TROLL

by

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FADE IN:

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

BUDDY (7), a full-grown Labrador Retriever, lies on a twin bed, cuddled up against JAKE WILLIAMS (17), a pale, lanky young man in cargo shorts and a T-shirt, sittings on his bed with a keyboard in his lap and slouching against the wall.

Jake's room is dark, and his face is lit by the blue light of the monitor.

Buddy puts his head on Jake's arm. Jake reflexively shoves Buddy away.

Buddy gets off the bed, lies down on one of several piles of clothes covering the hardwood floor, and sighs.

Unaware of Buddy, Jake TYPES, uses a mouse, and reads his computer monitor as he chats via headset mic with...

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

...TREVOR LOPIS (18), Jake's friend, an athletic and suntanned young man, who sits at his computer desk, typing and chatting back. Trevor's belongings shine more brightly than Jake's, and his modern room is four-star-hotel clean.

INTERCUT - VOICE CHAT CONVERSATION

JAKE
Target acquired.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

Jake's words appear as he TYPES them: "I get PTSD from being called names on the internet, because I'm a fucking nigger". He clicks the Post button, and his inflammatory post joins a pigpile of slightly less-offensive posts.

TREVOR
Dance, monkey.

ON TREVOR'S MONITOR

Trevor's post appears: "boo hoo, change my diaper, i shit my pants becuz someone doesn't like me".

Jake and Trevor watch their monitors in anticipation. A NOTIFICATION CHIRP sounds. Jake exclaims in triumph, Trevor in defeat.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

The target of Jake's trolling has responded, not to Trevor, but to Jake: "FUCK YOU, YOU RACIST PIECE OF SHIT."

JAKE
Boom.

Trevor mimes committing ritual suicide by stabbing himself in the abdomen.

Jake can't see Trevor, but he hears his death gurgles and laughs.

TREVOR
Die in a fire, Jake. Next up...

ON TREVOR'S MONITOR

Trevor TYPES "kill myself" into a search box. Several posts containing this highlighted phrase appear.

JAKE
Cutter babies? White knights?

TREVOR
(typing)
Just grab your points. Greedy bitch.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

Jake switches over to tr011.com, where he is already logged in as *bocaBoarder*, with a score of 8,981 points. He demonstrates his victory to the forum by posting a screenshot showing his shitpost and the victim's outraged reply.

Within seconds, his post begins to receive anonymous upvotes from logged in users.

Jake sees that his score just grew to over 9,000, and smiles.

Trevor switches over to tr011.com too. He is logged in as *FSAdmin*, and because he is the forum moderator, he has more buttons than Jake. He clicks Jake's login name (*bocaBoarder*) and sees Jake's score is higher than his own 8,852.

JAKE
You suck.

TREVOR
One more.

JAKE
My mom says I need sunlight.

TREVOR
You're an albino faggot and your mom's a fat twat.

They both laugh.

JAKE
Fine. Last one, loser.

Jake and Trevor both TYPE, searching for a good target.

TREVOR
Let's fish for feminazis. Ooh, maybe we'll find your mom.

JAKE
At least I have a mom.

TREVOR
Touché. Got one.

Trevor copies the web address and pastes it into a direct message to Jake.

Jake receives the link and clicks it. Now Jake and Trevor are looking at the conversation on the same website, Twitter. Jake quickly scans down the page.

JAKE
jinline?

TREVOR
Defending the innocent as if losing his virginity depended on it. Probably a four-eyed Jap skater-nerd.

JAKE
Time to crush his hopes and dreams.

Jake's doting mother, JEN WILLIAMS (43), enters without knocking. Jake switches to a job application webpage, then notices the time.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Or eat dinner.

TREVOR
Pussy.

Despairing at the state of Jake's room, Jen begins to pick up clothes off the floor and judge their cleanliness by smell.

JAKE
30-minute head start. You're welcome.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

Jake takes off the headset and lays it on his desk.

Jen points to Buddy.

JEN
You. Off the laundry.

Buddy whines, gets up, shakes himself, and exits.

JEN (CONT'D)
Please don't let Buddy lie there.

JAKE
(lying)
Those are dirty.
(off her look)
I tried to stop him.

Laundry over one arm, Jen smiles and walks up. She did not detect his lie. She looks at the monitor while Jake fills out the online application form.

JEN
Line up a job yet?

JAKE
Nope.

JEN
(smiling)
Keep trying. Any place would be lucky to have you, even if it's only for a year.

She pats his shoe encouragingly. Jake smiles, then his eyes dart to his webcam lens. It's covered by a sticky note, and there's no green light; the camera is off. Jake is relieved.

JEN (CONT'D)
(exiting)
Dinner in five. Put Buddy out. Make sure the gate is closed.

EXT. WILLIAMS' BACK YARD - DAY

The back door opens, and excited Buddy runs out into the yard. Jake closes the door, neglecting to check whether the gate is closed.

Buddy sniffs around, discovers the open gate, and runs through.

INT. WILLIAMS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake, Jen, and MIKE WILLIAMS (42), Jake's critical father, eat an inexpensive meat-veg-bread dinner at their dining room table.

MIKE
No job lined up yet?

Chewing, Jake looks up, says nothing.

JEN
Jake sent out more applications today.

JAKE
(cutting his food)
Some retail, a couple of grocery. There's an internship down at--

Mike's fork clatters onto his plate. Jen and Jake look at him.

MIKE
You have your mother fooled. Not me.

JAKE
Dad--

JEN
Mike.

MIKE
No, Jen.
(to Jake)
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
High school's almost over. It's time to grow up. Past time.

Jake stares at a speck on the table between him and his father. He has heard this lecture for years; he's angry and hurt.

Mike stares angrily at Jake, waiting for a response. Jake continues to stare. Jen chews slowly, her utensils awkwardly striking her plate in the silence.

Their loud DOORBELL jars Jen. Mike and Jake don't react.

JEN
(getting up)
I'll...

I/E. WILLIAMS' FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jen opens the door. Kind neighbor ALONDRA (33), a Puerto Rican woman dressed for walking, is bent over and holding Buddy by the collar.

ALONDRA
Surprise!

JEN
Oh, not again.

MIKE (O.S.)
Who is it?

JEN
It's Alondra.

ALONDRA
And Buddy!

INT. WILLIAMS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike glares at Jake. Jake frowns and pokes at his food.

I/E. WILLIAMS' FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jen take Buddy by the collar and coaxes him into the house.

JEN
I'm really sorry. Did he dig?

ALONDRA
Nah, he's a sweetie. Caught him just in time.

JEN
Thanks. Again. We're having dinner, can I offer you some?

ALONDRA
(leaving)
All good. I've got supper waiting. Later, Williamses!

JEN
(closing the door)
Thanks. Sorry!

INT. WILLIAMS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy walks over and lies down next to Jake's chair. Jake sighs. Jen come back in and sits down.

MIKE
Close the fucking gate.

JAKE
I did. It must be the neighbor kids.

MIKE
Close it now!

Jake drops his fork onto his plate and storms out. Buddy follows.

Mike and Jen eat while the BACK DOOR OPENS. The FENCE GATE CLOSES AND LATCHES.

JAKE (O.S.)
(harshly)
Back inside!

Buddy trots into the dining room. Jake returns, sits down, and eats, determined to bring this uncomfortable dinner to an end. Buddy remains standing.

MIKE
No one's going to hire you if you can't do the simplest fucking things.

JAKE
It wasn't me!

MIKE
Do you think you can just lie your way through life? Do you think that's what me and your mother do? Just make shit up to cover our own asses whenever we feel like it?

Jen stands and begins to clear her plate, silverware, and glass.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sit down, Jen. You need to hear this.

JEN
(continues clearing)
I don't like seeing you fight.

MIKE
(to Jake)
You never think about consequences. Buddy is a real dog. Not a model in a video game. One day you're gonna leave the gate open, and BOOM! Buddy gets hit by a car. He's gone. And no amount of lying about the fucking gate is gonna bring him back.

JAKE
I'll check the gate.

MIKE
You're just saying what you think I want to hear.

JAKE
What the fuck do you want from me?

MIKE
How about the truth once in a while, huh? Take some fucking responsibility for your fuckups.

JAKE
I’m sorry, OK? I’m sorry Buddy got out. I’m sorry the neighbor kids fuck with our gate.

MIKE
You never listen. Just... go back to your room and do whatever the fuck it is you do in there.

JAKE
I’m not done.

MIKE
Take it with you.

Jake pauses, then grabs his plate and fork. He exchanges looks with Jen. He’s frustrated, she’s apologetic. Mike stalks out of the room.

Mike continues eating, his knife scraping the plate. Jen looks at Mike; he ignores her. Jen continues cleaning up.

INT. JAKE’S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake walks in and sits in his desk chair. He considers his dinner, but he’s lost his appetite. He puts the plate on the floor and calls Buddy over. Buddy begins to eat. After watching Buddy for a moment, Jake puts on his headset and calls Trevor.

INT. TREVOR’S ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor accepts the call and looks frustrated.

TREVOR
Hey.

INTERCUT - VOICE CHAT CONVERSATION

JAKE
Sitrep?

TREVOR
Not great.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

Jake reviews *jinline*'s conversation with Trevor (*FSAdmin*):

- *jinline*: If you or someone you know has been sexually assaulted, you can Google "rape crisis center" and get free, confidential help.

