

VOYEUR GRADUATED

Written by

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INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A computer screen powers up and STEVEN KANE, 45, intelligent, a real book worm is on screen.

STEVEN  
What the hell, why can I see  
myself?

Steven then angrily taps his finger against the inbuilt webcam. The computers screen is divided in half. One half is for the web camera, the other for the computers desktop.

Steven tries to disable the webcam. Password required.

He tries a multiple of different ways to turn the web camera off, all fail.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Ok, this is already annoying me.  
Why would I want to be looking at  
myself. God how I hate technology.  
Why is it even set up like this?

He gives up, the webcam is going to have to stay on.

Steven now checks Emma's emails. 270 unread messages.

In total Emma has thousands of emails. Ranging from money transfers, clothing companies. Travel companies. Hotel bookings. Train tickets. Emails from friends, school. Job searches and lots and lots of spam.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Two hundred and seventy unread  
messages. I can't even have one  
unread message on mine. I just  
delete them all. This girl lives  
such a chaotic life. What the hell  
has she been up to locked away up  
in here.

Steven now checks her social media pages. Easy to log into, all of them have the passwords saved.

He gets to her Instagram. Lots of pictures of EMMA, 17, a fun loving seeker of adventure hanging out with friends, posing with food, drinking and dressed up. She's pretty and seems like a normal teenage girl.

Steven now checks her messages. Clicks on random conversations. He's getting angry, shaking his head.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck have you gone? You fucking bitch. Why the fuck have you just disappeared? Where the fuck are you? Disrespectful bitch. After everything I've done. Given you. Your bitch whore mother walked out on you. You think I enjoyed being a single parent? To a fucking girl who never fucking listens. Jesus Christ ten fucking days. I've heard nothing from you. Where the fuck have you gone? You stupid fucking bitch. You couldn't even be bothered to say goodbye to me. Ignorant. Rude.

Steven gives up on her social media pages. He returns to the desktop, hovers over a file titled pictures.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Just give me a clue to where you've run off to. Just let me know you're not dead in a ditch somewhere? This isn't funny, this isn't nice. Why would you put me through this?

He opens the file, and to his huge shock it's filled with pictures of Steven and Emma through the years.

Mostly growing up, her childhood but there's a few up to date modern ones sprinkled in there too.

Steven relaxes, even allowing himself to smile.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That's nice.

He continues scrolling through the pictures. There must be hundreds of them.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

We did used to be happy didn't we? There were times, more than a few. I wish I had some of these pictures saved. We just drifted a part didn't we?

(a deep breath)

Fuck.

(another deep breath)

I only ever wanted happiness for you.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Do you really have no good feelings left for me at all? Is this it? Are we done?

Suddenly an incoming call, a video call notification fills the other half of the screen. 'AUNTY'. Steven clicks to accept the call.

JESSICA KANE, 28, a sweet friendly warm soul, looks like she could still pass for a teenager herself. She appears on the other half of the screen. She smiles sleepily at Steven.

JESSICA

I had a bad feeling you'd be rummaging your way through her computer.

He gives her a sarcastic smile back.

STEVEN

I'm tired of waiting. I want to find her.

JESSICA

Well, considering how you are with technology I'm surprised you were able to turn it on.

STEVEN

It's been ten days without any news. I'm not waiting! If I can't figure out what happened to her through his computer I'm calling the police.

JESSICA

Oh my god Steven.

STEVEN

What?

JESSICA

No, no police. I thought I'd talked you through this?

STEVEN

I don't care anymore. I really don't.

JESSICA

She's eighteen. You shouldn't be going through her computer. Trust me, it's better to be ignorant and happy than informed and sad.

STEVEN

She's seventeen. Four more weeks until she's eighteen. She's still just a child.

JESSICA

To you she'll always be a child.

STEVEN

If I can't find her the cops are going to have to.

JESSICA

And lets say the cops do find her arrest her and drag her back home, with a little stop off at the police station for a few nights in between. You think she's ever going to forgive you for that?

STEVEN

I need her home Jessica.

JESSICA

The first thing you need to do is get off her computer. I can't stress that enough.

STEVEN

I brought it. I get to use this computer if I want to.

JESSICA

It's still hers.

STEVEN

Are you going to help me or not?

JESSICA

I'm trying to help you, I really am.

STEVEN

Well, it doesn't feel like it.

JESSICA

She's an adult Steven. An adult who's left home for whatever reason. Her reasons, I'm sure she's got them. You get to be upset, but you also are just going to have to sit and wait.

STEVEN

And I'm going to find out.

JESSICA

We'll find out together. Where's your phone?

He thinks, then shrugs.

STEVEN

It's somewhere. Why does that matter?

JESSICA

Well, turn off the computer and wait by your phone. When she's ready, she'll call you. If I find out something I'll call you. Just wait by your phone.

STEVEN

Alright.

JESSICA

I still teach some of her classmates. I'll talk to them today. If I find out anything you'll be the first one to know. But you've got to get off that computer and you've got to waiting by your phone.

STEVEN

You've said that already.

JESSICA

Because I'm serious. Just trust me this one time.

A pop up message appears above Jessica's head. 'I want to see your pussy.'

Steven frowns, his rage instantly returns.

STEVEN

What the fuck?

Jessica sees the change in his face.

JESSICA

What's wrong? What's happened. Talk to me Steven.

STEVEN  
I've got to go.

JESSICA  
Switch off her computer and come see me. I'm at the school. I know it's a Saturday but there's some work I need to do.

He's silent.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Steven?

Steven ends the video call with Jessica.

He clicks on the message that's just come through. It's from a porn webcam site.

Steven types back. 'Who is this?'

A reply comes back instantly. 'I want to see your pussy. I want to see you play with it. Can you go live?' I'm so horny.'

Steven slams two clenched fist against the desk.

STEVEN  
What the fuck is this shit?

A new request comes in. 'Hornboy78' is calling. Two options. Accept or decline the call. With teeth gritted Steven clicks on accept.

The other half of the computer screen is filled by a half naked man in his 40's. A neckbeard, looks a gamer and a comic book fan who takes his fandom to the extremes. Bare chested, sat at his kitchen table. His hands are out of shot but he's clearly masturbating furiously.

Steven is horrified.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you? What is this?  
What are you doing. Show me your hands.

The other man panics. Pulling his hands up.

HORNBOY78  
Oh shit.

STEVEN  
Why the hell are you messaging my  
teenage daughter?

HORNBOY78  
Oh, I'm so sorry. It's a mistake. I  
was trying to reach someone else.

STEVEN  
Who?

HORNBOY78  
No one, I'm sorry. I'm going to  
hang up now.

STEVEN  
You tell me or I take a screenshot  
of your half naked ass and put it  
up on the internet for the world to  
see.

HORNBOY78  
I was looking for 'cam girl hot  
xxx.'

STEVEN  
This is my daughters computer. Have  
you sent her messages like this  
before?

HORNBOY78  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Steven looks confused down at the keyboard.

STEVEN  
How the fuck do you take  
screenshots with this thing?

The half naked man hangs up. Ending the video chat.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Oh no you don't you piece of shit.

Steven tries to call 'hornboy' back. No answer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is going on? How did  
that even happen. I feel violated.  
I need a shower. It was like I  
could even smell him. Spoiled milk  
and e cigarettes.



Another message from 'hornyboy78' pops up on screen. 'hornyboy78' has sent a payment of \$500.

The note attached to the payment notification reads 'I'm sorry. Misunderstanding. You wont ever hear form me again.'

Steven sees the payment. Lets out a confused chuckle.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Five hundred dollars. I don't understand.

The message with the money attached is to an online money transfer account. Steven clicks on it and is automatically logged in.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What is this?

Steven searches the money transfer account. There's a lot of in comings all different amounts.

Some for \$10, \$20 but a lot of the money coming in is in the 100's.

Steven clicks on Emma's account. Total. \$79,278. He gasps.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
She's rich. What the hell?

Steven spots a customer service number on the bottom on the page. A video chat request is sent.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
How can she have an account like this? She never told me. She's got more money than I do.  
(chuckles to himself)  
Looks like she can start paying some bills around here. Maybe even lend her old dad a few thousand.

Customer service is connected. A young kid, looks no older than 14 comes on screen. A thin moustache, with a cracking nervous voice.

CS  
Hi, how may I be of service for you today?

STEVEN  
Hi, what is this?

CS  
I'm sorry sir?

STEVEN  
This is my daughters account. But I'm a bit of a technophobe. So I don't know what this is. Some kind of online bank? But I've never heard of you guys?

CS  
Unfortunately sir, if you are not the account holder, I won't be able to help you today.

STEVEN  
It's my daughters.

CS  
Then maybe you can get your daughter to join us on this video chat otherwise I will unfortunately be unable to proceed with this chat and will be forced to terminate this call.

Steven's eyes switch quickly from left to right. He's thinking quickly. Needs a plan.

STEVEN  
Sorry, I might have misspoke. It's my account. I want to transfer the money over to my daughters. My mistake. It's my account. Just looking to transfer the money to another account. So can we talk now? Because this is my account, that's how I was able to log onto it.

The customer service operator is sceptical.

CS  
Oh, then I just need to ask you your two security questions that you picked when you first set up the account. Then I can answer any questions you might have.

Steven rolls his eyes.

STEVEN  
Can't you just talk to me like a normal human being?

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Just a couple of questions. In and out. You work there so you should know.

The customer service worker ignores him, ploughs on ahead.

CS

Question one. What was the name of your best friend growing up?

Steven throws himself back into his chair, hands on his head.

STEVEN

Oh shit. I should know this. Fuck. That girl with the freckles. She was always at the house. Used to say 'water' in that strange way. What the hell was her name. Mandy. Tandy. Frandy.

CS

Sir?

STEVEN

Don't rush me god damn it. I'm thinking.

CS

Sir I need an answer or I will terminate this call. Which is my right

STEVEN

Alright. Lets go with Mandy.

CS

I'm sorry sir, that's incorrect.

STEVEN

Shit. Alright next question.

