Gone Viral: A Comedic Screenplay about Social Media in the Contemporary Era

Undergraduate Research Thesis

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by

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GONE VIRAL

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BRADFORD DOUGLAS
EXT. JAMIE’S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car with a bright pink LYFT sign comes to a slow halt in front of a driveway with a large rock at its end. Everyone but the driver exits the Lyft and stands on the sidewalk in front of Jamie’s house. The three men are JAMIE, 21, DECLAN, 21, AND CHRIS, 46.

JAMIE
So which platforms does the agency think we should focus on?

Jamie pulls his phone out of his pocket.

CHRIS
Which ones are the kids on nowadays? Facebook?

DECLAN
Nah, your generation killed that.

CHRIS
I’m 46.

DECLAN
Okay, boomer.

JAMIE
We could see if anyone wants to start a feud- then we can argue across platforms.

CHRIS
Feuds are good, feuds save lives in this business.

DECLAN
What’s the opposite of a feud? Can we start like a compliment fight?

Jamie and Chris scoff.

DECLAN
It was ambitious, but I stand by it. Influencing doesn’t have to just be hot people fighting for attention.

JAMIE
It doesn’t. But give the people what they want, ya know?

Declan sighs.
CHRIS
What about Tic-Tac?

DECLAN
(chuckling)
Tik-what?

CHRIS
Tic-Tac.

JAMIE
(raising his phone)
Tik Tok?

CHRIS
(confused)
Relax, we’re not in a rush.

Jamie giggles and hands his phone to Chris.

CHRIS
Ooohhh.

DECLAN
And TikTok clout doesn’t translate well to other apps. We tried.

JAMIE
If TikTokers are influencers, then I’m a neurosurgeon.

DECLAN
(skeptical)
That’s a big dif-

CHRIS
You know what, I trust you two to figure it out. Just let me know.

JAMIE
Yeah, we’ll think of something.

CHRIS
However this goes, it’s been a pleasure working with you two.

JAMIE
You’ve been great, Chris. It may not be the end of the line yet. We just need to talk some stuff out.

DECLAN
Yeah. Starting over or moving on, we’ve got each other.
Declan places his hand on Jamie’s shoulder.

JAMIE
A minute ago you sounded ready to bounce.

DECLAN
I’m not going anywhere.

SCREECH! A black van comes to a grinding halt in front of the house. Four masked men in black sprint out of the sliding doors.

Jamie, Declan, and Chris don’t have time to react. They start to run away, but-

Hands. It’s so fast. Declan is grabbed by the forearm and a rag is stuffed against his face. He passes out.

The Lyft speeds away. Jamie runs after the guy who grabbed Declan, but gets punched in the gut by one of the kidnappers and falls onto the pavement. Chris tries to defend Jamie and gets decked square in the jaw. He falls onto the grass.

The kidnappers haul Declan’s unconscious body into the van and are gone as quickly as they came. Jamie watches from the ground powerless. His eyes slowly close as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE YOUTUBE INTERFACE - A video buffers on the left hand side while the right column of the screen lists videos that are “Recommended for You”. The buffering video is entitled “December Q&A” and—oh? It’s playing!

JAMIE STELLER, 21, an ambitious, naive, hot social media influencer stands next to his friend and co-star DECLAN POWERS, 21, a handsome, less-excited, reserved young man who never flouts his status. A logo that says StarPower sits in the bottom right hand corner of the screen. They appear to be in a well-lit bedroom of some sort.

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

JAMIE
What’s up, friends! Jamie and Declan back with another Q&A video!
DECLAN
We asked you guys to send us some questions on Twitter, and as always— you did!

BEGIN INTERCUT

CUT TO:

SUPER: 24 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT - PRESENT

Paparazzi. Camera flashes. Shouting. A black car pulls up to a red carpet. The door opens as Jamie and Declan exit the car with CHRIS ROVEN, 46, their stressed out manager who escorts them past the photographers and tabloid journalists.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Luke from Memphis says, “Congratulations on your Innie nomination! Are you guys flying out to LA for the show?”

DECLAN (V.O.)
Well, Luke, since this is our first Innie nomination, we’ll definitely be there. Make sure to tune in on December 6th! It’ll be streaming somewhere, probably.

JAMIE (V.O.)
This is a huge honor and we are so grateful to all of you that helped us get here.

DECLAN (V.O.)
Jamie... it’s an influencer award, not a Nobel.

JAMIE (V.O.)
My parents are disappointed in me either way!

Jamie raises his fist and Declan bumps it reluctantly.

JAMIE (V.O.)
We’re just so lucky to have friends like you who—
DECLAN (V.O.)
Fans like you who watch our content
and keep StarPower going!

Glitz. Glamour. Glasses full of champagne. Fancily dressed
young people mill about the lobby, waiting for the auditorium
doors to open. Jamie, Declan, and Chris search for a place to
settle.

JAMIE (V.O.)
When are you gonna collab with
Andrew and Kennedy again?

ANDREW HEMMING, 21, made-up and dapper, he looks like a
Hollister model, dead facial expression and all. He walks arm
in arm with his girlfriend, KENNEDY WATSON, 21, a woman who
radiates superiority and looks like she’s never seen a poor
person before. She’s gorgeous…and that’s about it. People
stare at them as they walk through the front doors.

DECLAN (V.O.)
The cosmetic side of the industry
was a cool thing to explore, but...

JAMIE (V.O.)
It wasn’t really our thing. We
still consider them good friends
though and we see them around
campus all the time!

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

JAMIE
Now that we’re a few questions in,
we’d like to give a quick shoutout
to our sponsor: The Cheap Trim
Troupe.

DECLAN
For $10 a month, they mail you
razors, shaving cream, extra
blades, and more all in one
convenient package. I use their
razors every day and couldn’t be
happier!

He rubs his face.

END INTERCUT
INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT - PRESENT

Declan rubs his clearly scruffy face. Someone’s a fibber... He, Jamie, and Chris have found a high top table to stand around while they wait for the auditorium to open.

CHRIS
Oh! There’s Ray!

Chris waves down RAY CAMPBELL, 46, a businessman straight out of central casting. He approaches them with a glass of champagne in hand.

RAY
Good evening, Chris. Gentlemen.

Ray shakes everyone’s hands.

CHRIS
These are my clients, Jamie and Declan. You’ve all heard a lot about each other.

RAY
Ah, you’re the ones who specialize in the interview videos, yes?

JAMIE
They aren’t really interviews. More like Q&A videos for our fans.

RAY
Right, but what do you do that makes your fans care to ask you questions?

DECLAN
(not following)
We answer questions...

RAY
I understand that. But what content do you create?

JAMIE
Q&A videos...

RAY
But why do people watch them?

JAMIE
Because we’re influencers.  DECLAN
Because we’re influencers.
RAY
But why are you influencers?

JAMIE
Because people watch our content.

Ray and Chris look at each other. The irony is totally lost on Jamie and Declan.

DECLAN
Oh look, booze.

Declan nods in the direction of the bar and Jamie starts walking away with him. Ray and Chris stay behind.

RAY
Have you spoken to them about rebranding?

CHRIS
They don’t need it. They have a loyal fanbase and a steady production pace-

RAY
But it’s not enough. There’s nothing appealing about them to people who don’t already follow them.

CHRIS
I disagree. Their looks have gotten them this far.

RAY
Youth and beauty fade. At least if they did comedy or makeup, or workout videos, they’d be marketable in ten years.

CHRIS
They’ll evolve, you just have to give them time.

RAY
Time is money. When we advised you against taking them on as your first clients, you assured us you could make them more profitable. Take them beyond social media.

CHRIS
They’re in college! They can’t drop everything to go on tours.
RAY
Can’t or won’t?

Chris lets out a deep breath.

CHRIS
Once they win this award tonight, their followers will skyrocket and so will their sponsors.

RAY
They better. You just got your foot in the door. It’d be a shame if we have to slam it on you.

Ray downs the champagne and sets it on the table before walking away.

On the other side of the lobby, Jamie and Declan sip their glasses of Jack & Coke and Vodka-Sprite, respectively.

JAMIE
I just don’t get what Ray didn’t get...you know?

DECLAN
Yeah- vlogs are content and I’m willing to die on this hill.

JAMIE
Look up there.

Jamie points to a pair of twins standing at a balcony across the way, above them.

DECLAN
The Halen twins? What about them?

JAMIE
They do the same thing we do and have ten times the followers.

DECLAN
Well, there’s two of them...

JAMIE
Do you think that’s how math works?

DECLAN
Get to your point.
JAMIE
I’m just sick of content creators acting like some content is better than others.

DECLAN
I’m pretty sure that happens in every field, Jamie. If our product is clout, you really think other peddlers aren’t gonna–

JAMIE
You may sell clout. I sell real human connection. All of our viewers are friends of mine.

DECLAN
They’re not friends; they’re fans. The same people who congratulated us wouldn’t hesitate to cancel us if we stepped out of line—even accidentally.

JAMIE
You don’t give them enough credit!

DECLAN
You give them too much. If someone tweets a slur, they should be cancelled, but people like us get cancelled all the time for... using slang wrong or videos resurfacing from freakin’ middle school! Were you woke in middle school?

JAMIE
I...watched more Family Guy than I’m proud of.

DECLAN
Exactly.

(finishes his drink)
Just because someone treats you well now, doesn’t make them a friend.

JAMIE
Are you good? You always get fake wise when you’re drunk.

DECLAN
I only had one–

Declan takes a moment to count the number one on his fingers.
DECLAN
-drink.

JAMIE
What did you eat today?

DECLAN
Airport McDonald’s.

JAMIE
You should be okay then?

DECLAN
About 8 hours ago.

JAMIE
Goddammit, Declan.

ANDREW (O.S.)
We interrupting something?

Andrew and Kennedy have approached Jamie and Declan. They have generic grins on their faces. There’s nothing sincere about their demeanors...ever.

DECLAN
I was just telling Jamie how tipsy I am not!

JAMIE
What are you two nominated for?

KENNEDY
Best Couple, Best Cosmetic Line, Best Looks.

JAMIE
There’s a Best Looks?

ANDREW
Just for those of us who try.

KENNEDY
Fashion isn’t for everyone though. Your polos wow us every week!

Jamie grins in delight. Declan rolls his eyes.

JAMIE
(to Declan)
They still watch our videos!
(to the others)
We should collab again some time!
(MORE)
JAMIE (CONT'D)
Maybe you could give us the Queer Eye treatment.

ANDREW
Ha! We’d make Queer Eye look like mommy makeup hour.

KENNEDY
We could run circles around those five gay men.

ANDREW
And we’re both bisexual so there’s basically four of us.

Andrew and Kennedy tap drinks. Declan’s inebriation has rendered him unable to feign affability. He’s visibly annoyed.

DECLAN
What else do you two do?

ANDREW
What?

DECLAN
I mean...is makeup your entire life? There’s nothing wrong with that...I’m just saying...that’s a telling thing to revolve your life around.

KENNEDY
Oh, is it?

JAMIE
I think what Declan means is...it shows your talent. I can tell how much time and care goes into all of your makeup videos. That’s what you meant, right Declan?

Jamie nudges him.

DECLAN
Yeah...that’s what I was saying. You two are...something. And everyone knows the judges here love...something.

ANDREW
Damn right they do. I hear nothing only got one nomination tonight.
Declan and Andrew have a stare off. Jamie breaks it up.

JAMIE
Well...we wish you two luck in your categories. Maybe next year we’ll be up for more. I’m sure collaborating will help both of us!

KENNEDY
Do we both need help though?

JAMIE
I mean...we both could use more followers. And we’re friends, right?

Everyone makes suspicious eye contact at each other.

ANDREW
Yes, Jamie. You’re our friend.

The auditorium doors open and people begin moving toward them.

KENNEDY
Good luck, boys.

She and Andrew walk off into the crowd.

JAMIE
What was that?

DECLAN
Don’t act like they aren’t shallow!

JAMIE
They aren’t! You just antagonize them whenever we talk.

DECLAN
Because there’s nothing to them besides looks and stardom!

JAMIE
You need to stop being so cynical.

DECLAN
And you need to see people for who they are. Those two make a kiddie pool look like the Marianas and you know it.
JAMIE
They’re just really passionate
about what they do.

DECLAN
Ok, Jamie.

JAMIE
Don’t “Ok, Jamie” me! Talk!

DECLAN
Nah, when you start making excuses
for people, it’s a lost cause. I’ll
take the L.