- *FSAdmin*: Hey @jinline u whiteknight jap faggot, fuck back off to Ho Chi Min, ladies dont want to rape ur tiny cock

- *jinline*: @FSAdmin Racism, accusation of white-knighting, homophobia, misspellings, ignorance of geography, rape & penis jokes. American? Marry me <3

- *FSAdmin*: sorry i dont rape homo retards @jinline even if they beg i just kill them and make it look like suicide

- *FSAdmin*: .@jinline if you suk my dik i promis 2 write "i love you mom and dad" in the note the cops find

- *jinline*: .@FSAdmin has mommy issues and is confused about his own sexual orientation. Bored now.

- *jinline*: Come back to the internet when you're old enough to wet dream about your mom, @FSAdmin.

JAKE
Wow.

TREVOR
Yeah.

JAKE
My turn.

TREVOR
Do it.

JAKE
Never skip the research, T.
Find the chinks in his armor,
then start stabbing.

TREVOR
"Chinks."

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

Jake clicks into *jinline*'s profile, skims, and begins stating his conclusions aloud to Trevor.

JAKE
No... I'm getting American, English as a first language... intelligent... feminist--

TREVOR
Of course. Wait, those don't match.

JAKE
No selfies, private person... Thinks he's saving the world one post at a time. Online hero, real-life loser, soft spot for kid rape. I got this.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

As *bocaBoarder*, Jake engages *jinline* in conversation:

- *bocaBoarder*: @jinline, just ignore @\FSAdmin - known asshole, picks fights with everyone

- *jinline*: @bocaBoarder I figured.

- *bocaBoarder*: Rape is serious. @jinline I read that 10 out of 10 young boys will be raped by their mothers before age 3.

TREVOR
(laughs)
Oh my God.

Jake snickers. Several seconds pass while Jake and Trevor wait for *jinline* to reply.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

- *jinline*: "Known asshole, picks fights with everyone" - remind you of anyone, @bocaBoarder?

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Ha!

JAKE
(typing and reading aloud)
Here we go.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

- *bocaBoarder*: Why no profile pic, @jinline? Are you a secret pedo? I'll sell you @FSAdmin cheap, he's young and hot and always ready to drop diaper.

Jake hits the Enter key.

TREVOR
Aah! Leave me out of this!

JAKE
It's a shitstorm, everyone gets hit.

TREVOR
(moment)
He's gotta be checking your profile and timeline.

JAKE
Probably yours and mine.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

- *jinline*: @bocaBoarder Trouble at home, Jake?

Jake frowns. This game is less funny than it was a few seconds ago.

TREVOR
(not scared)
Better run, Jake, he's got half your name.

JAKE
Names are easy to find.

TREVOR
What's the "home" thing supposed to mean?

JAKE
He's guessing.

TREVOR
Like you guess?

Jake watches his screen and doesn't reply.

Another post appears:

- *jinline*: @bocaBoarder Professional therapy will prevent your small problems from spiraling into big ones.

This angers Jake. He TYPES.

- *bocaBoarder*: @jinline Feel free to shove your pop-psych one-size-fits-all fortune-cookie advice right up your dickhole.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hit a nerve?

Jake says nothing.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

New posts appear.

- *jinline*: @bocaBoarder Tell me about your mother.

- *jinline*: @bocaBoarder Jen.

The post includes a pornographic image of two people engaged in intercourse, with a strikingly unflattering photo of Jake's mother's face layered over one of the porn star's faces.

Jake runs through a gamut of emotions: shock at seeing his mother correctly identified; disgust at seeing his mother depicted that way; humiliation at being out-trolled; anger at *jinline*.

JAKE
The fuck.

TREVOR
Shit, he's on my site.

Jake SLIDES HIS MOUSE and CLICKS.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

jinline has posted a screenshot of his and Jake's exchange. The post is quickly receiving upvotes, and comments:

- rileyou_69: boca down, BOCA DOWN lel

- wowzawowzu: newfag screws oldfag

- AlphaSubhuman: gr8 d8 m8 let's fuckin masturb8

Jake sees that *jinline*'s newly-made account on tr011.com has just over 100 points already, and the count is climbing.

Jake's BREATHING gets louder and we hear a WHINE OF STATIC IN HIS EARS. He stares at a blown pixel on his monitor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(fades in)
Jake. Jake.

JAKE
Yeah.

TREVOR
I've got *jinline*'s IP address and email address. Let's dox this dick.

Jake hesitates. Stares at the blown pixel. Blinks. The pixel comes into sharp focus, and the noise stops.

JAKE
Yeah.

MONTAGE - JAKE AND TREVOR DOX JINLINE

- Trevor sends Jake *jinline*'s IP address and email address.

- Jake uses a traceroute tool to find out *jinline*'s approximate geographic location.

- Trevor uses Google Maps to view the city (Henderson, NV, just outside of Las Vegas).

- Jake uses Google Search to find matches on *jinline*, and he opens a separate tab for each match.

- Trevor uses Google Search to find matches to *jinline*'s email address.

- Jake adds a first and last name, with question marks, to a shared Google Doc.

- Trevor adds the city and state to the Google Doc.

- Jake changes the first and last name to Nichole Johnson, but keeps the question marks, and adds an age, gender, employment (38, F, Unemployed).

- Trevor adds a phone number to the Google Doc.

- Jake adds a street address and a picture of the front of *jinline*'s house to the Google Doc.

- Someone backspaces the question marks from the name: Nichole Johnson.

- Someone adds two recent photos of Nichole. In each, she smiles wide, and wears no makeup.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake drafts a reply titled "BONUS POINTS" and containing a screenshot of the entire Google Doc: a single page showing Nichole Johnson's name, age, gender, employment, two recent photos, home address, photo of the front of her house, phone number, email address, and IP address.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor reclines, reviewing the Google Doc itself. Google Maps is still open on his computer.

INTERCUT - VOICE CHAT CONVERSATION

TREVOR
World record. Bitch is too dumb to hide behind a proxy.

JAKE
I didn't guess female.

TREVOR
You kick the hornet's nest, you get stung. I wish I could see her face.
(moment)
Publish it, Jake.

Jake pauses, his mouse pointer hovering over the Post button. The blown pixel catches his eye. He CLICKS Post.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

Jake's post appears.

JAKE
Done.

Jake clicks Refresh. Comments start to roll in. Jake smiles as he reads the praise and watches his score climb.

- drawlings15twee: o SNAP

- wowzawowzu: Oldfag's Revenge!1!!

- AlphaSubhuman: welcome back, sir

TREVOR
Ha! Good stuff. Oh, yes! She replied!

jinline's new post appears:

- jinline: You shouldn't have done that.

Jake scoffs.

More posts begin to appear, first from Trevor, then from others. Trevor and Jake read some of the posts aloud. Trevor finds everything funnier than Jake does.

- FSAdmin: cant take the heat, get back in the kitchen

- kknobbit: let's send a glitter bomb to Henderson

- smplhak: or just a bomb

- kekin8or: pizza

- turniphat: EXPLODING PIZZA COVERED IN GLITTER

- snarkpen: a Mormon visit. God can cure Nichole's kiddie porn addiction

- RathSetti: If God could fix women, He would have done so long ago

- RathSetti: I prefer a direct approach

- RathSetti: I live just 20 minutes away, Nichole

Trevor laughs. Reality hits Jake; maybe RathSetti isn't joking around.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(admiring)
This guy is pro.

The green dot next to RathSetti's username turns gray, indicating he has logged out. Jake's eyes find Nichole's username (jinline), and he stares, waiting for her to reply.

The green dot next to Nichole's username turns gray.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Victory.

Jake leans back in his chair. He knows he won the pissing match, but he doesn't feel as victorious about it as he expected to feel.

Jake notices that his score is over 10,000 now.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hey. You won.

JAKE
Yeah.
(pause)
Sorry. Long day. I'm gonna sleep.

TREVOR
Good game, sir.

JAKE
(beat)
Good game.

Jake CLICKS his mouse to hang up the call, then removes his headset. He surveys the wreckage of the online conversation, sees the blown pixel, and turns off the monitor.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

Jake slowly wakes up and becomes conscious of a FAINT, URGENT BEEPING. He fumbles for his smartphone and checks it; no messages. But the beeping isn't coming from his phone, it's coming from his computer.

Without getting up, Jake finds his headset, puts it on, and presses the button on its side. A green LED lights on the headset. Jake hears a CHIME OF SUCCESS in his headphones, and then Trevor's voice.

TREVOR
(tense singsong)
Come over right now, sweetie!
I'll make you brunch.

JAKE
(what?)
OK...

TREVOR
See you soon.

Trevor hangs up. Jake takes off the headset and looks at it, then realizes Trevor is trying to tell him something is wrong without saying what it is.

Jake's movements become more urgent. He rubs the sleep from his eyes, gets up from bed, turns on his computer monitor, and refreshes the tr011.com page from last night. He scans the page for changes; nothing seems amiss.

Jake notices he has one private message. He clicks on the notification.

ON JAKE'S MONITOR

A list of messages appears. All have been read, except the top one. It's from RathSetti.

Jake clicks on the message.

A poorly-lit smartphone picture appears. It's Nichole. Naked, dead, eyes staring at nothing, lying in blood.

Below the picture are these words: "Best lay ever."

Jake sinks down hard into his chair. He stares at the screen.

Jake reaches for his headset, but before he touches it, he stops.

Jake stands up abruptly, almost knocking over his chair.

Buddy is still in the room, lying on a pile of clothes. He startles.

Jake turns off the monitor, then turns it back on, locks the screen, and powers down the monitor again. He then grabs a jacket and rushes out of his room, leaving the door open.

Buddy watches him go, then puts his head back down.

The green LED light on the side of Jake's headset is lit.

