

The root of the problem is me?

Leon Gaitanis

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY.

STEVE, 40 years old. Dishevelled.

Wearing faded denim. Messy hair.

Stands on a busy street watching people pass by.

He hesitantly begins to walk along the street, before stopping at a coffee shop and looking at the people inside drinking coffee.

He moves further along the street, sideways glancing at people walking past.

He continues down the street before reaching his apartment building.

He darts inside his apartment.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

STEVE sits on the couch, watching TV.

Watching, looking through what's on TV.

The phone rings.

STEVE answers on the fifth ring.

STEVE

Hello?

VOICE ON THE OTHER LINE

Hello. It's time. It's time for you to upgrade to super-fast internet. For only \$55 a month we can have you surfing the net, downloading and streaming anything you want in no time.

STEVE hangs up.

And moves back to the couch. This time lying down and closing his eyes, still not interested in what's on TV.

FADE OUT

EXT. SAME BUSY STREET. DAY.

STEVE walks into a cafe and orders a coffee.

STEVE
Latte, white, one sugar please.

STEVE takes a seat by the front window and waits for his coffee.

WAITRESS
One latte, white with one sugar.

STEVE
Thank you!

WAITRESS
Pleasure.

Across the road from the cafe, a gang of skin heads taunt and tease people going by them.

STEVE watches from across the road, sipping his coffee.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

STEVE vacuums his apartment. He lifts the couch and vacuums underneath. He continues vacuuming the room, under the bed and then on to the kitchen.

He finishes in the laundry, turning off the vacuum cleaner.

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY.

The skin heads are on JIM'S side of the street.

STEVE casts his head down and tries to walk by them unnoticed.

The smallest and youngest of the skin head gang notices him.

YOUNG SKIN HEAD
Got a cigarette?

STEVE
No.

STEVE continues walking down the street until he reaches his local cafe.

He walks in and orders.

STEVE
Latte, white, one sugar please.

WAITRESS
Take a seat and I'll bring it out to you.

STEVE sips his coffee.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. DAY.

STEVE kneels on one leg, beside the flat tyre of his car. The front right tyre is completely flat!

He gets up, walks to the boot. He gets out the car jack and wrench. Closes the boot. And walks back to the flat tyre.

He looks at the tyre. Gets back on his knees and loosens the lug nuts.

Once the nuts are loose, he jacks up the car and loosens the nuts more until they are completely off.

He removes the flat tyre.

Rolls the flat tyre to the back of the car, gets the spare tyre from the boot, rolls the spare tyre to be fitted to the front right.

He fits the tyre.

As he tightens the lug nuts, his mobile phone rings.

He answers his phone.

STEVE
Hello?

RICKY
STEVE? It's RICK.

STEVE
RICK! How are you?

RICKY
Your computer terminal is buzzing
again, sending messages. Why aren't
you at work?

STEVE
Flat tyre RICK.

RICKY
Remember who we are? We're CENTRAL
CYBER SECURITY (CCS), and we help the
police. That's our job!

STEVE
As soon as I change the tyre I'll be
in - at my desk.

RICKY
Just hurry up!

STEVE
Okay I'll hurry!

They hang up on each other.

INT. CENTRAL CYBER SECURITY OFFICE'S. DAY.

STEVE enters office building with takeout noodles in his hand
and walks to his cubicle.

A red police siren or light flashes on top of his computer.

He leans in to look at the screen.

He clicks with mouse the check icon.

A picture of a bearded man, about 25 years old.

He sits back on his swivel chair, and with his fork begins to
eat noodles.

He looks around the office.

And then reads the man's profile'.

The man is STEVE'S brother-in-law.

He clicks on the email which has set off the alarm on his computer,

"KILL THE MAYOR" is highlighted in red.

He thinks about this for a while before clicking on delete email.

STEVE'S brother-in-law is named MUSAF ALI, he is about to marry STEVE'S sister, MARGHARITA, also 25 years old. Out of wedlock they have a 5-year-old girl named AMY.

STEVE finishes his noodles.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

STEVE parks his car out in front of a house where a kid's party is in full swing.

In the front yard of the house are balloons and a Happy 5th birthday AMY sign in colours that a 5-year-old girl would like.

STEVE exits his car and walks into the party.

Adults talk and hold drinks as kids play outside.

STEVE walks through the front yard unnoticed.

Manoeuvring as to not bump into anyone.

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

He enters the house through the front door.

Manoeuvring around children playing.

He looks for MARGARITA.

MARGARITA is seen on the other side of the room.

STEVE loses sight of MARGARITA.

He looks around, he continues through the front room before being tapped on the shoulder by MUSTAF.

STEVE turns around.

MUSTAF
Well, hello!

STEVE
MUSTAF, hello.

MUSTAF
Hell of a kid's party.

