



**BOARDERS**

**EPISODE ONE – UNUS NOSTRUM**

Created and written by

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2ND WHITE AMENDMENTS

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**PRE-TITLES**

1 EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY 1.

1

Footsteps hit the pavement *hard*. It's fast-paced and frenzied. One of our leads **JAHEIM** (16, energetic, charmer, troubled) - sporting a black eye - and his boys **MALACHI**, **RAY** and **ANTON** are running as if they're being chased.

JAHEIM

Where're you going, you lil'  
dickhead!

We discover that they are the ones *chasing*. Two rivals, **TYRELL** and **KWAME**, are running for their lives. If they get caught, IT'S TROUBLE. They run around a corner with Jaheim and his boys a few paces behind. As three sets of trainers break around a brick wall, we...

HARD CUT TO:

2 INT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL - ARCH/CLOISTERS. DAY 1. 2

...see two sets of formal shoes emerge from around the corner of a decorative wood-panelled hallway. Headmaster of St Gilbert's **BERNARD ASHFORD** (white, 50s, traditionalist), and **GUS PEELUNN** (black, 40s, kind-hearted) walk and talk.

BERNARD

...His name is William. Lovely young chap. Used to be a student here. He'll be writing a small piece for the Financial Times. He'd very much like to interview you too. Mind your step...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL - COURTYARD. CONT.

3

BERNARD

...He'll want to speak with you about your charity, of course. Get your take on how St Gilbert's may have, perhaps, fallen behind other public schools in giving access to excellent education to all, but why I tirelessly sought out a charity like yours to offer these scholarships to talented students from disadvantaged backgrounds.

GUS  
Verbatim, or can I put it in my own words?

Bernard raises an eyebrow.

GUS (CONT'D)  
... And I'm guessing I shouldn't mention the video-

HARD CUT TO:

4 EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

4

A haphazardly filmed TikTok video - a group of DRUNK STUDENTS in their distinctive purple and yellow uniforms tease a homeless man. One student 'makes it rain' with twenty pound notes. Another pours champagne over the homeless man. The third sings the school motto - '**Gilbertus semper duret'** - (may St Gilbert's always endure).

We zoom in on the TikTok **like** and **share** counter that spins up from tens of thousands, to hundreds of thousands to MILLIONS!

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL - COURTYARD. CONT.

5

GUS  
You knew it was bad when even The Daily Mail called it 'The great British shame'.

Gus notices he's touched a nerve with Bernard.

GUS (CONT'D)  
But hey, if a few of my kids can get an opportunity to attend a place like *this*, I'm happy to run with whatever narrative you guys want. Polo?

Gus offers Bernard a mint. Bernard bristles.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY 1.

6

Jaheim and his boys are a few paces behind Tyrell. Jaheim swipes Tyrell's back leg, sending him crashing to the floor. They all pile in and kick the shit out of him. Kwame doubles back to help, but he's outnumbered, so he bails.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL - COURTYARD. DAY 1.

7

BERNARD

We have high standards here at St Gilbert's, and we expect every new pupil to uphold them. They must be *tenacious*...

CUT TO:

8

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY 1.

8

We see another one of our leads **LEAH** (**16, dark skin, astute, fire in her belly**), sporting a t-shirt with the words '*Unapologetically Black*' emblazoned across it. She walks into a hipster coffee shop and heads towards the **BARISTA**.

LEAH

Excuse me, miss. Can I put a flyer up on your notice board?

BARISTA

Yeah, sure. What is it?

LEAH

Just about how we need to stop hipster coffee shops like these gutting the life and soul out of black neighbourhoods.

The barista looks on openmouthed as Leah pins up the flyer.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

BERNARD (O.C.)

*...creative...*

CUT TO:

9

INT. OMAR'S HOUSE - OMAR'S BEDROOM. DAY 1.

9

A four to a room bedroom covered in football posters. A small section is covered in sci-fi paraphernalia. A distinctive ink pot and quill - *which will play a large part in OMAR's story* - are on several books and folders, as well as his computer screen. **OMAR** (**16, glasses, geeky, unassuming**) sits at a desk skillfully drawing Hentai - a naked muscular man/machine hybrid. As he puts on the finishing touches, he starts to unbuckle his trousers - *is he about to beat off?!* Before his hand can get to his dick-

BROTHER (O.C.)

Omar! We need a goalie!

OMAR

*I'm coming!*

Omar cringes at his ill-timed response, zips up his trousers, stuffs his drawings away and runs out of the room.

BERNARD (O.C.)

*...resilient...*

CUT TO:

10 INT. FEMI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY 1.

10

**FEMI** (16, **smart, obedient**), is in his living room. The house is half empty with suitcases and barrels packed to the brim. **AYO** (15), Femi's younger brother is sulking as their dad **MR ADEBAYO** berates him.

MR. ADEBAYO

...I said Nigeria or boarding school. He worked and applied himself and got in. What did you do?

Ayo says nothing.

MR. ADEBAYO (CONT'D)

Exactly! So pack your bags, ah!

Femi desperately tries to conceal a smile as he sips on a bottle of FANTA as his brother continues to sulk/pack.

FEMI

(cocky, imitating)

*Pack your bags, ah!*

BERNARD (O.C.)

*...enterprising...*

CUT TO:

11 EXT. OPEN FRONT SHOP. DAY 1.

11

A typical PECKHAM-STYLE discount store that sells everything from dutch pots to flat screen tv's to oversized ornamental glass tigers. **TOBY** (16, **biracial, street smart and book smart, cocky with his intelligence**), is stood next to a large inconspicuous cardboard box filled with knock-off trainers (Jordans, Balenciagas, etc) as he barters with **TWO SHOP OWNERS**.

TOBY

...cos you're taking me for a dickhead! I done told you, I ain't paying for these ones.

(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

The stitching's fucked. They're  
gonna fall apart, rude boy!

Confidential

SHOP OWNER 1

Good shoes. Good quality. Good price. You don't want, you don't buy.

(subtitled, Farsi)

*This little shit knows his stuff.*

TOBY

Damn right this little shit knows his stuff!

The two shop owners look taken aback.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I learnt Farsi so I don't get robbed by likkle pums like you! Now put my tings inna de bag! Dickhead!

The stall owner starts packing up the shoes.

BERNARD (O.C.)

...And above all, 'committed'.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY 1.

12

We're back with Jaheim and his boys as they beat the shit out of Tyrell. Jaheim is unrelenting until he gives the final kick to Tyrell's face. Jaheim stands proud.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL - COURTYARD. CONT.

13

Gus smiles, having taken in Bernard's demands.

GUS

They wouldn't be anything else.

CUT TO:

**TITLES: BOARDERS**

14

INT. JAHEIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 2.

14

Jaheim - now sporting a bruise from his earlier brawl - is pulling clothes off a drying rack and stuffing them into two black bin liners. His younger brother **CALEB (12, cheeky)**, sits on the sofa with a Nintendo switch, watching him.

JAHEIM

I don't have to go if you don't want me to.

Caleb gives him a look.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
What?

CALEB  
Why are you tryna get out of buying  
me a Porsche?

JAHEIM  
(amused)  
It don't work like that.

CALEB  
People go private school to get  
rich, right?

JAHEIM  
(serious)  
Call me if you need me.

CALEB  
I'll call you when I decide what  
colour Porsche I want.

Jaheim playfully roughs up Caleb - it's a sweet moment. His **Grandmother, SYLVIE (50s, stern looking but warm)**, is stood by the door.

SYLVIE  
You bath?

JAHEIM  
Yes, grandma.

SYLVIE  
You have pants?

JAHEIM  
Yes, grandma.

SYLVIE  
(knowing)  
Dem clean?

She goes to reach into his bag. He stops her. She gives him the **warmest** of hugs.

CUT TO:

Jaheim walks down the high street with his two bin liners. We see Malachi, Ray and Anton - his boys - hanging outside a boarded up shop. Malachi is on his phone.

