

Shoegazer
by
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1 INT. HAWKINS' BEDROOM - MORNING 1

An alarm clock rings. Fifteen year old CHRIS HAWKINS shuts off the noise, collapsing back into bed. He leans across, looking longingly at a discreet, well-worn poster of Winona Ryder; blue-tacked onto the side of his bedside cabinet.

2 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING 2

HAWKINS looks in the mirror. His gangly features are not improved by his lank, greasy hair and train-track braces on his teeth. He struggles with his school tie. He looks into a long mirror. The tie is ridiculously short. He mutters a swear word, taking it off and starting again.

TITLE - WOODHOUSE SCHOOL EARLY 1990'S

A school bell rings.

3 INT. LOWER HALL - MORNING 3

KEN BARON looks out. His stone cold, steel-eyed stare matches the greyness of his suit.

MR. BARON

Here we are again. The start of a new term. For you fifth formers, this is your last chance saloon. In less than a year, you will have left Woodhouse. Some of you will go on to sixth form...

Some of the more studious students pay more attention.

MR. BARON

... college, maybe university. Some of you will get jobs, and some of you will be successful.

The high-achievers in the audience smile to themselves.

MR. BARON

Others of you will not. Some of you will be unemployed. Some of you may go to prison.

Those in the audience that should be listening, aren't.

MR. BARON

That's how it is, and that's all I have to say to you. Pull your socks up, work hard, and don't spend the next ten months or so prattling about, wasting your time and mine. Any questions?

Rows of blank faced students gaze back.

MR. BARON
Mrs. McHattie.

PAT MCHATTIE: A large, middle-aged lady steps out from the wings; smiling out at the students with a certain regality.

MRS. MCHATTIE
Thank you, Mr. Baron. There have been many rumours circulating regarding the future of Woodhouse school. In the past week, a decision has been made about our school's future. Details of which must be collected on your way out, and make sure you take the letter home to your parents. Woodhouse Comprehensive opened in nineteen fifty five. In the past thirty six years, there have been many changes. Pupils. Teachers. Headmasters and Headmistresses. Even our reputation. But one thing has remained throughout that time. The Woodhouse spirit. Dedication. Determination. It is with great sadness that I announce that after this term, Woodhouse will be closing down.

There is a rumble of groans from the students. TEACHERS stand by the sides, arms folded; not entirely pleased.

MRS. MCHATTIE
Fifth formers. You will be the final year to leave Woodhouse. The remaining Years will eventually join Rush Ferraers School. The merger will form a new school named Scholars Park.

The moans are more audible this time. The Fifth Formers find this amusing. The fourth and third do not.

MRS. MCHATTIE
Settle down. Settle. This has not come as a shock. The first and second years will attend Rush Ferraers from next Monday. Third and fourth years will follow once construction of new classrooms has been completed. I'm certain the letter will clarify matters. To follow Mr. Baron's words: Work hard, and make this final year a jolly good one.

From somewhere in the midst of the pupils, an uproarious crack of wind passes, echoing round the hall. Pupils laugh, even some of the teachers have trouble stifling giggles. MCHATTIE steps to one side. BARON steps back out, fuming.

MR. BARON

We are not yet finished. (beat)
Right. Dismissed. And make sure
you take a letter on the way out.

The students file out, row by row. Standing at the exit are two teachers: CHARLOTTE EDENBROW and GEORGE WOODRUFF; both in their mid 30's, attempting a sophisticated demeanor.

4 INT. FOYER - MORNING

4

The students begin to bunch up as they read the letter.

MR. WOODRUFF

Keep moving. No dawdling. Where's
your tie, Saville? Put it on.

One boy: COLIN PROSSER, automatically screws up the letter, throwing it at the back of the head of ginger-haired RICKY SAVILLE. Be-wigged, gloriously camp MR. MAITLAND witnesses.

MR. MAITLAND

You BOY!

The image freezes: Laughing PROSSER; the reeling SAVILLE.

5 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

5

The kettle is switched on. Cigarette's light up.

MR. GUNN

Well, that cleared up nothing.

MR. MAITLAND

Things look bleak.

MR. BROOMCOTE

Bring on the liquid lunch...

Teachers sit around in silence.

MR. WOODRUFF

Maybe if Pat hired better
looking, more efficient women, we
wouldn't be in this shit.

The female teaching contingency aren't the only one's to fail to see the humour in WOODRUFF's 'joke'.

6 INT. SECOND FLOOR SCIENCE LAB - DAY

6

CLOSE UP's of various students, as the register is taken.

DR. BOZ
(very heavy, obscure accent)
Ballard.

BALLARD
Yes, Doctor Boz.

BOZ continues. WE SEE each student. They each respond with 'Yes, Doctor Boz'.

DR. BOZ
Lianne Bonsoir. Robbie Clifton.
Vicki Dixon. Helen Endacott. Paul
Fake. Sally Frost. Dina Garland.
Heidi Garland. Chris Hawkins.
Julie Henderson. David Jacks.
Wayne Littlewood. Leigh Minim.
Colin Prosser.

An empty space.

DR. BOZ
Jason Rawlings. Hayley Scone.
Karen St. Clair...

7 INT. BARON'S OFFICE - DAY

7

PROSSER stands before MR. BARON.

BARON
You're a circle. A CIRCLE! You
have no point! You didn't listen
to a word I said this morning,
did you? Buck your ideas up,
Prosser. Or you're gonna end up
like some bloody Womble, working
down the dump, handling my
rubbish. Now tuck your shirt in
and do your tie up properly.

PROSSER does as he's told.

BARON
You're an ambassador for this
school, Prosser. God help us all.
Woodhouse still has it's
reputation. Get out of my sight.
And take the letter home to your
parents. Today.

8 INT. ADMINISTRATION CORRIDOR - DAY 8

PROSSER bins the letter almost immediately as he exits.

PROSSER
Bollocks!

9 INT. VARIOUS CLASSROOMS - DAY 9

Montage of various desks and chairs in the multitude of classrooms; most with phalluses drawn in black marker pen, or a derogatory comment about a student or teacher.

"Mark is gay"... "Baron is a nob"... "Dave luvs all men"...

Random classroom windows boarded up. Rooms are taped off with warning signs: DO NOT ENTER. A shaken bottle of coke is hurled into a classroom, spinning and spitting fizzy drink in all directions as the TEACHER chases the culprit.

10 INT. TOILETS - DAY 10

Toilets resembling pub toilets: Constant lake of water, graffiti, grimy... THUGS try to kick a cubicle door in. Inside, a weak boy desperately tries to keep the door shut.

11 EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY 11

Motorbikes scramble across the field.

12 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 12

Cows from an adjacent field roam up to classroom windows, disturbing PAUL FAKE's attention and sanity.

13 INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - DAY 13

Buckets catch drips from a leaking roof. Firework rockets are launched down a corridor. STAFF investigate, darting back into rooms. A rogue Pitball dog roams the corridors.

14 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 14

SMASH. A football lands in the shallow end of the swimming pool. The P.E. Teachers, Tom Selleck look-alike/middle-aged action man Mr. RAY GUNN and ageing perma-tracksuit Mr. ROGER RODNEY gaze up at a broken window.

MR. GUNN

Right. Everybody up the deep end.
Watch out for the glass.

15 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 15

STUDENTS loiter, blocking the pavement. The 'hard kids', led by ADAM CRAPNELL, shove past. CRAPNELL reveals a stanley knife, slashing a bystander's plastic bag. The contents spill onto the pavement.

16 INT. MOVING BUS - DAY 16

A bus load of pupils. Whenever the bus takes a bend, the boys yell, falling from left to right, as if they were on the bridge of the Starship Enterprise. The DRIVER eventually leans out from his cab, yelling.

17 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 17

The bus pulls up. PUPILS scramble from the emergency exit, running for their lives.

18 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY 18

PROSSER is chased across the grounds by ADAM CRAPNELL, SCOTT COOKE and DARREN McMENAMY; all twice his size.

19 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY 19

The break-time bell rings. The more conservative types hang out on the lounge chairs in the main foyer area. Well-groomed, studious STEWERT ALDEN and ginger geek CRAIG PRICE share an issue of SMASH HITS.

PRICE

I can't believe they're still
using the Reynolds Girls as the
butt of all their jokes.

STEWERT

Turn back. I wasn't finished.

PRICE

You mean you haven't finished
perving over Martika.

SHONA HEPBURN and SOPHIE WREN gossip in the corner, looking over at a small gathering of less popular girls.

SHONA
She's such a bitch... I can't
believe she said that!

WREN
It's true though, isn't it?

SHONA
No!

Over-confident, spiky-haired WAYNE LITTLEWOOD sits down
between the girls, putting his arms around the girls.

WAYNE
My wenches! Haw haw! What are we
talking about?

The girls wriggle free from his grip.

WREN
Shona's got the hump because
Kirsty Firman reckons she's got
one boob bigger...

SHONA lunges at WREN, trying to silence her.

STEWERT
Wayne likes Kirsty Firman.

WAYNE
Not as much as these beauties!

SHONA
Stop touching my tit!

STEWERT
Found it by accident? Wrenny's
are massive compared to yours.

PRICE stares hard at WREN's chest.

SHONA
Have a good look, Craig.

PRICE
Tell them about your idea, Wyatt.

Effeminate WYATT GABLE looks from his observing his finger
nails, crossing his legs.

GABLE
Anything to save your blushes.
Stewart, Craig and me are
starting a school magazine.
Who's interested?

WAYNE

Only if I can write about Shona's jubbilies.

SHONA hits WAYNE in the arm.

STEWERT

I'm going to make an appointment to see Fat Pat. Get it official. Get her to provide us with a room. We can work on it during breaks and after school.

GABLE

We're going to tell her we want to raise the spirits of the students, because we're all so upset about the school closing and all that crap.

STEWERT

If she agrees, we get our own room to hang out in. Meaning we won't have to sit here watching those losers over there smelling each others fingers.

All eyes shift to another grouping of soft chairs, where RICKY SAVILLE attacks HAWKINS with his clearly disgusting finger. His oddball friend PHIL HERCOCK laughs and point. Incredibly tall GORDON MAYHEW distances himself with a poetry book, before HAWKINS and SAVILLE fall on top of him. BARON steps out of his office.

BARON

Saville! My office! In here now!

20

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

20

The trouble-makers, rebels and thugs sit on tables. Most have their ties tucked into their shirts.

PULLEY

I went to America. We went to Disney World and we saw the new Star Wars film.

ROBBIE

What new Star Wars film?

PULLEY

They said it might not even come out over here, because it only plays on American cinemas. They're better than ours.

JACKS

Oh chinny-chinny! Chin-stroke!

PULLEY

Betcha I did go to America. I got the new Sega system. It's not even out over here yet. You can come and have a go on it once my Dad has converted the power supply for it. If I played it now, it would blow up over here, because our electricity isn't as good as Americans.

JACKS

What are you talking about, you prick?

ROBBIE

I spent six weeks trying not to get the shit kicked out of me.

CHANCE

Only six weeks?

ROBBIE

Serious. I had a bunch of dickheads from Rush Ferrers stalking me. Couldn't go to the shops, over the park, on the bus... Wherever I went, there they were.

JACKS

Someone should kick their heads in, good and proper. I mean it, I'm not having it. Those wankers have been asking for it. You heard they beat up John cos he was going out with some girl from Rush Ferrers?

PULLEY

You traitor!

ROBBIE

You went out with a girl?

JACKS

They got a crew down on him. Gave him a black eye. Kicked the crap out of him.

CHANCE

Hold on! They didn't beat me up. I wasn't even going out with her! Her mum is friends with my Mum...

PULLEY

I got the latest pair of Nike-ee trainers too.

JACKS

Nike-ee? It's Nike. Prick.

PULLEY

Americans call it 'Nike-ee', actually. They change colour. It's got this special liquid inside it that makes it change. Better than the pikey trainers you get here. My Mum says I'm not allowed to wear them at school because they're so expensive.

CHANCE

Well piss off to America then!

JACKS

I'm serious. We should get a team up. Go up there. Get on their turf. Do something about it.

CHANCE

What does it matter? Aint gonna mean fuck all by the middle of next year. None of this is gonna be here. And what's left over's bugging off to join 'Scholar's Park' nyernyernyer anyway.

JACKS

Which is why we need to end it. Let 'em know we were the best and always the best.

CHANCE

Since when did you care? You're just bored, aint ya?

21

EXT. STREET - DAY

21

PROSSER scrapes his tired shoes along the pavement. He walks and walks, passing rows of houses. He passes a middle-aged woman who is walking her dog.

DOG WALKER

Why aren't you in school?

PROSSER

Bollocks.

DOG WALKER

How dare you talk to me like...

PROSSER gives her the finger. A two and a one.

DOG WALKER

I know what school you go to. I
saw the badge. You go to
Woodhouse! I'll report you!

PROSSER lunges back at her, yelling with might.

PROSSER

Bollocks!

He turns, storming onwards.

22

INT. GIRLS TOILETS - DAY

22

LOUISE GREEVES lights a cigarette, taking a puff. She hands it to the over-shadowing DENISE BULLER, who puffs. She offers it to sullen DINA GARLAND, who is sat on top of the toilet cistern. She accepts, dragging deeply.

LOUISE

You alright, Dina? You look like
you should be sat on there, not
up there.

DINA

There's just... Too much shit
going on in my life, y'know?

LOUISE

You heard anything from Social
Services? Oi, Talking to you.

DINA

Shut up. Just... Shut up.

LOUISE

Only trying to help.

DINA

I think I'm pregnant, alright?

BULLER

Shit... Does Heidi know?

DINA

Course she doesn't. I'm not gonna
tell her. I'd hate to steal her
crown, wouldn't I?

LOUISE

Who did you do it with?

DINA

I aint telling you.

LOUISE
Why not?

DINA
Cos it'll be round the entire
school by the end of the day!

LOUISE
Oh, thanks. Well, sort it out
yourself then. Come on.

LOUISE leads BULLER out of the toilets. DINA slams the door
shut on the cubicle.

23 INT. PINK TRIUMPH - DAY 23

Bespectacled, balding with wispy white hair - HAMISH
MIDDLETON-JONES - drives slowly, looking out, searching...

24 EXT. QUIET STREET - DAY 24

PROSSER munches on a burger, as a pink Triumph pulls up
alongside him. The passenger window winds down. Befuddled
old duffer MIDDLETON-JONES leans over.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Colin? Fancy seeing you here.

PROSSER stops, looking over.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Bit late for school again?

PROSSER shrugs.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Just happened to be passing. Why
don't you hop in and I'll drop
you off. Save you the walk, eh?

25 INT. PINK TRIUMPH - DAY 25

PROSSER gets in.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Like I said, just passing by. Saw
you, thought you'd like a lift.
What have you got on today?

PROSSER
CDT.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
With Mr. Joiner or Mr. Bates?

PROSSER
Bates. (beat) Hate him.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Why-ever do you say that?

PROSSER
Because he hates me.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Do well, Colin. Do your best.
Try, won't you? It'll soon be
over. Get a job, buy all the
wimpy burgers you like, then.

26 EXT. CDT BLOCK - DAY

26

PROSSER steps out from the pink Triumph. He crosses the car park, siting on some steps outside the CDT block. The door opposite opens: A reedy, greasy looking teacher steps out: MR. BATES. He stares down at PROSSER.

MR. BATES
Don't sit there.

PROSSER stands. BATES walks on. PROSSER sits back down.

27 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS QUADRANT - DAY

27

In a quiet, desolate wasteland area in the centre of the school, a few outsiders sit around talking: URBAN, BALLARD, short 'n tubby IAN BEDLAM, quiffed MARK BARKER.

URBAN
So what did you lot do in the
Summer holidays?

BARKER
Six weeks of river jumping and
knock-down ginger.

BALLARD
Went swimming. Watched a few
videos... Went to my Nan's house.

URBAN
We got a new cat. We had to put
our old cat down. Kept on going
mental. Pissing everywhere.

BEDLAM
I made a camp in my Mum's loft.

URBAN
So... Whaddya do?

BEDLAM
Sat there.

URBAN
For six weeks?

BARKER
Found his Dad's stash of porn,
more like.

Silence. The odd munching of an apple.

URBAN
I shall miss this place.

BALLARD
Mate, I'm gonna be doing
cartwheels when I leave this
place for the last time.

URBAN
Better start practicing. (beat)
It's an ending. All very final.
We leave, it gets knocked down.

BALLARD
What are you getting all poetic
about? This place is a dump. Good
bloody riddance to it.

HAWKINS arrives with MAYHEW and HERCOCK.

MAYHEW
What are you queers doing round
here?

