

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Quiet.

A dripping tap provides a metronome in silence.

Party debris; a sea of sleeping bodies, entangled in detritus.

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

TITLE: STEPH

STEPH

Oh...

She holds her head and sits up.

STEPH

Oh God...

She is in fancy dress.

Face painted badly, like a lion, wig tangled round her neck.

She trips over a person, her foot caught beneath them.

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

She immediately gags and spits it back into the glass.

JACK, 32, shaggy hair stirs on the sofa.

JACK

Vodka?

STEPH

...Gin.

Picking something out of her mouth.

STEPH

...And tobacco.

JACK

Oh, I feel like shit. This is a special kind of hangover.

Jack passes her another glass, she chugs it down, grimacing at the taste.

STEPH
This isn't a hangover it's a
fucking sensory assault. What time
is it?

JACK
Almost eight.

STEPH
I've got to work.

JACK
You don't work on Sunday.

STEPH
It's Monday...

She grabs her bag and goes to leave.

JACK
Might wanna check the mirror,
Mufasa!

She marches back and checks the mirror.

STEPH
Good shout.

She goes into the bathroom.

Jack picks up her cup and looks inside, pokes his finger in
the bottom - a squidgy white paste lines the bottom of the
cup.

INT. BATHROOM CONTINUOUS

Steph walks in to the bathroom. It's in a bad way - water,
or something, covers the floor, there's beer cans
everywhere. The waste paper basket is over flowing and the
sink is full of cigarette ends and murky water.

LIVING ROOM

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
Borderline - you've got a minor
crack whore thing going on.

STEPH
How minor?

Jack
It's subtle, but it's definitely
there.

She puts gum in her mouth.

STEPH
I can work with that, I've got
foundation in my bag.

She grabs her backpack and heads out.

STEPH
I've gotta shoot! See you later!

She leaves, letting the door slam.

Jack reaches for an open can on the table, cautiously
sniffs it and puts it to his lips.

INT. STAFF ROOM - MORNING

Other teachers are milling around drinking coffee.

Steph is rooting through the fridge.

MR PHILLIPS, 35, glasses, sweater vest, corduroy, sneaks up
on her.

Steph remains in the fridge.

MR PHILLIPS
Miss Green!

She pretends to be shocked, she sounds weary of his
advances.

STEPH
Mr Phillips.

MR PHILLIPS
You missed a wild one last night.

STEPH
Oh?

MR PHILLIPS
I'll say. Almost phoned in sick
today, but it's like, what am I, a
student!? "Mummy, mummy, can I
stay home today??"

He laughs at his own bad joke.

He's cringingly awkward.

STEPH

Well, I'm sure it was a great night.

MR PHILLIPS

Obvs! Our staff nights out are pretty "Legendary". You've got to come to the next one!

(shouting, almost on her)

I won't take "no" for an answer!

STEPH

(literally squirming)

I guess I *have* to say yes then...

MR PHILLIPS

I'll be holding you to that!

Steph grabs the milk out the fridge.

STEPH

Well, y'know I'd best... Make my tea.

MR PHILLIPS

Oh, sure, sure. Catch ya later, Miss Green!

He points his fingers into imaginary guns and fires them at her making "pew pew!" noises.

She feigns getting shot, smiles then turns immediately rolling her eyes. She fills up the kettle and clicks it on. She fills up the kettle and clicks it on.

EXTREME CLOSE ON:

Kettle boiling.

Cup.

Teabag.

Sugar in extreme macro tinkles in to the cup.

A thumping heart beat.

Eyes darting.

Dry mouth.

Pupils dilate.

Cuts become faster.

ON STEPH:

STEPH
(through clenched jaw)
Oh, shit...

One of the teachers gathers everyone round.

TEACHER
Guys, guys can I just grab a quick
word?

The staff semi-circle around him.

TEACHER
So, I don't know if you've heard,
it has been up on the board since
last week, but Ofsted are here
today to monitor.

Steph looks panicked.

She crouches down at the back of everyone and looks at her
hands, eyes widening.

STEPH
(under her breath)
No, no, no.

TEACHER
They'll just be popping in during
your classes to have a word with
the kids and take some notes or
what-have-you, so don't be
alarmed. Ok, I think that's all.
Miss Green?

She pops up from the back.

STEPH
Yes!

TEACHER
The Head would like a word before
you start today.

STEPH
OK. I'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steph slowly opens the door and checks for people.

Clear.

She shuts it behind her and leans against it breathing
heavily.

STEPH
Ok.

She cautiously approaches the mirror.

STEPH

Ok, ok...

Her reflection.

Fractal patterns.

The edges of the tiles in the reflection are wobbling.

She's tripping.