CS

I'm sorry sir but...

STEVEN

I said next question. You said there were two questions so ask me the two questions.

CS

Sir.

STEVEN

How old are you, fourteen? You're just a kid. Well you know what I do for a living. I'm a high school principal. I deal with little brats like you everyday but they always end up doing what I tell them. Now, the next question. Ask me..

CS is nervous, intimidated.

CS

Sir, question two. What was your dream job when you were six years old.

Steven throws his arms up in disbelief.

STEVEN

How am I supposed to know that. Shit. What the fuck. At least give me a question I can actually answer.

CS

Sir, these are your security questions.

STEVEN

What's the answer?

CS

Sir...

STEVEN

The answer god damn it. Tell me.

CS

Horse veterinarian.

Steven slams a clenched fist against the top of the keyboard.

STEVEN

Of course. Shit. I knew that. And the first question.

CS

Sir.

STEVEN

Tell me! You spoiled brat. Just tell me.

CS

Abby.

Again Steven punches the keyboard.

STEVEN

Yes, of course. I should be ashamed of myself. I've already forgotten my own daughters childhood. I've forgotten all of it.

CS

I'm sorry sir, I'm ending this chat.

STEVEN

No wait. I still have questions.

The video chat is ended. On the screen overlaid on top of the money transfer website a flashing warning sign that reads 'account locked. Must wait seven days to reauthenticate.'

Steven leans back in his chair.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Well, you can't blame him. Why do I keep losing my cool?

Steven pulls out a small notepad and pencil from his top pocket.

Underneath the warning sign he can still make out the names of the donors who have given money over the last couple of days. 'Horny boy,' 'dirty thoughts,' Devil hot box.' etc.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What kind of names are these?

As he starts writing down the last couple of names a picture of Jessica's face fills the second screen. In coming call.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What the hell.

He hits to reject the call. He quickly finishes writing out the names. Smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Now, how do I find you bastards? There must be away. These are real people, all of this cash. It's real money.

Another incoming call from Jessica. This time Steven hits to accept the call.

Jessica looks at him disappointed. Gives a big over the top grin.

JESSICA  
One task, get off her computer. And  
look at you.

He smiles back at her. Shows her his notepad with his pencil writing.

STEVEN  
Look at this.

She frowns.

JESSICA  
What is it?

STEVEN  
It's called progress.

Jessica squints, struggling to read what he's written down.

JESSICA  
Oh my god, you're so old fashioned.

STEVEN  
You say that like it's a bad thing  
which it's really not.

JESSICA  
Horny boy, naughty pervert boy.  
What on earth do you have in that  
notebook of yours?

STEVEN  
You're more technology savvy than  
me.

JESSICA  
My dog is more technology savvy  
than you. I once caught him using  
the television remote to change the  
channel to a kids show that he  
really likes. Just sat there with  
his tail wagging. Was really pretty  
cute if I'm being honest. Clever  
dog, but you still shouldn't be  
losing out to him.

STEVEN  
I'm serious.

JESSICA  
So am I.

STEVEN  
What's it called when people go by  
a stupid name online?

She shrugs.

JESSICA  
I don't think it does have a name.

Steven points to the names he's written in his notepad.

STEVEN  
These are real people. Going by  
these stupid nicknames. They're  
real. A real person behind them.  
How do I find out their real name?

JESSICA  
Doxing.

STEVEN  
What?

JESSICA  
It's called doxing.

STEVEN  
Right. OK well, I'm going to be  
doxing these.

JESSICA  
Oh lord I can't believe what I'm  
hearing right now. Get off her  
computer. I'm going to drive myself  
silly shouting this at you.

STEVEN  
How do you dox people?

JESSICA  
You're not doxing anyone. It's not  
a good thing to do. It's not looked  
at well. It's not just a little  
thing you do, it's starts off a  
chain reaction that can't be  
undone. Get off her computer. Get  
yourself a stiff drink.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Smoke some weed. Do whatever you need to do to calm yourself down.

He shakes his notepad at the webcam.

STEVEN

These people are what's going to allow me to find her.

JESSICA

You don't know that.

STEVEN

Can you help me dox?

JESSICA

No. Get off her computer.

He smiles.

STEVEN

I'll call you back when I have more good news.

JESSICA

Steven!

STEVEN

I've got to go. Love you.

JESSICA

You're a high school principal. Not an internet sleuth. Get off her computer.

He blows her a kiss then hits the end call button, returns the other half of the screen to Emma's computers desktop.

Steven continues his search. Clicking randomly through files. He finds a file labelled, 'pictures for sale xxx.'

Steven suddenly looks ill. All the colour leaving his face.

STEVEN

Please be something else.

He hovers the mouse over the file. Hesitates to click on it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Shit.

He's weighing up his options. To click or not to click?



STEVEN (CONT'D)

It's going to be. Fuck. My little Emma. What the fuck. Please don't be porn. Be something else. Three fucking xxx's. All that money. People sending her money. Please Don't be porn. Anything else. Please don't be...

He double clicks on the file. Instantly hundreds of thumbnails are brought up on screen. Mostly are pictures of Emma in lingerie. But there's plenty of her naked. Seductive, sexual.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Steven panics, clicking out of the file as quickly as he can. Brings himself back to her desktop.

Steven slams his fists down onto the keyboard. Taking out his rage onto it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Why, why, why. You fucking idiot. Why, why, why. Fucking porn. I gave you everything. Why, why, why. Whatever you wanted. A roof over your head. Money. Education. You were never left wanting. Fucking pornography. How could you do this? Why?

He's sweating. Wipes his forehead with the back of his hand.

He tries to compose himself. Steadying his breathing. Brings himself back to the keyboard. Trying to be calm. He's obviously raging.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What was that security question. Her best friend. What the fuck was her name. Nancy. No, Abby. Right. Abby. A for Abby. How do I find her? I need to talk to her. Best friend. She'll know something. She'll have to. Does she do porn as well. Porn. I watch porn. Every man in the world watches porn. It's everywhere. Why does it make me feel so sick. Why. Fucking porn. Why would she do this?

Steven searches through Emma's computer. Finds a contact list for her video calls. He hunts for 'Abby.'

Another call notification from Jessica flashes on screen. Annoyed Steven hits reject.

A quick scroll through her contact list. He finds Abby. He hits call. It rings. No answer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Fucking answer.

'No connection possible.'

He shakes his head and clicks to call again. It rings and rings but again no connection is made.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Just answer, please. Fuck.

He clicks again on 'call.' One ring and the call request is finally answered.

ABBY, 17, a geeky looking short red haired girl. She's staring at him in her dressing gown with a towel wrapped around her head.

Abby now fills the second half of the screen. Abby's smile instantly changes to a frown as she sees it's Steven and not Emma calling her.

ABBY  
Oh, hello?

STEVEN  
Is Emma with you?

ABBY  
No. I'm sorry. Did she tell you that she was?

STEVEN  
She hasn't told me anything.

Abby smiles at Steven, she relaxes into her chair.

ABBY  
Mr Kane, you don't know who I am do you? At least you don't remember me I don't think. I go to your school still. Haven't graduated just yet. I'll be fair and give you a couple of seconds to think.

Steven clearly doesn't know or remember her.

STEVEN

I'm sorry, no.

ABBY

I spent probably several hours every weekday at your house from the age of nine to thirteen. I saw more of you than I did of my own father.

STEVEN

Well I haven't seen Emma for close to ten days now.

Abby chuckles.

ABBY

I wouldn't worry if I were you.

STEVEN

I just need to find her. I'm starting to think that she's in real trouble.

Again Abby chuckles.

ABBY

I doubt it.

STEVEN

When was the last time you spoke to her?

ABBY thinks hard on this. Puffs out her cheeks.

ABBY

God, maybe about six months ago.

STEVEN

I just need to hear from her and know that she's OK. That's it. I need to know why she left. And why she did it without saying a word to me? If you know and you can tell me you'll be saving me a lot of trouble. I'm beginning to realize there's a lot about my daughter that I don't know. So why she's left and where she's gone is a start. I've got to know.

ABBY

She'll be fine. She's a smart girl.  
The most capable person I've ever  
come across. You can't have done  
too bad of a job bringing her up.

He smiles warmly at her.

STEVEN

I did it all on my own too you  
know.

She nods.

ABBY

So I heard.

Steven gestures down to the keyboard.

STEVEN

I'm on her computer.

ABBY

Yeah.

STEVEN

And the things I'm finding on here.  
It's disturbing. And I've only just  
started.

ABBY

Well, I think it's a mistake for  
any Dad to be going through his  
daughters personal life. It's never  
a good idea because you're never  
going to like what you find.

STEVEN

That's what everyone else keeps  
telling me.

ABBY

Mr. Kane, Emma isn't your little  
girl anymore.

STEVEN

Then what is she? Am I supposed to  
simply give up on her? If she's not  
mine then who's is she? Am I to  
give up? Pretend my child is gone  
forever? Because I can't, and I  
won't.

Abby shrugs.

ABBY

I haven't seen or spoke to her in well over six months. And the last time I did it was just a quick hi and bye.

STEVEN

So talking to you was a dead end, a waste of time?

ABBY

Well, I wouldn't put it quite like that.

STEVEN

You're right, I'm sorry.

ABBY

If your idea was to find her through her friends, you need to actually speak to her actual friends.

STEVEN

And who are they?

Abby shrugs.

ABBY

The popular girl's at school. You're the principal, you should know more about it than I do.

Steven is confused.

STEVEN

More about what?

Abby frowns. Doesn't know if Steven is serious or not.

ABBY

You're kidding? You never heard about any of the rumours? Nothing trickled its way through to you. Gossip, speculation. You never had coffee with the other teachers? All the talk? All the little comments. Those big fat juicy rumours never came across your desk. Nothing? Not a shred?

STEVEN

What rumours?

ABBY

How many years have you been principal at that high school?

STEVEN

What does that matter?

ABBY

(pleading)

How long?

STEVEN

Thirteen years.