JAMIE
Can you bring back sober Declan
please?

Declan curls up his pointer finger like Danny in *The Shining*.

DECLAN
(high pitched, creepy)
Sober Declan’s not here, Mrs.
Torrance.

Jamie just uncomfortably stares.

JAMIE
Never in your life—

DECLAN
Yeah, I shouldn’t have done that.

They chuckle and Jamie nudges him again.

JAMIE
C’mon. Before the seat fillers get
excited.

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON AUDITORIUM – NIGHT

The auditorium is set up like the Golden Globes. People sit
around dinner tables that are scattered about the house and
they watch a stage in the front of a room while eating. An
attractive heterosexual couple walk up onto the stage to the
tune of house band music. They are ALEX, 24, and SAM, 24.

ALEX
Our next award is for the social
media stars who use their presence
to remind us all what the internet
is really about: love.
Declan, sitting at a table with Jamie and Chris, is visibly skeptical.

SAM
The award for Best Couple has always been given to the couple who truly makes us believe in love.

ALEX
As last year’s winners, we feel honored to be able to pay it forward.

Alex pauses and gets a schemey look in her eye.

ALEX
But first- I’d like to thank my fiancé...James.

She gestures to JAMES, 24, sitting at a table with one other person and an empty seat. James is caught off guard and awkwardly waves.

SAM
Yeah? Well, I’d like to thank my wife...Lydia.

Sam claps for Lydia and we see her in the middle of biting a massive piece of shrimp. She awkwardly smiles, shrimp in mouth, and waves until the camera is off her.

ALEX
Love can bridge the mistakes that people make. Or rather...it should.

Sam rolls her eyes.

SAM
While that can depend in real life, we can all agree on one thing- what do you do when you make a mistake on the internet?

Church call and response style, the audience replies:

AUDIENCE
Curl up and die!

Sam laughs.

ALEX
Love comes in many forms. And-
SAM
Is best practiced with someone who remembers your birthday.

ALEX
Or can make you come—Okay! The winner of this year’s Best Couple Innie is...

SAM
Andrew and Kennedy!

ALEX
Andrew and Kennedy!

Andrew and Kennedy peck each other and power walk up to the stage while Sam and Alex bicker inaudibly. Sam and Alex hand off the trophies and then leave the stage.

Andrew is fake sniffing and Kennedy is fanning her face as if to hold back tears. Both performances are over-the-top and the audience is eating it up...except for Declan.

ANDREW
We just wanted to thank everyone who voted for us, first off.

KENNEDY
We are truly...humbled to be getting this award and wish all of the couples out there love and happiness.

Andrew and Kennedy rub noses. Andrew pulls out his phone and starts filming.

ANDREW
And now, Kenni, there’s something that I want to ask you in front of America. And Instagram Live.

Kennedy gasps as Andrew pulls out a ring box and gets down on one knee.

ANDREW
I love you...and I wanna double tap your pics for the rest of my life.

Kennedy continues to fan herself.

ANDREW
Will you marry me?

KENNEDY
Yes!
Andrew hops up and they kiss. The crowd gives them a standing ovation, Jamie included. Jamie wipes a tear from his eye and looks down at Declan. Declan chews on his salad disinterestedly. Jamie rolls his eyes.

ANDREW
Thank you again everyone and make sure to hashtag your posts #InstaGaged so we never forget this night!

Andrew and Kennedy walk off the stage hand in hand to the sound of thunderous applause.

A man with a disinterested demeanor, HAL, 29, saunters up to the microphone.

HAL
How big is your [bleep]? Possibly the most asked question in a YouTube Q&A video. While often the clickbait title of the video, the question...really captures the essence of the Q&A video. Why do fans care about the pomp and circumstance of our lives? We may never truly know...but we’ll keep patting ourselves on the back because they do. And that...ladies and gentleman...speaks volumes about our [bleep].

Silence mixed with a few sparse gasps.

HAL
The winner...or should I say winner(s)...

Jamie, Declan, and Chris look at one another with excitement in their eyes.

HAL
...are...

He opens the envelope and...

CUT TO:

INT. LYFT CAR - NIGHT

Jamie and Declan sit in the back seat of a Lyft while Chris sits in the front. They’re wearing casual clothing.
JAMIE
All I’m saying is if we’d done a co
Q&A with Andrew and Kennedy, we
would’ve won!

DECLAN
That’s neither here nor there! We
want to win based on our own
skills, not someone else’s!

Chris is visibly troubled in the front seat.

CHRIS
Guys, relax. The last thing we need
is you two arguing right now. We
can still salvage this.

JAMIE
How? Ray’s gonna sack you because
of the loss and without a manager,
RIP our careers.

DECLAN
That doesn’t have to be the case.
No offense to Chris, but we can
keep producing content, regardless.
If we got noticed once, we’ll get
noticed again.

CHRIS
He’s right. But you two won’t have
to start over if we grind.

DECLAN
We do grind.

JAMIE
Not as hard as we could though.
What if we up production to two
vlogs per week?

CHRIS
That’s what I was gonna suggest.
And market yourselves like hell.
Follow for follow, promo
yourselves, call in whatever favors
you have to promo you. And...

JAMIE
And what?

CHRIS
We may have to talk specializing in
something.
Jamie and Declan both loudly react with disgust.

JAMIE
We’re vloggers! We’ve always been vloggers!

DECLAN
People subscribe because they wanna hear about our lives!

CHRIS
But that’s not marketable! The reason I’m here is to get you opportunities outside of YouTube and Instagram.

DECLAN
Do we want those if it means changing our content though?

JAMIE
We could build viable careers by sticking with social media... but I wouldn’t mind a streaming show or something.

DECLAN
That’s a long way off. We can’t even move to LA for another year. Maybe we should put management on hold.

SCREECH. The car grinds to a halt.

DRIVER
Buggy!

An Amish man rides a horse-drawn buggy. The car rolls steadily behind it, waiting for oncoming traffic to clear so they can go around.

JAMIE
God, I hate this town...

CHRIS
(lightheartedly)
Watch, my grandfather was Amish!

The guys chuckle politely. Chris turns around to look at the duo.
CHRIS
Honestly, the content shift plus
getting out of Pennsylvania would
make you two unstoppable.

DECLAN
But we don’t wanna do either of
those things!

Chris breaks eye contact with Declan and looks to Jamie, who’s staring out of the window.

JAMIE
I don’t know...I wouldn’t mind-

DECLAN
You’d sell out? Really?

JAMIE
It’s only selling out if we’re
doing it for the wrong reasons.

Are we?

Jamie is silent.

DECLAN
Are you?

JAMIE
Excuse me for wanting to grow!

DECLAN
This isn’t growth. It’s chasing
fame.

JAMIE
What’s the difference?!

DECLAN
Choice! Motives! A third thing!

CHRIS
This is you two’s decision. But I’m
here to get you into other mediums.
If that’s not what you want, I
understand, but I need to know.

JAMIE
Can we have time?
CHRIS
Of course. It may be a moot issue. If Ray drops me, then we’ll all be starting over anyway.

DECLAN
Is there anything we can do for you? However we choose, we don’t wanna screw you over.

CHRIS
Maybe send other clients my way if you know of anyone. They may keep me on if I bring in someone open to...more.

Jamie and Declan chuckle politely.

JAMIE
That’s fair.

The car stops in front of a college house in a semi-shabby neighborhood.

CHRIS
This is us.
(to the driver)
I’ll be right back.

EXT. JAMIE’S HOUSE – NIGHT
The three of them exit the car and we drift over to the house as we hear the opening scene play itself out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMIE’S LIVING ROOM – DAY
It’s dawn. Two police stand in Jamie’s doorway on their way out.

POLICE OFFICER 1
We’ll take this info back down to the station and uhh...see what we can do.

JAMIE
(indignant)
See what you can d-
CHRIS
Thank you, officers. We appreciate your time.

The officers nod and walk off as Chris closes the door.

JAMIE
What do you mean we appreciate their time?

CHRIS
They’re cops, Jamie.

JAMIE
Right! So they should’ve said, “We’ll find him! No worries!” – not some half assed –

Jamie is so frustrated, his words become gibberish. Chris puts his arm around him.

CHRIS
It’s okay.

JAMIE
It’s not okay! What are they gonna do to him?! Who kidnaps a goddamn YouTuber?

Jamie pulls away and walks toward his living room window. He stares out at his driveway and the street.

JAMIE
He was right there. And then he wasn’t.

Chris follow him to the window, but maintains a distance behind him.

CHRIS
Now what?

JAMIE
I can’t just sit here and wait for him to knock on the door.

CHRIS
Then what can you do? Be realistic.

Jamie turns around.
JAMIE
There are only so many people who
could’ve taken him... we don’t have
beef with many people. Maybe if I
can figure out what they want-

CHRIS
You’re not considering-

JAMIE
I have better odds just looking for
him myself. What’s that thing they
always say on cop shows— the odds
of finding them halve every 24
hours?

CHRIS
Jamie, that’s not safe. You don’t
know who these people are.

JAMIE
We don’t know that. And I know they
took my friend. Which is all I
need.

CHRIS
Fine, but no need to go full Liam
Neeson, just— you’re an influencer.
So handle this like only an
influencer can.

JAMIE
Meaning?

CHRIS
You have millions of subscribers at
your beck and call. That’s millions
of your own personal detectives.

JAMIE
That would never work; it’s too
chaotic.

CHRIS
Really? Millions of people come
together to crowdfund everyday.
Medical bills, trips, charity. You
name it.

JAMIE
This isn’t crowdfunding though!
CHRIS
You’re right. It’s...crowd-finding. Think of it like a digital search party almost. Just don’t put yourself in harm’s way if you don’t have to.

JAMIE
And them?

CHRIS
They wouldn’t be doing anything they don’t wanna do. If nothing else, it’s a big team of researchers.

JAMIE
It’s a wild goose chase!

CHRIS
(raising his voice)
It’s your only option!

JAMIE
Shhh- you’ll wake Donna. This is her only day off.

Chris gets a look of realization in his eye.

CHRIS
Why didn’t you ever include her in the show? Don’t med students see a lot of weird shit?

JAMIE
It...didn’t seem on brand- plus she’s never home. That aside though, if I try “crowdfunding” and it doesn’t work, what then?

CHRIS
Then at least you’ll know you did everything you could.

Jamie glances off to the side.

CHRIS
I’m gonna make some calls. See what I can do to help with all this.

JAMIE
I’m gonna call Mark and Mia. I don’t wanna be alone right now.
CHRIS
Andrew and Kennedy might be able to help with the crowdfunding too. You sure Mark and Mia are a good idea?

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM – DAY – FLASHBACK

MARK JEFFERS, 20, an adorable, confused idiot who has an irrational loyalty to Jamie and twin sister, MIA JEFFERS, 20, who couldn’t be more different. She has a confident demeanor and while she doesn’t totally understand the world, she proudly occupies space in it nonetheless. They stand between Jamie and Declan.

JAMIE
So you’re putting together your dream birthday concert lineup- who do you pick?

DECLAN
I have to go...Jon Bellion, AJR, and Childish Gambino.

JAMIE
Respect. I’d say the same, but swap out Jon for Panic.

DECLAN
Solid. Mark, Mia?

The two siblings look at each other, unsure of who to pick.

MARK
Umm...who’s the one that promised to protect us from the rain?

Jamie and Declan look at each other confusedly.

JAMIE
Are you thinking of Rihanna?

MARK
That sounds right. Then um, the one with the catchy song about UFO’s?

DECLAN
Nicki...Minaj?

MIA
Yes! Love her!
MARK
And ummm. Geez I’m stuck.

MIA
Who’d be a good third?

JAMIE
What about Beyoncé?

MARK
I don’t know... can she sing?

CUT TO:

JAMIE
This next game, we’re gonna see who can recognize celebrities based just on their eyes!

DECLAN
We call this one, “Star Eye-D”.

A title moves across the screen with the word “Star”, an animated Eye, and the letter “D” with a magnifying glass attached to it.

JAMIE
Mark, Mia, just... try to have fun.

A set of eyes appears in the top right corner of the screen. Declan buzzes in immediately.

DECLAN
Tom Holland.

A new set of eyes pops up. Declan buzzes again. Mark and Mia, are just chillin’, Jamie is actually trying to keep up.

DECLAN
Tessa Thompson.

The last set of eyes pops up - Jamie and Declan buzz at the same time. Declan pauses.

JAMIE
Uhhh... Tom... Cruise.