**MALACHI**  
...Cool, I'll have da ting in five  
minutes...

As Malachi hangs up, he clocks Jaheim.

Confidential

MALACHI (CONT'D)

Yo, private bwoy! Mek sure you  
bring back two two gal for us.

ANTON

I hear dem posh white girls are  
DIRTY! A lie?!

JAHEIM

Like you know what to do with them.  
Have you even seen a vagina?! Real  
talk.

They continue to laugh and banter - *what should feel semi-improvised.*

ANTON

Dem posh boys move MAD too, yu  
know. Wanking in a circle over  
digestive biscuits and dem ting  
there. Last to buss has to eat it.

They look to him - *WTF is wrong with you?!*

ANTON (CONT'D)

A lie, Malachi?

JAHEIM

(jokey)

See what weed has done to dis  
bruddah's brain! 'puff puff pass'  
The passing is vital, my guy!

MALACHI

(playful)

Don't forget about us, you know. We  
made you who you are!

JAHEIM

You man are going on like I'm going  
to war. I'll be back.

MALACHI

No you won't, you lil' boffin! Hol'  
it down, yeah.

They nudge one another and mumble goodbyes - as emotional as it's gonna get. His boys continue to laugh and joke. Jaheim leaves with hesitation, leaving the safety net of home.

CUT TO:

Toby is hauling a heavy suitcase into the back of a minibus. Leah - wearing a '*STOP SILENCING THE GALDEM*' t-shirt - looks on.

Confidential

LEAH

What the hell you got in there?

TOBY

Why you so inna?!

(then)

Beg you give me a hand?

Leah kisses her teeth and steps over Toby and onto the bus.

Jaheim appears and heads towards the bus.

GUS

How you doing, Jaheim?

JAHEIM

(butter wouldn't melt)

I ain't too bad you know, Gus. How are you today? You look like you could do with a trim. I could hook you up, you know...

Gus notices the bruise on his face.

GUS

What's that?

JAHEIM

Wrestling with my little brother. Yo, my man get a lucky clothesline in, almost pop off my jaw...

Gus has a look of disappointment.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

I'm here like you wanted, ain't I?

GUS

If you think you're doing this for me, you might as well go home now.

Jaheim absorbs it - *he hates it, but Gus is right.* He gives a subtle nod before stepping onto the bus with slight trepidation. Gus continues loading bags into the back.

CUT TO:

Omar is nervously doodling on his notepad. He smiles at Jaheim, who doesn't respond. We're unsure if he's rude or scared of what's to come. Toby, a little restless, strolls the bus making small talk to pass the time.

TOBY

Where's Femi?! No way that lil'  
African decided he ain't coming  
anymore.

OMAR

(reading a text)

He said his parents are driving him  
there.

Toby turns his attention to Leah.

LEAH

...Can I help you?

TOBY

I still can't believe you accepted a place. Thought you were down with the establishment. Now you're accepting scholarships to a fee paying school, yeah?

LEAH

How else am I gonna get a seat at the table? I had to fight just to get on this scholarship ting meant for only those with dicks.

TOBY

It's not our fault underprivileged black boys are "in" at the moment.

LEAH

Why are you here?

TOBY

A good education, obviously. Broaden my horizon... And a likkle pumzy.

LEAH

Omar?

OMAR

Stupid not to, right? Art studios, three libraries, a theatre-

TOBY

Yeah, we all read the same brochure, my guy.

OMAR

Plus, it's the home of P.F. Raisin.

TOBY

You say it like we're suppose to know who that is.

OMAR

He was a cartoonist. Satirical kinda stuff. Really, really funny. I think I've got some of his stuff-

Omar goes to show Toby but he politely/patronisingly declines.

OMAR (CONT'D)

He was a student at St Gilbert's.  
Apparently there's like a society -  
well, a secret society, dedicated  
to him and- I mean it would be  
amazing if it was real and I got to  
join it, you know?

Toby looks through him - so sad.

TOBY

You *definitely* ain't getting any  
pumzy.

OMAR

I think you mean, 'dick'?  
(then)  
What do you reckon it'll be like?

LEAH

Like our old schools. More books,  
less metal detectors.

Toby looks over to Jaheim who's staring out the window. A quiet presence in amongst the liveliness of the bus.

TOBY

You hear that Jaheim? Less metal  
detectors.

Jaheim playfully throws up a middle finger.

JAHEIM

(playful)  
Why don't you suck yah muddah?!

Toby smiles.

LEAH

Whatever it's like, I say we enjoy  
ourselves.

TOBY

Oh, 100. You can't say you lived  
the full boarding school  
experience, if you don't leave with  
an STI and a coke habit.

Gus steps onto the bus and takes centre stage. Toby takes  
that as his cue to sit down and shut up.

GUS

I want you all to remember that  
this wasn't an open invite to  
anybody and everybody from the  
endz.

TOBY  
It's just 'Endz'.

Gus gives him a look. Toby settles down.

GUS  
I encouraged you to come to my  
after school club because I saw  
incredible talent that wasn't being  
nurtured at each of your individual  
schools.

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)

That talent that you continued to work hard at, is what got you your scholarship to St Gilbert's. No one will know that better than you.

Gus looks to everyone but it's clearly pointed at Jaheim.

GUS (CONT'D)

Don't be who they expect you to be.

Gus sits in the driver's seat. We hold on our leads, clearly nervous of what's to come. As the engine key turns-

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MINIBUS. LATER.

18

Aerial shot of the minibus leaving London as it joins onto a motorway.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - DRIVEWAY/FRONT GATES. DAY 2.

19

Our minibus passes lush green trees, down a rural driveway before arriving at large ornate gates.

The school's porter/security guard **STANLEY (40/50s, affable, old hand, loves the power)** is directing the traffic in.

As they drive through, our kids peer out the windows as if they've just arrived at Hogwarts. Period buildings, large bronze statues and cultivated gardens. It's epic!

STANLEY

Each vehicle can stay for 45 minutes. Tops. If you disobey, you will be clamped. I do have the powers to do that.

As our bus creeps on, we can overhear Stanley giving the same sentence (same intonation) to every vehicle.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CARPARK. CONT.

20

They step off the bus and admire the building. There's a mixture of new arrivals as well as younger year students in full school uniform and boaters, going about their usual school day. Jaheim is particularly struck by it all as the hustle and bustle goes on around him.

TOBY  
(awe)  
Bloodclart! So dis how they living,  
yeah?!

Confidential

Our BOARDERS see CHILDREN with their parents unloading Burberry suitcases and Givenchy trunks from expensive SUVs. All the kids rock a much more preppy, expensive look to our boarders, who are a little more 'urban-chic'.

Gus can tell they all feel out of place. He puts a reassuring hand on Omar's shoulder.

GUS

You okay?

Toby drags his suitcase out of the minibus. It splits and out spill his trainers. They all give him a quizzical look.

TOBY

(forced to come clean)

If you must know, I'm gonna shot em. Posh white boys love road man footwear!

LEAH

Why you shotting trainers?  
Everything is paid for.

TOBY

Is my phone bill paid for? Is my trim paid for?

LEAH

You're an idiot.

Leah jovially helps Toby.

Omar looks across the carpark to see Femi with his parents. Their car is packed to the brim with luggage, as well as some strapped to the top. Femi and his family stand out, dressed in matching traditional Nigerian clothing. Femi looks deeply uncomfortable and embarrassed.

Omar waves. Femi waves back, which doesn't go unnoticed by Femi's father.

MR ADEBAYO

Those are the ones you need to stay away from. You worked too hard to waste this chance.

Femi nods in compliance as his father gives him a hug. He looks to his younger brother Ayo who is sat in the back of the car, upset. Femi feels the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Gus adjusts Jaheim's clothes.

GUS

It's important to look the part.

JAHEIM  
(rolls his eyes)  
That'll stop people staring at us,  
yeah?

GUS  
If they stare, stare back.

