



**BOARDERS**

**EPISODE THREE - BOT BATTLES**

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SALMON AMENDMENTS

August 2023

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London

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**PRE-TITLES**

1 INT. ST GILBERT'S - LIBRARY. DAY 7. 1

Early morning. A cockerel crows before *DAY DAW LIGHT* by Louise Bennett plays as we see a clock strike 5.30am. We hear the sound of doors unlocking as STANLEY escorts a sulking JAHEIM inside.

**MONTAGE** - of Jaheim picking out book after book, blowing dust away on really old ones, highlighting notes, writing post-it notes and sticking them in books, etc. He reads book after book, eyes tired and red, desperately trying to stay awake. The piles of books on his desk grows bigger and bigger - *this is his hell*. A smug Stanley keeps watch as he tops up his bowl with frosted flakes.

In between the work, whilst Stanley isn't looking, Jaheim makes and throws paper airplanes, folds back his eye lids in boredom, and sneakily stuffs his face with crisps under the desk.

Our final shot is of Jaheim, fast asleep on his desk. He looks peaceful before the school bell blares out!

JAHEIM  
(pissed)  
Motherf-

CUT TO:

**TITLES: BOARDERS**

2 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - JAHEIM AND XIANG'S DORM. 2  
DAY 7.

Jaheim, looking tired as hell, returns to his room and throws himself face down into his bed. Meanwhile, XIANG is rummaging around, clearly looking for something. It's fucking loud!

JAHEIM  
Xiang. Bro! 'llow the noise, nah?

XIANG  
Where's my laptop?

JAHEIM  
(into pillow)  
Why would I know?

XIANG  
It was here on Saturday night.

JAHEIM

Okay...

XIANG

Then your friends came...

Jaheim rolls over and engages...

JAHEIM

You wanna be a little more direct?

XIANG

It's got my program on it. I need it for *Bot Battles tonight*. If I don't have it, I can't compete.

JAHEIM

(knowing)

Have you checked lost property?

Beat.

XIANG

Maybe I'll get Stanley to check the CCTV footage.

Xiang makes to leave.

JAHEIM

Just give it a minute. It'll turn up...

XIANG

And if it doesn't?

JAHEIM

Then it doesn't, innit.

Xiang knows better than to say anything and leaves. We hold on Jaheim pondering if there's truth in Xiang's accusation. He looks worried AF.

CUT TO:

3

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR. DAY 7.

3

BERNARD, CHELSEA and PREEYA walk and talk.

CHELSEA

...So we've simply pivoted a lot of the events already in the calendar to sit nicely into '*Diversity Day*', which we've bundled together into a lovely press pack.

She hands Bernard said press pack.

PREEYA

We also have Chuka Umunna coming.

CHELSEA

(reading the itinerary on  
her iPad)

We'll begin at assembly with a  
small speech from you...

(hands him cue cards)

... followed by Xiang-

PREEYA

-Who's *Chinese*.

CHELSEA

...speaking about the inter-school  
bot battles, alongside a small  
demonstration with the robot he's  
competing with.

PREEYA

Followed by Ms Kaneko-

CHELSEA

-Who's *Japanese*.

PREEYA

...who'll be hosting an event in  
the language department.

CHELSEA

Followed by Leah-

PREEYA

-Who's *Black*.

CHELSEA

...Giving a speech about her  
petition against the portrait-

BERNARD

-Just to clarify. A student  
vandalises school property and in  
return we give her a platform?

PREEYA

B, this is an opportunity.

CHELSEA

Think about the optics.

PREEYA

A young, intelligent, black woman expressing herself in one of the most prestigious halls in the country.

CHELSEA

It's giving...

PREEYA

It's really giving...

BERNARD

Giving...what?

PREEYA

You know, just *giving*.

Preeya's phone pings.

PREEYA (CONT'D)

Chuka can't make it.

CHELSEA

Shit!

CUT TO:

4

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CATLEY HOUSE - LEAH AND ABBY'S DORM.  
DAY 7.

4

LEAH is holding her phone whilst ABBY does her hair in the mirror. She clocks Leah stressing in the reflection.

ABBY

Jesus Christ, just send it!

LEAH

I'm part way through.

ABBY

Lemme read it.

Leah hands over her phone.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You're sending the boy you like, an email?!

LEAH

I've got a lot to say.

ABBY

Do you want him to fuck you or  
employ you?!

(despair)

You've started it 'Dear Koku'.

LEAH

It's a holding intro!

MABEL enters with her laptop.

MABEL

Leah, why aren't you ready?!

ABBY

(dry)

She's sending her CV to Koku.

MABEL

Assembly's in ten minutes and we've  
not even rehearsed your speech!

LEAH

I know, Mabel!

ABBY

(takes Leah's phone)

I'm gonna write it for you.

LEAH

Don't write anything dirty.

MABEL

(taps watch)

Um, Leah-

ABBY

(types)

*Hey Koku. Saturday night was fun.*

LEAH

Don't say that.

ABBY

Saturday night *wasn't* fun?

LEAH

I don't know. I was really drunk.

ABBY

Did you kiss?

LEAH

Yeah... No... I think we did? I honestly can't remember.

ABBY

(teasing)

You slag.

LEAH

Who did you hook up with?

ABBY

Yuck. No. I literally hate everyone, no-one here is my type.

LEAH

(teasing)

Skinny white boys aren't your type?

ABBY

Rich men are my type.

LEAH

Well there's loads here.

ABBY

Yeah but they're all so...

LEAH

Jarring?

ABBY

It's the "hashtag banter" I can't take.

LEAH

What about Toby? I saw you whining up on him. You know he's on you?

ABBY  
Stop deflecting.  
(back to phone)  
*Hey Koku. Can't wait to suck you  
off!*

LEAH  
Oh my god! Don't!

MABEL  
Um... Leah. Not to rush you-!

LEAH  
Yeah, shit! Sorry!...Of course!  
Let's get it!

Leah grabs a hair band, her blazer and laptop, then runs out the door with Mabel. Beat, before she runs back in and snatches her phone from Abby.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - BATHROOM. DAY 7. 5

OMAR is taking a shit and scrolling through social media. He notices he's out of toilet roll. He gently knocks on the cubicle beside him.

OMAR  
Hi there... Can you, um... pass me  
a couple sheets, well... several  
sheets... A wipe's worth, please.

A hand appears from under the toilet stall holding what Omar assumes is toilet roll. As he takes it, he sees it's a handwritten letter sealed with the Raisinettes wax seal.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (O.S.)  
*Strike the loud earth breathless.*

OMAR  
What?

The person in the cubicle next door flushes and then opens the door.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Wait...

Omar covers what he can and opens the door but the mystery person has already left.

CUT TO:



6

INT. ST GILBERT'S - OUTSIDE ASSEMBLY HALL. DAY 7.

6

Everyone heads to assembly. Jaheim walks down the corridor and spots RUPERT coming in the opposite direction. He pauses, surprised to see Jaheim. Jaheim makes a point to stand in his way.

JAHEIM  
(cocky)  
Surprised to see me?

Rupert is forced to go around him. It's subtle but symbolic of Jaheim being the victor. The exchange is clocked by an approaching TOBY.

TOBY  
Weighing in at who gives a shit,  
the undisputed champion of the  
wuurlld, man like Jaheim!

Toby makes roaring crowd noises as he playfully wrestles with him. Jaheim conceals a smile as he pushes him off.

JAHEIM  
You got the phone?

Toby hands Jaheim a crappy smartphone.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
Breddah! What's this here dead  
piece?!

TOBY  
Beggars can't be choosers.

JAHEIM  
Who's begging?! I gave you twenty.

TOBY  
I think it's got 'Snake' on it.

Toby clocks Abby walking past.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
(re. Abby)  
Yo, dis ting is on me.

Toby gives her a wink and blows a thug kiss. Abby looks at him strangely before turning back to FLORENCE and BEATRIX.

JAHEIM  
...Yeah, I ain't getting that vibe  
from her.

TOBY  
(kisses teeth)  
It's lighty-love. You wouldn't  
understand.

Toby keenly bowls over to Abby.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Hey.

ABBY

Hey.

Abby turns back to Florence and Beatrix. Toby looms which Abby clocks. Cringe. Florence and Beatrix stifle giggles.

ABBY (CONT'D)

...Is everything ok?

TOBY

So what you saying, you on it?

ABBY

On what?

TOBY

It.

ABBY

"It" what?

TOBY

(obviously)

It.

ABBY

What are you asking me?

TOBY

Wanna go on a date?

ABBY

(awkward)

Toby, babes, I'm sure you're lovely but... I don't really do drug dealers.

TOBY

What you on about? I hooked you and your girls up, but I ain't shotting.

SPENCER passes and taps Toby affectionately on the back.

SPENCER

Pusha T! When's the re-up?

ABBY

(proven right)

I'll see you later, Toby.

Abby heads into assembly, leaving a deflated Toby. Tosh appears.

TOSH

I think you dodged a bullet. Her ex  
thought she was high maintenance.  
And if a prince is saying that...

TOBY

Prince?

TOSH

I wanna say Sweden... or Norway.  
...I wouldn't let that worry you.

TOBY

I ain't worried. He was a prince.  
Man's a Nubian King, y'zee mi.  
Least I know now what flex she's  
on.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. ST. GILBERT'S - CLOISTERS. DAY 7.

7

Jaheim has snuck off to a quiet area to make his call. He  
gets through to Malachi.

JAHEIM

Yo, It's J.

INTERCUT WITH:

8

INT. CHICKEN SHOP. DAY 7.

8

MALACHI sits in a chicken shop. ANTON and RAY are sat  
opposite making up noise in the background.

MALACHI

Man like Jaheim! Wha gwan? Master  
still got you slaving?

JAHEIM

Something like that?

MALACHI

You just gotta play the good negro  
for a couple years.

JAHEIM

Might not last that long.

MALACHI

(unbelievable)  
You in a madness *again*?!

JAHEIM

Xiang. My dorm mate. Says his laptop went missing.

MALACHI

How's that your problem?

JAHEIM

He thinks I know what happened to it. He's got some competition ting, and if he doesn't get it back he's going to the headmaster.

MALACHI

Mad!

JAHEIM

Yeah... Just wish I knew where it went, innit.

There's a silence on the phone as Jaheim waits for Malachi to accept responsibility...

MALACHI

I'm sure it'll turn up, my bruddah.

MACKERS (O.S)

Mr Marsham. I trust that's not a phone you're holding!

MALACHI

Back to class you boffin!

Malachi hangs up. Jaheim sighs in disappointment as he puts his phone away. *He's fucked.*

CUT TO:

9

INT. ST GILBERT'S - ASSEMBLY HALL. DAY 7.

9

The assembly hall is filling up. A banner is suspended above the stage with the words '**Diversity Day. Celebrating culture at St Gilbert's**'.

Florence, Abby and Beatrix are seated when RUPERT turns up, sunglasses on to cover his black eye. He heads towards his mates, Spencer and BISHOP. They do STEVIE WONDER impressions and laugh at him. Rupert just stares, not enjoying the joke.

SPENCER

Come on *Stevie*, We're messing with you!

RUPERT

Get home safely last night?

SPENCER

Fuck off mate, you would've done  
the same.

Rupert scoffs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Whatever happened couldn't've been  
that bad if Jaheim's still here.

Rupert bails on sitting with them and heads towards Florence  
instead, who greets him with a massive hug.

FLORENCE

You okay?

RUPERT

(earnest)

Are you around free period?

FLORENCE

Gym with the girls, like always.

RUPERT

Sack them off, spend it with me.

FLORENCE

(confused)

But we never do that.

Beatrice, who's listening, nudges Florence - *take the hint.*

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Ow! ...oh... Yeah. Why not. We can hang out and talk.

RUPERT

(suggestive)

I wasn't thinking we'd be talking.

FLORENCE

Of course... but after. If you'd like to?

She strokes his black eye. Her sympathy makes him annoyed.

RUPERT

What are you doing?

FLORENCE

Nothing. Just making sure you're okay.

RUPERT

Why wouldn't I be? You know what, forget it.

FLORENCE

Rupert...

Rupert strides off leaving Florence flummoxed. He surveys the hall for an empty seats. Despite there being several empty spots, he intentionally decides to settle beside Omar, forcing Omar to move his bag so he can sit.

OMAR

(chirpy, removing his bag)

Sorry.

RUPERT

What are you looking so chuffed  
about? Finally got a dick up your  
arse?

OMAR

Better!

Omar is practically glowing, clearly desperate to tell  
someone. Rupert gives him nothing. Regardless, Omar tells  
all!

OMAR (CONT'D)

The Raisinettes! ...Got my first  
initiation...  
(MORE)



OMAR (CONT'D)

They um, actually saw my work on  
your story so, you know- thank you.  
I think.

Rupert places his hand beside his face to block Omar out of  
view. It's as rude as it looks.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I've gotta come up with something  
spectacular to show them what I'm  
made of and I've already thought of  
something. Quick question - how  
much trouble would a student get in  
for doing a prank? Like, don't they  
have muck up days?, so it'll be  
fine, right? I mean, after what you  
did and- I mean, you're still  
here...

RUPERT

(smug)

Yeah... but my dad bought the  
school a new hockey pitch. Your  
family - and no offense - probably  
couldn't afford to attend a hockey  
game... so?

Bernard appears and steps up to the lectern. Everyone stands.

BERNARD

Gilbertus numquam concedat!

BERNARD

(translation)

May Gilbertines never give  
in!

ALL

Gilbertus semper duret!

ALL

(translation)

May Gilbertines always  
endure!

Bernard pulls out his speech as TWO JOURNALISTS' cameras  
snap. Chelsea runs across the room to quickly remove the  
BAFTA-style pic-on-a-stick of CHUKA UMANNA on the front row.

BERNARD

(reads)

Good morning, everyone. I hope you  
all enjoyed the Caribbean breakfast  
this morning. I particularly  
couldn't stop myself going back for  
a second helping of the sautéed  
plantain. In some ways, St  
Gilbert's is a lot like the dishes  
you tried this morning. Full of  
colour, a variety of flavours, and  
a lot of love.

Bernard shrivels at how contrived it sounds. An awkwardly long silence as Bernard leafs through card after card, briefly scanning each one to see what else he's expected to say. He's extremely comfortable in the awkward silence. It's clear that he refuses to read anymore, as he places the lot into his pocket. A desperate look between Preeya and Chelsea.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Xiang. Would you like to come up?

Xiang heads onto the stage.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(for the press)

As many of you know, the inter-school Bot Battles taking place tonight is a staple in the St Gilbert's calendar. We've lost against Caldwell College for the last few years, but we have a lot of hope in Xiang.

Xiang nervously steps onto the stage.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I hear you're going to do a little demonstration for us?

XIANG

...No.

There's awkward laughter.

XIANG (CONT'D)

I mean, I can't. It's... not ready.

Xiang looks to Jaheim. Jaheim struggles to hold his eye.

BERNARD

Right. Well, thank you Xiang.

Xiang leaves the stage. Bernard looks to Preeya and Chelsea - *this is a shit show*. They smile back encouragingly.

CHELSEA

(to Preeya)

Let's just go straight to Leah.

Preeya presses play on her phone, connected to the stereo. An empowering song plays (think 'THIS GIRL IS ON FIRE' by Alicia Keys). Mabel and Leah - rocking a 'Black Girl Magic' slogan t-shirt - step onto the stage. Leah waves to KOKU. He gives her a low-key smile. Not the reaction she was hoping for.

LEAH

I might not look like one of you...  
but I'm now part of this community.  
As a young black woman, I offer a  
unique perspective, perhaps one  
that hasn't been considered in St  
Gilbert's history-

Mid-speech, several phones at the back of the hall vibrate followed by giggles. There's a collection of nudges and stifled laughs followed by even more vibrating phones. Mabel looks at her phone to see what everyone is viewing.

LEAH (CONT'D)

-but that doesn't make it any less  
important.

Leah looks to Mabel who quickly hides her phone. Leah looks out to the audience, who all have their phones in hand, and decides to look at her own to see - a bounce-style gif of Leah puking into Koku's mouth mid-kiss in front of the Carruthers portrait. A pause of absolute horror as she takes in the video and the laughing room, before fleeing the stage and out the hall, completely humiliated.

A furious Bernard looks to Chelsea and Preeya who sheepishly turn off their recording DLSR. Mabel, at a loss, decides to power through, reading from Leah's abandoned notes.

MABEL

(referring to the notes)  
...Less important. ...Growing up as  
a ...black... woman...

FLORENCE

Tell them Sis-tah!

More laughter.

MABEL

...In a white world, I've leant on  
my community. Absorbing words of  
affirmation as my mother  
moisturised my...my afro...

The assembly hall is in hysterics. A handful of students join in with Florence - who is also filming it on her phone. The hall is a mixture of laughter, and also distain at it being taken too far. Bernard shuts it down before it escalates.

BERNARD

Everybody, settle down!

Jaheim and Toby look to one another and shake their heads. We end on Abby, also not laughing, feeling deeply uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

10 INT. ST. GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. DAY 7. 10

Leah stands under the Carruthers portrait, completely mortified. Laughter seeping out of the hallway.

CUT TO:

11 INT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. DAY 7. 11

Bernard and Stanley are watching the video of Leah puking into Koku's mouth on Chelsea's iPad. Stanley visibly gags. Chelsea and Preeya stand uncomfortably. Tags beneath the video read #satnightschoolparty #secretparty #everyonesfucked.

STANLEY  
(teenage-like, dry)  
Criiiinge.

CHELSEA  
It's really not that bad, B.

BERNARD  
I have a video of two students swapping bodily fluids, during an assembly that descended into a fucking shit show!

Bernard's intercom goes. It's TIFFANY.

TIFFANY (O.S)  
Sir, I have Carol on line one-

BERNARD  
Tell her I'll be with her in a moment.

CHELSEA  
It may look bad-

BERNARD  
It's a safe-guarding nightmare! It makes me look incompetent... Like I can't run my school.

PREEYA  
We can have it removed before it goes too far.

STANLEY  
THE DAILY MIRROR have retweeted it.

PREEYA  
We have a relationship with the mirror - Chelsea, who was that guy you were dating there?

CHELSEA  
We weren't dating. Just sex.

The intercom goes again.

Tiffany (O.S.)  
Sorry Sir, Carol is getting impatient.

BERNARD  
Put her through. Everybody else, out.

As they leave, there's a knock on his door - it's Jaheim.

JAHEIM  
Sir.

BERNARD  
(livid)  
I made myself very clear about you being sent to my office.

JAHEIM  
No one sent me. I was wondering if I could ask a favour... please?

Bernard turns, surprised and intrigued.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ST GILBERT'S - BENCH. DAY 7.

12

Xiang is chilling with a few ASIAN STUDENTS speaking in Mandarin. Jaheim approaches. Their conversation becomes more pointed - they're clearly talking about him.

JAHEIM  
(to Xiang)  
Can we talk?

They continue to speak again in Mandarin.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
Yo, just cos I don't understand you, doesn't mean I won't spark every single one of you.

They go quiet with the threat. Xiang separates himself from them to speak with Jaheim.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know where your laptop is...

Xiang rolls his eyes.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

...but I can help you put together a new program.

XIANG

It's six hours until the event. It took me six weeks to write.

JAHEIM

Trust me.

Xiang scoffs at the notion of trusting Jaheim.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

Yo, watch your tone, yu know.

(then)

Ain't it better to take my help than to not compete?

Xiang thinks on it, unsure. Jaheim presents a set of keys.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

For the design and technology block. They've set up a computer in there for us. I also got us time out of class.

XIANG

How did you manage that?

JAHEIM

...I'm black excellence.

CUT TO:

13

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CLASSROOM - DT. DAY 7.

13

Xiang and Jaheim enter carrying Xiang's robot covered with a sheet. Jaheim flicks on the lights which flicker on. Jaheim reveals the high-tech department, equipped with high-end computers and laptops. Xiang removes the cover - it's impressive. Even Jaheim is surprisingly impressed.

JAHEIM  
Rah! That's... kinda dope.

XIANG  
(cocky)  
I know.

JAHEIM  
What's first?

XIANG  
First - couple of Red Bulls from  
the vending machine.

Xiang hands over cash. Jaheim stares daggers.

XIANG (CONT'D)  
(cautious)  
You said you wanted to help...

Jaheim reluctantly takes the money and leaves.

XIANG (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
And a Twix!

CUT TO:

14 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR. DAY 7.

14

Femi is walking to class.

MS HARPER(O.S.)  
Femi!

Femi turns to see MS HARPER.

MS HARPER (CONT'D)  
I wanted to talk to you about your  
essay...

FEMI  
(worried as shit)  
Yeah...Ms Harper, I...

MS HARPER  
Relax. It was good. Really good.

She hands Femi his essay from the pile she's carrying. It's a  
**B.**

MS HARPER (CONT'D)

If you handed in *this* the first time around, it would've been an A. Now that I know you have it in you, I expect A's and A stars. Clear?

FEMI

Yes, Ms Harper.

Ms Harper leaves instructing passing students.

MS HARPER (O.S.)

...Annabel, *gorgeous* earrings but off, now, thank you! Sofia - inside voice, please. My eardrums...

We hold on Femi - relieved yet worried.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ST GILBERT'S - GYM. DAY 7.

15

Florence, Abby and Beatrix are working the fuck out - *these girls mean business*. Beatrix is on a leg press/leg extension machine, whilst Abby is stood behind Florence, spotting her, as she performs barbell squats. Beatrix, whilst exercising, is re-watching the "puke" video, cracking up.

BEATRIX

I can't stop watching it.

FLORENCE

Six influencers have stitched it. It's my third viral video of the week.

ABBY

(sharp)

You spread the video?

BEATRIX

(laughing)

That is cold, Florence.

FLORENCE

(genuine)

On my mother's life, I didn't think it would go viral

(MORE)



FLORENCE (CONT'D)

...but it was worth it to see Mabel  
talk about being a strong black  
woman.

Florence laughs then clocks Abby who looks displeased. She  
squats throughout their exchange.

BEATRIX

You alright, Abz?

ABBY

Fine.

FLORENCE

Then why aren't you laughing?

ABBY

I'm just not.

FLORENCE

(confused, annoyed)

Okay...

ABBY

I just didn't think it was that  
funny.

FLORENCE

Sorry, a white woman talking about  
showing her afro '*black hair love*'?  
Yeah, I'm gonna disagree because  
that's fucking hilarious.

Florence and Beatrix laugh again, Abby getting increasingly  
irked. Florence drops into one final deep squat but struggles  
to rise.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Abby, a little help... Abby,  
babes...Fuck, Abby... ABBY!

Abby stares straight ahead. She can clearly hear her but does  
nothing. Beatrix jumps off the leg press and runs over, but  
fails to get there in time. Florence buckles under the  
weight, collapsing to the floor, rolling/twisting her ankle.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Arrghhhhhh! My foot! My fucking  
foot!

BEATRIX

What the fuck, Abby?!

ABBY

(genuine)

Shit, shit, shit! I... I tuned out.  
Flo, I'm sorry-

BEATRIX  
Let's go to the san.

Copyrighted

ABBY  
Shall I come?

FLORENCE  
I think you've done enough.

Florence cuts her eye at Abby as she limps away with Beatrix.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)  
...If I black out, you'll catch me,  
right?

BEATRIX  
(turning back)  
Not cool Abby.

Abby feels like shit.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CLASSROOM - DT. DAY 7.

16

Jaheim is looking at Snapchat. Malachi and his boys are flashing cash, which irks Jaheim. Xiang appears, doing up his flies, having returned from the toilets. He looks to the computer.

XIANG  
What did you do?

JAHEIM  
I transferred it to *Duplexiat*. The  
other program was too slow-

XIANG  
I told you to stop fucking up my  
shit! That's it, I'm telling  
Bernard about the laptop.

JAHEIM  
Xiang, bro! What the- I can change  
it back!

XIANG  
Nah, I'm messing with you. You're  
actually good at this.

Jaheim breathes a massive sigh of relief, with a giggle. They work on the robot as they talk.

JAHEIM  
You sound surprised.

XIANG  
You just seem like you spend more  
time on 'the road' than in a  
computer block.  
(MORE)

XIANG (CONT'D)

Is that what Florence likes about  
you? I'm hearing things...

JAHEIM

I ain't gonna lie Xiang, I didn't take you for a gossip.

XIANG

I saw the kiss.

JAHEIM

It weren't that kinda kiss. Wasn't even a kiss. It was... drama.

XIANG

So you're 'on', Beatrix? ... or not your type either? What is your type?

Jaheim looks at him.

XIANG (CONT'D)

Just making small talk.

JAHEIM

What's your type, Xiang?

XIANG

Thicc girls. 'T H I C C'

JAHEIM

Man like Xiang, yeah?

They laugh.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)

Alright, I think this has loaded. You wanna transfer it over, and I'll put it on the microcontroller.

XIANG

Okay, cool.

As Jaheim turns to head towards the laptop, he's suddenly blinded by a FLASH. Reveal Chelsea (holding the camera) and Preeya.

PREEYA

We're not even here.

FLASH again.

CUT TO:

17

INT. ST GILBERT'S - THEATRE. DAY 7.

17

The stage has been set for a production of MADAME BUTTERFLY - shoji doors, cherry blossom-style art, a chaise longue, etc. It seems that they're halfway through a get-out, as much of the set is in boxes. A piano sits on the corner of the stage, where we see Leah playing a classical piece angrily yet beautifully. Abby enters, taking in the theatre.

ABBY  
(looking around)  
Um... okay...

LEAH  
The school was planning a production of Madame butterfly, but Chelsea and Preeya made them shut it down as the story was culturally problematic. Plus... not a single Japanese person in drama club, so...

ABBY  
So a perfect place for you to hide?

LEAH  
(defensive)  
Why would I be in hiding?

ABBY  
Because there's a video of you throwing up in Koku's mouth going around school.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
La, la, la, la, la, shut up, shut up, shut up!

LEAH (CONT'D)  
This is why I don't fuck about with boys and relationships.

Abby looks to Leah's laptop.

ABBY  
Did you at least get some signatures?

LEAH

A shit-load. But I had to delete them all.

ABBY

Why?

Leah pulls out her laptop and shows Abby.

LEAH

Because I don't think 'Pukey McPukeface' or 'Viscount Chundermeister' really exist.

ABBY

Look, forget it. Let's just go to the Bot Battles thing and-

LEAH

Are you mad in the face?! I'm never showing my *rass* again. There's a chaise longue to sleep on and a water tap round the back. *This my home now.*

ABBY

Please don't make me go alone! My dad wants me there, otherwise I'm never going to hear the end of it.

LEAH

What happened to Bea and Flo?

ABBY

(*knowing*)

Our friendship was put under a lot of strain today.

LEAH

Toby...?

ABBY

Are you his pimp or something? What part of 'he's a lot' are you not understanding.

LEAH

Smart and intelligent isn't your type?

ABBY

He was trying to sell knock off trainers... amongst other things.

LEAH

That's just Toby. Likes putting on a front and a show. What have you got to lose?

Abby gets up and is about to leave before signing her name on Leah's laptop. Leah's touched.

LEAH (CONT'D)

I thought you "don't do politics"?

ABBY

No... but I do friends.

They share a warm moment, then-

LEAH

Such a cheesy line!

ABBY (CONT'D)

It felt right at the time!  
Fuck you!

They roll about laughing.

CUT TO:

18

INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. DAY 7.

18

A perspex *ROBOT WARS* style arena has been set up in the sports hall. People are arriving. Drinks are being served at a makeshift bar in the corner. A sense of anticipation for the evening's event. Among the crowd is Preeya and Chelsea, who are snapping pics, along with GUS, CAROL and several BOARD MEMBERS. Florence, (now wearing a walker boot), and Beatrix are stood with MRS GOODLOW. Abby walks through the door and clocks them.

MRS GOODLOW

Are you sure it's broken? It's just that we've got a big game next Sunday.

FLORENCE

What can I say?

MRS GOODLOW

Fuck!

As Mrs Goodlow leaves, Abby joins Florence and Beatrix.

FLORENCE

Where have you been?

ABBY

Checking on Leah.

FLORENCE

(sympathetic)

Is she dying?



ABBY

What?

FLORENCE

Well, I have a broken foot and you didn't come to check up on me, so I assumed she must have been involved in a horrific car accident whereby she sustained significant injuries.

*Abby rolls her eyes - so dramatic.*

ABBY

(re broken foot)

I thought you guys weren't gonna come because of the whole-

BEATRIX

(peace keeper)

We know your dad forces you to come to these things. We didn't want you to endure it alone.

ABBY

(sotto)

Right... It's just that, I'm actually- on a date, thing?

FLORENCE

With who?

At that moment, Toby enters and throws a wave to Abby.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Coooooool, no worries. We'll just go fuck ourselves.

Florence hobbles away annoyed. Beatrix throws a sympathetic look and follows.

Toby heads over to Abby. As he walks in further, he clocks the WAITING STAFF who, unlike the crowd in the room, are all black or brown people wearing white shirts and black trousers and smart bow-ties, just like Toby. He shares glances and nods of awkward acknowledgment.

ABBY

What the fuck are you wearing?

TOBY

I borrowed it from Crispin. Thought this was your thing!

ABBY

Why would you dressed as waiting staff be my thing?

TOBY

Cos you're boujee. In a nice way.

Abby doesn't take the supposed compliment very well.

ABBY

(sarcastic)

This is going to be a fun evening...

CUT TO:

19

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM.19  
DAY 7.

Femi sits at his desktop computer. He's on the essay buying website. He types in the necessary information before getting to the payment page. He pauses, then looks behind him to see Cheddar's WALLET on the dresser. As he takes out the debit card, CHEDDAR enters with GRAHAM.

CHEDDAR

Hey man.

FEMI

Hey, how was Chemistry? Did you blag your way through?

Femi casually walks toward his computer with Cheddar's card.

CHEDDAR

Mate, what are you doing?

FEMI  
(obviously)  
I'm gonna get another essay.

CHEDDAR  
What am I, a cash machine?

FEMI  
If you want me to pay you back,  
I'll pay you back.

CHEDDAR  
(gesturing to his desktop  
computer)  
Mate, you don't even have a laptop.

FEMI  
What's that supposed to mean?

GRAHAM  
He's saying you're poor.

CHEDDAR  
Fuck off, Graham.

GRAHAM  
Touchy.

CHEDDAR  
I'm on an allowance. If I piss it  
on your essays, I'm not gonna have  
money for mine.

Femi, crushed, hands Cheddar his card. Cheddar pulls a couple  
of fun sized bottles of vodka from under his bed.

CHEDDAR (CONT'D)  
We're heading over to bot battles.  
See you there?

Cheddar and Graham leave. Femi turns back to his laptop and  
opens a blank document. He begins to type...

CUT TO:

20 INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. DAY 7.

20

Toby and Abby are milling about. Their chat is dead.

ABBY  
It's a bit-

TOBY

Dry. How bout we wet it likkle with a drink?

ABBY

They won't serve alcohol to the students.

TOBY

It's cool. I've got two two friends who can help us out. Wray and his nephew.

He produces a small corner shop plastic bag with a bottle of rum inside, along with two cups from the bar.

ABBY

Where did you steal that from?

TOBY

Is that what you think of me?

ABBY

I'm just struggling to figure you out.

TOBY

You get what you see. Or am I a little too gutter for you?

ABBY

I don't think you are gutter. I think it's a front.

TOBY

Is that right?

ABBY

'Gutter' doesn't take up Japanese club.

TOBY

I was forced to go.

ABBY

I've overheard Ms Kaneko praise you to my dad on many occasions.

At that very moment, Ms Kaneko clocks Toby from across the room and gives him the warmest smile.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Sounds like you want to be there.

Toby feels exposed.

TOBY

...I liked Yasujiro Ozu's films.

ABBY

So you learnt Japanese?

TOBY

(embarrassed)

It ain't that deep.

ABBY

Why are you afraid to look clever?

Toby deflects.

TOBY

(in Japanese)

Anata wa hontouni sexy  
desune. Anata no ofuro no oyū  
o nomitai kurai desu.

TOBY

(translation)

*You are so sexy, I would  
drink your bath water.*

ABBY

What does that mean?

TOBY

Maybe you'll find out later  
tonight...

They share a smile and clink plastic cups. CARL (The SERVING STAFF MANAGER, 40s, Ginger) bowls over to Toby.

CARL

Why are you out here?

TOBY

What?

CARL

I need fresh wine glasses.

TOBY

(realising what is going  
on)

...oh I'm not-

CARL

I don't have time for this, Ade. In  
the kitchen now.

The manager leaves and it is very awkward.

ABBY

Prick.

TOBY

It's all good.

A long awkward silence.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I need to piss. Excuse me.

ABBY

Sure.

Toby exits out of view. Abby feels for him.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - OMAR AND RUPERT'S DORM. 21  
DAY 7.

Rupert is lying on his bed, clearly bored, as he scrolls on his phone. A text from Florence comes through - **HELLO?! We see a shit-load of other texts above. 'Come to bot battles', 'we don't have to talk, just hang', 'maybe a handyJ might help?'**, etc. All of which Rupert hasn't replied to. He ignores and chucks his phone across the bed.

He turns his attention to Omar who is busy scribbling away at his Raisinettes initiation plan. The Raisinette symbol drawn onto an A3 sheet of graph paper. There are lines and arrows with measurements around it - (which we come to learn later, correlate with the steps Omar counts out on the pitch). A centimetre to footstep ratio box sits in the corner like a map. The desk is also littered with rulers, protractors, geometric stencils, various colour pens, pencils, erasers, and a calculator. Bored, Rupert picks up an empty *Canterbury Castle* yogurt pot on his bed stand and throws it at his head.

RUPERT

Sorry, aiming for the bin.

Omar doesn't engage.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

What have you come up with? I wanna see.

OMAR

How about I save you the bother and accept that it's "shit" or "gay" or "shit and gay".

RUPERT

My insults are more nuanced than that.

OMAR

(concentrating on his work)

As the main recipient of your insults, I couldn't disagree more.

Rupert smiles to himself. He's enjoying Omar fight back. Then, he jumps up and goes to look at Omar's artwork but Omar closes it before he can. Rupert is about to snatch it, when-

DILTON

Knock knock... Is this a bad time?

RUPERT

Come round to bum one another?

Both Dilton and Omar blush, which Rupert relishes.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Make sure you crack a window after.

Rupert leaves. Dilton looks to Omar's sketches, which Omar quickly hides.

OMAR

Can I... help you?

DILTON

I felt bad about the other night.

Omar stares blankly.

DILTON (CONT'D)  
...Seriously. I genuinely liked  
your work. Had a *Frank Miller*  
quality to them... but dirtier.

Omar conceals a smile.

DILTON (CONT'D)  
I also bought a packet of choccie  
biccies as a peace offering...They  
were discounted as they went off  
last week, but the sentiment is  
still the same.

OMAR  
I'm lactose intolerant.

DILTON  
Hardly any milk in the chocolate,  
so you should be fine...

Omar is making him work.

DILTON (CONT'D)  
Why am I so shit at this?

OMAR  
(lets him in.)  
It's fine. Thank you.

A shared smile.

DILTON  
(re Rupert)  
What's it like living with Lucifer?

OMAR  
He's alright. He fell out with his  
mates so I think he's a little  
lonely and bored, which means I get  
to spend more quality time with  
him.

DILTON  
Yay, you.

OMAR  
He's alright. The whole thing with  
Jaheim messed with him a bit. I  
actually feel bad for him.



DILTON

You are *too* nice. Well, I'm in Alvingham so if you ever want a break from him, or *anything else...* give me a shout.

OMAR

Thanks.

They share a smile. Dilton is about to leave, then-

OMAR (CONT'D)

Oh, there is one thing. Do you know where the circuit breakers to the school are?

Dilton looks confused - *what?!*

CUT TO:

22

INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. DAY 7.

22

Toby is beside the makeshift bar. He picks up two bottles of wine. Carl, the Serving Staff Manager appears behind him.

CARL

What are you doing with those?

TOBY

... The Headmaster wanted me to give complimentary glasses to the board members.

A beat as CARL raises a sceptical eyebrow. Has Toby been nabbed!?

CARL

(exasperated)

Come straight back as I need the bins emptying.

TOBY

Can do, you chief. I mean... chief.

Carl grabs two bottles of water and leaves. Toby turns his attention back to the table - wondering what else he can nab...

CUT TO:

23

INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. DAY 7.

23

Bernard takes to the mic.

BERNARD

Robotics has always been about ingenuity and ...diversity.

A shared look with Carol - who's in attendance with THE BOARD - on the word 'diversity'.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Caldwell College and St Gilbert's have long been at the forefront of robotic engineering. It is our shared love, commitment and passion that have brought us here for this exciting evening at the Bot battles final.

Applause.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Introducing our finalists: Will Chamberlain and Martin Atwood from Caldwell College.

A polite round of applause as WILL and MARTIN wave modestly at the crowd.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

And representing the home team for St Gilbert's, we have Xiang Chen and Jaheim Marsham.

The speakers are taken over with (think **Three 6 Mafia - Stay Fly**) and an impressive robot bursts into the room, doing a janky 360 wheelie followed by Xiang and Jaheim. Jaheim looks overwhelmed by it all. He clocks Gus.

GUS

(shouts)

Enjoy it!

Jaheim nods and smiles. Xiang nudges Jaheim - a cue for Jaheim to unzip his hoodie, revealing the same 'Team Xiang' t-shirt Xiang is wearing. It's a bit cringe which shows on Jaheim's face.

CUT TO:

24

INT. ST GILBERT'S - GRASS. DAY 7.

24

Mabel lies on the grass looking up at the sky. Leah sheepishly appears in shot and lies beside her. They both look to the sky, sighing, reminiscing on the shame of the assembly. A silence.

MABEL

We were meant to be a team.

LEAH

There was a video of me throwing up in someone's mouth! I couldn't exactly crack on.

MABEL

I told the entire school how hard life for me was as a poor black woman!

Leah looks confused.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I had to read your speech. People have been calling me Angela Davis all day!

LEAH

Least they know who Angela Davis is.

MABEL

Did we at least get some signatures?

LEAH

Abby signed at least.

MABEL

Really? Wow. She's the last person I expected to do that. You owe me a Pizza and a film.

LEAH

(groan)

Fine. But Please not Erin Brockovich again-

Mabel stares - *you owe me!*

LEAH  
(bright)  
I mean, *please*, Erin Brockovich  
*again!*

Mabel laughs. The girls are reunited.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - FRONT GATES. DAY 7.

25

Leah meets a Deliveroo-style COURIER on a motorbike who hands over a stack of pizza boxes. Leah looks at the receipt.

LEAH  
I didn't order a meat feast.

KOKU (O.C.)  
That's mine.

Koku is behind her. Leah is mortified and starts to walk away with all the pizzas in hand.

KOKU (CONT'D)  
Um... Can I have my pizza?

Leah is forced to stop and turn around and hand over the pizza.

KOKU (CONT'D)  
You're harder to track down than a missing AirPods.

Leah cannot speak she is so mortified.

KOKU (CONT'D)	LEAH
Look if this about the whole	Blah blah blah....I don't
sick in the mouth-	want to talk about it-

KOKU (CONT'D)  
Leah...it's really not that serious. If it helps, you're not the first person to throw up in my mouth.

LEAH  
(teasing)  
Really? ...You sure you're not the  
problem?!

Koku laughs, Leah smiles for the first time in the exchange.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(heading off, re pizza)  
I've gotta go. Someone's waiting  
for me...

KOKU  
Why you going that way?

LEAH  
I'm going back to Catley.

KOKU  
...That's the long way...there's a  
shortcut. Follow me.

Leah pauses, sceptical. However, unable to resist his smile,  
she follows. As they walk on...

LEAH  
...So exactly how many people have  
thrown up in your mouth...?

CUT TO:

26 INT. ST GILBERT'S - THEATRE. NIGHT 7.

26

Abby enters the theatre. A picnic with all the stolen goodies  
from the event! Abby is speechless. Toby appears with a  
bottle of sparkling wine. He points a stereo remote to the  
sound booth and presses play. Dramatic Japanese music plays.

TOBY  
Shit, hol' up.

He presses again. Music plays (think *Cleo Sol* or *Snoh  
Aalegra*). Toby pops the champagne and pours them each a  
glass. Abby takes the bottle from him and drinks straight  
from it.

ABBY  
Smooth.

TOBY  
Can't take credit for the set...but  
yeah. I do my thing.

ABBY  
There's still room to improve, but  
it's a good start.

They have a long passionate kiss, before pulling away. They share a look before they turn their attention to their clothes - They're about to get naked and fuck! Before we see them pop a single button, we-

CUT TO:

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27 INT. ST GILBERT'S - ELECTRICAL CUPBOARD. NIGHT 7. 27

A balaclava'd man runs up to the electrical cupboard. He lifts it briefly, revealing it's Omar. He switches on his head torch, revealing a load of dangerous looking switches. The labels are so old that he struggles to see what they say.

OMAR

What the-

He desperately tries to decipher which one is which, before-

OMAR (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Omar randomly starts flipping the switches one by one, unaware they're also switching off the mains power as well.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. NIGHT 7. 28

Xiang and Jaheim's robot is mid fight - Xiang controls the movement, Jaheim controls the weapons. **Choreography TBC**. Jaheim is in his element as the two bark orders at one another. It looks like they're about to win when the lights suddenly go out.

BERNARD

(re the blackout)

What the hell-

Bernard pulls out his phone and opens call history - we see his last ten calls are to Stanley - he presses Stanley's name and brings the phone to his ear-

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Stanley, what's going on?

CUT TO:

28A INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR. NIGHT 7. 28A

Stanley has his phone to his ear as he runs down the corridor holding a big torch.

STANLEY

I'm on it!

CUT TO:

29 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - FEMI AND CHEDDAR'S DORM 29  
NIGHT 7.

Femi is tapping away at his desktop computer when the room goes pitch black and the screen goes blank - power cut.

FEMI  
What the fuck!

He's scrabbling around trying to turn it on again!

CUT TO:



30

INT. ST GILBERT'S - ASSEMBLY HALL. NIGHT 7.

30

Leah and Koku sat in darkness. Leah uses her phone light.

LEAH

Have you brought me here to murder me?-

KOKU

No! The lights are nothing to do with me. I just... wanted to get you alone... sorry, that came out creepier than I intended, what I meant was-

LEAH

Okaaaay... I'm gonna go-

Koku makes a move and kisses Leah. Leah in turn wraps her arms around him. It's romantic AF!

CUT TO:

31

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CRICKET GREEN. NIGHT.

31

Omar is on the pitch-black cricket green. Only his head-torch illuminating what he's doing. He has a field marking machine, and is holding graph paper - it's the Raisinettes emblem. He's counting out his steps that correlate with the diagram.

OMAR

Twenty three... twenty four... turn forty-five degrees, and... one...

His voice quivers. He is struggling and absolutely bricking it. Rupert appears, watching on amused.

RUPERT

Put your back in it.

Omar is making a bit of a pigs ear of it, stopping and starting.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

God knows what's gonna happen when Bernard sees this. You know his pitch is his pride and joy, right?

OMAR

You're not helping!

The floodlights suddenly switch on. Omar is startled!

RUPERT  
You're fucked now!

Omar gets a move on, desperate to finish.

CUT TO:

32 INT. ST GILBERT'S - SPORTS HALL. NIGHT 7.

32

The lights switch back on.

BERNARD  
If we could all settle down. A  
technical glitch, but it seems to  
be resolved...

Bernard nods to the REFEREE. Jaheim clocks that the team have  
moved their robot to another position.

JAHEIM  
(to Xiang)  
Yo, they've moved it.

XIANG  
Huh?

JAHEIM  
They weren't there before.

The referee blows the whistle. The battle continues.  
**Choreography TBC.** Despite their best efforts, Jaheim and  
Xiang's robot is dealt the death blow.

BERNARD  
And the winner is - Caldwell  
College!

The crowd clap and Jaheim is gutted, visibly furious.

JAHEIM  
They fucking cheated!

XIANG  
Hey cool it. It's fine.

Jaheim is furious but keeps himself in check.

CUT TO:

33

INT. ST GILBERT'S - CORRIDOR. NIGHT 7.

33

Will walks down the hallway. We see Jaheim behind him. As Will heads into the toilet. Jaheim, with a sense of intensity goes to follow him. Then-

BEATRIX

Wow. You are a *massive* nerd.

JAHEIM

You came to support, though.

BEATRIX

I came to support Xiang.

JAHEIM

Xiang, yeah? What's his surname?

BEATRIX

(covers)

I've gotta go, Cheddar's waiting for me.

JAHEIM

(laughs)

You're really doing a lot, aren't you?

BEATRIX

Meaning?

JAHEIM

Tell me one thing you like about Cheddar?

BEATRIX

He's good looking.

JAHEIM

He looks like an Incel for 4chan United.

BEATRIX

Does Florence know you're talking to me?

JAHEIM

(can't believe she hasn't let it go)

You know what that kiss was about...

A lingering beat. Then-

BEATRIX  
(phone beeps)  
That's probably Cheddar. ...Bye  
Jaheim.

JAHEIM  
This ain't over, yu know.

They smile at one another, both enjoying the games. Jaheim clocks Will leaving the toilets. He watches him leave, left unsure as to whether he was going to do something...

CUT TO:

34

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - CRICKET GREEN. NIGHT 7.

34

Omar grapples with the graph paper and his calculations whilst checking no one is coming. He looks scared as shit, sweating like a MoFo. Rupert is loving seeing Omar's panicked face.

RUPERT  
Tick tock, tick tock!

OMAR  
You're not helping!

RUPERT  
What do you reckon will happen to  
you? Detention?... Overs?...  
Bernard's personal gimp?

OMAR  
You know if someone comes out,  
they're gonna assume you're part of  
it too!

As the realisation dawns on Rupert we hear Stanley's voice in the distance-

STANLEY  
Oi! Who is that?

OMAR  
Shit!

Omar tries to run one way but Rupert drags him, as the pair hide behind a tree.

STANLEY  
Hello?!

Omar stifles a laugh. Rupert backhands him in the dick to quieten him. This in turn causes Rupert to laugh, which makes Omar backslap *him* in the dick to quieten him.

We watch them both stifle laughter. As Stanley leaves, they burst into laughter, having got away with it.

CUT TO:

35

INT. ST GILBERT'S - THEATRE. NIGHT 7.

35

Toby and Abby are putting their clothes back on, smiling to one another like naughty children. The stage is lit with dramatic lights.

TOBY

Rah, were the lights on the entire time?

ABBY

My um...

Abby points to her necklace - a *simple gold chain with a rhino charm on it* - that is caught in Toby's hair. There's an awkwardness as they try to remove it. It looks broken.

TOBY

Shit, I think it's broken. Lemme-

Toby tries to piece it together, breaking it further.

ABBY

It's fine, honestly. I think it's from a cheap market stall in Morocco or something.

TOBY

...Got a little excited.

ABBY

I know. I was there.

They share a naughty smile.

TOBY

So when we doing that again?

ABBY

I was thinking it was more of a one off.

TOBY

Using me to piss off daddy, yeah?

ABBY

You're just a little different to what I usually go for.

TOBY

If it's about the gummies, they weren't real.

ABBY

(not buying it)  
Okay.

TOBY

Seriously, they were just gummy bears. Actual gummy bears. Sweets.

Abby laughs and continues to get ready.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Yo, I don't chase gal, you know?

ABBY

Great. Makes it easier for me to  
leave. Night Toby.

Abby leaves. Toby smiles, bemused by it all.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. ST GILBERT'S - HEADMASTER'S CORRIDOR. NIGHT 7.

36

Bernard and Carol walk and talk towards the exit.

CAROL

Quite the event! The board were  
particularly impressed to see  
Jaheim competing. Well done.

BERNARD

It's not my win, Carol. It's St Gilbert's' win.

Carol can feel Bernard's judgement.

CAROL

I know you like to think of me as some kind of... wicked witch of the west.

BERNARD

Quite dramatic, Carol...But-

CAROL

You're just protecting your kids. I'm trying to protect mine.

They walk and talk.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Felix didn't even get an interview for Cambridge. Head Boy and a rugby captain. It's as if boys like him are being penalised for being who they are. If Felix couldn't get in, what hope is there for Rupert?

BERNARD

With a mother as tenacious as you are Carol, I think they'll do just fine in life.

CAROL

Rupert is struggling and he needs all the help he can get.

BERNARD

In all honesty Carol, I am done with giving Rupert preferential treatment. He's on his own. Safe journey home.

Bernard points to the exit, before turning and heading towards his office. Carol fumes.

CUT TO:

37

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - OMAR AND RUPERT'S DORM. 37  
NIGHT 7.

Femi knocks on Omar's door.

Femi

Omar, bro! I need your help!  
Omar...Omar?



Femi pushes open the door and sees that the room is empty. He clocks Omar's laptop which is open...

CUT TO:

38 INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - TOILETS. NIGHT 7. 38

Jaheim is at the sink, wash bag in hand, prepping for bed. He's wearing another t-shirt to sleep in, his 'Team Xiang' t-shirt sits beside him on the sink. A call from Malachi appears. He answers with caution.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. MALACHI'S HOUSE. NIGHT 7. 39

Malachi is hanging out with Anton and Ray. They're bagging up coke as the tv and music play in the background.

MALACHI

Man like Jaheim! Where you been?

JAHEIM

Working.

MALACHI

Cotton fields this time?

JAHEIM

Had to help out my dorm mate with his robot ting.

MALACHI

'Mate'. Breddah accused you of being a teef, and now he's your mate?

JAHEIM

I was partly responsible, so-

MALACHI

How you responsible?

JAHEIM

Cos I know who took it.

MALACHI

Is it?

JAHEIM

It is.

MALACHI

...Who took it, Jaheim?

ANTON

Who is it?

MALACHI

Jaheim. Apparently he knows who took the laptop.

JAHEIM

Why you moving mad, bro?

MALACHI

I came up to sort out your bullshit, and I'm the one moving mad?

JAHEIM

I asked you to back me. Not to fuck up my shit. It's like you hate that I'm here.

MALACHI

(laughs, to the mandem)  
Man thinks I miss him.

JAHEIM

Nah, I think you're jealous, bro!  
Like you hate to see me winning.

MALACHI

Yo, you best come off my phone.

JAHEIM

Did you take the laptop? ...Simple question, breddah! Did you take it, Yes or no?

MALACHI

...No.

JAHEIM

Fuck you Malachi. Like proper, proper, fuck you! DICKHEAD!

Jaheim desperately tries to control his ragged breath.

CUT TO:

40

INT. ST GILBERT'S - MALTON HOUSE - OMAR AND RUPERT'S DORM. 40  
DAY 8.

The following morning. Omar wakes, puts on his glasses and sees a text message on his phone. He opens it.

OMAR  
(astounded)  
I'm... through... I'm through to  
the next round of the Raisinettes!

Reveal Rupert who is already up and getting ready, looking out the window.

RUPERT  
Of course you are. Who doesn't love  
a cock and balls?!

OMAR  
It's a quill and ink pot.

RUPERT  
You sure about that.

Omar jumps out of bed and looks out the window. His face falls.

OMAR  
(embarrassed)  
... I didn't have time to fill it  
in.

We reveal the cricket pitch markings - the outline of the quill and ink pot does indeed look like a cock and balls!

We hear Mackers banging his signature pot and pan.

MACKERS (O.S.)  
Wakey, wakey chaps! Time to hand  
over your marvellous, malleable  
minds to us.

Omar turns his attention to his laptop and scans the screen.

OMAR  
What the hell...?

CUT TO:

41 INT. ST GILBERT'S - CLASSROOM - POLITICS. DAY 8. 41

Students speak amongst themselves as MRS FALCONER collects essays. Suddenly Omar rushes in, visibly upset. He accidentally bumps into Mrs Falconer which causes laughter from the class.

OMAR  
Sorry, I'm late...

MRS FALCONER  
Essay?

OMAR

I um... It's kinda why I'm late..

Femi, who's sat in the front row, stares at his textbook - a sinking feeling in his stomach.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I did it last night and saved it, I promise, but then, this morning-

MRS FALCONER

I'll see you after class.

"Ooohs" from the class as Omar takes a seat beside Femi, the only desk left.

OMAR

(whispers)

Did you get yours in?

Femi nods turning to his textbook, desperate to avoid eye contact with Omar.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ST GILBERT'S - STAIRWELL. DAY 8.

42

Students pile out of class. Jaheim clocks Xiang.

JAHEIM

Man a man like Xiang! Okay, thinking about your 'type'. You know Carla, the upper sixth Spanish chick with the back off? I told her about you. Now, on a real, she didn't know who the fuck you were, nor was she impressed by your picture, but I convinced her to at least have a chat before lunch...

Jaheim sees Xiang holding his laptop.

XIANG

(guilt-ridden)

The Caldwell team handed it in at the front desk shortly after they won. Said they 'found it'. ...I'm sorry, Jaheim.

Xiang walks away. Jaheim is lost for words. His world, turned upside down. He pulls out his phone. Reveal he's calling Malachi. We hear the sound of ringing which cuts off straight away - *He's been hung up on*. He calls again! The same again. A panic third time but hears -

AUTOMATED VOICE

The number you have called is  
currently switched off. Please try  
again later-

JAHEIM

Fuck!

Jaheim, full of rage, throws his phone against the wall,  
which shatters on impact, passing students fall silent. We  
hold on Jaheim, deep in thought, his world upside down.

**END.**