

Easy Problem

by

Lukáš Horák & Andrew Thompson

INT. DAY AT A CAFÉ TABLE

A young man and a woman are sitting a table in a café, near a window, so we can see what looks like a college campus outside, swarms of students walking by. The woman is called Liz and is drinking coffee, watching Sam scribbling on a piece of paper.

LIZ
You can't just let people walk all over you like that.

SAM
(scribbling)
I'm not letting people walk over me.

LIZ
You should have published

SAM
(putting the pen down, annoyed)
Nobody would read it, Liz.

LIZ
I read it. It's good. Maybe unfocused a bit.

SAM
You're not in the committee. His fucking friends are.

LIZ
Doesn't mean you shouldn't get any credit at all.

Sam picks up the pen again.

SAM
I don't care.

LIZ
Yeah, but now he gets to act like it's his own work.

Sam ignores Liz for a while, then turning his scribblings to her. It looks mostly like sharp wavy lines with numbers and works like "theta" state written over them.

SAM
Fuck him and fuck working with epileptics. This is the new thing.

LIZ
(not looking at the
paper)
What's wrong with working with
epileptics?

SAM
No offense, Liz, but you're
wasting time.

LIZ
I'm trying to help people

SAM
That's great, you know I think
that. But you're getting no real
results. It's like counting
flashes in a storm or something.

LIZ
(turning her eyes to the
paper)
Sleep?

SAM
It's rhythmical. You can get a
feedback loop going and lock it,
get a clear picture.

LIZ
You would fry someone's brain, you
realize that?

SAM
I'm not talking ethics right now,
I just wanna know your honest
opinion.

LIZ
I think it's creepy.

Sam goes stone faced, folding up the paper and putting it
into his pocket, not looking at Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You're gonna scream?

SAM
No.

LIZ
Because other people would see it?

SAM
I'm not crazy.

LIZ
Not all the time, no.

Long silence

SAM
You wanna say something?

LIZ
I want to go.

Sam picks up his bag

LIZ (CONT'D)
Alone.

SAM
You want me to tell you I'm sorry?
I thought you said you don't
believe that.

LIZ
I don't want to hear anything.

Liz stands up and walks away. Sam is watching her walk out of the Café, the normal sounds is slowly replaced by a staticy sounding hum. As the doors close, the scene fades to black, with wavy lines morphing into the title.