

JENNA THE GREAT

Written by

Dan Tonkin

EXT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

JENNA, nineteen, dressed in casual sports attire is sat in a classroom behind a desk amidst her classmates.

The CLASS TUTOR, dressed in smart casuals, is making his way around the students' desks, handing back a collection of marked essays back to them, congratulating each one in turn.

The students start congratulating each other warmly as their essays are returned to them.

The class tutor reaches Jenna last and turns away as he offers it to her.

As Jenna takes her marked essay the class tutor walks away.

Jenna looks down at her grade for her essay.

JENNA (TO HERSELF)

Bastard!

The grade reads: 'REFERRAL'

EXT. COLLEGE MAIN ENTRANCE

Three young female students JENNA, KELLY & LAUREN stand in signposted non-smoking area dressed in different variations of outdoor sports attire sharing a cigarette.

JENNA

Titface gave me another referral.

Kelly passes the cigarette.

KELLY

You'll do it mate.

LAUREN

Yeah, no worries mate, you've still got one more try.

Jenna averts her gaze for a moment and passes the cigarette to Lauren.

JENNA

Whatever, this place is cursed, I'm out of here, catch you's later.

Jenna walks away and starts walking out of the college.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Jenna is stood at a bus stop, smoking a cigarette. She notices TWO STUDENTS walking on the opposite side of the road, holding certificates, celebrating their success.

Jenna sneers at them and shakes her head in self-defeat.

A screaming child breaks her concentration when a YOUNG MOTHER dressed in almost identical clothes to Jenna, stops close by talking on her phone, accompanied by FOUR CHILDREN also dressed in sports clothes.

The two boys are fighting each other whilst the two girls are calling for their mums attention.

Jenna watches each of them.

MOTHER (INTO PHONE)

Sod it, he's done it before and  
he'll do it again, just make sure  
you get social services to milk the  
bastard dry, mate.

The mother laughs then one of her children calls for her attention as another starts crying.

The mother shouts to all of the children.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

LOOK, I'M ON THE FUCKING PHONE, NOW  
STOP MUCKING ABOUT OR YOU'RE  
GETTING LEFT BEHIND, GOT IT?

The children settle down and sit silently against a nearby wall whilst the mother continues her phone conversation.

Jenna looks over to one of the small girls who looks back.

Jenna playfully sticks her tongue out with a slight smile.

The girl looks away.

Jenna watches the mother for a moment then switches her glance back to the two students.

Their bus has already arrived and now is starting to drive off down the street.

The noise of the traffic builds.

INT. LIBRARY, RECEPTION DESK - DAY

The library is spacious and empty, a senior librarian, HILDA (early sixties) dressed in smart office attire is scanning book barcodes on a computer.

Jenna enters the library and stops as the lights are being switched off and notices HILDA. She approaches the desk.

Hilda suddenly freezes as she notices Jenna.

HILDA  
We're closing now, pet.

JENNA  
Yeah, I need your help, I've got this bollocks essay referral in Philosophy and-

HILDA  
I can't help you, we're closed, come back after half term.

JENNA  
Look, I'll settle for whatever you've got behind the desk, yeah? No offence but I'll die before I end up sat on my arse in a library or one of them twatty Jeremy Kyle losers outside, what have you got?

Before Hilda can even take offence, Jenna bolts her head over the desk and starts frantically scanning for Philosophy related material.

HILDA  
Look... Most of our Philosophy material won't get returned until after half term now and you're way out of line, missy, now get out before I have you reported.

Jenna happens to notice a large hardback book entitled: "ARISTOTLE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY"

JENNA  
Fist yourself, ya tart!

Hilda's jaw drops.

Jenna quickly snatches the book and bolts towards the door.

Hilda suddenly notices which book Jenna has stolen and tries to shout after Jenna.

HILDA  
OI!

Jenna ignores her and runs out of the library.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna's room is brightly coloured but messy with piles of clothes scattered over the floor.

Jenna is sat at her computer desk, reading through the stolen "ARISTOTLE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY BOOK" with expressions of frustration.

Her essay referral lays to the side of her desk, distracting her attention until she viciously flips a page and notices a picture of Aristotle.

Jenna raises the book slightly and insults the photo.

JENNA  
IF YOU'RE SO BLOODY CLEVER, THEN  
COME ON OUT AND PROVE IT, YOU UGLY  
BASTARD!

Jenna screams out loud and throws the book out behind her then slumps over her desk sulking, crying.

Out of Jenna's sight the book gives off a subtle glow from where it has landed on the floor.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna is sleeping in her bed whilst a steady breeze builds outside the ajar window and delicate waves of light enter the room, firstly towards the book then drifting towards Jenna.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jenna is still in her covers. All is seemingly quiet until she hears her mother calling from downstairs, whilst her eyes remain shut.

There is another figure in Jenna's bed. ARISTOTLE, merely a male, almost completely covered by the duvet.

