

FINSTA

by

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INT. BEDROOM- DAY

Dreamy pop music plays from speakers that echo throughout a hazy pink, girly bedroom. Stuffed animals are organized in a corner, and stickers are stuck onto a white vanity that jams pictures of a girl and her friends in the creases of the mirror.

CHLOE, 17, lies on top of a soft pink bed, chewing gum and blowing bubbles while looking at a phone protected by a fuzzy pink case. Chloe has short blonde hair, and sports pink heart-shaped glasses that cover her eyes.

The bubble pops as she pauses the music from the phone. She scrolls through a girl named Becky's "Finsta"(a scandalous fake Instagram account dedicated to only "cool" people). She passes a stream of posts all involving herself. They show Chloe black out drunk, half naked with foul language and penises drawn all over her. She scrolls through the comments briefly to look at all the hate before she presses the home button.

She perks up in the bed and throws the phone away from her. It lands on BECKY's face, who lies on the ground, zip-tied to the foot of the bed with sparkly pink duct tape covering her mouth. She moans and cries as make-up runs down her face. A hammer and bloody spot on the carpet lie right next to her.

MOLLY, Chloe's "friend"/sidekick, hovers above Becky holding a fuzzy pink pillow in her hands.

Chloe slides along the sheets closer to Molly then lies on her stomach gently looking at her, still with her heart-shaped glasses on. She studies her for a moment.

CHLOE
(sweetly provocative)
Give it a try.

Molly, still kneels over Becky. She has a horrified and conflicted look that drowns out her face.

MOLLY
(timid)
I don't want to.

Chloe exhales and rolls over onto her back. Her head hangs upside down off the bed.

CHLOE
Molly, we had this discussion before. You agreed you needed to try more new things.

Molly looks into Chloe's upside down heart glasses.

MOLLY
Yeah... but...

Chloe groans and re-positions herself.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
That doesn't mean I need to try
every new thing.

Chloe, now sitting cross-legged, looks at Molly.

CHLOE
(bitchy)
Then when are you going to start?
What new things have you tried?

A pause, Molly doesn't know what to say as Chloe, behind her shades, peers at Molly.

MOLLY
I will, okay, I will.

Molly looks at Becky struggling.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
But why this? Why now?

CHLOE
You have to start somewhere... Why
not here and now?

Molly doesn't look away from Becky. She continues watching her squirm and cry. Molly looks like she is about to break.

MOLLY
I'm not comfortable with this.

Molly gets up from the ground, and begins walking away towards the door.

Chloe stays seated on the bed and shouts out to Molly-

CHLOE (O.S.)
You're not comfortable with
anything new.

Molly stops in her tracks about to cry.

CHLOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's kind of the point.

Molly stands there, still looking away.

MOLLY
(tearing up)
I know... You're right.

Molly turns back around to face Chloe.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Just please be patient.

Molly finishes her little sobs as Chloe sits on the bed and watches.

CHLOE
(sake sympathy)
I will, but... Show me something.

Chloe subtly nods her head towards Becky.

Molly looks at Becky on the floor, still squirming and moaning. She shakes her head not to do it as she cries.

A pause. Molly thinks.

MOLLY
(building up courage)
All right.

Molly starts walking towards Becky, and kneels back down. She is back at hovering over her. Molly grabs the pink pillow as Becky begins to squirm harder and try and scream for dear life.

CHLOE (O.S.)
You ready?

MOLLY
Not yet.

Molly tries to get to her zen place and meditates. She closes her eyes and begins breathing through her nose and out through her mouth as Becky frantically kicks and screams beneath her. Molly tightens her grip on the fuzzy pink pillow, and holds it tight. She takes one last breath, and opens her eyes. She looks at Becky one last time before she exhales and closes her eyes, and goes in to suffocate Becky with the pillow.

As the pillow hits Becky's face, Chloe sits on the bed, just listening to the sounds of her being smothered and struggle. She watches with no emotion and just continues to blow bubbles with the glasses still resting on her face.

As the suffocation continues, Chloe reaches over to Becky's nightstand and grabs her ultra cool neon pink bong with

stickers all over it. She presses down on the weed, and takes a long rip, still listening to the smothering.

Chloe begins coughing as she exhales. She puts the bong onto the floor as the deed comes to an end. She looks at Molly as she distances herself from Becky's dead body.

Chloe gets off the bed, and lightly kicks Becky to make sure she is dead. When she see's no movement, she reaches down for the phone, and snaps several pictures.

Chloe sits back down as typing noises ensue. The typing noise is then followed by a "sent" noise- She just posted a picture of Becky's lifeless body onto her own Finsta.

CUT TO PINK: FINSTA