

# **VIRAL**

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Long ash drops from a burning cigarette end.

BROODING EMO music blares from a stereo. The dark colored bedroom looks like a tornado has descended upon it.

TIFFANY (18) looks down at her cigarette. Her jet-black hair is flecked with red. Her piercing eyes spike the CAMERA.

She smokes, leaves traces of red lipstick on the filter.

TIFFANY

What do you want from me? Huh? Is  
this some kind of sick game to you?

She painfully stubs the cigarette out on her arm.

Tiffany brushes her hair behind her -- revealing yet more red on her slightly plump face.

There is YELLING somewhere outside.

Tiffany drinks the last few drops from a bottle of water. She tosses the water bottle to the ground.

The YELLING increases in intensity.

Tiffany stands. Calmly strolls over to the slightly open window. Peers outside to see what is going on.

The body of a blonde woman, CYNTHIA, is revealed - lying on the blood-stained bed in the background.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia stands in front of the door. Arms outstretched, waiting for a hug from her daughter.

She looks young. More 28 than 38. She could almost pass for Tiffany's older sister.

Tiffany tosses a plastic trinket at her mother.

Cynthia lets it bounce harmlessly off her. It lands in the large pile of clothes visible on the floor.

TIFFANY

I'm nothing like you. I fucking hate you...

Cynthia lowers her arms. She spies something amongst the clothes. She bends down to retrieve it --

-- holds it up.

It is a framed photograph of Tiffany with her arms draped around a young guy dressed entirely in black. Black fingernails, black hair, black eye-liner.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Leave that alone.

CYNTHIA

He's no good for you.

She drops the frame. Crushes the glass underfoot.

TIFFANY

Get out.

Tiffany steps towards Cynthia, ready to slap her.

Cynthia suddenly grabs a handful of Tiffany's short black hair. Pulls her head back. Whips out a SCALPEL from inside her sleeve.

CYNTHIA

Not until it's done. Open it!

TIFFANY

What the fuck...

Cynthia shakes her head -- quickly grabs her daughter's head -- SLAMS it into the corner of the large dresser. Blood erupts from her nose.

She prepares for another slam, but Tiffany squirms away -- losing a chunk of hair in the process.

She spits blood at her mother.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Bitch.

Cynthia lurches forward, stabbing with the scalpel.

Tiffany somehow manages to evade the flashing blade. Twists out of reach.

She tosses whatever items she can at her mother as she backs away.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?

Cynthia grabs hold of her arm. Tiffany punches her mother in the side of the head - but Cynthia still tosses her across the room with relative ease.

She lands in a heap on the floor.

CYNTHIA

We don't have a choice. You can't stay here.

Tiffany lies on the ground, gasping for air. She notices something under the bed. She reaches for it.

Cynthia grabs hold of her. Pulls her in close, ready for the final blow --

-- she suddenly staggers backwards. Lowers the scalpel. Drops it.

Cynthia turns towards the CAMERA. A chunk of broken glass protrudes from her neck. A large portion of it remains in Tiffany's hand.

Cynthia removes the glass. Blood instantly spurts from the ruptured artery.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Tiff --

Blood gurgles from her lips. She staggers towards her daughter. Reaching.

Tiffany steps aside. Breathing heavily. Stares at her mother.

Cynthia collapses onto the bed. Her body convulses. A strange gurgling noise erupts from her throat.

The convulsions finally stop.

Tiffany drops the shard from her hand. Stares at the body.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares out the window. She opens it wide. A low RUMBLE can be heard in the distance.

TIFFANY  
Leave me alone!

She turns away.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Assholes!

She changes the music on her player.

Tiffany picks up her rucksack from the floor. Reaches inside. Removes an unlabeled can of food.

She walks back to the desk. Slaps the can onto the wooden surface.

She rummages under the desk. Finds the can opener, and proceeds to open the can.

The smell from the food disgusts her. The contents of the can are dark brown slop.

She digs in her fingers. Pulls out some of the dog-food. Stares at it for a moment, then stuffs it into her mouth.

She gags. Some of the food spills from her lips, but she forces herself to eat.

Another bite. Then another.

She notices blood on her fingers. She touches her face. There is more blood.

She stands. Grabs a towel from the floor. Wipes her face. There is blood on the towel.

She continues to wipe until she is certain that the blood has gone.

Tiffany returns to her meal. She eats the dog-food. Spins around on her chair. The music blares.

She stares at the blood stained sheets.

Tiffany stands. Walks to the bed. Reaches out to touch the body, but withdraws.

She grabs the bedsheets and pulls them up over the body. Wrapping it. Hiding it from view.

She returns to the desk, and her delicious meal.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia sits at the computer, rapidly types on the keyboard.

A scalpel sits on the desk beside her hand.

She watches a stored video message.

DAVE (O.S.)

You wouldn't believe what happened today... there was this blonde chick on the bus -- right -- and she starts puking her guts out. Man it was sick...

There are suddenly footsteps rushing up the stairs. Cynthia closes the screen.

Tiffany edges into the room, brandishing a sharp pair of scissors as a weapon.

She quickly slips off her backpack. Drops it to the floor. Stares at the mess. A large dresser has been emptied of all the drawers, their contents tossed onto the floor.

TIFFANY

What's going on here? What are you doing?

Cynthia slips the scalpel into her hand, half hidden up her sleeve. She stands. Strolls towards Tiffany.

CYNTHIA

I missed you.

Tiffany snorts. Edges away from her. They orbit one another like seasoned fighters.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I came back for you.

TIFFANY

What's wrong with you? Stay away from me. I'm warning you...

Cynthia hesitates for a moment.

CYNTHIA

The young don't always do as  
they're told.

Tiffany picks up a trinket from the junk pile on her bed.  
Tosses it at her mother.

Cynthia lets it bounce off her.

TIFFANY

Stop treating me like a baby. I'm  
eighteen years old!

She tosses another trinket at her mother.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I don't need you.

Cynthia laughs.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You're such a bitch.

Cynthia maneuvers herself around to cut off Tiffany's only  
escape route.

CYNTHIA

We're not so different...

She holds her arms out, eager for an embrace.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We're more alike than you know.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stands in front of the open bedroom door, silently  
staring at the body on her bed.

The clock beside the bed has stopped.

There are flies BUZZING around the corpse.

Tiffany grabs a shirt from nearby. Wraps it around her face  
as a make-shift mask.

She grabs the corpse by the feet. Pulls the body from the  
bed. It drops to the floor with a sickening THUD.

She slowly drags the body out the room and into the hallway.

She pauses outside the master bedroom. Opens the door. Drags the body inside.

There is the sound of cupboards BANGING in the other room.

Tiffany closes the door to the master bedroom. She plays with a silver necklace that dangles around her neck as she returns to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia methodically pulls the room apart. The contents of the closet are dumped on the floor.

MATT, late-teens, stands near the door. He is smartly dressed, but a black-wrist band and jet-black hair suggest that he really is the same EMO-KID from the photo.

MATT

What are you looking for?

Cynthia reaches under the bed. Pulls out a small padlocked CHEST, and a shoe box full of trinkets.

She dumps the contents of the shoebox onto the bed. Sifts through, but there is nothing of value.

She quickly shuffles the tumbler. It doesn't open. She tries again. Same result.

Matt casually examines the underwear spread out before him.

Cynthia drops the chest. Returns to the computer desk. Sits in the chair.

MATT (CONT'D)

What about the others?

Cynthia types furiously on the keyboard. Reads the screen.

CYNTHIA

Who is David?

Matt joins her at the desk. He stares over her shoulder at the screen.

MATT

This is her Facebook...



They both read from the screen.

MATT (CONT'D)

Doesn't make any sense. It's not in order -- it's all random... chaotic...

She turns. Stares at him -- through him.

CYNTHIA

I think you should leave.

MATT

We just got here...

CYNTHIA

The others will be waiting.

Matt slowly nods. Backs away from her.

She returns to the computer. Continues typing.

Matt stoops. Picks up a BLACK BEAD NECKLACE, which he silently slips into his back pocket.

Cynthia suddenly turns around.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You did well. I'll take care of things.

He nods. Slips out of the room. Runs down the stairs.

She pulls a medical scalpel from her bag. Runs her finger down the blade. Places it on the desk. Returns to the computer.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares at her computer screen. Her eyes are red and puffy. She rubs them constantly.

The digital clock beside the bed is noticeably stuck on the same time.

She taps her keyboard.

TIFFANY

Dave. Where are you? I need you.

She picks up the scalpel. Stares at it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I think my mom tried to abort me.

There is a sudden LOUD THUD from inside the wall --

-- Tiffany jumps. Stares at the wall.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

What the...

The front door CLOSES. The stairs creak under the weight of FOOTSTEPS.

Tiffany slowly gets to her feet. Clutches the scalpel.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Matt?

The footsteps get closer and closer --

-- Tiffany runs to the door. Slams it shut --

-- a hand intercepts it before it can close. Pushes the door wide open, despite Tiffany's best efforts.

BILL, tall - early forties, enters the room. He looks like an older version of Matt.

He has small marks beside his nose indicating that he used to wear glasses.

BILL

Tiffany?

She relaxes a little, but doesn't let go of the scalpel.

Bill surveys the destruction in the room.

BILL (CONT'D)

What happened here?

TIFFANY

Mom.

Bill nods. He sits down on the edge of the bed. Relaxed.

BILL

Why don't you put that down so we can talk.

TIFFANY

About what?

Bill pats the bed beside him, urging her to sit.

She complies.

BILL

Looks good on you...

She looks down at the silver necklace.

BILL (CONT'D)

You've got the perfect physique for it.

She smiles to herself. Blushes.

BILL (CONT'D)

I said she should just give it to you -- but you know what she's like...

TIFFANY

She can be a real bitch at times.

Bill snorts. Nods. Laughs.

He reaches out. Puts a hand on her leg. Strokes her thigh.

BILL

I missed you.

Tiffany doesn't resist.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

SILENCE.

No-one is in the room. Empty food cans and plastic water bottles are stacked beside the door.

Large shards of glass protrude from the trash. Smaller shards are visible under the bed and on the floor.

Tiffany's cellphone sits on the computer desk. It suddenly jumps to life. Rings several times. Cuts to answer-phone.

MATT (ON PHONE)

Tiffany? You there? It's me --  
Look. I'm sorry about before. I'm  
sorry for a lot of things.

(Beat)

They're everywhere. I couldn't risk  
leading them back -- they seem to  
be gathering downtown -- I'm going  
to try and make it back. Shit. I  
think they heard me. Listen -- if  
you get this before I'm back --  
there's a way to --

The call cuts out.

The front door opens. There are footsteps on the stairs.

Matt silently enters the room. Casually looks around.

Cynthia follows, carrying a small medical bag which she  
places beside the computer desk.

She stares around the room.

CYNTHIA

You said that she was here. Where  
is she?

She suddenly grabs him by the throat. Lifts him with ease.

MATT

She must have gone out for - for  
supplies.

Cynthia stares him down, but Matt shows no sigh of emotion.

She drops him.

Opens the drawer. Tosses the contents to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Bill sits on the edge of the bed. His hand caressing  
Tiffany's thigh as she sits nearby.

BILL

You've grown up to be a - very -  
beautiful woman.

Tiffany blushes.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come here.

He offers her a hug. She hesitates for a second, then reaches in. She smells his neck.

BILL (CONT'D)

Everything will be OK.

His hand edges slowly down her back towards her ass. She doesn't flinch.

He lifts her head. Smiles. They stare at one another as if they were lovers about to kiss.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now give me the fucking knife.

He grabs her hand. Stands. Peels back her fingers from the blade one by one.

TIFFANY

No. Dad. No.

She pulls away sharply, slicing his fingers from his hand.

He grimaces, but makes no sound.

She jumps to her feet. Backs away from him, waving the knife defensively.

BILL

There's not much time. Let me help you...

He swings at her. Misses. She stabs him in the shoulder blade.

TIFFANY

Don't... I don't want to do this.

BILL

Come with me. Everything will be all right.

He smiles. Comes at her again.

TIFFANY

No.

She screams. Stabs him in the chest.

He staggers backwards. She jumps on him. Stabbing repeatedly.

Bill falls to the floor.

Tiffany sits on him. Stabbing him over and over again. Tears roll down her cheeks.

Bill stops breathing. Blood pools underneath his body.

She continues to stab him.

Finally, convinced that he is dead. She tosses the scalpel across the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany slowly drags Bill's body out the room, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

She opens the door to the master bedroom. Drags him inside. Dumps the body.

She slams the door shut. Pauses for a brief moment. Looks down as though offering a silent prayer.

Tiffany returns to her room. Notices the blood stains on the floor.

TIFFANY

Son of bitch...

