

L I V E / W O R K

Written by

Matthew Whitehouse

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Quiet.

A dripping tap provides a metronome in the silence.

Party debris cans, bottles, ashtrays, phones with powdered screens, guitars, percussion, questionable liquids spilled on the floor, clothes, baggies, wraps, tobacco pouches and rizlas.

Sleeping bodies; tangled, hanging off the sofa, on the floor, underneath the table.

From beneath the mass of people a head pops up with a start.

This is Steph, 29.

She winces in pain.

STEPH

Oh...

She holds her head and sits up properly. Limp, tired bodies roll away from her.

STEPH

Oh God...

She is in hideous fancy dress, part ball gown, part lycra, big boots, her face painted like a lion, covered in lipstick kisses, bags under her eyes, a huge wig tangled round her neck.

Jack rolls over on the couch, pushing a sleeping body off him.

JACK

(sleepy)
Morning.

STEPH

(holding her head)
Shush - don't, don't be chipper.

JACK

I can't help it - hangovers agree with me.

STEPH

This isn't a hangover it's an assault.

She falls to her knees at the living room table and paws at a glass of water, putting it to her lips and drinking deeply.

She immediately gags and spits it back into the glass.

JACK
Oooh, what is it?

STEPH
Vodka...

Picking something out of her mouth.

STEPH
...And cigarettes.

Jack passes her another cup of liquid, she chugs it down, grimacing at the taste but pushing through.

STEPH
What time is it?

JACK
Just gone eight.

STEPH
Tits! I've got work.

JACK
What? You don't work on Sunday.

STEPH
It's Monday, Jack, get your shit together.

She grabs her bag and goes to leave.

JACK
Your face looks like a rubbish lion!

She marches back and checks the mirror.

STEPH
I know that, I know - I was just checking the... thing.

She goes into the bathroom.

Jack picks up her cup and pokes his finger in the bottom - a squidgy white paste lines the bottom of the cup, he tastes it and shudders.

She comes out of the bathroom wiping her face. She's shed the brunt of the fancy dress and looks semi-respectable.

STEPH

Look OK?

JACK

Like a beautiful hungover mess.

STEPH

Mmm, I can work with that. I've got class at 9, can I borrow your bike?

JACK

By the door.

STEPH

Thanks!

She grabs her backpack and nudges the bike out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She walks down the stairs and out through the large fire door and onto the street.

There are people sat around gurning, the remnants of a party the night before still going on.

A low hum of bass comes from a nearby warehouse, people still dancing inside.

She gets on the bike and cycles down the street, people in fancy dress dancing around her.

A left at the bottom of the street, she is greeted by Africans in religious garb celebrating.

She looks at them, and over to an abandoned carpark opposite, a sound-system playing drum and bass to the last few ravers, still partying.

Back at the religious group - she cycles through the middle of this odd juxtaposition, the sound from both parties mixing.

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

STEPH

(addressing the class)

Yes, but who knows why that is?

A thumping heart beat.

A flash of light.

STEPH

Why...

Eyes darting.

Dry mouth.

Pupils dilate.

STEPH

(through clenched jaw)
Hold it together.

KID

What miss?

STEPH

Nothing! Nothing. Wait - did you
hear that?

KID

Hear what?

STEPH

Nothing, it's nothing. I'm fine!
I'll be back in a second.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steph slowly opens the door and checks for students.

Clear.

STEPH

Ok, ok, ok.

She wistfully approaches the mirror and looks at herself.

Fractal patterns. The edges of the reflections of the tiles
and wobbling slightly. She's tripping.

STEPH

Shit.