EXT. LOPIS' HOUSE - DAY

Jake, riding his bike like a bat out of hell, and wearing a jacket over the previous day's clothes, arrives at Trevor Lopis' expensive house in the Los Angeles suburbs. He throws himself off his bike as he reaches the front door and POUNDS.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

Jake is sitting on the floor, with his back against a wall, knees bent, and wrists crossed.

He is facing Trevor, but Jake's eyes are down and unfocused as he thinks about what he's done and what it means to his life, Trevor's, Nichole's, and even RathSetti's.

Trevor sits on the edge of his bed, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped under his nose.

Neither speak.

We hear occasional, faint sounds of CAR TRAFFIC bleeding through the walls.

Several moments pass.

TREVOR
What matters now, is what we do next.

Several more moments pass. Neither of them knows what to do.

JAKE
What happens if we do nothing?

Trevor sits up a little bit, thinks out loud.

TREVOR
If we do nothing... Someone finds the body. The police investigate, her computer leads them to us. We go to trial for doxxing. No matter how the trial goes, we become "those boys who got her killed".

Jake looks at Trevor. Trevor frowns.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You're 17, you probably get tried as an adult... I'm 18, I definitely get tried as an adult.
(pause)
Three to five years, or more.

They think.

JAKE
Can we go to the police?

TREVOR
Maybe. They'll still arrest us though.

JAKE
(beat)
Remote wipe her computer?

TREVOR
Tried. It's powered off.

JAKE
Steal it?

TREVOR
We get seen, or caught, or get our prints or DNA all over her house, we get pegged for accessory, tampering, breaking and entering. 15 to 20.

JAKE
Fuck.

Jake exhales.

TREVOR
Five years ago, this would've been nothing.
(beat)
RathSetti raped and murdered her, not us. What he did has nothing to do with us.
(beat)
Fucking judges.

They sit.

JAKE
T.
(pause)
What if we dox him?

TREVOR
So we can... Wait.

JAKE
Yeah. What if we find out who RathSetti is, and get him to confess?

TREVOR
We'll still go to jail.

JAKE
Can't we get immunity?

Trevor starts to think, then sits up. Jake watches and hopes.

TREVOR
If we figure out who he is before the cops know anything... We can serve him up with the whole story, and get a plea agreement. Suspended sentence, or some community service... maybe a sealed record. Yeah, we can bargain.

JAKE
Can your dad--

TREVOR
Not yet. Right now we just look like assholes. ID RathSetti and turn ourselves in, and we're fuckin' heroes.

Jake considers this.

JAKE
Yeah. Let's do this.

Trevor and Jake move to Trevor's computer. Trevor's headset mic lies on his desk, and the green LED light on the side of the headset is lit. Trevor taps a key and the monitor wakes up.

TREVOR
Fucker sent another PM.

Jake leans in. Trevor CLICKS.

ON TREVOR'S MONITOR

RathSetti sent this private message: "Need to disappear for a while. See you in a few months?"

JAKE
No, no fucking no. You do not get to leave us holding the bag. Asshole. Fuck!

Trevor sees the green circle next to RathSetti's username.

TREVOR
He's still online. Right now. Fuck. What do we... fuck--

JAKE
Gimme.

Jake darts in and pulls the keyboard and mouse to himself. He CLICKS open a live text chat window.

The cursor blinks.

TREVOR
Jake--

JAKE
Fuck, shut up. Just give me a second.

The cursor blinks. Trevor looks at Jake. Jake stares at RathSetti's green circle.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Serial rapist. Murderer. No remorse, misogyny, violence. Seeks peer acceptance, highly suggestible.

Pretending to be Trevor/FSAdmin, Jake TYPES: "i owe u one, buddy" and presses Enter.

They wait.

RathSetti replies: "First one is free LOL"

Jake: "would luv to hear more"

They wait.

RathSetti: "Cannot talk, they could be watching"

Jake pauses; he knows this moment is crucial. Trevor looks at him.

Jake TYPES: "i cn buy you a beer?"

TREVOR
What? I don't want to hang out with this guy--

JAKE
Just--

RathSetti interrupts: "Ha you want to come to Vegas? Where are you?"

Jake TYPES: "4-5h away"

They wait.

And wait.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Fuck. I overplayed it.

And wait.

TREVOR
Fuck.

JAKE
Fuck.

Jake starts to type.

TREVOR
Wait!

JAKE
(shoving)
Stop!

Angry, Trevor backs off.

Jake TYPES: "always wanted to c Vegas"

They wait.

RathSetti replies: "Coffee?"

Jake and Trevor exhale.

TREVOR
This fucking asshole.

JAKE
New plan: we drive out there, chat him up, record his confession, GPS tag him, drive the fuck back. Email LAPD and LVPD on the way, turn ourselves in in L.A.

TREVOR
We need my dad on the plea deal before we call the cops.

JAKE
Agreed.

RathSetti sends a link with a pinned map. The map shows a diner in Las Vegas.

RathSetti: "This place has excellent biscotti"

Jake (still posing as Trevor): "mind if i bring bocaBoarder?"

TREVOR
The fuck, Jake?

JAKE
We can't just both show up. Do you wanna get shot?

They wait.

RathSetti: "Do you trust him?"

Jake looks at Trevor.

Jake: "100%. u can 2, he's a big fan"

They wait.

RathSetti: "Tonight, 6PM. Message if you're going to be late"

Jake looks at the current time: 10:00AM.

Jake: "will do"

Jake logs FSAdmin off, and turns to Trevor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
OK.

The green LED on the side of Trevor's headset goes from lit to dark.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

From the pile Buddy had been lying on, Jake gathers a change of clothes and stuffs it into a messenger bag. Trevor watches.

Buddy wanders in and barks. Jake turns and smiles, and crouches to pet Buddy.

JAKE
Buddy. See you soon.

Trevor notices Mike enter.

TREVOR
Hey, Mr. Williams. Is it OK if Jake stays over this weekend?

Mike and Jake look at each other.

MIKE
Stay out of trouble.

JAKE
Not a problem.

Jake closes his bag and slings it over his shoulder, and moves to exit.

MIKE
Pick up this fucking mess.

JAKE
When I get back.

MIKE
Right now.

Mike exits.

Jake and Trevor exchange glances. Trevor steps on a large pile of laundry and slides it under Jake's bed.

JAKE
Looks good.

They exit. Buddy follows.

EXT. WILLIAMS' BACK YARD - DAY

The back door opens, Buddy runs outside, and the back door closes.

The gate is open.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Trevor drives himself and Jake through a sketchy commercial district in Los Angeles.

JAKE
Flying is faster.

TREVOR
One, let's not let anyone fuck with my laptop. Two, we need to grab a few things.

INT. SPY GEAR SHOP - DAY

GABRIELLE (60), serious, ex-Army, and owner of the shop, stands behind a glass case. She gazes straight at Trevor.

Trevor stares back, more arrogant than tough. Jake is intimidated.

GABRIELLE
Two GPS tracking units, smartphone-enabled. Wireless mic, talks to this.

Gabrielle mashes a finger onto Travis' laptop, which is lying atop the glass case.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
Hidden camera, Bluetooth pairing. Pin it here...

She points to Jake's messenger bag.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
Record it there.

She mashes a finger onto Jake's smartphone, which is also lying atop the glass case; then Gabrielle looks up at Jake.

Jake nods.

Gabrielle looks at Trevor.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
Cash?

Trevor lays bills on the glass. Gabrielle pins his hand. They make eye contact.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
Do good, now.

TREVOR
Always.

Skeptical, Gabrielle looks at Trevor a second longer, then at Jake, who nods. Gabrielle releases Trevor's hand and scoops up his money.

She hands a black plastic bag containing their purchases to Trevor. Jake scoops up Trevor's laptop and his smartphone. They exit the shop.

Gabrielle watches them go.

EXT. CA-210 EAST (FOOTHILL FREEWAY) - DAY

As Trevor and Jake drive east, the sun shines on Trevor's decade-old, silver, Pontiac Grand Am sedan.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Trevor drives. Jake uses his smartphone to test each GPS tracking unit.

ON JAKE'S SMARTPHONE

Two green dots in the center of the screen send out radiating circles, while a map indicating their current position slides beneath.

JAKE
Primary and backup GPS tracking tags are working.

TREVOR
You'll have to pick a good moment to slip one onto him.

Jake nods. For now, he slips a GPS tag into one of his pockets.

He tries to subtly slip the other one onto Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Augh! Get off, faggot!

They laugh.

JAKE
I need practice.

Jake slips the second GPS tag into his own pocket.

Jake takes out a penknife, cuts open the wireless microphone's packaging, and pulls out the mic and it's software CD. Jake examines Trevor's laptop and sees that it has no CD drive. Jake tosses the CD onto the floor.

Jake creates a personal hotspot on his phone, then points Trevor's laptop's Wi-Fi to that hotspot. Jake then opens a web browser and goes to the mic manufacturer's website. Jake locates, downloads, and installs the microphone software.

TREVOR
Porn?

JAKE
All day long.

Jake thrusts the microphone into Trevor's face, startling him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Say something.

TREVOR
Jake likes cock.

Trevor makes a face. Jake laughs.

ON TREVOR'S LAPTOP

Jake presses the Play button, and "JAKE LIKES COCK" fills the air at full volume, startling them both.

They laugh, at themselves and at each other. Jake turns down the volume on Trevor's laptop, then turns off the mic and puts it in the black plastic bag.

JAKE
Sorry I didn't chip in.

TREVOR
It's Dad's money.

JAKE
I'll be risking myself with RathSetti, though.

