

MGCC

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s t u a d i o s

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# **SWEAT**

screenplay by

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**BLACK SCREEN.**

EMMA (PRE-LAP)  
Hey you...

**VERY CLOSE ON A LAPTOP SCREEN PLAYING A VIDEO--**

A Woman looks directly into camera. She is 32. American. Pretty. Intense eyes. This is EMMA KENT.

EMMA  
I love you. I love you all so much.

She smiles. Genuine. Warm. Then the THROBBING KICK-DRUM intro of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs classic "HEADS WILL ROLL (A-Trak Remix)" begins on the soundtrack. CUT TO:

**FEET.**

In SLOW MOTION. Dozen of pairs of feet. Wearing sneakers. Moving in unison. Kick. Skip. Shift. In time to the MUSIC.

EMMA (V.O.)  
Knowing you are out there watching makes me stronger...

**HANDS.**

Thrusting forward. Back. Slow motion. Abstract. BACK TO:

**CLOSE ON EMMA STARING AT US FROM THE LAPTOP SCREEN--**

EMMA  
You are all so beautiful...

**FACES.**

Mostly women. Shiny with sweat. Huffing and puffing. They bob up and down in time. In Slow Motion. We're in--

**INT. FLAGSHIP FITNESS STORE - DAY**

A big store. Racks of fitness clothes and equipment. A central area has been cleared. Emma is on a stage. She's in gym wear. Headset-mic. She leads a crowd through a workout. Emma is lean. Toned. Fit. In control. Two BACK-UP DANCERS do the moves behind her in unison. In slow-mo. It's dreamy. Hypnotic.

Suddenly, we crash into REAL TIME. Sync sound. The music pumps out the speakers onstage. The crowd are in rows. In sportswear. Following Emma's moves.

EMMA

Believe, my Lovelies! If you want to achieve, you've gotta believe!

On stage behind Emma we linger on a 22 year old back-up girl. She is exercising with determined precision. Cheeks flushed. Her eyes on Emma. This is JULIA GREENE. CUT TO:

#### **EMMA'S INSTAGRAM FEED--**

We scroll through photos: Emma working out; Emma at the beach at sunset; Emma posing in gymwear; Emma flexing her muscles in a bikini. We see she has 1.3M followers. CUT TO:

#### **CLOSE ON EMMA STARING AT US FROM THE LAPTOP--**

EMMA

Whatever bumps or folds or creases or crinkles you have. You're beautiful.

#### **THE STORE WORKOUT SESSION--**

Emma, her Backup instructors and the crowd do burpees.

EMMA

That's it. These will burn. But we like to burn, don't we Lovelies?

THE CROWD

Yeah!

EMMA

I can't hear you! Do you wanna burn?!

THE CROWD

YEAH!!!

Julia shouts YEAH too. Laughing. CUT TO:

#### **AN INSTAGRAM VIDEO--**

A MONTAGE of Emma in a MID-SCALE GYM: Lifting. Pulling. Posing. Sweating. Blowing a kiss to the camera. CUT TO:

**THE STORE WORKOUT SESSION--**

Star jumps. The whole crowd jumps up and down in unison.

EMMA

Higher! Let me see you get high!!!

Emma marvels at the power she has over these people. CUT TO:

**A MONTAGE OF EMMA'S EXTREMELY ONLINE LIFE--**

Images. Tweets. Video clips: Emma unboxing a blender. Posing on a mountain. Preparing food. Eating it. Working out. Talking to camera as before--

EMMA

And I want you to feel beautiful.

Running in Griffith Park. Working out. Doing product endorsements for water bottles, kettle weights, supplements. Stacking pre-made nutritionist meals in her fridge. Talking to camera as before--

EMMA

But to achieve, you have to believe.  
You have to believe in your power.  
You have to believe anything is possible. You have to believe.

Smiling. Exercising. Running. Endorsing. Stretching. Posing. Laughing. Posting. Posting. Posting. The CUTS come FASTER and FASTER. It's dizzying. Intense. CUT TO:

**THE STORE WORKOUT SESSION--**

Emma is running and punching. Her arms and legs a blur. Her eyes focused. Sweat flying. Everyone copies her.

EMMA

Keep going. You can do it. Believe it! Knees up high. Punch punch punch. Five four three two one and stop!

Everyone stops. Exhausted. Close on Emma. Fixed smile. Breathing hard. Sweat glistening. She shouts WOOOOOO! Like a victory war cry. Her grin never wavers. CUT TO:

**EXTREMELY CLOSE ON EMMA STARING AT US FROM THE LAPTOP--**

EMMA

So. Do you believe?

**BLACK.**

Then. In bold text:

**" S W E A T "**

"HEADS WILL ROLL" ends. Silence. The TITLE fades. CUT TO:

**BACK IN THE STORE--**

The crowd is catching their breath. Stretching. Buzzing. Chatting. Emma is by a Sponsor-logo backdrop. A queue of FANS jostle close to take a selfie with her.

FAN 1

Oh my God. I love you. I believe. I do! You've helped me so much.

EMMA

That makes me so happy, my Lovely.

They hug. Take a selfie. We JUMP CUT between fans--

FAN 2

You're so beautiful! I wish I was as beautiful as you!!!

EMMA

Oh but you are beautiful! Believe it!

JUMP CUTS: Selfie. Hug. Selfie. Hug. Selfie. Laugh. Blow a kiss. Selfie. Smile. Smile. Smile. We see Julia watching all this from the sidelines, excited. Julia takes a selfie with the crowd behind her. Posts it. CUT TO:

**EXT. STORE "BACKSTAGE AREA" - DAY**

Emma walks down a corridor, followed by her Back-up Girls, including Julia, who is still all smiles. They carry sports bags. Emma stretches as she walks. Her grin now gone.

JULIA

Holy shit. That was amazing. You were AMAZING. You see the reaction? They loved you, Em.

Julia hugs Emma. Emma side-hugs back.

EMMA

Aah thanks so much, hon.

JULIA  
People are posting like crazy about  
it. Look!

Julia waves her phone. Emma glances over. Smiles.

JULIA  
I'm in total awe of you. You know,  
I'd love to pick your brains  
sometime. Get some pointers.

Emma looks to Julia, who is doe-eyed.

EMMA  
Of course hon. Just say when.

JULIA  
Actually. We're going for a drink  
right now, if...

EMMA  
(screws up her face)  
Yeah. I'm kinda exhausted.

JULIA  
Oh. Okay. Sure. Rain check. Smile...

Julia raises the camera and takes a selfie with Emma next to her and the other Girl in the background. Emma is irritated.

EMMA  
Julia! I wasn't ready. Delete it.

A stand off. Emma stares at Julia. Julia blinks first.

JULIA  
Yeah. Yeah of course. Sorry.

EMMA  
Delete it from the trash too.

Julia clicks. Done. She raises her phone to take another.

JULIA  
Now. Just tell me when you're ready.

EMMA  
(waves phone away)  
Fuck, Julia. Give me a break, huh?  
(to them both)  
Okay. Thanks both. Good session.

And Emma gets to an exit door and leaves. Julia looks at the other Back-up, a bit embarrassed.

**EXT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK**

Emma parks her car. Gets out, carrying a sports bag. She heads to the building. As she goes, another car pulls in and parks behind her. She doesn't notice.

Emma's phone rings. She sees it's her Mom. She answers it.

EMMA

Hi Mom. Uh. Uh yeah. No, I was working... A meet and greet and workout session... No. No it was in a sports store... their flagship store... Yes I got paid. My sponsors paid for-- It was actually a pretty big deal, So... Mom... Mom... I do make money... Okay... I know and I'll pay you back for that, but... Listen Mom I gotta go. Yeah me too. Bye.

Emma heads in the front doors. We see her go inside from the POV of the driver in the car that pulled in after. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Large. Minimalist. Emma comes in carrying mail and a package. Dumps her sports bag. Puts some OVERDUE bills unopened on the counter. She opens the package, takes out a new book: "LOOK. FEEL. LIVE." by KAT HIGHBROOK.

Kat is on the cover: She is 35. An A-List celebrity. Striking beauty. Perfect hair. Emma flips through the book: Recipes; Workouts; glossy photos. Emma sniffs the book. Smiles. She puts it on a shelf next to two other Kat Highbrook books.

Emma takes out her phone. She picks up a branded water bottle from the kitchen counter. She turns the bottle's logo forward. Smiles. Takes a selfie. Then her smile vanishes. She writes "*Still buzzing from an AMAZING session. Remember to rehydrate my Lovelies! #Believe!*". She posts it.

Her door entry phone RINGS. She answers it.

EMMA

Hello? Uh yeah. Third floor.

JUMP TO: She opens her door to a Courier. Emma signs for packages. Rips them open. Inside is NEW SPORTSWEAR: Yoga pants. Sneakers. Tops. All the same obscure brand she's already wearing. She holds some against herself.

She turns to the floor-to-ceiling windows. It's dark out, so the windows are like mirrors. She looks at her reflection...

**FROM OUTSIDE--**

We see the POV of someone watching Emma from INSIDE A CAR in the parking lot below. Emma is posing, looking at herself in the window reflection. She moves away. CUT TO:

**A PHONE SCREEN--**

Instagram. We see new POSTS from fans of selfies with Emma at the store event. In the photos Emma is all smiles....

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Emma is sitting on the toilet, peeing, scrolling. She writes replies to the comments. Thumbs moving at lightning speed as she types. Posts. Types. Posts. She likes a bunch of them, then goes to her own feed. Sees comments. Starts replying to them. Fast. Automatic. All business. Enthusiastic words. Heart emojis.

Then she thinks. Types "KAT HIGHBROOK" into the search bar. Finds Kat's Instagram feed. An absolutely A-1 IG game: 22.2M followers. Thirst pics. Book launch. Awards ceremonies. Selfies with celebrities. Cosmetics endorsements. Nike endorsements. A Forbes front cover of Kat with the headline: "20 Million Followers. A \$50 Million Empire."

Emma looks at Kat's world with wonder. Jealousy. She clicks the top photo of Kat's feed. A thirst pic. Nike short-shorts. Nike gym bra top. Low camera. Ass in the center of frame. "Love these new shorts!!". Emma stares at it. She likes the post. Comments: "Love them too!". Posts. Then she grabs some toilet paper. Wipes. CUT TO:

**AN INSTAGRAM VIDEO CLIP (MORNING)--**

Emma is smiling at us. The kitchen behind her is tidy. Stage managed. She talks fast. Perky. She is by a blender.

EMMA

Good morning Lovelies! Breakfast smoothie time! Now some people say to never use banana. But I'm a banana girl! Okay. Some cashew butter. Soy milk. Collagen. And most importantly: Proteeeeeen.

She holds up an EarthMaxx protein powder tub.

EMMA

Believe me. EarthMaxx is just the best. Vegan. Organic. No nasties. I'm using three scoops. Here we go. Warning. It's gonna get loud!!

She grins as she blends the mixture. Then she pours it into a glass. Then takes a big gulp of it.

EMMA

Oh my god. Mmm! So good!!

She drinks more. Winks and turns off the camera. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

She puts the glass of smoothie down. Her smile vanishes. She takes her phone off its cradle. We see a ring light behind it. A microphone connected. A whole self-filming set-up.

She pours the smoothie down the sink. Starts to watch the video back. Super serious. CUT TO:

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - MORNING**

Emma, in her branded sportswear, is on a run. Headphones in. Music loud. In the zone. Overtaking other joggers. She runs past BILLBOARDS advertising Kat Highbrook's book.

Then she sees a MAN (30s, heavy, beard) looking at his phone. He glances up at her. Pans the phone with her. He is filming her. Emma double takes, frowns at him. But then some Skaters zoom past and she loses sight of the Man. When she looks back, he is gone. She keeps running.

**MOMENTS LATER--**

Emma runs to a stop. Swigs water. Stretches. Catches her breath. She takes her phone and does a BIG SMILE selfie in front of the ocean: "*Morning run by the Pacific!* #BelieveToAchieve". She posts. CUT TO:

**EXT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Emma's car pulls up. Emma gets out. She heads towards the building. But then she notices that someone is sitting in a car in the lot. Watching her. It is the man from before. The one who was filming her at the beach. This is TRENT.

Emma stops dead and looks at him. He just stares right back. Tentatively, she inches towards the car. And she sees--

He is masturbating. Staring at her. She looks away.

EMMA

Oh my fucking god...

She turns. Hurries to the door of her building. But then she stops. Looks back. Pissed off. He's still masturbating. She grunts in anger. Then walks towards the car. Striding fast. Taking photos of his license plate.

EMMA

Hey! You! Yes, you!

The Guy is startled. He stops masturbating. Flustered, he fumbles for the ignition. Emma reaches in her hand bag.

EMMA

Fucking pervert!

She gets to his car. Opens his door and sprays PEPPER SPRAY into his face. Half a can.

TRENT

Aaaaarrggh!!!

EMMA

Fuck you. Keep the fuck away from me!! You sick fuck.

She pepper sprays his exposed dick too. He YOWLS in pain.

TRENT

Oh Fuck! Fuck! Jesus Christ!!

Panicking, blind, he speeds the car out of the lot, side swiping a wall on his way out. She watches him go. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Emma comes in. Shaken by what just happened. She sits down at her kitchen counter. She goes to her own IG feed on her phone. Looks at the photos of herself. The one she took whilst out running.

She zooms in on it and sees in the background: TRENT. He's blurry, but it's definitely him.

EMMA

Fucker...

She looks back through other pictures. From the Sports Store workout session. She zooms in. Sees him in the background in a few. She is getting freaked out. She takes a breath.

She clicks on her FOLLOWERS. Scrolls. Looking at avatars. Hundreds of them. Her eyes dart as she looks. Then she sees an avatar that looks like Trent. She clicks on it. Sees his feed. Not many posts. Mostly of Emma from a distance. A selfie at the Sports Store event with Emma behind him. Of Emma at the window of her apartment with the new clothes.

EMMA

Oh my God...

She hurries to her door. Bolts it. Thinks. CUT TO:

**GUNS.**

In rows. We drift across them. Over this we hear...

PODCAST HOST

Today we're thrilled to welcome  
influencer and best-selling author  
Kat Highbrook to the show. Hi Kat...

We're in...

**INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY**

Emma is looking at the guns. All shapes and sizes. She has her earbuds in, listening to the podcast.

KAT HIGHBROOK (OVER EARBUDS)

Hi Fiona. Pleasure to be here.

PODCAST HOST (OVER EARBUDS)

Kat, your third book just came out  
this week. The first two went right  
to the top of the bestseller lists.  
You think this one will do the same?

Emma stop. Stares at a golden HANDGUN behind the glass.

KAT HIGHBROOK (OVER EARBUDS)

Well I don't know! That would be  
wonderful.

Emma looks at the GUN DEPARTMENT GUY and points at the gun.

EMMA

Can I see that one?

He comes over. Unlocks the case.

PODCAST HOST (OVER EARBUDS)  
And how is the book different from  
your online content?

The Gun Guy takes the gold gun out. Checks it. Hands it to Emma. She weighs it in her hand.

KAT HIGHBROOK (OVER EARBUDS)  
The book just goes deeper. Social  
media is great, but it only allows  
for little tastes. But in the books,  
it's more like a full meal...

Emma is in love with this gun. She silences her earbuds.

EMMA  
I'll take it.

The Guy nods. CUT TO:

**INT. EXPENSIVE HEALTHY BRUNCH RESTAURANT - DAY**

Emma sits at a table on the terrace. A MAN IN A SUIT heads towards her. This is CRISPIN (30s). Tidy hair. Chunky watch. A nerd in shark's clothing. Emma stands. They hug.

CRISPIN  
Emma! Fuck me, you're even more  
beautiful IRL. You ordered?

EMMA  
No, I just got here.

They sit down. He waves at a waitress.

CRISPIN  
Oat flat white for me please. And...

EMMA  
Green tea. Thanks.

The waitress moves off.

CRISPIN  
So. Emma. Em. I'm so fucking stoked  
you decided to sign with us.

EMMA  
Me too. My last manager wasn't quite  
getting me to where I want to be.

CRISPIN

I totally fucking agree. I mean, your endorsements are great. But I think we can get some more A-1 brands excited to work with you. I'm thinking Nike. Adidas.

EMMA

I'd love to work with Nike or Adidas.

CRISPIN

And how'd you feel about widening your bracket from just health and fitness? Dip deeper into the beauty and lifestyle areas too? Maximize the eyes on you. And get those fashion, cosmetic brands knocking down your door. Make some real money.

EMMA

Sounds great!

The drinks arrive. He smiles at the waitress.

EMMA

You know, a big reason I wanted to work with you is because of what you did with Kat Highbrook.

He nods. Smiles. Gulps his coffee.

EMMA

Or is that a sore topic?

CRISPIN

Because she moved on? No. I love Kat. But she has her own needs.

EMMA

I'd fucking kill to have her endorsements. Her numbers.

CRISPIN

We can get you there.  
(he smiles)

"Believe and you will achieve".

