

SHARE

Written by

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**AFI Directors Workshop for Women**

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An ANT crawls on the windowsill of a TEENAGE GIRL's bedroom as she lounges in bed. Over her shoulder, we see notebooks, textbooks, a laptop playing a movie at the foot. Her phone--screen dark--sits on top of the books.

Her MOTHER, 40s, laughs outside the door.

MOM (O.S.)  
She's too much.

Krystal turns to listen.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
About her own kid?

She crawls to the laptop and turns up the volume. The phone lights up behind her with a harsh DING.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
You know what I heard? I heard it was Bennett...he's in Krystal's grade--oh, always--

She lifts it into focus: it's a message from "JENNA <3 <3": "are you ok?" She types: "yea" "y?" ellipsis...no response.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(walking away)  
The one in the--the one in--yes.

She clicks into a different chat, with "DYLAN." Their history pops up: lots of blue messages and few grey responses.

She types: "u home?" Then "I'm borrrreeeddd."

She clicks back: still no response from Jenna, then...DING: a message from "ALEX" previews at the top: "did you see it?"

She types back "what?" DING: another one "SAMMI: "is that you?" DING: "ALEX: the video"

The texts are coming in faster and faster--She sits up.

Before she can respond, DING: "JENNA <3 <3: i think theres something u need to see" DING: "JENNA: i'm so sorry."

She types back: "???" to ALEX, "?? where?" SAMMY: "send?" No one is responding.

She moves from chat to chat. The movie has stopped, the silence is excruciating...

DING.

A preview of a video from Jenna: It's a girl, passed out, bare-backed except for a bra. There's writing in sharpie on her skin, the kind of stuff you see on binders: "JENNA WAS HERE:)" "YOLO" a drawing of a penis ejaculating etc.

DING: "JENNA <3 <3: it's a video."

REVERSE: We see the girl's face for the first time: The screen throws cold light up on KRYSTAL WILLIAMS, 16.

She is the girl in the video. She lingers...then presses play

CUT TO BLACK.

2 O.S. SOFT LAUGHTER, WHISPERS. 2

BOY 1 (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
She's so dead.

BOY 2 (O.S.)  
Hell-ooo.

BELT BUCKLE, A ZIPPER...

BOY 1 (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
Okay...okay, dude.

SLAPPING SOUND, SKIN-ON-SKIN.

BOY 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dude...

THE LAUGHTER STOPS. WET SOUNDS, BREATHING...

TITLE CARD: SHARE

3 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN 3

Glossy photos of smiling friends reflect the sun. Krystal is sitting up in the same position in bed, turned to the window.

MOM (O.S.)  
(calling upstairs)  
Honey! Are you getting up?

She doesn't move.

4 INT. CAR, BACKSEAT - EARLY MORNING 4

Krystal is in the backseat, still wearing her backpack.

MOM (O.S.)  
Put your seat belt on.

4A INT. CAR, BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS 4A

Reflected trees stream across Krystal's face in the window.

5 INT. CAR, BACKSEAT - LATER 5

The car stops. A brick building that looks more like a prison than a school comes into view. Krystal unbuckles.

5A EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - SAME 5A

The school looms over Krystal as she stands in front, students weaving around her like lines of ants.

6 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER 6

Sneakers on linoleum. Krystal walks with her thumbs tucked into her backpack straps. She moves against a tide of students, glancing up as she passes:

- ONE BOY texting.
- ONE GIRL staring back at her.
- THREE GIRLS laughing at something...

She slows as she passes the girls, watching. They reshuffle and she sees they're gathered around a cellphone. She stops.

GIRL 1  
Oh my god...

GIRL 2  
Shhh!

Krystal struggles to see what's on the screen as they watch, enraptured, erupting in more laughter and whispers.

The screen tilts towards her: it's a cat video.

GIRL 1  
Stop.

Another laugh rings out--She turns and down the hallway is DYLAN, 17, small for his age and kind-faced.

He catches Krystal's eye. As she watches, he nods to the boys he's with and heads off. She follows.

He rounds the corner down the stairs.

7 INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

Construction-paper bubble-letters for "SPIRIT WEEK" line the walls. Krystal weaves between scattered students.

