

BAD EDUCATION

EPISODE 502

"Face Off"

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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(Pink Rev. 28/07/23)

3.1 EXT. ABANDONED DOCK - DAY

3.1

An empty carpark in the East End. A HOODED MAN is hauled out of a Range Rover by a couple of GOONS. The BOSS MAN watches on in a overcoat and leather gloves, holding a pistol.

BOSS MAN

So you're the slippery little
scrote who's been making me look
like a right mug. And I'm not a
mug, am I, Tommy?

A Goon rips the hood off to reveal MITCHELL beneath. Mitchell plays 'TOMMY' in a *Rise of the Foot Soldiers*-style movie.

BOSS MAN (CONT'D)

Any last words, treacle?

MITCHELL

Yeah. Drop me out you twa-

BANG! The Gangster fires his pistol. The gunfire throws up a title: "Rise Of The Hooligans: Marbella Knights."

3.2 INT. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

3.2

Mitchell is screening the movie for CLASS K and STEPHEN. The Class go crazy for Mitchell's 'performance'. Stephen fumes.

INCHEZ

Mate, that was sickkkk!

MITCHELL

Thank you, thank you!

USMA

Sorry Sir, I missed it. One of my
eyelashes slipped, innit.

STEPHEN

Ha. Usma literally blinked and
missed it. As glorified extras go,
it was giving more horrified.

MITCHELL

Extra? I had lines!

WARREN

A line.

STEPHEN

(to Warren)
Get her Jade!

MITCHELL

It's a process. I'm building a
brand, innit. Me and my new age-

STEPHEN

Oh, agent-smagent. You only got signed because I injured myself in the school play. She's clearly got no taste.

MITCHELL

Says the guy who's, what was it, "Self-Represented"?

STEPHEN

Don't you dare speak about my poor Warren like that.

(sung)

'He works hard for the money.'

Warren

What money?

HARRISON

Sir, dimming other each other's light won't make yours shine brighter.

JinX

There's enough room for two star teachers at Abbey Grove.

STEPHEN

Bless you children, but what have I taught you?

HARRISON

Never trust someone in a Dolly Shoe?

STEPHEN

Always tell the truth unless you're lying for me. I'll show ya'll a real star. Here's a preview of my TikTok tribute to Arianna Debose.

Stephen launches into a cringeworthy OTT performance.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

All the bitches in the room! Sa-laying their layouts, all here I presume-

BLESSING

BAFTA? More like Nafta mate.

USMA

Yeah sir, not gonna lie this was trending timmmme ago!

STEPHEN

Let's be clear. Angela Basset will ALWAYS be doing the thing! Now it's time we did some work. Open your phones to Madonna's Filmography.

The kids groan. Stephen is offended.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Unless anyone has a better idea?

MITCHELL

I do. DRAMA WARS! Superhero style!

CUT TO:

High energy. Class K have thrown on superhero lewks from the dressing up box. They line up to do battle...

Then Stephen leans into shot, dressed like Smooth Criminal era Michael Jackson. Warren lies on the floor, holding onto Stephen's shoes. Class K stare at him.

WARREN

Wrong MJ.

Ignoring Warren, Stephen throws in a few MJ moves. Nothing.

INCHEZ

You're meant to be Zendaya from Spider-Man?

The class all laugh at him. Stephen moonwalks out, annoyed.

TITLES

3.3 INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

3.3

Stephen pins up a sign for an event: "the Competitive Theatre Games." FRASER'S handing out fortune cookies. MOLLINSON and MR SEAMEN take theirs as HOBURN enters, wearing a bowler hat.

FRASER

Gluten tag, Sally Bowls. Fortune cookie? They're nutritious and educational!

Teachers are smirking at the bowler hat. Self-conscious, HOBURN breaks open a fortune cookie and reads the fortune.

HOBURN

"What size are Fraser's feet?"

Fraser holds up five fingers. Hoburn cracks another cookie.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

"True or false, Fraser can fit both fists in his mouth?" Are all these questions about you?

FRASER

Write what you know.

HOBURN

"Where's the bomb?"

FRASER

Forget that one.

Stephen calls for order, hesitating only slightly at the sight of Hoburn in her bowler hat.

STEPHEN

Hey Divas. Now as you're no doubt aware, this year Abbey Grove is hosting the Competitive Theatre Games, competing against the most prestigious schools in the county.

HOBURN

And as such, it's an opportunity for us to pretend we care about the arts. Mr Carmichael, can you elaborate on what this utterly ludicrous activity involves?

Mitchell bursts through the door.

MITCHELL

Sorry darlings, I was just on the phone to my agent.

Hoburn eyes Mitchell up closely. He looks different.

HOBURN

Harper! Not that it matters because by law we have to be inclusive... but are you wearing lipstick?

MITCHELL

It's this Elizabeth Erden stuff. I gotta scrub up - I just booked a short!

