
EPISODE 1

BY ANN MCMANUS & MAUREEN CHADWICK

JACK, TOM, BRIAN VAISEY, ESTELLE, ANDREW, NS PUPILS, NS
BARMAID

IT'S BREAK TIME AND THE PUPILS ARE HANGING OUT IN THE
PLAYGROUND - A ROWDY BUNCH OF MIXED RACES, WEARING MARKET
COPIES OR KNOCKED OFF ITEMS OF THE LATEST GEAR WITH ONLY A
FEW CONCESSIONS TO SCHOOL UNIFORM, SUPERVISED BY
DISILLUSIONED AND SOMEWHAT SHABBILY DRESSED DEPUTY HEAD
& ENGLISH DEPT 'MR FIT'

JACK SURVEYS HIS CHARGES WITH A LOOK OF DESPAIRING
FRUSTRATION - A GANG OF TEENAGE GIRLS SPORT TIGHT T-SHIRTS
WITH SLOGANS LIKE 'FCUK LIKE BUNNIES' AND 'TOO HOT TO
HANDLE', INCLUDING A HEAVILY PREGNANT 16 YEAR OLD; A BUNCH OF
BAD BOYS COVERTLY SWAP CASH FOR A STASH; SOME YOUNGER BOYS
KICK A BALL AGAINST A GRAFFITI-COVERED SCHOOL WALL. AS THE
BALL STRAYS TOM'S WAY HE KICKS IT BACK TO THEM WITH FLAIR, TO
ADMIRING GIGGLES FROM A COUPLE OF HIS 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL FANS.
TOM TAKES A BOW.

THEN THERE'S A WHOOSH! - AS A STACK OF BOX FILES COMES
CRASHING DOWN FROM ON HIGH INTO THEIR MIDST - CRRUMPP! - JUST
MISSING BRAINING ONE OF THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS... GIRL PUPILS
SCREAM, THE KIDS SCATTER, PAPERS FLY LOOSE - IT'S LIKE A
DIRTY BOMB'S JUST BEEN DROPPED.

AND ALL HEADS REEL UPWARDS - TO SEE THEIR ELDERLY HEADMASTER,
, CHUCKING OUT MORE FILES FROM HIS UPPER STORY
OFFICE WINDOW, HIS FACE TWISTED WITH PANIC AS HE YELLS DOWN
AT THEM.

BRIAN

Who keeps soiling all this paper?
I haven't got a dirty bum, I'm the
head!

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

This is my school, not a toilet!
I've got to get rid of all this
rubbish...

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HE DUCKS BACK IN SIDE AND ANOTHER LOAD OF FILES IS HURLED OUT OF THE WINDOW. AND JACK RIMMER PALES - OH FCUK.

THE PUPILS RUN FOR COVER, BUT SCREAMS AND GASPS TURN TO SNIGGERING.

PUPILS

Sir's gone muppet/He's a nutter/
Trying to kill us/ Call the pigs /
& etc

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JACK NUDGES TOM.

JACK

Get the hell up there and gag him.

*

TOM GULPS AND DASHES INTO THE BUILDING, AS JACK BARKS AT THE KIDS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right, back inside! Now! Move it!

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CUT TO:

TOM SPRINTS OFF TO THE RESCUE - THE RISING CLAMOUR RINGING IN HIS EARS AS HE LEGS IT ALONG SHABBY, LITTERED CORRIDORS AND UP STAIRS...

AND INTO THE HEAD'S ROOM - WHERE HE FINDS WRECKED FURNITURE, PAPERS STREWN AROUND, AND A BOX FILE WINGING ITS WAY AT HIS HEAD. TOM DUCKS AND GOES TO GRAB HOLD OF THE JABBERING WRECK OF A MAN AT THE WINDOW, WHO SLUMPS INTO HIS ARMS AND SOBS...

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CUT TO:

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ESTELLE'S REMOVING THE BRIAN VAISEY'S NAMEPLATE FROM THE HEAD TEACHER'S OFFICE DOOR AND REPLACING IT WITH ONE SAYING 'JACK RIMMER'.

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CUT TO:

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SECRETARY'S OFFICE, LATER. JACK DUMPS A BOX FILE OF SALVAGED PAPERWORK ON THE PILE OF OTHERS BEING RE-SORTED BY MIDDLE-AGED SCHOOL SECRETARY . JACK'S IN A HEIGHTENED STATE OF DESPERATION. ESTELLE'S OUT TO SALVAGE HER OWN LITTLE EMPIRE.

ESTELLE

Soon have these sorted, Mr Rimmer.
And I for one will be very happy
working for you.

JACK

I could kill the mad old sod. Like
taking over the Charge of the Light
Brigade mid gallop.

ESTELLE

You'll be glad of the extra
remuneration?

JACK

Got to fund an ex-wife and two
college fees, haven't I? But I'm
not Superman, Estelle.

HE'S RETRIEVED AN OLD L.E.A. APPLICATION FORM/CV.

HE'S RETRIEVED AN OLD L.E.A. APPLICATION FORM/CV.

JACK
Andrew Treneman?

ANDREW APPROACHES, A BIT BEMUSED TO BE INTERVIEWED IN A PUB.
JACK THRUSTS OUT HIS BRAWNY FIST.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jack Rimmer. What can I get you?

ANDREW
Um - a deputy headship?

JACK BEAMS - THIS IS THE SUCKER WHO'S GOING TO DO HIS WORK
FOR HIM.

CUT TO:

ANDREW SITS WITH A HALF OF LAGER, AS JACK LEANS IN - KEEN TO
CLOSE.

JACK
Any fool can teach the privileged,
eh?

ANDREW
(SCRATCHING HIS HEAD) I - um - it's
just the last time I applied I was
told my methods wouldn't go down
too well on your patch.
'Incompatible with the
comprehensive ethos'?

JACK
Yeah, well the man who told you
that is now sectioned under the
Mental Health Act. We've got a
struggle to keep the padlocks off
the gates. You say you want a
challenge? All most our kids leave
school with is a pile of ASBOs or a *

JACK
Delighted - Andrew. (HEARTY
HANDSHAKE) Welcome to Waterloo
Road!

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LORNA CONTROLS HER TEARS BY LEAPING INTO TIDY-UP ACTION -
WHISKING HIS CEREAL BOWL INTO THE DISHWASHER, PUTTING CEREAL
PACKET AWAY IN CUPBOARD, WIPING SURFACES...

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LORNA

You think your Uncle Reg's personal

TOM PICKS UP HIS CAR KEYS, WITH A HEAVY HEART.

CUT TO:

MIKA

He met Shelley after you chucked
him out.

IZZIE

If that's what you want to
believe...

WHICH SHE DOES.

MIKA

Why can't he come back?

IZZIE REACHES FOR HER HAND.

IZZIE

I'm sorry, love, he doesn't want
to.

MIKA

Saying you'd let him if he did?

IZZIE

Come on, eat your breakfast.

MIKA

You don't want to answer, do you?

WHICH IS TRUE. MIKA HEADS OFF, UPSET. IZZIE SIGHS AS SHE
RETURNS - IF ONLY SHE COULD WAVE A WAND. CHLO'S THWARTED,
TOO - NO TIME TO FILCH FROM HER MUM'S PURSE.

CHLO

(SWEET) Mum, can I have half my
next week's pocket money now?

IZZIE

BIT SNAPPY

IZZIE

I know who you want to spend it on,
Chlo, and I wish you'd hurry up and
grow out of him.

CHLO

Well you don't have to fancy who I
fancy, do you?

IZZIE

He's just not good enough for you,
darling.

SHE KISSES CHLO'S HEAD, TRYING TO MAKE UP.

IZZIE

Come on, we'd better get going.
Fetch your bag.

IZZIE FINDS HER CAR KEYS AND HEADS OUT AFTER MIKA. CHLO
GLINTS, GOES SWIFTLY TO THE FRIDGE, LIFTS OUT A BIG BOTTLE OF
COBRA FROM THE SEVERAL STACKED ON A SHELF AND PUTS IT IN HER
SCHOOL BAG.

CUT TO:

ANDREW, DONTE, STEPHEN, DRIVER, NS PUPILS, NS PASSENGERS *

A BUS FULL OF SCHOOL CHILDREN AND PEOPLE GOING TO WORK IS STOPPED, A DISORGANISED RABBLE QUEUING TO PAY THE DRIVER.

DRIVER
(UNSURPRISED) I just need their
fares.

*
*

DONTE
(TO ANDREW) What's your problem,
mate?

ANDREW
I saw you take it. (TO THE DRIVER)
Tell him (DONTE) to pay up.

*
*

DONTE EYEBALLS ANDREW, ALL THREATENING.

*

DONTE
You want to keep that gob of yours
shut.

ANDREW MEETS HIS EYE.

*

ANDREW
Hand it back and pay your fare.

*

DONTE'S FAZED BY ANDREW'S CHALLENGE AND BACKS OFF SLIGHTLY.

DONTE
This is mine. He'll tell you.
Isn't it, Stephen?

STEPHEN HESITATES.

DONTE (CONT'D)
I said whose is this?

STEPHEN
It's Donte's. (TO DRIVER) One,
please.

*

DONTE
So (AND HE GIVES ANDREW THE
FINGER).

THE DRIVER ACCEPTS THE MONEY. ANDREW CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

*

ANDREW

Did you hear me? He's got this
boy's ticket.

DRIVER

Look, I've got to deal with this
every day.

DONTE TRIES TO SWAGGER BY BUT BEFORE HE KNOWS WHAT'S
HAPPENING, ANDREW GRABS HIM.

ANDREW

I think the police might want to
get involved in this.

DONTE

Oi! Gerroff!

ANDREW

Theft and assault. There are
plenty of witnesses. You saw this
chap kick this other chap, didn't
you? (TO A YOUNG WOMAN) You did.
You? (AN OLDER MAN)

NO ONE RESPONDS.

DONTE

(TO ANDREW) See? You can go and
shove it.

ANDREW

I think not. (TO THE DRIVER) Could
you dial nine nine nine, please?

ANDREW MARCHES DONTE OFF THE BUS AS HE STRUGGLES VIOLENTLY
AND JEERS AND TAUNTS FOLLOW THEM. THE DRIVER DECIDES TO MAKE
THE MOST OF THE DRAMA.

DRIVER

This bus is going nowhere.

MOANS AND CHEERS IN EQUAL NUMBERS.

CUT TO:

ANDREW, DONTE, DRIVER, STEPHEN, PASSENGER, SGT MILLAR,

ANDREW

That's not true, is it, Stephen?

STEPHEN CONSIDERS FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Tell the truth.

IT'S KINDLY, BUT IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES SEEMS DESPERATE.

SERGEANT MILLAR

Let the lad speak for himself.

STEPHEN

(STARTS TO BUBBLE) Donte kicked me
(AND HE SHOWS THE RED SWELLING) and
he took my ticket off of me 'n'
all.

ANDREW'S RELIEVED AS THE SERGEANT TAKES OUT HIS NOTE PAD.
DONTÉ SEETHES.

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SERGEANT MILLAR

(TO DONTÉ) And you are?

d660TE

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6 *

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, MIKA, CHLO, NS KIDS, GIRLFANS *

TOM PARKS HIS CAR AND HE AND LORNA GET OUT WITH THEIR BAGS. *
SHE'S BRIGHT, HE'S STRESSING. *

AND IN BG KIDS ARE ARRIVING FOR SCHOOL - INCLUDING IZZIE WITH *
HER DAUGHTERS, IN HER CAR. *

LORNA *

This is the last time I'll have to *
introduce myself as 'Miss Dickey'. *

TOM *

Uh? *

LORNA *

To our new Mr Deputy Head. Or *
maybe I'll just say I'm Lorna *
Clarkson? After all, I soon will *
be. *

TOM *

No - don't do that. *

LORNA *

You think it's bad luck? (JOSHING *
HIM) You're even more of a worrier *
than me. *

TOM *

Look, Lorna - *

BUT THEY'RE INTERRUPTED, AS IZZIE USHERS HER GIRLS INTO *
SCHOOL AND HEADS OVER - AND WE'LL NOW REALISE THEY'RE ALL *
TEACHERS (AND BEST MATES). *

IZZIE *

How's his fancy footwork coming on? *

LORNA *

(LAUGHS) No match for mine yet. I *
might have to marry you instead, *
Izzie. *

IZZIE

Don't worry. I'll slap him into
shape. (TO TOM, MOCK-SEVERE)
Lunchtime detention, you.

LORNA'S STRUCK WITH A NEW COMPLICATION.

LORNA

Do you think we should invite the
new dep to the reception? (SHE
PULLS AN 'EEK, TRICKY ONE' FACE.)

TOM

(NO!) Lorna -

IZZIE CATCHES HIS HELPLESS LOOK - WHAT'S SHE LIKE?

LORNA

We'll be seeing him every day for
the next whatever.

IZZIE GIVES HER A COMFORTING ARM ROUND.

SHE STARES, UNCOMPREHENDING.

LORNA

What?

TOM

I mean it, I just can't. It's not -
right.

LORNA

What?

TOM

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

SHE JUST STARES BACK AT HIM FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ICE AGE -
THEN THE BELL GOES AND TOM BOLTS AWAY INTO THE BUILDING.
LORNA'S FACE SLOWLY COLLAPSES IN ANGUISH, AS HER WHOLE WORLD
SHATTERS.

MIX TO:

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7

7 *

LORNA, NS PUPILS

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LORNA'S YEAR NINE ENGLISH CLASS ARE MORE OR LESS AT THEIR DESKS, ROWDILY EXCHANGING WEEKEND NEWS ETC. LORNA WALKS IN, ALL BRISK AND PROFESSIONAL BUT SHE'S USING EVERY BIT OF STRENGTH TO HOLD HERSELF TOGETHER.

LORNA

Settle down. I said SETTLE DOWN!

A SILENCE FALLS AS LORNA THREATENS TO LOSE IT.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Jade, Kayleigh - give out the puzzle books.

JADE AND KAYLEIGH LEAP TO IT - AND THERE'S A GENERAL AIR OF GLEEFUL SURPRISE ABOUT POSTPONEMENT OF THE LESSON PROPER AS LORNA EXITS.

CUT TO:

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8 *

TOM, LORNA, EMMA, NS PUPILS *

TOM'S FACE IS A MIXTURE OF SADNESS AND NERVES AS HE FINISHES WRITING A LIST OF NAMES ON THE BOARD: ROMEO, JULIET, THE PRINCE, LORD AND LADY CAPULET, LORD AND LADY MONTAGUE, TYBALT, THE NURSE, FRIAR LAWRENCE, MERCUTIO.

TOM

(DEAD VOICE) So... Who do we think was most to blame? Or... do we think it wasn't really anybody's fault, because what went wrong was all down to -

HE WRITES THE WORD 'FATE', THEN SITS ON THE EDGE OF HIS DESK, TO ENGAGE HIS FIFTH YEAR ENGLISH CLASS IN 'CREATIVE DISCUSSION' - HIS USUAL SUBSTITUTE FOR THE GRAFT OF REAL TEACHING.

TOM (CONT'D)

Like when Gareth Southgate missed that penalty? *

THE CLASS CHUCKLES. LORNA OPENS THE DOOR. *

LORNA

Mr Clarkson - could I have a quick word, please?

SHE GIVES HIM A COMPELLING LOOK AND RETREATS. TOM KNOWS HE HAS TO OBLIGE. ONE GIRL, EMMA, ASIDES TO HER FRIEND.

EMMA

Miss Dickey wants a quickie!

SNIGGERING. TOM POINTS TO THE TOPIC ON THE BOARD.

TOM

Discuss.

AND HE EXITS AFTER LORNA, DREADING THE CONFRONTATION.

CUT TO:

JACK, KIM, BOY, NS PUPILS

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HEAD TEACHER JACK RIMMER AND HEAD OF PASTORAL CARE

LORNA, TOM

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LORNA TRIES TO HOLD HERSELF TOGETHER.

LORNA

You've got to tell me you're
joking, Tom.

TOM

We can't - (DO THIS NOW.)

LORNA

Four years we've been planning for
this. You can't just suddenly
cancel it.

TOM

Look, love, I'm trying to do what's
best for us.

SHE CRACKS AND WEEPS. HE WANTS TO HUG HER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Lorn, please - I honestly don't
think it's going to work out for us
anymore.

LORNA

It's because of me, isn't it?

TOM

No -

LORNA

How I've been. You think I'm
turning into a 'wife'.

TOM

I'm not blaming you for anything.

LORNA

I've let myself get so uptight
about it, trying to make it so
perfect -

*

TOM

It's not the wedding -

LORNA

I promise you. I'm just going to
lighten up and look forward to it.
I mean, who cares where your Uncle

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11 *

JACK(OOV), ESTELLE, ANDREW *

ESTELLE IS OPENING THE MORNING'S POST. JACK'S BOOMING VOICE CAN BE HEARD FROM WITHIN HIS ADJACENT OFFICE. *

JACK (OOV)
 (INTO MOBILE) Yes, I know who Donte Charles is. I just want you to know I'll flay him alive when I get a hold of him.

ESTELLE LOOKS UP AS THERE'S A TAP ON HER DOOR AND ANDREW LOOKS ROUND.

ANDREW
 Hello. Is - um - Mr Rimmer - ? *

ESTELLE
 (NODS AT JACK'S DOOR) On the phone. And you are - ? (AS IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW) *

ANDREW
 Yes, um -

ANDREW PRODUCES A LETTER FOR HER SCRUTINY, LOOKS AROUND, DECIDES TO SIT ON THE SPARE CHAIR, THEN HEARS JACK'S RAISED VOICE FROM WITHIN.

JACK (OOV)
 Yes, we do care about the behaviour of our pupils...

ANDREW GETS UP.

ANDREW
 Um - I think I'd better -

HE KNOCKS ON JACK'S DOOR, WAITS A RESPECTFUL COUPLE OF SECONDS AND KNOCKS AGAIN. ESTELLE CAN'T HELP HERSELF BE PLEASED AT HIS PREDICAMENT.

JACK (OOV)

Look - we're sorry about your bus
schedule being interrupted...

ESTELLE

You'll just have to knock louder.

ANDREW WOULD RATHER NOT. HE BENDS AN EAR TO THE DOOR, TRYING

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12 *

ANDREW, JACK *

ANDREW TAKES A SEAT AS JACK DRAWS HIM A SOUR LOOK. JACK PACES, STILL ON THE PHONE.

JACK

Well why don't you ask the
(BLEEPING) parents for money? They
brought them up...

ANDREW WATCHES UNEASILY AS JACK IS WOUND UP MORE AND MORE.

JACK (CONT'D)

You can't be serious? Look from
what I hear this was a minor
incident. It's been blown up by
some daft 'have a go' hero -

ANDREW'S NOW TRYING TO ATTRACT JACK'S ATTENTION - BIG TIME.

ANDREW

Um... headmaster?

JACK SILENCES HIM WITH A LOFTY HAND.

JACK

Do what you want, then.

HE SNAPS OFF HIS MOBILE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Joker! (TO ANDREW) Telling me he's
going to refuse to bus our kids to
school. *

ANDREW *

(SHIT) I'm sorry about being late. *

JACK *

I brought you to this school to set
an example and your first day -
(YOU'RE LATE?) *

ANDREW

(POINTING AT HIMSELF) The - um -
'have a go' hero?

IT TAKES A SECOND OR TWO BEFORE THE PENNY DROPS. JACK
CLENCHES HIS FISTS.

JACK

You're winding me up, right?

ANDREW

I witnessed a crime. I felt duty
bound to intervene -

JACK CLENCHES HIS HEAD NOW.

JACK

Your duty's to this school. And
this headmaster.

ANDREW

Haven't we a duty to the children?
I mean to - um - face them with the
consequences of their actions?

JACK

Listen, (SONNY) Andrew, we're bang
slap in the middle of Hoodlum Land
here. It might not suit the
educational psychologists to say it
but that's the hard fact. Nicking a
bus ticket - it's - well...

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ANDREW

Acceptable?

JACK

It's not worth giving me a bloody
awful headache over.

THE DESK PHONE RINGS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jack Rimmer. (SPITTING IT OUT AT
ANDREW) Oh great. The **Rochdale**
Gazette. (MORE)

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JACK (CONT'D)

(HE WAITS TO BE PUT THROUGH) Yes, I am aware of the incident... Of course we've got an anti-bullying strategy. The police have an anti-crime strategy - doesn't stop it happening...

ANDREW STANDS AND INDICATES HE'D LIKE TO GO TO HIS CLASSROOM. JACK WAVES HIM AWAY. AS HE EXITS, JACK'S NEAR TO BLOWING HIS TOP.

JACK (CONT'D)

I am NOT being complacent!

CUT TO:

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13 *

ANDREW, STEPH, GRANTLY, KIM, NS PUPILS *

WE FOLLOW ANDREW FROM THE OFFICE, ALONG THE CORRIDOR AND UPSTAIRS TO THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT'S CLASSROOMS. HE PASSES FRENCH CLASS. IT'S IN UPROAR.

STEPH
Garçons! Silence! S'il vous
plait! Asseyez-vous et faites
attention! Oh for god's sake...

ANDREW HEADS OFF, PRETTY SWIFTLY. HE'S JUST ABOUT TO OPEN THE DOOR OF HIS CLASSROOM WHEN THE BELL GOES AND OUT PILE THREE ENGLISH NINE IN ONE GREAT RUSH, FOLLOWED BY AN IRATE EAGER TO GET TO THE STAFF ROOM.

ANDREW
Mr Budgen?... Andrew Treneman. *
Sorry you had to take my class.

HE EXTENDS HIS HAND BUT GRANTLY IGNORES IT. *

GRANTLY
(INDICATES THE BELL) Good timing.

AND HE BARGES PAST. ANDREW GLINTS - MMMMM, NOT GOOD. HE GOES INSIDE. HIS EYES NARROW AS HE TAKES IN THE CLASSROOM. THE DESKS FACE EACH OTHER IN LITTLE FOUR OR SIX-DESK GROUPS. TWO OR THREE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN UPENDED AND LEFT THERE. THE WALLS ARE BARE. THERE IS GRAFFITI IN PLACES YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT. THERE'S NOTHING ON THE BLACKBOARD EVEN HINTING AT A LESSON. ON THE DESK ARE PILES OF RIPPED-OUT JOTTER PAPER WITH 'ANSWERS' TO SOME COMPREHENSION. ONLY ONE OR TWO HAVE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF LINES OF WRITING. ANDREW BINS THEM THEN SETS ABOUT RE-ARRANGING THE ROOM. THERE FOLLOWS A MONTAGE SEQUENCE UNTIL ANDREW SURVEYS HIS HANDIWORK - DESKS AND CHAIRS IN NEAT ROWS.

KIM ENTERS. SHE DOES A DOUBLE TAKE, RAISES AN EYE TO HEAVEN.

KIM
Just thought I'd introduce myself.
Kim Campbell.
(MORE)

KIM (cont'd)

Head of Pastoral Care. Welcome to
Waterloo Road Comp.

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SHE GIVES HIS HAND A WARM SHAKE.

ANDREW

Glad to be here.

KIM

A little (ONE HELL OF A) different
from your old school?

ANDREW

Just a bit.

SHE GIVES HIM AN ENCOURAGING SMILE AND HEADS OFF. SHE TURNS
AT THE DOOR... OF HIS 'ROWS' OF DESKS.

KIM

I think you'll find the children
here don't like being regimented.

ANDREW

They must be different from all the
other children I've taught, then.

KIM

You might be in for a little shock.
But (HEY) - don't let me put you
off. You go right ahead and -(DIE A
THOUSAND DEATHS.)

AND SHE EXITS. HE GLINTS AFTER HER, DETERMINED TO PROVE HER
WRONG.

CUT TO:

DONTE, CHLO *

DONTE'S BOASTING TO HIS GIRLFRIEND - CHLO. THEY'RE SHARING
THE BOTTLE OF COBRA. **WHATEVER THEIR IMMATURE POSTURING,**
THEY'RE MAD ON EACH OTHER. *

DONTE

I went: I'm coming after you, mate.

CHLO

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TOM, LORNA, IZZIE

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TOM'S NOW ALONE AT HIS DESK, HEAD IN HANDS. THEN HE PICKS HIMSELF UP TO EXIT - AND THERE'S LORNA COMING TO CONFRONT HIM. SHE SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

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LORNA

Are you telling me there's somebody else?

TOM BLINKS - NO ANSWER. LORNA GRABS HIM AND SHAKES HIM.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Tell me! Is there somebody else?

TOM

No. (WELL, NOT EXACTLY...)

LORNA

You liar!

SHE'S PUMMELING HIM NOW.

TOM

Hey! Stop hitting me.

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LORNA

Then tell me the truth! IS - THERE
- SOMEBODY - ELSE?

TOM

No!

LORNA JUST LOOKS AT HIM - UNABLE TO COMPUTE NOW. THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND IZZIE COMES IN. SHE SWOOPS INTO TOM'S ARMS AND WHIRLS HIM ROUND IN A LATIN-STYLE DANCE.

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IZZIE

Come on, pick up those feet!

*

SHE LETS HIM GO AND TURNS TO LORNA.

*

IZZIE (CONT'D)

LORNA, IZZIE

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LORNA'S IN A TERRIBLE STATE - ALMOST TO THE POINT OF COLLAPSE. IZZIE DOES HER BEST TO COMFORT, AGHAST AND BEWILDERED BY WHAT LORNA'S TOLD HER.

LORNA

How can he suddenly not love me anymore?

IZZIE

Oh darling -

LORNA

My whole life's ruined. I can't stand it.

IZZIE

I just don't get it. It's totally mad.

LORNA

How am I going to tell everybody? My mum? She and my dad love Tom even more than me. She's going to die.

IZZIE

He can't mean it, Lorna. It doesn't make any sense.

LORNA

You think he's got somebody else?

IZZIE

No! I thought he was totally committed to you.

LORNA

I thought it was just last minute nerves, but...

IZZIE

There's got to be something else
he's not telling you.

LORNA

Omigod, Izzie...

IZZIE

What?

LORNA

It couldn't be cancer, could it?

IZZIE

What?

LORNA

His dad had to have a ball cut off
last year. Tom thought it might be
hereditary.

IZZIE

If he'd got cancer, he surely
would've told you that?

LAT

LORNA LOOKS AT H3vE - TOTALLYLOOST FOR ANOT3vE STRAW TO CATCH

IZZIE GIVES LORNA A SQUEEZE, NOT RELISHING THE TASK IN FRONT
OF HER.

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CUT TO:

ANDREW, NS

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18 *

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS *

A NOISY BUNCH OF KIDS ARE ABOUT TO BARGE INTO ANDREW'S CLASS. *
ANDREW CLOSES THE DOOR AND BARKS. *

ANDREW

I want an orderly queue formed
here.

MUTTERED QUESTIONS - WHO'S HE?/DEAD POSH AND ETC.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

My name is Mr Treneman. I'm your
new Deputy Head. And I'm also here
to help teach you English. *

HE CONSULTS HIS REGISTER - ONE NAME LEAPS OUT - DONTE
CHARLES. ANDREW LOOKS UP TO SEE HIM BELATEDLY JOIN THE QUEUE.
DONTE DOES A DOUBLE TAKE - EH? HE WHISPERS TO A FELLOW
PUPIL.

DONTE

That's the geezer got me nicked
this morning.

ANDREW DOESN'T LOOK AT HIM.

ANDREW

Who's Sarah Gilbert?

A MOUSEY INTELLECTUAL PUTS HER HAND UP.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That far corner, please.

AND IN SHE GOES.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Kelly Cathcart? Down the front
there, please.

MIKA MAKES HERSELF KNOWN.

MIKA

Sir, I'm Mika Duggleby. Me and Kelly always sit together.

*

ANDREW

(CONSULTS NOTES) You always get grade 'E's together too. Over there.

IE AS FAR AWAY FROM KELLY AS HE CAN GET HER. AND IN MONTAGE WE'LL SEE THE CLASS FILLED UP TO ANDREW'S LIKING. DONTE'S LAST.

ANDREW

You - right at the front.

IE RIG Tj GgFRONT OF ANDREW. DONTE GOESj GgAND SITS. ANDREW FOLLOWS HIM, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN.

CUT TO:

19

19 *

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS *

DONTE'S MORTIFIED AS HE HALF-SITS, HALF-STANDS AT HIS DESK.

DONTE
This is a load of crap.

AND THE TITTING BEGINS.

ANDREW
Oh dear, my first detention...

DONTE'S GENUINELY STUNNED.

DONTE
Detention? For just saying 'crap'?

ANDREW
For speaking when I haven't asked
you to.

HE ADDRESSES THE CLASS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
That's a hard and fast rule of mine
- if you want to say something, you
put your hand up.

MIKA SHOOTS KELLY A 'WHAT A WANKER' LOOK.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Other than that, I expect silence.
(TO DONTE) You'll use your lunch
break today to catch up on your
spelling.

DONTE
(LAUGHS) No way, man.

ANDREW
You've just broken my rule again.
Tomorrow, we'll do some
comprehension.

DONTE

This isn't fair. You're picking on me.

ANDREW

Gosh - we're going to be seeing a lot of each other. If I were you, I'd want to keep at least one lunch break free this week.

TEARS PRICK DONTE'S EYES BUT HE'S SELF-INTERESTED ENOUGH TO

20

20 *

CLARENCE

*

A VERY BIG MAN'S HAND HOLDS A MOBILE WITH DONTE'S MESSAGE -
'DAD - CAN U KOL ME. ERGNT'. A BIG FINGER JABS IN A NUMBER.

*

*

CUT TO:

21

21 *

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS

*

ANDREW IS CORRECTING MIKA'S ANSWER. DONTE'S PHONE FLASHES 'DAD'. HE PICKS IT UP AND PUTS IT TO HIS EAR.

DONTE

(WHISPERS) Dad - (AND HE ALMOST SOBS) There's this new teacher. He keeps picking on me.

ANDREW LOOMS OVER HIM AND TAKES THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

22

22 *

CLARENCE, ANDREW(OOV), DONTE(OOV) *

THE HAND GRIPS KNUCKLE-TIGHT AS WE HEAR ANDREW'S PLUMMY TONE.

ANDREW (VO)

You really are a pest, Charles.
You can collect this on Friday.

DONTE (VO)

I'm talking to my dad.

ANDREW (VO)

I don't care who you're talking to.
And, in future, tell your 'dad' not
to phone during my class.

WE HEAR AN ENGINE START - WITH AN ALMOST MENACING TONE.

CUT TO:

JACK, NICHOLAS, PENNY, NS LUCY *

A MIDDLE-CLASS COUPLE, (NICHOLAS AND
PENNY) AND THEIR DAUGHTER, , ARE THERE. HE HAS A COPY OF *
WATERLOO ROAD'S LATEST OFSTED REPORT. JACK CAN SCARCELY *
PRETEND INTEREST IN THEIR DILEMMA, BUT HE COULD DO WITH THEIR *
DAUGHTER ON HIS BOOKS. *

NICHOLAS *

If we hadn't been gazumped, we'd be *
enrolling our daughter in Kingsbury *
College this morning. *

JACK *

(CUE TO BOAST) Ah, well you'll be *
pleased to know we have just *
poached their Head of English as my *
new Deputy. Andrew Treneman? *

PENNY *

Yes, we know. That's the only *
reason Nicholas persuaded me to *
give you a trial. *

JACK *

Well, obviously we'd be delighted *
to offer Lucy a place here, Mrs *
Seymour - (BUT FEEL FREE TO PISS *
OFF, YOU SNOTTY COW) *

NICHOLAS *

Of course, we totally believe in *
the comprehensive system... *

JACK CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.

JACK *

So many people do, Mr Seymour. *
Then they move house to avoid it. *
Or they find God. *

NICHOLAS

We know we're just as guilty as the next. But how can we condemn our daughter to this? Fifty-two per cent haven't reached a satisfactory level in basic reading skills.

*

JACK

Last year it was fifty-five, wasn't it?

*

*

THE SEYMOURS EXCHANGE A LOOK - IS THAT ALL HE'S GOT TO SAY?

*

JACK (CONT'D)

*

I'm sure Lucy's got no worries there. Great thing about coming to a comp is she'll see another side of life. (SCOWL FROM LUCY) Best prep for Oxbridge going these days, from what I hear.

*

*

*

*

*

*

HE GETS UP.

*

JACK (CONT'D)

*

Why don't I show you round? I'm sure Mr Treneman would like to make your acquaintance.

*

*

*

*

THE SEYMOURS GET UP, LITTLE IMPRESSED SO FAR, BUT HOPING ANDREW'S THEIR MAN. JACK USHERS THEM OUT - AND HOPEFULLY OUT OF HIS HAIR...

*

*

*

CUT TO:

25

25 *

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, CLARENCE, NS PUPILS

ANDREW'S NOW IN FRONT OF THE CLASS. MIKA IS ON HER FEET, READING OUT HER ANSWER TO ONE OF ANDREW'S QUESTIONS.

MIKA

And I liked the way she...

BUT SHE'S INTERRUPTED WHEN THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND IN COMES CLARENCE. HE MARCHES UP TO ANDREW.

CLARENCE

My son wants his mobile back.
(HAND OUT)

ANDREW SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF.

ANDREW

Excuse me?

CLARENCE

Going to give us it?

ANDREW

Get out of my class.

CLARENCE

Just give my son his mobile back.

ANDREW

That's not going to happen.

AND CLARENCE PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. ANDREW REELS, THE BLOOD BEGINNING TO TRICKLE FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH. THE CLASS IS SHOCKED, THERE ARE A FEW NERVOUS TITTERS. DONTE SMILES TRIUMPHANTLY. AFTER THE INITIAL SHOCK, ANDREW PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER, AFFECTING A LACK OF CONCERN.

ANDREW

Can I have your attention, class?
This (IE CLARENCE) is what's known
as a thug.

CLARENCE

You wha-? You-

AND HE CLOUTS ANDREW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. ANDREW
STRUGGLES TO STAY ON HIS FEET.

*

ANDREW

Now you know why his son is a bully
and a thief.

CLARENCE ADVANCES AGAIN.

CUT TO:

JACK, PENNY, NICHOLAS, NS LUCY, STEPH, CLARENCE, ANDREW, NS
PUPILS

JACK MAKES HIS WAY TO ANDREW'S CLASS, WITH THE SEYMOURS.
THEY'RE LOOKING A BIT MORE OPTIMISTIC NOW - AT LEAST,
NICHOLAS IS. JACK'S TAKEN THEM THE SCENIC ROUTE, VIA THE
I.T. ROOM.

NICHOLAS
(TO HIS WIFE, JOLLYING) Certainly

HE SPOTS STEPH HORROCKS, PINNING UP A NOTICE ALONG THE
CORRIDOR.

JACK

Ah - Miss Horrocks - (HE BECKONS
HER OVER) Could you show our guests
round your new language lab... let
Lucy try on the head phones... Do
that?

STEPH

(EVER OBLIGING OF HIM) Of course,
Headmaster.

THE SEYMOURS ARE BEMUSED. HE'S URGING THEM TO GET LOST.

JACK (CONT'D)

You might like a go yourselves.
It's good fun.

JACK

Oi!

CUT TO:

*
*
*

ANDREW, MIKA, DONTE, JACK, CLARENCE, NS PUPILS *

LATER. JACK'S GULPING BACK LUNGFULS OF AIR. CLARENCE
STANDS, HANDS AND FEET BOUND WITH ANDREW'S AND JACK'S TIES. *

JACK *

Right - *

CLARENCE

You're going to pay for this./I'm
telling you./Untie my bloody
hands./If you don't...

JACK

Out! *

JACK PUSHES CLARENCE OUT. HE'S FORCED TO HOP/WADDLE TO THE
DOOR. THE CLASS START TO LAUGH AT HIM. HE TURNS LIKE HE
MIGHT HAVE A GO AT EVERY ONE OF THEM.

CLARENCE

What you laughing at? *

HOP HOP1 119.04 382.3aE OF THEM.telliuj .o2TL2E(telliuj .o2TL2E2HE CL

28

28 *

DONTE, CHLO *

WE FIND DONTE LYING ON THE GRASS. CHLO'S STICKING GRASS IN HIS EAR. IT'S BUGGING HIM. EVERYTHING'S BUGGING HIM. *

DONTE

Stupid prat made a right arse of himself - and me.

CHLO

Been brilliant to have seen it.

DONTE

Suppose he goes down for it?

CHLO

Nah - your dad'll do him if he presses charges.

DONTE'S NOT REASSURED. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH, HIS FACE ETCHED WITH WORRY.

DONTE

Shit, I'd better go.

CHLO

Just tell the snobby get to piss off.

DONTE

Yeah, and get another load of detention.

CHLO

(LIKE I'M) Bothered. Want me to come and tell him, then?

DONTE

See if my dad's chucked in the nick, I'll slit his throat for him.

HE GOES, FRONTING UP TO COVER HIS FEARS. AND CHLO'S LEFT
WORRYING AT THE BLOOD-STAIN ON HER SLEEVE.

*
*

CUT TO:

29

29 *

TOM, GRANTLY, IZZIE, NS BARMAN *

TOM'S AT THE BAR HAVING A PINT WITH GRANTLY, WHO'S GOT HIS 'SPORTING LIFE' OPEN, MARKING A FAVOURED HORSE IN PINK MARKER PEN, AND MOANING ABOUT ANDREW. TOM'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE BUT HE NEEDS THIS DRINK. *

GRANTLY

Snooty arse didn't even have an apology for me.

TOM

Job should've been yours, mate. No two ways.

GRANTLY

Treneman's welcome to it, so long as he doesn't go doubling my work load. Ask me, we need to recruit a division of the paras, if they want us to drill anything into these little brick-heads. *

TOM

(DISTRACTED) Yeah...

IZZIE'S ENTERED THE BAR AND MAKING A BEELINE FOR TOM. *

IZZIE

Tom - hi Grantly - we need a chat.
(TO BARMAN) Half o' lager, please. *

TOM

(To BARMAN) And another for me.
Grantly?

GRANTLY

I'm off to lose a tenner.

HE DRINKS UP AND GOES. TOM GULPS, KNOWING IZZIE'S NOT HERE TO MAKE IT HAPPY HOUR.

IZZIE

Have you got cancer?

TOM

What?

IZZIE

Just have you or not, Tom?

TOM

No. 'Course I haven't.

IZZIE

Have you got any other kind of
disease or medical problem or a
seriously low sperm count or
anything else wrong with you?

TOM

JACK, ANDREW, CLARENCE, SGT MILLAR, NS OFFICER, ESTELLE *

JACK AND ANDREW AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE. CLARENCE IS SLOUCHED ON A COUCH, FEIGNING A LACK OF CONCERN. EVENTUALLY, SERGEANT MILLAR FROM THE PREVIOUS INCIDENT IS USHERED IN BY ESTELLE. *

SERGEANT MILLAR
(TO ANDREW) Make a habit of this,
do you?

ANDREW
I'd rather leave it to you chaps.

HE CHECKS ANDREW'S BRUISED LIP.

SERGEANT MILLAR
Nasty.

HE TURNS TO CLARENCE.

SERGEANT MILLAR (CONT'D)
Dear oh dear, Clarence, been
throwing your weDtf7t around again

CLARENCE AFFECTS A BORED YAWN.

SERGEANT MILLAR

Well that was easy. (TO OTHER
OFFICER - PC ECCLES) Take him down
the station and charge him.

CLARENCE IS ESCORTED OUT BY NS POLICE OFFICER.

SERGEANT MILLAR (CONT'D)

With his previous, you won't be
seeing him again this side of two
thousand and ten.

JACK

Good.

A FLICKER OF CONCERN CROSSES ANDREW'S FACE BUT HE HIDES IT,
AS SERGEANT MILLAR EXITS.

*
*

ANDREW

Um...better get back to my
classroom - I've got Donte Charles
on detention.

JACK

Great - more hassle.

*
*

ANDREW

Sorry?

*
*

JACK

I must've been off my truck
recruiting you. Only been here
half a day and that's the second
run in with the cops you've caused
me.

*
*
*
*
*
*

ANDREW

mu9ncoN 1 162af10 12 T Tf 1 0 0 1 csb 1 1.9 0 1 mu9ncoN

*
*

JACK

I had a couple of reject parents
from your Kingsbury College in this

*
*
*

JAC

(PINCHES HIS FINGERS) That close
to their daughter giving us a boost
up the league table - till they
heard the rumpus coming out of your
classroom.

ANDREW

You lost them?

JACK

No, you lost them. Trying to
sabotage me?

ANDREW HITS THE ROOF.

ANDREW

I'm trying to help you establish
zero tolerance of bad behaviour!
That's how you'll attract middle
class parents. By laying down some
rules and damn well sticking to
them. Which is what I'm off to do -
(WITH DONTE CHARLES.)

JACK

(STOPPING HIM) Keep this up and
you're going to have a punch-up
every week.

ANDREW EYEBALLS HIM.

ANDREW

If that's what it takes.

JACK LOOKS AWAY.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I've got the stomach for it. But if
every decision I take is going to
be undermined by the very person
who should be giving me his
support...(THEN IT'S HOPELESS).

ANDREW EXITS. JACK'S LEFT WITH FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

CUT TO:

31

31 *

TOM, IZZIE

*

TOM HAS JOINED IZZIE AT HER TABLE, DEFENSIVE/AGGRESSIVE.

TOM

Look, Izzie. This is between me
and Lorna. None of your business.

IZZIE

I've just had to try and talk her
out of killing herself.

*

TOM BALKS.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

Yes, you heard. I'm supposed to be
her bridesmaid on Saturday. I've
been involved in every sodding
detail of your wedding from day
one. I love you, Tom, but you're
hurting Lorna and I want to know
what's going on.

*

*

*

TOM GULPS ON HIS BEER, BRICKING IT.

TOM

Well, I'm sorry.

IZZIE

You don't just suddenly tell the
woman you're going to marry that
you're not in love with them
anymore.

TOM

What the bloody hell else do you
do, then? Lie and go ahead with
it?

IZZIE

Well you're obviously lying about
something here.

TOM GETS AS EMOTIONAL AS HE IS GOING TO GET.

TOM

I thought I loved her, didn't I?

IZZIE

What, and then suddenly this morning you realised you didn't?

TOM

No, not just - (LIKE THAT...)
Look, it's myself I've obviously been lying to. And I feel sick as shit about it.

IZZIE SCRUTINISES HIS FACE - AND SHE EVIDENTLY STILL DOESN'T BUY HIS EXCUSES.

IZZIE

If you've been having doubts, you should have said something to Lorna. Straight off.

TOM

I'm just trying to do the right thing by her now. And hope one day she's going to be glad about it.

IZZIE COULD SLAP HIM ONE.

IZZIE

Oh get real.

HE LOOKS NERVOUS AND GUILTY.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

There is someone else, isn't there?

TOM

Fine, you want to make me say it, yes there is.

IZZIE

Jesus, Tom, I knew it. (SHE HESITATES) Who is it?

TOM

32

32 *

LORNA

*

LORNA IS STANDING IN FRONT OF A MIRROR WEARING HER WEDDING DRESS, TEARS ROLLING DOWN HER CHEEKS. SHE COLLAPSES ON TO THE FLOOR IN SOBS, LIKE A SQUASHED MERINGUE.

CUT TO:

33

33 *

IZZIE, TOM

*

IZZIE EXITS THE PUB IN A TURMOIL, PURSUED BY TOM.

TOM
Izzie, wait -

IZZIE
Sod off, Tom.

TOM
You said I should've talked about
it.

IZZIE
Go and talk to poor bloody Lorna.

TOM
Please - (GRABS HER ARM) we can't
just leave it like this -

IZZIE
I can. (SHAKES HIM OFF) Just don't
you ever tell Lorna what you've
just told me.

TOM
It's the truth. I love you.

HE'S TELLING HER STRAIGHT INTO HER EYES. AND IZZIE IS AWHIRL
WITH CONFLICTED FEELINGS.

IZZIE
Rubbish.

SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY AGAIN, AND AGAIN HE PURSUES.

TOM
Izzie - I want you to tell me the
truth now. Tell me what you really
feel.

IZZIE

Don't you even dare think of
blaming any of this on me.

*

CUT TO:

34

34 *

DONTE, ANDREW, KIM

*

DONTE'S WRITING OUT HIS SPELLINGS. ANDREW'S MARKING JOTTERS.
THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. IT'S KIM.

KIM

Andrew? Can I see you for a
moment?

ANDREW HIDES HIS ANNOYANCE AT THIS USE OF HIS FIRST NAME -
BUT DONTE'S SMIRKING - AS HE GETS UP AND EXITS.

*

*

CUT TO:

KIM, ANDREW

*

WE MIGHT PICK UP A

ANDREW

(FEARING THE WORST) Crikey. Why?

KIM

Because his father's in a police cell? (IE BECAUSE OF YOU) He's a single parent. The mother left four years ago and he's brought his son up on his own.

ANDREW REELS.

ANDREW

Oh.

KIM

Didn't you think of the consequences before you decided to confront him?

ANDREW

He assaulted me. What is it about this place? You've lost touch with what's right and wrong.

*
*
*

KIM

Excuse me, I'm not going to be lectured at-

*
*
*

ANDREW

This school's full of kids who know they can create hell and get off with it. Thanks to teachers like you 'explaining it away'.

*
*
*
*

THE APPARENT ARROGANCE REALLY RILES KIM.

*

KIM

Have you any idea what we're dealing with at Waterloo Road? Course you don't.

*

ANDREW

Doesn't mean they shouldn't behave themselves.

KIM

No, it doesn't, but only having one parent creates some difficulties. Twenty two of our kids on ASBOS. God know what percentage are on drugs. We've got the highest underage pregnancy rate in the country. Basically, we're talking poverty (SOMETHING YOU DON'T HAVE A CLUE ABOUT).

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

ANDREW

If you lower your expectations of what poor kids can achieve, they're going to stay poor.

KIM

Meanwhile in the real world, we've got a kid who's about to go into care thanks to your 'back to basics' rubbish. Oh, another statistic - over fifty percent of kids in care end up in prison. Well done, Andrew. You've made such a difference already.

*
*

WHICH PULLS HIM UP SHORTISH. SHE'S ABOUT TO HEAD INTO HIS CLASS.

*

ANDREW

Kim. Obviously, I don't want the boy put into care.

KIM HESITATES.

KIM

All options considered?

TRY HIM.

CUT TO:

36

36 *

KIM, ANDREW, DESK SERGEANT *

KIM APPROACHES THE DESK SERGEANT, ANDREW IN TOW. *

KIM

Hi. We're looking for Clarence Charles? *

SERGEANT

You his lawyer?

KIM

I'm his son's pastoral care teacher. Kim Campbell. This is Mr Treneman, the victim of his assault. Can we speak to him? *

SERGEANT

He's not the chatty type.

KIM

We've a proposition he'll want to listen to. *

CUT TO:

37

37 *

KIM, ANDREW, SGT MILLAR, CLARENCE

KIM AND ANDREW ARE WAITING WITH SERGEANT MILLAR AS CLARENCE IS BROUGHT IN.

CLARENCE

Miss Campbell? What are you doing here? (SEES ANDREW AND HIS FACE FALLS) Oh.

SERGEANT MILLAR

I suggest you sit down and keep your trap shut and your ears open, Charles.

CLARENCE SITS DOWN.

KIM

We're both here for your son's benefit.

CLARENCE

(AT ANDREW) He's a thief.

KIM RESTRAINS ANDREW.

KIM

Have you ever confiscated anything from Donte, Mr Charles?

CLARENCE

Yeah, well, but -

KIM

Presumably as a punishment for something?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

KIM

While your son is at our school, we treat him as if he were our own child.

(MORE)

WHICH GIVES CLARENCE PLENTY OF PAUSE FOR THOUGHT.

ANDREW

Look - I'm prepared to give you a
second chance. Drop all charges.
If you're prepared to cooperate...

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:



CLARENCE BOWS OUT. DONTÉ GLOWERS.

*

JACK

So you all know - this is now a zero tolerance school for violence against teachers. There's a big sign going on the school gates: 'We Always Prosecute Violent Parents'. And we'll exclude any pupil whose parents assault my teachers. So you go home and tell your mums and dads - I'm not having it.

*

THERE'S A RIPPLE OF BEMUSED/HOSTILE MURMURING. THEN THE BELL RINGS FOR THE END OF THE SCHOOL DAY AND IT'S CHAOS.

*

JACK ASIDES TO KIM, IGNORING ANDREW.

*

JACK

Thanks for saving the day, Kim.

*

*

DONTE

You've disrespected me in front of
the whole school. (HE SPITS) I
ain't going nowhere with you.

AND OUT HE GOES, CHLO FOLLOWING, IMPRESSED. CLARENCE IS
GUTTED.

CUT TO:

*
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*
*
*
*



It's not a daft crush. You're the point of my day. I've tried to get you out of my head - (BUT).

IZZIE

Try harder.

TOM

That's all you've got to say?

IZZIE

What do you want me to say? 'Move in'?

TOM

(PLEADS) I want you to tell me what you want in your life, Izzie. 'Cos I don't think I've cooked up these feelings all by myself.

IZZIE

'S almost funny. You don't know the first thing about my life, do you? 'Fact, I don't have a bloody 'life'. I have a job and two kids. And that's all I can cope with. So you take all your 'feelings' away from me and go and give them back to [Lorna](#). Now go.

*

IZZIE

Nothing.

MIKA

Why's he sitting in our car, then?

IZZIE

(TO CHLO) Would you stop chewing
that gum? *

CHLO

Don't shout at me. What have I
done?

IZZIE SPOTS BLOOD ON HER SLEEVE.

IZZIE

What the hell?

CHLO

I fell. *

IZZIE

Let me see. *

CHLO

It's just a scratch. *

IZZIE

(I'LL) Put something on it when we
get home. *

SHE PUTS THE CAR IN GEAR. *

MIKA

Mum, I said, what's Mr Clarkson
doing in our car if there's
nothing?

IZZIE

None of your business.

MIKA

Have you two had an argument? Mum?
Mum? I'm talking to you.

IZZIE

Well I'm not talking to you.

AND SHE DRIVES OFF, LOSING IT.

CUT TO:

IZZIE, CHLO(OOV), LORNA(OOV) *

IZZIE COMES INTO HER ROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR, AND FLOPS ON THE
BED, HER HEAD FULL OF THOUGHTS. SOMETHING CROSSES HER FACE
AND HEADS FOR HER 2005 DIARY (IN A 'PLACE OF SAFETY' IN HER *

IZZIE

Yes, I spoke to him. (SHE STEELS
HERSELF, TO LIE) Lorna, you're
going to have to promise me you
won't tell Tom I told you this... I
think he's just worried he's lost
the old you...

*
*
*

CUT TO:

41

41

TOM, LORNA

*
*
*

TOM RETURNS, LATER THAN USUAL. LORNA'S NOT THERE. TOM
SUDDENLY PANICS.

TOM

Lorna?

HE HEADS FOR THE BEDROOM - NO. INTO THE BATHROOM - NO.

TOM (CONT'D)

LORNA!?

HE HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN. THERE'S A NOTE PROPPED UP BY THE
KETTLE.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh no.

VERY, VERY GINGERLY, HE OPENS IT, DREADING ITS CONTENTS. IT
READS: 'GONE FOR CHINESE. BE BACK IN TEN.' HE'S RELIEVED
BEYOND MEASURE. THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND IN COMES LORNA, BAG
OF TAKEAWAY FOOD IN ONE HAND, BOTTLE OF WINE IN THE OTHER.

LORNA

I just want everything to be
normal.

SHE PUTS HER STUFF DOWN AND COMES OVER AND HUGS HIM LIKE IT'S
ALL ALL RIGHT. HE HUGS HER IN BROTHERLY FASHION, BEMUSED.

MIX TO:

TOM, LORNA *

THE LIGHTS ARE LOW, THE CHINESE HAS BEEN EATEN. TOM'S
FINISHING THE LAST OF THE WINE, PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE
FALL-OUT TO COME. HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS AND
STANDS UP TO READY HIMSELF FOR LORNA'S RETURN. *

TOM *

Lorna - (WE'VE GOT TO TALK) *

LORNA COMES IN, IN A SEXY BLACK BASQUE - A FORGOTTEN ITEM
FROM THE BACK OF HER WARDROBE. TOM'S THROWN. *

TOM *

Huh? *

SHE SASHAYS UP TO HIM AND TWIRLS HIS HAIR, ALL SULTRY. *

LORNA

I just want to prove to you 'being
married' doesn't mean 'not sexy'.

HE DOESN'T HAVE THE HEART TO REJECT HER RIGHT OUT SO HE TRIES ANOTHER TACK.

TOM

I've got loads of marking still to do.

LORNA GIVES HIM A PLAYFUL SMACK.

LORNA

You're getting as bad as me. Come on, tiger.

*

SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND LEADS HIM TO THE BEDROOM. HE FOLLOWS WITH A VERY HEAVY HEART.

MIX TO:

46



46 *

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, NS BRIDESMAIDS, NS GUESTS

*

THE WEDDING GUESTS ARE GATHERED OUTSIDE AS THE HAPPY COUPLE
EXIT THE CHURCH, TO BE SHOWERED IN CONFETTI AND SNAPPED BY
MORE CAMERAS. LORNA'S RADIANT IN HER WEDDING DRESS, TOM'S IN
HIS FORMAL GROOM'S OUTFIT, TRYING TO MAKE A REAL GO OF IT...

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TWO LITTLE GIRL BRIDESMAIDS FOLLOW THEM, WITH CHIEF
BRIDESMAID/BEST WOMAN IZZIE, HER FACE INSCRUTABLE.

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CUT TO:

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47

47 *

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, NS BROTHER IAN, NS BRIDESMAIDS, NS GUESTS *

THE WEDDING RECEPTION. THE FOOD HAS BEEN EATEN AND SPEECHES ARE UNDERWAY. WE COME IN AS TOM'S ON HIS FEET, NERVOUS AND CLUTCHING HIS PAGES OF SCRIPT, CONCLUDING HIS THANK-YOUS. *
AND WE'LL NOTICE ANDREW'S NOW AMONG THE SCHOOL GUESTS. *

TOM

... to my big brother, Ian, for coming all the way over from Sydney, Australia to be my best man... (HIS BROTHER MAKES BLUFF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT) My nieces, Kate and Sarah, for being such beautiful bridesmaids... (THE LITTLE GIRL BRIDESMAIDS BEAM) And for all her hard work and unstinting support, the best woman and our best friend - Izzie. (IZZIE DUCKS INTO HER WINE GLASS. TOM SWALLOWS, EYES DOWN ON HIS SCRIPT) Only she knows how much Lorna and I owe her for helping us be here today. She's been our rock and our - (GUIDING LIGHT)...

HIS VOICE BREAKS AND THE PAGE OF SCRIPTED PRAISES SWIMS BEFORE HIS EYES. LORNA FLICKS AN ANXIOUS GLANCE AT HIM. TOM FOLDS AWAY HIS SCRIPT AND REACHES FOR HIS GLASS.

TOM

She knows. So - Ladies and gentlemen, will you join me in drinking the toast... (ALL STAND WITH DRINKS RAISED) to 'The Bridesmaids'?

ALL

The Bridesmaids!

AND TOM CATCHES IZZIE'S EYE FOR A LONG LOOK... *

CUT TO:

48

48 *

HANK, CHLO, MIKA

IZZIE'S EX, - A LEAN, GOOD-LOOKING BUT SELF-OBSESSED GUY IN HIS MID-30S - WATCHES THE TV WITH CHLO AND MIKA. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH, BORED. CHLO'S **SENDING A TEXT ON HER MOBILE - SHE'S GOT OTHER PLANS FOR THIS EVENING.** MIKA'S SULKING.

MIKA

Should all been at this wedding.

HANK

Mum said you didn't want to go.

MIKA

Didn't want to go 'cos she wouldn't go with you.

CHLO

(I'm NOT) Bothered.

SHE GETS ANOTHER TEXT BACK - AND SHE'S GETTING IMPATIENT. HANK PUTS AN ARM ROUND MIKA, HIS FAVOURITE - NOT LEAST FOR TAKING HIS SIDE AGAINST IZZIE.

HANK

Can't stop me taking you out for treats, though, eh? Still have good times.

MIKA

When?

HANK

I'll fix something up.

CHLO

Why don't you go back to Shelley, dad?

HANK

I don't think so.

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, ANDREW, KIM, JACK, GRANTLY, STEPH, NS
GRANTLY'S WIFE (SANDRA), NS BRIDESMAIDS, NS GUESTS, DJ

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IZZIE'S ON HER FEET.

IZZIE

I first met Lorna when we were students. She found me sobbing my eyes out in the union loos because I'd just had my bag stolen and all I wanted to do was walk under a bus. But Lorna said it might be better if I reported the theft, cancelled my credit card, applied for an emergency subsistence grant, and let her buy me a drink. Well, that's my idea of a true friend. And so's my other best buddy here, Tom. In fact, I'd say he was the perfect man - if only he'd give up Man City and support Celtic.
(LAUGHTER) Anyway, they're perfect

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50

50 *

HANK, CHLO *

HANK'S GOT HIS COAT ON. CHLO WALKS HIM TO THE DOOR. *

HANK
You be in bed no later than eleven
thirty, right?

CHLO YAWNS IN CONVINCING FASHION.

CHLO
I think I'll go to bed now. I'm
knackered.

HANK KISSES HER.

HANK
See you soon, yeah?

CHLO
Bye, dad. See ya.

HE EXITS.

HANK (OOV)
Lock the door.

CHLO HURRIES TO GET THE KEY AND LOCKS IT.

CHLO
Done. Night.

HANK (OOV)
Night, darling.

CHLO DIVES FOR HER MOBILE.

CHLO
Donte? I'm free. Come and pick me
up? Soon as. *

AND SHE DASHES UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, ANDREW, KIM, JACK, GRANTLY, STEPH, NS
GRANTLY'S WIFE (SANDRA), NS BRIDESMAIDS, NS GUESTS, DJ, NS
BLONDE

THE DJ IS NOW PLAYING A SLOWER NUMBER AND OTHER COUPLES ARE
DANCING, INCLUDING TOM WITH BOTH THE LITTLE BRIDESMAIDS,
GRANTLY BUDGEN WITH HIS OBESE WIFE, JACK RIMMER WITH DRUNKY
SEXED-UP STEPH HORROCKS - BUT WE'LL SEE JACK'S EYE TAKEN BY A
SEXY YOUNG BLONDE GUEST WHO SWINGS PAST HIM...

AT THE 'WATERLOO ROAD TABLE' ANDREW APPROACHES KIM.

ANDREW

May I have the honour - ?

KIM DRAWS HIM A LOOK.

KIM

Can you not drop the upper class
twit act for one second?

ANDREW

Um - technically I'm middle class.
My dad's a dentist. 'Twit'
obviously can't be helped.

HE MAKES TO GO, BUT KIM RELENTS AND PULLS OUT A CHAIR.

KIM

Oh sit dow i836p rg 0 0 1 Rh1 Tc -0.006 nk0 ge9salu62.96 2

ANDREW

(JOKES) Actually, I'd rather
everyone did things my way.

KIM SMILES.

KIM

Oh, I don't intend making life easy
for you.

ANDREW

I'd gathered that.

KIM'S IN FOR ANOTHER ROUND WITH HIM... AND GRANTLY - TAKING A
PIT STOP FOR ALCOHOL - THINKS SHE NEEDS RESCUING.

GRANTLY

Fancy a twirl, Kim?

KIM

No, I'm okay, thanks.

AND GRANTLY RETIRES WITH A SHRUG - ON HER OWN HEAD.

AT ANOTHER TABLE, IZZIE FILLS HER GLASS, EYEING TOM, DESPITE
HERSELF. LORNA REACHES OUT, HAND ON IZZIE'S KNEE, ALL
SENTIMENTAL - BUT SHE'S LOOKING TO LAUGH AWAY HER LAST FEARS.

LORNA

You've been so brilliant, Izzie.

IZZIE

Och...

LORNA

You have! We really wouldn't be
here today if it wasn't for you.

IZZIE

Come on, Tom would've come to his
own senses. Anyway, he did. And
that's all that matters.

LORNA

(LAUGHS) Talk about scary, though!
I should've expected him to do a
last minute wobbly on me, shouldn't
I? Remember his twenty-fifth? He
wouldn't even let me send out
invitations. It's like he's
allergic to even saying the word
'tomorrow'.

*

IZZIE

Well, he signed up for it today,
darling. So...

IZZIE DELVES INTO HER BAG FOR HER MOBILE.

*

IZZIE (CONT'D)

Better just check up on Hank and
the girls.

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LORNA SMILES AFTER HER, AS IZZIE MOVES OFF, PHONE TO HER EAR.

IZZIE (CON'TD)

Hank? Everything okay?... Wait, I
can't hear you... What?...

*

HE BUNDLES HER INTO THE ARMS OF A FELLOW FEMALE TEACHER - AND *
MAKES HIS OWN WAY OFF TOWARDS THE SEXY YOUNG BLONDE, WITH A *
TWITCH OF HIS TIE AND A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE. STEPH BAWLS. *

STEPH *
I want to dance... *

AND SHE LURCHES AFTER JACK. *

CUT TO:



TOM, IZZIE, JACK, STEPH *

TOM EXITS THE HOTEL, LOOKING FOR IZZIE. THEN HE FINDS HER SITTING ON A STEP, SMOKING A CIGARETTE. HE FROWNS.

TOM

Izzie?

SHE LOOKS ROUND AT HIM, A SCOWL ON HER FACE.

TOM

Thought you'd quit the fags?

IZZIE

Lied, didn't I?

HE CAN SEE SHE'S BEEN CRYING.

TOM

What's up?

IZZIE

Och, just the bloody usual. Hank. I've got to get back to the girls. I've called a cab.

SHE SNIFFS BACK A TEAR.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

Like I told you, my mess of a life...

TOM SITS DOWN BESIDE HER.

TOM

Anything I can do for you, Izzie, any time -

IZZIE CHOKES BACK TEARS.

IZZIE

Look - what I said about you and Lorna today, I meant it, okay?

IZZIE (cont'd)

I just want you both to be really happy.

TOM

I know that. And I'm really going to try and make it work.

IZZIE

You better had, yeah?

THEN SHE SLINGS HER CIGARETTE BUTT AND CRACKS INTO SOBS. AND IT RIPS TOM'S HEART OUT.

TOM

Izzie -

*

HE REACHES OUT FOR HER HAND. SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY.

IZZIE

Just sod off, will you?

BUT INSTEAD HE GETS UP WITH HER AND PULLS HER INTO HIS ARMS. SHE STARES INTO HIS EYES - AND HE READS HER HEART... HE MOVES IN TO KISS HER... SHE LETS HIM... AND THE WORLD SPINS ON ITS AXIS...

THEN A TAXI PULLS UP, HONKING ITS HORN, AND THEY PULL APART. IZZIE'S DISTRESSED.

IZZIE

No no no! What am I doing?

*

SHE GOES TO PICK UP HER BAG.

TOM

Izzie - wait - (JUST GIVE ME SOME HOPE...)

BUT HE'S INTERRUPTED BY JACK RIMMER'S BOOMING VOICE.

JACK (OOV)

Hold that cab!

TOM AND IZZIE TURN TO SEE JACK STRUGGLING TO STEER CLINGY AND KAYLIED STEPH DOWN THE STEPS - AND SHE'S NOW GOT A WINE-STAINED BODICE.

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JACK (CONT'D)

(TO IZZIE) Miss Redpath - Can you
drop Miss Horrocks off home on your
way?

IZZIE

Right - yeah - okay.

JACK

Lend me a hand, Mr Clarkson.

AND IZZIE'S SWEEP AWAY ON THE TIDE, LEAVING TOM STARING BACK
INTO THE SCARY VOID...

CUT TO:

54



54 *

A WHITE STRETCHED LIMO DRIVES UP TO THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

55

55 *

CHLO, MIKA *

CHLO GRABS A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF COBRA. THE DOORBELL RINGS.

CHLO

Tell mum I've gone to bed.

MIKA

You've had it, Chlo.

CHLO

Yeah yeah.

SHE HURRIES OUT.

CUT TO:

CHLO, DONTE, HOLLY, BEN, AARON *

CHLO EXITS THE HOUSE TO FIND DONTE THERE IN HIS DAD'S CAR WITH THREE FRIENDS - TWO BOYS AND A GIRL. THERE'S DRINK A-PLenty. SHE GETS IN THE BACK WITH ALL THE OTHERS. IT'S ALL FAR TOO PHYSICAL AND SEXUAL. ONE OF THE LADS HANDS HER A

58

58 *

TOM, LORNA, ANDREW, KIM, JACK, NS GUESTS,

TOM AND LORNA ARE SAYING THEIR FAREWELLS TO THEIR REMAINING GUESTS BEFORE GOING UP TO THEIR HONEYMOON SUITE. IN BG WE'LL SEE JACK ON HIS MOBILE, GOING APE. KIM'S STILL IN LIVELY DEBATE WITH ANDREW.

KIM

Your problem is you don't think you've got a problem. Education isn't a science. It's not like you bung x into y and get z. All kids are different.

ANDREW

Are they so different? I like to emphasise what makes them the same.

JACK STEPS IN TO DRAW HIM ASIDE FOR A WORD, LOOKING GRIM.

JACK

Sorry - Andrew...

ANDREW

Yes?

HE JOINS JACK - WHAT IS IT?

JACK

Are you sober?

ANDREW'S HACKLES RISE - YES, WHY?

JACK (CONT'D)

Well I'm not. And I've just had a call from the cops there's been some 'incident' at the school.

AND HE HANDS ANDREW HIS CAR KEYS.

CUT TO:

59

59 *

CHLO, DONTE, HOLLY, BEN, AARON *

THE TWO BOYS ARE PAWING AT CHLO'S FRIEND, HOLLY, IN THE BACK OF THE LIMO - AND DONTE'S DRIVING WITH ATTITUDE, HIS ELBOW RESTING ON THE OPEN WINDOW SILL, MUSIC BLARING. CHLO SCREAMS, AS THE LIMO SWERVES DANGEROUSLY IN THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING CAR. *

CHLO

Look out!

THE OTHER CAR HONKS ITS HORN - AND DONTE GETS HOLD OF THE WHEEL, JUST IN TIME TO SWERVE OUT OF TROUBLE.

DONTE

Yo yo!

CHLO

You idiot! *

HE TAKES THE WHEEL AGAIN. CHLO CLAMBERS INTO THE FRONT, NOW LOOKING A BIT PISSED. SHE SEXILY SPREADS HER LEGS, INVITING DONTE TO HAVE A FEEL. *

DONTE

(SCREAMS) You are one sexy bitch,
man.

CHLO GIGGLES... *

AND IN THE MIX WE'LL HEAR AN ALARM SOUNDING OVER. *

CUT TO:

60

60 *

ANDREW, JACK

THE ALARM SOUNDS OVER BLACK. THEN SWITCHES OFF. AND THE LIGHTS GO ON IN A GROUND FLOOR CLASSROOM - TO REVEAL A SHATTERED WINDOW PANE - AND A VANDALISED LANGUAGE LAB. ANDREW DARKENS, JACK'S FURIOUS.

JACK
What the hell- !

HE LOOKS AROUND AT ALL THE SMASHED-UP EQUIPMENT - IT'S A SCENE OF WILFUL, SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION.

JACK (CONT'D)
Every blasted thing they could swing a hammer at.

ANDREW
Pretty purposeful.

JACK PICKS UP A SET OF BASHED-IN HEADPHONES.

JACK
See what we're up against now?
Useless parents can't even watch 'em for a weekend.

ANDREW
Better not contaminate the evidence. (JACK - WHAT?) Presume we'll get the police in to test for fingerprints?

JACK
Get real! This is the aggro we have to live with, Andrew. Day in, day out. Just fill out another insurance claim - all you can do. (SLINGS THE HEADPHONES, SEETHING)
If I could get my hands on the little scumbags right now -

HE TAKES A KICK AT SOME BROKEN EQUIPMENT - SWAYING DRUNK - AND THE TOUGH FRONT CRACKS...

JACK

I've had it with the lot of 'em.
Bet the kids out there in Rwanda
were begging you to teach 'em.
They wouldn't smash up their new
language lab, would they?

ANDREW

Too busy hacking each other's limbs
off.

JACK BALKS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But even after everything that
happened - it was education gave
them hope.

JACK

Yeah, well lucky for you, then.
You keep hoping and trying - all I
know about is failing.

HE ATTEMPTS TO STAND AND STUMBLES - ANDREW GRIPS TIGHT HOLD
OF HIM.

ANDREW

I meant to say I'm volunteering to
supervise the school bus runs from
Monday.

JACK STEADIES HIMSELF, TAKEN ABACK.

JACK

What, like in your own time, free
of charge? That's a first.

ANDREW

Cut down some of the rowdier
behaviour before it reaches school.

IT'S A NO-BRAINER.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

And I really think we've got to
address the school uniform policy.
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

More observed in the breach, don't
you think?

JACK

(SNORTS) Not observed at all.

ANDREW

Well let's make sure it is. (JACK
TAKES STOCK) Um...do we have a
corridor system? (YEAH, RIGHT)
Only it seems a tad chaotic just
now...

JACK

(REASSERTING HIMSELF) Trust me -
I'll have them marching in step to
a flaming drum beat.

ANDREW

Walking would be a good start.

THE MEN SHARE A SMILE. JACK SLAPS HIM ON THE BACK.

JACK

Let's dump the car, Andrew, go plan
our strategy, yeah?

ANDREW FOLLOWS HIM OUT - THEY'RE CHALK AND CHEESE BUT WE'LL
HOPE THEY'VE GOT THE WORKINGS OF A PACT.

CUT TO:

61

61 *

THE WHITE LIMO TAKES A CORNER - TOO FAST. IT DRIVES FOR SEVERAL METRES ON TWO WHEELS BEFORE EVENTUALLY TIPPING OVER ON ITS ROOF AS IT PLOUGHS INTO SOMETHING. THERE'S THE HIDEOUS THUD - AND BODIES INSIDE THE CAR GO FLYING THROUGH THE OPEN SUN ROOF.

*

CUT TO:

TOM, LORNA

*

TOM AND LORNA ARE FINALLY ALONE TOGETHER. SHE'S ALREADY IN

LORNA (cont'd)

Because you couldn't have been forced by a fact you didn't know about. That's why I made myself wait till tonight. So I really knew you wanted to marry me.

TOM'S DRUNKEN BRAIN IS BEGINNING TO WHIR UP TO SPEED - BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH FOR LORNA.

TOM

What you saying?

LORNA

(BIG SMILE) I'm pregnant. You're going to be a father, Tom.

TOM'S SPEECHLESS.

CUT TO:

63

63 *

IZZIE, MIKA

*

IZZIE GETS OUT OF HER TAXI TO FIND A POLICE CAR OUTSIDE HER HOUSE, ITS BLUE LIGHT FLASHING. MIKA MEETS HER AT THE DOOR, IN A STATE.

MIKA

Mum - it's Chlo...

CUT TO:
