

SCREEN TIME

written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Suffocating darkness. Nervous BREATHS.

A CREAK. Silence.

TAP.

A burst of light bathes ALICE (19) in a florescent teal glow. Her tired eyes fixed, staring ahead.

Another CREAAAAK.

The glow from her phone wavers as she rotates the device horizontally.

TAP.

PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode. A nearly black screen. Pixels dance to find focus against an unsteady hand.

TAP. Lightning bolt icon.

TAP. Video record.

An explosion of white flash fades into a swaying vignette of a rental home bedroom.

Shadows warp against the walls as the camera studies every corner. Stock image paintings. An unopened suitcase. Curtained windows. The door closed. Locked.

INT. BEDROOM

Alice's trembling finger hovers over her phone screen, sliding down to the quick settings menu. Data set to OFF. Her finger hovers, unsure.

TAP. Data ON.

A flood of texts fight for her attention: "Where are you?" "Alice?" "Please answer me!" "Can you just let me know you're okay?" "ALICE?!"

Suddenly, THUNDEROUS FOOTSTEPS: loud, rushing, barreling closer. CLOSER. CLOSER. BANG!

PHONE SCREEN:

TAP. Data off. Camera mode re-activated.

The camera flash tremors against the bedroom door.

BANG! BANG! The door rattles against the force.

INT. BEDROOM

The phone's flash beam thrashes around as Alice scrambles from the bed. She charges for the window. Throws the curtains open.

The harsh glow of the street lamps outside invite sudden depth into the room. Behind her: the bedroom door is now wide open. She glances back, horrified.

She rips open the window. Throws her body over the sill—panicked, desperate.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT

Alice somersaults into the garden, crashing onto the grass. She slides, wide-eyed, looking back at the open window.

Her hand fumbles for her phone, the flash beaming toward the night sky. She grabs it, holds it in front of her.

PHONE SCREEN:

The window is empty now, curtains swaying.

A distant RUSTLE. The camera swings to the bungalow's front door, yawning wide open.

Alice's breath quivers.

The phone camera pans, slow and searching. Nothing. It sweeps back past the window when —

TWO ARMS hang over the windowsill. A bloodied hand clenching a giant shard of glass like a dagger.

A FACE emerges, grotesque and fractured, shattered with skin-torn fissures jaggedly snaking toward two glowing eyes:

CAMERA MAN. He starts to crawl through the window until—

BLACK.

"Flash disabled due to low battery."

ALICE
NO! FUCK!

CLICK.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT

The phone dims. No threat in sight. Alice jumps to her feet. Breaks into a run. She throws glances over her shoulder.

In the distance, the headlights of a night bus. Hope. She waves her arms. Sprints toward the stop.

The bus RUMBLES toward her, slowing to a SQUEALING halt.

INT. BUS

Harsh lighting flickers across empty red seats and sun-worn ads. Alice bursts through the back doors, stumbling inside.

She backs against the wall, eyes scanning the open doors—between the back and the front.

The lights dim as the doors close.

An exhale of relief.

Scattered PASSENGERS glance at her curiously, but quickly return to their phones.

Alice catches her breath.

DING!

A PASSENGER pulls the stop request cord.

BUS ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)
(automated)
Next stop: Pine Ridge.

Panic flares across Alice's face.

ALICE
(whispering)
No, no, no...

DING!

The bus slows.

Through the key-scratched windows: the rental home not far in the distance.

The doors open. Lights flicker back on. The passenger exits.

Alice crouches, tense. She moves toward the center of the bus, eyes darting between the open front and back doors. It feels like forever.

She clenches her eyes shut. Tears slip down her face. Opens them again, hesitant.

The doors close. Lights dim once more.

Alice can barely stand, gripping the pole for support as the bus jerks forward.

A few steady breaths.

Unlocks her phone. Lifts it

PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode. Flash off. The camera shakes with the bus's hydraulics. Aisle empty. The few passengers pay no head.

The BUS DRIVER makes check-in eye contact through the rearview mirror. Back to the road.

TAP.

Selfie mode.

Alice's face is illuminated in the phone's glow. Behind her: the two fluorescent eyes of **CAMERA MAN**.

She SCREAMS.

The glass shard raises.

PLUNGES into her neck.

INT. BUS

Alice crashes to the floor. Her phone screen CRACKS as it braces one of her hands' fall.

Blood sprays furiously from her neck across the seats and window. No one behind her, but the wound is very real.

DING!

Reactionary GASPS.

Alice turns. Throws her phone up with one hand, the other clenching her wound. She winces in pain.

Her legs start exploding with STAB WOUNDS.

PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode. SCREAMING in agony.

TAP.

Front lens: CAMERA MAN VICIOUSLY STABS AWAY WITH THE SHARD OF GLASS WITHOUT MERCY.

SCREECH!

The phone skids across the floor as the bus comes to an abrupt halt. The camera faces the ceiling.

More SCREAMS. Blood SPLATTERING wildly.

DING!

The sound of passengers scrambling off in terror.

Alice's SCREAM becomes a desperate BLOODY GURGLE.

The phone shifts slightly.

Alice, mangled, her face torn, flesh hanging off, leans over the camera. She SCREAMS. Blood drips flood the camera lens.

TITLE APPEARS: SCREEN TIME

INT. MALL - MOBILE KIOSK - DAY

A Lite-Brite outline of a mobile phone pulsates above a kiosk. The booth, skirted by cheap phone cases, goes ignored by passersby.

KURT (17), wearing a food court-stained blue polo, boredom-scrolls through his phone behind the booth. He looks up. An eye roll emphasized with a SIGH.

KURT
(defiant)
No.

Riley (18), messy hair and perpetually scraped knees, runs up to the kiosk with a skateboard under one arm.

RILEY
Common' Kurt. I really need it this
time.

KURT
How bad is it?

Riley slaps his phone onto the counter. The cracked screen
jitters pixels like a malfunctioning Tetris game.

KURT (CONT'D)
You know it's a phone, right? Not a
fucking glow stick. What do you
expect me to do with this?

RILEY
You got anything? Maybe a "lost"
online order?

KURT
Dude, this is the second time this
month. You're gonna get me fired.

RILEY
(sarcastically)
And at the height of your career.

KURT
Whoa. Rude.

RILEY
Sorry. I'm just-

Riley looks at a demo phone's screensaver time.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(agitated)
Super late.

KURT
For what?

RILEY
(awkward)
I have a date.

KURT
A very important one? Who are you
the White fucking Rabbit?

RILEY
Jackie Reynolds.

KURT

Like fuck you do. Didn't she just
dump that college guy?

RILEY

I don't know. She asked me to hang
out. I didn't ask questions.

Kurt SIGHS. This is an emergency. It's Jackie Reynolds.

KURT

You're lucky. I bought this busted
thing off some kid earlier. Was
gonna fix it then re-sell, but-

Kurt pulls a phone from one of the several chargers. The
phone is cracked, engraved with crimson. A keen eye would
recognize it as Alice's phone.

RILEY

I'll take it.

Kurt grabs a key and uses it to pop open the SIM card tray,
replacing it with Riley's old phone's card.

He opens his contact list. Empty.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shit.

Another time check. He looks back up to Kurt. Taps the kiosk.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I owe you.

Riley hops onto his skateboard, coasts toward the mall exit.

KURT

(shouting after him)

Last one, Riley. Treat it like it's
your lifeline.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The sun's final rays bounce off the street's telephone wires.

JACKIE (18), indifference glued across her face, lounges on a
green transformer box, scrolling through her phone.

NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS drag in their ball hockey nets from the
middle of the street for dinner.

Jackie SIGHS. Walks up to her front door.

BBRRRRRRRR.

Skateboard wheels protesting against the uneven pavement grow louder in the distance. Jackie pauses, mid-turn of the doorknob.

RILEY (O.S.)
I'm sorry!

Jackie turns, unimpressed.

Riley toe-drag to a stop, holding his phone out.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(explaining)
My phone broke.

Jackie stares him down.

Doo-DOO-doo-DOO!

The distant sound of an ice cream truck JINGLES grow close.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(last effort)
Choco Tacos? My treat?

Jackie opens the door slightly.

JACKIE
My mom's working nights this week.
I have to walk Roger.

Riley blinks, confused.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You can join if you want.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights flicker on, struggling to outshine the dimming lilac sky.

Riley and Jackie walk side-by-side, Roger trotting ahead, his leash stretching to its limit. They finish their Choco Tacos.

Riley jams his hands into his pockets, nervous. His phone BUZZES. Jackie watches him closely. He pulls it out. Missed calls from unsaved numbers.

JACKIE
You remind me of my grandpa.

RILEY
Thanks. Wait. What?

JACKIE
Acts like he's allergic to
technology.

RILEY
I'm not aller-

JACKIE
It took you three days to even see
my DM.

RILEY
(defensive)
I *did* think it was an imposter
account scamming me at first.

Jackie laughs.

Another phone BUZZ. A text from an unknown number, the
content instantly recognizable. Riley sinks.

RILEY (CONT'D)
My mom.

JACKIE
You don't have her number saved?

RILEY
New phone.

Riley ignores the text.

JACKIE
You're not going to respond?

RILEY
We're not exactly on speaking terms
right now.

JACKIE
(curious)
Do you want to talk about it?

RILEY
Uh. Y'know how they tell kids not
to blame themselves when their
parents go through a divorce?

JACKIE

Yeah?

RILEY

My parents are getting divorced.
And it actually is my fault.

JACKIE

I'm sure that's not true.

RILEY

I was using my mom's phone to find mine, and I... found a series of texts, which were not from my dad.

Jackie slows pace. She feels for him.

JACKIE

That fucking sucks, dude. And I take you took the high road over extortion?

RILEY

Yeah. I guess.

Riley still looks haunted.

JACKIE

Give me your phone.

Riley hands it over, reluctant. She saves her contact info into his phone and hands it back.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Here. Now you've got at least one contact.

Riley smiles, smitten.

Jackie's pocket bursts into a glow. She grabs her phone. Squints her eyes.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Weird. My camera just opened.

Riley looks beyond Jackie at an opening to the park: A group of TEENAGERS, including Kurt, stand in front of a playground moments away from becoming a silhouette.

RILEY

Do you want to go around the park instead?

Jackie looks over. Sees the group.

JACKIE
Aren't those your friends?

RILEY
Yeah. Likely pre-drinking in case
"something" *actually* happens
tonight.

Jackie's eyes are still fixed.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Spoiler alert: it won't.

JACKIE
Is Duncan there?

RILEY
Uh-yeah?

Jackie tousles her hair. She looks over with a lip-bite of a gaze, coy.

JACKIE
We should go say hi.

RILEY
Really? Why?

JACKIE
I actually... sorry this is so
embarrassing... I asked you to
hangout to get the lowdown on
Duncan. We've been liking each
other's stuff lately, but he
doesn't talk to me in class? I
don't know. Is he single? What's
his vibe?

Riley's spirit plummets.

RILEY
Uh. Yeah. I... uh-

Riley grabs his neck awkwardly.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Shadows stretch across a small suburban park-baseball diamond, tiny bike-worn hills, a playground looming dark against distant park lights.

Jackie and Riley stand with Kurt, DUNCAN (18), a gym class first pick, and ZOE (18), eye always on the prize, under the boyfriend hug of FINN (18), born in the wrong generation.

The group passes around a water bottle of swampy looking water taking grimace-inducing swigs.

JACKIE
(repulsed)
What is this?