Jenna stirs underneath her covers, her eyes still closed until they spring open upon touching the thigh of someone beside her.

She whips her head to the side and see's Aristotle.

JENNA  
FUCK ME... BACKWARDS!!!

Aristotle and Jenna simultaneously scream in panic springing out of the bed.

Jenna stands on one side of the bed in her pyjamas and Aristotle, grabbing the cover to cover his nakedness at the other.

ARISTOTLE

Who are you?

JENNA

WHAT YOU MEAN, WHO AM I? WHO THE  
BUGGERY BOLLOCKS ARE YOU, YA  
PERVO...? OH GOD, I JUST TOUCHED  
YOUR COCK, WAS THAT YOUR COCK? -  
EWW, EWW-FUCKING-EWW!!!

Aristotle turns his head slightly confused by Jenna's accent.

ARISTOTLE

Please... I...

Aristotle starts to approach Jenna.

Jenna frantically starts flapping her arms in panic and reaches for the hardest thing on her desk, being the "ARISTOTLE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY" book.

Aristotle suddenly stops by a large mirror, catching a reflection of himself discovering his youthful body features.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

This can't be... I'm young?

JENNA

What..? Can you put some clothes on  
and get out my room, please?

Aristotle turns to Jenna, coming to his senses and quickly takes hold of Jenna's nearby duvet, covering his nakedness.

ARISTOTLE

I'm sorry, I don't know how I got  
here... In fact forgive me but I  
have no idea where *here* is.

JENNA

Must have been quite a night, mate.  
If I tell you, will you please get  
out, before I kick you in the nads?

Aristotle tries to comprehend Jenna's accent as well as her question and unable to respond.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Planet Earth, Great Britain,  
Derbyshire, thirtieth of March,  
will that do?

Aristotle doesn't understand for a moment.

ARISTOTLE

Impossible... Great Britain...?  
Albion and Lerne... the archipelago  
that...?

Jenna shakes her head, trying to make sense of Aristotle.

Aristotle acknowledges Jenna's unhelpful reaction and hurries to the window to look out and shock hits him again as he looks down onto the view of the council estate.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Incredible!

Jenna re-checks the view from her window and looks back at Aristotle.

JENNA

You what...? Are you taking the piss?

Aristotle ignores Jenna for a moment.

ARISTOTLE

What year is it?

JENNA

Two-thousand-thirteen... *welcome*.

Aristotle freezes momentarily before he starts stepping backward in fright towards the other side of the room.

ARISTOTLE (STUTTERING)

Gods above... I'm a th... I'm a th...

Jenna watches Aristotle trampling backwards in fright.

JENNA

You're *what*?

Aristotle stops moving and stares at Jenna.

ARISTOTLE

I'm a two-thousand, three-hundred and ninety-seven years old.

Aristotle faints.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Aristotle lying on the floor unconscious now dressed in modern clothing with one of his wrists is handcuffed to a bar at the end of Jenna's bed rail.

Jenna is at her computer desk, with the book resting to the side, typing and clicking away, updating her status on a social network site, reading:

"THE ONE TIME I CAN'T MIND MY F\*\*\*\*\*G PHONE 2 PHONE THE POLICE & SOME RANDOM NAKED TOSSER WOKE UP AT MY HOUSE, SAYING HE'S TWO THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN YEARS OLD, WTF?"

Underneath the status, her friends, Lauren, Kelly and Beth are displayed saying: 'LIKE THIS'

Lauren has wrote a comment of text terminology:

"LOL"

Kelly has also wrote a comment underneath:

"WAS HE ANY GOOD? ;)"

Jenna has already replied with a comment of her own:

"URGH, DIRTY BITCH BUT FOR SOME REASON LOOKING AT VIEWS OF COUNCIL ESTATES GETS HIM HARD!"

The last comment underneath this, is from Beth, reading:

"322 BC??? WTF, ... YOU SHOULD'VE TESTED HIM, SAME YEAR AS THAT ARISTOTLE BLOKE'S DEATH INNIT...? WOULD B AWESOME HELP FOR THE EXAM LOL"

Jenna is studying the last comment for a moment then looks at the "ARISTOTLE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY" book.

She is transfixed on the book then her eyes dart back over to Aristotle and her jaw drops in disbelief.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jenna is sat on the edge of her bed with a large kitchen knife in her hand, glancing down at Aristotle.

Aristotle opens his eyes and sees Jenna.

JENNA

You're that famous philosopher,  
Aristotle, ain't ya?

Aristotle discovers his hand chained to a piece of heavy furniture, next looking down to discover his new clothes.

ARISTOTLE

Where did these peculiar garments  
come from?

JENNA

From my mums wardrobe, left behind  
by that *peculiar* dickhead father of  
mine, when he decided to piss off  
and leave us here in this *peculiar*  
shithole.

Aristotle barely understands Jenna's response and then switches his glance over to his handcuffed hand.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Yeah, alright, those are mine but you tell anyone and you're dead... What you doing here?

Aristotle sits up.

