

BAD EDUCATION

EPISODE 501

"Boxing"

Written by

Freddy Syborn & Charlie Wernham

SHOOTING SCRIPT

20th July 2023

(Pink Rev. 28/07/23)

1.1 **EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY**

1.1

The screen is black - then unzipped - to reveal BLESSING looking down at us. The camera exits her backpack as she starts selling cans of fizzy drinks and sweets.

We follow one pupil as they buy a Coke and turn away --

Only to have the can snatched by MITCHELL. He's with STEPHEN.

MITCHELL

You know the rules. Give it here.

(cracking open the can)

Breakfast. Most important meal of the day. Ooh, fizzy laces.

MITCHELL grabs fizzy laces off a pupil and stuffs them in.

STEPHEN

Careful, you won't fit into your wedding... I'm gonna say tracksuit?

MITCHELL

Are you sure you don't want a plus one? The offer still stands.

STEPHEN

I say this with love, but if there was someone special in my life, I'd walk backwards over hot coal to stop them meeting your Uncle Pat.

MITCHELL

You met my Auntie Pat.

STEPHEN

Oh my God.

MITCHELL

You never know, you might meet someone special at the wedding!

STEPHEN

I do like an Italian stallion.

MITCHELL

Ah. About the destination wedding. I can't afford it. So I booked this beautiful, authentic Italian place, incredible wines, antipastis, the lot. It's called Allbaroné.

STEPHEN

Never heard of her.

MITCHELL

You'd love it mate. It's right next to the station. Loads of stools.

STEPHEN

Do you mean... All Bar One?

MITCHELL

Don't be stupid, this is Allbaroné.  
Oh shit. They stick all the words  
together on the website, they  
shouldn't be allowed to do that!

STEPHEN

Please tell me Kayleigh has not  
consented to this.

MITCHELL

No! It was meant to be a surprise.  
We were gonna look round the venue  
tomorrow night.

STEPHEN

So you've got time to change it.

MITCHELL

I can't, I blew the rest of my  
budget on a real-life Italian  
singer. Anthony Costa.

STEPHEN

Mitchell! The wedding's next month!

MITCHELL

What am I gonna do? Allbaroné took  
my deposit, Anthony Costa charged  
me five grand. God, this is a wake  
up call, I really need to grow up.

He's interrupted by pupils chanting 'Fight! Fight!'

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Sweet! Fight, fight, fight!!

MITCHELL dashes off across the playground like a bloodhound.

Pupils flock to watch a white, Jake Paul-ish kid 'LUCCI BANTZ 4K' (real name Luke Banister) beating up a dweeby kid.

LUCCI is being filmed by his mates with a proper camera and panel light. STEPHEN sees the camera and is intrigued.

STEPHEN

Werk.

MITCHELL and STEPHEN fight their way through the crowd.  
MITCHELL for the fight, STEPHEN so he's in the back of shot.

CROWD

Lucci! Lucci! Lucci!

Reveal that LUCCI BANTZ is beating up... Warren! Warren's got his fists up like the Marquis of Queensbury. It's lame.

HARRISON, JINX, BLESSING and INCHEZ are in the crowd.

HARRISON  
Do something, sir!

MITCHELL  
Oh yeah... Oi Warren, play dead.

Warren collapses, over-acting a long, fake heart attack. So LUCCI grabs a nearby rubbish bin and empties it over Warren, covering him in dry rubbish (crisp packets, paper etc).

The crowd cheer. LUCCI turns to the camera being aimed at him and produces a bottle of 'protein shake' called SHAKE-EEL.

LUCCI  
Gotta get your protein in after a good tear-up. Shake-Eel's the shit!

LUCCI takes a big chug of the disgusting-looking drink.

LUCCI (CONT'D)  
Like and subscribe, bitches! 4K all day! Peace.

As he exits, LUCCI chucks the Shake-Eel at Blessing. The bottle has FRASER's face on it, drawn like Paul Newman on salad dressing. It's a 'Shaquille FRASER product'.

MITCHELL, STEPHEN and Class K run to Warren, who lies still.

MITCHELL  
Warren, you can stop playing dead now. Warren? Shit, not another one.

STEPHEN  
And - scene.

Warren sits up, gasping, breaking a committed performance.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
I'm proud of you. You committed to playing dead with such elegance.

He pats Warren's back. Warren throws up.

#### **TITLES**

1.2      **INT. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

1.2

STEPHEN barges in, freaking out. MITCHELL, HARRISON, JINX, INCHEZ and Blessing follow, carrying the woozy Warren.

STEPHEN

Harrison, get the first aid kit!!  
He's puked on my Loubs!

USMA's waiting for them with her lips glued together. She leaps up mumbling at 100mph, very, very angry and animated.

MITCHELL

I didn't catch a word of that?

Stephen translates for Usma while Harrison opens a first aid kit... for shoes. He starts polishing Stephen's shoes.

STEPHEN

She's saying... that little scrote put superglue in her lipgloss.

MITCHELL

Warren! That is quality.

HARRISON

Not Warren, Lucci Bantz! Warren was sticking up for Usma.

MITCHELL

Warren picked a fight with that unit?! Who is he anyway?

STEPHEN

He's Luke Banister. You should recognise him, he's in your form.

