

Viral

by

Written by  
Jeff Sangwan

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**EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

5:37 PM. Los Angeles. Wilshire and 25th.

A police car turns up the street only to be stopped by a line of traffic.

The car finds an open spot in the string of cars parked along the curb. Albeit a red zone, the driver of the police car doesn't seem to care.

The two officers get out of the car. The driver, a little portly and your stereotypical officer, JOHN MEYERS (late 30's) yells over to his partner.

MEYERS

I think we can patrol on foot for a bit. What do'ya think Torres?

His more athletic built partner, VICTOR TORRES (late 20's) looks around at the gridlocked traffic.

VICTOR

Not one of your worst ideas.

Meyers walks over to the curb checking out a pair of YOGA MOMS who've just finished their exercise, he leans against the car.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

By patrolling on foot, you mean standing here?

MEYERS

You didn't think I'd want to walk somewhere in particular?

They both chuckle it off.

MEYERS (CONT'D)

That's the problem with you Hollywood types. Always needing to look good. Stay in shape.

VICTOR

Not trying to look good. Just trying to do my job better.

MEYERS

I can do the job.

VICTOR

Whatever gets you to sleep at night.

A voice comes in over their radios.

DISPATCH

All units in the Douglas Park area  
please respond. We just had an  
11-44 called in.

While the dispatch is talking, a women shrieks in the distance. They begin to look around.

MEYERS

This is Officers Meyers and Torres.  
We're already in the park.

A crowd starts to form. Without hesitation they break into a brisk jog.

VICTOR

(Playful)

C'mon, that's all you got Johnny?

They look back up in time to see a BLURRY FIGURE speeding towards them.

In an instant Meyers is knocked to his ass and has a blood stain on his uniform.

Victor immediately breaks stride to chase the blur.

The blur runs through an intersection only to be stopped by the sound of CRUNCHING METAL, GLASS SHATTERING and followed by BRAKES SCREECHING.

The blurry figure goes flying through the air, being hurled from the car that just hit it. It lands on the ground. A HOMELESS MAN lays in the street, lifeless. He has fresh blood still on his lips.

Victor stops in his tracks. Trying to process what he's just seen and then running back to Meyers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You okay?

MEYERS

Just knocked me over. What was that?

Their conversation interrupted by a WOMEN CRYING FOR HELP.

They walk over to the crowd, pushing people away to see what's going on.

TWO WOMEN, college-aged, are on the ground. One is hysterical while she's holding the other girl who convulses in shock.

The convulsing woman is missing an ARM. Her FACE mangled. She has various cuts and scratches.

Victor is first to notice her arm laying with BITE MARKS a few feet away from the women.

VICTOR

Holy-

MEYERS

We're gonna need multiple ambulances. And some back up.

The crying woman tries to talk to her friend.

Meyers attempts to push the crowd back to give them room. One of the MEN in the crowd has his PHONE out and his filming the whole scene. Victor takes a second, he stares in disbelief...

The picture starts to pixelate.

THE SCENE PLAYS OUT FROM THE CAMERA PHONE POV.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

This is the third time in a month an incident has been reported-

The red headed, female reporter, STACEY BRIDGES (22), is now on screen standing in front of a digital backdrop.

STACEY (CONT'D)

-within the vagrant community. Still the mayor of Los Angeles, refuses to recognize this as an epidemic for the city. Hopefully, with-

The video is interrupted by a TEXT NOTIFICATION from AMANDA.

AMANDA (TEXT)

You see the pics of that girls face?

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

ISAAC TORRES (18) lays on top of his bed fully dressed holding the phone. He has his HEADPHONES in and the HOOD of his sweater up when he ignores the pop-up.