

SOCIAL SUICIDE

Written By

Tim Aucoin

778-877-1899
taucoin@gmail.com

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

MILES (23) sits, hunched over his laptop.

The monitor reflects a bluish hue in his glasses as he stares pensively at the screen.

His quivering finger hovers over the mouse button.

COMPUTER:

The pointer sits over a royal blue YES button.

"Do you really want to quit Facebook?"

A bead of SWEAT dribbles down his cheek.

MILES

Screw it.

His finger clicks the button.

COMPUTER:

"Are you SURE you want to quit?"

Clicks YES again.

COMPUTER:

"Like really, REALLY sure? You'll be outcast, become a huge loser and no one will like you anymore."

MILES -- repeatedly clicks YES.

COMPUTER:

A big flaming SKULL cackles and prances around the screen.

SKULL

Have a nice life. Loser!

The cackles grow more SHRILL. Miles jumps out of his seat to shake the dreadful sound from his head.

He looks at the computer again:

"Thank you for using Facebook. Have a nice day"

The pointer sits. Waiting.

Miles flops back into his seat, SIGHS.

He gawks at the floor to ponder the gravity of his decision.

Then, smiling, he springs from the seat with renewed vigor. Marches to the fridge for a celebratory cold one.

He CRACKS open a beer and swigs defiantly. Victory.

His cell VIBRATES on the kitchen counter.

CELL SCREEN - A text from Lance:

HEY, BROHEIM. HEARD YOU QUIT FACEBOOK. YOU DIE OR SOMETHING?

He begins to text a response only to get interrupted by a call.

He sees who it is, face falls. Answers.

MILES
Mom, what's up?

MILES MOM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Miles, honey? Are you okay? Uncle Morty told me you quit the Facebook. Did something happen?

MILES
Calm down, mom, don't be ridiculous.

MILES MOM (V.O.)
(filtered)
Did we not love you enough, Miles? Is it because you only have one testicle?

MILES
(exasperated)
Mom, please! It is just a website. No more humans, interacting. Just humans..
(beat)
..interfacing.

A breakthrough.

MILES MOM (V.O.)
(filtered)
My god, Miles, what are you babbling about? Let mom take care of you.

MILES

I'm a grown man. I can take care of myself. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to return some dvds.

MILES MOM (V.O.)

(filtered)

We just worry about you so much, sweetheart.

MILES

K, love you. See you Sunday.

MILES MOM (V.O.)

(filtered, sinister)

If you make it to Sunday, loser!

MILES

What did you just say, mom? Hello?

No one's there.

He looks at his cell. Eyes bug-out at all the new texts.

SERIES OF TEXTS:

DUDE, WHERE R U???

IF UR DEAD CAN I HAVE UR PS3?

DUDE I BANGED UR SISTER! UNLESS UR NOT DEAD.

MILES (CONT'D)

My sister?!

(beat)

Eh, whatever.

He puts the phone away. Exits his apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Miles walks across the street to a corner store.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Ding-ding! The store owner, SANJAY (46), greets him.

SANJAY

Hello, Mr. Miles!

MILES

Hey, Sanjay. Just getting some juice.

SANJAY
(ringing it in register)
Very good.

Miles grabs a bottle of orange juice, approaches the register.

Sanjay LAUGHS at something on his IPHONE.

MILES
What's so funny?

SANJAY
This video my cousin posted on Facebook. It's hilarious. I'll send it to you.

MILES
(rolling eyes)
I'm good.

SANJAY
Okay then. No need to be snippy.
(re: juice)
That everything?

Sanjay still looks at his phone, LAUGHS some more.

A COUPLE enter the store.

GUY
Did you see what Brent posted on Facebook?

GIRL
Oh my god, I KNOW! Facebook, Facebook, Facebook!

Sanjay laughs are more maniacal now.

GUY
Facebook.

GIRL
Facebook!

SANJAY
FAAAACEBOOOOOK!

MILES
STOP IT! JUST SHUT UP!

Miles grabs his juice and runs out the store.

Sanjay and the couple exchange perplexed looks.

GUY
What's his problem?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Miles runs in, out of breath, clutching the juice to his chest.

A new CALL. Answers.

MILES
Hello?

VANESSA (V.O.)
(filtered)
I'm breaking up with you!

MILES
(filtered)
What!? Baby, why?

VANESSA (V.O.)
(filtered)
I can't date someone who'd
willingly flush their social life
down the toilet.

MILES
Baby! Please, don't do this! I LOVE
YOU!

Miles starts to SOB.

VANESSA (V.O.)
(filtered)
You suck. LOSER!

She hangs up.

MILES
Vanessa? Hello?!

He collapses onto his couch. Cell RINGS again.

He answers to be greeted with a BOOM in his ear. He recoils from the phone.

JAY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Miles!

MILES
(into phone)
Jay? Where are you? Wow it's very
loud there. Jesus, are those,
cannons in the background?

JAY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Why are you not here brozzz-eph?
We're at the lake. Amashing
party. Girls. Cannons. Did you not
get the invite on Fazzebook?

Miles bites his lip so hard he almost cuts clean through.

MILES
(through clenched and
bloodied teeth)
NO! I quit FAKE-book. I'm sick of
it!

No Jay. Music and laughter crackle through the tiny cell
speakers.

MILES (CONT'D)
Jay? Hello?

Jay is heard trying to hit on a girl.

JAY (V.O.)
(filtered)
...totally, baby, you should come
shee my place--oh shit...
(to Miles)
My bad bro. Not lishening. If you
could only witness what I'm sheeing
right now. MAN! Numerous bad
decisions will be made tonight.

CLICK!

MILES
Jay? Jay?!

Defeated. He slowly looks up at his laptop --

-- it beckons to him.

The screen FLICKERS to life on its own.

On screen:

"Come back to Facebook Miles, before it's too laaaate!"

Miles shuts his eyes, clutches his body.

Opens. Nothing on screen. He inches closer to it, then stops.

MILES (CONT'D)
No Miles. Be....strong.

He cracks.

MILES (CONT'D)
Shit! What have I done??

He runs to his laptop and frantically begins typing.

COMPUTER:

The arrow clicks YES on "Would you like to join Facebook?"

FADE OUT