

BAD EDUCATION

EPISODE 502

"Face Off"

Written by

Layton Williams and Rhys Taylor

SHOOTING SCRIPT

20th July 2023

(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-smagagent. 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 Lizabeth 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 / HOBURN  
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!

MITCHEL  
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