



Written by
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INT. SHABBY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ROSIE, 17, on the eating-disorder side of scrawny, sprawls on the sofa watching YouTube on a TV too large for the room.

She has AirPods in, head bobbing to unheard music as she taps at her phone screen.

Across from her sits, DYLAN, 15, sweats and a t-shirt on, eyes closed, seventies headphones covering half his head.

Rosie throws a cushion at her brother, which misses him entirely but canons into the side of his chair.

Dylan opens his eyes and glowers at her.

DYLAN

What?

ROSIE

You're not asleep then?

He doesn't answer verbally, just flips her the finger and, closes his eyes again.

Rosie turns her attention to the YouTube channel playing on the TV - Slapped Ham, paranormal videos.

On the clip that's currently playing, a clearly fake ghost appears from behind a tree and then hides again.

ROSIE

Jeez.

Rosie grabs the remote and scrolls on the screen and finds a different channel to watch - pARA LIVE.

She mutes the volume and turns the Closed Captions on, taps her Airpod to start the music again.

The clip on the TV shows a suburban neighbourhood at night. The filming on the screen is via a mobile, itself captured through a Go Pro, from the angle it's probably head-mounted.

The mobile screen is on video mode, and being used to view the street, the cameraman walks down.

CLOSED CAPTION

(text on the screen)

Normal right?

The Go Pro shows the cameraman's hand come into view and launch an app.

The PARA-APP logo fills the phone screen, then fades back to a camera view; the only difference is that the view now has a purple border.

CLOSED CAPTION
Download it and try yourself, and
remember our AR is Actual Reality!

Rosie taps away at her phone, half-watching the TV as she installs the app.

CLOSED CAPTION
I've seen them down here before.

On the TV, the in-screen footage from the mobile turns from the street view and down a dark alley.

CLOSED CAPTION
Found them down here before.

Rosie glances up at the TV, frowns.

There's a small figure, pale, like an imp or something.

CLOSED CAPTION
God, there it is. Fuck, can you see?

The footage shakes as the camera holder tries to zoom in on his phone camera.

The phone screen moves temporarily out of the field of vision for the Go Pro. When it does, the Imp has disappeared entirely now that it is no longer viewed through the app.

CLOSED CAPTION
Can't see it normally, only see it
through the PARA-APP.

The mobile screen pops back into view and the imp re-appears, now a little closer due to the zoom. It sits hunched over something, head dipping down then coming back up repeatedly.

CLOSED CAPTION
What the...

The Imp seems to hear the cameraman and glances directly down the lens with dead eyes and dripping teeth.

CLOSED CAPTION
Shit, seen me.

Rosie stops playing with her phone, eyes glued to the screen. The creature scampers further down the alley and round the corner of a concrete garage.

The cameraman follows it, breaking into a slow jog.

The POV view comes to a stop when it arrives at where the imp had been squatting a moment ago.

CLOSED CAPTION

Fuck.

The camera angles down, revealing a dead cat, skull smashed open and now devoid of a brain.

ROSIE

(whisper)

Urgh...

The cameraman moves forward, follows the path the Imp took.

The cameraman POV is the edge of the garage. Stops.

CLOSED CAPTION

Scared now.

The POV starts to move around the corner --

A cushion sails through the air and hits Rosie in the head.

Rosie jumps out of her skin, almost falls off the sofa and drops her phone in the process.

DYLAN

What the hell are you watching?

ROSIE

Fucks sake!

DYLAN

What?

ROSIE

Scared the shit outta me.

Dylan shrugs and points at the screen.

Rosie pauses the footage.

DYLAN

One of your crappy ghost channels?

ROSIE
No, they're not crap. I like em, now
shut it.

She un-pauses it.

On the TV the cameraman has already advanced round the
corner of the screen.

CLOSED CAPTION
Can't see where it went.

Dylan is now watching the screen intently too.

DYLAN
Odd.

ROSIE
What is?

DYLAN
Looks familiar.

ROSIE
No way have you seen this, it's live,
well almost.

DYLAN
No, I mean, where it's filmed.

On the screen the cameraman sweeps the phone around trying
to pick up the trail of the Imp.

CLOSED CAPTION
No idea where it's gone.

The POV advances up a street.

DYLAN
It's outside.

ROSIE
Obviously.

DYLAN
No, outside here, that's Sycamore,
one over.

Rosie peers at the screen.

ROSIE
Bullshit.

DYLAN

It is!

Dylan points at the TV.

DYLAN

See, Mueller's house.

Rosie climbs off the sofa and approaches the screen.

On the screen the POV shifts again, the Imp back in shot, off in the distance and running fast.

DYLAN

Wow, that's great, like Horror
Pokemon.

ROSIE

It's real.

DYLAN

Yeah, right, it's just an app.

The cameraman starts chasing after the imp.

ROSIE

Yeah, but that app is real.

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN

Sure it is.

The POV chase stops in front of a house.

ROSIE

That's our outside.

A door SLAMS somewhere in the house.

Imp no longer visible on the screen.

ROSIE

No, no fucking way!

She grabs her phone, starts the PARA-APP, and sweeps it the open doorway into the room.

She looks to her phone screen - nothing.

Glances up - nothing.

She turns to Dylan.

ROSIE

It's okay --

The words dry in her mouth.

Dylan is slumped in the chair, blood pouring down his face, cranium exposed, and now just a cavernous hole.

She sweeps the phone up to view Dylan through it - no Imp.

She looks back to the TV to see where the footage is.

The POV is right outside her house, a hand comes into view and reaches for the door.

The DOORBELL rings.

Rosie spins round to the sound, phone still up.

The Imp is mid leap, jaws wide, teeth still covered in her brothers blood and brains.

She SCREAMS as the razor-sharp teeth bite a hole in her face.

On the TV behind her, a few seconds delayed.

CLOSED CAPTION

Doorbell rings.

BEAT.

CLOSED CAPTION

Distant SCREAM.

FADE OUT

THE END