

PANDEMIC SUPPORT LINE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

STEVEN, dressed very casually in dark Jeans and T-shirt, strolls around the kitchen, gathers snacks and energy drinks with a phone to his ear.

STEVEN

It's just temporary. Everyone has to help out, so I'm doing my part.

STEVEN'S MOM (V.O.)

(on phone)

You work in cyber security, Steven. You sit in the dark on the computer all day. You're not a social butterfly, dear. Who would want to talk to you?

STEVEN

Gee, thanks mom.

He walks over to a table with a computer and monitor set up on it, puts down the snacks and drinks.

A man's indistinct grumble is heard in the background on the phone.

STEVEN'S MOM

Your father agrees. I'm just being honest. You're not the first one I call when I have a problem. You don't even like other people.

Annoyed, Steven sits down by the computer.

BEEP!

Startled, he stares at the computer screen.

STEVEN

Gotta go. First call is coming in.

He scrambles to put on his headset.

STEVEN

Pandemic support line. This is Steven, how can I help you?

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

WAYNE, a total dork in a knit vest and glasses, stands by the window, peers out through binoculars, while on the phone.

WAYNE

I want to report a terrorist act.

INTERCUT

Steven sits up straight, adjusts the headset.

STEVEN

Did you say terrorist act?

WAYNE

Yes. This guy is trying to spread the virus.

Wayne leans in a little closer to the window to better see.

Steven, full alert, types on the computer.

STEVEN

What kind of terrorist act?

WAYNE

He is licking everything.

Wayne leans forward, binoculars bangs into window.

STEVEN

What is he licking? Fruit, vegetables --

Repulsed, Wayne makes a face.

WAYNE

Ugh. I can't believe he did that.

STEVEN

Did what?

Wayne's eyes widen.

WAYNE

That is definitely against the WHO's Infection prevention guidelines.

Steven grows frustrated.

WAYNE

Ugh. This is so disgusting. I can't watch.

STEVEN

Sir, can you tell me where he is?
Is he at the grocery store? On the bus? Train?

Confused, Wayne looks at his phone --

WAYNE

No.

-- then back to staring through the binoculars. He gasps.

WAYNE

Now he's pulling his pants down.

Steven types on his computer, grows angry.

WAYNE

Oh my God! He's got his dick out!

Steven gazes at his screen. Eyes narrowing.

STEVEN

I see that you are calling from
1662 northwest 4th drive.

Wayne takes a sudden step away from the window.

STEVEN

On the eight floor?

Paranoid, Wayne scans the room as if there are cameras around.

STEVEN

There's nothing around you, but
other high rises. What exactly are
you looking at, sir?

Wayne's mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water.
Shame spreads across his face.

WAYNE

I'm sure he's trying to give her
the virus.

STEVEN

Her?

WAYNE

Uhm...

Steven tries to stay calm.

STEVEN

Sir, are you spying on your
neighbors?

Wayne ends the call.

Steven yanks the headset off. Can't believe it.

His phone rings, snatches it without checking.

STEVEN

Yes.

STEVEN'S MOM (V.O.)

(on phone)

Steven, there's someone across the
street watching us with binoculars.

Steven closes his eyes, tries his best to stay calm.

FADE OUT: