

INEVITABLE

written by

Ben Clifford

NOTE: Dialogue in *italics* is spoken Tamil with subtitles, unless otherwise noted.

OVER BLACK:

"So verily, with the hardship, there is a relief. Verily, with the hardship, there is relief."

-- The Quran 94:5-6

EXT. CITY STREET - BEIRUT, LEBANON - DAY

A bustling street in inner Beirut.

Among the crowd is **ALAN SANDERS** (26, white, round-faced and serious) taking in the sights as a tourist.

TEXT ON SCREEN: March, 2015.

A MOSQUE bell sounds in the distance, just as the sun is starting to set.

Alan watches as crowds of people emerge from buildings to head towards the mosque the evening prayer.

He is SWARMED by locals making their way through the street.

Alan stands perfectly still as he is enveloped by crowds.

LATER

The crowds are gone. Streets empty. Alan snaps a photo with a digital camera of a classical building, framed in golden hour light.

He reviews the picture on the camera's preview screen. He scowls. Deletes the photo.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Alan enters the lobby hotel. As he walks in, he passes a throng of TOURISTS who walk in the opposite direction outside. They're all dressed for an evening out.

Alan pushes past them towards the elevator.

INT. ALAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan lays on the hotel bed, his laptop on his chest.

PORNOGRAPHY, women's moaning, is audible from the laptop. Alan masturbates. He grunts and pulls his pants up, wiping his abdomen clean.

He stands and walks towards the window. The window displays an BEAUTIFUL VIEW of the Beirut skyline lit up at night. It could be a landscape painting.

Alan harshly shuts the blinds on the view.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

INEVITABLE

LATER

Headset on, Alan sits before his laptop playing an online video game. Furiously tapping keys and the mouse. He sits at the hotel room desk.

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Fucking faggot!
 (then)
 Who's camping? Bullshit.

He laughs.

INT. BAR/NIGHTCLUB - BEIRUT - ANOTHER NIGHT

Alan sits at the bar sipping a beer. Behind him, the tourist-filled bar/nightclub is dark and thumping with music.

A beautiful **LOCAL WOMAN** approaches him. She takes the seat next to him. She's dressed the nines, jewellery and gown. Beautiful and way out of Alan's league.

LOCAL WOMAN
 (in Arabic)
Speak Arabic?

ALAN
 English.

LOCAL WOMAN
 (thick accent)
 Me too. Where are you from?

ALAN
 Australia.

LOCAL WOMAN
 Many Australians in here tonight.
 Are they friends?

Alan shakes his head 'no'. The Local Woman smiles.

LOCAL WOMAN
 And what are you doing in Beirut?

ALAN
 Hey, I'm not interested. Sorry.

LOCAL WOMAN
 Interested in what?

Alan looks at her.

ALAN
 I don't pay for it.

The Woman casually gestures to the bartender who brings her a drink.

LOCAL WOMAN
 Why not?

ALAN
 I'm not into that.

She smiles again, more flirty. Touches Alan on the leg.

LOCAL WOMAN
 What are you into?

INT. BAR-NIGHTCLUB - UNISEX BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alan and The Woman enter the single-person bathroom together.

Alan immediately starts kissing her, pulling up her dress.

LOCAL WOMAN
 Woah, woah.

ALAN
 I thought it was up to me.

She suddenly kisses him back with force.

Alan matches her force and PUSHES her into the wall.

LOCAL WOMAN
 Careful, please...

Alan pulls down his pants with one hand and holds his other hand on her shoulder, pinning her to the wall.

LOCAL WOMAN (CONT'D)
You're hurting me.

ALAN
I'm *paying* you.

Alan starts THRUSTING at the Woman.

HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Alan and the Woman exit the bathroom.

He passes her a wad of local currency. She looks at it, roughed up, scared, and then walks away from Alan as quickly as she can.

INT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY

Alan leans back in his chair, overlooking the departures lounge. He has his carry-on next to him.

A EMIRATI FAMILY passes him by, consisting on many women and girls wearing full-length birgas covering their body.

Alan lifts up his phone and sneakily snaps a PHOTO of the women.

On his phone, Alan opens the browser to a 4chan-like imageboard/forum.

He posts the photo with a caption: *"airport or upcoming bank robbery? You decide, /pol/."*

He refreshes the page. There's already one comment under his post, from "anonymous". It reads *"OP ure about to be sacrificed for Allah. Rest in piss"*. Alan grins.

INT. PASSENGER AIRPLANE - DAY

Alan finds his assigned seat and put his baggage overhead. He sits down.

He's sitting next to an **AUSTRALIAN WOMAN** (late 20s) with a **BABY** (1) on her lap. The Baby is asleep in her arms.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN
Hi.

ALAN

Hi.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

(re: Baby)

I promise she's a good sleeper. I'm so sorry.

ALAN

Don't stress.

More PASSENGERS take their seats around them. Alan opens his phone and puts headphones in.

LATER - NIGHT

Alan is asleep, as is the Australian Woman and her baby. The plane is dark, all passengers are sleeping.

The Baby stirs in her arms, waking up. It lifts it's head up and starts to weep and then WAILS. The Woman wakes up.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Oh, sh, sh, sh, sh.

She rifles through a thermal bag at her feet and produces a bottle. She put the bottle in Baby's mouth. Alan wakes up and watches this.

The Baby spits the bottle out and cries.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Alan)

I'm so sorry...

She starts to get anxious as she looks around at everyone waking up./

ALAN

Really, it's okay...

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

I might...

The Woman DROPS the bottle on the floor between them and this makes her even more anxious as it rolls around.

Alan helpfully leans over and picks up the bottle.

ALAN

Here, I'll get up, you take her for a walk up and down the aisle.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Thank you.

Alan stands to let the woman out. She carries the crying baby in her arms trying to soothe it. She smiles at Alan gratefully.

LATER - MORNING

Morning light illuminates the plane as everyone sleeps.

The Australian Woman is fast asleep with the Baby on her lap. The Baby is awake, being entertained quietly by Alan, who jangles a toy before the baby with a smile. The Baby giggles.

The Australian Woman wakes up with a yawn and notices Alan playing with the Baby.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

ALAN

Oh, it's fine, you don't have to... ..No, it's not a big deal...

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

...entertain her.

ALAN

Really. Get some sleep while you can.

The Woman mouths "*thank you so much*" to Alan and then leans back into sleep.

INT. BRISBANE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - LATER

Alan carries his bags down the hallway as he and all passengers exit the plane.

The Australian Woman walks next to him, Baby swaddled in her arms. She turns to Alan.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Thank you so much. Really. I get so nervous bringing her on the plane. Its been a nightmare.

ALAN

It's okay. So you're home now?

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

Yep. Just gotta deal with Customs...

Alan nods.

ALAN
So, are you --

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN
Thanks again.

She waves as she turns a corner into the terminal.

Alan stands alone.

EXT. BRISBANE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TAXI RANK - DAY

Alan stands in the queue for a taxi. He checks his phone - no notifications.

He opens the browser and the 4chan website. His post now has HUNDREDS of comments. Alan grins.

We hear the BARRAGE of the comments, over the scene.

COMMENTS (V.O)
*Fucking dreadful/sand-niggers
everywhere at airports I noticed/so
which one did you fuck OP/Allah
would be proud/no response from OP
means his plane has been hijacked
into a landmark/islam would be
perfect for fat girls/i cant
believe theyre pretending anybody
wants to look at their disgusting
bodies/rats/*

Alan looks up as a taxi arrives. He steps in the Taxi and it PULLS away.

Next in the queue for the taxi is A TAMIL-INDIAN FAMILY, consisting of --

- **SUFIAN THEVAR** (14, the baby of the family, wide-eyed);
- His sister **HENAR THEVAR** (15, knowing, intense eyes under a hijab);
- Their father **VEMAR THEVAR** (late 30s, serious-faced);
- And their mother **LAXMI THEVAR** (mid-thirties, maternal beauty, wearing a hijab).

They all bicker in Tamil about who's going to speak to the cab-driver, carrying suitcase and bags.

ALL FAMILY
 (overlapping)
*Dad should talk to him, he knows
 the address better/but you kids
 have the most English/What if he
 doesn't understand us?*

A taxi pulls up in front of them. The CAB DRIVER opens the trunk of the taxi and they load their luggage in and hop in the cab.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

An empty, unfurnished typical suburban Australian house. It's emptiness make it seems cavernous and imposing.

The front door opens with a struggle. Vemar, the father, fumbles with the keys and holds the door open as his family carry their belongings inside.

They all drop their bags and look around at their new house.

LAXMI
It's much too big.

VEMAR
Spare room for when Tatta visits.

SUFIAN
*Tatta will never come visit. He
 warned us not to come here.*

VEMAR
Don't talk about Tatta like that.

SUFIAN
*What? He said "don't go to
 Australia, it's full of hate."*

LAXMI
That's enough, both of you.

Laxmi and Henar remove their hijabs and hang them on a hook behind the door.

HENAR
*I'm going to get the biggest
 bedroom.*

Sufian looks at his sister. He and Henar RACE into the house, laughing and bickering inaudibly.

Laxmi grabs Vemars hand and turns to her husband.

LAXMI
It's very exciting. Good job.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - HENAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Henar and Sufian lay on the floor in sleeping bags, surrounded by Henar's currently unfurnished bedroom.

Henar turns to her brother. They switch between Tamil and English seamlessly.

HENAR
Are you ready?

SUFIAN
 Ready for what?

HENAR
 To become an Australian.

SUFIAN
 (laughing)
Don't tell the Aunties.

HENAR
"First they go to Australia, next thing you know the kids are growing up without guidance from an Imam, marrying a gora. Gasp!"

SUFIAN
 Imagine if the Aunties knew that Dad didn't make us pray on the plane ride.

HENAR
Only because he couldn't figure out the timezones in the air.

SUFIAN
 Amma's already got a mosque picked out, I don't think the Aunties have anything to worry about. *Perfectly pious.*

HENAR
It'll be nice to go to school without everyone being my cousin.

SUFIAN
 No spies for Amma and Appa.

HENAR

Mhm.

Henar blows the candle out.

HENAR (CONT'D)

Iniya iravu.

SUFIAN

Goodnight.

They close their eyes.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan enters, carrying his luggage. He immediately drops it on the ground and lays down on the couch. The place is sparsely furnished with second-hand furniture and no personality.

He scrolls on his phone.

SOON

Alan watches a YouTube video on his phone. It is a VLOG recorded by some terrible, fat, **YOUTUBER** who speaks to the camera with a vicious authority.

YOUTUBER

(on screen)

And the fact of the matter is, if the situations were reversed they'd have every right to feel wronged. To feel like they're being taken over. So, I don't see what the issue is when I say that Australia is being taken over by those who don't fit in with our culture. Muslims, yes, but also swaths of Chinese and Korean communities. Go to any inner-city convenience store and look at the cashiers. Who are they? And how many natural-born Australians did they beat out for that job? Think about the next time you're unemployed and struggling.

Alan presses "subscribe" under the video.

His phone rings. Incoming call from "Mum".

He ignores the call and returns to the video.

INT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

Presided over by **IMAM FAROOQI** (60s, Pakistani, with a glorious full beard) a room full of WORSHIPPERS pray, kneeling prayer mats. One half of the room is all men, the other half all women.

TEXT ON SCREEN: June, 2015

Beautiful choral music plays.

Henar and Laxmi pray devoutly in the women's side of the room, eyes closed. Henar shoots a look across the room at her brother, as Sufian prays kneeling next to his father Vemar.

EXT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Henar, Laxi, Sufian and Vemar walk from the mosque towards their car.

ARKSHIV PRAKASH (40s), handsome and officious, chases after them. He grabs Vemar by the shoulder.

ARKSHIV

Dr. Thevar. Is this your beautiful family?

Vemar smiles and gestures to the family.

VEMAR

My wife, Laxmi, son Sufian, and daughter Henar.