FRASER

Be warned. I booked a short for a school fete once. He ran off with the petty cash. Quick little chaps.

STEPHEN

Mitchell means a short *film* Fraser.

MITCHELL

Yeah, it's well arty.

STEPHEN

ANYWAYS, Competitive Theatre is all about improvisation. Each school has to devise a scene inspired by -

As Mollinson interjects, we go into split screen...

MOLLINSON

(To Mitchell)

Are there any nude scenes?

STEPHEN

Erm no. They're children!

MOLLINSON

I mean his film, not your silly little competition.

STEPHEN

I respect my elders, but try me again and I'll slap out your dentures.

MITCHELL

There's tons of shagging. So I'm using this cream on my todger. Prince Harry done it in his book.

HOBURN

It sounds appalling. But if my time at Boohoo has taught me anything, it's that the British public will buy *anything*. I've no doubt it will be a resounding success.

STEPHEN

AHEM. And in this year's games, I truly believe we can finally defeat St Maud's. We have a secret weapon -

STEPHEN / HOBORN

ME! / MR HARPER.

STEPHEN

WHAT?!

Stephen turns to look at Mitchell, creating a wipe with the split screen that leaves them face to face.

HOBURN

If we want to beat St Maud's, we need a professional in charge. Mr Harper may be Z list, but at least he's on a list.

MITCHELL

Stephen, it's no maj' deal.

STEPHEN

No! Make it make sense.

As Mitchell chats, he applies balm to his lips. Very Stephen.

MITCHELL

Well, it kinda does. I am a working actor killing the game right now and no shade but you're just in a transitional moment or whatevs. Let me take this one sis.

Stephen leaps up in a rage. Everyone stares nervously at him.

STEPHEN

I'm not your Sis, SIS! You won't last a day in my shoes. In fact your chode toes could never.

MITCHELL

You think my job is easy, do ya? I'd love to see you pull off my legendary Nando's Assault Course.

STEPHEN

Piece of piss. And the words *PE* and *Legendary* are a worse match than Trump's hair and a gust of wind!

HOBURN

I'm glad you feel so confident. I'll need someone to teach PE, while Mr Harper teaches drama. Now you have to excuse me, I no longer want to be a part of this conversation.

STEPHEN

You want me to... become him?!

MITCHELL

What, a highly respected teacher, affecting positive change in students' lives? Good luck.

STEPHEN

The only positive change you ever affected is rearranging your balls. Fine. I'll just sit on my arse all day, dressed in market stall rejects, eating whatever processed gunk I can get my mitts on.

FRASER

Fortune cookie?

STEPHEN

Why not? Who cares any more!!

Stephen takes a cookie, but hesitates. He can't eat it.

MITCHELL

Can't do it, can ya?!

STEPHEN

Screw you! I haven't eaten a carb
since 2015!

Stephen slams his cookie on Mitchell's head then storms out.

3.4 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

3.4

Mitchell strides up to Class K who are playing basketball in the playground outside Stephen's classroom.

MITCHELL

Come on you lot, I don't want you
late for my class.

USMA

We've got drama next, not P.E.

MITCHELL

Correctamundo, mon petit pois.
Hoburn's put a bonafide film star
in charge of Drama, to whip you lot
into shape for the big competition.

WARREN

Sir, are you sure you're ready for
this? We're up against St Maud's.

USMA

Those stuck-up bitches beat us at
everything.

INCHEZ

Last year, them paigons pelted our
team with perfectly ripe avocados.

WARREN

They beat us in the county swim
meet, then demanded they drain the
pool after we'd been in it.

HARRISON

You're meant to pee in your suit.

JINX

That's a different kind of diving.

INCHEZ

Man, we gotta beat those prissy
posh girls' asses!
(catching Jinx's eye)
In a respectful non-violent way.

JINX

But they have one of the best rated
drama departments in the country.

MITCHELL

Wait, ain't St Maud's your old
school, Jinx?

JINX

Yes. But my theatrical training
ended when I went up for the role
of Maria Von Trap in The Sound of
Music. Patience Fitzwalker spread a
rumour that we skied in Croatia. I
was blacklisted after that.

Blessing passes by. She's dressed in a High Vis jacket,
reluctantly changing the bins and sweeping up litter.

MITCHELL

Blessing, where have you been?

BLESSING

I'm on community service again for
being late. I told Hoburn it's cos
I have to take my little brother to
school first, but she don't care.

MITCHELL

Sorry about that, mate.

BLESSING

Yeah well, she's pushed me too far
this time. Operation Bossman is go.

3.5 INT. HOBURN'S OFFICE - DAY

3.5

HOBURN is at her desk, pouring over a book called 'The Prince
of Pee' by Jeff Bezos. On the cover, an adult in a nappy.

HOBURN

What an inspiration.

On her screen, a live chat from 'Mr Bossman' appears. Hoburn
reads aloud. She pronounces his name "Mr Bozz-mahn".