STEVE
Sure is. AMY'S 5 already.

MUSTAF
How time flies. So how are things at
CCS?

STEVE
Okay, been pretty quiet.

MUSTAF
So, you're kind of an Anti-virus? Is
that what you do?

STEVE
Something like that. It's more
complicated. We help the cops...

MUSTAF
...They're about to cut the cake.

The crowd moves into the kitchen.

MUSTAF and STEVE stand together.

MARGARITA lights the birthday candles.

AMY sits on her knees on a kitchen chair. Cake with 5 candles
burning in front of her.

Around AMY are her school friends, all similar ages to her.

ADULTS gathered around the table take out their mobile phones
and start taking pictures as everyone begins singing HAPPY
5TH BIRTHDAY AMY,

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT,

STEVE stands over the sink.

Washing yesterday's cups, plates and saucers.

He places the last plate on the dry rack.

Grabs the kitchen towel and dries his hands.

He moves away from the kitchen sink.

Grabs the Windex and a wipe cloth.

STEVE sprays the kitchen bench with Windex and begins to clean the bench with a cloth.

He moves to the dining table and does the same.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY.

STEVE walks into his usual coffee shop and orders.

STEVE

Latte, white, one sugar, please.

WAITRESS

Sure, sweetie.

He takes a seat at the front window. His usual seat.

The NEO NAZI gang is back on his side of the street.

The littlest of the NEO NAZI'S, gives STEVE a mean stare,

YOUNG NEO NAZI

FAGGOT!

The gang moves on.

Leaving STEVE, and the other coffee shop patrons stunned.

Also leaving STEVE a little embarrassed.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

STEVE waters the only plant in his apartment.

And then vacuums his apartment.

He lifts the couch and vacuums underneath.

He vacuums his bedroom.

And finishes in his small laundry.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

STEVE sleeps on the couch.

In the background the TV is playing.

There's a knock on the door.

It's RICKY.

STEVE gets off the couch and answers the door.

STEVE

RICK? What brings you here?

RICKY

I need to talk to you about work.

STEVE

Yeah. Sure. What about work?

They are still standing in the doorway.

RICKY

Are you going to invite me in?

STEVE

Yeah. Sure.

They both take a seat on the couch.

RICKY

STEVE. It's this. In the past 3 months you haven't reported any activity, suspicious or other to the police. The

feeling around the office is you do nothing.

STEVE

No, that's not true! Remember the bikie gang guy selling guns to kids.

RICKY

That was over a year ago.

STEVE

I'm sure there were others. Do you want a coffee?

RICKY

Alright. Get me a coffee. Black, no sugar.

STEVE makes the coffee in the kitchen.

The kettle boils.

STEVE comes back to the couch with the 2 coffee.

STEVE

I've been seeing a doctor. A psychiatrist. About a mental illness I think I have.

RICKY

Have you told Human Resources about this?

STEVE

No. Didn't think they should know. It's personal RICK.

RICK leaves his cup of coffee half full.

He stands.

RICKY

I got to go.

He walks to the door.

Stops at the open door.

Turns to STEVE.

RICKY
For Fucks sake get your act together!

FADE OUT.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE. DAY.

STEVE waits in the hallway of his psychiatrist office.

The receptionist reads a magazine at her desk which is at the end of the hall.

RECEPTIONIST
The doctor will see you now.

STEVE gets of his chair and walks into the doctor's office.

PSYCHIATRIST
Take a seat.

STEVE takes a seat.

PSYCHIATRIST
What bring you here STEVE.

STEVE
Well, this is hard to say. But I've been feeling a little depressed. And, ah, was hoping you could write me a script for marijuana. Ah, and also, I can't sleep.

PSYCHIATRIST
I have to ask you a few question.
Routine stuff. Will that be okay with you?

STEVE
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
Question number 1. Do you have a medical condition that has been causing you distress for more then 3 months?

STEVE
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

And have you tried treating your condition?

STEVE

Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST

Now a little bit about your treatment. Was it with prescription medication?

STEVE

No. I mean it hasn't been treated yet.

PSYCHIATRIST

Why do you think you have a mental illness?

STEVE

I don't think. That's what they say. My last doctor put me in therapy.

PSYCHIATRIST

STEVE. This is a bit of a personal question. Have you ever thought of hurting yourself?

STEVE

No.

PSYCHIATRIST

Although you've never thought of hurting yourself, I wouldn't recommend marijuana for your condition. Can you go back and wait in the hall please.

STEVE gets of his chair and walks back to the hall.

About 5 minutes pass when the psychiatrist come back to STEVE in the hallway.

PSYCHIATRIST

Now STEVE, although you're not eligible for medicinal cannabis, I have something else.

The PSYCHIATRIST reaches into the left pocket of his long white coat and takes out a blister strip of pills.

