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# Dembanger

By John Berardo

(laughing)  
(facebook notification sound)  
Friend request.  
Do you know another Wes Andrews?  
There could be a million other Wes Andrews.  
Why?  
He friend requested me.  
And did you accept?  
Yeah.  
He doesn't have a profile picture and no mutual friends. Seriously  
Wes, you just accept anyone you have like over 2,000 friends.  
Stop!  
I'm right.  
You're a friend hoarder Mr. Facebook.  
I am not!  
4 billion friends!  
I am not a friend hoarder!  
Wes, seriously, you don't have to walk me  
to my car.  
Are you sure?  
I'm positive.  
Alright.  
I'll get the door for you.  
Thank you.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Courtney?  
Courtney?!  
(ringtone)  
Hello?  
(beeps)  
(ringtone)  
(ringtone)  
Hello?  
Is Courtney there?  
No.  
Who is this?  
Kevin?  
How did you get her number?  
She gave it to me.  
Yeah?  
When?  
Earlier today.  
When earlier today?

Right after she left your house.  
What the fuck did you just say?  
You posted on her Facebook wall dumbass.  
Go fuck yourself Wes Andrews.  
(ringtone)  
How did you get my number?  
It's on your profile next to your address.  
You just accepted my friend request.  
You're really fucking funny Kevin.  
Changing your profile settings to private won't do  
anything. Your status says you have the house to yourself.  
Are you alone?  
Creep.  
(ringtone)  
Look, man, just leave me alone.  
If you keep calling, I'm gonna call the police.  
(laughing)  
You're so popular!  
I see you and your girlfriend are tagged in  
472 photos together.  
I thought I'd add a few more for you.  
Now that we're Facebook friends and all.  
Seriously Wes you just accepted anyone.  
You've got like over 2,000 friends Mr. Facebook.  
Oh and by the way, this isn't fucking Kevin.  
(LOUD CRASH)  
(alarm sound)  
911 emergency response what  
is your emergency?  
Hello?  
(screams)  
Sir?  
Sir?  
Sir?  
Sir wha--