

LIVE/WORK - COMEDY BLAPS SCENE 1

FADE IN:

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - DAY

We are in a very small, clean, precise apartment.

There are facets of the owners personality placed in meticulous order.

Coasters, framed posters, wicker baskets filled with carefully organised magazines, a "nice" woven throw on the sofa, organised remotes. Everything is clean, has its place.

A fridge adorned with colour coded post-its:

"house viewing's Tuesday :)" says one.

JACK stands in the mirror adjusting his shaggy hair. He is blonde, pale and thin, late 20s. He looks himself in the eye.

JACK

You are an intelligent, interesting
social butterfly.

He smooths his hair down.

JACK (CONT'D)

You are in intelligent, *interesting*
social butterfly.

He nods at himself. His phone rings:

"Mum"

He grimaces, cancels the call, grabs his bike and heads out the door.

EXT. JACKS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The exterior of his nice little place is a stark contrast. A homeless man is urinating against a graffiti riddled wall. Jack nudges past with his bike awkwardly.

JACK

Morning Jerry.

Jerry makes a loud croak of recognition and continues urinating.

A drain is spewing filth in a heaping, thick puddle on the concrete walkway, he steps over neatly and heads down the many stairs, struggling with his bike.

He lets himself out through the large security fence.

A couple are dry humping and necking on the hood of a car, a youth darts past him, hood up, scarf covering his mouth. Jack looks in the direction of the kid, there's a fire burning in the distance. It looks apocalyptic.

Jack gets on his bike and sets off.

LONDON STREETS - DAY

Jack is cycling nervously. His helmet, slightly too big for him, slips over his eyes occasionally.

A bus roars passed him, he wobbles slightly, clearly an inexperienced cyclist. He composes himself and continues on, a lorry comes out of no where, beeps loudly at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

Jack is looking flushed, he's locking his bike up outside the underground. He heads inside for the cramped safety of public transport.

INT. UNDERGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Jack's train has arrived, he gets in and squishes against the windows uncomfortably.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSWELL HILL - LATER

Jack has arrived at his destination as is walking down the street checking his location on his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

His phone lets him know "you have arrived".

He opens the gate to a lovely, quaint front garden and knocks on the frosted glass door.

A figure approaches and opens the door.

He is greeted by a gregarious looking young woman wearing enormous multi coloured platform boots, a Japanese kimono and an intricate head dress.

GIRL

Hi! Are you here about the room?

JACK

(nervous)

Yes?

GIRL

Great, come in! My name's Pixie,
I'll show you round.

Jack soaks up the bizarre environment he's just entered. The place is decorated with all manner of oddities, there are bejeweled unicorn horns adorning the walls, jewelry, dresses, ornate throws, it looks like a set from a Bollywood film crossed with fancy dress shop.

PIXIE

So, this is it!

JACK

Wow! I mean, it's amazing.

PIXIE

Yeah, our shamen just lets us do
whatever we want.

JACK

Sorry, your, what? Your shamen?

PIXIE

Paradigm, yeah. He's amazing. An
wonderfully gifted lover as well as
a truly generous, spiritual soul.

JACK

You have a shamen, called Paradigm?

PIXIE

Mmhmm. Oh here's Indigo! Hi!!

She makes all sorts of squeaky noises as Indigo, another girl enters the room wearing nothing but glitter, sequins and facepaint. They kiss passionately, Pixie pulling Indigo close.

Jack is visibly squirming on the spot as he doesn't know where to look. Paradigm walks in topless, glittered, long hair, eye liner, wearing harem pants and more bracelets and necklaces than is strictly ok.

PARADIGM

Oh my girls, you look ravishing!

(To Jack)

You must be Jack! Aren't they just stunning? Such generous lovers as well.

(To the girls)

Are we ready for our ceremony later?

INDIGO

Of course! It will be transcendental.

PARADIGM

Have you tried Peyote, Jack?

JACK

Mmm, not recently.

PARADIGM

Oh you must, opens the mind the many wonders of the world. So, what do you think of the place? Stunning, no?

JACK

It's... Lovely.

PIXIE

P, is he not a bit...you know...

PARADIGM

Now Pixie, what have we discussed? Everyone is but a Unicorn in waiting, it wasn't so long ago you too were like him. But look at you now! Such beauty!

Paradigm turns and looks at her, growling. He launches himself at her, she shrieks and giggles! As they roll around on the floor Jack picks up his phone and fakes a phone call.

