes black again -- and a single word comes up -- "Who?" The friends take a minute. Let this sink in, when --

ADAM

Who what? Billie?

A moment, then --

MITCH

Who WHAT?

And with that -- lightening bolts streak across the screen. As a graphic of a smiling, hooded figure comes up. Something simple and eerie that suggests the traditional Grim Reaper.

JESS

Of course. Spared at the last moment, Blaire Diller.

BLAIRE

Jess --

JESS

What Blaire?

MITCH

Guys --

That's when -- a scorecard comes up. It's each of the friends' faces -- and next to them a number. Right now -- they all say: 0.

And suddenly, a dialogue box pops up in front of the friends.

It shows Jess's picture with a speech bubble that says, "I cheat off Blaire's tests in Algebra 2."

TRUE OR FALSE

JESS
That's not true...

MITCH
Ya?

JESS
This is bullshit -- that's not true.

Blaire moves her cursor over to true and "clicks!"

A "You're right!" Dialogue box pops up. And next to Blaire's name, the number 1 appears.

BLAIRE
This says it is...

A second later, 1s appear next to each of the friends' names except Jess.

Next, a picture of Mitch appears. Mitch's face is smiling, and there's a dialogue box.

"Mitch is into "fisting virgins" pornography."

TRUE OR FALSE

The friends look shocked..

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mitch...

MITCH
It's not true --

ADAM
It doesn't matter --

JESS
Gross.

Blaire clicks, "True" and a dialogue box comes up. "Nope..."

Blaire's score stays at 1, as does Jess's. Mitch and Adam's scorecard moves to 2.

MITCH
Really Blaire?

Blaire looks at the scorecard.

BLAIRE
Billie. What does the winner get?

ADAM
Isn't it obvious.

JESS
What?

ADAM
The winner lives.

No response from Billie.

BLAIRE
If none of us answer none of us
lose...

And at that -- we see Adam's score jump to 3.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Adam -- what are you doing?

Adam's visibly absorbed in the questions. He doesn't look to the camera. His faces sours at the questions.

ADAM
I've got a fucking future!

MITCH
But we don't!

ADAM
Ya'll got the same shot I do.

BLAIRE
Adam!

ADAM
The man said the winner lives.
Forgive me -- I want to live.

BLAIRE
If one of us lives, the rest of us
die.

ADAM
You said that already.

Adam's scorecard goes to 4.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And ya -- I did that ok -- get over
it.

"Adam kissed a boy once in the locker room." TRUE

With that, Blaire turns her attention to the quiz, as do the other friends. Each of the questions comes up with a corresponding image -- sometimes featuring the friend caught in the act.

MITCH

Adam...

ADAM

Fuck you, too, Mitch.

And now the friends are racing. Adam, especially.

BLAIRE

Guys -- let's stop.

But Blaire isn't stopping either --

"Blaire calls Jess a slut behind her back." FALSE

"Mitch used to watch his mother change." TRUE

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let's stop before we find out
things we don't want to know!!
(off no response)
GUYS!!!

"Jess had an abortion freshman year." TRUE

Adam's already at 8. Mitch is at 6, when --

MITCH

Blaire...

And Blaire clicks to the next question, and sees what Mitch is talking about: the question she's been dreading.

"Mitch thinks I'm a virgin, but I lost it to Adam months ago."

Blaire moves her cursor to "false" and clicks. But it comes back at her in big letters.

TRUE!

BLAIRE

Mitchie...

MITCH

Blaire bug...

BLAIRE
It was an accident.

MITCH
Blaire...

BLAIRE
Baby, I'm so sorry.

MITCH
How...

Mitch turns to Adam.

ADAM
We didn't plan it man. It just happened.

MITCH
And then nobody told me.

ADAM
"Hey, sorry man, I deflowered the girl you love!"

MITCH
You're dead!

ADAM
If you haven't noticed -- we're all fucking dead.

Mitch turns his attention to the game.

MITCH
I'm gonna win this thing.

Mitch's points go to 9, 10...

BLAIRE
Mitch...

MITCH
Don't talk to me, slut!

BLAIRE
Please don't call me that!

MITCH
How many guys, huh?

BLAIRE
No more. I swear it!

MITCH

Like you swore you loved me.

BLAIRE

Jess, please. Tell him!

JESS

You knew I liked Adam, and you
still just took him for yourself.

BLAIRE

Jess!

JESS

So long as BLAIRE is happy -- make
way for BLAIRE to be happy.

Mitch is still racing through the test.

Mitch 11, Adam 11 -- Blaire 7, Jess 8.

