

SOCIAL

2nd Draft

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

All is quiet, no one is home.

Footsteps can be heard approaching and come to a standstill.

Keys work in the lock and PETER enters his home.

He is dressed like a mature student and musician. Guitar case on his back.

He is tired from a day of busking.

He puts the guitar on the sofa and counts the days earnings.

A dejected sigh.

He sits down at the PC desk and boots up.

He rubs his eyes, muttering to himself for the thing to hurry up.

He goes online and onto Social Butterfly network site.

He logs on

CUT TO:

INT. PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter puts on his audio headset.

PETER
Right let's get this gig sorted
out!

CUT TO:

PC SCREEN

He hovers over friends online list and clicks on MATTY

The connection is made.

CUT TO:

INT. PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

PETER
Yo Matty!

MATTY
(stoned off his tits)
Alright dude, how's it going ma
man?

PETER
Good good. You still on for Friday
mate?
Can't play without our bassist
mate.

MATTY
Hey, you ever why hedgehogs have
those spikey things, spikes yeah?

Peter mouths 'for fucks sake' to himself.

PETER
(sardonic)
To ward off predators like.

MATTY
(heard inhaling another
drag)
But what predators do hedgehogs
have?

PETER
I don't know..
Dr Robotnic..

MATTY
Haha, class I got that game on
download. Get in.

Sonic the Hedgehog can be heard playing with Matty laughing
his tits off.

PETER
Wait up, so you still on for
Friday?
Matty!

The connection is lost.

Peter refrains from hitting the keyboard.

CUT TO:

PC SCREEN

A caption pops up along with a ringing sound.

'Tracy Mallon wants to talk'

'Accept - Yes - No'

PETER
Who the hell is this?

Peter clicks on 'Yes'

CUT TO:

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

PETER
Hello?

TRACY
Why weren't you at the Lounge Bar
last night?

PETER
You must have me confused with
someone else, I haven't even met
you before.

TRACY
(demanding)
If we haven't even met why did you
add me as a friend!?

PETER
You friend requested me pet.

He clicks 'disconnect'

Then deletes her profile from his contact list.

PETER (CONT'D)
Crazy arsed bitch!

He takes the headset off.

PC SCREEN

He hovers over 'log off'.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

PETER
Screw this.

He logs off.

The screen goes black after a beep.

Log on beep and the image of Peter comes back.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

It's later on in the evening.

Headset back on.

We hear several ring attempts.

No one picks up.

He gets more and more frustrated.

He gives up flinging his headset onto the desktop.

PC SCREEN

Harry Thompson appears on the contact list.

A text block pops up.

Harry: Keep your chin up lad.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter looks at the screen stunned, and then slightly angry.

He types.

PC SCREEN

Peter: Who the hell is this?!

Harry: It's Harry.

Peter: I don't think so, Harry was my best mate. The term 'was' because he died over a year ago!!!

Harry: Put the headset on or we'll be here all friggin night!

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter puts on his headset.

PETER

Right who is this?

HARRY

I told you it's me Harry.
I was expecting a bit of a warmer
welcome but I guess it'll be a bit
of a shock from your perspective
and all.

Peter is lost for words as he realises that he may be talking to his dead friend.

PETER
Harry?

HARRY
Yes.

PETER
Harry!

HARRY
That's my name, don't wear it out mate.

PETER
This can't be happening, is this some sort of joke?

HARRY
No joke. This is as real as it gets.

PETER
If it's really you prove it!

HARRY
For fucks sake Peter.
Right here we go!
Remember your first ever gig, me and you were out back. You were so nervous that you pissed yourself and I had to go and get you a change of cloths.
No one else knew about it and to be honest it's not the kind of thing you put in the public domain.

PETER
So how, erm what, Jesus.

HARRY
It's ok mate, just take a few breaths yeah!
Don't want to go to all this trouble for you to pass out on me.

Peter takes some deep breaths.

PETER
It really is you isn't it?

HARRY
Yeah, look I gotta go soon, this takes a lot of effort.
Promise me just one thing!

PETER
Sure, go ahead.

HARRY
You must not tell anyone about me,
especially Helen. You have to
promise.

PETER
I promise.

HARRY
Promise?

PETER
Harry I promise I will not tell
anyone!

HARRY
Not even Helen!

PETER
Not even Helen!

HARRY
Will be on same time tomorrow mate.

PETER
Harry wait...

PC SCREEN

'Harry is offline'

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter still stunned fumbles off his headset.

He sits back and takes a deep breath, rubbing his head.

He logs off.

Beep and blackout.

Log on and the image is restored.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

It's a different day. Peter is dressed different and staring
at the screen in anticipation.

He looks at his watch and back to the screen.

He repeats this.

PC SCREEN

Harry is online.

A caption pops up with a ringing sound.

'Harry want to talk'

Peter clicks on 'accept'

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

PETER

Hey man!

HARRY

Alright Pete.

Right got to keep things quick as I
said before can't stay on for a
long time.

PETER

No problem mate.

HARRY

So how is Helen doing?