EMMA

Ha. Right. So, I saw that Kat's gonna be at Creator Push. Can you get me in there too?

CRISPIN

Creator Push? Sure. Maybe next year.

EMMA  
What about this year?

CRISPIN  
It's two weeks away, Emma.

EMMA  
Crispin. I signed with you because you told me you're a disrupter. You said that you're a rocket ship. Or were you just bullshitting me? I want to be on the line-up for Creator Push. This year.

Crispin is taken aback. But then smiles.

CRISPIN  
Oh, you're crazy. I love it. Creator Push. Okay. Fuck it. In at the deep end. Why not? Believe, right?

She smiles back. Sips her tea. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S CAR - DRIVING**

Emma drives. The phone is hooked up to the car's speakers. We can hear the RINGING TONE. The phone's screen tells us Emma is calling "PAULINE (MANAGER)".

PAULINE (OVER SPEAKERS)  
Emma honey! I'm on the other line, can I get back to you in two minutes?

EMMA  
Uh, Pauline, this won't take a second. I just called to tell you that I've signed with a new manager. Crispin Pierson. You've been great for this part of my career. But I need to move up.

PAULINE (OVER SPEAKERS)  
I don't understand. I just got you the Heimler kettle weights deal.

EMMA  
I wanted you to hear it from me.

PAULINE (OVER SPEAKERS)  
If you were unhappy why didn't you--

EMMA

I'm not unhappy. I just need more. I just need more than you. Bye Pauline. And thanks.

PAULINE (OVER SPEAKERS)

Emma. Wait. I--

Emma hangs up. Keeps driving. Smiling. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Emma is in underwear and a crop t-shirt. She puts her hair in a pony tail. Adjusts her make up. Looks in the mirror.

She sets the phone camera timer. Puts the phone on a chair. Points her ass at the phone. It takes multiple photos as she poses. Emma checks the photos. Swipes. Deletes most. But she stops on one. It looks pretty good.

**AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER--**

She has the ass-shot photo on her laptop screen. She uses Photoshop to smooth the skin on her ass in the photo. She eats forkfuls of an unappetizing meal from a cardboard box marked "TUESDAY 3RD MEAL". She sips tea from a mug that has "If in doubt, POST!" written on it. CUT TO:

**IN THE BEDROOM --**

Emma is in bed on her phone. Writing a post for the ass-pic in IG. "Felt cute. Might delete later". She deletes it. Types: "...10,000 squats later!". Looks. Deletes. Types: "Just being the me I wanna be! #Fitness #FCMDL #Believe". She stares at it. Hits POST. It goes.

She waits. Refreshes. Refreshes. Comments roll in: "OMFG!", "Sexy AF", "YES. SLAY ME QUEEN!", "I wish I had that ass!".

Emma smiles to herself. Puts her phone on her night stand next to a FRAMED PHOTO of herself as a kid (10) with her Mom (fat) and Dad (thin). Kid Emma is chubby with glasses.

Emma turns off the light. Her phone stays lit up. Keeps buzzing with notifications. Emma stares at it for a moment. Then closes her eyes. It continues to buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz Lulling her to sleep. We move closer on the phone...

We see a comment come in from Trent's profile: "I am coming". But as more and more comments come in, his gets pushed down, down, down into obscurity. CUT TO:

**INT. JUICE CAFE - DAY**

Emma and Julia are at a table together.

JULIA

Again. Thanks so much for doing this. You're such a pro. I just want to learn all I can.

EMMA

Oh. Thanks Hon. That's so sweet. Always happy to help a friend. So what do you want to know?

JULIA

Gosh. Everything!? How you ended up doing this? What's your story?

Emma thinks about that. But then gives a stock answer.

EMMA

No story really. I just want to help people be the best they can be.

Smoothies arrive. Julia sucks on hers. Emma ignores hers. Julia talks fast. Excited.

JULIA

Oh man, I so needed that help! Cos I felt like I was drowning. When I went to college I frickin' ballooned. Like boom. Twenty pounds. Just like that. And people definitely noticed. And I hated myself. Like hated myself. I kinda spiraled and ended up dropping out. It was a total nightmare.

(laughs)

But then I stumbled across fitness TikTok and Insta. And it was like, hello! Wake up call! You know?

She giggles. Emma watches Julia. Quietly judging her. Looking at her arms. Her chewed fingernails. A flesh roll poking slightly over her yoga pants.

JULIA

So I started eating right. Hitting the Gym every day. I lost the weight. And I got hooked. It became my life. My whole life. Y'know? And then you came up to me after that HIIT session and just changed everything. Like frickin' kaboom!

(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)

(laughs)

And it sounds, whatever, but you really did make me believe. Because if you picked me out. If you thought I had something. Then I knew I had to go for it. And make that content...

(gulps drink)

And I love it so much. I'm on everything. Insta. TikTok. Twitch. But I... I feel stuck. I can't my follower count up over ten thousand. You seen my posts?

Emma shakes her head no. Julia's wounded, but covers.

JULIA

No. Of course not. But here. Look... Tell me what you think. Be honest.

Julia brings up her feed. Emma takes her phone. Scrolls.

EMMA

Okay. Yeah. You look good. You move well - but that's why I hired you. But... I dunno. What's special? What separates you from millions of other people online...

(scrolls Julia's feed)

Wow. There's a lot of pictures of me on here.

JULIA

(caught)

Well. Of course. I work with you.

Emma sees that the photo she told Emma to delete is on her feed. Julia notices her see it. A moment between them.

EMMA

You know. If you want more followers. More income, you could try Only Fans.

They lock eyes. Julia shifts in her chair.

EMMA

There's no shame in it. Only Fans is totally respectable now.

JULIA

I see myself as more mainstream.

EMMA

With just seven thousand followers?

JULIA  
Pauline thinks I could be mainstream.

EMMA  
Pauline?

JULIA  
Your manager Pauline. She said I had a good look.

EMMA  
(irritated)  
Pauline's not my manager any more. I moved to someone a little higher on the food chain.

Julia suddenly notices something behind Emma and frowns.

JULIA  
There's a guy over there staring at us.

Emma turns. Trent is across the restaurant. Watching them.

EMMA  
Oh fuck.

JULIA  
You know him?

EMMA  
Yeah. No. I think he's stalking me.

Julia is not sure whether to be shocked or jealous.

EMMA  
I caught him jerking off in his car outside my building.

JULIA  
What? Did you call the police?

EMMA  
(scoffs)  
Like they'll be any help. No. I bought a gun. Let's get out of here.

She waves for the check. Julia eyes Trent uneasily. CUT TO:

**EXT. PUBLIC CAR GARAGE - DAY**

Julia opens her car door. They are looking around. No Trent.

JULIA

Thanks so much. You gonna be okay?

EMMA

I'm a big girl. I'll be fine.

They lightly hug. Julia gets in her car and drives. Emma heads to her car. She hears FOOTSTEPS from somewhere nearby. Sneakers squeaking on the blacktop. Emma looks around. Can't see anyone. Nervous, she quickens her step.

She gets to her car. Emma digs for her keys. Panicking. The keys fall to the floor. She crouches to pick them up.

The SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS echo louder. She looks around. Sees TRENT walking down the row of cars across the garage. There. Gone again. There. Staring at her.

Emma grabs the keys. Then reaches in her bag and takes out the gun. Aims it at him shakily. He stops.

EMMA

Leave me alone! I'm warning you! If I see you following me, or filming me, or jerking off at me again, I'll shoot you. Understand? I'll fucking shoot you!!!

Emma gets in her car. Fires the ignition. Speeds off fast.

**INT. EMMA'S CAR - DAY**

Emma drives. Shaking. Scared. Angry. Wiping her eyes.

EMMA

FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!

In her rearview, she sees Trent being left behind. The gun sits on the passenger seat. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma comes in. Locks the door. Rushes to the bathroom. She drops her phone to the floor and throws up in the toilet. When she's done, she catches her breath. Breathes.

EMMA

Fuck.

She is shaken. The emotion is coming out. She wipes tears. We push in on her. She seems very alone. Scared. Then--

Her phone vibrates. Emma looks down at it on the tile. We ZOOM slowly onto the phone screen. It's an Instagram notification. We recognize the avatar: Kat Highbrook.

Emma stares at it. Her mind processing it. Then she scurries to her phone. Grabs it, looking at her phone with quivering hands. She sees...

"NEW COMMENT FROM KAT HIGHBROOK" She clicks on it. It is in response to the ass photo Emma took. Kat has liked it and written "Too cute. Don't delete!" And a heart emoji. Emma's pulse begins to race. Her mouth is dry. Then-- BZZZZT. Another notification: "KATHIGHBROOK is now following you".

EMMA

Oh fuck...

She dry swallows. Clicks the notification. She sees her follower list. Kat is at the top. Emma starts to smile.

EMMA

Oh my God...

She clicks on Kat's avatar. Kat's feed opens. Emma stares at the photo of Kat at the top of her feed - looking perfect. Emma's face breaks into a huge genuine grin.

EMMA

OH MY GOD!!!

She shakes with excitement. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Emma is pacing. Excited. Her phone to her ear.

EMMA

Mom. Mom listen... Mom listen.  
Something amazing has happened. Kat Highbrook just followed me... Yes, that one. The Kat Highbrook... No. Online. She followed me.... She followed me. That means she knows who I am.... Mom. Just be happy for me. This is the best thing that's ever happened to me in my life!!!

MUSIC STARTS. Upbeat. Propulsive. On Emma, elated. CUT TO:

**EXT. DRONE SHOT OVER LOS ANGELES - MORNING**

The low sun makes the windows of Century City sparkle.

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER / PARKING LOT - DAY**

Crowds arrive for the "CREATOR PUSH" event. Mostly young. Mostly women. They excitedly take selfies and post.

Emma's walks up to the building pulling a small suitcase. She stops and looks up at the sign. Then takes a selfie, smiling, the sign in the background. CUT TO:

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - LOBBY - DAY**

Emma walks in. Heads to the Talent Check-In Desk. Smiles.

EMMA

Hi, I'm--

CHECK IN WOMAN

Emma Kent. I know. Welcome.

Emma likes that. The Woman flips through lanyards. Finds Emma's. Emma sees a POSTER showing the line up. At the top in the MAIN HALL is Kat Highbrook. Emma traces her finger down to the ACCELERATOR HALL. There's a small picture of Emma there. She smiles. CUT TO:

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER - ACCELERATOR HALL - DAY**

We move across tubs of protein powder, a rack of t-shirts that say "My Lovely!" and "Believe to Achieve!" on them. We come to a SMALL STAGE. Emma is mid exercise routine. With Julia and another Backup. Emma has a headset on. All smiles.

EMMA

Do you believe my Lovelies? Show me you believe!!

A few people follow along with her routine. Others film her. We BOOM up to see there are other stages in the room. Other Influencers giving talks. Endorsing products etc. In between are stalls and booths. Like a trade show. CUT TO:

**LATER. BEHIND EMMA'S STAGE--**

Emma hugs goodbye to Julia and the other Backup.

EMMA

Thanks. You both take care.

JULIA

Hey. Want me to stick around, Em? We can hang out. Explore a little.

EMMA

No. That's so nice of you to offer.  
But I gotta do work. You go.  
(fake smile)  
Thanks both. Love you.

Julia smiles, disappointed. She and the other Back-up shoulder their bags, walk away. Crispin comes over to Emma with a shaggy haired man. This is LESTER (22).

CRISPIN

Yo, Emma. That was amazing. They fucking loved you. Here. I want you to meet Lester. Another client.

EMMA

Oh. Hey. Cool. What's your thing?

LESTER

Comedy. Pranks. Being a dumbass.

CRISPIN

Nearly four Million subscribers.

EMMA

Fuck. Nice.

Julia looks back at Emma and Lester talking as she leaves. Her eyes on Crispin.

CRISPIN

(to Lester)

Emma's going to be the next Kat Highbrook. Take some pics together. Intermingle. Get something happening.

Lester keeps looking at Emma's breasts. Not even subtle.

LESTER

I'm not much of a fitness guy. But those yoga pants look hot as fuck on you.

She smiles tightly. They take some selfies.

LESTER

Wanna hang out after? Get a drink?

She doesn't. But she sees Crispin nod at her.

EMMA

Sure. Sounds good.

LESTER  
 Fuck yeah. I'll get your deets off  
 Crispy. Hit you up.

Lester gives her a bear hug. Holds on too long. Then leaves.

CRISPIN  
 I just got him a deal with Apple.  
 He'd be a good ally for you. There's  
 a lot of eyes on him right now.

EMMA  
 You saying I should fuck him?

Crispin looks at her. What? She eyeballs him back.

EMMA  
 Just so we're clear.

CRISPIN  
 (he laughs)  
 My God. Okay. Listen. No. I am not  
 suggesting that. I mean, fuck him if  
 you want. Don't fuck him if you  
 don't. But if you can get on his  
 feed. Get in his stories. Be in his  
 orbit a little, some of his gravity  
 will rub off on you. And you'll start  
 pulling numbers in faster. Yeah?  
 (off her nod)  
 Now go mingle. Meet some people. This  
 is social media. Be social.

He waves at someone and goes off to network. CUT TO:

**MONTAGE. EMMA EXPLORING "CREATOR PUSH" --**

We see Emma wandering around. Meeting fans. Taking selfies.  
 She gets a free smoothie. Watches someone on a stage. Takes  
 selfies with the person she watched on stage.

Emma stops by a poster advertising Kat Highbrook's event in  
 the main hall. She stares at it. CUT TO:

**THE MAIN HALL--**

A bigger, seated ARENA. Emma shows her lanyard. Comes  
 inside. There are posters of Kat everywhere. Mostly ads for  
 a MAC cosmetics line that Kat is the face of.

Emma sits in the VIP section as the lights go down. Emma  
 bristles with expectation. Suddenly music kicks in LOUD.

Lights flash. A troop of MEN AND WOMEN launch into a choreographed work-out/dance on stage. The music builds. Then the dancers pull apart to reveal Kat Highbrook.

Emma stares at her hero. Overwhelmed. In awe.

Kat and the Dancers go into a choreographed routine. The crowd goes insane. Emma looks at the audience. At the excitement. The worship. The bliss.

KAT Highbrook

Well. Hello there Creator Push! You feel like having some fun? You feel like feeling alive?!!

SCREAMS.

KAT Highbrook

Well. Come on people. Get your butts out of your seats. And let's go!

Music gets loud. People stand and copy Kat's moves as she and the other Dancers do lunges. Emma watches wide eyed. In rapture. Suddenly we jolt into SLOW MOTION:

The strobing light pulses. The fans move like a wave in the flickering dark. We MONTAGE Kat's show: Kat and her team work with resistance bands. Barbells. Kat throws MERCH to the crowd. Smiling. Laughing. Sweating. Emma watches. Inspired. A religious experience. CUT TO:

**AN HOUR LATER--**

The house lights are on. The stage is empty. The still-buzzing crowd scrums at the MERCH stall. Emma watches people excitedly buying KH logo brand towels and gym-wear. She's feeding off their excitement. Then, through the crowd, she glimpses someone who looks like--

Trent.

Just for a second before he's lost in the crowd. Emma's pulse starts to race. She moves. Eyes searching. The crowd jostles her. She gets a better sight-line...

It's definitely Trent. Staring at her from across the room. Wearing a "My Lovely!" t-shirt from Emma's stall. He starts coming towards her. Emma backs away through the crowd. Fast. Pushing past people. Panicking. She runs out of the room.

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER. CORRIDORS - DAY**

Emma rushes down the corridor. A fan sees her and smiles.

CORRIDOR FAN

You're Emma Kent! Ohmigod!! I love you! I'm a believer! Can I --

But Emma doesn't stop. She looks back, scared. Sees Trent come out of the main hall doors. He sees her. Follows her. His sneakers squeak on the floor. Emma sees the "VIP AREA". She heads towards it. Fast. A LARGE BOUNCER gate-keeps.

LARGE BOUNCER

Woah. This is for the talent only.

She spins her lanyard. Shows it to him. He stands aside. She goes past. Glancing back at Trent still following her. Emma sees the VIP BATHROOMS ahead. She heads towards them...

**INT. LADIES VIP BATHROOM - DAY**

Emma comes in. Rushes into a cubicle. Locks the door. Takes out her phone. Hands shaky. Starts to text CRISPIN when--

BANG. The door to the Bathroom opens and someone comes in. Emma jumps. Scared. She drops her phone. It clatters on the tile. She snatches it back up.

She hears the person pace around. Their sneakers SQUEAK on the tile floor. A shadow moves past under the stall door. Emma is terrified. Her heart is pounding. Trembling, she searches in her bag and quietly pulls out... her gun.

She holds it shakily. And reaches for the lock on the stall. She takes a deep breath. Pulls the lock back silently. Her pulse racing, she braces herself...

BAM. She slams the stall door open. Aiming the gun. Scared.

But Trent isn't there. There's just a woman at the sinks splashing water on her face. Emma frowns. Then her eyes go wide. Because it's Kat Highbrook.

