

Social Media
by
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INT: RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - DAY

RAYMOND (15), spotty and wearing jeans is sitting in front of his computer on a desk. On the right of the desk is a digital clock. The time is 5:00 PM. Clothes and magazines are scattered on the floor. Behind him is a messed up bed. Music comes from a CD player. On it is 'Blitzkrieg' by Blitzkrieg.

CD PLAYER

The day is coming, Armageddon's near.
Inferno's coming, can we survive the
blitzkrieg?

RAYMOND

(to himself)

Excellent song about an alien
invasion. Can we survive the
blitzkrieg? Excellent lyric, too. I
like it so much, I'm going to make
that my Facialface status.

RAYMOND talks to himself whilst typing.

RAYMOND

Can we survive the blitzkrieg?

Raymond nods.

RAYMOND

And now all I have to do is wait for
the likes...

Half an hour passes. The clock says 5:30 PM. Now RAYMOND is listening to 'Street Lethal' by Racer X.

CD PLAYER

And I'm street, street lethal.
Pounding down the backroads, higher
than a steeple.

RAYMOND

Yeah, rad. Let's make that my new
status.

RAYMOND does more typing.

Another half an hour passes. The clock says 6:00 PM. 'Run to the Hills' by Iron Maiden is playing.

CD PLAYER

Run to the hills! Run for your lives!

RAYMOND

Awesome! I have a new status update!
Best yet!

RAYMOND does more typing. A pinging sound comes from the computer. RAYMOND focuses closer on the screen. He reads from it aloud.

RAYMOND

Raymond, no one has any kind of clue what you're on about. Are you ok? You sound really paranoid and really arrogant, too. Who the hell do you think you are and what the HELL do you think is going on?

RAYMOND sighs. He types as he talks.

RAYMOND

Am I ok? Don't you know cool?

RAYMOND gets up and changes the song. 'Gangland' by the same band plays. RAYMOND sits back down and rubs his chin.

RAYMOND

What lyrics will make me sound super chill?

CD PLAYER

Shadows may hide you but also may be your grave.

RAYMOND

Perfect.

RAYMOND types the lyrics again. Soon after another ping is heard.

RAYMOND

(reading aloud)

Raymond are you threatening me?

RAYMOND sighs even louder.

RAYMOND

(type-talking)

Work it out!

RAYMOND twiddles his thumbs.

RAYMOND

(to himself)

Hm. No reply. I really have no idea what's going on.

Another half an hour passes. The clock says 6:30 PM. 'Hammer Smashed Face' by Cannibal Corpse plays.

CD PLAYER

Brutality now becomes my appetite

Violence is now a way of life
 The sledge my tool to torture
 As it pounds down on your forehead.

RAYMOND
 Now THEY'RE cool lyrics!

RAYMOND types again. Another ping is heard.

RAYMOND
 (reading aloud)
 I'm seriously considering calling the
 police...

RAYMOND scratches his head.

RAYMOND
 (typing and speaking)
 For God's sake! Don't you know good
 music?? Ohhh, I see what's going on.

RAYMOND rolls his eyes.

RAYMOND
 You thought the lyrics I wrote were
 about me, didn't you? No, HERE are
 lyrics about me. Let me just get my
 Spice Girls CD...

RAYMOND puts The Spice Girls into his CD player and sits
 again. 'Wannabe' plays.

CD PLAYER
 If you want my future, forget my past
 If you wanna get with me, better make
 it fast.

RAYMOND does more typing of lyrics. Another ping is heard.

RAYMOND
 (reading)
 Raymond, you're sick in the head,
 seriously.

RAYMOND hits the desk with his fists and types again.

RAYMOND
 Please believe me! I'm just writing
 lyrics! Please!

A police siren is heard outside. Knocks are also heard.

RAYMOND
 Oh no.