Intercut between split screens of Hoburn and Blessing reading
Bossman's message (Blessing's eyes above Hoburn's mouth etc).

HOBURN (V.O.)
Bernadette. On behalf of the League of Super Heads, thank you for wearing that bowler hat as we requested. But you must complete many more tasks before we deem you worthy of joining our powerful and well-paid fraternity. Today, you must provide your students with food from these approved vendors, to boost their productivity. See that it is done. Mr Bossman - Super Head of The League of Super Heads.

Hoburn clicks a link and a website for food trucks pops up.

HOBURN
Jamila's Jerk, Blowout Burrito...
Mr Whippy?
(she sighs)
Trust the process, Bernie.

BACK TO:

3.6 EXT. PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

3.6

Mitchell's laughing at Blessing's story.

MITCHELL
So you're Mr Bossman. Quality.

BLESSING
I'm gonna bankrupt her, then I'm gonna humiliate her in front of the posh schools. But I need your help.

MITCHELL
OK but first you gotta change - cos that look is not very forgiving and I'm not living.

BLESSING
Wait - why you talking like that?
And where's Mr Carmichael?

CUT TO:

3.7 INT. GYM - DAY

3.7

A montage of Stephen starting to teach PE. First, he delves around putting on athleisure, unimpressed by the fits.

Stephen takes in Mitchell's plans for his 'Legendary Nando's Assault Course' - all misspelled. Stephen wrinkles his nose.

Stephen rummages through sports equipment in the cupboards. He hasn't got a clue what this stuff is. Then light bulb. *

CUT TO:

Stephen perched in a chair, wearing sunglasses as if he were at a fashion show. His class begrudgingly walk the length of the hall, like it's a catwalk finale.

Stephen has fashioned looks out of the sports equipment. It's less fab, more drab. A SCRAWNY STUDENT is weighed down with so much 'fashion', he looks like he's about to keel over.

Stephen shouts at the students through a megaphone.

STEPHEN

Stop wobbling. Fashion is pain.
Keep going! LESS GIGI. MORE BELLA.

The boy falls over. Everyone stops and hurries around him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He'll live. Oh God, fine, I'll call
for the medic.

3.8 INT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

3.8

Stephen sits at Mitchell's desk. He picks up the phone -

Only for his hand to squash it. Stephen raises his hand to his face. It's covered in cake. The phone is literally cake.

Stephen goes to use the computer keyboard. It's also cake.

At first, Stephen squirms at the icing dripping off his hand but then temptation sinks in. It's been years. Fuck it.

Stephen licks cake from his finger. Then guzzles it. Cut to --

3.9 INT. STEPHEN'S CARB HELL - DAY

3.9

A *Vertigo*-inspired fever dream. Stephen is shot against green screen. He's eating cake, floating through chips, cake, bread and pasta. Intense flashing lights spin around his face.

Stephen is in hell.

3.10 INT. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY 2

3.10

It's the following day. Class K enter to find it transformed. Every inch of colour has been replaced with black curtains. The desks have been replaced with a semi-circle of chairs.

Reveal Mitchell in black, with a Kangol cap on his head.

MITCHELL

Good morning, actors.

INCHEZ

What the hell, man?! Everything is gone.

USMA

Where's the selfie corner? Where's the ring light? I can't create bomb content with this dead out overhead lighting!

MITCHELL

On your arses.

Everyone sits on the floor. Mitchell circles them.

MITCHELL

After spending the evening watching YouTube clips of 'Inside the Actors Studio', I realised that if we are going to win this competition, we need to take our craft seriously.

USMA

Well you've messed **my** craft up now you weirdo!

MITCHELL

We need to concentrate on authentic human observation. Take, for example, Usma. She's obsessed with her outer appearance, but does she ever work on what's inside? Is she too afraid to reveal the real Usma? Maybe she's scared that people won't like what they see.

USMA

(losing her cool)

I've gotta get out of here! Ain't being funny sir but you need a therapist, you're sick!!

Usma storms out of the room.

MITCHELL

And that my loves, is called doing the work.

JINX

Mr Harper. What has gotten into you? That's so **not** okay.

MITCHELL

That's acting! Speaking of which,
today we are looking at Hong Kong
cinema. Ya'll are a crew of
assassins. Harrison, Warren. You're
doves. Fly as if you were the souls
of my fallen enemies.

Blessing walks in with a box. She's excited to show what
she's got to Mitchell, while Class K get ready for class.

BLESSING

Operation Bossman, phase 2. We're
gonna blast Hoburn right in front
of the best schools in the county.

*
*
*

MITCHELL

(reading the box)
Paint grenades?!

*

BLESSING

I need you to unlock the school for
me tonight. We can rig the stage
with them.

*
*
*

MITCHELL

Well, I can't let you do that.

*
*

BLESSING

What? So you're on her side?