MITCHELL

I don't bother with that lot, they've got no banter.

INCHEZ

But Lucci's got two hundred thousand followers. He broke the internet by pranking his parents.

1.3

**INT. CHURCH - FLASHBACK**

1.3

Phone cameras show Lucci's funeral. His parents are crying in the front row when... LUCCI bursts out of the coffin. Mourners scream. His parents are wailing and sobbing.

LUCCI

Suck it, bitches!!

He gets his mum in a headlock. She's in tears, he's laughing.

1.4

**INT. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

1.4

We're back to the classroom. Warren is sad and embarrassed.

WARREN

And now I've gone viral.

INCHEZ holds up his phone. There's a bell ringing 'ding ding ding' like the start of a round of boxing. Footage of Warren having the rubbish tipped over him with a 'KO' graphic.

INCHEZ laughs. Blessing knocks his hat off in annoyance.

BLESSING

I'm proud of you, Warren. I woulda put big money on you going down sooner. You put up a good fight.

MITCHELL

Jinx, shut up for a minute, I'm thinking.

JINX

I haven't said a word all day.

MITCHELL

Lucci's got a shitload of followers right? And they'd all bet big on him to win a fight. So if we stick him in the ring with a real weef, and then hypothetically there's a massive upset, someone could hypothetically make a fortune?

BLESSING

Everyone's gonna bet on Lucci...

MITCHELL

But I'm gonna back the underdog. When Lucci takes a fall -

BLESSING

You'll make a killing -

MITCHELL

- Pay for the wedding and save my relationship. Blessing, you're my bookie! Just don't let Hoburn see any money changing hands.

INCHEZ

Wait bruv, this ain't gonna work. No way is Lucci Bantz gonna throw the fight. He'll look like a tit.

BLESSING

How do you know what a tit looks like?

INCHEZ

I seen one.

BLESSING

Your sister in the shower don't  
count.

\*  
\*  
\*

WARREN

Inchez is right, sir. Lucci is all  
about image.

\*  
\*  
\*

MITCHELL

Aha, but if I don't sign his report  
card, he's getting excluded.

\*  
\*  
\*

JINX

So you're going to blackmail a  
child into helping you embezzle  
money from many other children?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MITCHELL

See, when you wind your neck in and  
listen, you get it.

\*  
\*  
\*

He exits, a man on a mission. Usma turns to Stephen,  
gesturing to her lips: Help me out!

\*  
\*

STEPHEN

Soz, I'm loving the peace and  
quiet. Five more minutes. Ten max.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jinx swoops in beside Usma.

\*

JINX

Don't worry, I'll talk for you.

\*  
\*

Out on USMA shooting daggers at STEPHEN and JINX now.

\*

1.5

**INT. HOBURN'S OFFICE - DAY**

1.5

HOBURN is on the phone to some 'crybaby' parents.

HOBURN

Yes, there has been a slight uptick  
in playground argy-bargy. But I do  
think that we as a society are in  
danger of molly-coddling our young.

(the parent reacts, angry)

(MORE)

HOBURN (CONT'D)

But no, two broken legs is probably  
one too many. Leave it with me.

MITCHELL barges in as HOBURN slams down the phone, annoyed.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

God help us if there's a third  
world war. We're sucking all the  
spunk out of our young men. The  
parents are blaming the "epidemic"  
of violence in the school on Luke  
Banister, AKA Lucci Bantz.

MITCHELL

Leave the handbags to me, Miss.

HOBURN

What do you know about handbags,  
Harper? Beyond how to snatch them  
from the back of a speeding moped?

MITCHELL

No, the argy-bargy. As a physical  
educator, I believe in channelling  
our pupils' natural aggression. If  
the kids are choosing violence, we  
need to speak their language.

HOBURN

Great minds. Are you thinking what  
I'm thinking?

MITCHELL  
Boxing match.

HOBURN (CONT'D)  
Whipping.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Whipping?!

HOBURN

You're right, the whip has some  
unfortunate undertones. But the  
shatterproof ruler, the hardback  
book, a well-aimed slipper - in  
your parlance, I'm bang up for it.

MITCHELL

I just meant a boxing match.

HOBURN

That's smart, less bruising through  
a glove. Well, I'm ready to turn a  
blind eye as long as we keep it  
behind closed doors.

MITCHELL

But we have to get a crowd in. To  
make an example of them.

HOBURN

I see, like a public hanging. But  
it's too late for Luke Banister,  
I'll have to expel him.

MITCHELL

Don't do that, love! Put him on red  
report. I'm his form teacher, if he  
steps out of line, I won't sign his  
report card. Goodbye Lucci Bantz.

Out on HOBURN, who likes the sound of fight, but...

HOBURN

Don't call me love.

\*

1.6 OMITTED 1.6 \*

1.7 **INT. FRASER'S KITCHEN - DAY** 1.7 \*

FRASER's kitchen. A 70s vibe. Smoky. Shutters down. FRASER's wearing a pork pie hat that's more Paddington than Rocky. He's feeding some tortoises when MITCHELL and Blessing enter.

MITCHELL

Since when did you have pets?

FRASER

Hmm, I wouldn't call them 'pets'  
but I'm not needlessly cruel. Soup?

