

SUPERSTAR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT - OFFICE - DAY

ANNA (late 20s), sits at her desk in a self-consciously cool office. She has two phones and a computer in front of her and she's typing fast, visibly stressed and exhausted.

The room is full of huge monitors and people working industriously. In the corner are some beanbags and a ping pong table, none of which are being used.

Ping.

A messenger box pops up in the corner of her screen. It is JACK, her boss:

JACK
(message)
Team meeting at 7 tonight, don't forget!

Anna pinches the bridge of her nose and takes a deep breath. Types back:

ANNA
(message)
Haven't forgotten! Metrics for last month are done, finishing the report now.

Ping.

JACK
(message)
Superstar!!!

She dismisses the box and carries on working. Messenger **pings** again.

JACK (CONT'D)
(message)
More Twitter activity though, pls :)

Ping.

JACK (CONT'D)
(message)
& ETA on that press release?

Anna goes to reply, but her phone rings. She answers.

ANNA

Hi Steph. Yes, good, you? I'm working on it, nearly done on the first draft, can get it over to you by 4ish? Ok. Any update on those stats?

(pause)

Really? Ok, I'll look into it now. Thanks Steph, bye.

Ping.

Another messenger box opens.

FREDDIE

(message)

Quick lunch?

Anna looks at the clock. It's just after 2pm. She sighs.

ANNA

(message)

Sorry, no time!!! Bring me something back?

Anna catches FREDDIE's eye across the room and smiles gratefully. He gives her a tired looking smile and a thumbs up. She switches back to her emails, opens one titled Press Release. Messenger **pings** again.

JACK

(message)

??? Press release?

ANNA

(message)

On it now. Just need some stats first.

Ping.

JACK

(message)

[Superstar gif]

Anna closes her eyes briefly, then carries on.

She types faster, then faster still.

INT - TUBE - NIGHT

Quick cut to her sitting on the tube, laptop out, working as other commuters get in her way - jostle her laptop with their

bags, talk loudly, she shelters her screen from someone's coffee.

INT - ANNA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cut to her at home, sitting in the kitchen with a dressing gown on, eating pasta with one hand, eyes still on her screen. Her BOYFRIEND puts a glass of wine in front of her, which she barely registers. He kisses her on the head and walks off. Her phone **pings**. She pinches the bridge of her nose, exhausted.

INT - ANNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cut to her waking up, sprawled on top of her duvet, still in her dressing gown. Her BOYFRIEND sits up in the bed next to her, brushes some hair off her face and gets up.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

Anna sits at her desk, typing, her messenger box **pings**, typing faster again, eating a burrito one handed. Everyone around her is doing exactly the same thing - eating one handed while working.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

Next day > at her desk, typing, new outfit - messenger box **pings**, typing even faster.

INT - TUBE - MORNING

Anna reads work emails on her phone while attempting to drink coffee at the same time, crushed by rush hour commuters.

INT - ANNA'S BEDROOM

Anna wakes up on the sofa, still fully dressed, next to her laptop. Her boyfriend is on his way out as she wakes - looks at her exasperated and sad, but she has nothing to offer. He gives her a remorseful shrug and walks out, silently, without saying goodbye.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

Back to Anna at her desk, another new outfit, typing faster than ever. We see her screen - a huge to do list and a stack of messages flashing. The same at the next screen over.

Ping.

JACK

(message)

Hey Anna! New starter in your department today, could you take a couple of hours to show him the ropes?

Anna looks up from her computer screen. At the door, Jack (bearded, self-consciously geek chic) waves merrily from next to DAVE, an equally hip looking new starter.

Anna takes a deep breath, collects herself, then walks politely over to them.

JACK (CONT'D)

Anna! Since you're one of our veterans, I thought you might like to take some time to meet Dave here and introduce him to our little family.

Ping. Her phone in the background.

Ping. Another notification.

Ping, ping, ping, ping.

We see Anna's face, unhappy and exhausted.

Anna reaches out - Dave extends his hand to shake hers.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not too busy are you?

Ping.

Everything goes silent.

Anna looks at Dave's hand, but doesn't take it. She slowly and deliberately takes off her jacket, drops it, rolls up her sleeves.

There's a moment's silence, then she ROARS at him. A primal sound, letting everything out.

In the rest of the office, everyone is silent and staring.

ANNA

(Calmly but breathing a little heavily after her scream)

No, I don't think so.

From the pocket of her trousers, she pulls out a sharpie. She takes off the lid and, maintaining intense eye contact with

Dave, draws warrior stripes on her cheeks.

Jack looks at her, taken aback, and moves to take Dave away.

JACK

Anna, what -

Anna puts a finger to her lips.

ANNA

Shhhhh.

She untucks her shirt, and rips off a few inches at the bottom, until she has a ragged strip. With everyone watching in fascination, she wraps it around her head like a bandana.

Anna turns around to face the silent office. In the corner, someone **picks up their phone and starts filming**. Two others mutter to each other, one goes to make a phone call.

Anna climbs up on to her desk and surveys the room.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Well.

(beat)

I think I've had enough of this.

(beat)

Who's with me?

The rest of the office look at each other. After a few seconds, Freddie stands up and slowly paints sharpie marks on his cheeks as well, gets up on his desk.

FREDDIE

I want a lunch break.

There's a murmur of agreement from the rest of the office.

KAT stands up.

KAT

And sick leave!

ROSIE stands.

ROSIE

And weekends off!!

Around the room, more people stand up. A loud rumble of agreement spreads, people throw down their phones, those still sitting take off their glasses, rub their eyes, blink as though seeing daylight for the first time.

Anna lifts her coffee cup and pours it slowly and

deliberately over her laptop. Freddie picks up the papers from his desk, and begins to tear them into ribbons. A few others begin to follow suit.

JACK

Guys, now hang on, why are you doing this? You know I think you're all superstars -

The standing employees, as one, turn and ROAR at him.

The line has been crossed and chaos breaks out. We cut between seeing the room, and the film captured by the phone camera.

Behind Anna, the others start turning over tables, scattering post-its, joyfully wrecking everything in sight. Kat, across the room, determinedly batters her computer screen with a framed motivational poster. An apple flies across the room, followed by a kiwi. Everyone is shouting, causing as much destruction as possible.

Anna jumps down, pushes her wheely chair across the room towards Jack. He squeaks and runs for his managerial suite, locks the door behind him.

The full office has now joined in. Anna climbs back on to her table top, watching her colleagues with pride, like a conductor.

Things are completely out of hand - everyone's clothes are ripped, the beanbag has been torn apart and its stuffing is everywhere, along with ripped paper and post-its. Freddie has taped a table tennis bat to his head with masking tape.

We see Dave, up until now totally confused, give up and join in the frenzy, enthusiastically smashing a potted plant.

INT - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack cowers in his office, staring out through the glass. The sound is muffled - we see the pandemonium silently through the window. Anna, from on top of her table, looks across and gives him the finger.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

The carnage continues. Someone's laptop has gotten stuck and is **pinging** repeatedly. More people have drawn lines on their faces with sharpie and lipstick.

The phone footage stops as the phone is dropped. Confused

images, then it comes to rest at an angle on the floor. From that position, we see Rosie, who has taken off her high heels and is using them to smash the glass on a framed team photo. Then someone stands on the phone, and the picture goes dead.

Anna waves to get everyone's attention, and quiet falls - everyone breathing heavily, a few papers fluttering to the ground.

Anna points at the door, and shouts -

ANNA
We're going home!!

Everyone rushes for the exit. Screaming wildly, they charge out of the office and into the sunlight beyond.

CREDITS ROLL

INT - UNDERGROUND - DAY

Anna, with torn clothes, bandana and marks on her cheeks, sits on the tube, still a little out of breath, smiling slightly to herself. Around her, commuters pay no attention to her appearance.

FADE OUT