

## WATERLOO ROAD

EPISODE 1

BY ANN MCMANUS & MAUREEN CHADWICK

### PREQUEL

#### EXT. WATERLOO ROAD PLAYGROUND - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

BRIAN

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

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

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

\*  
\*

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

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

PUPILS

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

\*

JACK NUDGES TOM.

JACK

Get the hell up there and gag him.

\*

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Right, back inside! Now! Move it!

\*

CUT TO:

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

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

\*

CUT TO:

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

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

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

ESTELLE

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

JACK

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

ESTELLE

You'll be glad of the extra  
remuneration?

JACK

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

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

JACK

Found this promising candidate in  
the apps file, though... (HANDS IT  
TO ESTELLE) See if you can fix us  
up an interview after hours?

ESTELLE

In your office?

JACK

No, in my 'other office'...

CUT TO:

A PUB. JACK'S SITTING AT THE BAR WITH A BEER, FLIRTING WITH THE BAR MAID, AS A SMARTLY DRESSED YOUNG MAN, **ANDREW TRENEMAN**, PITCHES UP, LOOKING AROUND. JACK CLOCKS HIM, STANDS TO GREET HIM.

JACK  
Andrew Treneman?

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

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

ANDREW  
Um - a deputy headship?

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

CUT TO:

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

JACK  
Any fool can teach the privileged,  
eh?

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

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

HE KNOCKS BACK HIS PINT AND WINKS TO THE BUSY BARMAID FOR A  
REFILL.

ANDREW

How many pupils do you currently  
have on behaviour agreements?

JACK

(DISTRACTED, NOT A CLUE) Uh?

ANDREW

The seriously disruptive? You  
presumably try to progress them  
through the stages?

JACK

Well this is it - Andrew - this is  
the task ahead, yeah? Why I'm sure  
you're the man I need to help me  
turn the place around. (AS THE  
BARMAID COMES TO PULL HIM A FRESH  
PINT WITH A SEXY SMILE) Cheers,  
sweetheart.

ANDREW TAKES JACK'S MEASURE - HE COULDN'T BE LESS IMPRESSED,  
BUT...

ANDREW

You'd be prepared to give me a free  
hand, then - and your full support?

JACK

Absolutely. Whatever you tell me  
you need.

ANDREW

Okay. If that's the deal.

JACK

Nnh?

ANDREW

(EXTENDS A HAND) Deal. I accept.

JACK LOOKS AT THE HAND - WELL, FANTASTIC!

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

CUT TO:

TITLES: WATERLOO ROAD

1 SCENE 1 INT TOM & LORNA'S HOUSE - EN-SUITE BEDROOM DAWN OF  
A MONDAY MORNING, A FEW WEEKS LATER

TOM, LORNA

TOM CLARKSON'S IN HIS PYJAMAS, SITTING ON THE LOO IN THE EN-SUITE BATHROOM, HEAD IN HIS HANDS. HIS FIANCEE, **LORNA DICKY**, TALKS TO HIM FROM THE BEDROOM SIDE OF THE DOOR.

LORNA (OOV)

We've got to sort this, Tom. It's completely stressing me out.

TOM GRIMACES.

TOM

What time is it?

THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS AND LORNA WAVES A PINK PLASTIC FOLDER AT HIM.

LORNA

Five days to go! That's the time.  
And you ought to be worrying as much as me.

TOM PUSHES THE BINDER AWAY.

TOM

I am worrying.

LORNA

(GIVING UP ON HIM) Well I'm making a decision.

SHE LEAVES HIM TO IT - AND TOM STARES AHEAD INTO THE SCARY  
VOID...

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

2      **SCENE 2 INT TOM & LORNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN EARLY MORNING** 2      \*

LORNA, TOM      \*

LORNA'S ON THE PHONE WITH HER BINDER OPEN IN FRONT OF HER, AS TOM SHOVELS DOWN CEREAL AND READS THE SPORTS PAGE. BOTH ARE NOW DRESSED FOR WORK - SHE IN A NEAT PASTEL SUIT, HE IN JEANS AND OLD JACKET WITH A LOOSELY KNOTTED TIE.      \*

LORNA

(INTO PHONE) Well can you just make sure he gets the message we want to change table three. And say I'll call him back lunchtime... Yes, Clarkson... Right. Fine. Thank you.

SHE HANGS UP.

LORNA

'Meetings and Events aren't available before nine-thirty.'

SHE BRINGS THE BINDER TO THE TABLE AND MAKES A COUPLE OF REVERSE ARROW MARKS ON THE OPEN PAGE, WHICH WE NOW SEE IS A SEATING PLAN.

LORNA

Anyway, you agree with me, don't you? If anyone needs to be sat right at the far end...

TOM

Aren't you having any breakfast?

LORNA

I'm looking for some support here, Tom. Or your Uncle Reg could spoil the whole wedding.

SHE'S TENSE TO THE POINT OF TEARS NOW. TOM LOOKS AT HER, AWKWARD BUT TENDER.

TOM

He's not worth crying over, come on.



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

\*

LORNA

You think your Uncle Reg's personal hygiene isn't a problem?

\*

\*

TOM

Lorna - I'm saying I'm the problem. Aren't I?

LORNA

Well at last. I've had to worry about every little detail to get this organised on time. Which I haven't complained about -

\*

TOM

(LIKE HELL) Maybe it'd be better if we just cancelled it...

\*

THERE - HE'S SAID IT. AND LORNA LOOKS AT HIM - ALMOST LAUGHING WITH INCREDULITY.

\*

LORNA

Cancelled it!?

\*

TOM BOTTLES OUT AND COVERS.

TOM

Seriously, love. If it's causing you this much stress...

\*

NOW LORNA DOES LET OUT A BRITTLE LITTLE LAUGH AND JOSHES HIM, ALL FLIRTY/SPARKLY REASSURANCE.

LORNA

I'm hardly not coping with it, am I? Because luckily for you, Tom Clarkson, I'm a very organised person. (SHE SCOFFS AS SHE GETS HER COAT.) Cancel our wedding! Your brother's already in the air.

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

CUT TO:

3

**SCENE 3 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE EARLY MORNING**

3

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IZZIE, MIKA, CHLO

\*

**IZZIE REDPATH** IS TRYING TO GET HER DAUGHTERS **MIKA** (16) AND **CHLO** (14) OFF FOR SCHOOL.

LIKE IZZIE HERSELF, THE HOUSE IS A VIBRANT MIX OF THE WARM AND WILD. BUT RECENT UPHEAVALS HAVE CAUSED A RIFT BETWEEN HER AND MOODY MIKA, WHO'S SITTING WITH HER ARMS FOLDED. IZZIE'S UPSET BY HER DAUGHTER'S DISTRESS BUT TRIES TO PLAY IT LIGHT.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CHLO'S ABSORBED IN HER OWN LIFE DRAMA, NURSING A HANGOVER AND EYEING HER MUM'S PURSE, AS SHE CHOMPS ON HER CEREAL.

\*

\*

IZZIE

Do you want some toast, Mika?

MIKA

No, I said!

IZZIE

What about a banana? (FLOURISHING ONE, 'TEMPTING')

\*

\*

MIKA

Mum (SHUT IT)!

\*

\*

IZZIE

Chopped up into bite-size pieces with some yogurt? Mmm, yummy! (PEELING IT)

\*

\*

\*

\*

MIKA THROWS HER SPOON DOWN.

\*

MIKA

You were always nagging at dad 'n' all. No wonder he left.

\*

\*

A PAINED LOOK CROSSES IZZIE'S FACE BUT SHE HIDES IT.

\*

IZZIE

Course it had nothing to do with his twenty three year-old bimbo.

\*

\*

\*

MIKA

He met Shelley after you chucked  
him out.