They all exchange hellos/handshakes/half-hugs.

VEMAR (CONT'D)

(to family)

This is Dr. Prakash. From the hospital.

ASKHIV

So you all settled on Parkway Mosque?

VEMAR

Laxmi's choice.

LAXMI

It's close to home. We really like the Imam here.

ARKSHIV

What are you all doing for Eid?

VEMAR
We're not sure yet.

ASHKIV
You should come for dinner the
night before the fast. Lots of
Tamil come to my place, you'll meet
everybody.

Vemar and Laxmi glance at each other and smile.

VEMAR
Sure. We'd love to.

INT. CHAIN GYM - WEIGHTS ROOM - DAY

Alan lifts weights amongst other GYMGOERS. He glances at his reflection in a mirror. He's bulked up a little bit.

MARLEY (late twenties, muscled, handsome) approaches Alan and stands over him.

MARLEY
Need a spot, mate?

ALAN
(grunting)
No. Thank you.

MARLEY
Alright. Let me know.

MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alan changes out of his gym clothes, standing over his bag. The change room is empty.

Marley enters from the showers, towel around his waist.

MARLEY
It's you.

ALAN
Hey.

MARLEY
You're a big lifter for a small
guy.
(off Alan's face)
I don't mean *small*, just...more
toned than bulky.

ALAN
I'm aiming for bulky.

MARLEY
I reckon you'll get there.

ALAN
Thanks...

Marley smiles. An awkward silence.

MARLEY
If you ever wanna, I dunno, like
ask questions about it -- I'm not a
PT or anything but I love talking
about it all.

ALAN
Weightlifting?

MARLEY
Bodybuilding.

ALAN
Okay...what's your number?

MARLEY
Gimme your phone.

Alan does so. Marley inputs his phone number and hands it
back.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
Text me, or whatever.

ALAN
Okay...

Marley smiles and walks off.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alan plays an online X-box game, headset on. He speaks into
the headset to another player, **JAMES**, who has an Australian
accent.

ALAN
(into headset)
Hey, I have a weird question.

JAMES (V.O)
(over headset)
Say it, faggot.

ALAN
(into headset)
You still lifting? Like at a gym?

JAMES (V.O)
Fuck yeah. I'm *jacked* now, man.

ALAN
(into headset)
Do guys ever, like, come up to you
and give you their number? Just
randomly -- and then say to text
them about, I dunno, bodybuilder
shit?

JAMES (V.O)
(laughing)
The fuck? Did that happen to you?

ALAN
(into headset)
Sort of. It was weird. I dunno.

JAMES (V.O)
Can't let guys hit on you in the
gym, tell him to fuck off next
time. You didn't take his number,
did you?
(re: the game)
Fuck you!

ALAN
(into headset)
No way.

JAMES (V.O)
Good.
(pause)
Hey, I was serious the other day.
If you're ever in Sydney, hit me
up. I gotta meet the champ
AlanRaynd1992 in the flesh.

Alan smiles.

ALAN
(into headset)
I will.

A KNOCK at Alan's front door.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (into headset)
 I gotta go. Someone's knocking at
 the door.

JAMES (V.O)
 Cunt! We just re-spawned.

Alan logs off and removes the headset. He walks to the door
 and opens it.

His sister **KYLA SANDERS** (31, plain, chubby) greets Alan.

KYLA
 You're alive.

ALAN
 Yeah, obviously.

KYLA
 Well, can I come in?

Alan shoots a look into the apartment, embarrassed.

SOON AFTER

Alan sits on the couch. Kyla wanders around the room, as if
 inspecting the place. She looks at Alan's bookshelf.

KYLA
 (re: books)
 'Shapiro'. Really?

ALAN
 He's got some good points.

KYLA
 He's like four foot tall. Don't
 take advice from any man less than
 five-foot-nine.

ALAN
 Kyla, what do you want?

KYLA
 Answer Mum's calls, please. She
 worries. Especially when you've
 been travelling so much - I mean,
the Middle East?

ALAN
 Lebanon. It's perfectly safe.

KYLA

You're wasting Dad's money on all this travel. You need to start working again.

ALAN

Jesus Christ, Kyla. Leave me alone. Why couldn't do you have lectured me over the phone?

KYLA

I would if you'd answer my calls.

She sighs and sits down.

KYLA (CONT'D)

Do you have a girlfriend?

ALAN

No.

KYLA

Friends?

ALAN

Yeah, a few.

KYLA

Like, friends in real life?

Alan is silent.

KYLA

I can't stop thinking about you all alone in this...place.

ALAN

I'm fine, Kyla.

KYLA

Okay. You know that's what Dad said?

ALAN

I'm not gonna fucking *hang* myself like him -- he was a pussy.

KYLA

Okay...I'm not gonna unpack that with you.

ALAN

Good.

KYLA
 (sighs)
 I'm pregnant, Alan.

Alan stares at her.

ALAN
 The fuck? *How?* Are you trying to trap some guy; poke holes in the condom?

KYLA
 Fuck you. It's Dan's -- y'know, my *boyfriend*.

ALAN
 How pregnant?

KYLA
 Twelve weeks. Thirteen.

ALAN
 You've fucked your whole life up.

Kyla looks at him, exasperated.

KYLA
 Right. I'm off. Call Mum, please.

Alan is silent. Kyla stands and walks to the door. She turns back and stares at Alan, fear in her eyes.

ALAN
 What? Just leave, Kyla!

She exits.

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Vemar, in a lab coat, stethoscope around his neck, enters the room reading from a chart.

KATHRYN (70s, frail, dying) lies in the hospital bed. A nurse, **MARIA** (60s) leans over Kathryn's bed and adjusts an I.V bag.

Maria and Kathryn look up at Vemar.

VEMAR
 (English with accent)
 Mrs. Hannigan. I'm Dr. Thevar.
 (reads chart)
 So fainted at your son's house.
 (MORE)

VEMAR (CONT'D)

And you have emphysema. You were on oxygen for the weekend?

KATHRYN

Sorry? What did you say?

VEMAR

(louder)

You fainted at your son's house?

Kathryn looks to Nurse Maria, confused.

MARIA

Sweetie, the doctor's here to talk to you about what happened.

KATHRYN

Well, I got all light-headed and dizzy at Greg's house and next thing I knew...

VEMAR

Hm. Are you still smoking?

KATHRYN

Pardon me? The accent, I can't...

MARIA

Are you still smoking, Kathryn?

KATHRYN

On and off.

VEMAR

You must stop. Not good -- you'll end with collapsed lungs. We can talk about nicotine replacement therapy.

KATHRYN

Oh...I'm sorry, I just can't understand your accent.

Maria turns to Kathryn to "translate".

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - STAFF ROOM - LATER

Vemar sits alone at the break-room table eating lunch. Nurse Maria enters with food from the cafeteria.

MARIA

Mind if I sit, Doctor?

Vemar shakes his head "no". She sits.

MARIA
I just can't sit in that cafeteria,
it's too loud.

VEMAR
Hm.

MARIA
What've you got there? Homemade?

VEMAR
Biryani.

MARIA
Oh, I love curry. Butter chicken.

VEMAR
Hm.

MARIA
Are you liking it here?

VEMAR
Yes, very much.

MARIA
It must be so different from what
you're used to.

VEMAR
Sorry?

MARIA
We get a lot of Indian doctors who
have trouble adjusting to a
more...Western way of medicine.

VEMAR
I attended medical school in the
US. Boston.

MARIA
Oh, that's good. I started
nursing...nearly fifty years back?
Back before you had to have a
degree to do it.

VEMAR
Okay.

MARIA

And then the hospital sent me back to school in the eighties and it...opened my eyes.

VEMAR

Okay.

MARIA

I think we all get "stuck" in a particular way of doing things. I had to unlearn a lot of things.

VEMAR

Sorry?

MARIA

"Unlearn", um, so, to be re-educated.

VEMAR

Okay.

MARIA

So you and I have that in common, I suppose.

Vemar narrows his eyes at the nurse, unsure of her point.

MARIA

Do you miss your family, Doctor?

VEMAR

My family came with me.

MARIA

Oh! All of them?

VEMAR

Well, just my wife, son, daughter. My parents and brothers, all back in Nadu.

MARIA

And you're all planning to stay?

VEMAR

We're permanent residents.

MARIA

(smiling)

This is such a different town from when I grew up. Everybody used to look the same in my day.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Been here all my life. What school
are you sending your kids to?

VEMAR

Glenmore State.

MARIA

Oh, my son went there. It's a good
school. Probably better than
they're used to?

VEMAR

Sorry?

MARIA

In India. The schools.

VEMAR

My children went to a private
school in Chennai. They did not
want for anything.

Maria smiles falsely.

MARIA

Of course.

Vemar sighs and stands up, packing his unfinished lunch

MARIA (CONT'D)

I hope I didn't offend you, Doctor.

VEMAR

No. Of course not. Goodbye, Maria.

He exits.

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Vemar sighs and stands still at the E.R entrance --

Children crying. Screams. Blood. Terror.

He takes another deep breath and pushes the door open. **ALL PATIENTS** stop and wait to see who Vemar will call next.

VEMAR

(reading from chart)
Cohl..bye...Maragh..anahn?

A **TRASHY WOMAN** holding a bloodied **TODDLER** stands eagerly.

TRASHY WOMAN
You say Colbeigh Manganano? My son.

VEMAR
Yes, Miss. Come through.

The Trashy Woman carries Colbeigh and follows Vemar.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MALL - DAY

Laxmi pushes an empty shopping trolley through the busy mall.
She approaches a grocery store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MALL - DAY

Laxmi studies the huge displays of different brands over blaring music. She grabs a pack of chickpeas from the shelf. She notices a cheaper pack on the top of the shelf.

Laxmi reaches to the top of the shelf, extending her whole body upwards.

She holds down her abaya dress with one hand as it rides up her body, trying not to expose her bare back.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MALL - DAY

Now with a full trolley, Laxmi wanders through the mall, a little lost.

She passes a small tobacco store.

Arkshiv, whom we met at the mosque, exits the tobacconist. He spots Laxmi and smiles, greeting her.

ARKSHIV
Laxmi.

LAXMI
Oh. Good afternoon, Doctor.

ARKSHIV
'Arkshiv'. Only my patients call me doctor.

LAXMI
Not at the hospital today?

ARKSHIV
No, no. I take Fridays off.

Arkshiv holds an unopened packet of cigarettes.

LAXMI
 (re: the cigarettes)
 You...?

ARKSHIV
Not always. Just sometimes. And never on Ramadan or the holidays -- this is my last pack before Eid and the fast.

LAXMI
 (cheeky)
Do you tell your patients not smoke?

ARKSHIV
 (smiling)
It's a vice. Keeps me sane.

Laxmi nods. Her smile falls.

ARKSHIV (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Laxmi?

LAXMI
I parked the car in that big parking garage. I don't know how to get back to it.

ARKSHIV
This place is a rabbit warren. Show me your ticket.

Laxmi passes him a parking validation ticket from her purse.

ARKSHIV (CONT'D)
 (reading)
C-Level. Come. I'll show you the quickest way.

Arkshiv gestures for her to follow.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER - DAY

Laxmi And Arkshiv load Laxmi's groceries into her parked car.

LAXMI
Thank you so much.

ARKSHIV
You're welcome.

Laxmi smiles. A BEAT.

ARKSHIV (CONT'D)
So...you're okay, Laxmi?

LAXMI
Yes, of course.

ARKSHIV
I can remember how hard it was when
came here. It was tough.

Laxmi frowns, suddenly trying not to weep.

LAXMI
Oh, it's so stupid...

ARKSHIV
It's not stupid.

LAXMI
It's just...I miss my mother so
much.
(beat)
I sound like such a child.

Laxmi sobs and wipes her eyes.

LAXMI (CONT'D)
This is so embarrassing...