Peter pauses before speaking.

PETER

She's doing great. I mean she
still misses you and all.
She got the job at the University
she was after.

HARRY

That's good. I want her to be
happy.
To get on with her life, you only
live once.

PETER

Erm, yeah.
I'm taking care of Helen.
What I mean is that I really care
about her and want to make her
happy.

Peter shifts uncomfortably.

Silence.

PETER (CONT'D)

Harry?

HARRY

I'm still here mate.
Just took me a bit by surprise
that's all. I can't believe it's
been over a year. Doesn't feel
like it's been that long.
So you love her?

PETER

Yes.
Yes I do.
I'd do anything for her.

HARRY

And she feel's the same about you?

PETER

Yes I think so.
I mean she stills love's you Harry,
but...

HARRY

Nah nah, it's alright.
As long as she is happy that's all
that matters.
If it makes you feel better you
have my blessing.

PETER

Thank you, that really means a lot
to me.

HARRY

Rather you then some stranger eh?

Peter gives an awkward chuckle.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So how is the band doing?

Peter is caught off guard by the switch.

PETER

Well it's not going to great.
Matty is a pain in the arse, keeps
missing gigs.
I got one on Friday, may need to
find a replacement.

HARRY

I'll see what I can do to help you
out. It's amazing what you can
find out online. It's like being a
discreet pervert.

PETER

Cheers man, you've always been a
great friend to me!

HARRY

Well you get what you deserve don't
you.
Right I gotta go.
If you need to talk same time same
place.

PETER

Can count on it mate.

Harry offline beeps.

Peter sighs, slightly relieved.

He logs off, beep and blackout

Log on and the image is restored.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter is waiting.

He is looking at an online photo album of them all.

Different pictures.

Harry and Peter.

Harry and Helen.

All three of them hugging for the camera. Smiles all round.

The call ringing sound breaks Peters train of thought.

PETER

Ow do Casper.

HARRY

Very fucking funny.

PETER

So it's been over a year so what's
taken you so long to get in touch?
Why now?

HARRY

Well It's not easy for one thing.
If it was everyone would be doing
it, wouldn't be able to have a
moment to think would you?
What it boils down to is that you
have to learn things, find the
right channels to go through, it
all takes time.
You understand?

PETER
Erm not really no.

Harry sighs.

HARRY
It's a bit like that film Ghost,
you remember where he has to learn
what to do.

PETER
Oh yeah the weirdo on the train
yeah!

HARRY
Yeah exactly!

PETER
So did you find a weirdo on the
Metro to teach you?

HARRY
Well I did try that but the problem
is it's full of weirdos.
Kind of hard to distinguish who can
see.

PETER
So can people see you?
I mean ghosts and the like?

HARRY
Well they can but it's very rare,
some people are more open to it
then others but it's not exactly a
science.
I don't know...
(sighs)
I haven't been dead that long.

PETER
Sorry man.

HARRY
Well what are you going to do heh?
That reminds me, check your inbox!
I've mailed you some contacts, a
bass player and a promoter. That
will get the band going mark my
words.

PETER
Sweet man!
Will check them out.
Thanks again.

HARRY

Not a problem after all what are
friends for?
I got to go. Talk soon.

Harry goes offline.

Peter takes off his headset and picks up his mobile, dialing
a number from the screen.

PETER

Hi, It's Peter, e-mailed you
earlier about the band... Yep...

Holding the phone he awkwardly logs off.

Blackness.

Log on beep and the picture is restored.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter is waiting, but not as intently.

He is looking at a guitar to buy online priced at £11,000.

The call ring starts.

PETER

Ay up!

HARRY

How's it going?
Been a few days now hasn't it?

PETER

Yeah them people you put me on to
were awesome. The bass player
rules and the promoter has sorted
us out with a load of paid gigs.
Fucking awesome ma man I owe you
one!

HARRY

So what you up to then?
Looking a gay midget donkey porn?

PETER

Ya cheeky bastard!
No, looking at my new guitar. When
I get the money that is. I'm due
£9000 off my parents savings next
week, so just a case of saving up
the rest.

HARRY

Ah right, well then this might help then. I just mailed you a contact, play nice and he'll sort you out with a big crowd event. That'll sort out your money problems.

PETER

Again thanks my man. I don't know what I'd do without you. It's all starting to come together I can't believe it.

HARRY

Well it's like I said you get what you deserve don't you.

Keys can be hears working the front door lock.

Peter jolts to his right.

PETER

Shit!
Here's Helen!

Peter logs off.

Blackness.

Log on beep and the picture is restored.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

It's earlier in the day.

Peter has bloodied tissue up one of his nostrils.

Peter answers the call.

PETER

Alright bud.
Sorry I've been missing you over the past couple of weeks. I've had Helen and people round here so couldn't talk.

HARRY

Yes that's understandable, no matter what no one must know about this.
So everything going alright then?

PETER

The band stuff is going brilliant. Other things are not so good.

HARRY

Yeah what's with your nose?