ABBY

And you're telling me with a straight face that you've never heard of the rumours, not even a whisper. The stuff everyone is talking about. The students, the teachers?

STEVEN

What rumours?

ABBY

Shit. You're serious. What the hell were you even doing at that school? Day to day? Did you just sit in your office, turn all the lights off and stick your head into a bucket of sand?

STEVEN

Just tell me. If you know just say it. Why make me guess? Get it off your chest and say it out loud. Let me hear it. Go on, out with it. What are these rumours that have got you all worked up and excited?

She shakes her head, holds up her index and thumb up to her camera. Holds them close together, almost touching.

ABBY

I'm this close to graduating that hellhole of a school with straight A's which will in turn get me into the college of my dreams. I'm not getting expelled just because you could never be bothered to actually do your job properly.

STEVEN

Just tell me, please. I'm begging you. Give me something to work with, please.

She considers, but only for a brief second.

ABBY

I've got to go. But I really do hope that you find her. We were best friends once. And I do miss her, but too much has happened, too much has changed.

Abby hangs up, abruptly ending the video call.

Steven grabs a hold of the monitor and shakes it.

STEVEN

No, no, no. Please, please, please.

Steven, filled with panic quickly brings up the video call app, searching and scrolling through the contacts.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck has she gone?

As Steven tries to hunt Abby down from the list of contacts, his search is rudely interrupted by an incoming request call from 'school girl hunter.'

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Jesus, what a name.

Steven hovers the mouse clicker over the accept button for the in coming call.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I need answers.

He clicks 'accept.'

PETER, 40's, thin, balding and with food stains around his mouth. He looks like he's just climbed out of a trash can after an unsuccessful attempt at sleeping.

Peter comes on screen, sitting in his computer chair in a darkened room we see only his top half, but his arm movement and the faces he's pulling, he's quiet clearly vigorously masturbating.

Steven and Peter lock eyes through their screen.

PETER

Oh fuck, where's cam girl hot?

STEVEN

Is this something you do a lot?

Peter doesn't stop masturbating.

PETER

Where is she?

STEVEN

Who were you expecting to see?

PETER

Cam girl hot, you crazy fuck. Why are you on her fucking username?

STEVEN

You give her money to do this?

Peter still doesn't stop masturbating.

PETER

\$19.95 A month motherfucker. Are you a hacker? What the fuck is this. Why are you on her god damn stream?

STEVEN

I'm her father.

PETER

Then go and get her.

STEVEN

Can you stop playing with your dick?

PETER

I'm trying to cum. I pay so I get my time with her. Go and get her.

STEVEN

How did you find her?

PETER

Go get her. It takes me like forty minutes to get my dick hard and now I'm forced to look at your ugly fucking face. Go and get her now.



STEVEN

How fucking long has this being going on for?

Peter finally stops playing with himself.

PETER

I can't fucking believe this. She's just lost a fan.

STEVEN

How did you find her?

PETER

Hey pal, do yourself a favour and get off your daughters porn stream.

STEVEN

How the fuck does any of this work? Tell me. Explain it. She's only seventeen years old. Why the fuck are you calling a seventeen year old in her bedroom playing with your fucking dick. How does any of this work?

Peter ends his call. Steven slams a fist against the monitor in a fit of pure rage, cracking the screen a little.

He breathes deeply and quickly. Trying as best as he can to refocus.

Steven clicks on her internet browser. He opens up a fresh tab. A list of six most used websites is now on screen. Steven allows himself to smirk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Alright. Now we're getting somewhere.

He moves the mouse over to the first thumbnail of Emma's most used websites. It's a cam girl site.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fucking disgusting.

The second thumbnail is for the money transfer site.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

She's already got more money than I'll make in two years and I didn't have a clue. Does that make her a success? Or does it make me a failure?

The third thumbnail is for a travel agency site.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 A vacation? Shit.  
 (a beat)  
 I never even took her to the local  
 park.  
 (a beat)  
 Not even once.  
 (a beat)  
 I'm a bad father.  
 (a beat)  
 Am I the reason she's turned out  
 like this?

The fourth thumbnail is a photo sharing site.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 I'm not even fucking clicking on  
 that.

The fourth thumbnail is a social media messaging page, 'like Facebook messenger.'

And the sixth and final thumbnail is the website for her high school.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 Well, I never would have guessed  
 that she had school pride. No one  
 else seems too. Least of all  
 myself.

He clicks on the thumbnail and it instantly brings him to a gallery of photographs of the high schools faculty with a picture of himself at the top as the principal.

He looks at himself, clicks on his picture and scans the bio written under it. Steven can't help but roll his eyes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
 Principal. What a joke. I should  
 never have taken the job. What a  
 fraud I am.

Steven clicks out of this website and returns to the tab with the six thumbnails.

He now clicks on the messaging site. The top message, the last person to talk to Emma is his focus. He clicks on it.

He reads through the old messages. But it's mostly two girls sharing funny videos and links to shoes and clothing.

As Steven scrolls through the old messages that go back quite a while he changes tactic and selects the message bar at the bottom where it says 'write here'.

He types. 'hey, are you there?'

Witney writes back. 'Hey.'

Steven types. 'Can we talk?'

He doesn't have to wait long before a video chat request fills the second half of the monitors screen. It's from Witney.

Steven smiles, tries to settle himself down. To be ready to talk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Ok, don't fuck this up. New tactic.

He clicks to accept the call. WITNEY, 17, long blonde hair, heavy on the makeup and chewing gum. She looks like she'd happily start a fight with anyone, even her own reflection.

Witney sits crossed legged in the middle of her bed, dressed in slinky lingerie.

She sees Steven and bursts out laughing. She picks up her weed pen and takes a big hit.

WITNEY

Oh wow, you don't look so good today.

Steven forces a smile.

STEVEN

Hey, I'm Emma's dad.

WITNEY

Shit. What the fuck. What the hell are you doing on her stream. I'd die if my Dad found mine.

STEVEN

I'm trying to find her. Can you help? It's important that I find her. Just a little help, not much, just a little bit that's all I'm after. Doesn't sound too bad does it?

WITNEY

Help you? Shit I'm about to go live honey. I've got to work. Jesus, I wasn't ready to talk to her Dad. Fuck.

STEVEN

No, no, no. Don't hang up. It's fine. I just need to get a hold of her.

WITNEY

Then call her.

STEVEN

I don't have her number.

WITNEY

Huh oh.

STEVEN

What?

WITNEY

Honey, that means she doesn't want you to contact her.

STEVEN

You're a cam girl?

WITNEY

Shit, what gave it away hun?

STEVEN

Like Emma?

WITNEY

Yeah. And? Why do I feel like this is an interrogation?

STEVEN

It's not. I just need to get in touch with her. I've got some money I need to send to her. Maybe I could send a little your way if you help?

Again Witney bursts out laughing, takes another hit from her weed pen.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I don't get what's so funny? What's the joke?

WITNEY

Shit, you sound like a fucking cop.

STEVEN

No, no, no. Not a cop.

WITNEY

You look like a cop.

STEVEN

How, I don't even have a uniform on?

WITNEY

An undercover cop. No uniform required. Walks like a duck, quacks like a duck, swims like a duck. It's a duck.

STEVEN

Well aren't you a smart girl?

WITNEY

Yeah, and I also hear sarcasm. So, I'm going to go now.

STEVEN

No, no, no. Please. I've got money to send her. To send you too.

WITNEY

I've got money, trust me. It's the one thing I do have. But one thing I don't have is time for cops trying to trick me into getting one of my besties into trouble. So bye.

STEVEN

I'm not a cop, please. I'm a teacher. Not a cop.

Another hit from her weed pen which is followed on by another fit of laughter.

WITNEY

Shit dude, that's so much worse. Now I kind of wish you were a cop. I really hate school teachers. Way worse than cops. Now I get why you gave me the creeps the moment I laid eyes on you. It all makes sense now.

STEVEN

Worse?

She nods.

WITNEY

Teachers, way worse than cops. You work at her school?

He nods.

WITNEY (CONT'D)

Fuck, definitely worse than cops.

STEVEN

Wait, how the hell is that worse?

WITNEY

All teachers are sex addicts. It's like you take the job in the first place just so you can mess with kids. It's sick.

STEVEN

Did Emma tell you that?

WITNEY

Yeah.

STEVEN

What did she mean by that? Which teachers?

WITNEY

One of you obviously.

STEVEN

I'm her father.

WITNEY

Look, are you going to send me the money or not?

STEVEN

Are you going to help me?

WITNEY

No.

Steven is stunned.

STEVEN

Then why would I? That makes no sense.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Send you money in exchange for getting no help what so ever. What kind of trade is that?

WITNEY

Because you offered? And like, I'll show you my pussy or my ass. Whatever. Doesn't bother me.

STEVEN

How old are you?

WITNEY

Same age as your "daughter." And she shows her pussy to plenty of people for a lot cheaper than I ever would.

STEVEN

Go to hell.

WITNEY

Fuck you sex pest teacher. I'm glad I dropped out of school early. Smartest thing I did.

STEVEN

Don't put yourself and smart in the same sentence. It'll only confuse you.

WITNEY

What?

STEVEN

Exactly.

WITNEY

(singing)

Sex pest teacher, sex pest teacher,  
sex pest teacher. Jerking his dick  
to teenage girls. Sex pest teacher,  
sex pest teacher, sex pest teacher.  
Jerking his dick to teenage girls.

Steven hangs up. After a moment he puts his head in his hands.

STEVEN

What am I doing?

After another short moment he lifts his head back up.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I'm never going to find her.

Steven clicks off the messaging website and is returned onto the list of six thumbnails.

He clicks back onto the schools website. Brings him again to the page with the pictures of the faculty and their bios.

Steven studies the pictures of the different teachers. He repeats Witney's words to himself under his breath.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
All teachers are perverts. What did she mean by that?

He leans back into his chair. Another line from Witney plays through his mind.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Dropped out. She dropped out. When? What age was she?