PSYCHIATRIST
SON, this is Respirodone. It should
calm your nerves and help you sleep.

STEVE takes the pills and puts the blister strip in his pocket.

EXT. HIGHWAY. AFTERNOON.

STEVE is driving down the road at the speed limit.

He remembers the pills.

While his driving he reaches into his pocket and takes out the pills.

C.U. STEVE behind wheel.

V.O. Psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST
Remember son. you take 2 of these
before bed every night and strictly
only at night.

STEVE takes 2 pills.

Washes it down with coke-cola.

Everything immediately changes for STEVE.

He eases of the car throttle, to slow down the car.

STEVE is feeling heavy and after that he gets drowsy.

He shouldn't be driving. But STEVE has ignored doctor's warnings.

The car moves out of its lane.

A car horn sounds to avoid a collision.

STEVE has slowed the car to 40km/h.

The speed limit is 100km/h.

STEVE drives home on the emergency stop lane at 40km/h.

He makes it home.

INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.

STEVE is asleep in bed.

His bedroom is dark.

An alarm clock sound.

It's 8am. Time to head off to work.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. MORNING.

STEVE is in his usual coffee shop.

He takes a seat.

The same waitress that has always taken his order, takes his order.

WAITRESS

What would you like sweetie?

STEVE

Latte, white, one sugar please.

The waitress leaves and STEVE stares out the window at the crowd walking by.

INT. CENTRAL CYBER SECURITY OFFICE'S. DAY.

STEVE sits on a swivel chair in his work cubicle. He stares at the computer screen.

An alarm goes off, first internet email to check.

First email of the day.

In RED highlighted.

With a link to a Facebook post.

"Hunting in Otway Forrest."

" How I wish the deer were people."

The post is by ALEX TRIPOLI. 25 years old of St. Albans.

STEVE scans the office from his cubicle.

On the far end of the office, he catches a glimpse of RICKY talking to a female employee.

He prints the incriminating email.

Yanks it from the printer when it finishes printing.

Gets off his chair and walks to RICKY, who has finished talking to female employee.

STEVE
RICKY! This came through.

STEVE hands the email to RICKY to read what's highlighted in red.

RICKY
Send it to the police for further investigation.

STEVE walks back to his work cubicle.

Next Email.

A Facebook post from NRA (Rifle enthusiast).

Highlighted in RED.

"If they ever ban assault rifles, I'm taking it out on the President.

This is in the comments section of an NRA Facebook post.

PETER SMITH is the gun enthusiast who has posted the comment.

STEVE types on the computer screen.

STEVE feels this should be sent to the police.

He brings up PETER SMITH'S information.

And sends everything he know about this post and comment to the Police.

Next is an INSTAGRAM post from MUSTAF ALI'S personal account.

"Mayor to visit arts district for opening of gallery."

Picture in post shows the MAYOR and his WIFE covered in blood.

STEVE files the post to his CRANK folder and deletes it.

FADE OUT.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

STEVE waters his one and only plant in his apartment.

He puts the watering can down.

And makes himself a cup of coffee.

He stares through his window.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

STEVE sits on couch, beer in hand, watching news on TV.

The story of the MAYOR and his WIFE, opening an ART GALLERY is on screen.

TV REPORTER

It's finally happening, tomorrow the MAYOR and his beautiful WIFE are attending a gala opening of the new CITY ART GALLERY. After many setbacks and 8 years in the making, the day has arrived, and the GALLERY will open to star studded event that includes music band and street performers.

STEVE turns the TV off and puts down his beer.

MEDIUM SHOT STEVE.

STEVE

(VOICE OVER) I could. NO, should be helping people. Why don't I care? I could be helping people with my job.8 billion minds on earth as of this moment. All thinking, all wanting, greedy minds. Why don't I care?

FADE OUT.

INT.COFFEE SHOP. MORNING.

FADE IN.

STEVE

Latte, white, on sugar please.

WAITRESS

Sure.

STEVE

And wait! How's your day been?

WAITRESS

Good sweetie.

EXT. ART GALLERY. DAY.

A crowd gathers around GALLERY entrance.

A band plays.

Street performers perform for the crowd.

EXT. TOP OF SMALL HILL. DAY.

STEVE and AMY watch the scene from a hill near the ART GALLERY.

They eat MC DONALDS.

AMY

Great view up here!

AMY jumps back!

A bomb has gone off in front of the ART GALLERY.

EXT. ART GALLERY. DAY.

As the MAYOR climbs the stairs of the ART GALLERY with his WIFE,

MUSTAF rushes toward them and sets off his BOMB VEST.

Killing himself, the MAYOR, his WIFE and many innocent people in the blast range.

EXT. TOP OF SMALL HILL. DAY.

WIDE SHOT OF CITY SKYLINE.

The CITY SKYLINE turns orange, red and then to black.