FRASER holds up a ladle of green soup from a nearby pot.

MITCHELL

And that is why you're not catering  
my wedding.

FRASER

Spaghetti Arrabiantia? Ledge-sagna?  
Freshly baked lad-eleines? Please?  
I'd love to cater an All Bar One,  
it's a *stunning* venue.

MITCHELL

You knew I'd booked that place?

FRASER

Yeah! I can't wait to show Anthony  
Costa my Anthony Costa tattoo.

BLESSING

Where's Lucci? Why is he plugging  
all this shit on his socials?

Blessing points to the protein shakes and protein bars on  
FRASER's counter.

FRASER

Lucci's mum doesn't let him have  
protein shakes at home. She's a  
real fun sponge.

MITCHELL

'Frase-Bars'... 'Shake-Eel'...

FRASER

It's a pun, but it's also 30% real  
eel! I shot Lucci the good shit and  
he turns me into the Eel-On Musk of  
the protein community. Simples.

LUCCI BANTZ appears in the doorway.

LUCCI

Table for three.

He kisses both his 'guns', sauntering past Blessing and  
MITCHELL. Fraser slaps a steak onto a George Foreman grill  
attached to an extension cable plonked on top of the hob.

FRASER

Welcome to Chez Fray. Any  
allergies?

LUCCI

(at MITCHELL)

Yeah. I'm allergic to old geezers  
in shit trainers.

FRASER

Ooh, shots fired. Someone's hangry.  
... You mean him, right?

MITCHELL faces off against LUCCI over the pass. There's a macho, conspiratorial air. FRASER cracks open a Shake-Eel.

MITCHELL

Listen here, son. You think you're  
Billy Big Bollocks now - but I can  
take your career up a level.

LUCCI

Who are you?

MITCHELL

I'm your ticket to the big time.  
I'm putting on a boxing match  
that's gonna make Fury Wilder look  
like Will Smith defending his  
little mate at the Oscars.

Blessing rolls her eyes wearily. Lucci's interested.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

The only thing is, you've got to go  
down in the 4th round.

LUCCI

I'm Lucci Bantz 4K, bitch. I don't  
lose. I can't even spell 'lose'.

BLESSING

So you'd lose a spelling bee.

FRASER interjects, sounding slurred like Sylvester Stallone.

FRASER

Woah woah, I know you wouldn't  
disrespect ma boy askin him to  
throw a fight for nuttin.

BLESSING

Fraser, are you having a stroke?

MITCHELL

He's doing Sly Stallone. You're too  
young to get it.

FRASER

No, actually I think I'm allergic  
to something in the Shake-Eel.

BLESSING

At a guess... the eel?

FRASER

(very, very slurred)

Boy, this is why they're always so kind to me at the London aquarium.

MITCHELL

Listen, Banister. Unfortunately for you, I'm also your form teacher. You need me to sign your report card, or else you're gonna get expelled. No school, no content, all this goes away. So are you gonna go down in the 4th or not?

Cut from a furious LUCCI BANTZ weighing his options to...

1.8 INT. GYM - DAY

1.8

MITCHELL addresses Class K, who sit in a line on the floor. STEPHEN wears a jumper saying *Slugger's Gym* and which is cut off waaayyy above the belly button. \*

MITCHELL

Lucci agreed to fight. Abbey Grove fight night is on! \*

STEPHEN

I assume I'll be taking creative control of the production. \*

HARRISON

Do you like boxing, sir? \*

STEPHEN

Er - Cagey Joe in Bugsy? Yes! \*

MITCHELL

Alright fine, but we want it to feel like heavyweights in Vegas. \*

STEPHEN

Uh huh. Celine, Britney, Adele. \*

MITCHELL

Tyson, Mayweather, Lennox Lewis. \*

STEPHEN

Is that Leona's brother? \*

MITCHELL

Right we need to find a challenger, a real goon, some pathetic little streak of piss what no one would bet on in a million years... \*

Everyone turns to - WARREN. Obviously. But WARREN plunges into a full-blown panic attack, huffing on an inhaler.

WARREN

I can't... fight him... again...

BLESSING

I can literally hear his bones rattling.

USMA

Me! Me! Sir man, I need to sprinkle  
some Karma on that bitch. Cos at  
11:59, messing with a girl's power-  
plump lipgloss is haram. I swear  
I'm gonna gouge that prick's eye  
out and use it as a beauty blender!

All the kids either side of USMA sliiide away from her.

STEPHEN

I love the energy. But sadly it's  
gotta be one of the boys. Harrison?

HARRISON

I've never boxed before.

MITCHELL

That's just the way he talks.

INCHEZ jumps up, launching into a Muhammad Ali rhyming speech  
as he circles a punchbag in the gym. The class cheer him on.

INCHEZ

I'll fight for you, sir, and I will  
win - cos it's a game of Incbez and  
I am the king.  
I'll be the lyric-spitting bad man  
what crushed Lucci Bantz - then  
I'll shag his mother while he shits  
his pants!!

At the climax, INCHEZ hits the punchbag. Crack! He collapses.

MITCHELL

I've heard of a glass jaw, but I've  
never seen a glass fist before.

