

INT. Sharehouse bedroom

PETA sits on her bed in a sunflower pajama shirt and boyleg pants. She watches the screen of her open computer, and reaches for her coffee cup on the bedside table to sip it.

She pauses as it reaches her lips, looks at its contents and frowns slightly.

She picks up the laptop with her free hand and gets up off her bed. She walks to the door.

CUT to INT. Sharehouse hallway

PETA pokes her head out of the doorway and looks both ways, then tiptoes out and walks towards the camera.

She turns at the end of the hallway and stops at a stairwell. Her fingers clench a little tighter around her coffee mug, and she flares her nostrils.

She reaches her foot out, and steps down on the step.

Instantly, she flies down the staircase with a great cacophony of thumping and yelping. Her coffee mug is flung upwards.

PETA lands heavily on her seat on the stairs, holding her laptop. She groans slightly, before gasping and looking upwards.

Her coffee mug flies into the air in a spiral, the contents swirling in the air above the stairs. PETA stretches her arm carrying the laptop out, and clenches up her shoulders and shuts her eyes in anticipation.

The coffee splashes heavily onto her, covering her and the stairs. The coffee mug bounces onto the floor, intact.

PETA opens her eyes, and looks wide eyed around her and feels how wet her shirt is covered in coffee. She looks at her still dry laptop and relaxes her shoulders.