

CHAT ROOM

Written by

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Based on True Events

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INT. EZEKIEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

EZEKIEL (17, pale, lanky, incel) flips on his sink's hot water valve. As it steams away, he grabs a toothbrush.

He brushes his teeth furiously, staring down his reflection in the mirror. Focus on the cup of water sitting precariously on the porcelain rim. As music builds to a screech...

HIT by an invisible force, the glass falls to the floor.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel sits at the desk of his room: unmade bed, clothes on the floor, etc. He wears a dark t-shirt with a breast pocket, like a total incel.

His Alienware® computer is opened: an obvious virus pops up, a 3-D video game graphic of a scantily-clad female warrior and text that reads "A GAME WHERE NOTHING IS OFF-LIMITS!"

He rushes to delete the pop-up ad. Another one pops up: "HOOK UP WITH MATURE SINGLES IN YOUR AREA! YOUMILF.CA". He deletes it, and moves onto Safari.

He searches Omegle.com, and clicks through the thicket of links to get to the 18+ Omegle site. His arrow is poised on the button to match him with a user.

He opens his desk drawer and tears the adhesive strip of a post-it note. He sticks it on the front-facing camera of the computer and clicks his mouse.

A loading-wheel over a dark grey screen. Ezekiel's screen below it is a dark orange blur.

ON SCREEN - INT. OFFICE SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

His first match is a POSTAL WORKER (40s, heavy-set, hirsute, visible from the waist down) digging into his pants.

Without hesitation, Ezekiel clicks to switch users.

ON SCREEN - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The next match is a THIRTYSOMETHING (30s, khaki shorts and puffy vest) sitting cross-legged on the floor of a dark room, a heavy bong resting in his lap.

He reaches to his computer and types in the chat: "m/f?"

Still stone-faced, Ezekiel types: "f".

Thirtysomething smirks, and types: "let me see."

Ezekiel clicks away to the next user.

ON SCREEN - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The next user is a FRAT BOY (20, perfect jawline, middle-parted hair) laying on his bed, face flush with the camera. In a second of seeing Ezekiel's screen, he leaves the chat.

ON SCREEN - INT. COUCH #1 - NIGHT

The next user is the first in a series of masturbating men. We'll call him JACKOFF #1 (20s, anemic-looking, wire-rimmed glasses), laying horizontally on a cheap IKEA couch.

Only his chin and mouth are visible, making disgusting orgasm faces. He notices there's someone on the other screen, and he sits up to type in the chat.

In a panic, Ezekiel leaves the chat.

ON SCREEN - INT. COUCH #2 - NIGHT

JACKOFF #2 (30s, balding, beard) masturbates under his pants.

Ezekiel leaves the chat.

ON SCREEN - INT. COUCH #3 - NIGHT

Before another JACKOFF #3 (20s, video-store goatee) even gets the chance, Ezekiel leaves the chat.

Before the new user even appears, Ezekiel readies his mouse to leave the next chat. And then...

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The new user is BROOKE (17, curly brown hair like a Greek goddess), sitting dead-center in her picturesque bedroom: polaroids, posters, an open and stuffed closet.

Her door closes behind her as she logs on.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel flinches in shock and freezes. His eyes dart to the sticky note on his camera.

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the other screen, Brooke furrows her brow, and types in the chat: "hello?? anybody there?"

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel takes small, rapid breaths. He checks his hair with his hand, as the other grips the edge of the sticky note.

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke's hands shift on her keyboard, as if about to exit.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel opens his camera with a wide grin, one he recognizes as very stupid and awkwardly corrects to a half-smile.

Brooke types: "hey :)"

Ezekiel's smile widens. He drafts a message: "hey ;)". Winky face...bold move. His smile disappears as he redrafts his message. He types: "what's up?"

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke tosses her hair. She types: "not much, hbu?"

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel drafts: "just chillin lol", deletes it, rewrites: "nothing much either lol" "was that your mom who was just there?"

Brooke: "no just me ;)"

A winky face! Ezekiel smiles.

Brooke: "i'm guessing your real name isn't bridgette?"

Ezekiel eyes the corner of his screen and groans. He forgot about the username. He types: "ezekiel. just a prank lmao." "whats your name?"