DECLAN
Hanks, but you can have half credit if you want?
MIA
We never stood a chance.
(to Declan)
How are you so good at this?

DECLAN
Eyes are the window to the
soul...and I never forget a soul.

Everyone pauses at this.

DECLAN
(laughing)
Just kidding...I just have a thing
for eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE’S LIVING ROOM – PRESENT

JAMIE
They’re weirdos, but they’re my
weirdos.

Jamie grins.

JAMIE
Thanks for your help, Chris.

CHRIS
Anything you need, man.

They share a hug. Chris leaves. As the front door shuts, a
disheveled, visibly exhausted med student, still in scrubs,
DONNA, 24, wanders into the living room.

DONNA
(groggily)
What happened?

INT. MARK’S ROOM – DAY

Mark sits cross-legged on his bed, intensely playing a game
of Temple Run on an outdated iPhone.

The phone rings.

MARK
(excited)
Oh!

Mark answer the call and puts the phone on speaker.
MARK
Jamie!

JAMIE (V.O.)
Hey, Mark, I-

MARK
Did you ever play Temple Run when it was popular? I once saw one of the kids playing it at our church and when I asked my mom about it, she said, “the only Temple you can run through is the temple of GOD...but no running and if I catch you in a synagogue, it’ll be your last challah”.

Jamie chuckles.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Yeah, I remember Temple Run. It was no Temple Run 2 though.

MARK
There’s a sequel?!?! This is like when you said there were more Harry Potters!

JAMIE (V.O.)
I mean...kinda by necessity. Voldemort was still very alive after the first one.

MARK
Sure, but mom always made it sound like it was one really evil movie that would quote, “send me to hell in a hand basket”.

JAMIE (V.O.)
What a strange mode of transportation?

Mia knocks on the door.

MARK
Come in!

Mia enters.

MIA
I always know nerd shit when I hear it.
JAMIE (V.O.)
Is that Mia?

MIA
Hey, Jamie– what’s up?

JAMIE
Nothing at all right now. That’s actually why I called.

MARK
What happened?

MIA
What happened?

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

A knock at the door. Jamie opens it as Mark and Mia rush past him and into the living room.

MARK
Why didn’t you lead with that you brilliant doofus, you?

MIA
You let him talk about Temple Run and Harry Potter before you even brought up kidnapping!

JAMIE
It was a welcomed distraction! Besides, I kinda forgot that Temple Run existed.

MARK
Wait until I tell you about the pissed off...

Mark flaps his hands like a sparrow.

JAMIE
Angry Birds?

MARK
That’s the one! Who knew birds could get away with wrath? For us it’s a “deadly sin”.

JAMIE
Ok, but how are you moving backwards in time? I feel like Candy Crush was the rage after Temple Run.
MARK
What kind of candy? Are we talking Skittles, Smarties, Sweet Ta-

MIA
Guys! Kidnapping! Declan!

JAMIE
Right. So, I did some research and found the make and model of the van that took him. I tweeted and posted an insta about it and now I’m waiting on leads.

MIA
Wait- Instagram is the one that’s always angry.

MARK
Tweeting is the one with the lizard CEO?

JAMIE
Facebook.

MIA
That one’s actually Twitter.

MARK
Which one lets you take pics of your willy that disappear forever?

JAMIE
Snapchat. But don’t do that unless people ask.

MARK
Why would anyone ask? I just like to capture the moments.

JAMIE
And TikTok is...

MARK
Above your pay grade. Don’t worry about it.

MIA
Wait so then which one is Instagram?

JAMIE

Jamie and Mia look at each other.
JAMIE
Food pics, memes, vanity. Pretty much whatever you want, but if you feel better about yourself after using it, you’re doing it wrong.

MIA
Then why do you use it?

JAMIE
I don’t follow.
   (turning to Mark)
Also, never call it your willy again. That’s just now hitting me.

MARK
What else would I call it?

JAMIE
A...penis?

Mark gasps.

MARK
(deviously)
I usually don’t swear but...I’ll give it a try.

JAMIE
(to Mia)
Please tell me you don’t call it a flower.

MIA
No...but ever since you showed us Nicki, I do like “cookie”.

JAMIE
It’s head and shoulders above willy.

Jamie rapidly shakes his head, snapping himself out of the tangent.

JAMIE
So I posted and I’m waiting on leads from-

A knock at the door. Jamie walks over and opens it. Andrew and Kennedy stand in the doorway, superficial concern in their faces.

ANDREW
We came as soon as we heard!
KENNEDY
We’re so sorry for what happened!

They rush past him.

JAMIE
(sarcastically)
Come in.

ANDREW
What are you gonna do?

JAMIE
Well, I’m still waiting on leads, but the plan is to find out who took him myself.

KENNEDY
Oooooo then what?

JAMIE
I’ll figure that out when I get there.

ANDREW
Is there anything we...

Andrew gestures to himself and Kennedy.

ANDREW
...can do?

JAMIE
Just share my posts and see if maybe your followers can help.

KENNEDY
Done! We already re-shared our collab that we did a few months ago with the hashtag #FindingDeclan.

JAMIE
Cool, but my post asks for specific-

ANDREW
No worries, Jamie, we’re in this with you.

Mia clears her throat.

ANDREW
(to Mark and Mia)
I don’t think we’ve met.
JAMIE
That’s my bad. Mark, Mia, this is Andrew and Kennedy.

MIA
(flatly)
Hi.

Mark shoots them a half-assed grin. Jamie scrolls his phone.

JAMIE
I think we have our first lead!
Some girl that goes here said that
the church down the street uses
that same make and model of van.

MIA
The Seventh Day Adventists?

JAMIE
Yeah, them. You’ve been there?

MIA
No, our mom made us memorize every
church in the tri-state area.

MARK
A to Z, Bay-Bee!

MIA
Most of them start with “C”
though...because Christ.

Andrew pulls out his phone and begins moving it around,
trying to find the perfect selfie angle.

ANDREW
How’s the lighting in this church?

JAMIE
I wouldn’t know-why?

ANDREW
No reason.

MIA
Any idea why you would have beef
with a church?

JAMIE
The university’s celibacy club
meets there after service.
MIA
What does that have to do with Declan?

Jamie stares off into space as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jamie and Declan are filming a vlog.

JAMIE
So we got stopped by the celibacy club kids on the quad today.

DECLAN
They asked us to promo some event they’re doing called, “To Those Who Wait”.

JAMIE
What comes to those who wait, Declan?

DECLAN
Nothing- that’s the whole point.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

JAMIE
We had to tweet an apology and everything.

MIA
For a bad orgasm pun?

JAMIE
Horny, repressed people always listen to reason.

Kennedy chuckles.

KENNEDY
The DM’s you got from their followers were priceless though!

JAMIE
The ones that weren’t death threats, I guess.
MIA
Wait, they influence too?

JAMIE
Not really. The two leaders, Steadman and Beth, just post #godfirst kind of stuff.

ANDREW
He wasn’t first when Steadman hit my line last year, but...not my business.

JAMIE
All that to say, we don’t want a repeat of last time.

ANDREW
So like...what are you gonna do?

JAMIE
Is there an option apart from going over there?

MIA
The police are a thing.

JAMIE
Mark, what do we say about cops?

MARK
All cops are plastered!

JAMIE
Not quite, but what a world that would be.

MIA
If you think this is our best option, then I’m with you.

MARK
Me too!

Andrew and Kennedy are tapping on their phones vigorously.

JAMIE
You two?

ANDREW
Yeah, sure.

KENNEDY
We’ll meet you wherever.
JAMIE
Do you wanna just drive?

KENNEDY
Sorry, there’s not enough room for...everyone.

JAMIE
There’s five of-

ANDREW
Do I need to change?

JAMIE
Why would your clothes matter?

ANDREW
If we catch a kidnapper, I’d be caught dead wearing Versace.

Jamie’s phone rings while Andrew is mid-sentence. He answers it and raises it to his ear.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Jamie! I have a lead!

Jamie gets excited.

JAMIE
What is it, Chris?

CHRIS
I think I’ve found the guy who was driving the buggy in front of us last night.

JAMIE
And?

CHRIS (V.O.)
He may know which way the kidnappers drove off in!

JAMIE
Chris, that’s amazing! Text me whatever you’ve got. We found a lead of our own that we’re checking out.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Send me your info too then. Be careful.
JAMIE
Will do.
Jamie hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY
Jamie’s car pulls into the bustling church parking lot. The car parks.

INT. JAMIE’S CAR - DAY
Jamie sits in the driver’s seat, while Mia sits in the front and Mark sits in the back. He rolls down the windows a crack.

MIA
(shivering)
Roll those back up!

JAMIE
We’ll head in once everyone else gets here. It’s just kind of stuffy.

MIA
Fine, but what’s the game plan?

Jamie scrolls through his phone while replying to Mia.

JAMIE
Confront them. It’s a church full of people, what are they gonna do?

MIA
That’s it? No super secret James Bond antics?

JAMIE
I doubt they’re the ones who actually took him. But they know something. This van thing can’t be a coincidence.

MIA
Can’t it though?

MARK
This building is so pretty. Too bad God’s not real.
A couple getting into the car next to them look over and scowl, having heard Mark through the cracked window.

JAMIE
(grimacing)
Your parents are not gonna be happy about that.

MIA
Their fault for sending us to college.

JAMIE
 stil on phone
What the hell? Andrew and Kennedy are at Starbucks!

MIA
What?!

Everyone leans in to look at Jamie’s phone.

An Instagram boomerang plays on the screen of Andrew and Kennedy toasting their Starbucks cups with the hashtags: #sponsor and #boneapptheteeth.

MARK
So what are we gonna do?

INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY.

Jamie, Mark, and Mia peek their heads into the church fellowship room. It’s about the size of half of a basketball court and has a circle of 10 people sitting in chairs in the middle. BETH, 20, a super excited Christian woman, leaps up.

BETH
Are you here for celibacy club?

The three of them move into the room. Beth’s face drops upon recognizing Jamie.

JAMIE
Yeah, we are!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY - SAME

Everyone is sitting in the circle.
MARK
All I’m saying is, I grew up
learning this stuff and then
everything changed when I got to
college. Now, God is either dead or
a woman depending on who you ask!

Gasps from all of the churchgoers. Jamie and Mia stifle
laughter. STEADMAN, 22, a wholesome church boy who is visibly
annoyed, speaks up. He wears a polo with a medium-sized logo
of Christ crucified on the Twitter “t”.

STEADMAN
And Jesus loves you anyway, doesn’t
he everyone?

Everyone nods. Mia leans over to Jamie.

MIA
Why didn’t we just wait in the
hallway?

JAMIE
I thought about that, but look at
Mark, he’s having so much fun.

BETH
Something to share with the rest of
the group?

Jamie and Mia are caught off guard by this attention.

JAMIE
Uhh, nothing, just...

Everyone stares. Jamie feels the need to say something. He
stands up.

JAMIE
I have a...question. If a Christian
girl that you’re texting just stops
replying, is that... holy ghosting?

Crickets.

JAMIE
Thank you.

Jamie lowers back into his seat and stares at the floor.

CUT TO:
INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY - SAME

The group is trickling out. Jamie, Mark, Mia, Steadman, and Beth stand in a circle.

JAMIE
Sorry about that, we promise we won’t be back ever again.

MARK
Yeah...Year Round No Nut November sounds awful.

STEADMAN
Believe me, we will all receive the “Divine Nut”, when we reach the pearly gates.

Steadman and Beth fist bump.

JAMIE
So I have a favor to ask.

STEADMAN
After all that? You want us to do something for you?

JAMIE
(hopefully)
Grace?

Steadman and Beth cross their arms.

JAMIE
Mercy?

They start to budge, but hold strong.

JAMIE
Forgiveness?

They release their arms and groan.

STEADMAN
What do you want?

JAMIE
That was quick. I had “redemption”, “repentance”, and “resurrection” ready to go.

Steadman and Beth turn and walk away. Jamie sprints around and stops them.
JAMIE
Wait, wait, wait! I’m sorry. I’m just— you two remember Declan, right?

BETH
How could we forget?

Jamie inaudibly explains the situation to them while we shift over to Mark and Mia.

MIA
Do you miss this at all?

MARK
What do you mean?

MIA
I just feel like...we lived under a rock for so long because of ideas like this. All we were allowed to play were word puzzles and darts.

MARK
I get what you mean. We missed out on a lot. God was cool, but he never made me nut, you know?