MITCHELL

No, but competitive theatre is a
moment. Nothing can stop us from
slaying tomorrow. I'm sorry.

BLESSING

Sir... I trusted you.

He holds up two finger guns and speaks in a growly voice.

MITCHELL

The only person you can trust is
yourself. Cue the doves!

Dramatic music as they slow motion fight while Harrison and
Warren flap around the action. Blessing exits, annoyed.

3.11 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

3.11

Hoburn is reluctantly forking out bundles of cash to FOOD
STALLS, serving gourmet junk food to the very happy Class K.

Blessing scowls at Hoburn as she picks up litter in her neon.

A happy ICE CREAM VENDOR is serving Mr Whippies. He hands one to - an irate Fraser, flanked by PAVEL and EDNA. Fraser takes the ice cream and shoves it back into the Vendor's face.

FRASER

Get off my turf.

Meanwhile Mitchell is being handed a burger by Warren.

MITCHELL

What's this trash? I ordered the super-charged vegan avocado pot noodle! Don't test me, Warren!!

Warren is sent scampering away with the box, past Hoburn -

Who is blinded by light - bouncing off glittery diamanté writing across Stephen's Juicy tracksuit bottoms. Reveal Stephen, leaning over the burger stall to collect a burger.

HOBURN

Carmichael! What are you wearing?

STEPHEN

It's sports luxe. Since you demoted me to PE, I've had no choice but to give in to stretch fabrics.

HOBURN

Well, it's not appropriate at school. You look like Paris Hilton. I met her once at a perfume launch.

STEPHEN

Werk?

HOBURN

Yes, it was. I couldn't understand a word she was saying, and the perfume made our customers break out in hives.

WARREN (O.S.)

Sir?

Reveal Warren staring at Stephen in horror.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Sir, what's happened? You're not strutting. You're wearing Uggs!!

STEPHEN

Do I look okay?

WARREN

Well...

STEPHEN

Don't answer that. I'm so ashamed.
I... I um...
(teary)
I'm back on carbs!

Stephen holds up a bag of doughnuts and Warren gasps.

WARREN

I'm so sorry, sir. Maybe this is
your mid life crisis?

STEPHEN

MID LIFE?

WARREN

Sorry, quarter life?

STEPHEN

Better.

WARREN

Sir, we really miss you. All this
drama has gone to Mr Harper's head.

Stephen snaps back.

STEPHEN

Well, Warren, it's gone to my hips.
I'm a size 32 now. 32!! What's the
point in living if I can't fit into
my personally curated fashion
archives. But I know who to blame.

WARREN

Unhealthy body perfectionism in our
shallow, image-obsessed society?

STEPHEN

NO! You bunch of sell-outs who took
my talent for granted. And in doing
so, turned Mitchell into a monster.

WARREN

He's got even worse, ever since he
was verified on Instagram.

STEPHEN

Veri... ver... v...

The world around Stephen spins and flips upside down as he
staggers back, blindly stumbling through the stalls in total
breakdown, stuffing his face as Warren tries to restrain him.

Stephen collapses onto the ground and screams. Black out.

3.13 INT. HOBURN'S OFFICE - EVENING

3.13

Letters flash up on the black screen of Hoburn's laptop. She reads Bossman's message. We split screen with Blessing reading the message at her desk as she types it on her phone.

HOBURN (V.O.)

Bernadette. You continue to impress us. But it would not be appropriate to serve street food to St Maud's and the other schools competing tomorrow. They will expect a banquet, which you must create tonight, singlehanded. Only then will you be worthy of the League. Mr Bossman, Super Head.

Hoburn stops reading... and panics!

3.14 INT. FRASER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

3.14

A montage of Hoburn cooking late into the night. First, she puts on some kitchen whites.

Hoburn peels potatoes and plucks pheasants, the peels and feathers mounting up around her in jump cuts.

Hoburn is chopping onions frantically, cutting her fingers, when she feels tears running down her face from her eyes.

HOBURN

Telephone! Hot, salty water is seeping from my eyeballs. What is this?

Telephone

Bernadette, you are crying.

HOBURN

It's revolting. Make it stop!

Cut to Hoburn whisking eggs and randomly blowtorching them.

Cut to Hoburn shoving random objects into the deep-fat fryer. We see her from below, from the POV of the fryer, as the bubbles intensify and envelope her...

END OF MONTAGE

3.15 INT. FRASER'S KITCHEN - DAY 3

3.15

Fraser swaggers into his kitchen in wrap-around shades, trying to fold up his micro scooter. Then he stops dead.

Hoburn is face down on the counter, surrounded by baking kit. Fraser shakes her awake. As she sits up, we reveal -

Hoburn's hair, full of flour, has fallen into lank curtains. Her chef's whites are vile. Her fingers covered in plasters. As much as possible, she looks JUST LIKE FRASER.

At the same time, Hoburn and Fraser recoil.

HOBURN
What's happening?