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke's phone lights up with a notification. She grabs it from her lap and opens a text message.

A black and blurry figure, like a shadow, darts from one wall to another in the back of Brooke's room.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel catches the movement in the corner of his eye. He types: "is that your cat in the back?"

Brooke: "i dont have a cat lol"

Puzzled, Ezekiel furrows his brow.

Brooke: "and my name's brooke"

Ezekiel mouths to himself, "Brooke".

Ezekiel: "where do you live?"

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke giggles. She types: "you're not trying to kill me, are you?"

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel gulps: "haha nice one, jk". He feigns a smile and groans again. He drafts a message: "just curious-"

Brooke: "dayton ohio"

Ezekiel freezes. His expression turns from shock to glee. He finds her IP address on a separate window. It says "Dayton, OH". He returns to the chat.

Ezekiel: "wow no way! I'm from dayton too!"

Brooke: "really? what high school do you go to?"

Ezekiel hesitates: "I go to north, hbu?"

Brooke: "belmont haha. but maybe you know my friends from north?" "do you know sara gomez?"

Ezekiel: "I don't really hang out with sara's group, sorry."

Awkward silence. Ezekiel rests his temple against his hands and exhales. Then, in Brooke's room...

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A vase standing on the bookcase behind Brooke tips over and shatters without warning. Brooke leaps up like she's been shocked with 10,000 volts, and turns around. She checks her heart rate and hyperventilates.

She returns to the keyboard: "sorry there was a noise and it scared the shit out of me."

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel: "yeah I saw it"

Ezekiel notices something else about her room...

A pair of feet, jutting from the bottom of the closet, behind racks of clothes. Ezekiel GASPS.

He furiously types: "don't panic, I think there is someone in your closet."

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke looks confused and frightened. She types: "what do you mean?"

The pair of feet shift in place.

Ezekiel types: "they're hiding behind the clothes"

Brooke shivers, and stands up from her seat. She inches away from the table and scans the room for any possible weapons.

She picks out a flat-iron from her desk drawer and rolls the cord in her other hand. She steps toward the closet.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The reflection of the screen is visible in Ezekiel's pupil as it darts every which way.

ON SCREEN - BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke's hand reaches out to open the curtain of clothes.

She PUSHES her clothes aside to reveal a white-skinned, eyeless, hairless figure cloaked in black, looming over her.

She stares at the figure, then...

She peers in the corners of the closet, moving the clothes to inspect the rest of the area. She doesn't see it at all.

She walks back to the computer and types: "very funny asshole"

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Panicking, Ezekiel digs through his pocket for his phone. When he finds it, he types: "it's not a prank, you need to leave NOW"

Brooke: "are you filming me rn?"

Ezekiel opens his phone and flips to EMERGENCY CALL. He's about to dial when he returns to the computer screen...

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The figure is gone, the shattered vase on the ground has returned to its perch.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel holds his breath checking every detail of her room.

Brooke: "fucking perv"

Ezekiel sighs and puts his phone down next to the computer, the dial pad still open and ready to dial 911. No sooner does he remove his glance from the screen then...

ON SCREEN - INT. BROOKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The figure/ghost is back, almost floating over Brooke as she sits at the table. She doesn't notice it on the screen; her eyes are glued to the keyboard. She types: "I'm leaving"

Before she can click, the ghost grips her shoulder with a white hand; she feels it. She jerks back in terror, swatting with her hands at the invisible force.

The ghost digs into her neck with her other hand, drawing blood with its pointed nails. She screams and trembles, but we can't hear a thing.

The ghost lunges at the computer screen, screeching. The screen goes completely grey.

INT. EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ezekiel leaps from his chair, slamming his laptop shut. Petrified, he shivers watching his computer.

Total silence...

His phone BUZZES. It's a notification from Snapchat (or Snapchat-like app). It BUZZES again, and again, and again.

Ezekiel cautiously reaches for his phone, still trembling. He clicks on the banner, which opens to a front-facing camera. Everything looks normal, his face looks normal.

He turns 180 degrees, to the back wall of his room. Nothing out of place. He lifts up his phone.

He flips the camera to backwards-facing.

ON SCREEN - EZEKIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

THE GHOST LUNGES at the camera, screeching.

CUT TO BLACK.