

L I V E / W O R K

Written by

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TEASER:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

GREG (21) and his MUM (55) are sat in a car filled with boxes and odds and ends. It looks like Greg's moving house.

MUM

Now, you're sure you're going to be OK? You know I worry.

GREG

I'm gonna be fine, it looked great in the ad. Creatives and musicians, my kind of people!

MUM

You're sure it's not one of those squats?

GREG

It's a warehouse, Mum - it's a creative space...

MUM

Well Diane thinks that just means they do drugs.

GREG

Ugh, Mum!

MUM

Don't Mum me, I know these creative types.

They get out of the car and open the boot, grabbing a box each.

MUM

And I know about these warehouse parties and all that ketamine. I've read Vice magazine.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE:

L I V E / W O R K

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A girl is sleeping.

Messy room - bottles, ashtrays, incense.

Indian throws cover the walls, potted plants line the windows, soil escaping onto the dusty window ledge.

She is STEPH, 25, pretty.

An alarm vibrates from under her pillow.

STEPH

Ugh...

She reaches under her pillow to turn her phone alarm off, removes earplugs from her ears. As she does we hear music through the wall.

She walks out bleary eyed in to the main living area.

There is a group of people directly outside her door, holding beers, chatting loudly and laughing.

She shoves through them, walking to the main living area. Walking first to the hifi and turning the music down.

There are about fifty people in her small open plan living room, lots passed out, some crouched on the arms of sofas, strumming guitars, drinking, doing drugs, sat on the floor.

She arrives at the toilet. There's a queue.

JUMP CUTS: The queue going down. Steph looking impatient.

INT. TOILET

Steph enters - there's detritus everywhere; an overflowing waste paper bin, empty beer cans lining the sink, which is blocked and almost overflowing.

She sits down on the toilet.

The broken loo seat comes out from under her and she slips, bare buttock on cold porcelain.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jack and his Mum are walking through the corridors of the building.

They pass an open door, a photo shoot is going on, a band dressed in bizarre clothes all posing on a white background. Greg looks in interested.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JACK (31) is engaged with the intricacies of basting a chicken. He is carefully leaning down, close to the body of the chicken, scooping up the liquid from the bottom of the pan and drizzling it luxuriously over the bird.

He looks like he's been up all night. He's wild eyed, grizzly, twitchy. There's a lot of alcohol around him.

He sups from a hip flask.

He looks unkempt, dirty.

A knock at the door.

He flamboyantly skips over to open the door.

Greg and his Mum are on the other side.

JACK  
Yes?

GREG  
Hi!

JACK  
What's all this?

He signals with his hand at the boxes.

JACK  
What do you want?

Greg looks puzzled.

GREG  
I'm moving in today... It's Greg.  
And this is my Mum.

JACK  
No, you're moving in on Monday.

Jack and his Mum look at each other.

GREG  
It is Monday.

JACK  
It is? No, it's Sunday. Why do you  
think all these people are here?  
It's the weekend!

GREG  
It's definitely Monday.

Jack walks over to a calendar on the wall.

JACK  
Look, see, Monday, the 28th.

He checks his phone against the calendar.

JACK  
See, it's - oh.

It's Monday.

JACK  
Hmmm. Ok, well - welcome! Lets get  
you moved in.  
(shouting)  
Sophie!

He puts his chicken back in the oven.

JACK  
Sophie!

A girl emerges from her room. SOPHIE, French, 25, pretty.

JACK  
SO-

SOPHIE  
What man, what you want?

JACK  
Can you uh... Do the thing!

A smile flashes over her face.

She disappears in her room for a moment and comes back with a broom.

Jack, Greg and his Mum watch to see what happens.

Sophie explodes with energy and rage, kicking people out.

SOPHIE

Alright people! Time to go! You  
can't stay here I'm sick of the  
sight of you!

She brushes them with the broom, making a cloud of dust.

People start waking in shock at being broomed in the face and  
gather their things quickly and leave.

She shepherds them towards the door.

JACK

(to Greg)

She loves kicking people out.

SOPHIE

COME ON YOU FUCKERS, SINGLE FILE!  
OUT, OUT!

JACK

It's impressive watching her. It's  
always different.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DIFFERENT DAYS

Different flashes of Sophie kicking people out.

Sophie is dressed in a one man band outfit, stomping around  
shooing people.

Placing headphones on someone's head like in Back to the  
Future and pressing play on a walkman, sudden loud music  
startling them awake.

Setting off the fire alarm and screaming "FIRE!!".

INT. WAREHOUSE

The last of the hungover group leave and she slams the door  
behind them.

SOPHIE

Done.

JACK

Thanks Soph.

SOPHIE

No problem, it's not you're fault  
you are weak.

Jack looks offended.

JACK  
Just because I don't revel in other  
peoples discomfort and misery  
doesn't make me weak.

She's already gone back to her room.

JACK  
You want a hand with your stuff?

GREG  
Sure.

They leave. Mum explores.

Approaches the living room table with caution.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Jack and Greg are walking to the car, the boot still wide open.

JACK  
Oh, you didn't leave it open did  
you?

GREG  
Yeah, why?

JACK  
You just shouldn't.

GREG  
I'm moving in, we were only a  
minute.

JACK  
That's all he needs...

They arrive at the car, it's been stripped bare.

GREG  
My stuff...

JACK  
Don't worry.

He slams the boot.

INT. UNIT 5 -

A dirty paint stripped door.

A hand knocks.

Jack and Greg are waiting outside another unit, this one is much grimmer, lots of graffiti and crap everywhere.

The door opens.

COLIN (35) answers.

He's jittery, with a slight stammer and weird looking.

JACK

Colin.

COLIN

What can I help you boys with?

JACK

We're looking for some missing items.

COLIN

Don't know what you're taking about. I've not, l-left the house today.

JACK

So if we come in, we won't find a load of boxes full of his shit?

Colin shakes his head and adjusts his glasses.

JACK

Alright, then we're coming in.

Colin goes to resist, but they just walk past him.

All of Gregs stuff is right there.

Jack is not surprised.

JACK

Ok, well... this looks an awful lot like what we're missing!

COLIN

I ca-can't help it Jack, it was right there!



JACK  
Well can you give us a hand  
bringing it back?

COLIN  
Mmk.

They pick up a box each and walk out.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gregs Mum is still pottering about.

She is in the kitchen looking at the sink, she grimaces at the heap of awful, washing up.

Jack and Greg and Colin enter with boxes.

MUM  
Uh, you are aware there's vomit in  
your shower?

JACK  
Aw, I told Mark to clean that up.  
Sorry you had to see that.

He puts down his box.

Colin has put his box down and picked up a speaker. He's walking out with it.

JACK  
(taking the speaker off  
Colin)  
Well Greg, that's you pretty much  
moved in!

Gregs Mum takes him to one side for a word.

MUM  
I'm not sure about this place  
Gregory.

GREG  
Nah, it's perfect. Mum, don't be  
embarrassing.

MUM  
(whispering)  
I think they might be on drugs.

GREG  
OK! Thanks Mum!

He ushers her out.

GREG  
Thanks for the help.

She forces him to give her a hug.

MUM  
Be safe, be responsible. I love  
you.

The hug ends and she leaves.

The door slams.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Steph enters wearing the same baggy T-shirt as earlier. She lets out a squeaky yawn. Jack looks at her in awe.

STEPH  
Aha! A newbie!

She scruffs his hair.

STEPH  
Steph.

GREG  
Greg.

STEPH  
Nice to meet ya.  
(to Jack)  
Alright... You been to bed?

JACK  
Nah.

STEPH  
I don't know how you do it. You got  
a rollie?

JACK  
Again?

STEPH  
Oh, come on!

JACK  
OK, but you're going to the shop  
next time.

STEPH

Fine.

JACK

Not the first one though.

STEPH

No, God, no - I'm boycotting that place.

JACK

Me too! How come you're boycotting?

He passes her the tobacco.

STEPH

The owner's so rude! He called me a fat bitch the other day...

JACK

That is awful. You're not fat..

Steph hits his arm.

She goes to use the bathroom.

We hear her shouting.

STEPH (O.S.)

Oh guys, there's sick in the shower! Gross! Aw, no, it smells!

We hear the shower coming on.

STEPH (O.S.)

I'm gonna try and... Ew, it's stuck!! This is so disgusting!

JACK

(to Greg)

Show you to your room?

GREG

Yeah, great.

They walk off.

BATHROOM DOOR

STEPH (O.S.)

I'm just going work around it...

A beat.

STEPH (O.S.)  
My foot! My foot went in it!

Another beat.

STEPH (O.S.)  
...I think I'm going to be--

A beat. The sound of sick.

STEPH (O.S.)  
...I was, I was sick!

INT. GREGS ROOM

A light flickers on.

The room is incomplete. A wall missing, the top edges of the room not connected with the ceiling, the floor is glossy, painted, still sticky, electrical cables are sticking out of the wall.

JACK  
I know, I know it's not finished -  
I properly thought you were moving  
in tomorrow, we can sort it out  
though.

Greg goes to walk in. Jack stops him.

Jacks foot hovers above the sticky floor.

JACK  
Not dry...

We hear coughing in the main living area.

RAPID CUTS:

Kettle.

Teabag.

Sugar.

Water.

Milk.

CHRIS (25) stands in the kitchen wearing a long stained dressing gown, sipping tea and smoking a spliff.

Greg and Jack walk outside to see who's there.

CHRIS  
What you sayin' bruv?

JACK  
This is Chris, he deals drugs to  
us.

GREG  
I'm Greg.

CHRIS  
Safe. I just need to know one  
thing, yeah...

GREG  
What?

CHRIS  
Can you make a decent brew?

GREG  
I... I think so?

CHRIS  
Teabag, sugar, water, milk. That  
shit is gospel, yeah?

GREG  
I've got it, I've made tea before.

CHRIS  
Have you though? I've had people  
come through here with fuckin' no  
clue bruv - no milk, teabag still  
floatin' in it - tepid water.

GREG  
Teabag, sugar, water, milk - I've  
got it.

CHRIS  
Nice.

He gestures to his room and Greg follows.

INT. CHRIS'S ROOM.

His room is like a museum.

Rare toys, still in packaging, fluorescent signs, plants, a  
large desk, everything neat and in its place.

He takes Greg over to his desk and pulls out the drawer.

There are hundreds of individual baggies of different strains of weed, pills, containers of powder, tabs of acid - a sweet shop of drugs.

CHRIS  
Anythin' you need, yesh?

GREG  
OK, good to know. Thanks...

The doorbell goes.

LIVING ROOM  
Chris and Greg emerge, Jack is at the door looking through the peep hole.

THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE

We see the distorted round face of Derek From The Council (45). He looks creepy, glasses, moustache, clipboard.

LIVING ROOM

CHRIS  
What is it?

Jack raises a finger like "quiet".

THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE

Derek sniffs at the door like a police dog inspecting luggage, placing his hands gently on it, like he's sensing what's happening within.

He runs his hand along the door creepily then runs them along the line of his moustache.

He leaves.

LIVING ROOM

Jack lowers his hand.

JACK  
It was Derek.

CHRIS  
Oh, man I hate that guy.

GREG  
Who's Derek?

CHRIS  
From the council.

JACK  
He hates us, wants us gone. Any  
excuse - any party we have, any  
noise complaint, he's there like a  
little fucking ferret.

GREG  
What, is this illegal?

JACK  
No! Well, y'know... It's a grey  
area.

GREG  
What do you mean?

JACK  
Well, the council don't really know  
how to deal with us... There's not  
really legislation that covers...  
this. So they're just extra strict.  
Don't worry, it's fine, if you see  
him just say, y'know... That you  
don't live here...

GREG  
What?

JACK  
What? Let me show you rest of the  
place.

He takes Greg on a little tour.

JACK  
Now, as you heard before, we do  
have a shower, and a toilet! We're  
lucky, we're one of the few units  
that don't have to share the  
communal toilets.

INT. COMMUNAL TOILETS

Grimy, disgusting, cold looking cubicles of showers and  
toilets. There's sludgy build up around the tiles, mould on  
the ceiling, leaking pipes.

JACK

These are the communal toilets.  
Most of the building uses these,  
thank God I don't have to shit next  
to someone else... I don't think  
I'd ever go.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Bin area.

JACK

This is where all our rubbish goes.  
Recycling here, general crap here.  
You can usually find some wicked  
stuff out here - see look at this.

He picks up a dildo that's been melted in half and makes a  
ghoulish noise wiggling it in Gregs face.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jack passes a fabric throw to Greg.

JACK

For the wall - just temporary,  
until tomorrow, I promise. And  
there's a mattress up against that  
wall you can use. Just wait a bit  
for the paint to dry.

GREG

OK, thanks.

Annie, (26) drifts through the house, ghost like. She speaks  
to no one and just goes to fridge, rummages about for a  
second and leaves again with a brightly coloured plastic cup.

Jack and Greg watch her curiously.

JACK

That's Annie. I honestly have no  
idea why she lives here. She  
doesn't seem to like it at all,  
hasn't stopped her staying for  
three years though.

Jack opens the fridge.



INT. FRIDGE

All the shelves are a mess of booze, moulding food and bags of stuff. Except one shelf.

One shelf is perfectly neat, with unlabeled, brightly coloured tupperware, OCD in its perfection.

JACK

Look at that. Even her food is weird. I don't think we've even had one conversation in three years.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Beth is wrapped in a towel. Jack is making tea.

JACK

Your weird Aussie mate still cooking for everyone?

BETH

What, Josh? He's not weird.

JACK

Yes he is, he's super weird.

STEPH

Just because he's spiritual doesn't mean he's weird.

JACK

I don't think he's weird because he's spiritual I think he's weird because he's weird. He just tries it on with everyone and it makes me feel awkward.

STEPH

No, he doesn't...

JACK

He does! He especially wants to get in your pants.

BETH

So what if it does? He's nice! He has a beautiful soul!

JACK

He just wants to sleep with you!

STEPH  
Maybe I want to sleep with him!!

JACK  
Ew! He does contact juggling, and  
talks about "energy".

STEPH  
So?

JACK  
He does Hacky Sack!

STEPH  
Hacky sack is skillful!

JACK  
No it isn't, it's stupid!

A beat.

JACK  
He slept with an underage girl...

STEPH  
(angry)  
That!

Jack looks at her, arms folded.

STEPH  
That is a rumour...

JACK  
I don't like him.

STEPH  
Well, he's coming round, so..

JACK  
Great!

STEPH  
Good!

Beat.

JACK  
If he starts cooking lentils I'm  
out of here.

A knock at the door.

Steph goes to answer it.

It's Josh.

Josh (35) is tanned with long flowing hair, a bone necklace, muscular arms, and a black vest.

STEPH

Joshua!!

JOSH

Stephy-babe! How are ya? Oh, you're glowing, you look beautiful.

(to Jack)

Isn't she beautiful?

JACK

She was sick in the shower earlier.

Steph throws him a glare.

JOSH

Alright Jack? How you going? Pale as ever?

JACK

As ever. Looking forward to dinner.

JOSH

Oh, good. Yeah, I'm cooking Daal. It's an Indian dish.

JACK

Oh? Is that lentil based, by any chance?

JOSH

It is yeah! What I'm really looking forward to though, is this!

He pulls out a load of leafy green chunks in a plastic bag.

GREG

What's that?

JOSH

Oh, hey buddy - didn't see ya there! Josh!

He shakes his hand firmly and dominantly.

GREG

Greg.

JOSH

You new here?

GREG  
Moved in today.

JOSH  
Well, this is cactus. We're going to extract mescaline from it. You boil it down, strain it off, skull it and drift away with the fairies.

GREG  
Oh, no I-

JOSH  
My treat. It'll bring us all together, trust me. Especially me and this one.

He grabs Stephs hands and looks deep into her eyes.

Jack grimaces at them and sits down next to Greg.

Sophie walks out of the bathroom and deliberately walks between Josh and Steph separating them.

Josh is distracted by Sophie.

JOSH  
And how have I missed this beautiful creature?

Steph looks annoyed at being cast aside for a newer Frencher model.

Sophie is unimpressed with his advances.

SOPHIE  
Ugh, putain de cochon.

JOSH  
Oh, oui, oui, I like it! Gosh, I can really see the light just coursing through you, it's magical, really.

Sophie gives a look of disbelief.

JOSH  
(sincerely)  
I should get cooking, but I'd love to read your palm later if you'd be willing? Perhaps during our cactus ceremony...

SOPHIE  
I don't like you. Please leave my  
personal space.

Josh smiles at her and walks to the kitchen.

Sophie sits down next to Jack, who takes her hand and jokily  
reads her palm.

Steph sees them doing this and goes over to Josh.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The housemates are sat around the table quietly.

The sound of clinking cutlery on plates.

Chris comes in with a box of chicken.

JOSH  
Ah, welcome - would you like some  
Daal?

CHRIS  
Fuck no.

He takes a piece of chicken out the box and eats it walking  
to his room.

STEPH  
This is really nice Josh, thank  
you.

JOSH  
No worries, I hope everyone's  
enjoying it.

Silence.

SOPHIE  
I am not enjoying it. It is like  
um, spicy baby food.

JOSH  
Well, I'll pass that on to Sandeep,  
from Hampi in India, who taught me  
the recipe.

SOPHIE  
Tell him what you like, it's hot,  
spicy baby food.

JOSH

Anyone else not enjoying it?

The table murmurs appreciation and thanks.

JOSH

Well, this was just an apitiser.  
The real meal is cooking up on the  
stove there. Who wants to join me  
for an after dinner journey? Lets  
connect on a spiritual and... inter  
dimensional level!

LIVING ROOM - LATER

There is a large pot of stewed, simmered cactus pieces on the living room table, they've gone gooey and gelatinous and are sitting in a broth of brown-green steaming liquid.

Josh puts a ladle in the pot and hands out jam jars to the six housemates.

JOSH

Alright, here we go!

The housemates look at each other nervously.

JOSH

What are you all looking like that  
for? This is your moment of  
awakening! It's beautiful.

He ladles out the goopy liquid into each persons jam jar.

Gets to Sophie.

SOPHIE

No thank you. I do not wish to be  
vulnerable around you. You make me  
quite uncomfortable.

JOSH

I admire your honesty, I find you  
enticing and sexually attractive.  
Do you wish to respond?

SOPHIE

Non.

He shrugs. She gets up and leaves. He divides Sophies ladle between jars and tops up his own.

JOSH  
Alright guys, so just chug it down  
yeah?

Greg takes a little sip and grimaces, gagging.

GREG  
I'm out!

JOSH  
What's wrong?

GREG  
That's horrible.

JOSH  
No worries buddy... What about you  
Jacky boy? Going down good?

JACK  
Delicious thank you.

Jack asserts himself. Makes eye contact with Josh.

JOSH  
You sure about that?

JACK  
Down the hatch.

He sips deeply.

JACK  
Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Josh does the same.

JOSH  
Mmmmmmm.

Jack reaches for another ladle full and tops up his jam jar.

Josh does the same.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Josh is sat cross legged, eyes closed doing Mongolian throat singing. It's sort of impressive, but also quite deeply annoying.

Jack is watching him through a frown.

PULL BACK

Steph is dancing around Josh, slowly like a belly dancer. She is wearing a jingly necklace and "feeling the vibes".

Greg is playing with a pencil on the table.

Flicking it then watching it roll back towards him.

JACK  
Are you honestly tripping?

GREG  
I don't know, but whatever's happening, I'm enjoying this pencil right now.

JACK  
Nothing's happening, I just feel sick.

He winces and holds his stomach, gets up and walks to the bathroom.

It's locked.

He knocks on the door.

JACK  
Oi, oi.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Engaged! Use the communal ones!

JACK  
I can't do that, just hurry up!

CHRIS (O.S.)  
No can do G!

JACK  
Argh!

He marches to the door and walks out into the:

CORRIDOR

The door slams behind him with a an echo that reverberates down the corridor.

It's dark, no windows, just a patch of light at the end of the corridor.



He heads for the light, but the corridor begins stretching out in front of him.

Is the cactus kicking in now? In the dark?

He makes it to the end of the corridor and walks down the stairs, holding on to the hand rail taking one step at a time.

He arrives at the communal toilets.

They look even worse at night, heightened by hallucinogens.

Glistening.

Mouldy.

Wet.

Dripping.

Jack struggles inside, a look of panic on his face.

Tries the light switch - broken.

He opens a cubicle, locks it, pulls his pants down and sits down.

He sits silent for a moment. A long moment.

A cough in the next cubicle.

His eyes widen - someone's here!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone else is relaxed and lying on cushions of the floor.

Sophie has emerged from her room and succumb to having her palm read, although she sits on a chair and is allowing it to happen, rather than getting involved.

World music plays softly in the background, Greg is holding the pencil, staring at it and Steph has her head on Josh's chest.

Josh begins feeling up Sophies arm, pulling it closer to his mouth. He tries to kiss her hand. She snaps her hand back out of his.

SOPHIE

OK! That's enough, thank you.

Josh turns his attention towards Steph.

Strokes her face.

INT. TOILETS

Jack is sat motionless while someone noisily evacuates in the next cubicle. He puts his head in his hands.

A group of people come in.

They flick a different switch and the light comes on.

They laugh and chat, they have beers in hand.

They clank a bunch of stuff out of the way on the sink. They unpack different coloured marker pens.

They are doing an installation on the walls. They begin drawing lines everywhere.

On Jack looking worried.

We back out of the BATHROOM, speed down the HALL, back into the main WAREHOUSE. We spin around the living room, see everyone laughing and enjoying their trip.

Whoosh out the door. Down the long dark corridors, we see people hanging out. Past remarkable sculptures and artworks.

Burst through the doors and down the stairs leading to the:

EXT. WAREHOUSE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Filled with rusted odds and ends and overgrown plants, broken down cars on blocks, mannequins, piles of rubbish.

We crane in to the night sky:

TITLE:

LIVE/WORK

THE END