PETER

My nose keeps bleeding cause some crazy motherfucker just punched me in the street for no reason. Police didn't get him, was well pissed off. My Uni work has gone to shit even tho I emailed them my assignments they said they didn't receive them. And I don't know if its just me, but it seems like people are ignoring me.

HARRY

Keep your chin up lad, these things happen. Least things are looking up with the band and you're bringing the money in.

PETER

Aye man, thanks to you yeah. Got that big gig tonight, that contact you gave me came good. Never played to such a large crowd, I'm shitting myself just thinking about it.

HARRY

Don't worry about it. You know what I do when I'm nervous about something?

PETER

No what?

HARRY

Just think of some really good jokes. Laughter eases things up I find. Wanna hear a joke?

PETER

Yeah go on then.

HARRY

Why do tampons ignore you when you pass them in the street?

PETER

I don't know why do tampons ignore you when you pass them in the street?

HARRY

Because they're stuck up twats.

Peter creases up laughing.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There you go.
Have a good gig and talk to you
later.
Don't leave it so long yeah?

PETER

Will do mate, will do.

Log off

Blackness

Log on beep and image is restored.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter stumbles into view.

He is drunk as a fart. The band members are in the
background, absolutely wrecked.

PETER

Yo Harry!
The gig was fucking awesome!

The band cheer in reply.

Peter turns to the group.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey guys, this is my best friend
Harry!
His my best friend and he's dead!

The group cheer.

BAND MEMBER

Say hello to Elvis and Cobain!

PETER

I'm serious for fucks sake.
Yo Harry?

No response.

Peter struggles to focus on the screen before slipping off
the chair hitting the keyboard logging off on the way down.

Log off and log on.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter and the group drunkenly singing a Nirvana song.

Log off and log on.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

It's the next evening and Peter is still hung over.

PETER

Harry?

No response.

PETER (CONT'D)

Harry?

Sorry about last night man.

I was wrecked.

Harry?

Peter waits in vain before logging off.

PC MONITOR POINT OF VIEW

Peter looks at the screen dismayed.

Harry rings.

PETER

Mate there you are!

It's been two weeks now I'd thought
you'd never come back online.

HARRY

(angry)

Well I told you not to fucking tell
anyone!

PETER

Look I'm sorry I fucked up.

HARRY

Doesn't matter, it's all done and
dusted now.

So got enough for your guitar yet?

PETER

Almost about £500 short, should be
able to get it next week.

HARRY

That's good to hear.

Shame you'll never see it though.

Peter looks confused and worried.

PETER

What you talking about?

HARRY
(sinister)
So how is Helen you still 'love'
her and all.

PETER
Of course I love her, I thought you
didn't mind?

HARRY
O I've no problem you 'loving' her
when I'm gone from the mortal
plane.
It's the fact you we're fucking her
when I was alive!

PETER
(panic)
What are you talking about, I
wouldn't do that...

HARRY
Are you taking the fucking piss?
Not only are you talking to a dead
man who can see and do more then
you can imagine, but you thought I
was a complete stupid cunt when I
was alive did you!
It's a good job I died in the car
crash or I would of strung you up
by the balls.
Hard to concentrate on driving when
I'm picturing you fucking my wife!

PETER
Harry I'm sorry, I didn't mean to
go behind your back.
I really do have feelings for her.
It just happened.

HARRY
It just happened!
It just fucking happened!

PETER
Harry!

HARRY
Just popping out for some milk my
dear happened!
Just put a contract on you
happened!

PETER
What?

HARRY

It's amazing what you can buy
online 'mate'!
Not many people know how much their
life is worth.
Yours is £10,000.

PETER

That's not possible!

HARRY

Yeah right have a fucking word with
yourself mate you forgetting who
you are talking to.
Check your bank balance.

Peter types away and finds £10,000 debited out of his
account.

Peter covers his mouth in shock.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's fucked you up a bit hasn't
it?

PETER

Harry please don't do this!
I didn't mean to do it!

There is a loud knock at the front door.

HARRY

That should be him, his a stickler
for time keeping.

Peter is getting desperate.

PETER

Think about Helen, if you kill me
you'll hurt her!

HARRY

What makes you think I care about
that cheating bitch!

Another knock.

PETER

Harry please stop this I don't want
to die.

HARRY

(softly)
I know.
That's the way it works.

PETER

Harry!
Harry!

Tears stream down Peters face.

He turns and looks towards the front door, waiting for the worst.

In the background a shape emerges from the darkness of the kitchen.

Peter senses something and turns to see a man in a rain coat holding a pistol with suppressor attached.

The man aims and fires off a round.

Peter slumps over.

The man calmly walks over and without emotion kicks the body to the floor and lets off another round.

The person at the door steadily walks away, footsteps fading.

He looks at the blood splattered PC screen:

He reacts with mild disdain before picking up the shell casing and heading back to the kitchen, picking up the remaining shell.

He disappears into the darkness of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

PC SCREEN

Harry: Goodbye Pete, talk soon.

Harry is offline.

SOCIAL

FADE OUT.

END