EMMA

(smallest whisper)

Oh my God...

Kat turns at the sound. Emma quickly hides the gun behind her back. And forces a weird smile. Kat frowns. Turns back to washing her hands.

Emma just stares at Kat. Breathing. Unsure what to do. But then she takes a deep breath. Nods to herself. She hides the gun back in her bag. And psyches herself up.

Emma walks over to the sinks. Washes her hands next to Kat. She catches Kat's eye in the mirror. Emma smiles her fake smile. Kat smiles back. Politely.

EMMA

I... I saw your show. It was amazing.

KAT Highbrook

Oh yeah? Thanks, hon.

Kat dries her hands. Emma summons up the nerve to say--

EMMA

Can I just say... It's so weird to meet you like this. Because you just liked my post. On Insta, a photo I posted. And you followed me. I know that's not such a big thing. But I know you very rarely just like random posts. Or follow new people. So...

Kat frowns. Emma is on a roll. She can't help herself.

EMMA

So I... I just wanted to say how much that meant to me. That it really made me feel seen. Validated. Knowing you responded to something I made. It gives me faith.

(can't stop herself)

You know, I would love to do a collab sometime. I have a ton of ideas.

KAT Highbrook

A collab..?

EMMA

Absolutely. Maybe Crispin can help arrange something. He reps me. And I know you two go back, so--

KAT Highbrook

(smiles politely)

Y'know, hon. I have a meet and greet I'm already late for, so...

EMMA

Yeah yeah. Sorry. Of course.

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)  
 (takes out phone)  
 Before you go. Do you mind? I'd love  
 to I get a photo with you...

KAT Highbrook  
 In the ladies room?

EMMA  
 Oh. Right. Maybe we can step outside.

KAT Highbrook  
 Know what? Here's fine. But let's use  
 my phone. Okay?

EMMA  
 (excited)  
 You're gonna post it?

KAT Highbrook  
 (big smile)  
 Of course.

Kat raises her phone. They pose. Kat takes the picture.

KAT Highbrook  
 Well. Bye then.

Kat moves to go. Emma, on instinct grabs Kat's wrist.

EMMA  
 No wait.

They lock eyes. Kat looks at Emma. Unnerved.

EMMA  
 Don't go yet. I... I just...

KAT Highbrook  
 Uh. Hon...

Emma now realizes what she's doing and lets go. Laughs.

EMMA  
 Sorry. I, er... It's just so fucking  
 amazing to meet you.

Awkward beat. Emma hugs her. Kat is not into it.

KAT Highbrook  
 Okay then. You take care.

And Kat leaves. Emma is left alone. She looks in the mirror.  
 Overwhelmed. Processing. Then... TING. A text from Crispin:  
 "Where are you? Meet and Greet started 5 mins ago!"

EMMA

Oh shit.

She rushes out of the room.

**IN THE ACCELERATOR HALL--**

Emma rushes over to her stand. Crispin is waiting. Frustrated. There is a medium sized queue. Crispin whispers.

CRISPIN

Where've you been?

EMMA

Sorry. But... Something amazing just happened. Tell you later.

She looks up at the first person in the queue. Smiles. Genuinely happy. It's a totally different smile.

EMMA

Hi, my Lovely. So nice to meet you!

**LATER--**

The queue has gone. Emma packs up leftover Merch. She opens her phone. Checks Kat's feed. Sees photos and videos of Kat's show. Of the fans queuing etc. But no picture of Emma.

EMMA

(whispers, excited)

C'mon. Post the picture already...

She refreshes. Refreshes. Then a new post appears: An Instagram Live video of Kat backstage at the convention. Emma clicks on it. Kat is talking to camera.

KAT Highbrook (ON PHONE VIDEO)

...Creator Push over for another year! Oh my God. What an awesome day!

(beat)

As promised, I have time for a quick AMA. Message me your questions. Okay. I have one here from TonyM. Hey Tony. Tony asks whether I ate any good food at Creator Push. Well Tony, I had some amazing jackfruit tacos with some very spicy hot sauce. Kinda naughty, but very delicious! Okay next question is from Gizmo99. "What was the weirdest thing that happened at Creator Push?". I don't know.

Hmmm.

(MORE)

KAT Highbrook (ON PHONE VIDEO) (cont'd)  
 Y'know actually, something odd did happen. A random woman accosted me in the VIP bathroom and started seriously fangirling at me. And as I tried to leave, she grabbed my arm and literally would not let me go.

EMMA

Oh no...

KAT Highbrook (ON PHONE VIDEO)  
 And that's not the worst part. Because then she hugged me. Full body to body. Zero consent. And she was talking about doing a..  
 (finger quotes)  
 "Collab" together. It was so bizarre, And honestly kinda scary. I had no idea who the hell she was. However... I have since done some detective work and I found her name...

Emma's eyes widen. Her world imploding fast.

EMMA

No. No no no no no no no...

KAT Highbrook

I looked at her posts. And I'm not saying this girl has made a whole career copying what I do, but she has been paying close attention to my feed if you know what I'm saying. Sorry to be a bitch, but I cannot abide people who steal content...  
 (looks, laughs)

Wow, look at these comments. You guys really want to know her name!

VOICE ON THE VIDEO (O.S.)

Kat! They're waiting!

Kat looks off camera. Waves.

KAT Highbrook

Ugh. Sorry. Gotta go do a thing. But I promise I'll be back later and tell you everything....

(blows a kiss)

Love you all. Love you Creator Push!

Kat ends the video. Emma stares at her phone. Sees comments:  
 "OMG!"

*That's NOT Okay #Trauma", "She sounds like a FREAK!", "Who is she??", "Boundaries much?!", "I want a name!", "Rise up K-Hive. Time to teach this fangirl a lesson!"*

EMMA

Oh fuck. Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck.

The panic comes fast. We push in on her. The world seems to spin around her. She looks around, for help, for something. But all she sees are people looking at their phones.

She hurries off. Towards the MAIN HALL. It's empty. Fuck. Emma doubles back. Runs through hallways. To the VIP area. She shows her lanyard. Searches around. The cafe. The lounge. No dice. She sees a Security Guy.

EMMA

Hey. Is Kat here? I, er... I really need to talk to her. It's an emergency.

SECURITY GUY

Kat Highbrook? She left about five minutes ago.

He points towards the VIP exit. Emma heads through it--

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Emma looks around. Can't see Kat. Her world is falling apart. Everything she's worked for, slipping away...

EMMA

Please no. Fuck no....

She's desperate. But then Emma sees Kat get into a RED SPORTS CAR across the lot. Emma runs towards the car. But the Red car is already moving to the exit. What now..?

EMMA

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. Okay.

Emma rushes to her own car at the far end of the lot. She jumps in. Tears out fast. Goes after the Kat's car--

**INT. / EXT. EMMA'S CAR - DAY**

Emma drives fast. Searching the traffic for Kat's car. She sees it. Up ahead, taking a right at an intersection. Emma races to catch up.

EMMA  
Believe.... Believe... Believe...

She keeps following Kat's car. CUT TO:

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - SUNSET**

The sun is low. Kat's car zooms up the coast. Emma's car follows. Kat turns towards Topanga. Emma turns too. CUT TO:

**EXT. TOPANGA CANYON BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

Emma follows Kat's tail-lights as they twist and turn in and out of vision ahead on the serpentine road.

**EXT. KAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Kat's car pulls into a driveway. An automatic gate slides open. The car goes in. The gate begins to close again. Behind, Emma's car pull up to the side of the road.

**INT / EXT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Emma watches the gate finish closing. She thinks. Then pulls the car forward. Mounts the grass siding. She gets the car close to the wall of Kat's property. Parks. Gets out. Looks all around. And she climbs onto the hood, then the roof of her car. She looks over the wall...

**EXT. KAT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Emma looks at Kat's house. Lights come on inside. Through the kitchen window, Emma sees Kat looking at her phone inside. Emma climbs onto the wall. Jumps down the other side. And heads to the house...

BZZZ. Her phone. A message. She looks at it: "*Yo Emma. It's Lester. We met today. Hows it going girl?*" She stares at it. BZZZ. Another message: "*Wanna hang out?*".

BZZZ: A photo of Lester holding champagne in a bar. BZZZ: "*What happens at Creator Push stays at Creator Push!! (drunk wink emoji)*" BZZZ: Emma's ass photo from IG. BZZZ: "*DAMN Your so fucking hot (3 fire emojis, 3 eggplant emojis)*"

Emma pockets the phone. She looks up at Kat's house. She heads to the front door. She pauses. Figuring out what to say. Then rings the doorbell. She waits. Then--

The door opens a crack. The security chain is on. And Kat peers out. She sees Emma and is horrified. Emma smiles.

KAT Highbrook

Oh my fucking god.

EMMA

Hey. Can we talk?

KAT Highbrook

Jesus Christ. No.

Kat closes the door. Emma, desperate, puts her hand on the door to keep it open.

EMMA

Please. Please don't post about me.

KAT Highbrook

For fuck's sake. It's simple. Don't be creepy in a VIP area. Don't bring your fangirl shit into a safe space. Don't follow people home!

EMMA

I know. I'm sorry. I lost myself for a moment. I just thought--

KAT Highbrook

What?! What did you think??

EMMA

That because you followed me. You commented on my post. I thought...

KAT Highbrook

Oh my god!! I don't even know who the fuck you are! I only did that because Crispin asked me to boost you.

EMMA

(horror)

What?

KAT Highbrook

He practically fucking begged me. And since I felt sorta guilty about dropping him after everything, I thought why not? Who cares. Follow some nobody nobody knows. But that was a big fucking mistake wasn't it?

Emma's pulse is racing. She's trying to be calm.

EMMA

Please. Please don't post about me.  
Please don't finish that story.

Kat's patience has gone. Replaced by fomenting anger.

KAT Highbrook

See. This is why they say you should be careful what you wish for. Because your biggest wish is gonna come true, fangirl. You're finally gonna be internet famous.

EMMA

No...

KAT Highbrook

Yeah. Now get off my property.

She starts to close the door. Emma jams her foot in the gap.

KAT Highbrook

Oh my God..

EMMA

Don't do this.

KAT Highbrook

Lady. Just fuck the fuck off!!

They stare at each other through the crack. A face off. Then SLAM! Emma barges the door. The security chain breaks. Kat tumbles backwards. Emma barrels inside. Determined.

KAT Highbrook

Fuck! Jesus! What the--

Kat scrambles away. Emma bounds after her.

EMMA

Listen to me!!

Emma catches up with Kat in the KITCHEN and grabs her.

They wrestle. They stumble into the kitchen island, a bowl of oranges tumbles. Oranges roll all over the tiled floor.

EMMA

I've put everything into this!

KAT Highbrook

Let me go!

Kat pushes Emma off. Scrabbles away. Inadvertently kicking the oranges. They scatter. Emma goes after Kat.

EMMA

If you post that story, it's over for me! I'm over! And it can't be over! My life was finally starting to fucking happen!

Kat backs away, scared. She eyes a block of knives on the counter. Lunges for them. But Emma is faster and cuts her off, getting to them first. Emma pulls out a HUGE knife.

KAT Highbrook

Oh fuck... Stay back!

EMMA

It's okay. Just listen to me--

Kat backs away. Frightened. Comes up against the GLASS DOORS that lead out to the DECK TERRACE AREA. She's trapped. Panicking, Kat fumbles. Opens the doors. Goes OUTSIDE. Tries to slide the doors shut again. But Emma slams the knife between the door and the frame just in time.

Kat backs away. Emma throws open the doors. Her feet kick the oranges on the floor. A few bounce out on the the deck.

Kat edges backwards. We now see the amazing view of Topanga Canyon. The deck overlooks A DROP OF EIGHTY FEET down to jagged rocks below. Emma inches towards Kat, who backs away.

KAT Highbrook

Emma. Please. We can be friends--

EMMA

Friends? You think I'm just a dumb fangirl.

KAT Highbrook

No. I... No... Listen...

(forces smile)

You actually remind me of me. Me five years ago. You're a disrupter! You just saw your opportunity. And you took it. I would've done exactly the same thing!

EMMA

You would?

KAT Highbrook  
 Totally! We can fix this. I can make  
 a new post. I can tell it was all  
 just a bit. Just a silly bit!

Emma steps forward. Kat, her eyes flicking to the knife in  
 Emma's hands, instinctively steps back.

KAT Highbrook  
 Listen, hon. Listen to me. We can...  
 We can do a... a collab.

Kat's foot lands on a ripe orange on the deck. She slips.

KAT Highbrook  
 Fu--

Kat stumbles backwards. Into the guard rail. Off balance.  
 She flails her arms. Time seems to slow down.

Kat looks at Emma, fear in her eyes. Reaching for Emma. Emma  
 just stares at the reaching hand. Doesn't help.

The momentum takes Kat backwards over the railings. And she  
 falls. Plummets. We hear her terrified SCREAM echo away.

**FROM BELOW, IN THE CANYON, LOOKING UP--**

Kat falls towards us fast. Kat's SCREAM gets louder. WHOOSH  
 she hurtles past us. We hear an IMPACT. Then silence.

**UP ABOVE, ON THE TERRACE--**

Emma just stands there for a moment. Breathing. Taking in  
 what just happened. Then she inches forward. Looks over the  
 terrace. And she sees. Far below...

Kat. Broken and splayed over a rock cluster. Blood seeping  
 into the dust. Emma stares at her, shaking.

Emma breathes. She looks at the knife in her hand. She looks  
 back at the kitchen. At the mess from the fight. She sees  
 KAT'S PHONE on the counter. She goes inside...

**INT. KAT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Emma heads towards Kat's phone. Emma's IG page is on screen.  
 Playing a workout video. Emma navigates away.

She opens the photos app. Finds the selfie Kat took with Emma in the bathroom. She stares at it. Then deletes it. Then deletes it from the RECENTLY DELETED folder too.

She thinks. She looks at a glass of water on the counter. Kat's lip print is on the edge of the glass. Then Emma opens up the notes app on Kat's phone. Creates a new note. Titles it: "*I JUST CAN'T ANYMORE*".

Emma starts typing. As we hear the following VOICE OVER we INTERCUT Emma typing with the details of the room: Photos of Kat; Exercise kit; Magazines with Kat on them; Awards from YouTube and Instagram; KH branded merch; The knife; The spilled oranges; Emma's handprint on the glass doors.

KAT (VOICE OVER)

I'm so tired. I can't do this any more. I can't be who you want me to be. It's too much. I am not the person in these photos. In these videos. That's just a character. And I don't want to play her any more. I don't want to be her anymore. I just don't want to be anymore. People--

Emma hears a NOISE. Her head snaps up towards it. She sees--

Trent. Looking in through a window from outside. Staring at her. Wide-eyed. Caught. He ducks away.

EMMA

Oh fuck...

She leaps up. Runs to the door. Opens it. Trent is hurrying back to the gate. Emma is frozen for a moment. Then--

EMMA

No wait. Stop. Wait. Wait a second.

Trent doesn't stop. Emma runs. Catches him. Grabs his shirt. He turns. Trent seems terrified.

TRENT

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please don't shoot me. I'm sorry.

EMMA

Did you fucking follow me here?

TRENT

No! Of course not. I was just--

EMMA

What did you see?

TRENT  
See? Nothing. I... I didn't see--

EMMA  
(grips him tighter)  
What did you see??

He squeaks with fear. She softens her tone.

EMMA  
I'm not gonna hurt you. Just tell me.

They stare at each other a second. A stand off. He folds.

TRENT  
I... I saw you jump the wall... I saw you push your way in the house. I saw you get a knife and... I... I saw you force her onto the balcony and--

EMMA  
Okay stop. Enough.

Emma stares at him long and hard. He swallows.

TRENT  
But it was an accident! She fell. She slipped. And I can tell the police it was an accident. I can tell them--

EMMA  
No!! No no no no no. You're not going to tell the police anything. We're never gonna to tell anybody about this. Ever. Understand?  
(off his stare)

You weren't here tonight. And neither was I. Kat was alone. All night. And she jumped off that balcony. She jumped. Okay? Kat killed herself.

She glares at Trent. He realizes what she means.

TRENT  
Oh...

EMMA  
That's what happened. Yes?

TRENT  
Okay. But... The house. The mess. You really trashed the place, so--

EMMA  
I'll deal with that.

TRENT  
On your own? I mean... That'll take  
you forever. How can you..?  
(off her frown)  
But listen. I don't mind. I don't  
mind helping... Y'know, tidying...  
(off her look)  
Two of us. Twice as fast.  
(beat)  
I'm a real good tidier. I swear.

She eyes him carefully. Thinking it out.

TRENT  
Can I say something? Because if I  
don't, I might not get the chance  
again and I'll always regret it.  
(deep breath)  
I love you so much. You're so fucking  
talented and beautiful. Honestly, I'm  
literally shaking right now. Feel my  
arm. I have goosebumps.

He pulls up his sleeve, show his arm.

TRENT  
I'd never do anything to hurt you. I  
want to protect you. I want to be  
your friend. Because you're awesome,  
Emma. You're so fucking awesome.

Emma looks at him. He's pathetic. Doting. Eager.

EMMA  
You'll do anything I ask, exactly as  
I say?

TRENT  
Whatever you want.

EMMA  
Okay fine. Come inside. But don't be  
touching your dick again. Understand?

TRENT  
Totally. I promise.

They head to the house.

TRENT  
So my name's Trent by the way

She just takes a deep breath, unsure about this.

**INT. KAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Emma and Trent come in. They look around at the mess.

EMMA

Find some plastic gloves for us. Find the soap and shit...

TRENT

Yes ma'am.

Trent opens cupboards. Finds latex gloves. Puts them on. Hands Emma a pair. He finds cloths. Trash bags. Takes them.

We MONTAGE as they tidy: Trent and Emma clean up the spilled fruit. Clean the decking. Right the fruit bowl. Wipe down everything Emma touched. Put the knife back in its block. Fix the chain on the door. Trent works diligently, stealing looks at Emma. She is wary of him. Over all this...

KAT Highbrook (VOICE OVER)

People think I have an easy life. A glamorous life. But in truth, it's ugly. It's rotten. There is too much pressure. To be perfect. To be beautiful. I'm exhausted. And I just can't any more. I can't. I've tried so hard. But I just can't. I quit. I'm done. It's over. I'm sorry.

Soon, the house is tidy. Emma types the end of the message on Kat's phone. She takes a screen grab of the note. Pastes it into Instagram. But she doesn't post it. She just leaves it unposted. Emma places the phone on the table on the deck. Wipes the screen. She and Trent leave, carrying trash bags.

**EXT. KAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Emma wipes her prints off the door. Off the doorbell. Trent takes a deep breath. Tries to play it cool.

TRENT

So... So what now? I don't know about you, but I could use a drink after all that. Want to grab a drink and--

EMMA

Listen. Are you even sorry?

TRENT  
Sorry?

EMMA  
For stalking me. Exposing yourself to  
me. For jerking off at me.  
(off his look)  
Are you sorry?

TRENT  
Yes. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

EMMA  
Do you want to make it up to me?

TRENT  
More than anything.

EMMA  
Then go away. And stay away. And keep  
your mouth shut. Forever. Can you do  
that?

He just stares. Scared. She sighs. Softens a touch.

EMMA  
Tell me you can do that.

TRENT  
I... I can do that.

EMMA  
Good.

They hold eye contact for a beat. She nods. Then moves away.

TRENT  
But I think we should at least swap  
numbers, just in case--

EMMA  
Go home, Trent.

She heads to the gate. Pushes the button. It starts to open.

TRENT  
Emma.

EMMA  
What?

TRENT  
This was the best night of my life.

She turns away. They both head out to their cars. CUT TO:

**EXT. TOPANGA CANYON BOULEVARD - AERIAL - NIGHT**

Emma and Trent's cars drive away into the night. CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT**

Emma's car pulls into the road. Followed by Trent's car.

**INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Emma eyes her rearview mirror. Behind, she sees Trent take a right and stop following her. She takes a big breath. Relieved. She drives. Stoney faced. Then she starts to cry. Uncontrollable sobs. She hits herself in the chest.

EMMA

Stop it. Fucking stop it. Not now.

She swallows the emotion back. CUT TO:

**EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Emma's car pulls up. Emma gets out and pushes the trash bags into a dumpster. She gets back in her car. Drives. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Emma comes in. Closes the door. Locks it. She goes to the kitchen. Sits down. Her mind churning. She looks over at the bookshelf. Kat's face stares out from a book cover. Emma looks back at it. FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. THE VIP BATHROOM AT "CREATOR PUSH" - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Kat and Emma smile at each other in the mirror. BACK TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

As before. Emma looks away from the book. Swallows back emotion. Thinks. She takes out her phone. Looks at the texts she got from LESTER. Sees the time on them. 9.07PM. CUT TO:

**IN THE KITCHEN --**

Emma takes a LARGE CLOCK off the wall and changes the time from 1.13AM back to 8.45PM. Then she resets the oven clock. The microwave clock. All to the same time.

She unplugs the WiFi router. Then opens her laptop. It is part of a self-film rig. A ring light behind it. She goes to her laptop settings. She changes the time and date back to 8.59PM (to now match the other clocks).

She angles the webcam so that the kitchen clocks are all in the background. Then she opens a self-video app. Moves the cursor towards RECORD.

She stares at the time in the corner of the screen: 9.05. She turns on the ring light. Takes a breath. The time ticks to 9.06. She hits record. Smiles into the camera--

EMMA

Hello my lovelies! Oh my God, what an amazing day. Creator Push was on fire! Thank you SO much to all of you who came out. I loved meeting you. It was so exciting to be there with so many other...

The time on screen clicks to 9.07.

EMMA

...like-minded people. So many beautiful people. So many believers!

Emma then stops and feigns a reaction to something.

EMMA

Shit...

She breaks character. The smile wavers. She takes out her phone. Looks at it. Whispers to herself...

EMMA

Ugh. Lester. Asshole...

She reacts as if a series of texts come in. Then frowns at them. She sighs. Gets back into character and starts again.

EMMA

Hello my Lovelies! Oh my God, Creator Push was on fire! Thanks to all of you who came out. I LOVED meeting you.

She continues. CUT TO:

**A FEW MINUTES LATER--**

Emma resets all the clocks back to the real time. She opens the video and quickly edits it. Cutting out the false-start. Adding some text below. Adding pictures from Creator Push. Some links to merch. Her fingers fly on the mouse and keyboard. Her eyes barely blink.

She plugs the WiFi back in. She posts the video to her feed. She sits. Waits. And then the comments begin to come in. She closes her laptop. Thinks to herself. CUT TO:

**KAT HIGHBROOK, DEAD ON THE ROCKS--**

At the bottom of the canyon. Broken. Twisted. Bloody. A bird lands on her. Pecks at her eyes. FADE TO:

**BLACK.**

Silence. Then we hear an iPhone ALARM ring. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING**

The phone says 5.30AM. Emma is awake in bed. She silences the alarm. She grabs her phone. In incognito mode, she googles KAT HIGHBROOK. No news reports of her death. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - MORNING**

BZZZGGRRZZTTT!!! Loud aggressive noise. The blender violently destroys fruit. Emma pours a smoothie out.

She sits at her kitchen counter and drinks the smoothie. She checks google again. No news about Kat. She notices a bowl of oranges on her counter. She stops. Stares at it.

Suddenly she stands up. Grabs the bowl. Pours the oranges into the trash and slams the lid. HARD CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - WORKOUT AREA - DAY**

LOUD MUSIC. Emma is working out hard. Focused. Intense. Silent. Pushing herself hard. Sweat drips. It's like she wants to punish herself with exercise. She grimaces as she works out. She stares into her own eyes in the facing mirror. She sees her own guilt. Her own judgment. She has to look away. She repeats a move until her muscles give up.

She stops. Breathes. Shaking. Then she notices...

Her phone. Full of alerts. Emma's gut tightens. She picks up her phone. The news is all about Kat. The New York Times: "*Kat Highbrook dead at 35. Social Media Megastar found near her California home by her housekeeper.*"

Emma reads. Her heart pounding. We see select sentences: "*fell to her death...*" - "*housekeeper says she found suicide note...*" - "*police have not confirmed cause of death...*"

Emma wanders to her window. She looks out. She sees a few people on the street below. All looking at their phones. A woman pedestrian looks up and sees Emma. Makes eye contact. Emma steps back. Startled. She walks out into--

#### **INT. LIVING AREA --**

Emma sits on her couch. She puts her phone down on the coffee table. And she breathes. She stares at her phone as if it were a bomb about to explode. She runs her hands over her face. Swallows hard.

EMMA

Okay. Okay okay okay...

She takes a deep breath and picks up the phone. She nervously opens Instagram and Twitter. Her eyes flick over posts. Endless pictures of Kat. Tributes. Emma's eyes skim over them fast. Her breathing fast and shallow. We push close on Emma's face. INTERCUT with this--

CLOSE UP GLIMPSES of the posts. Images and videos. Of Kat. Smiling. Posing. Laughing. Alive. Thriving.

We INTERCUT this dizzying collage with FLASHBACKS of Kat last night. On the deck. Scared. Backing away. Reaching out. Falling. Reaching out. Falling. Screaming. Landing--

Emma slams her phone on the coffee table. She breathes. Breathes. Then her gaze falls on a mug on the table: "*If in doubt, POST!*". CUT TO:

#### **INT. EMMA'S HOME WORKOUT AREA - DAY**

Emma sits at her self-film rig. The ring light is on. She stares at the camera. Minimal make up. Hair pulled back. Black t-shirt. Raw. She breathes. Hits record.

EMMA

I can't believe it. I can't believe Kat Highbrook is gone. My heart aches. But I'm not surprised by what she did.

She starts to cry. The guilt. The fear. The emotion. It's bubbling up. Through tears...

EMMA

There's something I have to tell you all. Something I need to confess...

(deep breath)

I know exactly how she felt. This life is grueling. It's relentless.

(swallows emotion)

But we not allowed to be honest. We have to make it all look effortless. And smile. Be positive. Be on. Live. Laugh. Love. All that fucking bullshit.

(voice cracks)

We just have to keep creating more content. More content. More content. We have to keep feeding the machine.

(looks away)

And I've thought about it. Ending it like Kat did. Because the pressure is just too fucking much.

(wipes tears)

I love what I do. And I love all of you. You're so beautiful. And I believe in you. I do. But we're all just people. Just fragile, messy, vulnerable people.

**EXT. TOPANGA CANYON - DAY**

Cops swarm Kat's house. We are down with Kat's body. Forensics buzz around, take photos.

EMMA (V.O.)

I only met Kat once. But you could tell. Behind the success. She was the same as you. The same as me. Just a person. A person who needed help.

**INT. KAT'S HOUSE - DAY**

Cops mill around. DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (Female, 40s, plain clothes) looks around the property with DETECTIVE NG (Male 30s, plain clothes) and a bunch of Uniform Cops. Williams picks up a copy of FORBES with Kat on the cover.

EMMA (V.O.)

I loved her. Like you all love her. And I wish I could have told Kat.

(MORE)

EMMA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 That it's never worth throwing your  
 life away. For anything. Ever.

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma talks into the camera as before. Fighting tears.

EMMA  
 I love you Kat. Rest in Peace. Rest  
 in Power. Rest in Love. The world is  
 a much, much less vibrant place  
 without you in it. I'm going to  
 really fucking miss you.

She stares at the camera, emotional. Stops recording. Emma  
 sits back. Breathes. Wipes her eyes. She posts the video.  
 She goes to her fridge. Inside are the usual stacks of meal  
 boxes. She takes one out. Sits. And eats the boring food.  
 Forkful after forkful. Systematic. No expression. Then--

RIIING. Her doorbell entry phone rings. She looks at it.  
 Unnerved. RIIING. She goes over and tentatively picks it up.

EMMA  
 Hello?

TRENT (OVER PHONE)  
 Emma. We need to talk.

EMMA  
 Who is this?

INTERCUT with Trent DOWNSTAIRS. He's jittery as fuck.

TRENT  
 It's Trent. From last night. We were  
 in Topanga together..?

EMMA  
 (panic)  
 No! You have the wrong address!

TRENT  
 Emma. Listen. I need to see you. I...  
 We have to tell the police what  
 happened... We have to--

EMMA  
 Stop! Stop talking!  
 (closes eyes, thinks)  
 Not here. Meet me in the park near  
 Nordstrums. Ten minutes.

TRENT  
 Okay. Sure. But I'm feeling very  
 anxious right now, so please--

EMMA  
 Just be there. Ten minutes. Just go.  
 (hangs up)  
 UGHH!!!! MOTHERFUCKER!!!!

Emma goes to her bedroom. Opens a drawer. The gun is in  
 there. She takes it. CUT TO:

**EXT. THE PARK NEAR NORDSTRUMS - DAY**

Emma walks through the park. Trent sits on a bench. Waiting.  
 She sits at the other end of the bench. Puts her phone to  
 her face as if she's on a call. She looks away from Trent.

EMMA  
 What the fuck? Why are you here?

He doesn't answer. He thinks she's on the phone.

EMMA  
 I'm talking to you, Trent. You  
 promised to not contact me.

TRENT  
 I know. I know. But I couldn't sleep  
 last night and... I...  
 (starts to cry)  
 I kept thinking of Kat down there.  
 Broken. Dead. Did you see the news?  
 There's cops. Hundreds of them all  
 over her house. Like CSI shit.

EMMA  
 It's okay. They think it's suicide.

TRENT  
 No no no. The cops haven't said it's  
 a suicide. You said they'd say it's  
 suicide. You said they'd say that.  
 They haven't said that. Why didn't  
 they say that??

She sees him spinning out. She puts a hand on his hand. He  
 looks at it. Then back to her. She speaks calmly.

EMMA  
 Trent. You need to calm down. Nothing  
 bad's gonna happen.  
 (MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)

The police don't know anything. And they'll never know anything. Everything's fine.

TRENT

I just feel like something bad is going to--

EMMA

Trent. Am I your friend?

He blinks. She stares at him. Unblinking. Fake smile.

EMMA

Are you my friend? Because friends trust each other. They do what is right for each other.

She eyes him carefully. He listens. She sees some other people in the park now. A couple glance over at them.

EMMA

And right now. As friends. The best thing thing we can do, is to protect ourselves. By staying away from each other. And not saying a word to anyone about this. Yeah?

She smiles her signature smile. He looks at her.

TRENT

But...

EMMA

(bristles)

But what?

He looks down at her hand on his. He's sheepish.

TRENT

What if we were more than friends?

He looks back up at her. Doe-eyed. She frowns.

TRENT

Emma, listen... I know... I know that if you gave me a chance. Then you'd... You'd see that I'm a really good guy. I'm fun. I'm punctual. I make amazing focaccia. And I'd worship you, Emma. I'd be so nice to you and... And you could... We could... I don't know...

EMMA

Trent.

TRENT

We could go see a movie or go rollerblading or whatever...

EMMA

Trent.

TRENT

If I stay calm. If I stay quiet. And do everything you say... And all this blows over. Then would you give me a chance?

EMMA

A chance?

TRENT

A... A date.

She frowns. Swallows.

TRENT

Because, y'know, I think maybe that the uh, the promise of a date with you. It would give me an incentive. To stick with the plan. An incentive to stay, y'know... uh... quiet.

He stares at her. She stares back. Assessing him.

EMMA

Is that what you need, Trent? Is that what you need to stay quiet?

He nods. They stare at each other. Emma glances at the other people in the park. Feeling exposed. She forces a smile.

EMMA

Okay then. Sure. After all this settles down. When it's safe. We can go on a date. One date.

Trent smiles wide. Like he just won the lottery.

EMMA

But until then, we need to be super careful. No contact. At all. And you should go now. Before someone sees us together.

He nods. Stands. Puts a hand on her shoulder. Smiles.

TRENT

Imagine. In thirty years. We might be telling our grand-kids about this moment. About this bench. Where it all started. Wouldn't that be crazy?

EMMA

(tight smile)

Totally fucking crazy. Bye Trent.

He goes. Emma watches him, her smile drops. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma comes in. Breathless. She goes to the bathroom. Washes her face in the sink. Looks at herself in the mirror. Then--

BZZZZ. Her phone. A text from JULIA: "Are you okay?". Emma ignores it, but then more texts from Julia come. BZZZ: "I saw your post. I never knew you felt like that.". BZZZ "If you ever need to talk I'm here.". BZZZ "I'm worried".

Emma is getting annoyed. She goes to the KITCHEN, puts the phone on the counter and gets a sports drink from the fridge. Gulps it down thirstily from the bottle.

BZZZ. An alert on her phone. Then BZZZ another. BZZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZZ.

She looks at her phone. It is vibrating. Buzzing. Endlessly. She inches closer. Tentatively picks it up. There's thousands of notifications flooding in. She picks up her phone. Opens Instagram. Her video post has 3.2M comments.

EMMA

What..?

She clicks through a few. Some videos of other influencers:

INFLUENCERS (ON SCREEN)

Preach Emma! -- At last someone had the guts to say it -- I believe in you Emma!

Then. BZZZ. A message from CRISPIN. "OMFG!" And a link to the New York Times. She frowns. Clicks the link. There's a PICTURE OF EMMA in the article. The headline: "THE DEADLY PRESSURES OF POPULARITY - Social Media star Emma Kent reveals the grim reality of Live Laugh Love".

Her words focus on one sentence in the article... "Emma Kent's video post has quickly gone viral".

Emma clicks back to Instagram. Opens her page. Looks at the follower count at the top: 6.3M. She clicks on it. She sees her list of followers. More and more new avatars appear as she watches. Endless new followers.

She smiles. Overwhelmed. Bewildered. Her phone rings. "CRISPIN CALLING". She answers it.

