

EXT. STREET - DAY

Riley (40's professional) walks down the street and notices the Errorists' graffiti visible on the wall outside. She is quizzical.

EXT. EDWARDIAN TERRACED BUILDING - DAY

Riley approaches the building. A brass plate gleams on the wall: *SIR ROBIN SOLESBY & ASSOCIATES CORPORATION & COMMERCIAL LAW*

She presses the buzzer.

RILEY
(into intercom)
This is Riley Hallam. I've been
asked to see Sir Robin.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Please come through.

The door release BUZZES. Riley takes a piece of chewing gum from her mouth and presses it over the "**by**" in *Solesby*, leaving the brass plate to read: *SIR ROBIN SOLES*

INT. SIR ROBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Robin stands as Riley enters, offering his hand.

ROBIN
Miss Hallam, may I...

Riley ignores the hand, remaining stern-faced as she sits. Robin gestures awkwardly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Please, take a seat. May I offer
you something to drink? Tea?
Coffee, perhaps?

RILEY
No thanks. Can we get this over
with?

ROBIN
Sorry, my dear, yes.

Robin coughs, opens his desk drawer, and shakes a couple of tablets into his palm. He pours water from a jug into a glass.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Please forgive me.

RILEY
Nothing trivial, I hope.

Robin swallows the tablets, then smiles warmly.

ROBIN
You never know, my dear. You never know.

(pause)
I know you don't trust me... with good reason.

RILEY
That document ruined my career. Months of work... and you tricked me. A non-disclosure agreement, hidden in the small print.

ROBIN
Again, I'm sorry. The document I got you to sign was immoral, but not illegal. Still, from the first time I met you having read your work, I knew you were intelligent, diligent, and had far higher moral standards than me.

RILEY
I think even a weasel has higher moral standards than you.

ROBIN
Again, I apologise.

There is a tense pause.

RILEY
Why ask to see me? To gloat?

ROBIN
Not at all, my dear. I asked you here to offer you a job.

RILEY
Working for you?

ROBIN
No, no, no. There's a particular story I need you to cover.

RILEY
What's the story?

ROBIN
Righting my wrongs.

Riley scoffs.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Is that even possible...
(pause)
Why me?

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Because, as I said earlier, you're
one of the best journalists I've
ever had the pleasure to deceive.

EXT. BALTIC ARTS CENTRE - DAY

Riley sits at a small outdoor table, notebook ready. She
notices another piece of impressive Errorist artwork nearby.
TOM (40s smart-casual) approaches.

He sits opposite. There is a pause.

RILEY
Tom I presume?

Tom nods.

TOM
I've read your stories... I trust
you'll do me justice.

RILEY
I can certainly try.
(straightens up)
So, ERROR 404.

TOM
Or: *The Errorists*, if you will.

RILEY
It's certainly catchy.
(pause)
How did the movement start?

TOM
How does any movement start? With a
spark. That spark was my art class.

EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Hooded figures shaking spray cans; a stencil pressed to a wall; bold colours spreading under streetlights; slogans revealed – *BAN LOBBYING, NO SHELL COMPANIES, ERROR 404.*

TOM (V.O.)

A spark in one place, then another.
Students, workers, neighbours. A
stencil becomes a wall, a wall
becomes a city. We don't sign our
names – the message is the
signature. Error 404 isn't mine, or
yours. It belongs to everyone who's
tired of being silenced.

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Riley sits alone in her office. Lit by a single desk lamp. She is scrolling through photos of artwork she has taken. She turns to her notepad and continues to write.

EXT. BALTIC ARTS CENTRE - DAY

Tom and Riley stand observing the Tyne River.

RILEY

So that's your message.

TOM

Yes. It's very simple:
*Ban lobbying and ban shell
companies.*

RILEY

Why now? Why start your campaign at
this moment?

TOM

You know all about the influence of
large corporations and what
lobbying can do.

RILEY

They take a needle of truth and
bury it beneath a haystack of lies.

TOM

Exactly. Now, with Grayson's Great
Reconnect, it's the social media
companies that will hold all the
data on the population.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

That information has been harvested
by analytical firms and used to
sway voters.

RILEY

So the changes we were promised are
redundant.

TOM

Unless people see the needle before
it disappears again.

Riley takes a long pause

RILEY

Why share this with me if nothing
changes?

TOM

Because right now, silence works in
our favour. No feeds, no noise, no
algorithm deciding what survives.
People still read. People still
talk. Your story... it plants the
truth in plain sight. And once
people have seen it, they won't
unsee it.

Riley looks out across the river, notebook under her arm,
conflicted but steady.

RILEY

So this isn't about the story I
write. It's about the fire it might
start.

TOM

(nods)

You're not recording history,
Riley. You're shaping it.

INT. SIR ROBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Robin paces his office whilst Riley sits in a chair.

ROBIN

I've been hearing good things about
your work. The Errorist articles
are sharp, urgent.

RILEY

Urgent's the word. Once the
Reconnect happens, the window
closes.

ROBIN

(sits heavily)

Exactly. That's why I brought you
here.

RILEY

This isn't about praise. Why?

Robin exhales, long and measured.

ROBIN

Because I've run out of time.
Personally, and professionally. I
have cancer. Eighteen months if I'm
lucky. And the corporation... I
can't defend them anymore. They're
the same disease, only slower.

RILEY

(quiet, sceptical)

And the good news?

ROBIN

My son. We hadn't spoken in years.
He came back when he heard.
Compassionate. Defiant. His art,
the spark. Your stories, the flame.

Riley freezes, connecting the dots.

RILEY

Your son? Tom...

ROBIN

(smiles faintly)

Yes, I'm proud of what he has
done... something I couldn't have.

A pause. Robin leans closer, voice low, intense.

ROBIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Every Errorist stencil, every word
you print, it matters. Before the
feeds flood back, before truth gets
buried again. Keep the message
flowing. Keep telling the story.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Tom and Riley stand at Robin Solesby's brass memorial plate. A brass plate glints in the autumn sun. Bird's dropping obscures the final letters, leaving only "Robin Soles."

They share a quiet laugh. Riley wipes the plate clean with a tissue.

As she does, we hear the sounds of smart phones returning to life. The internet has returned.

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