Mia gives her brother a confused look. Back to Jamie.

BETH
That’s so scary!

STEADMAN
We’ll definitely keep you in our prayers.

JAMIE
Thanks, but do you know anything about the van?

Jamies has a picture of the van model pulled up on his phone.

STEADMAN
I heard that one of those was actually rented from the lot over a week ago and never returned.

BETH
The church doesn’t wanna report it stolen, but they’ve been considering it. The guy who rented it is...a little off.
JAMIE
Who rented it?

STEADMAN
Roger, I think his first name was?
Roger...

BETH
Stevens! Roger Stevens!

Jamie’s eyes widen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Jamie, Mark, and Mia power walk back to the car.

MIA
I still don’t get it! Who’s Roger Stevens?

JAMIE
Donna’s ex-boyf- well, they technically never dated.

MARK
Story of my life.

No one gives Mark attention.

JAMIE
When she said she wasn’t interested, he stalked her until she threatened to sue.

MIA
But why would he have anything to do with Declan missing?

JAMIE
Now, we’re on the same page.

MARK
Why did they say he’s “a little off”.

JAMIE
Because he’s basically an incel.

MARK
I thought you said that’s offensive now?
JAMIE
Not an imbecile, an incel.

MARK
Ooohhh. MIA
Charming.

JAMIE
I know where he lives, but we need our full numbers for this.

Jamie pulls out his phone. Starts tapping.

MIA
Maybe not, I mean. We took on the celibacy club without Andrew and Kennedy.

JAMIE
Yeah, but... they want to help.

MIA
If they wanted to help, they would be here.

JAMIE
It’s not like that. They can be a little spacey sometimes, but they care.

MIA
I guess I’ll drop it, I just don’t think you should lean on them for much.

JAMIE
So noted.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY.

All five of them sit around a table. They all have cups in front of them.

JAMIE
So I’m gonna need you two to search his house.

Andrew and Kennedy are framing their pastries for an Instagram photo.

ANDREW
Should the coffee be in the shot or should I let it be minimal?
KENNEDY
It won’t matter once you put the filter on.

Kennedy tries to adjust Andrew’s croissant.

ANDREW
Be careful! It’s flaky!

MIA
Must be like looking in a mirror.

Jamie nudges Mia, but the dig goes over everyone else’s heads anyway.

JAMIE
Listen! We’ll be with you, but you two may have to look around some parts without us.

ANDREW
Yeah, sure. Can you hold up your cup and smile? They love it when we show our friends.

MIA
What is this even for?

KENNEDY
We forgot to feature Starbucks on our story this week so we stopped here to get some quick shots.

ANDREW
Next thing we knew, it had been like an hour, we totally forgot we said we’d be somewhere.

Mia is fuming.

MIA
What the-

JAMIE
-question was meant to do was help us understand why you never made it to the church. Now that we know, it’s ancient history, right?

Mark nods with a dumb grin on his face. Mia is stoic.
JAMIE
You’ll be at the house though, right? You’ve handled your sponsors?

Andrew and Kennedy continue to tap vigorously on their phones.

ANDREW
MmHmm.

KENNEDY
MmHmm.

JAMIE
Great! Problem solved, so he lives–

Jamie’s phone dings. He pulls it out.

New Message from Unknown Number

Jamie swipes right on the message. It’s a photo of Declan tied up and gagged in what looks like a basement. The text says:

He’s unharmed for now. Tweet the following and it will stay that way: “Today, let’s not harbor any ill will toward anyone.[red circle emoji]”. 5 minutes. - Rehpot

Jamie looks up in horror.

MIA
What is it?

Jamie slides his phone across the table. Everyone looks at it.

MIA
What’s the red circle?

MARK
What’s a Rehpot?

Andrew discreetly snaps a picture of the text with his own phone.

JAMIE
I have no idea what either means!

MARK
Maybe it’s a message...

JAMIE
That’s not what’s uncertain, Mark. In fact, it’s the only obvious thing going on right now.
MIA
Are you gonna tweet it?

JAMIE
Should I?

ANDREW  KENNEDY
You should.  You should.

JAMIE
Why the enthusiasm?

Andrew and Kennedy exchange looks.

ANDREW
What’s the harm?

KENNEDY
If it’ll help Declan without hurting you, why wouldn’t you do it?

Jamie considers this.

MIA
They wouldn’t ask you to tweet something for no reason though.

MARK
Unless...that is the reason!

Everyone looks at Mark condescendingly/ with annoyance.

MARK
Look, I’m just trying to keep up.

JAMIE
It’s a risk. But the benefits outweigh the tradeoffs.

MIA
You don’t know that.

JAMIE
I know they have my friend tied up and gagged somewhere.

Jamie pulls out his phone and types out the tweet.

MIA
You can’t unsend those right?
JAMIE
Yeah.

MIA
So are you sure?

Jamie pauses for a few seconds. Then hits “Tweet”. He takes a
deep breath and puts his phone away.

JAMIE
It’s done. I can’t look at it right
now.

MARK
Why?

JAMIE
Because I feel like I may have just
set something off that I don’t
understand. I’m...scared I guess.

Mia gently places her palm on Jamie’s forearm.

MIA
However things end up, we aren’t
going anywhere.

Mark nods. Andrew and Kennedy give their signature
superficial grin.

MIA
And text Chris so at least he knows
where to find our bodies.

Jamie chuckles, grins, and taps away on his phone.

MARK
So does this Roger have a nice
place at least?

CUT TO:

EXT. DECREPIT NEIGHBORHOOD – DAY

A dilapidated house sits on a neighborhood street. It somehow
manages to look both haunted and occupied.

The gang drives by in two cars and parks two houses down from
it. They step out of their respective vehicles.

JAMIE
Well, it’s not a colonial in the
suburbs.
ANDREW
It looks so...

KENNEDY
...vintage.

They both move to take their phones out.

JAMIE
Guys! Time and place.

They scowl, but comply.

MIA
I don’t think knocking on the door is a good idea.

MARK
I still think we should crawl through his vents and bungee down like in that Tim Boat movie!

ANDREW
Tim Boat?

JAMIE
Think about it.

A beat.

ANDREW
Ohhh.

JAMIE
This mission is actually very possible, Mark. So we don’t need air ducts and bungee cords.

MARK
Then what do we need?

JAMIE
My plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER’S PORCH – DAY

A doorbell rings.

The five of them stand on Roger’s porch. Jamie stands in front. The door opens.
ROGER STEVENS, 24, a gaunt, disheveled young man with resentment in his eyes, opens the door with a lit joint in his hand.

ROGER
What?

JAMIE
Remember me?

Roger takes a hit.

ROGER
Sure, you’re the Chad who lives with Donna. Bastard.

JAMIE
The very same. Word on the street is you rented a van from the church a few blocks from here.

ROGER
I don’t know anything about that.

Roger tries to close the door, but Jamie puts his foot in the doorway. Roger stares at Jamie’s foot for an uncomfortable amount of time. His face is as stern as we’ve ever seen it. Roger reopens the door halfway.

JAMIE
We need to have a look around if you don’t mind.

ROGER
Actually, I do mind. Now move your foot before I...

Roger licks his lips.

ROGER
...break it.

Jamie snatches the joint out of his hand and takes a deep inhale of it.

JAMIE
Ah, pot. A controlled substance in this area, I’m afraid. You have a prescription for this?

ROGER
That’s none of your business.
JAMIE
Then I guess you won’t mind if I
bring the cops back with a warrant.

ROGER
You can’t do
that...Fourth...Amendment!

JAMIE
Probable cause. Wasn’t eighth grade
social studies fun?

Roger scowls at Jamie.

ROGER
Narcs. None of that influencer
shit. You got me? If I see any
phones-

JAMIE
Done. You all got that?

Andrew and Kennedy glare at Jamie and Roger.

ANDREW             KENNEDY
Yeah.               Yeah.     MARK
MIA                 Sure.      I don’t know where mine is.

Jamie shrugs.

JAMIE
So that’s that.

ROGER
Fine. But shoes...off.

Roger draws out the words “shoes” and “off” for an unsettling
amount of time as he stares at all of their feet.

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - DAY

A dark and cluttered basement room. We move through the
closed door into a room about the size of a teenage bedroom.
Chairs, tables, boxes, and other miscellaneous junk litter
the floors and form piles of up to three or four feet. A
closed closet door is wall to the left upon entering.

We pan left to see Declan, roughed up, but in decent
condition, with duct tape over his mouth and tied up hands.

We hear footsteps. Voices that can’t be made out. Is that...?
JAMIE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Why’d you steal the church van?

Declan’s eyes widen, hopefully. He looks like he’s on the verge of tears.

INT. ROGER’S KITCHEN – DAY

The five people in Jamie’s crew wander about the space. Roger leans against the wall with his arms crossed and a permanent scowl on his face.

Mia and Mark move out of the kitchen. Mia’s demeanor is that of a seasoned sleuth while Mark is just trying his best.

Kennedy and Andrew saunter about, checking spaces like drawers or cupboards, not trying very hard.

Jamie pulls his head out of a laundry room area and approaches Roger, who stares at the ground.

ROGER
What kind of socks are those?

JAMIE
Nike Crew? Why?

Roger shivers with arousal.

ROGER
Those are...my favorite...socks.

Jamie is uncomfortable.

JAMIE
So tell me about the van?

ROGER
I didn’t steal it, I borrowed it.

JAMIE
Then why is it past due?

ROGER
You’ve never had an overdue library book?

JAMIE
I haven’t read a book since 2006. But even so, that’s wildly different.
ROGER
It’s a church, it’s not like they’ll fine me.

JAMIE
Then what’s so important that you’ll steal from God himself?

ROGER
Family business. My uncle and I had some errands to take care of.

JAMIE
What errands?

ROGER
Maybe I’ll tell you after you really make yourself comfortable? Why...your feet look so warm...too warm. That can’t be comfortable.

JAMIE
My feet are fine.

ROGER
Yes, they are...

INT. ROGER’S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Mark and Mia wander. Mia scans every inch of the room and Mark poorly imitates her.

MIA
There’s no point in there being two of us if you’re gonna look exactly where I’m looking.

MARK
Well, what if you miss something?

MIA
If I miss something, it’s all but invisible to you.

MARK
Not true! Remember when you couldn’t find that spider and it was in your shoe?

MIA
I wasn’t looking for that spider, Mark. And it was only in my shoe because you put it there.
MARK
It looked cold! Plus my shoes were already full.

Mia shudders.

MIA
Can you imagine what it’s like to be this guy? He just lives this...hateful life with other hateful men.

MARK
He’s trash, but I feel bad for him in a way, I guess.

MIA
Just think- he’s so alone and inept that all he does is pity himself 24/7.

MARK
You’d think the internet would help him...not do that.

MIA
Not if he doesn’t want to. I still only kind of get it but, the internet’s like what mom always talked about.

MARK
Reefer?

MIA
I was thinking alcohol. I don’t think it changes people. It just amplifies what’s already there.

Mark considers this then nods.

MIA
If he wanted to be a better person, he would be.

Mia puts her hand on a photo of Roger and other pitiful men. All barefoot. The focus racks from the photo to what it’s reflecting: Kennedy and Andrew in the den.

INT. ROGER’S DEN - DAY

Kennedy and Andrew lolly gag. Glancing out the window, opening more drawers.
KENNEDY
My phone is buzzing its ass off.

ANDREW
Mine feels like that movie with The Rock.

KENNEDY
San Andreas?

ANDREW
Fast & Furious, but same shit.

Kennedy walks over to a chaise lounge and sees a big stain at the front of the cushion.

KENNEDY
Do you think that’s-

ANDREW
If we don’t ask, it could be anything. If you touch it, our options go down.

They both gag.

KENNEDY
Why are we even here? This place isn’t safe. We can’t post any of it. I’d be down if we got something out of this, but now we’re just in danger for no reason!

ANDREW
We’re on the same page, but if we bounce now, we may miss when the juicy stuff happens.

Kennedy folds her arms.

ANDREW
Imagine our follower count when Jamie finds him and we’re in the rescue post. Imagine the likes. The new followers. The engagement. We have an opportunity here.

KENNEDY
And if they don’t find him?

ANDREW
We’re the sidekicks not the heroes. We bask in the success and disappear in the failure.

(MORE)
ANDREW (CONT’D)
It’s a win/win. Besides, who would cancel Jamie at a time like this?

KENNEDY
This better be worth it then.

ANDREW
It will be. Besides, we’re the only ones who’ve actually helped so far!