ARISTOTLE

My name is Aristotle. I was born in Stageira in Macedonia. Wait... Did you say I was famous?

JENNA

Well, its not as if you're Johnny Depp or anything but my nerdy mate would say so...

Aristotle is fiddling with his handcuff, uncomfortably.

Jenna grabs her knife, out of Aristotle's sight.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Alright, look, maybe if I had time to give a monkeys I would but you're here and I need you to write an essay. Do *that* and you don't have to look like some kind of frisky gimp chained to a bed, deal?

ARISTOTLE

What's a gimp?

JENNA

Jesus Christ!

ARISTOTLE

Who?

JENNA

Never mind, anyway, in the words of... you know what, never mind that either... Deal or no deal?

Jenna spits on her hand and holds it out.

Aristotle looks at it in disgust.

Jenna wipes her hand on her clothes and re-offers her hand.

Aristotle shakes it with his free hand.

Both are suddenly frozen, hearing a voice from downstairs - Jenna's mother, STEPH.

STEPH (O.S.)

Jenna?

Jenna freezes.

JENNA

Shit... HIDE!

Aristotle rattles his handcuff.

JENNA (TO STEPH) (CONT'D)

YEAH, MUM, I'M HOME, JUST CHILLIN'

STEPH (O.S.)

What?

Steph's footsteps begin to start on the staircase.

JENNA (TO STEPH)

I SAID...

Stops herself.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit, she's coming up.

Jenna quickly races to free Aristotle.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I don't have time to explain, just shut up and get behind the door.

The sound of footsteps can be heard of Steph coming up the stairs, getting louder and closer.

Aristotle is free from the handcuffs.

ARISTOTLE

Shouldn't I introduce myself...?  
Seems discourteous.

JENNA (WHISPERING)

Will you keep it down...? Yeah, a slap's a bit out of order an' all but it still gets the job done, don't it? Just do it, she finds you we're *both* dead.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM / UPPER LANDING

Steph is a curvy woman, early forties, her clothing is at odds with the aesthetic of the residence, being more colourful and attractive than one would expect.

She approaches Jenna's bedroom door and knocks twice.

STEPH  
Jenna, love?

Just as Steph goes to open the door, Jenna opens it, making Steph jump back.

JENNA  
Y'alright mum?

STEPH  
What ya doing in there, duck,  
having a party?

JENNA  
What you on about?

STEPH  
I mean the banging about, was half  
dead on the sofa until I heard you  
go off a minute ago.

Jenna mistakenly makes an inviting gesture into her room as she turns and points towards the computer desk.

JENNA  
No, I mean yeah, it's erm, that  
(clicks fingers) it's Lauren, she  
were online telling me about this  
mingin' bloke she got off with.

Steph takes a step inside the room, wanting to investigate.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
WAIT, NO, NO!

Jenna violently pushes the door into the wall as hard as she can to cover Aristotle, banging him in the head and catching his finger in the hinge of the door.

Aristotle bites his free hand as hard as he can to stop himself from screaming as Jenna squashes him with the door.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
MUM... Leave us to it, yeah, it's  
personal... Please!

Steph turns to Jenna and studies her face for a moment.

Aristotle is biting his hand as hard as he can.

STEPH  
Okay, okay... Well, tell Lauren to  
be careful and send her my love.

Steph walks back to the door.

STEPH (CONT'D)

Look, just came to say the clothes store place says they need me again so, I've gotta make tracks.

Jenna loosens her grip on the door and Aristotle wriggles his finger free from the door hinge, nursing it painfully.

JENNA

Okay, yeah, yeah.

Steph walks out of Jenna's room and back into the upper landing.

STEPH

Well... Erm...

Jenna is still holding onto the door, shifting her weight uncomfortably, tapping her fingernails on the door's edge.

JENNA

See you later, yeah?

Steph opens her mouth as if wanting to say something but stops herself, smiles, nods and walks away.

Jenna closes the door.

Aristotle blows vigorously on his injured finger.

JENNA (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

ARISTOTLE

You trapped my hand in your accursed door, you inferior little... AAAGH!

Jenna looks for her knife, resting on the cabinet.

Aristotle notices her fixation.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Oh, calm yourself, if I wanted to kill you I would have done it by now.

JENNA (WHISPERING)

Alright, alright... Keep it down and just know, you come near me I'll go Gordon Ramsey on your plums, you got it?

Aristotle looks at her annoyingly shaking his head, confused.

JENNA (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)

Oh, for fuck sake... I mean I'll chop your balls off, yeah?

ARISTOTLE (WHISPERING)  
I've no intentions of hurting you,  
have I...? You're the only person I  
know.

JENNA  
... Right. Anyway, whatever,  
c'mon...

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Aristotle is sat at Jenna's computer and has been conducting  
a study of the internet for some time.

Jenna is sat on her bed with her back up against the wall,  
playing games on her mobile phone in one hand, eating a  
muffin in the other.

Aristotle looks over towards Jenna.