ARKSHIV
It's not embarrassing. I promise.
(opens his arms for a hug)
Can I...?

Laxmi nods. Arkshiv embraces her warmly. She rests her head
on his shoulder.

ARKSHIV (CONT'D)
I used to miss my mother al the
time after I came here. I'd call
her everyday, for as long as I
could.

Laxmi smiles.

LAXMI
That's sweet.

ARKSHIV
You don't have to be be okay.

Laxi nods. They stop hugging.

LAXMI
I'll see you for Eid?

ARKSHIV
Definitely.

She nods and wipes her eyes.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Alan sits at a table in a trendy cafe, waiting.

Marley approaches and squeezes Alan on the shoulder.

MARLEY
Hey, mate.

ALAN
Thanks for coming.

Marley sits down.

LATER

Alan and Marley sip coffee, food before them.

ALAN
So...

MARLEY
Ask me anything.

ALAN
How did you do it?

MARLEY
Nothing special. Probably the same
regiment you can find on the
internet.

ALAN
Oh.

MARLEY
You gotta be really disciplined.
Stick with it.

ALAN
Okay.

MARLEY
I mean...I dunno, you might be scandalised.

ALAN
What?

MARLEY
I'm not natty.

ALAN
...oh.

MARLEY
I mean *am*, mostly, but sometimes you just gotta...

ALAN
...juice.

MARLEY
I mean anyone at the top of their game who claims to be all natural is lying. Everyone does it.

ALAN
They do?

MARLEY
Mhm.
(then)
Diet's a big part of it, too.
Today's my cheat day.

ALAN
Can you show me?

MARLEY
My diet?

ALAN
No...how you get, y'know. Juice.

Marley smiles.

INT. MARLEY'S CAR - PARKED - DAY

Marley in the driver's seat, Alan passenger side.

Marley demonstrates to Alan: he wipes down his bare thigh with disinfectant. Reaches into the backseat and opens a new syringe. Fills the syringe with a vial of liquid steroids.

Injects into his thigh.

MARLEY

Tense your leg to find a vein.

Marley passes a disinfectant wipe to Alan. Alan tenses his legs and wipes his thigh.

Marley prepares a new syringe and passes it to Alan. Alan finds a vein and injects.

ALAN

Fuck. Ow.

MARLEY

You get used to it.

Alan finishes. Marley hands him a safe syringe disposal container. They both put their syringes in it.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Switch up where you inject. You don't want track-marks.

ALAN

Thanks.

MARLEY

But you still gotta do the work.

INT. CHAIN GYM - WEIGHTS ROOM - LATER

Marley spots Alan while he lifts weights, sweaty and filled with energy.

INT. CHAIN GYM - SHOWER ROOM - LATER

Alan, red-faced, exhausted, undresses and stands in a shower cubicle, turning the water on.

Marley enters the shower cubicle, also nude.

ALAN

What are you doing?

MARLEY

Come on...

Marley kisses Alan. Alan recoils, but is a little curious.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Don't act all innocent.

Alan tentatively kisses Marley back.

INT. ARKSHIV'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Arkshiv leads Laxmi, Vemar, Sufian, and Henar into his expansive dining room.

A long table at which many, many local TAMIL INDIANS casually sit and eat the Eid feast before them.

Arkshiv points to the end of the table with many KIDS and TEENAGERS.

ARKSHIV

Sufian, Henar - that's the kids end. I told them to save you seats.

(they leave)

Laxmi - you can sit here, next to my wife, Deesha.

Arkshiv gestures to an empty seat next to **DEESHA PRAKASH** (40s, wearing a *shayla*). Arkshiv and Vemar have a separate conversation.

Laxmi sits down next to Deesha, greeting her politely.

LAXMI

I'm Laxmi. Thanks for inviting our family.

DEESHA

Always welcome. Your kids are beautiful. Rice?

(passes bowl of rice)

Fill your plate. There's plenty.

Deesha stacks Laxmi's plate generously.

LAXMI

What about you and Arkshiv? Which of the kids are yours'?

Laxmi gestures to the kid's end of the table.

DEESHA

Oh...no. We don't have any kids.

LAXMI

Oh?

DEESHA

We tried. Very hard. A long time.

LAXMI

I'm sorry.

DEESHA

It's okay. We went to doctors and they said, it's my eggs. We'd need a donor. But we decided we didn't want to do that with someone else's...y'know. The Quaran says --

LAXMI

I know. But what about adoption?

DEESHA

We spoke to the Imam about that. There's lot of needy kids back home, and in Pakistan. But it's not the same over here. We have to wait until we get citizenship.

LAXMI

I'm so sorry, Deesha.

Deesha nods, crestfallen.

Laxmi doesn't know what to do. Her and Deesha eat silently.

OTHER END OF THE TABLE - MEANWHILE

Sufian and Henar sit at the kid's end of the table.

A teenage girl, **HEMANT** (15, Tamil descent), talks to them. They all switch between English and Tamil.

HEMANT

Why don't I see you guys at school?

HENAR

Glenmore?

HEMANT

Oh, no. No way. We all go to Grammar High.

HENAR

Oh.

HEMANT

It's where all the Desis in this town go. Any Indian kids at Glenmore?

SUFIAN

A few.

HENAR

Not many.

SUFIAN

Some Pakistani kids, but they only speak Urdu.

Hemant looks at Sufian and Henar with condescending sympathy.

HEMANT

(frowning)

Maybe your Amma and Appa can save up to pay the Grammar School tuition?

HENAR

Yeah...maybe.

Another kid at the table, **JAYASRI** (16, Tamil, pretty), interjects.

JAYASRI

Oh, you guys didn't apply for scholarhsips?

HENAR

Um...

JAYASRI

That's weird. Every desi I met got in on a scholarship.

SUFIAN

I don't --

JAYASRI

What were your marks like in Chennai?

Sufian and Henar exchange a glance.

HENAR

We don't remember...

EXT. ARKSHIV'S HOUSE - BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Arkshiv hides behind the garden shed smoking a cigarette.

Laxmi approaches gingerly and startles him.

ARKSHIV
Oh, my lord.

LAXMI
I'm sorry.

ARKSHIV
No, I'm glad it's you.

Laxmi smiles.

LAXMI
I thought you were stopping before
Eid?
(he grins and shrugs)
Arkshiv...Deesha told me. I wanted
to give you my sympathies.

ARKSHIV
(shakes head)
Deesha tells everyone. It's
maddening.

LAXMI
It must be so difficult.

ARKSHIV
Her parents don't get it. They
think we aren't trying hard enough.
(then)
Deesha doesn't know what to do with
herself. She has a few friends, but
they work. I told her she can get a
job, too, if she wants...

LAXMI
She doesn't want that kind of job?

Arkshiv nods his head.

ARKSHIV
She once told me her dream job was
to raise children. I laughed, but
she was serious. She wept.

Arkshiv stomps on his cigarette butt, tosses it.

LAXMI
I'm sorry.

Laxmi reaches out and comfortingly grabs his hand.

Arkshiv looks down at Laxmi's hand in his, and then back at the house.

Arkshiv pulls Laxmi closer, hidden behind the shed.

Arkshiv puts his hand on Laxmi's waist. She freezes, unsure.

Laxmi finally nods and Arkshiv reaches up her dress. He grunts as he touches Laxmi under her underwear. She quietly moans.

Arkshiv kisses Laxmi on the lips passionately, but she stops him.

LAXMI

No, just...

Laxmi guides Arkshiv's hand back underneath her dress.

INT. VEMAR AND LAXMI'S CAR - NIGHT

Vemar drives home with Laxmi beside him. Sufian and Henar are in the backseat. Vemar looks at the kids through the rear-view mirror.

VEMAR

Did you meet some other kids?

HENAR & SUFIAN

Yes.

VEMAR

Did you make friends?

HENAR

Mhm...

Vemar smiles at Laxmi and she snaps back to reality.

LAXMI

They were very nice people.

Laxmi stares out the window, deep in thought.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Alan pulls up out the front of the rifle-shooting range. It's very rural, forest on all sides.

Alan gets out the car. He's jacked now, wearing muscle shirts and singlets.

TEXT ON SCREEN: December, 2015**INT. SHOOTING RANGE - OFFICE - DAY**

Alan approaches the shooting range's obese volunteer **SECRETARY** (50s) sitting at reception. She is barely awake.

ALAN

Hi.

SECRETARY

Yes?

ALAN

Membership application.

Alan places a form in front of her.

SECRETARY

Membership?

ALAN

For the shooting club.

SECRETARY

Oh. Right. You're younger than most of our members.

She gestures to an internal window - a series of **OLDER MEN** stand at the range, firing. She looks at Alan's membership and points to an unfilled section .

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Here -- gun license. Didn't fill it out.

ALAN

I didn't think you needed a license for a membership.

SECRETARY

You do now. Laws changed.

ALAN

When?

SECRETARY

Few years. Go get your gun license, mate, and come back. Doesn't take long.

ALAN
 (to himself)
 Fuck...

INT. ALAN'S CAR/EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Alan, enraged, bangs his hands on the steering wheel and SHOUTS in frustration.

Out the window, an OLD MAN walking past sees Alan do this.

Alan immediately stops, embarrassed. He drives away.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alan plays the Xbox on headset, talking to James.

His laptop is open beside him to a site reading "*Firearms License - Application For Approval*".

JAMES (V.O)
 (over headset)
 Lancer. What a shot.

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Yeah.
 (glances at laptop)
 Dude, can I ask you a favour?

JAMES (V.O)
 Ugh, what?

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Could I put you as a reference on something?

JAMES (V.O)
 (laughing)
 Like for a job? I thought you were a trust fund kid?

ALAN
 (into headset)
 No, fuck off. I'm applying for a gun license.

A long silence.

JAMES (V.O)
 Uh...yeah? But why are you applying
 for a gun license?

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Sometimes I just wanna shoot
 things. It seems fun.

JAMES (V.O)
 Righto. What does it say?

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Can you say you've known me for ten
 years?

JAMES (V.O)
 Yeah, I don't give a fuck.

ALAN
 (into headset)
 And like, just talk about...how
 normal I am?

James laughs in V.O.

JAMES (V.O)
 Whatever. Put my number in.

ALAN
 (into headset)
 Aw, you rule. I gotta go.

JAMES (V.O)
 What? But --

Alan logs off and removes his headset. He types James's
 details into the online form and submits it.

He opens a new tab -- YouTube. His homepage is now filled
 with suggestions like AltRight videos titled "*Professor
 DESTROYS Feminist Socialists*" and "*A Nuanced Look At The
 Holocaust*" (the thumbnail is of the illuminati symbol).

Alan clicks on one of the suggested videos.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Henar, in school uniform and headscarf, walks from school
 with **LISA** (15, blonde, white; a Regina George-type). They
 laugh at a shared joke.

LISA
You gotta get a proper phone.

Henar produces an ancient flip phone from her pocket.

HENAR
(dripping with irony)
Are you saying my 2006 Motorola
Razr *isn't* the latest in mobile
technology?

LISA
"I heard it can take photos!"

They both laugh.

SUFIAN (O.S)
Henar!

Henar turns back. Sufian approaches, walking from school.

SUFIAN (CONT'D)
*Are you coming to four o'clock
prayer at Parkway?*

HENAR
(mortified)
Please don't speak Tamil.

SUFIAN
Why?

Henar gestures to Lisa.

HENAR
It's rude.

LISA
Hi, Sufian.

SUFIAN
Hi.
(to Henar)
So?

HENAR
Tell Amma I prayed in the
multicultural room at school. I'm
studying at Lisa's. Bye.

SUFIAN
But --

HENAR

Bye.

Sufian walks off. Lisa to Henar.

LISA

What the fuck is a "multicultural room"?

Lisa and Henar laugh hysterically.

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY

Lisa and Henar approach a modest suburban house. Lisa's mother, **MELINDA** (40s), smokes on the front landing.