Andrews taps his pocket where his phone is.

MIA (O.S.)
Jamie! I think I found something!

Andrew and Kennedy roll their eyes.

INT. ROGER’S KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie looks in the direction of Mia’s voice then back at Roger. He glares then moves in Mia’s direction.

INT. ROGER’S DINING ROOM - DAY

Mia stands in front of an open door that leads...downwards. Into a basement that looks like a dark chasm.

JAMIE
Wouldn’t be an adventure without a dark, spooky basement.

MIA
(sarcastically)
Should we split up?

JAMIE
I’ve always wanted to be a dumb white person in a horror movie.

He takes the first step downstairs.

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - DAY

Quick footsteps are heard and the door opens. Light hits Declan’s face.

His eyes brighten and he tries to smile through the duct tape. The door quietly shuts.

Declan is trying so hard to talk. His face is gleeful and excited. We see a black-gloved hand in the frame with him.
The man wears a ski mask, but we can really only see his jacketed arm and gloved hands.

Declan’s face grows confused then scared as the man’s shadow masks him in darkness.

His body eclipses the frame as we...

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM – DAY

Jamie steps down into the dark, messy basement and turns left. Clothes, video games, and DVD’s litter the floor.

At the bottom of the stairs, the basement splits off into a left half and a right half. The top half of the wall opposite the stairs is basically one long mirror.

On one of the walls, in the left half, is a dartboard with various photos of female public figures taped to it: Anne Hathaway, Emma Watson, Margot Robbie, among others.

Mia squats and picks up a charred picture of a muscular man with the head burnt off. She sees more among the refuse. Some are generic models, others are men like Zac Efron, Noah Centineo, and Michael B. Jordan.

Then, on the walls- blown up photos of celebrity women’s FEET. It’s unclear to whom they belong, but feet posters line the walls. Some bare, some in high heels. All sizes and races represented.

    MIA
    What is wrong with this guy?

    MARK
    I guess you could say he’s...saving soles!

Mark slaps his knee and laughs at his own joke.

    ROGER
    Don’t insult my art! The human foot is the most erotic part of the body. Everyone knows it and you’re all just cowards!

Jamie tries to ease the tension.

    JAMIE
    Hey, hey, hey, let’s just...not kink-shame the guy in his own home.
    (to Roger)
    (MORE)
JAMIE (CONT'D)
I’m sure you love Quentin Tarantino.

ROGER
He’s been on the front lines of our cause since day one. Nothing but respect for that man.

Roger salutes the air.

Mark runs his hand along a six-foot ceramic statue of Brad Pitt as he appeared in Fight Club.

MARK
Where’d you get this?

ROGER
Won it at a meninist retreat.

JAMIE
That sentence got worse with every word.

ROGER
What? The women have Meryl Streep and the gays have RuPaul—straight white men need an icon too. Plus...his feet have made me question my sexuality more than once...

Roger shivers again.

MARK
What’s over here?

Mark drifts over to the right half. Roger follows. Mia and Kennedy find themselves fascinated with the dart board of women.

Andrew decides to follow the guys to the right side since Kennedy is preoccupied.

MIA
What kind of sicko does this?

Kennedy puts her finger on the Anne Hathaway pictures.

KENNEDY
Do you think I could pull off these bangs?

Mia cocks her head in Kennedy’s direction.
MIA
That’s what you’re worried about right now?

KENNEDY
What? We won’t be in this basement long, but haircuts are a big decision!

MIA
Do they not teach priorities on Instagram?

KENNEDY
Look, Mother Mary, growing up under a rock doesn’t make you better than me.

MIA
I never said I was better than you.

KENNEDY
So you haven’t been acting all high and mighty since we met?

MIA
I don’t act, I’m myself. Take notes.

KENNEDY
See! When you say shit like that, it sure seems like you think you’re better!

MIA
Damn right! But I still never said it!

Jamie swoops in between them.

JAMIE
Hey, hey, hey. That’s...enough there.

Jamie puts his finger under the dartboard and lifts it from the wall about a centimeter and looks behind it.

JAMIE
No secret passage way to Declan here, let’s keep looking, hm?

Meanwhile, on the other side of the basement, Mark explores more of the clutter.
MARK
I just don’t get it.

ANDREW
What?

MARK
If he want’s a girlfriend so bad, why doesn’t he just... get one?

ROGER
I’m right here!

Mark turns around to look at him.

MARK
If you want a girlfriend so bad, why don’t you just get one?

ROGER
Girls hate men who wait on them hand and foot. I’m too much of a nice guy to ever get laid. Your Chad friend over there will-

MARK
Sure, but Jamie was telling me about this cool app called Tinder where you can find love like instantly!

ROGER
Have you ever used Tinder?

MARK
Not yet, I still don’t know where my phone is. But I imagine it’s not that hard. If you match with someone, just message them and boom: instant love!

ANDREW
You skipped a couple steps there, buddy.

MARK
What? You start a conversation and then just keep it going. It’s foolproof. Unless someone just stops responding for no reason.

Mark turns around to keep looking through the mess. Andrew and Roger eye one another because of Mark’s naïveté.
A light flicks on from the left side of the room.

JAMIE (O.S.)
I think I found something!

Roger’s face sinks as he rushes back to the left side of the basement.

JAMIE
What’s behind this door?

Roger tries to power-walk over to Jamie, but Mia’s foot just so happens to drift into his path.

Roger falls flat onto his face.

Jamie opens the door and...

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM — DAY

Jamie enters a room that makes the main area look like the Hilton. The room still features all of the piles of junk from before, but the most important thing is missing: Declan.

Jamie tip toes into the space and scans the area. He stares at a spot that’s clear of debris- the spot where Declan was sitting. Jamie touches two fingers to the spot.

JAMIE
It’s still warm.

His gaze finds its way to a closet door in the corner. His eyes widen and his breathing picks up. He strides over to the door, places his hand on the knob and inhales. He pulls back the door.

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT CLOSET — DAY

A reflection of light finds itself on Declan’s face with a black-gloved hand over his mouth and a pistol to his head. But...nothing happens.

Pull back to reveal that Roger’s closet has a pocket of sorts immediately to Jamie’s left. The wall moves back about two feet.

Jamie, Declan, and Declan’s captor all face the same direction- that of the coats and other hung clothing.

Jamie moves the coats as if Declan could be behind them. To no avail. He sighs.
JAMIE

Damn.

Declan sobs silently. The gun hand presses the nozzle to his temple harder.

Jamie turns around and defeatedly pushes the door shut.

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM

Jamie exits the side room with his head hung low. Mark and Mia look at him solemnly. Roger picks himself up off the floor and dusts himself off.

JAMIE

Nothing.

MIA

I’m sorry, Jamie.

Shutter Click!

Everyone turns to see Kennedy and Andrew posing for a selfie with the Brad Pitt statue.

JAMIE

Guys!

ROGER

Get out!

JAMIE

Roger, they were just-

ROGER

Pulling that influencer crap! I gave you dipshits one rule!

Andrew and Kennedy shove their phones into their pockets.

JAMIE

And their phones are away!

ROGER

You may think I’m the scum of the Earth, but my house is the only place where what I say and do matters. Get out or I’ll-

Jamie pulls out his phone.

JAMIE

Roger, don’t make me call-
ROGER
Who? The cops? I can flush my weed before they get here and right now, you’re not welcome anymore. I’m pretty sure that’s called trespassing. Breaking and entering if I smash a window. Your fingerprints are all over. Especially his.

Roger gestures to Mark, who is still picking up and examining junk on the ground.

Mia gently kicks him, spooking him and making him stand up and drop the refuse.

JAMIE
You never told me what happened to the van though!

ROGER
It has nothing to do with your friend!

JAMIE
Then tell me! If you can’t tell, I’m a little stressed out right now!

Roger stammers before blurting out:

ROGER
I sold it, okay! No one’s lining up to hire a guy whose first Google result is “How Women Ruined Star Wars”. Rent is cheap, but it’s not free.

JAMIE
You stole from a church?

ROGER
They’ll forgive me. Now get out.

EXT. ROGER’S SIDEWALK – DAY

The door slams behind everyone.

The five of them congregate near the curb. Kennedy and Andrew immediately start typing on their phones.
MIA
You couldn’t wait ten damn minutes?!

KENNEDY
Do you know what a retweet from Brad Pitt would do for us?

ANDREW
He wasn’t down there anyway, there was no reason to waste the trip!

MIA
Waste the trip? Declan. Was. Kidnapped. An actual human being’s freedom was stripped away from him and you-

Mia gets lost in their egocentrism.

JAMIE
C’mon. Infighting doesn’t help find him either.

MIA
This isn’t infighting. They’d have to be in the group for this to be infighting.

Kennedy and Andrew gasp.

ANDREW
I’m sorry, who brought awareness of Declan’s kidnapping to millions of people?

MIA
What’s a high schooler in Wisconsin gonna do, Andrew?

KENNEDY
Likes and retweets are better than nothing—what have you done?

MIA
Been there! When you were sipping iced coffee. I may not know what it’s like to have a hundred zillion followers—but at least I know what it’s like to have friends.

Kennedy and Andrew scowl at Mia. A stare off ensues. Jamie and Mark look back and forth between the two of them.
MARK
It’s true! We have seasons one through...

Everyone looks at Mark...it’s not the time for a joke.

MARK
(fading out)
Ten.

JAMIE
(sarcastically)
Thank you, Mark.

MARK
(mumbling)
They were on a break.

JAMIE
It’s been a long day, maybe we all need to-

KENNEDY
Jamie, have you been on Twitter?

MIA
He hasn’t left your sight in the last half hour, what do you think?

Kennedy doesn’t look up from her phone.

KENNEDY
Jamie sounds bitchier than usual.

Mia posts up and Jamie puts his hand on her shoulder to calm her.

He pulls out his phone, taps Twitter. His eyes widen.

MIA
Is everything okay?

MARK
What happened?

Jamie’s breathing picks up and he clutches his phone with a death grip. He scrolls endlessly.

His screen is filled with condemnatory tweets aimed at him. They say things like “Poor taste. Sad!”; “I told y’all Jamie Steller was racist!” and “My grandfather dodged the draft and even he hates you”,


JAMIE
I think I’m...cancelled?

That hangs in the air for a few moments.

MARK
What do you mean?

JAMIE
What day is it?

MIA
December 7th.

Jamie’s rubs his hand down his face.

JAMIE
Shit! Why did I-? I’m not-. I didn’t mean-

Jamie massages his temple and keeps scrolling through hate messages.

MARK
I’m still lost.

JAMIE
I just tweeted a Pearl Harbor joke on Pearl Harbor day. A bad one at that. With a big red circle at the end in case there were any doubts what I “meant”.

Jamie does air quotes with his fingers when he says the word “meant”. He plops down on the curve.

Mia and Mark sit on either side of him. Kennedy and Andrew just watch from the sidewalk, waiting for a moment to say something.

MARK
Can’t you just delete it?

JAMIE
(mildly agitated)
That only makes it worse.

MIA
Tweet an apology? Explain yourself?

JAMIE
(moderately agitated)
Then I’m either fake or too late!
MARK
So what do you do when you make a mistake on the internet?

Jamie pauses for a moment. We don’t flash back, but his face droops as if he’s thinking about the “Curl up and die” chant.

JAMIE
(severely agitated)
When you figure that one out, let me freaking know!

Jamie waives his hands in the air and jumps up. He turns around to face Kennedy and Andrew.

JAMIE
What would you two do?

KENNEDY
That’s actually what we were about to tell you...

ANDREW
How about we just rip the band-aid off?

JAMIE
What band-aid? What’s happening right now?

KENNEDY
We’ve never had one of our friends get...“cancelled” before.

ANDREW
The internet is a savage place. And we can’t-

KENNEDY
This is where it ends for us.

Jamie is taken aback. He blinks a few times in disbelief. His eyes narrow in disdain.

JAMIE
Ends as in-

KENNEDY
As in we’ve already unfollowed you and if you test us, you’ll catch a block.
ANDREW
Don’t act like you don’t know how this works. Internet fame is a jungle.

JAMIE
And I thought we were in this together!

ANDREW
We were. But things change. There’s a difference between being followers and being friends.

KENNEDY
Just because we don’t wanna follow you anymore doesn’t mean we can’t be friends. On the DL-you know?

Mia and Mark have stood up. They stand behind Jamie, but don’t intervene, silently knowing this is his fight, so to speak.