STEPH

Tits.

The door opens, a teacher enters.

Steph is reaching out, touching the mirror with a child like curiosity.

INT. HEADMASTERS OFFICE - DAY

Steph is sat opposite an imposing HEADMASTER, mid 50s.

He is talking but his voice is a muted echo

CLOSE ON

Stephs eyes.

Back to the Headmaster - through Steps vision fractal patterns have emerged behind him.

The table seems to breathe.

Stephs eyes glaze over.

HEADMASTER

Miss Green!

She snaps out of it.

STEPH

Nothing!

HEADMASTER

It's important you understand this process. For you and your students. You're new here, I want you to-

STEPH

Your glasses, are they-

HEADMASTER

I'm not wearing glasses.

STEPH
You're not wearing glasses! Right.
That's right.

HEADMASTER
As I was saying.

STEPH
Yes. Continue.

She looks at his desk and runs her finger along the angles of it. From right to left, left to right.

HEADMASTER
I-

Steph
(revelations...)
This is a right angle. It's on the right, it's a right angle. I mean, it's on the right, AND it's a right angle! Sorry, sorry - I'm not making sense, it's like describing it's self, it's form, like, describes what it is. Right?

HEADMASTER
Quite.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Steph is smoking out the back, squinting at her phone trying to see her contacts.

She calls Jack.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack is sleeping, under the living room table there are strangers getting up and leaving the house.

His phone rings and he wakes with a start, hitting his head on the table.

He answers.

Cut between the warehouse and the school.

JACK
...Yes?

STEPH
(panicked)
I'm tripping.

JACK

What?

STEPH

I'm tripping. In school. I'm in school and tripping.

Jack starts laughing

STEPH

It's not funny. Ofsted are here today. There's a man coming, to like, make sure I'm a responsible, good teacher that's capable of, y'know, looking after large numbers of children.

JACK

A man?

STEPH

Yes, a man, with a suit and a tie and clip board and everything!

JACK

Oh...

STEPH

What have I taken?

A beat.

STEPH

Help me!

JACK

I'm thinking!!

Silence.

JACK

The cocktail...

Steph

What?

Jack

Don't you remember... The Cocktail?

FLASHBACK:

A big party, full of people.

In the centre of it all the guys are all gathered, passing around a glass of liquid, each adding a little something to it.

A pipette of something here, a dash of powder there.

Someone has a long spoon, stirring it like a mixologist.

Another person has a straw and dips it in, tasting it like it's a cocktail.

EXT. SCHOOL

STEPH
What have I taken?

JACK
If memory serves. Quite a lot of drugs.

STEPH
Fuck...

JACK
Don't panic!

STEPH
(panicking)
I am. I'm panicking. I can't teach year ten like this! They'll know. They're teenagers.

JACK
I'll think of something. Just, keep a low profile...

STEPH
OK.
He hangs up.

STEPH
Hello? Bollocks.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack approaches one of the bedroom doors and knocks.

No answer.

He knocks again. Knock, knock - on the third knock:

INT. STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steph is quietly stroking her hands along the sofa.

She hears a voice behind her and stops suddenly to check she's not being watched.

She goes back to stroking the sofa.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jack is still waiting outside the door. He knocks again. We hear muffled distraught shouting from within.

CHRIS (O.S)

What!?

Jack knocks again.

A clatter of objects.

We hear locks being undone and finally the door clicks open and comes to enough for a face to emerge between it and the frame. The face behind the door is Chris, 24, North London rapper. He does not look pleased at being roused. They share a moments glance - both aware this is not cool.

CHRIS

If this is about the washing up,
yeah, I'm fuckin doin it later
innnit, I just left 'em soakin.

JACK

I need to abort a trip.

CHRIS

Mmm.

INT. MAIN LIVING AREA, WAREHOUSE

Jack is sat down, Chris is pacing up and down the living room wearing an old stained dressing gown.

CHRIS

Aborting a trip is a tricky
business. There's no guarantees.

Jack grabs a Jaffa Cake on the table.

CHRIS

Don't be on my Jaffas bruv,
there's only three left yeah, and
they're for with my tea. Go grab a
digestive or some shit.

Jack puts it back.

CHRIS

As I was sayin' - there's only a
couple things you can do. If she's
havin' a bad one, you can pop some
anti anxiety pills, xanax or
vallium, if you wanna stop it
entirely, pop a bunch, go sleepy
times.

Jack
That's not an option, she's in
work

Chris
Shit, for real? I dunno bruv,
vodka could work, vitamins are
supposed to bring you down, innit,
but that ain't gonna stop the MD
doing it's thing. She's gonna be
fucked bruv, there's no gettin'
round it,

Jack phones Steph

INT. STAFFROOM

Stephs phone rings, she answers it.

