

KEEP SCROLLING

Written by

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**ON THE LAPTOP**

An html text link comes through, followed by the word "JOIN."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Joe shrugs. He clicks the link.

A Facebook group page opens. Its heading reads "YOU ARE NOT ALONE."

Joe rolls his eyes.

Beside the group's title: "Your friends Nora and Caleb are members of this group."

Joe scrolls down to the most recent post, which was made by Nora. It contains a photo of a painting of Nora's bedroom from the P.O.V. of her webcam; she sits in the dark at the lower half of the image, staring at "us" with an aloof face.

The text above the pic reads: "STOP SCROLLING! You are not alone! Invite a friend to join so they know you'll be with them forever and ever!"

The three posts underneath Nora's are similar: same text, each with a painting. The second post's painting contains Caleb's room. Nobody is in it. The two below are different bedrooms posted by a Samantha and Damien, also painted without people. Joe glances at those two with disinterest.

The page refreshes. A new post appears above Nora's; it's a painting of Joe's room, and he is in it, looking terrified. The image says it's posted from Joe's account.

JOE

What the fuck?

Joe waves his hand in front of his webcam lens, which shows no signs of recording. He tears a piece of notebook paper on his desk and covers the laptop's camera.

Joe opens a group message addressed to Caleb and Nora. Joe sends "What the hell is this group? It's kinda creepy...it took a pic without my consent."

Joe waits for a response.

Waits...

Waits...

Nothing comes back. Joe exhales, then scrolls back down to Nora's painting, but Nora is different -- she looks paler. In the shadows behind her stands a ghostly WRAITH with bone-white skin, a sinister yellow grin, and reflective red eyes.

JOE  
This is bullshit.

Joe tries to delete his post, but there's no option to do so.

Joe sighs in frustration, pulls his hair back. He types a comment on his photo: "I didn't authorize you to control my camera. DELETE THIS PLEASE. THANKX."

Joe coughs -- it sounds unhealthy. Joe's comment disappears.

JOE  
What the...

Joe clicks to send an email/chat to the page's moderator. He types "HEY DICK! TAKE MY PIC DOWN NOW OR I'LL REPORT YOU!"

The words "YOU ARE NOT ALONE is typing a reply..."

Joe licks his lips in anticipation.

The page's chat comes back with "JOIN."

Joe clenches his eyes shut. Pinches the bridge of his nose with his index finger and thumb. Goosebumps form on Joe's forearms. His breathing intensifies.

Joe clicks on options to report the group, but the program won't let him.

JOE  
Fucking Zuckerberg!

Joe puts the laptop to sleep.

#### **INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Joe showers behind his shower curtain. A FAINT GIGGLE can barely be heard over the running water.

Joe pulls back the curtain for a peek with a shocked face. He shakes it off.

A few strands of hair circle the drain at Joe's feet.

**LATER**

In a towel, Joe brushes his teeth and chokes on his toothpaste. He spits it out and continues to cough.

Joe catches a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirror. He touches his skin -- his face is paler and his lips are dry. Joe looks over his torso -- also pale. He instinctively feels his forehead for a fever. He checks his pulse. The mirror reflects Joe's concerned expression.

**INT. DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Joe, back in his sleep clothes, sits at his computer and opens a Facebook chat to his friend Felix, which reads "Hey. I think I'm getting sick today. Grab my handouts, would ya?"

**ON THE LAPTOP**

After Joe sends the message, another chat pops up on his screen -- it's a group chat with Nora and Caleb.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Joe shakes his head. He starts to type, but messages come from both of his friends; each says "JOIN."

Joe pulls his cell phone off the charger and calls Nora.

The PHONE RINGS, and RINGS, and RINGS. CLICK.

JOE  
... Nora?

HEAVY BREATHING COMES THROUGH THE SPEAKER.

JOE  
Hello?

The PHONE CLICKS.

Joe grunts, then dials Caleb.

The PHONE RINGS, and RINGS, and RINGS... and RINGS.

Joe grunts, then hangs up. His eyes flicker in epiphany; he dials Caleb.

The PHONE RINGS, and RINGS, and -- CLICK.

CALEB (V.O.)  
 (groggy, on the phone)  
 ... Hello.

JOE  
 Caleb?

CALEB (V.O.)  
 (groggy, on the phone)  
 Joe?

JOE  
 Hey, did you get any weird messages  
 from Nora and Caleb?

CALEB (V.O.)  
 (groggy, on the phone)  
 Dude, what are you talking about?  
 What time is it?

JOE  
 After five -- anyway, they sent me  
 these creepy Facebook posts, but  
 now they're not responding --

CALEB (V.O.)  
 (on the phone)  
 -- They're probably asleep, like I  
 was. Later.

The PHONE CLICKS.

JOE  
 Hello?

Joe grunts and closes the chat. His page refreshes -- it takes him back to the "YOU ARE NOT ALONE" page. Joe notices Nora's painting has changed again. She is ever paler than before, and now her eyes are red. Behind her stand two Wraiths with reflective red eyes and wicked yellow grins.

Joe closes Facebook and puts his laptop to sleep.

**INT. DORM ROOM - LATER**

Joe lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He coughs. His eyelids drift closed.

THE LAPTOP CHIMES -- A FACEBOOK NOTIFICATION. The laptop comes back to life.

Joe sits up with a scowl. He heads over to the laptop.

A video chat window from Nora opens. Both of their video screens are black.

JOE

Nora?

Silence.

JOE

I don't know if you can hear me,  
but...

A FAINT GIGGLE comes from Nora's mic.

JOE

(whispering, to himself)

Nope.

Joe shakes his head and closes the chat. He sees the "YOU ARE NOT ALONE" group page open, and Nora's post is front and center again. In the painting, Nora's eyes are blood red, her skin is bone-white, and she wears a wicked yellow grin. Three similar Wraiths stand behind her looking just as terrifying.

JOE

What the fuck?!

Joe exhales and shuts his eyes. He rubs them with his palm, then looks to see blood between his fingers. He gasps.

Launching himself out of his chair, Joe lumbers to the mirror on his wall and examines himself in the laptop light. His eyes are beyond bloodshot. His mouth is agape. Joe's eyes drift to his teeth -- they're an unhealthy yellow-brown.

Joe breathes heavily and whimpers in fear.

#### **ON THE LAPTOP**

A new browser window opens. Joe visits Web MD and types in his symptoms: "bloodshot eyes - pale skin - coughing".

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Joe's red eyes stare blankly at the monitor.

A FACEBOOK NOTIFICATION CHIMES.

Joe minimizes Web MD to see the "YOU ARE NOT ALONE" group page. He sees Nora's painting, but Nora and the three Wraiths are missing.

JOE  
Oh, fuck this.

Joe puts his laptop to sleep. The second the screen goes dark, he sees the reflection of four red-eyed Wraiths standing behind him.

A FAINT GIGGLE emits from behind Joe. Four Wraiths (including Nora) stand behind him with red eyes and yellow grins.

Joe's jaw drops. He clenches his eyes shut and trembles. A moment later, Joe's eyes open; they're a reflective and solid red. He grins with jagged yellow teeth.

The Nora Wraith whispers in Joe's ear.

Joe's bony white fingers drag his mouse across his mousepad. The laptop wakes up.

#### **ON THE LAPTOP**

The cursor clicks to "JOIN" the group.

The page refreshes. Nora's room, still empty, is front and center. Joe scrolls up to see his own painting, which shows him looking healthy and normal.

Joe clicks on the "Invite Friends" button and adds Felix. A chat window to Felix opens with the link. Joe types "JOIN" beneath it and hits send.

**CUT TO BLACK.**