JAMIE
I wish I could say I was surprised. I won’t act like I didn’t ignore every sign, but...damn if I didn’t give you the benefit of every doubt there was.

KENNEDY
Let’s not-

JAMIE
No. Let’s. We won’t be speaking again so let’s just air it all out. You two wouldn’t know genuine if it bit you in your botoxed asses. You’re loyal to know one but a hoard of followers who would chew you up and spit you out in a heartbeat if you so much as stub your toe. You’re pathetic. Your lives are pathetic. And anyone who admires you beyond entertainment is pathetic. You have no depth, no empathy, and certainly no priorities.

Mia cracks a grin behind him.

JAMIE
We don’t need you and we never needed you. So kindly: Fuck Off.
Everyone is open mouthed at what Jamie just said. Andrew and Kennedy’s eyes are the size of quarters as they mouth “okay” and turn around to walk toward their car.

Jamie turns around to face Mark and Mia as Andrew and Kennedy film an Instagram Boomerang of themselves flipping him off.

JAMIE
Let’s go.

Jamie, Mark, and Mia walk off toward their car.

MIA
So what now?

JAMIE
Looks like it really is just us.

MIA
It was always just us.

JAMIE
Yeah, but them aside, now we have no social media. We got our first lead from the internet.

MIA
Well, do we have anymore?

JAMIE
Just the one Chris sent me. He found the guy who was behind us in the buggy last night.

MIA
Then we have one more thing we can do.

They arrive at the car.

MARK
Shotgun!

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie drives with Mark in the passenger seat and Mia in the back. There’s a tense silence as Jamie is clearly still angry from what’s just happened.

College-town rolls into Amish country in the background.

JAMIE
Hey, Siri!
His phone beeps and the Siri interface pops up.

    JAMIE
    Call Chris Roven.

The phone beeps and we see the phone call screen with Chris’s name at the top.

INT. CHRIS’S CAR – DAY

We see a residential street through his window as he turns right and it slides out of sight.

    CHRIS
    Jamie!

    JAMIE (V.O.)
    Hey, Chris. What do we need to know about this buggy driver?

    CHRIS
    There’s not much to know. His name is Amos-

    JAMIE (V.O.)
    Of course it is.

    CHRIS
    (chuckling)
    And the address I sent you is his shop.

    JAMIE (V.O.)
    Do we need to be worried about anything? Is he dangerous?

    CHRIS
    As dangerous as a guy in a straw hat can be, I guess.

INT. JAMIE’S CAR – DAY

They are now in the thick of Amish country. Pedestrians scowl at them for daring to drive a car on their dirt roads.

Mark makes eye contact with an intimidating man in a straw hat with a beard,

    JAMIE
    Alright. We’ll call you if we learn anything.
CHRIS (V.O.)
Sounds good.

JAMIE
What have you been up to?

CHRIS (V.O.)
Well, I just left the police station, and I was gonna head to Amos’s but it looks like you beat me.

JAMIE
See what else you can dig up about the church van. Roger’s was a bust.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Take care of yourself. Will do.

Jamie hangs up.

MARK
Do you think Amish people have influencers?

JAMIE
How would that work?

MARK
What if there’s like a town pole where everyone posts announcements? You could swoop in and just staple up a shirtless mirror pic.

Mia chuckles in the back seat. Jamie can’t help but to crack a smile.

MIA
And people can draw hearts on it with red sharpies.

JAMIE
So if Instagram is a pole, what does that make Twitter?

MIA
You tell us.

JAMIE
The town crier maybe?

Mia claps and points at Jamie.
MIA

Yes!

Jamie keeps one of his hands on the wheel and uses his other
to half-cup his mouth.

JAMIE
Attention, plebeians! Here’s how
the shoelaces you’re tying ACTUALLY
contribute to systemic poverty,
amoral consumerism, and late stage
capitalism (one of forty-nine).

Mia and Mark are silent— they don’t get it.

MARK
I don’t get it.

MIA
Do people really do that?

JAMIE
So, yes, but it’s usually a good
thing. It just happens so much that
the form—

MARK
We’re here!

The car approaches a small building with a wooden sign on its
roof that says “Amos’s” in cursive.

JAMIE
Where do you park in Amish country?

MIA
Beats me.

JAMIE
I just don’t want something to
happen.

MARK
I think you can just pull over and
park. What are they gonna do? Tow
you?

MIA
Okay, now I’m picturing your car
being towed by like six horses and
I kinda want to see that. Let’s do
it!
Jamie giggles, pulls the car over, and takes the keys out of the ignition.

INT. AMOS’ S - DAY
A bell above the door rings as Jamie, Mark, and Mia enter into a surprisingly elegant, hand-crafted goods shop. The decor is very Reconstruction Era. Simple furniture - tables, chairs, and benches- abound the space. Buckets sit in front of them, some of which are filled with rocks.

A clear aisle leads from the front door to the checkout counter, behind which stands a man in his mid 20’s with his back turned, facing a curtain that leads to a backroom. He is AMOS MILLER, a 24 year old, heavily bearded, man who just wants to be left to his work.

AMOS
(excited)
Good afternoon- or is it evening?

Amos turns around and the grin on his face fades into a disappointed frown.

AMOS
Gentlemen. Lady. May I help you with something?

JAMIE
Yes, actually. You were in front of me in your buggy last night.

AMOS
I suppose. I rode in front of a number of vehicles last night.

JAMIE
Yeah, well. A friend of mine was kidnapped when we got to my house and the van took off the way you were going. We were wondering if you saw which way it went?

AMOS
And just who are you, exactly? Adolescent law enforcement?

JAMIE
I’m Jamie. That’s Mia, and that’s Mark.

He points to himself and both of them as he speaks.
JAMIE
And we’re just some concerned
college students trying to find
their friend before it’s too late.

AMOS
That doesn’t sound safe or legal,
young man. You should leave this to
the proper authorities.

JAMIE
Are you even older than me?

AMOS
In wisdom...and years.

JAMIE
Whatever. We tried the authorities
and they just brushed us off!
Besides, I- at least used to- have
something they didn’t. A social
media following.

Amos tilts his head in confusion.

AMOS
A what?

JAMIE
I’m an influencer. It’s an internet
thing. Never mind.

AMOS
Oh no, I do mind. Please tell me
more about your line of work. I do
love learning about new
occupations.

JAMIE
Okay- if I explain it to you,
you’ll tell us which way the van
went?

AMOS
It needn’t be a exchange, I’ll tell
you regardless. I’m not a monster.
You’re just my only customers today
and I’m starved for conversation.

Amos grins expectantly.
JAMIE
Sure. So, basically, my friend and I, the one who’s missing, post pictures and videos of ourselves on social media. Twitter, Instagram, YouTube, etcetera. Then our viewers watch our content, give us some likes, and we sometimes make money through advertisers who pay us to promote their products.

AMOS
I see. And what are these images, moving or otherwise, about?

JAMIE
Usually they’re just... of us. Living our lives. Answering questions. Sometimes playing games.

AMOS
Fascinating. So they aren’t even short narratives of a sort, they’re simply windows into the best elements your life?

JAMIE
I guess you could say that.

AMOS
Incredible. Human egotism knows no bounds.

Mark and Mia stifle laughter. Jamie is caught off guard by both their reactions and Amos’s bluntness.

AMOS
Let me show you something.

Amos stands up, lifts the counter flap, and moves freely about the store. He stops at a finely crafted, wooden chair with a bucket 1/3 full of rocks in front of it.

AMOS
I took 48 hours to craft this beauty. I sweated. I bled. I even wepted at its completion. And you know how much it was appreciated?

Amos kicks over the bucket of rocks. The trio jumps.
AMOS
That much. Sometimes, I put my best creations on the porch to see what
the town-folk think. Supposedly, they put rocks in front of the ones
they find most pleasurable.

JAMIE
Supposedly?

AMOS
Some of their decisions simply
don’t make sense! I toil and put my
soil into this chair, and somehow
it got half as many rocks
as...this.

Amos gestures to a table that, while functional, is not
nearly as aesthetically pleasing as the chair. Its bucket is
filled to the brim with rocks.

AMOS
My point is...I am a creator. I
create things that serve a purpose
other than my own vanity. I-

JAMIE
Bullshit.

AMOS
I beg your pardon?

JAMIE
Your...wood may not be you. But you
can’t say I’m vain just because
your “likes” look different from
mine.

Jamie points to the rocks on the floor.

AMOS
But likes have no meaning.

JAMIE
And rocks do?

AMOS
If I so desired, I could melt these
rocks to create something new.

JAMIE
And more likes means more sponsors.
More sponsors means more money.
AMOS
A means to an end, perhaps.

Jamie nods. Amos drifts back behind the counter.

AMOS
But why do people watch you if you
don’t truly do anything?

JAMIE
Because we’re influencers.

AMOS
And why are you influencers?

JAMIE
Because people watch what we do.

AMOS
We seem to be going in a bit of a
circle here.

Amos inhales, looks upward, then back to Jamie.

AMOS
I will require forgiveness for
this, but may I see some of
your...work, I suppose?

Jamie rolls his eyes and pulls out his phone.

JAMIE
Sure.

He opens Instagram and taps on his profile before handing
over the phone.

JAMIE
This is Instagram. Swipe up and
down to scroll. Tap to make it
bigger.

Amos takes the phone and pulls out a pair of spectacles from
his shirt pocket. He holds the phone like it’s a tiny new
born and taps the screen like it might set off a bomb.

AMOS
Intriguing. A significant fraction
of these are you in front of a
mirror. Do you still resent my
egotism comment?

JAMIE
Yeah.
AMOS
Then what do you call this?

Amos turns the phone around and it shows a shirtless mirror pic of Jamie while he sticks his tongue out. The photo is captioned, “I woke up like dis.”

AMOS
You quite clearly did not wake up like that as you’re wearing denim and appear to have fixed your hair. At least I have no qualms about admitting the effort behind my work.

JAMIE
It’s just a thirst trap. Everyone does them.

AMOS
What kind of snare is it, now?

JAMIE
No- it’s- When one person is like really physically attracted another person, that’s called thirsting.

AMOS
Not the definition I grew up with, but go on.

JAMIE
So the post is supposed to...I guess provoke that response.

AMOS
Ah, and so the purpose of this photograph is to make your viewers “thirst” after you?

JAMIE
Exactly.

Amos hands Jamie his phone back and takes off his glasses.

AMOS
Would you like to borrow my spectacles?

JAMIE
Why would I want to do that?
AMOS
Because you seem to be blind, young man!

Mark and Mia belt out a laugh. Jamie deeply exhales, rolls his eyes, and bites his lip.

JAMIE
I answered your questions. Can you tell us about the van now?

AMOS
The black van drove west before quickly merging onto the Interstate and disappearing from my line of view.

Jamie, Mia, and Mark’s faces all sink.

AMOS
I’m sorry, I wish I could be of more help, but I continued on my way. I didn’t know.

The group processes this.

AMOS
However, I knew if I began with that, it would sour the rest of our encounter! Seems we both learned something today.

Amos turns around and disappears behind the curtain.

JAMIE
Goddammit.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMOS’S – DAY

Jamie stomps to his car and sees a ticket under his windshield. He snatches it and reads this crude, handwritten parking violation ticket.

Mark and Mia awkwardly stand behind him.

MIA
Not quite as fun as horse towing...

She musters up a fake laugh that fails to add any levity.
JAMIE
AAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!

Jamie bellows as he rips the ticket to shreds and the breeze carries it away.

JAMIE
Do you know what this means?

MARK
(mumbling)
You don’t know where to send your ticket payment?

JAMIE
It means the case is cold! That was our last lead! Declan could be anywhere from here to Michigan by now!

MIA
Maybe we should take some time to cool off and regroup?

JAMIE
That won’t do anything! Nothing will do anything! It’s over! No amount of time or regrouping will change-

MIA
Jamie, why are you yelling at us?

JAMIE
I’m not yelling at you! I just...

Jamie struggles to find the words.

MIA
I know you said they don’t work, but, maybe you could at least try an internet apology? Maybe some of your followers will understand and help us or something?

Jamie rubs his sinuses.

JAMIE
You just don’t get it, do you?
Either of you? The internet isn’t a place for apologies and forgiveness! If you don’t get it right the first time, you’re done!
MIA
That can’t be true.

JAMIE
How would you know?

MIA
Because the internet is made up of people, Jamie! I may not know much about it, but people aren’t perfect! If that’s true, then no one should be allowed on the internet.