EMMA

Hello?

CRISPIN (OVER PHONE)

Bro. You seen your fucking numbers?!

EMMA

I'm looking at them now.

CRISPIN (OVER PHONE)

You're viral, baby! Listen. The TV news want to do an interview with you.

EMMA

Which channel?

CRISPIN (OVER PHONE)

Fucking all of them.

Om Emma, her adrenaline surging. CUT TO:

**INT. TV NEWS STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Emma is in her branded gym-wear, but the same raw look from her last post. Crispin is in a suit. They follow an PA down a corridor. Emma is nervous and excited. They step into a door that has a red light over it: "ON AIR"

NEWS ANCHOR (PRE LAP)

And we are joined now by Emma Kent.  
How should I describe you...

**INT. TV NEWS STATION - STUDIO - DAY**

Emma sits behind a desk with a NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR

Social Media celebrity? Health and fitness influencer? Instagram star?

Emma is loving every second. Basking in the attention. Crispin watches off camera. Urging her on. CUT TO:

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Julia is working out using resistance bands. Music plays. The TV is on. She notices that Emma is on the TV. She stops working out. She stops the music and unmutes the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Did you know Kat Highbrook?

EMMA (ON TV)  
I met her once. But I didn't know her. But like many people out there, I felt like I knew her. I felt a connection...

On TV Emma's voice cracks. She gets emotional. Julia watches carefully. Something doesn't sit right with her.

EMMA (ON TV)  
I'm sorry. It's just... You know... I'm still doing it, aren't I?. Still smiling and... Can I drop the act? I just want to be me. Is that okay?

On TV Emma wipes her eyes. Breathes a big sigh out. Looks at the Anchor in a new way. Less fake smile. More real emotion.

EMMA (ON TV)  
I just... I feel so guilty.

In her apartment, Julia frowns.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Guilty?

EMMA (ON TV)  
Because it easily could've been me. To make that choice. And do what Kat did. I'm so grateful that this has shaken me free of those thoughts. Although I'm torn apart that Kat has gone. Her decision. Her suicide. It's saved me...

Julia keeps watching. Her mind churning. CUT TO:

**INT. TV NEWS STATION - STUDIO - DAY**

Emma and the TV News anchor talk.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)  
You've attracted a lot of followers since your video went viral.  
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN) (cont'd)  
Do you worry that will add more pressure on you. This attention?

EMMA (ON SCREEN)  
I do. I worry that this whole thing will just open up and swallow me. But I have to be true to myself. We all have flaws. You just have to love yourself. Believe in yourself. And stop hiding who you really are. And then only good things can come.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)  
Wise words. Thank you, Emma.

On TV, the interviewer moves on. Emma sits. Smiling.

NEWS ANCHOR  
Coming up, an update on the whale trapped in the East River...

It cuts to commercial. Emma looks to Crispin off camera. He gives her the thumbs up. CUT TO:

**INT. TV NEWS STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Emma and Crispin walk back down the hallway.

EMMA  
And I didn't talk too fast? I felt like I was talking too fast.

CRISPIN  
Not at all. You were fucking great.

Emma's phone buzzes. She looks. Texts from JULIA: "*The interview was incredible*", "*Let me know you are doing ok.*", "*I'm here if you need to talk*" And then some heart emojis.

CRISPIN  
Adidas called. They want to meet.  
(as she reacts)  
So do Mac cosmetics.

Emma stops walking.

EMMA  
But Kat was the face of Mac.

CRISPIN  
Not anymore.

She grins. Her dream come true.

CRISPIN

It's happening, Em. You're up in the slot. But if you want to be a real celebrity and stay one forever, these next few days are vital. So you've gotta be like a fucking sniper. Focused. Ruthless. All in. Okay?

EMMA

Oh fuck yeah.

They smile wide. CUT TO:

**EXT. EMMA'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

Emma's car pulls up. She gets out. Heads to the building. Still smiling. Behind her, a car pulls in. Trent gets out and rushes up from behind Emma. Full of nervous energy.

TRENT

Emma... Emma.

She sees him. Her smile disappears. He's agitated.

EMMA

No no no. You can't be here.

TRENT

You said we had to lay low. But then I see you on the news??? Talking about Kat. On the fucking TV!?

EMMA

We can't do this here...

TRENT

Listen. I want my date Emma. And fuck waiting. I want it now. Right now.

They lock eyes. There is another car pulling into the lot. Emma doesn't want to be seen by the driver.

EMMA

Fucking fuck. Come inside.

She opens the door. Drags him in. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Emma pushes Trent in. Slams the door. Turns to him. Annoyed.

EMMA

What the fuck, Trent? What if someone saw us? You want us to go to jail???

TRENT

No! I want my date! You're not laying low, Emma. You're going against everything we agreed! You're using this thing. You're... You're making hay. You're getting exactly what you want. So I should get what I want too. And... And if I don't, well... Then... Y'know... Then...

(swallows)

Who knows what I might do.

She stops. Stares at him hard. He stares back.

EMMA

*Who knows what you might do?*

He tries to hold his nerve. She takes a step towards him.

EMMA

What do you mean by that, Trent?

TRENT

(nervous)

I think you know what I mean.

A stand off. She glares at him.

EMMA

No. I need to hear you say it.

TRENT

Say it?

EMMA

Say it.

TRENT

Okay. Sure. I'll say it...

(deep breath)

Emma. Give me my date... or I'll go to the police.

Boom. There it is. She locks her eyes on his. Trent squirms.

EMMA

You said you were my friend.

He swallows. Tries to maintain eye contact.

TRENT

I am. We are. But... but you promised me a date. You promised. And I don't want to be a guy who, y'know, who--

EMMA

Who blackmails women for dates?

TRENT

We had a deal!! I... I just want a chance to show you that... that I'm a nice guy.

EMMA

A nice guy? A nice guy? You were masturbating in your car!

TRENT

Jesus. That was one time! I mean, I get it. That was bad. It was inappropriate. But--

EMMA

It was predatory fucking behavior! You made me scared to be in my own home!

TRENT

I know! I know! But I've had a tough year. Okay? I'm lonely. My life is fucked up. I just... I lost my mom just before Christmas. Cancer. And that was rough. And she left her whole life in a mess for me to clear up. And then at work, I--

He stops himself. Takes a breath. Looks at her.

TRENT

I just want what we agreed.

She stares at him. Fuming. He tries to hold his nerve.

EMMA

Even if you did go to the police, why would they even believe you?

TRENT

I have a video.

EMMA

A video?

TRENT  
Of that night. At Kat's place. Of the  
two of you...

EMMA  
(pales)  
What--?

TRENT  
I... I used to film you all the time.  
Okay? Everywhere. All the time. I  
have hours and hours of--

EMMA  
Wait. Did you film her falling off  
the terrace?

TRENT  
I filmed the whole thing.

Emma's skin prickles cold. She dry swallows.

EMMA  
Show me. Show it to me.

Trent carefully gets out his phone. Brings up a video. Shows  
it to Emma. ON SCREEN we see into Kat's house from outside.  
We see Emma and Kat fight, Emma grabs the knife.

Emma exhales shakily. Oh fuck.

EMMA  
Trent. Listen to me. This is very  
important. You've got to delete that  
video. Right now.

He shakes his head. No.

EMMA  
Delete it.

TRENT  
Give me my date.

Suddenly she lunges for the phone. He dodges. Locks his  
phone and pockets it. She glares at him. An impasse.

TRENT  
One date. Tonight. Right now.

EMMA  
This is stupid. Just delete the--

TRENT  
Dinner and a movie. You and me.

She sees he's adamant about this.

EMMA  
 But how? We can't be seen together.

TRENT  
 So we do it here. We can order Grub  
 Hub. Watch Netflix. Dinner and a  
 movie.

She stares at him, mulling this over.

EMMA  
 And then you'll delete that video?

TRENT  
 Yeah. I'll delete it.

She doesn't like it, but what choice does she have?

EMMA  
Fuck! ... Okay.

On Trent. As we PRE-LAP a KNOCK KNOCK at the door--

**TWENTY MINUTES LATER--**

Emma opens the door to the GRUB HUB DELIVERY GUY. Takes a bag from him. She closes the door. Trent comes out from hiding. She takes the food the table. She empties one of her usual box meals onto a plate. Trent empties a greasy looking fried chicken meal onto his plate opposite. They start to eat. In silence. Awkward.

Trent has an idea. He plays some "date music" on his phone: He smiles. She doesn't.

TRENT  
 Oh. I've got something for you.

He digs in his pocket. Pulls out an origami rose. He adjusts it. Hands it to her. She looks at it and frowns.

TRENT  
 I made it when I was hiding in the  
 bathroom. I tore a page from an old  
 magazine in there.

Emma looks at the rose. Puts it aside. Unenthused.

EMMA

Great.

They eat. More silence. Trent tries to make conversation--

TRENT

So... Where did you grow up? You never say in your posts?

(off her look)

It's a date. I'm making conversation.

She considers that. Sighs. Then--

EMMA

I grew up in Oregon mostly.

TRENT

Yeah? I love Oregon. I have a cousin up there. Janice. In Portland. You from anywhere near Portland?

She shakes her head. Silence. Then--

TRENT

I'm from San Diego originally. But when I was thirteen, my parents divorced. So I came here with my Mom.

Emma just methodically eats her food.

TRENT

We lived all over. But ended up in a house near Korea town. We stayed there til she died. You know that great donuts place on third? They make those smores donuts? No? Ohmigod you gotta try one. It's exactly like eating a smore... I mean exactly. Except it's a, y'know, a donut. They're incredible. Anyway, we weren't far from there.

He takes a bite of chicken. Talks with his mouth full.

TRENT

We liked to go to supermarkets together. Me and mom. Not to buy anything. Just to look around. Like we were at an art gallery or something. Mom called us the "special supermarket connoisseurs".

(small laugh)

Our favorite was the Ralphs on La Brea. Now that's a great store.

(MORE)

TRENT (cont'd)

Great layout. They all knew me there. I actually got pretty friendly with the manager, Juan... God he was such a good guy. Juan.

(beat)

Yeah, so me and Mom used to have all kinds of fun. She was an amazing lady. I miss her a lot.

(beat)

You close with your Mom?

Emma glares at him. Then drops her fork. Sighs.

EMMA

Nope. Fuck this.

TRENT

What?

She turns off the music on his phone.

EMMA

I can't do this. There must be some other way.

TRENT

But... But you agreed to a date.

EMMA

Sorry. I can't do it.

TRENT

But the video...

EMMA

There must be another way we can come to an agreement.

He stares at her. She stares right back. Poker face.

TRENT

Have sex with me. Three times.

She is set aback by that. Trent sees it.

TRENT

Okay. Just one time.

EMMA

No. No sex.

TRENT

What about oral sex?

EMMA  
I am not giving you a blow job.

TRENT  
What about I do it to you?

EMMA  
Absolutely not.

They stare at each other. An impasse in negotiations. She can see Trent is getting frustrated by all this.

TRENT  
Then what? Why are we even talking--

EMMA  
Listen. I could maybe, maybe agree to giving you a hand job.

He shifts. Interested. Swallows.

TRENT  
Yeah?

EMMA  
But only if you delete the video right now. Like right now.

He sits back. Considers that. Crosses his arms too.

TRENT  
But I get to kiss you at the same time. On the mouth. And I can feel you up wherever I want.

EMMA  
No. No kissing. And you can't touch me. Anywhere. Ever.

TRENT  
Then I don't know, Emma. I doesn't seem like a fair deal--

EMMA  
I'll take my top off. Hand job. No top. You can look at my tits, but you can't touch.

He thinks about that. Obviously aroused by just this chat.

TRENT  
And tell me you love me.  
(MORE)

TRENT (cont'd)  
(off her look)  
While you do it. Tell me how much you  
love me. How much you want me.

She thinks. Exasperated. Then she shrugs, fuck it--

EMMA  
Fine. Whatever.

TRENT  
Really?

She nods. He exhales shakily. Taking all this in.

EMMA  
Okay then. Do it. Delete the video.

TRENT  
No. The handjob first.

EMMA  
No. That doesn't work. Delete it now.  
Or there'll be no handjob.

He nods. Gets out his phone. Holds it up. Deletes the video.

EMMA  
Delete it from the trash too.

He goes to "recently deleted". Presses "Delete from all  
devices". Emma breathes in relief.

TRENT  
It's gone...

Emma takes a deep breath.

EMMA  
Okay. Good. Okay. Go sit on the sofa.

TRENT  
(suddenly nervous)  
We're... we're doing it right now?

EMMA  
You changed your mind?

TRENT  
No.

EMMA  
Then go sit on the fucking sofa,  
Trent.

Trent nods. Stands up. Nervous. Excited. He goes and sits on the sofa. She sits next to him. Awkward silence.

EMMA

Okay. Okay let's go. Let's get it over with. What are you waiting for? Get it out. Come on.

He takes a deep breath. Then unzips. Gets his penis out. He is nervous. She looks away. Then moves her hand across. He shivers at her touch. Then shifts uncomfortably.

TRENT

Wait. Do you have any lube?

She sighs. Gets up. He waits. Self conscious. Emma comes back with hand lotion. She sits.

EMMA

Ready?

TRENT

Uh... Your top.

She sighs. Then pulls it down to expose her breasts. She doesn't take it off. Just leaves it around her waist. Trent stares at her breasts, dazed.

Emma squirts lotion into her hand. She starts to jerk him off. She looks away. Expressionless. Just going through the motions. He whispers--

TRENT

Say it. Tell me you love me.

Emma sighs. Speaks with no emotion.

EMMA

I love you. I love you so much.

TRENT

Say it like you mean it...

She sighs. Closes her eyes. Assumes her online voice.

EMMA

Hey you. I love you.

That makes a difference. Trent is immediately reactive.

EMMA

You're so strong. So full of love. So beautiful. Listen to me, my Lovely. You can be whoever you want to be.

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)  
 Believe in your power. Believe in  
 your strength. Believe. Believe...

Trent grips the sofa. He is getting very very close. Then--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Someone at the door. Emma stops. Opens  
 her eyes. Trent is left hanging...

TRENT  
 (urgent whisper)  
 No! Don't stop. Don't stop.

EMMA  
 Shhh!!!!

Someone shouts through the door.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Emma Kent?

TRENT  
 Please. You can't stop now--

She stands up. Rushes to the door. Looks through the peep  
 hole. We see her POV: Detectives Williams and Ng.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
 Miss Kent. This is the LAPD. Can you  
 please open the door?

Emma is wide-eyed. She looks at Trent on the sofa. His erect  
 dick still out. She pulls her top back into place. Rushes  
 over to Trent. Whispers urgently:

EMMA  
 Get in the closet. Now...

TRENT  
 Please please...

She bundles him into the closet. Shuts the door. Then puts  
 all the dinner stuff by the sink. She composes herself.  
 Opens the door "casually".

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
 Emma Kent? I'm Detective Williams.  
 This is Detective Ng. We're  
 investigating the death of Kat  
 Highbrook.

EMMA  
 Oh. What's that got to do with me?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Can we come in?

EMMA  
Uh. I guess.

They wander in and look around. Emma tries to be cool.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Did you know Kat Highbrook?

EMMA  
In real life? No.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
You never met? Because you said on  
Instagram that you met her once.

IN THE CLOSET. Trent listens. Trying to not make any sound.

EMMA  
Oh! Yeah. At Creator Push. I met her  
at Creator Push. It's a--

DETECTIVE NG  
We know what Creator Push is.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
It was in the bathroom?

EMMA  
What?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
You met her in the bathroom. At  
Creator Push.

EMMA  
The bathroom? No.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Oh. You sure?

Williams gets her phone out and shows some CCTV footage from within the VIP area. We see Kat come from the bathroom. Then a few seconds later, Emma comes out.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
You didn't meet in there?

EMMA  
No. I may have said hi. But--

Emma sees the Detective Ng wander towards the closet.

EMMA

I don't tend to make conversation with people I don't know in the bathroom. That would be creepy.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

So where did you meet?

IN THE CLOSET. Trent sees the Detective Ng come closer.

EMMA

In the... uh... VIP area.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

You were introduced?

EMMA

No. I... I just said hello. She follows me on Instagram. We have people in common.

Detective Ng moves past the closet to look at a picture on the wall by the closet: A Photo of Emma as a kid.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

You see anyone else in the bathroom?

EMMA

I don't remember. I don't think so.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

Where were you the night Kat died?

EMMA

Well. I was here I think. I'd been at Creator Push all day and I was exhausted. So I came home. Posted. Took a shower. Ate. Went to bed.

Williams picks up the origami rose. Looks at it.

DETECTIVE NG

You posted? Right away?

EMMA

Yeah. I was excited about Creator Push. So I shot a video.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS

At what time would that be?

EMMA

Maybe nine. Nine thirty. Why?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
(puts down the rose)  
Can I see that video?

EMMA  
Sure.

Emma opens her phone. Finds it on Instagram. Plays it.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
It says here you posted this at 2am.