ARISTOTLE  
I think it would be best if you  
wrote this yourself.

Jenna ignores him.

Aristotle turns to Jenna.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)  
Even in the twenty-first century  
where women now also have freedom  
of speech and access to proper  
education I see you're still only  
able to bear the duties of bringing  
ornament.

Jenna thinks for a moment, lowering her mobile phone.

JENNA  
I'm smart enough to know two  
things... *One* - without any money  
or street-smarts, you're stuck  
here. *Two* - ain't much but this is  
*my* place, therefore, *my* rules.  
Until then-

Jenna smiles, looks at her muffin then holds it up.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You ain't got muffin on me.

Jenna takes a bite of her muffin with an obnoxious smirk.

Aristotle is unable to respond.

Annoyed, he turns back to the computer.

Jenna smiles to herself and picks up her mobile phone again.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room has a withered atmosphere, with simple furnishings. Steph occupies a sofa, lying back on it, clutching a cushion, watching the television in the corner.

STEPH:  
Alright love, how's college?

Jenna notices Steph's rosy face and the nearby tissues but ignores them.

JENNA  
Oh... ya, know, same old shit.  
We're on half term now but yeah...

Jenna fazes out her sentence and looks around the room.

Steph watches Jenna as she throws herself into the other sofa, acknowledging a lie but ignores it and switches her glance back to the television.

Jenna watches the television whilst noticing the used tissues by Steph's side again.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Mum, you alright?

Immediately cutting in.

STEPH:  
That cheating wag, Mercedes has  
done the dirty on that poor fella  
again... whassis name?

Jenna is silenced. Steph looks at her and waits.

JENNA  
Riley.

STEPH:  
That's the one... fish n chips  
alright?

Steph turns her attention back towards the television. Jenna shakes her head in subtle frustration.

JENNA  
Yeah, wicked... Erm... Just gonna  
go sort myself out and I'll be back  
down in a mo, yeah?

Steph says nothing, raises her hand to give a thumbs up.

Jenna leaves the room.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM

Jenna enters the room, instantly hit by a smell that makes her hold her nose and wafting her other hand around frantically, closing the door behind her.

Aristotle is sat at the computer desk, watching an online video on 'Youtube.'

JENNA

What is that, that is well rank,  
have you shat yourself, or  
something?

She goes to open a window.

Aristotle turns towards Jenna.

ARISTOTLE

You mean the smell? Well, I'm glad  
you asked about that Jenna... I  
found myself in your time was the  
*biggest* mystery until I found that  
your people in their sad state of  
mind freely donate the most  
ridiculous things I have ever seen.

Jenna finishes another waft of air and chucks her bag on the bed and starts going through it.

JENNA

Ha, they're not my people Arri,  
just think people's sense of humour  
has come a long way since your  
lot... People are out there doing  
shit everyday... Search 'Pug sings  
Batman', that one always cracks me  
up.

ARISTOTLE

Your animals are capable of speech?

Jenna rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

JENNA

Can see you've had a productive  
day.

ARISTOTLE

On the contrary I was until I began  
researching modern culture to link  
your essay to a theory of mine and  
somehow managed to search a  
disgusting monstrosity entitled  
(Aristotle swallows his breath and  
swallows for a moment) 'Two girls,  
one cup!'

Jenna bursts out laughing.

JENNA

... And that's the smell of sick,  
then yeah?

Aristotle holds his hand outward, unable to speak, shaking his head, trying to stop himself from throwing up and nods.

Jenna continues to laugh.

ARISTOTLE

Since I got here, I've been caught  
naked, threatened, punched, crushed  
and an overwhelming sense of shame.

JENNA

Welcome to the twenty-first  
century, Arri.

Aristotle looks back at the computer for a moment and back at Jenna.

ARISTOTLE

You told me you wish to enter  
university... I want to know why.

JENNA

I dunno, my mum used to study it  
for a bit, said it helped her  
realise a couple of things... What  
do you care, anyway?

ARISTOTLE

Is it also etiquette in the twenty-  
first century to deploy a question  
to the one asked when you try to  
defend yourself from your own  
answer?

Jenna stops moving and stares at Aristotle.

JENNA

You got something to say?

ARISTOTLE

Plenty... I'm a Philosopher.

JENNA

Can see you discovered sarcasm,  
then.

Aristotle waits for Jenna's answer.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Look, its none of your business.

ARISTOTLE

But after we've barely made a proper start on this essay of yours and with this attitude, this entry personal statement you need, will come across as... Well in your own words... Shit!

Jenna ignores Aristotle and starts pacing about the room, making small efforts to distract herself.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Look at you, you're incapable of manners, incapable of expression, violent, disorganised. Additionally, I don't detect any sense of ambition from you nor any compassion for your mother, do you realise how hard she seems to be working...? Do you?

Jenna explodes.