FRASER
What's happening?

Fraser touches his face. Hoburn touches her face in a mirror image of his action. Fraser raises his hand. Hoburn mirrors the movement. Fraser waves. She waves back simultaneously.

As she waves, she notices the time on her watch. She freaks.

HOBURN (CONT'D)
Oh bloody hell.

Hoburn runs out of the room, past the stunned Fraser.

FRASER
Stephen's turned into Mitchell.
Mitchell's turned into Stephen. Now
Hoburn... is me?

Hands shaking, he pulls a fortune cookie from his pocket.

FRASER (CONT'D)
The fortune cookie! What have I
done?

3.16 OMITTED

3.16 *

3.17 EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

3.17

The rival schools' coaches pull up to Abbey Grove. ST. MAUD'S PUPILS exit theirs looking like the girls from *Madeline*.

Blessing jogs up to join the rest of Class K watching the St. Maud's girls approaching them. Jinx looks nervous.

BLESSING
You alright, mate?

JINX

Oh yes fine. It's normal to be able
to hear your heart beat, right?

INCHEZ

They're so far up their own arses
bruv, it must hum.

St. Maud's star, PATIENCE FITSWALKER, drifts by. Beautiful,
effortless confidence. It's giving Dion from Clueless.

PATIENCE

Oh! Hey Jemima? Long time no see...
(looking her up and down)
Looks like you've settled in quite
nicely.

USMA

Try her again and you're gonna wish
you stayed at home to blend in that
dead out contour.

Intimidated, Patience scurries away.

JINX

Thanks bestie.

USMA

We got you. You are bare annoying,
but only we get to tell you that.

JINX

Thank you?

Then Fraser exits the lobby wearing a skirt suit. In his
mind, he has swapped bodies with Hoburn and is committing.

FRASER

Straighten that tie! You'll never
succeed looking like a slattern.
And don't breathe in that gormless
fashion, St. Maud's are here!

He's about to welcome St. Maud's when Hoburn bursts from the
lobby, in her bowler hat and chef's whites smeared with brown
food. She wheels a dinner trolley with silver service domes.

HOBURN

Fraser, move!

She approaches the SCHOOLS' HEADMISTRESSES huddled together.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Come on Bernie. Time to become the
Super Head you were born to be.

She marches up to the group and extends her hand to SHIRLEY BALLENTINE, the St. Maud's headmistress.

HOBURN (CONT'D)
Bernadette Hoburn, headmistress.
Welcome to Abbey Grove.

Shirley reluctantly offers her hand and Hoburn begins a baffling Masonic handshake that takes everyone by surprise.

Shirley doesn't know what's going on. Hoburn keeps it up, performing a bizarre one way ritualised greeting.

WARREN
What is she doing?

HARRISON
I don't know but I'm into it!

Harrison's impressed, but Patience and the other St. Maud's girls laugh mockingly at Hoburn. Blessing looks conflicted.

HOBURN
I've taken the liberty of preparing
a... a luncheon... amuse bouche?

Shirley looks at Hoburn's brown-splattered smock.

HOBURN (CONT'D)
It's mostly chocolate. Wait - come
back? Perhaps you've already eaten?

But the Heads leave her alone, embarrassed and confused. Fraser bustles past her, still in 'Hoburn mode'.

FRASER
Well I'll have to repair the damage
after that mortifying outburst.
Please, right this way. Class K,
inside now!

Everyone heads into the school, towards the theatre, except for Blessing. She hesitates, then walks up to Hoburn.

BLESSING
You alright, miss?

HOBURN
Yup. Absolutely fine. I obviously
just don't have what it takes.

BLESSING
Or maybe this is part of the test?
You need to prove your courage to
the League of Super Heads.

HOBURN
How do you know about the League?

BLESSING

I'm a legacy, innit. Mr Bossman is like a weird uncle or something...

HOBURN

Bossman? I've been pronouncing it 'Bozz-mahn'. Another cock-up.

BLESSING

No way, he ain't up himself like St Maud's. I know how you can earn his respect - and get revenge.

HOBURN

Of course. Anything!

3.18 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

3.18

The hall is full of kids from the competing schools. Mitchell enters in SLOW MOTION, wearing a black turtleneck, beret and leather jacket. Heads turn as he sashays, very Stephen...

Cut to normal speed as Mitchell joins an unimpressed Class K.

MITCHELL

Actors, why are ya'll looking so les miserable? Today's my big day! Come on, it's shite to be shite.

WARREN

I'm not sure everyone has recovered from yesterday's class, sir. I couldn't sleep after being told that I'm a first class fun sponge.

MITCHELL

Oh Warren, were just getting down to the foundations so we can slay the house down shoes.

USMA

Boots?

Mitchell rounds on her.

MITCHELL

Don't question my methods. I need everyone to focus.

HARRISON

Mr Carmichael. Am I really thicker than frozen treacle?