MELINDA

Hi, girls. How was school?

LISA

We're going into my room to study for block exams, Mum. Please don't distract us.

MELINDA

'Kay. Have fun.

Henar waves politely at Melinda as she follows Lisa inside.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa places a damp towel along the gap underneath her bedroom door.

Lisa sits in front of Henar in the middle of the room and packs a dirty homemade bong. Henar stares, anxious.

LISA

Don't worry, it's mostly spin.
(off her face)
You won't lose your mind. Promise.

Lisa lights the bong, takes a long hit, and then passes it to Henar.

Henar follows her lead. She coughs out a cloud of smoke. Lisa laughs.

LISA (CONT'D)

Loser.

HENAR

Shut up.
(then)
Can I borrow your phone?

Lisa hands Henar her iPhone. Henar opens Instagram and logs into her own account, responding to messages.

LISA

He message you?

HENAR

Nope.

LISA

Shit. He's probably just a racist.

They both laugh.

HENAR

Every Indian I know is racist.

LISA

Oi, can I try on your hijab?

Henar grimaces at this.

HENAR

It's not a hijab, okay? Just a headscarf.

LISA

Whatever.

Henar undoes her headscarf and hands it to Lisa. Lisa ties it around her head.

LISA

Oh my god. I feel like a 1950s movie star in a convertible.

HENAR

Piss off.

They both laugh.

EXT. CRICKET GROUNDS - DAY

Sufian watches a team of thirteen and fourteen year olds practice a game of cricket, sitting on the grandstands alone.

BASHIIR (14, Pakistani, dorky) breaks off from practice. He sits with Sufian.

BASHIIR
Why don't you just join the team?

SUFIAN
Dad says Tamils aren't cricketers.

BASHIIR
What the fuck sports *do* Tamils
play?

SUFIAN
I dunno. Are you coming?

INT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

Sufian and Bashir join the 4PM prayer with other mosque-goers, lead by Imam Farooqi. They're late, and are trying to sneak in.

EXT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sufian and Bashir exit with the joining crowd.

BASHIIR
Wanna walk home with me?

SUFIAN
I saw my Mum around. She'll give me
a lift.

BASHIIR
Okay. Seeya.

Bashir walks off as Sufian scans the parking lot.

He spots the family car. Laxmi sits in the driver's seat. Sufian stars heading towards the car when she sees --

Arkshiv sits in the passenger seat next to Sufian's mother.

Arkshiv and Laxmi smile at each other. Sufian watches Arkshiv touch Laxmi on the cheek warmly. It could be nothing, but Sufian is disquieted.

Sufian runs off after Bashir and shouts --

SUFIAN
Wait! I'm walking, wait for me.

INT. LISA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Melinda serves Lisa and Henar a plate of pasta and sits down with them. Melinda sips white wine. Lisa and Henar have bloodshot eyes and dazed faces. Melinda is oblivious.

MELINDA

How's the study? Ready for exams?

LISA

It's fine, Mum.

Lisa and Henar eat their meals with single-minded focus.

MELINDA

And Henar? How's your family?
Settled?

HENAR

Yes, Ms. Sanderson. We're all
settled.

MELINDA

My sister, Lisa's aunty, had to go
to the emergency room the other
night -- she had kidney stones --

LISA

Mum, stop...

MELINDA

...and she said she got treated by
a lovely Indian doctor.

HENAR

Oh, okay. Great.

MELINDA

Oh, no, it wasn't your father.
Different Indian doctor. I asked
her.

Henar nods graciously. Lisa winces.

Henar notices the pasta on her fork contains diced bacon.

She looks up -- Melinda is gulping the last of her wine and
Lisa is enamoured with her food.

Henar, out of sheer politeness, chokes the food down.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Henar opens the front door and enters. She walks through to...

THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where Laxmi, Vemar, and Sufian watch a Bollywood movie on the TV.

Laxmi turns to Henar.

LAXMI

Did you get lots of study done?

HENAR

Yes. I'm going to bed now.

LAXMI AND VEMAR

Iniya iravu.

Henar exits.

HENAR'S BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

Henar closes her door and lies face down on her bed. A KNOCK.

SUFIAN (O.S)

Henar...? What's wrong?

HENAR

Piss off.

SUFIAN (O.S)

What?

HENAR

Go away, rat!

We hear Sufian's footsteps he walks away.

INT. RHONDA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - WEEKS LATER - DAY

RHONDA SANDERS (late 50s, frazzled, dowdy) sets a final tray of Christmas lunch before her family --

Alan, a heavily pregnant Kyla, and **JIM** (50s, beer-gut, balding). Rhonda kisses Jim on the cheek.

KYLA

Thanks, Mum. I'm starving.

ALAN
Yeah, thanks.

JIM
Merry Christmas...

They all eat in silence. Jim finishes a beer.

LATER

Rhonda stares out the kitchen window into the yard. Jim sits in the shade with a drink. Kyla sits next to him.

RHONDA
(smiling)
What do you think Jim and your
sister are talking about?

Alan approaches, helping Rhonda clean dishes.

ALAN
Who gives a shit?

RHONDA
Alan...

ALAN
In fifteen years I've *never* heard
Jim say anything interesting.

Rhonda ignores him, scrubbing a plate clean.

RHONDA
What are your plans for the rest of
the holidays?

ALAN
I dunno. I'm not working, so it's
not any different to any other day.

RHONDA
Nothing special? Not even for New
Year's Eve?

ALAN
No? What are you doing?

Rhonda puts down the scrubbing brush and sits at the table with her son.

RHONDA

You know Jim and I do the same thing every year - go to the RSL and stay up till the fireworks.

ALAN

Sorry my social life isn't as rich as your's and Jim's.

RHONDA

I don't care what you do, Alan. I just don't want you in that house alone all the time.

ALAN

You do care. And you send Kyla to give me lectures on your behalf.

RHONDA

I sent her to make sure you weren't dead.

ALAN

And I told her I wouldn't do that. I'm not Dad.

RHONDA

Well, how should I know that? You don't even talk to me.

Rhonda stands up and storms out.

EXT. RHONDA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER - DAY

Alan gingerly approaches Rhonda, Jim, and Kyla who are lazing in the sun and sipping drinks.

He shows Rhonda his phone screen -- online plane tickets.

ALAN

I'm gonna go see a friend. In Sydney.

RHONDA

What?

ALAN

For New Year's Eve. Okay? Happy?

Rhonda stands up and smiles. She hugs Alan proudly.

EXT. ALAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MAILBOXES - DAY

Alan opens his mailbox with his key. Sifts through envelopes: one is from *QLD Department of Agriculture and Firearms*.

He tears it opens - inside, a laminated card with his name. His gun license. Alan grins and walks inside.

EXT. SYDNEY DOMESTIC AIRPORT - LOADING ZONE - DAY

Alan stands with carry-on luggage waiting for his ride.

A car pulls up in front of him. **JAMES** (29, nerdy but muscly) drives the car.

JAMES

Get in! I'm not parking!

Alan smiles and climbs in.

INT. JAMES'S CAR/EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

James drives with Alan sitting shotgun. James smiles and turns to Alan.

JAMES

In the flesh, huh?

(pause)

I hope you weren't expecting some rager in the "big city" for New Year's.

ALAN

Nah, man. I'm cool with whatever you're doing.

James looks Alan up and down.

JAMES

You're *rippped*, man.

ALAN

Thanks. You too.

JAMES

You're like *The Predator*.

ALAN

What the fuck? A *predator*?

JAMES

No! Like from the movie. *Predator*.

Alan shrugs. James smiles.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Okay, that's what we're doing for
New Year's.

ALAN
What?

INT. JAMES'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

James and Alan watch 1987's *Predator*, splayed out on James's futon sipping beers. James's apartment is tiny and sad.

ALAN
This rules.

On screen, Carl Weathers fights an invisible alien in the jungle.

JAMES
Yeah.

LATER

Drunk and still drinking, Alan and James have finished the movie. Alan scrolls on his phone.

ALAN
Nearly midnight.

JAMES
Sorry I'm not more fun.

ALAN
Nah, man. You're a great time.

JAMES
Finish your dink. We should at
least be smashed for midnight.

Alan finishes his beer. James gets up and grabs new drinks.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I was thinking about starting a
Twitch stream.

ALAN
(laughing)
Like Pewdiepie?

JAMES
So what? You don't watch streamers?

ALAN
Fuck no.
(then)
Here - watch this.

Alan shows James a Youtube video on his phone.

ALAN (CONT'D)
This guy's a vlogger, he tells the truth. It'll literally change the way you think.

James studies the phone. We hear some of the vlog's highlights:

VLOGGER
(on phone screen)
"...whites are breeding at less than replacement rates in four western countries..."

James furrows his brow.

VLOGGER (CONT'D)
(on screen)
"...real and drastic action is needed by brave soldiers on our side..."

JAMES
Honestly, this is going way over my head.

ALAN
Oh.

Alan shuts his phone off.

JAMES
(politely)
Maybe I'll understand it better when I'm sober?

LATER

James and Alan are passed out, laying on the futon, lights on. James stirs.

JAMES
 (drunken)
 You awake?

ALAN
 (waking)
 Mmm...

James lifts his head up to see a clock on the wall.

JAMES
 It's the New Year...

Alan sits up. Looks at James, who's awake with his eyes closed.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 We should celebrate.

Alan looks James in the eyes. They share eye-contact which lingers for a beat.

Alan, misinterpreting the eye contact, leans over to James and KISSES him. James pulls away from the kiss immediately.

Alan has pinned James's arms down by kneeling on top of him.

JAMES
 Woah...Alan.

ALAN
 Huh?

JAMES
 You're hurting me...

Alan quickly stand, mortified at himself. Stricken with shame.

Alan gathers his things to leave without speaking.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 It's alright, man. You don't have to go...at least stay until morning.

Alan shakes his head, grabs his bag, and exits the apartment.

EXT. INNER-CITY STREET - SYDNEY - NIGHT

Alan carries his bag down the dark street. His face is blank.

He passes an...

EXT. APARTMENT TOWER - SYDNEY - NIGHT

There's a loud New Year's party with thumping music happening on one of the apartment tower's balconies.

Alan stops. He looks up at the party for a moment.

PARTIER 1 (O.S)
(slurring)
Hey man...wanna party with us?

Alan sees two drunk male **PARTIERS** exiting the ground floor. Alan tries to walk away quickly but they shout after him.

PARTIER 2
We know you hear that, mate.

Partier 1 and 2 both laugh drunkenly. Alan stops.

ALAN
What?

They both approach him and Alan backs off.

PARTIER 1
You too cool to come party with us?

ALAN
I have to go --

PARTIER 2
Where could you possible be going so late on New Year's Eve, dude?

Alan shakes his head and they both LAUGH at him again.

Partier 1 grabs Alan's forearm.

ALAN
Hey.

PARTIER 1
It's okay, we just want you to..
(he burps)
...come and party.

Alan shakes his head. He tries to wriggle free.

PARTIER 2
Don't be lame, man.

Partier 2 goes to grab Alan's arm. Alan PULLS free from their grip, hard, and shoves the other guy, who wobbles and nearly falls over.

Partier 1 and 2 LAUGH loudly as Alan runs as fast as he can away from that.

They both light cigarettes, immediately forgetting about Alan.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SYDNEY - DAWN

Alan walks down an arterial road on New Year's Day. The sun is starting to rise, bathing Alan and the surrounding in warm orange tones.

EXT. SYDNEY DOMESTIC AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY

The airport is dead. Alan sits with his carry-on luggage, leaning against the wall near a power-socket, charging his phone as he uses it.

He watches the rest of the vlog; solemn and expressionless.

A flight listing board behind him displays only two flights for the entire of New Year's Day.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

A dedicated space in the school for 'prayer', undecorated. A lazily-hung sign reads "Multicultural Room".

TEXT ON SCREEN: March, 2016

Sufian kneels to pray on a rug. Bashiir does the same next to him.