JACK

Oh! Mum - hi. What, right now? I'm kind of busy. Well I guess so, if it really... can't wait.

He gets up and nudges around the three of them now all groping and kissing each other.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Um, sorry - I've, uh, I've got to go. It's, it's my mum. Thanks ever so much, though. Have a great day.

LIVE/WORK - COMEDY BLAPS SCENE 2

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jack brushes himself down and shudders.

He takes a note pad and pen out of his pocket and crosses off the first address.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - LATER

Jack is buzzing in to the next house on his list. It's in a run down part of town, the door has peeling paint and a broken buzzer. He persists with the buzzer and hears a crackled voice on the other end.

JACK
 Hi, I'm here about-

VOICE
 (OS)
 Yeah come up. Top floor.

The buzzer crackles and the door opens.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Jack sets off up the stairs. It's grim, rubbish is gathered in the corners, a nasty looking dog growls in a corner, we hear cackled laughter in the distance, doors open a fraction and eyes peer at him as he walks past. He approaches one door:

JACK
 Excuse me, do you-

The door slams shut and a human-ish noise emits from behind it. Jack continues on.

APARTMENT BLOCK - TOP FLOOR

The Landlord is waiting for him, a large grey man with a stained shirt and cardigan.

LANDLORD
You must be Jack.

JACK
That's me! I hope this-

LANDLORD
Follow me.

He opens the door and two cats wander out, meowing, their tails winding round the Landlord's leg, looking up expectantly.

They walk inside and are greeted by many, many cats.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)
Don't mind the cats. Previous tenant had 'em 'fore she passed. Can get rid of em for yeh, 'less you wanna keep em.

JACK
Get rid of them?

LANDLORD
Bathroom's through there, kitchen, livin' room.

He points to a doorless toilet room, a trestle table with a gas burner on it, and a sofa covered in cats.

JACK
Oh, hang on, sorry, I've just got to take this - Mum! Hi, yeah I'm kind of busy right now....

CUT TO:

HIGH STREET - DAY

Jack is at his third house, this one is just a boarded up, dilapidated building.

Jack looks dejected. He takes out his phone and thumbs through his contacts, this time actually calling his mum.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Jack and his mum are sat outside a nice looking cafe, drinking coffee.

MUM

Well I don't see what's wrong with your place.

JACK

What's wrong with it? How about the serial pisser that lurks around at all times of day? I don't want to wake up and step over a puddle of tramp piss every time I want to pop to the shops.

MUM

Oh it's not that bad.

JACK

I'm pretty sure there was an actual car bomb the other day. I just want to get out! I'm isolated. I want to meet people!

MUM

Meet a girl...

JACK

Yes, that too!

MUM

Well, I'm sure something'll come up sooner or later.

Jack lights a cigarette.

MUM (CONT'D)

Oh, love you're not still smoking.

JACK

Yes, yes I am - I'm too heavily invested now. It would be irresponsible to stop. Anyway, how's dad?

MUM

Oh you know, he's getting by.

JACK

Getting by? That sounds like he's not "getting by" at all...

MUM

Well, it's difficult at our age -
it's ok for your generation, with
your Tinder.

JACK

Ha! Please, you think I'd open
myself up to be freely judged by
every harlet in the north west
London area? No, no I'd rather just
awkwardly stare at girls from
across the room like a normal
person. What about you?

MUM

What *about* me?

JACK

Yeah, don't they have like, an old
person Tinder you can use?

She throws him a scornful glance, he ignores it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oldr. Or Zimmr! No, Grinddad!

MUM

Jack -

JACK

Ooh, what about Ashes? Because
like, Tinder is what you use to
start fires, and ashes are kind of
all that's left once the flames
have died out... It would just be a
lonely grey place, filled with
people who's fires have died.

MUM

I'm fifty five Jack, there's still
plenty of fire left in me yet.
Speaking of which, I've got my life
drawing class in twenty minutes, I
should go.

JACK

Ew!

MUM

Drawing, not modelling, Jack.

JACK

Oh.

MUM
I'm modelling next week!

JACK
What?

She grabs her coat and kisses him on the head.

MUM
(walking off)
Stop smoking!

Jack takes one more puff and flicks his cigarette away. He pulls out his phone and scrolls to "House Share 3" and presses call.

LIVE/WORK - COMEDY BLAPS SCENE 3

The phone rings.

VOICE
'Allo?

JACK
Hi, I'm calling about the room?

VOICE
What room?

JACK
You posted an ad, about a room?