Gus turns to TWO STARING PARENTS. He smiles and waves.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Hi, how you doing? Gorgeous weather  
we're having.

The parents turn away, uncomfortable. Jaheim finds it particularly funny, however he tries to keep his cool.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Let them know you belong. Off you go. Good luck.

JAHEIM  
You ain't coming in with us?

GUS  
(wry smile)  
You want me to hold your hand as well?

Jaheim kisses his teeth.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(to all of them)  
You're prepped for this, alright.  
If you need me, I'm just a call away... within reason, don't be popping off my phone!

They watch Gus leave before turning towards the towering building and heading in.

CUT TO:

21

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 2.

21

The corridor is rammed with students from all years rushing in all directions. Jaheim, Leah, Toby, Omar and Femi look disorientated.

LEAH  
Room allocation first, right?

OMAR  
(reading)  
Says here that it's in the study hall.

FEMI

Yeah, but where's that?

Omar, confused, unfolds his oversized map.

Confidential

TOBY

Come, we just follow everyone else.

JAHEIM

Be easier if 'everyone else' was  
going in the same direction.

Omar tries to stop a RANDOM STUDENT but is ignored.

OMAR

Excuse me, do you know where- okay,  
thank you anyway.

CUT TO:

22

INT. ST GILBERT'S - STUDY HALL. DAY 2.

22

STUDENTS scramble to find their dorm room allocations which  
are printed on large boards. Jaheim, Toby, Omar and Femi  
fight their way through the frenzied rush. They're forced to  
shout over the noise.

FEMI

We're all in MALTON.

OMAR

That's fun.

TOBY

(fingers crossed, wishing)  
Please god, mixed boarding.

JAHEIM

Says you're sharing with 'Crispin'.

TOBY

(kisses teeth)

Bet money it's one of dem posh  
white boys that's gonna go on like  
they're black. Getting me to line  
up his ginger fade and spit bars on  
his mixtape.

OMAR

I think it's a little more  
progressive than that.

TOBY

Someone's already asked me for  
weed.

JAHEIM

Lie.

Toby just stares - *is he lying?* Leah is checking the board.  
**MABEL (16, American, eager)** appears behind her, filming a  
TikTok.

MABEL

...And this is the study hall,  
where your girl is about to intro  
herself to one of her new boarding  
*ride or dies.*

LEAH

Are you filming me?

MABEL

Hey, I'm Mabel. Nice to meet you.  
Apparently we're in the same house.  
Hilarious, right?

LEAH

Yeah... lol...

MABEL

Anything you need to know, just  
ask. I've been boarding since I was  
seven. I like barely even know my  
parents.

LEAH

I'm sorry to hear that...?

Leah smiles, taken aback by Mabel's eagerness.

Jaheim and Toby are approached by **FLORENCE (16, people-pleaser with a wicked side)** and **BEATRIX (16, free-spirited, crass, direct)**. Beatrix gives Jaheim an overly friendly hug.

BEATRIX

Hi, I'm Beatrix. And this is  
Florence. First time boarding?

JAHEIM

What makes you think that?

TOBY

Your suitcase is a bin liner.

JAHEIM

Bro, why don't you shut up.

BEATRIX

Well, if you need a tour or  
anything, I'll be happy to help.

JAHEIM

(flirty)

That's incredibly kind of you,  
Beatrix. And if there's anything  
you need, I too will be happy to  
help.

BEATRIX

Well, I've never seen a black penis  
before, so there's that.

Confidential

Jaheim and Toby are stunned into silence.

TOBY  
(hushed)  
Bro. This place a go be fire!

Jaheim grins as the two playfully jostle.

**RUPERT** (16, entitled, troubled) appears. He kisses Florence territorially. Florence rolls her eyes.

FLORENCE  
Maybe next time you could piss on  
me to let everyone know I'm  
'yours'.

Jaheim conceals a laugh which Rupert clocks.

RUPERT  
(counter, over polite)  
Hey, how you doing? Rupert. You  
guys must be the scholarships.  
What's your name?

JAHEIM  
Jaheim.

RUPERT  
Jaheim - your bin bag's ripping.

Jaheim looks down. His clothes are practically spilling out.  
Jaheim bristles.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Where are you from?

JAHEIM  
(to Toby)  
Man says it like he's G-checking.

RUPERT  
Sorry?

JAHEIM  
Nothing. London joke. You wouldn't  
get it.

RUPERT  
London. Which part?

JAHEIM  
Lewisham.

Nothing.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
South London.

RUPERT  
Like Brixton?

JAHEIM  
No. Not like Brixton.

RUPERT  
We went to see Stormzy in Brixton.

JAHEIM  
Yeah, he's my cousin.

RUPERT  
(buys it)  
Really?!

JAHEIM  
Yeah. So is Skepta and Giggs.

RUPERT  
(bristles)  
Small world.

A brief moment as they size one another up. Then-

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
I think they're here for you.

Rupert puts his arm around Jaheim and smiles. Jaheim barely has time to register what is happening before he's startled by a flash. As the light dissipates we...

HARD CUT TO:

23

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. CONT.

23

...MACKERS (40s, friendly, slicked back hair, definitely has a guitar and bongos in his office), stands next to a YEAR 7 **Mimzie** (11, takes no crap, future world leader), holding a DSLR camera. He ushers Jaheim, Leah, Toby, Omar and Femi together for a group photo.

MACKERS (O.C.)  
...And another by the founder's portrait.

Mackers notices the bruise on Jaheim's face and subtly gestures for him to turn his cheek. A pause before Jaheim complies. As they position themselves, Leah takes a closer look at the portrait.

Reveal - it's a 17th century portrait of a man in fine livery, while a dark skinned man cowers in servitude in the background - think the *Johan de la Faille* by Jan Verkolje. She can't take her eyes off the slave in the background! Leah barely has time to process it before she's snapped out of it when she hears-

MACKERS (CONT'D)  
Say cheese!

None of them say fuck all. We freeze on the photo  
momentarily; awkward moment captured.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CRICKET GREEN. DAY 2.

24

Jaheim, Leah, Toby, Femi and Omar - who is on his phone - are walking to their rooms across the cricket green with their luggage and plastic bags. Femi carries his desktop computer in a crate.

TOBY  
(laughing, playful  
teasing)  
*"Your bin bag's ripping!"* Bro, the  
violation.

JAHEIM  
(bravado, playful)  
You pagan! I should've banged that  
breddah in his face, though.

TOBY  
You should've, yu know. He's gonna  
tek yu fi idiot.

LEAH  
How we been here ten minutes, and  
you're already warring?  
(jooks Toby in the head)  
And stop gassing him.

OMAR  
I knew I recognised him. Look-

Omar shows his screen. The infamous TikTok video from earlier plays again.

Rupert is the boy pouring the champagne on the homeless man.

FEMI  
He's still here after that?

TOBY  
Oi, these rich kids get away with  
murder, boy.

LEAH  
Which is why you shouldn't fuck  
with him.

JAHEIM  
First lecture at St Gilbert's.

LEAH  
There's no *just you, yu know.*  
There's only *us.* You get in shit,  
we're all fucked.

JAHEIM  
(butter wouldn't melt)  
You need to stop thinking the worst  
of me, Leah. I'm a delight.

LEAH  
Look, bun' that, alright. There's  
more progressive ways to sort shit  
out.  
(hopeful)  
I think we should start an Afro  
Caribbean society.

They all moan. Leah is forced to talk over them.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
Power in numbers. Drama is *always*  
round the corner in places like  
this. We should've already *been*  
ready.

TOBY  
(dry)  
Yeah, like I said. I'm just here to  
shot trainers and smash two two  
girlyies.

JAHEIM  
A lie! But good luck with that  
Leah, yeah!

Toby and Jaheim head off laughing. Omar and Femi slowly exit  
too. Leah is left at a loose end, trying to shout at our  
departing boys.

LEAH  
Ain't you lot seen 'Get Out'?!  
...That ain't just a film, that's  
gospel... That's how you man end up  
in the sunken place.