This reminder sobers them both up a little. They go quiet for a few moments, just staring at the road ahead.

Jake is uncomfortable. He opens a map app on his smartphone and checks their estimated time of arrival.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Three hours.

TREVOR
Plenty of time to rehearse your deposition.
(off Jake's look)
What we tell the cops.

JAKE
How about you teach me how to have a normal conversation with a serial rapist.

TREVOR
Serial "killer". Don't call attention to the rape. People get worked up about that.

Jake stares incredulously at Trevor, and loses it.

JAKE
Do they? Do they fucking get worked up, Trevor?

TREVOR
Jake--

JAKE
I'm a little fucking worked up about this particular rape and murder. Aren't you?

TREVOR
It's just about framing, right? It's just word choice.

Jake looks out the window.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Details like this will keep us out of prison.

Jake doesn't respond.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
We need to get on the same page with our testimony.

JAKE
We both saw what happened. We're on the same page.

TREVOR
Clearly we're not if I have to coach you on "rape" versus "murder".

JAKE
(quietly)
This whole thing is wrong. This whole situation is full-on fucked.

TREVOR
We're fixing it. Right? We're doing the right thing.

JAKE
Just... Let's rehearse.

TREVOR
Get my camera.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

Trevor and Jake drive north, into the desert.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor have been rehearsing Jake's deposition, and recording it.

ON TREVOR'S VIDEO CAMERA

A video of Jake plays back:

JAKE
My name is Jake Williams. I am 17 years old. My username is bocaBoarder. On Friday night, I got into an online altercation with jinline, who, unbeknownst to me, was Nichole Johnson. During that altercation, she publicly posted a doctored and pornographic image of my mother. This image angered me, and with Trevor Lopis' help, I discovered Nichole's real identity, and posted it to the forum. A forum member, RathSetti, decided to--

TREVOR (O.S.)
Cut. We need to shift more blame onto the forum members.

The video shows the camera's point of view as Jake locates and presses its Stop button. The video resets to the first frame.

Jake presses buttons on the video camera and deletes the video. The display indicates that there are no videos on the camera.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake puts down the video camera and rubs his eyes. He looks mentally drained from too much rehearsing. Trevor is still driving.

JAKE
RathSetti. Who is this guy?

TREVOR
Check the logs.

Jake pulls Trevor's laptop out of the gym bag in the back seat, puts it on his own lap, and opens it up.

JAKE
Where are they?

TREVOR
There's a shortcut.

ON TREVOR'S LAPTOP

On the Desktop, Jake sees a shortcut named "logs". Jake DOUBLECLICKS and a window opens. Hundreds of logfiles list.

Jake opens the log from last night, then does a search for "RathSetti". The file jumps down to the first of several lines of text containing that username. Jake copies the IP address from the first line, then opens a web browser.

In the browser, Jake types "whois", pastes in the IP address, and presses Enter on the keyboard. Several search results are returned. Jake clicks on a promising link.

JAKE
Vegas ISP, no proxy.

TREVOR
Some one-password noob.

JAKE
(agreeing)
Switching to name search.

Jake Googles "rathsetti". Several links appear in the search results. Jake begins to click.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Not seeing a Facebook. Found a Reddit... Twitter... Geotags on his pics--

TREVOR
(as if speaking to RathSetti)
Learn how to internet, moron.

JAKE
Tweets from Vegas. Friends call him "Seth"... Not seeing a last name.

TREVOR
(impatient)
You're killing me.

Trevor abruptly pulls over the car.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

In the middle of nowhere, with almost no other cars on the road, Trevor pulls the silver Grand Am onto the dusty shoulder.

TREVOR
Switch.

Trevor and Jake both unbuckle their seat belts.

JAKE
(hearing a car pulling up behind them)
Wait.

Jake looks out the rear window, then Trevor looks.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

An unmarked California Highway Patrol cruiser, with its concealed red, white, and blue lights flashing, pulls up behind Jake and Trevor and rolls to a stop.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Trevor look at one another.

Trevor turns the engine off.

Jake slowly places Trevor's laptop into the open gym bag between his feet.

EXT. SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - DAY

OFFICER FELIX (30), dark-skinned, fit, and in uniform, exits her vehicle and walks toward the passenger side (Jake's side) of the car.

INT. TREVOR’S CAR - DAY

His hands on the wheel, Trevor stares ahead. Jake watches the officer approach in the rear-view mirror.

TREVOR
(quietly)
Agree with everything I say.

This statement alarms Jake, but he has no time to respond. The cop raps a knuckle on his window.

Jake tries to lower his window, but the power is off. Trevor turns the car key to ACC. Jake lowers his window fully.

EXT. BESIDE TREVOR’S CAR - DAY

Officer Felix bends slightly towards Jake.

INTERCUT - JAKE, TREVOR, AND OFFICER FELIX

OFFICER FELIX
License, registration, and proof of insurance.

Trevor pulls his wallet out of his right back pocket and digs out his license and proof of insurance. Jake opens the glove compartment and roots around for the registration.

Trevor stretches across Jake, hands his ID and paper to Officer Felix, and sits back.

Alarm briefly darts across Jake’s as his hand touches something cold, hard, and metal.

Buried in the mess of glove compartment papers is a handgun.

Jake glances at Officer Felix.

Officer Felix is reading Trevor’s ID, and her face betrays no indication of whether she noticed Jake’s pause.

Jake finally retrieves an envelope containing the car registration, and closes the glove compartment. He pulls out the colored paper and hands it to her. She examines it.

OFFICER FELIX (CONT’D)
Where you headed, boys?

TREVOR
Las Vegas. Our friend is building a quadcopter and we're going to see if we can slap a camera on it.

Jake glances at Trevor. Trevor looks one hundred percent sincere, as if he believes his own lie.

OFFICER FELIX
You pulled over pretty quick.

TREVOR
Pee break.

OFFICER FELIX
Mm. Please remain in the vehicle.

Officer Felix returns to her car and gets in. She begins running Trevor's license plate and papers through her computer.

JAKE
(whispering)
Trevor. You wanna tell me about the fucking gun?

TREVOR
It's for defense.

JAKE
I almost shit myself.

Trevor smirks, but he doesn't reply.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Fuckin'... Goddammit, Trevor.

They sit in silence while Officer Felix continues to run Trevor's papers. Trevor sits very still and looks calm and slightly amused. Jake's anger gives way to fidgeting as he tries different ways to look innocent.

Finally Officer Felix exits her car. Jake and Trevor notice and sit up straighter.

Officer Felix hands everything back to Jake. Jake gives the ID and proof of insurance to Trevor, and holds the registration. He makes no attempt to open the glove compartment.

OFFICER FELIX
Pissing in public is illegal.
I think you boys know that.

TREVOR
Yes, ma'am.

JAKE
Yes, Officer.

OFFICER FELIX
Plenty of restrooms in
Barstow. You drive safe now.

TREVOR
(smiles)
Thank you.

Officer Felix walks away. The boys exchange looks: Trevor is triumphant, Jake is relieved that the incident is over, but glances sideways at Trevor, concerned about Trevor lying so casually and neglecting to mention the handgun.

EXT. SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - DAY

Officer Felix pulls back onto the highway and drives around a bend. Trevor watches her disappear from sight.

TREVOR
Bitch.

Trevor gets out of the car and looks around. No other cars are in sight. Trevor starts to take a piss.

Jake gets out of the car, frowning.

Trevor finishes pissing.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Lost in thought, Jake is now driving down the freeway. In the passenger seat, Trevor is using his laptop to dox RathSetti.

TREVOR
Yes. Got a name: Seth Yadav.
43, lives in Vegas...
(happy)
Jackpot. He's a fuckin' pedo:
two years for assaulting a 13-
year-old.

Jake scowls at Trevor viewing this news as good news.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Jake, we'll look like angels next to Seth. Juries hate pedophiles. We'll walk.

JAKE
(pause)
Do we deserve to walk?

TREVOR
I do.

JAKE
We doxxed Nichole Johnson, and now she's dead. If it wasn't for us--

TREVOR
Yadav would have raped somebody else. Maybe another kid. We're shutting him down for good.

Trevor opens the glove compartment and pulls out the handgun.

JAKE
(angry and afraid)
You're not killing this guy.

TREVOR
Of course not. I'm not a fuckin' murderer. But I will shoot this guy if he tries to hurt me. Or you.

JAKE
(beat)
None of this should have happened.

TREVOR
Say that in your deposition. Juries love remorse.

Jake shakes his head, because Trevor just doesn't get it.

Trevor's laptop chirps. He looks down.

ON TREVOR'S LAPTOP

Trevor is logged in as FSAdmin on tr011.com, and RathSetti has sent him a direct message.

JAKE
Yadav?

TREVOR
(sums up)
He wants to meet at 5 instead of 6, at a different diner... in Henderson.

Jake goes cold.

JAKE
Where Nichole lived.

TREVOR
Maybe he wants to show you--

JAKE
(shakes his head)
No. No fucking way. No.

TREVOR
Jake--

JAKE
He said Vegas, now he wants Henderson. Does he think I wanna see her fucking body?

TREVOR
You string him along, and when he says, “Let’s go,” tell him you don’t want to puke on your shoes. He confesses, you say your polite goodbyes, and you get the fuck out of there.

Trevor looks out the window.

TREVOR (CONT’D)
(mutters)
You always make these things so complicated.

Jake becomes outraged.

JAKE
I make... You fucking started this. “Let’s dox her!” “What a great fucking idea, Trevor! I can’t wait to drive to Vegas to have a heart-to-heart with a rapist!”

Trevor lashes back.