BALLARD
Getting away from lanky nonces
like you.

HERCOCK
(bouncing a tennis ball)
Who's up for footy?

BEDLAM grabs HAWKINS plastic carrier bag from him, running off with it. HAWKINS gives chase. The gang follow, watching as BEDLAM is chased by HAWKINS across the field. BALLARD nods in the direction of a quick escape. URBAN follows him.

VICKI DIXON: A pretty girl with long dark hair attractively laughs as the sporty boys surrounding her try to impress. Conventionally pretty ROXANNE SADLER cuts a path through the boys to join VICKI.

Across the room, pretty but sullen girl with long, dirty blonde hair - HEIDI GARLAND - leans against the drinks machine. Her sister DINA arrives.

HEIDI
Where you been?

DINA
We're not *Siamese* twins. (beat)
This must be the popular corner
of the cafeteria then?

HEIDI
Who does Vicki think she is?
So she's grown a pair over the
six weeks holiday. So what?

DINA
I think they were always there,
to be fair.

HEIDI
Well she's flaunting it now, aint
she? Flirting with all the boys.

DINA
Yeah. That's your job, sis.

HEIDI
It aint yours, you dog.

DINA
Vicki's alright. You're just
hacked off cos she's talking to
John and Jason.

HEIDI
Ttt. Why's Roxanne hanging around
her? She doesn't even know Vicki.
She's used to be our mate.

DINA
Are you due on? It's up to her
who she talks to.

HEIDI
Even bloody Pulley is drooling
over her. Pass the sick bucket.

DINA
So you can dump it on her head?

HEIDI
Pfft. She's got nothing.

DINA
Because we're surrounded by boys,
aint we?

29 INT. PETROL STATION - DAY 29

FAKE approaches the counter.

FAKE
Twenty Bensons, Dal.

The CASHIER hands him the ciggies. FAKE pays up.

FAKE
Nice one. Have a good day.

30 EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY 30

FAKE strolls out, approaching two WOMEN: TEACHERS in their early 30's, LIZ GILLIES and SUSAN WAINES. FAKE beams hello.

FAKE
'Allo Miss. 'Allo Miss.

MS. WAINES
What you got there, Paul?

FAKE
Bensons, Miss.

MS. WAINES
Buy Silk Cut next time. Then I
can nab them off of you. Don't
let me catch you down here again
during break.

FAKE
Same to you, Miss.

FAKE strolls on.

MS. GILLIES
Cheeky bastard, isn't he?

MS. WAINES
He's alright. Taught his brother
and sister. They're all the same.
No point in trying to change him.
Besides, better to be a little
cheeky than a complete shit like
some of them. I'm not just
talking about the kids either.

MS. GILLIES
Did you see the way George was
looking at Charlotte during
assembly today? And you're
telling me there's nothing going
on between those two?

MS. WAINES

Liz. I really don't care. As far as I'm concerned, me 'n George never happened. How can I fancy someone who drives a black Capri with bucket seats?

The two WOMEN head inside the shop.

31

INT. STAFF ROOM / LIBRARY CORRIDOR - DAY

31

URBAN and BALLARD stroll down the lengthy corridor.

BALLARD

I forget who said it, but they were right. "Schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality".

URBAN

I think you'll find he was talking about 'public schools'.

BALLARD

This place is what we're in for when we leave. We just go on to a bigger version of it.

URBAN

Didn't think you were going to college?

BALLARD

I'm not talking about all that. I mean out there. The real world.

The boys step down into the MAIN FOYER.

BALLARD

Everything you need to know about the real world is right here. In the cafeteria, the slags, psychos and idiots. The Knobs and Knockers. The boys with the biggest dicks and the birds with the nicest jugs.

BALLARD directs URBAN's eyes to WREN and co.

BALLARD

The exclusive Tories, snobs and backstabbers.

BALLARD points to 'the quiet girls'.

BALLARD

The housewives and home makers.

BALLARD looks outside to HAWKINS, BARKER, MAYHEW, BEDLAM and HERCOCK, chasing a tennis ball across the car park.

BALLARD

The weirdo's and outsiders.

URBAN

So where do you fit into this?

BALLARD

I don't. I'm not a part of this.
I don't want it.

URBAN sees CHANCE talking to two pretty but studious girls: KIRSTY FIRMAN and JULIE HENDERSON.

URBAN

Why do all the girls fancy
Chance? It can't just be because
he's good at football, can it?

BALLARD

Yes. Girls are that shallow.

URBAN

But everyone thinks he's great
because he's good at something.

BALLARD

You only need to be good at one
thing to be popular. The odds are
stacked in your favour, Urban.

SALLY FROST passes by with short 'n dumpy KAREN ST. CLAIR.
SALLY bares her teeth at URBAN.

SALLY

Look. (displays teeth again)
Braceface no more! Finally got it
off after three years.

BALLARD

So finally you might smile?

SALLY

Not at you.

BALLARD

Thank fuck for that.

KAREN

You're a pig.

KAREN and SALLY head upstairs.

BALLARD
...Fine one to talk.

The BELL RINGS. BALLARD rolls his eyes, heading upstairs.

BALLARD
Once more into the bollocks...

BALLARD looks back to see URBAN talking to WREN, PRICE, SHONA, STEWERT and GABLE. He watches and waits until URBAN parts company, heading up the steps.

BALLARD
What did the body snatchers want?

URBAN
They want me to provide some artwork for the school magazine.

BALLARD
Do we have one?

URBAN
They're off to chat with Fat Pat about it. Could be good.

BALLARD
Yeah. I can see the headlines:
"School Closes: Tough shit."

URBAN and BALLARD walk on. SAVILLE meanders along, sniffing; mouth agape as ever. ROBBIE and PULLEY walk behind him, taking turns at kicking his feet from under him. JACKS dashes up to SAVILLE, blocking his path.

JACKS
Saville. You'd better go to Baron's office. Your Dad's been killed. You'd better go! Quick!

SAVILLE runs off. ROBBIE and PULLEY looks to JACKS.

JACKS
Of course not. I hate that Ginger twat. He's a goggle-eyed prick.

32 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

32

Students head off to lessons. MS. TROUT, whose looks betray her years, paces along clutching books. Her red face, lank hair, thick glasses and constant frown do no favours. Her dress style is wearing a skirt over her trousers.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
Thelmaaaa... THELMAAAAAA...

MS. TROUT looks around, then back down the corridor as she sternly walks. The voice calls again. She stops, glaring at BARKER and MAYHEW, who happen to be walking behind her. She paces on, turning the corner. The haunting voice calls out.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
THEEEEEELMMMMMAAAAAAAAAA...

33 INT. MATHS BLOCK TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - DAY 33

Blonde beanpole ADAM CRAPNELL leans over the bannister, flanked by his cronies DARREN McMENAMY and SCOTT COOKE. They see HAWKINS heading upstairs. CRAPNELL spits on HAWKINS, who looks up; reeling in disgust. HAWKINS retreats downstairs, as VICKI and ROXANNE pass by. HAWKINS sticks to the wall, staring as VICKI passes by; invisible to her.

34 INT. GEOGRAPHY BLOCK TOP FLOOR - DAY 34

MR. MIKE MCHUGH: Glasses, wispy moustache, shirt sleeves rolled up and grey farrahs. A no-nonsense man. He leans over the bannister as students slope up the stairs.

MR. MCHUGH
Come on you camels! Enlightenment awaits. You never know, you might actually learn something today.

35 INT. GEOGRAPHY CLASS - DAY 35

Standing, foot resting on a chair, MCHUGH looks at the bored faces staring back at him.

MR. MCHUGH
First on the agenda, before the learning floods your dusty minds... GCSE's. The mocks are rapidly approaching, so to follow Mr. Baron's speech today, pull your fingers out. Mr. Paul Fake. You especially. What happened to those assignments you promised me at the end of last term? Reliable as twiglet scaffolding. You hoped that I'd forget, didn't you?

FAKE
I took my chances, sir.

MR. MCHUGH
Well give that boy an 0 level.

FAKE
GCSE, sir.

MR. MCHUGH

Just shut up for once, Spamhead.

FAKE

Charming bedside manner.

MR. MCHUGH

And less of the lip. Consider this the prison searchlight shining on you. Detention. Today.

FAKE

But I've got drama club.

MR. MCHUGH

You won't be missing out on any drama, Fake, believe you me. It goes something like this: You are going to fail your Geography GCSE exam. You *fail*. The end.

FAKE

Yeah... I know, I know.

MR. MCHUGH

Use this moment, Paul. Use it. Don't let my opinion of your knowledge be a full stop. Let it be the defining moment where you turned it around. Right. Books out. Page forty.

36

INT. P.E. OFFICE - DAY

36

P.E. Teachers Mr. RODNEY and Mr. GUNN talk, arms folded.

MR. RODNEY

I will never allow this school to join an inter-schools league. I simply do not agree with competitive sports.

MR. GUNN

This school is completely devoid of any hope. All I'm suggesting is it might give those louts something to believe in.

MR. RODNEY

That's very inspiring, but we both know the answer, Ray. It just won't work. This school's reputation is in the swamp already, sinking fast.

MR. GUNN

You're missing the point, Roger.
Most sports are inherently
competitive. To say we shouldn't
even try to compete is like
telling those monkeys out there
not to even bother trying.

MR. RODNEY

Coming bottom of some football
league will only serve to
compound everyone's theories.

ROBBIE and CHANCE arrive at the door in their kit.

ROBBIE

Can we have a football, sir?

MR. RODNEY

Not today. Today we play Hockey.

This news goes down like a lead balloon to the boys.

CHANCE

That's for girls.

ROBBIE

Can't we play footy, sir?

MR. RODNEY

Footy?

ROBBIE

Foot-ball, sir.

RODNEY tosses a rugby ball at CHANCE.

CHANCE

Football. Not rugby.

MR. RODNEY

Ah, you mean Soccer. I thought
you meant rugby football.

MR. GUNN

Hockey first. Maybe we'll have
time for ten minute kick around
towards the end of lesson?

The boys slope off. RODNEY looks to GUNN; his authority
undermined. DINA appears in their place.

MR. RODNEY

Why are you still in uniform?

DINA

Got period pains. Can I sit out?

RODNEY blanches. GUNN nods to her. She strolls off.

MR. RODNEY
That girl should see a doctor.
Lady pains every week?

37 INT. CDT BLOCK WORKSHOP - DAY

37

PROSSER crafts a plaque, concentrating hard. MR. BATES patrols the benches, stopping to assist or simply stop STUDENTS from wounding themselves or each other. He halts at PROSSER, leaning over his shoulder. PROSSER ignores him.

MR. BATES
Prosser, what are you doing?
You're doing it completely wrong.
Look, out of the way. This is how
you do it. Watch.

BATES begins planing the plaque.

MR. BATES
Big, firm, hard strokes, see?

BATES continues planing. The plaque suddenly snaps.

MR. BATES
See. You were doing it wrong.

PROSSER
It wasn't wrong.

MR. BATES
You'll need to start again.

PROSSER
I'd worked on this for most of
last term.

MR. BATES
Well there's no point in crying
over it. I was trying to stop you
from doing this, but you wouldn't
listen. It was poor design.

PROSSER
It was fine until you buggered it
all up.

MR. BATES
I'm... You what? I'm sorry?

PROSSER
You broke it.

MR. BATES
I... Any more of this, and you're
in detention, Prosser. I mean it.

PROSSER
So?

MR. BATES
Well you can catch up in
detention now. Congratulations.

PROSSER
You broke it!

MR. BATES
Right. Out. Go on. Get out.

The other students jeer as PROSSER exits.

MR. BATES
Back to work, you lot!

38

EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

38

Boys and girls play hockey. RODNEY shouts out orders.

MR. RODNEY
Pass it out to the wings!

The girls chase after the ball. The boys have a more
relaxed approach to the game. DINA watches from the
sidelines. Nearby VICKI and JACKS call over to her.

VICKI
Dina. How did you get out of P.E.
this time?

DINA
How'd you think? Action Man let
me off. Time of the month.

DINA looks to GUNN, who is leading a Tennis Class nearby.

VICKI
You aint done P.E. For weeks! You
aint pregnant, are ya?

DINA gasps at the thought. A tennis ball lands near JACKS.

MR. GUNN
(shouting from the
tennis courts)
Jacksy! Ball!

JACKS deliberately throws the ball too high. It heads over
the top of the gym roof. GUNN looks deflated.

MR. GUNN
Go and fetch it, you donut.

JACKS jogs on, doing as he's told.

39 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS GYM - DAY 39

JACKS makes his way up a series of ledges and roof tops, climbing up onto the roof of the gym. He finds one of many tennis balls, throwing it over the side.

MR. GUNN
(muffled down below)
Well done that man.

JACKS sits on an abandoned chair, lighting a cigarette.

40 INT. MATHS CLASS - DAY 40

An intimidating, grey-haired Welshman: MR. TERRY MURDOCH patrols the class, continuously holding the bottom corners of his suit jacket. He stops over HEIDI's shoulder.

MR. MURDOCH
Half the sum of the parallel
sides equals the perpendicular
distance between them.

HEIDI
Sir, am I ever going to have to
use this shit in real life?

MR. MURDOCH
What?

HEIDI
I said am I ever going to use
this in real life?

MR. MURDOCH
Yes, Heidi.

BALLARD nudges URBAN, who is sat next to him.

BALLARD
What does this mean?

URBAN
Ssh.

BALLARD
Come on!

URBAN discreetly scribbles on BALLARD's book.

BALLARD
(reading the scribble)
Eh? (beat) What's it say?

MR. MURDOCH
Quiet, you boys at the front!

Screaming from the classroom next door alerts everyone. MS. TROUT stampedes into the room.

MS. TROUT
Mr. Murdoch! Can you please
assist me in ejecting a
delinquent from my class!

MURDOCH follows TROUT outside. A low-hum of muttering covers the silence. HAWKINS creeps over to BALLARD.

HAWKINS
Is Vicki still going out with
John Chance?

BALLARD
They were never going out. She
went out with Crapnell for about
two days last term.

HAWKINS
(after a pause)
Ballard.

URBAN
Will you two shut up? If Howlin'
Mad Murdoch catches you...

BALLARD
Yes, Dear... (to Hawkins) What?

HAWKINS
Do you think I'd stand a chance?

BALLARD
Mate, you've asked me this about
fifty times. We're out of here in
less than ten months. Speak now
or put a sock in it.

HAWKINS
But do you think she'd say yes?

BALLARD
I dunno. Ask her. Find out. Just
be ready to be told to piss off.

URBAN

You're nuts. Vicki Dixon has a notorious reputation for heartlessly dumping boys. She dumped Wayne Littlewood whilst they were both on a trampoline.

BALLARD

Why on a trampoline?

URBAN

I dunno. She thought it would be fun for him, I s'pose?

BALLARD

Chris. She's been out with most boys in our year. Even a couple in the fourth year. Dare you to do it. Ask her out.

HAWKINS

I was going to do it anyway, but now I double do it. I'll talk to her. Find out if she's stupid or just not interested in me. I'm banking on her being stupid.

MR. MURDOCH

(bellowing from the doorway)

You boy! Back in your seat!

HAWKINS flies backwards, taking his seat; red-faced.

41

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

41

Pupils filter out of the school. A small crowd forms around the 'Ice Cream Man', yelling abuse.

LOUISE

What a rip-off! How'd you sleep at night?

ICE CREAM MAN

Look, do you want it or not?

A tennis ball scores a direct hit through the sliding window on his van. He yells out, as COOKE and McMENAMY let the air out of his tyres. BALLARD and URBAN witness this.

URBAN

Gotta hand it to the bloke. He keeps coming back for more.

BALLARD
It's no coincidence that his
other car is a Porsche Boxer.

42	EXT. SHOPS - DAY	42
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URBAN and BALLARD part ways at the shops: A small L-Shape of run-down shops overlooking a shady pub. A mass of uniformed bodies loiter outside the Chinese Takeaway, grazing on chow mein or chips in bar-b-q sauce. The queue leading into the takeaway is lengthy. CRAPNELL shoves his way to the front. The Sweet Shop has a GUARD on the door, allowing two children in at a time.

43 INT. THE BURNER - DAY 43

MR. BROOMCOTE, MR. GUNN, MS. WAINES and MS. GILLIES enter the pub. As they order drinks at the bar, BROOMCOTE spots FAKE sat in the corner, half way through his pint. BROOMCOTE points, offering to buy him another one.

44 INT. CANTEEN - DAY 44

TEACHERS and PUPILS load up their plates with processed food. Some YOUNGER BOYS play with a stale roast potato, eventually launching it across the hall, bounding off MR. JOINER's bald head. MR. MAITLAND orders the BOYS out.

