THE EXPOSER

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Curtains closed, dimmed lights. A big double-bed and a
closet fill the room. City lights shining through the
window.

Sitting by the computer in the corner is MILES, early 30's,
dressed nicely, kind looking. Eyes fixated on the screen, he
doesn't notice anything around him.

He's surfing the internet, all kinds of different websites.
But he isn't watching videos, reading articles or looking at
memes. On every site he visits, he only scrolls down and
reads the comments.

INSERT USER COMMENTS:

"Saoirse Ronan is a fat cow. I just saw the Cherry Wine
video and realized she's a fat bloaty cunt."

"Kobe can't shoot for SHIT. Overpayed, overrated ballhog
veteran. For that kinda ca$$ I would hit every single shot."

"Rihanna can't hit a fucking note without her auto-tune! And
I know what I'm talking about, I teach music."

END INSERT

INT. BEDROOM

Miles senses something. His eyes still fixated on the
screen, he hasn't moved an inch of his body. But there's
something going on. A SOUND. Muffled.

                    SOUND
          MA... MI...
               (it grows louder)
          MAYYY... MIIILE...

Until it explodes into a perfectly clear LOUD YELL.

                    FEMALE VOICE
          MILES!

Miles SNAPS OUT of his trance. And falls from his chair. He
looks up at KAREN, late 20's, sporty, dressed casually.

                    KAREN
          Oh my God, are you okay?

                    MILES
          What... what happened?

                    KAREN
          Exactly. What happened? You were
          completely zoned out. Didn't you
          hear me?

                    MILES
          I... uhm.

She helps him up. He's trying to catch his breath, while she
stares at him questioning.

                    KAREN
          Is it drugs?

                    MILES
          What?

                    KAREN
          Or do you have some kind of
          condition?

                    MILES
          No, I'm... I'm fine. Really.

                    KAREN
          You haven't slept for two days
          straight. You just keep staring at
          this thing. I checked your
          browser-history while you were
          showering, thinking maybe you're
          some kind of porn addict. But now
          that I know it's not porn, I'm
          really worried.

                    MILES
          Everything's fine. It's difficult
          to explain.

                    KAREN
          Try me.

He doesn't.

                    KAREN
          Miles, if this is what our future
          looks like, I'm leaving. If I have
          to share you with a machine, I'd
                    (MORE)

                   KAREN (cont'd)
        much rather have it be a
        motorcycle.

Miles is obviously taken aback by this.

                   MILES
        Come with me.

He gets up. Karen follows. They enter...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Miles grabs the remote control and turns the TV on. He flips
through the channels really fast. He stops at a newscast.

ON TV

A reporter is reading the headlines.

                  REPORTER
        Dubai is funding high-speed buses
        for rich sheiks. Holland is
        flooded, no one's surprised. Rapper
        Pitbull viciously attacked by
        actual pitbull. But first... Haters
        expose themselves on the internet.

The reporter sorts his papers.

                  REPORTER
        Amazing things are happening in our
        hallowed halls, the internet.
        People hiding behind avatars and
        usernames, ranting, gossiping and
        most of all cursing everything and
        everybody is nothing new. The only
        place where we're all equal. But a
        new and unexpected turn is occuring
        as of lately. More and more haters
        post videos of themselves
        disproving their own statements and
        showing how pathetic they actually
        are. Just like this man who tweeted
        the following statement, "Rihanna
        can't hit a fucking note,...".

INT. LIVING ROOM

                    KAREN
        Miles, why are we watching...

                    MILES
        Just wait and look.

ON TV

INSERT VIDEO FOOTAGE

The hater who posted the comment is filming himself with his
webcam.

                    HATER
        Hi guys. I talked shit about
        Rihanna. To prove to you all, that
        I know what I'm talking about, I'm
        gonna perform her song "Umbrella".

He starts singing and it's awful. It sounds like the cries
of dying whales. He finishes the verse.

                    HATER
        Oh and by the way. I'm not really a
        music teacher. I work at the
        drive-in at McDonalds.

END OF VIDEO FOOTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM

                    KAREN
        Why are we watching this?

                    MILES
        I did that.

                    KAREN
        Did what?

                    MILES
        I made him do that. The guy who
        just quote-unquote sang.

                    KAREN
        You know that guy?

                    MILES
        No, no. This is gonna sound
        unbelievable and probably outright
        crazy, but

                    (hesitating)
          I can control people's minds and
          make 'em do things.
                    (off her look)
          Karen?

                    KAREN
          So... drugs?

                    MILES
          I know it sounds weird. I'll prove
          it to you.
                    (looks at the TV screen)
          Look at the sheik.

ON TV

There's a live broadcast of an interview with a wealthy
sheik. He speaks with a thick arabic accent, talking about
oil-reserves and funding high speed buses for him and his
rich friends.

                    SHEIK
          ...this buses could drive 150 km/h.
          The only highways here belong to us
          anyway.
                    (in perfect English)
          Hey Karen, it's me Miles. I'm doing
          this. Hey baby I love your BELLS.
          It's me Karen, Miles.

The sheik starts dancing awkwardly and howling like a wolf.
Then snaps back to normal.

                    SHEIK
                    (back to arabic accent)
          What just happened? I don't know
          why I did this.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Miles turns to Karen, who's jaw has dropped to the floor,
eyes wide open. She looks down at her shirt, which has the
word "BELLS" written at chest height.

She looks at Miles, doesn't say anything. Sits down slowly.
He does too. They're quiet for a very long time.

It's uncertain what she's thinking, her face is showing a
pallet of feelings.

                    KAREN
          Soooo, you can control minds?

                    MILES
          Yeah.

                    KAREN
          Have you ever done it to me?

                    MILES
          Oh no, I would never... you'd know.
          People know what's happening as I'm
          doing it. They just don't know why
          it's happening.

                    KAREN
          You can make anyone do whatever you
          want them to... anyone? Like even
          presidents and criminals?

                    MILES
          Well, yeah. I guess.

                    KAREN
          And you choose to fight people who
          leave mean comments on the internet
          and make them look stupid on
          national TV?

                    MILES
          Well... yeah... I guess.

She lets it all sink in. She looks him in the eyes.

                    KAREN
          Well, fuck it.

She grabs his hand and drags him back to the bedroom.

                    KAREN
          Let's find that instagram bitch who
          said my selfie last week was
          "fugly".

As they walk off, the sheik is still in shock giving his
interview.

                    SHEIK
               (off-screen)
          ...like something made me do stuff.
          I don't understand. WHY?!...

FADE OUT