TREVOR
We doxxed her together. No one knew this douchebag ex-con was watching.

Trevor sees that Jake is so angry, he isn't listening. He's gripping the steering wheel and staring angrily at the road ahead.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I'm not responsible for other people's actions, Jake. Neither are you.

Jake stares ahead, angry, silent. Finally, Jake sighs, resigned to the situation.

JAKE
Message him. We'll be there.

On his laptop, Trevor TYPES and CLICKS THE TRACKPAD. He looks up at Jake.

Jake drives on.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

The dusty Grand Am heads northeast through the desert, along the north side of the Mojave National Preserve.

Jake's smartphone RINGS.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake is driving as his phone RINGS again. Trevor lifts the phone.

TREVOR
It's your mom.

Jake reaches for the phone. Trevor slides to accept the call, and hands the phone to Jake.

JAKE
Hey, mom.

INT. WILLIAMS' DINING ROOM - DAY

JEN
(sad)
Jake. I don't know how to tell you this. Are you driving?

INTERCUT - JAKE AND JEN'S PHONE CALL

JAKE
Yeah, I'm out with Trevor. What's up?

JEN
Buddy died.

Jake shakes his head, like maybe he misheard.

JEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Jake.

JAKE
What happened?

Trevor realizes Jake is receiving bad news and begins watching Jake.

JEN
I looked outside and he was throwing up in the backyard. I went out. He was shaking and drooling. Then he had a seizure and he stopped breathing.

Jake absorbs this.

TREVOR
(silently mouths)
What?

Jake shakes his head: not now. Jake feels sick. He looks at Trevor, who still doesn't know what's going on.

JAKE
Mom, I...
(sighs)
Should I come home?

JEN
There's nothing you can do...
I love you, Jake.

JAKE
I love you, too, Mom.

Jake hangs up the call. After a second, he hands the phone to Trevor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Buddy's dead.

TREVOR
(pause)
Did you leave the gate open?

Jake's head whips towards Trevor, and his arms involuntarily follow suit.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

The Grand Am pulls right and its tires SCREECH. The car intrudes on another motorist's lane and that driver HONKS once, angrily.

Jake regains control of the car, but not his anger.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

The speedometer creeps above the speed limit.

JAKE
So, what, now you're gonna troll me in person?

TREVOR
It's just a joke.

JAKE
This isn't a game, T. Wake the fuck up.

The speedometer creeps to ten miles an hour over the limit. Jake looks at Trevor more than he looks at the road.

TREVOR
Jake, slow down--

JAKE
I'm under a little pressure, T. Is that something you can understand? My dog's dead. Nichole's dead. If I fuck up with RathSetti, I'm dead.

Trevor gestures as if to interrupt. Jake cuts him off with a gesture.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Stop. OK? Just stop.
(moment)
Everything's just a game to you. We got a woman raped and killed, and all you can think about is how to work the system to save your own ass.

TREVOR
To save both our asses.

Jake takes his foot off the accelerator and turns on his right blinker. The speedometer shows they are slowing down, below the speed limit. Jake checks his mirrors.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

The Grand Am moves from the leftmost lane to the rightmost lane.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Trevor becomes alarmed that Jake is exiting.

TREVOR
We can't go home without the confession.

JAKE
We have enough on RathSetti. Let the cops deal with it.

EXT. I-15 NORTH - DAY

The Grand Am exits the freeway.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake guides the car up the ramp, pauses at the stop sign, and looks for a good place to turn around.

TREVOR
I don't wanna go to prison.

JAKE
Sounds better than dying.

Jake rolls the car into a service station parking lot.

TREVOR
Jake, just stop for a second, alright? Let's stop.

Jake glares at Trevor. Jake angrily locates a parking space away from trucks and other cars, pulls the car into the spot, and shifts into park.

EXT. STATELINE SERVICE STATION, NIPTON, CA - DAY

In the mostly-empty parking lot, Trevor's Grand Am looks tiny and isolated.

TREVOR
You want to quit. Why? Because your dog died? Because I made a joke?

JAKE
(gestures to the desert)
Where the fuck are we? What are we doing?

Jake gets out of the car and slams the door. Trevor gets out too, and stands with his door open, yelling at Jake across the roof of the car.

TREVOR
We have to face RathSetti.

JAKE
How about you face him, and I stay right here?

Trevor puts a hand on Jake's arm. Jake bats it away.

TREVOR
We're in this together.

JAKE
Are we?

TREVOR
He started this, we'll finish it. We're not gonna do time for this asshole.

JAKE
Seth Yadav. Real-life psychopath. Not some shitposting wannabe. An actual murderer of at least one actual person.

TREVOR
Even if I wanted to go alone, I can't. This is a two-person op:
(gestures to Jake)
one to get the confession,
(gestures to himself)
one to make sure it gets recorded. And provide backup in case he gets violent.

Shaking his head "no", Jake closes his eyes, then looks to the horizon and paces, trying to think of another way.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
We've got one chance before this guy's in the wind. Doxxing is just a game. Seth Yadav broke the rules. He pays. Not us.

Jake looks at Trevor with frustration, anger, and disappointment.

Trevor stares back at Jake with sociopathic detachment. He hasn't forgiven himself because there's nothing to forgive.

Jake searches for another answer but can't find one. His last gambit is to open up to Trevor.

JAKE
(quietly)
I don't know how to do this. I don't know how to face this guy.

Trevor sees that Jake needs some encouragement. He walks around the back of the car and stands opposite Jake.

TREVOR
You read people. So just read him. Sit down across from him. Shake his hand like you're his biggest fan.

Jake recoils at the idea of touching Seth Yadav.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
People open up to you. Get him to open up. Make him think he's your new best friend.

Jake looks down at the ground and considers it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It's fucking scary. I get it. But it'll be over before you know it. In two hours, we'll be laughing about this.

Jake looks up, skeptical that he will ever find anything funny about this situation.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

Trevor looks at the horizon.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You got this?

JAKE
(moment)
I got this.

EXT. HENDERSON, NEVADA - DAY

The Grand Am passes a "Welcome to Henderson" sign.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - DAY

Jake's phone CHIRPS; he's received a text message.

Jake grabs his phone and looks. The message is from an unknown number, and says "Where are you?"

TREVOR
Your dad?

JAKE
Dunno...

Jake, still driving, texts back a single question mark:

ON JAKE'S PHONE

"?"

A few seconds go by, and a reply message appears. It's the picture of dead Nichole.

Jake recognizes the picture as the same one RathSetti / Seth Yadav sent before. His jaw tightens from anger, guilt, and anxiety. He passes the phone to Trevor, who looks. Trevor's jaw sets from determination.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You ready?

TREVOR
(gestures to the laptop open in his lap)
Yeah.

EXT. HENDERSON DINER - DAY

Jake and Trevor pull up to the diner, and park a few parking spaces down from entrance. The parking lot is nearly full.

Trevor is looking around the parking lot to see if Seth Yadav is around, or anyone is watching them.

Jake switches on the hidden camera pinned to one end of his messenger bag, then slips the bag's strap across his chest.

Jake loads the hidden camera app on his phone.

ON JAKE'S PHONE

Jake presses "Record".

Jake looks down his shirt. The wireless mic taped to his chest is still in position.

Jake looks at Trevor.

With his laptop open, Trevor presses a button to begin recording. Trevor nods at Jake.

JAKE
I'm going in.

Trevor raps a knuckle on the glove compartment door.

TREVOR
I've got your back.

Jake remembers the gun and frowns. He hesitates, mentally running through the plan one last time, then exits the car.

EXT. HENDERSON DINER - DAY

With his messenger bag over his shoulder and the hidden camera facing forward, Jake walks from the Grand Am to the diner entrance, and pulls the door open.

INT. HENDERSON DINER - DAY

Jake steps out of the bright light of day and into the diner. His eyes adjust quickly, and he scans the diner.

He sees no sign of Seth Yadav. None of the diner's many patrons take an interest in him; they are all engaged in conversation, and no one is seated alone.

Jake checks the time. It's 4:58 PM.

Jake seats himself at an empty booth. He looks into the parking lot, but can't see the Grand Am from his booth. A waiter brings him a glass of water and a menu. Jake declines to order. The waiter leaves.

Jake sips the water and waits.

The glass is half empty. Jake checks the time again. It's 5:15 PM. Two tables in the diner have emptied since Jake came in.

Jake texts RathSetti:

ON JAKE'S PHONE

"Where are you?"

Jake presses "Send" and waits.

Jake drinks the rest of his water and checks his phone. It's 5:20 PM, and still no reply from RathSetti.

Anxious, frustrated, and losing his nerve, Jake gets up from the table and heads to the exit.

EXT. HENDERSON DINER - DAY

Jake steps outside into the bright sunlight. He squints as his eyes adjust, and he takes two steps towards the Grand Am.

Except it's gone.

Jake rapidly scans the parking lot for the car and for Trevor.

They are not there.

Jake begins to panic.

Jake's phone CHIRPS; he has a new message. Jake pulls out his phone.

ON JAKE'S PHONE

The new message is from RathSetti.

Jake doesn't want to, but he opens it. It's a video thumbnail, followed by text: "I've been here the whole time."

Jake presses "Play" on the video.

The video shows the blood on Nichole's floor, pans up to a dead Seth Yadav lying in the blood, then turns around to show who is shooting the video. It is Nichole, smiling and waving.

Jake gasps. He reels backwards a step, fumbling the phone.

Jake's BREATHING gets louder and we hear the same growing WHINE OF STATIC IN HIS EARS that we heard before.

The helpful waiter touches Jake on the shoulder. He jumps. The WHINE reduces to zero and Jake hears his phone CHIRP.

The waiter puts down a glass of water as Jake pulls out his phone.

JAKE
Thanks.

It's a text from Trevor:

ON JAKE'S PHONE

"I saw nichole she's here"

"its a setup"

“get over here now”

And a map with a pin dropped on Trevor’s current location.

Looking at his phone, Jake jogs away from the camera, then towards it. He breaks into a sprint as he gets his bearings and heads for Trevor.

EXT. HENDERSON SIDE STREETS - DAY

Jake crosses a road and sees from his phone’s map that Trevor’s car is just a block away.

Jake looks across a field and sees the Grand Am in the distance. He puts the phone in his pocket and sprints towards the car.

When he gets close enough, he sees Trevor in the driver’s seat. But Jake breaks stride, slows, and stops. He sees that Trevor’s head is leaning against the window, and there’s blood on the glass.

Dazed, Trevor slowly turns his head towards Jake. They make eye contact.

The Grand Am explodes.

The shock wave of the explosion, coupled with Jake’s surprise, knocks Jake off his feet.

We hear the RINGING that Jake hears in his ears. After a second, Jake carefully sits up and checks himself for damage. Unsteadily, he gets to his feet. He is unharmed.

But Trevor is definitely dead. The car is fully engulfed. Smoke climbs into the sky.

People start to appear. Jake takes a step back, but he is already far enough back that no one notices him.

As the RINGING in his ears subsides, Jake hears the SIRENS of approaching fire trucks. He looks around, unsure what to do.

From the ground, his phone CHIRPS. Jake picks it up.

ON JAKE’S PHONE

It’s a message from Trevor:

“RUN”

EXT. HENDERSON, NEVADA - DAY

Breathing rapidly, Jake runs away. As he runs, he looks all around him for Nichole, but he doesn't see anyone, anywhere.

Jake's phone keeps CHIRPING, and he glances at each message as it comes in. This phone-checking, combined with the fresh loss of Trevor, his panic, and his doubt about what to do next, is slowing Jake down and keeping him from sprinting.

ON JAKE'S PHONE

From RathSetti's phone:

- "This is your fault"

- A different picture of Seth Yadav, dead

- A selfie of Nichole smiling and hugging Buddy the dog

From Trevor's phone:

- "It didnt have to be this way", and a picture of Trevor's car on fire, with police cars and fire trucks nearby

- "see u soon!" and a blowkiss emoticon

EXT. HENDERSON, NEVADA - DAY

Breathing hard, Jake comes to a stop in the middle of an abandoned street.

A light wind WHISTLES through the dusty desert scrub.

Jake looks at his phone and realizes he can record the evidence Nichole has sent him.

Jake opens his messenger bag and pulls out the video camera he was using to record his practice depositions.

He looks around for a safe place to rest and record. He sees a rusted-through, abandoned recreational vehicle (RV), and runs towards it.

EXT. BEHIND AN ABANDONED RV - DAY

Jake chooses a side of the RV to put his back to. He leans on the RV, and presses "Record" on the video camera.

JAKE
I'm Jake Williams. Nichole Johnson is trying to kill me.

Jake peeks around the RV. No sign of Nichole.

JAKE (CONT'D)
She killed my friend Trevor Lopis. She killed Buddy, my dog. And she killed Seth Yadav.

Jake looks around again. Still no sign of Nichole.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Nichole Johnson wants me dead because Trevor and I doxxed her.
(sighs)
We put her name and address on Trevor's forum, and then RathSetti, Seth Yadav, said he was going to rape and kill her. We thought he was joking.

Jake pauses, thinking about how wrong he was.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Last night, Nichole killed him. She took his phone and she's been pretending to be him. She lured us to Henderson, Nevada so she could kill us... She just got T.

Jake swallows. The serious of his situation washes over him anew and he shudders.

He pulls out his phone, shows it to the video camera, and scrolls through the text and pictures Nichole sent.

JAKE (CONT'D)
She messaged me proof of everything she's done. I did some things wrong, too, I know. I just don't want to die.

Jake frowns and exhales.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Everyone's getting hurt because of our stupid game.
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
None of this was supposed to happen.

Jake runs out of things to say.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Mom, Dad, I love you.

Jake pauses and thinks whether he has anything to add. He doesn't. He presses "Stop". He thinks for a second.

Jake puts the video camera back in his messenger bag, then he pulls up the map app on his phone.

ON JAKE'S PHONE

He types "police" and pokes the "Search" button. The nearest police station appears on the map.

Jake uses the phone and looks around to get his bearings, then he steps out from behind the RV.

Jake almost trips over a medium-sized dog that's sniffing around. Jake and the dog exchange looks; neither intends to harm the other. Jake heads off. The dog sniffs the ground.

EXT. HENDERSON POLICE SERVICES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Looking down at his phone, Jake hurries into the street and is almost hit by a car; it's driver blows the HORN as the car SKIDS to a halt. Jake steps back to let the car pass; it drives on.

Jake quickly crosses to the other side of the road and sees the Henderson Police Services Headquarters come into sight.

Jake slides his phone into his bag and breaks into a jog. A few dusty cars are parked along the curb, but otherwise, this street is vacant.

A fit WOMAN, dressed for jogging, and wearing makeup, large sunglasses, a baseball cap, and a long blonde ponytail, darts out from behind a building and turns the corner in front of Jake, startling him. She jogs past without acknowledging Jake; we hear her FOOTFALLS. Jake begins to cross the street.

Behind Jake, the woman turns and runs back towards him.

This time, her footfalls are silent.

Jake doesn't notice her approach. When she's very close, he senses her behind him, and looks over his shoulder.

She smiles. Jake panics; it's NICHOLE JOHNSON.

All sound stops. Everything goes black, and remains silent and black for several moments.

INT. SOUNDPROOFED GARAGE - DAY

We hear Jake's BREATHING: at first, calm, echoey, and distant, but then, rapid and shallow, without echo, and extremely close.

We hear the sound of Jake's SCREAM as a bucket of cold water SPLASHES onto his bare chest.

NICHOLE
Wake up, Jake!

A black hood is removed from Jake's head. We are staring into the uncomfortably close, smiling face of NICHOLE JOHNSON (38); she's Caucasian, brunette, very physically fit, and wearing no makeup, no hat, no sunglasses, and no blonde wig.

Jake tries to step away, but the balls of his feet barely touch the wet concrete floor. Jake shivers; he is soaked and naked.

He looks up. His chafed wrists jerk against the three pairs of handcuffs that, along with an oversized rock-climbing carabiner hooked to a welded steel ring, suspend him from a steel beam in the center of the room.

Jake dries his eyes on his upstretched arms and blinks. Nichole has his full attention.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Aw, poor Muffin. You thought today would end a little differently, huh?

Jake, eyes wide and on Nichole, twists sideways in an effort to protect himself, but the carabiner doesn't pivot.

Nichole's face contorts in anger and contempt, and, with military precision, she kicks Jake's legs out from under him, then strides behind him. Jake grunts in pain as his wrists take his full weight.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
So did Trevor.

Jake gets his feet back under him, then looks behind him.

He is horrified to see an array of torture tools laid out on a table.

Nichole grabs a stained toolbag and strides back to Jake.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Look, Jake. It's RathSetti's "rape bag".

She pulls out each object and holds it up for Jake to inspect: a mostly-used roll of duct tape. She drops it on the floor. A large, shiny knife; she drops it. A length of rusted and blood-stained rebar.

She pretends she's going to drop the rebar, but instead, she menaces him with it. He tries to shield his face and body.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
You sent this to my *house*, Jake. Where do you suppose this fits, hm?

She jabs him in the stomach with the rebar. He cries out in pain.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Nope.

She jabs him again, lower, in the kidney. He screams.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Not there either.

JAKE
Please stop.

She stands before him, smiling, and whacks him lightly on the head with the very tip of the rebar. A drop of blood trickles down his forehead.

NICHOLE
Don't worry, Jake. I'm not going to kill you.

With great showmanship, she pulls back a heavy black curtain and waves the rebar like it's a magician's wand. Jake sees a computer. The monitor glows, but it's too far away to read.

Nichole uses a remote to power on a projector mounted to the ceiling. Its lamp comes on, and an image appears on the white wall above the monitor.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
They are.

It's Trevor's forum on tr011.com. Thousands of forum users are logged in.

A post, composed by Nichole but using Trevor's FSAdmin account, advertises an "Interactive Peep Show! Starring Your Hero and Mine, @bocaBoarder!!" which will begin in just a few minutes. There is a link to a live video-streaming service.

Jake notices the lit green LED of the computer's wireless webcam, whose fisheye lens is aimed at him. He begins to twist and struggle against his handcuffs.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Aw, don't be shy, Muffin.
You're going to be famous.

JAKE
I'm sorry. I didn't think--

Nichole silences Jake with a calculated punch to the abdomen. Jake head lolls and he tries to catch his breath.

NICHOLE
If only someone had intervened
when I was your age, maybe I
wouldn't have become a
psychopath.

Nichole circles behind Jake. She picks up an old transistor radio antenna, extends it, and whips it across his ass. He screams.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Then again... Nature versus
nurture, right? The eternal
question. What makes a killer?

She whips the back of his thighs. Jake cries out.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
(whips after
each question)
Bad genes? Bad parenting?
Hanging with the wrong crowd?
Drugs? Alcohol? Demons?

She puts the antenna back on the table and surveys her array of choices.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Who can say?

She walks up behind Jake. He is crying but trying not to. She picks up RathSetti's knife from the floor, and kicks the duct tape away.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
The result is the same...