45 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 45

BALLARD strolls. Up ahead, he spots the long blonde mane belonging to HEIDI. He follows, keeping his distance.

46 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 46

Following HEIDI, BALLARD reaches the end of the road. He stops, watching HEIDI walking into the distance. He turns, walking in the opposite direction.

47 EXT. BALLARD'S HOUSE - DAY 47

Reaching home, BALLARD lets himself in.

48 INT. BALLARD'S HOUSE HALL WAY - DAY 48

BALLARD kicks off his shoes, putting down his bag.

Ballard
 Hello.

MRS. BALLARD (O.S.)
Hello. D'you want cheese and cue
or cheese and pickle?

BALLARD
Cucumber please.

BALLARD spies the telephone director under a tall table. He flicks through the listings, looking up the name 'GARLAND'. Five listings in the closest vicinity.

49

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - DAY

49

URBAN, HAWKINS and BEDLAM peruse the meagre array of VHS's.

BEDLAM
"Commando"! The best film you
could ever get. The bit when he
throws that blade and it slices
the top off that bloke's head...

URBAN
Come on. I want my lunch.

HAWKINS
I don't know. I need to think.

URBAN
Yes, because there's so many to
choose from. Just get something
with an eighteen on it.

HAWKINS
I can't, I'm not even sixteen!

URBAN rolls his eyes.

BEDLAM
The bloke behind the counter
doesn't give a toss. He always
let's me take whatever I want.

URBAN
I'm sure there's something to be
said about that.

HAWKINS feebly grabs the nearest 18-rated film, meandering over to the counter. He hands it to the SHOPKEEPER, raising up on tip-toes; shoulders puffed out in an attempt to look older. The SHOPKEEPER slides the video back to him.

SHOPKEEPER
You're not eighteen.

HAWKINS slopes back to the video shelf, hoping no one saw.

50

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN ARCADE MACHINE - DAY

50

A small group of rowdy boys crowd around the Arcade Machine - Robocop. CHANCE, JACKS, RAWLINGS and ROBBIE confer.

ROBBIE

We need a plan. A strategy.

JACKS

We should brick their windows.

CHANCE

What we need to do is get them down here. If we go up to their school, we'll get our arses kicked. At least down here we know the layout.

RAWLINGS

Get them to wait for us outside the pub. Then we can circle them from above, all around. That way, they can't get out. And we just lay into 'em.

JACKS

Me 'n Rob will go up to Rush Ferrers tonight and tell them to meet us out there on Friday at the end of the day. Settle it once and for all.

ROBBIE

I aint going up there!

JACKS

Don't be such a pussy.

DINA and BULLER overhear the conversation.

DINA

Why do you idiots insist on fighting Rush Ferrers? I've got mates who go there.

CHANCE

Ex-lovers, more like.

JACKS

Don't worry, we won't beat up your boyfriends too much, Dina.

The boys laugh, as DINA pulls a 'ha-ha' expression.

51 INT. SEVEN ELEVEN COUNTER - DAY 51

HAWKINS returns to the counter, handing over an ancient-looking video of 'Escape To Victory'.

HAWKINS
(to shopkeeper)
Can I have this? Or do they kick
the ball too hard?

52 EXT. PLAYGROUND AREA - DAY 52

The bell rings. Pupils disperse, heading inside the school. URBAN and BALLARD observe a mighty piece of graffiti that adorns the exterior wall of the gym.

BALLARD
*"Any teacher who has any form of
responsibility is a bag of shit
and doesn't know how to use it."*
Well said, that man.

URBAN
My money's on Prosser.

BALLARD
No way. They used the word
'responsibility'. He wouldn't
know the meaning of the word, let
alone how to spell it.

URBAN
'And doesn't know how to use it'.
Doesn't know how to use a bag of
shit, or responsibility?

BALLARD
I'm gonna suggest the latter,
though the former implies an
element of mystery. I suspect
this is the work of Paul Fake.
It's profound in it's own
preciseness.

MR. BROOMCOTE and MR. GUNN stroll past, coffee's in hand.
They stop and look at the handiwork.

BROOMCOTE
(nodding in agreement)
Mmm, yeah...

The two Teachers walk on.

53 INT. SECOND FLOOR SCIENCE LAB - DAY 53

DR. BOZ takes the register. On the back row of benches, RAWLINGS looks to FAKE.

RAWLINGS
(sniffing in disgust)
Where you been?

FAKE
Down the pub. With John The Baptist.

RAWLINGS
You stink of beer 'n fags.

FAKE
Better get some air, then.

FAKE creeps over to the nearest open window. He watches as BOZ stares at the register. He carefully climbs out, dropping out of sight. RAWLINGS, WAYNE, JACKS and BALLARD can hardly maintain muffling their laughs. RAWLINGS quickly follows after FAKE. Then WAYNE. Then it's JACKS turn. BOZ closes the register, looking up. She frowns at the sight on the back bench. BALLARD, smiling back; alone.

54 INT. SPEW ALLEY CORRIDOR - DAY 54

A long corridor which runs alongside the canteen. PUPILS complain about the smell as they make their way along. CRAPNELL closes the doors at the top of the stairs, holding them shut. The flow of bodies builds up on both sides of the doors. Pushing and shoving builds, as the door rattles. Suddenly, the doors burst open. BODIES stampeded into each other like two armies on a battlefield.

55 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY 55

The class is a shambles. Students write on the blackboard, while others stick sheets of paper to the wall which read "T.M.D.". BALLARD watches as JACKS practically sexually harasses LEIGH, who is too shy and small to respond; suffering the humiliation in silence.

BALLARD
Fake rape never ceases to be the height of comedy, does it?

URBAN
This is going to be a long hour.

PULLEY
 (guarding the door)
 She's coming! Topliss!

Everyone takes their seats. MS. LUCY TOPLISS enters, placing her bag and books on her desk. She's pale, mid-30's, neurotic-looking, with good reason.

JACKS
 All better now, Miss Topliss?

MS. TOPLISS
 Sorry?

JACKS
 Feeling better now. Lucy.

MS. TOPLISS
 Uh... Yes? Thank you for your concern. Jacks.

JULIE
 Were you ill, Miss?

JACKS
 She had a breakdown last term.

MS. TOPLISS
 I did not have a...

TOPLISS stops, looking around at the signs on the wall.

MS. TOPLISS
 Who did this? Who did this? Look, I'm not playing around, alright? I want to know who did this?

JACKS
 Shouldn't you be asking yourself what it all means, Miss?

These words of doom take her by surprise.

MS. TOPLISS
 What... What it means? What does it mean? What is it?

JACKS
 It says T.M.D., Miss.

MS. TOPLISS
 But... What does it stand for?

Burly hunk JASON RAWLINGS arrives at the row of windows. He taps on the glass. SALLY opens the window. RAWLINGS climbs in, taking his seat.

MS. TOPLISS

Really, Jason, can't you enter the room the normal way, like everyone else?

RAWLINGS

(looking at signs)

What does T.M.D. mean, Miss?

MS. TOPLISS

Well, that's... That's what we're trying to deduce, Jason. (beat) Look, I've just about had it up to here with you lot. Every lesson it's the same, isn't it? If you really don't want to learn anything, then don't bother. You can all fail as far as I care. I know there are a minority who want to succeed in life, so I will continue to teach those who wish to listen. The rest of you can go to hell.

TOPLISS turns to the blackboard, scrolling it down.

MS. TOPLISS

Right. For those of you that care, today we will continue studying World War T...

Most of the class roars with laughter. TOPLISS turns to look at the blackboard. In huge chalk letters - T.M.D.: TOPLISS MUST DIE!!! MS. TOPLISS trembles, before storming out; slamming the door behind her.

56

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

56

MS. EDENBROW peers out of her classroom; furious. Before she can yell, she sees TOPLISS slumped on the floor. EDENBROW dashes over to TOPLISS, helping her to her feet.

MS. EDENBROW

Take a deep breath. Go on. In... And out. Feeling calm...

MS. TOPLISS

You've got to help me. I can't do this anymore, Charlotte. I can't! I can't spend all day surrounded by those... Playground... Psychotics! They want to kill me. This is what they want. For me. To die. Don't you see?

MS. EDENBROW

Lucy. Go make yourself a coffee
and sit down. I'll talk to them.
I'll set them some work. You just
need to be strong with them.
Don't let them control you. You
are the one with the control,
Lucy. Remember that.

57

INT. R.E. CLASS - DAY

57

The students are working in silence. MS. GILLIES cuts her
toe-nails at her desk. FAKE raises an enquiring hand.

FAKE

Miss. Why did God choose Mary?

MS. GILLIES

Why do you think, Paul?

FAKE

Dunno, that's why I'm asking.

MS. GILLIES

Because he knew her well.

FAKE

He knew what she was like?

MS. GILLIES

Yes.

FAKE

(after a long pause)

Miss. Do you believe that,
y'know, God gives us free will,
but he knows us so well he
ultimately knows the decisions
we'll make; Therefore, he's not
surprised when we make decisions?

MS. GILLIES

You never struck me as religious.

FAKE

What is religious? Well... Why do
you wear a cross?

MS. GILLIES

It's an expression of faith.

FAKE

It's an expression of shame. Our
sin resulted in Jesus suffering a
brutal death. Why do you want to
show that off?

MS. GILLIES
What faith are you, Paul?

FAKE
Christian, Miss. You?

MS. GILLIES
(exhaling nervous laugh)
I'm Agnostic, if you must know.

FAKE
How can you be agnostic and teach
Religious Education?

MS. GILLIES
Because it's a job? Is that a
good enough answer for you?

FAKE
Just trying to start some
theological debate.

MS. GILLIES
Get out, Fake. You bother me.

FAKE
God loves you, Miss.

MS. GILLIES
If God loves me, Fake, he's got a
funny way of showing it.

FAKE walks out.

58 INT. LANGUAGES ROOM - DAY

58

HAWKINS stares out of the window, as BARKER noses through a back-pack, distracting him. BARKER discovers a bra, whipping it out with amazement. The rest of the class laughs and points. HAWKINS blushes, gasping for words.

BARKER
Why have you got a bra in your
bag?

HAWKINS
It's not mine! I didn't put it
there! Look, someone stuffed it
in my bag!

BARKER hurls the bra onto the teacher's chair at the front. One second later, MS. WAINES carries an armful of books from the store cupboard to her desk. She stops, noticing the obvious bra on her seat. She holds it up high. Sniggers echo around the room. WAINES is unfazed. The bra clearly belongs to a developed girl.

MS. WAINES
This yours, Miss Firman?

KIRSTY gasps, blushing.

BARKER
It's Chris Hawkins's, Miss!

MS. WAINES
Whoever it belongs to, collect it later. Right. Ten months til you lot are unleashed onto the unsuspecting public. Ich beibringe dir ge, was du benötigst, um die Prüfung zu bestehen, nicht in Deutschland wohnen. I will teach you what you needed to pass the exam, not live in Germany.

FAKE appears at the door, hands in pockets.

MS. WAINES
Yes?

FAKE
Bored, Miss. Can I sit in here?

MS. WAINES
This isn't a youth club, Paul. You can't just drop by. Who's class are you supposed to be in?

FAKE
Miss Gillies. R.E. She kicked me out for asking questions.

59 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

59

WAINES leads FAKE out of her class.

MS. WAINES
Paul, what did Ms. Gillies say?

FAKE
She told me to get out. I want something to do. Bored.

MS. WAINES
Look... I've got a stack of books which need sorting out. You can put books on shelves, can't you?

FAKE nods, smiling. WAINES rolls her eyes.

MS. WAINES
Come on, trouble.

The pitbull dog hops up from the stairwell, trotting on.

60 INT. LANGUAGE ROOM BOOK CUPBOARD - DAY 60

FAKE stacks books onto shelves. He pauses, noticing a handbag on a chair. Hearing WAINES leading class, he peeks inside the bag, finding a purse. Opening it, he sees WAINES's I.D. Her home address. The end of day bell rings, startling him. He quickly replaces the purse.

61 INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY 61

Young bohemian MRS. ELAINE LONGBOTTOM sits on the front of her desk, feet perched on the front desks; legs apart. Her long flowing skirt thankfully hides her modesty. The bell continues ringing. She closes the book in her hands.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM
That's all for today, folks.
Homework is to be handed in
promptly next week. No excuses.
Off you go. See you next time.

PUPILS exit the class. HAWKINS loiters, observing books on the shelf. He plucks a book from a shelf, flicking through.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM
(to Hawkins)
What are you reading?

LONGBOTTOM takes the book from HAWKINS, looking at the cover, then to the open page.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM
Ahh... *"It is senseless for any
man to cease in praise of God.
The birds, they never cease and
their souls are only air."* Very
nice, very nice...

HAWKINS
Oh. Umm, do you know... Do you
have any favourites?

MRS. LONGBOTTOM
I do indeed! Where is it... This
is very exciting! I'm so glad to
see your passion being sparked,
Chris. It's very exciting! Ah,
here we go. It's an anonymous
recital from the 15 or 16th
century, I think.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM(cont'd)

*'No sickness worse than secret
love
It's long, alas, since I pondered
that
No more delay; I now confess
my secret love, so slight and
slim
I gave a love that I can't
conceal
to her hooded hair, her shy
intent
her narrow brows, her blue-green
eyes
her even teeth and aspect soft
I gave as well - and so declare -
my soul's love to her soft throat
her lovely voice, delicious lips
snowy bosom, pointed breast
And may not overlook, alas,
my cloud-hid love for her body
bright
her trim straight foot, her
slender sole,
her languid laugh, her timid hand
Allow there was never known
before
such a love as mine for her
there lives not, never did, nor
will,
one who more gravely stole my
love
Do not torment me, lady
Let our purposes agree
You are my spouse on this Fair
Plain
so let us embrace.'*

LONGBOTTOM smiles at HAWKINS, slightly dreamy.

HAWKINS

Can I borrow that book?

MRS. LONGBOTTOM

*Well... Alright. It's my own
book, so look after it. (beat) Is
this for a certain young lady you
have your eye on? My husband
bought this for me when we were
dating. Did the trick!*

LONGBOTTOM flashes her wedding ring, winking at HAWKINS;
making him blush.

Most of the PUPILS have left the grounds. BALLARD checks
the time. He looks around. Giving up, he walks on.

63 EXT. CRICKET NETS - DAY

63

MR. MCHUGH, MR. GUNN and MR. BROOMCOTE line up. FAKE stands by the stumps clutching a tiny bat. The teachers take in turns to fast bowl at FAKE. The first ball almost hits him.

FAKE
That almost took my head off!

MR. BROOMCOTE
This one will!

FAKE
Can't I have some pads? I'm not gonna hit anything with this...

BROOMCOTE bowls. FAKE ducks, narrowly avoiding contact.

FAKE
...kin' HELL! Can't I just have detention?

MR. MCHUGH
Where's the fun in that, Fake?
This is much more enjoyable!

MR. GUNN
My brother is the second hardest bloke in town. And I could take him any day of the week.

GUNN bowls. FAKE takes cover. The stumps are smashed.

MR. GUNN
How about that for ball-busting, gamma charged muscle? (beat)
You alright down there, Paul?

FAKE
No I'm bloody not!

The teachers laugh as FAKE slowly stands, trembling.

FADE TO:

64 INT. MAIN HALL ASSEMBLY - DAY

64

BARON stands before the only remaining year group.

MR. BARON
As you can see, Years Three and Four have now joined Rush Ferrers School, and with that, the departure of some teachers.

MR. BARON(cont'd)

Ms. Gillies, Mr. Clowry and Mr. Waffmack have moved across to Rush Ferrers, while Mr. Joiner is to retire, after many years teaching here. We all wish him well. Mr. Gunn has also announced that he will be moving on to pastures new at the end of this term. There will be temporary teachers to cover lessons. You will treat them with the same respect as you treat us. (beat) There may only be sixty or so of you remaining, but this is still a school, and you are still here to learn. It is not a license to bunk off, run wild, or avoid wearing uniform. That is all.

Ratty-bearded, sandal wearing ANDY GLASGOW steps forward.

MR. GLASGOW

Sorry. Just before you all leave... Tickets will be on sale as from today for the school musical production of The Dracula Spectacular. Tickets can be, like, obtained from me or Mrs. Fitch, so like, invite all your family and friends. It promises to be a lot fun. Umm, that's it.

MR. BARON

Mr. Glasgow. (beat) Dismissed.

The pupils file out. BARON zones in on PROSSER.

MR. BARON

Prosser. Where are you going?

PROSSER

Out.

MR. BARON

No, you're going to my office!

PROSSER huffs, doing as he's told, breaking from the pack.

