

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

My Name Here

123/456-7890
no.such@thing.com

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A ticking clock turns 4:59 PM. A phone rings. Fixated on the clock - revealed panning out to be an image on an old boxy computer screen - Archie ignores it. [DESCRIPTION].

The phone on his desk rings again. Archie looks at it reluctantly. He reaches out a hand to answer.

The clock ticks 5:00 PM. A low-quality gif of fireworks pops up on the screen. Archie smiles, jumps to his feet, dons his jacket and hurries away past his still-working associates towards the door. One leans out of their cubicle to call after him.

COWORKER

Archie? Hello?

Archie pops his headphones on as he exits. Music plays.

INT CROWDED BUS - DAY

Archie leans his head against the window. Beside him and taking up 3/4 of his own seat is an obese person eating an overflowing tuna sandwich. They take a bite and flecks of tuna spatter the window beside Archie.

A ringtone interrupts Archie's music. With some difficulty he extracts his phone from his pocket. A call from MALCOLM. Malcolm's caller ID picture is him sitting in his pants on his couch smoking a joint.

Archie answers.

ARCHIE

What are you calling me for, you bufty? Send a text with a fucking laughing emoji at the end like the rest of the civilised world.

MALCOLM

(in his dingy flat in an identical posture to his ID picture)

Forget that. Mate, G just dropped off some proper stinky grass. Hurry back.

ARCHIE

On my way, bro. Any luck job hunting?

MALCOLM

Nothing concrete.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)
(He looks over to his
laptop screen. He closes
four tabs of porn before
finding a Google search
of 'earn money at home'.
He considers it for a
moment then closes it
too.)

Fucking Tories. Packing it in for
the day.

INT. ARCHIE AND MALCOLM'S FLAT - DAY

A hazy living room. Tastefully decorated. Archie and Malcolm
sprawl on sofas on opposite sides of a coffee table.