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$h 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... MIILE...

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 occurring 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
Sooo, 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