

SPIRAL

written by

Debo Ondet

B01738165@studentmail.uws.ac.uk



INT. STUDENT BAR AT UNI. AFTERNOON. DAY.

HARRY (20), a music production student, sits alone at a table at the corner the student bar, by the counter, with a **bottle of VK Orange**. He is wearing black jeans with a white hoodie. His **backpack** is at his feet, by the table. He looks around but keeps drinking his beverage without paying too much attention to **his surroundings**. **In the background, some pop music is playing.**

Another student, **LARRY** (22), arrives with a **bottle of beer** and sits opposite **Harry**. He doesn't have a bag. He wears a rather large and colourful hoodie. Overall, he looks like a happy and outgoing lad.

LARRY

Hey! You are in my class! Hi!

Startled, **Harry** looks up.

HARRY

Yeah, I think so... Hi.

Larry holds out his hand for **Harry** to shake.

LARRY

I'm Larry, by the way. Nice to meet you.

Harry shakes Larry's hand.

HARRY

Harry. Nice to meet you too.

Harry looks around but does not notice **anyone he knows**. He puts his attention back to **Larry**, who's having a long sip of **his bottled beer**.

LARRY

Harry. Larry. That's funny.

HARRY

Hi-larry-ous, I guess.

LARRY

Oh, I see what you did there! So. What do you think of the lecturers this year?

HARRY

Hum yeah. Judy was our main lecturer last year, now it's Julie. She's fine. She's a good sound engineer. Dunno about the others.

LARRY

Yeah... I was here two years ago.
Took a year off to go abroad, so I
don't know anyone anymore.

1/8

Harry smiles and lifts his bottle. Larry does the same.

HARRY AND LARRY (CONT'D)

Cheers!

2

INT. STUDENT BAR AT UNI. FOLLOWING WEEK. EVENING. NIGHT.

The following week, Harry is behind the counter, selling beers and drinks to other students. His polo shirt has the university logo, and he wears a badge displaying his name. The bar is reasonably busy this night. The ambient music is a pop music playlist.

GRETCHEN (30s), the bar manager, arrives from the kitchen pushing a trolley loaded with cans and bottles. She is wearing a dark red smart shirt with black trousers, as well as a lanyard with her ID card and keys.

GRETCHEN

Can you refill the fridges when you
have a minute?

HARRY

Sure.

7/8

She leaves the trolley in a corner and goes to the counter to take some orders from a few customers.

Larry, wearing another colourful hoodie over dungarees, and Timberland boots, approaches the counter. When he sees Harry, he smiles.

LARRY

Hey, Harry! I didn't know you
worked here!

HARRY

Hiya. Been here since April.

LARRY

(designating Gretchen with
a movement of his head)
she the manager?

HARRY

Yep.

LARRY

Can I talk to her?

HARRY

Don't see why not.

Harry changes queues to talk to Gretchen. Meantime, Harry serves the next customers.

LARRY

Hi. Do you by any chance need some more staff?

GRETCHEN

In fact, yes. Our ad came live this morning. Check on Indeed to apply.

LARRY

Ok, great, thanks! And I'll have a Punk IPA. Thank you!

2/8

3

INT. A CLASSROOM. THE FOLLOWING WEEK. AFTERNOON. DAY.

The following week. Harry is in class, sitting at the front, with a notebook and a pencil case on his table. He's got a black shirt and black jeans with black Dr Martens. He's scrolling on Instagram while drinking a can of IrnBru. Other students are there, chatting or on their phones, waiting for the class to start.

JULIE (40s), the lecturer, starts.

JULIE

Hello everyone. Hope you had a great weekend. Anyone been to a gig or listened to something new on Spotify?

6/8

A few hands are up. Larry arrives at this moment, wearing a plaid checked shirt, large jeans, Air Jordans and a bucket hat.

LARRY

(to Julie)

I went to see Ride, t'was cool.

Larry sits next to Harry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Guess what, mate. Got an interview at the coffee shop!

