

He passes Jamie's desk as he heads for the door. Jamie gives him a quick side glance, but stays focused on his screen.

EXT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

Graham exits the office. Meghan is outside smoking an e-cigarette.

MEGHAN

Good job with Jamie today.

Graham stops.

GRAHAM

What?

MEGHAN

He needs a good deflating every so often.

Graham nods, confused. He paces away.

INT. BUS. NIGHT.

Graham is sat on the bus. A WOMAN is talking loudly on the phone behind him.

WOMAN

I know, I know! Fucking prick!

Gets his phone out. He taps his pockets, then opens his bag up and looks through it.

He SIGHS.

WOMAN

I swear I'll tear his fucking bollocks off!

Graham shoves his phone back in his pocket and turns towards the woman.

GRAHAM

Will you-

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Graham is sat on his sofa, watching TV. He STARTLES.

THUD THUD THUD THUD

He frantically looks around the room. Music from the neighbours' party nearly drowning out the TV. He walks over to the sink, pours a large glass of water and gulps it down.

THUD THUD THUD THUD

He SLAMS his hand on the wall.

CUT TO:

Graham is urinating in the toilet. He YELPS, startled. His stream goes everywhere, including his trousers.

He takes his urine-soaked trousers off, and runs over to his laptop in his boxers.

The music from the neighbours has stopped.

He quickly opens TOR and logs into King's Highway. A chat window pops up.

CHAT BOT (TEXT)

*Welcome back 20202602. What would you like today?*

A long list of numbers appears in the window.

GRAHAM (TEXT)

*What is Blossom?*

CHAT BOT (TEXT)

*Sorry, I do not understand. Please select one or more of the numbers below.*

Graham shakes his head.

GRAHAM

*Fucking robot.*

Graham checks his phone, cycling through the codes. He GRUNTS, slamming his phone down on the table.

GRAHAM

*Fuck.*

GRAHAM (TEXT)

*What is BLOSSOM? What did you send me? WHY AM I BLACKING OUT?*

CHAT BOT (TEXT)

*If you are having trouble ordering, please enter 'HELP' to speak to a representative.*

GRAHAM (TEXT)

*HELP.*

Graham is paused, hunched over his laptop screen. He starts table-rapping. His leg is restlessly hopping.

A new window pops up.

00000183 (TEXT)

*how can i help?*

GRAHAM (TEXT)

*I ordered some stuff from you last week and you sent me something called Blossom. What is it? I'm blacking out and I can't find anything about it online.*

A beat. Graham rubs his beard. No response.

GRAHAM (TEXT)

*WHAT IS BLOSSOM? WHAT DID IT DO TO ME?*

Another moment.

CHAT BOT (TEXT)

*This chat has now ended. If you need further assistance, please refresh your browser.*

GRAHAM

What?

Graham refreshes the page, and after a moment is met with a message.

'The site is down for maintenance. Please try again later.'

Graham stands up and pours a water, downing it.

He taps F5 on the keyboard.

'The site is down for maintenance. Please try again later.'

He viciously taps the key.

'The site is down for maintenance. Please try again later.'

He rubs his face in frustration and picks up his phone.

He scrolls to his messages, the phone shaking in his hand. His thumb hovers over 'Tank' before he taps on his messages to 'Sharon'.