Leah is left alone and walks the opposite way to her dorm.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 25  
DAY 2.

Leah enters her room. **ABBY (16, astute, biracial)** is sat on the bed laughing with Florence and Beatrix.

LEAH

Hey! ...Which one of you is Abby.

There's an unusually long pause.

Confidential

ABBY

I am.

LEAH

Hey, I'm Leah. I thought I was the only one.

ABBY

Only one of what?

Leah shifts uncomfortably - *I thought it was pretty clear.*

LEAH

Which bed is yours.

ABBY

The... one I'm sitting on.

Stifle giggles.

FLORENCE

(to Abby, re Beatrix)  
We're gonna go.

ABBY

Me too.

They leave. Again, Leah is left alone. She pulls out her phone and calls MUM. No answer as it goes straight to voicemail.

LEAH

Hey mum. You're probably at work.  
Just letting you know I arrived  
alright. Chat later?...

She hangs up and takes a seat on her bed. A sense of loneliness.

CUT TO:

26

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM 26 DAY 2.

Femi enters his room. He sees his roommate **CHEDDAR** (16, **floppy hair, definitely old money**).

CHEDDAR

Hey, man. Cheddar.

FEMI

Femi.

An awkward handshake. Femi drops his stuff and begins to take pictures of the room. The sound of several sent message whooshes are heard. Cheddar looks weirded out but says nothing. A message pops through. Femi looks mortified.

FEMI (CONT'D)  
Um... can I take a picture of you?

Awkward silence.

FEMI (CONT'D)  
My mum wants a picture of my room-mate... for my family WhatsApp group. Oh god, sorry, I-

CHEDDAR  
No, it's cool, mate...

Femi goes to take a picture of Cheddar.

CHEDDAR (CONT'D)  
Together will probably be less weird... right?

Femi takes a cringe photo of them together and sends it. An awkward smile is shared.

CHEDDAR (CONT'D)  
(re his phone)  
They take your phone before bed.  
Handy to have a spare.

Cheddar reaches into his bag and pulls out a Nokia 3310. Femi pulls out coins from his pocket.

FEMI  
(wary)  
How much?

CHEDDAR  
(scoffs)  
Mate, it's a brick.

FEMI  
Thanks.

They share a warm smile.

CUT TO:

27 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - JAHEIM AND XIANG'S DORM 27  
DAY 2.

Jaheim is greeted by his roommate **XIANG (16, boffin, weak moustache)**. It's a little unnerving as Jaheim looks around Xiang's belongings, before clocking his computer screens as he games.

XIANG  
I wrote it myself.

JAHEIM  
Which program?

XIANG  
*It's called 'Deity'?*

JAHEIM  
You should try '*Silverscape*'.  
(re game)  
You see all that glitchy stuff? It basically irons it all out without you having to go through a shit load of code.

A shared interest creates a warm moment between them. Xiang offers Jaheim a digestive.

XIANG  
Biscuit?

Jaheim declines, remembering Anton's comments.

Jaheim sits on his bed and looks around his room, contemplating what's to come. He opens his phone and scrolls through Anton's insta stories of Malachi and his boys - making noise in a chicken shop.

Jaheim pulls out his bold purple and yellow school uniform with boater hat from his bin liner, hanging it on the back of the door. He grimaces as he throws his head back onto the pillow. He turns and looks out the window at the sky.

CUT TO:

27A EXT. ST GILBERT'S BOARDING SCHOOL. DAY 2.

27A

*SFX - the sky spirals through to night, then to day, and we hear the sound of a wake up call - the banging of a pot and pan.*

CUT TO:

28 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY 3.

28

We see **Mackers** - the Housemaster of Malton House. He bangs a pot and spoon together.

MACKERS  
Wakey, wakey chaps! Carpe diem and then some!

CUT TO:

29

INT. ST GILBERT'S - DINING HALL. DAY 3.

29

The hall is packed with students in their uniforms. Jaheim, Leah and Toby look confused by the breakfast protocol as kids push past them to grab trays, bowls and spoons. It's a little frenzied. Jaheim goes to take some cutlery but several hands get to them first. He instantly pulls back, hesitant to go for more in case he loses a hand.

JAHEIM

(genuine)

Why am I scared?...

Omar has taken a seat and waves to Femi who is passing with a tray.

OMAR

Femi, over here!

Femi heads over.

OMAR (CONT'D)

How did you sleep? Don't you find it eerily quiet? You can hear a pin drop. Or in my case, the farts from three doors down. What you got first?... Why don't you sit down...

FEMI

Oh... I'm gonna... sit with my roommate Cheddar. Be a bit rude if I don't-

OMAR

Oh... Yeah... course...

Femi heads over to Cheddar who is stuffing his face throughout.

FEMI

Hey, you mind if I join you?

CEDDAR

Of course, mate. Pull up a pew.  
I'll intro you to Graham and Toes.  
Not sure where they are. Either  
wanking or taking a shit.

Femi, who is about to take a mouthful of food, pauses, slightly losing his appetite.

CEDDAR (CONT'D)

So are you all on scholarships? How does it work?

FEMI

So, we all went to the same after school club.

(points to Omar)

Although, me and Omar went to the same school, so we know each other quite well.

As Femi points towards Omar, we clock Omar, a little lonely, smile in their direction.

CEDDAR

Nice. ...You gonna eat that?!

Omar looks on, a little crushed.

We're back with Toby who looks at the array of fresh fruit, granola, and smoked salmon. Then-

TOBY

(to canteen server)

Do you lot have Coco Pops?

CUT TO:

30

INT. ST GILBERT'S - ASSEMBLY HALL. DAY 3

30

Jaheim, Leah, Toby and Omar file into hall and are handed **order of service booklets** which every student has been given. They're clearly late as everyone seems to already be present.

They look to the four empty seats in the centre. Femi is already seated. They're forced to shuffle/squeeze past everyone. It's awkward AF as no one stands to clear the way - not rude, just not the done thing. Jaheim catches eyes with Rupert as they enter.

Our boarders sit middle and centre amongst a sea of mainly white faces. Preeya and Chelsea snap pictures.

We see some of our faculty staff including MRS GOODLOW, Mackers, MS KANEKO, MS HARPER as well as the security guard/porter Stanley.

The room falls silent as Bernard, dressed in headmasters robes and cap, stands at the lectern.

BERNARD

Gilbertus numquam concedat!

ALL

Gilbertus semper duret!

Our five are the only ones who don't stand and follow the call and response. They seem out of sorts - *WTF!*

BERNARD

Welcome back everyone. I hope you enjoyed the summer holidays. I'd like to give a particularly warm welcome to our new year sevens.

As Bernard continues to talk, we see snapshots of our cliques - Abby, Beatrix, Florence, A.K.A FAB. (Florence wearing a distinctive HEAD GIRL pin). Cheddar, Graham and Toes (A.K.A THE RAH'SCAL'S), Rupert, SPENCER and BISHOP, FELIX also with a distinctive HEAD BOY pin...

BERNARD (CONT'D)

...As you're aware, St Gilbert's has been under the spotlight...

Rupert, Spencer and Bishop jostle a smug looking Rupert, knowing the TikTok video is what he's referring to.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

But I'd like to tell you all that St Gilbert's will be turning over a new leaf and looking to the future. With that in mind, I'd like you to all make sure our new students in the lower sixth feel right at home.

Bernard points to our five leads. We hear the entire hall turn in their seats. All eyes are on our leads! It's awkward as hell.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoy your time here and you wear your uniform with pride. Whoever you were before doesn't matter. You're a Gilbertine now.

RUPERT

(looking at the order of service)

Where's the other one?

Spencer and Bishop stifle a laugh. Leah looks to her copy - it shows the picture that was snapped of them in front of the Carruthers portrait. It's of our five leads and the "slave boy" positioned beside them making it look like he's the "sixth" boarder - *it's ambiguous as to whether it was intentional or not.* It's titled '*St Gilbert's welcomes new diverse faces*'.