JENNA

COURSE, I FUCKING KNOW, ARRI. I'VE GOT ONE MORE TRY TO NAIL THIS EXAM IF I'M GONNA EVEN SKIM THE ENTRY LEVEL TO UNI, WHILST ALL THESE FUCKING GENIUSES ARE STUDYING UNDERNEATH HAPPY FAMILIES, SUCKING EACH OTHER OFF IN SUCCESS, REMINDING ME OF HOW FUCKING DUMB I AM, I'M SPENDING MY TIME WITH MY MUM TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T FALL OFF THE EDGE OF THE FUCKING WORLD...

Jenna starts crying whilst she talks.

Aristotle lets her continue.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This whole place is shit, my teachers doesn't give a fuck, whilst my mates are out, I'm back here paying the fucking bills at nineteen, over the phone faking my mother's voice whilst she goes to kill herself working another shitty double shift at another shitty job and...

Jenna can't stop herself from crying.

A few moments pass.

ARISTOTLE

Jenna, I--

JENNA  
-Fuck you, Arri!

Jenna marches away and slams the door behind her.

Aristotle takes a deep inhale.

EXT. JENNA'S COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT

Jenna is smoking a cigarette, walking through street-lit alleyways and quiet streets.

Jenna passes a group of children playing football on a communal grass area. At one end a girl is sat with a boy who start to hold hands and smile.

As Jenna turns a corner a hatchback car is parked with the engine still running with the male DRIVER occupant looking out the passenger side.

A GIRL runs out of the flat door he is watching, towards the car. The driver opens the passenger door and revs the car.

The girl gets into the car just as her MOTHER at the door appears.

Both Jenna and the mother watch the car speed off and around the corner. The mother curses as she walks back indoors and slams her door. Jenna laughs to herself briefly, shaking her head.

As she walks on Jenna spots two shadows moving behind a nearby window blind, hearing a loud abusive argument between a man and woman. She watches frowning as she walks past.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenna enters the room see's Steph asleep on the sofa.

Jenna quietly walks over to Steph's side and watches her sleep for a moment. Noticing a series of open envelopes stuffed down the side of the seat cushion.

Jenna takes them out and inspects them. They are all various bills and final reminders.

Jenna replaces them and sighs and watches Steph sleep for a moment longer with a weak smile.

Jenna switches the television off and places a cushion underneath Steph's head and leaves the room switching the light off.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, STEPH'S ROOM / UPPER LANDING

Steph's room is small and simple, dominated by a double bed with a bedside table on the far side and a window looking out onto the small back yard.

Jenna is sleeping on the far end.

After a small creaking of footsteps, Steph enters the room slightly and rests up against the door frame, watching Jenna.

Aristotle has opened a door at the far end of the upper landing, carefully poking his head out, seeing Steph and quickly bolts his head back.

Steph walks up to the bed and kneels by its side, resting her elbows on the duvet, praying.

Aristotle slowly brings his head around the door frame and watches her.

STEPH

Please, help her get out of here...  
Please!

Steph wipes her eye subtly and gives an abrupt sniff.

Aristotle continues to watch as Steph silently takes off her shoes and lies beside Jenna with an arm slung over her.

A few moments pass and Aristotle gently paces over to a sleeping Jenna & Steph and notices a framed photo on the bedside table.

He quietly picks it up and examines it.

Jenna is giving Steph a piggyback and they are both laughing.

Aristotle notices an engraving on the photo frame reading:

"MOTHERS ARE FONDER THAN FATHERS OF THEIR CHILDREN BECAUSE THEY ARE MORE CERTAIN THEY ARE THEIR OWN" - ARISTOTLE

Aristotle chuckles silently and looks at Jenna & Steph for a few more moments until a thought suddenly disturbs him.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Aristotle is on the internet using a search engine, he types the words:

"ARISTOTLE DAUGHTER PYTHIAS"

Aristotle waits for a brief moment until the screen reveals a list of historical results.

Aristotle clicks on one, which is a small paragraph, displaying the only information known about her, the extracts Aristotle notices, read:

"PYTHIAS... ARISTOTLE'S FIRST WIFE... SHE PREDECEASED ARISTOTLE... HER WISH BE HONOURED TO HAVE HER BONES BURIED WITH HIS... DAUGHTER, ALSO NAMED PYTHIAS... MARRIED THREE TIMES... BECOMES A BIOLOGY TEACHER."

Aristotle smiles and sheds a tear.

Aristotle makes another search, typing:

"ARISTOTLE SON NICOMACHUS"

A small list populates the screen of search results.

Aristotle clicks on one.

Aristotle reads individual passages from several search results:

"WRITTEN A COMMENTARY ON HIS FATHER'S LECTURES, SOURCES INDICATE NICOMACHUS DIED IN BATTLE WHILE YOUNG"

Aristotle holds a hand over his mouth, subtly crying as he kisses his finger and touches the screen of a bust statue image of Nicomachus.

ARISTOTLE

Discovering legacy in one's own death has been a gift, solely entreated by myself... But to live in a world without one's children is a legacy I can't bear.

Aristotle looks up at the night sky.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, STEPH'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jenna is stirring in her sleep.

Her mobile phone alarm goes off next to where she's sleeping.

Jenna gets uncomfortable quickly and reaches for it and looks at the screen, checking the time.

JENNA

Ah, fuck my ass... ARRI?

Jenna starts to sit up rubbing her eyes and looks around the room and realises she's actually in her mum's bedroom but she has already left for work.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Jenna opens the door slowly and peers down onto the floor to Aristotle's sleeping area is but its empty.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, UPPER LANDING

Jenna enters, yawning slightly whilst she pulls down the rest of her top to complete her casual attire for the day.

Jenna looks around.

JENNA

Arri?

She waits for a response but nothing.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jenna enters looking around the room for a few moments.

JENNA

Arri...? Where are you, ya knob?

EXT. JENNA'S COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

Jenna is walking on the street, smoking a cigarette, when she passes a couple walking in the opposite direction, looking back and then up towards a council flat complex's roof.

Jenna looks up but finds nothing, passing the couple she turns a corner, looking back and then up towards the roof one more time.

Jenna jumps for a split second, quickly chucking her cigarette away and starts dashing towards the council flat complex stairwell.

INT. JENNA'S COUNCIL ESTATE, FLAT COMPLEX, STAIRWELL

Jenna is sprinting up the stairs with haste, jumping two stairs at a time.

EXT. JENNA'S COUNCIL ESTATE, FLAT COMPLEX, ROOF

Jenna bursts out of a metal door and a few feet away, Aristotle is standing on the edge of the roof.

JENNA

You tell me you came up here for the view, I'll push you off myself.

Aristotle doesn't reply.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
C'mon talk to us, yeah?

ARISTOTLE  
The educated differ from the uneducated as much as the living from the dead... I'm both of one existence... you're from the other, how can talking *possibly* be construed as a viable option to resolve this crisis? There is an *entire dimension* embedded within the ten feet between us.

Jenna hesitates for a moment and lazily holds up a bag of crisps.

JENNA  
I've got twiglets.

Aristotle tilts his head in thought.

EXT. JENNA'S COUNCIL ESTATE, FLAT COMPLEX, ROOF

Jenna and Aristotle are sat side by side, sharing a packet of twiglets against a nearby wall.

ARISTOTLE  
Shouldn't be eating all this stuff you keep giving me, after all it would be a tragedy to die from another stomach illness.

Jenna laughs.

JENNA  
Can't fault you for trying, I'll tell you something... Was only a year ago I was standing where you were, just then.

ARISTOTLE  
To jump off?

JENNA  
No, to go fishing you knob... I mean take a look down there. I mean I don't know what I'm doing here but its all I know and what about my mum...? I couldn't leave her, it'd destroy her.

ARISTOTLE  
Your mother actually prayed you left one day, last night. I believe that may well be why I'm here... To help make it happen.

JENNA

Well, you being here only to jump off a council roof is hardly gonna help anyone, is it?

Aristotle is silent and watches Jenna.

ARISTOTLE

... And you're not doing her any favours by staying here either.

Jenna shakes her head, unable to respond.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

The twenty-first century certainly is a fascinating disappointment. Technology for example, you have these things called televisions, evolving into large flat screens yet the people who watch them don't appear to have evolved at *all*. I mean, there is a *whole world* out there to explore. How will you find your place in this world if you don't at least try, that's what your mother really wants.

Jenna shakes her head dismissively and stands up.

JENNA

Yeah, what do you know, look at you, the way you speak for example, all la-di-daa... Bet you've had a nice mummy and daddy upbringing an' all your life, ain't ya?

Aristotle looks down to the ground.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I mean, how can you go on preaching all this wisdom bollocks, when you ain't got a clue what its like when-

ARISTOTLE (INTERRUPTING)

-My parents died when I was about ten...

Jenna is silenced.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

My mother was just like yours. She was a pretty lady called Phaestis from a tiny island called Euboea in Greece... Before I died, it was the last place I went.

Jenna takes a seat by Aristotle as before.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

When I got exiled from Athens I went to see if I could hear her voice, if she could tell me what I should do to put things right... do you know what I heard?

JENNA

What?

Aristotle looks straight at Jenna.

ARISTOTLE

Nothing...

Jenna shuffles her weight uncomfortably.

Aristotle looks around his surroundings.

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Still... My guardian was a good man, I became Plato's student and in time I became a teacher myself. I transcended the place that held me but I guess it was the shock of my children's deaths that made me realise that despite my legacy, I'm part of a world that no longer needs people like me.

Jenna pats Aristotle on the shoulder.

JENNA

Well I do, mate.

ARISTOTLE

To write your essay for you.

Jenna sighs and looks to the floor for a moment.

JENNA

Actually... No... Now I think about it, that's something I actually wanna do myself... But doesn't mean you can't chip in a little, help find me the right books to start me off, you know?