HARRY

Fantastic! One step closer to being colleagues.

LARRY

On top of living and studying together. It's fate, I'm telling you.

4 INT. STUDENT HALL FLAT CORRIDOR. EVENING. NIGHT.

2/8 A few days later. It's a long corridor with four doors giving access to individual bedrooms, and a door giving access to the kitchen at the end. **Harry**, with a white t-shirt and black jeans, closes his room door and goes to the kitchen. A few seconds later, **Larry**, with a tie and dye t-shirt and dungarees, gets out of his room, which is next to Harry's, and goes to the kitchen too.

LARRY (V.O.)

Ha, I knew it was you! Got a phone call today after my interview. Got the job!

HARRY (V.O.)

Knew it!

5 INT. THE COFFEE SHOP AT UNI. MORNING. DAY.

5/8 A week later. By the windows, we can see autumn has definitely replaced summer with grey sky and fallen leaves. It's **Larry**'s first day. He's wearing a polo with the university logo and a badge displaying his name. **Harry**, who's wearing the same uniform, is showing him the ropes at the coffee machine. Harry repeats the movements and nods. A **CUSTOMER** arrives.

HARRY

You do it.

LARRY

Ok.

CUSTOMER 1

Hello. Hum. A large cappuccino with oat milk, please.

LARRY

Absolutely.

Larry types the order on the paying machine and the customer pays. **Larry** then makes a cappuccino with **Harry**'s help. **Harry** takes the jug of oat milk and heats it.

HARRY

You have to lift it up and down to get the froth...

6 INT. THE COFFEE SHOP. MORNING. DAY.

1/8 A week later. It is a really fine morning with a clear blue sky. **Larry** is alone in the coffee shop, he now makes really good looking cappuccinos and lattes. He finishes the froth artwork and gives the cup to a customer.

LARRY
Caramel latte!

Gretchen arrives, holding a **tablet**. She's wearing the usual dark red shirt with her **lanyard**.

GRETCHEN
Hey, Larry, just to be sure, are you OK with taking up a few of Harry's hours next week?

4/8

LARRY
Absolutely. He told me he would be away.

GRETCHEN
Great. So... I'm timetabling you on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon.

LARRY
I'll be there.

Gretchen types something on **her tablet** and leaves. **Larry** makes another work of art out of a **pumpkin spice latte**. He admires it.

7

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON. DAY.

A few weeks later. **Larry**, wearing black jeans, a plaid shirt and Timberland boots, is sitting at a table with **some other students**. The class has begun. **They** are watching a video. **Harry** arrives in class late. He's got a black and white woolen jumper and skinny black jeans on. He takes the seat on Larry's left.

LARRY
Where were you?

HARRY
Home... the class didn't show up on my timetable.

4/8

LARRY
Weird. It's on mine.

HARRY
Look.

Harry shows his timetable on **his phone** to **Larry**. No class is shown. **Larry** does **the same**. The class appears on Larry's timetable.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Weird.

8

EXT. BY THE STUDENT RESIDENCE. LATER. DAY.

Harry and Larry are going home from class. Harry tries his fob. It doesn't work.

HARRY

That thing's not working properly.
Hasn't been for a few weeks.

LARRY

Have you tried to get a new one at
the reception?

HARRY

I always forget. Since I've been to
Inverness things are getting
strange.

LARRY

Like what?

HARRY

My fob, my computer access, my
library card... like everything
went to the wash and got soaked.

LARRY

What do you mean your computer
access?

HARRY

The college computers. I can't log-
in on first attempt. I went to IT,
they didn't find anything.

Larry uses his fob to open the door. They both enter the
building.

9

INT. GRETCHEN'S OFFICE. MORNING. DAY.

Following week. Gretchen and Harry are having a chat in
Gretchen's office. She's at her desk, looking at timetables
and emails on her laptop. He's seated at the other side of
the desk, looking a bit distressed.

GRETCHEN

I can't give you more hours, Harry.
We're fully staffed.

HARRY

I know that... but I'm contracted
for 15 hours and now I'm just
working 12. What happened to the
three other hours? Larry told me he
was now working 18 instead of 15.
How come I got my hours reduced and
he got his increased?

6/8

2/8

GRETCHEN

Let me check...

She searches the **filing cabinet** behind her and takes a **folder** out of it. She opens it flat on her desk and examines **the contract**.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Well... it says here you're doing 12 hours.

HARRY

What? When I signed my contract in April, it said 15. I've always worked 15.

GRETCHEN

It's not what it says here. You signed it... 12 April 2024. Everything is in order.

HARRY

But...

He gets a closer look. His hand brushes over his handwriting and signature. It really looks real.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You mean I've been working 15 hours by mistake for months?

GRETCHEN

No, I mean you never worked 15 hours. I don't know what gave you the idea you did.

Harry looks at **Gretchen**, confused and anxious.

10

INT. HARRY'S ROOM. LATER. NIGHT.

The room is an average student residence room with a bed, a long desk, a bookshelf, a wardrobe and an ensuite bathroom. the window gives a view on the street. A **few cars** are parked nearby. **The decoration** is quite simple with **black and white elements**.

Harry is on his bed, wearing a black t-shirt and white sport shorts, staring at the ceiling. He's listening **to music** on **his wireless headphones**. He takes **his phone** and **changes the music**.

A **message pops up** on WhatsApp. It's Larry. "Yo mate, you ok? You werent in class today."

Harry sighs and types an answer. "I've been taken 3 hours on my contract, total bullshit but it looks real." He suppresses it. Types "All good, just tired" instead and sends it.

5/8

3/8

1/8

After a few seconds, he frowns and gets up. He searches **his stuff** in the bookshelf and **boxes** and finds **a folder**. In it, **a copy of his qualifications, identity and his contract**. He checks it. It says 12 hours a week.

HARRY

I'll be damned...

11

EXT. A STREET IN TOWN. AFTERNOON. DAY.

November. Nice day but quite cold . **Harry** and **Larry** walk in town to have a drink, **Harry** in his usual black and white clothes, **Larry** with a yellow puff jacket. Behind them, a cinema. They're talking about the film they just saw. Some **traffic in the background**.

LARRY

What did you think of it?

HARRY

I liked it. Thought provoking.

A few meters away, their lecturer **Julie** walks in their direction. The boys wave at her.

JULIE

Hi. How are you doing?

LARRY

Good. You?

JULIE

Great. It was a great song you produced last week, Larry. Well done.

LARRY

Thank you!

HARRY

And wha...

JULIE

(checking **her watch**,
interrupting **Harry**)
Oh, shoot, I'm gonna miss my train!
See you in class, Larry.

Julie goes away, walking faster.

HARRY

(dumbfounded)
What about me?

Larry shrugs and starts walking. **Harry** follows.

7/8

LARRY

Dunno. Maybe she hasn't listened to your prod yet.

1/8

HARRY

She talked to you and totally ignored me.

LARRY

Come on, let's have a beer.

12

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP AT UNI. MORNING. DAY.

1/8

Larry is opening the shop. He puts sweets and snacks on the shelves. There's no one else in the shop yet. Larry is whistling a pop song melody.

13

INT. HARRY'S ROOM. AT THE SAME TIME.

2/8

Harry is still sleeping. He's wearing boxer shorts and an old t-shirt. His phone on the bedside table lights up and rings. Alarm clock. His hand fumbles on the table ; he takes his phone and turns the alarm off. He rubs his eyes, stretches and sighs.

He gets up, goes to his laptop on his desk, turns it on.

14

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP AT UNI. A FEW MINUTES LATER. DAY.

1/8

Larry is now preparing some espressos he puts on the side to cool down for iced coffees. He puts one cup in the machine, presses the button 'double espresso' and watches the coffee pour into the cup.

15

INT. HARRY'S ROOM. AT THE SAME TIME.

Harry is now wearing a black t-shirt and white jeans after a shower. His hair is still wet*. He is looking at his pay slips on his laptop. They show a salary that fits a 15-hour contract.

He closes his eyes, passes his hands on his face and takes a deep breath. He looks again and sees a 12-hour contract salary. The numbers are different.

3/8

He blinks. The numbers are as before. He blinks again. The new numbers appear. He stares at the screen, swallowing with difficulty. He tries to calm down by breathing slowly and deeply.

He closes his laptop and takes a step back. On the laptop cover, amongst the stickers, one says 'where there's a will, there's a way' with the face of Shakespeare.

16

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP -> CORRIDORS. LATER. DAY.

DOLLY BACKWARD + MEDIUM SHOT ON LARRY AS HE WALKS TO THE CAM.

3/8

Larry is leaving the shop with a cup of tea. He's got his denim dungarees, a pink t-shirt and his puff jacket on. He goes, singing absurd and dark lyrics on a happy melody. We see students and staff here and there as he navigates the corridors on a happy stroll.

LARRY

"And he dies, dies, dies, in his sleep, sleep, sleep, opened his empty eyes on a sea too deep..."

17

INT. CLASSROOM. A MINUTE LATER. DAY.

Harry is already here, in all black, in a far corner of the classroom, hood on. Larry arrives and sits next to him.

LARRY

Hey, man, what's up?

HARRY

Nothing.

Harry is biting his nails and avoiding eye contact.

LARRY

...I can see that things are not going great.

HARRY

No feedback from Julie about my prod. When I asked she said I didn't hand it in.

LARRY

Nonsense. I was there when you clicked on 'submit'.

HARRY

(Hesitating)

And... and... nothing. You'll think me mad.

LARRY

Still about those working hours or your fob? Have you talked to the receptionist?

Harry looks at him with a mix of anxiety and anger in his eyes.

5/8

18

INT. STUDENT BAR AT UNI. EVENING. NIGHT.

The following week. **Harry** seems tired as he is **moping** the floor at the end of the shift. **Gretchen** pays no attention to him as she's looking up numbers on **her laptop**. **Harry** puts **the mop** back in **the bucket** and looks at **Gretchen**.

HARRY

Gretchen... I need a week off. I'm not feeling well, lately.

3/8

GRETCHEN

(raising her eyes over **the laptop** screen to look at him)

OK. I'll see with the others to cover for you. Send me an email so I don't forget. Are you going to be OK?

HARRY

Thanks... Yeah... I just need... to sort stuff out.

19

EXT. THE STREET BY UNI. A FEW MINUTES LATER. NIGHT.

1/8

Harry is walking back home, hands in the pockets of **his peacoat**. After a few meters, he stops, looks straight ahead. The student residence is not far away, the gates are in sight. He sighs and turns back. He's going to town.

20

INT. A PUB IN TOWN. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Harry is drinking **a pint of beer** and sits next to **BERENICE** (40s), a woman in **blue flare jeans** and a **green Beatles t-shirt**. She has **a bottled beer**. There are a **lot of people** and **a band** is playing **traditional Scottish music** in a corner. **Some people are dancing, some other speak loudly**.

Bérénice puts an arm around **Harry's** shoulders. He looks at her with an expression of surprise.

BERENICE

What's your name?

4/8

HARRY

Er... Harry. Yours?

BERENICE

Bérénice.

HARRY

What? Beray Niece?

BERENICE

Yeah, it's French.

HARRY
You're French?

BERENICE
No.

HARRY
You don't sound like it anyway.

BERENICE
I'm from Belgium.

HARRY
Okay.

They stare at each other and drink up. He looks somewhere else.

BERENICE
Can I get you something?

HARRY
Erm... a whisky, thanks.
Cragganmore if they have.

BERENICE
Not sure they have this one.

HARRY
Oh well, any whisky you find, then.
Thank you.

She leaves to get the drinks. He stares at her back, then at **the band**. He looks tired but still holds on. After a while, **Bérénice** comes back with **two whiskies**.

BERENICE
Laphroaig. Hope you like it.