LEAH

(hushed)

*What the fuck!*

BERNARD

Today's hymn, is 'Eternal Father, Strong to Save'...

Everybody stands as the sound of the organ begins to play.  
The sustained note transitions into a school whistle...

CUT TO:

Confidential

31

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - RUGBY PITCH. DAY 3.

31

A whistle being blown by **Mrs Goodlow (40s, Yorkshire, ex women's rugby union player, ball buster)**.

MRS GOODLOW  
Look alive, lads!

Everyone lines up. Amongst the boys are Jaheim and Rupert. They share a cordial nod.

MRS GOODLOW (CONT'D)  
If you want to make the squad, you work for it. This is not a game for the weak. This is the game of the gods. That being said, it's just a trial match, so take it easy. But that being said, make it count!  
Oi!, Oi!, Oi!, Oi!, Oi-

Everyone joins in! Jaheim feels compelled to join in too.

ALL  
Oi, Oi, Oi, Oi, Oi!

All, but a confused Jaheim, break and run into positions.

JAHEIM  
I've never played before-

Mrs Goodlow blows her whistle which drowns out Jaheim.

Jaheim and Rupert are on opposing teams. Rupert excels at the game, running rings around Jaheim.

RUPERT  
(to Jaheim)  
Guess it wasn't a sports scholarship?

**Felix (17, head boy, team captain).**

FELIX  
Stop fucking around, Rupert!

They continue to play on. Felix throws Jaheim the ball which he catches mid air. It's impressive, however he stalls-

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Well run, you dildo!

Jaheim does as he's told, and in the process runs past Rupert, causing him to fall to the ground. Jaheim scores a try. Mrs Goodlow and her ASSISTANT natter between one another - they've clearly picked up on Jaheim's talent.

MRS GOODLOW  
Get in there, lad!

RUPERT

Impressive.

JAHEIM

You never know who's watching...

Jaheim indicates to Florence and Beatrix who are watching, which makes Rupert bristle.

Felix, annoyed by their rivalry, throws Jaheim the same colour shirt as Rupert.

FELIX

Try fucking together, rather than each other.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - HOCKEY FIELD. DAY 3.

32

Florence, Beatrix and Abby - in hockey kit - have parted from an active training session to watch the rugby match from the adjacent field. Beatrix can't take her eyes off Jaheim.

BEATRIX

Fuck, he's yummy.

FLORENCE

You know you're dribbling, right?

BEATRIX

I just want to gobble him up whole and have him live in my tummy.

ABBY

You are so fucking weird.

Team captain YELENA (16, small but deadly) appears.

YELENA(O.C.)

Oi, Florence. Beatrix. Abby. If you could put your tongues away...

Florence, Beatrix and Abby put back in their gum shields - they read 'KILL', 'DESTROY', 'MAIM' respectively. They release a war cry before charging back onto the pitch.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - RUGBY PITCH. CONT.

33

The rugby match continues, with Jaheim and Rupert on the same team.

Although they goad one another in the following exchange, they are amused at one another's retort - not allowing the other's words to inflict any pain.

JAHEIM

(gloating)

Florence? You two ain't a thing,  
are you?

RUPERT

Out of your league mate. She's more  
*champagne* and *cocktails*. Less, *red*  
*stripe* and *super malt*.

JAHEIM

Speaking of champagne - I saw your  
little video. Way to show that  
homeless guy.

RUPERT

That video is why you and your  
charity case friends are here.  
Surely a thank you is in order.

They play on. Surprisingly, Rupert and Jaheim excel on the same side. Jaheim is in his element. A sense he's settling in. He's enjoying himself!

During a line out, Rupert lifts Jaheim, aiding him to catch the ball. However, Rupert positions his hand *under* Jaheim, pushing his hands on his genitals. Jaheim falls to the ground. Humiliated, he jumps up and punches Rupert *hard*, sending him to the floor. It's violent and a statement.

JAHEIM

Who the fuck you think you're dealing with?!

Mrs Goodlow rushes in before it escalates further.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOYS CHANGING ROOM. 34 LATER.

Everyone makes their way to the changing rooms. Felix stands in the doorway. Rupert is last in line. Felix stops him from entering and gives him a dressing down in private.

FELIX

What the fuck was that?

RUPERT

(sarcastic)

My hand slipped.

Frustrated, Felix grabs Rupert by the throat and slams him against the wall.

FELIX

You think you're *untouchable*, you're not. Our dad's just rich and he's done bailing you the fuck out. So unless -Oi, look at me! So unless you want to be sent to the comp down the road, stop acting like a fucking infant and get your shit together.

Felix expects something, anything from Rupert, but gets nothing. Annoyed, he slams Rupert's head against the wall *hard*. Then-

FELIX (CONT'D)

(laughs, pathetic)

Your little stunt brought him here. And he made you look like a right prick. Fucking embarrassing.

Felix heads into the dressing room. His final words getting under Rupert's skin.

Rupert touches the back of his head, to reveal blood on his fingers. He wipes it on his kit like it's nothing.

CUT TO:

Confidential

35

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 3.

35

Jaheim, still in his dirty rugby kit, sits alone. He twiddles his fingers, clearly been here a while. It's silent aside from the sound of a ticking clock. Bernard enters.

BERNARD

Stand when the Headmaster enters a room.

Bernard sits, waiting a moment before allowing Jaheim to sit.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Day one, Mr Marsham.

Bernard stares at Jaheim. It's intense. Jaheim finally breaks the stare - a sense of embarrassment. Bernard pulls out a report card and places Jaheim's name on it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I assume you will be familiar with the notion of being placed on Overs. Bring it to me at the end of the week.

He hands it to Jaheim, then writes him a note.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Get washed and changed. Give this to Mrs Barracough to explain why you're late. I don't want to see you in my office again, is that clear?

JAHEIM

(re the report card)

I'm guessing Rupert is gonna get one of these too?

Bernard bristles before rifling though a stack of papers on his desk. He hands a piece of paper to Jaheim.

BERNARD

Your personal statement. I'd like you to read it.

Jaheim begins to read.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

...Out loud.

JAHEIM

(reads)

*I am writing to express my interest in attending St Gilbert's.*

(MORE)

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

*I am a bright, motivated, and well-rounded student with a strong academic record and a passion for learning...*

BERNARD

Now paragraph three.

JAHEIM

...Opportunities like this are rare for boys like me, especially from where I come from. If I were given this opportunity, it would not only give me the education I need, but also the life skills that would allow me to help those I care about most, including my Grandmother, my younger brother Caleb... and my mother.

Jaheim doesn't want to read anymore. A silence sits in the air.

CUT TO:

36

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 3.

36

We see Leah sat outside Bernard's office. She jumps to her feet when the door opens. She clocks Jaheim as he leaves

LEAH

What were you doing in there?

Jaheim kisses his teeth.

LEAH (CONT'D)

We didn't sit through two interviews and three exams for you to fuck this up for us.

JAHEIM

Yeah, I know. I had to do it too.

LEAH

Then why don't you act like it?!

JAHEIM

You don't even know what happened.

LEAH

No, but I know *you*, Jaheim! That's the problem.

Jaheim storms off. Leah turns to Bernard who is also leaving.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Bernard!

Bernard bristles at his first name being called.

BERNARD  
'Master' will suffice, Miss Dulverton.

LEAH  
I don't think I'm gonna be calling you 'Master'.

Surprisingly, Bernard absorbs this and accepts.

BERNARD  
Was it something specific, Miss Dulverton?

Leah shows the order of service. Bernard is clearly embarrassed by it, but does his best to conceal it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
It has already been brought to my attention. It was an unfortunate mistake.

LEAH  
And...?

BERNARD  
'And', Miss Dulverton?

LEAH  
And we have decided to take the portrait down? My Uncle Delroy could scrap it for you for thirty quid.

BERNARD  
That portrait - which depicts the founder of this school - has been here longer than both you and I, Miss Dulverton. It may offend you that it is up, but it will offend far more people if it was taken down.