1.9

INT. GYM - MONTAGE

1.9

We pan off INCHEZ's broken hand, wrapped in plaster. MITCHELL  
is handing out boxing gloves to the Class K boys.

MITCHELL

Remember, all you've gotta do is  
dance round the ring for four  
rounds, then land one punch.

STEPHEN

And the school says I don't teach  
y'all transferable skills.

WARREN

(nervous, snappish)

He doesn't mean literally dancing  
around the ring.

STEPHEN

I love it, Warren. Anger. Fear.  
Vulnerability. Use it! Let's go!

Cue a montage of the dweeby, gangly Class K boys being put through their paces. The sequence feels Bugsy Malone-esque.

Track down the boys punching bags to find WARREN punching his punchbag. STEPHEN hisses at him, very theatre mum.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Tits and teeth.

WARREN's distracted. The bag swings back, taking him out.

Shots of boys' feet training in trays full of sand, Bugsy style. We track down a few of them then pan up to reveal HARRISON is making a sandcastle with his sand.

\*

1.10 INT. FRASER'S KITCHEN - MONTAGE

1.10

Hard cut to a much more *Creed*-style montage. Aggressive music change. LUCCI BANTZ is punching a huge side of meat angrily.

FRASER's holding the other side of the meat like the trainer.

FRASER

Harder! Harder! God, this horse is  
going to be tender!

1.11 INT. GYM - MONTAGE

1.11

MITCHELL puts WARREN and HARRISON in front of mirrors. He points to their reflections.

MITCHELL

Look in the mirror. Who'd you see?

HARRISON

Me?

MITCHELL

No. You're looking at your biggest  
enemy.

HARRISON takes one look at himself and runs away in terror.

Cut to the boys lined up facing MITCHELL and STEPHEN with the girls plus INCHEZ sulking with his broken hand. STEPHEN holds a single A4 photograph, concealing the image from the crowd.

STEPHEN

I'm holding a photo of the champion  
we have chosen to represent Class K  
in the fight of the century, thus  
saving Mr Harper's wedding...

(dramatic pause)

Warren my love... I'm sorry, it's  
not going to be you.

WARREN's been hyperventilating with fear. Now he relaxes.

MITCHELL

Yeah, mate. I love Kayleigh, but I  
couldn't do that to you. The last  
thing I need is another court date!

WARREN laughs at MITCHELL's little joke. STEPHEN's annoyed.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, is this a joke to you? I  
can't believe you'd come in here  
with a defeatist attitude.

WARREN

I'm sorry, sir. I'm just not a  
fighter. I can't change that.

STEPHEN

Take control of your own destiny.

WARREN

No! I don't want to get humiliated  
by that monster again.

STEPHEN

Stop it!! I have never in my life  
yelled at a girl like this. I was  
rooting for you! We were all  
rooting for you!

Silence. Everyone is staring at STEPHEN in full Tyra mode.

MITCHELL

Just tell 'em who's fighting?

STEPHEN

It's Harrison.

STEPHEN turns the photo over. HARRISON dives for cover.

HARRISON

It's him again!

JINX

It's a photograph. Not a mirror.

\*

1.12 **INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - THE NEXT DAY**

1.12

Morning assembly. HOBURN is mid-announcement to the school.

HOBURN

To the student or students stealing  
lead from the chemistry lab roof,  
if you get lead poisoning, don't  
come crying to -

MUSIC! Plus the feedback squeal of a microphone turning on.

HoBURN (CONT'D)

Ah yes, Mr Harper's pain circus.

MITCHELL (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen...

The curtains open to reveal a big banner saying HARRISON vs. LUCCI behind a trestle table with chairs and mics, plus some old-fashioned weighing scales on stage. MITCHELL walks on.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night, two giants go head  
to head. Let's meet the fighters!  
He's got a million dollar smile but  
don't let that fool you, he's a  
killer. He's Harrison The  
Hurricane.

The song changes. It's Cher's Believe.

STEPHEN enters, leading HARRISON plus the Class K 'entourage' onstage. STEPHEN acts like they're being swarmed by people.

STEPHEN

Back, get back, give him space, you  
won't like him when he's angry!

But no one is swarming them. The school is baffled. Crickets. MITCHELL beckons WARREN (who's stage managing) over to him.

MITCHELL

What the hell's this music?

WARREN

You asked for Believe.

MITCHELL

Yeah, by Eminem.

The music changes to a hard rap beat. MITCHELL nods along.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

This is more like it. Oh God...

FRASER leads LUCCI BANTZ into the room to Lucci's own song, rapping with a mic live. USMA boos him but the crowd love it.

LUCCI

Lucci Bantz, slow dance,  
Eel drink, romance.  
4K, all day!

The crowd all join in with "all day". LUCCI downs a bottle of Shake-Eel as FRASER whips the crowd up into a frenzy.

Then LUCCI turns around and, with his back to the crowd, spits out the Shake-Eel into FRASER's cupped hands.

LUCCI (CONT'D)

Dude, you gotta ease up on the eel.

FRASER

(very Sly Stallone)  
I know champ but it tastes so good.

MITCHELL

Alright gentlemen, before we weigh ya, let's face off for the last time. Keep it clean.

STEPHEN

(to USMA)

What's this bit?

USMA

It's like Housewives, the reunion.