A spark, something hits him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Dropped out of school. Why the hell did I not know. How many dropouts have I had? Jesus. How many kids have quit school and I never knew? My own school. What the hell have I been doing their. How long have I been this checked out?

Steven takes out his phone. Dials in a number and puts it on loud speaker.

As it rings he takes out his notepad and pen.

REBECCA  
Hey Mr Kane.

STEVEN  
Hey Rebecca, I've got a bit of an odd request for you. But it's important so just because it's odd doesn't mean I don't need it doing.

Rebecca has the soft voice of a quiet church mouse. Keeps her head down in public, never argues and often times blames herself for things that she had nothing to do with.



REBECCA

Well, let me just put down my crossword because I love odd requests.

STEVEN

I want a list of all the students who've quit school in the...  
 (a beat)  
 Lets say, over the last twelve months. Lets start there and see how we get on.

Silence on the other end of the call.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Are you there? Rebecca? I need this information kind of urgently.

REBECCA

I'm still here.

STEVEN

Well, will you get on it?

REBECCA

Quit school?

STEVEN

Yeah, all the dropouts. I want the names of every single one of them.

REBECCA

I don't know If I can do that.

STEVEN

I'm on a deadline here Rebecca. Get me the names.

REBECCA

But why?

Steven puts his head in his hands. Lets out a long deep frustrated breath.

STEVEN

Are you going to do what I've asked for or not?

REBECCA

I'm at home right now. It's a Saturday.

STEVEN

But you can still access everything you need from where you are can't you?

REBECCA

Yes.

STEVEN

Then do it.

REBECCA

But why do you want students names who aren't students anymore?

STEVEN

I'm the principal aren't I? If I want the names of my students past or present I should get to have them right?

REBECCA

But I don't want to get into trouble for doing something I shouldn't.

STEVEN

Rebecca, who gave you this job?

REBECCA

You hired me.

STEVEN

Alright, if you don't do exactly what I'm asking you to do right now you'll be fired. You'll be shown the door. Don't come back in Monday. I'll find someone knew. That'll be it. No pleas, no forgiveness. Termination. Swift and sharp. Done and dusted. OK. Have I made myself clear?

She's horrified.

REBECCA

Steven?

STEVEN

I hired you as my receptionist because I thought you were meek, uneducated and unable to do your job properly. So as a result you'd leave me alone.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't bring me any problems. You didn't even know how to transfer calls and I wasn't going to teach you how. I just wanted to sit in my office with nothing to do, day after day. And I got that. But jokes on me now because I have no idea what's been going on at my school for god knows how many years now.

REBECCA

(clearly upset)  
You can't fire me.

STEVEN

Oh yes I can. And I will. Give me the names of the dropouts over the last twelve months or I will get into my car, turn up at that school and scrub your name off of my door. Smash up your desk and cancel your I.D card. Now find me the names and read them out loud.

REBECCA

(close to tears)  
You can't talk to me like this.

Steven snaps.

STEVEN

(screaming)  
Find me the fucking names you stupid bitch. Find me the names. The dropouts. I want the dropouts. You want to keep your job you give me what I want.

Now we hear the sound of fingers typing against a keyboard.

REBECCA

(snapping back)  
I have the names here. There's a process that has to happen when a student leaves with no intention of returning to education. But you'd already know that if you were any kind of principal. If you were capable of doing even one percent of your job. But you can't can you. You think I'm incapable, then what the hell does that make you?

STEVEN

Fine, give me the names.

REBECCA

You know all the teachers here hate you. They all laugh at you. You're a joke.

STEVEN

Names.

REBECCA

Over the last twelve months we've had seven dropouts. Witney Owens. Samantha Jones. Laura Eze. Meghan Willock. Osmara Moore. Madelyn Pereira. Janelle Robinson.

Steven writes down the names, a look of surprise as he does.

STEVEN

They're all girls.

REBECCA

I've done what you've asked, now what I want from you is...

Steven hangs up. He returns to the computer. Brings up the internet, opening up the page with the six thumbnails. He clicks onto the messenger site.

He consults his handwritten notes. The names.

He types in each name into the search bar at the bottom of the messenger site. Each one comes up.

He clicks on the name, sees the brief bio. Each girl is a 'cam girl,' dressed in provocative underwear, posing.

They all have cam girl style usernames.

Steven falls back into his chair, deflated and defeated. Looking like he's been punched in the gut.

STEVEN

All cam girls. All dropouts. All the same age. All from my school. How did I miss this?

(a beat)

Six in a year. Six. One is too many, but six. And I never knew.

The last girl he searched, her name lights up. 'Bad girl Janelle'.

He clicks onto the green light next to her username. He types her a message, 'can we talk?'

A few seconds later a call comes in from 'Janelle.'

Steven panics.

He holds a thumb over the camera on the top of the computer. He clicks to accept the call.

Janelle sits on her bed, she lays down on her side, smirking into her computers camera. Looks like a sweet girl who hasn't yet worked out how cruel the real world can be. Her big bright eyes innocent and pure.

Steven's screen is blacked out by his thumb.

JANELLE  
Where are you?

Steven types.

'computer issues. Camera busted.'

Janelle laughs.

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Well, I hope you're not calling me  
for tech support.

'Do you still have my number?'

Janelle frowns.

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

'Can you send it to me?'

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
You want me to send you your phone  
number?

'Having so many issues nothing's working.'

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Well I'll call you then.

'No.'

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
No? You want to know if I've got  
your number but you don't want me  
to call you?

'Just tell me what number have you got?'

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Off the top of my head I only know  
my own number and my grandma's.

'Babe, it's an emergency.'

Janelle bursts out laughing.

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Babe? Is this really Emma?

'Yeah, sorry. I'm panicking. Nothing is working. What number have you got for me?'

Janelle rolls off her bed.

She searches through her jacket that hangs down from the back of her chair. She finds her phone then returns to laying across her bed.

JANELLE (CONT'D)  
Considering I owe you more than a  
couple of favours here it is. 555-  
3982-0737. Anything else? You get  
that? Do I need to be worried about  
you Emma?  
(a beat)  
Mrs Kane?  
(a beat)  
Well...

The video call is ended.

Steven takes his thumb away from the camera. His side of the monitor once again shows him sitting in the chair. A huge grin, he's over the moon.

He even does a little chair dance. Safe to say he doesn't have much in the way of any natural rhythm.

STEVEN  
That's the trick, be sneaky. Simple  
as that. You can get what you want  
then.

He looks down at his notepad, the hand written number. Emma's number.

He takes out his mobile phone, types in the number and saves it under Emma. He has the biggest grin.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What do I say?

He presses to call. Holds the phone to the side of his head, his smile still there.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
(practicing)  
I just want you to come home.

The number dialled, but there's no connection. An audio message plays. 'I'm sorry but the person you're trying to call couldn't be reached.'

Steven's smile is gone, in its place a furious frown.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
No.

He slams down the phone, checks the number he wrote down in her notepad against the one he's just called.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
She gave me the wrong number, fuck.  
Fucking hell.

An incoming video call fills the screen. 'Hairless' would like to connect. Steven hits reject.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Not right now.

Almost instantly 'Hairless' sends another call request.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
How can I find her?

He sees the call request.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I'm really not in the mood to talk to another man pulling on his dick. Which is a sentence I never thought I'd say in my daughters bedroom.

Steven again hits reject. But again almost immediately another call request is sent by 'Hairless'.

Steven tries to ignore it. Looking down at his phone. Deep in thought.

He wriggles uneasy in the chair.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Emma, tell me how I can find you?

Steven glance back up to the monitor, still there's the video request from 'Hairless'. He hits accept.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Alright, time to get shouted at by another sex addict who was hoping to use my fucking child like a fucking object.

The call request is connected.

HARRY, 50, sits in his office, in his leather office chair, bare chest and pinching hard a this own nipples.

He looks like an arrogant university professor, one of those people who just has to be the smartest one in the room and always determined to prove it.

Steven is stunned. He knows this man.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Harry?

Harry is a teacher from Steven's school, one of the faces on the website with the list of school faculty.

Harry is equally as stunned as Steven.

HARRY  
Oh shit.

STEVEN  
What the fuck are you doing?

Harry launches forwards, fumbling with his keyboard and ends the call.

Steven slams his fists down against the desk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
You god damn son of a bitch. This is my daughter. My daughter. Are you insane. You work for me. I'm your fucking boss and you pull this shit. You fucking madman. How the fuck can you be so brazen? So foolish. So stupid. My fucking daughter. You teach her history for fucks sake.



Steven tries to call Harry back. Puts in his own video call request but it's rejected.

Steven can't help but laugh.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What, you don't want to talk?

Steven puts his hands behind his head and leans back in his chair as far as he can go.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Think. Think. Think.

He laughs again.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. He's one of my teachers. I've got their numbers, their next of kin. I've got everything.

Steven starts to type fast on the keyboard.

He brings up a fresh tab, searches for his school website.

Logging in. School e-mails. He's got almost 500 unread messages.

He shakes his head.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
It's been months since I checked this thing. How the hell have I not been fired?

He searches through his e-mails. All school business, searching until he finds an email from Harry himself.

Updating his contact details. Phone, e-mail and emergency contact.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Well, well, well. Look at this. You recently moved home. I've got your address. Your home number. Your wife's number. Your doctors number. The banking information. I've got you work history. A copy of your diploma. But hold on, lets go back to your wife's number. That's nice to have. Lets give her a call.

Steven uses the computer to put in a video call to Harry's wife's number. Copied from his school e-mail.

BETH, 39, a motherly looking house wife. Loyal and church going.

She answers suspicious, surprised to be getting a video call from Steven.

BETH

Hello?

Steven fakes a smile.

STEVEN

Do you know who I am?

BETH

No, and you called me. A video call no less. So you best tell me what this is about.

Steven edges closer to his computers camera. Gets his face fully in shot so that his face is all Beth can see.

STEVEN

How about now? I admit I normally just hide in my office behind my desk. But I have met you before, I hope your husband has mentioned me? At least once or twice.

It finally dawns on her.

BETH

Oh, the principal. The high school.  
(laughs)  
My husbands boss. So, hi.

