



**BOARDERS**

**EPISODE SIX: 1963 ARMAGNAC**

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BUFF AMENDMENTS

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**PRE-TITLES**

1 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM. 1  
DAY 11.

FEMI and CHEDDAR are getting ready when they hear a thudding sound. Cheddar - in shirt, tie and y-fronts - is about to see what all the commotion is about when suddenly STANLEY barges in and grabs his phone from his hand!

CHEDDAR

What the hell are you (doing?!)-

QUICK CUT TO:

2 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 11. 2

BERNARD is seated. A knock at the door. JAHEIM enters.

JAHEIM

(nervous)

You wanted to see me, Sir?

BERNARD

Please, take a seat.

Bernard continues to busy himself with the paperwork sat in front of him. Jaheim shifts uncomfortably, letting in air under his collar, worried about what he's in trouble for-

BERNARD (CONT'D)

As you're aware, the luncheon fundraiser is taking place tomorrow. Our benefactors, who invest a great deal of ...*interest* in St Gilbert's, will be attending. It's important things run *smoothly*-

CUT TO:

3

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY 11.

3

STUDENTS line up outside their rooms in pyjamas or whatever they could quickly throw on. Femi looks across the hall to GRAHAM who is also in just his pants.

FEMI

What's going on?

GRAHAM

St Gilbert's is on lockdown. Order of the King.

Stanley paces the hallway holding two half-filled duffel bags (he's already done this in the other houses).

STANLEY

...*This* is the bag for all smart phones, tablets and any other device that has use of social media...

(re other bag)

...And *this* is the 'amnesty bag' for alcohol, drugs, non-prescribed medicines and glues - from your heavy duty solvents to your pritt sticks.

CUT TO:

4

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

4

JAHEIM

What does that have to do with me?  
(remembering his manners)  
...*Sir*?

BERNARD

You need to show them that their time and interests have been well spent. One of your duties as the new Head Boy.

JAHEIM

(surprised!)  
What the f-!

Bernard raises an eyebrow, but doesn't rise to it - it was clearly a knee-jerk reaction from Jaheim.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

Sorry, Sir. I didn't mean, I meant... Um... What happened to Felix?

BERNARD

Mr Watlington-Geese was asked to step down after his behaviour during the Carruthers Challenge. A student in the Upper Sixth may have lost an eye.

JAHEIM

...Why me?

BERNARD

I know you didn't get off to the best start. However, your grades have been consistently excellent, you've excelled in your extracurricular assignments, not to mention your tremendous leadership skills during the winning of the boot! I can't think of a better person for this role.

JAHEIM

(sceptical)

Right... It's just, after everything that happened with the police and Omar... the timing just seems a little... you know...

Bernard doesn't appreciate what Jaheim is suggesting.

BERNARD

You don't have to accept it...

JAHEIM

What do I have to do in return?

BERNARD

Aside from being a model student and the usual day to day duties of Head Boy...

Bernard pulls out a scroll which he hands to Jaheim who opens it. The paper has a poem/mantra written in Latin.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

It is tradition for the Head Boy to give the Latin address at tomorrow's luncheon event...

JAHEIM

Latin? ... As in the language..?

BERNARD

I understand time is tight, but I think you're up to the challenge.

JAHEIM

...What do I get out of it?

Bernard's patience is wearing thin, but the end goal is bigger.

BERNARD

Prestige, Mr Marsham! A chance to show the extremely influential people who are attending, that you have become Head Boy at one of the most distinguished schools in the country, and that they'd be lucky to have someone like you in their circle. For you to show all the people that pay for you, and all those that doubted you, what a success it's been. Benefactors, parents, the board-

JAHEIM

The board? ... So Carol will be at the event too?

BERNARD

Would you like her not to be?

Jaheim nods.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Done. Perhaps if we can show the other board members the progress we're making here, and the disruption she's causing, she may become a *fond memory* from our collective past.

Jaheim and Bernard share a look with a hint of a smile - a shared dream.

JAHEIM

My extra morning and evening classes in the library with Stanley... The ones you set me earlier in the term?... They're gonna be a little tricky to keep up with, what with all my Head Boy duties. ...Guessing we should probably drop those, right?

Bernard doesn't like being worked. However-

BERNARD

I'll let Stanley know not to expect you anymore.

Jaheim beams.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

There are a lot of big changes happening here at St Gilbert's. I hope you're as excited about them as everyone else.

CUT TO:

5	OMITTED	5
6	OMITTED	6
7	OMITTED	7
8	OMITTED	8
9	INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM. 9 DAY 11.	

Femi and Cheddar's room has been completely turned over. Stanley loads a pile of Cheddar's hidden alcohol into the bag - mini Malibus, mini JDs, mini Pimms, etc. Stanley's sixth sense kicks in, a suspicion that there's something else. An intense stare-off between Stanley and Cheddar... Cheddar's eyes unconsciously twitch towards the ceiling. Stanley uses a broom to move the panel/lampshade, revealing an expensive looking bottle of brandy (a 1963 Armagnac) that lands onto the bed.

CHEDDAR

Not my 1963, Stanley!...

Stanley smiles, places it into the bag and leaves. Cheddar is breaking. Femi tries to console him/lightly restrain him.

FEMI  
It's alright mate, just let it  
go...

CHEDDAR  
(to Femi, heartbroken yet  
incensed)  
He doesn't even have the palette-  
(to enjoy it...)

CUT TO:

**TITLES: BOARDERS**

9A INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - RUPERT AND OMAR'S DORM. 9A  
DAY 11.

RUPERT and OMAR are putting on their uniforms. It's eerily quiet and tense as they avoid eye contact with one another. Omar reaches for his school tie, but Rupert pulls it from his hand.

RUPERT  
That's my one, dickhead.

Rupert flings it around his neck and does it up as he leaves. We linger with a close up on Omar.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 11. 10

Rupert walks down the hall. He passes an A4 sheet of paper on the notice board announcing Jaheim Marsham as 'Head Boy'. We hold on it. Before we-

CUT TO:

11 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL OFFICE. DAY 11. 11

Rupert enters and locks the door and approaches FLORENCE, kissing her on the neck as she files paperwork away. Rupert is more into it than she is.

RUPERT  
Quickie?

FLORENCE  
I don't have time.

RUPERT

That's why it's called a 'quickie'.

Florence pulls away. Rupert is picking up on how stand-offish she's being.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Alright. Well, come round to mine later?

FLORENCE

Won't Omar be there?

RUPERT

I'll kick him out.

FLORENCE

Don't do that.

RUPERT

You've never minded before.

FLORENCE

(weighted)

Well, it was different before.

RUPERT

Why are you making a big deal out of it?!

FLORENCE

(embarrassed)

Because it's all people are talking about. I can explain most of the messed up stuff you do, but the shit you did to Omar. *Jesus Christ, Rupert.*

RUPERT

It happened weeks ago.

Florence scoffs - it's not the response she wanted.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

We're cool. Honestly. Back to farting on each other's beds. Just like old times.

(then)

I'd really like to see you.

He gives her the gentlest of kisses - *he fucking loves her.* Florence plays along. As they embrace, we see over his shoulder that she's checked out of their relationship.



Someone tries to make several attempts to enter but the door is locked.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Go away, we're busy.

BERNARD  
Open this door.

Florence smacks Rupert on the arm - *idiot* - before letting in Bernard and Jaheim.

FLORENCE  
Sorry about that, Master.

BERNARD  
Are you here for anything in particular, Mr Watlington-Geese?

RUPERT  
I was just collecting a few things on my brother's behalf. Making way for the new Head Boy.

He picks up a random tatty chewed up pen.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
Here it is.

He leaves. Bernard turns to Florence.

BERNARD  
This door does not lock again, is that clear?  
(to Jaheim)  
This will be your new office, which you'll share with Miss Chaplin-Jones.

The pair share a polite smile. Bernard hands Jaheim a white envelope.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
The luncheon dress code is *formal*. Gus has made me aware that none of you have such items with you, so I've taken the liberty of sourcing a small amount of money for you all to purchase something suitable. I trust you'll use your free period to do so.

Bernard presents Jaheim with the Head Boy pin which Jaheim takes with trepidation. Bernard holds out his hand. Jaheim shakes it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Mr Marsham.

Bernard leaves. Jaheim looks at it, taking it all in, before sharing another look with Florence.

CUT TO:

12 OMITTED 12

13 INT. ISLA SHELLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY 11. 13

Jaheim, LEAH, TOBY, Omar and Femi are stood in a smallish department store looking at outfits. It feels like it hasn't been updated since the late 80's. Toby picks up a garish looking suit off the rack.

TOBY  
Rah, these clothes are *trash*!

Toby clocks the SHOP ASSISTANT who didn't appreciate his comment.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
(covering)  
Do you have this in a double breasted? Thank you so much.

The shop assistant reluctantly goes to check.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Come we go to a next shop?

JAHEIM  
It ain't cash, my guy... vouchers.

Toby kisses his teeth. Femi is looking at the donors list - several sheets of paper stapled together with each attendee, a small photo and a small synopsis.

FEMI  
(excited)  
This guest list is *insane*!?

JAHEIM

Bernard wants me to memorise everyone who's coming. He's gonna introduce me to 'em.

FEMI

You gotta bring me in Jaheim! This guy - Lonnie Calerflit. He runs CG&T Tech. They've got offices all over the world.

TOBY

They make laptops, innit? See if I can get a little discount.

FEMI

...Or an internship.

TOBY

Always chatting bout work.

FEMI

That's what we're here for? Think bigger...

Leah is audibly flicking thorough the rails of clothes like she's annoyed by something. Jaheim is starting to notice. Toby holds up a shiny suit jacket.

TOBY

Well I say we rock up in matching outfits!

FEMI

Why is everything a joke?! We barely came out of your bullshit with the brownies! Can you act like you've got sense for one day!

An awkward silence sits in the air. Jaheim breaks the mood.

JAHEIM  
(makes light)  
Don't worry Femi, I'll bring you  
in. Man's got that power!

Femi beams. Leah continues to flick through clothes. Jaheim finally rises to it.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
What?

LEAH  
Nothing. Just tryna find something  
nice to wear.

TOBY  
Not here you won't.

The shop assistant returns with a double breasted suit, hearing the tail end of Toby's dig. Toby bashfully smiles. Jaheim continues to look at her. Leah is forced to rise to it.

LEAH  
(re Head Boy pin)  
You accepting that makes you  
complicit in everything that  
happened, nah?!

OMAR

I thought we weren't gonna talk about it anymore.

JAHEIM

Why you making it a ting? No one ended up in a police cell.

TOBY

Trust.

LEAH

So that makes it okay? That's the bar when it comes to black people and the police?

Utter silence. The truth Leah speaks hits them hard. Jaheim reflects on it. He looks to Toby, who shrugs - *she's right*.

JAHEIM

What's the alt? 'Keep doing what you've been doing and try and change this place - which clearly ain't worked. ...Or we can do what we should be doing and take what we can from it...

LEAH

You took that croc charm jibbitz looking ting for days off and less work. In return, we gotta rock up tomorrow at this event ting and tap dance for people like Carol-

JAHEIM

-She ain't coming. He asked me and I said we didn't want her there-

We look to Omar. A sense of relief.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

(points to pin)

-My likkle "croc charm jibbitz ting" let me have that say. That's what having a seat at the table means. But you wouldn't know that.

Leah goes quiet - *has she been proven wrong?*

OMAR

(to Leah)

I think Jaheim being Head Boy is good. Good for all of us. We're fine, Leah. *Honestly*. Especially me.

FEMI

(to Leah)

If you feel uncomfortable, maybe you shouldn't come?

LEAH

Oh, I'm definitely coming.

JAHEIM

What's that supposed to mean?

Leah holds up a dress and looks to the shop assistant.

LEAH

Hi there, do you have something that shows a little more thigh?

As Leah heads to the dressing room with the shop assistant, the boys look to one another, pondering her words...

CUT TO:

14 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 14  
DAY 11.

ABBY is on her phone. Knock knock! She quickly hides it on her dressing table. To her relief, it's Toby. No words are spoken as they start kissing. Quick cut to curtains closing, condom opening, pants dropping and straight under the sheets.

Mid-sexing, missionary style, Toby clocks Abby's phone that keeps flashing with texts. Curiosity kicks in. He arches into an almost yoga upward dog to see the text. He clocks at least a dozen or so messages that come through from **MAGNUS**, then-

ABBY

What are you doing?

TOBY

... Nothing, just...deeper the better, right?

ABBY  
Not like that, it isn't.

TOBY  
Cool ...noted...

Abby grabs the back of his head, and mashes it into the pillow beside her, keeping a firm grip. She keeps up the "moans", as she grabs her phone with her other hand to see what he was looking at. She sees the shit load of texts from MAGNUS too. She grimaces - *he wasn't suppose to see that.*

ABBY  
(silent)  
Shit!

Toby brings his face up, which forces Abby to quickly drop her phone and moan with pleasure as if nothing has happened.

TOBY  
Does that feel good?

ABBY  
Oh, so good! Don't stop!-

JUMP CUT TO:

15 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 15  
LATER.

The pair are putting on their clothes. It's unusually quiet. Toby - wanting to start up a conversation, let's out a little laugh. Nothing from Abby. He laughs again.

ABBY  
Care to share the joke?

TOBY  
Nah, just- we said it was a one time ting, and now look at us. ...I'm sneaking under two cameras and a House Master just to get in here...

ABBY  
Yeah... lol. I have hockey practice, so-

Another awkward silence. A couple who want to talk more but don't know what to say. Toby makes to leave. Abby stops him.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
(blurts out)  
Magnus!

Toby stops and turns. Abby - *cringe* - needs to explain.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
He's an ex. He's texting *me*... I'm  
not texting him. Thought it was  
important for you to know that.

TOBY  
(fishing)  
Why...?

ABBY  
I just don't want you to think I'm  
seeing anyone else... But if you're  
seeing someone else, that's cool.

TOBY  
Cool...I'm not seeing anyone else.

ABBY  
Cool. Sooo... neither of us are  
seeing anyone else. Cooool.

TOBY  
So, does that make us a 'ting'.

ABBY  
I guess that makes us 'a ting'.

They laugh, then kiss. It's sweet. It gets hot and heavy  
again - *are they about to go at it again?* Then-

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Seriously, I've got hockey  
practice.

As Toby puts on his trainers, he sees a picture of ABBY'S MUM  
looking happy on holiday. She wears the same necklace Abby  
was wearing in episode three.

TOBY  
Is this your mum? ...You look like  
her.

Abby smiles. Toby kisses her sweetly - *this is more than two  
teens shagging, it's the beginning of something special.*

Abby pushes a reluctant Toby out. She begins to dress. Unable  
to find her hockey kit, she resorts to the dirty wash basket.



She pulls an old kit t-shirt out and sniffs the armpits - *it fucking stinks!* She, embarrassingly, is forced to put it on. As she does do, she notices a notepad in the basket. Half-confused, half-curious, she pulls it out, opens it, reads it. Her face drops.

CUT TO:

15A OMITTED

15A

15B INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY 11.

15B

Toby exits. He looks one way to check the coast is clear. As he looks the other way, YELENA is stood right in front of him.

TOBY  
Bloodclart!

YELENA  
Money.

Toby kisses his teeth, reluctantly pulling out a wad of notes from his pocket and counts out £300 to give to Yelena.

YELENA (CONT'D)  
I'm surprised you delivered.

TOBY  
Yeah, well, I heard what you did to Goodlow, and your connections to "influential" people in Russia.

YELENA  
(scoffing)  
*Oh, she's Russian. Her dad drives a big black car. She must be mafia. You shouldn't believe everything you're told.*

TOBY  
If it ain't true, don't you think you should correct people? Or don't you mind people thinking you're a psychopath?

YELENA  
(shrugs, flashes cash)  
Fear gets results. Guess we can both play people's perceptions of us to our advantage. Goodbye Toby.

Yelena leaves. Toby kisses his teeth - *played by his own game.*

CUT TO:

15C INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL OFFICE. DAY 11. 15C

Jaheim has his feet up on his desk as he's eating a pot noodle whilst watching Youtube on the desktop computer. He's startled by Florence who enters. Realising it's not Bernard, he cracks on.

FLORENCE

Glad to see you're working hard.

Jaheim throws a cheeky smile.

A notification sound comes from the desktop computer. He opens his Instagram page which he's logged into on the computer and sees a message from Caleb - '*Grandma says call home. Urgent*'. Worried, he uses the landline phone on his desk.

INTERCUT WITH:

15D INT. JAHEIM'S HOUSE. DAY 11. 15D

CALEB answers the phone.

CALEB

Hello?

JAHEIM

Why ain't you at school?

CALEB

And a 'wha gwan' to you too.

JAHEIM

What's going on?

CALEB

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JAHEIM

You said '*Call home. Urgent*'.

CALEB

...DID I?

JAHEIM

I swear, I'm gonna box you in your bottom lip.

CALEB

If it's violence you come to  
preach, you best come off my phone-

Grandma SYLVIE appears, clips Caleb round the ear, and takes  
the phone.

SYLVIE

Hello.

JAHEIM

Hey Grandma. What's wrong?

SYLVIE

**IS WHY YOU NEVER TELL ME YOU MEK  
HEAD BOY! I HAD TO FIND OUT FROM  
GUS!**

JAHEIM

(laughs)

Is that what the messages was  
about?! Caleb said it was urgent.

SYLVIE

**I SHOULD'VE BEEN THE FIRST PERSON  
YOU CALLED!**

JAHEIM

It's not what you think it is  
grandma.

SYLVIE

**GUS SAID ONLY ONE PERSON GETS IT.  
AND THAT IT'S A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.**

JAHEIM

There's a lot of missing pieces to  
the story grandma. ...It's not a  
big deal.

SYLVIE

This is *big*. Big fi you. Big fi  
your likkle brother. Fi him to see  
how far you've come. To see where  
he can get to.

JAHEIM

I know.

SYLVIE

I am beyond proud of you, Jaheim.  
Mek sure you don't waste this  
opportunity, yu hear?

JAHEIM

...I hear you, Grandma...

We hold on Jaheim. His grandmother's words sinking in.

CUT TO:

15E INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM. 15E  
DAY 11.

Abby sits on her bed in her hockey uniform - she's been sat for a while - holding Leah's notebook. Leah enters holding her suit bag with her dress inside. She clocks what Abby is holding.

ABBY

(re notepad)

What's this?

LEAH

It's a letter.

ABBY

Really, because it reads like a speech.

Leah says nothing.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(reads)

*...Mr Ashford stands before us, claiming himself to be a supporter of a more diverse and progressive St Gilbert's. However, he has continued to allow racism and racists to permeate through the very fabric of this school, showing himself to not only be incompetent, but a liar. ...Are you going to read this at the event?*

LEAH

Look, you don't understand. Which is fair...

ABBY

Don't patronise me, Leah. I'm just as upset as you are. It was *my* dad. But this could cost him his job. If he's fired, I'm gone too.

LEAH  
(genuine, sympathetic)  
You can get a different  
scholarship.

ABBY  
Like one of yours? I can already  
read the headlines. 'Posh bi-racial  
girl who's lived her entire life in  
and around privilege fought against  
the odds to win *another* scholarship  
to St Gilbert's'. You know this  
will fuck you too, right? Possibly  
all of you. Jaheim, Omar, Femi,  
Toby...

Leah says nothing.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Of course you don't care. Cos it's  
all about Leah after all. As long  
as your "integrity" is intact.

Abby leaves, crushed. Leah is clearly shaken but holds it  
together.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

16

The following day. A large MARQUEE has been erected. We see  
the finishing touches being made for the luncheon - poseur  
tables covered with white table cloths, WAITING STAFF  
carrying trays and cleaning glasses, etc.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL OFFICE. DAY 12.

17

Jaheim is dressed in his ceremonial attire - think robes worn  
during order of the garter - a *mantle, Tudor bonnet hat,*  
*collar, garter etc.* He mumbles bits of Latin to himself as he  
tries to memorise it.

JAHEIM  
*Auro pavi...um... auro pavi fiat*  
*terra... Caelum stet semper*  
*caeruleum...*

He uses the desktop computer camera to snap a pic which he  
DMS to GUS via Insta.

Gus replies with laughing emojis followed by - ***You look like a prick!*** Jaheim laughs. Gus follows it up with - ***So gutted I can't be there. Bursting with pride. Keep winning!x***

Jaheim beams, before noticing the desktop folders and realises he has access to special folders. We stay on his eyes as he clicks on them, unsure what he's clicking on. He has mere seconds before there's a knock at the door. BEATRIX enters dressed in an amazing summer dress. Jaheim is blown away.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

Wow, you look... good.

BEATRIX

Why have I been summoned?

JAHEIM

I wanted to see you, innit.

BEATRIX

You sent a Year Seven to my door because you wanted to see me?... That's an abuse of power.

JAHEIM

What's the point in having power if I can't use it?

BEATRIX

A thank you is in order, no?

JAHEIM

For...?

BEATRIX

Er... hello! The Challenge. I literally gave you the boot.  
(re the room, the outfit)  
*This* is basically because of me.

Jaheim just stares at her.

BEATRIX (CONT'D)

You really find this hard, don't you?

JAHEIM

Thank you...And sorry. When we were in London... I um... I had no right to talk to you the way I did.

BEATRIX

(grabs chest)

Jesus Christ, I'm gonna have a heart attack - an apology - wait, can I record it? No one will believe me

JAHEIM

(playful)

Such an idiot.

The two share a smile.

BEATRIX

Your badge is on wrong. Let me.

Beatrix gets *incredibly close* and adjusts/re-pins Jaheim's Head Boy badge. It looks like they're about to kiss, when the door suddenly opens. Beatrix steps back whilst Jaheim grabs a binder to cover, (what we assume, but don't see), a boner.

FLORENCE

(knowingly)

What's going on in here?

BEATRIX

(knowing)

I was just congratulating the new hard boy- sorry... *Head Boy*.

FLORENCE

Of course you were... So are you coming with Abby and I, or- (are you two stepping out together)?

BEATRIX

I thought Abby was going with Leah?

FLORENCE

They're not talking.

JAHEIM

Why?

FLORENCE

(rolls eyes)

Apparently Leah is gonna drop some "truth bombs at the event". God knows what that means. Quite frankly, I'm tired of their relationship.

BEATRIX

Right. Let's go. ...See you there?

Jaheim smiles, but is clearly distracted by Florence's information about Leah.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM 18  
DAY 12.

Femi, dressed in a suit - a cheaper version of what a Rah'scal might wear - is holding cue cards, practising in the mirror.

FEMI  
(rehearsing)  
Mr Calerflit, lovely to meet you. I understand you recently opened a site in Beijing. How's that going?-

Femi fake laughs to himself as if Calerflit has told a joke.

FEMI (CONT'D)  
That's a good one, Sir.

Cheddar, Graham and TOES quietly, yet loudly, burst through the door holding a Coca Cola-style plastic bottle with an off white liquid. It's all very hush-hush.

CHEDDAR  
*Femi-nito Bonito Conchito.* Here, take a sip of this.

Femi smells it and gags.

FEMI  
Oh my God! What the hell is it?

GRAHAM  
Moonshine, *bab-by!* Home brew. Hooch. Dirty aqua vitae, old mother's sock juice...

FEMI  
Yeah, I get it. Where did you get it from?

GRAHAM  
Made it in the science lab, *bab-by!*

FEMI  
Doesn't this shit take weeks to make?



GRAHAM

That's what the science lab was for, *bab-by!* ...Along with some other shit that was lying about.

Femi takes another whiff.

FEMI

(laughs)

You're all gonna die.

CHEDDAR

What else were we gonna do? Master took everything. Literally everything.

GRAHAM

Mate, for all that is holy, stop banging on about your Nineteen-Sixty-whatever.

(to Femi)

You. Drink. Now.

FEMI

Can't.

CHEDDAR

Don't say you're working. It's the luncheon. Tradition to get drunk.

Femi ignores them, reading his cue cards.

GRAHAM

Fuck it, Hazza will have some.

FEMI

I thought you hated Hazza?

GRAHAM

He helped us make it. Proper legend.

FEMI

(rolls eyes)

Sure he is.

CHEDDAR

Oh my God, he's jealous of Hazza!

GRAHAM

So jealous. Worried you're going to be replaced. Come here, *bab-by!*

They playfully push Femi to the bed and try to comfort him with kisses. Femi tries to fight them off. It's a laugh that Femi is in on. They eventually pin him down.

CHEDDAR

Have a sip, then get back to your pretty pink flash cards.

Femi accepts his fate, as Cheddar, who's straddling him, pours a caps worth into Femi's mouth. He instantly gags.

FEMI

(coughing)

Bye-bye liver.

All four burst out laughing! Cheddar, Graham and Toes laugh knowingly - *what are they hiding?*

CUT TO:

19

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - FIELD - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

19

A red carpet leads us into the marquee. ALUMNI, SIXTH FORMERS and DONORS head inside where we can hear classical music playing, glass chinking and general chatter.

The passing students look pissed as hell as they slouch past. A handful refuse to smile for PREEYA who tries to capture a pic, whilst another barges past CHELSEA. They continue with warm, welcoming smiles as they talk.

BERNARD

Why do my students have faces like slapped arses?

PREEYA

You *have* confiscated their smart devices and taken away their access to the internet. Not to mention the extra security cameras...

CHELSEA

(refs her ipad)

They're saying you're losing control. '*Bernard the Tyrant*'.

BERNARD

It's never good news with you two,  
is it?

PREEYA

Everyone knows it's all connected  
to the Omar incident. You should've  
dealt with it when we told you too.

BERNARD

Well it's too late for '*should've,*  
*could've, would've*'...

Jaheim appears in full regalia.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You look fantastic.

JAHEIM

The word '*prick*' has been thrown  
around today?

Bernard points into the marquee to an older gentleman.

BERNARD

Julius Monroe dressed up like a  
*prick*, 1974. He now (runs)-

JAHEIM

-Runs one of the largest  
pharmaceutical and biotechnology  
companies in Europe.

(points to Lonnie)

Lonnie Calerflit. Dressed up like a  
*prick*, 86. Runs *CG&T Tech* that  
employs six thousand people across  
five sites around the world. Also  
your biggest donor. Hear he hands  
out internships as well.

BERNARD

Would you like to meet him?

JAHEIM

I think we all would.

Bernard beams - Jaheim is on board.

BERNARD

(to Chelsea)

Chelsea - round up Omar, Toby, Femi  
and Leah. I'd like to introduce  
them all to Mr. Calerflit.

JAHEIM  
Maybe not Leah.

BERNARD  
Why not?

JAHEIM  
No reason. She might... might um-  
She's just not about today.

Bernard looks to Preeya and Chelsea - the word 'might' hits a little too hard for their liking. Jaheim clocks it.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
Forget I said anything.

BERNARD  
Listen, today is a big day, Jaheim.  
For all of us. Especially you. I  
just want you to shine, okay?

JAHEIM  
...Okay.

BERNARD  
Should Leah be at this event?

We hold on Jaheim. Bernard staring intently at him. He's torn. Then-

JAHEIM  
(hard to say)  
...Maybe not.

Bernard nods to Preeya and Chelsea to walk and talk. Jaheim looks uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED 20

21 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - FIELD - MARQUEE. DAY 12. 21

Leah is walking towards the marquee. She has a floral summer dress on. It's a little dowdy but she makes it work. Preeya has her hustle on as she goes to meet her.

PREEYA  
Wow, you look stunning!

LEAH  
I look like old lady wallpaper, but  
I'll take it.

PREEYA  
How are you?

LEAH  
(sceptical)  
It depends. What do you want?

PREEYA  
It's nothing major.

LEAH  
Is that why you've got Stanley on  
standby?

Reveal Stanley nearby desperately trying to act like he's  
doing something/anything else.

PREEYA  
We understand that you may have a  
few concerns you'd like to raise  
today...

Leah goes quiet, but continues on to the event. Preeya  
catches up with her.

PREEYA (CONT'D)  
Why don't I put a more appropriate  
time in the diary? We can also  
discuss the portrait-

LEAH  
(calm)  
Fuck... the portrait... Preeya...

Preeya stays silent.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(genuine)  
You don't need to worry. I'ma keep  
it shtum. I know today is bigger  
than just me.

Preeya isn't buying it.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(makes light)  
I'm sure Abby told you not to trust  
me, but I'm just here to support  
Jaheim. ...And maybe brok out to  
two two classical tune dem on the  
dance floor. That's all. *Promise.*

PREEYA

(hard)

It was actually Jaheim who told us  
that you might say something. I'm  
sorry Leah.

(then, real)

I wish I had been as tenacious as  
you when I was at school.

Preeya leaves. Leah look towards the Marquee and locks eyes  
with Jaheim who has watched the whole exchange from afar.  
Jaheim struggles to hold the gaze of a heartbroken Leah. She  
walks off. At that moment, Jaheim clocks eyes with Carol who  
smiles at him as she heads into the tent. Jaheim watches on  
stunned!

CUT TO:

21A

OMITTED

21A

22

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

22

Carol is all smiles as she waves to various guests in the  
marquee. Bernard approaches her.

BERNARD

What are you doing here?

CAROL  
(oblivious)  
I'm seated chair. I couldn't  
exactly have missed this. How would  
that have looked?

BERNARD  
I explicitly barred you from this  
event.

CAROL  
Let's not allow tiny squabbles to  
get in the way of St Gilbert's  
success.

Carol pulls a cheque from her pocket. Although we don't see  
the amount, it's enough to make Bernard fall silent.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
We're a team, Bernard.  
(then)  
Preeya! Be a dear-

Carol huddles Bernard beside her for a pic. Bernard is forced  
to put on a smile - *he's Carol's bitch.*

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(to Bernard)  
Let's get one of the board with the  
scholarship kids. It would be great  
for the newsletter, don't you  
think?

BERNARD  
(hard)  
Of course.

Carol heads towards the board as Jaheim approaches.

JAHEIM  
I thought you said she wasn't  
coming?

BERNARD  
(curt)  
Things change.

JAHEIM  
But we don't want her here.

Bernard has a brief sympathetic look to Jaheim, then-



BERNARD

Time for a photo.

(to Preeya and Chelsea)

Preeya. Chelsea. Gather the others.

Jaheim looks dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

23

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

23

Abby is talking to a DONOR.

ABBY

... I'm being encouraged to apply to Oxbridge. My predicted grades are all A stars so I'm incredibly hopeful.

She sees Florence and Beatrix giggling but she's forced to ignore them as she continues to converse with the donor. She soon realises why they're giggling as Toby arrives wearing a brightly coloured tracksuit! He approaches Abby and places his arm around her.

TOBY

Hey, 'my ting'.

Abby pulls away.

ABBY

Excuse me, Mrs Shelling.

She takes Toby to one side. Students turn and laugh, which Toby also finds amusing.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What are you wearing?!

TOBY

Don't stress it. It's formal.

Toby zips down his jacket to reveal a bow tie underneath. Abby doesn't look impressed.

ABBY

Toby - it's a fundraiser. Not just in aid of your scholarship. But my scholarship too.

TOBY

It's a long story, trust me-

Toby goes to kiss her but Abby, aware of prying, giggling eyes, pulls away.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Rah. Embarrassed of me, yeah?

ABBY

Not embarrassed. Just don't know why you always have to be the joke.

TOBY

So I'm a joke?!

ABBY

Maybe we should meet up later.

TOBY

(annoyed)

Maybe I'm busy later.

ABBY

(a gentle shrug)

...Okay.

They look to one another. Abby struggles to hold his gaze. It's a break-up.

TOBY

(crushed)

You know, this ain't even the quickest break up I've had.

He's about to walk off, then remembers-

TOBY (CONT'D)

Oh... that necklace I broke in the theatre when we were, you know...(smashing)... I know you said it weren't important, but I noticed your mum wearing the same one in that picture on your desk... It's not the same, obviously, but..

Toby hands her a gift box and leaves. Abby opens it. Inside is a *silver* necklace with a slightly different rhino pendant.

She's touched. She looks towards the exiting Toby, regretful of her words.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

24

Femi, Cheddar, Graham and Toes are around a table. Cheddar is clearly frustrated as he drinks the dregs from a champagne flute that a donor had just put down.

Meanwhile, Femi - holding the hooch - doesn't look right.

FEMI

Anyone else feel like absolute rubbish?

The Rah'scals start laughing.

FEMI (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

CHEDDAR

I can't believe you're drinking that crap.

FEMI

I thought we were all drinking it?

They start to laugh again!

FEMI (CONT'D)

You bellends!

Femi starts to drink water like it's going out of fashion, causing Graham to laugh even harder. Chelsea appears.

CHELSEA

Photo with Mr Calerflit. Let's go.

Femi complies.

GRAHAM

(laughing)

I'll bring you an espresso!

Cheddar too gets up and leaves in a strop.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Where're you going?!

CUT TO:

25

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

25

Jaheim and Omar wait like lemons by a 'St Gilbert's purple' photo studio background screen set up inside the Marquee. Jaheim has a lot running through his mind.

Copyright

OMAR  
Where's Leah?

JAHEIM  
(distracted)  
I don't know.

Femi appears, wavy on his feet. Jaheim can smell him.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
Femi, You reek!

FEMI  
(drunk)  
Ssh, don't make it a thing. Where's  
Calerflit? I wanna meet him.

JAHEIM  
Not like this you can't.

FEMI  
You said you'd bring me in. Today  
is not just about you, Jaheim!

Jaheim clocks an approaching Toby - who looks crestfallen  
from his interaction with Abby.

JAHEIM  
(re his outfit)  
Breddah, are you serious?!

TOBY  
Do I look like I'm in the mood?!

JAHEIM  
You really couldn't pattern up for  
one day?!

OMAR  
Do you want me to find Leah?

JAHEIM  
She ain't allowed to come Omar.

OMAR  
Why?

JAHEIM  
(remorseful)  
She was on a different ting,  
alright.

TOBY  
What kind of 'different'?

JAHEIM  
...Bernard found out she was gonna  
tell the donors everything that's  
been going on

TOBY  
How did he find out?

JAHEIM  
(guilty, on the defence)  
...All of our scholarships would've  
been screwed...

TOBY  
You snitched on her.

Jaheim has no comeback.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
You proper took this joke ting to  
the head, innit?! Snake behaviour.

JAHEIM  
Who you talking too?!

Jaheim steps in Toby's face. Toby doesn't move back.

TOBY  
Don't tek me for one of these lil  
idiots you've been playing with,  
I'll spark you the fuck out.

Preeya appears and immediately separates Toby and Jaheim.

PREEYA  
(covering)  
That's great guys, nice and close  
for the photo, but I might pop Femi  
between you, if that's alright...

Carol appears. Omar looks shocked.

OMAR  
I thought you said she wasn't  
coming?

JAHEIM  
(embarrassed)  
... We just need to take a  
picture... It's minor.

Omar bristles, not appreciating Jaheim's response. Preeya positions our four boys centre frame, whilst Chelsea positions Bernard, Carol and THE BOARD on either side of them.

Carol has been positioned beside Omar. She places an "affectionate" arm around him, across his back and her hand gripping his shoulder. Omar can't take his eyes off her hand - He's beyond uncomfortable.

OMAR  
(to Chelsea, sotto)  
Can I stand somewhere else?

Rupert is nearby watching. Surprisingly, even he feels for Omar, shaking his head as his mother pushes buttons.

PREEYA

Say cheese.

As the camera flashes, Femi throws up over himself. A hubbub of displeased groans from The Board. Onlooking students laugh.

FEMI

I'm sorry. ...I'm not usually like this...

CAROL

(to the board)

I think a few of them have substance abuse problems.

Omar, having overheard, has had enough of her!

OMAR

I see where Rupert gets it from, cos you're clearly a cunt too.

OMAR

(alt)

I see where Rupert gets it from, cos you're clearly a piece of shit too.

Carol is stunned into silence as Omar walks off. Rupert, in his mother's defence, heads towards Omar. Face-to-face, and before Rupert can utter a word, Omar knees him in the dick, before storming off!

RUPERT

Fuck!

There are giggles from nearby students around. Carol goes to her son.

CAROL

Get up. You're embarrassing me...

Jaheim tries to stop Omar who is hurrying away.

OMAR

Get off of me! You said she wouldn't be here. You lied!

Omar storms off out of the marquee. Toby barges past Jaheim as he helps Femi.

JAHEIM

Let me help.

TOBY

(re Bernard and The Board)

You're good, bro. Stay with your new bredrins, innit.



Bernard turns to the board, trying to gloss over everything.

BERNARD  
Chelsea. Preeya. Please could you  
escort everyone towards the stage.

Preeya and Chelsea do as they're told.

Bernard turns to Jaheim. He talks with a slight resignation.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
(to Jaheim)  
I'll do a small speech, which  
you'll follow with your Latin  
address. Let's salvage what we can  
of this shit show.

JAHEIM  
I can't do this right now. I gotta  
go check on Omar and Femi... and  
Toby... and Leah...

Jaheim becomes shocked by the long list of people he has to  
check in on - *have I let that many people down?*

BERNARD  
(reasoning)  
I understand, Jaheim. I really do.  
But there's certain duties that  
come first.

JAHEIM  
I don't care at this point.

BERNARD  
Well let me put it this way. You  
don't perform, you go home. Not  
your dorm, but London. Is that  
clear enough for you?

Bernard takes Jaheim's silence as assurance. Bernard breathes  
a sigh of relief. As Bernard turns to head towards the stage,  
Cheddar appears.

CHEDDAR  
Sir-

BERNARD

Another word about your 1963 and I will have you spend so much time in detention that you'll forget what daylight is!

We hold on a fuming Jaheim and a fuming Cheddar. Jaheim looks to Cheddar - a significant moment...

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED 26

27 OMITTED 27

28 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - TREE. DAY 12. 28

Omar is storming away from the tent. Leah, sat under a tree, clocks him and stops him.

LEAH

Omar! Omar! What's wrong?!

OMAR

Yeah, I'm just a bit- I should probably go back and apologise to Carol. I was quite rude... And Rupert, for- um. Oh God, and Dilton. Oh, I wanted to apologise to you too... when I shouted at you. I was so out of order. I just keep being so *rude* to everyone, and I seem to be just causing so many fucking problems-

LEAH

You're not-

OMAR

I am! I am! It's my fault that we're all fighting-

LEAH

Omar, none of this is your fault!

OMAR

Then why does it feel like it is? I'm just filled with, like, anger and shame and anger and regret and more anger and I don't know if that's allowed-

Omar is in tears. Leah holds him.

LEAH

It's okay to be angry, Omar. It is.

She continues to hold him. It's what Omar has needed this entire time.

CUT TO:

29

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MARQUEE. DAY 12.

29

A hired seasoned musician **MISSY** (30 but looks 17, a presence, unashamedly talented) - plays the flute onstage. She's playing a glorious classical piece - *Traumerai* by Schumann. However the audience couldn't seem less interested. Bernard grabs a speech from Chelsea before stepping onstage and bringing it to an abrupt halt.

BERNARD

Hello honoured guests, alumni and friends of St Gilbert's. I'd like to give a big thank you for your continued support. Your generosity has allowed us to, not only invest in world leading equipment and buildings that make St Gilbert's great, but the futures of bright, and all-too-often overlooked, individuals. One of which, I'd like to welcome onto the stage to give our annual Latin address, our Head Boy, Mr Jaheim Marsham...

There's light applause but no Jaheim.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Mr Marsham...

(to Chelsea and Preeya,  
sotto)

Where the hell is he?!

The awkward silence is punctured by Graham who runs into the marquee to announce -

GRAHAM

Oi! Cheddar's fucking lost it!

Students run out to go and see.

BERNARD

Please, nothing to worry about.  
Continue to enjoy the nibbles and  
sparkling wine.

(to Missy)

Well play your bloody flute!

Missy steps back onto the stage and does as she's told.  
Chelsea and Preeya have had enough.

PREEYA

I'm done, Chelsea. I'm actually  
done-

Chelsea turns to Abby.

CHELSEA

Tell Bernard we'll invoice.

Preeya pulls out her car keys. The pair down their drinks, a  
few vol-au-vents and make a quick exit.

CUT TO:

30

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR. DAY 12.

30

Cheddar is violently running and jump-kicking the  
confiscation cupboard door. Loads of students, including  
Florence, Beatrix, Graham and Toes have gathered. Bernard  
appears.

BERNARD

What the hell is going on?!

MRS GOODLOW

Someone told Tramley where the  
confiscation cupboard was.

Reveal Jaheim, who Bernard throws a suspicious look to.  
Jaheim shrugs innocently.

BERNARD

Mr Tramley. Stop acting like a  
petulant child and step away from  
that door immediately.

Cheddar continues to run and kick the door throughout his  
mini-rant.

CHEDDAR

It's not us, it's not the  
scholarships... It's you, sir. If  
you spent more time getting your  
shit together, then everyone  
wouldn't be so bloody miserable,  
and I'd still have my Nineteen-  
Sixty-fucking-Three Armagnac!

BERNARD

(to Mrs Goodlow)

I'll talk to the guests, you keep  
this under control.

Bernard leaves.

MRS GOODLOW

Alright you lot. Those at the  
event, get back there now. Everyone  
else, to your dorms!

Cheddar finally kicks open the door revealing the room full  
of loot. Alcohol bottles, drugs, bongas as well as past  
confiscated goods - outlandish costumes, inappropriate  
posters, sound systems, etc. The room has a beautiful ominous  
glow like some kind of confiscation mecca. Cheddar surveys  
the room and finds his 1963 sitting on the top shelf, which  
he calmly removes, pops open and takes a serene sip - *it's  
all he wanted.*

There's a calm quiet... Then - students pile into the  
cupboard, clambering to grab whatever the fuck they can get  
their hands on. It's mayhem!

MRS GOODLOW (CONT'D)

Can everyone please settle down!

People push past Goodlow, sending her to the floor!

CUT TO:

30A EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CARPARK. DAY 12.

30A

Bernard is calmly ushering guests to their cars, as several  
students run past - shirts open, dress ties around their  
heads, with a shit load of alcohol in hand. In the background  
we see toilet paper, books, and reams of paper rain down from  
the windows. Bernard desperately tries to avert the guests'  
eyes.

BERNARD

Thank you so much for coming Mr and  
Mrs Wilbercox. Safe journey home.  
Best to keep all eyes forward...

Carol watches on with a smile as she watches the things thrown from the windows. Stanley appears beside her.

STANLEY

I know that now is probs not the best time, but you're not returning any of my calls. There's something between us Carol, I know you feel it too.

Carol just stares blankly, before walking off. Stanley is left deflated.

CUT TO:

30B OMITTED

30B

31 INT. ST GILBERT'S - STORAGE CUPBOARD. DAY 12.

31

Omar, looking a little disheveled and flustered from the mayhem, jumps into the cupboard. He's startled by DILTON!

OMAR

Hey!

DILTON

Hey. Hiding from the craziness too?

Omar nods. The sound of mayhem continues as they talk.

OMAR

Not to corner you whilst we're trapped in a cupboard but... I really am sorry about standing you up... I know how much the Raisinettes meant to you.

DILTON

I know you would've been there if you could've been... I hope you're ok?

Dilton's words are heavy - we know he's referring to the Rupert police incident. Omar is touched by Dilton's concern.

OMAR

I am now.

They share a smile.

Their cute moment is broken by Jaheim and Beatrix who show up to hide in the same cupboard.

JAHEIM  
Room for two more?

BEATRIX  
Thanks, it's mental out there!

It's tight and awkward. Omar looking at Dilton. Jaheim looking at Beatrix. Then-

JAHEIM  
Real talk, I've been trying to kiss you all flipping term.

BEATRIX  
(smiles)  
What're you waiting for?!

JAHEIM  
You guys don't mind if we-

DILTON  
No, of course not.

OMAR  
I mean, it'd be rude for you guys *not* to-

Jaheim and Beatrix kiss. Dilton and Omar awkwardly watch on. The camera pans down to reveal Dilton and Omar holding hands. A smile is shared between them.

CUT TO:

31A INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 12. 31A

Two students run with excitement down the corridor with a shit load of alcohol bottles! Meanwhile, we see Leah walking the opposite direction then stopping in front of the Carruthers portrait. Reveal her holding a crowbar.

Carruthers and Leah stare each other down. Then, MABEL - having been there the entire time - appears in focus.

MABEL  
What're you waiting for?!

CUT TO:

32 INT. ST GILBERT'S - FANCY PORTALOOS - MEN'S. DAY 12. 32

Femi is chugging into the toilet. Toby enters, carrying several rolls of toilet paper, which he hands to Femi to clean himself up with.

FEMI  
Everyone thinks I'm a joke.

TOBY

Me and you both, bro.

FEMI

You bring it on yourself, Tobz. Who wears a tracksuit to a fundraiser?!



TOBY  
(embarrassed)  
'Sold my suit to pay back Yelena.

FEMI  
Toby...

TOBY  
I was taking your advice.  
Patterning up ...Also used the cash  
to buy a 'thing' for 'a ting' to  
show her I was serious, but... that  
blew up in my face as well.

FEMI  
That doesn't add up. We all got 150  
for our suits.

TOBY  
(nonchalant)  
Sold it at a mark up.

FEMI  
(impressed)  
You may act like a joke Toby, but  
you're definitely not one. I think  
you're the smartest person I know.  
Little jealous to be honest.

TOBY  
Apply yourself, man.

FEMI  
Wish it was that easy. ....I stole  
Omar's essay.

TOBY  
...Yeah, I know. So does Omar.

FEMI  
Why didn't he say anything?

TOBY  
Because it's Omar. ...You want my  
advice - wise up, bro and ditch  
those toffy bredrins of yours.

Femi nods.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Now you know I love you Femi, but  
apparently there's a madness  
popping off in the school and I  
need to see wha'gwan.

FEMI  
Go, go. I'll be fine.

As Toby runs out, Graham appears and grabs the rolls of toilet paper Toby provided for Femi, clearly to use for the riot.

GRAHAM

Mate, what the heck are you doing in here?

FEMI

Why did you guys do that to me?

GRAHAM

What are you talking about? You're an absolute legend!

FEMI

What?

GRAHAM

Cheddar and Toes did a similar thing to me last year when we were in Rome. Mixed Smirnoff with laxatives. I shit my pants queuing outside the Colosseum. It was fucking hilarious.

FEMI

(confused)

How is that hilarious?

GRAHAM

You're not upset, are you?

FEMI

I really wanted that internship...

GRAHAM

Mate, if you want an internship, just say. My uncle runs a tech firm. I'll just get you one.

FEMI

Just like that?

Graham laughs at how absurd he sounds to him.

GRAHAM

Yeah, course mate. You're a Rah'scal!

Despite Femi's mouth being covered in vomit, he beams.

CUT TO:

33

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 12.

33

The portrait is face down on the floor, as Leah, crowbar in hand, looks down at it from the chair/nearby bench she's standing on - presumably having used it as a ladder to get the portrait down.

Leah jumps down, then victoriously, picks up the portrait, looks around, then uses her crowbar to "shank" the Carruthers portrait like you'd expect to see in a prison brawl. She stabs it half a dozen times, each 'jook' going through the back of the portrait.

Having had her fill, she lets the portrait fall and throws her crow bar down - mission complete. Mabel screams with excitement - "*You did it!*" - Which in turn gets Leah just as excited as the pair jump and scream with excitement.

MABEL

You did it! That was incredible!

LEAH

I know! ...And I'm sorry! For calling you needy! You're not needy! I'm just a selfish bitch who got *dick-matised*!

MABEL

Oh my god, I've already forgotten about it!

LEAH

How amazing is this?!

MABEL

I know, right! We should kiss!

LEAH  
(still jumping excitedly)  
Yeah! Wait, No! ... Why?!

MABEL  
(still jumping excitedly)  
Sorry - I'm just caught up in the excitement!

Leah and Mabel continue to bounce on the spot, screaming with sheer excitement. The pair suddenly cover their ears to block out the deafening feedback blaring out of the school tannoy...

CUT TO:

34 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 12. 34

Reveal Bernard pointing the mic to the speaker which causes feedback, bringing the madness to a halt.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CRICKET PAVILION. DAY 12. 35

It's early evening. Leah, Toby, Omar and Femi sit on the pavilion veranda, laughing, reminiscing on the day's events.

TOBY  
...I heard you shanked up that portrait like it owed you money...

OMAR  
(to Toby)  
You must've had a field day. There was a lot of unclaimed contraband in that cupboard...

TOBY  
Nah, I weren't really on that.

They all look surprised.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Let's say I'm turning over a new leaf, and leave it at that.

Toby shares a look with Femi - they smile at one another. Their attention turns to Jaheim who approaches holding a champagne bottle. The mood changes. Jaheim tries to cover everything that happened with smiles and excitement.

JAHEIM  
Anyone for confiscated champs?!

There are uncomfortable shifts and kissing of teeth - his smile ain't winning people over. Meanwhile, Femi politely declines, trying not to gag at the sight of alcohol.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

(remorseful)

Listen, I didn't lie about Carol  
and I didn't try to get you  
banned...

They roll their eyes - *is this an apology?*

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

I thought I could take what I  
wanted. Didn't realise it would  
come with all this shit. Can't  
believe I trusted that breddah.

Leah absorbs Jaheim's apology. It's genuine.

LEAH

Didn't I say it - day dot - watch  
how you man get taken to the sunken  
place. That shit fucking hurt,  
Jaheim.

JAHEIM

I'm sorry.

Another awkward silence. Toby breaks the tension.

TOBY

Stepping on your peers is the very  
ethos and backbone of private  
schools, so you're actually acing  
it.

JAHEIM

Dead now, anyway. I didn't play  
ball for Bernard, so I'm gone.

TOBY

After hearing how Leah did jook up  
that portrait, I don't think you'll  
be going home alone.

FEMI

You ready to go back to London?

LEAH

It's nuts. After everything that happened, I'm actually gonna miss it. That's crazy, right?

OMAR

As messed up as this place is, I think we all love it. So no, I don't think that's crazy at all.

A tear rolls down Leah's cheek. The boys embrace her. Jaheim too gets teary, wiping away his tears before they fall. We hold on this moment. Then, Leah breaks the solemn tone.

LEAH

Yo, we didn't even get to see you do your little Latin jig and ting. I feel robbed, my guy!

FEMI

You could do it now?

JAHEIM

You wish, you pagan.

OMAR

I think you owe us, Jaheim

LEAH

You definitely owe me, big man!

With a cheeky sigh, Jaheim stands up, adjust his robes, puts on his feathered hat, and clears his voice...

TOBY

No way you're gonna do it...?!

JAHEIM

(sings)

*Auro pavita fiat terra, Caelum stet  
semper caeruleum,  
Sum enim Gilbertinus,  
Et Gilbertini semper fideles sunt.*

Jaheim sings in Latin with a little made up jig. The others are in hysterics! Jaheim knows he sounds and looks ridiculous but is LOVING making his friends laugh!

Mid performance, Femi, not wanting not to interrupt, quietly gets up and leaves. Toby clocks it and sees he's off to join Cheddar, Graham and Toes. He shakes his head.

Femi smiles and shrugs to him - *it is what it is*. Jaheim continues to perform much to the amusement of the others.

CUT TO:

36

INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 13.

36

Bernard sits at his laptop, waiting for a Zoom call to commence. He reaches for more IBS tablets but they're finished - shit! He has reached his end as he throws the empty bottle across the room. The Zoom screen pops up - the eight board members on the screen, on the side panel. Carol taking centre screen. Bernard switches gears and puts on a show!

BERNARD

Hi there! Thank you all for making yourselves available at such short notice. ...Lovely shirt you have on there, Brian.

We see BRIAN talk but no audio.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Oop, you're on mute, there, Brian!

CAROL

Everyone is. I hate chitter chatter on these things. So... The luncheon. Care to explain?

BERNARD

Of course! As you're aware, there was an incident at the school-

CAROL

Of course we're aware. We were caught in the middle of it. We want to know what do you plan to do about it?

BERNARD

Disciplinary proceedings are in order-

CAROL

You can't expel everyone. You of all people should know how schools like St. Gilbert's are funded.

BERNARD

There were a few ringleaders. Some who's actions were more severe than others-

CAROL

How are you going to separate those who merely threw toilet paper out the windows, and those that smeared faeces on them? The Carruthers painting was destroyed, Bernard! Someone needs to take the fall.

BERNARD

We have CCTV footage. ... If you could unmute Stanley please, Carol.

She does.

STANLEY

Hi there. Firstly I agree - lovely shirt Brian. Right, I'll just share my screen.

He shares his screen revealing CCTV footage.

VIDEO FOOTAGE - we see Leah standing in front of the portrait with a crowbar and Mabel behind her. As they move towards the portrait, the video stalls and distorts before deleting.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

...It's fine, I've got it from another angle.

He opens another file from a different angle. However, as he goes to play it, it distorts again before deleting. He goes to open another file but one by one, they start deleting.

BERNARD

What's happening?

STANLEY

(quiet panic)

Nothing to worry about, Sir. The files, they're just, um deleting themselves...

CAROL

(smug)

Seems like you're out of options, Bernard...



Bernard, defeated, looks to his door to see a worried Abby - it seems she's been there long enough to have heard enough. They share a look...

CUT TO:

37 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEAD BOY/HEAD GIRL OFFICE. DAY 13. 37

Jaheim is sat at his desk, feet cocked up in front of his desktop computer. He's deleting file after file of security videos whilst sipping a mini Malibu bottle, grinning to himself.

Jaheim's phone beeps. It's a message from Malachi. It reads: '**Caleb told me about the head boy ting. Congrats**' followed by a *black fist* emoji. Jaheim replies. '**Thanks**' followed by a *black fist* emoji. He smiles to himself.

Meanwhile, we look across to Florence, who is sat, looking at her phone - she watches a bouncing gif of Omar kneeing Rupert in the dick. It makes her smile. A call from Rupert flashes on her phone. She rolls her eyes before clicking ignore, before turning her attention to Jaheim who has his feet back on the table.

FLORENCE

(re a smiling Jaheim)

You've got yourself very comfy,  
very quickly.

JAHEIM

Making the most of my borrowed  
time. Might not be here for long.

FLORENCE

Things have a habit of changing  
around here.

(then)

Whilst you are here and everyone  
has their devices back, we should  
probably announce you on the school  
socials.

Florence goes to take a picture but notices Jaheim's Head Boy pin.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Your pin should be on the other  
lapel.

JAHEIM

Beatrix told me to put it on this  
side.

FLORENCE

Well she's wrong.

She re-pins/adjusts it. They're incredibly close.

Florence snaps a pic of them together, captioning and posting it. It reads - 'Head Boy/Head Girl energy #powercouple'.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Huh... we look good together.

We linger on the pair for a while...

CUT TO:

37A INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 13.

37A

Bernard is sat at his desk, on his phone. He too is enjoying the bouncing gif of Rupert being kneed in the balls. There's a knock on the door. He places his phone in his desk, then -

BERNARD

Come in!

Jaheim enters. He places his Head Boy pin on the desk.

JAHEIM

I'm guessing you'll be wanting this back. ...That's why you called me in here..?

BERNARD

Are you aware of how many Prime Ministers, poet laureates, and Nobel Prize winners have been taught here at St Gilbert's? We're not in the habit of handing out positions to anybody. If you are awarded a position, be sure to know that you deserved it. You're going to go on to great things, Mr Marsham.

They share a look - a shared understanding.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(dismissive)

You can go.

Jaheim smiles - *typical Bernard*. He picks up his pin and leaves. Bernard looks around the room. *This is his end.*

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - TREE. DAY 13.

38

Omar is walking through the woods, slightly bemused as he follows google maps which is on his phone...

GOOGLE MAPS VOICE

*You have reached your destination.*

He looks up to see he's at the same tree that he and Leah had their heart to heart. Stuck to the tree is a large paper bag. He opens it, revealing a long brown gown and a mask. An envelope with the Raisinette symbol sits on the front. He opens it. The note reads '*fuck with the status quo*'. He turns the picture over to see a photo of him kneeling Rupert in the dick. He smiles.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ST GILBERT'S - ASSEMBLY HALL. DAY 14.

39

People are sat in the hall. There's general hubbub. Leah looks to Beatrix, Florence and the empty seat where Abby usually sits.

Mrs Goodlow - in her PE get up and a bandage on her nose - takes to the podium.

MRS GOODLOW

As you're aware, after the events at the luncheon, Master Ashford will not be with us pending an investigation. In the interim, please welcome your Acting Head, Ms Watlington-Geese.

LEAH

You're joking, right?

Our boarders looked shocked as hell as Carol's high heels clip clop to the lectern. Rupert has his head in his hand - *absolute sheer embarrassment*.

CAROL

It's 'Mrs'. The divorce has yet to be finalised.

(to the room)

Master Ashford... What a tragedy. But please rest assured that we are moving swiftly to have the matter resolved. In the meanwhile, although my position here is not permanent, there's no reason why we can't shake things up a bit now, can we?

Our Boarders look PISSED!

**END.**