FINN
Vodka. Tequila... and, like, four
different ice wines.

Finn offers the bottle to Zoe.

ZOE
I have practice tomorrow morning.

FINN
You *always* have practice tomorrow
morning.

Jackie's eyes keep meeting Duncan's. Riley notices.

KURT
So, Riley-

Kurt shifts his gaze to Jackie, then back to Riley, who's silently pleading "NO."

KURT (CONT'D)
How was the big date?

A tsunami of awkward. Jackie realizes Kurt's insinuation. She bursts into laughter.

JACKIE
(clarifying)
Riley and I are not on a date.

Riley shrinks further into the background. Jackie and Duncan's eyes meet again.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - LATER

Riley's worst fear come true: Jackie and Duncan sitting on the lower-level twin slides, side by side, chatting away.

Jackie throws a ball, routinely. Roger runs into the dark abyss beyond the park light chasing after it.

Riley leans against a fireman pole, trying to ignore them.

Kurt and Finn goof off, chasing each other around the gravel pit below them. Zoe crab-walks over the monkey bars.

ZOE

Do you guys remember that game we used to play? Grounders?

FINN

Wasn't that just tag?

ZOE

No, no! If you were "It," you had to stay off the playground with your eyes closed.

KURT

Right, and if you hear someone, you can call it and open your eyes to check.

ZOE

Yeah, I think that game birthed my villain arc.

FINN

Didn't you get detention for blowing sand in Lindsey Thompson's eyes?

ZOE

(defensive)

She cheated.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

Jackie peers off into the darkness.

JACKIE

(yelling)

Roger! Come here, boy!

Riley's phone BUZZES. He checks it. "Unknown number" text message: "HERE."

Riley glances around at the group.

RILEY

(curious)

Are we expecting someone else?

Jackie WHISTLES. Still no Roger.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

FINN
(off Riley's reaction)
Who is it?

KURT
Riley doesn't have any contacts.
Again.

ZOE
Here. I'll add you back into the
group chat.

KURT
We have like four different
"Riley"s at this point in there.

Zoe TAPS away at her phone.

A chorus of cell phones sitting together on the playground
bridge light up in unison.

Finn and Kurt catch their breaths against the bridge. Grab
their phones. Both open on camera mode.

KURT (CONT'D)
What the heck?

The phones each flood with "ALLOW ACCESS TO" pop-ups. The
group mindlessly taps TAP TAP TAP TAP.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

JACKIE
Roger! What is he doing?

RILEY
(calling out)
Roger!

Riley WHISTLES. Walks over toward the park light's vignette
shadowing. Grabs the already-lit phone from his pocket.
Camera mode: open.

BARK! BARK! BARK!

Riley looks up. Puts the flash on.

PHONE SCREEN:

Blinding overexposed grass blades. The camera searches the
ground as Riley moves closer.

BARKS become louder!

BARK!

BARK!

Riley adjusts the camera vertically. He brings the camera up toward Roger.

RILEY

What are you barking at, buddy?

Riley pans the camera up: the back of CAMERA MAN, facing away from Roger, staring into the darkness. Shoulders shrugged. Patient breaths. Waiting.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND

Riley drops his phone for reality-confirmation. There's nothing there. Just darkness.

RILEY

What the fuck?

JACKIE

(yelling)

What is it?

Riley throws up the phone flash to reveal nothing but grass.

He tilts his phone up, looks through the screen: CAMERA MAN, breath rate increasing with each shoulder fall.

Riley jumps back. He squints out at the darkness. Back at the phone. What the fuck is going on?

He walks backward.

DUNCAN

Riley, what is it?

RILEY

Can you come here?

Duncan walks over with his phone flash light swaying with his arms. Jackie follows with her light beaming in front.

Duncan pulls up his phone. The screen's glow highlights Duncan's pupil-shock.

DUNCAN

What the-

BARK! BARK!

Jackie sees the beams of light revealing nothing in the distance.

JACKIE
ROGER! STOP IT! There's nothing
there!

DUNCAN
Shh! Wait.

Jackie pops her shoulder on Duncan's shoulder. He shows her the phone screen.

Jackie's eyes flick between the haunting image on Duncan's screen and the empty park before her.

JACKIE
What is that?

Zoe, Finn, and Kurt curiously rush over, pulling out their phones to shine a collective flashlight on the area.

Zoe looks down to her phone screen: The self-timer countdown flashes.

ZOE
Did anyone else's self timer just
start?

They all look to confirm. It did. 10... 9...

Jackie and Duncan take a step backward.

8... 7...

BARK! BARK!

Riley moves curiously closer.

PHONE SCREEN:

The flash-exposed back of CAMERA MAN, his elongated shadow flickering in front of it against the empty grass.

RILEY
Hello?

He puts his hand out.

6... 5... 4...

BARK! BARK!

3... 2...

The camera loses focus with a pulsating red and blue light followed by ear-piercing BOP-BOOPS.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND

Two police cruisers, lights swiveling, pull up to the park entrance. The headlights, once again, confirm the lack of any presence on the grass.

RILEY

Shit!

The group scatters off in various directions.

Riley runs and jumps on his skateboard at the opposing street entrance. Duncan throws up his bike and follows.

Jackie runs with Roger through the park path.

Zoe and Finn divert toward the nearby school.

Kurt, the slowest of the group, sprints into the void of the park's perimeter.

PHONE SCREEN:

RING. RING. RING. A video call symbol omits waves of light with each pulse.

Four video chat boxes pop up like *Hollywood Squares*:

- Zoe and Finn, slowing from a run.
- Riley, a background of slurred pixels as he boards.
- Duncan's head bobbing with each pedal.
- Kurt, unflattering low-angle, navigates through the darkness of the park.

FINN

Kurt, are they still there?

DUNCAN

(yelling)

Fuck'n piiiigs!

KURT
(out of breath)
I can still see their flashlights.
They're checking out the playground
I think.

ZOE
(relief)
That was close.

RILEY
What the fuck was that thing?

KURT
(disbelief)
Riley probably airdropped some
prank filter.

RILEY
What? No?

FINN
(reasoning)
Jackie's dog was barking at it.

KURT
Fuck *thaaaat*.

DUNCAN
Finn, you better not have put shit
in that booze.

FINN
You really think I'd do that?

ZOE
Has anyone heard from Jackie?

RILEY
I c-

DUNCAN
(interrupting)
I'll check in on her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights BUZZ faintly, casting pools of pale light,
stretches of darkness in between.

Jackie walks with Roger leading the way. She looks back: the
distant police lights flashing against foliage.

She continues walking, lost in thought.

A faint RUSTLE.

JACKIE stops. Her body tenses. She glances over her shoulder again.

Nothing.

Her footsteps resume, slower this time.

RING. RING. RING.

JACKIE flinches, then pulls out her phone. The screen lights up: "INCOMING FACETIME: DUNCAN." Her lips curl into a smile. She swipes to answer.

DUNCAN's face appears, slightly pixelated. She holds her phone up to meet eyes.

JACKIE
Where'd you go?

DUNCAN (O.S.)
I think I ran out of warnings last summer.

JACKIE
Are you home?

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Yeah.

JACKIE
Wow. Chivalry's a straight up fossil at this point, isn't it?

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM

A few never-touched guitars. Game controllers tangled underneath a hand-me-down flat screen.

Duncan smiles at his phone, laying on top of his covers, headphones in.

DUNCAN
That's why I'm calling.

Riley, finishes setting up a makeshift bed on the ground on the other side of Duncan's bedroom.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
I wanted to make sure you got home
safe.

Riley cringes. Tucks himself in. Pillow over his ear, laying
against the wall.

EXT. STREET

Jackie fights a smile. Loses.

JACKIE
Almost there.

DUNCAN
Is that Briarwood?

Jackie glances at a street sign behind her.

JACKIE
You trying to figure out where I
live?

DUNCAN
Maybe.

Jackie shakes her head.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Just kidding. I already know. Green
box in front of your place.

Jackie looks up at the green box in the distance.

JACKIE
(playful)
Creep.

DUNCAN
Grade 7 birthday party. *Twilight*-
themed.

Jackie rolls her eyes.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
And probably the last time you hung
out with anyone our age.

JACKIE
Hey. What about tonight?

Duncan's face scrunches as he leans in closer to his screen.
Jackie notices.

PHONE SCREEN:

The camera shakes with each step. Jackie's eyes on Duncan's static image. He leans even closer.

JACKIE

What?

Jackie moves out of the streetlight's glow. The camera focuses on the spot-lit ground behind her.

DUNCAN

I thought I saw something behind you.

JACKIE

Fuck off. What was that earlier?
Were you guys messing with me?

CAMERA MAN charges toward Jackie under the glow of the streetlight before losing visibility in the shadows.

DUNCAN

YO! BEHIND YOU!!

The phone lowers.

EXT. STREET

Jackie spins around. Nothing.

BARK! BARK!

Jackie scans the scene.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

(through phone)

JACKIE!?!

She pulls up her phone again.

PHONE SCREEN:

Jackie's face fills the screen, skeptical. She walks faster.

JACKIE

I'm gonna hang up if you're trying
to scare me.

Duncan tries to peer into Jackie's background.

DUNCAN
I'm not. Can you just stay on at
least until you get home?

JACKIE
Fine.

Jackie speeds up.

She turns up her driveway.

DUNCAN
Faster.

Jackie rolls her eyes.

JACKIE
Here. See?

She lifts her phone to capture the shot in front of her door,
keys in hand.

Duncan lays back, relaxed.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I have to get Roger water. I'll
text you, okay?

DUNCAN
Okay.

BUH-BOOP. Duncan's feed disappears.

Jackie's selfie camera takes up the entire screen.

She steps inside.

Just as the door closes, something MOVES: a blur racing
toward her.

The door slams shut, a resistance as she locks it.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - FOYER

Jackie stares at the door. Something feels off. She locks it,
then peeks through the side window: nothing there.

She side-CLICKS her phone into sleep mode. Puts it down on a
key table. Removes Roger's leash. Grabs his empty water bowl
from a corner near the staircase.

She walks off to a connecting powder room.

Jackie's phone beams to life: Camera mode.

She comes back with a full water bowl. Grabs her phone without looking at it. Heads upstairs, phone swinging from her hand.

PHONE SCREEN:

The camera sways, upside down: the front door visible, shrinking in the background.

A shadow lingers under the porch light.

The porch light flickers off.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Duncan sits, tapping away at his phone.

Riley writhes around, struggling to get comfortable. He glances over at Duncan.

RILEY
Hey man.

DUNCAN
Yeah?

Duncan's too locked into his phone screen.

RILEY
(sincere)
Thanks for letting me crash here.
Again.

Duncan doesn't register the emotional honesty, distracted.

He receives a text: a seductive photo of Jackie, reclining in bed in a nightie, with a message: "Made it ;)"

DUNCAN
(autopilot)
Yeah. Sure.

Duncan smiles. Types out a parade of devil emojis.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
(awkward)
I'm gonna go take a shower.

Riley shoots Duncan an "okay?" look while he grabs a towel off the back of his door. He opens the connecting bathroom before coming back to grab his phone.

RSSHSHHHH!

The shower sounds muffled as the door shuts. Locks.

Riley SIGHS. Pulls out his phone.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Home screen. Contacts. Only one: "Jackie". Exits. Text messages. Compose new message. Until -

Under the newly drafted text, a series of visibly concerned texts from unsaved numbers through preview: "ALICE?!?!?" "ANSWER MY CALLS! I'M WORRIE..."