EMMA  
I had to edit it. And I took a shower. Ate dinner.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
So this is edited? You have the original video?

EMMA  
On my laptop. Here...

She gets her laptop. Opens it. Plays the video. We see the beginning part when she "gets" the text messages.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
What's that?

EMMA  
Oh. Someone messaged me. Some guy called Lester I met at Creator Push. We share a manager.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
You still got those messages?

She looks through her phone. Shows the messages. Williams reads Lester's messages. Notes their date and time stamp. Williams clicks on the video file on the laptop. Sees the metadata. Sees the time. CREATED 9.06PM.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Kat Highbrook had restraining orders against two men and one woman. Stalkers. Did you know that?

EMMA  
No. Jeez. Poor Kat.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Are you sure you didn't see anyone else in that bathroom?

EMMA  
No. I don't, uh...

DETECTIVE NG  
Ma'am. Is there anybody else in this apartment?

Emma looks at Detective Ng who is by the sink.

EMMA  
No. Why?

DETECTIVE NG  
I'm just wondering why there are two plates here.

EMMA  
One's from lunch.

Ng looks at the food. She sees the chicken and fries.

DETECTIVE NG  
You ate this?

EMMA  
Uh huh.

The two Cops exchange a look.

DETECTIVE NG  
Oh. It's still warm. Did we interrupt your dinner?

EMMA  
Don't worry about it.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Well. Don't let it go cold. Go ahead.

Ng moves the chicken to the table by Emma. Emma stares at it. The Cops wait. Emma picks up a piece of chicken. Forces herself to take a bite. She chews. Hating it.

EMMA  
My God. So good. Do you want some?

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Nah. I'm vegan.  
(smiles)  
We've taken up enough of your time.  
Here's my card. If you remember anything. Just give me a call.

They head out. Williams sees Emma's kettle weights.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Oh. Are those Heimler weights? I  
always wanted a set of those.

EMMA  
I have a discount code on my website.  
Twenty percent off.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS  
Oh nice. Goodbye Miss Kent.

They go. She closes the door. Looks through the peephole. Sees the cops walk away. She goes to the window. Watches below. Waits. We hear car doors slam. An engine start. She exhales in relief. She opens the closet door. Trent is fetal on the floor.

EMMA  
You gotta go right now.

TRENT  
But we didn't finish our--

EMMA  
Trent. That was way too close. You  
gotta go.

He doesn't move. Emma masks her irritation. Forces a smile.

EMMA  
Do you want us to get caught..? You  
gotta gotta go.

He gets out. She opens the front door. Checks the corridor.

TRENT  
But Emma--

She pushes him out the door. Closes it. Locks it. Breathes.

Emma throws the rest of the greasy food into the trash. Washes her hands with dish soap. Rinses her mouth. Then--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Her door. She rolls her eyes. Annoyed.

EMMA  
Oh for fucks sake, Trent. Just go...

She goes to the door and opens it.

EMMA  
Listen. You can't--

But it's not Trent. It's Julia. Looking at Emma, doe-eyed.

JULIA  
Oh thank God!!

Julia launches herself at Emma. Hugs her.

JULIA  
I was so worried about you, Em.

EMMA  
(doesn't hug back)  
It's actually not a great time,  
Julia.

JULIA  
No. I'm not going to let you get rid  
of me. I know you. I know something  
is wrong. Your posts. Since Kat died.  
Your posts have been... super weird.  
And also I'm pretty sure I saw your  
stalker outside.

EMMA  
What?

JULIA  
When I was coming in. I think I saw  
him getting into a car--

EMMA  
Well I didn't see him, Julia. Maybe  
it was someone else.

JULIA  
But something has happened, right?

Emma swallows. Shrugs.

JULIA  
I know you, Em. I can tell when  
something's on your mind.

EMMA  
Julia. There's nothing on my mind.

JULIA  
Emma. Stop it. I'm your friend. I'm  
here for you. Tell me the truth.  
You're hiding something. I can see  
it. And I think I know what. It's  
Kat, isn't it?

Emma gulps. Fuck. Julia looks all serious. Then--

JULIA  
You're thinking of copying Kat.

EMMA  
Huh?

JULIA  
You're usually so guarded. So precise. But these new videos. They're so raw. They're like a different person. Like you've given up. Like you're saying goodbye.

EMMA  
Julia. I appreciate your concern. But I'm not thinking of killing myself.

JULIA  
You're not?

EMMA  
No.

JULIA  
Oh thank God. Thank God!  
(hugs Emma again)  
I had convinced myself. Ooooh. Jesus!  
What a relief! Man...

She laughs. Relaxes. Sighs. Emma just stares at her. Then--

JULIA  
Phew... Well.. Thank goodness. I've been so worried... But you know. I've actually... I've got some news I wanted to tell you. I didn't want to, y'know... brag if you were feeling low. But if you're good then...  
(excited)  
I took your advice. I found a thing.

She takes out her phone and eagerly shows Emma some posts.

JULIA  
Look... It's sort of a meme thing. But people have really responded. I just went over ten thousand followers for the first time.

Julia is hungry for validation. Emma nods, non-committal.

JULIA  
And when the moment comes you have to grab it. You taught me that.  
(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)  
So I seized the moment. And now I  
have a meeting set up with Crispin  
Pierson!

She squeaks, excited. Emma just stares, angry.

EMMA  
Crispin Pierson?

JULIA  
He liked the bits.

EMMA  
I thought you were with Pauline.

JULIA  
Yeah. But like you said. She's kind  
of low on the food chain...

EMMA  
But Crispin's my manager.

JULIA  
He has other clients too.

EMMA  
Why didn't you ask me first?

JULIA  
Ask what?

EMMA  
Ask me if I'm cool with you stealing  
my manager!

JULIA  
I'm not stealing. We met at Creator  
Push and--

EMMA  
Jesus Christ! You're relentless! Just  
stop! Just fucking stop!

JULIA  
What..?

EMMA  
Stop using me as a fucking ladder!  
Stop being such an obvious fucking  
wannabe Julia!!

Julia tries not to cry. But the tears come anyway.

JULIA

I... I thought you'd be happy for me.

EMMA

Then you're a fucking idiot.

Julia's tears come faster. She looks like a wounded child.

EMMA

No. No no no no no no. Stop. Stop that. I'm not buying this whole harmless girl next door bullshit any more. I see what you are! I see what you're doing. And I am done with you. I am done! We're done. So get out, Julia. Get the fuck out of my house!

JULIA

But... But Em...

Emma drags Julia up. Towards the door. Julia breaks down.

JULIA

Please. I'm sorry. Whatever I did, I'm sorry. I didn't think you would mind. You are usually so kind--

EMMA

Jesus. I was only nice to you because I felt sorry for you. But I can't stand it any more, Julia. Just fucking go. Fuck off! Fuck off fuck off fuck off!!!!

JULIA

Please. Please, Em... No...

Emma pushes her out. Slams the door. Emma breathes. She looks through the peephole. Sees Julia standing in the hallway crying. Eventually Julia walks away.

Emma closes her eyes. Calms herself down. Then goes to the window and looks at the parking lot. She dials CRISPIN.

EMMA

Hey, Crispin. Yeah everything's fine. Listen. Are you thinking about signing a girl called Julia Greene?  
(listens)  
Yeah. So. I'd really prefer if you didn't. That okay? Uh huh. Great.

Emma watches Julia, still crying, get into her shitty car down below and drive away. Emma smiles. "POMPEII" by Bastille begins. Upbeat, celebratory, emotional. CUT TO:

**A RED SPORTS CAR.**

Gleaming in the sun on a dealership lot. We're in--

**EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY**

POMPEII continues. Emma looks at the car. Smiling. She turns to the salesman and nods. CUT TO:

**INT. / EXT. EMMA'S NEW CAR - DAY**

Emma drives the sports car fast. Listening to POMPEII. She smiles, enjoying herself. Singing along. This leads us into an INTERCUT MONTAGE SEQUENCE--

**INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. Emma strikes athletic poses in Adidas gym wear. A photographer snaps photos of her. Crispin looks on.

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. Julia's place is small. Cluttered. Julia is doing crunches. Her phone rings: CRISPIN calling. Julia answers, excited. We don't hear the conversation. But we see from her face, it is disappointing news. She hangs up and starts to cry. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

An open and airy office filled with books. Emma and Crispin shakes hands with ROCHELLE (50, big glasses), a book editor.

Rochelle lays out mock-up covers of books. All have pictures of Emma on the front. They have names like "BELIEVE IN LIFE!", "HONEST" and "REAL".

ROCHELLE

We just threw these together to show you what we're thinking. Sort of life coach meets health guru meets truth teller--

EMMA

I love it.

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SUNSET -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

A HIIT workout video. Highly produced. Emma leads the routine. Various moves. Two back-ups (not Julia) follow her lead. It shrinks down and becomes part of--

**EMMA'S INSTAGRAM PAGE -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

Scrolling. Emma doing endorsements for Adidas. For Mac cosmetics. Her brand now seems to be "RAW AND HONEST". We see a video of Emma (in her apartment) speaking to camera. This speech INTERCUTS and plays as audio over the sequence:

EMMA

We all hurt. We all doubt. We all get jealous. But Kat's death has shown us how short life can be. You need to be honest with yourself. Brutally honest. And embrace who you are right now. Embrace your life. Not tomorrow. Not next week. But now. Right. Now.

**CLOSE ON EMMA'S SIGNATURE BEING SIGNED -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

On contracts. Agreements. Bank account applications.

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. Julia is making a video on her phone.

JULIA

You think you know Emma Kent. You think she's honest. You think she's kind. But that's all bullshit. I know the real Emma Kent. And she's a fucking liar. I thought she was a good person. I thought she was my friend... But I was so so wrong.

(starts to cry)

Because in reality she is cruel. Selfish. And lying to every one of you. Fuck Emma Kent. Fuck. Her.

JUMP TO: Julia posting the video: "THE TRUTH ABOUT EMMA KENT". She uploads it. Breathes. Catharsis. CUT TO:

**EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - NIGHT (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. CELL PHONE FOOTAGE: Emma walks the red carpet. Flashbulbs go crazy. Photographers all shout at her

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Emma! Emma! This way Emma! Right in the lens Emma! Over here! Emma! Emma!

They go into the theater. Emma meets famous people. Takes selfies with them. Drinks champagne. We see her laughing. Happy. For real. In her element. CUT TO:

**INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - DAY (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. Trent scrolls Emma's feed. He sees her on the red carpet. He chews his fingernails anxiously. CUT TO:

**CLOSE ON EMMA'S INSTAGRAM PAGE -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

We see Emma's follower count zoom higher and higher. CUT TO:

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. Julia is sitting on her bed. She looks at her video post "THE TRUTH ABOUT EMMA KENT". Underneath all the comments are very negative: "Fucking wannabe bitch.", "Emma is everything, you are NOTHING", "Shut up or I'll gonna find you and kill you, whore" etc etc. Julia seethes as she reads, her eyes red. CUT TO:

**A PHOTO OF EMMA--**

Very close. It's stylized. Her eyes are made up. But she has a tear rolling down her cheek messing her mascara. Her lips are red. We pull back. It is a mock-up of a MAC ad campaign. The slogan is "Honestly beautiful. Beautifully honest"

**INT. MAC BOARDROOM - DAY**

MAC executives sit around the huge table. Emma and Crispin look at the campaign images. An Executive gives a presentation about the images. We don't hear his spiel. Everything is blotted out by POMPEII. Emma listens to the pitch, staring at the mock-ups. Smiling. CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY**

Julia is running on the street. Headphones on. In the zone. She runs past a huge MAC billboard with Emma's ad on it. She does a double take. Disturbed. But keeps running.

She runs past a news stand. She sees Emma's face on the covers of a row of STYLIST magazines. The headline: "*The Honest Influencer*". Julia stops. Stares.

She takes a copy down and flips through it. Finds the article. The headline: "*EMMA KENT lets herself get vulnerable*". With pictures of Emma looking raw and emotional. Julia stares at the pictures. Then something breaks in her.

JULIA

Oh fuck you. You fucking fraud...

Julia eyes Emma with total hatred. Then she starts to rip the magazine to pieces. A frenzy of anger. Screaming. The VENDOR tries to calm her down. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY**

Emma is looking over the shoulder of a GRAPHIC DESIGNER as he adjusts a mock-up of Emma's book proposal. The book is called "*Be The You You Want To Be*". It has a picture of Emma on the cover. Emma is pointing at the screen as the Designer changes text sizes. Rochelle and Crispin look on.

ROCHELLE

I'll set a time for us to pitch to the bosses upstairs.

CRISPIN

If they like it? How fast can we move?

ROCHELLE

If they like it, light speed.

Crispin and Emma grin. CUT TO:

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS TIMES -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

POMPEII continues. JUMP CUTS of Julia at her laptop watching Emma's feed. Day. Night. Obsessive. Julia watches the video Emma made the night Kat died. The one about Creator Push. Julia watches it. Rewinds. Watches it again. Again. Again. Something bothers her. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S CAR - DAY -- (MONTAGE SEQUENCE)**

Emma drives, smiling. At a red light, she looks over at a news-stand and sees herself on the cover of *STYLIST* magazine. She smiles. Then her eyes move across to another cover with Kat embracing her Mom on it. The headline: "KAT Highbrook's Family Speak Out". Kat seems to be staring right at Emma from the cover. Emma's smile vanishes.

The lights change. She doesn't move. Horns beep her. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma comes in. Sits at the kitchen counter. She has the magazine. She flips through it to the article. She sees a multi-page spread. Pictures of Kat as a kid with her family. Pictures of her smiling, excited. Posing on Instagram.

She turns a page. Sees an interview with Kat's mother. The headline: "EXCLUSIVE: A HEARTBROKEN MOTHER SPEAKS OF HER GRIEF FOR THE FIRST TIME". Emma stares at them. Slams the magazine closed.

She feels terrible. She sniffs back emotion. Thinks. Then hits the phone app icon. Calls "MOM". It rings.

EMMA

Hey Mom... Nothing's wrong... I just... I wanted to ask you something... Do you think I'm a good person..? No. It's not a trick. Just a simple question.... Do you..?

(wipes eyes)

Mom. Seriously. Can't you just say it? Can't you just say that I'm a good person...? No..? So you don't believe I am... I'm not trying to put words in your mouth I just want to know your honest opinion... Just say what you really feel... Mom. Mom?  
Mom? Hello?

Emma hangs up. Thinks. Upset. She looks back at the magazine cover. Kat and her mother. Happy.

Emma looks away. Her eyes land on the origami rose that Trent made her. Sitting on her shelf. She thinks. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Emma gets into her car. Drives. Across the street, we see Julia in her car. Looking over at Emma's car. CUT TO:

**EXT. BIG BOX STORE PARKING LOT - DAY**

At the deserted far off end of the lot, Emma sits in her car. Waiting. She sees Trent's car pull into the parking lot. He parks next to her. She gets out. So does he.

TRENT

I was surprised to get your message.  
(off her nod)  
I keep seeing you on TV. In  
magazines. You're everywhere.

She just looks at him. Then--

EMMA

Trent. Am I a good person?  
(off his look)  
Do you think I'm a good person?

TRENT

Of course you are.

She isn't convinced.

TRENT

You're a great person.

She shakes her head.

TRENT

Hey. Is everything okay?

She looks away. Shrugs. Wipes her eyes.

TRENT

I can imagine it's really stressful  
for you right now. It must be  
overwhelming.

She looks at him.

TRENT

You know, when my Mom was alive. And  
doing chemo. She'd feel so terrible.  
So stressed out. But no matter how  
low she got, I could always make her  
smile...

(laughs)

There was this thing I did... It's  
stupid. But it cheered her up. Every  
time.

EMMA

What was it?

TRENT  
It's er... It's hard to explain. But  
I could show you. Want me to do it?

EMMA  
I don't know.

TRENT  
It's okay. I want to. Here...

He fiddles with his phone.

TRENT  
You ready? Okay. I'm gonna do it.  
Here we go...

And MUSIC starts comes from his phone: "The Sun Always  
Shines on TV" by A-ha. The intro is slow and dramatic.

Suddenly, Trent starts to dance to the music. Emotive.  
Committed. His face is totally serious throughout.

Emma watches, saucer-eyed, dumbfounded. What the fuck? She  
looks around to see if anyone is around. There are cars a  
good way off near the store, but no-one close. And now Trent  
starts to Lip Sync at Emma as he dances.

SONG (OVER PHONE SPEAKERS)  
*Touch me. How can it be? Believe me.  
The sun always shines on TV. Hold me  
close to your heart. Touch me. And  
give all your love to me. To me...*

It's weird. Cringeworthy. Bizarre. But hypnotic. Emma can't  
look away. As the BEAT kicks in, Trent really goes for it.  
Emma can't help but laugh in shock.

#### **ACROSS THE PARKING LOT--**

Julia is in her car with binoculars, watching all this.

JULIA  
What the actual fuck..?