STEVEN

Hello. Lovely home you've got there.

BETH

Oh, please don't make me show you around.

STEVEN

I'm sure it's perfect. I'm sure everything is where it should be. Sparkling and clean. It's my home that I should be embarrassed to show you.

BETH

I'm sorry but why are you calling me? It's the weekend and you teachers don't work weekends. Unless you consider day drinking and playing fantasy games on his PC work, then Harry spends all weekend working.

STEVEN

There's something going on at the school. I need to speak to all the teachers. Is he there? Your husband?

BETH

This isn't serious is it?

STEVEN

There's going to be a police raid on the school.

BETH

What?

STEVEN

Go get your husband.

BETH

He hates me going in when he's gaming.

STEVEN

Do you want the whole school to go to prison?

BETH

No.

STEVEN

Then go and get him. Go now. Run!

Beth runs with her phone. Her screen becoming blurry and shaky.

Steven watches on, still shouting.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Run. Run to him! Don't stop. Burst in there.

Beth enters Harry's study.

Holding her phone out so that Steven can see Harry sat at his computer quickly putting his shirt on.

Harry screams at Beth.

HARRY  
Get out!

BETH  
I had to...

HARRY  
Get out!

BETH  
Your boss is on the phone.

HARRY  
Then hang up you stupid bitch.

BETH  
You need...

He keeps cutting her off.

HARRY  
I told you never to come in here.

BETH  
Your job...

HARRY  
Get out.

Beth throws the phone at Harry.

It hits him and lands face down on the floor.

Beth's screen goes blank but the audio is still crystal clear.

BETH  
You're such an asshole. You're addicted to that fucking computer. It's so fucking sad. How old are you and your number one priority is a computer? Why don't you just drill a hole into the side of it and fuck it and get it over with. It's clearly what you want to do with it anyway.

Harry picks up the phone, looks directly at Steven. The door to his study is slammed shut as Beth exits.

STEVEN

You end this call before I tell you and I will call your wife again and again and again. And I will tell her how you masturbate over under aged girls. Students. Your Students. Then I will find her on social media and I will message each and every single one of her friends and tell them the same.

Harry is petrified. Vigorously shakes his head.

HARRY

It's a misunderstanding. I talk to Russian cam girls all the time. Older ones. In their late 60's normally. I just hit to speak to a Russian cam girl. How it got to your computer is crazy. A mistake. But that's all it is. A mistake. I don't know how it happened, really I don't.

STEVEN

Don't lie to me.

Harry tries to force a smile.

HARRY

You must have signed in as a cam girl online wanting to talk, but you should have signed in as a guest, looking for a girl. A woman to talk to. Just a mix up. A crazy mix up.

STEVEN

You're a fucking coward.

HARRY

I'm not what you think. Really I'm not. I swear.

STEVEN

And what's that? What do I think?

HARRY

I don't touch kids. I'm not like that. I'm not evil, I just like to get off and porn doesn't do it for me anymore. But, I don't touch kids.

STEVEN

No, you just watch them, take your clothes off and masturbate to them.

HARRY

I don't know what you're talking about?

STEVEN

My daughter.

HARRY

Emma?

(clears his throat)

Emma is seventeen years old, she's no child.

STEVEN

She's my child.

HARRY

She's the one who takes her clothes off for money. I never made her do it. I've done nothing wrong. Nothing. I've not made anyone do anything.

STEVEN

You're a fucking coward.

HARRY

This isn't my fault.

STEVEN

Why don't you take some responsibility? These are children you're exploiting.

Harry forces out a laugh.

HARRY

You only hired me eighteen months ago. I'm the freshest face at that school. The new guy. Everyone else has been there way longer than I have.

STEVEN

What's that got to do with anything?

Harry forces out another fake laugh.

HARRY  
Now who's the one playing dumb?

Steven snaps.

STEVEN  
Answer me!

HARRY  
This has been going on for years.  
They were all doing it. Everyone of  
them. I joined in, but it wasn't my  
idea. I didn't start it.

STEVEN  
Who's everyone?

Harry laughs, nervous.

HARRY  
The whole faculty.

For a moment at least Steven is stunned into silence. His  
mouth hangs open.

STEVEN  
I want names.

Again Harry laughs nervously.

HARRY  
Names? Hell, pick anyone. Every  
single teacher there. It's been  
going on for years. Girl's who are  
struggling. Girl's who are going to  
barely graduate or not graduate at  
all. College is off the table.  
They're offered it. And they take  
it with both hands. Believe me,  
they grab it, dig their fingernails  
in.

STEVEN  
So you groom them? You pick them  
off and you take advantage. You go  
after the weak and needy. You make  
a fucking list and choose those  
with little to no choices left.  
That's what you do?

Harry snaps back.

HARRY

Not me. It's bene going on for years before I got there. It's an industry at that place. It didn't start with me so don't try and pin this shit onto me.

STEVEN

Which one of you offers it to the girl's in the first place? The Geography teacher? The art teacher? Science teacher? Maths?

HARRY

You need to just leave this alone. I'm sorry about your daughter but there's nothing you can do about it. None of us can do anything about it now. It's been going on for too long. It's all too fucking deep. The roots go too far down, you're not digging this weed up in a hurry.

STEVEN

You sound scared?

HARRY

Scared? No Steven, I'm terrified. I've already told you too much. But what choice did you give me. It's a fucking joke that you didn't know what's been going on.

STEVEN

Grown men at my school, teachers. Trusted. You've been grooming and pimping out school girls. Shame. Fucking shame. And you think I'm going to be too scared of any of you to do something about it? Go to hell.

HARRY

You're so far off. Ignorant and stupid then, ignorant and stupid now. Do you even have a brain in that head of yours? Even after spilling my guts you don't have a fucking clue. You're miles off, when the fuck are you going to wake up?



STEVEN

Who are you trying to protect?

HARRY

You. This isn't a fight you're going to win.

STEVEN

Which of you useless men is behind all of this. Which one of you cowards is doing this. None of you are real men at all.

Harry chuckles.

HARRY

You're right about that.

STEVEN

What?

HARRY

It's no real man doing this. Behind all of this, it's no man at all.

STEVEN

Out with it. Just say what you want to say.

Harry shouts back.

HARRY

It's your sister.

Steven frowns, it doesn't make sense.

STEVEN

My sister? What are you talking about? My sister what?

HARRY

You know, the friendly English teacher who all the female students love? Your sweet innocent caring sister. The only female teacher you've ever hired. Your flesh and blood. The one who you let do whatever the fuck she wants. Yeah, well it's her. She's a fucking pimp.

Steven is still gripped in a state of confusion.

STEVEN

That's the best lie you can come up with to cover your ass? My sister?

HARRY

The clothes she wears, the car she drives. The vacations she goes on. Have you never thought about where that money comes from? She doesn't get that shit from a teachers wage.

STEVEN

I don't know.

HARRY

You come after me Steven, I swear to god, if any cops show up here I'll bury her and you along with me.

STEVEN

This prostitute network ends today.

HARRY

It's gone too far. Don't you understand. You'll lose the school, you'll lose everything.

STEVEN

I've already quit! It's just a matter of signing my resignation letter. I suggest that you do the same.

Harry Loses all confidence once again looks terrified.

HARRY

I need this job. I need this school. We all do. Why rock the boat? You're not going to save these girls or any other. You're not going to be the saviour of anything Steven.

STEVEN

Rock the boat? No, I'm going to tip the whole thing over. And if we all drown together so be it.

HARRY

If I lose this job, my wife will leave me.

STEVEN

Your spending your weekends hoping to see my teenage daughter take her clothes off and you really want me to feel sorry for you?

Harry now looks a broken man.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

STEVEN

I'm not the one you should be apologising to. All those girls are the ones you should be saying it to.

(shakes his head)

And no one should be apologising more than I.

HARRY

We'll all go to prison for this.

Steven ends the video call.

He takes a moment to digest everything he's just been told. Breathing deeply he searches through the computer until he find the folder containing all those family pictures.

Clicking through them before stopping on a pretty recent picture of him and Emma together. In this picture she's smiling, but Steven himself looks vacant and distracted.

STEVEN

I haven't been at my best this past decade. I haven't been there for you, but that's got to change. And it will. I swear, no more being a let down to you. You need a father. A real father. And that's what I'm going to be.

He clicks off the pictures and returns to the video call app. He goes to recent calls. Clicks on Jessica. A call request is sent out.

He doesn't have long to wait.

Jessica answers. She's now in her car. She's on her phone, clicking in her seatbelt and starting the engine. Ready to leave.

JESSICA

For a second there I was hoping this was really going to be a call from Emma herself and not you. Nice to see that you still haven't taken my advice and gotten off her computer.

Steven can't hide his disgust.

STEVEN

How much money do you make from them?

Jessica frowns.

JESSICA

What?

STEVEN

You heard me. How much money do you make from them? Is it a lot? It must be.

JESSICA

I'm hanging up now. I'm done at the school and I'm on my way to see you. We need to talk face to face. Don't forget, I'm just as worried about Emma as you. I want her home just as much as you do.

STEVEN

So you're a pimp with a heart of gold. I guess that makes you kind of special?

JESSICA

Steven? You're not talking sense. You're emotional and probably been drinking? Am I right?

STEVEN

Drop the act. I know. You and your cam girls. You're a no good pimp. If you were here in front of me I'd spit in your face. You should be ashamed of yourself. How can you do this to girls. Imagine if this was done to you. What the fuck happened to you?

Jessica's whole demeanour changes. She switches off her car's engine. Takes off her seatbelt and relaxes back into her drivers seat.

JESSICA

Right, lets not start throwing stones at each other because I've got a basket full of big fucking rocks that I can throw right back at you.

STEVEN

Why don't you tell me how much money you're making out of this?

She scoffs at him.

JESSICA

That's what you're worried about? The money?

STEVEN

I'm just trying to work out why it is you're doing this? What's in it for you?

JESSICA

I told you to get off her computer. You should have listened to me.