IZZIE

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

WHICH SHE DOES.

MIKA

Why can't he come back?

IZZIE REACHES FOR HER HAND.

IZZIE

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

MIKA

Saying you'd let him if he did?

IZZIE

Come on, eat your breakfast.

MIKA

You don't want to answer, do you?

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

CHLO

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

IZZIE

(BIT SNAPPY) Forget it, Chlo.

CHLOE

But I want to buy somebody a  
present. Please?

IZZIE

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHLO

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

\*  
\*  
\*

IZZIE

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

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*

IZZIE

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

\*  
\*

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

\*

CUT TO:

4

**SCENE 4 INT BUS MORNING**

4

\*

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

A BUS FULL OF SCHOOL CHILDREN AND PEOPLE GOING TO WORK IS STOPPED, A DISORGANISED RABBLE QUEUING TO PAY THE DRIVER. THERE'S A ROWDY BUZZ, LOTS OF TEXTING AND SHOUTING. FIZZY DRINKS AND BAGS OF HIGHLY COLOURED SWEETS ARE CONSUMED AT HIGH SPEED.

WE SEE ANDREW TRENEMAN FLASH HIS BUS PASS AND GO TO SIT AMONGST THE HORDE, CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE AND 'GUARDIAN' - AND SOMETHING SQUELCHES UNDER HIS BUM. HE STANDS UP - TO FIND A BLOB OF GUM ATTACHED - TO SNIGGERS FROM ADJACENT KIDS. THE CASUAL VANDALISM PAINS ANDREW TO HIS CORE - AND THIS BUS IS BURSTING WITH LIKELY CULPRITS. THEN HE SPOTS **DONTE CHARLES** IN THE QUEUE GIVE A SMALL FIRST YEAR PUPIL, **STEPHEN**, A DIG IN THE RIBS. IT ELICITS NO RESPONSE. THEN THERE'S AN OBVIOUS KICK. IT HURTS LIKE HELL BUT STEPHEN TRIES TO FRONT UP. \*

STEPHEN

Hey!

DONTE CHECKS AROUND

DONTE

Hand it over, you.

ANDREW SEES HIS FELLOW **ADULT** PASSENGERS LOOK AWAY, ANXIOUS TO AVOID CONFLICT. BUT ANDREW JUST CAN'T. STEPHEN HANDS OVER HIS SEASON TICKET TO DONTE. \*

DRIVER

Fares.

DONTE HANDS OVER STEPHEN'S SEASON TICKET TO BE READ, AS STEPHEN RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKET FOR HIS FARE.

ANDREW

(TO THE DRIVER, OF THE SEASON TICKET) Um...I think you'll find that belongs to him. (STEPHEN) \*

DRIVER

(UNSURPRISED) I just need their fares.

\*  
\*

DONTE

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

ANDREW

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

\*  
\*

DONTE EYEBALLS ANDREW, ALL THREATENING.

\*

DONTE

You want to keep that gob of yours shut.

ANDREW MEETS HIS EYE.

\*

ANDREW

Hand it back and pay your fare.

\*

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

DONTE

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

STEPHEN HESITATES.

DONTE (CONT'D)

I said whose is this?

STEPHEN

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

\*

DONTE

So (AND HE GIVES ANDREW THE FINGER).

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

\*

ANDREW

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

\*  
\*  
\*

DRIVER

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

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*

ANDREW

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

DONTE

Oi! Gerroff!

ANDREW

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

NO ONE RESPONDS.

DONTE

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

ANDREW

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

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

\*  
\*

DRIVER

This bus is going nowhere.

MOANS AND CHEERS IN EQUAL NUMBERS.

CUT TO:



5            **SCENE 5   LOC   EXT   NON-SPEC STREET   MORNING**            5   \*

ANDREW, DONTE, DRIVER, STEPHEN, PASSENGER, SGT MILLAR, NS OFFICER, NS PUPILS, NS PASSENGERS            \*  
\*            \*

THE BUS IS STOPPED. THE DRIVER IS OUT OF HER CAB, GLAD OF THE REST. ANDREW HOLDS ON TO STILL STRUGGLING DONTE.

DONTE  
You're a dead man, mister.

STEPHEN LOOKS ON, VERY UNEASY. UPSTAIRS, THE BUS IS IN CHAOS WITH KIDS BANGING ON THE WINDOWS AND MAKING RUDE GESTURES. A COUPLE OF PASSENGERS GET OFF, ONE THE OLDER MAN.

PASSENGER  
Next time, take your **flaming** car.            \*

IN THE BACKGROUND THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS CAN BE HEARD. ANDREW LOOKS LESS AND LESS SURE OF HIMSELF.

ANDREW  
(TO STEPHEN) I presume you're aware what happens if you lie to the police?

A POLICE CAR PULLS UP. A POSSE OF OFFICERS GETS OUT, FRONTED BY A MORE SENIOR, OFFICIOUS 'I'LL SORT THIS OUT' TYPE.            \*

SERGEANT MILLAR  
Problem?

ANDREW  
Um...yes...hello, officer - theft and assault. On this chap here. I've made a citizen's arrest.

THE SERGEANT SHOOTS A **GRIMACE** TO HIS COLLEAGUES.            \*

SERGEANT MILLAR  
Oh yeah?            \*

DONTE  
He's a liar. He (ANDREW) assaulted me.

ANDREW

That's not true, is it, Stephen?

STEPHEN CONSIDERS FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Tell the truth.

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

SERGEANT MILLAR

Let the lad speak for himself.

STEPHEN

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

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

\*

SERGEANT MILLAR

(TO DONTE) And you are?

\*

ANDREW MEETS DONTE'S HATE-FILLED GLARE.

CUT TO:

6

SCENE 6 EXT SCHOOL CAR PARK MORNING

6

\*

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

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

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

LORNA \*

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

TOM \*

Uh? \*

LORNA \*

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

TOM \*

No - don't do that. \*

LORNA \*

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

TOM \*

Look, Lorna - \*

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

IZZIE \*

How's his fancy footwork coming on? \*

LORNA \*

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

IZZIE

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

LORNA'S STRUCK WITH A NEW COMPLICATION.

LORNA

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

TOM

(NO!) Lorna -

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

LORNA

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

IZZIE GIVES HER A COMFORTING ARM ROUND.

IZZIE

Just calm it, eh? (TWINKLE) But  
if he's good-looking and single,  
yes please!

A FLICKER OF SOMETHING CLOUDS TOM'S EYES. THEN A GAGGLE OF  
HIS TEENY GIRLFANS CALL OVER.

GIRLFANS

Morning Mr Clarkson.

GIGGLES. IZZIE SHARES ROLLED EYES WITH LORNA.

IZZIE

(MOVING ON) Catch youse guys  
laters.

TOM GLANCES AFTER HER - AND IS SUDDENLY GALVANISED TO SAY  
WHAT HE REALLY HAS TO TELL LORNA. HE GRABS HER HAND.

TOM

Lorna, listen to me. We can't do  
this - I can't marry you.

SHE STARES, UNCOMPREHENDING.

LORNA

What?

TOM

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

LORNA

What?

TOM

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

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

MIX TO:

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7

**SCENE 7 INT LORNA'S CLASSROOM MORNING**

7

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LORNA, NS PUPILS

\*

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

LORNA

Settle down. I said SETTLE DOWN!

A SILENCE FALLS AS LORNA THREATENS TO LOSE IT.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Jade, Kayleigh - give out the puzzle books.

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

CUT TO:

8

SCENE 8 INT TOM'S CLASSROOM MORNING

8

\*

TOM, LORNA, EMMA, NS PUPILS

\*

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

TOM

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

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

TOM (CONT'D)

Like when Gareth Southgate missed that penalty?