TAP. Home screen.

TAP. Photos. Zoom.

Riley scrolls through the grid of images: eerie, empty shots of hallways, doorways, streets-disturbingly continuous.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

String lights frame Jackie's bed. Rows of hanging Polaroids decorate the walls. Boy band posters left up ironically.

Jackie props her phone up on the bed, against the wall. She goes over and shuts her bedroom door. CLICK.

She kneels on her bed. Checks herself out in selfie-mode.

PING!

Jackie focuses in on the notification. A new photo from Duncan. A shirtless mirror shot.

Jackie lies back on the bed, biting her lip. Another closer inspection. TAP.

JACKIE'S PHONE SCREEN:

Selfie-camera mode. Jackie uses her screen as a mirror, finding her best angle.

SNAP. She reviews, unimpressed. Re-positions herself. Lowers a nightie strap.

SNAP. Still not working. She drops the camera. It focuses on the popcorn ceiling.

PING! Incoming text: "No response? :("

She hovers over the camera. Props it up again into the original position against the wall. Behind her: her bedroom door is now open.

She pulls up her nightie, gets into a Sports Illustrated beach pose. SNAP. That will do. Sends.

INT. JACKIE'S BEDROOM

Jackie anxiously awaits a text. A cluster of heart-eye emojis. She smiles. Thinks. Looks to her bathroom door.

The string lights framing Jackie's bed suddenly fall to the comforter. She looks, startled.

She studies the scene. She lifts her phone camera, hesitant.

JACKIE'S PHONE SCREEN:

The camera surveys the bedroom. Slowly. Nothing there. She lowers it. A "what am I doing?" head shake.

The camera drops to Jackie's legs. She walks into the bathroom.

A BURST of light overexposes the camera for a moment.

The camera pans from tiles and a fuzzy rug to a light-framed bathroom mirror. She lights a few counter-top mood candles.

TAP. Front-facing camera.

Jackie tries a few different poses while her camera remains static up in one hand.

A hip-tilt. Side profile. Head back. Sends a pic.

She props the phone on the counter.

TAP. Video record.

She seductively turns her body toward the mirror. She shakes her nightie straps off each shoulder, letting the top slip off her.

The door behind her swings open.

Jackie turns back.

Nothing there.

She looks back to her phone screen: He SCREAMS in agony.
DIRECTLY BEHIND HER. A SHARD OF GLASS IN THE AIR, MID-SWING.

INT. JACKIE'S BATHROOM

Jackie spins around. SCREAMS.

She ducks left.

The mirror behind her suddenly PUNCTURED in the middle, a spiderweb of CRACKS.

She stares ahead in fear but there's nothing visibly in front of her. Eyes searching for answers.

She blindly ducks JUST in time.

Another SHATTER of glass behind her.

PHONE SCREEN:

The CAMERA MAN's giant shard of glass is planted into the mirror above Jackie's arm.

Jackie stares at herself in horror. She grabs a lit candle, swinging it wildly as she stumbles backward.

The shard flies out of his hand.

SMASH!

CAMERA MAN slams her into the mirror by the neck. Her body jerks forward from the impact.

She falls onto the counter. Her hair catches FIRE off one of the candles. She SCREAMS.

A mirror SHARD of glass tilts outward from the wall.







CAMERA MAN GRABS Jackie's flaming hair. He turns her face to the shard. Her eyes widen with terror.

SMASH!

He repeatedly SLAMS her face into the shard until her body goes limp.

CAMERA MAN removes the shard. A new weapon. Bigger.

Jackie's punctured face stares lifeless at the camera as flames begin to melt her skull like a rotting pumpkin.

PING! Incoming text from Duncan: "       "

INT. DUNCAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Duncan sits on the counter, waiting. It's been awhile.

He stares at the open conversation with Jackie. "Seen 13 minutes ago."

He side-CLICKS his phone off, bummed. Turns off the shower.

INT. DUNCAN'S BEDROOM

Riley pretends to sleep.

Duncan plugs in his phone on his nightstand. Hangs up his towel against the door. Shuts off the light.

Riley and Duncan's phones both suddenly GLOW against the darkness.

Duncan looks to Riley's: camera mode open. He looks to his phone: camera mode open.

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kurt, tongue-out, thumbs away at a video game remote. Headset on. Locked in.

His phone beside him GLOWS on camera-mode, unnoticed.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shelves adorned with figure skating awards. Plastic glow-in-the-dark stars plastered across the walls.

Zoe sits at a vanity, mid-bedtime skincare routine. She places a few star-shaped pimple stickers on her chin.

Finn is already fast asleep in her twin-size bed.

A halo of light surrounds Zoe's overturned phone. She flips it over. The camera is ON.

She looks back in the mirror, unnerved. Finn's phone is also glowing beside him.

Her eyes dart back to her phone. Turns it off.

She holds it up. Analyzes the front lens. The back lens.
Something does not feel right.

She peels off two more star-shaped pimple stickers. Places them on both lenses.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The morning sun teases the horizon. A light fog breathes over the sleepy street. Dew clings to the grass and slides down still-lit streetlights.

BBRRRRRRR!

Riley boards leisurely down the street, weaving from sidewalk to sidewalk.

He looks up to the horizon. Toe-drag to a sudden stop.

In the distance: a house with a green transformer box at the front. It's Jackie's house: roped off with police tape.

A team of COPS surrounds the property, a sense of urgency.

RILEY
(to himself)
What the fuck?

Riley pulls out his phone. Calls Jackie.

RING. RING. RING.

JACKIE (O.S.)
(voicemail recording)
You've reached Jackie. Leave a message, or, you know, text like a normal person.

Riley hangs up.

Tries again.

RING. RING. RING.

JACKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(voicemail recording)
You've reached Jackie. Leave a message, or-

CLICK.

Riley studies the scene from afar.

Concern grows across his face. He looks down at his phone once again. Pulls open the group chat. No way anyone's awake.

He starts typing. Stops.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

TAP. Exit group chat.

TAP. Open camera.

Patchy asphalt. A few lone leaves. The camera pans up to the crime scene.

ZOOM.

ZOOM.

Cops walk from the house to their cruisers.

PAN.

Jackie's MOTHER (47), in a waitress uniform, beside herself, sobbing uncontrollably on the front porch.

Suddenly, CAMERA MAN'S face FLOODS the screen. ZOOMED IN. Every horrific detail magnified.

EXT. STREET

Riley GASPS. Jumps backward. Ahead of him: nothing.

SNAP!

His skateboard splinters down the middle.

Riley blinks in disbelief, trying to process what's happening.

He pulls up his phone-

SLICE!

Blood drips from a surface wound on his arm. He grabs it, wincing already from the pain to come.

He RUNS into the fog leaving a trail of dripping blood across the pavement.

INT. ARENA - ICE RINK - DAY

An empty skating rink. Fresh ice reflects the harsh, gleaming lights overhead.

Finn sits alone on the bleachers. A disinterested YAWN. He taps away at his phone.

He pulls an airplane bottle out of his pocket. Pours a little into his coffee. Wait. Missed opportunity.

He pulls out his phone with a smirk.

FINN'S PHONE SCREEN:

Finn's coffee between his legs. He pours the rest of the airplane bottle into the steaming liquid. CLICK.

FREEZE FRAME.

He adds a caption. "FUCK THIS SHIT." Swipe. Time stamp added: SATURDAY 7:42 AM.

He laughs to himself. Sends to group.

INT. ARENA - LOCKER ROOM

A dim locker room. Several lockers ajar. Zoe sits on a bench lacing up her figure skates. A show-y leotard covered with a ratty old sweater. Ear muffs.

PING! She looks at her phone. Sees the message from Finn. SIGHS. What a dick.

She moves onto the other skate. Laces up to her ankles. Pulls. Secures the tightness with a knotted bow.

A RUSTLE.

Zoe looks up. Nothing is there. She looks down to her phone: glowing a black screen.

She picks it up, questioning. Realizes it's on camera mode. Hesitates. She peels off the back lens pimple star sticker.

ZOE'S PHONE SCREEN:

The camera pans across the empty lockers. Slowly. Studying.

Nothing.

INT. ARENA - ICE RINK

Finn takes a gulp of his spiked coffee, staring aimlessly at the unlit scoreboard.

CRACKLE! A pop song PLAYS through the worn arena speakers, echoing across the empty rink.

Finn SIGHS. Here we go again.

CLINK. CLINK.

Zoe steps onto the ice, gliding into the center with effortless grace. She strikes a confident pose, shooting Finn a glance, a silent signal.

Finn pulls out his phone.

FINN'S PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode activates. Video. Record. The frame focuses on Zoe as the pop song swells.

Zoe raises her chin to the air, launches into routine.

The camera follows her as she glides around the rink with precision.

Back. Forth. Back. A camel spin. Skate. A toe loop.

FINN (O.S.)
(faux proud/morning drunk)
That's my girlfriend!

The camera PANS with each stride.

Zoe does a sharp bracket turn, narrowly missing CAMERA MAN.

FINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK?

The camera raises with Finn's stand.

A ZOOM on CAMERA MAN.

FINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
ZOE!!

ZOOM OUT.

The camera pans to Zoe, she's coming back around-skating DIRECTLY toward our shard-gripping killer.

FINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (shrieking)
 ZOE!!!!

Zoe doesn't hear. She accelerates toward her next jump.

SLASH!

INT. ARENA - ICE RINK

Zoe's mid-air move sprays a SPIRAL of blood across the ice like an oscillating sprinkler.

Zoe WELPS. Falls HARD on her knees onto the ice. She submits onto her side. Looks ahead: the pooling blood sinking into the ice.

She looks up: nothing. Holds her wound in confusion. Reluctantly looks under her hand. It's bad.

The pop song continues to play.

Finn bolts down the stairs. Hops the barrier. Nearly slips upon sneaker-ice impact.

FINN
 (serious)
 ZOE!!! GET UP!!!

Zoe struggles to rise, staring at Finn in shock.

FINN (CONT'D)
 GET UP!!

Finn looks down to his phone, nervous. He slowly raises it.

FINN'S PHONE SCREEN:

The skate-sliced ice.

A shaky tilt upward: the blood spray on the ice.

Upward.

Just as Zoe comes into view: CAMERA MAN charging toward the screen.

Finn SCREAMS.

The visual blurs until-SMACK.

Black screen.

INT. ARENA - ICE RINK

Zoe looks onward in horror. Finn tries to turn back to run but slips. Falls on his face.

ZOE

FINN!!

He turns onto his back, eyes darting around. He looks to his phone, face down on the ice. He goes to grab it.

SLASH!

A SPLATTER of blood erupts from Finn's hand. He tries to move it. Can't. It's PINNED.

Zoe SCREAMS.

Finn wrestles through the pain, trying to move his hand.

Tears stream down Zoe's eyes as she watches.

Suddenly, she collapses backward. SMACK. She lifts her head off the ice in confusion.

Her body starts SLIDING down the ice.

An invisible force pulling her by her SKATE, mid-air like a jousting lance, leading her way: DIRECTLY TOWARD FINN.

ZOE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

NO!! NO!! NO!!!!!!

Finn SCREAMS.

Zoe wrestles against the force. Her glittery nails desperately CLAWING at the ice. One peels back. Ouch.

Closer.

Closer.

Finn's eyes fill with terror. He leans his head back as far as possible until it's against the back board.

Zoe spins over, desperately reaching for her skate. She tries to untie the laces. No luck.

