

ERIC (22) sits by his computer, in his fairly clean room. On the walls hang posters of GOODFELLAS, THE USUUAL SUSPECT, and several other movie posters. He has an empty text document open, he's contemplating.

ERIC

(v.o)

Okay, here we go, how should I do this..

ERIC starts typing.

ERIC

(v.o)

Hello!

I am currently looking for a colleague. The job is too sensitive to go into too much detail here, but it involves a lot of planning, patience and high risk/reward. If you are interested, please email me as soon as possible, time is of the essence!

Best regards,

Anderson, andersonsgate@gmail.com

ERIC skims through it, with a smile on his face.

ERIC

(v.o)

Perfect!

He heads to the local ad webpage. Looks for an appropriate place to put it, but realizes there isn't really a place to post an ad for a robbery. He sighs and leans back in his chair.

ERIC

(v.o)

Nothing is ever easy..

CUT TO:

2 INT: ERICS KITCHEN, MORNING. 2

ERIC sits by the table reading today's newspaper, waiting for his family to wake up. He's reading the sports section first. His team, Liverpool, threw away another match, it's come to the point where he doesn't even get pissed anymore. He turns the page and reads the comics. Then when he's almost at the last page he reaches the local ad-page. His face brightens up, and his head tilts up, and he smiles.

He runs up the stairs to his room, almost tripping on every other step.

3 INT: ERICS ROOM, MORNING. 3

Inside his room he turns on his computer and opens the document from yesterday. He clicks the print icon, and the old printer next to him starts up.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
This is brilliant !

He takes the newly printed paper and holds it up like a piece of newly found treasure. He checks it for spelling errors, and realizes something.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
This has my email on it..

CUT TO:

4 EXT: STREET, OUTSIDE INTERNET CAFE, AFTERNOON. 4

ERIC looks up at the sign above the entrance.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
24/7 INTERNET CAFE, ALWAYS OPEN

ERIC  
(V.O)  
24/7, always open?

ERIC walks inside.

5 INT: INTERNET CAFE, AFTERNOON.

5

There's an older Korean man (60) sitting by the counter, other than the place is almost empty. A couple of kids are playing Counter Strike: Global Offensive in the back, very much into their game. The older man looks at ERIC.

ERIC

Hey man.

OLD MAN

What do you want?

ERIC

I would like to buy some time in front of a computer.

OLD MAN

Not free, you *have* to pay.

ERIC

Well, obviously i was gonna--

OLD MAN

How long?

ERIC

Excuse me..?

The OLD MAN taps a laminated page on the counter with different prices on it.

ERIC

Oh, right..

ERIC looks it over, the prices ranges from 3.50\$ an hour, up to 250\$ for a month. He looks back at the OLD MAN.

ERIC

An hour please..?

OLD MAN

Headset?

ERIC

Sorry?

OLD MAN

(irritated)

Headset?

The OLD MAN taps the laminated page again by the "Extra section." It reads "STANDARD HEADSET - 0.25\$, PREMIUM HEADSET - 0.50\$"

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Right. Sure, one hour and one headset please.

The OLD MAN looks as if it's the worst day of his life. He opens a drawer and finds the premium headset evidently, because the total ends up at 4\$. The headset looks as if it's been used since 1996, by way too many people. The OLD MAN puts it on the counter, and types in the total on the register. He opens his palm towards ERIC.

OLD MAN

4 dollars.

ERIC

Here you go old skipper.

ERIC tries to lighten the mood, and hands the OLD MAN 5\$. OLD MAN is not laughing, or slightly amused.

OLD MAN

No change.

ERIC realizes this isn't important.

ERIC

Whatever, just keep it..

ERIC

(v.o)

Jesus Christ...

ERIC sits down out of sight, the OLD MAN gives him a look all the way over to his seat. The two kids gaming doesn't acknowledge him. ERIC touches the mouse and the screen comes to life.

ERIC

(v.o)

Just for a god damn email address.

He plugs in a USB stick from his jacket.

ERIC

(v.o)

Apparently all I/you need is TOR and a VPN, I guess we'll see.

ERIC

(v.o)

Okay, crucial point, the name..

ERIC taps his fingers lightly on the table.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

(v.o)

Something that can't be connected  
to me. Something totally stupid..

He thinks for a few more seconds.

ERIC

(v.o)

Bankster? Sobster? Bankster69?  
Sobster69?

ERIC types simultaneously, however they are all taken by  
someone else.

ERIC

(v.o)

For fucks sake, why is this always  
so difficult?

ERIC

(v.o)

socks?

The page says "Congratulations, you're new email address is  
socks@gmail.com." Eric looks confused.

ERIC

(v.o)

Socks..?

The kids playing in the back are arguing about something,  
and it snaps ERIC back to reality. He confirms for a final  
time and gets ready to leave. On his way out he looks over  
to the OLD MAN.

ERIC

Cheers, thanks for the service old  
man.

The OLD MAN waives him off, not in a farewell way.

6

EXT: STREET, OUTSIDE INTERNET CAFE, AFTERNOON.

6

The weather is nice, and the streets are almost empty.

YOUNG KID

(o.s)

Tst, hey, dude..

ERIC looks over. By the corner of the cafe there's a young  
looking asian kid (17).

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG KID

Hey dude, you wanna buy some weed?

He signals to his pocket, as if it's stuffed with weed.

ERIC

Are you serious?

YOUNG KID

Yeah man, I got 5 different strains, hash.. Dab dude, i got some dab, or some adderall if that's your thing..