MITCHELL

I'm gonna side step that one, sweetheart.

(to class)

(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I'm also gonna need ya'll manning
sales today. I'm dropping my first
line of merchandise. 'Merch-ell'...
and I want ya'll to sell sell sell.

Mitchell holds up a Stone Island-style t-shirt that reads
'Drop me out you melt!'

*

WARREN

Sorry sir, selling a rival's
merchandise would be a breach of
contract with Mr Carmichael.

MITCHELL

Potato, potato, potato. I'm about
to be the face of a new belly
buster breakfast at Rocco's Cafe
and I wanna make sure the synergy
is synergising. Now, let's warm up.
Repeat after me: "Try it you slice"

They all repeat the phrase whilst over-enunciating.

3.19 OMITTED

3.19

3.20 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - LATER

3.20

Everyone is gathered for the competition. A panel of judges
sit in front of the stage where the teams are assembled.

Fraser (as Hoburn) takes to the stage. He aims sycophantic
comments at the headmistresses - who are bewildered by him.

FRASER

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen
- and welcome to Abbey Grove! I
hope you're up to date with all
your jabs. Ha ha. It's an honour to
host the 10th Annual Theatre Games,
combining the thrill of sport with
the sitting down of theatre. The
rules. As host school, Abbey Grove
will choose the key word. Each team
has one hour to devise a theatrical
piece based on that word. Mr Harper
- pick an envelope. A, B or C?

Mitchell swaggers forward and takes an envelope from Fraser.

MITCHELL

B for Britney, Bitch.

FRASER

(opening the envelope)
And the theme is... Abasement.

There is a knowing murmur from the crowd.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Let the games begin!

3.21 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - BACKSTAGE - DAY

3.21

While the other schools devise their pieces in the hall,
Class K are working behind the main curtain backstage.

BLESSING
Sir, do you even know what
Abasement means?

MITCHELL
Duh! It's under a-ground floor. I
know the T, sis.

Jinx looks at Warren.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Circle of trust. Picture this. It's
dark. Gunshots like typewriters
bang bang bang: 'Fear and Loathing
in Bas Vegas 3: The Russian Job'.
We're movin' powder outta Budapest
because werk. But some slags from
Moscow got us cornered. "Oi
Vladimir, Oestrogen, let us out!"
Nyet! It looks like we gotta shoot
our way out of this a-basement!

HARRISON
Oh my God, what happens next?!

INCHEZ
What we packing sir? AKs? Grenades?

MITCHELL
Oh, we've got the bloody lot, mate!
Everyone get behind the barricade!
Yasss.

Inchez and Harrison get stuck in. Warren, Jinx, Usma and
Blessing hold back, disheartened. This is going to be bad.

JINX
We're not going to win, are we?

WARREN
I don't think so, no.

3.22 INT. GYM - DAY

3.22

We pan off a Nando's style, chilli-shaped Scoville Scale made
of colour-coded balloons - from green, yellow, red to black.

An obstacle course snakes around the gym. Stephen addresses a (non Class K) group of KIDS. He reads from Mitchell's notes.

STEPHEN

Welcome to the quote-unquote
legendary Nando's assault course.
The rules... *if* I can read Mr
Harper's writing. 'Get the balloon
round the course using teamwork.
You cannot hold onto the balloon.
The balloon cannot touch the
ground. No shit chat, no gouging.'

The class cheer. Stephen curls his lip at their excitement.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

If we're quite finished. Now these
black balloons at the very top of
the spice scale are full of
something called California reaper.
But you're not ready for them...

He tosses them a green, plain balloon.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Plain Janes. Let's go.

3.23 INT. GYM - MINUTES LATER

3.23

The pupils are trying to bounce balloons across the fiendish assault course. The balloons keep popping, dousing pupils in green and yellow powder. The kids cough and splutter in pain.

Stephen is siphoning the hot California reaper chilli powder into big black balloons, pumping them up with a foot pump.

STEPHEN

Pull yourselves together, you
pussies. It's only lemon and herb!

More balloons burst on the kids. Stephen rolls his eyes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I guess I'll have to show you how a
real legend does it.

3.24 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - BACKSTAGE - DAY

3.24

Class K and Mitchell are rehearsing their scene. He's red-faced, making explosion noises, now barking like a dog.

Patience and some other St. Maud's girls are peeking through the curtains, laughing. Class K can see them, Mitchell can't.

JINX

(very wooden)

Shit they got dogs an all. It looks like curtains for me and my geezers Jason, Baz, Boney and Turkish Tel.

BLESSING

(even more wooden)

Oi! They ain't taken the a basement yet, you tarts. Lock and load, let's paint the walls wiv 'em!

MITCHELL

Come on! I've seen more passion in a Mariah Carey performance!

INCHEZ

Sir, I can't believe I'm gonna say this yeah, but shouldn't we have like a narrative or something?

MITCHELL

The narrative is mind ya damn business and get to werk bitch!