65

INT. BARON'S OFFICE - DAY

65

PROSSER stands before BARON.

MR. BARON

You need glasses, Prosser. Why didn't you tell your teachers you couldn't see the board properly?

PROSSER
I didn't know...

MR. BARON
Oh come off it. You must have known! It was just an excuse to do no work, wasn't it? Bunking off. Get your eyes examined. Here's a letter to your parents. Make sure they read it. Or do they need glasses too?

PROSSER takes the letter.

66 INT. ADMINISTRATION CORRIDOR - DAY 66

PROSSER screws up the letter, going on his way.

67 INT. GEOGRAPHY CLASS - DAY 67

MR. STAINES: A very wide, bushy-bearded man in a tweed suit with long, wavy hair. He addresses the class.

MR. STAINES
Mr. McHugh is covering lessons at Rush Ferraers for the afternoon. I have a book to read. I believe you have work to do. Start.

STAINES sits behind the desk, nestling into his book.

BEDLAM
(muttering quietly)
Giant Haystacks.

MAYHEW, HAWKINS and BARKER emit muted chuckles. STAINES's eyes and red cheeks peers over the top of book. The boys burying their heads in their books.

HAWKINS
(slightly louder)
Father Christmas.

The boys chuckle again.

MAYHEW
(louder still)
Hairy coconut!

The boys giggle louder.

STAINES
Only girls giggle.

The boys are silent.

BARKER
Hawkins. You seen Animal Farm?

HAWKINS snorts a laugh. BARKER laughs.

MR. STAINES
You! What are you saying? Your
lips moved. Words came out. Speak
up for the rest of us to hear.

BARKER
I said... I said to Hawkins...
Have you seen Animal farm?

MR. STAINES
BEEN to AN animal farm.

BARKER
No... Sir... It's a film.

MR. STAINES
Film! Entertainment! Are you an
entertainer? Well. Entertain us.

Terrified, BARKER stands up, stepping out to the front.

MR. STAINES
We're waiting. Some poetry,
perhaps?

BARKER
Urrm... Fatty 'n Skinny were in
the bath, Fatty blew off and
Skinny laughed.

The class falls about laughing. BARKER smiles, victorious.

MR. STAINES
Congratulations. You are now all
in detention at the end of today.

The laughter dies out. BARKER is even more unpopular.

68

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

68

MRS. BONNIE FITCH - a bubbly woman in her late 30's - turns
up the radio. Radio One plays as the class works hard.

MRS. FITCH
Let Gary Davis inspire your brush
strokes, my lovelies...

FITCH passes BALLARD, looking at his work. It's a
disturbing image of Monsters in a kitchen.

MRS. FITCH

Interesting. The piece you're working on. The assignment is 'My Life At Home'. You seem to have a few monsters in your house!

BALLARD nods.

MRS. FITCH

Really?

BALLARD

I could have.

MRS. FITCH

Don't think I'll be popping over for a cuppa any time soon! Well done. Very imaginative! Don't forget, I'll need your work in today, if you want it to go on display in the foyer. (radio plays) Ooh, I like this song! *'Can I kick? Yes I can!'*

MRS. FITCH bounces over to another student's work.

STEWERT

You need help.

BALLARD

Not from you.

STEWERT

We were going to ask you to do the artwork for the school magazine, but we asked Urban instead. He's much better.

BALLARD

What was the point of telling me that? You're a dick, Stewert.

STEWERT

You're a psycho. People get locked up for drawing... that.

BALLARD

A vase of flowers is a stretch of the imagination. Well done.

STEWERT

Look at my picture. I've not gone over the lines once.

BALLARD

What d'you want? A Tufty Badge?

BEDLAM passes by, looking at BALLARD's picture.

BEDLAM
Ha! That's sick! Wicked!

STEWERT
High praise coming from him. See?

69 INT. COMPUTER STUDIES ROOM - DAY

69

PRICE taps away on a BBC Micro Computer. 10 Print "Hawkins is a Benny". 20 GOTO 10.

PRICE
Wayne. Look. Proof at last.

WAYNE leans over from his computer and laughs. HAWKINS looks over from the next computer along.

HAWKINS
Oh that's new. So funny.

PRICE
Funny but true.

HAWKINS
I'm about as bent as you are.

PRICE
I aint catching the bum bus with you, you bummer.

HAWKINS types "Craig Price is not gay" onto his computer. He hits return. "ERROR".

HAWKINS
See? Computers are always right.

VICKI overhears this, laughing. HAWKINS feels a sense of achievement, smiling back in all his shiny-brace glory.

70 EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

70

MR. RODNEY stands by, as a queue of lacklustre pupils launch shot puts and javelins. DINA watches from the sidelines, wearing her uniform.

MR. RODNEY
Shot put and Javelin. This is what sport is all about.

SHONA
What's the point? None of us can lift the damn things.

MR. RODNEY

Stop whining, Hepburn. Show some bottle. (beat) Oh give up, Saville. Pathetic!

PRICE

Isn't it true that Mr. Rodney once got skewered with a javelin? Someone threw it at him, went right through his back and came out the front.

WREN

He'd be dead if that happened! Maybe we should have a school myths and legends column in the magazine? We could write about that old scruffy bloke who lives in the woods with his mongrels.

SHONA

That story is so old! (beat) There's a story for the magazine. "How comes Dina never does P.E.?"

WREN

Because she can't be bothered?

JACKS strolls up to CHANCE, at the back of the line.

JACKS

It's on. Three thirty. Today.

CHANCE nods. RODNEY blows his whistle.

MR. RODNEY

Javelins to me! Come along!

A javelin lands about one foot away from RODNEY, who freezes on the spot. The school bell rings.

71

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

71

The class works in silence, except for the sound of chewing. MAITLAND peers over the top of his book.

MR. MAITLAND

Heidi Garland. Chewing gum. Again. For your pains, an A4 sheet of paper. On every line you will write "I must not chew the cud like a cow".

HEIDI

But there's only ten shit minutes left, Wiggy.

MR. MAITLAND
What did you say?

HEIDI
I said there's only ten minutes
to go.

MR. MAITLAND
I am in no rush to leave today.
Plenty of marking to be done.
Best start now, Ms. Garland.

BALLARD looks at HEIDI, proud at her bolshi nature. GABLE
nudges STEWERT, nodding to BALLARD; still staring. GABLE
and STEWERT smirk to each other.

72 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

72

McHUGH, BROOMCOTE and WAINES stare out of the window as the
PUPILS leave the grounds on mass.

MR. MCHUGH
What are they up to now...

MR. RODNEY is in deep conversation with MS. TOPLISS.

MR. RODNEY
Have you ever tried swimming in
the nude? Sensuous. Ever so
sensuous. I recommend it...

There's a knock on the door. WAYNE and WREN enter.

WREN
Mr. Rodney. Can we have a word?

MR. RODNEY
No. There you go.

WAYNE
Wrenny and me, we write for the
school magazine, and...

MR. RODNEY
Wrenny?

WREN
Me. Sophie. Sophie Wren.

MR. RODNEY
Is that what they call you? Oh.
Oh, I suppose I can see it now.

WREN

Sir, we've spoken with Mrs. McHattie, as we have lots of plans to raise the students morale... We would like to organise a football match between Teachers and Pupils.

MR. RODNEY

Never.

WAYNE

Why not?

MR. RODNEY

A) It's competitive, which is just so anti-morale building I won't even begin to go into it, and B) The pupils would not stand a chance against us Teachers.

Nearby, BROOMCOTE and MCHUGH overhear.

MR. BROOMCOTE

Sounds like fighting talk.

MR. MCHUGH

I think it's a great idea.

MR. RODNEY

With respect, being head of the physical education department...

MR. BROOMCOTE

I'll speak to some of the others. Woodruff. Baron. I'm sure they'd love to go ninety minutes with some of you lot.

MR. MCHUGH

I think that settles it. Leave it with us.

MR. BROOMCOTE

Bagsey goalie.

MCHUGH and BROOMCOTE drift off, excitedly discussing the idea. RODNEY looks back to find WAYNE and WREN have left.

Excitement buzzes as pupils march down the road.

74

EXT. SHOPS - DAY

74

Practically the entire year group fills the upper walk way. Girls and boys, excitedly gossiping. From the most popular faces to the lesser-known. Everyone is there. Shopkeepers watch from their doorways. BALLARD approaches URBAN, who is standing next to SALLY and KAREN.

BALLARD
What's going on?

KAREN
Ttt! Rush Ferrers are coming
down. Don't you know anything?

BALLARD
So what are you doing here?

URBAN
I'm not missing this!

JACKS
(shouting)
They're coming! They're coming!

CHANCE
Right. Get ready. Rawlings. Take
your lot round the back.

RAWLINGS nods, running off with a gang of boys round to the side of the pub. Another sixty or so STUDENTS march towards the shops: Pupils from Rush Ferrers School. Some of the more nervous kids begin to flee.

BALLARD
I hope you can run fast, Karen.

The RUSH FERRERS mob march into the lower level of the parade of shops. Verbal abuse is hurled to and fro from both sides. The tension builds. RUSH FERRERS make their move, stampeding. RAWLINGS leads his team, chasing them. Over one hundred bodies charge towards BALLARD and co.

URBAN
Run for it!

BALLARD, URBAN, SALLY and KAREN lead the pack, stampeding past the shops as the mob closes in. They bowl down a concrete staircase, flooding into a narrow alley. BALLARD runs the fastest he's ever run, not looking back. URBAN climbs through a hole in the fence, dragging SALLY with him. Before KAREN can react, the force of bodies pushes her on. There's no fighting as such, just total chaos. Screaming, yelling, running...

FADE TO:

75 EXT. DESERTED GARAGES - DAY 75

BALLARD catches his breath. The sound of chaos is far from him. Looking around, he realises he's alone. He walks on.

76 EXT. QUIET ROAD - DAY 76

Walking the long way home, BALLARD turns the corner to see URBAN and SALLY up ahead: Holding hands. This is news to him. Nauseated, he follows them, keeping his distance. BALLARD sees them part ways with a kiss. Waiting for SALLY to leave, BALLARD jogs up to URBAN.

BALLARD

What's going on with you and her?

URBAN

We're... Going out.

BALLARD

What? That bloody Tuscan Raider!

URBAN

What's it to you? I can do things without you, y'know? I don't need your authorization, or, or, by the grace of your hand...

BALLARD

But Sally Frost? Why her? Of all people? She's such a bitch.

URBAN

She's my girlfriend, thanks.

BALLARD

Fine. Do what you want.

URBAN

We're not bloody married! (beat)
Look... Why don't you come to the Youth Club tonight? I'm meeting some of the others there. We're gonna play Badminton.

BALLARD

Who?

URBAN

Me, Wrenny. Craig Price. Stewert.

BALLARD strops off. URBAN leaves in the opposite direction.

77 INT. YOUTH CLUB - NIGHT

77

URBAN sits on the couch with WREN, WAYNE, WYATT, PRICE, SHONA and STEWERT; all drinking from coke cans.

WAYNE
Need some JD in this.

SHONA
Let's go down the park! We can
get some cider!

EVERYONE ELSE
No...

WREN
We could go to mine. My parents
are out. Got a bottle of Vodka.

SHONA
We could play spin the bottle!

78 INT. WREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

78

SHONA spins the bottle, collapsing; smashed off her face. WYATT, STEWERT and PRICE have to carry her to the toilet. URBAN sits on the bed, as WAYNE and WREN quietly chat.

WREN
No...

WAYNE
Why won't you?

WREN
Because... I don't want to!

WAYNE grabs his coat, storming out.

URBAN
What's up with him?

WREN
He's pissed off because I won't
go out with him. I don't want to
go out with anyone.

WREN swigs from the vodka bottle, offering it to URBAN. He takes a swig, spluttering at the alien taste.

WREN
No. Me neither.

79 EXT. QUIET STREET - EARLY DAY 79

Frost hangs in the air. Riding along on his bike, BALLARD stops at a junction; his cold breath visible. He sees the name of the road opposite: "The Avenue". He checks a scrap of paper. '64 The Avenue'. He cycles on.

80 EXT. THE AVENUE - DAY 80

Rolling slowly, BALLARD passes the row of houses. He looks at the house numbers, stopping outside number 64. BALLARD looks to the upstairs bedroom window. The light flicks on. The curtain lifts up. HEIDI gazes down at him. Back to reality: There's no light on. No HEIDI. He peddles on.

81 INT. BALLARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 81

Sat at the table, BALLARD takes a break from his homework.

MRS. BALLARD

Don't stay up too late, will you?
Why didn't you do this earlier?

BALLARD wiggles his head as his MUM heads upstairs. His attention is caught by 'Spitting Image' playing on tv. BALLARD downs tools and takes a seat on the couch.

82 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY 82

A Christmas tree and tinsel. Break-time. PROSSER, wearing thick rimmed glasses, sits alone. BARON stands over him.

MR. BARON

Good job I sent that letter
directly to your parents. You
look much better, Prosser.

BALLARD checks his watch, killing time gazing at an art display. A collection of vases of flowers, pets, and gardens. LIANNE is encouraged by HELEN, HAYLEY and LEIGH to stand beside BALLARD. She smiles at him. He doesn't even notice. The bell rings. PUPILS meander off to lessons. URBAN heads out from the hall. BALLARD catches up with him.

BALLARD

Where you been?

URBAN

Meeting. For the magazine.

BALLARD
 So you're doing it?
 (huffs - then...)
 Any chance of getting me in?

83 INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASS - DAY

83

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES wears an apron, whisking some eggs in a bowl. The class stares gormlessly at him.

MCMENAMY
 (staring at Prosser)
 He's wearing glasses. Gay boy.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
 Light 'n frothy, see? Froth.
 Whisk-whisk-whisk. Now you.

Eggs are broken into bowls. CRAPNELL takes his egg, looking to PROSSER. He takes aim, throwing. PRICE passes by, caught in the cross-fire. The egg explodes on his head. The class erupts into laughter.

PRICE
 Ugh! Unfertilised chicken
 foetuses! I'm a Vegan!

PROSSER glares at his arch-enemy CRAPNELL, who signals a throat-slicing gesture. PROSSER suddenly throws his egg at CRAPNELL, scoring a direct hit, knocking him off his chair.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
 Oi! Colin! What are you doing?

PROSSER runs out of class, before CRAPNELL can get to his feet. MIDDLETON-JONES blocks him.

CRAPNELL
 He's dead! *You're dead!*

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
 I will deal with this. Sit down.
 Wipe that slop off your face.

MIDDLETON-JONES steps out of class.

84 EXT. STAIRWELL - DAY

84

MIDDLETON-JONES peers down the stairwell, spying PROSSER running for his life.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
 Colin! Come back here! Colin!

85

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

85

MRS. FITCH turns on the radio. The class works peacefully. Apart from BALLARD.

MRS. FITCH
Having a lazy day, Ballard?

BALLARD
Why isn't my work on display? In the foyer. Everyone else's work is there. Apart from mine.

FITCH takes a moment to sigh before answering. STEWERT smirks to himself, revelling in the friction.

MRS. FITCH
Look... Mr. Cowlie and I... We both thought that perhaps it wasn't particularly... In-keeping with the rest of the work, nor the subject and theme.

BALLARD
But... You spent months encouraging me. Telling me how great it all was.

MRS. FITCH
I do think your work is good.

BALLARD
So it's Cowlie?

MRS. FITCH
Mister Cowlie...

BALLARD
If it's not a vase of flowers, it's not art. So I might as well not bother trying for my exam.

MRS. FITCH
Try drawing some flowers. Look at it as a departure from your normal subject matter.

STEWERT
You mean death, blood and mayhem?

MRS. FITCH
Thank you, Stewert. Is there anything you want to talk to me about? Anything... Troubling you?

BALLARD is insulted at the insinuation.

MRS. FITCH

Mr. Cowlie and I have different tastes when it comes to Art. But when it comes to marking work, we have to compromise. Meet somewhere in the middle. Maybe you could benefit from some time with Mr. Cowlie. To understand his... Leanings?

BALLARD's heart sinks. STEWERT beams, waving farewell.

86 INT. PINK TRIUMPH - DAY 86

MIDDLETON-JONES drives along, looking out once more. He spots PROSSER, wandering along the pavement.

87 EXT. EMPTY ROAD - DAY 87

The Pink Triumph pulls up.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Colin? Colin Prosser?

PROSSER turns and looks.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

I was just passing by. Saw you. Thought you might want a lift?

88 INT. PINK TRIUMPH - DAY 88

MIDDLETON-JONES drives.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

I was just heading back to school. (beat) Why did you throw an egg at Adam Crapnell?