VOICE
We've got like eight rooms going, mate, which advert was it?

JACK
Um...

He checks his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Uh, "bright... double room, six fifty per month, all bills included".

VOICE
Right, yeah safe, come round tonight, we're having a party, like a get to know you sort of thing.

JACK
Oh, lovely, ok that sounds great.

VOICE
Get here after eleven.

JACK
After *eleven*?

He's hung up. Jack signals the waiter.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - EVENING

Jack is wearing a very nice cardigan and shirt - no tie, lets not go crazy - and is practicing his mantra in the mirror.

JACK
You are an intelligent, interesting
social butterfly.

He swigs from a glass of wine.

JACK (CONT'D)
An intelligent.

Smooths back his hair.

JACK (CONT'D)
Interesting.

Hand on chin.

JACK (CONT'D)
Social.

Makes eyes, vogues ever so slightly.

JACK (CONT'D)
Butterfly.

He flaps imaginary wings.

He collects himself, checks the time - 10.40 - gathers his things - a bottle of red wine goes into his leather satchel, coat on, wallet, keys, off to the dinner party!

He heads out, ignoring his bike.

EXT. JACKS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Things have escalated for Jerry, who is now crouched by a bin drinking beer.

JACK
Evening Jerry.

Jerry sort of responds, a garbled:

JERRY
Jack!!

But it doesn't quite pass for English.

Jack heads down the stairs and exits the gate.

The necking couple from earlier have begun fighting. They're pushing each other and screaming.

He pushes her into a fence and throws an empty beer can at her and she pushes him back and throws a beer bottle at him.

He grabs her pushes her against their car. They inexplicably start kissing again.

There's a sound of potential gang warfare in the distance, Jack turns to see the fire has grown from earlier.

He picks up the pace a little.

CUT TO:

INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

He arrives at a large industrial estate, bottle of wine in hand. He looks around for the unit.

A distant rumble.

Duff, duff, duff, duff.

He rounds the corner and finds what he was looking for.

A sea of sweaty, decorated bodies come into focus. They are congregated outside the shutter of a large industrial warehouse, jaws swinging, eyes darting. Feather boas, hats, fancy dress, school girls and cartoon characters. Abuzz with chat, chewing gum and hurriedly smoking.

Music spills from the venue, a filthy beat punctuated by deep bass. Artists are creating a gigantic mural using spray paint.

Girls with fire poi spin past us, people are playing music around a fire, percussion, guitars, singing.

Jack approaches coyly, stepping over people, trying not to drop his wine, almost losing his balance he grabs someone's shoulder to steady himself.

It's a girl.

Tanned skin, long blonde hair streaked with colour and glitter, a nose piercing, a dash of face paint under her eye. She beams at him.

GIRL

Jack!

He's all of a fluster - could *she* know *him*? No, he'd remember her.

JACK

I--

GIRL

You've gotta be Jack! Jimmy said you sounded a bit up tight, you have to be him!

JACK

Well, I mean - yes. I am A Jack... I may not be *THE* Jack. Is this Unit 8?

GIRL

You're him... Come in!

JACK

I brought wine. I didn't know if you were having meat or-

GIRL

Wicked! Stick it over there.

There's a huge pile of much stronger alcohol on a large marble table in the corner. He gingerly places his refined bottle next to them.

She grabs his hand and guides him through the party.

STEPH

I'm Steph! I live here on and off, been subletting to some weirdo - my bad, I just picked the first person who turned up, the messages I've been getting about him though! Not. Good! You're not a weirdo are you?

JACK

I... No.

STEPH

I just got back from Thailand last night, so we're having a little thing.

JACK

(shouting over music)
It's... It's Tuesday!

STEPH

Is it? Anyway, I'll take you to see Jimmy, he'll get you sorted.

She grabs his hand again and pulls him through the crowds. People doing balloons, dancing, playing music, kissing, snorting.

A man appears from the upper floor. Long hair, good looking, topless except for a vintage looking vest, brandishing a guitar.

Everyone looks up.

STEPH (CONT'D)

That's Jimmy.

Jimmy climbs onto the balcony and grabs hold of a rope. He slides down it and drops to the floor. Someone hands him a straw, another person hand him a DVD case. He snorts something deeply off the case and approaches Steph, taking her in big arms and spinning her round.

JIMMY

Steph! Stephanie! Ste-phaa-kneee!
It's good to have you back!
(to jack)
You must be Jack! Welcome home!

END