She walks faster. Dylan does too.

A hand grabs her shoulder: It's JENNA, 16, and though she has the confidence and composure of someone older than Krystal, she's at a loss.

JENNA

Your mom let you come?

Krystal doesn't say anything. Dylan drifts out of sight behind Jenna.

JENNA (CONT'D)

What did you tell her?

KYRSTAL

Nothing.

JENNA

Nothing?

KRYSTAL

What would I say?

JENNA

You don't remember any of it? (Off Krystal) Sorry. I'm sorry.

Krystal is silent.

JENNA (CONT'D)

...I think you should tell her.

KRYSTAL

No.

JENNA

(gently)

What if she sees it?

They fall silent: a group of teachers passes them.

KRYSTAL  
Did you watch all of it?

Another teacher walks by. Jenna shakes her head.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
...Were you there?

Jenna looks up, surprised by the question.

GIRL (O.S.)  
Hey!

They turn and it's one of the girl's who was watching the cat video, KAYLI, 15. Krystal studies her to see if she's seen the video.

KAYLI  
Are you doing Sam's tonight?

Kayli smiles: not yet...

KAYLI (CONT'D)  
I don't want to, but she's being weird--did she say anything?

JENNA  
(looking at Krystal)  
No...

Kayli's phone lights up with a BUZZ in her hand. Krystal's eyes gravitate to it.

KAYLI (O.S.)  
(Fading out)  
It's so annoying. We were at Fierro's--You weren't there...

Her phone buzzes again.

Kayli's voice trails off as she slips out of focus. Krystal stares at her fingertips on the phone.

8

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

8

Scratching sounds: metal raking back and forth against skin.

Krystal watches as Dylan drags the pencil across his scalp from the seat in front of her. She fidgets trying to focus on the board--noise from the classroom filters in, including voice of, MR. WHITE, 30s.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
If Observer A is...here--

Close on Dylan's mouth as he chews the metal ferrule around the eraser.

MR. WHITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And Observer B is here, traveling  
at a speed of...

The BUZZ of a cellphone breaks it. Krystal blinks.

She sees hands under desks texting. She watches Dylan as he looks down into his lap and slides out his phone.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
--what will each see?

Another BUZZ. There's a hushed laugh from somewhere in the back of the room. Krystal slides her own phone into her lap.

She types: "i need to talk to you" hits send and watches him.

BUZZ: Dylan looks into his lap. After a moment, he looks up.

She goes to type another message, but a text pops up at the top of her screen. It's from an unknown number:

"is this u?" BUZZ: the video pops up behind it.

Krystal quickly tries to delete it, but instead it plays. To her horror, the audio echoes out into the room.

BOY 1 (O.S.)  
She's so dead.

She pauses it. Whispers. The teacher's voices stops, the classroom falls silent.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Come on, guys.

Dylan is motionless in front of her. Krystal holds her breath, eyes down. FOOTSTEPS approach slowly.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

He's standing over her, hand-outstretched. She hands it over.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
End of the day.

He walks to the front of the room and drops it on his desk. All the eyes seem to be on Krystal. Her's are on the phone.

Dylan turns to look back at her.

9 INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - LATER 9

Through the window in the door we see Krystal staring blankly ahead, upright, as heads bend over notebooks all around her.

The bell rings. Bodies rise.

10 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER 10

Krystal makes her way back down the now empty hallway.

She turns a corridor and opens the door to the GIRL'S BATHROOM with a bang.

11 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

A group of girls--including Kayli--stand huddled together, whispering. They scatter at the sound the door.

Kayli avoids Krystal's eyes and heads into a stall. The others smile politely, no one speaks--they "resume" a conversation behind Krystal as she turns to leave.

GIRL 1

So we'll just take your car.

GIRL 2 (O.S.)

I don't have my car...My mom took the keys after last time.

GIRL 1 (O.S.)

(laughing)

Trashy.

They laugh. The door closes behind Krystal with another bang.

12 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 12

Krystal stands outside the bathroom. Laughter seeps through the door into the empty hallway, reverberating around her.

She stares out the window, watching students cross the field as the girls begin to whisper in the bathroom behind her.