She gives him one of the glasses. They toast.

BERENICE (CONT'D)
Santé!

HARRY
Slàinte Mhath!

They drink, bottoms up. **Harry** closes his eyes. He needs a few moments to get over the whisky.

21

INT. BERENICE'S BEDROOM. MORNING. DAY.

Harry and **Bérénice** are asleep on a bed, under a **soft and thick blanket**. **An alarm clock sings a rock song**. The room is a bit dark because of **the curtains**, but it's already the day. Clothes everywhere on the floor. The **ringing phone** is in the pocket of a pair of jeans.

1/8

HARRY
What...Huh...

He opens his eyes. **Béré nice** wakes up too.

The alarm keeps playing. They stare at each other. They look completely hungover. **Harry** gets up and fumbles his way to the **phone**. He turns it off.

BERENICE
Thank you... It was piercing my brain... or what's left of it.

HARRY
You're welcome.

He goes back to bed, stifles a yawn. She looks at him, embarrassed.

BERENICE
By the way... What's your name again?

He looks around and frowns.

HARRY
Where are we?

BERENICE
My place.

HARRY
Oh... that explains a lot.
Oh...Nérébice, right?

BERENICE
(chuckles)
Béré nice.

HARRY
Nearly had it. I'm Harry.

BERENICE
Funny. You don't look like a Harry.

HARRY
No? What do I look like?

BERENICE
Let me think... Mmm... Larry.

He neither smile nor laughs. Instead, he's troubled and angered.

INT. STUDENT BAR AT UNI. LATER THAT DAY. DAY.

Gretchen and Larry are working at the bar. It's a bit busy, but not too much. Harry runs to the bar, wearing yesterday's clothes. He's coming from Bérénice's and did not get home. However, his wet hair* suggests he took a shower at her place before leaving.

HARRY

Sorry I'm late!

GRETCHEN

You're not working today.

HARRY

I'm doing 11 to 4.30!

GRETCHEN

Nope, not today.

LARRY

My, dude, you look like a tornado went through you!

HARRY

Fuck off!

He goes to the kitchen, looks at the timetable pinned on the wall. He's not on the rota. His fingers traces Larry's line. The total of his hours is around 30. He comes back to the counter.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not timetabled this week?

GRETCHEN

Let me see.

She takes her tablet on the table behind the counter and checks the timetables.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

You're really wasting my time, you know that? Let's see. Barry. Nope.

HARRY

It's Harry.

GRETCHEN

Hum... Are you sure? I have Barry tomorrow at 10. But no Harry.

He looks at her like she's completely lost her mind and playing a bad trick on him.

HARRY

Seriously?

LARRY

Man, go sleep. Be happy you're not working today. You look like shit.

1/8

HARRY

Oh, thank you, Larry. Thank you very much!

GRETCHEN

Come back later, Barry.

23

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM. DAY.

The following week. **The class** is working on a music production task. **Harry**, wearing a grey jumper under his peacoat, arrives late, as he has been doing for a few weeks. **Larry**, in bleached blue jeans and a striped yellow and purple sweater, is at his computer, headphones on, perfecting a track.

Julie notices **Harry** as he enters the room.

JULIE

Can I help you?

HARRY

Yeah, no, sorry. I'm late.

Julie looks at him and has a look at a piece of paper (her register list).

JULIE

Remind me your name?

Harry doesn't answer right away. He looks surprised.

7/8

HARRY

Harry.

JULIE

(looking at the names on the register)

Hum... no Harry on my list. But I have a Gary who hasn't signed the register today.

HARRY

But I'm not Gary.

JULIE

Then I'm afraid you're not enrolled in this class.

24

EXT. BY THE STUDENT RESIDENCE. LATER. DAY.

Larry and Harry are returning from university. Harry has his hands in the pocket of his jeans and a sullen look on his face. Larry looks healthier and happier.

LARRY

You coming to the party?

HARRY

What party?

LARRY

Jenny's

HARRY

Who's Jenny?

LARRY

Gary's girlfriend.

HARRY

OK... Who's Gary?

LARRY

Okay, dude, you need to rest, I think.

HARRY

Yeah, I know, I know. I just can't sleep. I can't fucking sleep. I'm having nightmares or whatever.

Larry looks at Harry with concern in his eyes. He puts a hand on Harry's shoulder, but Harry shrugs it off and walks ahead.

5/8

25

INT. STUDENT RESIDENCE RECEPTION. NEXT MORNING. DAY.

Harry is wearing the same clothes as the previous day. He looks like he barely slept*.

HARRY

But I'm telling you I can't close or open my door!

The RECEPTIONIST (50s), a woman with a very elegant attire, looks sympathetic. She tests the fob several times.

3/8

RECEPTIONIST

It works fine on my system. Can you remind me your name?

HARRY

Harry...

RECEPTIONIST

Funny, you look like a Larry.
Anyway... I've got Harry Anderson,
Harry Cowie, Harry Findley, Harry
Oliver and Harry Watson. Which one
are you?

2/8

Harry swallows hard. He puts his hand on the counter by the glass window between him and the receptionist.

HARRY

None of them. I'm Harry Evans.

RECEPTIONIST

I have a Barry Evans.

She keeps the fob and puts it in a drawer in her desk. He looks distressed and says nothing.

26

INT. COFFEE SHOP AT UNI. LATER THAT DAY. MORNING. DAY.

As Larry is making coffees and selling pastries, Harry arrives like a tornado.

HARRY

(shouting and pointing at
Larry with anger)
You! It's your fault!

People around are shocked.

LARRY

Excuse-me? What have I ever done to
you?

HARRY

Everything! Don't pretend you don't
know! I'mma kill you!

6/8

He pulls Larry by the collar. A SECURITY AGENT (40s) arrives on time to help and diffuse the situation. He takes Harry by the elbow, and put the student's other hand in his back to neutralize him.

SECURITY

Easy... easy... calm down now.

HARRY

Fuck off! Let go off me!

Harry tries to fight but he can't really move. He finally gives up and temporarily calms down. The security agent escorts him out. We can hear Harry shouting insults as they leave.

A CUSTOMER approaches Larry as he's pinning his badge back into place. Larry's hair is a bit untidy*.

CUSTOMER 2
Are you alright?

1/8

LARRY
(Smiling awkwardly)
No harm done. Thank you.

CUSTOMER 2
You know this lunatic?

Larry shrugs in confusion.

27

INT. THE SECURITY OFFICE AT UNI. LATER. DAY.

Harry is sitting on a chair opposite the security agent. A desk with a computer separates them.

SECURITY
Right...got any ID on you?

Harry takes out his Young Scot card and gives it to the security agent. The surface of the card is partially scratched by wear, making the first letter of the name difficult to read.

5/8

SECURITY (CONT'D)
Thank you.
(reading the info on the
card)
Er... Barry?

HARRY
It's Harry.

SECURITY
Right. So, **Harry**, What happened?

Harry stays silent for a moment before finally opening up.

HARRY
Well...

28

INT. COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

Some time later, a few days before Christmas. A tiny Christmas tree is perched on top of a filing cabinet. A few garlands decorate the edges of the furniture. A few posters on wellbeing are pinned on the walls. Harry is sitting on a comfy armchair in the COUNSELLOR (50s)'s office and avoids looking at her. He's wearing a royal blue jumper and grey jeans. He looks around, his eyes stop at a photo of a Tuscan landscape.

2/8

HARRY
Where is that?

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)
Tuscany, not far from San
Gimignano.

HARRY
Looks peaceful. What's to see?

COUNSELLOR (V.O.)
San Gimignano, of course. Volterra
not too far. Florence. Siena.
Monteriggioni. You like Italy?

MCU ON HARRY.

Harry is still looking around. After a few seconds, he
finally looks at the counsellor in the eyes (to the camera).

HARRY
I don't know. Never been there.

CUT TO BLACK.

END