PROSSER

He threw one at me.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Retaliation isn't the answer.

PROSSER

Crapnell wants me dead. They all do. Even the teachers. Bates doesn't like me.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

That's not true, Colin.

PROSSER

You ask him.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Why wouldn't Mr. Bates like you?

PROSSER

Cos I'm crap at woodwork.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

I'm sure that's not why he hates you. (beat) I think you're a good lad. Bit misguided, but you mean well. I'm sure your Mum and Dad like you.

PROSSER

My Mum does, I think.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

There you go! That's a start!

PROSSER

They want to shave my eyebrows.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Your parents?

PROSSER

Some of the boys keep saying they're gonna shave my eyebrows off and draw fake one's on in marker pen.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

I'll talk to them for you.

PROSSER

Then they'll shave my balls. That's what they said they'd do if I told anyone.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

I'm sure they're just messing about with you, Colin. Just tell them that your balls aren't that hairy in the first place.

The conversation is killed.

FADE TO:

89

INT. P.E. CORRIDOR - DAY

89

MR. GUNN locks his office, clutching a box of belongings.
The shy girls: LEIGH MINIM and HAYLEY SCONE - approach him.
They hold out a small present.

MR. GUNN
Is that for me?

HAYLEY
Just a small leaving present...

MR. GUNN
Can I open it now?

GUNN unwraps the gift, revealing a bottle of Brut.

MR. GUNN
Wow. That's... Lovely. Thank you
girls. That's very special.

HAYLEY
We'll miss you, Sir.

MR. GUNN
Thank you, girls. Thank you.

GUNN places the aftershave in his box, walking away. LEIGH
begins to quietly weep; consoled by HAYLEY.

90

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

90

Longbottom sits on her desk, both legs spread wide. Fake
sits at a desk before her; the only pupil present.

MRS. Longbottom
Paul. I read your course-work on
MacBeth. I couldn't believe what
I was reading! What is this?

FAKE
You said we had to translate
MacBeth into a modern setting.
That's what I did.

MRS. Longbottom
*"MacBeth had a drinking buddy
called Banquo."* I don't know...
What is this? This isn't what I
asked for at all.

FAKE
Mrs. Longbottom. Judge me, but at
least the translation is
contemporary.

MRS. LONGBOTTOM

Perennial smugness might have got you through the last four years, but this essay will not get you a pass, let alone a good grade. Rewrite it. Get it back to me. If you don't, you will fail English. Wake up, sleeper. Rise from the dead.

LONGBOTTOM hands FAKE his course-work.

91

INT. MAGAZINE ROOM - DAY

91

URBAN, GABLE, WAYNE, STEWERT, PRICE, SHONA and WREN sit on desk tops, clutching pens and notebooks. BALLARD sits apart from them, above it all.

GABLE

Items on the agenda. The article on famous ex-pupils.

WAYNE

The only slightly famous person who attended this school was once in an advert for Mr. Kiplings Bakewell tarts. Beyond that, it's Colin Prosser. Famously never at school. Doesn't have the same effect, does it?

GABLE

Stewart. How's the piece about the charity week?

STEWERT

So far, I've got one story about Ricky Saville's pledge to eat dog food for charity. I'm going to feature the sports day... I'm also proposing a teachers versus pupils charity football match. We can promote that.

GABLE

Good, good. Shona?

SHONA

I thought we could run a monthly competition called "Guess The Student." We could feature a description, and give away a prize to the winner.

PRICE

What kind of prize?

BALLARD

Free day off school? I'd go in for it.

PRICE

I don't think Mrs. McHattie would agree to that somehow.

BALLARD

Guess the Student. He's a ginger twat. Answers on a postcard to...

WREN

Can we stick to the point? I think Shona's got a good idea. Who else agrees? Show of hands.

Nearly all hands are raised.

WREN

That settles it. Okay. Who will be our first mystery student?

STEWERT

I've got one. 'He stole a bus from a depot, only the bus didn't make it out of the depot in one piece. He followed this by stealing a JCB.'

URBAN

Too easy. Everyone knows that's Prosser.

SHONA

I didn't know.

BALLARD

Everyone but you knows.

WAYNE

What about Guess the Teacher? 'Has yellow sweat patches on his shirts.'

URBAN

That could be any teacher...

WAYNE

Legend proclaims that he has a wooden leg.

BALLARD/URBAN/STEWERT

Mr. Joiner...

STEWERT

What student needs mental help
because his artwork has been
banned? Ballard.

BALLARD

What student is rumoured to only
have one testicle. Stewert Alden.

PRICE

What student should leave the
magazine room because he's not
even part of it. You.

BALLARD

What student thinks he's got a
secret stash of chocolate in his
desk but in fact hasn't got
anything because I've already
eaten it.

PRICE opens his desk. His eyes bulge with realisation. He
slams the desk, lunging at BALLARD. WAYNE and STEWERT
restrain him, as BALLARD squares up to him.

PRICE

I want him out of the magazine.
He's not a part of it. No one
wants you here, Ballard. No one
asked you to join. The magazine
chooses you, not the other way
round. No one chose you!

BALLARD

Do you really think I give a
shit? Do you? Have fun with your
gay little magazine...

BALLARD walks out, leaving the door open on purpose.

92

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

92

MS. TOPLISS carries stacks of books into the walk-in
cupboard, as the pupils work. As she stacks the shelves, a
rickety shelf collapses. Books slide everywhere.

RAWLINGS

Careful, Miss.

MS. TOPLISS

Shut up, Rawlings.

JACKS

Something wrong, Miss? You seem a
bit pissed off?

MS. TOPLISS
 Agitated, you mean. Yeah. By you.
 Shut up and leave me alone. Do
 your work or I'll get Mr.
 Woodruff to kick you out.

TOPLISS tries to tidy the books up. JACKS nods to RAWLINGS.
 They edge over to the door, slamming it shut and taking the
 key out. TOPLISS bangs on the door.

MS. TOPLISS (O.S.)
 Open the door! Now!

RAWLINGS
 The door won't open, Miss.
 Where's the key?

MS. TOPLISS
 It's in the bloody door! Open the
 door! Look... I don't like being
 in dark, enclosed spaces, okay...
 So please... I beg of you... Open
 the door now. Nothing will
 happen. You won't be in trouble.

RAWLINGS, JACKS, and most of the class try not to laugh.
 JACKS takes out his lighter, crouching down at the bottom
 of the door. The wood begins to char and faintly smoulder,
 but it's enough to send TOPLISS into a frenzy. She screams
 at the top of her voice, banging on the door. PULLEY, who
 is keeping guard at the door, calls over.

PULLEY
 Woodruff! Quick!

RAWLINGS unlocks the door as everyone takes their seat.
 TOPLISS runs screaming from the class.

93 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 93

WOODRUFF and EDENBROW, having stepped out from their
 classes, see/hear TOPLISS fleeing.

MS. EDENBROW
 I'll go. You deal with them.

EDENBROW pursues TOPLISS. The pitbull dog trots past.

94 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY 94

WOODRUFF strolls in, puffing out his authority.

MR. WOODRUFF
 What, in the name of arse, is
 going on around here? Eh?

Silence. WOODRUFF drags the blackboard down.

MR. WOODRUFF

You all think you're clever,
don't you? Yeah? All these big
brains in one room. That's what
drove Ms. Topliss out, wasn't it?
Time to learn how it's going to
be. From me. You will write out
three hundred times...

He looks for chalk. He tries the desk drawers. Nothing. He struggles to open the last, bottom drawer. He wrestles it open, wincing at his discovery. A bizarre sex toy.

MR. WOODRUFF

Oh. How original. Did you fools
really think that something like
this... Placing a... Let's call
it as it is - a sex toy - in a
drawer... was going to disrupt
the class? This might have worked
on Topliss, but not on me.

A few muffled sniggers.

MR. WOODRUFF

Because it's all so funny, isn't
it, Jacks? Well if this is what
you're so interested in, let's
talk about it. I've got ten
minutes to spare. Let's get into
it. I'm not shy or embarrassed,
are you? Looking a little pink
there, Jacks?

JACKS

But sir... We didn't put that in
the drawer...

WOODRUFF looks at the plastic phallus in his hand.

95

EXT. STREET - DAY

95

CHANCE, RAWLINGS and JACKS walk down towards the shops. A car drives past, and a voice calls out.

MR. GUNN

(laughing)

Jacksy, you wanker!

JACKS

Who was that?

CHANCE

Mr. Gunn... A fine role model.

96 INT. DRAMA STUDIO - DAY

96

Completing his work on a back-drop, FAKE admires his own work, placing a tin of paint down.

FAKE
Finished. Sir? Take a look. A
bloody masterpiece, even if I...

FAKE peers out. The store cupboard is quiet. FAKE steps over, looking in. Face down on the floor, the body of MR. GLASGOW. FAKE can only stare.

FADE TO:

97 INT. MAIN HALL ASSEMBLY

97

The fifth formers look out the BARON; glum. The ratio of uniform to casual is slipping in favour of jeans, T-shirts and trainers.

MR. BARON
As you are aware, Mr. Gunn left us at the end of last term. Miss Topliss has also departed, following her decision to enter a new profession. It is also my sad duty to inform you about the death of one of my colleagues and your teacher, Mr. Glasgow. He suffered from a brain tumour... No one expected it. He will be missed by everyone. That is all.

FAKE
I'd like to say a few words.

MR. WOODRUFF
Sit-down.

FAKE
Andy Glasgow was our drama teacher. We all used to call him Jesus, because of his corduroy trousers, beard and sandals.

MR. MAITLAND
Beeeeee-SILENT!

MR. BARON
He was an old hippie who smoked dodgy fags...

MR. BARON
If you don't sit down now, I will
knock twelve bells out of you...

FAKE
... But he was my friend as well
as my teacher...

MR. BARON
Don't push me, Fake.

FAKE
...And he was a damn sight better
person than any of you.

FAKE walks away as BARON goes after him. McHUGH steps up,
raising a hand to stop BARON, who pushes him aside.

98 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY

98

BARON marches up behind FAKE, turning him round. WOODRUFF,
McHUGH, EDENBROW and WAINES back him up.

MR. BARON
You just made the biggest mistake
you'll ever make. I told you not
to cross me. Couldn't help
yourself, could you? You're so
above it all, yes? You are going
nowhere. I'm not going to expel
you, if that's what you're hoping
for. You're going to have lessons
with me, every day, all day,
until you leave this place.

FAKE
You'll enjoy that. I'm good
company. (beat) All I did was
express myself.

MR. BARON
Keep it coming, keep it coming...

FAKE
You can give me all the
detentions you want. Throw me out
of the musical. But I'm not gonna
be some... Robot.

MR. BARON
You think the musical is still
going ahead? The man died. The
show died with him.

FAKE
We owe it to Mr. Glasgow...

MR. BARON
The show is over.

FAKE
Have you been a twat all yer
life? These things are important.
You've got to get it right.

BARON grabs FAKE by the shirt, pushing him against the wall. MCHUGH steps in with WOODRUFF. FAKE wriggles free, ripping his shirt in the process. FAKE and BARON glare at each other, before FAKE straightens his shirt, leaving.

99 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS ART CLASS - DAY

99

BALLARD and HAWKINS loiter near the quad. They watch CRAPNELL approach them.

CRAPNELL
You seen Colin Prosser?

BALLARD
Probably in detention. Why?

CRAPNELL
I've got to kill him.

CRAPNELL stops, distracted by an open window. He steps over to it. He reaches inside, taking a large piece of pottery from the art class. He examines it.

CRAPNELL
I'll have that.

CRAPNELL walks on with his new bowl.

BALLARD
Seems hard to believe that I used
to be best friends with Adam
Crapnell. When we were in the
Juniors. As soon as we came here,
he drifted away into... extremely
petty crime. (beat) How's the
quest for Vicki Dixon?

HAWKINS
I sent her a poem ages ago. Stuck
it in her bag. Anonymous. Didn't
hear anything from her, though.

BARKER, MAYHEW, HERCOCK and BEDLAM approach.

BALLARD
Well, keep at it, eh?

MAYHEW
Where's Urban?

BALLARD
School Fagazine. Hanging with the
likes of Stewert Alden, Craig
Price and Wyatt Gable.

BEDLAM
I think Gable's a bit Mum and
Dad, y'know.

HERCOCK
We're doing a charity game of
Badminton tomorrow. Raising money
for charity. D'ya wanna be a part
of it? You get out of lessons.

100 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

100

BALLARD, HAWKINS, MAYHEW, HERCOCK, BARKER and BEDLAM play
each other at Badminton. MR. MIDDLETON-JONES passes the
hall, looking in.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
You boys. I say, you boys? What
are you doing?

BARKER
Playing Badminton.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
I can see that. Where's your
teacher? Mr. Rodney or Mr. Gunn?

HERCOCK
No, see, this is for charity.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
It is? Oh.

The boys play on.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
Hold on, hold on. Does anyone
know about this? Have you got
permission to be here?

The boys look at each other, then to HERCOCK and BARKER.
They look to each other, a little flushed.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES
You don't have permission? So you
should all be in lessons now?
Oh... Go and get changed!

HERCOCK

But... It's for charity, sir.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

You can't just... Do... Anything and say it's okay because it's for charity! There are procedures and, and, permission is needed! Now get out of my hair!

BARKER

But sir, you haven't got any.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Out!

The others give HERCOCK and BARKER the evils.

101 INT. HUMANITIES ROOM - DAY

101

BALLARD and HAWKINS enter the room. WOODRUFF, who is standing before the class, turns and stares.

MR. WOODRUFF

The lovers return. Where have you both been? Not even an apology...

The boy sit down. WOODRUFF stands before the class. MS. WAINES sits to one side as support.

MR. WOODRUFF

As I was saying... Ms. Waines and I are going to talk to you about something which affects every single one of you. Well, maybe not Chris Hawkins.

WOODRUFF looks pleased with himself. HAWKINS glows red.

MR. WOODRUFF

Sex education. There. Said it. Let's get all the giggles out the way now, shall we. Repeat after me. Sex-Sex-Sex-Sex-Sex-SEX!

The class fall about laughing.

MR. WOODRUFF

Come on, let it all out! Vagina-Vagina-Vagina-Vagina!

The laughter increases. WOODRUFF becomes exasperated.

MR. WOODRUFF

Penis-Penis-Penis-PENIS!

JACKS

COCK!

MR. WOODRUFF

Jacks - OUT.

MS. WAINES

Sit down, Jacks. You of all people need to hear what's about to be said. The point of this lesson is to address any fears you have about sex. Any questions that you need answering.

HEIDI

George. Is it true that if you're having sex, you can't go to the toilet at the same time? Like, have a wee?

MR. WOODRUFF

You know only too well, Heidi.

HEIDI

No, I'm being serious!

WAYNE

What's a blow job, sir?

MR. WOODRUFF

Find out in detention at the end of today, Littlewood.

A few of the quicker minds snigger. WOODRUFF realises what he's just said.

MS. WAINES

What about those of you who are dating? Is there anything you've been wondering about?

MR. WOODRUFF

Come along. Urban and Sally... I'm looking at you two lovebirds!

SAVILLE

I got kicked in the balls by Crapnell last week. Still hurts.

PULLEY

So? I once split my head open, and the Doctor said my brain was sticking out.

MR. WOODRUFF

Shut up, Pulley.

A knock on the door. MS. EDENBROW enters. WOODRUFF smiles at her. WAINES looks sour. Even the pupils pick up on this.

MS. EDENBROW
I was wondering if I could borrow
Ballard to help me carry some
books to my car?

MR. WOODRUFF
Ooo-ooh! Ballard and Ms.
Edenbrow!

STEWERT
Ballard and Heidi, more like.
Aint that right, Ballard?

BALLARD and EDENBROW leave.

MS. WAINES
Let's start by dispelling a few
myths. You've all filled out one
of these questionnaires, and to
answer your preconceptions about
sex: Yes, you can get pregnant if
you have sex on a boat, or if you
have sex standing up, or if you
have a wee afterwards.

WOODRUFF frowns a look of horrified realisation, before quickly snapping out of it.

MS. WAINES
Mr. Woodruff will now explain
about sexually transmitted
diseases. Won't you?

MR. WOODRUFF
Yes, that's right. Who here has
heard of genital warts?

ROBBIE
Didn't she sing that song from
Dirty Dancing?

The class erupts in laughter.

MS. WAINES
Oh for goodness... Will you lot
shut up? If you've no questions,
then I'll tell you how it is.
This information is going to
hopefully stop you lot from
getting pregnant!

DINA feels queasy. She dashes for the door.