She kneels. Grabs a white shirt from nearby. Furiously wipes the blood stained carpet.

The shirt is instantly ruined.

She accidentally cuts herself on a slither of glass. She carefully removes it from her hand. Blood seeps from the tiny wound. She suckles it.

Tiffany sits down at the desk. Taps on the keyboard.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Is there anyone out --

One of the posters falls from the wall. Strikes the ground with a loud THUD that makes her jump.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 25 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stands at the window, staring out into the darkness.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Don't blame yourself. You didn't do anything wrong...

TIFFANY  
He's not coming back.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Don't say that. If he didn't care about you, he wouldn't have turned up in the first place. Right?

TIFFANY  
I would kill for some water -- and a smoke -- I have to hit that store tomorrow.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Just be careful OK?

She drifts back towards the computer. Sits at the desk. Her eyes are red, her lips cracked and dry.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Things are always darkest just before the dawn...

TIFFANY  
Thanks Yoda.

She smiles weakly.

DAVE (O.S.)  
You're not alone. There's plenty of us who aren't infected... I met some today. We have to resist.

TIFFANY  
Why?

DAVE (O.S.)  
We're not like them.

TIFFANY  
We're not like them.

DAVE (O.S.)

Look -- we're leaving the city tonight. Word is that it's safer in the sticks. I don't know if we'll have a connection - but I'll be in touch as soon as I can. OK?

She nods.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's something -- that I should tell you...

Long beat.

TIFFANY

Well? What?

DAVE (O.S.)

Nothing. It's nothing. Not important. I'll be in touch.

The connection closes.

She turns off the computer. The screen turns BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 26 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany picks up a bundle of clothing. She stuffs them back into the drawers of the dresser.

She is slow-moving. Tired. Her face and hair are sticky with blood.

Another poster falls from the wall. She ignores it.

She picks up another mound of clothing. Dumps them into another drawer.

She stoops. Picks up her cellphone. The battery is dead.

Tiffany opens a drawer. Searches for something inside. It is not there.

She stares around the room. Hands on hips. Thinking.

TIFFANY

Where is it?



She wanders to the closet. Rummages around. Retrieves the phone charger. Inserts it into the phone, plugs it into the wall.

Tiffany waits for the phone to power up.

She dials Matt. The line is dead.

She pushes buttons on the keypad. Holds the phone to her ear.

VOICE (ON PHONE)

You have -- one -- voice message.

MATT (ON PHONE)

Tiffany? You there? It's me --  
Look. I'm sorry about before. I'm  
sorry for a lot of things.

She flops into the desk chair. Listens.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY 24 -- WEBCAM

Matt rifles through the drawers in the dresser. Tossing clothes and papers onto the floor.

MATT

There's got to be more...

TIFFANY

We drank it all.

Matt gives up his search. Stands. He grabs an unmarked tin from the dresser.

MATT

And this is all that's left? What  
is it?

TIFFANY

What is wrong with you?

MATT

What's wrong with me? This -- this  
is what's wrong --

He throws the can at the wall. It makes a dull THUD as though there were another space behind the wall.

The dark paint chips. Flakes to the floor.

MATT (CONT'D)

I come back here hoping your mom  
would have something, and this is  
what I get...

Matt wanders aimlessly around the room. Stares at the posters  
on the wall.

Tiffany grabs a nearby baseball bat. Picks up her backpack.

MATT (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TIFFANY

One of us has to do something. I'm  
going to the store... see if  
there's anything left.

MATT

So now you want to leave?

TIFFANY

We need food and we need water. I  
don't see there's any other choice.  
Do you?

She heads to the closet. Grabs a jacket.

Matt checks his cellphone.

MATT

Look. I'll go.  
(off her look)  
It's dangerous.

TIFFANY

You don't think I can handle it?

MATT

That's not what I said.

TIFFANY

But that's what you thought.

Matt picks up his bag. Grabs the baseball bat from Tiffany.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Why don't we both go?

Matt shakes his head.

MATT  
I'll be quicker if I'm alone.

TIFFANY  
So now you want to leave?

He throws up his hands.

MATT  
This is getting ridiculous...

TIFFANY  
I'm being ridiculous?

Matt SMASHES the bat against the wall. It is definitely hollow. Tiffany jumps, startled by his sudden aggression.

MATT  
Fuck. This is crazy. Why are you acting like this? You think I'm going to run away? Leave you here?

She stares at him.

Matt shakes his head.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I'm going... can't be any worse out there than in here.

Matt slips into his jacket.

Tiffany turns away from him. Crosses her arms.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Make sure you keep the door locked.  
Stay hidden.

He slips out silently.

The front door opens then immediately SLAMS shut.

Tiffany picks up the single can of food. Catches sight of herself in the long mirror.

Stares at her reflection.

She touches her short, black hair. Touches her stomach, touches her wrists.

She throws the can at the mirror.

It SMASHES into pieces. The glass shards CHIME as they strike the various surfaces in the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Grainy footage captured on a camera phone.

Two women kiss passionately in the middle of the street. They grope one another, encouraged by several male bystanders.

They guys shout various comments.

One of the girls suddenly gags -- breaks free of the embrace.

She bends over. Vomits over her shoes.

The guys laugh.

She continues to vomit. Drops to her knees.

The vomit is tinged with strange colors.

The other woman turns to stare at the onlookers.

She sniffs the air.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 23 -- WEBCAM

Matt lies asleep in bed. There are a stack of empty food cans scattered around the room.

Tiffany sits on the edge of the bed. She scrolls through the messages on Matt's cellphone.

There is a CHATTERING noise outside.

She creeps to the window. Peers through the curtains. The noise stops.

MATT  
(asleep)  
Jennifer --

She turns. Stares back at him.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 23 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany lies in bed. Still sleeping.

Matt opens several cans of food. Sets up the camping stove. Pours the contents into a pot. Cooks it.

He checks his cellphone. Texts someone.

Tiffany wakes.

MATT

Morning.

Tiffany slowly gets out of bed.

TIFFANY

What are you doing?

MATT

Breakfast.

She picks up several empty cans.

TIFFANY

Did you use all of these?

Matt nods. She shakes her head. Walks towards him. Sniffs the air.

The smell comes from Matt. She smells his neck.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

God. You smell good!

MATT

Cologne. Found it in your bathroom.

She smells him again.

TIFFANY

It's my Dad's...

There is a GUNSHOT from outside in the street. She looks at Matt. Crosses to the window.

She looks down the street.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey! Where are you?

She flattens herself against the wall. Watches.

TIFFANY

There's someone out there.

MATT

So?

TIFFANY

We should do something. Help them --  
or something.

Matt continues to cook breakfast.

MATT

You said it yourself. It's too  
dangerous out there... what can we  
do?

Tiffany looks outside again.

TIFFANY

I don't know. Wait... where'd he...  
oh no...

She opens the window. Looks outside for the shouting MAN.

A CHATTERING sound rises up from below. Low at first, but  
increasing in volume.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

They're back.

Suddenly there is the SOUND of a car ignition. Someone revs  
their engine.

Matt drops the food. Rushes to the window. Pushes Tiffany  
aside.

He opens the window Waves frantically to the driver as he  
passes.

MATT

Here. Up here! Bastard.

Matt is visibly upset. He tosses an empty can out of the  
window to attract his attention -- but it is too late.

MATT (CONT'D)

Fuck! Why didn't you say something?

Tiffany silently stares at him.

He heads back to the stove, muttering to himself.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY 29 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany sits at her desk. She is dishevelled and tired. Her eyes are increasingly inflamed. Her skin is sallow.

The dresser has been dragged across the room so that it blocks the door - barricading her inside.

Another new poster falls to the floor.

She holds a bottle of water. Drinks a tiny sip. Replaces the cap.

The wind HOWLS outside the open window.

Tiffany suddenly turns. Stares outside. Listens as though she hears something that we don't.

She jumps to her feet. Crosses to the window.

The jolt knocks the bottle over. The cap falls off, spilling water onto the floor.

TIFFANY

Matt?

Another poster falls to the ground. The dark-colored paint is cracking in several areas, revealing a light coating underneath.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 22 - WEBCAM

Matt stirs. Tiffany lies asleep on the edge of the bed.

There is a FUNKY JINGLE.

DAVE (O.S.)

Tiff? You awake?

Matt sits up. Looks at Tiffany. She is sound asleep.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tiff?

Matt slides out of bed in his boxers. Stumbles towards the computer.

He touches the mouse.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey -- who are you?

MATT  
Who the fuck are you?

DAVE (O.S.)  
You're him, right, the boyfriend?  
I'm her -- I'm a friend.

Matt shakes his head. Tired.

MATT  
Fuck off. Creep.

He turns off the computer.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 30 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany lies on the floor in the corner of the room on a make-shift bed.

She stares at the cracking paint on the walls.

Tiffany runs a hand through her hair. She stares at the black streaks that appear on her hand.

The silence is broken by a FUNKY JINGLE.

Tiffany picks up her cellphone.

TIFFANY  
Hello?

DAVE (O.S.)  
Tiff? You there? Who are you  
talking to?

TIFFANY  
I'm talking to you.

DAVE (O.S.)  
What?

She puts her phone down.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Are you feeling OK?

She strolls to the computer. Pushes a button on the keyboard.



TIFFANY

I'm tired... they won't let me sleep.

DAVE (O.S.)

Who? Who won't let you sleep?

She points to the open window.

She sits at the desk.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You look like you've been through hell...

TIFFANY

You don't look like you. You're older...

Dave LAUGHS.

DAVE (O.S.)

You try sleeping in a tree... see how you look. Has been a crazy few days... I don't know who's worse... them -- or us...

She stares at the wall. Listens to the cracking noise.

TIFFANY

Where are you?

DAVE (O.S.)

I don't know...

TIFFANY

None of us do.

She stands. Crosses over to the wall. Examines the peeling paint.

DAVE (O.S.)

There's a few of us here. Safety in numbers, I guess...

Tiffany scratches the wall. The pain falls away with ease.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There was a girl -- must have been ten -- eleven at most. Infected... but harmless. They staked her down.

(MORE)

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then they -- they -- I was too  
scared to do anything -- and she --  
she --

Tiffany peels off a large chunk of paint, revealing a large poster underneath.

She drops the paint chunk.

TIFFANY

The paint --

DAVE (O.S.)

What about the paint?

TIFFANY

It's impossible. I took it --

Everything suddenly goes DARK. The power has failed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 22 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany and Matt lie together naked in bed. She mutters something in her sleep -- suddenly sits up. She inhales deeply. Sweating profusely.

TIFFANY

Matt?

He doesn't stir.

Tiffany grabs her dressing gown. Pulls it tightly around her as she stands.

She creeps through the dark bedroom, down the hallway to the bathroom.

The room is a mess. Empty food cans are piled on the dresser besides empty bottles of water.

Returns.

She touches his face. Smiles to herself.

MATT

Jen...

She pulls her hand away. Matt rolls over.

She silently stares at him.

Tiffany crouches. Picks up his discarded pants. Pulls out his cellphone. Turns it on.

Matt doesn't stir.

Tiffany silently reads his messages.

TIFFANY

What the..?

She stares at him for a long beat. Thinks.

She replaces his phone.

Gets back into bed with her dressing gown. She lies on the edge of the bed. Her back to Matt.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 22 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stands near the window. She peers through the closed curtains -- then opens them up fully.

She wears the black bead necklace around her neck.

The dresser is half-barricaded across the bedroom door.

She leans out the window. Looks around.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello? Is there anyone there?  
Anyone left? I'm scared. Alone --

She picks up a small box of canned food items from the bed. Places it on the floor.

Her stomach rumbles. She drinks water.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I just wish things could go back to  
how they were. It wasn't perfect...  
but it was better than this.

The front door opens.

Tiffany stands frozen in her room.

The door closes. Locked. Footsteps ascend the stairs.

She silently scampers to her closet. Frantically searches for some kind of defensive weapon.

The only thing she finds is a pair of scissors.

Tiffany creeps towards her door clutching the scissors.

TIFFANY

Hello?

The door opens - half blocked by the dresser. Matt peers around the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Matt! I was so worried...

He enters the room. Places a baseball bat and backpack next to the door. Matt wears a light argyle patterned sweater, tight pants. His hair is slick, gelled straight back.

They embrace. She kisses him hard.

WOMAN (O.S.)

We shouldn't have to live like this. I took some pills -- finished the bottle -- they won't take me -- they won't take me -- they won't take me --

The woman BURSTS into tears.

MATT

I just got back. It's crazy out there.

She kisses him again. Pulls him to the bed. They kiss hungrily. Bodies rubbing together.

She suddenly stops.

TIFFANY

Wait. How did you get in?

MATT

I've got a key.

He frowns. Leans in to kiss her again. She pushes him away.

TIFFANY

What?

MATT

It was underneath the -- mat.

He kisses her. She melts in his arms. He gropes her. Looks around the room.

MATT (CONT'D)

We should leave. It's not safe.

TIFFANY

Where are we going to go?

He reaches inside her top. Unhooks the clasps on her bra.

MATT

Anywhere. Away from all this.

TIFFANY

We're safer inside. We've got heat.  
Light. Besides -- when help  
comes...

She lifts her sweater over her head. Kisses him.

Her hands work to untie his belt.

MATT

There's nowhere else? An attic --  
basement or something?

TIFFANY

Shut up.

She pulls down his pants.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Feeling sleepy now -- so sleepy --  
peaceful -- I wonder if she's  
waiting for me?

The two lovers are oblivious to anything and everything as they undress.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 30 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany leans into the FRAME as she reboots the computer.  
Takes a step back.

The lights are back on. The door is wide open. The dresser is pushed back against the wall.

A WHISPER wafts through the room, seemingly travelling from wall to wall - sending shivers down Tiffany's spine.

The whisper vanishes just as soon as it appeared.

There is the quiet CREAK of wood under pressure.

She SLAPS the CAMERA several times to ensure that it is working.

TIFFANY

Dave? You still there?

The CREAKING is louder. Someone is behind her.

She stands. Grabs the scalpel. Turns to face the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Hello?

There is another CREAK.

She shuffles towards the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Matt?

Another THUD from the wall. She jumps. Shakes her head.

She stands in the hallway. Listens. Slowly descends the stairs.

TIFFANY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is anyone here?

The bathroom door slowly swings open.

A tall, attractive blonde shuffles into the bedroom. She looks around at the decaying room.

She wears the black bead necklace around her neck.

JENNIFER - 18, tanned and toned - has blood on her hands. She crosses to the closet. Examines the contents.

She pulls out a white dress, torn up the back. Holds it to her body. Tosses it aside.

There are footsteps ascending the staircase.

Jennifer looks under the bed. Reaches underneath. Pulls out the small chest. Places it on the bed.

The footsteps are almost upon her.

Jennifer turns. Waits.

Tiffany struggles up the stairs. Enters her bedroom.

She stops in front of the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing here?

JENNIFER  
It's time to open it.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 22 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany is not in the room. The door is half open, half-blocked by the dresser.

The window is fully open. The curtains sway in the breeze.

The front door BANGS shut.

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
No...

The door opens. Closes. Opens. Closes in rapid succession.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Keep away. Please... you bitch...

Tiffany LOCKS the door. BOLTS it shut.

There are footsteps bounding up the stairs.

Tiffany runs into the room. Her face red with sweat. Her eyes are filled with tears.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sammy. Run...

She rushes to the window. Stares out at the scene below.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sammy!

Tiffany looks away. Clutches the curtain as the woman's piercing SCREAM fills the air.

TIFFANY  
Oh my God...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sammy...

Tiffany pulls the curtains closed. She takes a hesitant step backwards.

She clasps her hand across her mouth. Sits on the edge of the bed.

TIFFANY

Oh my God...

The computer emits a FUNKY JINGLE. She looks up.

DAVE (O.S.)

Tiff? You there?

She rushes to the computer. Sits in the chair. Pushes a button on the keyboard.

TIFFANY

Dave? Is that you? Oh God...

DAVE (O.S.)

You OK?

TIFFANY

They were trying to get inside... I -- I didn't know what to do.

DAVE (O.S.)

Them?

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY

No. I thought they were -- she just wanted somewhere to --

She frantically searches for her packet of cigarettes - but the packet is empty.

DAVE (O.S.)

Listen to me! I don't have much time. They're everywhere. It's the virus... it does something to you. Where's your mom?



TIFFANY

That little boy -- I could have  
let them inside -- I'm not a bitch  
like her -- God -- he was about  
Alice's age --

DAVE (O.S.)

Are you feeling sick? Do you have a  
headache?

She shakes her head.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good. That's good. You need to stay  
inside. You hear me? Don't go  
outside - not unless you absolutely  
have to.

She nods. Shaken.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OK. I've gotta run. Will be in  
touch real soon. Trust me.

TIFFANY

Dave --

The link is disconnected.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Dave?

Tiffany fights back tears. Loses the battle.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 20 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany smokes as she sits at her computer. Her hair is  
matted and dirty.

The dresser blocks the door. A small camping stove is visible  
on the bed along with several unopened food cans.

Tiffany stares into the CAMERA for a long beat.

TIFFANY

-- they haven't been back since. At  
first I thought it was great, but  
now...

She exhales a large plume of smoke.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Phone's more or less dead....  
There's power, but no water. Don't  
know how long that's going to  
last...

She stops. Listens. There is a LOW MUMBLING from outside.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Hear that? They're back again.

She stands. Walks to the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What do you want? Huh? What?

She returns to the computer. Hunts around for something  
underneath the desk.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
They started showing up  
yesterday... Just standing there.  
Watching me...

She grabs a digital camera. Returns to the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Smile.

She snaps a photo. Returns to the computer. Holds up the LCD  
screen to the CAMERA.

A fragmented group of infected lurk on the street-corner.  
Several point up at the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What do they want?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 18 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany slowly drags the dresser across the room. She manages  
to block the door.

She picks up her cellphone. Dials the emergency services. The  
line is dead.

TIFFANY  
911! How can it be dead?

Someone applies gentle pressure to the door. It doesn't budge. The handle turns rapidly.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Tiffany. Open up. We need to talk.

BILL (O.S.)  
(quieter)  
We have to tell someone.

Another KNOCK.

CYNTHIA  
Tiffany...

TIFFANY  
Go away!

She re-dials the number. The line is still dead.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck...

BILL (O.S.)  
(quieter)  
You know what this means?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
No. Not again. We can't lose another...

BILL (O.S.)  
We've got to leave.

TIFFANY  
I can still hear you!

Cynthia mutters something inaudible. The two of them walk down the stairs.

Tiffany listens.

The front door closes.

She pushes against the dresser. It moves just enough for her to open the door.

She rushes downstairs. LOCKS the door. Pulls the BOLT across.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Grainy footage from a camera phone.

Two people lie motionless on the street. A sign nearby reads 'GLOBAL WARMING IS A LIE'.

Another woman stands over them. She sniffs and tastes the air with her tongue.

Sirens BLARE nearby -- waking the sleepers.

They gaze at the world around them as if for the first time.

The woman BARKS at them.

One of the sleepers points at the CAMERA.

They turn. Approach.

The CAMERA quickly turns -- runs into another snarling person.

There are screams.

Screen goes BLACK.

Sirens and screams continue.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 30 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany clutches the scalpel tight. Edges into the room.

Jennifer shuffles aside, keeping a good distance from her. She picks up the red lipstick. Scoffs. Replaces it.

TIFFANY

Where did you get that?

She toys with the necklace.

JENNIFER

Pretty isn't it? I see you've lost some weight...

TIFFANY

I haven't eaten in days.

Jennifer looks at the crumbling paint on the walls. The half visible posters.

JENNIFER

So this is your place huh?

She slips off her jacket. Underneath she wears a skimpy, revealing shirt.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Can't say I like it. But it's very  
you...

Jennifer strides confidently towards Tiffany, who waves the blade in her direction.

TIFFANY

I'm warning you...

Jennifer smiles. Knocks Tiffany's arm aside. Grabs her around the waist --

-- kisses her hard.

Tiffany breaks first. Pulls her head away.

JENNIFER

Isn't this what you've always  
wanted?

Tiffany pushes her back.

TIFFANY

Stay away from me.

Jennifer gently strokes Tiffany's hair.

JENNIFER

All those sleep-overs when we were  
just kids... just the three of  
us...

TIFFANY

Don't.

JENNIFER

All those secret letters that you  
wrote to me...

TIFFANY

I'm warning you.

Tiffany backs up towards the bed.

JENNIFER

We can't hide from ourselves...

Jennifer slowly unbuttons her pants.

TIFFANY

What are you doing?

JENNIFER

We have to embrace who we are.

She slides down her pants. Kicks them away.

TIFFANY

You're... crazy...

Jennifer smiles. Caresses the chest on the bed.

JENNIFER

I remember this! Does you still  
have that photograph? The one where  
me and you...

Tiffany reaches to grab the chest away from her, but Jennifer catches her arm. Twists it into a painful arm hold.

Tiffany struggles to free herself.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Open the door.

With her one remaining hand, Tiffany reaches for the chest. She grabs the handle. Grips it --

-- swings the chest at Jennifer's head.

Jennifer staggers. Blood pours from a small wound. She collapses on the floor.

Tiffany lowers the chest. Stares at Jennifer, who doesn't appear to be breathing.

She drops the chest. Kneels down. Checks Jennifer's neck for a pulse.

Jennifer suddenly spasms -- then is silent. She breathes heavily.

Tiffany picks up the scalpel. Holds it over Jennifer's throat.

She puts it down. Grabs Jennifer by the arms. Pulls her toward the bed.

With extreme effort, she lifts the half-naked girl onto the mattress.

Tiffany collapses. Catches her breath.

She stands. Opens the dresser drawer. Pulls out several HUGE belts. Ties one around Jennifer's arm, then attaches it to the head-post.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 18 -- WEBCAM

Bill and Cynthia quietly enter the bedroom. They examine Tiffany as she sleeps.

Bill brings her another cup of the hot tea.

The only noises from outside are the singing of birds.

Cynthia feels Tiffany's forehead. She shakes her head.

BILL

Could we have been mistaken?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

Tiffany stirs. They quickly step back.

BILL

Morning.

TIFFANY

What are you doing? Don't you understand what privacy means?

She sits. Groggy. Tired.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I had a terrible nightmare --

Cynthia and Bill look at one another. Confused.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

She gets out of bed. They take a step back.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

CYNTHIA  
You don't feel unusual?

TIFFANY  
No!

Bill and Cynthia turn to one another.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
What the hell is wrong with you?

Tiffany grabs him by the arm. He panics. Spills the hot liquid over himself.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Sorry.

He backs away from her. Seemingly unharmed.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Doesn't that hurt?

BILL  
Do something.

Cynthia backs towards the door.

CYNTHIA  
It won't work.

Bill also backs towards the door.

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY  
Get out. Stay away from me. You hear? Stay the hell away!

She runs. Her parents quickly exit the room.

Tiffany SLAMS the door shut behind them. Pounds the wood with her fists.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Stay away from me. Leave me alone.  
I just want to be alone...



INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

Jennifer is strapped to the bed. Held in place at the wrists and ankles by a combination of belts, shoelaces and a pair of fluffy pink handcuffs.

Tiffany stands over her. Stares down at the necklace.

More paint continues to flake from the wall in large quantities.

Underneath the paint are several posters of teenage boys.

The parts of the room that are visible would appear to belong to a much younger girl.

She grabs the necklace. SNATCHES it from around her neck. The beads spill all over the floor, leaving her clutching a long piece of string.

TIFFANY

Bitch...

She sits on the edge of the bed. Looks at her captive.

The WHISPERED voice echoes around the room.

WHISPER

TOUCH HER.

Tiffany reaches out. Feels for a pulse.

She gently caresses Jennifer's skin. Runs her hand down the long, tanned arm.

Tiffany touches Jennifer's leg. Slowly runs her hand up to her tight abs.

Jennifer is still out cold.

Tiffany stares at Jennifer's heaving breasts as she sleeps. Her hand slowly runs up towards them. Touching --

-- Jennifer suddenly opens her eyes.

Tiffany jumps back in shock.

JENNIFER

Bitch...

She thrashes around wildly. Pulls on the make-shift bonds, but they hold her tight.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Release me.

TIFFANY

Why? I want to know what's going on here.

Jennifer laughs. It is quite disturbing.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You were always a bitch even before all this... you made my life hell...

JENNIFER

Me? What did I do?

TIFFANY

The name-calling... the snide remarks... the whispering... the lies... the phone calls...

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

That was in the past. Things have changed... except you.

Tiffany tightens her grip on the scalpel.

TIFFANY

What's that supposed to mean?

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

How was Matt?

TIFFANY

Why? Where is he? What have you done to him?

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

More than you could possibly imagine.

The SOUND of peeling paint attracts Tiffany's attention.  
She watches another huge chunk drop to the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Not long now.

She laughs.

More paint cracks and peels from the walls, revealing dry plasterboard.

There is a THUD. The plasterboard shakes. Collapses with a hideous SOUND.

Tiffany covers her ears, determined to block it out.

She stares at the wall. A small door is now visible where there was previously nothing.

It has a latch on the outside, most likely it was used for extra storage.

Tiffany stares in horror. Cups the lower part of her face with her hands. She remembers --

TIFFANY  
Holy shit.

The THUD comes from inside the door.

JENNIFER  
Open it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 17 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany sits at her computer. She yawns. Looks very tired.

The silence is broken by the occasional SIREN in the distance.

Tiffany addresses the CAMERA.

TIFFANY  
(whisper)  
I can't sleep. I keep having the same nightmare over and over -- something inside me -- feels familiar somehow --

The front door opens. Footsteps can be heard plodding up the stairs.

Tiffany turns. Stares at her bedroom door.

Two pairs of feet stop outside her door. A strange WHISPERING noise is audible.

There is as scraping noise, as though something were scratching the door.

The whispers suddenly stop. The feet move. Tiffany breathes once again as she hears the sound of footsteps descending.

The front door SLAMS SHUT.

She reaches for her packet of cigarettes. There is only one left.

She trembles as she puts it in her mouth.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Something bad is happening...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Grainy footage captured on a low quality webcam.

A woman speaks rapidly (in Japanese) to her CAMERA.

She sweats. Clutches a handgun to her chest.

She gags. Tries to catch the vomit.

A man slides into view behind her.

She screams as he touches her.

She fires several shots into him. He dies.

She speaks rapidly to CAMERA -- turns the gun on herself.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany clutches her hands over her ears.

There is a heavy THUD. Something is on the other side of the door and wants to get out.

TIFFANY

Stop it!

More WHISPERS.

Jennifer laughs.

Black coloring runs down Tiffany's tired face. Large parts of her hair are now distinctly red.

JENNIFER

You know what to do. Open it, and it'll all be over.

A large chunk of paint falls from the wall. Behind it are two pen marks about a foot apart.

TIFFANY

No. I can't -- I promised.

JENNIFER

We just want to help you.

TIFFANY

By making me like you? I don't think so. I'm normal.

Jennifer laughs again.

JENNIFER

Do normal girls steal their mother's clothes and jewelry and make-up?

TIFFANY

What?

JENNIFER

Is it because you want to be like her?

TIFFANY

No.

JENNIFER

Do you lie awake at night, listening to your parents fucking?

TIFFANY

No. Shut up.

JENNIFER  
Imagining it was you... not her.

Tiffany waves the scalpel menacingly.

TIFFANY  
Shut your mouth.

JENNIFER  
He looks a little bit like Matt --  
don't you think?

Tiffany's head is reeling.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Just open the door.

TIFFANY  
No.

Tiffany grows increasingly agitated. Her grip on the scalpel turns her knuckles white.

JENNIFER  
Would you do it for Matt?

Tiffany shakes her head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
I think you would...

TIFFANY  
You don't know me -- or him.

JENNIFER  
I know him better than you could  
possibly imagine. I own him. He'd  
do anything I asked him to.

TIFFANY  
That's a lie --

JENNIFER  
Who do you think got the tickets  
for the show? Who lent him a  
necklace to pretend to give to you?  
Who told him to fuck you and then  
tell the whole school about how bad  
you were?

She smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
I told you that we'd get you.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 17 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia stands motionless beside Tiffany's bed. She stares at Tiffany's sleeping body, holding a cup of tea.

The SIRENS continue to blare in the background.

Tiffany wakes. Sits upright.

TIFFANY  
What are you doing?

CYNTHIA  
Nothing dear.

Cynthia smiles.

Tiffany checks her cellphone. No new messages.

She stands.

Cynthia moves back.

TIFFANY  
Where have you been?

CYNTHIA  
Nowhere. Have some tea.

She offers Tiffany the glass cup.

Tiffany takes it. She sips. It is very hot.

Cynthia smiles.

MAN (O.S.)  
-- get the hell outta here.

They both turn to the window.

TIFFANY  
What the hell is going on out there?

Tiffany wanders over to see what it happening.

Cynthia quickly pulls a SLIMY GREEN BALL from her pocket. She places it underneath Tiffany's pillow whilst her back is turned.

CYNTHIA  
What is it?

TIFFANY  
Just some crazy guy.

She sips on her tea.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany trembles. Shakes her head.

Jennifer is calm, collected - but still tied to the bed.

JENNIFER  
You really think a guy like Matt  
would go for someone like you?

TIFFANY  
He loves me.

JENNIFER  
No-one loves you. You're just a  
big, fat mistake...

TIFFANY  
No.

JENNIFER  
Matt told me how we puked  
afterwards. How you disgusted him.

TIFFANY  
Shut the fuck up.

JENNIFER  
What I want to know is -- were you  
thinking of your father?

Tiffany SCREAMS at the top of her lungs. Slams the scalpel into Jennifer's exposed leg.

Jennifer bursts into laughter.

Tiffany stumbles backwards. Stunned by what has just happened.



The curtains fall.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Ever wonder why you were the only  
red head in the family?

TIFFANY  
Shut up...

Blood pours from Jennifer's leg.

JENNIFER  
Ever wonder why they loved your  
sister more than they loved you?

TIFFANY  
Shut up...

JENNIFER  
Why did she have to die, and you  
survive?

A THUD from the small door. Tiffany backs away from it.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Open it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 16 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares out her bedroom window. She is still in her pyjamas.

There are no lights in her room, aside from the glow of the monitor. Her cellphone sits on the desk.

SIRENS fill the darkened sky. Some distant. Others very close. She watches the emergency vehicles flash by.

Her phone RINGS.

Tiffany runs to her desk. Answers.

TIFFANY  
Hello?

There is silence. Followed by heavy breathing.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone you bitch --

She hangs up. Breathes hard. Suddenly feels more empowered.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

Jennifer is asleep on the bed.

Tiffany sits at her desk. The contents of the small chest deposited on the table.

She stares at old photographs of her family. Four of them. Her father does indeed bear a resemblance to Matt.

There are several of Tiffany and another girl. Her sister.

She absentmindedly picks up an empty bottle of water. Holds it to her lips. Nothing comes out.

She examines the bottle. Sees that it is empty. Tosses it away.

TIFFANY

Fuck.

She scours for another bottle, but they are all empty.

JENNIFER

Just think of all that water you wasted...

TIFFANY

I'll get more.

JENNIFER

You won't make it.

TIFFANY

Like I'm going to take your word for it.

Tiffany stands. Grabs her backpack and jacket.

She walks over to Tiffany. Pulls the scalpel from her leg.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Watch me.

She leaves the room. Walks down the staircase. Slams the front door shut.

Jennifer laughs.

Tiffany quietly tiptoes back up the stairs. She creeps into the bathroom. Closes the door. Watches.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 16 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany reclines on her chair. She smokes in her pyjamas. Nods her head to the LOUD music blaring from the speakers.

She wears the black bead necklace over her pyjamas.

TIFFANY

They're gone -- I heard them leave  
in the night.

There are shouts from outside.

She gets to her feet. Looks out the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Shit --

The NOISE of heavy vehicles can be heard outside. A metallic voice issues commands through a loud hailer.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

-- we are here for your protection.  
The curfew is still in effect. I  
repeat. The curfew is still in  
effect. Return to your homes.

She tosses her cigarette out the window. Gives someone the finger.

TIFFANY

Yeah... thanks for coming.

She shuts the window. Returns to her chair.

The voice outside repeats the commands as they pass down the street.

Tiffany connects to the internet.

WOMAN (O.S.)

-- has reached pandemic proportion.  
Hospitals are unable to cope with  
the sheer numbers of infected.

(MORE)

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Emergency medical centres are being  
constructed on the outskirts of  
major cities, but the government  
once again urges people not to  
panic - but to take extreme  
precaution...

Tiffany toys with her necklace as she watches the news  
online.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

Jennifer thrashes wildly on the bed. The belts strain under  
the tension. Her leg is suddenly free.

She twists her body. Within seconds her other leg is free.

Jennifer springs to her feet in a single motion, tearing the  
remaining bonds to shreds.

The wound on her leg has completely healed.

Jennifer grabs her jacket. Exits the room. She stops in the  
hallway. Stares at the bathroom.

She turns. Enters the master bedroom.

Tiffany peers through a gap in the door.

The house suddenly shakes as though in an earthquake.

An intense light is visible underneath the door to the master  
bedroom.

The light suddenly vanishes. The shaking stops.

Jennifer emerges from the bedroom. Her belly now swollen like  
a pregnant woman.

She carefully plods down the stairs.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
(sotto)  
Bitch.

Jennifer closes the front door behind her.

Tiffany emerges from the bedroom. Rushes to the master  
bedroom. Opens the door.

She stares into the room. Confused.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 15 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany lies on her bed. Face buried in her pillow. She cries.

She picks up her cellphone. No message. She dials a number. The phone rings out. No-one answers.

She slams the phone down.

The door opens. Bill and Cynthia enter the room.

BILL  
What's wrong?

CYNTHIA  
I don't know.

Tiffany rolls over to face them.

TIFFANY  
Matt -- he didn't turn up.

CYNTHIA  
Do you want some tea? That makes  
you feel better.

TIFFANY  
No, I don't want any fucking tea.  
What's wrong with you two? Don't  
you have jobs to go to?

Bill sits on the bed beside her. He touches her leg.

BILL  
It'll be OK.

The doorbell RINGS. Someone opens the door. Enters the house.

MATT (O.S.)  
Hello? Anyone home?

TIFFANY  
Matt?

He trudges up the stairs.

Bill stands. Walks over to his wife.

Matt appears in the doorway. He enters the room. He wears a white surgical mask over his mouth, but is otherwise dressed the same.

Tiffany sits up. Wipes her eyes.

CYNTHIA  
Hello again.

MATT  
Hey.

BILL  
You must be Matt.

Bill extends his hand. Matt slaps it, giving him a hi-five.

Bill studiously examines him.

Cynthia looks from one to the other - there is a definite resemblance.

TIFFANY  
Can we -- you know -- have some  
privacy?

CYNTHIA  
Yes. Yes of course.

Cynthia gives him a gentle tug. They both leave the room. They shut the door behind them.

Matt sits on the bed. Puts his arm around Tiffany. She pushes it away.

TIFFANY  
Where you been? I've been worried  
sick --

MATT  
Chill. It's all good.

He takes off his mask.

TIFFANY  
Did you just tell me to chill?

MATT  
Well -- you know -- it was the  
curfew.

She stands. Walks away from him.

TIFFANY

And you didn't think to call me?

MATT

I'm sorry. Things have been -- a little crazy. I haven't heard from my folks in a while now... I'm worried.

Tiffany softens. She sits down beside him. He places a hand on her thigh.

TIFFANY

Why didn't you tell me?

MATT

I know. I'm stupid...

TIFFANY

You're not stupid.

She kisses him. Matt grabs her. Pulls her close to him.

MATT

The other night... it was amazing.

Tiffany nods. She lifts up her shirt, exposing her bra.

Matt looks down.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can't. I want to. But I can't. I've got to go. I have to make sure they're OK.

She nods. He kisses her again.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'll be back. Soon. I promise.

He stands. Puts the mask back on.

TIFFANY

I love you.

He stares at her. Nods.

MATT

I'll call.

He leaves the room. His footsteps echo on the stairs.

Tiffany lies back down on the bed. A wide smile on her face.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - DAY 13 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany smokes on her bed, carefully painting her toe-nails black. She has already applied her make-up.

MAN 1 (O.S.)	WOMAN (O.S.)
-- this virus was engineered	But the spread isn't rapid
I tell ya --	enough. Look what happened

MAN 2 (O.S.)  
You're both wrong. It's Aliens!

WOMAN (O.S.)	MAN 2 (O.S.)
--------------	--------------

MAN 1 (O.S.)	WOMAN (O.S.)
--------------	--------------

Her computer emits a FUNKY JINGLE.

She stands. Carefully walks over to the computer. Pushes a button. The previous conversation cuts out.

TIFFANY  
Hey...

DAVE (O.S.)  
Hey! Looking good -- good looking.

She smiles. Returns to the bed. Continues to paint her nails and smoke.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Going somewhere?

TIFFANY  
I'm meeting Matt in an hour.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Right...

She turns. Looks at the screen.

TIFFANY  
Jealous?



DAVE (O.S.)  
You haven't heard? They're  
implementing a curfew. Starting  
tonight.

TIFFANY  
What? Bullshit!

DAVE (O.S.)  
Harper just announced it. They're  
trying to stop the virus from  
spreading.

Tiffany scoffs. Exhales a plume of smoke.

TIFFANY  
He's a fucking Nazi...

DAVE (O.S.)  
True, but there are troops out on  
the street right now.

TIFFANY  
Really? Wow.

Tiffany gets up. Looks out the window.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Nothing happening here. Maybe it's  
just in the cities...

She finishes painting her nails. Admires them.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Matt said it's just going to blow  
over. He said we're panicking over  
nothing.

DAVE (O.S.)  
I don't know... There's some weird  
shit going on...

TIFFANY  
Not you too? Buying into all  
conspiracy shit? Come on. It's  
nothing. It will be over by next  
week. Matt and I have a date... and  
that's all that I care about.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Grainy footage captured on a camera phone.

A man films a throng of people stumbling towards him.

He backs away. Keeps several feet between them.

He shouts at them.

The crowd appear drugged. They sniff the air.

He spins around.

He is surrounded.

The CAMERA drops to the ground.

The man is dragged into the mass of bodies.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 13 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany is asleep in bed.

Cynthia and Bill stand silently beside her. Watching.

They look to one another. Nod.

Cynthia makes a gurgling sound. Bill responds with one of his own.

They smile at each other.

Tiffany wakes with a start.

CYNTHIA  
Morning sweetheart.

TIFFANY  
What the...

BILL  
We brought you some breakfast.

He picks up a tray from the dresser. It is piled high with greasy food.

TIFFANY  
I'm not hungry.

CYNTHIA  
That's fine. Tea?

She holds out a small glass cup filled with scolding hot tea.

TIFFANY  
Leave it on the dresser.

She lies down. Closes her eyes.

Bill stares at Cynthia in confusion. She turns. Sees the white dress on the back of the chair.

She puts down the cup. Walks over to the desk.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I'll sew it, I promise...

Cynthia rubs the material.

CYNTHIA  
That's fine.

She returns to her original position beside Bill. They both smile at Tiffany.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
We just want you to be happy.

TIFFANY  
This is kinda creeping me out. I need more sleep.

Her parents continue to smile.

She turns over. Pulls the sheets around her.

Bill and Cynthia shrug. They finally leave the room. Shutting the door behind them.

Tiffany turns back. Picks up her cellphone. Checks for a message. There is nothing.

She shakes her head. Lies back in the bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 31 -- WEBCAM

The room is dark. The only illumination is from the computer screen.

Tiffany sits at the desk, rummages through the remaining photos and documents.

There is a low RUMBLING noise in the distance.

Tiffany stands, crosses to the window, opens it. The noise is louder. She looks out. Can't see anything.

The THUD returns, followed by the WHISPER.

WHISPER

OPEN IT.

She spins. Stares at the small door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 12 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany holds a photograph up to the CAMERA. It is her, clutching onto Matt. She holds him tightly. His smile is more reserved.

She pulls the photograph away from the screen.

Tiffany sits at the computer desk in her pyjamas.

TIFFANY

Look what he got me --

She shows off a black bead necklace.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

She stands. Walks over to the dresser. Carefully places the photo into an empty picture frame.

The bed is messy.

Sirens blare in the distance.

She steps back. Admires the photo. Places the necklace next to it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She stoops. Picks up an empty condom wrapper. Wraps it in tissue paper. Hides it at the bottom of the trash.

She sits back in the chair. Lights a cigarette. She smokes.  
Holds herself.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
That was -- I can't believe it  
happened.

She laughs.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I'm still shaking.

She sucks hard on the cigarette.

The front door opens. There is gentle laughter. The door  
closes.

Tiffany turns off her light.

Bill and Cynthia ascend the stairs. Their words are slurred  
as though drunk.

BILL (O.S.)  
What about --

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Tomorrow -- we've got something  
else to take care of first.

BILL (O.S.)  
What's that?

They both laugh.

Their bedroom door SLAMS shut.

TIFFANY  
I think I love him.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Grainy footage captured on a camera phone.

A woman films from a hiding place in her attic.

A large has crowd amassed around a car.

They violently shakes the vehicle --

-- pulling out the terrified passengers.

The passengers fight the crowd.

The driver has a gun.

She shoots herself a path of escape.

Runs off. Leaving the others to their fate.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 32 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany sits on the empty bed. She smokes a cigarette as she examines several pieces of paper.

The room is now completely different. The dark paint has fallen off the walls. The room looks like it belongs to a young girl.

A LOW RUMBLING sound is barely audible in the background.

There is a sudden burst of static. Tiffany looks up at the computer screen.

LOUISA (O.S.)

-- so why wasn't she at school?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

All is about to be revealed; Matt?

MATT (O.S.)

Hey.

MEGAN (O.S.)

LOUISA (O.S.)

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Tell them what you told me?

MATT (O.S.)

Jen dared me to -- you know -- get with her. Tell her that I loved her and all that shit.

MEGAN (O.S.)

LOUISA (O.S.)

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I gotta say, she kissed like a wet fish and when we got down to it... she just lay there like a store dummy.

Tiffany is crushed.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Tell them!

MEGAN (O.S.)  
Tell us what?

MATT (O.S.)  
After we were done... I had to  
vomit.

MEGAN (O.S.)

LOUISA (O.S.)

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
I know right. Thanks babe. You can  
go now.

MATT (O.S.)  
I thought we were --

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
After... God... so what do you  
think? Can you imagine how crushed  
she's going to be once this gets  
out.

There is a THUD coming from the other side of the small door.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
You're so bad --

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
I told you we'd get her -- sooner  
or later...

There is another blast of static. The chat-room vanishes.

Tiffany is dumbstruck.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - DAY 12 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares at herself in the mirror. She finishes the  
last touches to her make-up, adds red lipstick.

She has squeezed herself into the white summer dress. She  
also wears her mother's silver necklace.

MAN (O.S.)  
 -- urging people to avoid crowded  
 areas as much as possible --

Tiffany dabs perfume between her breasts. Cups them.

She grabs some tissue. Forces it into her bra. Adjusts her dress.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 -- WHO spokesman has stated that  
 the virus has now been upgraded to  
 a pandemic. Until a cure can be  
 found we ask everyone to --

She takes one last look at herself. Takes a deep breath.  
 Picks up her jacket from the bed.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 -- take precautions to avoid  
 catching the infection --

Tiffany turns off the website. She turns around --

-- the dress has split up the back.

She turns off the lights. Closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 32 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany sits at her desk. She smokes. Her face is gaunt.  
 Tight. Her hair is mostly red, with large patches of black.

The RUMBLING is slightly louder.

The papers are littered all over the room.

TIFFANY  
 I don't know... I already told  
 you...

She stands. Undresses.

Tiffany digs out the white dress. She slips into it with ease. It hangs from her frame.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
 What do you think?



She twirls. Showing the dress off to an empty room. She picks up her lipstick.

A NOISE startles her.

Tiffany stares at the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I can't... You made me promise not to open it.

The small door shudders in response.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 10 -- WEBCAM

LOUD EMO blares from the speakers.

Tiffany stands in front of the mirror holding a black dress to her frame.

She shakes her head. It doesn't work.

She picks up another dark dress from her bed. Examines how she looks in that one.

Cynthia BURSTS into the room wearing her dressing gown and slippers.

CYNTHIA

Can you please turn that down.

She splutters into a tissue.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I have a splitting headache.

Tiffany ignores her.

Cynthia walks into the room. Turns the music off entirely.

TIFFANY

I was listening to that.

CYNTHIA

It's that boy, isn't it?

Tiffany stares her down.

TIFFANY

It's got nothing to do with Matt.

Cynthia shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

You're still young. You don't understand...

TIFFANY

I'm eighteen. God. Why do you have to treat me like a child?

CYNTHIA

You are a child. You're -- you're our only child.

Tiffany rolls her eyes. Returns to examining the dress.

Cynthia again splutters into her tissue.

TIFFANY

I don't want to get sick...

CYNTHIA

You know... sometimes you can be a right little -- bitch.

Tiffany stares at her.

Cynthia steps back.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Well -- it's true.

TIFFANY

Get out. Get out of my room.

Cynthia can't get the words out of her mouth.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I'm tired of listening to you tell me what to do. Get out.

She grabs Cynthia by the arm. Pushes her out of the room.

CYNTHIA

Sometimes you just don't listen...

Tiffany slams the door behind her.

Tiffany shakes her head. A small smile plays on her lips.

She tosses the dress onto the bed. Strides over to the closet.

She selects her mother's white dress.

Turns on the music again.

Holds the dress up to herself in the mirror. She smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 32 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares out the window wearing the white dress which is torn up the back.

The RUMBLE is again louder than before.

A FUNKY JINGLE sounds from the computer.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Tiffany? You there?

TIFFANY  
Matt?

DAVE (O.S.)  
I can't see you.

She sits down at the computer. Touches the keyboard.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My God. What's happened to you?

TIFFANY  
They want me to open it.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Who wants you?

Tiffany stands. Walks over to her bed.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Tiffany? What the fuck's going on?

She grabs a photograph. Returns. Holds it up to the computer.

The picture is of two young girls. Arms wrapped tightly around one another.

TIFFANY  
You see...

DAVE (O.S.)  
What am I looking at?

TIFFANY  
My sister.

DAVE (O.S.)  
The dead one?

Tiffany stares at the photograph.

TIFFANY  
I can't break my promise. I can't  
open it.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Open what? What are you talking  
about? What's going on?

Tiffany stands.

TIFFANY  
I'd forgotten all about it. We  
plastered over it. Shut it away.  
Forgotten --

Her mouth drops wide open.

The small door RATTLES.

DAVE (O.S.)  
You're freaking me out Tiff. Start  
from the beginning. Please.

She rushes back to the bed. Hunts for another picture.  
Returns to the computer.

Tiffany holds it up to the screen.

The photo is of the four of them. Smiling. Old times. Tiffany  
is isolated on one side of the picture.

TIFFANY  
What do you see?

DAVE (O.S.)  
I dunno -- you, your sister...

TIFFANY  
What else?

DAVE (O.S.)  
I dunno. It's a family photo.

She bursts into tears.

TIFFANY  
Alice... she looks like mom. But I  
don't look like either of them.

DAVE (O.S.)  
What are you saying?

TIFFANY  
I don't know...

DAVE (O.S.)  
Take a deep breath. It'll be OK.

She nods. Sucks in air through her tears.

TIFFANY  
Why are you so nice to me?

DAVE (O.S.)  
We're friends. That's what friends  
do. Friends also tell you when  
there's a big fucking hole in the  
back of your dress.

She pulls the dress over her head. Sits there in her  
revealing underwear - close to CAMERA.

TIFFANY  
He was just using me...

She doesn't notice the sounds coming through the speakers.  
Dave is jerking off.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I thought he loved me.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Finally... yeah...

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
What are you...? Oh.

She grabs the dress. Holds it over her body.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 9 -- WEBCAM

The room is dark save for the green illumination from the computer screen.

Cynthia can be heard coughing loudly in the background.

Tiffany spins around on her computer chair.

DAVE (O.S.)

-- I know something happened. Just tell me. Don't spare the details.

She faces the console. Smiles.

TIFFANY

We've so much in common. It's like we're soul mates...

She looks down.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

He asked me to go see a show with him.

DAVE (O.S.)

A date?

She smiles.

TIFFANY

No...

DAVE (O.S.)

Sounds like one to me! Good for you! That's awesome.

TIFFANY

Thanks. He's just so easy to talk to. I feel like I can say anything to him.

DAVE (O.S.)

Just as long as I get an invite to the wedding!

She laughs.

Cynthia coughs, long and hard.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is that your Dad?

TIFFANY  
My mom... Dad's fine.

DAVE (O.S.)  
That's -- good. Do you think it's  
the virus?

She laughs.

TIFFANY  
Yeah, no. It's just the flu!

DAVE (O.S.)  
... not what I heard. Apparently --  
it's some kind of genetically  
engineered virus that escaped.

Tiffany frowns.

TIFFANY  
Who told you that?

DAVE (O.S.)  
It's online. Facebook. Twitter.  
Everyone's talking about it.

TIFFANY  
Really?

DAVE (O.S.)  
Yeah... and once you have it -- it  
does something to your brain -- or  
cerebral cortex, or whatever.

Tiffany frowns.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You start behaving differently. You  
change.

TIFFANY  
Bullshit!

DAVE (O.S.)  
Swear to God...

She shakes her head.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You noticed anything different  
about your parents?

TIFFANY  
My mom is still a bitch -- so I'd  
have to say no.

DAVE (O.S.)  
And your dad?

She pauses. Shrugs.

TIFFANY  
I don't know. He seems normal I  
guess.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Well you just watch yourself. OK?  
Don't spend too much time with  
them. This could be serious.

She smiles.

TIFFANY  
You know -- sometimes I think  
you're the only person who cares  
about me.

Dave laughs.

DAVE (O.S.)  
That's my job...

TIFFANY  
I mean it. I -- I know you're far  
apart, but sometimes it feels like  
you're -- close -- you know?

DAVE (O.S.)  
That's what friends are for.

She smiles. Nods.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 33 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stares silently into the CAMERA. Her breathing is  
hard. Her eyes are red with tears. She clutches the white  
dress close to her chest.



TIFFANY

How could you..? I thought we were -  
- friends...

DAVE (O.S.)

Sorry. I just thought -- with you  
stripping off like that -- you  
know...

She stares at the CAMERA. Distraught. The background RUMBLE  
is marginally louder.

TIFFANY

I wasn't stripping. You're sick.

DAVE (O.S.)

I know that now.

She carefully slips the dress on.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was just confused. OK? Let's not  
make it into a thing.

Tiffany stands. Rubs her eyes.

TIFFANY

A thing? You were waiting for this  
moment, weren't you?

DAVE (O.S.)

Tiff. It's not like that. It's...  
we are friends. Since my wife left  
me things have been hard, you know?

TIFFANY

You were spying on me. Watching me  
with Matt...  
(remembers the night with  
Matt)  
God. You watched us.

DAVE (O.S.)

No. Look. Let me explain.

Tiffany walks to the corner of her room. Stands facing the  
walls, gently butts her head against them.

TIFFANY  
(sotto)  
Stupid. So stupid.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Tiffany! Tiffany!

She turns. Her eyes bulging with rage.

TIFFANY  
You used me. Just like everyone  
else.

She tears a poster down from the wall. Rips it to shreds.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Who are you? Pervert.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Let's not do anything rash.

Tiffany strides towards the desk. Reaches for the computer.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Tiff. Wait. Don't.

TIFFANY  
Fuck you.

She kills the connection. Everything turns BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 9 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany enters the room. Tosses her backpack onto the floor.

Her nails are painted jet-black. She wears a cute, tightly cropped black shirt that clings to her figure.

She turns on her stereo. Dances and sings along with the music.

The bedroom door suddenly opens.

Cynthia enters. Coughs. She is wearing her dressing gown and slippers, clutching a box of tissues. She is clearly sick.

CYNTHIA  
Can you turn that down? It's giving  
me a headache...

Tiffany shakes her head, but complies.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
You're home early!

TIFFANY  
So?

Cynthia sneezes.

CYNTHIA  
Shouldn't you be in school?

TIFFANY  
Shouldn't you be at work?

CYNTHIA  
I'm sick. OK? Probably caught it  
from your father...

The doorbell RINGS.

Tiffany stares defiantly at her mother.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I'm not dressed.

Tiffany makes a face. Trudges down the stairs.

Cynthia peeks into Tiffany's room. Looks around at the dark colors. Shakes her head.

There are footsteps coming up the stairs.

MATT (O.S.)  
-- figured we should just do it,  
right?

Tiffany laughs. They enter her bedroom.

Cynthia freezes. Pulls her dressing gown tightly around herself.

Matt wears all black. His hair is meticulously styled. Dyed black. He extends his hand.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Matt.

Cynthia takes it.

CYNTHIA  
Matt. I'm Cynthia. Tiffany's  
mother.

MATT  
Pleased to meet you.

Awkward beat.

TIFFANY  
Well... we've got work to do...

CYNTHIA  
Work?

MATT  
School project. I mean -- I know  
school's cancelled and all -- but I  
figured we should get a head start.  
You know?

CYNTHIA  
School was cancelled?

MATT  
Yeah. Everyone's sick. Don't you  
watch the news?

Cynthia nods. Stares at Tiffany with a vacant smile.

CYNTHIA  
Well... I should let you two get  
on.

Tiffany holds open the door for her.

TIFFANY  
Yeah. I guess so.

CYNTHIA  
Let me know if you need anything.

She pauses to kiss Tiffany on the head. Musses her hair.

Tiffany squirms at the touch.

Cynthia returns to the master bedroom. Tiffany immediately  
shuts her door.

MATT  
Cool room.

TIFFANY

Thanks.

Matt sits himself down at the computer.

MATT

Your mom's a doctor, right? Works at the hospital and all that shit.

TIFFANY

I guess.

Matt stares at her.

Tiffany finds herself blushing a little.

MATT

What happened to your glasses?

TIFFANY

I -- uh --

MATT

No, yeah. You look good.

TIFFANY

Thanks.

MATT

I never noticed. You have really beautiful eyes.

Tiffany smiles. Looks away, flicks her hair with growing confidence.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 34 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany grinds her teeth as she stares at the computer screen. She looks like she is going through the most intense withdrawal imaginable.

The room looks like a bomb has exploded inside. Furniture has been upended, papers strewn everywhere.

The RUMBLING noise is significantly louder.

TIFFANY

They're coming...

The THUDDING noise from inside the small door returns.  
Tiffany doesn't respond to it anymore.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Maybe if I hide -- they'll leave me  
alone.

She gets to her feet, crosses to the window, stares outside.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 8 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany switches on her computer. She fidgets on her chair.

She types something on the keyboard. Pauses. Frowns. She  
hears the funky jingle -- pushes the button -- followed  
quickly by

DAVE (O.S.)  
Eight on the dot... I'm a man of my  
word. I got your message. What's  
up?

TIFFANY  
Guess who was off sick today?

DAVE (O.S.)  
You?

TIFFANY  
Jennifer Taylor.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Jennifer Taylor?

TIFFANY  
She's the queen bitch at school.  
Head cheerleader... all round nasty  
piece of work.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Sound like you two have some  
history.

He laughs.

TIFFANY  
We were close -- once -- a long  
time ago I mean.

She stands. Crosses to the window, opens it then returns.

DAVE (O.S.)  
I know what you mean.

TIFFANY  
Yeah.

She puts a cigarette into her mouth. Lights it. Inhales.

DAVE (O.S.)  
You smoke now too?

TIFFANY  
Just trying it out. What are you,  
my Dad?

She uses a half-empty can of soda as a makeshift ashtray.

Dave laughs.

DAVE (O.S.)  
So? Jennifer Taylor was sick, and -  
-

Tiffany's face lights up.

TIFFANY  
You know that guy in my sociology  
class? The one I was telling you  
about?

DAVE (O.S.)  
Mr. Wonderful?

Tiffany nods. Exhales a plume of smoke.

TIFFANY  
He usually partners with Jennifer  
for class projects, but as she  
wasn't there today...

DAVE (O.S.)  
I know where this is going...

She smiles. Ecstatic.

TIFFANY  
He'll finally notice me, and sweep  
me into his arms...

She pauses in mid-sentence. Stares at the computer. Confusion  
and shock register on her face.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Tiff? What's wrong?

TIFFANY  
I never leave that there.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Leave what?

The penny drops. She stubs her cigarette out in the can.

TIFFANY  
That bitch...

DAVE (O.S.)  
What are you talking about?

Tiffany jumps to her feet.

TIFFANY  
She's been in here!

Tiffany kneels, reaches under her bed and pulls out the chest. She toys with the padlock.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I knew it!

DAVE (O.S.)  
What's going on?

The door to the master bedroom suddenly opens. Bill emerges. He coughs. Rushes to the bathroom.

Tiffany quickly pushes the chest back under the bed.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Tiff...

TIFFANY  
My dad - shit - I'll buzz you back  
in a minute. OK?

She terminates the connection.

Bill flushes the toilet. Exits the bathroom. Stops outside her door.

He knocks. Opens the door. Steps inside.

Tiffany crosses towards the door.



He looks terrible. His skin is soaked in sweat.

BILL

I thought I heard shouting.  
Everything OK?

TIFFANY

It's fine Dad. Are you OK?

BILL

I've been better. Your mother's  
keeping an eye on me.

TIFFANY

Where is she?

BILL

Got called in. They need as many  
doctors as they can get right now.

They nod silently to one another.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well... good-night hon.

He leans in. Kisses her forehead.

She smells his aftershave. Reaches out for him --

-- but he turns. Shuts the door.

Tiffany sighs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 7 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia sits at the computer desk, in the midst of a phone  
call.

CYNTHIA

Yes. I'll hold...

MUZAK blares from her cellphone.

She reads from the computer screen. Shakes her head. Types on  
the keyboard.

Cynthia sighs. She stands. Wanders over to the dresser.  
Pauses -- then pulls open the drawer.

She feels around inside for the diary -- but it isn't there.

She stands in the middle of the room, looking around. Thinking. Still on hold.

JASON (ON PHONE)  
This is Dr. Sullivan...

CYNTHIA  
Jason -- Cynthia Johnson...

JASON (O.S.)  
Cynthia! Nice to hear your voice again. It's been a long time. What can I do for you?

Cynthia opens the closet. Feels inside. Nothing.

CYNTHIA  
It's Tiffany. I'm worried about her.

JASON (ON PHONE)  
Ah -- well, I actually don't have much...

CYNTHIA  
She's not eating, she's belligerent, staying out until all hours...

JASON (O.S.)  
Well, that's typical of young women.

Cynthia looks underneath the bed. She reaches for something. Pulls out a large metal chest.

CYNTHIA  
There's something more going on. I feel it.

The chest is padlocked, but Cynthia makes quick work of it. She opens the chest.

Inside is the diary.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Bingo.

JASON (O.S.)

She hasn't started -- I mean --  
she's not hurting herself again is  
she?

Cynthia sits on the bed. Turns the pages.

CYNTHIA

I honestly don't know. It's like  
I'm living with a stranger... I  
don't know anything about her  
life... who are her friends... how  
she is feeling --

She breaks into tears.

JASON (O.S.)

It's OK.

CYNTHIA

It's just so hard -- you know --  
what with the long hours at the  
hospital... it's like everyone is  
falling sick and expecting me to  
pick up the pieces...

JASON (O.S.)

What about your husband?

Cynthia snorts.

She finds the page she was looking for.

CYNTHIA

Here it is. Listen to this. This is  
from her diary...

JASON (ON PHONE)

You're reading her diary right now?

CYNTHIA

*Sometimes I wish I were adopted,  
that way at least I would  
understand why I was so detached  
from my parents. They're like  
everyone else. They look at me with  
pity. Look at the poor, little girl  
who slashed her wrists.*

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

*Look at the poor, little fat girl  
who's going to be alone for the  
rest of her life. Look at the poor,  
little girl who wishes the world  
would swallow her whole.*

Long beat. She cups her mouth with her hand.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Does that sound like a typical  
young woman to you?

JASON (O.S.)

I'll schedule a new appointment as  
soon as possible. If not sooner.

Cynthia smiles.

CYNTHIA

Thank you.

JASON (ON PHONE)

Don't mention it. I'd like to --

The front door suddenly opens and SLAMS shut. Someone  
stumbles up the stairs.

BILL (O.S.)

Help...

Cynthia jumps to her feet. She hangs up the call just as Bill  
drags himself to the top of the stairs.

He sweats profusely. His skin is pale green.

Bill drops to his knees.

BILL (CONT'D)

Thank God --

He doubles up. Chokes. Vomits on the carpet.

CYNTHIA

Bill!

His glasses drop into the vomit. He takes a deep breath --

-- then vomits again. He collapses in the puddle of puke.

Cynthia checks his pulse. Feels his forehead.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You're burning up. Let's get you to bed.

She struggles to lift Bill's dead weight, but somehow manages to help him into the bedroom.

Seconds later she returns to Tiffany's room. She replaces the diary in the chest. Randomizes the padlock, then pushes the chest back under the bed.

She grabs her cellphone. Turns off the computer. Leaves the room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 34 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany kneels on the floor beside the bed. She appears to be praying... but she isn't.

She slowly reaches underneath the bed. Grabs at a piece of paper. Retrieves it.

The RUMBLING NOISE is louder than before. Whatever it is, it is getting close.

She pulls herself up onto the mattress. Stares at the paper.

WHISPER

OPEN IT.

JENNIFER

No. I promised.

WHISPER

OPEN IT.

Tiffany holds her hands over her head. Makes noise in an attempt to block out the voices.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 6 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany places a letter on the computer desk. It reads 'I hate you'.

Loud voices seep through the wall.

She stuffs clothes and possessions into a backpack.

BILL (O.S.)

I'm not an idiot. Linda told me all about it --

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

There is nothing going on between me and Steve -- or me and Eric -- or what's his face -- You're being paranoid --

BILL (O.S.)

Jason -- I see the way you look at him. Is it him?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

You're being ridiculous!

Tiffany retrieves the chest from under her bed. Sets it on the bed. Opens it.

BILL (O.S.)

-- and the four hundred dollars?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

What four hundred dollars?

Tiffany digs out the photo of Matt. She looks at it.

BILL (O.S.)

You know that it's a joint account? It's for him isn't it?

Tiffany strains to rip the photo apart.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

I needed a new blouse.

BILL (O.S.)

A four hundred dollar blouse? Is it made of gold or something?

Tiffany scrunches up the photo. Tosses it into the garbage.

There is the sound of scuffling from the next bedroom.

She slips on her jacket.

Looks at the garbage. She pulls out the photo.