BLORTCHHH! Zoe's skate blade IMPALES Finn's face HARD.

Zoe SCREAMS.

Her knee bends, unwilling. AGAIN.

BLORTCHHH!

Each impact splits his face further, the blade embedding deeper until it strikes the backboard with a sickening THUD.

Zoe feels a sudden release. Spins onto her knees. Looks over to Finn's phone on the ice. Grabs it.

SLICE!

Her arm SPLITS open.

No time. She hops to her blades through the pain. Starts POWER-SKATING toward the open board door.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

She throws a glance back: nothing but Finn's ruptured skull.

She JUMPS off the ice onto the mats. She runs as fast as blades against the ground allows to the change room.

INT. ARENA - LOCKER ROOM

Zoe rushes for her bag, sprawled on one of the benches.

CREAK! Wait.

Zoe turns toward the empty locker room. Looks down to Finn's phone in her hand. Lifts it.

FINN'S PHONE SCREEN:

Blood splats cake the lens, stealing focus. The dark background of the locker room a disorienting blur.

Zoe PANTS in fear.

A finger covers the lens. WIPE. Back up.

The lens surveys the room. Nothing. Yet.

SCHWING!

THUD!

The door FLIES open: CAMERA MAN.

The camera drops to Zoe's skate-tied feet: they PIERCE the mat below her as tries to run.

EXT. ARENA - FRONT

A mound of non-seasonal snow beside a cluster of dumpsters. One car sits in the middle of a barren parking lot.

The arena front doors SLAP open against the brick siding. Zoe, still in skates, RUNS against the GRATING gravel below.

CLACK! CLACK!

She digs through her bag, frantic. Searches for keys. Success.

BUH-BEEP. The car lights up.

Zoe GASPS to catch her breath. Makes it to the car. Flings open the front door. Shut. Locked.

Keys jam into the ignition. Gear thrown into drive.

SMASH!!

The driver's window SHATTERS.

SCREEEECHHH!

Zoe's car SQUEALS into drive, nearly fishtailing. Speeding out of the parking lot.

INT. ZOE'S CAR

Zoe, skate to the pedal, stares ahead wide-eyed absolutely HORRIFIED.

A glance to the rearview mirror: nothing there.

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A pot simmers gently on the stove.

WENDY (51), made-up despite an exhausted guilt, stands at the counter, chopping vegetables.

She glances at her phone on the counter: no new messages.

The sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING.

FOOTSTEPS echoes faintly. A once familiar sound.

WENDY

Riley?

She turns around. A glimmer of hope.

No response.

Wendy sets down the knife, wiping her hands on a dishtowel.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Riley? Can we talk?

A hesitant, distant CREAK.

Wendy waits, respectful.

KEYS JINGLE. The front door SLAMS shut.

Wendy SIGHS. Rushes to the front foyer window.

A worn hatchback peels out of the driveway. Wendy lifts her phone to her ear. Hangs up before the first ring.

INT. CAR - DAY

Riley's broken skateboard slides across the backseat with every turn.

RING! RING! RING!

An outgoing group chat video RING pulses on Riley's phone, mounted on the dashboard. He glances between the screen and the road.

No answer.

Riley exhales sharply, frustrated. He flicks the turn signal, eyes scanning the streets.

Another turn.

Another stretch of road.

Then: bingo!

In the distance, Duncan jogs along the shoulder, phone strapped to his arm.

Riley rolls down the driver's window as he approaches.

RILEY
(urgent)
Hey!

Duncan doesn't hear him.

Riley slams his palm onto the horn.

HHOOOOOONKKKKKK!

Duncan yanks his earbuds out, spinning toward the car. His annoyance evaporates when he recognizes Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you.

Duncan jogs closer. He stops at the passenger window as Riley lowers it. He eyes Riley's broken board.

DUNCAN
(RE: car)
Nice upgrade.

RILEY
(serious)
Something's going on.

Duncan studies Riley's expression, he's not fucking around.

DUNCAN
What do you mean? Is everything
okay?

Riley glances in the rearview mirror, his fingers drumming against the steering wheel.

RILEY
(impatient)
Can you just get in the car?

DUNCAN
Where are we going?

Riley, antsy, grabs his phone off the mount. He TAPS camera. Does a parameter check.

Duncan senses his unease. No more questions. Gets into the car, wiping sweat from his brow.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - DAY

An old-school, edge-of-town diner with scrawled sharpie graffiti-ed on the wooden booths.

Riley and Duncan sit across from each other. Riley's plate sits untouched. Duncan on his last few bites, unfazed.

Riley watches him, unsure how to proceed.

Duncan checks his phone. Riley side-eyes an open chat with Jackie. No response. Duncan locks the screen.

DING!

The diner door bathes the room in momentary sunlight. Riley stiffens. The newcomer is obscured by the height of the booth.

Riley slowly picks up his phone, switches to the camera, and angles it subtly toward the entrance.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Two LOCALS talking routinely. No threat in sight.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Dude, what are you doing?

INT. DINER - BOOTH

Riley side-locks his phone. Places it face down.

Duncan studies him, picking his teeth with his tongue.

DUNCAN
This about the car? You talk to
your mom?

Riley shakes his head.

RILEY
You remember what happened last
night. Right?

DUNCAN
What do you mean?

RILEY
Before the cops came.

Duncan thinks for a moment. Leans back against the booth.

DUNCAN
(reluctant)
Yeah?

RILEY
You saw it. Didn't you?

Duncan hesitates, flicking a glance toward the window before shrugging.

DUNCAN
I saw Jackie's dog freaking out at...
whatever was out there.

RILEY
But you saw it. Through your phone.

Duncan nods.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Only through your phone.

DUNCAN
I saw-

RILEY
That man.

DUNCAN
(uneasy)
It was... weird, alright? What do
you want me to say?

Riley bites the inside of his cheek.

RILEY
I saw him again today.

Duncan looks down to Riley's phone. His fingers drum
nervously against the back of his phone case.

DUNCAN
You saw him?

RILEY
You know how I bought this phone
yesterday?

DUNCAN
Sure?

Riley flips it over. Spins it to Duncan. Opens the camera
roll. Duncan leans in.

Duncan finger-swipes through a series of photos and videos:
room scans, perimeter checks, hallways, open doors.

Duncan looks up to Riley.

RILEY
This is still on here from whoever
had it last.

DUNCAN
Do you know who did?

Riley taps over to the messages. Duncan reads the previews.
Urgent. Ominous.

RILEY
Someone named Alice.

Duncan looks up to Riley.

DUNCAN
I don't understand.

Duncan takes control over the phone. He goes back to the camera roll. Scrolls. Scrolls. Finds a selfie. Opens it: Alice.

They both peer over the phone, studying. No social recognition.

RILEY
I think something is after us.

Riley pulls up his sleeve: a giant gash across his arm. Duncan's eyes widen, shock to concern.

DUNCAN
What the fuck? Are you okay?

RILEY
(dismissive)
I'm fine.

DUNCAN
Where did you see him? Where did this happen?

Riley gulps. Bites his lip.

INT. MALL - MOBILE KIOSK - DAY

The weekend crowd hums, a blur of movement past the kiosk.

Riley spins his phone across the glass counter to Kurt, mid-shift. Kurt squints at the image.

KURT
I think she was a senior when we were freshmen. Hard to say.

Duncan paces beside the kiosk, phone pressed to his ear.

RING.

RING.

JACKIE (O.S.)
(voicemail recording)
You've reached Jackie. Leave a
message, or, you know, text-

Duncan hangs up. Stress-GROANS.

KURT
(skeptical)
Just because the cops were there
doesn't mean it had anything to do
with Jackie.

DUNCAN
(snaps)
Then why isn't she answering?!

RILEY
(to Kurt)
Have you heard from Zoe or Finn?

DUNCAN
(off Riley)
They aren't answering either.

KURT
Have I? No? I opened today. Didn't
Zoe have practice?

Riley stares at Alice's selfie again, desperate for answers.

KURT (CONT'D)
What about those numbers that were
texting? Have you tried calling
them?

RILEY
And say what?

KURT
Here. Let me try something.

Kurt holds his hand out. Riley gives him the phone.

RILEY
What are you doing?

Duncan tries calling Jackie again.

KURT
Reverse image search.

Kurt taps around.

JACKIE (O.S.)
(voicemail recording)
You've reached Jackie. Leave a
message, or-

Duncan clenches his fist.

KURT
We've gotta social.

Kurt sets the phone on the counter. Riley leans over. It's
the same selfie posted on social media a month ago. 197
likes. 122 comments.

RILEY
No mutuals.

The display phones hanging behind Kurt all start to glow in
staggered sequence. Camera mode. A gallery of different
selfie-lens perspectives of Riley, Kurt, and Duncan.

Duncan looks over to see what Riley and Kurt are so invested
in until he notices the screens.

Kurt and Riley expand the comments. Broken heart emojis. Sad
faces. Woeful RIPS.

They look to another with a shared stomach drop.

Duncan, still staring at the wall of phone screens, squints,
noticing movement.

A FIGURE.

CAMERA MAN.

Heading right toward them from behind.

Duncan's breath hitches.

He spins around to the crowd.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Dunc, look at this.

No response.

Duncan stands still facing the other direction.

The two look up to him, confused.

KURT

Duncan?

Duncan stagger-turns. Blood fountains from his mouth.

Riley and Kurt freeze, then follow the crimson trail down to Duncan's completely sliced-open torso.

Riley and Kurt go white.

Duncan collapses to his knees. Intestines FLOP out of the widening fissure.

SMASH!

The kiosk counter glass explodes. A confetti of splinters.

Riley notices the phones. A screen-image collage of CAMERA MAN, blade mid-swing.

Riley tackles Kurt out of the way. A slash still manages to rip across Kurt's thigh, blood seeping into his jeans.

Kurt's pain switches gears to panic.

Mall-goers gawk, the sound of the glass shatter grabbing most of their attention.

Riley hauls Kurt up. They run for the exit.

INT. CAR - DAY

The setting sun zooms by as the car whips down the street. Riley stares ahead in horror.

Kurt's lip trembles as he continually looks back. Phone glued to his ear.

RING. RING. RING.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

(through phone)

You've reached the voice mailbox
of-

ZOE (O.S.)

(recording)

Zoe Donovan-

Kurt hangs up. Calls another number.

RING. RING. RING.

KURT
Come on!

FINN (O.S.)
(recording)
It's Finn, lea-

KURT
For fuck's sake!

WEE-OOOOH! WEE-OOOOH!

An ambulance whips by Riley's window view. Kurt watches it whip-turn down another road.

KURT (CONT'D)
It's heading toward the arena.

Riley grips the wheel.

RILEY
What street's Zoe's again?

KURT
Right after the next stop sign.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Slivers of light between blinds sundial across Zoe's made bed. On top of it: two thrown figure skates soaked in blood, chunks of flesh, a bit of brain, and clunks of hair.

Zoe sits in against the wall underneath the window staring ahead hugging her knees. A well-traveled stream of tears on her face, trembling.

The distant sound of a car engine, stalling outside.

HONK! HONK!

Zoe turns her head to the sound.

A car door.

KURT (O.S.)
(yelling)
ZOE?!!!!

Zoe crawls over to her dresser.

She reluctantly pulls out her phone. The back camera is smashed. She turns her phone back on. A logo boot.

EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - FRONT

A Tudor-style home. Zoe's car panic-parked diagonally across the driveway.

Riley's car sits idling against the curb.

Kurt gets out of the car. Cups his hands to his mouth.