102 INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY 102

Both standing in the cupboard, EDENBROW loads books onto BALLARD's arms. The space between them is very small.

MS. EDENBROW
Ignore them, won't you?

BALLARD nods, frozen to the spot.

MS. EDENBROW
I can always rely on you,
Ballard. You've not changed a bit
since you started here. Always
quiet, always sensible. You're a
good boy. There's no shame in
that. George... Mr. Woodruff...
He's a clown. Likes to joke.

BALLARD
At other people's expense.

MS. EDENBROW
Yes, well... He'll realise one
day, I'm sure. When he grows up,
isn't that right?

EDENBROW smiles at BALLARD. His heart stops.

103 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS CAR PARK - DAY 103

Books loaded into her car, EDENBROW places her hand on BALLARD's shoulder.

MS. EDENBROW
You're a good boy. Remember that.

Her look lingers for a fraction too long. BALLARD smiles.

MS. EDENBROW
Better go. Need to get to Rush
Ferrers. I'm covering for double
English. Which will be fun! I'll
be glad when this place shuts. No
more of this to-ing and fro-ing.
You take care, won't you?

Smiling, BALLARD nods, watching as EDENBROW drives off. His smile covers his now haunted soul.

104 INT. ART CLASS - DAY 104

MR. COWLIE closes the door, as students take their seat. He opens his desk drawer, taking out a bar of chocolate.

MR. COWLIE
Adam Crapnell. Congratulations.
You made it through an entire
week without bunking off.

COWLIE tosses the chocolate to CRAPNELL, who looks pleased with himself.

MR. COWLIE
We seem to be onto a good thing
here. Keep it up.

ROBBIE
Sir, can you bribe me into coming
to school please?

MR. COWLIE
It's an incentive. Mr. Crapnell
needs all the prompting he can
get. Whereas you, Mr. Clifton,
are a jug-eared chancer who needs
to be silent.

COWLIE spies a fight occurring between HERCOCK and BARKER outside the classroom windows. COWLIE clicks his fingers at CRAPNELL, COOKE and McMENAMY, who rush out of the room.

MR. COWLIE
Righty-o. What is art? What does
it mean to you lot? That's what I
want to get your heads around
today. What's your favourite work
of art? And don't just say
something to impress me.

HAWKINS
Don't know, sir.

Outside the class room, CRAPNELL and co. lay in to the younger, already fighting students outside.

HEIDI
I like that painting of the
little kid that looks sad. Do you
know the one I mean? It's really
naff and seventies looking?

MR. COWLIE
Good, Heidi. Hawkins, try to
think next time.

BALLARD
The Mona Lisa.

MR. COWLIE
That's your favourite work of
art, is it?

BALLARD

Why not.

MR. COWLIE

You're just saying that. What's so great about it, then?

BALLARD

Because.

MR. COWLIE

Right, wasting my time here.

URBAN

Umm... I like Matisse's work.

MR. COWLIE

Ah! Excellent! Now we're talking. Take a look at this piece here, painted by Henri Matisse. The mastery of colour, the expressiveness of it all, the experimental verve...

BALLARD

Marvellous.

MR. COWLIE

Listen son, if you're going to take the piss, you can get out.

SAVILLE bursts out laughing.

MR. COWLIE

Ricky...

SAVILLE can't stop.

MR. COWLIE

Out, Saville. Ballard?

BALLARD shakes his head. COWLIE carries on.

105

INT. HUMANITIES ROOM - DAY

105

The class is rowdy. HERCOCK and BEDLAM try to squeeze into the same free-standing cupboard, to MAYHEW's amusement.

BARKER

(at the door)

Someone's coming!

MAYHEW slams the doors on the cupboard. A dour, solemn teacher steps in: MR. SOLE. The class try not to laugh.

MR. SOLE

Hello. I'm going to be covering your Humanities lessons for the rest of the term. Ms. Edenbrow is at Rush Ferrers, covering things there. My name is Mr. Sole. My wife called me Anthony. Not Tony.

KIRSTY

Can we call you Tony?

MR. SOLE

Umm, no.

ROBBIE

What about 'Smiley Joe?'

MR. SOLE

No. I want to talk to you today about myself, and my life. So you can get to know me better, and so I can get to know you through sharing my experiences. Three years ago, my mother was mugged and attacked in her own home. This was closely followed by the death of my wife. She... She died in a car accident. See, what they don't teach you in school is life. How to live. How to carry on. How to cope.

All the while, the cupboard behind MR. SOLE wobbles. A few children snigger, concealing their smirks.

MR. SOLE

You think I'm joking. I see. I am not, I assure you. My life fell apart years ago. And I've fought to rebuild, and move on. And it has not been easy.

A few more bigger laughs escape, as the cupboard rocks.

MR. SOLE

Why do you find this so hilarious? I'm talking about death. About loss. And you sit there, sniggering like hyenas. You have no understanding...

The cupboard behind SOLE falls over flat, scaring the life out of him. The class explodes in laughter. SOLE trembles, as HERCOCK and BEDLAM clamber out of the broken cupboard.

106 INT. BOYS CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

106

The boys get ready for their lesson. RAWLINGS steps out from a toilet cubicle wearing his rugby kit.

CHANCE

Bit overdressed, Rawlings.

RAWLINGS

We've got rugby today. Aint we?

CHANCE

Yeah. There's nothing I like to do on a cold day than to run around a freezing cold pitch in me swimming trunks.

COOKE, PULLEY and McMENAMY rush RAWLINGS, dragging him out towards the pool. He clings to the walls for life, as the other boys laugh and cheer them on. RAWLINGS struggles with all his might, but it's no use.

107 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

107

RAWLINGS is flung backwards into the pool, fully clothed. The aggressors dart back into the changing room as MS. HORTON steps out from the girls locker room.

MS. HORTON

Out of the pool! Now!

RAWLINGS struggles. HORTON dives in, pulling him to the side of the pool. MR. RODNEY steps out a side-door, leaping into action. He hoists RAWLINGS out, dumping him there like a wet sponge. HORTON climbs out of the pool.

MR. RODNEY

(to Ms. Horton)

You alright? You alright?

RAWLINGS

I'm fine...

MR. RODNEY

You can shut it for starters, Rawlings. Get out of those clothes, get dressed and get to Mr. Baron's office. And be sure to tell him why you're there.

RAWLINGS

Oh come off it! I didn't even do anything! They threw me in!

MR. RODNEY

Who did?

RAWLINGS

That bunch of tosspots in there!

MR. RODNEY

Right. I've had enough of you.
Out. Go on! OUT!

RAWLINGS mutters, leaving with squishy footsteps.

108 INT. BOYS CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

108

RAWLINGS enters to much laughter. RODNEY leans in.

MR. RODNEY

You lot. Out. Now.

The boys do as they're told. RAWLINGS sits down, smiling.

CHANCE

What's up with you?

RAWLINGS

Just met the new P.E. Teacher.
Great tits. I am in love.

CHANCE

I hope it's a woman.

109 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

109

The pupils are in the pool. MS. HORTON stands over them.

MS. HORTON

Today we are going to learn Life-Saving. I want everyone to get into pairs. One boy, one girl. Boys, you are going to save the lives of the girls by supporting their backs with one hand, and cupping under their chin with the other hand, gently holding the head back; all the while keep the face above water. Into pairs. Go.

The pupils are a bit shy at first to mix. Some pair up, others refuse to go with a certain boy or girl. HAWKINS looks to VICKI. She nods him over. HAWKINS can't believe it, and not in a good way. He slowly moves round behind VICKI. As HORTON repeats the instructions, HAWKINS is practically scared to lay hands on VICKI. HERCOCK and BEDLAM bob over to the side.

HERCOCK

We haven't got anyone to go with.

MS. HORTON

We'll go with each other.

The boys look at each other.

BEDLAM

I ain't being the girl.

HERCOCK

You've got the boobs for it.

BEDLAM jumps on HERCOCK.

BARKER

Ha! You Ginger beers!

MS. HORTON

You two! Knock it off!

The pair do as their told. HORTON blows her whistle. The boys set about saving the girls. Some fail miserably, others end up arguing. HAWKINS guides VICKI across the width of the pool, to safety on the other side.

VICKI

You did that really well! That was amazing!

LOUISE

Why don't you ask him out if you love him so much, Vic?

A few of the nearby students laugh. HAWKINS blushes, distancing himself behind the other bobbing bodies.

110 INT. BOYS CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

110

HAWKINS towels off, aware that some of the other boys are talking about him in hushed tones, laughing. He turns his back, opening his school bag.

COOKE

Grab his towel!

In an instant, HAWKINS towel is whipped away. Mortified, he gives chase as the towel is thrown from person to person. McMENAMY restrains HAWKINS, as COOKE grabs his legs. He struggles as they carry him out of the changing rooms.

HAWKINS

Get off! Get off me!

111 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 111

HAWKINS kicks and wriggles as COOKE and McMENAMY carry him down towards the girls changing rooms.

HAWKINS
Stop it! You bastards! Get off!

HAWKINS is crow-barred into the girls changing rooms. COOKE and McMENAMY run for it, in hysterics. GIRLS screams echo out of their changing rooms.

112 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS QUADRANT - DAY 112

HAWKINS stares into space, traumatised.

MAYHEW
I'm sure it wasn't as bad as it
seemed at the time.

HAWKINS looks to MAYHEW with disbelief.

HERCOCK
(nursing a black eye)
I once said 'orgasm' instead of
'organism' in Science once. Easy
mistake. I got over it.

HAWKINS
I was thrown into the girls
changing rooms stark bollock
naked. This one's gonna haunt me
to the end of my days.

BARKER
(also slightly wounded)
Did you see anything interesting
while you were in there? Did you
see Shona naked?

HERCOCK
Shona Hepburn? You benny.

BARKER
What? I think she's alright.

HERCOCK
Thar be no meat on dem bones!

HAWKINS
All I could see was white.
Just... Fear. A bit of ginger. I
think I saw Hayley Scone's box.
Hardly adds up to the trauma I
suffered.

BARKER

Well... It's still a frippit.

BEDLAM

A ginger one doesn't count.

MAYHEW

'Ground Control to Ginger Tom...'

HERCOCK

What... What was it... like?
What! You might as well spill the
beans. It's probably the last one
you'll ever see after this.

HAWKINS

Will you shut up? Might as well
stick my head in an oven.

BEDLAM

There's ovens in Home Ec you
could use.

HAWKINS buries his head in his hands.

113

INT. GEOGRAPHY CLASS - DAY

113

Miserable HAWKINS sits next to BALLARD, as other students
gradually arrive for lesson.

HAWKINS

We had to do life-saving. And
three guesses who I got paired-up
with? Vicki. I was petrified to
even touch her. And then she
started raving about how great I
was at doing it. Dunno if she was
taking the piss or not. And then
Cooke and McMenamy threw me into
the girl's changing rooms. Naked.

BALLARD

Do you think Vicki saw... Little
Hawkins?

HAWKINS

She looked right at it. And
laughed.

JACKS enters with CHANCE and RAWLINGS, taking their seats
behind HAWKINS. VICKI enters with ROXANNE, making eye
contact with HAWKINS. VICKI looks away, ignoring him.

JACKS

Watch this. Hawkins. Are you
hetero or homo?

HAWKINS turns red.

BALLARD
Don't answer. Don't answer.

JACKS
Are you deaf as well as hung like
a mosquito? Are you hetero or
homo? Simple enough question.

HAWKINS
(shrugs, clueless)
Look... I dunno.

The other BOYS laugh at him. Suddenly, a crazy hyperactivity falls on the room, as the roaming pitbull trots through the open door. Screams, yells and laughter increase in volume, as the pitbull trots around the desks. Students run out of the way or stand on their chairs as the dog is hyped-up in the rush of bodies. The dog homes in on BALLARD. He quickly steps aside, leaving HAWKINS wide open. HAWKINS scrambles back onto his desk as the dog leaps at him, clamping it's teeth around his right foot. HAWKINS screams, kicking wildly as the dog locks it's jaw. MR. MCHUGH clears the crowd of kids around HAWKINS.

HAWKINS
Get it off! Get it off me!

MR. MCHUGH
Everyone out! Get out now!
Ballard! Go get help. Mr. Baron
or Mr. Rodney. Move!

BALLARD sets off. HAWKINS is in tears.

114	EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY	114
	An ambulance sets off.	

FADE TO:

115	INT. MAIN HALL - DAY	115
	Rows of exam tables. PUPILS work in silence with plenty of concentration. HERCOCK shifts his exam paper, noticing something scribbled on his desk in biro. <i>"Mr. Gunn makes my tits hard"</i> . HERCOCK can't help but laugh.	

MR. MAITLAND
You boy! Laughing? *Laughing?* Out!

116 INT. BOYS CHANGING ROOMS - DAY 116

RODNEY leans in, glaring.

MR. RODNEY
Rawlings, where's your trunks?

RAWLINGS
Forgot, Sir.

MR. RODNEY
You're a liability. Go see Ms.
Horton and get some second hand
trunks from lost property.

CHANCE
Ha! The gypo box!

RAWLINGS
Ha! Ms. Horton. Be lucky.

CHANCE
Bastard...

117 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 117

Pupils dive for black bricks in the deep end. BALLARD dives in, retrieving the brick. As he surfaces, PRICE tosses another brick in, cracking him on the head. BALLARD's vision blurs, then sinks under water.

118 EXT. P.E. CORRIDOR - DAY 118

RAWLINGS taps on the office door. Then again. No answer. He can hear noise coming from within. He bends down, peeping through the lock. His jaw drops.

119 INT. SCIENCE CORRIDOR - DAY 119

HAWKINS sits on the floor, back against the wall. Footsteps approach. HAWKINS look down the corridor. VICKI approaches. HAWKINS slides up the wall, nervous as she moves towards him. She looks inside the classrooms. No teachers. She stops opposite HAWKINS, leaning against the wall.

VICKI
How's your foot?

HAWKINS
Har-har.

VICKI
Just asking.

HAWKINS
They got the dog off in the end.

VICKI
Whose dog was it?

HAWKINS
Belongs to the bloke who lives in
the woods. Catweazle.

VICKI
I thought that was made-up?

HAWKINS
All I know is, they put the dog
down and he wasn't too happy
about it.

VICKI
What you got this afternoon?

HAWKINS
Got Science with Yoffy.

VICKI
Who's Yoffy?

HAWKINS
Y'know... Yoffy. The bloke off
Fingerbobs.

VICKI looks at HAWKINS like he's mad.

HAWKINS
'Mr. Breath.' The most boring
science teacher in the world.

VICKI
Ugh. You're keen.

HAWKINS
He's just spent the last hour
drinking cheap instant coffee.
Get here first, you get to sit at
the back. Away from the breath.

VICKI
I'll have to remember that.

120 INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

120

WE SEE HAWKINS'S description... HEIDI screams and rants at
MR. COOPER - A remnant from Open University television.

HAWKINS (V.O.)
 The bloke's an android. Heidi Garland went into one a couple of years ago, screaming at him, throwing books. She stormed out, and he just carried on writing on the blackboard.

121 INT. SCIENCE CORRIDOR - DAY 121
 BACK to HAWKINS and VICKI.

HAWKINS
 He's well weird. He once covered his arm in leeches to show the class what they did.

VICKI gasps, repulsed.

HAWKINS
 And he always gets on to the subject of insects... doing it.

122 INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY 122
 MR. COOPER leans over HAWKINS shoulder as he pours the contents of one test tube into another.

MR. COOPER
 Look at the colour, Hawkins. The exact colour of the Blue Ringtail Damselfly. Can't be sure about the colour of it's sperm. It's been a long time. The term 'sperm' comes from the Greek word 'spermos', meaning 'seed'.

123 INT. SCIENCE CORRIDOR - DAY 123
 VICKI turns her nose up at that particular story.

VICKI
 "It's been a long time"? Since what? That's disgusting.

There's a long silence. HAWKINS looks everywhere but at VICKI. She looks at him.

VICKI
 I meant what I said about you the other day. When we were doing lifesaving. It's like you weren't there. (beat) You're so shy!

HAWKINS looks awkward.

VICKI
Not everyone has to be a show-off. You can look at me, y'know.

HAWKINS
I know.

VICKI
So why don't you?

HAWKINS
Cos...

VICKI
What?

HAWKINS
It... Hurts. My eyes.

VICKI
Oh, thanks!

HAWKINS
I mean... It hurts... Here.

HAWKINS taps his chest briefly.

VICKI
Why?

HAWKINS
I dunno. Just does.

VICKI
It's okay to like me.

HAWKINS
I don't. I mean, you're alright.
Nice. But not like... That.

VICKI smiles again at HAWKINS. He smiles back.

124 INT. SECOND FLOOR SCIENCE LAB - DAY

124

RAWLINGS confers excitedly with CHANCE and JACKS.

CHANCE
You are such a liar!

RAWLINGS
I'm not! Horton was having a shower.

RAWLINGS(cont'd)

Y'know that crappy old cubicle in her office? I saw *everything*!

JACKS

You're worse than Pulley. And he reckons his Dad is Michael Jackson's personal caterer.

PULLEY and WAYNE are using Bunsen burners as flamethrowers, as BOZ instructs the class.

DR. BOZ

Put your thumb on the test tube and shake it.

The entire class look to each other, uncertain of the instruction. One by one, following each other's movement, they raise the test tubes to their protruding tongues.

DR. BOZ

No! Your thumb, your thumb!

BOZ demonstrates with her thumb, positioned on the end of the test tube. The penny drops. LOUISE begins to flap her hand, as a wasp buzzes around her head.

LOUISE

Dr. Boz! There's a wasp!

DR. BOZ

Keep still. Don't move.

With mystic precision, BOZ slams her forearm down on the bench, killing the wasp; brushing off the dead body.

LOUISE

Thanks... Miss...

BOZ returns to her bench at the front.

DR. BOZ

Now take your test tube and your pipette, and collect a small amount of the liquid. Then place one or two droplets on your sheets of paper.

ROXANNE

Shits?

DR. BOZ

Sheets. Your sheets of A4 paper.

JULIE

Miss. What's wrong with your arm?

DR. BOZ looks at her forearm, now massively swollen. URBAN slides some artwork out of his folder: The logo for the school magazine. He passes it to WREN and SHONA.

URBAN
What do you think?

SHONA/WREN
Wow... That's brilliant!

SALLY
We spent four hours working on that.

BALLARD
Bet you had your tits out for three hours and fifty five minutes of that.

URBAN shoves BALLARD. He shoves him back.

DR. BOZ
Third bench - why you talk?

URBAN and BALLARD glare at each other.

125 INT. MRS. MCHATTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

125

MRS. MCHATTIE reads the school magazine - an A4 sheet of photocopied paper. STEWERT, WREN, GABLE, WAYNE, PRICE, SHONA and URBAN sit before her with anticipation.

MRS. MCHATTIE
Well. I am very disappointed in you all. The purpose of this magazine was to raise moral. To increase respect in the school community. Instead, you have presented me with a collection of... Gossip. Lies. Malicious rumours. How did you think I would ever agree for this piece of filth to be distributed?

GABLE
But Mrs. McHattie... It's not that bad... I mean it's...

MRS. MCHATTIE
Wyatt Gable I am so cross at you for allowing this to happen. I thought better of you. Of you all. Sophie Wren. Shona Hepburn. Stewart Alden. Craig Price. You.

URBAN
Urban, Miss.

MRS. MCHATTIE
Making up stories about the...
hygiene of teachers. The report
on the sexual orientation of
pupils. To even go so far as to
include yourselves in this! I am
at a loss for words. It's sick.

STEWERT
But Miss... What do you mean? We
didn't write about that.

126 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS QUADRANT - DAY 126

CRAPNELL hands BALLARD the legitimate magazine. BALLARD
hands CRAPNELL a fiver.

CRAPNELL
Nice one.

CRAPNELL heads off. BALLARD reads the real magazine, which
features articles about pets, school history and hobbies.
BALLARD screws up the letter, throwing it away.

127 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY 127

HAWKINS, BALLARD, BARKER and MAYHEW sit on the large comfy
chairs, playing the laziest game of table tennis; all the
while scoring eyefuls of the GIRLS who are performing
aerobics in the cafeteria. Most prominent is KIRSTY.

BARKER
She's great, isn't she?

MAYHEW
That's beside the point. Kirsty
Firman does not go out with
people like us. Especially us.

BALLARD
Have you asked her?

MAYHEW
No. But it's obvious.

BALLARD
Why don't you ask her?

MAYHEW
Hmmmm... No.

BALLARD

What are you waiting for?

HAWKINS

Another serving of bum-brown.

MAYHEW

See. That's why girls like Kirsty won't even look at us. We are but animals in a zoo.

BARKER

People would like us if they knew us. I think we're alright. (beat) Alright, Hawkins is a bit weird. But we're better than someone like David Jacks or Crapnell.

MAYHEW

All we can do is leave here, grow beards, marry the barmaid, have two kids, get divorced and spend our weekends chatting up divorcees over sausage and chips at a sleazy cabaret.

BARKER

We should go camping. Go up into the woods, smoke loads of weed.

BALLARD

Why?

BARKER

Cos it'd be cool.

BALLARD

I don't do drugs. Just want to be my own person. I never had a burning desire to rebel.

BARKER

Really? You square.

MAYHEW

Barker. We never do anything. So there's no point in talking about it, because it won't happen. We couldn't even organise a charity badminton match. We're boring. Unpopular. Never will be.

HAWKINS is too busy staring at exercising girls to answer.

MR. RODNEY

You lot! Get up off your backsides!

MR. RODNEY(cont'd)

You can't play sitting down! Get onto the badminton courts. Ruddy great lumps!

128 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

128

Ms. HORTON divides the boys up. BALLARD and HAWKINS are to play doubles with STEWERT and PRICE.

PRICE

Did you know Ballard likes Heidi?
When's the wedding, Ballard?

BALLARD

What is it with you gingers?

PRICE paces towards BALLARD, cracking the shuttlecock directly into his eye. STEWERT laughs.

BALLARD

Agh! That's it. He's dead!

HAWKINS

You can't hit him. He asthmatic.

BALLARD chases after PRICE, who flees; laughing.

129 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

129

WOODRUFF parades at the front of class.

MR. WOODRUFF

Not one person in this room, in the entire year, managed to pass the exam. Not one of you people answered one question correctly. The reason for this is because you all chose the wrong subject to answer. There were three options: The American West, World War One and Agriculture. Yet not one of you chose the one subject that we've spent the last year studying.

ROBBIE slowly raises his hand.

MR. WOODRUFF

What is it, Robbie?

ROBBIE

But sir... We've been learning about World War Two.

MR. WOODRUFF

Since when?

ROBBIE

Since... I dunno, ages.

MR. WOODRUFF

The options included World War Two, Clifton.

DINA

You just said World War One.

MR. WOODRUFF

No I didn't. See, this is why you have all failed your mocks. You just don't listen!

WAYNE

You did say World War One, Sir.

MR. WOODRUFF

I'm not here to debate, Wayne. Any more lip and you're out.

WREN

To be fair, sir, you did say World War One.

MR. WOODRUFF

Right. That's it. You're all in detention.

DINA

What? Because you got it wrong? Bollocks, I aint doing it.

MR. WOODRUFF

Suppose you think you're tough, yeah? You might have been able to send Ms. Topliss off to the funny farm, but you are not going to get anywhere with me, Dina.

DINA

That's because you keep teaching us the wrong stuff. Try the right subject so that we actually might stand half a chance at passing our exams.

MR. WOODRUFF

You can learn the way to my office. Oh, you already know that, don't you, Dina?

DINA

Only because you keep inviting me there, you big perv.

DINA storms out, slamming the door.

MR. WOODRUFF
Anyone else want to leave?

ROBBIE raises his hand.

MR. WOODRUFF
Put your hand down.

130 INT. BOYS CHANGING ROOMS - DAY 130

BALLARD, HAWKINS and co. change from P.E. Kits to uniform. BALLARD watches PRICE change from afar. Picking his moment, he moves, pacing up to PRICE. As PRICE turns round, BALLARD round-houses him in the gut, flooring him.

BALLARD
Laughing now?

GABLE
He's got asthma!

131 INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY 131

URBAN and DINA sit silently, desks apart. URBAN works on his art project. DINA gazes over.

DINA
That's really good.

URBAN
I can think of better ways to pass my lunch hour. Woodruff caught me without a tie. It's like, thirty seconds between drama and P.E. Why put it back on for thirty seconds? (realises he's going OTT) What about You?

DINA
Called Woodruff a perv.

URBAN
We are examples of injustice.

DINA
(after a long pause)
I've been on the pill for months. Supposed to mess up your body. It hasn't really. *They've* grown a bit because of it. I don't want them to. Boys just stare. It's not like they're massive.

DINA(cont'd)

I'm scared that if I stay on it
they'll keep growing.

URBAN

If you're worried, go to the
doctors. I'm sure everything'll
be fine.

DINA

I need to come off the pill.
Pregnancy completely freaks me
out. That's why I didn't have sex
for so long. You're speechless.

URBAN

Can't you... Er... Talk to your
sister about this?

DINA

I bought a pregnancy test, but
I'm scared to take it. When I was
thirteen, I went to this fortune
teller. She told me ten times to
be careful. Freaked me out.

URBAN

Fortune tellers say that to every
girl your age.

DINA

I want kids, just don't want it
now. I've got to live a lot more
before that happens.

URBAN

Take the test, Dina.

DINA

Come with me?

URBAN nods.

132 INT. GIRLS TOILETS - DAY

132

URBAN waits in a cubicle. DINA is in the next one along.
The lock unbolts. DINA steps out with the test. They both
stare at the test strip.

URBAN

What colour's it supposed to go?

DINA

Sssh!

DINA sighs, rushing off. URBAN is a little stunned. LEIGH
and HAYLEY enter. He smiles hello, quickly leaving.

133 INT. SECOND FLOOR SCIENCE LAB - DAY

133

MR. COOPER enters, taking a seat at the front.

MR. COOPER
Dr. Boz has had to go home. I
will be taking the register.

JULIE
Is it because of the massive bee
sting, sir?

COOPER looks at the list of names. He stares hard.

MR. COOPER
Right then. Bal-lard.

BALLARD
Ballard, sir.

MR. COOPER
L... Lion... Ly-an?

LIANNE looks a bit uncertain.

MR. COOPER
No? Robbie. Vicki. Helen. Paul.
Sally. H... Heedee? Haydee?

HEIDI
Heidi. God, it aint that hard.

MR. COOPER
Chris. Julie. David. Wayne. Hmm.
Umm. L... L... Leesh... Leidge?

LEIGH begins to blush.

JACKS
Leidge is here, sir.

MR. COOPER
Speak up, Leidge.

JACKS
Yeah, 'Leidge'!

BALLARD
You're such a twat.

JACKS
Oh, you're hard. Where's your
handbag, queer?

JACKS spits in BALLARD's face. BALLARD sits there,
glowering. The bell rings.

134 INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY 134

MRS. LONGBOTTOM sits up front as normal, legs akimbo, talking to a table of girls at the front. WAYNE grabs ROBBIE's text book, throwing it out the window. ROBBIE sighs, edging out of the classroom. WAYNE and PULLEY look out of the window. Four storeys down, ROBBIE eventually appears; climbing out of a window into the quadrant below. He grabs his book, climbing back in.

135 INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASS - DAY 135

MIDDLETON-JONES produces a pineapple upside down pudding from the oven, as his class population dwindles behind his back and out the door.

136 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 136

Various pupils wander the corridors. Some play hide and seek amongst cupboards and tables which are being stored amongst the coat-racks.

137 INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY 137

ROBBIE returns, sneaking in behind LONGBOTTOM. As he takes his seat, WAYNE snatches the book again, tossing it out the window. ROBBIE smirks, sensing the game. He sets off again.

138 INT. HUMANITIES ROOM - DAY 138

The students are working silently. MR. SOLE sits at the desk, staring into space. His digital watch beeps.

HEIDI

Are we keeping you, sir? Got a more pressing engagement?

MR. SOLE

Yes. It's the time my wife died.

MR. SOLE leaves the classroom. The students look at each other, bemused.

ROXANNE

Did he just say 'it's time my wife died'?

HEIDI

No. He said 'it's THE time my wife died.' She's already dead.

139 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

139

MR. SOLE dials on the telephone.

FEMALE ANSWERPHONE VOICE

Hello, this is Anthony and Susan
Sole. We are currently
unavailable, so please leave a
message after the tone, and we
will get back to you. Thank you.

Beep! SOLE hangs up. He dials again. Repeat of message.

140 INT. DARK CORRIDOR - DAY

140

BALLARD sits on the bottom step next to a sealed-off
section of the school. HEIDI heads downstairs, stopping as
she sees BALLARD sat there.

HEIDI

Scared me...

BALLARD

Sorry.

HEIDI

What are you doing here?

BALLARD

What are you doing here?
Supposed to be in Home Ec with
Hamish Middleton-Jones. You?

HEIDI

Humanities with that weird bloke
with an obsession about his dead
wife. He walked out mid-lesson.
If it's good enough for him...

BALLARD

Well, it was either sit here, or
watch Middleton-Jones burn a
pineapple upside down pudding.
The bloke's mad. If he's not
getting us to do cheese tasting,
he's getting us to build tables
for playing cards. If it's not
that, he's having logs delivered
so he can get us to build an
assault course or some other
completely random crap.

HEIDI lights a cigarette. Silence. BALLARD shifts
uncomfortably. He looks to HEIDI.

HEIDI
Get your own.

BALLARD
No, I...

Silence. BALLARD opens his art folder, pretending to search through his art. He places sheets of art on the floor, creating some attention. HEIDI looks at his work.

HEIDI
I like that. That's really good.

BALLARD
Thanks.

HEIDI
You going to college when you leave?

BALLARD
Na. Can't wait to get out of here. Got no intention of going back to a school of any kind. I'll be doing cartwheels when I leave here.

HEIDI
I'm going to college.

Footsteps echo down the corridor. HEIDI stubs out her cigarette, as BALLARD gathers all of his art up.

HEIDI
In there!

141 INT. DARK CLASSROOM

141

HEIDI and BALLARD hide behind the door as the footsteps close in. A presence arrives at the doorway.

MR. BARON
Who's down here? Come out now!

Confined in a tiny space, HEIDI and BALLARD stop breathing. Eventually, BARON closes the door. HEIDI's long hair pushes up against BALLARD. He inhales deeply. HEIDI moves.

BALLARD
He'll still be out there. He's thorough. He can wait.

HEIDI
I'm not staying here all afternoon.

BALLARD
Well... You can cut through that
door, head through the old hall.

HEIDI
I'm not going through there. It's
condemned!

BALLARD
Wait here. You'll know when it's
safe.

BALLARD steps out of the class.

142 INT. DARK CORRIDOR - DAY 142

BALLARD paces along. Suddenly, a hand clamps on his
shoulder. BARON.

143 INT. DARK CLASSROOM - DAY 143

HEIDI listens out, startled at the echo of BARON's raised
voice. The shouting is muffled but it's serious. It
eventually stops. Footsteps lead away. HEIDI steps out.

144 INT. DARK CORRIDOR - DAY 144

Reaching the end of the corridor, HEIDI sees BARON marching
BALLARD away, leaving her free to escape.

145 INT. HEAD OF YEARS CORRIDOR - DAY 145

The sign of the door reads: MR. MCHUGH - Head Of Year 5.
BALLARD leans against the wall, as MR. MCHUGH arrives.

MR. MCHUGH
Why are you propping up the wall?

BALLARD
Mr. Baron sent me.

MR. MCHUGH
Well, don't be cryptic.

BALLARD
He caught me wandering about.

MR. MCHUGH
Can't he look after his own
strays? (beat) Well, in you go.

MCHUGH opens the door to his office.

146 INT. MCHUGH'S OFFICE - DAY

146

BALLARD files paperwork, as MCHUGH reads the paper.

MR. MCHUGH

So what are your plans for the future, Ballard?

BALLARD

To get out of here.

MR. MCHUGH

After exams.

BALLARD

Oh. Umm, I want to get a job.

MR. MCHUGH

Good chap. Doing what?

BALLARD

Special effects. In films.

MR. MCHUGH

And you think there's a chance to get into all of that? I mean, you don't see many jobs like that advertised down the job centre.

BALLARD

No, but... I've got a good imagination. I'm really into it.

MR. MCHUGH

And I'm into football, but I'm not a Striker for Aston Villa.

BALLARD

Yeah, well... If I don't try, I won't know, will I? I mean...

MR. MCHUGH

Look, I don't want to be the one to break this to you, but get real. It's not an easy profession to get in to. You don't just walk into it. Get a proper job in the meantime, and do all this effects stuff as a hobby. Take my advice. You can thank me for it later. (beat) Deep down, we all want to be pop stars, or the next Sly Stallone. Fortunately for the likes of us, we're not. We're society's mortar. The pointing between bricks and stone.

MR. MCHUGH(cont'd)
 Just because we're not in the
 papers, stumbling out of
 nightclubs, doesn't mean we don't
 have value. (beat) You're not
 listening.