LEAH  
(re portrait then herself)  
Out with the old, in with the new, right? Bet you could get something just as gauche yet cheap and inoffensive on Etsy.

BERNARD  
'Cheap' is not the St. Gilbert's way. That should be apparent in the world class education that you all have been gifted.

LEAH

Sounds like you're searching for a  
thank you...

Bernard bristles. Leah is pushing buttons.

BERNARD

We're done here, Miss Dulverton.

LEAH

(real)

We don't like that painting. None  
of us do.

Leah looks at him, hoping for him to be reasonable. But-

BERNARD

May I suggest you spend less energy  
on things you can't change, and  
more on the things you can. For  
starters, getting your acts  
together.

Leah clocks that he's referring to Jaheim who is making his way down the hall. Bernard leaves. Leah fumes as she approaches Jaheim.

CUT TO:

37

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CLASSROOM - SCIENCE (BIOLOGY). DAY 3. 37

Tutor group. Students file into the classroom. Toby enters the large airy room, immaculate - a small number of students, sitting at neatly ordered desks, quietly chat or read. It's NOTHING like his old school. As he passes a group of particularly floppy haired boys -

TOBY

Psst, big man. Looking for kicks?

GRAHAM

Seriously mate. Fuck off.

Toby pulls up a seat beside Omar who has sheets of tracing paper, maps, pens, pencils, rulers, protractors and a shit-load of other things.

OMAR

How many have you sold?

TOBY

Rome wasn't built in a day.

OMAR

I don't think the Colosseum was bought from East Street Market either.

TOBY

What are you doing?

OMAR

Okay, so this is the floor-plan for St Gilbert's, and this is the map that I got off the internet from an unpublished piece of work from Raisin which I put onto tracing paper, and look.

Omar reveals that the map from the internet that he's drawn on tracing paper and the school map sitting underneath fit together perfectly.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Also, his last book was called **The Dormitory**. 'Dormitory' is an anagram of 'dirty room'. 'Dirty room'. Bins!

TOBY

Big man. Beg you don't go rooting  
around the bins.

Toby's attention turns to Abby entering the room.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Rah! Speaking of bins, How's my  
breath smelling?

He breathes into Omar's face, however doesn't wait for a response before bowling over to Abby. As he's about to talk to her-

ABBY

Whatever you're selling, I don't  
want it.

The whole class laughs. Mackers enters, forcing everyone to take their seats.

MACKERS

Alright, settle down everyone.  
Look! Fancy new posh diaries. Give  
them the care and attention you  
give to the fancy new hair do's you  
got over the summer and they will  
last you an eternity.

SPENCER (O.S.)

(quietly)

Psst. Stormzy.

Toby, sat at the back, turns.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I heard you're the man selling  
*creps*.

TOBY

Yeah. What you looking for?

SPENCER

An ounce.

TOBY

(confused)

An ounce?

SPENCER

Ssh. I'm good for it. Bring it to  
'Running of the Balls'. It's gonna  
be mad!

TOBY

An ounce?

The ball finally drops. He kisses his teeth in annoyance.

CUT TO:

Confidential

38

INT. ST GILBERT'S - DINING HALL. DAY 3.

38

Omar, Toby and Leah sit at a table for dinner. Femi appears with his food. Omar waves at him to join them. Femi, who clearly saw him, walks off and joins Cheddar. Omar looks deflated.

LEAH

Running of the *Bulls*?

TOBY

That's what he said.

OMAR

Not actual 'bulls' though, right?

LEAH

I wouldn't be surprised. This place is so extra.

Jaheim enters. He has a brief exchange with a passing Beatrix.

BEATRIX

(flirty)

Great match today.

JAHEIM

Enjoyed seeing me in shorts, yeah?

They share a smile.

Jaheim continues on and tries to sit with our gang, but Leah puts her bag on the chair.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

It's like that, yeah?

LEAH

Yeah, it's like that.

TOBY

Leah, come on-

JAHEIM

Nah, it's cool.

Jaheim laughs at the childishness of it all and heads off. As he leaves, he catches eyes with Rupert - a rivalry intensifying.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - FLORENCE AND BEATRIX'S 39  
DORM. DAY 3.

Stones hit the window. Florence opens it to see Rupert climbing up. He jumps in and they instantly start kissing and stripping off their clothes, as they fumble onto the bed - pants off, legs up, Rupert goes down on Florence, then-

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Can you at least wait until I've left the  *fucking*  room!

Reveal Beatrix doing work at her laptop. She picks up her stuff and heads to the door, forced to step over Rupert who is on his knees, giving head. As she exits, Rupert climbs on top of Florence. As she throws her head back and moans, we...

HARD CUT TO:

40 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - FLORENCE AND BEATRIX'S 40 DORM. LATER.

Post coital - Florence is flicking through pictures of Rupert and his brother Felix in Hong Kong, stood beside an older man - presumably their dad. Rupert is caressing Florence's back, running his fingers across her freckles.

FLORENCE

Did you learn any Mandarin?

RUPERT

It's mainly expats around where he lives.

FLORENCE

(zooms in)

Who's that?

RUPERT

His partner.

FLORENCE

She's pretty.

Rupert takes back his phone clearly annoyed by the comment but doesn't want to show it.

RUPERT

Never noticed these freckles before.

(then)

Oh my god!

FLORENCE

What?

RUPERT

(laughing)

It's an emoji! Hold still...

He grabs a pen from her desk and joins her freckles together like dots. Once completed, it vaguely resembles *the aubergine emoji*. They laugh and kiss - it's a warm moment. Florence's phone beeps, she rolls over and replies whilst Rupert continues to draw on her-

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Can I colour it in?

FLORENCE  
(laughing)  
No you fucking can't!

Florence reads her texts and replies, laughing to herself.

RUPERT  
What?

FLORENCE  
Nothing.

RUPERT  
Yeah, nothing is usually hilarious.

He looks at her - *let me in*. He then tries to grab her phone but she pulls back. Florence knows he will not let up so-

FLORENCE  
Beatrix wants setting up.

RUPERT  
With who?

FLORENCE  
With one of the scholarships.

RUPERT  
Which one?

FLORENCE  
Don't know?

RUPERT  
Jaheim.

FLORENCE  
I guess.

Beat.

RUPERT  
Why're you being weird?

FLORENCE  
I'm not.

RUPERT  
Well, obviously it's Jaheim.

Florence refuses to engage.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
How have I become the prick in all  
of this? I'm being fucking serious,  
I have no clue.

FLORENCE

You reek of insecurity right now  
and it's giving me the ick.

RUPERT

So I'm icky?

FLORENCE

I didn't say you were icky. I said  
it's giving me the ick. There's a  
difference.

Rupert makes to leave. Florence knows where he's going-

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(speaking truths, caring)  
They're all here to make Master  
look good. If you fuck with them,  
what's gonna happen to you? I don't  
want you going anywhere. Let him  
have this one.

Rupert steps back into the room. The two start kissing and  
giggling - They're definitely gonna fuck again!

QUICK CUT TO:

41

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 41  
DAY 3.

Abby is desperately looking through her hair products,  
frustrated. She storms across the room and shouts down the  
hallway-

ABBY

Who the fuck keeps coming into my  
room and taking my stuff?!  
(to herself)  
You can't leave anything in this  
bloody place!

Abby continues to rifle through her things. We see Leah -  
rocking a '*Blacker Than Your Average*' t-shirt - sat on her  
bed, watching Abby search in a panic.

LEAH

You need a comb? Got some good hair  
stuff too.

Abby reluctantly nods and holds out her hand for the comb.  
Leah sits on the edge of her bed then taps on the floor - an  
indication for Abby to let her do her hair. After a beat,

Abby sits and Leah begins.

LEAH (CONT'D)

You ever had your hair in box  
braids? I think you'd look dope.

ABBY

Just comb it back.

Leah shows Abby a product, wondering if it's alright to use.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What is it?

LEAH

Stuff from market. It burns, but  
that just means it's working.

(beat)

I'm messing with you. I've got an  
aunt in Atlanta. Never met her but  
she sends this stuff over for me  
and my mum. It works too well to be  
legal, trust. Turn your head.

Leah combs the product through her hair. We hold on this for  
a while - watching two black women showing black hair love.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - COMMON ROOM. DAY 3. 42

Jaheim is sat alone in the dark. Again he watches Anton's  
insta stories of his mates - they're messing about as usual.  
Jaheim calls Malachi on FaceTime.

SFX: FACETIME split screen:

42A

EXT. CHICKEN SHOP. DAY 3.

42A

We see Malachi, Anton and Ray hanging outside their usual  
spot, laughing, joking and shotting.

MALACHI

Yo, what's good, my guy?

ANTON

Who is it?

MALACHI

It's Bootleg Harry potter!

ANTON

Yo, what's the girlies like?  
Show dem my picture. Let dem know  
wha' gwan.

MALACHI

Why would any girl want your likkle  
tuff head near dem?

ANTON

Shut yer mouth!

MALACHI

Yo, when we coming to visit?

JAHEIM

You think I'm letting you lil' bad  
breeds anywhere near here, for unu  
to come cause mayhem?

Malachi laughs. A silence.

MALACHI

What you need?

JAHEIM

Nah, nothing. Just- just seeing  
wha' gwan, innit.

MALACHI

Nothin' same shit, innit.

Jaheim has nothing to say - he just needs a friend, which Malachi picks up on, happy to stay on the line, letting London soundscape their convo (or lack of). Malachi mumbles rap lyrics to fill the dead air, as Jaheim sits alone, a singular black face surrounded by painted white faces.

Toby enters with his suitcase of trainers.

JAHEIM

You man, I'm gone.

He hangs up.

TOBY

You look stressed, my bruddah. This  
place mashed you up already?

JAHEIM

(laughs it off)

Minor. Just long days, innit.

TOBY

Yo, I hear *that!* Ms Kaneko is  
grinding me *hard*. And not in the  
way I'd like.

JAHEIM

That's your fault for taking  
Japanese.

TOBY  
Omaeno kaachan suttoke.

JAHEIM  
What does that mean?

Confidential

TOBY

It's Japanese for 'suck ya mudder'!

They playfully rough up one another.

JAHEIM

Rah, you still shotting dem  
trainers!

TOBY

Was gonna try and shot em at the  
bulls ting but bruddah! As much as  
I try to exploit these little white  
kids...

JAHEIM

Bro, if you need money that bad for  
a trim, I can sort you out.

TOBY

(real)

Nah. I used to use my weekend job  
money on stuff round the house, but  
now that I'm here- I was gonna send  
some of the cash home ...minor.

JAHEIM

(teasing)

If you need money and everyone  
keeps mistaking you for a drug  
dealer?...

TOBY

You're a dickhead! You coming to  
dis ting later?

JAHEIM

Nah, I'm gonna 'llow it.

TOBY

You mad? You know that Beatrix girl  
is gonna be there?

JAHEIM

That girl seems like drama. Got  
enough of that already. Trust.

TOBY

So what, you just gonna stay in  
your room til graduation?

Jaheim goes silent. Toby is unrelenting.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
(then, re Jaheim's feet)  
You a 10, yeah?

Toby roots around in his bag and chuck's Jaheim a crisp pair.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
We're linkin' at the statue at  
eight. See you there, yeah? And  
don't be late. I need a wingman  
when I check that leng lighty,  
Abby. She's facety but I kinda like  
that.

Jaheim laughs, then reluctantly nods. Toby smiles before nudging Jaheim and leaving.

CUT TO:

42B INT. ST GILBERT'S - (TBC?). DAY 3.

42B

Omar appears, all smiles with his map. He does a full 360 before referring to his map, confused as to where to go. He feels he's found the spot.

OMAR  
Where the hell?!

As Omar is about to leave, he spots a bin chute. He opens the door, pulls out his light and shines it down it...

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Jackpot!

CUT TO:

43 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM 43  
DAY 3.

Cheddar, Graham and Toes are bare chested, applying Viking-style war paint markings over their bodies. As they "banter", we stay on Femi who is enjoying their interactions as he drinks - he's tipsy.

CHEDDAR  
Seriously, mate, what the hell is  
this-

GRAHAM  
I'm giving you a six pack.

CHEDDAR  
Clearly you can't fucking count?!

GRAHAM  
Two, four, six, eight- oh, shit.

CHEEDDAR

Toes - no more alcohol for this  
prick!

GRAHAM

Some people have eight. Like if  
you're really ripped.

CHEEDDAR

No one is gonna believe I have an  
eight pack.

GRAHAM

No one is gonna believe you have a  
six pack!

Femi laughs!

CHEEDDAR

Scholarship. You're up!

FEMI

Nah, I'm happy to just watch.

GRAHAM

Don't you wanna be a Rah'scal?

FEMI

A what?!

CHEEDDAR

I don't call us that.

GRAHAM

That's what we're called!

Graham reveals 'RAH'SCAL' written across his back.

CHEEDDAR

It's a fucking stupid name. We sound like cunts!

CHEEDDAR (ALT LINE) (CONT'D)

It's a stupid name. We sound like twats!

GRAHAM

We're Rah'scals, and a Rah'scal always runs.

FEMI

What are you running from?  
Obviously not actual bulls, right?  
Or is it? I'm fucking confused!

CHEEDDAR

Bulls?! Mate what on earth are you talking about?!

CUT TO:

44

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - TOILETS. DAY 3.

44

A flush is heard followed by Jaheim exiting a cubicle. His school blazer along with Toby's knock-off trainers are sat on the sink. As he goes to wash his hands, he takes a closer look at the trainers and notices the front of the sole has come away.

JAHEIM

What the- Designer my rass...

A sheet suddenly goes over Jaheim's head from behind.

Reveal Rupert, Spencer and Bishop. Rupert and Spencer throw blows as Bishop films on his camera phone. Jaheim is able to throw a few lucky kicks from under the sheet.

One of which connects with Bishop, sending his phone flying out of his hand and across the room. We stay with this shot from the phone as the camera keeps rolling, and although we don't see the action, we can hear the following sequence...

**The following action to be captured by main unit:** Although Jaheim throws a few lucky kicks, he's eventually outnumbered and overpowered, as he's battered to the ground. They're eerily quiet as they beat the shit out of him.

Jaheim coils himself into a ball, shielding his face and anything else from the raining kicks and stomps which are mainly directed at his torso. Bishop has joined in now too. Rupert dives in with a final blow, standing over Jaheim, mirroring the way Jaheim stood over Tyrell.

We think it's all over. Then, Rupert begins to piss on him - specifically on his shoes and trousers. Spencer, who's laughing, seems to think the pissing is a step too far and pulls Rupert away before he gets too into it. Bishop grabs his phone as the boys run off, leaving Jaheim a battered mess on the floor.

Now alone, Jaheim pulls the sheet off, writhing around on floor in pain.

44A

OMITTED

44A

45 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 45  
DAY 3.

Leah is doing Abby's hair, creating kiss curls. Mabel enters.

MABEL

Leah!

ABBY

Don't you knock?!

MABEL

I just wanted to say how disgusted  
I was with the photo. It was  
completely out of order!

LEAH

...Thanks, Mabel.

MABEL

I heard you want to get the  
portrait taken down? Well I'm right  
behind you. Whatever you need, I'll  
be a bloody arsenal behind you.  
Like, as a school, I feel we should  
be doing better, you know...

ABBY

You're an 'ally', she gets it  
Mabel. Anything else?

MABEL

Oh... I thought we could head over  
together?

LEAH

Er... you go ahead. I'll catch up.

MABEL

(begging it)

You sure? I don't mind waiting. Or  
I could give you a hand... with...  
um... Abby's hair, or...

LEAH

Um... nah, I'm good. I got this.  
Thank you, though.

Mabel politely leaves.

ABBY  
That girl is annoying.

LEAH  
She's a little beggy, but she's  
growing on me.

Leah puts the final touches to Abby's hair before showing her in the mirror. Abby really likes it. Then-

ABBY  
Nah. Just comb it back.

LEAH  
It looks *sick*. Trust.

ABBY  
Quickly, I gotta go somewhere  
first.

LEAH  
You got man? Okaaay.

Abby is about to change her hair and Leah stops her.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(playful)  
Don't let no dickhead tell you how  
to wear your hair. That's your  
crown!

ABBY  
(insistent)  
You gonna do it like I said, or  
not.

The atmosphere turns sour. Leah complies. Abby realises she's gone a bit far.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
(breaking bread)  
Did Mabel tell you how her great  
grandmother handed out water during  
the million man march?

LEAH  
No.

ABBY  
Really? It's the first story she  
told me and *only* me. I assumed it  
would've been the first story she  
told you...

Leah smiles as Abby acknowledges their 'skinship' for the first time.

LEAH

Beggy as she is, she's a good one to have. I think Bernard is more likely to listen to a rich white woman than me.

ABBY

(gets real)

You need to be careful with the Headmaster.

LEAH

Right...?

ABBY

I know him. Just, trust me. It's not worth the hassle.

LEAH

(joking)

It's fine, I eat middle aged cis white men for sport.

ABBY

(gets real)

What will taking the portrait down do? Apart from piss people off?

LEAH

I don't know. ...Show a willingness to listen. To change. An acknowledgement that we're here. That we're more than a PR stunt. That we gave up our lives, our homes, our families to be here. I just wanna make sure it's gonna be worth it.

ABBY

You guys being here has been carefully curated. A token gesture. Sorry. Take what you can from it and leave. The sooner you learn that, the better.

Abby takes the comb and does the rest herself. Leah seems fired up by Abby's comments.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - BERNARD'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR. DAY 3. 46

Abby heads across campus towards Bernard's house. She knocks. Bernard opens the door in his dressing gown. She enters.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - THE CLOCKTOWER. DAY 3.

47

Toby, in a skimpy, flashy (probably knock-off) t-shirt, and his suitcase of trainers, looks at the time on his phone.

TOBY

Black people are never on time,  
boy.

Omar appears disheveled.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Bruddah, you stink!

OMAR

Yeah, I might've fallen into some  
bins.

Toby stifles a laugh.

OMAR (CONT'D)

It was dark, okay?

TOBY

How did you get out?

OMAR

(deflated, embarrassed)  
The security guard. He always  
checks the bins for students at the  
start of a school year. There's  
always one "idiot" who goes  
searching for the secret society at  
the start of term.

TOBY

You gotta let this society ting go,  
my bruddah.

Omar looks deflated.

OMAR

Would've just been cool if it was  
real, you know. Like-minded people,  
and that.

TOBY

(genuine)

Don't worry about it, bro. It was  
probably just a bunch of boys  
bumming in a basement somewhere.  
Unless, that's what you're  
wanting...? No shade.

Omar just stares blankly.

OMAR

Do you mind if I go for a piss?

TOBY

Go for a piss, yes! What you asking  
permission for?!

Omar heads inside.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

'Do you mind if I go for a piss?'.  
This place is gonna eat that boy  
alive.

Toby pulls out his phone and leaves a voice note.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Jaheim. Bruddah. Where you at?  
Hurry up!

CUT TO:

48

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY 3.

48

What feels like the middle of nowhere. We see an OLD MAN looking at the bus timetable. We follow him as he returns to the bench to reveal Jaheim, seated with his bin bags by his feet. He looks dishevelled as fuck. His shirt and trousers are covered in dirt, scuffs and what resemblance foot prints from the stomping - reminder of his vicious beating. He receives disapproving looks from the old man and his WIFE further down the bench. He shifts, uncomfortable, and looks away. Then, a moment comes over him. He spits out the blood collecting in his mouth, wipes his face, then furiously tucks in his shirt, dusts himself off like crazy, puts on his blazer and does up his tie before turning to the older couple and staring them in the eye-

JAHEIM

Hi, how you doing? Gorgeous weather  
we're having, innit.

The older couple turn away uncomfortably. Jaheim has a wry smile across his face. A small win. He sits and contemplates life as the BUS pulls up.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - THE CLOCKTOWER. DAY 3.

49

Toby continues to wait alone.

ABBY (O.S.)

Hey, I heard you're the weed man?

TOBY

Fuck sake! Not every breddah with  
dreads sells weed-

Toby turns to see Abby. It's her!

TOBY (CONT'D)

I meant, yeah, that's me. What do  
you need? ...Well obviously a lil  
loud. Duh? I can sort that for  
you... First things first, let me  
take your Snap-

Abby raises an eyebrow.

TOBY (CONT'D)

So I can message you when my  
shipment comes in.

ABBY

Oh, okay. Cool.

TOBY

I'm Toby, by the way.

ABBY

Abby.

Abby exchanges info with Toby then walks away. Toby grins  
from ear to ear. Omar clocks this as he's returning.

OMAR

What was that about?

TOBY

What did you hear?

OMAR

I heard you were planning to sell  
drugs.

TOBY

If you heard, why you asking?

OMAR

Do you really think that's a good  
idea?

TOBY

When I want advice from a breddah  
who smells like a skip, I'll let  
you know.

Leah appears.

LEAH

Where's Jaheim?

Toby and Omar shrug. Leah pauses, thinking she could be responsible for his no show. A slight guilt kicks in.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Maybe I was too harsh on him?

TOBY

He's a big boy. He'll bounce back.

LEAH

(kisses teeth)

See how this dick head got me  
caring about him.

Toby laughs, then puts a reassuring arm around Leah, noticing that she's struggling with the guilt.

TOBY

Minor. Now come we go check out this posh boy stupidness.

OMAR

Where is this running of the bulls thing taking place anyway?

A passing Xiang.

XIANG

It's not 'running of the bulls'.  
...It's 'running of the **balls**'.

OMAR

What?

CUT TO:

50

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CLOISTERS. DAY 3.

50

SLOW MO as a dozen or so male students, **butt naked**, covered in war paint, launch through a set of double doors, colliding with one another as if they've been released from a holding pen. Felix, dressed as a matador, leads the pack! It's as weird as it fucking sounds!

The dozen or so naked boys race out of the school and towards the clock tower.

LEAH

Mad!

TOBY

White people are different.

Then...

LEAH

Is that Femi?

We see Femi, the one black body, in amongst the white boys charging towards the clock tower. He looks like he's having the time of his life! A sense of freedom! Toby, Leah and Omar cheer!

TOBY

Rah! Gwan Femi, you weirdo!

LEAH

He should've creamed that skin though. He's looking ashy as fuck.

Omar is equally surprised until he sees a passing buttcheek sprint by with the RAISINETTES EMBLEM (ink pot and quill) tattooed on it.

OMAR  
(amazed, sotto)  
...They're real!

CUT TO:

51

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - THE CLOCKTOWER - ROOF. DAY 3.

51

Femi pushes his way through the pack to get to the front, bursting through the doors in pole position, and rings the bell. The victor! He's lifted aloft.

He's elated as everyone below applauds. Cheddar, Graham and Toes chant 'Rah'scal! Rah'scal! Rah'scal!'. Omar looks up to Femi - a former friend.

We swing to Rupert, Spencer and Bishop holding court, applauding. In the distance, unbeknownst to them, we see a battered Jaheim watching them with intent in his eyes.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - COURTYARD. DAY 3.

52

Jaheim pulls out his phone and calls a number.

JAHEIM  
(purposeful)  
Yo, Malachi, what's good? You man  
still wanna come visit...

We hold on Jaheim, intensity on his face, assured in the knowledge that he'll get his revenge and Rupert is gonna get fucked up.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
...got a little madness I need help  
dealing with.

END.