\*

\*

THE CLASS CHUCKLES. LORNA OPENS THE DOOR.

LORNA

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

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

EMMA

Miss Dickey wants a quickie!

SNIGGERING. TOM POINTS TO THE TOPIC ON THE BOARD.

TOM

Discuss.

AND HE EXITS AFTER LORNA, DREADING THE CONFRONTATION.

CUT TO:

9

**SCENE 9 EXT WATERLOO ROAD COMP MORNING**

9

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JACK, KIM, BOY, NS PUPILS

\*

HEAD TEACHER JACK RIMMER AND HEAD OF PASTORAL CARE **KIM CAMPBELL** ARE AT THE GATES OF THE SCHOOL.

JACK

How can a whole bus load of kids simply disappear? It's like something out of Doctor **flipping** Who.

\*

KIM SPOTS IT TURNING THE CORNER.

KIM

Mystery over.

THE BUS DISGORGES ITS PUPILS - MINUS ANDREW, STEPHEN AND DONTÉ. THEY HEAD INTO THE SCHOOL, HYPER FROM THE MORNING'S ENTERTAINMENT AND ASSORTED 'E' FLAVOURINGS.

JACK

Oi! You lot! What's going on?

BOY

Sir, Donte Charles has been arrested.

JACK AND KIM SHARE A 'HERE WE GO AGAIN' LOOK.

CUT TO:



10      **SCENE 10 INT CORRIDOR/TOM'S CLASSROOM MORNING**

10      \*

LORNA, TOM

\*

LORNA TRIES TO HOLD HERSELF TOGETHER.

LORNA

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

TOM

We can't - (DO THIS NOW.)

LORNA

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

TOM

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

SHE CRACKS AND WEEPS. HE WANTS TO HUG HER.

TOM (CONT'D)

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

LORNA

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

TOM

No -

LORNA

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

TOM

I'm not blaming you for anything.

LORNA

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

\*

TOM

It's not the wedding -

LORNA

I promise you. I'm just going to lighten up and look forward to it. I mean, who cares where your Uncle Reg sits? All I care about is you and me, being happy together.

TOM

This is *it* - I can't make you happy anymore.

\*

LORNA

'Course you can! You'll make me the happiest woman in the world.

TOM

Oh god! Lorna, it's over. Not just the wedding, the relationship. It's me. I'm not in love with you.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, UTTERLY STRICKEN.

CUT TO:

11        **SCENE 11   INT   SECRETARY'S OFFICE   MORNING**

11        \*

JACK(OOV), ESTELLE, ANDREW

\*

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

\*

JACK (OOV)

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

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

ANDREW

Hello. Is - um - Mr Rimmer - ?

\*

ESTELLE

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

\*

\*

\*

ANDREW

Yes, um -

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

JACK (OOV)

Yes, we do care about the behaviour of our pupils...

ANDREW GETS UP.

ANDREW

Um - I think I'd better -

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

JACK (OOV)

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

ESTELLE

You'll just have to knock louder.

ANDREW WOULD RATHER NOT. HE BENDS AN EAR TO THE DOOR, TRYING  
TO FINE JUDGE WHEN TO KNOCK NEXT.

JACK (OOV)

(LAUGHS) We're not in the position  
to pay compensation...

ESTELLE (CONT'D)

I don't think Mr Rimmer'll take too  
kindly to you listening in to his  
private conversations.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

JACK (OOV)

(WITH MORE THAN A HINT OF  
IRRITATION IN HIS VOICE) Yes? Who  
is it?

AND IN ANDREW GOES, NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS.

CUT TO:

12

SCENE 12 INT JACK'S OFFICE MORNING

12 \*

ANDREW, JACK \*

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

JACK

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

ANDREW

Um... headmaster?

JACK SILENCES HIM WITH A LOFTY HAND.

JACK

Do what you want, then.

HE SNAPS OFF HIS MOBILE.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

ANDREW \*

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

JACK \*

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

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

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

JACK  
You're winding me up, right?

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

JACK CLENCHES HIS HEAD NOW.

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

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

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

ANDREW  
Acceptable?

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

THE DESK PHONE RINGS.

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

\*

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

I am NOT being complacent!

CUT TO:

13

**SCENE 13 INT NON-SPEC CORRIDOR/CLASSROOM MORNING**

13 \*

ANDREW, STEPH, GRANTLY, KIM, NS PUPILS \*

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

STEPH

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

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

ANDREW

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

**HE EXTENDS HIS HAND BUT GRANTLY IGNORES IT.** \*

GRANTLY

(INDICATES THE BELL) Good timing.

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

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

KIM

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



KIM (cont'd)

Head of Pastoral Care. Welcome to  
Waterloo Road Comp.

\*

SHE GIVES HIS HAND A WARM SHAKE.

ANDREW

Glad to be here.

KIM

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

ANDREW

Just a bit.

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

KIM

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

ANDREW

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

KIM

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

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

CUT TO:

14      SCENE 14   EXT   SECLUDED AREA, PLAYGROUND   MORNING BREAK      14      \*

DONTE, CHLO      \*

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

DONTE

I went: I'm coming after you, mate.  
He was wetting himself.      \*

CHLO

What's your old man gonna say?

DONTE

Better not say owt or he's going to get it 'n' all.

HE SWIGS THE REMNANTS FROM THE BOTTLE AND SMASHES IT SO THAT HE HOLDS THE NECK OF IT AS A LETHAL WEAPON. HE THRUSTS AT AN IMAGINARY FACE. **CHLO FLINCHES.**      \*

DONTE (CONT'D)      \*

Let's see what it feels like.

**HE ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVE AND CUTS HIMSELF IN THE ARM.**      \*

DONTE (CONT'D)      \*

You.

**CHLO'S NERVOUS. BUT SHE ROLLS UP HER SLEEVE AND HOLDS OUT HER ARM.**      \*  
\*      \*

CHLO      \*

Not too - (DEEP)      \*

**HE SWIPES HER SKIN JUST ENOUGH TO DRAW BLOOD, THEN RUBS THEIR ARMS TOGETHER. CHLO FLUSHES, EXCITED BY HIM.**      \*  
\*      \*

CHLO

**Together till death!**      \*

DONTE TOSSES THE BOTTLE AWAY AND STICKS HIS HAND UP CHLO'S SHIRT. **CHLO GIGGLES.**      \*

CHLO

You trying to take advantage of me  
'cos I'm pissed?

AND THE ANSWER TO THAT IS - YES.

CUT TO:

15

SCENE 15 INT TOM'S CLASSROOM/CORRIDOR MORNING BREAK

15

\*

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

LORNA

Are you telling me there's somebody else?

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

LORNA (CONT'D)

Tell me! Is there somebody else?

TOM

No. (WELL, NOT EXACTLY...)

LORNA

You liar!

SHE'S PUMMELING HIM NOW.

TOM

Hey! Stop hitting me.

\*

LORNA

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

TOM

No!

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

\*

\*

IZZIE

Come on, pick up those feet!

\*

SHE LETS HIM GO AND TURNS TO LORNA.

\*

IZZIE (CONT'D)

We'll have to do *it* in the art  
room. The gym's got the chairs  
out.

NO RESPONSE. IZZIE ASSUMES FROM THEIR BLANK LOOKS THEY'VE  
BOTH FORGOTTEN.

*LORNA CHOKES AND* HURRIES OUT. BEMUSED IZZIE LOOKS AT TOM -  
UM, PROBLEM? TOM TURNS AWAY, IN TURMOIL.

IZZIE

Tom?

BUT HE DOESN'T ANSWER.

*PUZZLED*, IZZIE HEADS OUT AFTER LORNA.

CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

16

**SCENE 16 INT WOMEN'S STAFF LOOS MORNING BREAK**

16 \*

LORNA, IZZIE \*

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

LORNA

How can he suddenly not love me anymore?

IZZIE

Oh darling -

LORNA

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

IZZIE

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

LORNA

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

IZZIE

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

LORNA

You think he's got somebody else?

IZZIE

No! I thought he was totally committed to you.

LORNA

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

AND SHE WAILS, BASHING HER FISTS ON THE SINK. IZZIE STRUGGLES TO KNOW WHAT TO DO.

IZZIE

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

LORNA

Omigod, Izzie...

IZZIE

What?

LORNA

It couldn't be cancer, could it?

IZZIE

What?

LORNA

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

IZZIE

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

LORNA LOOKS AT HER - TOTALLY LOST FOR ANOTHER STRAW TO CATCH  
AT. SHE BREAKS INTO SOBS AGAIN AND IZZIE HUGS HER.

IZZIE

You go on home. I'll get somebody  
to cover your class.

\*  
\*  
\*

LORNA

Will you talk to him, Izzie?

\*  
\*

IZZIE

You bet I will.

\*  
\*

LORNA

I'll kill myself if he leaves me.

\*  
\*

IZZIE

Lorna, darling, I'll find out  
what's going on, I promise, hey?

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*

CUT TO:



17

**SCENE 17 INT ANDREW'S CLASS MORNING**

17 \*

ANDREW, NS PUPILS

\*

THE BELL SIGNALS THE END OF BREAK.

ANDREW, REGISTER IN HAND, GETS UP TO GREET THE PUPILS AT THE DOOR - JUST AS A FEW PILE IN - AS IS THEIR NORM. THEY'RE BROUGHT UP SHORT WHA-? WHEN THEY SEE THE DESKS.

ANDREW

Outside.

AD LIB 'EH?'/ 'YOU WHAT?' HE FOLLOWS THEM OUT.

CUT TO:

18        **SCENE 18 INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ANDREW'S CLASSROOM MORNING 18**        \*

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS        \*

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

ANDREW

I want an orderly queue formed  
here.

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

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

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

DONTE

That's the geezer got me nicked  
this morning.

ANDREW DOESN'T LOOK AT HIM.

ANDREW

Who's Sarah Gilbert?

A MOUSEY INTELLECTUAL PUTS HER HAND UP.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

That far corner, please.

AND IN SHE GOES.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Kelly Cathcart? Down the front  
there, please.

MIKA MAKES HERSELF KNOWN.

MIKA

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

\*

ANDREW

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

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

ANDREW

You - right at the front.

IE RIGHT IN FRONT OF ANDREW. DONTE GOES IN AND SITS. ANDREW FOLLOWS HIM, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN.

CUT TO:

19

**SCENE 19 INT ANDREW'S CLASSROOM MORNING**

19 \*

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS \*

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

DONTE

This is a load of crap.

AND THE TITTING BEGINS.

ANDREW

Oh dear, my first detention...

DONTE'S GENUINELY STUNNED.

DONTE

Detention? For just saying 'crap'?

ANDREW

For speaking when I haven't asked you to.

HE ADDRESSES THE CLASS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

MIKA SHOOTS KELLY A 'WHAT A WANKER' LOOK.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

DONTE

(LAUGHS) No way, man.

ANDREW

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

DONTE

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

ANDREW

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

TEARS PRICK DONTE'S EYES BUT HE'S SELF-INTERESTED ENOUGH TO BACK DOWN. ANDREW ADDRESSES THE CLASS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Donte's interrupted your lesson. I hate to think of your parents' hard-earned taxes going to waste. So let's get on, shall we?

AND HE PULLS DOWN A BOARD WITH QUESTIONS WRITTEN ON THEM ABOUT THE LAST BOOK THEY READ AND ETC. HE WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE CLASS. A COUPLE OF PUPILS LOOK ROUND AT HIM. HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND POINTS TO THE FRONT. THEY OBEY. ANDREW SCANS THE ROOM, ANXIOUSLY - SO FAR SO GOOD. WHAT HE DOESN'T SEE IS DONTE, HIS MOBILE OUT, TEXTING.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

20

**SCENE 20 EXT/INT WHITE STRETCHED LIMO MORNING**

20 \*

CLARENCE

\*

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

\*

\*

CUT TO:

21 **SCENE 21 INT ANDREW'S CLASSROOM MORNING**

21 \*

ANDREW, DONTE, MIKA, NS PUPILS

\*

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

DONTE

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

ANDREW LOOMS OVER HIM AND TAKES THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

22

**SCENE 22 INT WHITE STRETCHED LIMO MORNING**

22 \*

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

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

ANDREW (VO)

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

DONTE (VO)

I'm talking to my dad.

ANDREW (VO)

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

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

CUT TO:



23

**SCENE 23 INT JACK'S OFFICE LATE MORNING**

23 \*

JACK, NICHOLAS, PENNY, NS LUCY \*

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

NICHOLAS \*

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

JACK \*

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

PENNY \*

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

JACK \*

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

NICHOLAS \*

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

JACK CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.

JACK \*

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

THE SEYMOURS RECOGNISE THE TRUTH OF THIS, BUT DIDN'T EXPECT TO HAVE IT THRUST BACK AT THEM... MR SEYMOUR FLICKS THROUGH THE REPORT. \*

NICHOLAS

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

\*

JACK

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

\*

\*

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

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

HE GETS UP.

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

24

**SCENE 24 EXT WATERLOO ROAD COMP LATE MORNING**

24 \*

CLARENCE \*

THE WHITE STRETCHED LIMO PULLS UP AT THE SCHOOL AND OUT GETS THE OWNER OF THE PAIR OF HANDS. HE'S NOT THE OWNER OF THE LIMO, HE'S THE DRIVER. HE TAKES OFF HIS CAP TO REVEAL A CROPPED HEAD OF HAIR. HE WEARS A HOOPED EARRING. THIS IS **CLARENCE CHARLES**, DONTE'S DAD, AND HE'S ON A MISSION.

CUT TO:

25

SCENE 25 INT ANDREW'S CLASS LATE MORNING

25 \*

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

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

MIKA \*

And I liked the way she...

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

CLARENCE

My son wants his mobile back.  
(HAND OUT) \*

ANDREW SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF. \*

ANDREW \*

Excuse me? \*

CLARENCE \*

Going to give us it? \*

ANDREW \*

Get out of my class. \*

CLARENCE \*

Just give my son his mobile back. \*

ANDREW \*

That's not going to happen. \*

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

ANDREW

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

CLARENCE

You wha-? You-

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

\*

ANDREW

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

CLARENCE ADVANCES AGAIN.

CUT TO:

REVISED SCENE 26 INT CORRIDOR NEAR ANDREW'S CLASS LATE MORNING

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

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

NICHOLAS

(TO HIS WIFE, JOLLYING) Certainly well-equipped with computers.

JACK

One in every classroom soon. And electronic whiteboards. Private sector's lagging behind us there.

NICHOLAS

(TO PENNY) See, government's kept some of its promises.

PENNY

Mmm. (TO THEIR DAUGHTER) Might not all be better at Kingsbury, though?

LUCY'S NOT COMMITTING HERSELF YET, BUT JACK'S FEELING COCKIER.

JACK

Bet they're missing their Head of English, too.

HE OPENS THE DOOR.

JACK

Mr Treneman -

HE GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE WHEN HE SEES CLARENCE, ARMS ROUND ANDREW'S THROAT. HE QUICKLY CLOSES THE DOOR.

JACK

I'll get Mr Treneman to come out and chat -

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

JACK

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

STEPH

(EVER OBLIGING OF HIM) Of course,  
Headmaster.

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

BUT HE CAN'T HIDE THE UPROARIOUS NOISES OFF FROM ANDREW'S  
CLASSROOM.

NICHOLAS

What's going on in there?

JACK ACTS DUMB.

PENNY

Forget it, Nick. You're going to  
have to pay for a private tutor.  
Come on, Lucy.

SHE GRABS LUCY'S HAND AND WHISKS HER AWAY.

JACK

Look, there's no need - (TO PANIC)

NICHOLAS

It's a shambles, Mr Rimmer.

HE STOMPS OFF AFTER HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER. JACK CURSES AND  
BANGS OPEN ANDREW'S DOOR.

JACK

Oi!

CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*



27

SCENE 27 INT ANDREW'S CLASS MORNING

27 \*

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

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

JACK \*

Right - \*

CLARENCE

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

JACK

Out! \*

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

CLARENCE

What you laughing at? \*

HOP HOP HOP. MUCH MIRTH. ANDREW PICKS UP DONTE'S MOBILE.

ANDREW

This is going to come in useful, after all.

AND HE JABS IN 999.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Yes, police, please.

HE FOLLOWS THEM OUT, THE KIDS' LAUGHTER RINGING IN HIS EARS. DONTE'S MORTIFIED.

CUT TO: \*

NEW SCENE 27A INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STAFFROOM LUNCHTIME

TOM, STEPHE

TOM'S ON HIS WAY TO THE STAFFROOM, LOOKING VERY EDGY. STEPH COMES OUT. TOM'S ABOUT TO PASS HER.

STEPH  
How's Lorna?

TOM  
Eh?

STEPH  
Someone said she'd gone home. One of her migraines (IE ANOTHER ONE)?

TOM  
Oh. Right. Thanks.

STEPH  
Think I'll be off with one of mine soon.

SHE LEAVES HIM. TOM DITHERS. FINDS HIS MOBILE, DIALS 'HOME' - THEN THINKS TWICE, AND HEADS OFF FOR THE EXIT.

CUT TO:

28

**SCENE 28 SECLUDED AREA, SCHOOL PLAYGROUND LUNCHTIME**

28

\*

DONTE, CHLO

\*

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

\*

DONTE

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

CHLO

Been brilliant to have seen it.

DONTE

Suppose he goes down for it?

CHLO

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

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

DONTE

Shit, I'd better go.

CHLO

Just tell the snobby get to piss off.

DONTE

Yeah, and get another load of detention.

CHLO

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

DONTE

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

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

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

29

**SCENE 29 INT PUB LUNCHTIME**

29 \*

TOM, GRANTLY, IZZIE, NS BARMAN \*

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

GRANTLY

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

TOM

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

GRANTLY

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

TOM

(DISTRACTED) Yeah...

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

IZZIE

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

TOM

(To BARMAN) And another for me.  
Grantly?

GRANTLY

I'm off to lose a tenner.

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

IZZIE

Have you got cancer?

TOM

What?

IZZIE

Just have you or not, Tom?

TOM

No. 'Course I haven't.

IZZIE

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

TOM

Not that I'm aware of.

IZZIE

Well then you've definitely got somebody else, haven't you? Oh come on, don't muck about. Since when does a bloke blow out a whole relationship and a shared mortgage to go and cope on his own?

TOM

I haven't got somebody else.

IZZIE

Then why the hell can't you marry Lorna?

\*

TOM

I told her why.

IZZIE

Well you'd better sit right down and tell me, 'cos this is not stacking up.

SHE TAKES HER DRINK TO A TABLE, LEAVING TOM TO GET HIS AND PAY. TOM SIGHS, WISHING HE WERE ANYWHERE ELSE ON THE PLANET.

CUT TO:

30

SCENE 30 INT JACK'S OFFICE LUNCHTIME

30 \*

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

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

SERGEANT MILLAR

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

ANDREW

I'd rather leave it to you chaps.

HE CHECKS ANDREW'S BRUISED LIP.

SERGEANT MILLAR

Nasty.

HE TURNS TO CLARENCE.

SERGEANT MILLAR (CONT'D)

Dear oh dear, Clarence, been  
throwing your weight around again?

JACK

Three times he punched my colleague  
here. In front of a class of  
sixteen year-olds.

SERGEANT MILLAR

(TO CLARENCE) That right? Oh, by  
the way, you do not have to say  
anything but anything you do  
say... (TO JACK AND ANDREW) He knows  
the rest.

CLARENCE

Don't bother. I'm guilty. I hit  
the tosser. I 'fess up.

ANDREW

Not surprising - given there were  
thirty witnesses.

CLARENCE AFFECTS A BORED YAWN.

SERGEANT MILLAR

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

CLARENCE IS ESCORTED OUT BY NS POLICE OFFICER.

SERGEANT MILLAR (CONT'D)

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

JACK

Good.

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

\*  
\*

ANDREW

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

JACK

Great - more hassle.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

Sorry?

\*  
\*

JACK

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREW

\*  
\*

JACK

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)



JACK (cont'd)

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

ANDREW

You lost them?

JACK

No, you lost them. Trying to  
sabotage me?

ANDREW HITS THE ROOF.

ANDREW

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

JACK

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

ANDREW EYEBALLS HIM.

ANDREW

If that's what it takes.

JACK LOOKS AWAY.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

31 SCENE 31 INT PUB LUNCHTIME

31 \*

TOM, IZZIE \*

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

TOM

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

IZZIE

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

TOM BALKS.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

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

TOM GULPS ON HIS BEER, BRICKING IT. \*

TOM

Well, I'm sorry. \*

IZZIE

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

TOM

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

IZZIE

Well you're obviously lying about  
something here. \*

TOM GETS AS EMOTIONAL AS HE IS GOING TO GET.

TOM

I thought I loved her, didn't I?

IZZIE

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

TOM

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

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

IZZIE

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

TOM

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

IZZIE COULD SLAP HIM ONE.

IZZIE

Oh get real.

HE LOOKS NERVOUS AND GUILTY.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

There is someone else, isn't there?

TOM

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

IZZIE

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

TOM

If you're so bloody clever you  
should be able to work it out.

IZZIE

Work out what?

TOM JUST LOOKS AT HER. IZZIE REELS - HER?

CUT TO:

32

**SCENE 32 INT TOM & LORNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM LUNCHTIME**

32

\*

LORNA

\*

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

CUT TO:

33

**SCENE 33 EXT PUB LUNCHTIME**

33 \*

IZZIE, TOM \*

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

TOM  
Izzie, wait -

IZZIE  
Sod off, Tom.

TOM  
You said I should've talked about  
it.

IZZIE  
Go and talk to poor bloody Lorna.

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

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

TOM  
It's the truth. I love you.

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

IZZIE  
Rubbish.

SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY AGAIN, AND AGAIN HE PURSUES.

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

IZZIE

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

\*

CUT TO:

34

**SCENE 34 INT ANDREW'S CLASSROOM LUNCHTIME**

34 \*

DONTE, ANDREW, KIM

\*

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

KIM

Andrew? Can I see you for a  
moment?

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

\*

\*

CUT TO:



35

**SCENE 35 INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ANDREW'S CLASSROOM LUNCHTIME**

\*

KIM, ANDREW

\*

WE MIGHT PICK UP A SPARKY, SEXUAL UNDERTONE IN THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION.

ANDREW

Um...I'd rather you didn't use my first name in front of the pupils.

KIM

State secret, is it?

ANDREW

Perhaps you haven't heard of the old English proverb: 'Familiarity breeds contempt'?

KIM PRETENDS TO THINK HARD.

KIM

Nope. You've got me there. Maybe I should have gone to a posh school like you.

ANDREW

Whatever advantages I've had, I'm trying to share them with these kids.

KIM

I'm beginning to understand why you got a punch in the mouth.

ANDREW

Hey - wait a minute -

KIM

Look - I don't have time to discuss your stupid hang-ups. I need to talk to Donte. I've had his social worker on. He's going to have to go into care tonight.

ANDREW

(FEARING THE WORST) Crikey. Why?

KIM

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

ANDREW REELS.

ANDREW

Oh.

KIM

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

ANDREW

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

\*  
\*  
\*

KIM

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

\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREW

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THE APPARENT ARROGANCE REALLY RILES KIM.

\*

KIM

Have you any idea what we're dealing with at Waterloo Road? Course you don't. Seventy per cent of our pupils are from single parent homes.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

Doesn't mean they shouldn't behave themselves.

KIM

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREW

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

KIM

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

\*  
\*

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

\*

ANDREW

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

KIM HESITATES.

KIM

All options considered?

TRY HIM.

CUT TO:

36

**SCENE 36 INT POLICE STATION AFTERNOON**

36 \*

KIM, ANDREW, DESK SERGEANT \*

KIM APPROACHES THE DESK SERGEANT, ANDREW IN TOW. \*

KIM

Hi. We're looking for Clarence Charles? \*

SERGEANT

You his lawyer?

KIM

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

SERGEANT

He's not the chatty type.

KIM

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

CUT TO:

37      **SCENE 37**    **INT**    **POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM**    **AFTERNOON**      37    \*

KIM, ANDREW, SGT MILLAR, CLARENCE      \*

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

CLARENCE

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

SERGEANT MILLAR

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

CLARENCE SITS DOWN.

KIM

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

CLARENCE

(AT ANDREW) He's a thief.      \*

KIM RESTRAINS ANDREW.      \*

KIM

Have you ever confiscated anything from Donte, Mr Charles?

CLARENCE

Yeah, well, but -

KIM

Presumably as a punishment for something?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

KIM

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

(MORE)

KIM (cont'd)

We care for him, and, like a parent, we sometimes discipline him. Do you think your son should have been using his mobile phone in class?

CLARENCE

(SHRUGS) He had his reasons.

KIM

So do the other twenty nine pupils. Which is why no one is allowed to use their phone. Surely you can see that?

HE CAN.

CLARENCE

(AT ANDREW) Called me a thug. \*

ANDREW \*

That's how you behaved. \*

KIM \*

(TO CLARENCE) What do you call somebody who punches people in the face for no good reason? \*

CLARENCE SHIFTS UNEASILY. \*

CLARENCE \*

Look, I'm not proud of it, right? I lost it. But if my boy asks me for backup - \*

KIM \*

You need anger management classes, Mr Charles. \*

CLARENCE

Get them inside, won't I?

KIM

And while you're 'inside', your child will bed down in a local authority home.

WHICH GIVES CLARENCE PLENTY OF PAUSE FOR THOUGHT.

ANDREW

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

38

SCENE 38 INT SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL MID-AFTERNOON

38 \*

JACK, CLARENCE, DONTE, CHLO, KIM, ANDREW, NS PUPILS \*

IT'S 14.40. JACK'S SUPERVISING AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE.

JACK

Right, pay attention. Today, there was a very serious assault on a member of my staff. The man who assaulted him wants to say something.

\*  
\*

AND HE CUES IN CLARENCE.

DONTE

No way...

\*

CLARENCE PULLS A PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET. THIS IS A MAN BRAVING HUMILIATION. \*

CLARENCE

Name's Clarence Charles. I want to apologise to (READING) Mr Tren-Tern- Treneman... and to everybody in his class... for my assault on him this morning.

\*

DONTE'S BESIDE CHLO. \*

DONTE

I do not believe this, man.

CLARENCE PLOUGHS ON. \*

CLARENCE

I was dead out of order and it could've got me sent to prison... and got my son, Donte, put into care. So I am well lucky I been let off 'cos that is no way worth it for a stupid mobile. (AT DONTE) Which you shouldn't been using in lessons, right? (TO JACK) And I'll see he don't do it again, neither. And that is my word.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



CLARENCE BOWS OUT. DONTE GLOWERS.

JACK

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

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

JACK ASIDES TO KIM, IGNORING ANDREW.

JACK

Thanks for saving the day, Kim.

HE GOES. KIM TURNS TO ANDREW.

KIM

I suppose I should say thanks to you.

ANDREW

If you want to.

KIM

God - you're tricky.

AND THE SPARKS FLY.

BY THE DOOR, CLARENCE IS WAITING FOR DONTE.

CLARENCE

Come on, son, let's go and get something to eat. We've got a lot to talk about.

BUT DONTE'S NOT IN THE LEAST IMPRESSED BY HIS DAD'S CONVERSION - AND CHLO'S THERE.

DONTE

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

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

CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

39

**SCENE 39 EXT SCHOOL CAR PARK END OF SCHOOL DAY**

39 \*

IZZIE, LORNA(OOV), TOM, CHLO, MIKA \*

IZZIE'S IN HER CAR IN A COMPLETE DAZE, WAITING FOR THE GIRLS.  
HER MOBILE RINGS.

IZZIE

Hello?

LORNA (VO)

Iz?

SHIT!

LORNA (VO)

It's me. Did you speak to Tom?

IZZIE

Lorna, can I give you a call later?

(FIBS) I'm driving.

LORNA (V.O.)

Sorry.

IZZIE SWITCHES OFF HER PHONE, DEAD GUILTY. SHE'S PUTTING IT  
IN HER BAG WHEN THE PASSENGER DOOR OPENS - IT'S TOM. HE SITS  
AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

IZZIE

Get out.

SHE STRUGGLES TO OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR.

TOM

For God's sake, please, listen to  
me.

IZZIE STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD.

IZZIE

Hurry up.

TOM

I've been fighting my feelings for  
months. Honest.  
(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

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

IZZIE

Try harder.

TOM

That's all you've got to say?

IZZIE

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

TOM

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

IZZIE

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

\*

AND SHE OPENS HIS DOOR AGAIN BUT TOM SITS ON. IN THE BG, WE'LL SEE CHLO AND MIKA APPROACH. CHLO'S CHEWING GUM VERY NOISILY, MOUTH OPEN, THE APOTHEOSIS OF CHEEK. THEY OPEN THE BACK DOORS AND JOIN THEM. TOM TAKES THAT AS HIS CUE.

TOM

Okay, 'night, Izzie.

SHE GRUNTS. THE GIRLS INSTINCTIVELY SENSE SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.

MIKA

What's he want?

IZZIE SWITCHES ON THE ENGINE.

IZZIE

Nothing.

MIKA

Why's he sitting in our car, then?

IZZIE

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

CHLO

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

IZZIE SPOTS BLOOD ON HER SLEEVE.

IZZIE

What the hell?

CHLO

I fell. \*

IZZIE

Let me see. \*

CHLO

It's just a scratch. \*

IZZIE

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

SHE PUTS THE CAR IN GEAR. \*

MIKA

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

IZZIE

None of your business.

MIKA

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

IZZIE

Well I'm not talking to you.

AND SHE DRIVES OFF, LOSING IT.

CUT TO:

40

**SCENE 40 INT IZZIE'S BEDROOM EVENING**

40

\*

IZZIE, CHLO (OOV), LORNA (OOV)

\*

IZZIE COMES INTO HER ROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR, AND FLOPS ON THE BED, HER HEAD FULL OF THOUGHTS. SOMETHING CROSSES HER FACE AND HEADS FOR HER 2005 DIARY (IN A 'PLACE OF SAFETY' IN HER DESK DRAWER, THE KEY TO WHICH IS HIDDEN BEHIND A FRIDGE MAGNET ATTACHED TO FILING CABINET). TENTATIVELY, SHE OPENS IT.

\*

\*

\*

IZZIE (VO)

September the fourteenth: Tom's looking well tanned after his holiday in Florida. Suits him.  
 September the twentieth: Tom and I had lunch together in the pub. Didn't want to go back to school.  
 October the first: Tom told me how nervous he is about his wedding to Lorna. They're a funny couple.  
 October the fourth: Tom complimented me on my hair.  
 Slightly embarrassing.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

SHE SNAPS HER DIARY SHUT.

IZZIE

Tom, Tom, Bloody Tom.

CHLO (OOV)

Mum! You going to make us some tea?

IZZIE

In a minute!

SHE STARES AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR - IN CRISIS. HER MOBILE RINGS AGAIN. IT'S LORNA, STILL IN A STATE.

LORNA (VO)

Iz? Iz? Sorry to bother you again, but I have to know - did you speak to Tom?

IZZIE

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

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

41 **SCENE 41 INT TOM AND LORNA'S HOUSE EVENING**

41 \*

TOM, LORNA

\*

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

TOM

Lorna?

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

TOM (CONT'D)

LORNA!?

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

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh no.

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

LORNA

I just want everything to be  
normal.

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

MIX TO:



42

SCENE 42 INT TOM AND LORNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

42

\*

TOM, LORNA

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

TOM

\*

Lorna - (WE'VE GOT TO TALK)

\*

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

\*

\*

TOM

Huh?

\*

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

\*

LORNA

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

TOM PULLS AWAY, NOT REALLY KNOWING WHERE SHE'S COMING FROM.

TOM

Look, what I said today - (I MEANT IT)

\*

\*

LORNA

I know I've been hung up recently -

\*

SHE KISSES HIS EAR, HOT LITTLE PECKS.

LORNA (CONT'D)

But not any more. I promise.

SHE STARTS TO UNBUTTON HIS SHIRT.

TOM

\*

Look, this isn't - (WHAT I NEED)

\*

LORNA

\*

Your foxy lady's come back. And she wants her man.

\*

\*

\*

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

TOM

I've got loads of marking still to do.

LORNA GIVES HIM A PLAYFUL SMACK.

LORNA

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

\*

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

MIX TO:

43

**SCENE 43 INT TOM AND LORNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM NIGHT**

43 \*

TOM, LORNA \*

TOM AND LORNA ARE POST-COITAL. LORNA LETS LITTLE TEARS OF RELIEF SEEP FROM HER EYES. TOM STARES AT THE CEILING, FREAKED.

LORNA

See - you do still love me.

HE GIVES HER AS REASSURING A SQUEEZE AS HE CAN.

TOM

I'm going for a shower.

SHE DOESN'T SEE HIM LIFT HIS MOBILE PHONE FROM THE DRESSER.

CUT TO:

44 **SCENE 44** INT TOM AND LORNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM NIGHT 44 \*

TOM \*

TOM DIALS IZZIE'S NUMBER THEN TURNS ON THE SHOWER TO HIDE HIS VOICE.

TOM

Izzie, it's me... I need to hear  
you tell me one more time... just  
to be sure. Is there any chance  
for me with you? Any chance at  
all? \*

CUT TO:

45

**SCENE 45 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE - IZZIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT**

45

\*

IZZIE, TOM (OOV)

\*

IZZIE SWIGS AT HER GLASS OF LAGER, IN BED WITH HER DIARY OPEN IN FRONT OF HER, HOLDING THE PHONE AWAY AS SHE STEELS HERSELF TO ANSWER...

TOM (V.O.)

Hello?

IZZIE

Is this clear enough for you, Tom?  
You've got no chance. (AND IN THE  
MOST DISPASSIONATE VOICE SHE CAN  
MUSTER) Truth is, I just don't  
fancy you.

SHE SWITCHES OFF HER MOBILE AND LETS THE TEARS FLOW.

MIX TO:

46

SCENE 46 EXT CHURCH DAY

46 \*

DAY TWO - SATURDAY

TOM, LORNA, IZZIE, NS BRIDESMAIDS, NS GUESTS \*

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*

CUT TO:

\*

47

**SCENE 47 INT HOTEL DAY**

47 \*

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

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

TOM

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

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

TOM

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

ALL

The Bridesmaids!

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

CUT TO:

48

**SCENE 48 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM EVENING**

48

\*

HANK, CHLO, MIKA

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

MIKA

\*

Should all been at this wedding.

\*

HANK

\*

Mum said you didn't want to go.

\*

MIKA

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

CHLO

\*

(I'm NOT) Bothered.

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

HANK

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

MIKA

\*

When?

\*

HANK

\*

I'll fix something up.

\*

CHLO

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

HANK

I don't think so.



MIKA

Why don't we all go to dad's?

CHLO

Don't be daft. (TO HANK) We're fine on our own here. We are! Flip's sake, Mika's sixteen. She could join the army and get killed in Iraq.

\*

MIKA

Oh thanks.

\*

\*

HANK IS EASILY CONVINCED.

HANK

You reckon?

CHLO

(YES!) Only watching telly.

\*

HANK

(TOYING WITH HIS MOBILE) Have to see what your mum says.

\*

MIKA

Who cares what she says?

HANK

Hey.

BUT HE'S SECRETLY PLEASED TO HAVE IZZIE SLAGGED OFF.

HANK (CONT'D)

Probably accuse me of spoiling her night. (TEMPTED) I'll just see where Shelley's at.

\*

\*

HE DIALS A NUMBER. MIKA GETS UP, FED UP WITH EVERYONE.

\*

MIKA

I'm going to my room.

\*

\*

SHE EXITS WITH A GLARE AT SMUG CHLO.

\*

CUT TO:

49

SCENE 49 INT HOTEL EVENING

49 \*

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

\*  
\*

IZZIE'S ON HER FEET.

IZZIE

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHEERS FROM THE 'WATERLOO ROAD TABLE' AS ALL STAND TO MAKE  
ANOTHER TOAST.

\*  
\*

ALL

Lorna and Tom!

\*

TOM GIVES IZZIE AN AWKWARDLY GRATEFUL SMILE, THEN NODS TO THE  
DJ. CEROC-STYLE MUSIC STARTS UP, AS TOM LEADS LORNA ON TO  
THE DANCE FLOOR.

\*

AND WE SEE IZZIE SIT BACK DOWN AND GULP ON HER DRINK, HER  
TASK DONE - AND ONLY HER EMOTIONS TO CATCH UP ON NOW.

TOM AND LORNA PERFORM THEIR ROUTINE - LORNA WITH ZEST AND  
WELL-PRACTISED EASE, TOM THROWING HIMSELF INTO HIS OTT STRUTS  
AND POSES (WHATEVER). BUT IT WORKS - THEY LOOK LIKE A FUN-  
SEXY LOVE-STRUCK YOUNG COUPLE...

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

50      SCENE 50 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY NIGHT      50      \*

HANK, CHLO      \*

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

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

CHLO YAWNS IN CONVINCING FASHION.

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

HANK KISSES HER.

HANK  
See you soon, yeah?

CHLO  
Bye, dad. See ya.

HE EXITS.

HANK (OOV)  
Lock the door.

CHLO HURRIES TO GET THE KEY AND LOCKS IT.

CHLO  
Done. Night.

HANK (OOV)  
Night, darling.

CHLO DIVES FOR HER MOBILE.

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

AND SHE DASHES UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

51

**SCENE 51 INT HOTEL NIGHT**

51 \*

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

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

AT THE 'WATERLOO ROAD TABLE' ANDREW APPROACHES KIM. \*

ANDREW

May I have the honour - ?

KIM DRAWS HIM A LOOK.

KIM

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

ANDREW \*

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

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

KIM \*

Oh sit down and have a drink. Tell  
me what else I don't know about  
you. \*

ANDREW \*

Well - (AS HE SITS AND SHE POURS)  
did VSO in Rwanda. Must score a  
merit for that in your books? \*

KIM \*

(IT DOES) From Rwanda to Waterloo  
Road. You like a challenge, don't  
you? \*

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

KIM SMILES.