Sufian looks around. It's just the two of them.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH AREA - DAY

Sufian approaches a lunch table at which Henar, Lisa and OTHER GIRLS are seated.

Henar sees Sufian approaching. She glares at him. Sufian gestures to his watch and Henar mouths "*fuck off*" at him.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Sufian, Bashiir, and OTHER GEEKY KIDS sit against the side of the library building.

An array of novelty TRADING CARDS are fanned out before them as they all trade and discuss them. The bell rings.

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - DAY

The emergency room is quiet for midday.

Alan enters and sees that there are no other patients. His hand is wrapped in a white t-shirt, blood-stained and injured.

He approaches the TRIAGE NURSE.

EXAM ROOM - LATER

Alan sits on the exam table. A YOUNG NURSE applies pressure on his bleeding hand.

Vemar enters, reading Alan's chart without eye contact. He looks up at Alan.

ALAN
Doctor...?

VEMAR
It's a gunshot wound?

Alan nods.

VEMAR (CONT'D)
Show me.

Alan unwraps the rag. He has a wound in his hand.

VEMAR (CONT'D)
How did this happen? Did someone shoot you?

ALAN
(shaking head)
I was cleaning it and a round was stuck in the barrel. Went off.

VEMAR
The gun fired? Did you pull the trigger?

ALAN
No -- I said, a round was in the barrel...

Alan looks Vemar up and down with distaste. He notes Vemar's accenyt.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(rudely)
Are you actually listening to me?

VEMAR
Yes, Mr. Sanders. Lie back.

Alan lies down. Vemar and the nurse lean over him and unwrap the bandaged hand.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - RANGE - ANOTHER DAY

Alan stands at the end of the range, firing a pistol at the target. A few other MEMBERS stand at the range. Alan's left hand is bandaged and wrapped with gauze.

A **HELPFUL MAN** (60s) passes behind Alan. He stands to watch Alan.

HELPFUL MAN
Young man, can I...?

Alan turns to him and removes his ear muffs.

ALAN
What?

HELPFUL MAN
Your stance is wrong. May I show you?

Alan doesn't respond. The Helpful Man reaches down and adjusts Alan's standing position with his hands.

HELPFUL MAN (CONT'D)
That's better. Safer for recoil.

Alan furrows his brow.

ALAN
Please don't touch me.

The bandage on Alan's hand has fresh blood seeping through.

HELPFUL MAN
Your hand...is that fresh?

Alan looks down at the bloodied bandage.

He collects his pistol, shells, and belongings and exits swiftly and wordlessly.

EXT. ARKSHIV'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Deesha steps out of a sedan carrying groceries. Approaches her and Arkshiv's front door.

Laxmi unexpectedly exits the house as Deesha approaches.

DEESHA

Oh!

LAXMI

I came looking for you. Was just returning those microwave containers back to you.

DEESHA

I was grocery shopping.

LAXMI

I know. I gave them to Arkshiv.

DEESHA

Oh...do you want to come in?

LAXMI

No, I have to go. Another time. Nice to see you. Ma'aasalaama.

Laxmi leaves with a quick wave. Deesha, curious, watches as Laxmi gets in her car and drives off.

INT. ARKSHIV'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Deesha enters carrying the groceries. Through the sliding back doors, Arkshiv is visible smoking a cigarette in the courtyard.

Deesha narrows her eyes at him, suspicious.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Laxmi cleans the countertop.

HENAR (O.S)

(shouting from room)

Amma! Where's Appa? He said he'd help me with bio.

LAXMI
 (shouting)
*Don't shout, come and speak to me.
 And not in English!*

Henar pokes her head in.

HENAR
 Well?

LAXMI
Working late. Where's your brother?

Henar shrugs.

MASTER BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

A relatively quiet house. Laxmi enters and lies down on her and Vemar's king bed.

Laxmi closes her eyes. She thinks of something, picturing it.

She turns off a bedside lamp.

She slides her free hand into her waistband and touches herself.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - ANOTHER DAY

Alan lines up for the bank teller.

BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Alan sits across from an officious **BANK MANAGER** (50s).

BANK MANAGER
 So, Alan...

ALAN
 (disinterested)
 Yeah, look -- the ATM wouldn't let me withdraw the amount I wanted and the teller said I had to talk to you. Can you get me the ten grand?

BANK MANAGER
 Certainly, I can. But I did want to talk to you about your e-saver fund.

ALAN

What?

BANK MANAGER

I can see you opened the account with around four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, yes? Transferred from a trust fund?

ALAN

Mm.

BANK MANAGER

In the last two years it's depleted significantly to the current seventy-five thousand total.

ALAN

It's my money.

BANK MANAGER

Of course. I just wanted to offer you the opportunity to meet with our investment banking advisors, help grow or maintain your savings. We can transfer the remainder into a high-interest --

ALAN

No.

BANK MANAGER

Oh?

ALAN

Just give me the cash, please.

INT. GUN AND SHOOTING SHOP - DAY

Alan stands at the counter. He points to a rifle displayed on the wall behind the **CASHIER** (60s, ratty and unkempt).

ALAN

Three of them.

CASHIER

Okay.

ALAN

With rounds.

CASHIER

Yep. That's all?

ALAN
Yes. But I might be back.

CASHIER
Great.

EXT. FORESTED AREA - CLEARING - DAY

Deep in the woods, silent but for the birds, Alan hangs a human silhouette TARGET on a tree.

Alan crosses the clearing and picks up a rifle.

He FIRES at the target. Misses. Fires again. Hits the side.

Fires again. Hits the target dead on.

He takes a photo of the target with bullet holes in it.

Opens the browser on his phone to the 4chan-like website.

Uploads the photo with caption: "*pretend it's the enemy, /pol/. Who is it?*"

INT. ALAN'S CAR/EXT. RURAL AREA - DAY

Alan drives home.

Over this, we can HEAR the faceless COMMENTERS on his post. The commenters' voices overlap. It's a chaotic and urgent sound.

COMMENTERS (V.O)
(overlapping)
"It's the sand niggers/fucking invaders/get them all OP/white power but unironically/put your dick in it OP/chinks in my hometown/nigger that fucked my girlfriend/remove kebab/wish everyone was a soldier like OP".

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - ADMINSTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. MERKEL (60s, fat, sun-ripened) sits at his desk. His desk nameplate reads "Head Of Medical Practice". A knock at his door.

DR. MERKEL
Come in.

Vemar enters and smiles.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
Yes, thank you, Vemar. Sit.

Vemar sits across from Dr. MERKEL.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
It's been nearly a year, yes?

VEMAR
It has.

DR. MERKEL
I have here, before me...

Dr. Merkel turns his PC Screen to face Vemar.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
...three complaints from patients
in as many weeks. About you.

Vemar squints to read them. Dr. Merkel turns the screen back away from Vemar.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
Every doctor in the E.D gets a few
of these, y'know, it happens. You
have to make unpopular decisions
and it's very easy these days to
make a complaint online. The
difficulty of filing a complaint in
the old days weeded out a lot of
the ridiculous ones.

VEMAR
Okay?

DR. MERKEL
But an administrator noted that
these three came in one after the
other, and all were balanced but
very specific -- and they spoke
clearly about *your* bedside manner.

VEMAR
My bedside manner.

DR. MERKEL
Which, to be frank, is absolute
shit. At least according the
complaints. "Rude." "Can't
understand." "Lacking *empathy*".

(MORE)

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
That's the quotes my executive
pulled for me.

VEMAR
Doctor Merkel...

DR. MERKEL
I'm not disciplining you or
censuring you. But I have to say I
spoke to you, okay? I have to be
able to say that. Do you
understand?

VEMAR
But I --

DR. MERKEL
I know things are different where
you're from, Doctor Thevar.

Vemar doesn't say anything.

DR. MERKEL
But in Australia, doctors aren't
gods. We're nothing. Public
servants. State sponsored purveyors
of prescription drugs and owie-
kissers.

A beat.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
We're underpaid and over-
scrutinised.
(pause)
It's why we have to hire doctors
from developing countries who only
learnt English after medical
school.

Vemar nods, uncertain.

DR. MERKEL (CONT'D)
But otherwise - you're doing a
great job, Doctor. Glad to have you
on the team.

Dr. Merkel smiles and holds out his hand to shake Vemar's.

Vemar shakes Dr. Merkel's hand with a frown.

EXT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - LATER - NIGHT

An exhausted Vemar stands by the hospital loading zone, waiting.

Laxmi pulls in their car and beckons for him to get in. Vemar approaches and gets in the car.

INT. VEMAR AND LAXMI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vemar gets in the passenger seat with a thousand-yard stare.

LAXMI

*How was your day? Henar's reheating
the biryani at home.*

Vemar BURSTS into tears. Laxmi, confused, reaches out and hugs him. He cries into Laxmi's shoulder.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

(unsure)
It's okay, it's okay...

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alan's phone rings on the coffee table. Alan walks in and answers the phone.

TEXT ON SCREEN: April, 2016

ALAN

(into phone)
Hello?

RHONDA (V.O)

(on phone)
Happy birthday, Alan! Jim says the
same.

ALAN

(into phone)
Thanks guys.

RHONDA (V.O)

So what are you up to? Big plans?

ALAN

Uh, yeah. Having dinner with some
friends. Might have a few drinks.

RHONDA (V.O)
 Oh, that sounds lovely. I'll have
 your sister drop off your present
 on the weekend.

ALAN
 I don't need a present.

RHONDA (V.O)
 Nonsense. But it's nothing special,
 don't get your hopes too high.

ALAN
 Alright. Thanks, Mum.

RHONDA (V.O)
 I love you!

ALAN
 I love you, too. Bye.

Alan hangs up. He walks to the window and closes the blinds,
 darkening the room.

He lounges on the sofa and opens his laptop. He relaxes,
 opening YouTube to plays a casually white-supremacist Vlog.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY CENTRE - STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN - DAY

Alan, in winter gear, walks through the city streets of
 Stockholm. It's snowing in the afternoon.

He looks around -- it's beautiful; the architecture, the
 people, the weather.

Alan enters a bar.

TEXT ON SCREEN: November 2016

INT. BAR, STOCKHOLM - DAY

Alan sits at the bar and gestures at the BARTENDER, who
 responds in Swedish.

Alan points to a beer on tap and then to a schooner mug. The
 bartender nods and pours it. Alan sips.

OLOF (white, late twenties, severe, angular face) approaches
 and sits next to Alan, greeting him.

OLOF
(Swedish accent)
Hey, man. Alan?

Alan grins.

ALAN
Yes. Oh my god! Thank you for
meeting me.

OLOF
No problem, buddy. I love your
forum posts. And your donations, of
course.

ALAN
(laughing)
Nah, it's all good. Your videos...

OLOF
Yeah?

ALAN
They, like, blew my mind. *Opened* my
mind.

OLOF
I never get tired of hearing that.

ALAN
Beer?

OLOF
No, I don't drink.

ALAN
Oh.

OLOF
Only for last few months - trying
to be, y'know, focussed on the
plan.

Alan looks down at his beer.

ALAN
So, the plan...it's legit?

OLOF
In what way?

ALAN
Like people are really talking
about doing these things?

OLOF

Talking about? They *are* doing these things. Bunch of different places - men like you and I are taking action.

ALAN

Hm.

OLOF

I'm not in it for clout. I want to change my country, the world. For people like us.

Alan nods.

ALAN

I'm so...in awe.

OLOF

Did you come all this way to meet me?

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN

Nah, not really. I've been flying all different places the last few years. Went to Lebanon last year.

OLOF

Lebanon?

ALAN

It wasn't so bad. They did this thing where they'd ring a bell in the city...and everyone in town would walk out of wherever and go to pray. And I thought, wow...just everybody having this common cause?

OLOF

I suppose. They do that here, too. In some places.

ALAN

What?