STEPHEN

Werk.

STEPHEN immediately goes into mean mode next to HARRISON. LUCCI veers close to HARRISON, who takes a step back.

LUCCI

He's a pussy! I'm not gonna fight him, I'll get done by the NSPCA.

MITCHELL

(sotto, to HARRISON)

Say something!

STEPHEN whispers something to HARRISON's ear. HARRISON parrots everything he says in a very wooden, unscary way.

HARRISON

Yeah well... You're a dumb ho.

LuCCI

Come say that to my face.

HaRRISON

And those shorts are not giving, child. Also your shoulders are overdeveloped. Period.

LUCCI

I'm gonna go through you like  
Fraser's tuna bhuna.

The crowd 'oooooh'. STEPHEN whispers something else. HARRISON storms up to LUCCI. A tense moment. Then HARRISON meows.

LUCCI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

The crowd laugh as HARRISON continues to act like a cat. Baffled, MITCHELL crosses to STEPHEN.

MITCHELL

What did you tell him?

STEPHEN

Nothing, I just said 'purr'. Oh nooo, he thinks he's a cat.

MITCHELL

(desperate, loudly)

Woah, you gonna take that, Lucci?  
It's all kicking off!! He likes ya!

HARRISON is meowing and rubbing his head on Lucci's shoulder.

LUCCI

What's he doing? Get him off me!!

HARRISON hisses. Weirded out, LUCCI stumbles back clumsily. The crowd mutter and laugh. MITCHELL grins weakly at HOBURN.

HOBURN

Mr Harper, I applaud your desire to  
humiliate this child, but it might  
just be easier to expel him?

MITCHELL

No, I've got it all under control.

Meanwhile USMA runs up, waving a fold-flat chair in the air.

USMA

Use the chair!!

MITCHELL

Wrong sport! Jesus Christ!

1.13

**INT. CANTEEN - DAY**

1.13

Blessing is taking bets on the fight. A PUPIL writes odds on a blackboard. Blessing's handing out betting slips to the punters when MITCHELL pitches up and checks out the odds.

MITCHELL

Blessing? These odds are far too short?

BLESSING

I can't help it. People are backing Harrison. He made Lucci look like a dickhead at the weigh in.

MITCHELL

Shit. Even if I win, I won't make any money - and I've got my eye on this gorgeous little Mexican spot for the wedding, brand new in town, it's called Tacobeyyye.

BLESSING

Are you saying Taco Bell in a Spanish accent?

MITCHELL

NO! OK, we need to change fighters.

BLESSING

But you can only change a fighter through injury. Otherwise people are gonna get suspicious.

Just then WARREN, INCHEZ, USMA and JINX burst in.

USMA

Sir, sir, Harrison just head-butted a mirror! There's blood everywhere.

MITCHELL

(to Blessing, cheerful)  
Problem solved. Now we just need a replacement fighter. But it's gotta be someone utterly pathetic...

They turn to see WARREN already sneaking out.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Warren...

JINX

You can't make him fight Lucci Bantz, sir. Warren's got PTSD.

MITCHELL

Is that the one where you can't concentrate?

JINX

No, it's post traumatic -

MITCHELL

- Oooh, is it meatballs for lunch?

WARREN

Sir. Lucci humiliated me in front of the whole school. You said you weren't going to make me fight.

MITCHELL

Warren, if you get in that ring for me, all of you can come to the wedding. There's a free bar and I'm not being funny, but some of the bridesmaids ain't picky.

INCHEZ

Do it, Warren! Do it for the pussy.

MITCHELL

I said they weren't picky. I didn't say they were blind. How about it?

WARREN

I can't. I'm sorry.

MITCHELL

Please. If Kayleigh finds out I've ruined her wedding, she's gonna leave me. I really love her, mate.

MITCHELL gives WARREN a pleading look. WARREN wrestles with it, but hangs his head in assent. He'll do it for MITCHELL.

1.14 OMITTED

1.14

1.15 OMITTED

1.15

1.16 INT. GYM - NIGHT

1.16

We start C/U on a Warhol vs. Basquiat style poster of LUCCI vs. WARREN stuck up on the door to the gym. The camera pulls back as the door opens. Reveal MITCHELL dressed like Nicholas Cage in *Snake Eyes*: garish wide-collared shirt, shiny suit. \*

As Mitchell, we reveal the gym behind us. It's the big fight night! Pupils and parents mill around a boxing ring. \*

MITCHELL heads over to Blessing, who's got her chalkboard out, still taking stealthy bets from pupils. \*

MITCHELL

Right, I'm putting £500 on Warren to win by knockout, round four. \*

Everyone around him starts jeering at MITCHELL's mad bet as Blessing hands him a betting slip. \*

MITCHELL's phone rings. He answers. It's KAYLEIGH. \*

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
Hello babe... I'll be one sec...

But before he can speak to KAYLEIGH, HOBURN steams up. HOBURN is the referee tonight; she's in a bow tie and white gloves.

HOBURN

Harper! When I agreed to this event, I didn't expect you to invite the pupils' parents!

MITCHELL

Of course I invited the parents, Miss. They're gonna up the pot...  
(corrects himself)  
Pot... ential of this innovative disciplinary event. Love the dickie bow.

