

Graham stirs awake. Bleary eyed, he pulls earplugs out of his ears and puts them on the dresser. He checks his phone again.

Two ticks. Read. No reply.

Graham GROANS.

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

Graham stands at a bus stop, squinting from the sunshine. His casual clothing has clearly not been ironed. A laptop bag slung over his shoulder.

INT. BUS. DAY.

Graham sits on a crowded bus. A group of school kids are being rowdy a few seats behind him. He puts some headphones in, and plays some Black Metal through his phone. Fast drums, heavy guitars and screams fill his ears. He stares at his message tab for a moment, before hesitantly tapping it.

Two ticks. Read. No reply.

Fast drums. Heavy guitars. Screams.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Graham enters his office. Rows of desks are lined up, with a smattering of well dressed workers busy at their computers. Graham makes a beeline for his desk, music still blaring in his ears.

Graham's desk is similarly barebones to his flat. Desks either side of his are filled with visual flair - toys, pictures, and themed stationary. Graham's, in contrast, is just a laptop dock and stacks of paper.

A man slowly rises from the head of the tables, staring intently at Graham. JAMIE - suited and booted, with his hair slickly done and not a blemish on his well-shaven face.

Graham turns his computer on and sits back in his chair as the screen flashes to life. The screensaver clock: 9:01.

Jamie is stood, looming over Graham. He slowly swivels his chair to face Jamie, drums like a machine gun drowning out Jamie's frantic gesticulating.

Jamie does not look happy.

Graham SIGHS, removing his headphones. He shakes his head.

GRAHAM

What?

JAMIE

'What'? We've got the Tomorrow's  
Children pitch in like 20  
minutes...

Jamie leans in.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And you're dressed like a fucking  
tramp.

Jamie rests his hands on Graham's desk. Power move. Graham  
slowly recoils.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Don't fuck this up for me.

His voice lowered but measured.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It might be your campaign, but it's  
my client.

Jamie goes back to his desk. Graham stares at his computer  
screen. His BREATHING becomes louder and more laboured,  
quickly drowning out the office buzz around him. He  
swallows, rubbing his hands on his jeans. His BREATHING  
continues to rise, until it's almost DEAFENING.

RING!

Graham snaps out of it. The doorbell. He looks towards the  
front of the office and sees Jamie introducing himself to a  
large group of suited ladies and gentlemen.

He walks them through the office into a large, windowed  
meeting room across from Graham's desk.

Alarmed, Graham glances at his computer's clock.

9:18.

Jamie walks past Graham's desk, shooting him an unimpressed  
look.

JAMIE

Five minutes.

Jamie CLINKS a tray of hot and cold drinks onto the meeting room table. Graham can hear the murmur from the suits in the room as they're handed their drinks.

Graham stands up, and heads towards a corridor with a 'toilets' sign above it.

INT. TOILET. DAY.

Graham locks the door on a large toilet cubicle, replete with mirror, sink and hand dryer.

He looks in the mirror, running his fingers over the dark, sunken bags under his eyes.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Graham turns and unlocks the toilet door.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Graham paces through the corridor, past the meeting room. Jamie catches glimpse of him as he paces.

JAMIE

Graham?

Graham cocks his head towards Jamie and begins to speed up. Power walking now, he get to the front door. Jamie leaves the meeting room and follows him.

EXT. OFFICE. DAY.

Graham BURSTS through the office door and walks quickly away from the office. Jamie kicks the office door open and starts to run.

Graham sees Jamie behind him and breaks into a sprint.

JAMIE

Graham!

Graham starts to SCREAM.

Jamie chases Graham down a side road. Graham continues to SCREAM in terror.

JAMIE

Graham!

Graham emerges onto a busy high street. He CRASHES into an ELDERLY MAN, who's knocked straight to the floor. The elderly man's head explodes when it hits the pavement, blood and brains covering other passes-by who SHRIEK.

Graham runs straight into the middle of busy traffic, turning just as a car comes towards him. He smiles. The car hits him, and his head is thrown into the windshield. Eviscerated.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. OFFICE TOILET. DAY.

Graham stares at his sunken eyes in the mirror. He takes a couple of deep breaths, wipes his hands on his jeans, and unlocks the door.

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

Blood THUMPS in Graham's ears. The suits sat around the large meeting room table are framed by a hazy vignette border.

Jamie is sat next to Graham, his voice a garbled mess as he addresses his audience.

BOOM-BOOM BOOM-BOOM.

Graham is fixated on the laptop screen in front of him. 'Help Every Child Become Who They Want To Be', followed by myriad bullet points.

Jamie CLAPS Graham on the shoulder.

JAMIE  
This is Graham, our wordsmith  
extraordinaire.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN  
Nice to meet you.

The suits nod, smiling.

Graham smiles awkwardly back. Maybe too much, maybe not enough.

GRAHAM  
Hi.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN  
I think we're all looking forward  
to seeing what you've come up with.

JAMIE  
Of course.

All eyes descend on Graham.