KURT

ZOE!!!

Riley's heart sinks.

RILEY

Dude, look.

Kurt notices. Zoe's front door is wide open. Did she leave it open? Let's hope so.

Riley pulls holds up his phone camera through the car window, studying the scene. A notification interrupts the inspection: Incoming call: Zoe Donovan.

Riley answers.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

Kurt spins back to Riley.

Riley puts it on speakerphone. Kurt's curiosity flips to intrigue once he reads the name on the car dash.

Muffled SOBBING through the car's speaker.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Zoe?

ZOE (O.S.)

He's-

RILEY

He's what?

ZOE (O.S.)

(disbelief)

He's dead.

Riley and Kurt look at each other in fear.

RILEY

Who?

ZOE (O.S.)

(whimpering)

Finn. He got him. He-

They share a "she knows" look.

RILEY

Zoe, listen. You need to get out of there right now, okay?

KURT

Dude, we've gotta get the fuck out of here.

Kurt pulls out his phone. Camera mode. Spins around checking his surroundings.

ZOE (O.S.)

(whimpering)

I can't-

Riley looks up to see her staring back down at them from the second floor, phone to ear. She shakes her head.

Riley looks over to see a ladder leaning against a neighbor's brick wall.

RILEY

Zoe. Can you climb out of that window?

ZOE (O.S.)

It doesn't open.

Kurt leans in.

KURT

Tell her to run downstairs.

ZOE (O.S.)

(weeping)

I can't.

RILEY

Why?!

BUH-BEEP.

Riley looks down at the phone screen. A switch to video call request from Zoe. He answers.

PHONE SCREEN:

Zoe's terrified face fills the screen. She can barely keep it together. Riley's confused, studying eyes in the lower right corner box.

RILEY
What are you doing?

ZOE
I don't know where he is.

TAP.

Zoe's camera flips to front-facing. You can't see anything. It's cracked beyond recognition.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I think he's in here.

RILEY
Shit.

Kurt looks over at the screen.

KURT
Dial me in.

Riley nods.

"CONNECTING... KURT" Another box pops up: Kurt's face, unable to mask his nerves.

TAP.

Zoe flips the camera back to selfie-mode.

KURT (CONT'D)
Zoe-

TAP.

Kurt's camera flips to front-facing: he approaches the open door of Zoe's house.

KURT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm going to check and make sure
nothing is there. Okay?

Zoe catches her breath. Watches the shaking view of a P.O.V into entering her home.

ZOE
I'm so scared.

Kurt GULPS. Scanning of Zoe's unlit downstairs:

Foyer. Nothing.

Living room. Nothing.

Kitchen. Nothing.

Office. Nothing.

Kurt circles back around to the staircase across from the front door. He tilts up to see Zoe's bedroom door through the second floor banister.

KURT
Zoe? See?

Zoe focuses intently on her phone screen.

KURT (CONT'D)
Nothing there.

ZOE
Yeah?

Zoe takes a deep breath.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(nodding)
Okay.

- She extends her arms as far as possible. Uses her mirror image to check what's behind her from every angle. She comes to a stand.

- Kurt creeps up the staircase. Does a check back to the front foyer. Clear. Back up to Zoe's bedroom door. It CREAKS open.

- Zoe faces away from the door, using the camera to see what's outside of it from behind.

- Zoe enters Kurt's frame. Walking backwards.

- Zoe's terrified eyes focus on what's directly behind her as she slowly walks down the upstairs hallway.

KURT

Come on!

- Kurt's camera does a downstairs check again. Back to Zoe. She's making her way downstairs.

- Behind Zoe we watch descend through family photos until the stair void ends to see Kurt with CAMERA MAN bursting around the corner behind him.

ZOE

KURT!!!

Through Zoe's selfie-camera: CAMERA MAN slashes Kurt's throat. Blood sprays across the staircase. A second deep tear across the same spot.

Zoe runs back upstairs. Behind her: CAMERA MAN charges after her. She runs back into her bedroom. He's right behind her.

DOOR SLAM.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM

Zoe drops her phone to her thigh, spinning around to the closed door with a SCREAM. Locks it.

BANG!

The door rattles.

BANG!

Zoe backs away, terrified.

BANG!

RILEY (O.S.)

ZOE!!!!

Zoe runs to the window. Riley walks with the neighbor's ladder toward the house.

Zoe looks around for something she can use.

BANG!

She looks to her desk chair. Fuck it. She HURLS it a her bedroom window.

SMASH!

EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - FRONT

Riley lowers the ladder to connect to the eavesdrop.

Zoe crawls over broken glass toward the top rung.

Riley holds the base. His eyes dart from Zoe, in shock, trying to mount the ladder to the open front door.

He feels for his phone. It's in the car.

CLANG!

Zoe slowly descends the rungs.

Riley stares fixed on the front door, hands trembling.

The front door sways slightly. Wind? Maybe.

RILEY

Come on!

Zoe steps a foot on the grass. She instantly pulls her phone back up.

ZOE'S PHONE SCREEN:

Selfie mode. Zoe stares directly behind herself through the screen.

The background descends as she brings Riley into view. He steps back.

RILEY

Do you see anything?

She turns to get the front door in view of behind her. Nothing. All clear.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(urgent)

Let's go!!

She turns to face away from the ladder only to capture CAMERA MAN plummeting from the second floor.

Zoe SCREAMS.

Starts running.

Riley runs behind her.

CAMERA MAN chases with vengeance.

He's close.

Getting closer.

Sounds of the car ignition.

Closer.

Zoe ducks into the car. Slamming the door behind her.

Through the window: CAMERA MAN just swishing out of view as the car jumps into drive.

INT. CAR

Zoe lowers her phone in favor of catching her breath.

Riley, eyes glued wide open, drives foot slamming the gas.

Zoe holds up her phone to watch CAMERA MAN standing motionless in the middle of the street, glowing eyes fixed on their retreating car, shrinking into the distance.

Zoe turns to Riley, tears streaming.

RILEY

FUCK!!!!

ZOE

What are we going to do??

Riley doesn't respond. GULPS.

ZOE (CONT'D)

RILEY!!

RILEY

I don't know, okay?!

Zoe slumps back into her seat.

ZOE

Finn... Kurt...

Zoe jabs at Riley's emotion to confirm her own disbelief.

RILEY

(breaking)

I-I know.

Riley wipes off unstoppable tears. Swipes his running nose.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The tail end of town. A series of weather-worn billboards:
Fast Food up ahead. Gas. Realtor ads.

Riley's car speeds in the opposite direction.

ZOE (O.S.)
We can't just keep driving.

RILEY (O.S.)
Do you want to stop?

Silence.

ZOE (O.S.)
No.

INT. CAR

Riley stares ahead, numb. The exhaustion has dulled any
thought, leaving an eerie calm.

Zoe watches him, desperate for any sign of a plan. Her
fingers dance nervously over her phone, mind racing for a
solution.

ZOE
What if we get rid of them?

RILEY
Of what?

ZOE
Our phones. What if he's tracking
us? What if we're leading him
straight to us?

RILEY
And then what?

ZOE
What do you mean?

RILEY
We just... wait? Wait to see if
we're right?

ZOE
I don't know what else to do.

RILEY

Are we supposed to run every time
we feel like something is near?
Right now, at least we know how to
see it.

ZOE

(sobbing)

I don't want to see it.

Riley turns to her, sympathetic. Thinks.

RILEY

Turn off your data.

ZOE

What?

RILEY

Everything. Blue tooth. Location.
All of it.

Zoe looks down at her phone. "Low battery warning." She
complies.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Mine too. We just need to be able
to see him.

Zoe leans over to the dashboard-mounted phone.

DING!

A text message comes in from an unsaved number: "Riley.
Please call me. I don't care what you did."

Zoe looks to Riley, he recognizes the number.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Ignore it.

Zoe opens it anyway. The message, from Riley's mom, follows a
series of unanswered texts. The most recent includes a link
to a news article.

ZOE

Shit.

RILEY

What?

Zoe opens it. The hero image: Riley, Zoe, and Kurt's yearbook
photos. In bold: "THREE TEENAGERS LINKED TO SERIES OF MURDERS
IN SMALL TOWN".

Riley reads the headline through continual side-glances.

Zoe scrolls. Photos of Jackie's house, taped off. Blurry screenshots from the ice rink's security footage. Zoe's figure, frozen on the ice, pixelated and blurred.

ZOE
They think we did it.

Zoe shuts her eyes, overcome with helplessness.

RILEY
We didn't do anything.

ZOE
How are we going to prove that?

Riley takes a steadying breath. He doesn't know.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Where the hell are we going?

RILEY
(heated)
I don't know. Fuck. We're fucked either way, okay? I don't know what to do except drive.

ZOE
Riley. I'm scared.

Riley side-eyes Zoe, calming his temper.

RILEY
I'm scared, too.

ZOE
I don't want to die.

Riley's response: a harsh dig of the gas pedal. The car surges forward.

DING.

Riley's dashboard flashes.

RILEY
(defeated)
Shit.

ZOE
What?

RILEY

Gas.

The two look to one another, apprehensive.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A blood-red glow from the overhead lights stains the cracked, tire-worn cement.

Riley's car sits tethered to the pump, gas ticking into the tank. He watches the meter climb, his fingers drumming against the handle.

SSHHHHWWWWWW!

A transport truck SCREAMS past, its headlights slicing through the emptiness before vanishing out of sight.

Riley squints into the darkness across the highway. The wind stirs the tall grass, shadows shifting.

A faint SCUFF.

Riley tries to locate the sound.

He scans the lot.

Looks back to the station: Zoe shopping inside. Wasn't her.

One hand still gripping the pump, Riley leans into the car, fingers fumbling for his phone on the mount.

His breath grows unsteady. Unlocks the phone. Slowly lifts it. Camera aimed at the void.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode. Flash on.

The lens struggles against the dark, overexposing distant trees in its glare.

The camera pans: one way, the road blending into darkness. The other, the same.

Back across the lot.

A red, rounded square blinks onto the screen. Motion detected. A blurred figure looms in the distance.

Still.

Watching.

The autofocus fights to lock in. Almost —

SHWWWWWW!

Another transport truck SCREAMS past, a violent gust whipping by in blurred motion.

Riley GASPS.

The phone jolts downward, skimming the pavement before lifting again.

TAP. Focus.

The figure sharpens into view: just a scarecrow. Stiff. Harmless. Riley exhales, his breath shaky but slowing.

THUNK. Gas tank full. The camera falls to the ground once more as Riley places the nozzle back into place.

Distant payment BEEPS.

CLICK. The car door opens.

He collapses into the driver's seat, the camera now staring blankly at the overexposed steering wheel.

TAP. Home screen.

TAP. Settings.

TAP. Location services.

"USE LOCATION: ON" TAP. Swipe: OFF.

Underneath: Recent access: the typical mainstream apps. Scroll. Stops on one: FIND ME.

TAP. Home screen. A search-swipe through a grid of apps. A location pin icon: "FIND ME".

TAP. "FIND ME" opens.

A map: a bouncing pin at a rural hotel, not too far.

TAP.

Info expands on the pin: "WYATT HAYES".

INT. CAR

Riley's eyes flicker rapidly across his phone screen.

The passenger door opens. Zoe slides into the seat, juggling two phone chargers and a bag of chips. She gives Riley a quick, scrutinizing look. He's onto something.

ZOE
What is it?

Riley remains fixated on the phone screen.