She can only hear a few words in snippets:

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 ...feel so bad.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
 --but it's so sloppy--

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
 --Even if you're passed the fuck  
 out--

VOICE 3 (O.S.)  
 --his fingers--

13 INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - LATER 13

Through the same window, we see the teacher at his desk.

13A INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 13A

Jenna, now in a volleyball uniform, stands next to Krystal by the classroom door.

JENNA  
 Do you want me to wait for you?

Krystal shakes her head. Jenna looks at her to see if she should press it: no. She turns to go.

Krystal waits for her to leave, then enters,

14 INT. CLASSROOM - SAME 14

Mr. White bends over papers, her phone in full view beside him. He picks up a receiver on his desk:

MR. WHITE  
 Just a second, Krystal.

He turns away in his chair to make a hushed call. We track with her as she slides off her backpack and sits at her desk.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah. Well I have a student here...

Krystal strains to hear him but she can't make out the words.

She looks into her lap and notices an ant crawling along her thigh.

She puts her fingers in front of it--one at a time like little speed bumps. It climbs over them, approaching the hem of her shorts.

She lifts her hand and suddenly its gone. She brushes her legs, looking for it.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
Come up here, please.

Startled, she stands. She stops inches away from her phone.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
You know the rule.

KRYSTAL  
I'm sorry.

MR. WHITE  
It's alright.

KRYSTAL  
I'm sorry.

He's already moved on to the paperwork on his desk. She's still standing there.

MR. WHITE  
(without looking up)  
Go on. It's alright--I'm not going to turn it in.

She gathers her things slowly. He notices.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
Everything okay?

15

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - LATER

15

The back of Krystal's head in front of pink tile. The sound of the tap running.

She bends down to put her face in the sink and we see graffiti on the wall come into focus as she dips out of frame. The typical stuff: more penises, "JANIA IS A FAT SLUT," "Hi <3 <3 <3," "Have a blessed day!"

She drinks from the tap.

Wiping her mouth, she notices something on her shoulder. It's the faint outline of something green: MARKER left from the night of the video, like a scar.

It's too much. She picks up her phone, turning away to dial something we can't see.

KRYSTAL

Mom?

16

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - LATER

16

Krystal cuts through the deserted parking lot, thumbs back in her backpack. A BOY comes down the stairs behind her and follows her out into the lot.

BOY 1

Hey.

She turns: it's Dylan.

She is numb. His face contorts over the silence...

KRYSTAL

How many people have seen it?

DYLAN

...seen what?

KRYSTAL

How many people did you send it to?

DYLAN

I didn't.

KRYSTAL

Who watched?

DYLAN

I didn't mean to. I just showed it to one--

KRYSTAL

I mean who was there.

DYLAN

I don't know.

She's caught off guard.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to.

He stares at his feet.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 ...did he turn in your phone? What  
 did you tell him?

Still nothing. He comes towards her. They're standing close together now.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 What's gonna happen to me?

A car turns into the parking lot at the end of the drive way behind them. Krystal doesn't answer. He takes another step.

KRYSTAL  
 Why did you do it?

DYLAN  
 I said I didn't mean to.

KRYSTAL  
 That's not what I mean.

He stops, trying to think of what to say. They're face to face now. He reaches for her--

The car pulls up next to them and they whip around.

17 INT. CAR - LATER

17

Krystal climbs in the back seat.

MOM (O.S.)  
 Dylan's not coming over? Honey?

KRYSTAL  
 No.

MOM (O.S.)  
 He can if he wants, I'm just making  
 burgers.

She doesn't respond.

18A EXT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

18A

Through the window we see Krystal silhouetted in the glow of her laptop.

18 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

DING. Krystal is in bed in the same position as the night before, immobile, watching the same movie. We hear her mother on the phone off screen.

MOM (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Really? Well I said, I said to her--  
"Listen, if you think--"

We hold on Krystal over the muffled conversation. Another DING: her phone lights up--she doesn't pick it up.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...my daughter?

Krystal notices the shift in her mother's voice. She listens.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No...no she hasn't said anything--

She turns back to the movie, frozen.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What are you saying?

It's very quiet... DING.

CUT TO BLACK.