Jenna rises to her feet.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for being such a dickhead to you, yeah?

Aristotle stands up and offers his hand.

Jenna goes to spit on her hand.

Aristotle grits his teeth and widens his eyes in terror.

Jenna stops herself and looks at Aristotle.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Ha... got ya!

Jenna laughs as does Aristotle.

They shake hands and start walking towards the roof exit together.

ARISTOTLE

You know, you remind me of this one young man I taught a long time ago.

JENNA

What, you saying, I look like a bloke?

Aristotle chuckles.

ARISTOTLE

Not at all, its just fascinating how your people came to know him as 'Alexander the Great'... He was a student of excellent calibre but I have to confess, at times he could be quite the little shit.

Jenna laughs.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jenna and Aristotle are taking books from the shelves in the library. Aristotle is overloading them into Jenna's arms.

Jenna drops her collected books onto the librarians desk.

Exhausted she looks to Aristotle, annoyed.

Aristotle is watching her from a distance who just smiles smugly.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Jenna is sat at her desk with books piled on it, one is open in front of her.

Aristotle is stood behind her, looming over Jenna's shoulder, pointing to the open book.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Aristotle is sat at the bed, amongst open books and sheets of paper.

Jenna enters the room at the far end and throws a packet of crisps at Aristotle, which hits him in the head and falls to the bed.

Aristotle picks them up and reads the packet: 'MONSTER MUNCH - PICKLED ONION'

Aristotle looks at them, see's Jenna eating hers.

He opens the packet, takes one out and inspects it before putting it in his mouth.

He begins to eat it delicately and upon swallowing, appears to have enjoyed it and takes another.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM - DAY

Jenna is stood next to a blank wall, with philosophers names on yellow post-it notes, assorting them next to the respective dates, written on a separate group of post-it notes, in chronological order.

Aristotle watches Jenna as she gives him a thumbs up, whilst holding a pen, satisfied she has them in the right order:

THALES paired with 625 - 545 BCE

DEMOCRITUS paired with 470 - 399 BCE

SOCRATES paired with 460 - 370 BCE

PLATO paired with 428 - 348 BCE

DIABETES paired with 400 - 325 BCE

ARRIS-HOLE paired with 384 - 322 BCE

Aristotle approaches and swaps the DEMOCRITUS post-it with the SOCRATES post-it.

Aristotle then snatches the pen off Jenna and crosses out the 'A' and 'B' on the DIABETES post-it and rewrites underneath, DIOGENES, then points to the 'ARRIS-HOLE' post it.

Jenna points at Aristotle and smiles smugly.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM / UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

Jenna is sleeping with her head on the keyboard.

Aristotle walks up behind her and claps his hands loudly.

Jenna springs awake and looks around her.

Aristotle offers Jenna a snack from a packet of 'TWIGLETS'

Jenna reluctantly accepts, takes one from the open packet and eats one as she gets back to studying.

END MONTAGE

EXT. COLLEGE MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Jenna is walking towards the doors and spots Kelly and Lauren looking around suspiciously.

Jenna notices the class tutor appear as he walks past them as Lauren hides a small piece of paper by her side.

Kelly and Lauren watch the class tutor walk away and notice Jenna. The look in their eyes reads trouble.

KELLY

Oi... psst... Jen... come here.

Jenna walks over to them, whilst they keep a lookout.

JENNA

What's going on?

Lauren reaches for the hidden piece of paper, taking one more careful look around and quickly shoves it into Jenna's hand.

Jenna carefully opens the note and her eyes widen.

LAUREN

Pretty sweet, right?

Jenna is unable to respond for a moment.

JENNA

How the hell, you get your hands on this?

KELLY

Who gives a monkeys... we've got all the answers we need to pass this thing now.

Jenna remains silent, looking at the piece of paper apprehensively as Kelly & Lauren discreetly share their excitement.

INT. COLLEGE, EXAM ROOM - DAY

The room is as quiet as a morgue, other than the noise of its students sitting at desks, scribbling away on their exam papers and the occasional steady pacing footsteps of the class tutor.

Jenna is writing and freezes, only her eyes move as she hears the class tutor walks past her from behind.

With only his back now visible she turns her head to him and sneers, shaking her head and quietly snorts.

Jenna's eyes briefly wander until returning her gaze to her exam paper and smiles.

She looks around the room then subtly slides the piece of paper from before, from underneath her exam sheet, silently crunching it into a ball with her fist and places it into her pocket.

Jenna rolls up her sleeves, shuffles her weight and starts writing, concentrating hard.

EXT. COLLEGE, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (1 MONTH LATER)

Several students fill the entrance pathway, coming and going.

Jenna is coming out of the main doors, holding a large brown envelope containing her college exam results.

Aristotle is sitting on a nearby wall, eating from a pack of 'NIK-NAKS.'

Jenna spots him and walks over to him.

ARISTOTLE

So?

Jenna notices Aristotle's packet of 'NIK-NAKS.'