RILEY
She had a location-sharing app.

ZOE
Okay, so?

RILEY
Only one contact.

ZOE
Who?

RILEY
That's what I'm trying to figure out. Wyatt Hayes.

Zoe shrugs. No recognition.

Riley taps "WYATT" into her messages. A few results pop up. He narrows his focus, scrolling.

Zoe plugs in the car charger. The phone lights up, but her attention is on Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Here. I think I found their chat.

Zoe leans in, her face close to his. They both stare at the screen, their eyes tracing each chat bubble as the messages unfold:

ALICE: Love you xxx! Good night :)

WYATT: You too babe. See you tomorrow. xxx

Riley scrolls until he stops at the more recent, relevant chat bubbles.

He stops at a caps-heavy section.

Their eyes simultaneously scan the messages.

ALICE: WHERE DID YOU GO!?!?!?

WYATT: YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME. I SAW
IT, OKAY? IT'S NOT SAFE THERE.
PLEASE.

ALICE: What are you talking about??
You straight up abandoned me. I
don't understand.

WYATT: I'm turning off my phone.
I'm sorry. I told you where to find
me.

ALICE: WYATT??? HELLO!?!?!?

Riley puts the phone back on the mount. Fastens his seat
belt. Zoe leans back, follows suit.

ZOE
How do we know if he's still alive?

RILEY
We don't. But if he is, then he
knows more than we do.

ZOE
Where?

RILEY
The app said the last place was a
motel off Junction Road.

Riley starts the car.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

"VACANCY" blinks in a dying glow. Beneath, the dim outline of
a neon blue-lit greyhound flickering in and out of view: "THE
BLUE DOG MOTEL."

The two-story building forms a hollow U-shape around a sparse
parking lot.

Vehicles scattered.

Weathered blue Christmas lights cut across the railings of
the second floor, tracing the outlines of sun-faded doors.

Riley's car pulls in. Tires CRUNCH over gravel. He parks
among the cars of wandering drifters.

The engine dies with a hollow HUM.

Riley and Zoe step out, their eyes scan the motel.

The distant static-y MURMURS of a television bleeds through the walls. The occasional dry COUGH.

The upper floor is dark except for the faint flicker of cigarette embers, rising and disappearing into the night.

Zoe pulls out her phone. Does a perimeter check using her camera lens.

Riley stares at his phone, the "FIND ME" app open. He zooms in, tapping the screen for clarity. The pin sits untraceable on the U-shaped silhouette.

Zoe glances at the front reception. The desk is empty.

They exchange a silent look. Now what?

EXT. MOTEL - SECOND FLOOR

A gradient of cold blue light spills down the hallway, casting long shadows under each motel room.

Riley and Zoe ascend the stairs, their footsteps slow, hesitant.

They walk quietly down the exterior corridor.

VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Don't you fucking talk to me like
that.

Zoe edges closer to Riley, her unease palpable.

Riley raises his phone, his hand trembling slightly as he opens the camera app.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

The camera flickers to life, insects swarming past the lens, briefly obscuring the view.

The shaky footage trudges down the hallway: empty, save for the darkened rooms with curtains drawn tight.

The camera shifts to the parking lot below. Nothing but cars.

ZOE (O.S.)
(quietly)
Riley.

The camera instinctively pan-whips back to the hallway.
Nothing there.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(more urgently)
Riley.

EXT. MOTEL - SECOND FLOOR

Riley freezes. Turns back to Zoe, whose eyes are glued to one of the motel room's windows.

He walks toward her, following her eye-line to: a phone, flash on, pressed against the window in front of drawn curtains.

Riley and Zoe exchange a look.

Riley reluctantly approaches the door.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Silence.

Zoe looks to Riley, a telepathic "Let's leave."

Riley's hand hovers over the door handle, his grip tightens.
He turns it.

CLICK.

The door is unlocked.

He hesitates, then pushes it open.

Riley stands back.

Lightly pushes the door.

It CREAKS open.

Inside: darkness broken by the glow of a television screen.

Riley takes a deep breath. Steps a foot inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Riley flicks the light switch. The bulb sputters to life before: CRACK! The bulb flickers. Dies. The room plunges into near-total darkness.

Riley looks to the television screen: a view of the parking lot being cast from the phone plugged in and wedged against the window.

Zoe enters, a wince from the smell.

ZOE
(whispering)
Riley, we need to leave. Now.
Please?

RILEY
Wait.

Zoe toggles the light switch. Nothing.

The feeble glow from the outside lights barely cuts through the darkness, revealing only tangled sheets hanging off the corner of the bed.

Riley squints into the shadowed room, his eyes searching.

He lifts his phone. The flash only scratches the surface of the darkness.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode.

The faint outline of a bathroom door, slightly ajar.

The camera glides over yellowed sheets. A graveyard of takeout containers.

ZOE (O.S.)
(whispering)
I don't like this, Riley.

The camera moves past scribbled sketchbooks, and damp clothes draped across the radiator.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(impatient)
Riley.

The camera sweeps over water-stained walls, back to Zoe - frozen, terrified - back to the bathroom door. Suddenly, the camera catches something:

A MAN, unnaturally kneeling, facing the wall.

RILEY (O.S.)
(startled)
WHAT THE FUCK!?

The camera WHIPS back to confirm. Drops to the stained carpeting. Swaying.

ZOE (O.S.)
WHAT?! RILEY!?!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Riley sets his phone, flash facing the door, on the TV stand. It does little to illuminate the room.

He steps into the dark, hand extended. A few BANGS as he fumbles.

Zoe watches, frozen in terror.

CLICK.

The bathroom light flicks on, revealing: WYATT (20), motionless, his back to Zoe and Riley.

Zoe stifles a scream, covering her mouth.

RILEY
H-Hello?

No response.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Wyatt?

Nothing.

Riley approaches, hesitantly shaking his shoulder. Wyatt falls limp to the floor.

Riley recoils in shock.

Zoe clenches her eyes shut. She can't look.

Riley flips Wyatt onto his back. His eyes are closed. His skin, still vibrant, unmarked yet seemingly lifeless.

Riley feels for a pulse.

ZOE
He's dead. We need to go! Please!

Riley continues to examine him, undeterred.

RILEY
(confused)
He's not.

ZOE
What?

RILEY
He's not dead.

ZOE
What are you talking about?

RILEY
He's not breathing, but he has a
pulse somehow.

Zoe paces, glancing nervously toward the open door.

A distant CRACKLE.

Zoe spins towards outside. She nervously lifts her phone.
TAPS. Camera mode.

Suddenly, Wyatt's eyes glow WHITE, visible beneath his
eyelids, which are still closed, red-veined.

Riley jumps back.

RILEY (CONT'D)
What th-

Riley turns back toward Zoe, but the television screen
catches his eye mid-way: CAMERA MAN walking RIGHT ACROSS THE
SCREEN.

RILEY (CONT'D)
ZOE!!! CLOSE THE DOOR!!!!

Zoe's eyes widen in horror. She turns, slamming the door shut
just as the figure reaches it.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Zoe locks the security latch with shaking hands. Backs into the room. She grips her phone tightly, locking the screen.

Riley looks down at Wyatt, his eyes no longer glowing.

He pulls out his phone again, tapping it. The camera focuses on Wyatt's face: his eyes glow again.

Riley turns off the phone.

The glow dies once more.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Zoe continues to retreat, her gaze frantically darting between the door and Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)
TURN IT OFF!

Riley glances at the TV, then back to the phone wedged in the window sill.

ZOE
WHAT?! What's happening?!

BANG!

RILEY
THE PHONE!

Riley runs over to the window. Rips the phone from the plug. Turns off the camera. Turns off the data. The location sharing.

The BANGING subsides.

Riley opens Wyatt's messages. TAPS on a conversation with Alice. A series of voice notes: a red exclamation mark next to each with the subtext "Unable to send".

Zoe watches Riley's intent scroll. He side-clicks the volume up, curiously.

The motel door shakes.

Riley scrolls up. Clicks play.

WYATT (V.O.)
(voice note recording)
Alice, listen to me. When you
finish listening to this, I need
you to disconnect your phone from
everything, okay?

Zoe walks closer to Riley to listen. She looks back down at
Wyatt's body.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
Trust me. Please.

Zoe and Riley look to one another, digesting the information
by the second.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
We can't see him unless it's
through he lens... but... when you
can see him, he can see you.

Zoe looks down at her phone in her hand.

Riley holds the phone closer to his ear.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
We are his eyes.

Wyatt's voice trembles into a sob.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
It doesn't matter if you're phone's
off or not. He's still hunting.
Blindly. We did this. We allowed
him in. He won't stop.

Zoe looks at the motel door again, it trembles against the
shoddy lock.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
Everything we've ever done online:
he knows. He uses. He feeds off.

Zoe and Riley take this in.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(voice note recording)
It's only a matter of time.

The recording stops.

Riley TAPS the phone screen back to life. He scrolls past a few messages. Another voice note. He clicks play.

Wyatt's voice hoarse, hysterical:

WYATT (V.O.)
 (voice note recording)
 ALICE! PLEASE! PLEASE TELL ME
 YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. EVERYONE'S
 DEAD. I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE.

VIOLENT BANGS from the recording.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (voice note recording)
 I CAN'T DO IT.

BANG! BANG! The voice note ends.

Riley tries to scroll up, there's nothing more.

They both look to the motel door.

BUH-BOOP.

Sirens WAIL.

Approaching.

Blue and red flashing lights flash against the curtains.
 Police. Double fucked.

The door RATTLES.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 (distant/over radio)
 Suspects inside the motel room.
 Approach with caution.

MOTEL GUEST (O.S.)
 (distant)
 What the hell is going on?

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
 (distant)
 Sir, please get back into your
 room.

A BANG!

OFFICER MILLS (O.S.)
(yelling)
Clear!

Another BANG downstairs, moving closer.

Another BANG.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
(yelling)
Clear!

RILEY
FUCK!

Riley looks down at Wyatt for answers.

ZOE
(terrified)
They're going to let him in.

The door RATTLES.

Riley bends down, inspecting him.

ZOE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

Another BANG.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
(yelling)
Clear!

RILEY
(studying Wyatt)
It's using him. Somehow.

Riley peels Wyatt's eyes back: pupil-less, inactive.

Another distant BANG.

OFFICER MILLS (O.S.)
(yelling)
First floor, clear!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Boots slapping the metal staircase ascending closer.

Another door BANG. Much closer.

Zoe watches the window, frozen in fear.

ZOE
 (quiet)
 Riley. Hurry.

Riley holds Wyatt's eyes open. He pulls up his phone. Unlocks it. Opens the camera.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

The camera shakes over Wyatt's face as his eyes beam white.

ZOE (O.S.)
 What the fuck!

A nearby motel door: BANG!

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
 (yelling/closer)
 CLEAR!

TAP.

Selfie mode.

Riley's sweat-pouring face. The camera turns so it's facing Wyatt's body.

Wyatt's face begins to trail with the shake of the camera creating an infinite mirror alongside an ear-bleeding distorted WAIL.

Demonic GLITCHES of CAMERA MAN's face flicker.

ZOE (O.S.)
 RILEY!

The FOOTSTEPS grow closer.

Suddenly, the lights SPARK out. All of them. The TV. The bathroom. The motel as a whole. Blackness.

TAP.

Flash activated.

A pan up to Zoe's terrified face. Penetrating flashlights wavering closer to the window.

The motel door RATTLES viciously.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
 Over here!