OLOF

Yeah. There's neighbourhood all over these days, full of 'em. The mosque rings their big bell and you see them crawl the streets to go pray. It's disgusting.

(MORE)

OLOF (CONT'D)
 These used to be working class
 Swede neighbourhoods.

ALAN
 Jesus.

OLOF
 Yeah.

They sit in awkward silence. Olof looks at Alan. He sees Alan's specific intensity, and he is disquieted.

OLOF (CONT'D)
 Well...it was nice to meet you,
 man.

Olof stands.

ALAN
 Oh, okay. You too.

Alan holds out his hand to shake Olof's. Olof exits.

EXT. CITY STREET - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

In the early evening, Alan walks the snow-covered street in an outer Stockholm neighbourhood with tenement buildings.

A BELL sounds from a nearby mosque. Alan follows the sound.

He's soon accompanied by many MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN and WOMEN, and AFRICAN MEN and WOMEN, approaching the mosque.

EXT. MOSQUE - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

A **FRIENDLY IMAM** greets the WORSHIPERS as they enter in single file.

Alan joins the line to enter the mosque. He approaches the front of the line.

Alan looks up at the Friendly Imam as he passes by. The Imam smiles kindly at Alan.

FRIENDLY IMAM
 (in English)
 Good evening, brother. Welcome.

INT. MOSQUE - STOCKHOLM - NIGHT

Alan watches a MANY MEN wash their feet and hands in a communal fountain. Alan follows their lead, placing his bare feet in the fountain.

LATER

Alan kneels on a prayer rug at the back of the mosque, awkwardly mimicking the men.

He looks up and makes eye contact the Friendly Imam. The Imam smiles at him again in a very welcoming manner.

The mosque is beautiful, well-lit, and ornate. Light shines through stained glass windows, casting purple and blue light upon the worshippers.

EXT. MOSQUE - STOCKHOLM - LATER - NIGHT

Alan hangs across the street as worshippers leave the building after prayers.

Alan snaps a photo of the worshippers exiting the building in a small crowd.

Alan opens the 4chan-like website on his phone, posting the photos. The caption he writes simply reads:

"cockroaches, /pol/."

Alan walks away.

INT. PUBLIC HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vemar, exhausted by the night shift, examines a **JUNKIE GUY** (20s) in the exam room. A **SURLY NURSE** stands by.

VEMAR

You were injured?

The Junkie gestures to a TINY bruise on his knee.

JUNKIE

I'm in a lot of pain.

VEMAR

Maybe you need x-ray?

JUNKIE

Yeah, maybe...is there anything you could do for the pain?

The Surly Nurse rolls her eyes.

VEMAR

Panadol or Nurofen will suffice.

JUNKIE

Aw. Fucken hell! I'm so sick of Doctors treating me like shit.

VEMAR

Please don't --

JUNKIE

You people have no fucken empathy.

Vemar furrows his brow.

VEMAR

Fine.

Vemar hastily writes a prescription -- "Oxycodone 10mg".

VEMAR (CONT'D)

Don't fill it at the hospital pharmacy.

The Junkie is shocked. The Surly Nurse raises her eyebrows.

JUNKIE

Wicked!

The Junkie walks out happily. The Nurse turns to Vemar.

SURLY NURSE

Doctor...?

VEMAR

I have to see the next patient.

EXT. FORESTED AREA - CLEARING - DAY

Alan affixes a GO-PRO to a bandana on his forehead as he treks into the clearing of the woods. On his phone, he presses a "livestream" button.

TEXT ON-SCREEN: February 2017

ALAN

Livestream's on.

On-screen, we see the comments flood in on Alan's live-stream. Things like "oh shit he's gonna do it!", "fucking 88 man", "turn the gun on yourself OP", etc.

Alan picks up his rifle and aims it at his battered target across the clearing.

ALAN
(full of irony)
For all you degenerates on /pol/.

He FIRES. Hits the target dead on. Fires again - dead on.

Comments on screen reading: "mf is sharpshooter", "put that aim into practice comrade" etc.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laxmi dishes up the last of dinner into a serving tray. In the next room, Nehar, Sufian, and Vemar sit at the table.

Laxmi's PHONE RINGS at the counter. She reaches for it.

LAXMI
(to family)
Might be your Patti. I should get it.

Laxmi answers the call and walks into the...

LIVING ROOM

...and speaks into the phone.

LAXMI
(into phone)
Hello?

ARKSHIV (V.O)
(on phone)
I just needed to hear that voice.

Laxmi is alarmed.

LAXMI
(whispering into phone)
I'm with my family, Arkshiv.

She hangs up.

DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone eats in silence.

NEHAR

*Dad, can Sufian and I go to our
rooms? We have block exams coming
up.*

Vemar gestures for them to leave. Nehar and Sufian exit.

NEHAR'S BEDROOM - LATER

Nehar has changed into jeans and casual clothes. Sufian sits on her bed, waiting for her.

SUFIAN

Hurry up. They've been waiting since seven.

NEHAR

Shut up, rat. They can wait.

She applies make-up. Removes her hijab. Adjusts her hair.

EXT. THEVAR HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Sufian and Nehar open her bedroom window and sneakily step out of the house. They creep along the side yard and then RUN onto the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - NIGHT

Lisa and Bashiir sit at a park bench in silence. Lisa stands upon seeing Nehar and Sufian approach.

LISA

Fuckin' finally! Leave me to wait here with this weirdo.

NEHAR

Sorry, he's my brother's friend.

Nehar and Lisa break off into a separate conversation, walking ahead of Bashiir and Sufian who follow them.

BASHIIR

At least we got invited.

SUFIAN

Mm...it's more that everyone was invited.

BASHIIR

That counts.

EXT. RURAL PROPERTY - NIGHT

Thumping music. Party decorations on the fence. A huge estate house on a rural property, surrounded by farmland. About FIFTY teenagers on the lawn, partying, and more in the house.

Nehar and Lisa RUN AHEAD of Bashiir and Sufian so they don't get seen entering with them.

LATER - POOLSIDE

Nehar and Lisa greet two teenagers, **ANGELO** (17, slick, handsome) and **RAFERTY** (16, completely subservient to Angelo).

Lisa and Angelo kiss. Angelo presents Lisa with a bottle of cheap vodka. Lisa smiles and sips from it.

LISA

Nehar, this Raferty. Angelo's best mate.

ANGELO

Dunno about "best".

RAFERTY

Fuck off, Angelo.
(to Nehar)
He's just giving me shit.

Lisa passes the bottle of vodka to Nehar. She sips it and winces. Passes it to Raferty.

LATER - BACKYARD

Lisa, Angelo, Raferty and Naher sit under the canopy of a tree, some distance from the main party. Vodka is shared between them.

Angelo and Lisa make out. Angelo whispers something in Lisa's ear, inaudible. Lisa turns to Nehar.

LISA

(to Nehar)
Me 'n Angelo are going inside.

NEHAR

What? Well I'm coming, too.

LISA

Nah, it's not like that. You just chill with Raf.

Lisa and Angelo walk off. Nehar and Raferty are left in awkward silence.

RAFERTY

We could try to finish the vodka?

Nehar shrugs.

EXT. RURAL PROPERTY - TENNIS COURTS - MEANWHILE

Under blinding floodlights, Bashiir and Sufian sit on the empty tennis courts cross-legged.

They have their trading cards fanned out between them, playing. The music from the party is distant.

EXT. RURAL PROPERTY - BACKYARD - LATER - NIGHT

Nehar takes a sip from the vodka bottle, wobbly, and passes it to Raferty. He finishes the bottle. They're both drunk, Nehar for the first time.

RAFERTY

Wanna go for a walk?

NEHAR

(slurring)
What...?

RAFERTY

For a walk?

Raferty makes a "walking" gesture. Nehar shrugs. Raferty stands and has to lift Nehar to her feet.

LATER - FENCE-LINE

Far from the party, at the back of the property, Nehar and Raferty walk along the fence. Nehar grips the fence posts for support, swaying.

RAFERTY

You okay?

NEHAR

Yep.

RAFERTY

Maybe a walk was a bad idea.

Nehar nods.

RAFERTY (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just lie down.

And with that, she falls to the ground and leans back in the grass. Raferty joins her. Nehar's eyelids flutter, in a blackout.

RAFERTY (CONT'D)

So you an Indian?

NEHAR

...what?

RAFERTY

From India?

NEHAR

Yep.

RAFERTY

Dad went there once and said the tap water gave him the shits.

Nehar nods, closing her eyes.

RAFERTY (CONT'D)

Do you want me to finger you?

NEHAR

(unsure)

Mmm...

RAFERTY

I'm good at it.

Nehar doesn't say anything, which he takes as consent.

He lifts up Nehar's shirt and undoes her jeans, putting his hand in her underwear. She's barely conscious.

Nehar shakes her head and tries to sit up.

NEHAR

Nah...

RAFERTY

I don't think you can walk.

She struggles to her feet, but decides crawling will be easier.

RAFERTY (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

NEHAR

Get away.

POOLSIDE - MEANWHILE

Sufian and Bashiir stand in the thick of the party silently.

Across the lawn, Sufian spots Nehar crawling drunkenly towards the exit.

SUFIAN

(to Bashiir)

I gotta go.

BASHIIR

What?

Sufian runs up to a crawling Nehar and lifts her to her feet.

SUFIAN

Come on. Let's go.

Sufian sees that Nehar has blades of grass in her hair.

SUFIAN

Were you on the ground?

NEHAR

The ground...

PARTY-GOERS watch, whispering gossip, as Sufian leads Nehar.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Nehar is drunkenly draped over her brother, who essentially carries her.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - NEHAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sufian SHOVES Nehar through the open window and she lands gracelessly onto the ground. Sufian follows her through.

Laxmi and Vemar sit on Nehar's bed, waiting for them.

VEMAR
(booming)
Where have you been?!

NEHAR
(slurring)
Studying...study group.

Laxmi walks up to Nehar.

LAXMI
*You smell like alcohol. Where's
your headscarf?*

Vemar, incensed, walks up to Nehar, who's crouched on the ground. He SLAPS her hard across the face. Vemar glares at Sufian and then exits the room.

Nehar weeps while Sufian watches on. Laxmi shakes her head and leaves the room.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Laxmi sits on the sofa, sipping green tea. She stares straight ahead. The TV's not even on.

Nehar enters from her room, dishevelled. She sees Laxmi.

NEHAR
Amma...

Laxmi ignores her. Nehar walks in front of Laxmi.

NEHAR (CONT'D)
Amma?

Laxmi's composure cracks. She starts to cry. Nehar also breaks into sobs and climbs on the sofa, into Laxmi's lap.

NEHAR (CONT'D)
I hated it.

Laxmi nods and kisses her.

EXT. THEVAR HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Sufian watches in terror as Vemar puts Sufian's trading cards onto the barbecue grill.

SUFIAN
Appa, I didn't even do anything!

VEMAR
*Do you know how you made your
mother feel?*

Sufian is silent. Vemar ignites the grill, burning the cards.

VEMAR (CONT'D)
*We don't speak of it now. Never
disappoint us like that again.*

Sufian watches the cards burn as Vemar goes inside.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shades drawn, in darkness, Alan lays on the couch watching YouTube videos. The apartment in disarray.

A KNOCK at the door. He stands, alarmed, and walks to the door. He opens it.

Kyla stands at the doorway with her baby daughter **NIAMH (0)** in her arms.

KYLA
I thought you'd want to meet her.

In the outside light, Alan looks dishevelled.

KYLA (CONT'D)
Can I...?

Kyla steps past him inside. She looks around. Dishes in the sink piling up. Envelopes and papers on all surface.

KYLA (CONT'D)
Well...

ALAN
I haven't had a chance to clean.

Kyla nods.

KYLA
This is your niece. Hold her.

She passes Niamh to Alan. He holds her awkwardly.

KYLA (CONT'D)
Where's your dustpan and brush?