STEVEN

How much do you make?

JESSICA

Do you feel better now you know all this? Is your life better for it? Or it is in fact much, much worse? If you could go back in time to this morning and never learn about any of this and simply turn off her computer like I told you to wouldn't you do it? But no, you're so fucking stupid you never listen to anyone.

STEVEN

God damn it, tell me how much you make from all this?

JESSICA

Fifty percent. Happy now? What has that information given you?

STEVEN

Jesus.

JESSICA

Whatever money they make I get fifty percent of it.

STEVEN

You really are a pimp aren't you?

JESSICA

No Steven. I'm not a pimp. Now, are there any more stupid questions you want to ask me? Any more stupid questions that are going to upset you or, do you want to know why I'm the force of good in all of this? Why I'm actually the good guy in all of this?

STEVEN

Good! You're turning teenage girls into prostitutes. How the fuck is that good? You really have jumped off the deep end haven't you. You're corrupt.

JESSICA

Hardly.

STEVEN

You're own niece for gods sake.

JESSICA

Yeah, my niece. Your daughter. A young girl you haven't paid attention to for who know how many years. A girl who when she needed help I was there and you weren't.

STEVEN

Help? By turning her into a fucking prostitute.

JESSICA

You weren't there for her Steven. Story of her life. But I was. I was there to help her. And those other girls too. I did something. Me. Not you.

STEVEN

And if I ever needed your help  
would you turn me into a prostitute  
too? Is that your solution to  
everyone's problems, just whore  
them out?

JESSICA

Honestly, I'm surprised you haven't  
taken your own life by now. You're  
just a depressed loser.

STEVEN

Go to hell pimp. Why don't you buy  
yourself some gold teeth and a fur  
coat whilst you're at it?

JESSICA

I was there for girls who needed  
someone. Girls who had no future.

STEVEN

And what future have you given  
them? Take your clothes off in  
front of a web cam. Real exciting  
future you've given them there. A  
true fucking pioneer. So fucking  
inspiring.

JESSICA

Says the depressed principal who  
just sits locked away in his office  
all year doing fuck all.

STEVEN

Well now I am going to do  
something.

She laughs at him.

JESSICA

I hardly think so.

He shakes his head at her.

STEVEN

My own fucking sister. How can you  
do this to me? I'm your fucking  
brother. You're not meant to do  
this shit full stop. But to family.  
You're fucking evil.

JESSICA

Save me any more speeches you're about to make, I'd rather not hear it.

STEVEN

I'm the only reason you have a job there.

He laughs at him, harsh.

JESSICA

I'm not leaving.

STEVEN

Is that why you became a teacher in the first place? So that you could abuse children?

She rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

These aren't children.

STEVEN

Yes, they are.

JESSICA

These are young girls with no future. I've given them something. You've really got to get that through your thick fucking head.

STEVEN

And yourself too. Don't forget that. Giving yourself an awful lot aren't you?

JESSICA

You think you've got me don't you? Got me trapped?

STEVEN

This is stopping.

JESSICA

This?

STEVEN

This prostitution. Your play acting as a fucking pimp.

She rolls her eyes.



JESSICA

You love saying that word don't you.

STEVEN

It ends. It's stops. The girls you're doing this too now, it's over. And with Emma, my daughter. No. And you better fucking believe I won't let you do it to any other children. Because whilst they're still in school they're still children. You're a fucking teacher. Why do you not fucking understand this?

JESSICA

These girls can stop anytime they want. But they're not going to.

STEVEN

Then why don't you stop?

JESSICA

Because I don't want to either.

STEVEN

Fine, then I'll just make you.

She laughs at him.

JESSICA

And how are you going to do that? Go on, I'm genuinely interested.

STEVEN

Expose you.

JESSICA

And the girls, your daughter. Expose them to all their family and friends? Show the world what they do for money? It's a pretty secretive world. You've only just found out about it today. And that was by accident. Are you really going to do this to these girls? Who's the evil one now Steven? That's pretty fucked up. You want to talk about destroying lives? That's what you'll be doing to them.

STEVEN

I'm not going to allow that school to remain as some kind of whore house academy.

JESSICA

And how are you going to stop me? I have videos of every single male member of staff, all of them touching themselves whilst talking to these girls. Children as you keep calling them. You think they're going to step out of line? I can release videos of them masturbating to children to the world. Do you really think any of them are going to stand up against me? Are you really that stupid?

STEVEN

Blackmail?

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

Protection. You can call it whatever you want. I know what I've got it for.

STEVEN

None of you would have a job there if it wasn't for me. And look at what you've done.

JESSICA

Then I guess you should have hired more women instead of giving out jobs to men who you thought were just like you. And look how they spend their free time. What does that say about you?

STEVEN

Don't dare take the moral high ground with me. You can try and spin this anyway you like, but I'm not going to put up with it. You've got nothing on me. No blackmail, no threats, nothing. I'm not backing down.

JESSICA

The only woman you ever hired in all the years you've been there was your own sister. Do you have any idea how easy you would be to destroy?

STEVEN

If anyone is going to be destroyed it's you.

She gives him a sarcastic round of applause.

JESSICA

OK.

STEVEN

A paedophile pimp. You're evil. You're corrupted. Just for money. What do you think I'm going to do now. Look what you turned my daughter into. I'm going to fuck you up.

She shouts back at him, getting closer to her camera.

JESSICA

How? Go on. I'm actually curious. How Steven. How. Go on. How?

STEVEN

You always were an arrogant bitch.

JESSICA

Name calling?

STEVEN

Can't have children of your own so you have to destroy because you can't create. Sick. Twisted. Rotten inside and out.

JESSICA

Alright, now you're pissing me off.

STEVEN

Good. Get used to the feeling. I'm going to end you. You hear me? This is the end of you.

She lets out a belly laugh.

JESSICA

And now we're back to how?

STEVEN

I'm going to make all this public.  
No lies. Just the truth.

JESSICA

Expose your daughter to the world?

STEVEN

You've already done that.

JESSICA

You'll ruin her.

STEVEN

No. She's a victim. All these girls  
are victims. You're trying to make  
them out as prostitutes, but the  
only whore here is you.

JESSICA

More name calling. I thought your  
school had a zero tolerance to  
bullying?

STEVEN

You and all those teachers involved  
are going to find out what a  
bastard I can be.

JESSICA

You'll destroy the whole school  
over this?

STEVEN

You think I care, burn it down to  
the ground I wouldn't stop you.

She sits back, hands behind her head laughing.

JESSICA

And yet I sit here unbothered, not  
scared.

STEVEN

Because you're arrogant.

JESSICA

No, it's not that. I wonder what it  
could be. You acting like a big  
tough guy but me sitting here not  
intimidated. I wonder why?

STEVEN

If you're so unafraid of what I'll do why were you so obsessed with the idea that I get off this computer?

JESSICA

I was trying to save you from embarrassment.

STEVEN

And why are you in your car about to drive all the way over here to see me?

JESSICA

I was trying to stop my brother, who I care about from ruining himself.

STEVEN

Bullshit.

JESSICA

You go to the cops, the newspapers whoever it doesn't matter. The outcome will be the same.

Steven smirks.

STEVEN

Someone sounds nervous.

JESSICA

You try and paint a picture of me as a pimp? Are you insane. You're the man in this. All those male teachers that you hired that jerk off to these underaged girl's are the ones who'll hang for this. I'll walk away free. Who's going to believe you knew nothing? All those teachers will say whatever they can to save themselves. They'll say whatever I tell them to say. You're fucked Steven, fucked. The principal to a school of whores and pervert teachers. You want to go to war with me fine. You bring sticks and stones. I'll bring a nuclear arsenal with me and I'll burn you into a fucking crisp.

Steven gives her a wink and blows her a kiss.

STEVEN

Shall I put the kettle on? Make us both a coffee? You still coming over?

JESSICA

Fuck you Steven. You should have just stayed ignorant and stupid. I'm going to fucking ruin you. Don't doubt it.

Steven screams back.

STEVEN

You shouldn't have taken my daughter from me.

Jessica reaches out to her screen and ends the call.

Steven returns to Emma's desktop.

He searches for and brings up her e-mails. He focuses in on and highlights train tickets.

He enters into the e-mail. Shows a train journey from home to an airport.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Airport?

He checks the date of the tickets against the calendar on the computer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That was ten days ago.

Steven returns to Emma's e-mails. He searches for 'flights'. He finds a couple of e-mails. Flight confirmation.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

She flew to London. London?

He continues to search. Finds more e-mails.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No. Connecting flight. From London where did you go?

More e-mails. Steven's eyes scan the screen rapidly. He can't help but smile. He's getting excited.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Why the hell didn't I do this in the first place?

More searching, more e-mails.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
From London to Bangkok.  
(shocked)  
Bangkok? Wait, there's more. A  
twelve hour bus ride. Twelve hours.  
Jesus. Where are you going? A beach  
town?

Steven now switches from Emma's e-mails to an online google maps style site.

He types in the towns name. Looking up recent pictures. It's a beautiful picturesque beach town. A tourist trap.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
It's nice. But why Thailand?

He goes back to her e-mails.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
You've got to be staying someplace.  
You've got no friends there. At  
least I never heard you talking  
about any Thai friends. But then  
again, it's not like you could ever  
call me a good listener.

He searches for and finds more e-mails. He highlights and copies the name of the hotel.

He pastes the hotel name into a search engine.

Steven clicks on the top result. A very basic looking website, looks to be about ten years old and in desperate need of an update.

He clicks through the pictures. A basic, clean tidy beach front backpackers hotel.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Pretty.  
(chuckles)  
Don't know if I'd travel more than  
twenty four hours to get to it, but  
it's pretty.

Steven scrolls down to the contact information. He finds an address, email and phone number.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Oh please god.

Steven highlights the number, pastes it into the search bar of the video call app. He dials. It rings, trying to connect.

Steven leans back into his seat, fingers crossed, eyes closed and offering a hopeful prayer up to the heavens.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Please let this be it.

His video call is accepted by a young pretty THAI GIRL working behind a reception desk.