WARREN

Alright that's enough! Mr Harper, this has gone too far. We've got ten minutes left and nothing to show for it. Usma, Jinx, curtains.

USMA

Sorry sir but you are three-much!

Usma and Jinx close the curtains on Patience and the girls. Blessing, Harrison and Inchez grab Mitchell's arms. Warren reaches into his bag like he's going for a weapon.

WARREN

We're relieving you of your duties.

MITCHELL

Wait what? Is this a stitch up?

WARREN

Gentlemen, hold him down.

MITCHELL

Mutiny! You're all traitors!

HARRISON

Sorry, sir, we really didn't wan't it to come to this.

Warren opens an emergency rustler and approaches Mitchell. Mitchell struggles to break free.

MITCHELL

Harrison, stop 'em. Get that thing
away from me. My body is a temple!

But Warren stuffs it into his mouth. Mitchell resists at
first but then devours it...

3.25 INT. MITCHELL'S CARB HEAVEN - DAY

3.25

Another *Vertigo*-style dream sequence, like Stephen's, only
Mitchell is in heaven eating carbs, floating through chips,
cake, pasta etc. Blissful lights flashing around his face.

3.26 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

3.26

Mitchell looks up at Class K as if woken from a dream.

MITCHELL

Holy shit. Why am I wearing a
beret?

BLESSING

Do you really not remember?

MITCHELL

I remember... being a bit of prick.
I'm sorry, I think I was hangry. I
haven't seen an e-number in days.

Warren crouches down and places a hand on his shoulder.

WARREN

That'll do, Mr Harper, that'll do.

MITCHELL

But the play? What are we gonna do?
I'm guessing abasement doesn't mean
a basement?

JINX

It's too late, sir. The
performances begin in 10 minutes.

MITCHELL

Nah, I'm not gonna let you go out
there and look like wankers.

WARREN

We need Mr Carmichael back.

Class K rejoice in agreement and head off.

3.27 INT. GYM - DAY

3.27

Class K burst in to find Stephen bouncing a black balloon across the obstacle course. He's showboating massively.

CLASS K
SIR / COME BACK / WE NEED YOU!

Stephen pauses to take in Class K. He automatically bounces the black balloon around in the air as he talks.

STEPHEN
I knew you'd all come crawling back. Well, forget it!

MITCHELL
Look, mate, I'm sorry I let the acting go to my head. But don't take it out on the kids.

STEPHEN
No, it's time they learnt a real lesson. Y'all can sleep in your lumpy beds, cos I'm never coming back! Shapische!

On 'shapische', Stephen jabs the black balloon skywards. Only it BURSTS, engulfing him in a cloud of red chilli powder.

Stephen screams in pain, gasping for breath in the red dust. He falls to the ground, clamping his hands to his face.

USMA
And I OOP!

STEPHEN
Aghhh my eyessss! I'm blind!

MITCHELL
(spluttering)
Jesus Christ, did you use real chilli powder?

STEPHEN
Duh!!

MITCHELL
Are you mad? I just tell the kids it's chilli to get them psyched up.

STEPHEN
What's legendary about that!? Oh my God. Warren, my faithful companion. I've hit rock bottom. I'm dying.

Warren gets an idea. He gestures to Class K: follow my lead.

WARREN

Don't worry, sir. Everything's going to be OK.

STEPHEN

No, I'm burning up. Class K, sing me my favourite lullaby!! 7, 8...

Class K look at each other, before singing a slowed down version of *Don't Cha!* by the Pussycat Dolls.

CLASS K

"Don't you wish your girlfriend was, hot like me..."

They keep crooning gently as - on Warren's signal - they lift Stephen up. Stephen blindly mouths along to the singing.

3.28 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

3.28

Class K keep singing *Don't Cha!* as they gently lay Stephen down. We don't see where they are. Class K huddle around him.

WARREN

We're so sorry we abandoned you. We had our heads turned by Mr Harper's 15 minutes of fame. But now we know what a real star looks like.

STEPHEN

A star? Maybe I was once... but look at what I've become.

The kids disperse dramatically in a choreographed formation. They accompany Stephen with very Drama GCSE movements.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

A shadow of my former self. But I will wilt no longer. I stand before ya'll, ready to shed this dead-out look and un-moisturised skin. To emerge from this cocoon.

With this, Stephen blindly turns on the spot, unzipping his jumpsuit to reveal a stunning look underneath.

HARRISON

Was he wearing that the whole time?

STEPHEN

It's giving Lindsay Lohan and Jamie Lee - YOU ARE ALL OF US! And I am all of you. I've remembered that the bad bitch life chose me and I will never, ever be a basic again. I may have been HUMBLed. I may have been ABASED. But now I'm free!

Rapturous applause. Reveal that Stephen's been on the stage all along. The whole crowd is on their feet. Even the judges.

FRASER

Bravo! Bravo!