ALAN
Kyla, please. Don't clean.

KYLA
It's that or I call Mum.

Alan gestures to the kitchen.

KITCHEN - LATER

Kyla gets started on the dishes. Alan stands behind her with a sleeping Niamh in his arms.

ALAN
She's not too bad. Cute.

KYLA
Glowing praise. Where's your
scourer? This stuff is dried on.

She leans down to look under the sink, opening the cupboard.

ALAN
No.

Kyla steps back. Points under the sink.

KYLA
Is that...?

A handgun has been carelessly stored under the sink, next to the detergents and trash bags.

ALAN
I'm part of a shooting club. It's a
hobby.

KYLA
Why do you need a gun, Alan?!

ALAN
It's --

KYLA
You can't keep it under the sink!

ALAN
Why the fuck not?

Kyla stands. She walks over the Alan and takes Niamh off him.

KYLA
Get rid of it. Get it out of your
house.

ALAN
No, Kyla.

KYLA
Do it!

Alan sighs and walks to the cupboard and grabs the handgun.
Kyla winces.

He walks towards the door...and turns back to her.

ALAN
What are you gonna do, Kyla?

KYLA
What?

ALAN
What if I did this?

Alan points the handgun at his temple.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Right now?

KYLA
Alan!

She yelps and cries.

ALAN
It's not even *loaded*.

Kyla pushes past him to the door.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Tell Mum - I don't give a shit. I'm
not getting rid of it. Get out of
my house.

Kyla exits, in tears.

EXT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A car pulls up in front of a rural farm house surrounded by
pasture.

TEXT ON SCREEN: October, 2012

Alan (in his early twenties then, thin, pre-steroids), hops out of the car and approaches the house.

He knocks on the front door.

ALAN

Dad?

No answer.

INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Alan opens the door with a spare key and enters tentatively.

ALAN

Hello?

He walks through the quiet, cavernous home, into the...

LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

...and turns a corner facing the stairs.

KEIRAN SANDERS (late 50s), pale, bloated, and very dead, hangs from a noose hung over the stairway banister.

Alan freezes. Not sure what to do.

ALAN

Dad...

He walks over the swaying corpse.

Alan climbs the stairs halfway. Undoes the rope.

Keiran's body falls to the ground gracelessly with a THUD.

Blood pours from Kieran's mouth and pools on the floor.

Alan stands, frozen, half way up the stairs. Blank.

EXT. KEIRAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A **PARAMEDIC** pushes a stretcher with Keiran's sheet-covered corpse on it out the front door. Alan watches on.

ALAN

What hospital are you taking him to?

PARAMEDIC

He's not going to a hospital, mate.

Alan nods, disquieted. The Paramedic pushes the stretcher into an ambulance. He turns back to Alan.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Maybe you should call someone.

Alan nods, watches the Paramedic drive away in the ambulance.

Alan walks to his car. Stops by the driver-side door.

He VOMITS quickly and then gets in the car. Drives away.

INT. RHONDA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. Rhonda opens the door. Alan, distraught, stands at the doorway.

RHONDA

Alan! Come in.

Alan doesn't move.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

What's a matter?

ALAN

Jim home?

RHONDA

No, it's just me. What's going on?

Alan steps through the threshold. Rhonda studies him, scared.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Alan?

Alan turns to his mother and SHOVES her, hard. She yelps and falls to the ground.

Alan, full of fury, kneels on Rhonda and pins her down.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Alan!

Alan sobs angrily and PUNCHES Rhonda in the face. She screams.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Alan stands up, weeping, and backs away. Rhonda crawls away from him, terrified.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Why?!

Alan wipes he face and exits. Rhonda bursts into tears.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chaos as the family gets ready in the morning - Sufian and Nehar BICKER loudly as they look for their bags and books.

TEXT ON SCREEN: February, 2017

Laxmi guiding the children around, helping them search.

LAXMI

Make sure you eat some breakfast.

The T.V is switched on, audible, but no one is paying it mind.

Vemar puts on a lab coat and grabs a messenger bag in the midst of the choas.

Everyone stops. Slowly, their attention turns to the T.V -

The morning news is playing. ON-SCREEN, a NEWS ANCHOR reports.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on-screen)

In U.S news, President Donald Trump's so-called "Muslim Ban", Executive Order 13769, is fully in affect as many temporary and permanent U.S residents from countries such as Libya, Iran, Syria, Somalia and others cannot enter the nation. Channel Seven reporter John Asden reports from an airport in New Jersey.

The news report cuts to a REPORTER in a U.S airport.

The family stands in silence and watches the news report showing distraught families, travellers, and onlookers.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH AREA - DAY

Sufian and Nehar eat lunch together at a table, alone.

Nehar looks up as Lisa passes by with a CLIQUE of girls. Lisa whispers something to them upon seeing Nehar.

Nehar, incensed, stands up.

NEHAR
What did you say about me?

Lisa stand, hands on hips.

SUFIAN
Nehar.

LISA
I said you're a *slut*.

A CROWD of kids starts to form as Lisa and Nehar face off. Lisa's clique backs away.

NEHAR
You left me alone at that party.

LISA
I didn't tell you to do any of that
shit! You just *pretend* to be all
innocent so your crazy parents
don't auction you off as a sex
slave for terrorists!

Nehar grimaces. She SLAPS Lisa, hard. Lisa gasps.

Lisa lunges at Nehar and the two fall to the ground, punching and slapping. The crowd CHANTS as Sufian tries to pull Nehar away.

FAROOQI (V.O)
(pre-lap)
...and in light of the news, today
I'd like to talk to you all about
unity.

INT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - SEATING AREA - DAY

Post-prayer, Imam Farooqi addresses the gender-segregated CONGREGATION, in English.

FAROOQI
After all, what has brought us here
today, from different parts of the
world, is the respect and love of
Allah and his will. That respect is
what unites us...

The congregants watch Farooqi ardently.

Nehar sits next to Laxmi. Nehar has a black eye.

Sufian is with Vemar.

FAROOQI (CONT'D)

...We accept guidance from Allah
and are bound to his will in a
shared state of piety.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Alan takes a photo of something in his bedroom with his phone. We don't see what the photo is of.

LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Alan posts a photo on the 4chan-like website while laying on the sofa. The photo he took is of a HUGE CACHE of rifles and weapons on his bedroom floor. He posts the caption: *thoughts, /pol/?*

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - RANGE - DAY

Alan fires a rifle at the target across the range, concentrating. Over him we again hear the disembodied voices of commenters on his post:

COMMENTERS (V.O)

Fuck yeah OP/I think you need more
guns tbh/kill yourself OP go on/now
you just have to learn how to
read/who's the target OP/fucking
rats/kill the rats/big daddy would
love this/too bad they cant get
into the country anymore lol/kebab
remover/.

EXT. DOG PARK - GROUNDS - DAY

Alan stands in a mostly quiet dog park in town, a remote control in his hand.

TEXT ON SCREEN: April, 2017

He flies a consumer drone into the air and it disappears over the trees.

A **BOY** leading a cute dog on a leash approaches, curious.

BOY
That's so cool.

Alan nods.

BOY (CONT'D)
Where are you flying it to?

Alan is quiet.

ALAN
Just flying it.

The drone is out of sight.

BOY
But you can't even see it.

Alan ignores him.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sitting at his desk, Alan reviews drone footage he's filmed. It shows a bird's eye view of Alan and the boy disappearing as the drone flies away.

The drone flies directly over the top of the Parkway Mosque. He pauses the footage. Writes a note in his phone.

Opens up a new tab and compares the drone footage to publicity shots of the mosque, editing his notes.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Alan walks from his car towards a **GREY-HAIRED MAN**, who stands by his own car down the back of the parking lot.

ALAN
Hi.

GREY HAIRED MAN
Hi. You got it?

Alan nods. The Grey Haired Man opens the trunk of his car. He reveals a modified automatic weapon inside.

Alan passes him a wad of cash.

They both look around. A few **PASSERBY** exit the shooting range nearby.

GREY HAired MAN
Pull your car up closer. Open the
boot.

Alan nods.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MALL - DAY

Laxmi walks through the mall with shopping bags.

She stands by a bench amongst the SHOPPERS and checks her phone.

She looks up: Arkshiv is standing across the walkway and gestures to a nearby escalator.

ESCALATOR

Laxmi follows Arkshiv down the escalator, keeping her distance.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Laxmi steps into Arkshiv's parked car, Arkshiv in the driver's seat.

They both look around quickly and start kissing passionately.

INT. CHAIN GYM - WEIGHTS ROOM - DAY

Alan lifts heavy weights, sweating.

GYM LOBBY

Alan approaches the gym's **RECEPTIONIST** at the counter. The Receptionist is of Asian descent.

ALAN
I have a letter requesting
cancellation of my membership.

RECEPTIONIST
(looking up)
Pardon?

ALAN
It says on the website I have to
present a letter, in person, to
cancel my membership.

Alan produces a typed letter.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, you don't give it to me, you give it to the manager.

ALAN

Okay, where's the manager?

RECEPTIONIST

She doesn't work on Fridays.

ALAN

When does she work?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, I'm not sure exactly, maybe try on Monday?

ALAN

No, I -- you don't know when the manager will be on?

RECEPTIONIST

No, I mean, she's *likely* to be here on Monday, though.

ALAN

So I have to keep paying for membership until next week despite requesting to cancel?

RECEPTIONIST

We don't charge until the end of the month.

ALAN

That's not the point. Call your manager or cancel my membership.

RECEPTIONIST

I can't do that. I literally can't.

Alan is infuriated.

ALAN

This is bullshit.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir --

ALAN

What are you even *doing* here?

RECEPTIONIST
I -- this is my work?

ALAN
In the country!

The Receptionist is staggered, silent.

A few GYMGOERS turn their heads in passing at the drama.

Alan sighs, grabs the letter, and storms out.

EXT. THEVAR HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Sufian and Nehar approach their house, carrying their school bags and in uniform.

They enter through the front door...

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

...into an ongoing meeting between Laxmi, Vemar, and Imam Farooqi. The three are sitting around tea and snacks on the sofa.

LAXMI
Kids. Come, come sit.

Sufian and Nehar cautiously approach their parents and the Imam.

NEHAR
What's going on?

LAXMI
Don't be rude to Imam.

NEHAR
Good afternoon, sir.

Farooqi smiles and nods. Nehar and Sufian sit.

Farooqi looks to Laxmi and Vemar, waiting for them to explain. They don't. He awkwardly leads the conversation.

FAROOQI
Kids, Amma and Appa wanted me to come and speak to the family. Maybe talk some things through.

Vemar and Laxmi are silent.

FAROOQI (CONT'D)

Vemar?

VEMAR

I just thought -
 (in English)
 I think we need some help.

NEHAR

(gesturing to Sufian)
 With what? We're fine.

LAXMI

Aiyoh! Your teachers call and tell me you punched a girl --

VEMAR

Don't yell.

LAXMI

I'll yell because she's being stupid!

Nehar rolls her eyes.

LAXMI (CONT'D)

Look at that disrespect! I should slap you!

VEMAR

Nehar's not the only problem.

Laxmi is silent. The Imam shifts, uncomfortable.

FAROOQI

Uh, kids, do you like your school?

SUFIAN

It's okay.

NEHAR

It's fine.

FAROOQI

Do you mean that?

They both shrug.

FAROOQI (CONT'D)

I've heard it's not gone so well.

NEHAR

It's fine. My friend and I got in an argument.

LAXMI

Argument? You call it an argument?

Farooqi gestures for Laxmi to stop.

FAROOQI

Amma and Appa thought you might have an easier time at the Grammar school.

NEHAR

(to her parents)

You guys can't afford that! We've been going to Glenmore for two years --

LAXMI

It's not your concern what we can afford!

The Imam, who does not speak Tamil, sits silently.

VEMAR

Kids, what do you want to do?

NEHAR

Not to be taken out of school!