BALLARD smiles to himself. MCHUGH smirks.

MR. MCHUGH
 Well, let me know how it all
 goes, won't you?

BALLARD
 Yeah, I will.

FADE TO:

147 EXT. BLOCK OF FLATES - EVENING 147
 Rain falls, as FAKE wanders the walkways.

148 EXT. MS. WAINES'S FLAT - EVENING 148
 WAINES opens the door to find FAKE standing on her
 doorstep.

MS. WAINES
 What on earth are you doing here?

FAKE
 I was just in the area. Thought
 I'd stop by. Say hello.

MS. WAINES
 Stop all that right now. You live
 nowhere near here, and we both
 know that. So cut the crap. How
 did you know I lived here?

FAKE
 I saw your address. In your
 handbag.

MS. WAINES
 You went through my purse? For
 crying out loud, what are you
 playing at? Why are you here?

FAKE
 Just wanted to talk.

WAINES sees that FAKE is serious. She opens the door wider.

149 INT. MS. WAINES'S FLAT - EVENING

149

WAINES hands FAKE the phone.

MS. WAINES

Call your parents. They can pick you up. Paul. Will you listen for once? This is serious. I can get into all sorts of trouble.

FAKE

Do you think they might think there's something going on between us?

WAINES puts the phone down.

MS. WAINES

You need to go.

FAKE

Where?

MS. WAINES

Home! (beat) You haven't you been at school for weeks.

FAKE

What's the point? Baron wants me out. Suits me.

MS. WAINES

Paul... The best thing can do is go home. Be at school on Monday morning. I'll talk to Mr. Baron. We'll sort something out. (beat) Did you know Mr. Baron was the first choice to play Darth Vader?

FAKE

(smiling)

I like you, Susan. You care.

MS. WAINES

Miss Waines. Yes I care, but I'm not your Mum, Auntie, big sister or whatever you think I am. I'm your teacher. That's all. If you want me to be proud of you, then go to school. Learn. Leave. Get a good job.

FAKE

Baron says I'm a waste of space.

MS. WAINES

If you believe him, it's a self-fulfilling prophecy. Don't let him be right. Don't let people like Ken Baron win. Show him you're not what he thinks you are. Do it for yourself, for your own self-decency and respect.

FAKE begins to cry. WAINES sighs, comforting him.

MS. WAINES

Come on. I'll take you home.

150 INT. MS. WAINES'S CAR - NIGHT 150

WAINES drives FAKE home. The radio plays. No talking.

FADE TO:

151 EXT. RUSH FERRERS SECONDARY SCHOOL - DAY 151

Arriving in their school uniform, HAWKINS, URBAN and BALLARD stop and gaze at the school grounds.

URBAN

This is the worst idea in the long, sad, history of bad ideas. Why do we have to come here, just to play Badminton?

BALLARD

Two hours with Ms. Shelley Horton is good enough reason. And we get her all to ourselves.

URBAN

Barker, Mayhew and that lot are on their way here too.

BALLARD

We will be Gods among the morons.

HAWKINS

It's suicide. It's us, going behind enemy lines. If anyone sees us, and sees this (flicks tie)... We're dead men.

BALLARD

Simple answer to that.

BALLARD removes his tie, entering the school. SALLY, KAREN, LIANNE and HELEN arrive. URBAN smiles at SALLY. Nothing.

URBAN
Why's Sally ignoring me?

KAREN
She knows about you and Dina
Garland. In the girls toilets.

URBAN
What about it? She thought she
was pregnant. She wasn't though.

SALLY and KAREN gasp with disgust, walking on. URBAN looks
to HAWKINS. Both shrug, thinking nothing more of it.

152 INT. RUSH FERRERS GYM - DAY

152

BALLARD aims a basketball. LIANNE steps in; overly flirty.
He misses his shot, throwing the ball into the storage
area. BALLARD climbs over crash mats into the darkened
store room. LIANNE joins him.

LIANNE
Sorry for putting you off.

BALLARD
You didn't.

LIANNE finds a ball, offering it to BALLARD. He finds his
own ball. The doors slam. MAYHEW, BARKER, HERCOCK and
BEDLAM walk across the gym, cassette player in hand. The
four boys line up. Intrigued, BALLARD and LIANNE lay low,
watching as BARKER presses play. Music: The Temptations "I
Can't Get Close To You". BALLARD and LIANNE stifle their
laughter as they remain fixed on the surreal sight. The
boys lip sync to song, pulling their best moves. They've
clearly been working on their routine for a long time. As
the song plays out, the boys congratulate each other.

153 INT. RUSH FERRERS BADMINTON COURT - DAY

153

URBAN and HAWKINS play SALLY and KAREN, as MS. HORTON
instructs RUSH FERRERS pupils. HAWKINS and URBAN pick up on
the hateful stares from the other pupils.

HAWKINS
They're onto us.

URBAN
They aint gonna do anything. Not
while Horny Horton's here.

HAWKINS
What about when the bell goes?

154 INT. RUSH FERRERS GYM - DAY 154

BEDLAM rides atop a gymnastics horse on wheels, as MAYHEW charges him at BARKER, also riding a gym horse (fuelled by HERCOCK). The horses crash into each other.

155 INT. RUSH FERRERS GYM CORRIDOR - DAY 155

BALLARD and LIANNE stop at their respective changing room doors. LIANNE smiles seductively. BALLARD sneers a frown, heading into the changing room. LIANNE's poise drops like a lead balloon.

156 EXT. RUSH FERRERS SECONDARY SCHOOL - DAY 156

BALLARD, URBAN and HAWKINS peer out from an alley way, checking the coast. MAYHEW, BARKER, BEDLAM and HERCOCK run past them, fleeing out of the school gates. BALLARD, URBAN and HAWKINS look back behind to see a large gang of RUSH FERRERS boys rushing at them with hate in their eyes. This prompts them to move: fast. SALLY, KAREN, HELEN and LIANNE step out from the school, witnessing the boys being hounded off the premises. Eyes rolled, they casually walk on.

FADE TO BLACK:

157 EXT. PLAYING FIELDS - DAY 157

PUPILS line one side of the football pitch. A few non-sporty TEACHERS group on the opposite side. MR. MAITLAND, dressed in tight safari shorts, matching shirt and hat, blows his referee's whistle. CHANCE faces WOODRUFF.

MR. MAITLAND

Lets have a good, clean match.

MR. WOODRUFF

We're not boxing, Monty. Just blow the whistle.

MR. MAITLAND

Shake hands.

CHANCE

I'm not shaking hands with him.

MR. WOODRUFF

Get your hair cut, Chance. We'll be seeing you down the Gay pub.

CHANCE

Will you?

CHANCE offers WOODRUFF the most non-existent handshake possible. MAITLAND blows his whistle. WOODRUFF kicks off, passing to MR. RODNEY. He dashes up the wing, only to be blocked by JACKS. RODNEY hacks JACKS down, scoring. RODNEY charges up-field, yelling victoriously like he's won the world cup. JACKS protests, as do his team-mates. The PUPILS on and off pitch dispute the goal. MAITLAND let's it pass. The match continues. MR. McHUGH tackles RAWLINGS, who falls; clutching his face. MAITLAND says play on. RAWLINGS and CHANCE dispute the call.

HEIDI
(hurling abuse from the
sideline)
Oi, Bates, you dustman!

BATES stops to complain, losing the ball. The game is messy and violent: Years of teachers' and students' pent-up frustration and anger. BARON boots the ball past goalie PROSSER, winking at him. PROSSER grabs the ball, booting it off the back of BARON's head. The games continues. ROBBIE is taken out by a blatant foul from MR. BATES. MAITLAND issues a yellow card. CHANCE scores against goalie BROOMCOTE. The SUPPORTERS, mostly girls, go wild. RAWLINGS takes on MS. HORTON, but HORTON scores. WAYNE and JACKS scowl as RAWLINGS beams.

RAWLINGS
I touched her tit!

JACKS falls over. CHANCE yells at the ref; ignored.

CHANCE
Come off it! Bates is a cheat!

MR. MAITLAND
If you keep disputing my every
decision, I will forfeit the
game. Now play on!

ROBBIE and MR. RODNEY go in hard, scrambling over the ball.

ROBBIE
Come on you juicy bastard!

MR. RODNEY
What was that?

ROBBIE breaks free, passing the ball, only to be intercepted by COWLIE. BARKER and HAWKINS are trounced by MR. COWLIE as he races up the wing. CRAPNELL slides in, taking COWLIE down. MAITLAND blows his whistle, furiously.

MR. COWLIE
I gave you chocolate!

BATES gains control of the ball, racing towards the goal. PROSSER runs at him from the goal. BATES takes PROSSER out with a shove, scoring. MAITLAND issues a red card. BATES can't believe it. He skulks off the pitch.

GIRLS ON SIDELINE

(singing)

Na na na na... Na na na na... Hey-ey-ey... Goodbye...

The game continues. CHANCE is floored by WOODRUFF. Once again, all the pupils dispute the legal tackle.

MR. MAITLAND

Look, I'm warning you lot! Stop disputing every single tackle!

CRAPNELL and WOODRUFF both go in for a header. CRAPNELL hurls himself into the air, colliding with WOODRUFF, flooring him. The PUPILS cheer.

URBAN

Crapnell's drop-kicked Woodruff!

WOODRUFF is helped off the pitch by COWLIE and McHUGH. MAITLAND awards a penalty to the TEACHERS. BARON steps up.

MR. BARON

Chew on this, Prosser.

PROSSER

Bet you say that to all the boys.

MR. BARON

Prosser. There's a sponge inside that head of yours with the word 'brain' scribbled on it in marker pen. Only it says 'Brian'.

BARON lines up for his shot. TEACHERS and PUPILS wait for the whistle to blow. Growling dogs can be heard. A muffled shot rings out. BARON falls; clutching his groin. All eyes switch to the shambled tramp-like figure that strides towards them, mongrel dogs on leashes, waving an air-rifle.

TRAMP

That's what you get when you kill my dogs! You shoot one of mine, I shoot one of yours!

The TRAMP and his dogs vanish into the woods. Silence.

WREN

I told you he was real!

MR. MAITLAND

Game abandoned. Everyone inside.

MR. RODNEY
 We won, though. Yes? (beat) You
 heard Mr. Maitland. Move. Get
 those boots off! Come along.
 (beat) Balls to me, boys.

ROBBIE
 (yelling back from
 across the pitch)
 Balls to you, sir!

JACKS, CRAPNELL, CHANCE and PROSSER kick footballs at
 RODNEY, simultaneously bombarding him.

MR. RODNEY
 Fools! Vandals! Hooligans!

158 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 158

Red-faced and wincing with pain, MR. BARON thunders down
 the corridor. He practically walks through SAVILLE.

SAVILLE
 Off to phone the wife, sir?

BARON swoops at SAVILLE; glaring at him. SAVILLE flees.

159 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 159

PROSSER wanders. CRAPNELL, COOKE and McMENAMY pass the
 junction ahead. PROSSER freezes. They didn't see him.
 CRAPNELL steps back into sight like the grim reaper.
 PROSSER flees, bowling down steps to locked doors. No
 escape. CRAPNELL and co. appear at the top of the stairs.

160 INT. CDT BLOCK WORKSHOP - DAY 160

MR. BATES hushes the rowdy mob sat before him.

MR. BATES
 Quiet. I said quiet! Every time I
 open my mouth, some fool speaks!
 Now settle down! Goodness...

PROSSER enters. BATES looks at him oddly. PROSSER has had
 his eyebrows removed, with some new one's drawn on.

MR. BATES
 What on... EARTH!

PROSSER
 Talk to Crapnell. He did this.

MR. BATES

All I've had from you since the day we met is strife. No more. I am removing you from this class.

PROSSER

What about my exam work?

MR. BATES

Consider it a failure. I'm sure that will sit well with you.

PROSSER throws his plaque at BATES.

161 EXT. QUIET STREET - DAY

161

The pink Triumph catches up with PROSSER.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Colin? School's not over yet.

PROSSER

(points to eyebrows)

Baron kicked me out. Because, somehow, that's my fault.

MIDDLETON-JONES slumps, exasperated; resigning that the situation is a complete mess. He steps out of the car.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

Come on, son. Let's go get a Wimpy. You can drive. She's got a bit of rust, does nought to fifty in two days, but she'll get you from here to the burger bar.

PROSSER looks uncertain.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

We're not all monsters, Colin.

PROSSER climbs into the driver's seat.

MR. MIDDLETON-JONES

(getting into the car)

Just be a bit more careful than you were with that bus, alright?

162 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

162

The fifth year-leavers sit before the teachers, as MRS. MCHATTIE concludes her speech. Sat behind him, LIANNE rubs her foot up BALLARD's leg. He flinches, looking over his shoulder. LIANNE winks at him. BALLARD feels uncomfortable.

MRS. MCHATTIE

And so, to bring this school year
to an end; the end of your school
life. The end of Woodhouse
School. May God bless you all, in
all that you do with your lives.
You all make me smile, so thank
you, each and every one of you,
for the best days of my life!

The TEACHERS prompt the clapping. The pupils join in.

FADE TO:

163 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY 163

PUPILS work hard on their exams. Some wear a confident
expression; others looks of utter doom.

164 INT. CDT BLOCK WORKSHOP - DAY 164

MR. BATES locks away the tools. The door slams open. A gang
of five young men and a young woman stand before him.

MR. BATES

Yes? (beat) Can I help?

The GANG of PUNKS stare at him.

MR. BATES

You'll have to leave.

BOYFRIEND

I haven't answered the question
yet, you turd.

PAULA PROSSER

You got my little brother
expelled from this school. He's
missed out on all his exams.

MR. BATES

The boy would never have passed
any of them. He was never here.

BOYFRIEND

Don't talk to my girlfriend.

MR. BATES

She spoke to me. I answered.

BOYFRIEND

So? Shut your mouth.

MR. BATES
Yours is not an enquiring mind,
is it?

The BOYFRIEND steps up to BATES, head-butting him.

165 INT. FOYER - DAY 165

PUPILS file out of the hall in silence, gradually chatting about how well the exam went. ROBBIE and PULLEY discuss.

PULLEY
Can't believe this is it. Y'know,
it's so rubbish here. We don't
get a school disco or anything.
In America, they have school
proms. We don't even get jelly
and ice cream. Schools are so
much better in America...

BALLARD strides towards the bright light of the main doors.

166 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY 166

Gangs run riot. PUPILS are egged and covered in flour. CRAIG PRICE: The main target. White shirts are signed. VICKI collects signatures from all the boys. HAWKINS loiters nearby with a pen. She waves him over, pointing to her shirt pocket to sign. HAWKINS almost dies on the spot.

167 INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY 167

MCHUGH, HORTON, WAINES, FITCH and BROOMCOTE have their photos taken with pupils, signing autograph books. WOODRUFF offers to sign his name, but is overlooked.

168 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS CAR PARK - DAY 168

An expensive looking car is covered in eggs and flour. The windscreen wipers smear the mess. Inside, BARON stares out.

169 INT. THE BURNER - DAY 169

MR. BROOMCOTE, MS. WAINES, MRS. LONGBOTTOM, and MR. MCHUGH sip their pints of beer with ex-pupils FAKE, DINA, BULLER, LOUISE, JACKS, RAWLINGS and CHANCE.

170 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY 170

BALLARD strolls down the path, stopping as he reaches the main road; pausing for thought.

BALLARD
I didn't do a cartwheel.

Across the road, HEIDI steps into a ridiculously souped-up car, driven by a young BOY RACER. They speed off. BALLARD watches her race off into the distance. He looks back to the school, as HAWKINS approaches.

HAWKINS
Prosser's sister's boyfriend just head-butted Mr. Bates!

BALLARD
They're also hanging Bates out of the top of the maths block by his feet. Now that's funny.

A hand taps BALLARD on the shoulder. He turns to LIANNE, waiting for her to talk. Eventually, she does.

LIANNE
Would you go out with me?

BALLARD
Yeah, right.

BALLARD spies URBAN, walking on. HAWKINS looks to LIANNE.

HAWKINS
Lianne. I'll go out with ya.

LIANNE shrugs, supposing so.

171 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

171

URBAN and WREN swap scraps of paper.

URBAN
Yeah, okay. I'll give you a call tonight. Is that alright?

WREN nods, leaving with gossipy SHONA as BALLARD arrives.

BALLARD
What was that about?

URBAN
Ah, nothing...

The boys walk on. The pupils fade like old memories.

FADE TO:

172 EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

172

BALLARD, now in his thirties, stands on the boundary of the grounds. The building has been long-since removed. The rest is an over-grown expanse for the wind to rush through.

FADE OUT.