OFFICER MILLS (O.S.)
Dispatch, 10-4. We've got movement
in Room 19. We're approaching,
over.

Radio STATIC.

BANG! Their motel room door.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
(projecting)
This is the police! We know you're
inside. Come out with your hands
where we can see them.

The door continues to RATTLE viciously.

OFFICER MILLS (O.S.)
(confused)
Are they trying to get out?

A beat.

OFFICER BOONE (O.S.)
(projecting)
Come out with your hands where we
can see them!!

Zoe spins toward the door. Back to the camera.

RILEY (O.S.)
(whispering)
Come on.

The camera swings to the floor, Riley and Zoe's feet rushing
into the bathroom.

The glowing vignette of stained carpet transitions to cracked
vinyl tiles.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM

Riley ushers Zoe into the bathroom.

BANG!

BANG!

Not many left before the door is on the ground.

Riley holds the door handle to close behind him. Looks to the
rattling door. Down to Wyatt's limp body.

ZOE
(whispering)
Close it!

RILEY
We have to kill it.

ZOE
What?

He walks back into the motel room.

Zoe's eyes panic-glance between Riley and the door.

BANG!

Riley stands over Wyatt's body.

Zoe inches the door closer to shut, watching him through the ajar slot.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Riley!

Riley looks to Zoe. Shakes his head in disbelief of what he's about to do.

Zoe clenches her eyes closed.

BANG!

Riley takes the old box television, slides it off the dusty counter into his arms.

He holds it over Wyatt's body: his catatonic face reflecting in the black screen.

Riley raises the television as high as possible.

BANG!

The door splinters.

Riley SLAM-DROPS the television on Wyatt's face.

His body SPASMS.

Riley RUNS back into the bathroom. SLAMS the door behind him.

Darkness.

Riley's phone flash lights underneath his and Zoe's faces. The light jolts to the door handle. Riley locks it.

The flashlight surveys the darkness: A tiny window facing the back of the motel. Riley tries to open it. It doesn't budge.

A distant BANG!

FOOTSTEPS.

The cops are inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The door swings open: two uniformed cops, OFFICER BOONE (40s) and OFFICER MILLS (30s) sweep in, guns up.

Blood pools on the dirty carpet underneath the shattered television screen.

OFFICER BOONE
(into radio)
Dispatch, we got a DB. Room 19,
Blue Dog Motel. Looks like a blunt
force trauma, possible homicide.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(through radio)
Copy. Additional units en route.

OFFICER MILLS
Jesus...

He scans the room, jaw clenched.

OFFICER BOONE
Clear it.

They move with precision: checking corners, under the bed, behind curtains.

OFFICER MILLS
Door's shut.

He gestures to the bathroom.

OFFICER BOONE
Police! Open up!

Silence.

A barely audible SHUFFLE inside.

OFFICER BOONE (CONT'D)
They're in there.

OFFICER MILLS
(into radio)
Possible suspects barricaded in the
bathroom. Stand by.

They line up at the door, guns trained.

Behind them: Wyatt's body starts jerking to life.

The television seems to levitate behind the cops until it's revealed to be Wyatt, standing.

He tears the shard-toothed box set from his face with a wet, crunching RIP.

Splinters of glass embedded deep in Wyatt's skull. Blood streaming from his face.

His eyes flash: a strobing white like a corrupted signal.

Wyatt locks his gaze on the oblivious cops. The light from his eyes casts strobing silhouettes of them against the bathroom door.

The cops hesitate. Something's wrong.

They glance at each other. Turn.

OFFICER BOONE
(low, unsettled)
What the fuck?!

Wyatt yanks two jagged shards from his skull and LUNGES.

He lunges.

SPLURCH!

He drives them into Boone's temples. Boone's eyes roll back. Blood sprays from his mouth.

Officer Mills, horrified, scrambles to raise his gun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM

A phone flashlight quivers over the toilet tank. Riley lifts the lid.

BANG! BANG! Muffled gunshots.

Riley and Zoe lock eyes. Time is running out.

Zoe raises the flashlight, aiming it toward the small window above the toilet.

BANG!

BANG!

Riley SMASHES the tank lid against the window. Glass rains outside onto the concrete two stories below.

BLAM!

BLAM!

Two bullets punch holes through the wall. Light knives through.

RILEY

GO!

He boosts Zoe up. She throws a towel over the broken edges and crawls through.

BLAM! Another blast of light.

She lowers herself outside as far as she can. Drops.

A soft, distant WHUMP.

BLAM!

Riley glances back. Light flickers through the holes, blocked and unblocked in chaotic bursts. Fighting.

He peeks through one just as:

WHAM! Mills' blood-splattered face SLAMS into the bullet hole, dead eyes wide.

Riley recoils.

No more hesitation. He climbs onto the toilet, pulls himself through the window.

THWACK!

The bathroom door crashes open.

Wyatt, soaked in blood, fills the doorway, eyes still strobing erratically.

For one breathless second, Riley and Wyatt lock eyes.

Riley drops.

EXT. MOTEL - BACK ALLEY

Riley winces as he recovers from the landing.

Zoe runs over to help him up.

He looks back up to the window: it strobes with light until it slowly fades away.

RILEY
He's coming.

Zoe raises her phone, ready to scan the perimeter.

RILEY (CONT'D)
No-

He stops her.

RILEY (CONT'D)
He's in Wyatt.

ZOE
What?

Riley scans the alley. One end: a towering brick wall--no chance. The other: dumpsters and a tight bend back to the parking lot.

Riley feels for his keys. Grabs Zoes hand. Pulls her to the corner. Cautiously peeks around: nothing. For now.

CLANG. A metal staircase groans in the distance.

RILEY
We have to run.

Zoe nods, tears brimming.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Don't look back. Just fucking RUN.

Like a starter pistol fired, they BOLT, vanishing around the motel's edge.

EXT. MOTEL - FRONT

The parking lot pulses with flashing red and blue. Empty cop cars strobe. No sirens. No cops. Just lights.

Riley and Zoe sprint toward their car at the far end. Zoe lags behind.

Riley turns back.

Zoe's limping, gritting through the pain, but it's written all over her face.

He looks down. Her leg: bleeding, bent, broken. Shit.

Behind them: WYATT BURSTS INTO THE LIGHT, full-speed charging from the motel entrance.

Riley runs back. Throws Zoe's arm over his shoulder.

They hobble together, fast as her busted leg allows, toward the lone car in the dark.

Wyatt's gaining.

Closer.

Closer.

They separate around the vehicle.

Riley fumbles with the keys.

Zoe claws at the handle, panic rising.

Wyatt is getting closer by the millisecond.

CLICK. Unlocked.

They throw themselves inside. Doors SLAM behind them. LOCK.

Wyatt doesn't stop. He runs and LEAPS onto the hood of the car.

SMACK!

Riley twists the key. The engine stutters.

Wyatt plants both hands on the windshield.

His wild eyes lock on them.

Then he throws his head back.

SMACK!

His skull crashes into the glass. No hesitation. No pain.

Zoe SCREAMS.

Again. SMACK!

A web of cracks blooms across the windshield.

SMACK!

CRACK!

SMACK!

The ignition roars to life. Finally.

SMACK!

Too late.

The windshield gives. Shards rain down on Riley and Zoe.

Wyatt's halfway inside.

Riley slams the car into reverse.

Tires SHRIEK!

The car whips into a reverse donut spin.

Wyatt flies off the hood. Slams onto the pavement, rolling into the darkness.

The car speeds down the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Riley brushes glass off of his lap. Ducks to see the road ahead beneath the shattered windshield frame.

ZOE
(wincing)
Ahh! Fuuuuuck!

Riley looks to Zoe. Down. Blood pooling on the foot mat.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
I need a hospital.

Riley looks to his phone next to the shift: data off. He looks back to her.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Riley. I need-

RILEY
I know.

Riley looks out at the rural road. Lost.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(defeated)
I don't know where one is.

Zoe looks to the phone. She understands the dilemma. She takes a deep breath.

ZOE
Just keep driving.

Riley hammers his foot on the gas.

Zoe tries to move her leg. Winces.

Riley studies her: lips turning blue.

RILEY
We need to stop the bleeding.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Riley's car pulls over on a winding road flanked by an endless wall of forest.

Moonlight casts a cold glow, just enough to sketch the telephone wires and creeping foliage edging the blacktop.

Riley hops out of the car around to the passenger side.

RILEY
Let me see.

Riley leans in. He flicks on the dome light. Zoe's leg is a wreck. He yanks off his sweater.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm going to apply some pressure,
okay?

ZOE
Do you even know what you're doing?

RILEY
I know we don't have another
option.

She nods, biting her lip.

He wraps the sweater tightly around her leg, hands shaking.

A faint RUSTLE from the trees.

They freeze. Listening. They both turn toward the sound:
nothing. Wind wrestling grass.

Riley tightens the makeshift bandage.

ZOE
AHHHHH! FUCK!

Tightens it more.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(surrendering)
STOP!

Riley backs off, hands soaked in blood.

RILEY
I'm getting us to a hospital.

He grabs his phone off the dash.

ZOE
(scared)
Wait, wait, wait! What if we drive
just a couple more miles? There has
to be something.

Too late. Riley swipes down the phone menu. Data: ON. It
instantly goes to CAMERA MODE. He stares at his mirrored
selfie instantly knowing he's not the only audience.

CLICK. DATA: OFF.

KSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH.

The radio lights bursts on. AM static.

KSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Loud. Growing louder.

RILEY
What the fuck?

Riley slams the off button. Nothing.

KSSHHHHHHHHHH. The sound starts warping into a distorted
SCREAM. Angry. Wailing.

Zoe clutches her ears.

Riley turns off the car ignition.

Silence.

The distortion echoes down the desolate road.

Riley checks his phone menu again: Bluetooth enabled. He toggles it off.

A SPARK.

Riley and Zoe look ahead at the telephone wires ahead. They SIZZLE and SNAP to silence.

WAAHHH-OOHHH! WAAHHH-OOHHH!

Riley and Zoe look to each other. No escape.

Red and blue lights strobe through the rear window.

TWO COP CARS. Front and back.

Boxed in.

A bullhorn CRACKLES from outside.

COP (O.S.)
(static-filtered)
Hands where we can see 'em! Exit
the vehicle slowly!

ZOE
(whispers)
I can't...

RILEY
(whispers back)
They'll shoot if we don't.

He raises his hands and steps back from the car, shielding his eyes.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
She's injured!

COP (O.S.)
(static-filtered)
Hands high. Step away from the
vehicle.

Riley obeys. Steps into the middle of the road.

COPS flank, guns drawn.

RILEY
(pleading)
My friend is hurt. She needs an ambulance.

DEPUTY HASKINS
(into radio)
This is Unit Two. Visual on both suspects. One is injured. No immediate aggression. Requesting medics, Code Three.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(radio)
Copy, Unit Two. Ambulance en route.

DEPUTY MORALES approaches with a flashlight, scanning the back of the vehicle.

DEPUTY HASKINS
Is anyone else in the vehicle?

RILEY
No. No. Just her. She's hurt badly.
Plea-

DEPUTY HASKINS
On your knees. Easy. Then we'll talk.

Riley drops to his knees, hands on his head, jaw clenched.

Deputy Morales circles to the passenger side, flashlight and pistol ready. The beam lands on Zoe.

DEPUTY MORALES
(into radio)
Major trauma. Female. Teen.
Compound fracture, heavy bleed.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(radio)
Ambulance is ten minutes out.