ERIC

No thanks, dude.

ERIC turns around and takes two steps before he does a 180 and walks over to the YOUNG KID. ERIC is smiling to himself.

ERIC

Give me 3 grams of whatever weed you have easiest available.

YOUNG KID

Yeah man, no doubt, no doubt.

He finds a bag from his pocket and hands it over.

YOUNG KID

Be careful with that, strong stuff, strong stuff.

ERIC

Yeah, whatever man. What do I owe you?

YOUNG KID

60 bucks little man, 60 bucks.

ERIC

Right..

ERIC hands him some bills.

ERIC

I appreciate it, see you later.

YOUNG KID

Come back anytime man, here's my number, day and night, anytime man.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC  
Alright..

ERIC walks away, some way down the street he turns around and he sees the two kids from the cafe turning the corner to the YOUNG KID.

CUT TO:

7 INT: ERICS ROOM, EVENING.

7

ERIC is sitting in front of his computer, he brings up his ad document and replaces the email. He prints out the document. ERIC puts on a pair of disposable gloves, and puts the document before him. He finds a pen nearby. He writes a letter to go with the ad for the newspaper. He prints it out, folds them both and puts them in an envelope, which he finds in his drawer.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
This is perfect.

CUT TO:

8 EXT: STREET, OUTSIDE INTERNET CAFE, AFTER MIDNIGHT

8

ERIC holds the envelop in front of a mailbox across the street of the internet cafe he visited earlier.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
This is it, i guess. The start of  
it all, the beginning. Or the end..  
Or the beginning of the end I mean.

ERIC takes a deep breath, he's irritated, and puts the letter in the box. As he turns around and walks down the street he sees the same scene from earlier that day; the two kids rounding the corner high fiving YOUNG GUY. ERIC has to laugh and continues down the street.

CUT TO:

9 INT: ERICS ROOM, MORNING.

9

ERIC wakes up, eyes wide open. He smiles like a child on Christmas. He practically runs down the stairs, out the front door to their mailbox. He grabs everything in there and runs back in to the kitchen. He grabs the newspaper and throws everything else on the kitchen table. He doesn't care about the news section or the comics today, he flips it straight to the ad section, and there it is.

(CONTINUED)

ON NEWSPAPER

Hello!

I am currently looking for a colleague. The job is too sensitive to go into too much detail here, but it involves a lot of planning, patience and high risk/reward. If you are interested, please email me as soon as possible, time is of the essence!

Best regards,

Anderson, sillyman420@gmail.com

He laughs out loud and almost starts to dance. He's filled with adrenaline.

ERIC

Wohoo!

He can't contain himself.

He realizes his parents are still asleep and quiets down. He looks around carefully, and eventually looks at it again, and smiles.

ERIC

(v.o)

It's happening.

He runs inside.

CUT TO:

10 INT: ERIC'S KITCHEN, MORNING.

10

ERIC sits by his computer, anxiously. He turns it on after a while. He goes straight to check his emails. Nothing. He looks a little disappointed.

CUT TO:

11 INT: ERIC'S KITCHEN, MORNING.

11

ERIC sits by the kitchen table with a bowl of cereal. His mother walks in.

SUSAN

Hey sweetie. How are you?

(CONTINUED)



SUSAN puts some fruits/vegetables in the mixer and starts it. ERIC doesn't look up from his bowl. He finishes and puts the bowl and spoon in the dishwasher, looks up and smiles at his mother, and leaves for the stairs to his room. SUSAN's on her phone.

CUT TO:

12 INT: ERICS ROOM, MORNING. 12

ERIC's lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling. Hanging from the ceiling is the iconic scene from PULP FICTION, with SAMUAL L. JACKSON and JOHN TRAVOLTA pointing guns. He gives away a smile. He turns to the wall and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

13 INT: ERICS ROOM, NIGHT. 13

ERIC wakes up from the last scene, his phone is ringing. He's not totally awake.

ERIC

(v.o)

What do you want from me?

He quickly understands where the noise is coming from and gets up from his bed, and stumbles towards his phone laying on the desk. It says CALLER ID UNKNOWN. He declines the call and puts the phone on mute. He stumbles backs to bed.

CUT TO:

14 INT: ERICS ROOM, DUSK. 14

ERICs room is dark, cold and empty. The window is open and cold air is blowing inside. The view lingers for a couple of seconds.

CUT TO:

15 INT: ERICS KITCHEN, DUSK. 15

The kitchen is empty.

CUT TO:

16 INT: ERICS LIVING DUSK. 16

The front door opens slowly, a shadow enter. It's ERIC, he slowly walks inside and closes the door.

ERIC  
(v.o)  
What the fuck..

ERIC throws himself on the couch and passes out.

CUT TO:

17 INT: ERICS LIVINGROOM, AFTERNOON 17

ERIC wakes up on the couch. The TV is on and his mother sits in the chais next to him.

SUSAN  
You're wake?

ERIC sits up, rubs his eyes.

SUSAN  
You slept here last night?

ERIC sighs, knows he has to say something.

ERIC  
I slept here last night?

SUSAN  
In your jacket and shoes?

ERIC  
In my jacket and shoes?

He seems genuinely surprised.

His mother looks over and smiles genuinely, as if she knows.

SUSAN  
You're silly.

ERIC smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

ERIC  
I know.

ERIC gets up and walks away.

CUT TO:

18 INT: ERICS ROOM, EVENING.

18

ERIC is sitting by his computer again. You see he goes into his email account again, yet this time there are several messages.