The internet connection is weak. The call quality keeps dropping out.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Hello, can you hear me?

THAI  
Hi, yes can I help?

STEVEN  
I'm looking for a guest you have there. My daughter.

THAI  
You want to connect with your daughter. Where are you calling from?

STEVEN  
America. Her home.

THAI  
International calls cost money. Fifty dollar charge.

STEVEN  
OK, her name is Emma Kane. Is she there?

The Thai receptionist quickly types on her computer with a well practised hand.

THAI  
Yes. Room twelve.

Steven beams, letting out an excited yelp.

STEVEN  
God damn.

THAI  
Are you OK?



STEVEN

Can you connect me. Is she there?

THAI

Not checked out yet today. Still early. She'll be there.

STEVEN

Then put me through, please.

THAI

International call. You pay first. Sorry, rules.

STEVEN

Yes fine. Double it, treble it. Whatever. How do I pay?

THAI

I send now.

A cash app notification alert pops up on screen. A request for \$50.

Steven smirks.

STEVEN

I have no idea how the modern world works. But quite frankly, I don't care.

He clicks on the alert. It instantly changes from request to successful.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Erm. I think that's done it. Did it work?

The Thai receptionist smiles.

THAI

I connect you now.

STEVEN

Well, I don't know who's money that was but as long as it worked.

The half of the screen that had the Thai receptionist on now goes blank.

Simple text appears, connecting to Room 12.

Steven is still smiling, his breathing quickens.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Why am I so nervous? I'm sweating.

The call is connected. The screen is still blank.

Emma's soft voice comes through the speakers of the computer.

EMMA

Hello?

Steven beams. He sits up. Leaning in closer to the computer.

STEVEN

Emma?

She's stunned.

EMMA

Dad?

STEVEN

I want to see your face.  
(swallows nervous)  
How do I get to see you?

Emma laughs.

EMMA

How the hell did you find me?

STEVEN

It wasn't easy. Please, is there a way we can video call? I need to see you.

EMMA

I can't believe this. We haven't spoken in weeks. Like, not a word and then you decide to call my hostel room. In Thailand of all places.

STEVEN

There's a lot I need to say to you. But first, I love you.

EMMA

Jesus Dad, what's this about? You're not sick are you? Oh please god don't tell me you're dying? It's bad news isn't it?

STEVEN

At first finding out where you'd gone was all this was ever about. But now I'm at war with the school. I'm going to rip that place down even if I have to do it with my bare hands brick by brick. I'm in a dog fight right now Emma. And it's a fight to the death.

EMMA

Wow, Ok. Well, that's a lot of information to wake up to. Hold on. I'll call you right back. Don't go nowhere.

STEVEN

What's wrong?

EMMA

Nothing, I just need you to hold on for a second.

STEVEN

OK.

EMMA

Promise?

He nods.

STEVEN

I'll hold on, I'm not going anywhere.

The call is ended. Steven stares in anticipation at the screen.

A few seconds later a video request call comes in.

Steven hits to accept. It's Emma, calling from her hotel room in Thailand.

She's just woken up but still manages a smile.

The connection is weak. The internet choppy.

The quality of the call keeps on dropping in and out.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You look good. The video quality is garbage, but you still look good. Honestly.

Emma gives him a sideways look.

EMMA

First of all, what are you doing in my room. And what are you doing on my computer?

Steven laughs.

STEVEN

You can have no idea how many times I've been asked that very question today.

She still looks annoyed.

EMMA

And the answer?

STEVEN

I'm just so glad you're ok. You had me worried sick. I had all kinds of crazy thoughts going through my head.

EMMA

Dad?

STEVEN

I just wanted to know where you'd gone. Ten days and nothing. Not a word. Not a note, nothing. So I searched your room looking for clues. Found nothing. So turned on this computer having no idea what I was looking for. You gave me nothing to work with. Not even a hint that I'd ever see you again.

EMMA

I didn't think you'd care?

STEVEN

Well, you're wrong.

EMMA

Things got too much back home. I just packed a couple of bags and left.

STEVEN

You should have come to me. Talked to me.

She laughs.

EMMA

Are you sure? It's not like we have the best of relationships to begin with.

STEVEN

I want to change that. And I will change that.

EMMA

And my problems. Well, I didn't think you'd understand or be able to accept them. A lot of problems that I really just felt like running away from. Literally.

STEVEN

The cam girl stuff?

Emma is mortified. Stunned into silence.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Emma?

EMMA

Oh Jesus.

STEVEN

It's OK.

She blushes bright red.

EMMA

How much do you know?

STEVEN

Everything.

EMMA

How?

STEVEN

I first went on your computer in the hopes to find out where you'd disappeared to. Looking for clues. And that's the truth. That's the only reason I turned it on. The only reason I ever would sit down in here and start clicking around on this thing. I just needed to know what had happened to you.

EMMA

And?

Now it's Steven's turn to be mortified.

STEVEN

I kept getting calls from middle aged men masturbating.

Emma bursts out laughing, can't help it.

EMMA

Men really are pigs aren't they?

He nods.

STEVEN

I'm afraid so.

EMMA

So your daughters a whore, now what?

He shakes his head.

STEVEN

You're not a whore.

EMMA

Then what am I?

STEVEN

You're a young girl living in a complicated world who's found herself trapped in a strange corner of the internet.

EMMA

It's not a corner Dad, it's pretty much the whole thing.

STEVEN

Yeah?

EMMA

I don't think you understand.

STEVEN

Maybe, but I know enough. I know who introduced you to all of this. You and all those other girls at school. You were groomed. All of you.

Emma swallows hard, nervous.

EMMA

So when you say you know about everything?

STEVEN

I'm going to expose that school for what it is. Your Aunty, Aunty Jessica is a child abuser.

She lets out a desperate laugh.

EMMA

(throws up her arms)

She's got naked pictures and video's of all of us. If we say anything against her she'll release them.

He nods.

STEVEN

She's got naked pictures and videos of all the teachers too.

EMMA

And she's your sister.

STEVEN

She stopped been my sister the moment she started abusing children.

EMMA

You've spoken to her?

STEVEN

Oh yeah.

Emma lets out an excited squeal.

EMMA

And how did that go?

Steven smirks.

STEVEN

She threatened me, I threatened her. And to finish it off she threatened to destroy me. She sounded pretty confident that she could.

EMMA

And she really will Dad. Oh god I wish I was there to help you.

Now the picture quality drops so low Emma is just a blur and it's almost impossible to make out what she's saying.

Steven panics.

STEVEN

What's happened. I can't see you.

EMMA

The internet is a struggle out here. Can you still hear me?

STEVEN

Barely. I want you to come home.

EMMA

I can't...I...nothing...not right.

STEVEN

Shit. I can't hear you.

EMMA

I'm not coming home...you...now...it's...

STEVEN

Shit. What do we do?

EMMA

There's an internet café. Twenty minutes. Hang tight. I'll call you back.

STEVEN

Please.

EMMA

Dad, don't do anything stupid. Don't do anything else until we've talked it through, together. Don't touch anything else. And don't talk to anyone else.

STEVEN

Emma?

EMMA

Yeah.



STEVEN  
I love you.

EMMA  
I love you too.

He beams.

The call ends. The desktop returns to normal.

Steven relaxes back into his chair, hands behind his head. He's perfectly content.

An unknown number call comes in, video call request. Steven raises an eyebrow.

STEVEN  
Another pervert or something new?

Steven, becoming a little on edge, tense up. He hits to accept the call.

SARAH, 70, looks like the type of person who loves her job more than her own children is sitting in a tight office cubical space.

She's staring down at a stack of paperwork, doesn't yet look up to face Steven.

SARAH  
Steven Kane? I was told I could reach a MR Kane via this number. But I must say how I detest video calls.

Steven gives her a quick once over.

STEVEN  
You don't look like a pervert?

Sarah snaps her head up. She is so taken aback by this comment she almost falls off her chair.

SARAH  
Excuse me?

STEVEN  
You must be something new.

SARAH  
I am calling from The U.S. Department of Education. Now, identify yourself. Are you Mr Kane?

STEVEN

I am.

SARAH

Well then, it is my unfortunate and sad duty to inform you of a mass complaint that has been logged against you.

STEVEN

You don't look that sad about it.

She snaps back at him.

SARAH

You are the principal for Opal Green Meadows High School?

STEVEN

I am, or was. Ex-principal I think was would be the better moniker to describe myself.

SARAH

Every single teacher, every single member of the faculty has signed a written complaint against you.

Steven puffs out his cheeks.

STEVEN

Shit, she works fast.

SARAH

In all my years working for my department I have never seen this. Never.

Steven lets out a long deep breath.

STEVEN

I knew this was coming.

(shakes his head)

She's really going to try and crucify me isn't she? No holding back. She really is going to try and destroy me. I mean, I know she said it, but she's really going to try to do it.

Sarah raises her voice even louder, almost shouting.

SARAH

You need to pay attention. This is serious. What kind of high school principal are you?

STEVEN

A shit one.

She's dumfounded. Doesn't know what to say.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

This complaint, what does it mean for me?

SARAH

Well, what do you think it means?

STEVEN

I don't know, that's why I'm asking you.

SARAH

Well, for one thing you won't be allowed back on school property. And secondly I'd get a lawyer if I were you. Not that I should be offering you any kind of advice.

Steven falls back into his chair, looks out of breath.

STEVEN

That bitch.

SARAH

Excuse me?

STEVEN

Not you, my sister. I always knew she was the black sheep of the family. Just never thought she'd become the pimp of the family too. This has just been a very busy day for me today. A lot of ups and downs. You've got to understand it's a lot for me to get my head around.

SARAH

I don't think your grasping what it is I'm telling you here. If you attempt in anyway to go to your high school or contact anyone else who works there you will be arrested.

STEVEN

Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's fine.

SARAH

Have you been drinking?

STEVEN

I wish. But I've been stuck at this computer all day.

SARAH

What a strange man you are.

STEVEN

What's the complaint?

SARAH

Excuse me?