JAMIE
It doesn’t work like that! It’s not a- I can’t just apologize! It’s not enough! Sometimes even action isn’t enough!

MIA
For who?

JAMIE
For everyone!

MIA
For everyone or for you?

Jamie is taken aback. His eyes widen.

JAMIE
What’s that supposed to mean?

MIA
Maybe they’ll accept an apology, maybe they won’t. But you won’t know until you post one. And, I don’t care what you say, at least some of them will forgive you. To hell with the rest, you did what you could.

JAMIE
Goddammit, Mia, you sound like such a dumbass right now!

An inaudible screech as the conversation grinds to a halt. A few seconds of tense silence.

MIA
I’m a what?
JAMIE
You’re not a- I was just- I shouldn’t have- Mia, I’m so sorry.

MIA
Take us home.

JAMIE
Mia, I didn’t mean it. Let me off the hook, please.

MIA
(mockingly)
It doesn’t work like that.

Mia opens the car door and slides into the backseat, slamming it behind her. Mark’s eyebrows rise and his lips purse and he makes that "awkward..." face.

MARK
You messed up.

Mark opens the passenger door and gets into the car. As he shuts his door, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEFFERS HOUSE - DAY

The sound of Jamie’s car door shutting carries over into this scene as Mark and Mia walk toward their college house, but, more importantly, away from Jamie.

Jamie stares at them wistfully. Mark treads beside his sister, but looks back repeatedly, while she coldly strides with purpose in her eyes, never looking back.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie deeply inhales and deeply exhales. He watches them enter the house, and close the door behind them.

He sits there pensively for a moment. He runs his hands through his hair and rests one of them on the wheel and just stares forward.

It’s evening. The pink horizon boasts the death rattle of the day and with it the ever-diminishing chance of recovering Declan.

Hopeless and helpless, Jamie puts the car in gear and presses his foot against the gas pedal.
INT. JAMIE’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jamie shuts the door behind him and tosses his keys out of the frame. Donna snores on the couch while *Friends* plays on the television. He passes through the space and into his bedroom where he closes himself in.

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie plops onto his bed without taking off his jacket or shoes. His body stretched out and his mouth half open.

His phone buzzes.

Jamie takes it out and reads a message from Chris that says, “Any updates?”

Somehow, this is the straw that breaks the camel’s back. Jamie tosses his phone onto the carpet and sobs.

We move to the phone on the ground, and as it goes to sleep, so does he...

FADE TO BLACK.

A few seconds of silence pass.

FROM THE BLACK:

An indistinguishable noise that repeats. With each loop, it get’s louder. It’s an alarm- no it’s a-

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phone ringing. Notification dings.

Jamie’s eyes snap open as the noise startles him out of his depression nap. He allows a moment for himself to reconnect with reality before rolling over and scooping up the phone.

Jamie winces from the light of the screen. Then his face manages to droop more than it already has.

The screen displays another message from Rehpot, the kidnapper. It’s a photo of Declan with his hands and feet taped together as well as tape that covers his mouth and goes around his head. A pistol nozzle is visibly pressed against his head.
The messages beneath the photo reads, “Tweet the following before midnight or you’ll be picking up his body: ‘I will not apologize for the bomb that I dropped earlier today. Cry me a river...or rather- an ocean.’ Declan’s counting on you.”

Jamie angrily squeezes the phone and creases his forehead. He drops the phone back onto the floor and turns onto his back, a powder keg about-

JAMIE
GODDAMMIT!

In one swift motion he grabs a pillow and throws it across the room. As he slams his head into his palms, he hears a clatter.

He lifts his head to see that one of his YouTube plaques has fallen off the wall- knocked by the pillow. Jamie sighs and forces himself to sit upright.

His feet hit the floor and he approaches the fallen plaque, covered by the pillow. He bends over and tosses the pillow back onto his bed before picking up the dusty plaque and wiping it with his hand.

The oversized YouTube Logo stares back at him above “StarPower - Jamie Steller & Declan Powers - 100,000 Subscribers.”

Jamie’s breathing becomes labored as he fights tears again.

Knock Knock!

Jamie whips around and wipes his semi-dry eyes.

JAMIE
Just a second!

He hangs the plaque back up and rushes to his door. Donna stands there.

DONNA
Everything all right? It sounds like my parents’ marriage back here.

Jamie chuckles.

JAMIE
Yeah, sorry. I’ll keep the swearing and banging down.
DONNA
Something’s on your mind. Talk to me.

Jamie sighs and looks around.

JAMIE
I just don’t wanna talk about-

CUT TO:

Jamie and Donna are sat on the bed with Jamie nearly out of breath.

JAMIE
And then I got this message asking me to make everything worse and I just- I’m at my wit’s end.

Donna appears to be focused on something Jamie said earlier.

DONNA
It’s weird that the church thing led you to Roger. I just saw him like three days ago at the hospital?

JAMIE
What was he doing?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Donna walks down the hallway in a lab coat with a clip board when she locks eyes with Roger.

DONNA (V.O.)
I wasn’t sure.

ROGER
Hey, Donna!

Donna grins and nods politely.

DONNA
Roger.

She tries to power walk around him, but Roger keeps chatting.

ROGER
How’ve you been?
DONNA
I’ve been well, thank you. I really should be getting back to-

ROGER
I miss you, Donna, so much. And your feet.

Roger stares at her feet for a moment.

DONNA
Here we go.

ROGER
I know I’ve been cursed with this God-awful face and body, but you could fix me Donna. Your little toesy woesies can turn me around.

Roger tries to move closer, but Donna steps back, semi-vomiting in her own mouth.

DONNA
I’m good, thanks. I’ve gotta go.

ROGER
Wait! I seem to have...gotten myself turned around. Can you take me to a help desk or something?

Donna rolls her eyes and takes a deep breath.

DONNA
Follow me.

They walk down the hallway for about six seconds when a young woman approaching them, also in a lab coat, turns into a room with a keypad lock.

ROGER
Oh my god, is that Erica Hale? Erica!

Roger runs after her and into the room.

DONNA
Roger, you’re not allowed to-

But he’s already gone and the door is shut.
DONNA (V.O.)
I probably should’ve gotten
someone, but at that point I just
needed to get far from that
hallway.

Donna power walks away from the door.

JAMIE (V.O.)
You definitely should’ve! What if
he had-

DONNA (V.O.)
He’s a miserable, pathetic jerk who
only poses a threat to his own
safety. He’s not a danger, trust
me.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

JAMIE
If you say so. What room did you
say it was?

DONNA
I don’t think I did. But— Pharmacy
Storage.

Jamie’s eyes widen.

EXT. JAMIE’S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The kidnappers press a chloroform rag into Declan’s face
before he passes out and goes limp.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie grabs his phone and pulls up the first Rehpot text with
the picture of Declan.

JAMIE
Holy shit. It’s the same basement.

Jamie’s mouth is wide open as he connects the dots.

JAMIE
Donna, you’re a goddess.

Jamie hugs her tightly and grabs his phone off of the floor.
Jamie’s moving a bit fast for Donna, but she goes with it.
DONNA
That’s Dr. Goddess to you! In like a year or two.

Jamie smiles at her and moves to leave.

DONNA
Where are you going?

JAMIE
I need to tell someone that I was the dumbass.

Donna grins.

DONNA
Then what are you still talking to me for?

Jamie tilts his head.

JAMIE
Because— you asked where I was going?

DONNA
No, I know, I was just— You know how— On TV when the person’s like, “I’m gonna do the thing.” And the supportive friend is all, “Then what are you still talking to me for?” And the other person smiles and leaves.

JAMIE
Sure, but I was on my way out and you stopped me to—

DONNA
It didn’t work here, just go!

They both laugh and Jamie leaves. Donna pulls out her phone and starts scrolling on it.

The sound of the front door shutting echoes.

Donna scrolls a bit more and starts laughing hysterically at a meme we can’t see.

DONNA
Oh my god, this feels targeted.

She screenshots it as we...
EXT. JEFFERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie slams his car door and runs up to the front door.

KnockKnockKnockKnockKnock!

Jamie’s fist bangs rapidly on the door frame. He fidgets while he waits for the door to open.

The door swings over to reveal a stone-faced Mia. She folds her arms.

JAMIE
Hey.

Mia awkwardly purses her lips.

MIA
Why are you here?

JAMIE
To apologize first off. I never should’ve yelled at you. I was way out of line and I have no excuse.

MIA
Okay...and?

JAMIE
And?

MIA
You said “first off”. You’re apologizing so you can ask for something. What’s the second thing?

JAMIE
Wait- you think I’m only sorry because I need your help?

MIA
I was a dumbass a few hours ago. Now there’s something you can’t do without me and-

JAMIE
How many times do I have to say I’m sorry?!
MIA
Quality over quantity, Jamie! You yelled at me in public, in front of my brother, after a day of talking down to me and ignoring me for people who weren’t even your friends!

Jamie’s face shows remorse.

MIA
You’re no better than Kennedy and Andrew. We’re just the idiots who thought more of you.

JAMIE
That’s not fair! You asked me to take you home, remember? I didn’t walk out on you when you needed me!

MIA
Needing us doesn’t mean you can just brush us off when you feel like it! I told you that we didn’t need them and you didn’t listen to me! Sure, I don’t totally understand your “job”, but that doesn’t mean I never know what I’m talking about! And then when they did exactly what I tried to warn you they would do, you had the GALL to take your anger out on me and Mark!

Jamie is flushed, having had no idea Mia felt this way.

JAMIE
Mia, I- Sorry doesn’t feel like enough, but it’s all I have. I’m sorry that I ignored you, I’m sorry I patronized you, I’m sorry that I lashed out at you in public. I...

Jamie takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

JAMIE
I’m sorry that I wasn’t the friend that either of you deserved. You two are...kind, smart, terrific people, and I’m sorry that I ever made you feel otherwise.

Mia nods and cracks a smile.
MIA
That’s better.

They hug.

JAMIE
Now where’s Mark so I can say all that to him?

MARK (O.S.)
I’m right here.

Mia pushes the door open a little further and we see that Mark was just blocked by the door. He waives with his usual dumb, excited grin.

MARK
I’ve been here the whole time!

JAMIE
Were you ever gonna say anything?

MARK
I just did!

JAMIE
Ya got me there.

Jamie embraces Mark and Mia joins for a group hug. They separate.

JAMIE
We have to go back to Roger’s.

MIA
(sarcastically)
Oh joy.

MARK
Why?

JAMIE
Because some way or another, he’s involved with the kidnapping.

MIA
But how do you know?

Jamie opens his mouth.
INT. JAMIE’S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie drives while Mia sits in the passenger seat and Mark sits in the back.

JAMIE
It just can’t be a coincidence.

MIA
Yeah, no, he’s up to something.

MARK
Hehehe- what if he stole Viagra too?

JAMIE
Why would he steal Viagra?

MARK
It’d just be funny if he did and then he goes to jail.

MIA
Mark, make sense.

MARK
Because then he’d be doing...hard time.

Mark slaps his knee and doubles over in laughter. Jamie and Mia make “I wanna die” faces.

JAMIE
Hehehe- if he took medical pot, he’d be doing time...in the joint.

Jamie and Mark crack up at that one. Mia’s expression remains unchanged.

MIA
I hope he has Tylenol. Just lots and lots of Tylenol. Boatloads of Tylenol.

JAMIE
Why?

MIA
So that this can be my last headache.

Jamie’s car stops for a red light and he pulls his phone out of the cupholder. He taps a few times and puts it back. We hear the dialing noise.
CHRIS (V.O.)

Jamie!

JAMIE

Hey, Chris. We’re on our way back to Roger’s. If you don’t hear back from us in thirty minutes, call the police.

CHRIS (V.O.)

What? Why? Are you sure it’s safe? I know I told you to investigate, but if you think he’s involved involved, I don’t want you putting yourself in harm’s way.

JAMIE

Don’t worry about us. We can take a depressed incel.

CHRIS

Jamie, this is an awful idea. At least wait for me to get-

JAMIE

We don’t have time! He could’ve actually left town by now if he wanted to!

A beat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I guess I can’t stop you, but watch your back over there. How far out are you?

JAMIE

Nearly there. Remember, thirty minutes.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Got it.

Jamie ends the call.

EXT. ROGER’S STREET - NIGHT

Jamie’s car comes to a stop roughly four houses down from Roger’s.
INT. JAMIE’S CAR - NIGHT

Mia looks over at Jamie apprehensively.