MITCH

You will not beat me you piece of
shit.

ADAM

It wasn't like that.

But then Mitch gets to the end. And suddenly -- his face
turns angry.

MITCH

Fuck!

ADAM

What...

MITCH

Last question...

And we see Adam arrive.

ADAM

Shit...

Mitch clicks on the corner of his screen, sharing it with
everyone.

MITCH

You've fucked all of us.

The scorecard reads: Mitch 12, Adam 12, Blaire 8, Jess 9.

Mitch's screen then comes up and we see --

TRUE OR FALSE: "You are all going to die tonight."

BLAIRE

What are you waiting for? False!

MITCH

Watch...

Mitch moves his cursor over the word "false" and it disappears...

JESS

Oh, God. I can't take this. I can't do this...

MITCH

If I want to win, I admit that we're all going to die!

Mitch moves his cursor back and forth, so it disappears, then reappears...

And suddenly -- he gets a fire down inside of him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Billie!! BILLIE!!!! I don't deserve this! Them maybe, but not me!

BLAIRE

Asshole!

MITCH

You cheated on me! You lied to me!

BLAIRE

You're the one that forced me to write on Laura's wall.

MITCH

You slept with Adam!

BLAIRE

It was one time.

MITCH

It was the first time.

JESS

You wrote on her wall, too, Mitch.

MITCH

It was your goddamn idea!

JESS
I cannot believe you're pulling
this shit.

ADAM
Ok, Billie. Who won this game.

And with that, a hyperlink lands in their skype convo.

Proof.mov

Everyone clicks, revealing a wide angle shot of Adam and Blaire lying in Adam's bed. We recognize the angle as being from Adam's webcam -- the same one we see now.

As they lie kissing, Blaire slowly removes her shirt, she snuggles up next to Adam.

BLAIRE
Adam...

ADAM
We don't have to...

And the two gracefully fall into mad and intense making out.

BLAIRE
Adam...

ADAM
Blaire...

And with that, Blaire kicks off her pants, as Adam kicks down his. We see it from the back, as Blaire gyrates on top of Adam.

And then suddenly -- Adam moans grabs Blaire...

Silence, and then --

BLAIRE
It was your fucking fault!

MITCH
That you climbed on Adam.

ADAM
We were drunk, Mitch. It was my birthday.

MITCH
I sent you a fucking card!

BLAIRE
You were gone ALL summer. And you
kept talking about these girls.

MITCH
I didn't FUCK any of them.

The crew sits in silence, as Mitch starts to cry.

BILLIE
The third game is over.

ADAM
I won that game, Billie! Damn you,
I won that game.

BILLIE
The last question.

ADAM
Was a trick.

BILLIE
The third game was who --

ADAM
Who's despicable? Who's a piece of
shit?

BILLIE
Adam. You have laughed at death.

ADAM
No!

Adam grabs his gun -- he points it at the camera.

JESS
Nooo!!!!!!!!

ADAM
Bullshit! I'm calling bullshit!

BILLIE
And now, you will laugh at death no
more.

Adam waves his gun at the camera.

ADAM
Fuck you! I'm ready for you
motherfucker!!

The crew waits in silence, as Adam whimpers.

JESS
(sotto voce)
Please no...

As a HACKING noise cuts above everything.

JESS (CONT'D)
What is that --

But a moment later, everyone is still alive. Adam looks to his left. We see --

His printer is printing...

ADAM
My printer...

JESS
What are you printing?

ADAM
Birthday invitations, Jess.

BLAIRE
There's no point in attacking her.

Adam takes the sheet from his printer and reads it silently...

We see him holding the sheet. But we can't see what it says.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
What's it say?

ADAM
It says I'm not supposed to tell
you what it says...

BLAIRE
Adam?

ADAM
What?

MITCH
Tell us!

ADAM
No...

MITCH
God DAMN you!

ADAM

Fuck off!

MITCH

First you fuck my girlfriend --

ADAM

You're never going to find out,
Mitch. Get your narrow FUCKING head
around that.

And with that -- Blaire's printer suddenly starts to print.

BLAIRE

I've got one coming, too.

Blaire disappears from screen as she ducks over to her
printer.

JESS

What does it say?

BLAIRE

It's still coming, it's..

And then Blaire re-enters the shot, reading the paper.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit...

JESS

What...

BLAIRE

I can't... I'm not supposed to say.

Mitch huffs at this.

MITCH

Adam and Blaire with another
secret.

BLAIRE

Please, Mitch.

MITCH

I'm done with this.

BLAIRE

What do you mean.

MITCH

Finished. Signing off.