Nichole lightly runs the cold tip of the knife down Jake's spine. He gasps and trembles, but she doesn't cut him yet.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
(smiling fondly)
A rabid animal that must be put down, before it harms others.

JAKE
(quietly, shaking)
I'm not a killer.

NICHOLE
(stroking his spine with the knife)
Not yet. But I see you, Jake. You're like me.

JAKE
No.

NICHOLE
(smiles)
Oh, yes. Just like me.

She drags the knife tip in a sinuous track across his back.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Alpha. In control. You just can't wait to show the world...

She gives him four tiny, shallow cuts. Jake gasps each time.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
...how, smart, you, are.

Nichole lays the flat of the blade against Jake's neck. The blade's edge touches his ear lobe. Jake's neck straightens and he inhales.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Let's show them.

She taps the flat of the blade against his neck, startling him, then removes the blade. After holding his breath for too long, Jake exhales.

Nichole sets the knife down on the table, then walks to the computer. She splits the screen so that the left half displays the forum, and the right half shows the live-streaming website.

She picks up the wireless camera and points it at herself, looking at the projection, checking her teeth for spinach, and smoothing out loose strands of hair.

Looking at the projection on the wall, Jake sees what the camera sees: Nichole primping, and Jake over her shoulder, in the background.

He wipes his eyes and nose on his arms, smudging the blood that had trickled down his forehead. Frustrated by his lack of control, he grunts and struggles hard to free himself, but can't get loose.

JAKE
Please. Don't.

Nichole uses the mouse to move the pointer on the computer to the "Start Broadcasting" button.

NICHOLE
You started it.

She clicks it. A status bar shows the video stream is buffering quickly. Jake struggles.

JAKE
What do want me to do?

NICHOLE
(smiling)
Smile pretty for the camera.

The streaming site shows 6,000 users are waiting to watch, and the number is slowly climbing.

The buffering status bar reaches 100 percent, and the computer CHIRPS.

Like a switch, Nichole flips into showman mode.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
You know why we're here, so let's get to it.

Holding the wireless camera, Nichole strides over to Jake. He looks away. She roughly grabs his jaw and turns his head towards the camera.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Say "hi".

Jake's eyes look away. Nichole releases his jaw, and aims the camera at his crotch.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Well, at least other parts of him are polite. Turkey tap!

Off screen, Nichole taps Jake on the testicles. His abdomen tenses, he twists away from Nichole, and he groans. Then he tries to kick her, but she deftly dodges.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Aw, bocaBoarder's having a rough day. Let's see if we have anything that will cheer him up.

Nichole twirls cheerfully to the table of torture implements. She slowly scans the camera across her selection.

Looking at the projection, Jake sees the instruments in close up for the first time. He struggles violently.

JAKE
(yelling)
I need help!

Nichole turns the camera on herself, and stands next to Jake. She puts an arm around him and includes him in the shot.

NICHOLE
(imitating Jake, yelling even more loudly)
I need help!
(to Jake)
Relax, it's just a game.
(to the forum)
Post your suggestions, and upvote the ones you like best. Democracy in action. God bless America. You have three minutes.

She steps in front of Jake and points the camera at him.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Say something to our viewers at home.

JAKE
(beat)
Video streams can be traced! Please call the FBI. Nichole Johnson is going to kill me.

Nichole doubles over, laughing, then stands back up and mugs for the camera.

NICHOLE
Hi, FBI. Remember me? We used to be best friends, but now, you don't call, you don't write...

Jake looks over Nichole's shoulder at the projection. He reads the newest text and picture posts that users are posting to the forum. The page automatically refreshes every few seconds:

- fbi don't rescu doxxing little shits!

- GFY, @bocaBoarder

- A Vote 4 The Knife Is A Vote 4 Stabbing

- piano wire FTW

- dunno y u have oranges? but i like it

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
It makes a girl feel unwanted. Anyway, I hope you like my video. Call me.

Nichole points the camera at the forum, and sorts the posts by "Most Popular".

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Let's see...

The forum page refreshes, and Jake grimaces when he sees these three posts have the most upvotes:

- Two Words: Anal. Rape.

- death by 1000 cuts!!! *snicker snak*

- Give Us His Toenails

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Keep 'em coming. Two minutes.

Jake struggles and looks around. There's no object he can reach to defend himself. The handcuffs, carabiner, steel ring, and steel beam are not budging, and his wrists are beginning to ooze blood.

Jake closes his eyes, and his head sags forward. A tear streaks down his cheek, and he breathes deeply, in and out.

The familiar WHINE OF STATIC fades in and gradually grows louder in Jake's ears, as we see and hear what he remembers:

SERIES OF SHOTS - JAKE'S EPIPHANY

- Jake shoving Buddy's head off his arm.

- Jake's score of 9,000 points on tr011.com.

- Jake lying: "It wasn't me!"

- Jake saying: "start stabbing."

- jinline's words "remind you of anyone" on Jake's monitor.

- The words "BONUS POINTS" on Jake's monitor.

- Jake clicking the Post button.

- RathSetti's words "I prefer a direct approach" on Jake's monitor.

- The word "rape" on Jake's monitor.

- The word "ha" on Jake's monitor.

- Trevor saying "Good game, sir."

- Jake saying "I overplayed it."

- jinline's words "You shouldn't have done that." on Jake's monitor.

The WHINE OF STATIC ceases abruptly as Jake opens his eyes.

JAKE
Nichole.

Smiling, she turns, points the camera at his face, and takes a step closer.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I would like to make a statement.

Nichole swings the camera around and zooms in on the countdown clock. Just over a minute remains. She swings the camera back.

NICHOLE
Tick tock.

Jake speaks slowly. This is the hardest speech of his life, and perhaps his last.

JAKE
My name is Jake Williams.

Jake pauses.

JAKE (CONT'D)
On Friday night, I posted Nichole Johnson's address to Trevor's forum. Seth Yadav said he was going to rape her, and I didn't believe him.

He pauses again, making direct eye contact with Nichole. She's smiling.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Nichole killed him. And she killed my dog. And Trevor. She killed them.

Only Jake sees that Nichole grins and curtseys.

JAKE (CONT'D)
But I started this.
(long moment)
You might think that... what's happening to me is what I deserve. I don't know. I just don't want to die.

Only Jake sees Nichole draw a finger across her throat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
If you're scared for me, call the FBI. At least you'll be doing the right thing, even if it's too late.

Jake is very emotional. Nichole is eating it up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I love you, Mom.
(pause)
Dad, I'm sorry I let you down.

The countdown clock CHIMES. Nichole lights up like a kid in a candy store.

Jake stands up as straight as he can, and braces himself. He looks at the projection; the bright rectangle of light reflects in his eyes, and his jaw drops open in dismay, but we don't see what he sees.

Nichole aims the camera at the projection. She's overjoyed, as if she's just received the best present she could ever hope for. Again, we don't see what she sees.

NICHOLE
My, my. You sure are a creative bunch.

She turns and slowly swaggers up to Jake. He grits his teeth as she slowly and forcefully rakes her unpolished fingernails across his abdomen.

They exchange looks: his guilt and resignation is giving way to fear and resentment; she is relishing her complete control over him and the situation.

She steps to the table and points the camera to several implements. Her hand skips lightly across the tools.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Let's get started.

In the projection, Jake sees the video feed go black. The streaming site's status bar turns red and changes to "Feed Lost". Jake is confused. He turns around as far as he can.

We see Nichole's finger lift away from the "Power" button on the camera. She places the camera on the table. Then, her fingers trace lovingly along the torture implements.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
I was never going to let those sick fucks watch our fun.

Jake's eyes widen. Nichole smiles as she selects a weapon. Jake sees what she picked up, but we don't, and he struggles. She looks up at him and smiles.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Now, now, no fair peeking.

Nichole drops whatever she was holding onto the table with a thud. She grabs the black hood and puts it over his head.

JAKE
No--

He tries to shake it off but she pulls its drawstring tight.

NICHOLE
No more speeches.

We hear the sound of her striking him with a blunt object. He screams, and she ties a gag over the hood. Jake struggles as he continues to grunt and scream, but now the gag muffles his cries.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Now, it's just you, and me.
When you see Trevor, tell him
I said, "Hello."

We see Jake from the shoulders up as we hear Nichole beat him. She circles him. Sometimes she stops beating him and Jake turns his head left and right to try to hear where she is and brace for the next strike.

We hear Nichole land a series of violent strikes. Jake cries out repeatedly, and eventually, the screen goes black.

BLACK SCREEN

We hear Jake STARTLE awake and HYPERVENTILATE. We hear Nichole SLICE into his flesh. Jake's MUFFLED SCREAMS echo and fade.

We hear Jake's RAGGED BREATHING. We hear Nichole TEAR OFF one of his toenails with pliers. Jake GROANS in pain until he runs out of air in his lungs. His groan fades out.

We hear Jake WHIMPER arrhythmically, but we don't hear what abuse, if any, Nichole is meting out. His whimpers cease.

Several moments pass.

We hear a BUCKET OF COLD WATER SPLASH against Jake. We hear him COUGH into his gag, then the rustle of fabric, then more COUGHING, this time, ungagged.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Time to go, sunshine. My
ride's here.

INT. SOUNDPROOFED GARAGE - DAY

Jake opens his swollen eyes, slowly, as wide as he can. He sees Nichole and looks away, detached, utterly defeated.

Still close on Jake's face, we hear Nichole step across the garage's concrete floor.

We hear the PLINK of staples on concrete as she TEARS down layers of heavy soundproofing cloth. Sunlight hits Jake's face, and all he does is close his eyes.