STEPH
Hello?

JACK
How are you feeling?

REVEAL

Steph is upside down on the staff couch sweating, one hand
inside her top holding her breast.

STEPH
I feel... good, I think. Warm.
Hot, too hot. Like for the place
I'm in, I feel like maybe I'm too
hot.

INT. WAREHOUSE

JACK
Ok, drink some water or something,
I'm on my way. I'll be there
before the acid kicks in.

STEPH
What?

He hangs up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris has arranged a collection of things, an emergency kit
of anti-tripping stuff.

Orange juice, multi vitamins, vitamin B supplement, vodka,

food - biscuits, bananas, oranges.

Chris walks over with a strip of prescription pills.

CHRIS

These Valis are strong yeah,
they're 10 mg. If you don't want
her fallin asleep just give her
half.

Chris goes to boil the kettle, his back to Jack who is gathering the things off the table and putting them in a backpack. He nabs a Jaffa Cake on the sly.

JACK

Do you wanna come?

CHRIS

(back turned)

Hell no bruv! I got Tunderella
between the sheets in there, I'm
getting on that vibe, yeah? You're
on your own.

JACK

Alright! Well, enjoy your empty
sexual experience.

CHRIS

I will! And you owe for them Valis
innit?

Jack heads out with his bike. Chris walks over to the table with his tea and sees a Jaffa Cake missing.

CHRIS

Cheeky bastard.

Door slams.

On the slam:

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME MOMENT

Steph is stood in front of her class.

Her jaw is on lockdown, fighting the urge to swing free.

Stephs eyes widen.

A wall of noise.

Students are acting up on the their phones, shouting over each other.

Steph is unravelling.

Her eyes dart around the room, the sights and sounds building on top of each other.

Kids laughter begins to loop.

A screech of a chair.

Laughter.

Screech of a chair.

Squeak of marker pen on table.

Laughter.

Chair.

Squeak.

It builds into a dizzying, looping rhythm.

Steph stands up and approaches the class.

STEPH

Right!

The kids hush.

STEPH

(panicking)

Right.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS - SAME TIME

Jack is navigating the corridors of the school.

He works his way down, past the lockers and classroom doors, peaking in through the glass sections for Steph.

INT. STEPHS CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

She has there attention.

STEPH

Art!

They wait patiently.

She swallows, breathes.

STEPH

What *is* art?

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A teacher walks past Jack.

JACK
Oh, 'scuse me, I'm just looking
for-

TEACHER
Ah, you're from Ofsted?

Jack freezes for a moment.

JACK
...Yes.

The teacher assesses his dishevelled appearance.

TEACHER
This way.

The teacher escorts Jack down the hall.

TEACHER
You're late, the class has started
already.

JACK
Oh, there was an... issue.

TEACHER
What happened?

He searches for inspiration.

JACK
A teacher in one of the schools
has been...
(thinking)
Taking drugs.

TEACHER
What?

JACK
(with a sigh)
Yep, just loads of drugs.

TEACHER
I-

JACK
I know, it's... it's very serious.

TEACHER
Where was this?

JACK
I'm afraid that's classified.

They arrive at a door, the teacher gives a polite little knock and opens it, ushering Jack in, signalling to Mr Phillips that Ofsted is here.

Jack awkwardly walks in, unsure of how exactly to be an Ofsted officer.

The teacher leaves, shutting the door quietly.

Mr Phillips signals for Jack to take a seat.

Jack looks sheepish.

MR PHILLIPS

As I was saying, there are certain elements on the periodic table that...

Jack looks around.

Opens his bag - pills, bananas and vodka.

He leans forward and taps a kid on the shoulder.

They turn around.

JACK

Can I borrow a pen?

INT. STEPHS CLASSROOM

Steph is stood on top of her desk. She is excited, mid speech, like Dead Poets Society or something.

STEPH

Art is expression! Not holding back, letting your inner most feelings run free on a page! Blake, grab me that roll of paper!

A young girl walks to the back of the class and struggles with a large roll of paper.

STEPH

Gary, give her a hand.

Gary gets up and helps. They drag it to the front of the class.

STEPH

Good, good now drop it on the floor. Just there.

They drop it.

STEPH

Great!

She jumps down.

STEPH
We're going to learn about
negative space! Who knows what
negative space is?

The door opens and a man in a suit enters.

A kid raises her hand.

STEPH
Gemma, yes?

GEMMA
It's like, when there's stuff
missing? And that.

STEPH
Pretty much! Why don't we try
making some negative space?

INT. JACKS CLASSROOM

Jack has lifted his bag on to the table and is rummaging through it.

He grabs the Valium and pops one out.

Unscrews the vodka quietly in the bag, he takes out a long straw and pushes it down into the bottle. He starts sipping vodka through the straw, popping a valium into his mouth.

INT. STEPHS CLASSROOM

Steph is laying on top of the giant roll of paper which has been rolled out.

A group of kids are stood above her with all manner of paints and brushes and tubes.

STEPH
OK, ready?

They ready themselves.

STEPH
Three, two, one GO!

They splatter her with paint.

A rainbow of colours hits her all over.

Her face, hair, body all covered in splatters of paint.

She lets out a scream which turns into a laugh.

The kids cover her more and more.

She laughs hysterically.

STEPH
OK, OK, stop!

She holds her arms up.

STEPH
Help me up.

Two kids grab her by the hands and help her up.

An outline of her body is left on the paper.

A brilliant psychedelic multi coloured pattern is splattered everywhere, her outline crystal clear white in the middle of it.

STEPH
Negative space!

The Ofsted Officer makes a note in his book.

INT. JACKS CLASSROOM

He's undone his tie and his legs are spread out as he slouches down in the chair.

He raises his arm to ask a question.

Mr Phillips looks confused.

MR PHILLIPS
Yes?

JACK
(slurring)
W-What's that thing?

MR PHILLIPS
What thing?

JACK
Behind you.

Mr Phillips looks behind him.

MR PHILLIPS
Oh, that's a DNA strand.

JACK
What's it do?

MR PHILLIPS

Well, DNA is made up of molecules called nucleotides. Each nucleotide contains a phosphate group, a sugar group and a nitrogen base.

JACK

Phew!
(to a kid)
Do you like this class?

KID

I dunno. We get to play Bunsen burners.

JACK

Well that's pretty sick.

KID 2

And we dissect frogs.

JACK

Well that's just gross. Alright, well, continue, I guess. I'll be... Assessing et cetera.

Mr Phillips continues his class.

Jack takes the vodka from his bag and swigs from it.

A kid next to him gives him a look.

Jack gives him a stern glance.

DISSOLVE:

INT. JACKS CLASSROOM - LATER

Jack has passed out at the table.

The vodka drops from his hand on to the concrete floor, with a CLACK.

On the clack Jack snaps back awake, sitting up right.

He sloppily stands up, grabs his bag and edges to the exit.

JACK

(slurring)
You did a very good job. All of you. Excellent teaching. Well done. A-plus!

He backs out of the door and falls into the lockers outside with a loud thud.

He drags himself forward, fighting the urge to pass out.

He half runs, limp limbed down the corridor towards toward the light beyond the double doors.

He bursts through!

A flash of light.

Fade to white

INT. STEPHS CLASSROOM - LATER

The kids are smiling and happy and out of breath, they look like they've had fun.

Steph is packing down - there is mess every where.

The kids are leaving.

The Ofsted officer approaches.

OFSTED MAN
Miss Green?

STEPH
Hi, yes. That's me.

OFSTED MAN
Just letting you know that you've passed your inspection.

He's very pleased with this:

OFSTED MAN
...with flying colours!

STEPH
Ooh!

They laugh, for too long.

OFSTED MAN
OK, well, I'd best be going.

STEPH
OK, thanks!

OFSTED MAN
Keep up the good work. Goodbye.

STEPH
Bye!

He leaves.

Steph collapses on the floor with a big sigh and takes out her phone.

She rings jack.

EXT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jack is laying asleep in a bush, just outside of the school doors, hidden from sight.

His phone rings.

And rings.

And rings.

He rolls over sleepily and gets more comfy.

FADE OUT.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Everyone is sat around a large kitchen table.

The place is tidy.

There are housemates and friends we haven't met yet.

Four other housemates: Flo, Chris, Jo, amd Mark - all mid to late 20s, along with a few friends each, all squished in around a long table, on odd furniture that doesn't match.

There is a big meal with wine laid out on the table, with fairy lights and candles.

Everyone looks happy, they are chatting, sharing stories and grabbing food.

Steph enters, still covered in paint.

She get a big cheer from the rowdy group.

We see her explaining the paint, what happened with the drink in the morning, the kids splattering her with paint.

She pulls out the psychedelic outline of her and shows everyone.

Confusion, no one knows where Jack is.

CREDITS:

EXT. SCHOOL - EVENING

Jack is still sleeping out of sight in the bushes.

He rolls onto something sharp and wakes suddenly.

It's dark. He shivers.

He gets up slowly, confused, wrapping his arms around himself to keep warm.

He wanders into the dark, locked up carpark and places his hands on the too-tall-to-climb gate.

Looks panicked, checks around him for help

FADE OUT

THE END