BLAIRE
He'll kill you.

JESS
Don't.

BLAIRE
Please, baby.

MITCH
(screaming!)
If you're going to kill me. You'd
better just fucking kill me.

BLAIRE
He's turning us against each other.

MITCH
I was gonna be your first. You were
going to be mine.

BLAIRE
If we don't stick together, he's
going to just pick us off --

Mitch starts closing down his windows. And in a last ditch
effort, Blaire starts in, as she's crying...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
2-4-6-8, who do I appreciate!

And finally, Mitch starts an intense jealous cry-rage. He
turns on Blaire.

MITCH
One fucking minute. That's what you
have. To tell me everything.

Blaire looks at the screen. Then looks at her paper.

BLAIRE
We met up once more. Adam and I. To
try it again. To see if it was just
a fluke, or something more.

MITCH
Where was this.

ADAM
My house --

MITCH
(fierce)
You SHUT UP!
(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Blaire)
When?

BLAIRE
After Christmas. Before we went
back to school. But we didn't do it
all the way. We just started it.
And it was clear.

MITCH
Did he touch you again. Down there.

BLAIRE
Just... for a minute.

Adam THROWS something against the wall.

MITCH
And since then. How much between
you?

BLAIRE
Mitch...

MITCH
HOW MUCH!

BLAIRE
We've talked about it. But never
touching. I swear.

ADAM
She's not lying, man.

Mitch looks angry, turns back to Blaire.

MITCH
And now the paper.

BLAIRE
Please, Mitch. No. I love you
Mitch.

MITCH
Show me.

BLAIRE
Mitch. Please, no! Please.

MITCH
Or I walk.... Blaire?

Blaire starts crying and....

Turns the paper around. Flat against the camera.

We see it's covered in tear marks. And we can hear Blaire crying in the background.

The letter is simple: "If you reveal this note, Adam will die." And as we finish reading this --

POW!

ADAM'S BRAINS SPLAT against wall. His body no longer onscreen.

BLAIRE

Oh, no, no no!

And slowly, Adam's brains drip down the wall. And as they do, Adam's printout floats down in front of the camera. We read:

"If you reveal this, Mitch will die..."

And just then -- Adam SLAMS down onto his desk -- a jump scare -- then slips to the ground, taking the paper with him...

Mitch is silent.

MITCH

I killed him...

JESS

Adam...

MITCH

He's dead, and I killed him.

JESS

Adam, no, no...

The two of them stare off.

Lost in thought.

But Blaire wipes the tears from her eyes -- and pulls up a search page.

We can hear Mitch and Jessie crying in the background.

BLAIRE

So what. We just lay here? Hope for the best.

JESS

I don't know...

BLAIRE

There's no point in playing along.
Adam was right. I'm gonna figure
this out. You can help me or not.

JESS

(bawling now)
Guys, the home page.

Blaire goes to her high school's home page, and it shows a picture of all of them: "Friends commit suicide in strange mass demonstration." Leaky Laura is also pictured.

But a second later, Blaire clicks off -- as she starts madly Googling things as fast as she can.

"Death online.

"Demons online"

"Billie demon"

And as the search results come up, she starts searching through them.

BILLIE

Blaire, stop. It is not your turn
to die.

BLAIRE

There's gotta be something here
that can help us.

BILLIE

Blaire --

BLAIRE

Shut up!

And now she clicks on "images" and hundreds of images populate her Google search field.

And the images flood the screen.

And they're mostly joke things.

Pictures of Casper the friendly ghost, screengrabs from horror flicks, cartoon images of the grim reaper.

But then she sees one.

And it's a photo of a police crime scene. On the ground are two "body outlines" a la CSI.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Check this out!

JESS
I've got something, too!

Blaire clicks "Share screen" as she reads and scrolls as quickly as possible.

BILLIE
Blaire.

BLAIRE
Here, mine first --

Blaire scrolls down and we see black and white crime scene photos of multiple murder scenes.

JESS
Deluth, Indiana. Two friends found
dead on their computers.

Blaire clicks through some of the photos, and we see images of two different victims.

VICTIM 1, a guy, is tied up by his hands and feet, hanging from a ceiling. Parts of his guts leak out from his stomach.

JESS (CONT'D)
Oh, my god...

VICTIM 2 has been beaten beyond recognition. His face is indented where it shouldn't be. His eye is missing, beaten out...

BLAIRE
A third friend was taken in,
screaming. She's in an institution.

Jess scrolls down through file photos of the GIRL, looking sad and traumatized.

JESS
Does she say how she survived?