STEVEN

The complaint against me. That's so bad I'm banned from the school. That I should get a lawyer for.

SARAH

A copy of the proceedings along with details of the complaint will be sent to your home address. A hearing date will also be set in the coming days. But this isn't just about you keeping your job anymore.

He shakes his head.

STEVEN

I don't want my job anymore. I never did it in the first place.

SARAH

I need you to take this seriously.

STEVEN

Just tell me what the god damn complaint is? It's all made up anyway. It could be anything. She could have said anything. I'm curious for how twisted her imagination really is. What the hell has she made them all sign. And this quickly too.

SARAH

I will be chairing the disciplinary proceedings. It will be up to me what action is taken against you on an employment level. But it goes above and beyond that.

STEVEN

Just tell me what the fucking complaint is?

Sarah snaps, a deep frown.

SARAH

You have been grooming girls to use for the performance of pornography, the end goal for yourself being financial gains. But the girls in question are wildly underage. So this goes beyond me. That's why I can't give you a date for your disciplinary. Other action has to take place first. Do you now finally see how serious this is?

STEVEN

That fucking bitch. She really is going to get me hanged. Evil bitch.

SARAH

Parent's will have to be informed. All of them.

STEVEN

She's going to try and get me arrested and thrown in prison to save her own ass. Bitch.

SARAH

Do you understand everything I've told you. Are you informed? If you're not drunk, perhaps you're on drugs?

STEVEN

I'm done with you.

Steven ends the call. Hanging up on Sarah.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

She's going to get me locked up for a million years just to save herself.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I should have seen this coming.  
What the hell am I doing? I'm so  
fucked.

Steven puts his face into his hands.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. What do I do. I'm fucked.

After a moment Steven pulls his face back up out from his hands. Looks like he's just been struck by an idea.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
The parents will have to be  
informed. That's it.

Steven searches out and logs into 'Facebook.' Using his own account name and password.

Steven's Facebook page is pretty grim, only one friend. The schools official Facebook page. All business.

There's nothing social about Steven's social media.

Steven clicks on the option to, 'go live.' He hits the red circle record button. He's live. Recording his video for the schools page.

Steven sits up straight, attempting to present himself as professionally as he can. Holds his hands together on top of the desk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Good evening. This video goes out  
to all the parents and the students  
of Opel Green Meadow High School.  
Please share this video with  
everyone you know. A battle for  
truth is currently underway and I  
need for all of you to know the  
truth.

He suddenly becomes emotional, hard to fight back the tears.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
The first truth, which brings me  
great shame to admit but is still  
truth, I have failed you as your  
principal. I have been lazy,  
unconnected and unconcerned with  
the day to day running of the  
school for many years now. The  
results being, the school must be  
reborn.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I, and all of the faculty there  
must be replaced. No one there must  
be allowed to keep their jobs.

Takes a breath.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
The second truth, that brings me  
more shame but must be revealed. A  
programme of grooming has been  
active for who knows how long.  
Young girls forced, tricked,  
coerced into selling their bodies  
for money. In front of web cameras  
from their own bedrooms. Teachers  
involved on every level. And I  
missed this. I failed. And I must  
pay the price. Your High school has  
become a hot bed for child sex  
exploitation. And it must end. And  
you parents have a right to know.  
And as your former principal I have  
a duty to correct the mistakes of  
the past. I'm sorry and thank you  
for your time.

Steven ends the live broadcast. The video is saved on the  
schools Facebook page. It's already getting views, reactions  
and comments.

Steven sits back, allows himself a slight pleased with  
himself grin.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
That came out pretty good. Well,  
now lets see how fast this kind of  
news spreads.

Steven clicks on the comments to his video. Already in the  
double figures and rising rapidly. Lots of angry parents and  
shocked students.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Shit. I know who I can send this  
to.

He clicks to forward the live video. Sends it to Jessica  
Kane. 'Sent.'

Steven gets a call request from a Thailand internet café. He  
rushes to accept.

It's Emma. Sitting comfortably inside a trendy internet café.  
The connection is now crystal clear.

Steven and Emma take a moment just to look at each other and smile.

EMMA

You know Dad, you really were the last person I expected to be talking to today.

STEVEN

I know, and I hope you can forgive me?

She shrugs.

EMMA

You didn't really do anything.

STEVEN

And that's the problem. I should have been there for you and I wasn't. But I want us to start again.

She laughs.

EMMA

And all it took was for me to move halfway around the world.

Steven laughs with her.

STEVEN

I've had quite the wake up call today, but I'm glad for it. A shock, but I needed it.

EMMA

So what now?

He shakes his head.

STEVEN

You shouldn't come home.

She's surprised to hear him say this.

EMMA

No?

He holds a hand to his heart, shuffles himself closer to the computers camera.



STEVEN

I want nothing more than to see you again. To hold you and tell you how much I love you.

EMMA

But?

STEVEN

But, there's a funny story.

EMMA

Funny how?

He laughs.

STEVEN

Like, not funny at all.

EMMA

I'm sorry but I'm not following and I'm trying really hard. A funny story that's not really funny at all?

STEVEN

Well, you know how you warned me about Jessica?

EMMA

Yeah?

STEVEN

Well, I'm not allowed on school property anymore. And all the parents know about what's been going on.

Emma buries her face into her hands.

EMMA

Oh god no.

STEVEN

That second part might have been my doing. You know when you told me not to do anything stupid? Yeah, well, I may have done something stupid.

She lifts her head back up. Lets out a long deep breath.

EMMA

So what now?

STEVEN

Well, I'm now going to be known as the principal of a high school that turned out underaged girls for the adult entertainment industry. That's going to be news, that'll go all around the world.

EMMA

But you didn't do anything wrong.

STEVEN

It's not true. I'm not completely guilt free in all of this. I should have known. I should have. I could have known if I'd tried. It happened to my own little girl. I should have put a stop to this a long time ago, but I'm going to put a stop to it now.

EMMA

I moved away just to get away from Aunty Jessica. What are you going to do?

Steven lets out a long deep breath.

STEVEN

I'm going to probably go to prison for a little while. That's going to be unavoidable.

She lets out a desperate cry.

EMMA

No!

STEVEN

Trust me, I don't want to either. But I've got to put a stop to this. No hiding. No running away.

EMMA

So what?

STEVEN

The cops will already know. There's no way in my mind Jessica hasn't already gone to them, telling them who know what. So I'm just going to wait for them right here. Seems like the only thing I can do. The only thing I'm left with.

EMMA

You can't do this to me Dad.

STEVEN

I'm sorry. But I've got to.

EMMA

No. Not good enough. You can't make amends from behind bars. How can we fix this relationship we have if I can't see you?

STEVEN

It won't be forever. But I can't run away from this.

EMMA

Yes you can. I did.

STEVEN

It's not the same.

EMMA

Buy yourself a plane ticket. Do it right now. Come to me here. Come to Thailand. I can look after you.

Steven starts to cry. Can't help it.

STEVEN

You truly are the best of us.

EMMA

Dad, you can't beat Jessica. She'll see you rot. And she'll keep doing what she's doing. She's that good. That dangerous.

STEVEN

If I managed to work out what she's doing, others will too.

EMMA

How?

STEVEN

It's all right here on this computer.

EMMA

My computer?

He nods.

STEVEN

Without it Jessica won't be stopped. And she'll just carry on.

EMMA

So after you're locked up I'm the one who's going to have to go to war with her despite being on the other side of the world.

STEVEN

You're brave, you're smart and you're the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Now it's Emma who cries.

EMMA

And why couldn't you have told me this weeks ago? Months ago? Years ago?

STEVEN

Because I was a miserable coward then.

EMMA

And now?

STEVEN

Just a sorry son of a bitch.

EMMA

You could still leave.

The sound of police sirens suddenly echoes out around Steven. Flashing police lights bounce off the wall behind him.

Steven gives Emma a tired smile.

STEVEN

Sorry, looks like my ride is here.

EMMA

Dad, I have money. Plenty for the two of us.

STEVEN

It's your money, you spend it well.

EMMA

I can buy you a plane ticket right now. You can sneak out the back. I know you can do it.

He shakes his head.

STEVEN  
I've never been good at sneaking.

EMMA  
Try.

The sound of police sirens stop. But is then replace with loud banging.

The police are kicking down his front door.

STEVEN  
That school needs to be cleansed.

EMMA  
This isn't fair.

STEVEN  
I have no right to, no right at all, but I'm asking you anyway.

EMMA  
Ask away.

STEVEN  
I want you to be brave and I want you to wait for me.

Emma wipes away her tears.

EMMA  
You could still leave. Join me out here. We could live on the beach. Wouldn't that be nice?

She smiles, nods.

STEVEN  
That sounds like heaven.

EMMA  
Then...

STEVEN  
When I get out I'll join you there. I promise.

The sound of the front door being kicked in echoes out around Steven.

EMMA  
We're running out of time.

STEVEN

Are you kidding. I've finally found you. From here on out, we've got all the time in the world.

It sounds like a whole unit of police officers have now entered the house. We hear them rushing up the staircase. Their heavy boots stomping loudly.

EMMA

Daddy?

STEVEN

That school must be cleansed. At least I need to try and do a good job for the first time ever.

EMMA

But why does it have to be you?

STEVEN

Because there's no one else. And when there's only you left, it's got to be fate.

Several police officers burst into Emma's bedroom.

A couple of them roughly grab Steven around the neck.

Steven yells out to them, pleading.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I want this computer bringing with me.

Steven isn't resisting but the police officers arresting him go all in on him.

Batons, pepper spray and handcuffs.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(yelling out in pain)

The computer comes with me. It's evidence.

Emma watches on helplessly as Steven is arrested.

EMMA

Get off of him.

The police officers lift Steven up off the floor, now with his arms behind him and in cuffs.

Steven manages to look across at the computer screen, to look at Emma.

STEVEN  
It's going to be OK.

EMMA  
Dad? Dad?

Steven's taken off screen.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Dad, I'm coming home.

**Cut to black**

**The end**