ZOE
(desperate)
It wasn't us... Please...

DEPUTY MORALES
We're getting you out. Keep your hands visible. Got it?

Zoe nods, unsure.

He holsters his weapon and kneels.

DEPUTY MORALES (CONT'D)
On three, I pull you out. Sudden
moves and this goes bad.
Understand?

ZOE
(biting down)
Just do it.

He yanks.

Zoe SCREAMS. Raw. Guttural.

Morales braces her against the hood. Cuffs her. Her head
turns. She sees something.

Far down the road: **WYATT**.

Charging toward them.

Blood-soaked.

Eyes flickering white.

Zoe SCREAMS again.

ZOE (CONT'D)
NOOO!!!!!!!!

Riley looks up. Notices. Fuck.

The cops all notice. Their guns snap to the incoming blood-
splattered force.

DEPUTY HASKINS
(yelling)
This is law enforcement! Hands
where we can see 'em! NOW!

OFFICER NGUYEN's flashlight scans his bloodied appearance.

OFFICER NGUYEN
(yelling)
STOP! Get on the ground!!

DEPUTY MORALES
Hands in the air!!

The cops stare at Wyatt, bewildered. He doesn't slow.

DEPUTY HASKINS
SHOOT HIM! DROP HIM NOW!

GUNFIRE ERUPTS.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Muzzles flash.

Shells hit the asphalt.

Four officers unload everything they've got.

WYATT DOESN'T SLOW.

BULLETS TEAR THROUGH HIM: shoulder, gut, chest. His body jerks. He keeps charging. His head snaps slightly with each shot. No stumble. No hesitation.

DEPUTY MORALES
WHAT THE FUCK!?!

One last barrage. Wyatt's body, riddled with holes, finally crumples to the pavement.

The cops freeze. Staring. No one moves.

Riley and Zoe look to each other. It's not over.

She struggles against her cuffs. Morales runs back.

DEPUTY MORALES (CONT'D)
Hey!

He grabs her cuffed hands, gains control.

ZOE
NO! PLEASE!!!

Riley, horrified, looks down at his pocket: his phone glowing.

He palms it carefully. Tilts it up at Zoe. His expression drains. Pure terror.

ZOE (CONT'D)
PLEASE!!!!

SPLAT!

Her body jerks violently. Suddenly, she's FILLETED OPEN from the inside.

Blood and tissue SPRAY across Morales's face.

He staggers back, holding Zoe's severed, cuffed hands.

He drops them.

Zoe's body is TORN apart, piece by piece. Limbs yanked into the darkness by an invisible force.

The cops look on, helpless.

Riley knows this his only opportunity to escape. He RUNS into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Riley rips through wild branches as he runs rampantly through the forest. Into the darkness.

He looks back. Nothing trailing him. That he can see at least.

He pulls out his phone, mid-run.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Camera mode. Flash erupts on.

Spiderwebs of overexposed branches whip by. Camera too shaky to find focus.

TAP.

Front-facing camera.

Riley's expression: pure horror.

His eyes dart between dodging branches ahead and looking behind him through the screen.

Something is after him. It's CAMERA MAN.

The camera drops.

Riley's feet creating a storm of dry leaves. The dead trees caging in the night sky above.

EXT. WOODS

Riley hops over protruding tree roots. Desperately barreling forward. He repeatedly looks back.

Suddenly, his foot reaches to no ground impact. A hill.

THWUMP!

THUD!

Riley descends into the darkness. He tumbles down a hill, somersaulting until his back SLAMS against a tree trunk.

SMACK!

He winces from the impact.

Stretches his back in pain.

His phone lays lit on the grass beside him. Camera mode: still activated.

He looks ahead at the dark hill crowned by skeletal trees. Wind HOWLS above. Rocks plinko down the hill from the fall.

He GULPS.

Raises his phone.

RILEY'S PHONE SCREEN:

Darkness.

TAP.

Flash on. The foreground of the bottom of the hill comes into focus.

Riley's breathing increases.

A perimeter scan: trees, veiny roots emerging from the ground, dead leaves being gently guided by the breeze.

Back to in front of Riley. His shoes dig into the dirt below to help him sit up.

RILEY

Agh!

Too painful. He stays seated.

He tilts the camera up: CAMERA MAN crawling down the hill toward him like a white-eyed predator.

His heart rate skyrockets.

Closer.

Closer.

Riley wriggles his feet again but he's broken something.

Closer.

Closer.

BLACK.

"Flash disabled due to low battery."

EXT. WOODS

Riley stares at his phone in terror. The camera only shows black. He looks back up at the hill.

CAMERA MAN is approaching, but where is he now? How long? When?

Riley grits his teeth, trembling.

His hands grip the dirt in anticipation of blood shed.

He clenches his eyes shut.

Nothing happens.

Riley wrenches one eye open.

Nothing.

Both eyes now.

They ROLL BACK.

His mouth slackens.

His entire body goes limp.

His hand, cradling his unlocked phone, drags against the ground.

The screen lights up: DATA ON.

The phone explodes with noise: Texts. Emails. Alerts. A digital seizure. Glitched bursts of sound and light. A corrupted mail merge gone sentient.

CUT TO:

BLACK (RILEY'S POV)

Panicked BREATHS. Riley's. The breaths are ragged. Close. Too close. Like it's our own.

RILEY
(confused)
What?!

No visuals. Just the sound of warped, shifting movement.

RILEY (CONT'D)
What's going on!?!

His breaths increase. Sharp. Erratic.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Helloooo????

His voice glitches, warping into an ear-piercingly horrific, autotuned echo.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(techno-demonic)
H-h-h-ell-o-o-o-o-o-o?!

Even his breaths stutter now. Increasingly non-human. A virus taking over successfully.

SCREENS begin to flood the void. Tiny camera feeds, growing like digital spores.

We drift across each feed. Each portal. A first-person Virtual Reality game menu-like experience.

Closer on one feed.

It grows larger.

Larger.

EXT. WOODS

Riley lies in the dirt, eyes to the stars.

His pupils fade into a glowing white.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Flashlights slice through the woods.

Officer Nguyen moves cautiously, hand on her weapon.

Deputy Haskins inspects Riley's car.

Zoe's body lies torn to shreds across the blood-slicked pavement.

Deputy Morales stands frozen, face pale, weapon shaking at his side.

The ambulance pulls up.

An EMT jumps out. Takes in the carnage. Recoils.

EMT
Jesus Christ. What the hell
happened?

DEPUTY MORALES
(still in shock)
She was standing right there. I
don't understand.

EMT
(yelling out)
Haskins!

Haskins looks up from the vehicle inspection.

EMT (CONT'D)
What the hell went down?

DEPUTY HASKINS
I don't... We're still trying to
figure that out.

EMT
Dispatch said there was two of 'em,
no? Where's the guy?

OFFICER NGUYEN
Ran.

The EMT eyes them, unconvinced.

DEPUTY MORALES
(quietly)
It was like the air tore her open.

The EMT stares at him, wary.

EMT
(to Morales)
You getting a phone call?

Deputy Morales follows the EMT's eye-line to his pants: cell
phone glowing through the pocket.

Everyone's phone starts to glow.

Camera mode active.

Morales pulls his phone out. A secondary view of the gut-splattered pavement below.

A distant RUSTLE.

He looks up.

Nothing there.

The EMT does another scan of the crime scene, disgusted.

EMT (CONT'D)
Might wanna take a picture of that.

He nods to Morales' phone.

EMT (CONT'D)
It's going to be a tough sell back
at the station.

He heads back to the ambulance, chuckling to himself.

EMT (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Killer air...

The EMT looks at his phone. Texting someone. Definitely about this. A bunch of "ALLOW ACCESS TO" pop-ups flood his screen.

EMT (CONT'D)
(to himself/annoyed)
What's this now?

TAP. Allow.

Deputy Morales looks at the crime scene. Back to his phone.
The EMT isn't wrong.

DEPUTY MORALES' PHONE SCREEN:

The camera focuses in and out on a streak of blood on the asphalt. The camera's flash reflects in the crimson.

He lifts the camera.

TAPS to focus.

The gnarly crime scene.

CLICK. Photo taken. The screen momentarily holds the frame.

He drifts over to one of the cop cars, covered in blood.

Zooms in.

CLICK. Another freeze frame.

A distant RUSTLE.

Something is in the forest.

The camera snaps to the source of the sound. Studies the foliage. Light movement.

Zoom.

A brief shine of CAMERA MAN's blade.

CLICK.

Freeze frame.

DEPUTY MORALES (O.S.)
(reviewing)
What?

Suddenly the still image reanimates to live feed: CAMERA MAN lunges at the lens.

EXT. ROAD

Deputy Morales jerks back, phone trembling.

Nothing in front of him.

Morales looks back down at his phone. Lifts it back up to reinspect.

INT. AMBULANCE

The EMT watches, amused. Until -

SMASH!

Morales' face hits the windshield with bone-cracking force before being pulled away.

The windshield becomes opaque with blood.

EMT
'THE FUCK?!?!'

He triggers the windshield wiper.

SKRRRRRITCH.

It struggles against the carnage. The wiper succeeds to reveal a rainbow-shaped view of Morales' jaw getting ripped CLEAN OFF, mid-scream.

His body falls limps.

CLICK. Doors lock.

The EMT fumbles for the radio.

EMT (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Dispatch, Medic Four. I'm on County
Route 17 near mile marker 22.

Another distant SCREAM.

EMT (CONT'D)
(into radio, shaky)
I-uh-We've got officers down.
Something is attacking. I don't-I
don't know what.

EXT. ROAD

Morales' body rolls lifeless into a ditch.

Nguyen and Haskins spin with guns raised.

The ambulance engine ROARS back to life.

Nguyen and Haskins share a helpless exchange.

HASKINS
Fuck this!

Haskins bolts toward his car.

Nguyen holds her gun up, unsure.

Halfway there, Haskins STOPS.

A perfect, circular hole burns through his gut.

He drops, twitching.

OFFICER NGUYEN
HASKINS!!!!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Nguyen shoots at the air. Reloads.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

She tries to run to her car. Can't.

She can move her body. But not her head.

OFFICER NGUYEN (CONT'D)
No-no no no-

She SCREAMS.

Feels for her phone. Pulls it up.

OFFICER NGUYEN'S PHONE SCREEN:

Selfie mode. Her terrified face.

CAMERA MAN's two bloody hands grip her head in place.

She SCREAMS in terror.

They grip her skull. Start twisting. Further. Further.

EXT. ROAD

Her body jerks violently to escape. Her head turns. Slowly.
Impossibly far.

SNAP!

She falls dead to the ground.

The EMT watches, horrified through the windshield. Throws the
vehicle in reverse.

SMASH!

The windshield EXPLODES INWARD.

He's yanked out, face down, onto the pavement.

EMT
HELP!!!!!! PLEA-

SMACK!

His face pushed down into the gravel. Hard.

He looks to Nguyen's fallen phone, tilted up in selfie-mode:
CAMERA MAN aggressively holds his face to the ground.

He SCREAMS in agony.

EMT (CONT'D)
HEEEELPPPPPP!!!!

Suddenly, like cheese to a grater, the EMT gets DRAGGED DOWN THE STREET UNTIL HIS FACE SHREDS TO PURE SKULL.

EXT. WOODS

The SCREAMS echo through the trees.

Riley's body twitches.

His eyes glow brighter.

The lit phone in his palm goes black.

A red low battery icon flashes until it dies completely.

CUT TO BLACK.