Even the snooty headmistresses join in with the applause. Patience seethes. Onstage, Stephen reaches for Warren's hand.

STEPHEN

What is this? Is this all for me?
Warren, describe their happy faces.
Paint me a picture of their tears.

They all bow before a blanket is thrown over Stephen and he is guided off stage.

3.29 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - BACKSTAGE - DAY

3.29

The competition is over. Mitchell is gingerly washing the chilli powder off Stephen's face. Stephen winces.

MITCHELL

Sorry. And - er - sorry. I think we both got a bit carried away.

STEPHEN

Yes... You did!

MITCHELL

This acting malarkey is actually well long. I'm throwing the towel in. Can't hack it.

STEPHEN

Not as easy as it looks, eh?

MITCHELL

Dunno how you do it, honestly.

STEPHEN

It's hard trying to be me... Eh?
But look, I'm sorry too. Your assault course was actually pretty epic. I maybe underestimated you.

MITCHELL

Or maybe overestimated me? Using real chilli powder? That's a bit bloody irresponsible, even for me!

STEPHEN

I guess I didn't see you harnessing the power of illusion... In PE.

MITCHELL

Careful planning is the key to a successful lesson.

STEPHEN

Ew, you sound like a teacher.

MITCHELL

Gross.

STEPHEN

Mates?

MITCHELL

Bezzie mates!

They hug it out. Stephen winces.

3.30 EXT. WALKWAY/PLAYGROUND - DAY

3.30

Hoburn is back to her old self, pushing her trolley along. It has teapot, mugs, biscuits and some vintage copies of Rustle.

She pushes it towards the coaches and waves at the drivers who are clustered around the vehicles scratching their balls.

HOBURN

Gentlemen! Refreshments Abbey Grove style. Tea, biscuits and some old copies of Rustle I had squirrelled away for the janitor's Christmas present. Poor man never got over the death of his wife.

(stalling for time)

This one has a fascinating debate in the letters page, about how much overtime a plumber can charge, ditto pool boys and pizza delivery drivers?

Hoburn hands round the magazines and tea, distracting the drivers. Blessing slips onto a coach with the paint grenades.

CUT TO:

3.31 EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATER

3.31

A few minutes later. Blessing gets off the bus just as the hall breaks out. Stephen, Mitchell and Class K appear.

USMA

We won!!

MITCHELL

Where were you? You missed the vote!

BLESSING

I had some business to attend to.

MITCHELL

Bossman?

BLESSING

Something like that.

MITCHELL

Look, I want you to know, I'm
always on your side. I'll do
whatever you need me to do.

BLESSING

It's all good, sir. It made me
think on my feet.

Behind them, Patience appears.

PATIENCE

Congrats on the win, cos you're
certainly not winning at life.

JINX

Oh piss off, Patience. You're
testing mine!

Patience is taken aback. Class K embrace Jinx into the fold.

As Patience and the other St. Maud's girls board their coach,
Blessing slips away to join Hoburn who watches from the side.

BLESSING

Any second thoughts?

Hoburn reveals the detonator in her hand. She's very ready.

HOBURN

Absolutely not. We're over Dresden,
Blessing. Bombs away.

BLESSING

But Miss... Mr Bossman isn't real.

HOBURN

The bowler hat? The food stalls?

BLESSING

It was all me. You were punishing
me for looking out for my little
brother. I wanted to humiliate you.
But you're alright, miss.

HOBURN

And your...
('alright'...?)
Top button is undone.
(MORE)

HOBURN (CONT'D)

I want a two thousand word essay on
the importance of a covered neck.

BLESSING

You know I'm never going to do
that.

Hoburn ever so slightly smiles.

HOBURN

I know.

Hoburn presses the detonator. The St. Maud's coach blows,
paint blasting the windows with a rainbow of colour.

As Patience and other St. Maud's girls run out screaming,
drenched in pain, Hoburn and Blessing share a smile...

3.32 EXT. ABANDONED DOCK - DAY

3.32

We're back in the gritty East End, seeing another MAN IN A
HOOD getting dragged out of the boot of a Range Rover.

BOSS MAN

So you're the toe-rag who's b--

But he's interrupted by the Masked Man who shakes off his
captors and launches into an overly dramatic, obviously
unplanned fight scene. Think Pink Power Ranger realness.

Flips, tricks, dives and kicks, watched on by baffled GOONS.
The masked man is largely fighting thin air. Eventually, his
mask falls off to reveal - it's Stephen. Milking his moment.

STEPHEN

HI-YAH BITCH!

The Goons look at the Boss. Then they all turn to Stephen and
raise their guns. Cut to --

3.33 INT. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

3.33

Class K, Stephen and Mitchell watching the film on the
projector. A hail of gunfire denotes Stephen's demise.

Everyone applauds Stephen, even Mitchell. A sweet moment.

STEPHEN

Now **that's** acting!

THE END