

1 **FADE IN:** 1

2 **EXT. PUB OR RESTAURANT SMOKING AREA - EVENING** 2

RYAN, sits among friends, laughing, talking and smoking. The gentle buzz of cozy nightlife surrounds her as she jokes and laughs with her friends, dialogue partially drowned out by the surrounding ambience.

As the camera gently moves in, she looks over at us with a warm and familiar smile.

RYAN

I'm on a cheeky night out. I really don't think I could've asked for a better freshers experience so far. My friends; they're all lovely, My course is great, and my personal tutor says i'm showing "great academic potential."

She takes a drag of her cig/vape, eyes wandering, as if forgetting we're there, before returning her attention towards us. She seems very subtly defensive, eyes flitting to the cig/vape for a split second, then back at us.

RYAN

It's a social habit i've picked up recently; easy to make friends. It's under control, though.

She nods reassuringly as she speaks, convincing us, as well as herself.

3 **INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (CAN BE SIMULATED)** 3

Neon lighting of all colours dance across the walls and bathe the room in an exciting wash of colour. DnB music pumps in time with the bodies of people dancing behind and around a sofa in the room. Their heads are offscreen, identities removed and irrelevant.

Ryan sits on the centre of the couch, makeup and clothes noticeably edgier/grungier. She bobs her head to the music while balancing a tray on her lap, unmistakable lines of white powder and a straw or rolled up bank note visible on it.

She catches sight of us once more, smiling into camera as if recognizing a friend in a crowd.

RYAN
 (voice somewhat raised
 over the music)
 I love my life! How fucking cool is
 this?

She gestures at the room around her.

RYAN
 My tutor forgot my name the other
 day, but I'm still loving my
 course! The work's piling up a
 little, but they say first year
 doesn't matter anyway.

She picks up the straw, snorting a line before returning to upright, demeanor noticeably changing.

RYAN
 Picked up a few new habits here and
 there, but it's nothing serious,
 i'm young! It's under control.

4 EXT. A STREET SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL BRISTOL - EARLY EVENING 4

Mellow, soft light blankets the empty street, city sounds like sirens and seagulls creating a dynamic silence.

The moment of peace is broken as Ryan bolts past the camera, and we begin tracking her, as if attached. Two voices, and two extra sets of footsteps sound offscreen, yelling and threatening. Ryan's clothes are dark and clearly prioritizing comfort over fashion. She turns a corner and we face her straight-on as she presses her back against the wall, sliding down into a crouching position, eyes darting around, alert and scared. She's wearing no makeup and looks rough, dark circles under her eyes and acne indicating a drastic decline in self-care. Her eyes settle on us and a look of mild surprise crosses her face. She nods towards the street she's just turned off of (the street now offscreen)

RYAN
 That's REX and JJ, they're not
 usually like this, but... I
 might've gathered a bit of a debt.

Ryan furrows her brow momentarily, as if sensing our confusion. A look of realisation dawns.

RYAN

Oh! I ended up dropping out. I'm still in Bristol though, I just started to realise the course wasn't for me. Life's full of surprises.

She pulls a small parcel from a pocket on her clothes, checking it over for a moment before returning it to its hiding place. She looks back up at us, a wry smile starting to form on her lips.

RYAN

You probably saw this coming, didn't you? (scoffs) It's funny how clear things seem from the outside, but life's fucking complicated, yeah?

Rex and JJ's footsteps and voices, which previously faded out, return, getting louder as they approach. Ryan's face switches back to one of fear and alertness, looking towards the corner she just turned. The handheld camera's movement becomes erratic as Rex and JJ turn the corner, dressed in dark clothes, faces obscured and irrelevant. One of them pulls Ryan up by the collar and pulls his arm back to deliver a wicked blow.

Ryan looks back at the camera a final time, a false smile of confidence trying and failing to hide her fear and dread.

RYAN

(nodding slightly)
I've got things under control.

Rex or JJ's arm flies forward towards her face, hard-cutting to blackness before it connects.

We hear the sickening sound of impact followed by a chilling scream of pain from Ryan, breaking down into haunting sobs.