HOBURN

Shhh. I know there's money changing hands. So I'll make this nice and easy, using words of one syllable: I want you to get my beak wet.

MITCHELL

Ms Hoburn, do you really think I'd pull the ladder up? School gets the gate, you get the car park.

HOBURN

Deal! Yes, I drive a hard bargain, Mr Harper. Don't forget, I helped the government to procure PPE during the pandemic.

MITCHELL

There you go!

MITCHELL hands her an open ziplock bag of loose small change which spills everywhere. He leaves her scrabbling to pick up the money, taking KAYLEIGH off mute.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Sorry, babe, where were we?

KAYLEIGH (O.S.)

Do you remember what we're meant to be doing tonight?

MITCHELL

Oh... shit. I forgot to cancel... you didn't go to Allbaroné?

As he says this, reveal KAYLEIGH is in the gym. Arms folded.

KAYLEIGH

You mean All Bar One?

MITCHELL

Ah, did you drive? That'll be the Satnav getting confused.

KAYLEIGH  
MITCHELL, if you've spent -

MITCHELL  
I'll explain everything in about  
four rounds' time. Usma?! Can you  
get Kayleigh a seat? Front row?

MITCHELL's grabbed USMA, who's running the seating very  
officially, like it's Paris fashion week.

USMA  
Front row? In those clothes?

MITCHELL  
Just do it.

USMA bustles off with KAYLEIGH before KAYLEIGH can stop her,  
plonking her beside a MUM who looks like ANNA WINTOUR.

The lights go down. A spotlight on STEPHEN in the ring. \*

STEPHEN  
Welcome to fight night in  
Hertfordshire's Sin City - give it  
up for Tring! I'm your host,  
Official Stephen Carmichael...

He aims this at Lucci's camera team, who are filming the  
whole thing with their professional-looking kit.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
And I give you Lucci Bantz! \*

Reveal Lucci is in the ring, Fraser in his corner. Lucci  
peacocks for the crowd. Then LUCCI takes out a bling clip-on  
cap he has on one tooth and hands it to FRASER. FRASER fits  
Lucci's gum shield - then clips the cap onto his own tooth. \*

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
And now it is my pleasure to  
introduce Abbey Grove's most  
sickening bitch. It's Warren. \*

Reveal WARREN in a dressing gown and boxing kit, pale and  
scared. The thump of feet and voices drill into his head.

WARREN enters to music... Cher's *If I Could Turn Back Time*.  
WARREN looks nervous as the crowd laugh and jeer at him. He  
climbs into the ring and whispers to STEPHEN:

WARREN  
When I asked for a different song,  
I didn't mean another one off the  
same Cher album.

STEPHEN ignores this and aims the microphone at WARREN.

STEPHEN

Now Warren, how do you see this  
fight playing out?

WARREN

I... see it from a bird's eye view.  
I'm floating, weightless, watching  
myself getting thrown around like a  
ragdoll. But the higher I float,  
the less my death seems to matter.

STEPHEN tries to gloss over this by smiling at the audience.

STEPHEN

He's being modest. Warren, I'm so  
proud of you. And... I want you to  
have these.

STEPHEN hands WARREN a present. WARREN opens it to find a pair of knee-high, red leather boots. WARREN looks horrified.

WARREN

Sir, are these...

STEPHEN

(nods, emotional)

I wore them on the Kinky tour. I  
want you to have these boots.

Lucci is laughing at Warren. Warren whispers to STEPHEN.

\*

WARREN

Sir, I can't wear these. I'm not  
gonna give Lucci more ammunition.

STEPHEN

You can do it. There's a golden boy  
in you, not a punched-out tramp.

(to camera)

I also toured Bugsy.

WARREN

You're not listening! I'm a dead  
man walking, and there's nothing  
you learnt when you were an  
understudy on a three-town tour of  
Bugsy Malone can change that.

A laugh ripples around the boxing ring. STEPHEN bristles.

STEPHEN

Wow. Bravo. And you were afraid you  
couldn't change. Two seconds in the  
spotlight and I don't even  
recognise you any more!

\*

Warren's about to say something when Stephen interrupts him. \*

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I now invite you all to stand for  
the national anthem.

MITCHELL approves. Pupils stand up; they think they're about to sing God Save the King... but STEPHEN has other ideas.

MITCHELL

God Save Our...

STEPHEN

O say can you see  
By the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed  
At the twilight's last gleaming  
Whose broad stripes and bright  
stars, through the perilous fight  
O'er the ramparts we watched,  
Were so gallantly streaming?

As MITCHELL makes a 'cut' gesture, STEPHEN becomes emotional, warbling the song Fergie-style through hysterical walkovers.

He just about lands a final overwrought walkover. He shrieks:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Let's play some boxing!!!

1.17    INT. GYM - NIGHT

1.17

LUCCI versus the petrified WARREN. HOBURN is the referee.

HOBURN

Keep it clean, obey my commands and  
may God have mercy on your souls.

The bell rings. LUCCI immediately punches WARREN.

WARREN staggers back. The crowd cheer. STEPHEN, now wearing a version of Kylie Jenner's lion dress, is shocked.

STEPHEN

Oh my god, it's so violent!

USMA

Kill him, Warren!! Kill him!!!

Reveal INCHEZ and JINX as rival commentators on the match.

INCHEZ

Oh shit, listen to Usma!! Someone  
woke up and chose violence.

JINX

Shame it wasn't Warren.

1.18 **INT. GYM - MONTAGE**

1.18

Round 1... Round 2... WARREN survives by the skin of his teeth, running away from LUCCI. Lucci's taunting WARREN, milking it for all it's worth. Even FRASER is wincing.

MITCHELL's in WARREN's corner, yelling advice to him.

MITCHELL

Tie him up, tie him up!

WARREN hugs LUCCI, who lifts him off the ground. WARREN clings on for dear life, his feet dangling.

HOBURN rings the bell for the end of Round 3.

WARREN collapses in his corner. MITCHELL's beside him.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

You made it, mate. It's the 4th round. Lucci's gonna lower his guard. That's your cue to punch him. He'll go down. It's over.

The 4th round begins. LUCCI steps up. Lowers his guard.

WARREN tiptoes forward, knees knocking. He throws the punch as planned – but LUCCI dodges his outstretched glove.

The crowd laugh at WARREN. WARREN tries again. Again, LUCCI dodges WARREN's punch. MITCHELL frowns. Hisses at LUCCI:

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Oi, Lucci? Stick to the plan.

Then LUCCI punches WARREN with force. WARREN hits the deck.

STEPHEN

Oh my God!! Fraser, put your juiced-up little freak on a leash!

HOBURN

1, 2, 3...

CLASS K

Come on, Warren! Get up!!

Lucci's parading around the ring. MITCHELL runs up to him.

MITCHELL

What are you doing? If Warren don't get up, I'm gonna exclude you.

LUCCI

Fill your boots. Thanks to you, I got verified on TikTok! Who needs Abbey Grove? The people love me.

WARREN staggers to his feet on 9. STEPHEN jumps into the ring and helps him across to the corner. WARREN clings to him.

1.19 INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

1.19

MITCHELL runs up to Blessing at her bookies' board.

MITCHELL

Oi Blessing, Lucci's tucked me right up. Stick that on Lucci to win it with a KO in the 12th.

BLESSING

Sir! What about Warren?

MITCHELL

He's got no chance.

BLESSING

You always back Class K, sir.

MITCHELL

You tell that to Kayleigh.

Blessing hands MITCHELL a new betting slip. MITCHELL runs off, leaving her looking very unimpressed...

1.20 INT. GYM - NIGHT

1.20

WARREN slumps down in his corner. He takes off his gloves painfully. STEPHEN fans him with an ornate hand-fan.

WARREN

I'm sorry, sir. I shouldn't have told people you were an understudy.

STEPHEN

It's OK. They didn't believe you, you just looked a bit bitter.

WARREN

I know you were rooting for me.

STEPHEN

I never stopped rooting for you.  
You don't need to prove yourself to  
anyone. If you quit now, I swear  
I'll let you study Shakespeare...

LUCCI taunts WARREN from his corner, FRASER beside him.

LUCCI

Oi Warren, I heard your nan was  
fit. Do you reckon she'll last  
twelve rounds with the champ?!

STEPHEN

Fraser!!

FRASER

I didn't tell him that! What can I  
say, the kid's got eyes.

WARREN

Give me my gloves. I want to hit  
him... just once...

Blessing has appeared, as if from nowhere. She passes on her tactics while handing WARREN his gloves. They're heavy.

BLESSING

He's strong but he's got no rhythm.  
You'll get your opportunity, but  
you've got to dip, drop and slide.

WARREN

I don't know how to do any of that.

STEPHEN

Yes you do! I'll say it again, I  
teach y'all transferrable skills...

1.21    INT. GYM - NIGHT

1.21

The 5th round is about to start. WARREN gets his mouthguard fitted by Blessing. STEPHEN strips to a crop top. He's getting his lip liner touched up by USMA.

HOBURN rings the bell. WARREN stands... STEPHEN calls out...

STEPHEN

Pussycat Dolls.

LUCCI bangs his gloves together. WARREN prowls forward, then begins a dance from the PCD. LUCCI takes a swing and misses.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Single Ladies!

WARREN does the Single Ladies dance, dodging punches.

The crowd love it. They cheer WARREN! LUCCI scowls, then lunges at Warren - as Stephen calls out -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
West Side!

WARREN dodges Lucci's punches with some West Side moves.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Spice Girls!

Warren makes Lucci back down with moves from the Spice Girls' Stop. Then Lucci comes for him again.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Fight, fight, fight for this love!

Warren dodges Lucci's wild blows with Cheryl Cole's moves. Everyone's on his side now - even Fraser! Fraser calls out.

Fraser  
Gangnam Style!

WARREN goads LUCCI with some Gangnam footwork. The crowd go wild. LUCCI goes in with a hook - misses and punches himself!

JINX  
Yes!!!

LUCCI stumbles. WARREN takes his chance. He punches LUCCI --

-- It's a knock out! LUCCI BANTZ is lifted off his feet. KO! LUCCI hits the canvas and stays there, totally stunned.

HOBURN  
1, 2, 3, 4 - actually can we get a medic to stop this boy bleeding on the canvas? You wouldn't believe how much it cost to hire.

The whole crowd is on WARREN's side. USMA leads Class K rushing into the ring. She throws her arms around WARREN.

STEPHEN gives MITCHELL a delighted thumbs up. MITCHELL tries to look happy... but he ruefully tears up his betting slip.

Blessing throws WARREN's boxing gloves to HOBURN. To HOBURN's surprise, she's slightly winded by the weight of the gloves.

MITCHELL helps LUCCI up. LUCCI takes in WARREN's popularity.

LUCCI  
I thought they loved me.

MITCHELL  
They did - until Warren slut-dropped you into punching yourself in the face. Fickle thing, fame.

LUCCI

Please don't let Ms. Hoburn expel  
me, sir. My mum'll kill me.

MITCHELL

Don't worry. I'll promise to sign  
your report card - if you promise  
to stop being a total dick.

A microphone squeal. HOBURN's got a face like thunder.

HOBURN

Can I have everyone's attention?  
It's time to announce the winner.

INCHEZ

(grabbing WARREN)

This is your moment, bruv!

HOBURN

And the winner by disqualification  
is... Lucci Bantz!

The crowd gasp. Everyone's shocked. HOBURN shakes WARREN's  
boxing gloves and out fall...

Two lead weights. They hit the canvas hard.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

Lead from the chemistry lab roof. I  
take cheating very seriously and -

But USMA grabs the mic and yells into it gleefully.

USMA

Oh SHIT! Warren's a badman!!

The crowd erupt, more excited than ever. WARREN's a hero!  
HOBURN tries to restore order but she's drowned out.

MITCHELL finds KAYLEIGH in the crowd.

KAYLEIGH

Did you put lead in Warren's  
gloves?

MITCHELL

I'm not that smart. I didn't bet on  
a disqualification. I'm sorry, I'm  
an idiot, I blew our wedding money  
on Anthony Costa.

KAYLEIGH

Who?

FRASER butts in, outraged that KAYLEIGH doesn't know Costa.

FRASER

"Who's Anthony Costa?!"

MITCHELL

Not now, Fraser.

(to KAYLEIGH)

I love you so much, Kayleigh. I tried to fix the fight to pay for your perfect day - and I blew it. You deserve so much more than me.

KAYLEIGH

But I want to marry you for you, I don't care where we do it.

MITCHELL

I haven't even bought you a ring.

KAYLEIGH

Well... there's a ring right here.

She points to the boxing ring. MITCHELL grins.

MITCHELL

Are you serious?

KAYLEIGH

Why not? It's about you and me surrounded by people who love us.

(beat, firmly)

But I will still want a real ring.

MITCHELL

Sure.

STEPHEN

Not eavesdropping but I am a registered celebrant. During lockdown, I married myself. Sologamy is a symbolic ceremony all about committing to a meaningful, loving relationship with yourself.

MITCHELL

You can just call it a posh wank.

STEPHEN

Eww.

1.22

**INT. GYM - NIGHT**

1.22

STEPHEN is officiating the ceremony for MITCHELL (in HOBURN's bowtie) and KAYLEIGH. Class K, pupils and FRASER watch.

STEPHEN

Well Kayleigh, no one would judge you for changing your mind. But if must... you may now kiss the bride.

MITCHELL and KAYLEIGH kiss. INCHEZ and JINX are commentating.

INCHEZ

Well, it's official. From boxing bells to wedding bells, this bloke is punching waaay above his weight.

JINX

And I thought that boxing match was harrowing. You're worth so much more than this, Kayleigh!

Before MITCHELL and KAYLEIGH leave, Blessing - MITCHELL's best man - tucks an envelope of cash into his pocket.

MITCHELL

Where did...? How did you...?

BLESSING

Never bet against Class K.

1.23     **INT. GYM - FLASHBACK**

1.23

MITCHELL's walking away after betting on LUCCI. Blessing places her own bet with the Year 7 who mans the blackboard.

BLESSING

Put this on Lucci Bantz by disqualification in Round 5.

Cut to Blessing whispering to LUCCI between Round 4 and 5...

BLESSING (CONT'D)

Oi, you want to get under Warren's skin? Diss his nan. She's a cougar.

Cut to Blessing sneaking lead into WARREN's boxing gloves, then handing them to WARREN...

... And then deliberately chucking them to HOBURN.

1.24     **INT. GYM - NIGHT**

1.24

Blessing pats MITCHELL on the back.

BLESSING

Enjoy your honeymoon, sir.

MITCHELL

Oh we will! We're doing two weeks  
on this amazing island off the  
coast of France. The *Ille de Ouiht*.

BLESSING

Well, I hope you and Kayleigh will  
be very happy on the Isle of Wight.

The happy scene is interrupted abruptly as we cut to --

1.25

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - NEWS REPORT - NIGHT**

1.25

Footage of Abbey Grove with flashing blue lights and kids in  
blankets being led out of the lobby area, puking in buckets.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

-- And one hundred wedding guests,  
some as young as 12, have been  
hospitalised by a mystery virus.  
The groom has blamed the catering.

Cut to FRASER being dragged away, slurring badly like Sly.

FRASER

Slow down, Buster, I didn't do it,  
you got the wrong guy!