ARISTOTLE (CONT'D)

Piss off, you're getting nothing until you open that envelope.

JENNA

Nik-Nak... then result.

ARISTOTLE

Courage is the first of human qualities-

JENNA

-Because it is the quality which guarantees the others, yeah alright, alright.

ARISTOTLE

Smart-arse!

Starts opening her large envelope.

JENNA

Don't look at me, you're the one  
who came up with it, you dick.

Jenna closes her eyes and takes out her college certificate  
and hands it straight to Aristotle.

Aristotle sucks his fingers clean, places his empty packet of  
NIK-NAKS in a nearby bin and takes the certificate.

ARISTOTLE

Chicken-shit!

JENNA

Whatever, just get it over with,  
yeah?

Aristotle studies the certificate carefully.

Jenna opens one eye and looks at him nervously.

Aristotle sucks the air in between his teeth.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I knew it, see...? Forget it,  
c'mon, break out the wine.

Jenna shakes her head, frustrated and angry.

Aristotle gives Jenna a cheeky look.

ARISTOTLE

Or champagne.

Jenna switches her fixation to the certificate.

JENNA

Fuck off!

Jenna marches over and snatches the certificate from  
Aristotle and studies it.

Aristotle takes a step back and waits for Jenna's  
acknowledgement of her pass, smiling at her.

Jenna screams out loud and jumps holding her certificate  
towards Aristotle.

ARISTOTLE

In the words of your twenty-first  
century... FUCKING GET IN THERE!

From out of nowhere Jenna's class tutor appears and stops by Jenna's side.

CLASS TUTOR

Jenna?

Jenna turns and see's her class tutor offer his hand.

CLASS TUTOR (CONT'D)

Excellent work!

Jenna happily moves in hugging him, with one hand hooked around his back.

JENNA

Cheers, sir.

The class tutor feels awkward and uncomfortable and manages to free himself giving Jenna a smile, walking away then turning to reveal a note stuck to his back reading:

"CAN'T TEACH FOR SHIT!"

Aristotle notices the note and spits out as he laughs.

Jenna joins in.

A moment passes and Aristotle eventually offers a hug.

Jenna pauses for a moment and looks around.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Yeah, go on then.

Jenna and Aristotle hug.

Jenna looks over Aristotle's shoulder to see Kelly and Lauren in an embarrassed demeanour being towered over by the class tutor, who is holding the piece of paper from before.

Jenna sighs a big breath of relief, rolling her eyes.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Jenna enters the room and see's Steph appear from the living room, who stops and stretches her hands out in query.

Jenna produces her certificate, struggling to speak.

JENNA

I... I passed mum.

Jenna presents the certificate and smiles.

Steph smiles and covers her mouth with one hand then quickly marches towards Jenna and hugs her with her free hand.

Jenna holds Steph close and kisses her on the side of the face.

STEPH

I always knew you could do it,  
princess, I'm so dead happy for  
you.

JENNA

Love you, mum.

Steph continues to hold Jenna close.

She looks up at the ceiling over Steph's shoulder.

INT. JENNA'S FLAT, JENNA'S ROOM

Jenna enters the room and see's Aristotle looking out of the window, not moving.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Arri?

Aristotle starts to turn around slowly, holding the  
'ARISTOTLE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY' book.

Aristotle is starting to glow and is gently beginning to  
eviscerate into bright cinders, slowly being vacuumed into  
the book.

ARISTOTLE

I guess this means class dismissed.  
You don't need me anymore.

JENNA

Sure you can't stop-

Jenna waves her finger, pointing at the bright cinders.

JENNA (CONT'D)

-all this? I mean... You could  
stick around and we could do  
tourist stuff, like London Eye or  
Stonehenge or something... I mean,  
its just a load of random bloody  
rocks but nerdy people, like you  
seem to like it.

Aristotle smiles.

ARISTOTLE

Hmm... Can't believe that thing's  
still standing... Anyway, no,  
you're alright, Jen...

JENNA

Sure...? I mean, I know you're skint in this era but would be my treat after...

Jenna takes a step forward to Aristotle.

Aristotle holds out a hand to stop her.

Jenna stops moving and hesitates before speaking.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Look, Arri, I just wanna-

ARISTOTLE

-Stop... I don't wanna hear it...  
Just make it count, yeah?

Jenna nods a couple of times with a smile.

Aristotle's cinders are burning more brightly and is starting to disappear.

JENNA

If you go, I'm having the last bag of Twiglets.

Aristotle laughs.

ARISTOTLE

Be my guest... Go forth Jenna the Great!

Jenna laughs.

JENNA

Knob!

ARISTOTLE

Dickhead!

Both of them laugh.

Jenna watches Aristotle fade away.

Aristotle smiles, fading into nothingness as he holds the book.

Aristotle vanishes as the last bright flashing cinder is swept into the book and it slams to the floor, leaving the last page open reading:

"PLEASURE IN THE JOB PUTS PERFECTION IN THE WORK."

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL.