

INT. A TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 1998

CHRISTY, 17, sits down at a blue Apple iMac G3 computer. She puts a "Free AOL hours" CD into the CD drive and selects her screen name for login: Pacey4ever80. After an excruciating 45 seconds of modem sounds, we see/hear the classic "Welcome!" Soundbyte. She clicks on AOL chat room listings and scrolls the categories. Town Square, Arts & Entertainment, Black Voices, Friends, Gay & Lesbian, Latino, Life, News Sports and Finance, Places. She clicks "Romance" and scrolls through the rooms such as "The Bonfire" and "A Chill in the Air". She clicks on "A Crowded Room". The room is full of users all talking to each other. Christy watches and finally contributes.

PACEY4EVER80

17/F/CA.

Suddenly, the usernames start to drop off one by one, until her name is the only one left. A confused look falls on her face. A new screen name appears in the room. Killr1031.

KILLR1031

Hi.

PACEY4EVER80

Hey.

KILLR1031

Stats?

PACEY4EVER80

17/F/CA. U?

KILLR1031

18/M/CA too. Where in Cali?

PACEY4EVER80

Pasadena.

KILLR1031

Me 2. Where in Pasadena?

PACEY4EVER80

Like my address?

KILLR1031

Sure.

PACEY4EVER80

Um no thanks.

KILLR1031

J/K.

PACEY4EVER80

(Relieved.)

Oh haha.

KILLR1031

What do you look like?

PACEY4EVER80

I have red hair, I'm kinda tall,
skinny. What about u?

KILLR1031

What do you want me to look like?

PACEY4EVER80

What do you mean?

KILLR1031

I mean does it really matter? I
could say anything, you would never
know.

PACEY4EVER80

I guess so.

Christy looks around the room, weirded out. She goes to leave
the chat room.

KILLR1031

But I'm glad you told me the truth
about how you looked.

PACEY4EVER80

How do you know I wasn't lying?

KILLR1031

I just know. So are you alone?

PACEY4EVER80

Why?

KILLR1031

Just curious.

PACEY4EVER80

No, my parents are home.

KILLR1031

Now you are lying.

PACEY4EVER80

No I'm not.

KILLR1031

Yes you are. They left half an hour ago.

PACEY4EVER80

How do you know that?

KILLR1031

Because I've been watching you.

Christy sits straight up, freaked out. She looks around her room, paranoid. She looks out her window to the next house, at a window parallel to hers with the lights out. She types.

PACEY4EVER80

Kyle, is that you?

KILLR1031

No. This is God. And I'm always watching.

PACEY4EVER80

Cut it out, Kyle.

KILLR1031

This isn't Kyle.

PACEY4EVER80

I don't like this. If you don't stop, I'm calling the police, and you're gonna be in so much trouble.

KILLR1031

Go ahead. But you might want to check your email first.

Suddenly, she gets an AOL mail notification. The familiar sound of "You've got mail!" pops up from her speaker.

KILLR1031 (CONT'D)

You've got mail, Christy.

Christy anxiously drags the cursor over the mailbox icon and opens it. There's a photo file. She clicks on it and the photo slowly loads onto her screen. It's difficult to tell what it is at first, but it becomes more clear that it's a body part of some kind. When it finally loads, she sees an image of ... a butt. The butt of a white male teenager. His face is slightly shown in the background smiling widely.

PACEY4EVER80
What ... what is this?

KILLR1031
It's my butt! Ahahahaha!

Christy hears laughing from outside her window. She looks over and sees KYLE, a teenage boy, at the window turn his light on in his bedroom. She goes to the window and opens it.

CHRISTY
Oh my god, Kyle, you are so gross!

KYLE
I had you so good. You were freaking out.

CHRISTY
What's wrong with you?

KYLE
C'mon, it was funny.

CHRISTY
It really wasn't.

KYLE
What were you even doing in a romance chat room?

CHRISTY
It's none of your fucking business. How'd you even find me in that chat room? And kick everyone out?

KYLE
I'm a hacker. That's what I do. Hack4Life.

CHRISTY
You're such a scab.

She shuts her window as we see things from Kyle's room, typically messy for a teenage boy, with numerous deadbolt locks on the door for someone clearly worried about his privacy. He turns away from the window and chuckles at himself. Behind him, the lights in Christy's room go out and the room is slightly illuminated from the computer screen. We see someone come up behind Christy and grab her. She struggles at the computer. Meanwhile Kyle, who doesn't see this, thinks for a moment and goes to his computer. He types.