NICHOLE
(loudly)
I'm coming out. I'm unarmed. Don't shoot.

From outside the garage, FBI AGENT PEREZ (45), a no-nonsense woman, yells back.

FBI AGENT PEREZ (O.S.)
Come out with your hands above your head. Follow all Agent instructions immediately.

NICHOLE
Yes, ma'am.

Nichole presses a wall-mounted button, and the automatic garage door begins to rise.

Sunlight and fresh air pour into the garage. As the door rises, we see Nichole's clothes and skin are smudged with blood, rust, dirt, ash, and grease. The breeze blows her hair, and she closes her eyes and inhales.

FBI AGENT PEREZ (O.S.)
Step towards me.

Hands above her head, Nichole smiles and steps out of frame.

NICHOLE (O.S.)
Nice to see you again, Perez.

FBI AGENT PEREZ
Stop there. Get down on your knees.

Behind her, Jake hangs with his full weight on his wrists. His flesh is cut, bruised, burnt, and torn so badly that he is nearly unrecognizable.

As the full sunlight hits his face, he exhales and faints from exhaustion.

Uniformed, ARMED FBI AGENTS rush into the garage, clearing the room; they each shout “Clear.” The LEAD AGENT yells “All clear!” and five PARAMEDICS rush in.

Two paramedics support Jake’s weight, while a third holds his arms, and a fourth uses bolt cutters to sever the handcuff links. The fifth wheels in a stretcher, collapses it, and parks it on the floor next to Jake.

The third paramedic eases Jake’s arms down gently. The first two and the fifth ease him onto the stretcher. Jake moans weakly through cracked lips, but otherwise is completely unresponsive.

The fourth paramedic, PARAMEDIC RILEY (30, female), straps Jake to the stretcher.

PARAMEDIC RILEY
Let’s get him on the bus.

Two paramedics raise the stretcher until it LOCKS in place. Four paramedics wheel Jake out, while the fifth runs ahead.

EXT. NICHOLE’S HOUSE - DAY

FBI Agents arrest a kneeling, smiling Nichole, and help her to her feet.

NICHOLE
Gently. I’m not the bad guy.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bandaged, stitched, and bruised, Jake lies in his hospital bed and sleeps. Jen sits and holds Jake’s hand. Mike stands protectively in the open doorway, with his back to the room.

The sun sets and rises, and Jake is awake. A uniformed Henderson police officer asks Jake a question; Jake responds as an FBI agent takes notes, and an NSA agent records the conversation. Jen and Mike stand nearby, holding each other.

The sun sets and rises, and Jake is alone, lying in bed, staring straight up at the ceiling.

INT. TRAUMA THERAPIST’S OFFICE - DAY

Jake’s TRAUMA THERAPIST sits nearby, with a notepad on her lap and a pen in her hand, as Jake lies on the couch and stares straight up at the ceiling.

TRAUMA THERAPIST
Can you tell me a little about that day?

Jake's eyes twitch as he recalls buying gear with Trevor, arguing with Trevor, watching Trevor die, receiving the video from Nichole, being captured by Nichole, being tortured by Nichole, and last, the moment when he clicked Publish and doxxed Nichole.

Jake opens his mouth to reply, but doesn't know how to reply. He closes his mouth.

INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - DAY

An Interfaith CHAPLAIN stands before a gleaming casket crowned by flowers.

Dressed in a suit, Jake, who had been Trevor's best friend, stands with Jen and Mike at the back of a LARGE GATHERING OF MOURNERS, including Trevor's divorced mother and father, his four grandparents, his aunts, uncles, and cousins, Hannah, Andy, and other classmates from school.

CHAPLAIN
We come together to bury the mortal remains of Trevor Lopis: son, grandson, nephew, cousin, teammate, friend.

Mike squeezes Jake's shoulder as guilt washes over the Williams family. Trembling, Jen takes Jake's hand; her eyes are red and tears streak her cheeks.

Jake sees Hannah and Andy, but they both seem to not see him.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
Those with faith believe in a life beyond this life, and that the deeds performed in this life - yesterday, today, and tomorrow - shape the next life. For what is a man, if not the sum of his deeds?

The Chaplain's words sink into Jake, and his eyes well up as he pities himself and regrets his actions that led to Trevor's death.

EXT. CEMETERY CHAPEL - DAY

As Jake is about to get into his parents' car, he looks up. One of Trevor's grandmothers has come over to confront him. She looks him in the eye, spits on his leather shoe, and looks him in the eye again.

One of Trevor's cousins comes over to lead the grandmother away. Jake stares after her. She looks back with hatred. Mike frowns at the grandmother; Jen covers her mouth as she realizes the impact Trevor's death has on Trevor's family.

INT. ENVIRONMENTAL BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

Jake, seated, sees Trevor's empty chair. Mrs. Oliver teaches; Jake, and most of the students, pay attention.

One student is texting. As Mrs. Oliver walks and talks, she takes the student's phone, and places it into a basket of phones on her desk.

A projection of a map of the United States, showing the full length of the Mississippi River and a porting of the Gulf of Mexico, glows on the projector screen behind her desk. She traces the river with her finger.

MRS. OLIVER
If one farmer allows a *little* pesticide runoff, a *little* fertilizer runoff, a *little* animal-waste runoff, the environmental impact isn't much. But when *thousands* of growers make the same decision...

Mrs. Oliver traces her finger down to the Gulf.

MRS. OLIVER (CONT'D)
...the cumulative effect is *devastating*.

Mrs. Oliver makes eye contact with Jake and the BELL RINGS. Students begin to stand, gather their belongings, and chat.

MRS. OLIVER (CONT'D)
Just a reminder: on Monday you will turn in your report on what *you* believe is the biggest, *man-made* environmental disaster in human history.
(MORE)

MRS. OLIVER (CONT'D)
Your report should include *why* you think it qualifies as the *biggest* catastrophe, and, ways *you* think a *similar* disaster could be prevented in the future.

Jake and Hannah make eye contact. Jake indicates that he would like to talk privately in the hallway. Hannah indicates that she would not like to talk. Hannah gathers her things and exits.

Jake hurries and gathers his things.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Jake exits the EnviroBio classroom and looks up and down the hallway. Hannah is gone. Jake frowns.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A wall clock TICKS. Cold, clinical fluorescent lighting illuminates the room. Several microphones, pointing left and right, stand on a long conference table, along with two nearly empty water pitchers and several water glasses. A tired-looking Mike, Jen, Jake, and Jake's lawyer sit on one side of the table.

On the other side of the table sit five suited lawyers, each with a pen and a yellow legal pad containing several dozen pages of handwritten notes.

Jake is trembling and looks like he is on the verge of tears.

The LEAD DEPOSER turns the page on her legal pad, exposing a blank page.

LEAD DEPOSER
(clearing her throat)
What happened then?

Jake takes a breath and tries to formulate an answer, but his emotional exhaustion overcomes him, and he sobs. Jen pulls him close and embraces him; she is also crying. Mike frowns at the Lead Deposer, who looks to her colleagues. They nod.

LEAD DEPOSER (CONT'D)
Let's take a break.

Jake's lawyer nods. Jake continues to cry.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

No lights glow on Jake's powered-off Wi-Fi router, nor on his computer. No cables are plugged into the computer's network and power ports. A layer of dust covers the dark monitor.

INT. WILLIAMS' KITCHEN - DAY

The small TV on the kitchen counter displays Channel 4 News reporter CHRISTINA ALEXANDER (30) standing outside a Federal courthouse. As she speaks, photos of each person she mentions appear next to her.

CHRISTINA ALEXANDER
Earlier this year, former NSA Agent Nichole Claire Johnson of Henderson, Nevada was charged with the murders of Seth Yadav, 43, of Las Vegas, and Trevor Lopis, 18, a Los Angeles high school senior.

As Christina talks, Jen stands at the empty kitchen sink. She is leaning against the cupboard and looking out the window, into the back yard. Mike steps up behind her and places a comforting hand on her shoulder. She turns to him; they embrace. Jen starts to sob. Mike looks out the window.

CHRISTINA ALEXANDER (V.O.)
Johnson was also charged with the torture of Lopis' friend, Jacob Williams, then 17, also of Los Angeles. At her hearing today, Johnson pled not guilty by reason of insanity.

EXT. WILLIAMS' BACK YARD - DAY

Jake sits on the grass with his back against the wooden fence and his legs straight in front of him. He stares ahead with a haunted look in his eyes.

Jake's new puppy, ELI, a pale-yellow Labrador Retriever wearing a red collar and ID tag, happily BARKS and romps in the summer grass, pouncing on and chewing a rope toy.

Christina's newscast continues.

CHRISTINA ALEXANDER (V.O.)
Today, District Court Judge Harriet Burns remanded Johnson to the maximum-security Perkins Hospital Center in Maryland, where she will receive inpatient psychiatric evaluation and treatment.

Eli nuzzles Jake's hand, and Jake pets him, but Jake's eyes are focused on nothing as he relives the traumatic experience inflicted on him.

CHRISTINA ALEXANDER (V.O.)
As part of her plea agreement, Johnson agreed to provide undisclosed consulting services to the FBI, and to her former employer, the NSA.

Eli cavorts past the fence gate. The gate is closed.

CHRISTINA ALEXANDER (V.O.)
(CONT'D)
Neither the FBI nor NSA returned our calls requesting comment. Reporting live from the Lloyd D. George Federal District Courthouse in Las Vegas, I'm Christina Alexander, for Channel 4 News.

FADE OUT.