#### **BACK WITH TRENT AND EMMA--**

Trent is dancing. Emma is wide eyed. Jaw on the floor.

SONG (OVER PHONE SPEAKERS)  
*I reached inside myself and found  
nothing there to ease the pressure of  
my ever worrying mind. Oh.*  
(MORE)

SONG (OVER PHONE SPEAKERS) (cont'd)  
*All my powers waste away. I fear the  
 crazed and lonely looks the mirror's  
 sending me these days. Oh...*

Emma is sort of impressed by his insane commitment. Even if it is almost disturbing.

SONG  
*Touch me. How can it be? Believe me.  
 The sun always shines on TV. Hold me  
 close to your heart. Touch me. And  
 give all your love to me. To me...*

Trent finishes. Emma is smiling. Mouth agape. Finally--

EMMA  
 Wow. That was fucking bizarre, Trent.

TRENT  
 But you're smiling!  
 (laughs)  
 My Mom thought I was so weird.

EMMA  
 You are pretty weird.

TRENT  
 But she loved me.

Emma looks at Trent with new eyes.

TRENT  
 Listen Emma. I've watched hours and hours and hours of you. You're a good person. You're just feeling weird because life is moving so fast right now. But just remember that you're getting exactly what you've always wanted.

EMMA  
 I'm not sure I deserve it.

TRENT  
 Of course you deserve it. You've worked so hard. And you give something really special to your followers. You've given me so much. So much joy and companionship and comfort...

EMMA  
 I have?

TRENT  
 Fuck yeah. Absolutely. What you do.  
 Helping people get healthy. Helping  
 them feel better about themselves.  
 Your honesty. Your advice. It's a  
 gift. It's a force for good.

She feels a bit better. She puts her hand on his.

EMMA  
 Thanks Trent.

She looks at him. Smiles. He look back. Warm. He puts his  
 other hand over hers. Smiles.

TRENT  
 You're welcome, Emma.

They share a moment. Then--

TRENT  
 So... Can I get my handjob now?

Emma blinks. Frowns.

EMMA  
 What..?

TRENT  
 The handjob you owe me. We could do  
 it right here. Or in the car...

And immediately the moment is shattered into pieces. Emma  
 pulls her hand away.

TRENT  
 Remember. We had a deal. Handjob.  
 Topless. You agreed.

Emma swallows back her disappointment in him.

EMMA  
 I... I did that already.  
 (beat)  
*I jerked you off.*

TRENT  
 But it doesn't count unless...

EMMA  
 Unless what?

TRENT  
 Unless...  
 (MORE)

TRENT (cont'd)  
(sighs, whispers)  
*Unless I come.*

She stares at him. Really?

EMMA  
Is that what you want from me? To just stare at my tits while I give you a handjob?

TRENT  
It's what you promised.

She looks at him. And all vulnerability disappears. We see her harden up. Change her posture.

EMMA  
Okay. Okay wow. Well... That makes total sense. Yeah. Sure. If that what ends this. If that's what makes you go away and stay quiet. Let's do it.

TRENT  
Okay great.

EMMA  
But not here. There's a Days Inn near LAX. We can do it there. Meet me at four o'clock. Get a room. And let's close this out, huh?

TRENT  
(smiles wide)  
Four o'clock. Can't wait.

Emma heads to her car. She looks back at Trent.

EMMA  
Know what, Trent? This has been very useful. Thank you.

She gets in her car. Puts on sun glasses. Clenches her jaw. Starts the engine and drives off fast. Trent watches her go, grinning and gets into his car. Drives, excited.

Across the lot, Julia starts her engine. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma comes in. She grabs the magazine with Kat on the cover and throws it in the trash. She then takes Kat's books off her shelf and throws them into the trash too.

She goes over to a HUGE Mac ad that's now hanging on the wall: Emma's massive stylized crying face. She looks up at herself. Her mind churning. CUT TO:

**A SHELF STACKED WITH BRANDS OF LUBE--**

We track across a buffet of lubes. We settle on a HUGE tube of lube. Trent's hand comes in and takes it. We're in--

**INT. CVS - DAY**

Trent looks at the lube. Across the store, Julia is covertly spying on him. Trent goes to the Cashier. The Cashier looks at the lube, then at Trent. Trent smiles back. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA**

Emma turns on a ring light around a new 4K video camera. It is part of her new more professional self-record rig. She hits record. Sits down. Faces the camera. Serious.

EMMA

Can I be honest with you? Can I tell you a secret?

She holds up some Mac foundation.

EMMA

This foundation is my new favorite thing. If you think I'm not wearing make up. If you think I just look natural and glowing? I can't lie...

(whispers)

It's all thanks to this...

She opens it up. Her phone BUZZES insistently. Emma sighs and turns off the camera. Answers the phone.

EMMA

Crispin, I'm recording.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. CRISPIN'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY**

Crispin is on speaker phone.

CRISPIN

Sorry Em. It's urgent. You know the book pitch meeting we have on Monday?

EMMA

Yeah?

CRISPIN

Well, the Execs had a clash, so they've asked us to move the time.

EMMA

To when?

CRISPIN

Are you free right now? They're willing to squeeze us in.

EMMA

Now???

CRISPIN

I can push it. But if we don't do it today we might not see them for a couple weeks. They have London book fair or some bullshit. And right now we have the momentum...

EMMA

Okay. Fuck. Give me half an hour.

CRISPIN

Atta girl. See you there.

Emma hangs up. Her adrenaline pumping. She hurries into her bedroom. Opens the wardrobe. Looks at the clothes. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Chic, corporate, air. Glass, tile, wood. Emma, wearing a new outfit, hurries into the reception area. Crispin is sitting in chairs with Rochelle, waiting. They stand up to hug her.

CRISPIN

You look great.

ROCHELLE

Emma. The fact they want to see you before they go to London is a really good sign.

Emma looks up at the walls. There are huge poster of Kat Highbrook's books alongside other best sellers. She's a little overwhelmed. But grinning.

A well groomed ASSISTANT wanders over from the elevators.

## ASSISTANT

Sharon and Barney are ready for you all. Come this way.

Emma and Crispin exchange an excited look. They follow the Assistant. We linger on a clock that says 3.45pm. CUT TO:

**EXT. DAYS INN - DAY**

A plane roars overhead. Trent's car pulls up. He gets out. Takes a breath. Heads inside. CUT TO:

**INT. DAYS INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Trent comes in. Shuts the door. He looks around the room. He turns the mood lighting on. Puts the lube on the night stand. Sits on the bed. Checks his watch. Waits. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE OFFICES - MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Emma, Crispin and Rochelle are led into the Meeting Room. They are met by BARNEY and SHARON. Two executive big wigs.

## BARNEY

Emma. I'm Barney and this is Sharon. We are HUGE fans. So sorry to bring you in at such short notice.

## EMMA

Oh no problem at all. It's such a thrill to meet you both.

## BARNEY

Take a seat. Take a seat.

Everyone sits down.

## SHARON

So I have to confess, I'm basically obsessed with you. I feel like we're friends already! I just love how you just let it all out.

## EMMA

Well, I believe that it is important to cut through the bullshit. To really show who we are. How we feel. And be ourselves. For real. The beautiful and the ugly.

BARNEY  
Oh my God, totally!

Crispin and Rochelle exchange a smile. CUT TO:

**INT. DAYS INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Trent sits on the bed. Waiting. Nervous. He checks his watch. 4.17pm. He drums his fingers. He shifts in the bed. He moves the lube into the drawer of the night stand.

EMMA (PRE LAP)  
Fuck expectations. Fuck self doubt.  
Fuck guilt...

Trent opens the drawer again. Puts the lube back on top of the nightstand. He stares at the door. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE OFFICES - MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Emma's stood up. Pitching. Barney and Sharon are listening. Totally wrapped up in what Emma's saying.

EMMA  
Fuck looking in the mirror and seeing only the things you hate. The things you want to change. The things that make you want to disappear...

**INT. DAYS INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Trent sits and waits. And waits. He runs his hands over his face. Takes a deep breath. Looks at his phone: 5.07

TRENT  
Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

He puts his head in his hands. Breathes. Then looks up.

TRENT  
Okay okay okay okay. If that's how it's gotta be. Then... Fuck...  
(takes out phone)  
Just do it. Just get it over with.  
Okay. Okay... I'm doing it.

He dials 911 on his phone. It rings. Rings. Rings.

VOICE ON PHONE  
911. What's your emergency?

He takes a breath to answer. But then-- KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Someone at the door. Trent's heart-rate races. He stands up.

TRENT  
(into phone)  
Uh. Sorry. I, er... Pocket dial.

He hangs up. Stares at the door. Swallows. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He takes a step towards the door. Then uses his hand to check his breath. He puts on a big smile. And he opens the door. Standing there is Julia. He frowns.

JULIA  
Remember me?

Trent looks at Julia. A deer in headlights.

JULIA  
A few weeks ago I was getting a smoothie with Emma Kent. You were staring at us.

He pales. Closes the door. But she gets her foot in it.

JULIA  
You were stalking her. Right?  
(he just stares)  
I saw the two of you talking, Trent. You and Emma. Today. In a Walmart parking lot. How come you were together?

TRENT  
Because... We're friends.

JULIA  
She's friends with her stalker??

He stares back. Poker faced.

JULIA  
No. She's not your friend. She doesn't have friends.

He suddenly bursts into tears. Julia is surprised. But she puts a hand on his shoulder.

JULIA  
Hey. Shh. Hey. It's okay. I understand. I understand what you're going through. I've been there.

He just looks at her. Pathetic. Doe eyed.

JULIA  
What's your name?

TRENT  
Trent.

JULIA  
Hi Trent. I'm Julia. Why don't you  
invite me in?

On Trent wide eyed. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Emma is mid pitch. The Execs are lapping it up.

EMMA  
Lean into life. Lean into truth. Lean  
into you. Embrace honesty. Embrace  
the future. Embrace who you are. Peel  
back the layers of self-hatred and  
regret and disappointment. And find  
hope. Find truth. Find the real you.  
The you you want to be...

She clicks a button, a mock up of the book cover appears on  
the big screen. The Execs coo over it and exchange a look.

**INT. DAYS INN - HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Julia and Trent sit on the bed next to each other. Julia  
glances at the lube.

JULIA  
Emma stood you up?  
(off his nod)  
That's awful. How long have you been  
following Emma? In real life?

TRENT  
A while.

JULIA  
You were at Creator Push?  
(off his nod)  
You followed her there?

He nods. Julia leans in.

JULIA  
I bet you watch her feed a lot,  
right? Me too.  
(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)

I've been lost in it for the past few days. Scrolling. Over and over...

(beat)

The night of Creator Push she made a video and she was so weird in it. So fake. I mean she's always a fucking fake, but in that video she's... There's something else. There's a look in her eyes. Something broken. Something... dead.

TRENT

I don't know anything about--

JULIA

After Creator Push. That night. You followed her?

Trent breathes. Nervous.

JULIA

What did she do? Where did she go?

Trent just stares at Julia.

JULIA

She didn't go straight home did she?

Trent swallows. Julia leans close. Whispers.

JULIA

You don't have to protect her, Trent. She wouldn't protect you.

He looks at her. She puts a hand on his leg.

JULIA

Trent. When was the last time you were intimate with anybody?

TRENT

Huh?

JULIA

When did you last fuck someone?

He looks away. Startled.

JULIA

Hey. Look at me.

(he does)

There's no shame here. Just be honest. How long's it been?

TRENT

Six weeks.  
 (off her look)  
 Three years.

JULIA

Do you think I'm pretty, Trent? You think I'm hot?  
 (off his nod)  
 I'll make a deal. If you tell me what I want to know, I will let you do anything you want to me.

TRENT

Anything?

JULIA

Anything.

A shiver goes through Trent.

JULIA

So Trent. Did Emma go straight home after Creator Push?

TRENT

No. She didn't go straight home.

Julia smiles. She's got him. He whispers.

TRENT

She went to Topanga.

JULIA

Topanga?  
 (realises)  
 To Kat Highbrook's house?

He nods. Julia dry swallows. Leans closer.

JULIA

Emma was there when Kat died?

He nods. Julia gets goosebumps. She whispers.

JULIA

Emma killed her?

He looks away. Uncomfortable. Shakes his head.

JULIA

Oh. I get it. You killed her.

TRENT  
What? No!

JULIA  
Yeah. It was you. You threw Kat off.  
You did it for Emma.

TRENT  
(panic rising)  
No. No. It wasn't me!

JULIA  
You're obsessed with Emma. You wanted  
to help her. So you killed Kat.  
That's why she agreed to meet you  
here...

TRENT  
No! I... No. It wasn't like that...

JULIA  
Emma will say you did it.

TRENT  
What? No. We have an agreement--

JULIA  
It'll just be your word against hers.  
She'll make a deal with the cops.

TRENT  
She won't--

JULIA  
Of course she will! You know she  
will. What's to stop her?

He looks at her. Drenched in confused panic.

TRENT  
I... I... I have proof.

JULIA  
What?

TRENT  
I have proof that it wasn't me.

She smiles. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Emma is still mid pitch. She is working to the climax.

EMMA

This book is a guide. A friend. A teacher. It's a mission. A manifesto. A journey. It's a story of hope. Of happiness. Of strength. Don't be trapped by your fear. Set yourself free. And finally be the you you want to be.

She smiles. Finished. The Execs applaud.

BARNEY

Wow. That was fucking fantastic.

Emma beams. Crispin nods at her. Well done. CUT TO:

**INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Trent leads Julia in. She looks around the neat apartment. Huge bookcases full of books lining the walls.

JULIA

So where is it?

Trent rushes to his bookshelf. Starts looking for something. Julia sees a framed photo from the 90s. It has a woman hugging a child. The woman looks eerily like Emma.

JULIA

Trent. Who's this?

TRENT

That's me and my mom.

JULIA

Fuck. Your mom looks just like Emma.

TRENT

What are you talking about? They look nothing like each other--

He takes the photo. Looks at it. He has a glimmer of realization when he looks at it now. But that too much of a minefield, so he breezes past it. Puts the photo face down.

Julia sits on the sofa. Watches as Trent pulls out an old book. He opens it. It has a hole cut out in the pages. Inside there is a tiny thumb drive. He takes it. Grabs his laptop. He sits next to Julia and boots up.

He plugs the drive in his laptop. A PASSWORD prompt comes up. Julia watches his fingers type TR3NT&3MMA4L1F3. A directory comes up. One file in there. He clicks it.

It is the PHONE VIDEO FOOTAGE of the night Kat died. The same video Emma made him delete from his phone.

Julia watches, open mouthed as ON SCREEN Emma grabs the knife. Kat goes onto the terrace. Emma goes after her. Emma lets Kat fall. Julia reacts to that. Holy shit.

TRENT  
See. It wasn't me.

Trent looks at Julia. Breathes. Julia's still processing.

TRENT  
Look. I told you what you wanted. I told you the truth. So now... Now... You promised me something. And three years is a long time, so...

Julia looks at him. Nods.

JULIA  
What exactly do you have in mind?

TRENT  
(nervous)  
I... I er... You know... Uh...

JULIA  
It's okay, sweetie. Calm down. Just breathe. Breathe. Close your eyes and tell me everything you want to do.

He closes his eyes. She puts her hand on his knee. Whispers.

JULIA  
What do you want to do to me?

TRENT  
I... I want you to... Take off your clothes. Get naked...

JULIA  
Uh huh. And then..?

As he talks, she leans and puts her hand on the thumb drive.

TRENT  
And then I want you to kiss me. With tongues. And then let me touch your boobs and your ass. And-

She pulls the thumb drive out. The laptop makes a CUR-CLUNK noise. He opens his eyes. Sees the thumb drive in her hand.

TRENT  
No.

JULIA  
'Fraid so.

She suddenly bolts. Out of the apartment. Trent, in white hot panic, scrambles up to chase her--

**INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Julia runs down the stairs. Trent follows. Breathing hard.

TRENT  
Julia! No! Please! Stop!!!

**EXT. TRENT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Julia runs out. Fast. Fit. Trent bursts out after and chases. Julia sprints across the street. Dodging traffic. Gets to her car. Trent is still way behind. Puffing and panting. Julia jumps in her car. Drives off. Fast. Trent watches her car go. He starts to cry in desperation.

TRENT  
No no no no. FUCK!!!!

He looks around. Unsure what to do. Then he turns, jogs to his car. Drenched in sweat. Out-of-breath. He drives--

**INT. TRENT'S CAR - DAY**

He is trying to catch his breath. Driving like a maniac. Cars skid and honk their horns. He doesn't care. He fumbles with his phone. He is looking at FIND MY PHONE. Following the map. CUT TO:

**EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY**

Trent's car SCREECHES in. He parks it across the sidewalk by the doors. He jumps out. Runs inside.

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Trent runs to the reception area. He's breathless.

TRENT  
Emma Kent. Is she in here? It's an emergency.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry. I can't--

TRENT  
EMMAAAAA!!!!!!