And suddenly, MUSIC starts playing. It's loud and cacophonous -- like horns blaring and things blasting.

MITCH
What is that?

BLAIRE
Ignore it.

BILLIE

Blaire.

BLAIRE

Ignore it! He's getting desperate.
Jess -- what's yours?

Jess fumbles with her mouse --

JESS

The same, it's -- another survivor.
She said...

BLAIRE

What?

Jess manages to share her screen, as we see --

JESS

Something's happening...

And we see her screen... the words are starting to actually just melt off the page, as if controlled by some otherworldly force...

JESS (CONT'D)

Blaire...

BLAIRE

Ignore it, Jess! Keep reading.

MITCH

What does it say.

JESS

She says...

Jess scrolls down through her page, where it says "The thing cannot be defeated, but it can be outsmarted."

JESS (CONT'D)

It says we can outsmart him.

MITCH

He has all the fucking knowledge on the internet.

Jess keeps scrolling through.

BLAIRE

It says don't... you should stall it, refuse to play its games. Find flaws in its logic.

MITCH
Great. So the exact opposite of
what you had us do...

BLAIRE
Mitch, you're not helping.

MITCH
I'm SORRY!

JESS
Keep reading --

BILLIE
Jess, why do you frown...

And suddenly, on Blaire's screen -- a photo of Jess frowning
pops up --

Blaire SCREAMS!!

JESS
What?

MITCH
What?

BLAIRE
Nothing!

Blaire quickly clicks off the box, as another one comes up.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Stop it!

JESS
What's he doing?

BLAIRE
Nothing. Just keep ignoring him.

Blaire's cursor begins to move by itself, as it types in,
"Why so sad..."

It then clicks, "Share screen"

JESS
What are you doing, Blaire?

BLAIRE
It's not me...

Billie searches "why so sad..." and picture after picture of
Jess frowning comes up.

An unnatural number of pictures of Jess...

JESS
Blair...

BLAIRE
Ignore it, Jess. That's what it
said.

BILLIE
Jess. You smiled at death once.
What has changed?

JESS
Nothing!

BLAIRE
Jess!

JESS
I can't...

BLAIRE
You CAN!

Blair feigns calm. Tries to change the subject.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey guys, so -- what are we doing
for prom?

MITCH
Uh... Maybe we can start at my
house...

But Jess starts crying.

BLAIRE
Jess!!

JESS
I can't, I can't...

BLAIRE
Yes you can! Now tell me about the
fucking dance.

BILLIE
Jess. You need to answer me.

JESS
It's...

MITCH
Tell me...

JESS
It's gonna be fun.

BLAIRE
Ya?

JESS
And dance-y.

MITCH
What else?

JESS
Maybe, we drink...

BLAIRE
Mmmm! I can taste it.

JESS
And a limo...

MITCH
Ya...

And suddenly, Billie starts to get more desperate. He starts zooming in on images of Jess frowning.

BILLIE
Jess will die, unless Jess can smile at death...

And with that -- Jess erupts in tears.

Jess screams -- crying at the same time.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Turn that frown... upside down.

JESS
Ahhhh AH!!!

BILLIE
NOW!

JESS
Guys -- what do I do? What do I do?

BLAIRE
Ignore him...

Jess tries to smile -- but she's so distraught, she can't really do it.

BILLIE
You're not smiling.

JESS
I'm trying!

BLAIRE
Don't!

JESS
I gotta!!!

Jess tries to hold it. But terror and distress starts to sneak back in.

BLAIRE
Stay with me, Jess --

JESS
I caaaaaan't!

And now, Jess physically grabs her face -- and pulls it into a smile.

JESS (CONT'D)
I'm FUCKING SMILING!!!

And so now, she's wearing this deformed, disfigured, mascara-smeared monster face. As tears run down...

BILLIE
Bigger.

JESS
No I can't!

MITCH
Come on, Jess!

JESS
I've learned my lesson. I won't ever smile again. At anything.

BILLIE
Bigger...

Jess screams -- she puts her fingers in her mouth and now STRETCHES her face.

It looks painful...

JESS
Ahhhh!!!!!!

And then her flingers SLIP from her face --
She POUNDS them on the keyboard, screaming.
And then her image starts to jump, as her connection breaks.

JESS (CONT'D)
My connection's going.

BLAIRE
Billie, that's not her fault.

And then suddenly -- the screen freezes, and Jess actually has a really good-looking smile on her face.

But then Blaire realizes that the image is actually just frozen.

And over the frozen image of Jess smiling. Suddenly, we hear -
-

JESS (O.S.)
No!!! No!!!!