Tiffany grabs her lighter. Holds the flame to the photo.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is it him?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
No.

BILL (O.S.)  
Who is it?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Just let it go. It's all in the  
past. I was a mess after --

She holds it by the corner. Watches it melt in her hands.  
She tosses the smoking remnants into the garbage.

CYNTHIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He was the only one there for me  
when Alice died -- wait -- don't go  
-- let's talk about it.

Tiffany opens the bedroom door.

Runs straight into Bill.

BILL  
Where do you think you're going?

He stares at her.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 34 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany lies sprawled on the bed, clutching the piece of  
paper.

The RUMBLE is even louder.

There are footsteps on the stairs.

She doesn't respond.

The door to the master bedroom is opened.

MATT (O.S.)  
Jesus...

The bedroom door is pushed open -- but is blocked by the  
dresser.

The door is hit with force. The dresser is slowly pushed aside.

She doesn't respond.

Matt enters the room. Wearing the same clothes as before. He sees Tiffany lying on the bed. He drops his baseball bat.

MATT (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 5 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany sits at her desk. She writes on a piece of paper with a large marker pen.

MAN (O.S.)

-- closed this afternoon, when  
staff were overwhelmed by patients  
exhibiting flu-like symptoms --

She holds up the piece of paper. It reads "KEEP OUT" in huge bold letters.

Tiffany stands. Wanders to her door. Opens it. She attaches the make-shift sign to the wood.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- second time in its history that  
the hospital has been forced to  
close --

She loiters outside her room, listening to her parents.

BILL (O.S.)

-- you're being ridiculous!

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

You're the one who is suddenly  
working late all the time...

Tiffany closes the door. Returns to the desk. She closes the open page on her computer.

Bill laughs.

BILL (O.S.)

You're a fine one to talk...

Tiffany pulls out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter.



She hesitates.

Then stands, walks to the window. Opens it. Returns to her seat.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
That was different... It was a bad  
time.

BILL (O.S.)  
For all of us.

CYNTHIA  
I've seen the way she looks at  
you...

BILL (O.S.)  
Don't be ridiculous...

Tiffany picks up a leaflet entitled 'WEIGHT LOSS AND  
SMOKING'.

She puts a cigarette in her mouth. Lights it. Splutters.

Her cellphone suddenly RINGS.

Tiffany stares at it. Considers picking up, but doesn't.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - DAY 34

Tiffany lies on the bed. Unwilling or unable to move.

A blast of STATIC --

LOUISA (O.S.)  
-- feel terrible. I didn't know  
she's do something like that.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
What about her parents?

LOUISA (O.S.)  
I know. I wish -- why'd she push it  
so far?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Don't try and pin this on me... we  
were all in it together.

Tiffany stirs. The connection instantly dissipates.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 5 -- WEBCAM

Cynthia vacuums the bedroom floor.

She shakes her head disapprovingly at the dark tones and colors in the room.

She stoops. Picks up several items of clothing. Drops them into the washing hamper.

She stares at several posters on the wall. Shakes her head.

Cynthia turns off the vacuum.

She picks up the hamper. Walks towards the door, but stops.

She crosses over to the closet. Opens it. The white dress is on a hanger.

CYNTHIA

Why? I don't...

She removes the dress. Examines it for marks, or tears.

Muttering to herself, she takes the dress, hamper and exits the room.

Seconds later she returns with some underwear.

She opens the dresser drawer. It sticks. She pulls it harder.

The draw opens - sending a black diary to the floor.

Cynthia places the underwear in the drawer, careful to avoid the vibrator.

She closes the door. Picks up the book. Opens it.

For a second she thinks about returning it... but then she sits on the bed and reads.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 4 -- WEBCAM

Mascara runs down Tiffany's face. She gently wipes blackened tears from her eyes.

TIFFANY

I'm such an idiot. So stupid --

She waves her hands as she speaks. Cries.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
He doesn't even know I exist...

DAVE (O.S.)  
If he can't see you for who you are  
-- then he's a fucking idiot.  
You're amazing...

She looks up at the screen.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
One day -- he'll be begging. You'll  
see.

The front door suddenly SLAMS shut.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Hello?

TIFFANY  
Oh shit.

She jumps up from the chair. She unzips the back of the white dress.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Will speak to you later. OK?

DAVE  
Wait. Woah --

She kills the chat connection.

There are footsteps on the stairs.

Tiffany rips off the dress. She stuffs it under the bedsheets.

Cynthia opens the door. Enters the room.

TIFFANY  
I thought you were going to knock  
in future?

CYNTHIA  
What's going on?

Tiffany sits on the bed in her underwear.

TIFFANY  
Nothing. Why?

Cynthia examines a brooding band poster attached to the wall.

She sits down on the computer chair. Turns to face Tiffany.  
She crosses her legs. Prim and proper posture.

CYNTHIA

You're sitting around half-naked.

Tiffany shrugs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We used to be such good friends...  
what happened?

Tiffany shrugs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

This is about some boy, isn't it?  
The hair, the make-up, this  
music...

TIFFANY

You wouldn't understand...

Cynthia gets up from the chair. Crosses to the bed. Sits down  
next to Tiffany.

CYNTHIA

Tiffany...

Tiffany stands. Grabs some pants and a sweater.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We're worried about you. Did you  
eat today?

TIFFANY

Course.

CYNTHIA

What did you have?

TIFFANY

I'm going out.

CYNTHIA

I'm going to call Dr. Sullivan. I  
don't think you're eating again.

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY

Whatever. Go and call Dr. Doom. See  
if I care.

She leaves the room. Slams the door behind her.

CYNTHIA

Tiffany! Tiffany!

Cynthia bursts into tears.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 34 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany lies still sprawled across the mattress.

Matt stares at her from beside the door. He looks around the  
room with some confusion.

There are several curved lines scrawled on the wall, made  
with a marker pen. Each curve appears to be inside another  
one.

He rushes towards her. Touches her.

MATT

Tiffany? Wake up. They're coming.

She groans. Opens her eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Thank --

She pushes him away, but has no strength.

TIFFANY

Get away.

MATT

It's just me.

He sits beside her. Touches her. She recoils.

MATT (CONT'D)

Can you get stand? We have to get  
out of here.

He grabs a bottle of water from his bag. Pours it forcefully  
over her face, into her mouth.

TIFFANY

Why?

MATT

What?

TIFFANY

Why would you do it?

Matt shakes his head, not understanding.

MATT

We have to leave. Now.

Tiffany is too weak to stand.

The RUMBLING NOISE is right outside.

He rushes to the window. Looks outside.

MATT (CONT'D)

Shit.

TIFFANY

It was all a lie, wasn't it?

Matt rushes into the hallway. Looks up at the ceiling. Heads back into the bedroom.

MATT

Don't you have an attic?

Tiffany stares at him.

TIFFANY

Go to hell.

MATT

What's wrong with you?

TIFFANY

I heard you. I was just a joke to you.

Matt finally realizes what she is talking about.

MATT

Look. I'm sorry. It was Jennifer's idea. She wanted to get back at you...

He looks frantically to the window.

TIFFANY  
Bastard. I hate you.

MATT  
I don't know. OK? I'm sorry. I  
shouldn't have -- I know that --  
but I came back for you.

Tiffany snorts.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I wanted to make it up somehow.  
Look. I don't expect you to believe  
me - but we have to move. Now.

TIFFANY  
Why?

Matt sees the small door in the wall.

MATT  
What's in there?

TIFFANY  
No.

MATT  
What?

TIFFANY  
We can't open it.

MATT  
Why? What's in there?

TIFFANY  
She made me promise not to open it.  
Ever.

MATT  
Who?

TIFFANY  
Alice. My sister -- it was the last  
thing she said to me. She made me  
swear...

Matt grabs her by the arm. Pulls her towards him.

MATT

Those things are going to be here  
any minute... we have to hide.

TIFFANY

-- the fuck off me.

The RUMBLING NOISE is at the front door. Hammering, pounding  
the wood. We distinguish individual sounds within the rumble.  
It is the sound of human voices.

MATT

Shit. We're too late. Open it.

TIFFANY

No.

MATT

Open it.

Tiffany crosses her arms.

Matt pushes the dresser across the door.

MATT (CONT'D)

Help me.

TIFFANY

Why should I?

MATT

I'm sorry. I didn't know it would  
go that far.

TIFFANY

Right.

MATT

(Whispers)

Maybe they won't know we're in here  
if we keep quiet.

TIFFANY

Fuck you.

MATT

Sshhh.

TIFFANY

Don't tell me what to do. Asshole.



Matt throws her to the ground.

MATT

Shut the fuck up. OK? Let me think.

He turns towards the small door.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'll open it.

TIFFANY

No.

Matt walks towards the door.

Tiffany grabs the baseball bat.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Don't.

Matt looks at her. Smiles.

MATT

What you going to do? Hit me?

TIFFANY

Don't.

MATT

We don't have a choice.

He slides the bolt across. Opens the door.

TIFFANY

No.

Tiffany swings with the bat. It connects with Matt's head.

He staggers. Struggles to keep his balance.

MATT

Tiffany?

Tiffany strikes him again. Hard.

Matt collapses to the ground. Blood pours from a gaping wound.

She watches him twitch and convulse on the ground.

The small door swings open. Tiffany turns to look inside.

TIFFANY

Alice?

The SCREEN suddenly freezes. Long beat.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 4 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany's bedroom door is open.

There is a fresh new coat of dark paint on the walls. Several purple drapes are visible attached to the walls, or lying on furniture.

Emo music blares from the stereo.

There is a gentle KNOCKING sound.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

How much longer are you going to  
be?

There is a gargled response.

Tiffany enters her bedroom. Runs her fingers through a mop of short, jet black hair.

She opens the dresser drawer. Feels underneath. Removes a small black diary which she stuffs into her bag, next to the white summer dress. Tosses her lipstick into the bag.

Cynthia suddenly enters. She is dressed for work. Struggling to insert an earring.

CYNTHIA

Do you want me to drive you?

TIFFANY

No!

Cynthia stares at her daughter. Shakes her head.

Tiffany ignore her.

CYNTHIA

Your beautiful hair...

Bill peers into the room. Semi-naked with a large towel wrapped around his waist.

BILL  
I like it!

TIFFANY  
Thanks.

Cynthia stares at her husband.

BILL  
What? It's just hair. I dyed mine  
when I was her age... younger  
even...

Tiffany zips up her bag. Pushes past Bill as she leaves the room.

She slams the bathroom door shut.

CYNTHIA  
Thanks! I'm going to be late again!

She leaves the room.

BILL  
What did I do?

He follows her.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
It would be nice for you to back me  
up once in a while. Are you  
deliberately trying to undermine  
me?

BILL (O.S.)  
Come on. It's just a phase she's  
going through...

The toilet flushes.

Tiffany returns to her bedroom. Grabs her bag.

Cynthia follows her inside.

CYNTHIA  
Have you seen my white dress?

TIFFANY  
No!

CYNTHIA  
Have you eaten some breakfast?

TIFFANY  
Yes!

Bill enters the room wearing a shirt and pants.

BILL  
What do you mean? I always back you  
up?

Tiffany shakes her head. Turns off her music. Pushes past  
them both as she leaves the room again.

TIFFANY  
Bye.

She trudges downstairs.

CYNTHIA  
I have to be mother, doctor, cook,  
lover... all I ask is for a little  
support now and then. Is that too  
much to ask?

She leaves the room.

Bill glances around the now barren bedroom.

Seconds later she shuts the bathroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 34 -- WEBCAM

The SCREEN remains frozen. Tiffany holds the baseball bat.  
Stares into the space behind the small door.

Matt's body lies sprawled on the floor. Blood pours from his  
head.

The RUMBLING NOISE swells. The front door is SMASHED OPEN, as  
are windows. There are footsteps pounding up the stairs.

The screen suddenly jumps back to real time.

TIFFANY  
Oh my God --

Fists pound the bedroom door. The voices are inaudible but  
DEAFENING in volume. The house shakes under the strain.

Tiffany turns to face the door. Holds the bat up for protection.

An army of infected push the door open, inch by inch. Hands and legs are visible. They are all screaming something - we can't catch it.

Tiffany breathes rapidly.

There is no escape. The horde will break through the door any second.

She looks at Matt's body.

She looks at the door.

Makes her choice --

She rushes forward. Ducks to get through the small door. Pulls the door shut behind her --

-- just as the bedroom door is thrown fully open.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 3 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany steps away from her computer. She is wearing horribly ill-fitting clothes.

TIFFANY

Hello? Anyone home?

The silence is broken by the ringing of her cellphone.

Tiffany answers.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Hello?

There is more heavy breathing.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

What do you want? Leave me alone!

JENNIFER (ON PHONE)

We're going to get you - you bitch!