Trent runs to the security barriers. He tries to vault them, but just tumbles over and lands on the floor.

RECEPTIONIST  
(into her phone)  
Security.

Trent runs into an elevator. He pushes buttons. And sees SECURITY PEOPLE heading towards him. He presses the button more urgently. The doors swish closed.

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Emma, Crispin, Rochelle and the Execs.

BARNEY  
Emma. I love it. I just fucking love it. I love its honesty. Its integrity. I think this could be a game changer.

Emma is super excited.

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE HALLWAYS - DAY**

Trent runs down hallways, looking in the glass-walled rooms.

TRENT  
Emma!!! Emma Kent!!!!

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY**

The Execs, Emma and her reps chat.

BARNEY  
I want to get this book in every Walmart, Airport, book store and superstore in the country as soon as fucking possible.

EMMA  
Oh my God...

SHARON  
We should get it onto Oprah's radar.

EMMA

Oprah?!

BARNEY

That's a great idea. She'll love it.

But now Emma hears, muffled...

TRENT (O.S.)

Emma!! Emma Kent!!!

SHARON

And we have a partnership with Netflix. We should get this to them early...

Emma now sees Trent running up the hallway. She pales.

EMMA

Oh no.

He sees her in the meeting. He runs to the door. He's huffing and puffing. He stares at her. She stares back.

TRENT

Emma! I need to talk to you!

BARNEY

Do you know him, Emma?

Emma smiles at the room. A fake smile.

EMMA

Er. Can you give me one second?

She keeps smiling. She stands. Heads to the door.

EMMA

I'm so sorry about this.

Emma opens the door. Keep smiling. Speaks through her teeth.

EMMA

Go away Trent. You have to go away right now. Right fucking now.

TRENT

(wheezing hard)

It's... an.... emergency. We're in trouble. Big trouble.

EMMA

How did you even know I was here?

TRENT

I put an air-tag in your car. Sorry.

She looks back at the Execs. They frown. She smiles back.

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE BATHROOMS - DAY**

Emma pushes Trent into the bathroom. Locks the door.

EMMA

What the fuck???? What's the emergency?

TRENT

Julia...

EMMA

(frowns)  
Julia?

TRENT

She has the video.

EMMA

What video?

TRENT

The video. Of the night Kat died.

EMMA

But you deleted that video. I saw you delete that video. It's deleted.

He just grimaces. Ashamed.

EMMA

No. No no no no no no. You fucking kept a copy??!!!

TRENT

I just... I always keep a back up in case--

She starts hitting him over and over.

EMMA

You stupid fucking ASSHOLE! GOD DAMN YOU, YOU FUCKING LYING FUCKING FUCK!!

TRENT

Ow! I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Emma stops. Tries to think. Panic rushing through her.

TRENT  
 You didn't come. I was waiting at the  
 Days Inn. You didn't come...

She doesn't even hear him.

EMMA  
 How did Julia get the video?

TRENT  
 She stole it. I'm sorry. I didn't  
 mean to let this happen. I'd never do  
 anything to hurt you. I love you--

EMMA  
 Where did she take it?

TRENT  
 I, I dunno. She... She just drove  
 away. Just.. I'm sorry. Really, Emma.  
 Please forgive me. Please...

But she's already moving. She runs out of the bathroom.

TRENT  
 ...I love you.

But he's alone. Trent sits down on the floor. CUT TO:

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Barney, Sharon, Crispin and Rochelle wait. Suddenly Emma  
 runs in. Grabs her bag.

EMMA  
 Sorry. Family emergency. I'm gonna  
 have to reschedule.

And she runs out. Crispin turns to the big wigs and smiles.

**INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Emma runs from the stairwells, vaults the security gates.

**EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY**

Emma runs out, towards her sports car. Jumps in. Fires the  
 engine. Drives. Her tires smoke. CUT TO:

**INT. EMMA'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY**

Emma drives fast. She tips her bag onto the passenger seat. The contents tumble out. Including her gun.

EMMA  
(seething, to herself)  
Fucking Julia...

**EXT. JULIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Quiet. Nice. Suddenly Emma's sports car comes hurtling around a corner. It fishtails. Then ROARS towards us. And then swipes some trash cans and skids to a stop on the lawn. Emma jumps out. She pushes the gun down the back of her pants. Hurries into the building.

**INT. JULIA'S BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

Emma rushes down the corridor to Julia's door. She stops. Breathes. Then knocks on the door. She ducks below the peephole. Close to the door. CUT TO:

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Julia comes through her apartment to the door. Looks through the peephole. We see her POV. There's no-one there. So she doubles back. Then she hears. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK again. She goes back and looks through the peephole. No-one. She tentatively opens the door...

**IN THE HALLWAY--**

Emma is still ducking down by the door. As soon as the door starts to open she SLAMS INTO the door as hard as she can. And barrels into the apartment.

**IN JULIA'S APARTMENT--**

Julia stumbles back. Emma comes in, slams the door.

JULIA  
Jesus Christ Emma!

EMMA  
Give me the video.

JULIA  
What video?

EMMA  
GIVE ME THE VIDEO!

Julia stares for a second. A show down. Julia smiles.

JULIA  
No.

EMMA  
What do you want for it?

JULIA  
I don't want anything.

EMMA  
You must want something! You want followers? You want endorsements? You want a fucking collab?

JULIA  
No. I just want to watch. I want to watch as your life crumbles into little pieces and dies.

EMMA  
Give me the video!

JULIA  
Go fuck yourself!

Emma pulls the gun out.

EMMA  
Give me the fucking video!

Julia stares at the gun. Then BOLTS into the next room. Emma swings the gun. Doesn't fire. But rushes after her. Into the next room. And is immediately hit in the face with a full BRANDED WATER BOTTLE. Swung by Julia.

SMACK!! Emma goes down. Her nose is broken. Blood pours down her chin. The gun skitters into the en-suite bathroom. Julia kicks Emma in the gut. Emma grabs Julia's legs. Julia slams down on the floor.

Emma rolls. Straddles Julia. Wrestles her arms. Julia throws Emma off. Scrambles towards a cupboard in the corner. Emma grabs Julia's ankle. Drags her back. Julia kicks wildly. Hits Emma's throat. Emma staggers back. Gasping for breath.

Julia stands. Kicks Emma hard in the solar plexus. Emma is thrown backward. And hits her head hard on a coffee table. Dazed. Emma tries to stand up. Julia opens the closet. She punches a code into a safe.

EMMA

In there? Is the video in there?

Julia opens the safe. Inside is her gold gun. Same make and model as Emma's. Julia takes it out. Checks it is loaded. Emma charges her. Smacks her against the closet. They fall to the floor. They wrestle for the gun. Emma gets it. She scrabbles to her feet aims it at Julia on the floor.

EMMA

Jesus! You even bought the same fucking gun as me!!!

JULIA

What did I ever do? What did I do to make you hate me so fucking much?

EMMA

You're annoying, Julia! You're just really fucking annoying!!!  
(cocks gun)  
Now get up.

JULIA

(getting up)

I feel sorry for you, Emma. You have millions of eyes on you. All day. Everyday. But you know what? Nobody fucking sees you. Not really. Except me. I see you. I see who you are.

EMMA

Turn around.

JULIA

I was your one friend.

EMMA

Just turn around.

Julia lunges at Emma. Knocks her over. The gun bounces away. Julia gets on top of Emma. Grabs her around the throat. Squeezes. Choking her. Julia grits her teeth. Her eyes are alive with hatred.

Emma flails around. Her hand grasping at the clutter on the floor. She grabs a RESISTANCE BAND. Swipes it up. Loops it around Julia's neck. Pulls tight.

Julia lets go of Emma's throat. Emma forces Julia over. Gets Julia face down on the ground. Loops the band around a few more times. Pulls tight on the resistance band.

Julia struggles. Flailing. Clawing at Emma. Emma keeps pulling. Julia is going purple. Choking. Dying. She kicks. Scrabbles. Emma's muscles flex. A bead of sweat rolls down her head and into her eyes. She blinks it away.

EMMA

That's it. I got you. I got you....

It takes an uncomfortable amount of time for Julia to tire. Emma just keeps pulling the band. Julia's eyes bulge. Finally she stops moving. Julia is dead.

Emma lets go. Stands up. Catches her breath. She looks at her hands. Red and sore. Then she looks down at Julia. Julia's eyes are wide and glassy. The blood vessels in them have broken.

Emma picks up Julia's gun. Wipes it down. Puts it in the safe. Closes the door. Closes the closet.

She gets her own gun and puts it back in her waistband. Then she takes a breath. Looks around the room. Thinks.

Emma moves a chair to the doorway between the bedroom and bathroom. She drags Julia's body to the chair. And lifts Julia onto the chair, the band still tight around her neck. Emma pulls the loose ends of the band and flops them over the top of the door. Then she pulls it as tight as she can.

Emma closes the door - so that the band is jammed between the closed door and the frame. Then Emma pulls the chair away. The band strains.

Julia dangles by her neck. Bounces a little. Her backside two feet off the floor. Her legs splayed. Emma steps back and looks at Julia.

EMMA

Dumb fucking cunt.

Then Emma looks around for Julia's phone. She sees it on the desk next to the laptop and a monitor. She goes over. And picks the phone up. It comes up "FACE ID". Emma glances back at Julia. But then sees--

The light on the computer webcam is on. Emma frowns.

Emma finds the switch on the monitor and turns it on. The monitor flickers to life. And she sees herself on the screen. Drying blood down her chin.

And now she sees that it is a TWITCH STREAM. On screen we see "streaming live - 986K viewers".

The whole of Julia's murder was live-streamed on Twitch. The numbers are zooming even higher at lightning speed.

Emma's jaw falls open. Oh fuck. A shiver goes through her.  
WE CUT ACROSS:

**VARIOUS LOCATIONS--**

People on their phones watching. Crispin. Lester. The book Execs. Emma's back-ups. The people from Mac. In living rooms, nurseries, restaurants, on the toilet etc.

Trent watches on his phone in the Publisher's bathroom. He gets Twitter and IG ALERTS with links to the Twitch. He stares at Emma on screen. She stares back. BACK TO:

**INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Emma stares at the camera. She hurriedly scrabbles for the mouse. And she moves the cursor over to "END STREAM". But she doesn't click. She just stares at the arrow on screen.

She sees the comments: "OMFG. Is this real?", "Is this live???" "Is this happening? Fuck fuck fuck". Then... "YES! KILL HER QUEEN!", "Fuck that dumb cunt",

She lets go of the mouse. She sits at the desk. Breathes. Pushes her hair from her face. And smiles into the webcam.

EMMA

Hello. Hello my Lovelies. Well. Then I guess you saw all that. All.. wow... over a million of you.  
(smiles)

You know. I'm not perfect. I'm just human. I have instincts. And she was... Well you saw it. She was crazy. She was trying to kill me. She was trying to replace me. And so I reacted. I just reacted. Self preservation. Like anyone would... Listen. I love you. All of you. I really do. My believers...

As she talks, hearts fly up on the stream. She smiles.

EMMA

There you all are. My Lovelies. I just want to be the best me I can be. For you. I just want you to believe.  
(beat)

Just believe in me.  
(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)  
 (smiles)  
 That's it, my Lovelies. Keep those hearts coming. They mean so much to me. Just keep them coming.

We see comments "SLAY ME QUEEN!", "CHOKER ME!", "I LOVE YOU EMMA!", "LOVELIES RISE!", "STUPID DEAD WANNABE". Etc etc

EMMA  
 Show me your hearts...

Suddenly the DOOR behind her SMASHES in. Armed cops run in.

EMMA  
 I just want your hearts.

The cops SHOUT and rush her. They grab Emma and smack her down onto the ground. We see Detective Williams come over to the camera and close the webcam cover. CUT TO:

**A LONG BLACK AND SILENCE. THEN--**

VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
 Turn to the right.

Music starts. CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION. MUG SHOT ROOM --**

Emma faces to the side. Holding the ID board. FLASH.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Face the camera please...

She does. FLASH.

**SUPER: "Before it was taken down, more than 2 Million people watched the Twitch stream of Julia Greene's murder"**

VOICE  
 Turn to the left.

Emma does. FLASH. CUT TO:

**INT. COURT ROOM - DAY**

Emma stands up with her lawyer.

JUDGE  
 How do you plead?

EMMA

Not guilty.

Emma stares down the Judge. FREEZEFRAME.

**SUPER: "Emma Kent's trial was televised and watched by more than an estimated 50 million people worldwide." CUT TO:**

**A MONTAGE OF THE GLOBAL SOCIAL MEDIA RESPONSE TO ALL THIS--**

A frenzy of clips. Instagram images. Tweets. Comments.

INFLUENCER

It's all bullshit!! Emma was clearly provoked by Julia. The video is clear. It was self defense.

INFLUENCER 2

Hello? It's a deepfake! It's so obvious! Wake up people!

INFLUENCER 3

You can tell Julia Greene was a sociopath. Look at the video. See how she ordered her books by color? I mean, God...

The CASCADE of tweets and images comes faster and thicker.

INFLUENCER 4

I wish I had her energy. I wish I had her looks. I wish I had her ass.

INFLUENCER 7

I love you Emma. Stay strong!

We see a stream: "EMMA KENT VERDICT REACTION VIDEO". A youtuber watches the livestream, screen in screen.

YOUTUBER

Here it comes. Here it comes. Oh my God, I'm so stressed right now.

JUDGE

On the count of second degree murder how do you find the defendant?

JURY FOREMAN

Guilty, your Honor.

YOUTUBER

AAAAAAAHHHH!!!! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! OHMIGOD!!!

On the stream we see Emma reacting. Mouthing the words "Fucking motherfuckers". FREEZEFRAME.

**SUPER: "Emma Kent was found guilty on all counts and is currently serving twenty years to life in a Maximum Security Facility in Northern California". CUT TO:**

**INT. COURT ROOM - DAY**

Trent is on the stand talking and gesticulating.

TRENT

I was terrified. Absolutely terrified. I thought she would kill me. I had no choice but to go along with what she said. She's a monster.

Trent starts sobbing. Emma is sitting with her lawyer listening, pissed off. On Trent mid sob, FREEZEFRAME.

**SUPER: "Trent Loake made a deal and testified against Emma in court" CUT TO:**

**INT. BOOK STORE - DAY**

Trent is sitting in front of a poster for his book "*THIRST TRAP - How I was seduced by the Twitch Stream Killer*". The cover image is Emma's mugshot. Trent signs books for a queue of mostly women and a few incel men. He takes selfies laughing. Mid guffaw, we FREEZEFRAME.

**SUPER: "Trent's memoir about his 'harrowing experiences of being manipulated by a social media sociopath' is currently number two on the New York Times bestseller list. He has just sold the movie rights for \$2 Million". CUT TO:**

**INT. PRISON DINING HALL - DAY**

Emma is line for food. She gets slop spooned onto her tray. She looks down at it. Swallows a retch. Oh God. FREEZEFRAME.

**SUPER: "Emma Kent's Instagram account currently has 32 Million Followers. Though she has not posted for a while."**

JUMP TO: Emma at a table eating alone. Some TOUGH LOOKING WOMEN come over. Their Ringleader sits opposite Emma. Glares at her. Emma looks back. Scared. Other inmates back away.

RINGLEADER  
You're famous. You're the Twitch  
Stream Killer. That psycho fitness  
girl.

Emma says nothing. Eyes down. Ringleader slams the table.

RINGLEADER  
Hey. Look at me, killer.

Emma does. Scared. Ringleader eyeballs Emma hard. Then--

RINGLEADER  
You think you could help me lose  
twenty pounds?

Emma frowns. Ringleader leans in. Speaks low.

RINGLEADER  
I wanna look good for my parole board  
appearance...

On Emma, gulping. FREEZEFRAME.

SUPER: "Emma Kent has appealed her conviction."

**BLACK.**

The MAIN ON END TITLES begin. After each title we see a cut  
of the following SEQUENCE...

**FEET--**

All in the same kind of sneakers. The same kind of sweat  
pants. Prison issue. They move in slow motion.

**HANDS--**

Moving as one. Slow motion. A line of hands. Wearing prison  
issue sweatshirts.

**FACES--**

Moving. Bobbing. Sweating. Tough faces. Some with tattoos.  
All women prisoners. Slow motion. CUT TO:

**A PRISON YARD--**

Sixty female prisoners. All wearing their prison issue clothes. Doing a workout routine. In Slow Motion.

**EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY**

Emma is in front of the crowd of prisoners. Leading them in a workout. Emma is fake smiling. In her element. The Prison Guards watch on from the sidelines, Bobbing their head in rhythm. The TOUGH WOMEN are at the front, exercising hard. The MUSIC comes to its climax. Emma finishes the routine. Emma grins at the crowd. Defiant. But covering fear. Horror. Regret. We stay on her face. Her smile fixed. CUT TO:

**BLACK. SILENCE.**

THE MAIN ON END TITLES finish. A new song kicks in. The END CRAWL begins...

**THE END.**