Jess's screams get high-pitched and frantic.

BLAIRE
Jess! Jess??? Stop it you monster!

JESS (O.S.)
Oh, god no. God no. Please Jesus,
no no no no no!

MITCH
Leave her alone, you fucking
monster!

BILLIE
You have laughed at death. And now,
you will laugh no more.

MITCH
Leave her alone!

And then we hear a smashing sound, and suddenly, her computer comes back online.

And Jess has A GIANT PENCIL STUCK INTO HER FACE. She's operating as if in a trance.

BLAIRE

Jess!!!

Jess grabs the other pencil, pulls her lips into a smile and -
STABS the thing through her mouth --

PUSHING it back into her head.

Blood runs down her face --

Down the great big smile she's wearing.

The makeup mixes with the blood and the tears, and paints her face as it runs down then drips from the end of her chin.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

No.... No!!!

MITCH

Oh, god. Jesus. God!

Blaire is just full-on sobbing now. And Mitch is crying too.

Blaire's makeup runs down her face.

BLAIRE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!
Please. I was wrong. I was so
wrong.

MITCH

It's my fault.

BLAIRE

Don't hate me. If we're going to
die --

Suddenly -- a phone alarm buzzes from Blaire's screen.

MITCH

What is that?

And Blaire starts laughing when she realizes.

BLAIRE

I set an alarm. To remind me to
sleep. Test tomorrow.

MITCH

We do?

BLAIRE

Mitosis...

Blaire keeps crying on out.

MITCH
I don't hate you, Blaire.

BLAIRE
I'm so sorry, baby.

Blaire expands the image of Mitch so it's full screen...

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Billie, we've learned our lesson.

MITCH
Don't do this, man.

BLAIRE
Billie!

MITCH
Man...

BILLIE
Only one can win.

BLAIRE
Please, Billie.

Blaire thinks.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mitch, we can do this. Together.

MITCH
I won't risk it.

BLAIRE
What does that mean...

MITCH
You heard what he said.

BLAIRE
No, Mitch. No!

MITCH
I won't let him, Blaire. Not while
I watch.

BLAIRE
We can try it!

MITCH
And if it doesn't work?

Mitch rolls back and grabs the six-inch bowie knife from his sheathe.

BLAIRE

Mitch!

MITCH

What are the fucking chances that
we beat this guy?

BLAIRE

Please no!

Mitch holds the knife to his neck -

He leans forward to get a better grip --

We see the knife TIGHT against his neck.

He tries to push it in. It cuts him a little...

MITCH

Come oooooonnnn!!!!

Mitch drops the knife. He can't do it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuck!

He grabs the knife again and he hold it on his eye.

He cuts a little slit near his eye.

He THROWS the knife down again.

BLAIRE

Mitch!

BILLIE

You have laughed at death, Blaire.

MITCH

(to himself)

Come ON.

Mitch holds the knife down on the table, point up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Don't fucking TOUCH her.

BILLIE

And now...

MITCH
Billie!!!!

BILLIE
You will laugh no more.

MITCH
Noooooo!!!!!!

And at the last minute --

Mitch SLAMS his head on the knife.

It STICKS directly into his eye.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh...

BLAIRE
Oh God...

But it's not short and sweet like he was expecting it to be.

Blood starts seeping out of the wound in little, sweat-like bubbles.

MITCH
Oh, are...

And then Mitch sees himself in his own webcam.

And he loses it.

And he grabs the knife.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Ohh!!!

And he pulls on the knife.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh....

And he pulls on it,

And pulls on it.

And tries TWISTING it around.

And we hear the sound of his head-bones crunching to death.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh...

And finally, Mitch starts SLAMMING his head down on the desk.

SLAMMING it!

AGAIN and AGAIN

PUSHING the knife DEEPER --

DEEPER into his head.

As blood starts spurting out around the eye...

And then Mitch brings his head up --

Looks right into the camera with his good eye.

And then he collapses, face first onto the table -- the tip of the knife barely sticks out the back of his head.

And at this -- Blaire SCREAAAMMS!

Mitch's skype call hangs up, and the image disappears. Now, all we see is Blaire...

Blaire backs up against her wall, screaming.

And suddenly, the sound of a door opening, as --

BLAIRE'S FATHER (O.S.)

Blaire! What's wrong.

A LARGE, FATHERLY MAN grabs Blaire and hugs her. Then looks to the camera.

BLAIRE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Are you hurt?

Blaire stops screaming as she looks at the screen, realizing, *she's not hurt at all...*

She stares at the blank skype chat window...

At a cursor...

Blinking...

Slowly...