The phone goes dead.

Tiffany stares at herself in the mirror. Toys with her long red hair.

She opens her school bag. Pulls out a CD which she inserts into the stereo.

LOUD EMO suddenly blares through the speakers.

Tiffany removes a plastic bag from her school bag. Inside is a small cardboard box.

She drags the chair over to the mirror. Sits down. Takes off her glasses.

LOUISA (O.S.)  
I thought she would be here by now?

MEGAN (O.S.)  
I thought so too...

Tiffany carefully inserts a contact lens. She squints. She inserts the second lens.

She tightly closes her eyes.

LOUISA (O.S.)  
She's probably out with Matt.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
Shut up! They're back together?

LOUISA (O.S.)  
A girl's got to get laid now and then... right?

Tiffany stands. Looks at herself in the mirror. She smiles.

She snaps her glasses in half. Tosses them into the garbage.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
True that! God, he's so hot... she is such a lucky bitch.

Tiffany removes a bottle of black hair dye from her bag. She grabs a towel and pair of scissors from her closet.

She leaves the room. Strolls across the hallway into the bathroom.

There is the SOUND of running water.

Tiffany's phone RINGS.

INT. CLOSET - DAY 34

Tiffany huddles on the floor of a closet. Shuts the door. It is PITCH BLACK.

There is not a sound to be heard aside from her beating heart, and frantic breathing.

The WHISPERING returns. Inaudible.

A small light appears in the blackness. Slowly increases in brightness illuminating --

-- a LARGE SPACE.

Tiffany stands. Water pools under her feet.

TIFFANY

What the fuck...

She walks towards the light, baseball bat at the ready.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 2 -- WEBCAM

The room is dark. Tiffany is asleep in bed. Her LONG red hair draped over the pillow.

The gentle sound of GROANING can be heard through the wall.

Tiffany's phone RINGS.

She wakes. Turns on her light. Reaches for the phone.

TIFFANY

Hello?

There is only the sound of heavy breathing.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Hello?

The call goes dead. Tiffany shrugs. She replaces the phone.

The GROANING increases in volume, interspersed with the regular banging of headboard on concrete.

BILL (O.S.)

Yeah. Oh yeah...

Tiffany lies in bed, listening to her parents have sex. She pulls the covers over herself, leaving her feet sticking out.

The noises from the next bedroom grow louder and louder.

Tiffany touches herself under the covers. Her toes curl. She stares up at one of her posters.

The noises suddenly stop.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dammit... Sorry...

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
It's OK...

Someone opens the bathroom. There is the sound of splashing water.

Tiffany stops. Disgusted with herself. She turns away from the poster. Lies on her side.

Bill leaves the bathroom. Stops outside Tiffany's door.

She holds her breath.

BILL (O.S.)  
I need a smoke...

He heads downstairs. The front door is unlocked, opened then closed.

Tiffany bursts into tears.

She turns back to the poster.

TIFFANY  
Stop judging me...

She reaches for it. Pulls it from the wall. Crumples the paper. Tosses the picture into the trash.

INT. CLOSET - DAY 34

Tiffany walks towards the light - which grows increasingly more intense as she approaches.

The floor is wet.



There is the quiet, DISTORTED SOUND of SPLINTERING WOOD intermixed with yelling.

It reaches BLINDING levels of intensity. She shields her eyes --

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

-- finally opens them.

A tube of red lipstick rolls towards her across the tiled floor --

-- she looks up to see a small wooden chair lying on its side. Leg broken.

Beside the chair lies the body of a YOUNG GIRL, long hair covering her face. Her neck is twisted at a sickening angle.

TIFFANY

Alice? No!

Tiffany rushes to her side. Kneels.

Alice's eyes blink. Her mouth moves. Red lipstick smeared on her lips, and up her face.

The sound of SPLINTERING WOOD is intermixed with the dull sound of a body slamming into a door.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Not again...

Tiffany listens. Has to move in closer.

Alice whispers something inaudible.

Her head lolls. Her eyes turn to the side.

Tiffany follows her gaze to the overflowing bath-tub. Sees HERSELF lying in the water. Pale. Still. Dead.

Tiffany stands.

The POUNDING increases in volume and intensity. Someone is about to break through --

-- Tiffany steps away from the door, towards the bath.

Her double opens her eyes -- suddenly sits up and grabs Tiffany.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 2 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany is asleep in bed, buried under the covers.

Cynthia silently opens the door. Enters the room. She wears her white medical coat.

Tiffany's clothes lie scattered across the floor.

Cynthia pauses to examine posters of scantily clad young men on the walls.

CYNTHIA

Tiffany. We're running late. The alarm clock didn't go off...

Cynthia pauses. She sees the remnants of last night's dinner in the garbage.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What?

She notices something across the room. She strides over to it. Retrieves the white dress.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

My dress!

Tiffany slowly stirs.

TIFFANY

Mom? I've got a killer headache.

CYNTHIA

Oh my...

Cynthia struts back to the dresser clutching the dress. She picks up the silver necklace.

TIFFANY

What are you doing in here?

Cynthia holds up the necklace.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

She wanted me to have it?

CYNTHIA

What have I told you about going through my closet?

TIFFANY

Doesn't anyone knock in this house anymore?

CYNTHIA

Don't change the subject. Why is last night's dinner in the trash?

TIFFANY

I told you, I don't eat meat.

CYNTHIA

Since when?

TIFFANY

Since forever....

Cynthia shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

Do I need to call Dr. Sullivan again?

Tiffany flops back onto the bed. Mutters to herself.

TIFFANY

No mother...

CYNTHIA

I don't know who you are sometimes... I really don't... Alice would never have...

She catches herself.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Please. Come on... we're late...

Cynthia stoops to pick up some of the discarded clothes.

TIFFANY

Leave them.

Cynthia pulls the top drawer of the dresser. It is stuck.

Tiffany suddenly sits upright.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I said...

Cynthia pulls again. The drawer comes out entirely, spilling a pile of underwear onto the floor.

Cynthia SIGHS. Stares directly up at the ceiling.

Tiffany leaps out of bed. Rushes over to the dresser.

Cynthia picks up a large RED VIBRATOR.

CYNTHIA

Oh my...

Tiffany turns bright red.

Cynthia accidentally turns the vibrator on. She is too flustered to turn it off.

Tiffany snatches it from her hands. Turns it off just as --

-- Bill rushes into the room. Tie dangling around his neck. He hurriedly buttons his shirt.

BILL

Can you get this for me? I can't tie it as well as you can.

TIFFANY

God...

He sees Tiffany clutching the vibrator. She hides her face behind her hands.

Cynthia stands nearby, her mouth wide open with horror.

BILL

Can you -- I -- Tiffany?

Tiffany dives back under the covers. Pulls them tightly around her.

BILL (CONT'D)

Is that where all my batteries have gone? Cyn?

Cynthia snaps out of her reverie. She smiles curtly at her husband.

CYNTHIA

Yes dear?

BILL

Tie?

She promptly ties it.

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shit... I'm going to miss the  
train...

He hurries from the room. Descends the staircase.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Knew I shouldn't have quit smoking.

Cynthia follows him with the dress and necklace.

Tiffany jumps out of bed. Closes the door behind them.

She picks up the drawer. Turns it over. A small black diary  
is taped to the underside.

She removes the diary. Turns the drawer back over. She places  
the underwear and vibrator, back inside.

She replaces the drawer in the dresser.

Tiffany grabs the diary. Sticks it into her school bag.

She stares at the computer.

TIFFANY

Shit...

She rushes over to it. Turns it OFF.

INT. BATHROOM

Tiffany struggles to free herself from her doubles grasp --  
suddenly she is free --

-- but now she is the one INSIDE THE BATHTUB. There is no  
sign of the double.

The door handle rattles. Shouting and screaming from outside.  
The door SHAKES as under the weight of a body.

Tiffany looks down at Alice. They make eye contact.

The door busts open.

Bill and Cynthia rush into the room. Head for the little girl, ignoring Tiffany.

BILL

No...

Bill gets to her first.

CYNTHIA

Don't touch her...

Cynthia frantically checks her pulse. Carefully gives her CPR.

Bill is beyond distraught.

BILL

This isn't happening.

Tiffany watches. Unnoticed.

Cynthia cradles her daughter. Eyes closed. Tears rolling down her cheek.

Tiffany cries.

Cynthia snaps her head. Stares directly at Tiffany. Eyes burning with blame.

Tiffany feels the water lapping over her face, as though something were pulling her down.

She thrashes, struggles for a final breath - but continues to sink. She gurgles --

CAMERA floats upwards, spiralling above the bathroom tiles.

-- the SOUND of splintering wood increases in intensity. Yelling. Shouting.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Tiffany? Please. Not again...

The door buckles under the weight of a body pushing on it.

BILL (O.S.)

Don't say that --

The door BURSTS open.

Bill and Cynthia rush inside. Straight to Tiffany's body floating in the bath.

They try to revive her, blocking out view. Their conversation is played BACKWARDS.

CYNTHIA

God. No...

BILL

Tiffany? She's OK. She's OK.

CYNTHIA

What have you done? Stupid...  
stupid girl.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY 1 -- WEBCAM

Tiffany stands in front of the mirror. Stares at herself. POP MUSIC blares from her stereo speakers.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

-- you always eating in there. It's  
not healthy...

Tiffany shuts the bedroom door.

A dinner plate sits atop her dresser. She picks it up. Lets the food slide into the garbage.

She returns to the mirror. Finishes applying her lipstick.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Did you see her in English class  
today? Oh my God...

MEGAN (O.S.)

I guess Moby Dick isn't the only  
white whale --

Tiffany casually undresses. She tosses her baggy clothes onto the bed.

She stands in her underwear, examines her reflection in the mirror. She pinches her skin. Sucks in her gut.

A long silver necklace dangles around her neck.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

It's disgusting. She makes me want  
to puke every time I look at her...

Tiffany takes off her glasses. Flicks her hair back. Squints  
at her reflection. She replaces the glasses.

LOUISA (O.S.)

Yeah. Get some exercise, bitch.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Maybe she needs to run a little?

She lifts the mirror. Places it carefully on the bed. She  
then carefully removes the boy band poster from the wall.

MEGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We could help her with that...

There are LARGE MARKINGS on the wall. Each mark is a small  
curve.

She positions herself between the marks. Adds another two  
curves to the wall - marking her waistline. The new marks are  
innermost.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

We'd be doing her a favor...

LOUISA (O.S.)

Helping mommy's little princess  
shed some pounds...

MEGAN (O.S.)

The doctor's fat little baby...

Tiffany stares at the marks. Nods to herself. She carefully  
replaces the poster and mirror.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I just -- fucking -- hate that  
bitch... We should just jump her  
after school...

MEGAN (O.S.)

Yeah!



JENNIFER (O.S.)  
 And tell her that we're sick and  
 tired of seeing her fat ass...

The girls CACKLE wickedly.

Tiffany's stomach RUMBLES loudly. She picks up her school bag. Rummages inside. She removes a small bag of carrots. She takes one. Munches it.

LOUISA (O.S.)  
 Sorry guys... I think my mom is  
 listening in...

JENNIFER (O.S.)	LOUISA (O.S.)
Why doesn't she just mind her own business? Nosy fucking	I know, right? God. I should go...

MEGAN (O.S.)	JENNIFER (O.S.)
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The website connection expires.

SILENCE.

Tiffany sits on her bed. She slowly munches the small carrot, whilst flicking through several fashion magazines.

Her computer emits a FUNKY JINGLE.

She jumps to her feet. Throws on her clothes.

DAVE (O.S.)  
 Hey! Tiff! Where you at?

She sits down at the computer desk. Toys with her hair one last time. She wipes sweat from her brow.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You been lurking on chat rooms again? You really should stop doing that -- it's not healthy.

Tiffany removes her glasses. Hides them. Quickly applies lipstick. She takes a deep breath. Pushes a button on the keyboard. Smiles weakly to her CAMERA.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 There you are... How you doing?

TIFFANY

(shrugs)

Meh.

DAVE (O.S.)

Cool. You wouldn't believe what happened today... there was this blonde chick on the bus -- right -- and she starts puking her guts out. Man it was sick...

Tiffany nods along eagerly. She scratches at her wrists, where there is some heavy scar tissue.

DAVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But check it out -- as she's puking, her wig comes off!! Crazy!! Turns out she was a he!!

TIFFANY

What? Really? God --

DAVE (O.S.)

Straight up! I just hope it wasn't contagious... You sure you're OK? You don't look so good...

TIFFANY

I'll survive.

She grabs a handful of tissue. Sneezes loudly. Wipes her nose. Smears her lipstick.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

God. I'm gross...

She smiles to CAMERA.

FADE OUT.