    MIA
    Should I even ask if we have a plan?

    JAMIE
    You shouldn’t but you can. There’s only two parts to it.

    MIA
    Why shouldn’t I?

    JAMIE
    You won’t like it.

    MIA
    What are the two parts, Jamie?

Jamie looks at Roger’s house in the distance.

    JAMIE
    Break and enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER’S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jamie, Mark, and Mia crouch and scurry along the side of the house. Jamie peaks his head around the back wall of the house and spots a basement window on the far, back side of the house. They sneak over to the window and crouch down. Jamie grabs a large rock at the edge of the backyard.

They all look at each other, grin, and nod.

    JAMIE
    Part one.

He smashes the window in with the rock.

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The three of them slide into the basement and land somewhat softly.

    JAMIE
    Part two.
Jamie approaches the side room again and hesitates before putting his hand on the door knob. He takes a deep breath and hopes...

We hear the turning of the knob and see...

INT. ROGER’S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Declan sits on a folding chair, slumped over and half asleep. He startled by the sound of the door opening. His fright turns to excitement and then joy at the sight of his friends. His hands and legs are bound with rope and duct tape wraps around his head to cover his mouth.

Jamie and Mia rush to undo his leg and hand binds.

While they fiddle with the knots, Mark just stands there, unsure of how to be useful.

Declan keeps trying to talk through the tape, but he’s unintelligible. The noises he makes grow in urgency as Jamie and Mia finish untying him.

    JAMIE
    What are you trying to say?

Declan’s noises intensify as he stands up and Mark takes the folding chair.

    JAMIE
    Okay, okay- hold still!

Jamie touches the tape as-

    ROGER (O.S.)
    What the hell?

Everyone turns around to see Roger standing in the main basement room. He storms toward them,

    ROGER
    With Alex Jones as my witness, I swear to-

    WHAM!

Mark hits Roger with the folding chair square in the face and he crumples.

    MARK
    Looks like the in-cel is out-cold!

Mark cracks himself up.
JAMIE
What was even the joke there?

MARK
See, because, out is the opposite of in and cel is...

Everyone waits.

MARK
Oh shit, it doesn’t work. Scrap it!

Declan resumes making urgent need-to-speak noises.

JAMIE
We’ll talk outside, c’mon!

Jamie steps aside as Declan, Mark, and Mia exit in that order. They rush over to the stairs and quickly move up them. Declan swings open the door and the blinding light gives way to reveal...Chris standing at the top of the stairs.

Close on Chris as the gang finally feels like they can breath safely for a moment. All except for Declan. Pull out to reveal that Chris is holding a pistol— the same pistol from the Declan photos.

Everyone’s faces drop as they realize that Chris isn’t their salvation. He’s their adversary. He raises the gun.

CHRIS
Turn around.

Everyone freezes for a moment. They’re still processing, but Jamie’s mental wheels are processing something else.

CHRIS
What did I just say?!

Jamie turns around and slips his phone out of his pocket. We see him tap Instagram and start an Instagram live in the few seconds it takes for the gang— and lastly, Chris, to walk down and move into the left room with the dart board and Brad Pitt statue. Mia discreetly scoops a dart off of the messy floor. Jamie props his phone on the statue just before Chris turns the corner. Everyone puts their hands up. Chris still points the gun.

JAMIE
(pleading)
I don’t get it?
CHRIS
You were supposed to be following
the van out of town by now.

JAMIE
But why? Why’d you put this
together? How’d you put this
together?

CHRIS
Amos is my second cousin. And the
young man you just attacked is my
nephew. While Roger doesn’t have
many friends, the few he does are
starved for cash and the approval
of other men. Hiring them to kidnap
you wasn’t that hard, but
convincing a devout Amishman to
give you a fake lead—cost me a
pretty penny.

JAMIE
But what did you have to gain?

CHRIS
You were supposed to play detective
a little while longer so that this
could grow into something people
would follow. It would’ve given all
of us the boost we needed and then
you would’ve found Declan. I had
this in place in case you lost the
Innie, and when you did, I wasn’t
going to lose my job— I’ve worked
too damn hard.

JAMIE
And the tweets? What’s a Rehpot?

MARK
It’s Topher backwards!

Everyone pauses and looks at him.

MARK
Ya know— cause his name’s
Christopher. He just kinda flipped
the second half of his name.

JAMIE
Right, but...how’d you put that
together?
MARK
I have a thing for palindromes.

JAMIE
But that’s not a-

CHRIS
Nothing attracts attention like controversy, Jamie. No one was talking about you and we needed to change that. Have you been on the Internet at all today?

JAMIE
I’ve been a little busy.

CHRIS
You two are front page news. Your followers are skyrocketing and I’ve gotten emails from talk shows and podcasts. This kind of publicity could make us so much money.

Chris pauses.

CHRIS
You’ve gone viral.

JAMIE
We’re actually front page news? Aren’t there dead kids in like Syria?

MIA
There’s dead kids here.

CHRIS
Shut up! Listen to me! All of that was the original plan. But now, we have ourselves a situation. So I’ll pitch this: no harm no foul. Everyone’s safe and everyone’s benefitting from this. Why rock the boat? We could all walk out right now and start planning for our future. What do you say?

JAMIE
We’d actually like to go to another direction.

Jamie moves his head and points his raised hands in the direction of the Brad Pitt statue.
Chris looks over, then down and sees Jamie’s phone propped up against the statue and he realizes that he’s just publicly confessed to everything. He shoots the phone then points the gun back at the group.

CHRIS
Social media can expose me, but it can’t save your lives.

Chris continues to make threats in MOS.

Jamie looks at Mia in the mirror. Her eyes drift to her sleeve and Jamie sees the outline of the dart. Jamie looks to Mark then to the Brad Pitt statue. Mark nods and grins.

JAMIE
That’s what friends are for.

Mark kicks over the Brad Pitt statue and it shatters on the floor.

Mia hurls the dart with pinpoint precision and nabs Chris in the hand. He yelps and drops the gun.

CHRIS
Shit!

He clutches his hand and sprints out of the basement. The trio sprint after him.

INT. ROGER’S HALLWAY – NIGHT

Chris makes a break for Roger’s front door. The gang trips over themselves to catch up to him. Chris swings the doors open to see-

EXT. ROGER’S STREET – NIGHT

A barricade of police cars surround the house. Their lights illuminate the entire block. Officers stand behind their cars with their guns drawn. Chris’s face sinks.

Donna stands across the street behind the barricade. She nods to Jamie.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Chris is handcuffed and put into a squad car.

- An officer walks out of the house with Chris’s pistol in an evidence bag.
- Another officer leads Roger out of the house with a bruised face.

- Jamie calmly gives his testimony to a cop while wearing a shock blanket.

- A medic starts to unwrap the duct tape around Declan’s face. We see him mouth, “are you ready?”. Declan nods before the medic rips off the last of the tape. Declan’s howl of pain is inaudible, but hysterical - in both senses of the word.

- Mark and Mia relay their testimonies together. Mark gets animated and Mia calms him down. They laugh to each other.

- Jamie, Declan, Mark, and Mia approach Donna with smiles on their faces.

END MONTAGE

JAMIE
How’d you know to call the cops?

DONNA
Instagram Live, bay-bee. Plus, Roger sent me his address every day for a month before he took the hint.

JAMIE
Was that the same time as all the dick pics?

DONNA
They were mostly feet pics, actually. He had a new angle for every day. As if one side would finally make me say yes over the other.

Everyone chuckles.

MARK
So now what?

DECLAN
Is the Starbucks down the street still open? I’m starving.

Everyone looks at Declan.

DECLAN
What?
Everyone laughs and hugs.

DECLAN
Postmates it is then.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. JAMIE’S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM – DAY

Jamie and Mia lie on the carpet playing Monopoly: Social Media Edition. Jamie is clearly winning, with far more cash and property cards than Mia. She rolls the dice and lands on Boardwalk, the most expensive property owned by Jamie.

JAMIE
Ah! You owe me 2000 followers!

MIA
This is bullshit!

JAMIE
Pfft- how?

MIA
You’re sittin’ on stacks over there and 2000 followers is gonna bankrupt me! Or...cancel me—whatever Social Media Monopoly calls it!

JAMIE
(smirking, leaning in)
That’s capitalism, my guy.

MIA
(smirking, leaning in)
That’s robbery, my guy.

JAMIE
Synonyms, my guy.

Jamie’s hand touches Mia’s. They both look at their hands then into each other’s eyes, longingly.

Jamie breaks the tension by quickly grabbing four 500 follower bills from Mia’s stack.

JAMIE
Thank you!
MIA
When the poor rise up, I’m coming
for your ass.

JAMIE
I’m counting on it.

Jamie rolls.

JAMIE
Pass Go, collect 200 followers. And—
oh. Baltic Avenue, I guess I owe
you 4 followers...chump change.

Jamie takes his time counting out four bills before sliding
them over to Mia, suggestively. Mia stops his hand before he
finishes sliding them over. Hands touching again, the
yearning looks return to their faces.

MIA
I never told you how brave you
were.

Jamie takes a deep breath.

JAMIE
It was nothing- I- I just wanted to
keep you guys safe.

MIA
It wasn’t nothing though. You saved
our lives.

JAMIE
We saved each other. I just...made
good eye contact.

MIA
Like you are now?

Jamie blushes. Mia leans in closer to him.

JAMIE
Sorta- except then it was like I
could read your mind.

MIA
Can you read it now?

Jamie inhales.

JAMIE
Like a book.
They close their eyes and kiss. Time seems to stand still as it’s just Jamie and Mia in that moment.

Jamie and Mia.

And...Mark?

MARK (O.S.)
I have to pee for 2 minutes and you two start making me a nephew?

Mark trots in from the hallway and plops onto the floor next to the Monopoly board, between Jamie and Mia. They chuckle.

JAMIE
50/50 it would’ve been a niece.

MIA
0/0 it would’ve been anything...

JAMIE
You never took sex ed, how would you know?

Mia playfully slaps the backside of Jamie’s head. Everyone laughs. Declan enters.

DECLAN
What’s all this about?

MIA
Jamie and Mark think kissing makes you pregnant.

DECLAN
Ah, that explains the swelling in my ovaries.

Silence.

DECLAN
Phillipian Tubes?

JAMIE
How did you manage to be wrong twice in one guess?

MIA
Shame.

MARK
Even I know this one.

Declan looks up at the ceiling in thought.
DECLAN
(doubtfully)
Uterus?

JAMIE
Third time’s the charm!

Jamie high fives Declan. Declan plops down onto the ground with everyone else.

MIA
I can’t with you two. Speaking of which, have you figured out when to stop influencing?

Jamie and Declan are aghast.

JAMIE
Why would we do that?

DECLAN
We just got a ton of new followers and sponsors.

MIA
I mean— I just thought after everything that happened, you’d feel like social media is toxic?

JAMIE
Noooo.

DECLAN
Definitely not.

JAMIE
Sure, anyone can get carried away but this is paying off our student loans and could jumpstart our careers.

DECLAN
Yeah, social media’s fine. Just don’t be an asshole, ya know?

MIA
I don’t, actually. I still don’t have any.

JAMIE
Really? After everything? Pull out your phone, we’re making you an Instagram right now.
Mia pulls it out.

MIA
But why? Why should I join an app
that encourages me to compare my
life to the lives of people doing
bigger and better thing than I am?
It doesn’t make any sense!

JAMIE
Nope...but it’s fun.

DECLAN
Damn right it is.

Mia rolls her eyes and shrugs before handing over her phone.
Fast-paced, exciting music transitions us into...

INT. JAMIE’S BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie and Declan are filming their January Q & A video.

JAMIE
Hey fr-
(trails off)
everyone!

DECLAN
StarPower here with our first live
Q&A video since...well...
everything happened!

MARK (O.S.)
Guys! I finally found my phone!
Looks like your couch ated it!

JAMIE
It’s just “ate”, Mark!

MARK (O.S.)
(yelling)
What do you mean? It’s like 4 in
the afternoon?

Jamie blinks in mild annoyance.

DECLAN
(mumbling)
He thinks you meant the numb-

JAMIE
(sarcastic)
Thank you, Declan.
Jamie waives everyone off.

JAMIE
We’re sure you have plenty to ask us so let’s just jump into it!

JAMIE
Brad from Cleveland asks...

DECLAN
“What happened?”

Jamie and Declan look at each other, unsure of where to start. They shrug, look into the camera, open their mouths, and-

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END