SUFIAN

I don't want to change schools. Bashiir goes to Glenmore.

VEMAR

Bashiir?

HENAR

His best friend.

FAROOQI

That's good, you have a best friend. Good work.

SUFIAN

Um, thanks?

Frustrated, Laxmi stands up.

LAXMI

So we're just going to listen to the kids?

VEMAR

Why wouldn't we listen to them? It affects them the most.

LAXMI

No one listened to me when you wanted to practice overseas. I didn't want to leave Chennai let alone come to this place!

VEMAR

If we did everything you'd wanted, I wouldn't have gotten my MD.

The Imam and the kids watch this argument unfold silently.

LAXMI

Would that be so bad? My brother didn't do medical school and he got a good job in Chennai --

VEMAR

Your brother inherited your father's business --

LAXMI

That's not the point --

VEMAR

If your mother wants to give us five-hundred-thousand Rupee, we'll move back!

LAXMI

Don't you dare dream about my mother's death, don't put that in the world --

VEMAR

*I didn't mean like that!
(then)
You get everything you want.*

LAXMI

That is not true!

VEMAR

You know exactly what I'm talking about, Laxmi.

Silence. The argument cools. Imam Farooqi smiles at the kids awkwardly. Laxmi crosses her arms.

LAXMI

We can talk about that privately.

FAROOQI

Okay. Let's stop for a second. Put a pin in it.

Laxmi and Vemar are unfamiliar with the phrase.

FAROOQI (CONT'D)

As in to say, let's stop this for now and come back to it later.

LAXMI

Later?

FAROOQI

Morning prayers, tomorrow. I'll clear my midday. We'll get everyone together. Set some ground rules. Talk it out.

LAXMI

There's nothing to talk about.

Farooqi stands, smiles again.

FAROOQI

We'll work it out tomorrow.
(to everyone)
As-Salaam-Alaikum, everyone.

ALL

Wa-Alaikum-Salaam/Bye/Thankyou,
sir.

Farooqi awkwardly steps past the family.

FAROOQI

Thank you for the tea, Laxmi.

He exits.

Everyone sits in silence for a moment.

Laxmi exits hastily, and with anger.

Nehar and Sufian stand and walk away, leaving Vemar alone.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan tidies his apartment for what looks like the first time in a while.

Empties a garbage bin. Vacuums and mops.

Alan approaches his laptop on his desk. He removes an external hard drive from the computer. Carries both the computer and hard drive away.

EXT. FORESTED AREA - CLEARING - NIGHT

In near complete darkness, Alan lugs a steel drum from his car into the clearing.

He dumps belongings in the drum, including his hard drive.

He pours a liquid into it and ignites its contents, bathing him in light.

INT. ALAN'S CAR/EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

His shirt covered in soot and ash, Alan drives home through town.

He looks out the window as he passes an ARABIC FAMILY walking on the sidewalk. He furrows his brow. We can hear the looming, oppressive and agitated sounds of the Commenters.

COMMENTERS (V.O)

Someone's finally doing
something/taking action/OP's fake
and gay, not gonna do shit/cleaning
up the streets/fucking sand
niggers/OP thinks hes a tough
guy/kill yourself OP/at least hes
committed/prank them OP/hope you
have a VPN/drink bleach.

Alan stops at an intersection, full of tension.

He removes his phone from his pocket and TOSSES it from the car onto the road, destroying it. He drives away.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alan stands nude before the bathroom mirror. He runs his hands over his body, as if inspecting it, or seeing it for the first time. He does this solemnly.

He starts masturbating, still making eye contact with his own reflection. He stops.

INT. CHAIN GYM - WEIGHTS ROOM - NIGHT

Alan walks with purpose, looking for someone or something.

He approaches the only other gym-goer: Marley. Marley carries a duffel bag and is fresh from the shower, about to leave.

MARLEY

Oh, hey buddy. It's been a while.
You're looking *huge*.

ALAN

Thanks.

MARLEY

Late night work-out?

Alan shakes his head.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

So what are you doing?

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alan drives Marley home. Alan sips from a glass whisky bottle. Hands it to Marley. Marley takes it, uneasy.

MARLEY

Thanks...

Marley studies Alan's serious, unnerving expression.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING - NIGHT

Marley and Alan enter. Marley looks around. The apartment is clean and tidy, but still purely utilitarian.

MARLEY

Nice place...

They walk towards the hallway.

BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

Marley and Alan, both nude, fool around in Alan's bed.

Marley looks down, on top of Alan.

MARLEY

Too much whiskey?

Alan grips Marley by the shoulders, turning him over so Alan is on top. Alan softly wraps his hands around Marley's neck, but Marley shakes his head.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm not into that.

Alan considers this and lets go.

ALAN

Can you...?

Alan grabs Marley's hands and reaches them towards his own throat.

MARLEY

Really?

Alan nods. Marley lamely tightens his grip on Alan's neck. Alan audibly CHOKES while Marley wraps his legs around him.

Marley lets go and Alan takes a deep breath.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

I don't like that.

ALAN

Maybe you should just kill me.

MARLEY

What?

Alan lays on his back.

ALAN

Kill me. You should kill me.

MARLEY

That's not funny.

Alan smiles.

ALAN

Hey - if you ran over a dog, and you got out of the car, and it wasn't dead, but it was really hurt, what would you do?

MARLEY

What?

ALAN

It's a deserted road, no one's gonna see - would you shoot it? Put the dog out it's misery?

MARLEY

Alan --

ALAN

See, I think that's the right thing to do. It's in pain, or it's gonna be. May as well shoot it dead.

Marley watches Alan's face, disturbed.

MARLEY

Can you take me home?

ALAN

Can't. Been drinking.

Marley sighs.

MARLEY

Alright, well...I'm going to sleep.

Alan shrugs.

INT. THEVAR HOUSE - SUFIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sufian lays in his bed.

A KNOCK at the door.

SUFIAN

Yes?

The door opens, revealing Henar standing in the threshold.

They look at each other. Sufian nods.

Henar walks towards Sufian and climbs in bed with him. He reaches over and turns off the lamp.

They lay in bed together.

HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

Laxmi, in pyjamas, carries a breakfast tray towards the...

MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and enters. Vemar lays in bed, just stirring from sleep.

VEMAR

What are you doing?

Laxmi carries the tray to bed and sits.

LAXMI

Breakfast. I thought we'd eat it together, in bed.

Vemar shakes his head.

VEMAR

I don't want to eat in bed. It'll make a mess.

He goes to get out of bed. Laxmi stops him.

LAXMI

Please?

Vemar relents and sits down in bed. Laxmi rests the tray on his and her own lap.

They pick at the food in complete silence.

After some time, Laxmi leans over and kisses Vemar on the cheek.

LAXMI

Thank you.

INT. ALAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Marley sleeps in Alan's bed. Morning light filters through the blinds.

Across the room, Alan gets dressed. He slips into Army camo pants and a camo jacket.

He puts a headband on. The headband has a Go-Pro attached.

He walks out of the room. Marley continues to sleep.

Seconds later, Alan enters again. He's holding something in his hand, obscured.

He approaches Marley slowly...

BANG. He FIRES handgun into Marley's sleeping head. A burst of blood sprays across the pillow and headboard. Marley dies without even waking. Blood pours from the exit wound.

Alan calmly turns around and opens a closet, pulling out duffel bags.

He picks up two of the bags and carries them out of the room.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Alan sits at the sofa. He holds a brand new pre-paid smartphone, still in its packaging.

He opens the box and retrieves the phone. He turns it on and starts reading the set-up instructions.

KITCHEN - LATER

Alan casually empties his fridge of all its contents, tipping them into black garbage bags.

He opens the pantry and carries all the food, dumping it into the trash bags.

He picks up the bags and exits.

EXT. ALAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - TRASH - DAY

Alan throws the garbage bags into the dumpster.

A **NEIGHBOUR** carrying a trash bag passes Alan.

NEIGHBOUR

Hey, Alan.

ALAN

Morning.

Alan walks back upstairs. The neighbour turns back to look at him, confused by Alan's outfit.

APARTMENT PARKING AREA - DAY

Alan lugs a duffel bag towards his parked car, dropping it by the back, amongst many other bags.

He begins lifting all the duffel bags into the back of the car.

INT. ALAN'S CAR/EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Alan drives through quiet Saturday morning traffic.

He adjusts the Go-Pro on his headband.

He places the mobile phone in the cradle and dials. The call is audible through the car stereo.

RHONDA (V.O)
 (on phone)
 Hello?

ALAN
 (into phone)
 Hey, Mum.

RHONDA (V.O)
 Alan? What's wrong?

Alan stops a pedestrian crossing. The PEDESTRIAN at the crossing gestures for Alan to go through.

Alan waves the pedestrian across the crossing, yielding to her. She waves gratefully. Alan drives away.

ALAN
 Nothing's wrong. Just calling.

RHONDA (V.O)
 Oh, okay. Is this your new number?

ALAN
 Yeah.

RHONDA (V.O)
 I've been trying to call your old one for a while.

ALAN
 Sorry. I got this new phone a few weeks back so I would've missed some calls.

RHONDA (V.O)
 That's okay, honey. How are you?

ALAN
 I'm good. Is Kyla there?

RHONDA (V.O)
 No. Why?

ALAN
 I just...I know she comes to visit you on some Saturday mornings so I thought she might be there.

RHONDA (V.O)
 Oh, no, not since she had Niamh. I mostly go and visit her and Dan now.

ALAN
Oh. Okay.

RHONDA (V.O)
Why don't you give her a call?

ALAN
Nah. That's okay. But, can you tell her something for me?

RHONDA (V.O)
Sure?

ALAN
Can you tell her I love her and I'm sorry?

RHONDA (V.O)
Huh?

ALAN
Tell her that for me, please. And you, too, Mum -- I love you.

RHONDA (V.O)
I love you, too, darl, but is everything okay?

ALAN
Everything's fine. I gotta go.

RHONDA (V.O)
Okay --

He terminates the call.

Alan turns down a retail street.

He reaches to his Go-Pro and switches it on.

On his phone, he gets a notification: *live stream commenced*.

Alan smiles and looks at himself in the rear-view mirror.

ALAN
(to livestream)
Good morning, everyone.

On Alan's phone, the notifications pour in: *two viewers joined* and then *five viewers joined* one after the other, gradually increasing.

INT. VEMAR AND LAXMI'S CAR - DAY

Vemar drives with Laxmi in the front seat. Nehar and Sufian sit in the backseat. Everyone wears nice outfits.

Laxmi turns to Vemar. She grabs his hand and smiles.

EXT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Vemar, Laxmi, Nehar and Sufian walk from their car towards the front doors of the mosque, with many others.

Vemar and Laxmi warmly greet ANOTHER FAMILY who joins them as they enter the building.

INT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PRAYER ROOM - DAY

The family kneels in prayer, led by Imam Farooqi, surrounded by other worshippers. A typical Saturday prayer crowd.

The place is completely silent except for the shuffling of bodies and clearing of throats.

INT. ALAN'S CAR/EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

Alan drives in silence.

We SEE graphics of then live-stream comments as they come in on the stream. They mostly move too quickly to be read, but we notice snippets like: *king/remove kebab/turn the gun on yourself/fucking KING/OP looks like squidward/ etc.*

Alan stops the car, pulling up curbside.

He takes a deep breath.

ALAN
(to livestream)
This is it, fellas.

He exits the car.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

Alan exits his car parked on a suburban street. A JOGGER passes him by, unaware.

Alan walks towards the trunk of the car, opens it, and retrieves two duffel bags.

He closes the trunk and turns, starting to walk towards...

EXT. PARKWAY MOSQUE - PARKING LOT - DAY

...and enters the parking lot with a purposeful stride.

Alan starts towards the building.

He reaches the threshold from the parking lot to the entryway.

Alan takes another deep breath. He reaches into the duffel bag.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END