

"BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

Episode 1 – ‘A Textbook Day’ (Double Episode)

Written by

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SC1. INT. THE SUMMERS' KITCHEN. DAY.

[IT IS SEPTEMBER 1987. MARK SUMMERS ENTERS THE KITCHEN. HIS MOTHER, ELAINE, IS GETTING BREAKFAST FOR HIS THREE YEAR OLD SISTER, FAITH]

MARK: Give us a lift?

[ELAINE REMAINS FOCUSED ON FAITH AND DOESN'T TURN AROUND]

ELAINE: Can I have a lift *please*?

MARK: Yeah, that's the one.

ELAINE: Well I'm busy with Faith anyway so I can't my love, sorry.

[MARK SWITCHES THE RADIO ON. THE VOLUME IS AT A HIGH LEVEL]

ELAINE: Keep that turned down, you'll wake your father.

MARK: Eh? Why, where is he?

[HE TURNS IT DOWN. ELAINE TURNS AROUND]

ELAINE: He's in the lounge, asleep. Nodded off during 'Slingers Day' last night and he's been there since.

[SHE TURNS BACK TO FAITH]

MARK: Sounds about right.

(PAUSE)

[DJ ON THE RADIO BEGINS TALKING]

MARK: God, I'm not listening to him.

[HE TURNS THE RADIO OFF]

ELAINE: Radio Oxford's not the same anymore. Bring back 'Timmy on the Tranny'.

MARK: What?

ELAINE: He used to be on years ago, you used to love listening to it when you were about Faith's age.

[MARK IS NOT INTERESTED IN HIS MOTHER. HE LOOKS IN THE CUPBOARDS FOR FOOD]

MARK: Did I really?

ELAINE: He had blue hair then. Used to go out with, oh your teacher at primary school, what was her name? Oh I don't know, her daughter anyway.

MARK: Are there any Viscounts?

ELAINE: In the orange biscuit tin.

MARK: Ta.

[MARK TAKES OUT FEW BISCUITS]

ELAINE: So why do you want a lift? What's wrong with your bike then?

MARK: Oh, someone's nicked my saddle again.

ELAINE: Well take the one off my old thing if it fits.

[ELAINE GOES A DRAWER AND TAKES OUT THE GARAGE KEY. SHE HANDS IT TO MARK. IN DOING SO, SHE DISPALYS A FAIR AMOUNT OF CLEAVAGE. MARK FLUSHES]

MARK (*under his breath*): Oh mum.

ELAINE: What love?

MARK (*sighing*): Nothing.

[ELAINE BEGINS FILLING THE SINK WITH WATER TO WASH UP]

ELAINE: Oh your tie's on the banisters if you are looking for it.

MARK: Mum, we don't wear ties in the 5th year.

ELAINE: Are you sure?

MARK(*firmly*): Yes!

[HE KISSES FAITH ON THE HEAD BEFORE HEADING FOR THE DOOR]

ELAINE: Are you not having any breakfast then?

MARK: Oh, OK. We got any Start left?

ELAINE: Should be plenty. I did a big shop on Saturday.

[MARK TAKES A BOX OF KELLOGGS START FROM THE CUPBOARD AND POURS SOME INTO HIS MOUTH. HE THEN PICKS UP A MILK BOTTLE AND TAKES A SWIG FROM IT]

ELAINE: Hey hey hey! You weren't dragged up!

[MARK PUTS THE BOTTLE DOWN]

MARK: See ya.

[SHE BEGINS TO CLEAR UP THE MESS]

ELAINE (*sighing*): Take care.

MARK: Yeah yeah.

[MARK SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM]

ELAINE (*to Faith*): That's your dad awake now then.

[THERE IS A SOUND FROM THE LOUNGE OF SOMETHING BEING KNOCKED OVER]

ROB (*O.O.V*): Oh bugger it. Why can't that sodding dog have his dinner in the kitchen?

[ELAINE SIGHS. SHE LOOKS AT FAITH]

ELAINE (*sarcastically*): Daddy sounds happy already doesn't he!

[FAITH SMILES AT HER MOTHER]

ELAINE: He's going to even happier when I tell him they've delivered him the Daily Mail by mistake again!

[SHE LIFTS FAITH FROM HER CHAIR]

ELAINE: Better go and tell him I suppose. Come on my sweet, you're coming with me. I'll need a bit of female support.

[FAITH WADDLES OUT OF THE KITCHEN WITH ELAINE FOLLOWING BEHIND]

CUT TO:

SC2. INT. THE KIPLING'S LOUNGE. DAY

[SARA KIPLING IS EATING CEREAL AND
WATCHING TV. THERE IS A LOUD CRY
FROM THE KITCHEN]

JANET (*O.O.V*): Oh blast and bugger and fire of hell!

SARA (*concerned*): Mum?

[SARA DASHES OVER TO THE SERVING
HATCH BETWEEN THE LOUNGE AND
KITCHEN. SHE OPENS IT AND PEERS
THROUGH]

SARA: What's happened?

MATCH CUT TO:

SC3. INT. THE KIPLING'S KITCHEN. DAY.

[JANET HAS A SMALL PIECE OF METAL IN HER HAND.. SARA IS LEANING THROUGH THE SERVING HATCH FROM THE LOUNGE]

JANET (*annoyed*): I've just snapped the handle of my Rap' Tou.

SARA: Oh, is that all?

JANET: What do you mean, "Is that all"? Took long enough to arrive and when it finally does, the blasted thing breaks within days. I was only trying to grate some cheese. They make it look indestructible on the advert.

SARA (*bemused*): I'll come round, hang on.

[JANET BEGINS PICKING UP THE RAP' TOU AND IT'S COMPONENTS AND HURLS THEM INTO THE BIN. SARA ENTERS THE KITCHEN]

JANET: Shouldn't you have gone by now anyway? You don't want to be late on your first day.

SARA: You're giving me a lift aren't you?

JANET: What? Am I? I don't have time.

SARA: Oh blimmin' hell mum, you said last night, when we were all playing 'Mr Pop' in the lounge.

JANET: I remember saying I'd take Darren into town.

SARA: Yeah that figures.

(PAUSE)

SARA: Well?

JANET: Well what?

SARA: Are you giving me a lift or what?

[THERE IS A SUDDEN CRASH FROM THE HALLWAY. THEY BOTH JUMP]

JANET: What the bloody hell?

[SHE DASHES OUT INTO THE HALL]

SARA: What was it?

[JANE ENTERS, CARRYING TWO HALVES OF
A PLATE AND SOME BROWN TOAST]

SARA: Well?

JANET: Oh, it's nothing.

SARA: It was Darren, wasn't it.

[JANET DOESN'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT]

JANET (*flustered*): Are we going then? Get your bag and let's go.

SARA: So you *are* taking me now then?

JANET: I've got to go out now anyway.

SARA: Why?

JANET: We're out of bread.

SARA (*confused*): No we're not, there's some bread over there.

JANET: Well, that's brown. Darren...

[SHE STOPS]

SARA (*annoyed*): See? That's what this is all about isn't it. Darren won't eat brown bread, so he lobs it around the house and you go running off to get him some white bread.

JANET: Mighty White.

SARA: Oh for god's sake. This is someone who starts uni' next week!

JANET (*agitated*): Look, do you want this lift then?

SARA (*sighing*): Obviously.

JANET: Right. Now where are the car keys?

[SHE CHECKS THE KITCHEN, THEN HALL]

JANET (*O.O.V*): Your inhaler's out here, don't forget that.

[WHILST SHE WAITS, SARA PICKS THE
PIECES OF RAP' TOU FROM THE BIN AND
ATTEMPTS TO REASSEMBLE IT. SHE
MIMICS THE TV ADVERT AS SHE DOES IT]

SARA (*quietly*): But where's the shell? Unbelievable!

JANET (*O.O.V*): Got them!

SARA: Tasty carrot sticks for munchies.

[JANET RETURNS WITH THE KEYS]

JANET: What's that about carrots?

SARA: Nothing, just amusing myself.

[AS SARA WALKS PAST JANET SHE STOPS
AND POINTS AT THE KEYS SHE IS HOLDING]

SARA (*horrified*): Uh uh! No way!

JANET: What?

SARA: No no no!

JANET (*annoyed*): What?

SARA: You've got the keys with the Gonk key ring on!

JANET (*puzzled*): That's right

SARA: I thought we'd be going in the Carlton?

JANET: Well your dad's taken it to London today.

SARA: Meaning you've been left with the Allegro.

JANET: There's nothing wrong with the Allegro.

[SARA SIGHS DEEPLY]

SARA: Great. Not only am I the new kid, but I'm the new kid turning up in on her first day in a brown Allegro.

JANET: Look just get a move on will you. It's the Allegro or nothing.

SARA: Can't you just get rid of it and get something else?

JANET: Not now we've bought the Carlton we can't. Then there are Darren's university fees too.

SARA: Yeah, there's always plenty of money for Darren isn't there.

JANET: What we spend money on is no business of yours. Now move it.

[SHE FOLLOWS SARA OUT]

JANET: There you go, there's your bag. Chop chop.

CUT TO:

SC4. EXT. THE KIPLING'S DRIVEWAY. DAY.

[THE POSTMAN REACHES THEIR FRONT DOOR. IT BURSTS OUTWARDS, NARROWLY MISSING HIM. SARA AND JANE ARE UNAWARE AS THEY RUSH TO THE CAR]

SARA: Do you know what Allegro means, in musical terms? Fast! I mean, that's laugh isn't it.

JANET: Just shut up and get in will you.

[AS JANET OPENS HER DOOR, SHE STOPS AND NOTICES THE POSTMAN]

JANET: Can I help you?

[HE SMILES, THEN POSTS THE LETTERS]

JANET: Shifty bugger. I swear I recognise him.

SARA (*bemused*): Well, obviously! He's our postman.

JANET: No no, somewhere else.

[JANET STOPS AGAIN]

JANET: I know. He looks like that chap they were after on Police 5 last night.

SARA: Ha! Yeah right!

JANET: Hmmm. Uncanny.

[THEY FINALLY GET INTO THE CAR. JANET REVERSES INTO THE STREET BEFORE DRIVING OFF]

CUT TO:

SC5. EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS. DAY.

[MICHAEL IS SAT ON A WALL, LFICKING THROUGHFOOTBALL STICKERS. A RED FORD CAPRI ENTERS THE CAR PARK, FROM WHICH LOUD, OPERA STYLE MUSIC CAN BE HEARD]

MARK (*O.O.V*): Oi! Westy!

[MICHAEL LOOKS UP TO SEE MARK PUSHING A BMX BIKE, WHICH HAS AN OLD PINK SADDLE ON IT]

MICHAEL: Hello! Ooh, nice saddle mate!

MARK: Oh don't ask.

[HE SPIES MICHAEL'S STICKERS]

MARK: Collecting again this year then?

MICHAEL: Yeah, thought I would.

MARK: Dunno if I can be arsed. I came that close to finishing it last season. I only needed John Bumstead and that bloke who plays for St. Mirren with a beard.

[THEY LOOK UP TO SEE STEPHEN RUNNING TOWARDS THEM. HE IS WHOOPING AS HE APPROACHES. HE STOPS AND LEANS ON MICHAEL'S SHOULDER]

STEPHEN (*out of breath*): Hey, guess what?

MICHAEL: You found some more porn down the BMX track?

STEPHEN: Nope.

MARK (*thinking*): Err, you've managed to shatter your shatterproof ruler?

STEPHEN: Don't be stupid. I've got some news about a girl!

MICHAEL: Ah right, you've finally worked out that they..

[STEPHEN INTERRUPTS, SHOUTING THE 'PEARL & DEAN' THEME]

STEPHEN: BA BA BA BA BA BA BA BA BA BA

MICHAEL (*trying to interrupt*): What the...

STEPHEN: BA BA BA BA BA BA BA BAAAAAA....

[STEPHEN HOLDS THE LAST NOTE FOR
WHAT SEEMS LIKE AGES. MICHAEL AND
MARK LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER BLANKLY]

STEPHEN: BAM! I've finished.

[MICHAEL AND MARK GET UP TO LEAVE]

STEPHEN: No wait! That was my clue!

MICHAEL: Really? I thought it was just you being a spaz.

MARK (*to Michael*): Come on, he's clearly excited about something,
let's hear him out.

[MICHAEL SHRUGS. THEY SIT DOWN]

MICHAEL: Go on then.

STEPHEN: I've got a date with, wait for it, Sam!

MARK: That rough old baggage? Wow.

MICHAEL: Right, so you've got a date with Sam. What the bloody
hell's that got to do with you bellowing like some sort of retard?

[MARK LAUGHS]

STEPHEN: Well, 'cause I'm taking her to the cinema. That's that old
tune isn't it. 'Pearly Dean' or something.

MARK: It's 'Pearl and Dean', dickhead.

STEPHEN: Yeah, that.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN (*disheartened*): Aren't you two pleased for me then?
Thought you would be, seeing as you're meant to be my mates.

MICHAEL: Sorry mate, I'm just a bit pissed off 'cause we're back
here again.

MARK: Yeah, and on a Thursday, what's the point of starting a new
term on a Thursday?

[MARK LOOKS UP. SIMON IS WALKING
TOWARDS THEM GRINNING BROADLY]

MARK (*sarcastically*): Oh fantastic. It just gets better and better
doesn't it.

[THEY ALL LOOK TOWARDS SIMON]

STEPHEN (*beaming*): Hey! Simon!

SIMON (*calling*): All right cretins?

MARK (*under his breath*): Until you appeared, fine.

[MICHAEL CHUCKLES]

STEPHEN: I'm brilliant mate. You?

SIMON (*smugly*): Not bad at all.

[HE WALKS BEHIND MICHAEL AND MARK
AND STANDS IN BETWEEN THEM. HE PUTS
HIS ARMS ROUND THEM]

SIMON: So, have you girls missed me then?

[MARK PUSHES SIMON'S ARM OFF]

MARK (*annoyed*): Funnily enough, no.

[SIMON MOVES AWAY FROM THEM]

MICHAEL: Hey, Stevie, tell Simon your good news.

[STEPHEN BECOMES EXCITED AGAIN]

STEPHEN: Oh yeah!

[HE BEGINS ANOTHER RENDITION OF
'PEARL & DEAN']

STEPHEN: BA BA BA...

MICHAEL (*yelling*): Not like that!

[HE JUMPS UP AND MAKES A LUNGE FOR
STEPHEN, WHO LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY]

STEPHEN: All right! Sheesh! Right, I've gone and got myself a date
with Sam!

SIMON: Samantha Hailey?

STEPHEN (*beaming*): Yep!

SIMON: Hmm...Interesting. When did you sort that out then?

STEPHEN: Outside Bejam, yesterday.

MARK: Bejam? What the bloody hell were you doing down there?

STEPHEN: It was a nice day wasn't it. Dad sent me down there to get some 'King Cones'. Anyway...

MICHAEL: And you just waltzed straight up to her and asked her out did you?

STEPHEN: Um, no. She actually came up and asked me!

MARK: Yeah, right!

MICHAEL: Twaddle!

STEPHEN: She just said there was this film she wanted to see and would I take her to see it, tonight!

MARK: My arse she did.

STEPHEN: She did, she did. It's true and I'm taking her out, tonight, to the pictures.

MICHAEL (*sarcastically*): Just one step away from bonking her then!

[MICHAEL AND MARK LAUGH AGAIN]

STEPHEN: Up yours.

SIMON: Ooh, I dunno Stevie boy, you might want to watch yourself with her though, she's a bit of a, y'know.

[HE WINKS AND WALKS OFF]

STEPHEN (*calling to Simon*): She's a what??? Wait!

[HE RUNS AFTER SIMON. MICHAEL AND MARK WATCH THEM ENTER THE SCHOOL]

MARK: Tosser.

MICHAEL: Who, Simon?

MARK: Obviously.

MICHAEL (*laughing*): You don't like him do you?

MARK: Why, do you then?

MICHAEL: I can take him or leave him. Bit of a smug bastard though I suppose. Dunno what any bird sees in him.

MARK: Well they don't do they. Who was the last girl he went out with?

MICHAEL: Um. Pass.

MARK: Quite. At least the ladies are on my side.

MICHAEL: Speaking of ladies and I use the word 'ladies' in its broadest sense, what the hell is Sam playing at? Do you really believe she asked Stephen out?

MARK: I dunno, mad one that. If she did, there's got to be a catch somewhere. You know what she's like.

MICHAEL: Yeah, a scrubber.

MARK: Her mum is too. Like mother, like daughter. They're the kind of family that keep their own Tesco trolley in the front garden.

[THEY BOTH CHUCKLE]

MARK: Seriously though, god knows what she's playing at with Stephen.

MICHAEL: Hmm. Unless she's just really desperate to bump up her notch count and she knows Stephen's a mug.

MARK: Don't bet against it. Stupid tart.

(PAUSE)

MICHAEL (*laughing*): Oh my god, look!

[HE POINTS TO THE RED FORD CAPRI IN
THE CAR PARK]

MICHAEL: Old O'Brien's only just getting out of his car!

MARK (*looking round*): What?

MICHAEL (*laughing*): What's he been doing in there?

[MR O'BRIEN APPROACHES]

MICHAEL: Morning sir.

MR O'BRIEN: Hello there boys.

MICHAEL (*sarcastically*): I loved that music you were playing. Sounded great. Could've done with being a touch louder though!

MR O'BRIEN (*believing him*): Well thank you Michael. It's one of Mrs O'Brien's LP's, I've made a cassette copy of it on my son's hi-fi.

MARK: That's illegal that. I'm telling the police!

MR O'BRIEN (*doesn't hear him*): It's a wonderful LP. I will ask Richard if he can make another cassette copy for you.

MICHAEL (*embarrassed*): Ah, that's Ok, don't go to any trouble.

MR O'BRIEN: It's no trouble at all Michael. It's heartening to know some youngsters appreciate real music. Don't let me forget now.

[MARK IS IN FITS OF LAUGHTER]

MR O'BRIEN: Anyway boys, enjoy your first day back.

[HE WALKS OFF]

MARK: Ha ha, you've done it now!

MICHAEL: Christ, don't say that. Anyway, the stupid old git will have forgotten by lunchtime.

MARK (*beaming*): I know, so I'll have to keep reminding him won't I!

MICHAEL: Please don't.

[THE BELL RINGS AND THEY GET UP AND
WALK OFF IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS
SIMON AND STEPHEN]

FADE TO:

SC6. INT. CLASSROOM B7. DAY.

[IT IS REGISTRATION AND THE CLASS ARE
AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR TUTOR]

STEPHEN: What, all because he was wearing blue socks???

MICHAEL: Yep, it was well funny mate.

[RACHEL TOOVEY ENTERS AND HEADS
TOWARDS THE TEACHER'S DESK
CARRYING A PIECE OF COLOURED A4
PAPER]

MARK: Ah! The bulletin!

[MARK GETS UP AND INTERCEPTS HER]

MARK: Hiya Rach'. Can I have it?

RACHEL: Up yours.

[SHE WALKS PAST MARK, PUTS THE PAPER
ON THE DESK, TURNS AND LEAVES]

MARK (*humbled*): Miserable old witch.

MICHAEL: You can't blame her for being off with you, after what
you said to her when we went to see them film 'Record Breakers'.

MARK: That was ages ago. I said I was sorry.

[MARK GETS THE BULLETIN OFF THE DESK,
HE RETURNS TO HIS SEAT, TAKES A PEN
FROM HIS BAG AND BEGINS TO READ]

STEPHEN: What are you doing with that?

MARK: I'm gonna doctor it, see if this new bloke susses it or not.

STEPHEN: Oh yeah! New bloke! Anyone know what he's like?

MARK: Dunno. I think Anna said she saw him last term on Open Day.

[MICHAEL GETS UP AND CALLS TO ANNA]

MICHAEL: Oi, Anna. This new bloke, you've seen him haven't you?

ANNA: What? (*realising*) Oh, new tutor. Bit of a weirdo. Um, he's
like, you know those green crisps you sometimes get?

MICHAEL: Ha ha, class! What's his name?

ANNA: Colin I think. Yeah, it's Colin....Um, Oh yeah, you'll love his surname!

STEPHEN (*eagerly*): What is it?

MICHAEL: Is it Lillicrap?

ANNA: Nope. Better than that!

MICHAEL: Better? There's no better surname than Lillicrap!

ANNA: Jeffrey!

STEPHEN (*confused*): What's funny about that?

ANNA (*puts on voice of 'Zippy'*): Oh Geoffrey! Rainbow!!

STEPHEN (*laughing*): Oh right! Ha ha! Oh Bungo!

[MARK HEARS AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION
FROM THE BULLETIN TO STEPHEN]

MARK (*shouting*): It's Bungle! Not Bungo. Christ, how many times??

STEPHEN (*sheepishly*): All right, keep your hair on

MICHAEL: Well, it sounds like he's a bit of a tit by all accounts!

STEPHEN (*grinning*): Should be fun then!

[SIMON ENTERS]

SIMON: All right guys, don't get too excited, it's only me...

[THERE IS LITTLE RESPONSE FROM THE
CLASS. HE SITS DOWN]

SIMON: Oh and by the way, the new tutor's coming. Looks like he's got a new bird with him too.

[MARK'S EARS PRICK UP]

MARK: Eh?

STEPHEN (*loudly*): New bird! New bird!

ANNA (*shouting*): New *girl*, sexist pig.

[THE DOOR OPENS. THE CLASS FALL
SILENT AND TURN TO FACE THE DOOR]

MR JEFFREY (*O.O.V*): No, err, go on, ladies first!

[HE LAUGHS NERVOUSLY. MICHAEL AND MARK LOOK AT EACH OTHER WITH RAISED EYEBROWS. SARA ENTERS THE ROOM, FOLLOWED BY MR JEFFREY, WHO IS CARRYING, TWO BRIEFCASES, ONE WITH A BROKEN HANDLE]

MR JEFFREY (*to Sara*): Um, follow me.

[HE WALKS TO HIS DESK AND PLACES HIS CASES ON IT, SARA FOLLOWS BEHIND]

MR JEFFREY: Well, hello 5T. I am your form tutor for your final term here. My name is..

[HE WRITES “MR JEFFREY” ON IT IN TERRIBLE HANDWRITING]

MARK (*reading from blackboard*): My celery?

MR JEFFREY (*confused*): I’m sorry?

MARK: That’s what you’ve written.

[MR JEFFREY LOOKS AT THE BOARD]

MR JEFFREY: No, no, it’s ‘MR JEFFREY’.

STEPHEN (*attempting a ‘Zippy’ voice*): Oh Geoffrey!

[THERE IS A RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER. MR JEFFREY IS CLEARLY EMBARRASSED]

SIMON: Shame the impression’s shit though mate.

[STEPHEN’S FACE DROPS]

MR JEFFREY (*jolly*): Anyway. I have another introduction for you. She’s been waiting here behind me, and here she is, this is Sandra.

SARA: Sara!

[MR JEFFREY IS AMUSED BY HIS ERROR]

MR JEFFREY: I’m so sorry! *Sara*! Like Sarah Greene from Blue Peter. Although she has an ‘H’ and you don’t, is that right?

SARA: That’s right. Just S, A, R, A.

MICHAEL: Did you say Sarah Greene? I’d bonk her.

MR JEFFREY (*to Michael*): We don’t need comments like that. In future I’d rather not hear smutty thoughts thank you very much.

MICHAEL (*under his breath*): You've come to the wrong place then.

MR JEFFREY: Anyway Sara, find yourself a seat and I'll take the register.

[MARKS EYES HAVE BEEN TRANSFIXED ON SARA THE WHOLE TIME. HE WATCHES HER GO TO HER SEAT. HE BEGINS TO DAYDREAM ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM. HE IS AWOKEN FROM THIS BY MICHAEL]

MICHAEL: Oi, wake up. He's doing the register?

MR JEFFREY: Mark Summers? Are you here?

MARK (*perking up*): No, sorry, yeah I'm here.

[MR JEFFREY CONTINUES THE REGISTER]

MICHAEL: What's up with you??

MARK: Nothing.

STEPHEN: I know! He was eyeing up that Sara!

MARK: Shut your face, gaylord.

MICHAEL: Ooh! Touchy or what!

MARK: Just pack it in, OK?

[MICHAEL AND STEPHEN GRIN AT EACH OTHER. THE REGISTER IS COMPLETE]

MR JEFFREY: Right then gang.

SAM (*to Kelly*): "Gang"? What a knob!

[KELLY SMIRKS UNCONVINCINGLY]

MR JEFFREY: OK, I'm supposed to have something called a bulletin?

MARK: Oh yeah, here.

[MARK HANDS MR JEFFREY THE BULLETIN]

MR JEFFREY: Ah, thank you. I read this out loud to you all I take it?

MARK (*grinning*): Yeah! The whole lot!

MR JEFFREY: Here we go then! Mr. Beamish welcomes you all to school for the new term, in particular, to any new pupils beginning their first year here at Thomas Boyd Comprehensive.

[SIMON YAWNS LOUDLY]

MR JEFFREY: Um, a reminder that ties are to be worn at all times, unless you are wearing a sweater with a round neck.

MARK: Flippin' ties again! I'm not wearing one. Girls don't have to.

MR JEFFREY: Are you interested in joining the Christian Worship group? If so, then please see Mark Morrison of 4G... Um... School play for this term is to be the Russian epic "A Priest Of Lemon". See Mr O'Toole or Mr Longworth if you want to audition for that... What else? Interschool football tournament is on the 19th of October, um, yes this is for fifth years. Any footballers here?

[MOST OF THE BOYS' HANDS GO UP]

MR JEFFREY: Best start preparing your teams then, hey lads?

[THERE IS AN EMBARRASSED SILENCE]

MARK (*quietly*): Here we go! Listen!

MR JEFFREY: Finally, Simon Peters is looking for people to join his Sique Sique Sputnik Fan Club.

[SIMON SITS UP AND LISTENS]

MR JEFFREY: Simon says he's on the lookout for first year boys in particular to become his new love missiles.

[THE CLASS LAUGH]

MR JEFFREY: Hmm...Bit odd that last one.

MICHAEL: Took you that long just to write that?

SIMON: You're dead Summers.

[MARK GRINS AND PUTS HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS TO 'SHUSH' HIM. THERE IS GENERAL CHATTER AND UNREST IN THE CLASS. MR JEFFREY ATTEMPTS TO TAKE CHARGE]

MR JEFFREY: You can talk *quietly* until the bell now.

[THERE IS GENERAL MURMURING]

MR JEFFREY: Thank you.

[HE BEGINS TO TIDY HIS PAPERS AND PENS. STEPHEN WINKS AT MARK AND MICHAEL, THEN BEGINS TO WHISTLE THE THEME TUNE TO ITV'S 'GARDENING TIME']

MR JEFFREY: Whoever's doing that can they please stop it?

[THERE ARE A FEW SNIGGERS. STEPHEN
BEGINS AGAIN]

MR JEFFREY (*becoming angry and flustered*): I said stop it!

[MORE SNIGGERS]

MR JEFFREY (*shouting*): That's enough! You will sit in silence until
the bell now.

(PAUSE)

MARK (*quietly*): Check this out!

[HE BEGINS HUMMING VERY QUIETLY.
GRADUALLY THE OTHERS JOIN IN ONE BY
ONE. MR JEFFREY LEAPS UP ANGRILY]

MR JEFFREY: We DO NOT need humming either!

[THE HUMMING GETS INCREASINGLY
LOUDER. MR JEFFREY GIVES UP TRYING TO
QUIETEN THE CLASS]

MR JEFFREY: Just talk until the bell then if you must. Go on!

[THE CLASS IS COMPLETELY SILENT. THE
BELL GOES AND THE CLASS SCRAMBLE
THEIR THINGS TOGETHER AND LEAVE]

MR JEFFREY: The bell is for *me*, not for you.

[MR JEFFREY'S WORDS FALL ON DEAF
EARS. HE STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE, SIGHS
DEEPLY AND COLLECTS HIS THOUGHTS
BEFORE GATHERING HIS BELONGINGS
TOGETHER]

CUT TO:

SC7. INT. GIRLS TOILETS. DAY.

[KELLY IS ON A BENCH READING SMASH HITS. SAM AND ANNA ARE TALKING]

SAM: Hockey. What else?

ANNA: I dunno! We only know that 'cause she's carrying a hockey stick anyway.

SAM: Yeah, she probably plays in goal, what with her being fat.

ANNA: What? She's not fat. God Sam, how can you say that?

SAM: Thinks she can hide it buy wearing all black.

ANNA: Sam, it's her tits more than anything. She's hardly fat.

[SAM IGNORES ANNA'S COMMENT]

SAM: Then there's her hair, I mean, how frumpy are Alice bands?

[KELLY LOOKS UP]

KELLY: I sometimes wear an Alice band.

SAM: Shut up you, you don't count.

[SARA ENTERS]

SARA (*bubbly*): Hello!

ANNA: Oh hello!

KELLY: Hi.

[SARA LOOKS AT SAM AND SMILES. SAM FORCES A HALF-HEARTED SMILE]

SARA: Anything good in Smash Hits?

[KELLY THUMBS THROUGH THE PAGES]

KELLY: Um, there's a well lush poster of Clark Datchler out of Johnny Hates Jazz, and one of, eurgh - Hue & Cry! There's the lyrics to some house thing that's only got about 3 words in it anyway and, err, something about Was (Not Was).

SARA: Anything about Blue Mercedes??

SAM: Who?

SARA: They're a new group. Saw them the other week on 'The Roxy'. They're well dishy. Going to be bigger than the Pet Shop Boys.

SAM: Ha ha, get real.

KELLY: Well, I don't think they're in here, sorry.

ANNA: Sara. You like hockey then?

SARA: Yeah, I love it. Played for my old schools team. In goal.

[SAM LAUGHS OUT LOUD]

SARA (*bemused*): What?

[ANNA QUICKLY CHANGES THE SUBJECT]

ANNA: What about lads?

SARA: Huh?

ANNA: Have you got a boyfriend?

SARA: I did, but I packed him in just before we moved to Oxford.

ANNA: Well there are plenty of available boys around here. Apart from Michael of course! He belongs to Kelly.

[, KELLY LOOKS UP]

ANNA: Just telling Sara, she can have any boy except Michael!

KELLY: Oh, yeah. S'pose.

[SHE LOOKS BACK AT HER MAGAZINE]

SARA: Who was the one who came in just before Mr. Jeffrey and me? We followed him to class.

ANNA: Um... Ooh, I don't know.

SAM (*bluntly*): It was Simon.

ANNA (*shocked*): Oh you're joking Sara! Not Simon?

SARA: I dunno. We followed him into class anyway. He's got a blue Gola bag with 'bollocks' written on it in Tipp-Ex.

SAM: Yep. That's Simon.

ANNA: But he's so ugly Sara!

SARA: He's not! He's well sweet.

ANNA: Oh pur-lease!

SARA: He's got well lush eyes too.

(PAUSE)

SAM: Sara, what do think of Mark?

[ANNA GLARES AT SAM]

ANNA (*flustered*): Shut up Sam.

SAM (*ignoring her*): You *must* have seen him Sara, he was the one who spent the whole of registration staring at you with his tongue hanging out and a hard on under the desk.

ANNA (*pleading*): SAM! Leave it!

SARA: I dunno to be honest. I only really noticed, err...

KELLY: Simon.

SAM (*to Kelly*): Oh you're still with us are you?

[SAM RISES TO HER FEET]

SAM: If you want some action with Simon sweetheart then you wanna start by remembering his name

[SHE WALKS OUT]

SAM (*O.O.V*): Come on Kell'.

[KELLY LOOKS UP AND SIGHS]

KELLY: I'd better go.

[SHE GETS UP AND HURRIES AFTER SAM]

ANNA & SARA (*together*): Bye!

ANNA: Sorry about Sam. I'm afraid she's like that most of the time.

SARA: That's OK, I've met worse. Although there seems to be something about girls called Sam. All seem to be quite bitchy! Well, the ones I've encountered are.

ANNA: Our Sam certainly is.

SARA: So why are you mates with her?

ANNA: She used to be OK, she's just changed a bit for some reason. Got tickets on herself these days, sort of sees herself as our leader. Probably because she's the oldest in the year. She's going to be sixteen next week. But since I still see her every day it's hard not to speak to her.

SARA: Yeah I suppose.

(PAUSE)

ANNA: So, do you always wear an Alice band?

SARA: Most of the time. Why?

ANNA: Just think you could try it like this.

[SHE WALKS BEHIND SARA, REMOVES HER ALICE BAND AND BEGINS REARRANGING HER HAIR INTO A PONYTAIL]

SARA: I've just had my first lesson. Business studies.

ANNA: I don't do that.

SARA: I know that, don't I!

ANNA (*realising*): Oh yeah, I'd have been there wouldn't I!

SARA: Your mind on other things is it? Or people? Like this Mark?

[ANNA BLUSHES]

SARA: Who is he then?

ANNA: Just some lad in our class.

SARA: Is he nice?

[ANNA STOPS WHAT SHE IS DOING WITH SARA'S HAIR FOR A SECOND]

ANNA: Yeah. Yeah he is. He's a bit of a rogue sometimes but really he's a mature sensitive guy.

JUMP CUT TO:

SC8. INT. BOYS TOILETS. DAY.

[MARK IS WASHING HIS HANDS AND
CALLING TO MICHAEL WHO IS AT THE
HAND DRIER]

MARK: ...and oh, this shit I had this morning, they dropped out one after the other. Plop. Plop. Plop. Plop. Sounded like the Trumpton clock.

MICHAEL: I really don't think I wanna know mate.

MARK: Ah, you should have been there.

MICHAEL: Um, no I shouldn't.

(PAUSE)

MARK: Actually mate, can I ask you something?

MICHAEL: As long as it's not about your trip to the bog this morning.

MARK: Nah nah, I'm being serious now.

MICHAEL: Go on then, hurry up.

MARK (*nervously*): When you first saw Kelly, how did you feel?

MICHAEL: Pissed off.

MARK: Pissed off? Why?

MICHAEL: Because I thought she'd nicked my Rubik's Snake.

MARK: Had she?

MICHAEL: No.

MARK: Right.

(PAUSE)

MICHAEL: That it?

MARK: Not really, no. I meant like in here.

[MARK TAPS HIS CHEST]

MICHAEL: Ah. Right. I dunno. Can't remember. I was too busy looking for my snake.

MARK (*irritated*): Oh, you know what I mean. Was it, like, you know, love at first sight?

MICHAEL: No.

[MARK TURNS TO LEAVE]

MICHAEL: I get it. You're on about that Sara aren't you! Got the hots for her then?

MARK (*flushing*): Yeah. Keep it under your hat though mate. Just between us for the moment, yeah?

MICHAEL: Yeah, will do.

MARK: I wonder what options she's doing??

MICHAEL: Get sniffing then. Find out.

[STEPHEN APPEARS FROM ONE OF THE CUBICLES. HE WALKS TOWARDS THEM LOOKING SLIGHTLY WORRIED]

STEPHEN: I've just had a wee and my willy smells of angel layer cake.

[HE LEAVES. MARK AND MICHAEL LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN DISBELIEF]

MICHAEL: I'm not even going to begin to imagine how that might have come about.

MARK: Quite.

[THEY BOTH LEAVE]

CUT TO:

SC9. INT. CLASSROOM C11. DAY.

[MID MORNING. MARK AND STEPHEN
ARRIVE FOR FRENCH. UPON ARRIVAL,
MARK NOTICES SARA IN THE CLASS]

MARK: Oh no! She's doing French!

STEPHEN: Who is?

MARK: Nothing.

[MARK DASHES OVER TO HER DESK AND
SITS IN THE EMPTY CHAIR NEXT TO HER]

STEPHEN: Oi. Aren't you sitting by me then?

[MARK MAKES "V" SIGNS AT HIM WITH
BOTH HANDS]

STEPHEN (*put out*): All right.

[HE THE ONLY SPARE SEAT LEFT IS NEXT
TO 'BIG CHRIS']

STEPHEN (*muttering*): Knickers.

[HE SITS DOWN]

SARA: Hello you.

MARK (*flustered*): Hello.

[HIS VOICE BREAKS HALFWAY THROUGH
AND TRIES TO COVER IT WITH A COUGH]

MARK: Yes. Um, Sara is it?

SARA: I sure am. You must be Michael?

MARK: Mark.

SARA: Oops! I expect I'll be doing that all day?

MARK: Calling everyone Michael?

SARA: Err, no. Just getting names wrong. I'm not that stupid.

MARK (*under his breath*): Shit! Shit! Shit!

[MR. JEFFREY ENTER]

MARK: Oh fuck, not him again.

[SARA RAISES HER EYEBROWS]

MARK: Sorry. Pardon my French. Oh it's not French is it. Fuck is 'coude' in French. I said it again. Sorry...

SARA: That's OK. I'm used to it. My brother swears like a trooper.

[FLUSTERED, HE FIXES HIS EYES FIRMLY
ON THE BLACKBOARD]

(PAUSE)

SARA: Elbow.

MARK: Huh?

SARA: You said 'coude'. That means 'elbow'.

[HE KICKS HIS BAG UNDER THE TABLE]

MR JEFFREY: Bonjour tout le monde!

[THERE ARE FEW MUMBLED 'HELLOS']

MR JEFFREY: Mon nom est Monsieur Jeffrey et je suis votre nouveau professeur francais!

[THE CLASS LOOK AT HIM BLANKLY]

MR JEFFREY: Anyway, I'm not totally sure where you're all at I'm afraid, what with my being new here.

MARK: Well we're starting our second year of GCSE French. Don't you even know that much?

SAM: Didn't Miss Clarkson tell you where we were up to?

MR JEFFREY: Miss Clarkson?

MARK (*to Sara*): This will be a fun year then.

SARA: Probably, but I'm kind of starting again anyway aren't I.

MARK: Oh yeah, course.

MR JEFFREY: Sooooo... For today at least I thought we'd do something a bit gentle, so we can all find our feet together as it were, OK?

[THE CLASS MUMBLE
UNENTHUSIASTICALLY]

MR JEFFREY: There's a video that accompanies your textbook.

[HE HOLDS A TEXTBOOK]

MR JEFFREY: Yes, this one and, err..

[HE CAN'T FIND THE VIDEO CASSETTE]

MR JEFFREY: Ah, well it appears that I've left the cassette back in the languages office. Sara, can you pop up to the languages office and ask Mr. Planer for the "Bonjour La Classe" video please?

[SARA STANDS UP NERVOUSLY]

SARA: Where is it? I don't know where it is, I'm new to the..

[SHE IS HALTED BY THE NOISE OF SIMON
AND TIM AMIDST A PLAY SCUFFLE]

MR JEFFREY: Excuse me you two. This is not "world of sport", or "le monde de sport" I should say. So stop it now please. In fact you, (*points at Simon*) can help me by showing Sara where the languages office is. I trust you know the location?

SIMON (*sighing*): Yeah.

[RELUCTANTLY, HE GETS UP AND WALKS
OUT OF THE DOOR]

MR JEFFREY: Ah. Well, go on then Sara. Follow him!

[MR. JEFFREY LOOKS AT THE CLOCK, IT IS
11:15AM. SARA GETS UP TO LEAVE]

MR JEFFREY: And don't be too long.

[SARA DASHES OUT OF THE CLASSROOM
TO FIND SIMON. MARK LEANS ACROSS TO
STEPHEN'S DESK]

MARK (*whispering*): Why can't he go on his own? Why's she got to go too?

STEPHEN: Why? They're only getting a video.

MARK (*grumpily*): Well...

STEPHEN: Well what? You jealous then?

[MARK SLOUCHES BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND
BEGINS STABBING HIS PENCIL CASE WITH
A PAIR OF COMPASSES]

CUT TO:

SC10. INT. 'C' CORRIDOR. DAY.

[SIMON IS WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
SARA IS BEHIND, TRYING TO CATCH UP]

SARA: Wait then!

SIMON (*irritated*): Well hurry up then. Christ.

[HE STOPS TO ALLOW HER TO CATCH UP]

SARA: Sorry, I'm not a very fast runner.

SIMON: You must be crap at hockey or whatever it is you do.

SARA: Hockey.

SIMON: Unless you play in goal of course.

SARA: Er, I do actually.

SIMON: Figures.

SARA: What?

SIMON: Nothing.

(PAUSE)

SARA (*nervously*): So, err, do you like hockey?

SIMON: Do I look gay?

SARA: Boys play hockey.

SIMON: Yeah, bum boys.

SARA (*disheartened*): That's a horrible thing to say.

SIMON: Think I care?

(PAUSE)

[SARA REFUSES TO GIVE UP THE
CONVERSATION]

SARA: So what do you like?

SIMON: Nothing you'd like. Can you shut up now?

SARA (*deflated*): Sorry....

(PAUSE)

SARA (*quieter*): Sorry.

[SIMON STOPS AT A DOOR TO THE
OUTSIDE. HE TURNS TO SARA]

SIMON: Right. Go through that door, up the stairs, along the corridor
and it's the door right at the bottom. Says A13 on the door.

SARA: Where are you going then?

SIMON: One of these.

[SIMON PRODUCES A CIGARETTE PACKET
FROM HIS POCKET AND WAVES IT AT HER]

SIMON: Oh, and *don't* go back without me.

[HE DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOOR]

CUT TO:

SC11. INT. CLASSROOM C11. DAY.

[STEPHEN AND CHRIS ARE HELPING MR. JEFFREY TUNE IN THE TV AND VIDEO]

MR JEFFREY: Perhaps if we wait until we get the videotape. Sit down boys. Merci beaucoup.

[THE DOOR OPENS AND SIMON AND SARA ENTER. IT IS A LITTLE AFTER 11.30AM]

MR JEFFREY: Ah! Enfin!

[THEY FIND THEIR SEATS AND SIT DOWN]

MR JEFFREY: Pourquoi avez-vous ete aussi long?

SIMON: What?

MR JEFFREY: Why have you been so long?

SIMON: Err, she walks too slowly.

MR JEFFREY: So, do you have the tape then?

SARA: Oh yeah. It's here.

[SHE HANDS THE TAPE TO MR. JEFFREY]

MR JEFFREY: Not a very good start for you today is it.

MARK; All right, leave off her then.

MR JEFFREY: I beg your pardon?

[HE LOSES HIS NERVE AND BACKS DOWN]

MARK: Nothing sir.

[HE IGNORES MARK AND PUTS THE VIDEO INTO THE MACHINE]

MR JEFFREY: OK, let's just watch this now.

[THE PICTURE APPEARS ON SCREEN, MUCH TO MR JEFFREY'S SURPRISE]

MR JEFFREY: Oh. So we *do* have a picture after all then.

[BOUNCY CASTLE PACKED WITH FRENCH CHILDREN APPEARS ON SCREEN. THEN A TITLE 'BOUGE DE LA' WHICH THE CHILDREN THEN SAY WHILST BOUNCING ABOUT ON THE CASTLE]

MR JEFFREY: Bouge de la? What's this?

[THE CLASS LOOK BEMUSED]

MR JEFFREY (*annoyed*): After all that it we have the wrong video.

[HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH]

MR JEFFREY: We haven't time now to find anything else so we'll just have to watch this.

[THE VIDEO CONTINUES TO PLAY AND THE CLASS SETTLE DOWN AND WATCH IT]

SAM (*to Simon*): Took your time didn't you?

SIMON: Yeah, had to have a sneaky fag didn't I.

SAM: Ah. Thought you might be taking advantage of our new girl.

SIMON: Nah, she ain't that nice.

SAM: Well, she thinks you are.

SIMON: Really? Oh, right. Interesting.

SAM: It's true, she told us earlier in the loos.

SIMON: Yeah, I believe you.

SAM: Thought you just said she isn't that nice?

SIMON: I know, still, if she's keen, who am I to say no!

SAM: Suppose so.

SIMON (*smugly*): As I say, interesting. Very interesting. I might have to have a few words with her at lunch!

[MEANWHILE, MARK IS SNEAKING LOOKS AT SARA. SHE EVENTUALLY CATCHES HIM]

SARA: What?

MARK (*sheepishly*): Nothing.

FADE TO:

SC12. INT. DINING HALL. DAY.

[IT IS LUNCHTIME]

STEPHEN (*excitedly*): Seven hours! Seven whole hours!

MARK: What?

STEPHEN: Until my date!

MARK: Oh.

STEPHEN: I can't wait!

MARK: Well it's a bit of a shame you're going to have to isn't it, so shut your face.

STEPHEN (*disheartened*): Blimmin' hell, grumpy git.

(PAUSE)

[STEPHEN TAKES SOME ROPEY LOOKING SANDWICHES OUT OF HIS BAG AND BEGINS EATING ONE. MARK IS REPULSED]

MARK: You're not actually going to eat those are you?

STEPHEN (*with mouth full*): What?

MARK: They look like they've been through the wash.

[STEPHEN FROWNS AND CONTINUES]

MARK: Several times as well.

[MARK OUT HIS SANDWICHES. THEY HAVE BEEN SQUASHED BY SOMETHING]

STEPHEN: What about yours then? Looks like someone's given them a good kicking!

[MARK REALISES *HE* SQUASHED THEM WHEN HE KICKED HIS BAG EARLIER]

MARK: Funny that.

[MICHAEL ENTERS. MARK LOOKS UP]

MARK: Ah, thank god. Save me from this fool and his Daz automatic sandwiches.

[MICHAEL STOPS ABRUPTLY]

MICHAEL: Sandwiches! Bollocks! Forgotten my dinner haven't I!

MARK (*laughing*): Ha ha, twat!

MICHAEL: Pissing hell. I'm well hungry.

[STEPHEN WAVES ONE OF HIS
SANDWICHES IN THE AIR]

STEPHEN (*with mouth full*): You can have one of mine.

MICHAEL: Really? Cheers.

[MARK PROTESTS]

MARK: No no no! You really don't want one!

STEPHEN: Well all right. You could always ask Chris if he's got any spare food, he usually has loads.

MARK: He has loads, but none of it's ever spare!

MICHAEL: Hmmm.

[AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, MICHAEL WALKS
OVER TO CHRIS. HE HAS A VARIETY OF
PIES AND PASTRIES ON HIS TABLE]

CHRIS: What?

[HE CASTS HIS EYES OVER CHRIS' FOOD]

MICHAEL: Um, nothing mate.

CHRIS: Err, OK.

[MICHAEL IS REPULSED BY CHRIS' FOOD]

MICHAEL: Don't you have anything other than meat pies, pasties and sausage rolls?

[CHRIS HUNTS AROUND IN HIS BAG. AFTER
MUCH SEARCHING HE PULLS OUT A
WAGON WHEEL AND HOLDS IT ALOFT]

MICHAEL (*sighing*): Right.

[MICHAEL RETURNS AND SITS DOWN]

MARK: Well??

MICHAEL: Just got loads of pies.

[STEPHEN AND MARK BOTH CHUCKLE]

MICHAEL: I think I'll leave it. They're probably all covered in sweat anyway or something.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN: Hey Mike. Seven hours until my date.

MARK: Oh for...

STEPHEN: What?

MARK: Can you give it a rest? At least until we're at yours later.

STEPHEN: Yeah, fair enough.

MICHAEL: Oh yeah, we still coming round to yours later to give you a bit of the old moral support?

STEPHEN: Yeah, if you want, yeah.

(PAUSE)

MICHAEL: Y'know, I still think she's a bit, I dunno, a bit 'mature' for you.

STEPHEN: Why?

MICHAEL: Well, didn't you hear? She lost her virginity at eleven.

[STEPHEN IS SHOCKED]

STEPHEN: What? Before French?

MARK: Eleven *years old* you spaz, not 11 o'clock this morning. Christ almighty.

MICHAEL: Dur! Joey!

[THERE IS MUCH LAUGHTER BETWEEN
MARK AND MICHAEL. STEPHEN STICKS HIS
MIDDLE FINGER UP AT THEM AND SNEERS]

MICHAEL: Still, eleven eh. I was still playing with my 'Big Trak' at eleven.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN: Well if she wants a bit of *that*, I can take care of it.

[MICHAEL AND MARK LAUGH]

MICHAEL: Oh you crack me up Stephen.

STEPHEN: What?

MARK: Don't worry about it mate, private joke.

[SIMON ARRIVES]

SIMON: Hey! Stevie boy. Lend us your bike will you? Gotta nip down to Londis for some fags.

STEPHEN: Um, I can't.

SIMON: Yeah you can. Where is it?

[STEPHEN BECOMES COY AND AGITATED]

STEPHEN: I haven't got it.

MARK: What? Why?

STEPHEN: I forgot it. Just leave it will you.

[SIMON SHRUGS]

SIMON: Oh well, looks like I'm walking then.

MICHAEL: Hey Simon, can you do me a favour?

SIMON: Maybe. What?

MICHAEL: Can you get me some stuff from Londis, if I give you the money?

SIMON: Yeah Ok. What?

[MICHAEL HANDS SIMON SOME CHANGE]

MICHAEL: Get us some sort of pasty type thing, a Coke super can and some Ringos, err, salt and vinegar Ringos.

SIMON: Go on then.

[HE PUTS THE COINS IN HIS POCKET]

SIMON: Doesn't your mum make you sandwiches then?

MICHAEL: Yeah, always. I just forgot to bring them.

SIMON: Hey Mark, I tell you what your mum makes me.

[MARK SCOWLS AT SIMON]

MARK: What?

SIMON: HARD! Ha ha ha! Boi-oi-oi!

[MARK LEAPS UP AND GOES TO GRAB
SIMON. MICHAEL INTERVENES AND
PUSHES MARK BACK ONTO HIS SEAT]

SIMON: Grow up mate, it was a compliment. She's a fox your mum.

MARK: I don't give a shit what you think, just shut up.

SIMON: You clearly do.

MARK: I'm not listening.

MICHAEL: You're right though, she is pretty tasty.

[MARK IS VERY ANNOYED BY NOW]

MARK: Oh for god's sake just shut up, all of you.

STEPHEN: I thought you weren't listening?

MARK: You can shut up 'n' all. At least my mum doesn't look like Christopher Biggins.

[MICHAEL AND SIMON LAUGH]

STEPHEN: What? Who's Christopher Biggins?

[STEPHEN REPEATS THE QUESTION]

STEPHEN: Who's Christopher Biggins?

MICHAEL: Your mum!

STEPHEN: I don't get it.

(PAUSE)

MICHAEL: Anyway Si', aren't you going to Londis?

SIMON: Yeah yeah, all right.

[AS SIMON APPROACHES THE EXIT, SARA, ANNA, SAM AND KELLY ENTER. HE STOPS TO LET THEM COME IN BUT GRABS SARA AS SHE PASSES. SARA BLUSHES. HE LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR FRAME AND A CONVERSATION COMMENCES. HIS ACTIONS SUGGEST HE IS ASKING HER TO COME TO THE SHOP WITH HIM. MARK IS AGITATED BY THIS AND EVENTUALLY JUMPS UP AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR]

STEPHEN: Oi! Where are you going?

[MARK IGNORES STEPHEN]

SARA (*to Simon*): I'll just tell Anna, hang on.

[SIMON WALKS OUT. SARA TURNS AND IS ALMOST KNOCKED FLYING BY MARK AS HE TOO LEAVES THE DINING HALL]

MATCH CUT TO:

SC13. INT. 'F' CORRIDOR. DAY.

[MARK PASSES SIMON IN THE CORRIDOR,
STOPPING TO MAKE A JIBE AT HIM]

MARK (*snappily*): Thought you were going to the shop?

SIMON: I am. Just waiting for Sara, she wants to come with me.

[MARK TURNS AWAY, SEETHING. HE
GLANCES AT THE FIRE ALARM FOR A
SECOND. HE MOMENTARILY CONSIDERS
HITTING IT BEFORE TAKING A DEEP
BREATH AND WALKING OFF OUT OF SIGHT.
SARA FINALLY JOINS SIMON]

SARA (*cheerily*): Right! Here I am. Oh! Wait!

SIMON: Eh? What now?

[SHE GOES BACK IN. SIMON SIGHS.
EVENTUALLY SHE REAPPEARS]

SIMON (*irritated*): Right, can we actually go now?

[AS SARA OPENS HER MOUTH, A FIRE
ALARM GOES OFF. PEOPLE APPEAR FROM
ALL ANGLES AND MAYHEM ENSUES]

SIMON: What the?

[THE PAIR LOOK LOST AND CONFUSED]

SIMON: What a crap time for a fire drill. Bastards.

CUT TO:

SC14. INT. 'C' CORRIDOR. DAY.

[MARK IS HOLDING A WOODEN DOOR
WEDGE. HE PUTS IT ON THE FLOOR AND
PUSHES IT BACK UNDERNEATH A DOOR
WITH HIS FOOT, BEFORE WALKING OFF TO
THE PLAYGROUND]

FADE TO:

SC15. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

[THE BELL HAS STOPPED. THE PUPILS HAVE
LINED UP IN THEIR FORM GROUPS]

STEPHEN: Why can't they do a drill when I've got art?

ANNA: Yeah. This is *our* time. Best not go on for ages.

MICHAEL: Ooh, art. That reminds me. Hey, Simon! Have you seen
your cousin yet?

[SIMON IS STOOD WELL DOWN THE LINE]

SIMON: What?

MICHAEL: That mag you were going to get off your cousin, with
Miss Radcliffe in it. Seen him yet?

[SIMON WALKS OVER TO MICHAEL]

SIMON: Oh yeah, I will get it. When I see him next.

MARK: Bullshit! She's not in it! Even if she is, you ain't got a copy.

SIMON: Wanna put some money on that? She *is* in it and I *will* get it?

MARK: Crap.

[SIMON RETURNS TO HIS PLACE]

STEPHEN: Hey, they're all sitting down over there.

[HE POINTS AT A FEW GROUPS OF SIXTH
FORMERS WHO ARE SITTING AROUND ON
THE GROUND, LOUNGING ABOUT.
EVERYONE LOOKS OVER AT THEM]

MICHAEL: Look! Flippin' sixth formers.

MARK: Bugger standing up then, I'm sitting down.

[MARK SITS DOWN. MICHAEL JOINS HIM]

MARK: God fire drills are dull.

MICHAEL: Well, it's hardly meant to be a party is it. There could be
someone burning to death as we speak.

MARK: Nah, there won't be.

MICHAEL: What?

MARK (*grinning*): Don't worry.

[MOST OF THE CLASS SIT DOWN. A FEW
WARY PUPILS REMAIN STANDING]

ANNA: Where's Mr. Jeffrey then?

MICHAEL: Good point. Although who actually cares?

ANNA: Well, the sooner he does the register, the sooner we can get
back to dinner.

MARK (*whispering*): Oi you lot, check this out!

[MICHAEL, ANNA AND STEPHEN LOOK AT
EACH OTHER BEMUSED AS MARK CRAWLS
OFF TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE]

ANNA: What's he up to?

[MICHAEL KNEELS UP TO LOOK AT MARK]

MICHAEL: Err, pass.

[MARK HAS SAT DOWN AT THE FRONT AND
HAS BEGUN THE 'OOPS UPSIDE YOUR
HEAD' ROWBOAT DANCE]

MICHAEL: Oh fantastic! We've gotta do this!

[ANNA KNEELS UP TO LOOK]

ANNA: Oh my god!

STEPHEN: What?

MICHAEL: Dur, look! "Oops Upside Your Head"!

STEPHEN: Oh ace!

[MOST OF THE ARE JOINING IN. TALL THE
OTHER CLASSES ON THE PLAYGROUND
ARE WATCHING]

ANNA (*laughing*): I can't believe I'm doing this!

MICHAEL: I can't believe someone hasn't bollocked us yet!

[MR JEFFREY FIANLLY ARRIVES]

MR JEFFREY (*angrily*): Get up! Now! All of you!

[A FEW GET UP, BUT MOST CARRY ON]

MR JEFFREY: Come on! What's going on here? Get up this minute.

[KELLY STANDS UP]

KELLY: It's "Oops Upside Your Head" sir, you must know it!

MARK (*calling out*): The Gap Band!

MR JEFFREY: I don't care. Everyone! Get up! Stand up!

MARK (*singing*): Strut your funky stuff sure 'nough!

[THERE IS MUCH LAUGHTER]

MR JEFFREY: Right, I've had enough of this.

[HE BEGINS TRYING TO DRAG EVERYONE
UP OFF THE FLOOR. HE GRABS AT SAM]

SAM: Get off you perv. I can get up by myself.

[GRADUALLY, EVERYONE GETS UP. MR
JEFFREY WALKS BACK TO THE HEAD OF
THE LINE. DEPUTY HEAD MR DANIELS,
APPEARS]

MR DANIELS (*shouting*): What the devil is going on here?

[THERE IS SILENCE]

MR DANIELS: Well?

[THERE IS STILL SILENCE]

MR DANIELS: Come on. I saw you from over there.

MICHAEL (*under his breath*): You should've come joined in then.

[THERE ARE A FEW CHUCKLES]

MR DANIELS (*angrily*): What was that?

[MICHAEL LETS OUT A SNIGGER]

MR DANIELS: You find this whole episode amusing do you?

[HE GRABS HOLD OF MICHAEL AND DRAGS
HIM FROM THE LINE]

MICHAEL: Oi! Get off then.

[HE RELEASES MICHAEL IN FRONT OF HIM]

MR DANIELS: I suppose you're the idiot who started this stupidity?

MICHAEL: What? No way!

[ANNA TRIES TO DISTRACT MR DANIELS]

ANNA: Mr Daniels, is there a real fire?

MR DANIELS: No, someone seems to have set it off as a prank. This is an extremely serious situation. Do you realise the fire brigade were called? They didn't actually turn up mind you, but they *were* called. There could quite easily have been a fire though. You weren't to know there wasn't. You should *all* have been stood here in silence.

[HE LOOKS AT MICHAEL]

MR DANIELS: But instead I find this idiot starting a disco dance!

MICHAEL: It wasn't...

MR DANIELS (*interrupting*): Don't answer back!

MICHAEL (*under his breath*): Tosser. It wasn't me.

MR DANIELS (*erupting*): I beg your pardon! Right!

[HE GRABS MICHAEL AND DRAG HIM OFF]

MR DANIELS: To Mr Beamish's office, now!

[MICHAEL TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF]

MICHAEL: Get off me, I can walk.

[MR DANIELS CONTINUES TO DRAG
MICHAEL AWAY AND OUT OF SIGHT]

MR JEFFREY: Well, as we're all silent now, can we remain that way so that I can call the register?

MR JEFFREY: Susan Atkinson?

SUSAN: Yes.

MR JEFFREY (*to himself*): Claire Benedict's away.

MR JEFFREY: Derek Boland?

[SCENE FADES OUT AS MR JEFFREY TAKES
THE REGISTER]

FADE TO:

SC16. INT. MR BEAMISH'S OFFICE. DAY.

[MR BEAMISH, THE HEAD, IS SAT AT HIS
DESK. MICHAEL IS FACING HIM]

MR BEAMISH: Back again then Mr. West.

MICHAEL: What?

MR BEAMISH: The last day of last term. I recall having both yourself
and that idiotic friend of yours in this very office on the final day of
last term. Yes?

MICHAEL: Oh yes.

MR BEAMISH: Yes *sir*.

MICHAEL: Yes sir.

MR BEAMISH: Do you remember why I had you in here then?

MICHAEL: Yeah, err sir, yes sir.

MR BEAMISH: For organising something, what was it again?

MICHAEL: Grass fights.

(PAUSE)

MR BEAMISH: Indeed. But this time it's not fighting, it's dancing
I'm told.

[MICHAEL STIFLES A CHUCKLE]

MR BEAMISH: On a Saturday night in Scamp's. At a relatives
wedding perhaps.

[MICHAEL SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS]

MR BEAMISH: Dancing. Being an idiot. Those are the places to do it.
We do not fool about on a fire drill.

MICHAEL: I'm not old enough to get into Scamp's.

MR BEAMISH: Don't answer back.

MICHAEL: Well I'm not.

MR BEAMISH: Silence! Now, tell me what you must never do on a
fire drill?

[MICHAEL SAYS NOTHING]

MR BEAMISH: Well?

MICHAEL: You just told me not to answer you back.

MR BEAMISH: Answer me. What must you never do?

MICHAEL: I must never do 'Oops Upside Your Head' on a fire drill.

MR BEAMISH: No no. I must not *fool about* on a fire drill. In *any* shape or form. Do I make myself clear?

MICHAEL: Yes.

MR BEAMISH (*sternly*): A fire drill is not a place for fun. It is a *very* serious event.

[A CAR DRIVES PAST. LOUD OPERA MUSIC
CAN BE HEARD EMANATING FROM IT]

MR BEAMISH: So, we must never lark about during a drill. And why do you think that is?

MICHAEL: I dunno. *I* wasn't?

MR BEAMISH: Excuse me?

MICHAEL: Well, I didn't start it anyway.

MR BEAMISH: That's not the issue.

MICHAEL: So why isn't everyone else in here then? It wasn't *just* me. Everyone was doing 'Oops Upside Your Head'.

[MR BEAMISH RAISES HIS VOICE]

MR BEAMISH: Why do you think we must behave during a fire drill?

MICHAEL: Dunno. You might distract the firemen off or something?

[MR BEAMISH IS ANNOYED FURTHER]

MR BEAMISH: Don't be an idiot!

MICHAEL: Well I said I don't know.

[MR BEAMISH STANDS AND PACES ABOUT]

MR BEAMISH: We're not getting anywhere here are we. I think you need to go away from here and think about why it is both dangerous and foolish to lark about during a fire drill. Is that a good idea?

MICHAEL: I suppose.

MR BEAMISH: Right.

MICHAEL: Or you could just tell me now?

MR BEAMISH: You will think about it and I will catch up with you at a later date to see what you have come up with. As for punishment, much as I would like to keep you in here for the rest of the day, I cannot. Mrs Beamish requires some items from Shoppers Paradise for our dinner party this evening so I will be leaving shortly.

[MR BEAMISH APPEARS TO BE DRIFTING
OFF INTO A DAYDREAM]

MR BEAMISH: All in all it should be a nice evening. Wendy and Bill, Roger and Fiona. Good food, good wine..

MICHAEL: Cheese footballs?

[THIS STARTLES ME BEAMISH]

MR BEAMISH: Hmm? Sorry?

MICHAEL (*grinning*): I said it sounds really nice sir.

MR BEAMISH: Oh, right, yes,

[HE CLEARS HIS THROAT LOUDLY]

MR BEAMISH: Go and see Mr Gibson. Ask him to give you a black sack from his cleaning cupboard. Every playground, all the pathways and both drives please.

[MICHAEL TUTS]

MR BEAMISH: Until three thirty. Mr Daniels will keep an eye...

[A PHONE RINGS. MR BEAMISH ANSWERS]

MR BEAMISH: Beamish here. Hello?

[HE INDICATES TO MICHAEL THAT HE CAN
LEAVE. MICHAEL WALKS TOWARDS THE
DOOR, MAKING 'V' SIGNS BEHIND MR
BEAMISH'S BACK BEFORE LEAVING]

MR BEAMISH: Yes dear, I will be going shortly... I know what to get, I've got your lists.

CUT TO:

SC17. INT. ARTROOM D12. DAY.

[STEPHEN LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.
HE SPOTS MICHAEL IN THE PLAYGROUND]

STEPHEN: Ha ha, Mark, look! Mike's down there with a bin bag!

[MARK FEIGNS AN INTEREST]

MARK: Mmmm.

STEPHEN: They've got him picking up litter!

MARK: Yeah.

KELLY (*to Mark*): You should be doing that.

MARK: Why?

KELLY: You know.

MARK (*squirming*): No I don't.

[KELLY GLARES AT HIM BEFORE
RETURNING TO HER WORK]

STEPHEN: Do you reckon Miss Radcliffe really is in that porno mag?

MARK: She might be, I reckon she's well dirty. But there's no way Simon's got it if she is.

STEPHEN: Nah, she doesn't seem that sort. I doubt she's even done it.

MARK: No way. My dad says it's the quiet girls you have to watch.

STEPHEN: Really?

MARK: I reckon she's filthier than the bait bucket on a trawler – my dad says that too. I mean, she's not even here today is she. She's probably got some bloke to padlock her to the bed or something and he's lost the keys.

STEPHEN (*horrified*): No! Never! I'm going to ask.

[HE PUTS HIS HAND UP IN THE AIR]

STEPHEN: Mr Anderson, where's Miss Radcliffe today?

[MR ANDERSON APPROACHES THEM]

MR ANDERSON: Never you mind. Get on with whatever it is you're meant to be drawing.

MARK: Is she a bit tied up today?

[MR ANDERSON FIXES MARK A GLARE AND
WALKS OFF. MARK TURNS TO STEPHEN]

MARK: See? Classified information! He knows, but he can't say. If it was something normal, like she's ill, he'd tell us.

STEPHEN (*to Kelly and Anna*): What do you two reckon?

[THEY BOTH LOOK UP]

KELLY: Huh? About what?

STEPHEN: Simon reckons his cousin's got a porno mag with Miss Radcliffe in it.

ANNA: Really? It's just probably some woman who looks a tiny bit like her or something.

MARK: Or Simon's just talking out of the crack of his arse as usual.

ANNA (*laughing*): Yeah that's much more likely! I'll go with Mark!

KELLY (*to Anna*): In your dreams.

ANNA: What? Oh shut up Kell', don't you ever agree with Michael then?

KELLY: Yeah, but I'm actually going out with him.

ANNA (*hurt*): Well, I'm not as lucky as you. We don't *all* get to go out with who we like.

KELLY: Sorry. I didn't mean it like that.

ANNA (*sighing*): Yeah I know.

KELLY: Hey, it could be worse, at least you haven't got to go out on a date with Stephen tonight have you!

ANNA: Oh my god I know! What *is* Sam playing at?

KELLY: He's too young for starters isn't he? She never goes for anyone who's below 20 at least.

ANNA: Are you going to hers later, before she goes out?

KELLY: Yeah, straight from school. Sam's going to nick some of her mum's wine before she gets in from work.

ANNA: Well then, we'll see if we can get anything out of her then!

KELLY: We can try. But you know what she's like.

ANNA: Poor old Stephen, he's a bit of an idiot but he's sweet enough.

KELLY: Yeah.

ANNA: He really likes her too, doesn't he?

KELLY: Yeah.

ANNA: Bless.

(PAUSE)

ANNA: I just hope he doesn't get his hopes up too much. Maybe I should have a word with Mark and tell him to make sure he doesn't get too excited.

JUMP CUT TO:

SC18. EXT. WILMOT AVENUE. DAY.

[MARK AND STEPHEN ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL. STEPHEN IS IN A VERY BUOYANT MOOD AND IS STOOD ON A WALL WITH HIS ARMS IN THE AIR. MARK IS IN A MUCH LESS JOLLY MOOD AND IS PUSHING HIS NOW SADDLE-LESS BIKE]

STEPHEN: Ooh, I could crush a grape!

[HE LEAPS OFF THE WALL]

STEPHEN: I've had a great day, and tonight it's going to get better and better and better!

MARK: Mate, I hate to piss on your cornflakes, but just take it easy a bit. I've got my doubts about her and you should have too.

STEPHEN: Oh shut up, why? You're just jealous.

MARK: Bollocks am I! What the hell would I want to go there for? She's grotty for starters, plus she's had half the county.

STEPHEN: I don't care. I think she's pretty.

MARK: Pretty awful. In fact no, bloody awful. Indeed.

[THEY REACH MARK'S HOUSE. HE BEGINS WALKING DOWN THE DRIVE, UNAWARE OF STEPHEN FOLLOWING HIM]

MARK: See ya later then.

STEPHEN: I ain't gone yet.

[MARK JUMPS. HE TURNS TO FIND STEPHEN STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM]

MARK: Christ on a bike! What are you doing there? Go home.

STEPHEN: I will in a minute, I just need something off you.

MARK (*annoyed*): What?

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN (*sheepishly*): You know that time you nicked those johnnies out of the bogs at the forum with those plastic pound coins?

MARK: Um, oh yeah.

STEPHEN: You still got 'em?

MARK: Somewhere, yeah. Why?

STEPHEN: Can I borrow one?

MARK: I suppose so.

[MARK TURNS PUTS HIS KEY IN THE LOCK
OF THE FRONT DOOR AND BEGINS TO TURN
IT. HE STOPS AND TURNS TO STEPHEN]

MARK: Hang on. Borrow?

STEPHEN: Huh?

MARK: You said borrow! I don't want it back! Bloody hell. Borrow.
Honestly.

STEPHEN: Oh you know what I meant.

[MARK SIGHS AND TURNS BACK TO THE
FRONT DOOR. HE OPENS IT FULLY AND
THEY BOTH GO INSIDE]

MATCH CUT TO:

SC19. INT. HALLWAY OF MARK'S HOUSE. DAY.

[THEIR CONVERSATION CONTINUES AS
THEY ENTER THE HALLWAY]

MARK: You won't need one anyway. I know she's a bit of a slapper, but she won't be up for that with you. You're too young for her. Which is why I don't get why she's going out with you.

STEPHEN: Maybe she just likes me.

MARK (*softening*): Sorry mate, I'm rooting for you all the way, you know I am. I just, well, I don't believe she's being genuine.

[MARK GOES UP THE STAIRS LEAVING
STEPHEN ALONE IN THE HALLWAY]

MARK (*O.O.V*): But I really hope I'm wrong.

[ELAINE APPEARS FROM THE KITCHEN]

ELAINE: I thought I heard voices! Hello Stephen. How's your mum?

STEPHEN: Um, my dad says they're still waiting for them all to come out or something?

ELAINE: Ah bless. Send her my love won't you.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN: I've got a date tonight!

ELAINE: Oh well done Stephen. Anyone I know?

STEPHEN: Samantha Hailey.

ELAINE: What, Sue's girl?

STEPHEN: Uh huh.

ELAINE: We go back years, do Sam's mum, and I, oh yeah.

STEPHEN: Oh right.

ELAINE: Sorry, you say you have a *date* with her, yeah?

STEPHEN (*beaming*): Yep!

[THERE ARE A FEW LOUD THUDS FROM
UPSTAIRS. ELAINE AND STEPHEN BOTH
LOOK UP AT THE CEILING]

ELAINE: Hmm...

(PAUSE)

ELAINE: So, how was your first day back?

STEPHEN: OK. Except we lost most of our lunch hour 'cause some toss...oops.

[STEPHEN STOPS HIMSELF MID SENTENCE,
REALISING HE WAS ABOUT TO SWEAR]

(PAUSE)

ELAINE: Go on.

STEPHEN (*blushing*): Some idiot set off the fire alarm.

ELAINE: Really? Hooligan. What sort of lunatic goes round setting off alarms for no reason?

[MARK BEGINS RUNNING DOWN THE
STAIRS BUT STOPS WHEN HE HEARS
ELAINE MENTION THE FIRE ALARM]

STEPHEN: I know, wasted our lunchtime.

ELAINE: I blame the parents.

[MARK RESUMES HIS RAPID DESCENT]

MARK: Hiya.

ELAINE: Hello love. Stephen's just been telling me about the fire alarm.

MARK: Uh huh.

[THERE IS AN AWKWARDNESS IN THE
HALLWAY DUE TO MARK NOT WANTING
TO HAND OVER THE CONDOMS WHILST
ELAINE IS THERE. SHE EVENTUALLY
REALISES SHE IS IN THE WAY]

ELAINE: Anyhow, I'd best get on with tea. Hamwich and chips ok?

MARK: Yeah, ta.

[HE WAITS FOR ELAINE TO CLOSE THE
KITCHEN DOOR THEN TURNS TO STEPHEN]

ELAINE (*O.O.V*): Faith, pick it all up please sweet pea.

MARK: There you go.

[HE HANDS HIM A SMALL CRUMPLED BOX]

MARK: Right, there's *one* left in there.

STEPHEN: Oh great. Cheers mate.

MARK: Right, now sod off. I'll see you later, at yours, about half six?

STEPHEN: Yep.

[MARK SHOWS STEPHEN OUT CALLS TO
HIM AS HE LEAVES THE DRIVEWAY]

MARK: Don't forget, I *don't* want it back!

[HE CLOSSES THE DOOR. ELAINE APPEARS]

ELAINE: Did I hear you say you're going out later?

MARK: Yes. Why?

ELAINE: Can you put my saddle back on my bike then please Mark?
I've got to pop round to your Nan's after tea.

MARK: Oh. Err, it got, a bit, well, nicked.

[SHE PUTS HER HANDS IN THE AIR]

ELAINE: Oh Mark. What the hell did you do with it?

MARK: I didn't do anything with it. Someone's clearly dicking about
with my bike for fun.

ELAINE: Well I shall have plenty to say to whoever is doing it. So
will your father.

MARK: Sorry.

ELAINE: Speaking of your father, you can go and tell him he'll have
to drive me round to Nan's.

MARK: Oh. Where is he?

ELAINE: Make an educated guess Mark.

MARK: Right.

MATCH CUT TO: THE LOUNGE

SC20. INT. MARK'S LOUNGE. DAY.

[ROB SUMMERS IS SLOUCHED IN AN ARMCHAIR, FLICKING BETWEEN TV CHANNELS. THEIR DOG, DOGALONG IS ROAMING ABOUT]

ROB: Hey! All right there son?

MARK: Yeah dad.

ROB: School all OK?

MARK Um, yeah. Kind of.

ROB: What?

MARK: Nothing. Can I have a look at your vinyl?

ROB: Go on then. Don't mix them up or anything mind.

[MARK GOES TO ROB'S VINYL COLLECTION AND FLICKS THROUGH THE 7" RECORDS]

ROB: Or sneak any upstairs when I'm not looking.

[ROB RETURNS TO THE TV]

ROB: All kids' stuff on now. Nothing to watch at all.

(PAUSE)

ROB: God save us, who's this wanker on here now?

MARK: Language Timothy!

ROB: Ha. Sorry son.

MARK: That's OK.

ROB: *Sorry!* Ha ha ha. Do you get it son? Sorry? Language Timothy? Made a joke there without realising it. Keep 'em coming Rob!

[ROB CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF]

(PAUSE)

ROB: What are you looking for anyway?

MARK (*flushing*): Um, nothing.

ROB: Nothing? Don't be an arse.

(PAUSE)

ROB: Come on, out with it. Never be ashamed of the music you like.

(BEAT)

ROB: Unless it's something really bad like Rod Stewart.

[MARK STOPS AND TURNS AROUND]

MARK: Right, you've played a song before, sure you have, called "Sara" or something?

ROB: Sara? Oh, I've got "Sara" by Starship. That it?

MARK: Could be.

ROB: Ah, Starship. Bit o' class.

[ELAINE ENTERS. FAITH WADDLES IN
BEHIND HER AND WANDERS AROUND THE
LOUNGE LOOKING FOR HER TOYS]

MARK: They're in here alphabetically aren't they?

ROB: They sure are.

ELAINE: Of course they are Mark. It's a man thing. Insist on their whole record collection being catalogued from A to Z.

ROB: Yeah and that's because men have big proper record collections, so big that they need a filing system, else we'd never find anything.

MARK: I can't find Starship.

ROB: Shush Mark.

ELAINE: Aha! Not a good system then is it?

ROB: Look woman, your entire record collection consists of nothing but David Essex LP's and "Seven Tears" by the Goombay Dance Band, so you're hardly in a position to comment.

ELAINE: Leave David alone.

ROB: With pleasure.

[ELAINE BEGINS REMOVING THINGS FROM
A CLOTHES HORSE]

ROB (*to Mark*): What do you want this record for anyway?

MARK (*squirming*): Oh, err, someone at school mentioned it.

ROB (*sternly*): You're not lending it to anyone.

MARK: I know, just, err, wanted to hear it to see if it was the right one.

ROB: That's fine.

(PAUSE)

MARK: I can't find it. Can you look?

ROB: Yep.

MARK: When?

ROB: Straight after 'Masterteam' I promise. OK?

MARK: Yeah OK. Thanks.

[HE GETS UP TO LEAVE]

MARK: Mum, you got any clean towels in all that?

ELAINE: No, sorry. They'll be some in the airing cupboard though.

MARK: OK, I'm off for a bath then.

ROB: A bath? Since when do you have a bath in the week?

MARK: What? I can have one if I want.

ROB: Power ballads and sudden baths? Means one thing. A girl!

MARK: No, it doesn't.

ROB: Son, there's three things you need to remember. One, I'm a male. Two, I was your age once as well, and three, I'm your dad.

MARK: So

ROB: So? So I know how your mind works!

ELAINE: Oh come one, leave him now Rob.

ROB: Fine! Shut up Rob.

MARK (*to Elaine*): In the airing cupboard you say, yeah?

ELAINE: Yes. Can I just say actually, if you're going to have a bath, *please* take Faith's ducks out first? I spent ages picking hairs off their beaks when I gave her a bath this morning.

[ROB CHUCKLES]

ELAINE: That goes for you as well, buster.

ROB: Yeah yeah.

ELAINE: I'm serious.

[ELAINE PUTS DOWN THE WASHING]

ELAINE: Whilst we're in the bathroom, may I ask *both* of you, to stop taking piles of magazines in there?

MARK: We don't!

ELAINE: Right!

[SHE GOES TO THE COFFEE TABLE, PICKS UP SOME MAGAZINES AND HOLDS THEM UP IN FRONT OF HER]

ELAINE: Oh look! *Piles* of magazines. I took all these out of the bathroom this morning. This has now got the cover missing.

ROB: Where?

[SHE THROWS IT AT HIM]

ELAINE: There!

[SHE THUMBS THROUGH THEM ALL]

ELAINE: So has this, and this one.

ROB: Yeah all right.

ELAINE: Oh, look, this one too.

[SHE GLARES AT THEM BOTH]

ELAINE: And someone's clearly weed on the Radio Times.

[MARK AND ROB BOTH STIFLE A LAUGH]

ELAINE: I'll just stop buying them then.

[SHE THROWS THEM TO THE FLOOR AND STORMS OUT. FAITH FOLLOWS HER]

ROB: Well, you'd best go and have that bath then.

MARK: Yep.

[HE TURNS TO LEAVE]

MARK: Oh dad, sorry, forgot to say, you've got to drive mum round to Nan's later.

ROB: Why?

MARK: I put her saddle on my bike and someone nicked it.

ROB: Tell her she can bloody well ride it round there without a saddle.

MARK: She can't do that!

ROB: I know son, just having you on.

MARK: Ah.

[HE LEAVES. ROB TURNS TO THE TV]

ROB: Right, where was I?

[HE PICKS UP THE REMOTE AND MAKES
HIMSELF COMFORTABLE. ELAINE ENTERS]

ELAINE: You can drive me round to my mum's later too, thank you.

ROB (*annoyed*): Yes I know! Bloody hell!

[SHE LEAVES]

ROB: Blimey.

[HE TURNS TO HIS LEFT AND PICKS UP A
MAGAZINE. IT IS THE RADIO TIMES]

ROB: Eurgh!

[HE THROWS IT DOWN]

CUT TO:

SC21. INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[EARLY EVENING. IS DARTING ABOUT THE HOUSE GETTING READY. MUSIC IS TURNED UP LOUDLY AND THEY HAVE SOME WHITE WINE ON THE GO, OF WHICH KELLY HAS CLEARLY HAD TOO MUCH]

SAM: Keep it turned up! I don't want to have to hear that crap my mum's playing.

[SHE OPENS HER BEDROOM DOOR]

ANNA: OK. Oh, is there any more of this?

[SHE HOLDS UP AN EMPTY WINE BOTTLE]

SAM: I'll see. She doesn't even know we've got that one though.

[SAM LEAVES AND CLOSES THE DOOR]

ANNA: We'd best turn it down.

[ANNA ADJUSTS THE VOLUME]

ANNA: Why's she got all these bridal magazines in here?

KELLY (*slurring slightly*): Her mum's getting married isn't she?

ANNA: Really? Again?

KELLY (*whilst drinking*): Uh huh.

ANNA: That must be, what, *three* times now!

KELLY: Six.

ANNA (*astounded*): Six?

KELLY: Yeah but come on, 3 died.

ANNA: I know, but still....

[KELLY SHRUGS]

ANNA: So when's the wedding?

KELLY: Spring next year I think.

ANNA: Hey I wonder if we can go on her hen night?

[KELLY SMILES AND FINISHES HER DRINK]

ANNA: Not that you'd last long mind you.

KELLY: What do you mean by that?

[SAM ENTERS]

SAM: Ta-da!

[ANNA AND KELLY ARE VISIBLY
SPEECHLESS. SAM IS WEARING BLACK
HIGH-HEELED ANKLE BOOTS, AN
EXTREMELY SHORT DENIM SKIRT AND A
BLACK BIKINI STYLE TOP]

SAM: Well?

ANNA: Um, it's raining out.

KELLY: Yeah. Nice.

ANNA: That skirt though Sam, it's well short, short enough to see
your knickers. That's if you're..

[SAM GRINS. ANNA LOOKS HORRIFIED]

ANNA: Oh my god! Sam you're not! Surely?

SAM (*grinning*): Dunno what you mean!

ANNA: Sam, no! You're too young! That's too much!

SAM: I know! I'm not really knickerless. I was winding you up.

ANNA: Phew!

SAM: Though they are pretty tiny though!

[SHE GRINS AGAIN]

KELLY: Aren't you wearing any knickers then?

[KELLY LEANS FORWARD AND TRIES TO
LIFT UP THE FRONT OF SAM'S SKIRT]

SAM: Oi! What are you doing?

[SHE PUSHES KELLY AWAY, WHO THEN
HAS TROUBLE SITTING DOWN AGAIN]

KELLY: Where was I? So are you wearing any then?

ANNA: It was a joke.

SAM (*to Anna*): How much of that wine has she had?

ANNA: Almost all of it.

[SAM CHANGES TAPES IN THE STEREO]

SAM: At the end of the day, I'm not fat. I've got it. I'm flaunting it.

ANNA: I suppose.

KELLY: Hey hey hey! Speaking of fat. Guess who I saw earlier?

SAM: Who?

KELLY: Rachel Toovey's sister.

ANNA: Yeah?

KELLY: God, is she big now. I mean, *really* big.

SAM: How big is *really* big?

[KELLY LAUNCHES INTO AN INCOHERENT
DRUNKEN BABBLE ABOUT THE GIRL]

KELLY: She was at the bus stop down Fenemore Crescent and there was a load of junk piled up outside this house next to her, and, err, oh yeah, there were these two chairs, like sofa chairs, arm chairs, that's it and they were stacked on top of each other and she was like the size of these two chairs stacked on top of each other and she looked as big as these chairs and that, is there any more wine?

[SAM AND ANNA STARE AT KELLY, OPEN
MOUTHED]

ANNA: Y'know Kell', I always forget just how different you are when you're pissed!

SAM: Yeah and you've just finished the last of the wine by the way.

ANNA: Wine clearly brings you out of your shell, hey Kell'!

KELLY: What? Wasn't listening?

SAM: Just going to phone Stephen, make sure he turns up.

ANNA: As if he wouldn't! Wild horses wouldn't stop him!

SAM: Well I still want to make sure he's coming.

ANNA: Why?

SAM: Because.

ANNA: Because what?

SAM: Just because.

ANNA (*confused*): Err, OK!

[SAM CHANGES THE SUBJECT]

SAM: And...

[SHE GOES OUT OF THE DOOR]

SAM (*O.O.V*): The white wine might have run out but...

[SAM RE-ENTERS HOLDING FOUR BOTTLES
OF KIWI LEMON “20 20”]

SAM: Hey hey!

ANNA: Great!

SAM: I know!

ANNA (*points to Kelly*): But don't let her have any.

KELLY: Oh go on Sam. Come on.

[SAM HANDS THEM A BOTTLE EACH,
TAKES ONE HERSELF AND PUTS THE
REMAINING ONE ON TOP OF HER HI-FI]

SAM: Back in a minute.

[SHE LEAVES THE ROOM AGAIN]

ANNA (*whispering*): What's she up to?

KELLY: What? Why are you whispering?

ANNA: Oh, I don't know actually.

[SHE STOPS AND CLEARS HER THROAT]

ANNA: Well, she's going out, looking like a prostitute, with skimpy knickers on!

KELLY: Yeah, so what? She's done that before. Except the knickers bit. Possibly. Not sure actually. Think she's got loads like that.

ANNA: Yeah, but for Stephen?

KELLY: Oh. Yeah. Oh I don't know anymore. My head hurts.

[SHE FLOPS BACK ONTO THE BED]

ANNA: Oh don't pass out, Kelly.

[SHE PASSES OUT. ANNA LOOKS AT HER
AND TAKES A SWIG FROM HER BOTTLE]

ANNA (*quietly*): I spoke too soon.

[SAM RETURNS, A LITTLE FLUSTERED]

ANNA: Any joy?

SAM: It's, err, engaged. I'll try again in a bit.

[SHE LOOKS AT KELLY]

SAM: She passed out?

ANNA: Think so.

SAM: More drink for us then!

[SAM SITS DOWN ON HER BED AND DRINKS
HEAVILY FROM HER BOTTLE]

ANNA: Sam? Why are you dressed like that for Stephen?

[SAM SHRUGS]

SAM: I don't know. Why not?

ANNA: Oh come on Sam.

[SAM IS BECOMING AGITATED]

SAM: What? It's nothing.

ANNA: So you really like Stephen and want to wow him by showing off your knickers to him and everyone else all night?

SAM: Oh piss off. I'm going to ring him again.

[SHE JUMPS OFF THE BED AND STORMS
OUT OF HER ROOM, SLAMMING THE DOOR]

CUT TO:

SC22. INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[MICHAEL IS SAT AT STEPHEN'S
COMPUTER, PLAYING GAMES. STEPHEN IS
OUT OF THE ROOM, GETTING READY.
MARK ARRIVES AND POKES HIS HEAD
ROUND THE DOOR]

MARK: All right Mikey!

[MICHAEL DOESN'T LOOK UP]

MICHAEL: Yeah.

MARK: What are you playing?

MICHAEL: Way Of The Exploding Fist.

(PAUSE)

MICHAEL: Ah sod it.

[HE SHOVES THE KEYBOARD AWAY AND
PICKS UP A GLASS OF BLUE LIQUID]

MICHAEL: Can't play that without a joystick, no way.

[MARK POINTS TO THE GLASS]

MARK: What the bloody hell are you drinking?

MICHAEL: Err, some weird shit Stephen made in his Soda Stream.
'Intergalactic Space Juice' or something.

MARK: Hmm...(sarcastically) and it's *really* from outer space yeah?

MICHAEL: Naturally.

(PAUSE)

[MARK SPOTS A TRIMPHONE ON THE DESK]

MARK: He got one then. Thought he was talking out of his arse again.

MICHAEL: What?

MARK: Stephen reckoned he was getting a phone put in his room. I
didn't believe him.

MICHAEL: Fair enough. He talks bollocks at the best of times.

[MARK FIDDLES WITH THE PHONE]

MARK: We can have some fun with that later! Wind Stephen up a bit. Where is he anyway?

MICHAEL: Probably still in the bathroom. He's been dicking about in there for at least half an hour.

MARK: Wish he'd hurry up. I want a drink!

MICHAEL: Have a sip of mine if you want.

MARK: Do you mind if I don't?

[STEPHEN ENTERS. HE IS WEARING A GREY SHIRT WITH REFLECTIVE SILVER CIRCLES ON THE FRONT, GREY TROUSERS, GREY SLIP ON SHOES AND WHITE SOCKS]

MARK: Wahey! Here he is! Man at C&A!

MICHAEL: Hey! Nice shirt mate!

STEPHEN: Well I wanna look cool, impress her and that.

MARK: In that shirt?

STEPHEN: Um, yeah, in this.

MICHAEL: The thing is though mate, it's raining. She won't see it 'cause you'll have your coat on.

STEPHEN: So what?

MARK: Probably best if your coat covers it anyway!

STEPHEN: Shut up. It was well expensive.

MICHAEL: So that makes it automatically good then?

STEPHEN (*to Mark*): Where did you come from anyway? I didn't let you in.

MARK: Your dad let me in, obviously.

[STEPHEN BEGINS LOOKING THROUGH THE DRAWERS IN HIS DESK]

MARK: Where'd you get the money for an expensive shirt from then?

STEPHEN (*flustered*): Err..

MARK (*realising*): You berk! You sold your bike didn't you?

STEPHEN: Might have done.

MARK: You'd rather have that shirt, than your Grifter?

STEPHEN: If it means impressing Sam then yeah, I would.

MICHAEL: I wondered why you wouldn't lend it to Simon earlier.

[STEPHEN CLOSES THE DESK DRAWER AND
TURNS AROUND]

STEPHEN: Ooh, Simon will be a round in a minute?

MARK: God save us, really?

STEPHEN: Yeah.

MARK (*annoyed*): What did you have to invite that anus round for?

[STEPHEN IGNORES MARK'S QUESTION]

STEPHEN: I'll go and get you a drink Mark.

MARK: Go on then. I don't want any of Mooncat's piss either.

STEPHEN: I'll see what we've got.

[STEPHEN DISAPPEARS OFF DOWNSTAIRS]

MARK: Oi, watch this!

[MARK PICKS UP THE PHONE, DIALS '44'
THEN PUTS THE RECEIVER DOWN. THE
PHONE IMMEDIATELY BEGINS RINGING]

MICHAEL: Brilliant!

[THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND STEPHEN
DASHES FOR THE PHONE. HE PICKS IT UP]

STEPHEN: Hello?

[MARK AND MICHAEL PRETEND TO BE
LOOKING FOR A TAPE TO PUT IN THE
STEREO, STIFLING THEIR GIGGLING]

STEPHEN: Hmm..

[HE HANGS UP AND LEAVES. MARK AND
MICHAEL LAUGH OUT LOUD]

MICHAEL: Oh what a fool. The old '44' trick.

MARK: I can't believe he *still* hasn't sussed it yet!

MICHAEL: This one can run and run!

MARK: Yeah, so long as British Telecom don't get rid of it.

[THEY BOTH SIGH HEAVILY AS THEIR
GIGGLING PETERS OUT]

MICHAEL: Oh, I nearly forgot. I brought a tape round.

MARK: Stick it in then.

[MICHAEL PRODUCES A CASSETTE FROM
HIS POCKET AND PUTS IT IN THE STEREO]

MARK: What is it?

MICHAEL: Err, I forget. Thinks it's just the charts and that.

[HE PRESSES PLAY AND SITS DOWN]

MARK: Brill song.

[STEPHEN ENTERS WITH SIMON]

STEPHEN: Look who's here!

MARK: Never mind that, where's my drink?

STEPHEN: Oh yeah, there was a can of Top Deck in the fridge.

MARK: Ace! Give it here then.

STEPHEN: I let Simon have it.

SIMON: Evening gentlemen.

[HE SAUNTERS IN, DRINKS MOST OF THE
CAN, THEN FLOPS DOWN ONTO STEPHEN'S
BED. MARK GLARES AT HIM]

MARK: Pig.

[SIMON DOESN'T HEAR MARK'S COMMENT]

SIMON: So, Stephen, what aftershave are you going to poison, err, *seduce* her with then?

STEPHEN (*beaming*): I'm glad you asked me that!

[HE TURNS TO HIS DRESSER AND TAKES
TWO BOTTLES FROM THE TOP. HE TURNS
BACK HOLDING THEM ALOFT]

STEPHEN: It's 'Yardley Gold' or ..

[HE HOLDS THE BOTTLE UP CLOSE TO HIS
FACE AND READS FROM IT]

STEPHEN: Avon 'Rugger'?

[THE OTHERS ALL LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER
IN DISBELIEF, TRYING NOT TO LAUGH]

SIMON: Has to be the 'Yardley Gold' mate, without a doubt.

STEPHEN: Everyone else agree?

MARK: Of course. It's a winner, clearly.

MICHAEL: Yeah go for it, if you think it's going to make a
difference.

STEPHEN: Ace! Cheers lads!

[HE PROCEEDS TO APPLY A LARGE
AMOUNT OF IT TO HIS FACE AND NECK.
SIMON GETS UP AND TAKES IT FROM HIM]

SIMON: That's more than enough mate, trust me.

MARK (*sarcastically*): Yeah, listen to Simon, 'cause he's such the big
expert on girls.

SIMON: I suppose you are then are you Marky boy?

[MICHAEL NUDGES STEPHEN]

MICHAEL (*whispering*): This'll be good!

[STEPHEN SMILES NERVOUSLY]

MARK: No, I'm not. But I don't make out I am though do I.

STEPHEN: I can't watch this.

[HE LEAVES. MICHAEL SIGHS AND TURNS
TO THE COMPUTER]

SIMON: Who was the last girl you went out with then?

MARK: I dunno. What's that got to do with you anyway?

SIMON: Nothing, but I can still have a laugh about it.

MARK: Oh ha ha, well funny I must say.

SIMON: I think the fact that you're always single is very funny. In fact I bet you'll still be single by Christmas!

MARK: Oh do you? Well, I might have news for you.

SIMON: Oh yeah? Who've you got your eye on then?

MARK: None of your business.

SIMON: Oh come on, tell me. Seriously, you never know, I might be able to give you some advice!

MARK: From you? Ha! I'll tell you what you can do with your advice.

SIMON: What?

MARK: Blow it out your arse.

SIMON: Oh very witty. Ha ha.

MARK: I'm not listening to you anymore, I've heard enough of your crap today already.

[HE TURNS THE STEREO UP. WHILST MARK IS DOING THIS, MICHAEL SLYLY PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS '44' AGAIN]

SIMON: (*shouting over the music*) Loser!

[SIMON IS GRINNING AT MARK. HE MAKES 'V' SIGNS WITH BOTH HANDS IN RESPONSE]

SIMON (*shouting*): Oooh scared!

[STEPHEN RETURNS AND NOTICES THE PHONE RINGING. HE ANSWERS IT]

STEPHEN: No one there, *again*!

[HE PUTS THE RECEIVER DOWN AND POINTS TO THE STEREO]

STEPHEN: Turn that down before my dad comes up!

ALAN: I'm already here.

[STEPHEN JUMPS AND LOOKS ROUND TO SEE HIS DAD STOOD IN THE DOORWAY]

MARK: Sorry.

[HE TURNS IT DOWN]

ALAN: That's more like it. Keep it at that level. It's rubbish anyway.

MICHAEL: No it's not, it's big hit in the charts.

ALAN: Is it really? How big exactly?

MICHAEL: Err, I dunno. I usually cut it off when the bloke starts talking about it.

ALAN: Well, I don't have time to discuss the state of the hit parade with you lot. Just keep the noise down.

[HE TURNS TO LEAVE, BUT IS TAKEN
ABACK BY STEPHEN'S SHIRT]

ALAN: Snakes alive! What on earth is that?

STEPHEN: Huh? It's a shirt dad.

[ALAN BEGINS POKING AT IT AND GRABS A
CIRCLE ON THE FRONT]

ALAN: What's all this business? It looks like the AA Book Of The Car.

STEPHEN: The what?

ALAN: Where did you get it from anyway?

STEPHEN: Err, oh, it's, err, Mark leant it me.

MARK (*surprised*): What? Oh yeah, I got it for my birthday but I don't like it.

ALAN: I can certainly see what brought you to that conclusion.

[HE WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM]

MARK (*to Stephen*): You owe me one for that.

[STEPHEN SHRUGS AT MARK THEN TURNS
TOWARDS THE DOOR]

STEPHEN (*calling*): Oh dad. Can I ask you something quickly?

ALAN (*O.O.V*): What?

[THE DOORBELL RINGS]

STEPHEN: Who's Christopher Biggins?

[THE OTHERS FREEZE]

ALAN (*O.O.V*): I've got to get the door son.

[STEPHEN SHUTS THE DOOR]

MICHAEL (*under his breath*): That was close.

STEPHEN: Who is this Biggins bloke then?

(PAUSE)

[EVERYONE IGNORES STEPHEN]

SIMON: So, where were we?

[HE GRINS AT MARK. MARK SCOWLS BACK
AND STICKS UP HIS MIDDLE FINGER]

SIMON: That was it, Mark was just about to tell us about the object of his desire.

STEPHEN: Who, Sara?

MARK: Oh shit.

SIMON: Sara? New girl Sara?

MARK (*to Stephen*): Thanks for that, penis.

STEPHEN: Thanks for what?

SIMON: I'm so glad I know that now! Brilliant!

(PAUSE)

[THERE IS A BIT OF AN ATMOSPHERE NOW]

SIMON: Well well well, Sara Kipling. Actually Mark, I reckon you're in with a chance there.

STEPHEN: Is he really???

SIMON (*laughing*): No!

MARK: Piss off Simon.

MICHAEL: This is getting boring now, just pack it in you two.

STEPHEN: I'm confused. Are you saying Mark *doesn't* have a chance?

SIMON: Fat chance! No way.

MARK: Get stuffed. You don't know anything about me, or Sara.

SIMON: I know more about Sara than you do.

MARK: Oh yeah, like what?

SIMON (*smugly*): I know who she fancies for starters.

MARK: Balls. I don't care anyway.

SIMON: Oh but you do!

MICHAEL: Go on then, who?

SIMON: Me!

MICHAEL (*stunned*): You? Bollocks.

SIMON (*smugly*): Hey, I can't help it!

STEPHEN: How do you know?

SIMON: Sam told me earlier. I was going to take Sara down the shop at lunch and ask her myself but we had that fire drill.

STEPHEN: Sam could be lying.

SIMON: Are you calling your bird a liar?

STEPHEN: Oh, no. Course not.

SIMON: I rest my case then. Seems she can't resist the old Peters' magic. Do you know, I ain't that interested in her to be honest, but now I know you like her, I think I might have to be!

[MARK GETS UP AND LEAVES]

SIMON (*calling*): Loser!

MICHAEL: Simon, I forget what an arsehole you are sometimes.

SIMON: So? Think I care what you think?

MICHAEL: No. You don't do you.

[HE GETS UP TO LEAVE]

STEPHEN: You off as well?

MICHAEL: Yeah, said I'd pop in on Kelly tonight at some point. Want me to turn the Spectrum off?

SIMON: Nah, leave it on, I'll have a go.

MICHAEL: I was talking to Stephen.

STEPHEN: See you at school then.

MICHAEL: Yeah, all the best for tonight mate.

STEPHEN: Cheers mate.

MICHAEL: Ooh, nearly forgot my tape.

[HE GOES TO THE STEREO, STOPS THE TAPE
AND TAKES IT OUT. HE THEN LEAVES,
CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM]

STEPHEN: I reckon I'd better make a move anyway now.

SIMON: Oh, OK.

[SIMON SWITCHES OFF THE COMPUTER,
WHILST STEPHEN GOES FOR THE BOTTLE
OF AFTERSHAVE AGAIN]

STEPHEN: Bit more won't hurt.

[HE SPLASHES GENEROUS AMOUNT ONTO
HIS FACE]

STEPHEN: Ah! Gotta smell nice for the lady.

SIMON: True. Just a shame you don't isn't it.

STEPHEN: Eh?

SIMON: Nothing. Let's go then.

STEPHEN: Yep, I'm ready.

SIMON: Aren't you wearing a coat? It's chucking it down!

STEPHEN: Oh, err, no. Dunno where it is.

SIMON: Fine, get drenched then.

[STEPHEN SWITCHES THE LIGHT OFF AND
FOLLOWS SIMON OUT OF THE ROOM. THE
PHONE BEGINS TO RING]

SIMON (*O.O.V*) You going to get that then?

STEPHEN (*O.O.V*) : Nah, someone's just mucking about to annoy me.

[HE CLOSSES THE DOOR AS THE PHONE
CONTINUES TO RING]

CUT TO:

SC23. INT. SAM'S HALLWAY. EVE.

[SAM IS ON THE PHONE AND ANNA IS HELPING KELLY DOWN THE STAIRS. MUSIC IS COMING FROM THE LOUNGE]

SAM: Come on, answer it.

ANNA: Is he there?

SAM: There's no answer.

ANNA: He's probably left.

SAM: He better not have gone out somewhere else.

[ANNA IS STILL STRUGGLING WITH KELLY]

ANNA: Stephen? I keep telling you, nothing would stop him meeting you. What are you on ab....Woah!

[ANNA SLIPS AND ALMOST DROPS KELLY]

ANNA (*annoyed*): Can you give me a hand here Sam?

SAM (*distantly*): Mmm.

[SHE CLIMBS THE STAIRS AND HELPS ANNA. THEY SIT HER AT THE BOTTOM]

ANNA (*breathless*): So, who won't wait for you?

SAM: Oh, nothing.

ANNA: You are meeting Stephen aren't you?

SAM: I'm *meeting* him, yeah.

ANNA: What and that's all...

[SAM'S MUM, SUE, OPENS THE LOUNGE DOOR. SHE IS WORSE FOR DRINK AND DRESSED SIMILARLY TO SAM]

SUE (*to Sam*): You off out now?

SAM: Yes mum.

SUE: Wearing that?

SAM: Yes.

[SUE TUTS IN DISGUST]

SUE: Who are you going out with?

SAM: Stephen.

SUE: Alan Dennis's boy?

SAM: Yeah. We're only going to the cinema.

SUE: Tanya's working, so she'll tell me who she sees you with.

SAM: I bet she will. Nosey cow's always doing that.

SUE: Don't you speak about my friends like that. I just ask her to keep an eye out for you. She just tells me who you are with, so I know if you're lying or not.

SAM: I'm not lying, I'm meeting Stephen. You don't trust me at all.

[SUE ISN'T FULLY LISTENING TO HER]

SUE: Good good. Tell me who you're not meeting?

[SAM HANGS HER HEAD AND SCOWLS]

SAM (*quietly*): Michael Ellis.

SUE: Sorry?

SAM (*loudly*) : Michael Ellis!

SUE: Don't be cheeky. I'm just looking out for you.

SAM: Why are you suddenly interested in who I see? You've never been bothered before.

KELLY (*stirring*): Michael? Michael, my Michael?

SAM: Shush you.

ANNA (*whispering*): Not your Michael, another one.

[SHE GLARES AT SAM]

ANNA: One who's 21 and a total prat.

(PAUSE)

SAM: Well? I'm waiting? Why are you so bothered now?

[SUE IS CLEARLY UNCOMFORTABLE WITH
THE CONVERSATION NOW]

SUE: Just go out. Go on.

[SUE TURNS GOES BACK INTO THE LOUNGE. SAM CONTINUES TO YELL AT HER THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR]

SAM: I'll tell you why, it's all for show. You're just trying to make that knob head boyfriend of yours think you're a good mother when you're not.

[THE VOLUME INCREASES. SAM KICKS THE DOOR. HER VOICE IS ANGRY BUT BROKEN]

SAM: Yeah turn it up, why not? Truth hurts. Stupid bitch.

[SHE MOVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR]

SAM: I'm going. Where's my coat?

[SAM GRABS A BRIGHTLY-COLOURED SKI JACKET OFF THE BANISTERS AND LEAVES]

ANNA (*sighing*): Let's get you home. Michael's going to love you when he turns up to see you!

KELLY: Michael?

ANNA: Yeah, you know, your boyfriend.

KELLY: Oh, yeah.

ANNA: You sound disappointed?

KELLY: Huh?

ANNA: Oh forget it. I don't know why I'm trying to talk to you when you're in this state anyway.

KELLY: Talk to me?

ANNA: We're going home now, OK?

KELLY: Yay....See my sister and her....

[HER VOICE TRAILS OFF INTO A MUMBLE]

ANNA: Off we go.

[THEY STRUGGLE OUTSIDE]

CUT TO:

SC24. EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

[STEPHEN IS STOOD OUTSIDE THE CINEMA
WAITING FOR SAM. IT IS RAINING AND HE
IS SOAKED. HE APPEARS AGITATED AND
KEEPS CHECKING HIS WATCH]

STEPHEN (*to himself*): You're not coming are you.

[HE THINKS ABOUT PHONING SAM AND
GLANCES OVER TO A PHONE BOX. THERE
ARE THREE YOUTHS IN IT, RIPPING PAGES
OUT OF THE DIRECTORY. HE SIGHS]

(PAUSE)

[A LORRY PASSES AND DRIVES THROUGH A
BIG PUDDLE. STEPHEN JUST MANAGES TO
JUMP CLEAR]

STEPHEN (*annoyed*): Oh hurry up for god's sake.

CUT TO:

SC25. EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. NIGHT.

[MARK IS ON HIS WAY HOME, TRUDGING
DEJECTEDLY ALONG THE GUTTER. A RED
TRIUMPH ACCLAIM SHOOTS PAST. A
PASSENGER SHOUTS TO MARK]

PASSENGER: Prick!

[MARK LOOKS UP TO SEE THE CAR
DISAPPEAR ROUND A CORNER BEFORE
CONTINUING ON HIS WAY]

CUT TO:

SC26. EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

[STEPHEN SURVEYS THE STREETS]

STEPHEN(*to himself*): Five more minutes.

[HE LOOK LEFT. SAM IS APPROACHING. HE GOES TO EMBRACE HER BUT SHE STRIDES PURPOSEFULLY PAST HIM]

SAM: Come on, let's get in there.

STEPHEN: Oh, right, what are we seeing?

[SAM DOESN'T REPLY. STEPHEN FOLLOWS HER INSIDE]

(PAUSE)

[SAM EXITS THE CINEMA AND DASHES OVER TO A RED TRIUMPH ACCLAIM. THE DRIVER WINDS DOWN THE WINDOW. IT IS MICHAEL ELLIS]

ELLIS: What the hell were you doing with that little tit? You're meant to be on your own. It's bad enough having you hanging round with us, but at least you're a bird. Don't want little boys hanging around.

PASSENGER (*O.O.V*): Barry does!

SECOND PASSENGER (*O.O.V*): Piss off do I.

SAM (*apologetically*): I'm sorry Mike, really sorry. He was just my excuse to get out the house. He's gone now. I'm sorry.

ELLIS: So he's gone, has he?

[HE POINTS TO THE CINEMA. STEPHEN I SNOW OUTSID, LOOKING ABOUT FOR SAM]

SAM: Oh god, let me in, quick.

[SHE TRIES THE REAR DOOR. IT IS LOCKED. A HAND MAKES A 'V' SIGN GESTURE. THERE IS LAUGHTER FROM THE CAR.]

SAM (*panicking*): Oh come on!

ELLIS: Nah, sod it. See ya later. No, see ya never.

SAM: Don't go!

[ELLIS ATTEMPTS TO RACE OFF. HE DOESN'T QUITE MANAGE IT. HE MISSES A GEAR AND THE ENGINE STALLS. THERE ARE LOUD JEERS FROM THE CAR. ELLIS GETS IT GOING AND SCREECHES OFF, LEAVING SAM IN TEARS]

SAM (*whimpering*): Bastards.

[SHE LOOKS ROUND TO SEE STEPHEN APPROACHING. SHE RUBS HER EYES AND COMPOSES HERSELF]

STEPHEN: Hey! What are you doing out here?

SAM: I felt ill. I feel ill. I wanna go home.

STEPHEN (*disheartened*): Oh. OK.

[SHE BEGINS TO WALK OFF]

STEPHEN (*sprightly*): I'll walk you home!

SAM: No you won't. I'm fine. It's not far anyway is it.

[STEPHENS TROTS AFTER HER]

STEPHEN: Fine? But you just said you're ill.

SAM (*irritably*): I am. Well, I'm not ill. It's a girl thing. Just leave me alone.

[STEPHEN IGNORES HER REQUEST]

STEPHEN: What if you faint or something, or you have to throw up somewhere?

[SAM QUICKENS HER PACE]

STEPHEN: I can't let you go home on your own. My dad says a man should always protect his lady. I know you're not *my* lady but...

[HIS VOICES TRAILS OFF. HE STOPS. SAM STOPS ALSO. SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH]

SAM: Just walk with me then. But shut up. I'm not in a talking mood.

STEPHEN (*beaming*): Ace!

[HE CONSIDERS PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HER, THEN THINKS BETTER OF IT]

CUT TO:

SC27. INT. MARK'S HALLWAY. NIGHT.

[MARK IS TAKING HIS JACKET OFF IN THE HALL. ELAINE APPEARS FROM THE LOUNGE WEARING A SMALL, FLIMSY NIGHTIE. HER ARRIVAL STARTLES MARK]

ELAINE: Hello there chicken!

[MARK JUMPS]

ELAINE: Sorry love, did I make you jump?

[MARK GRUNTS A RESPONSE, STILL WITH HIS BACK TO HER, AS HE STRUGGLES TO HANG HIS COAT UP]

ELAINE: You're late aren't you?

[HE FINALLY HOOKS HIS COAT ON THE PEG AND TURNS ROUND. HE SEES WHAT SHE IS WEARING AND IS INSTANTLY TAKEN ABACK. HE STARES WIDE-EYED AT HER AND FLUSHES]

ELAINE: It's school tomorrow don't forget, so get to bed now.

MARK: Mmm... Night

[HE TURNS AND DASHES UP THE STAIRS TO THE SAFETY OF HIS ROOM]

CUT TO:

SC28. INT. MARK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[MARK KICKS HIS DOOR OPEN AND ENTERS THE ROOM. HE JUMPS STRAIGHT ONTO HIS BED. HE LANDS ON SOMETHING]

MARK (*groaning*): Oh, what was that?

ELAINE: (*O.O.V.*): Mark! Your dad dug out that record for you!

[MARK GETS UP AND SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT. THE RECORD IN QUESTION HAS BEEN LEFT ON HIS BED. MARK REALISES HE HAS JUST JUMPED ON IT]

MARK: Oh pissing hell. That just about sums up today.

[HE TAKES THE RECORD FROM ITS SLEEVE AND EXAMINES IT. IT IS ONLY CRACKED]

MARK: Phew, not too bad. Let's see if it plays.

[HE PUTS THE RECORD ON, BEFORE READING ALOUD FROM THE SLEEVE]

MARK: Starship. Sara....

MARK (*sighing*): Sara...

[HE LIES BACK ON HIS BED. THEN GETS UP AGAIN TO SWITCH OFF THE LIGHT. THE RECORD BEGINS TO PLAY. HE LIES BACK DOWN IN THE DARK AND LISTENS INTENTLY. IT PLAYS RELATIVELY WELL EXCEPT FOR THE ODD JUMP EVERY NOW AND AGAIN WHEN THE NEEDLE GOES OVER THE CRACK]

FADE TO:

SC29. EXT. SAM'S DRIVEWAY.

[STEPHEN WALKS SAM TO THE FRONT DOOR, MUCH TO SAM'S ANNOYANCE]

SAM: I can find my own front door you know.

STEPHEN: I know, just want to see you in properly.

SAM (*abruptly*): Well I'm here now.

[SHE OPENS THE DOOR. THERE IS A BLAST OF MUSIC FROM THE HOUSE. WITHOUT TURNING ROUND SHE BIDS HIM GOODBYE]

SAM: See ya.

[HE TRIES TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TRY FOR A KISS, BUT SHE CLOSES THE DOOR]

STEPHEN (*disheartened*): Oh.

[HE LOOKS UP AT THE HOUSE]

STEPHEN: Night Sammy.

[HE BLOWS A KISS TOWARDS THE HOUSE, THEN TURNS TO LEAVE. HE BUMPS INTO SOMETHING AND FALLS. HE GETS UP TO SEE THAT IT IS A SHOPPING TROLLEY]

STEPHEN: Who has a Tesco trolley in their garden anyway?

[A TEAR ROLLS DOWN HIS CHEEK]

STEPHEN (*to himself*): No, I'm not going to do that.

[HE COMPOSES HIMSELF, WALKS LEFT OUT OF THE DRIVE AND SETS OFF DOWN THE STREET]

(PAUSE)

[SAM'S FRONT DOOR OPENS AND SHE HURRIES OUT. SHE IS IN A RUSH AND TURNS RIGHT OUT OF HER DRIVEWAY, IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO STEPHEN]

CUT TO:

SC30. INT. ANNA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

[ANNA IS MAKING HERSELF A DRINK OF HOT CHOCOLATE. SHE ADDS A LARGE AMOUNT OF 'TIP-TOP' TO IT BEFORE LEAVING THE KITCHEN, SWITCHING THE LIGHT OFF AS SHE GOES. SHE STOPS IN THE HALL TO PLAY THE ANSWERPHONE, WHICH SHE NOTICES IS FLASHING]

VOICE 1 (O.O.V) :Hi Maria, it's Sylvia. I popped round earlier to get your Avon book, but you'd left it on the step and the rain had got to it. Did you want the same again?

[THE MACHINE BEEPS. A SECOND MESSAGE STARTS. IT IS AN OLD MAN'S VOICE, WHO CLEARLY HAS THE WRONG NUMBER AND IS UNSURE WHAT TO SAY]

VOICE 2: (O.O.V) Err, hello? Ken? Are you there? It's me, err. Can you give me a ring?

(PAUSE)

VOICE 2: 3.....1...oh...

[HIS VOICE TRAILS OFF, BUT THE LINE IS STILL OPEN. ANNA SMILES TO HERSELF]

ANNA: Aw, bless him.

[SHE PRESSES THE BUTTON FOR THE FINAL MESSAGE. IT IS SAM, IN A TEARFUL STATE]

SAM: (O.O.V) Anna, it's me, Sam. You didn't answer, you must be asleep now. Don't want to get you up if you're asleep. I'm coming round. Need to talk to you.

[THE MESSAGE ENDS]

ANNA: When did that ring then?

[SHE SIGHS AND GOES BACK TO THE KITCHEN AND SWITCHES THE LIGHT ON. SHE THINKS ABOUT THE MESSAGE]

ANNA: I don't want to get you up but I'm coming round?

[ANNA SWITCHES THE KETTLE ON AND ALSO THE RADIO. SHE BEGINS TO SING ALONG TO THE MUSIC, WHILST GIVING THE KITCHEN A TIDY. THE DOORBELL RINGS]

ANNA (to herself): Ooh, that was quick.

[SHE LEAVES THE KITCHEN AND OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. IT IS SAM. SHE BARGES STRAIGHT INTO THE HOUSE]

ANNA (O.O.V): That was quick!

[SAM'S MAKE UP IS DISHEVELLED BUT SHE HAS STOPPED CRYING NOW AND SEEMS MORE COMPOSED. THEY BOTH ENTER THE KITCHEN]

ANNA: Want a tea or something?

SAM: Coffee?

ANNA: Um..

[SHE RUMMAGES THROUGH THE CUPBOARDS AND PRODUCES A JAR OF 'MELLOW BIRDS']

ANNA: 'Mellow Birds' is coffee isn't it?

SAM: I dunno. Try it anyway.

[ANNA BEGINS MAKING A DRINK]

ANNA: I'm surprised you want to speak to me, seeing what you were like earlier.

SAM: What?

ANNA: Never mind, just tell me what's happened. Everything too. I've heard bits of what you've been up to, but I want the whole truth this time, OK?

SAM: All right.

[SHE SITS DOWN AT THE KITCHEN TABLE]

SAM: I didn't go out to meet Stephen tonight, well I did, but...Oh this is too complicated to explain.

ANNA: Still, try though.

SAM: I've been seeing Mike Ellis for a while, but mum's found out and she's banned me from seeing him. I dunno why, she's never bothered about who I see. I've been with lads older than him.

ANNA (*shocked*): Have you? You didn't tell me.

SAM (*sheepishly*): Only once. Twice.

ANNA: Three times a lady?

[SHE BRINGS SAM'S DRINK OVER TO THE
TABLE AND SITS DOWN]

ANNA: Here's your drink. No idea what it tastes like.

SAM: Oh, right.

[SHE TAKES A SIP FROM HER DRINK]

ANNA: Carry on then!

SAM: Mum's being funny 'cause Dave is really, like strict and quite posh, y'know, so she's trying to make out we're like, posh too and that she's a good mother.

ANNA: Err, right. Go on.

SAM: You know they're getting married next year don't you?

ANNA: Oh yeah, yeah.

SAM: Well she's getting on my nerves, Dave this, Dave that, going out of her way to impress him.

ANNA: Not sure the state she was in tonight would impress him much.

SAM: What? Oh yeah, she was a bit pissed. But he's away on business somewhere, Chipping Sodbury or wherever it is.

ANNA: Ah, I see.

SAM: Mmm. Where's your mum tonight then?

ANNA: Staying in London overnight. She's handling some big case or something.

SAM: Oh right.

(PAUSE)

ANNA: So what about Stephen? What's he got to do with it all?

SAM: Oh. I had to meet Mike tonight. But if mum knew I was meeting him, she'd flip. Have a right eggy. So, I thought, I'd, y'know, get Stephen to help. Make out we were going to the cinema. Tanya would've seen me with Stephen, and told mum I was with him, so I'd be fine, he'd be like my, alley, err, al...

ANNA: Alibi.

SAM: Yeah, all right, all right.

ANNA: I'm beginning to suss this now. So, once Tanya's seen you with Stephen, you can make your excuses to Stephen and leave?

SAM: Yeah but I didn't go in the cinema anyway. Well, for ten seconds I did. Came out to meet Mike, told Stephen I was going to the loo.

[ANNA IS UNIMPRESSED]

ANNA: Sam, come on. I can't believe you've used Stephen like that. He's a lovely guy.

SAM: He's all right. He's a lad. They don't care anyway. Be sniffing round some other girl by tomorrow.

ANNA: You don't know that. Stephen's really nice.

SAM: So you keep saying.

(PAUSE)

ANNA: Then what? You said you came out to meet Mike.

SAM: I did, but he was pissed off 'cause he thought I'd brought Stephen with me.

ANNA: You had though!

SAM: No, to meet him. He wouldn't listen to me, just drove off.

ANNA: Well, that's what I'd expect from blokes like him.

[SAM DOESN'T HEAR ANNA]

SAM: Bastard. Why me?

[ANNA BITES HER LIP]

(PAUSE)

SAM: I can't believe he's done this to me.

ANNA: Who?

SAM: Mike. Told me he never wanted to see me again.

ANNA: What happened to Stephen?

SAM: He walked me home. Look, he's all right, OK?

(PAUSE)

SAM: Why does this have to happen to me?

[ANNA IS LOSING PATIENCE WITH SAM]

ANNA: What goes around comes around.

SAM: What's that supposed to mean?

ANNA: Look, maybe you should think a bit more about how you treat other people for once, rather than going on about how people treat you.

SAM (*angrily*): Oh thanks a bunch!

[SAM STANDS UP AND WALKS OUT OF THE KITCHEN, TAKING HER DRINK WITH HER]

SAM (*O.O.V*): I knew it was pointless coming round to see you.

ANNA: Oh for god's sake, calm down.

[SAM RE-ENTERS THE KITCHEN AND SLAMS HER MUG DOWN]

SAM: That coffee was horrible.

[SHE TURNS AND STROLLS OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND OUT OF THE HOUSE, SLAMMING THE FRONT DOOR BEHIND HER]

ANNA (*to herself*): Why do I bother?

[SHE PICKS UP SAM'S MUG AND POURS THE REMAINING CONTENTS INTO THE SINK]

CUT TO:

SC31. INT. STEPHEN'S BEDROOM.

[STEPHEN IS SAT ON HIS BED IN HIS PYJAMAS, STARING AT THE WALL. THERE IS A PLATE CONTAINING EIGHT CRISP SANDWICHES BY HIS SIDE. HE PICKS UP A SANDWICH AND THE CRISPS FALL OUT]

STEPHEN: Stuff it.

[HE HURLS THE SANDWICH ONTO THE FLOOR AND GETS INTO BED, KNOCKING THE PLATE AND THE OTHER SANDWICHES ONTO THE FLOOR]

STEPHEN: It's not fair.

[HE PULLS THE LIGHT CHORD, LAYS DOWN AND MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE.]

(PAUSE)

[HE BEGINS TO SOB]

FADE TO:

SC32. EXT. KELLY'S DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.

[MICHAEL SHOUTING UP AT KELLY'S
BEDROOM WINDOW. KELLY IS HANGING
OUT OF HER, TRYING TO PERSUADE
MICHAEL NOT TO LEAVE. IT IS STILL
RAINING]

MICHAEL: If you're throwing up for the rest of the night, I'm going home.

(BEAT)

MICHAEL: Especially when it's that colour.

[MICHAEL TURNS AND WALKS OUT OF THE
DRIVEWAY. HE WALKS ALONG THE STREET
AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE DISTANCE]

[CLOSING MUSIC AND END CREDITS, THEN]

[AS THE CREDITS ROLL, THE RED TRIUMPH
ACCLAIM RACES DOWN THE STREET AND
OUT OF VIEW. THE FRONT BUMPER IS
HANGING OFF AND SCRAPING ALONG THE
ROAD, CREATING SPARKS AS IT
DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT]

[THE END]

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