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

ANDREW  
I'd gathered that.

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

GRANTLY  
Fancy a twirl, Kim?

KIM  
No, I'm okay, thanks.

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

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

LORNA  
You've been so brilliant, Izzie.

IZZIE  
Och...

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

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

LORNA

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

\*

IZZIE

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

IZZIE DELVES INTO HER BAG FOR HER MOBILE.

\*

IZZIE (CONT'D)

Better just check up on Hank and  
the girls.

\*

\*

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

IZZIE (CON'TD)

Hank? Everything okay?... Wait, I  
can't hear you... What?... What do  
you mean you've gone home?...

\*

\*

\*

AND TOM, IN THE ARMS OF THE LITTLE BRIDESMAIDS ON THE DANCE  
FLOOR, CATCHES SIGHT OF IZZIE MAKING HER WAY OUTSIDE, CLEARLY  
DISTRESSED.

\*

\*

\*

THE DJ SEQUES INTO ANOTHER SLOW NUMBER.

DJ

And here's another slow one to keep  
you all in the romantic mood...

JACK SWEEPS LEGLESS STEPH OFF THE FLOOR.

JACK

Think you've had enough, Miss  
Horrocks.

STEPH

No...

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

STEPH \*  
I want to dance... \*

AND SHE LURCHES AFTER JACK. \*

CUT TO:

52

**SCENE 52 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE - CHLO'S BEDROOM NIGHT**

52 \*

CHLO

\*

CHLO'S DOLLING HERSELF UP IN SKIMPY, REVEALING GEAR.

CHLO SLAPS ON THE MAKE-UP, TRANSFORMING HERSELF FROM A SCHOOLGIRL TO A TWENTY-SOMETHING NYMPHET.

CUT TO:



53

**SCENE 53 EXT HOTEL NIGHT**

53 \*

TOM, IZZIE, JACK, STEPH \*

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

TOM

Izzie?

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

TOM

Thought you'd quit the fags?

IZZIE

Lied, didn't I?

HE CAN SEE SHE'S BEEN CRYING.

TOM

What's up?

IZZIE

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

SHE SNIFFS BACK A TEAR.

IZZIE (CONT'D)

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

TOM SITS DOWN BESIDE HER.

TOM

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

IZZIE CHOKES BACK TEARS.

IZZIE

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

(MORE)

IZZIE (cont'd)

I just want you both to be really happy.

TOM

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

IZZIE

You better had, yeah?

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

TOM

Izzie -

\*

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

IZZIE

Just sod off, will you?

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

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

IZZIE

No no no! What am I doing?

\*

SHE GOES TO PICK UP HER BAG.

TOM

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

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

JACK (OOV)

Hold that cab!

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

\*

\*

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

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

IZZIE

Right - yeah - okay.

JACK

Lend me a hand, Mr Clarkson.

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

CUT TO:

54

**SCENE 54 EXT IZZIE'S HOUSE NIGHT**

54 \*

A WHITE STRETCHED LIMO DRIVES UP TO THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

55

**SCENE 55 INT IZZIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN NIGHT**

55 \*

CHLO, MIKA \*

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

CHLO

Tell mum I've gone to bed.

MIKA

You've had it, Chlo.

CHLO

Yeah yeah.

SHE HURRIES OUT.

CUT TO:

56

**SCENE 56 EXT IZZIE'S HOUSE NIGHT**

56 \*

CHLO, DONTE, HOLLY, BEN, AARON \*

CHLO EXITS THE HOUSE TO FIND DONTE THERE IN HIS DAD'S CAR WITH THREE FRIENDS - TWO BOYS AND A GIRL. THERE'S DRINK A-PLenty. SHE GETS IN THE BACK WITH ALL THE OTHERS. IT'S ALL FAR TOO PHYSICAL AND SEXUAL. ONE OF THE LADS HANDS HER A VODKA BOTTLE. DONTE TURNS UP THE MUSIC WELL LOUD AND STEPS ON THE ACCELERATOR. \*

LOUD CHEERS FROM THE 'CHUMS' AS THE LIMO SPEEDS AWAY. \*

CUT TO:

57

**SCENE 57 EXT NON-SPEC MANCHESTER STREET NIGHT**

57 \*

THE LIMO SPEEDS THROUGH A MONTAGE OF STREETS AND OPEN ROAD,  
BLARING MUSIC. AN EMPTY COBRA BOTTLE IS CHUCKED FROM THE  
WINDOW.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

58

**SCENE 58 INT HOTEL NIGHT**

58 \*

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

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

KIM \*

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

ANDREW \*

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

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

JACK \*

Sorry - Andrew... \*

ANDREW \*

Yes? \*

HE JOINS JACK - WHAT IS IT? \*

JACK \*

Are you sober? \*

ANDREW'S HACKLES RISE - YES, WHY? \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*

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

AND HE HANDS ANDREW HIS CAR KEYS. \*

CUT TO:



59      **SCENE 59**    **INT/EXT**    **STRETCHED LIMO/NON-SPEC STREET**    **NIGHT**    59    \*

CHLO, DONTE, HOLLY, BEN, AARON      \*

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

CHLO

Look out!

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

DONTE

Yo yo!

CHLO

You idiot!      \*

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

DONTE

(SCREAMS) You are one sexy bitch,  
man.

CHLO GIGGLES...      \*

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

CUT TO:

60

SCENE 60 INT/EXT WATERLOO ROAD SCHOOL NIGHT

60 \*

ANDREW, JACK \*

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

JACK \*

What the hell- ! \*

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

JACK (CONT'D) \*

Every blasted thing they could \*  
swing a hammer at. \*

ANDREW \*

Pretty purposeful. \*

JACK PICKS UP A SET OF BASHED-IN HEADPHONES. \*

JACK \*

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

ANDREW \*

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

JACK \*

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

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

JACK

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

ANDREW

Too busy hacking each other's limbs  
off.

JACK BALKS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

JACK

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

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

ANDREW

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

JACK STEADIES HIMSELF, TAKEN ABACK.

JACK

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

ANDREW

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

IT'S A NO-BRAINER.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

ANDREW (CONT'D)

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

\*  
\*

JACK

(SNORTS) Not observed at all.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

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

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\*  
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\*  
\*

JACK

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANDREW

Walking would be a good start.

\*  
\*

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

\*

JACK

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

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

61        **SCENE 61   EXT/INT   NON-SPEC   STREET/LIMO   NIGHT**        61   \*

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

CUT TO:

62

**SCENE 62 INT HOTEL HONEYMOON SUITE NIGHT**

62 \*

TOM, LORNA \*

TOM AND LORNA ARE FINALLY ALONE TOGETHER. SHE'S ALREADY IN BED AND IN RADIANT HIGH SPIRITS, LAUGHING AS SHE HEARS HIM STUMBLING AROUND IN THE EN-SUITE BATHROOM.

LORNA

What are you doing in there, having a fight?

TOM EMERGES, IN HIS BOXERS, AND HE'S CLEARLY ANAESTHETISED HIMSELF WITH A LOT MORE ALCOHOL SINCE WE LAST SAW HIM.

TOM

Sorry. Dropped my toothbrush. Then I knocked the bin.

LORNA

Well it's lucky I'm not waiting to lose my virginity tonight. Just get in!

SHE LIFTS UP THE COVERS FOR HIM AND HE FLOPS DOWN ALONGSIDE HER.

TOM

Blame Grantly Budgen. No wonder his wife eats for two 'cos he just drinks.

LORNA TURNS TO FACE HIM, BRIMMING WITH EXPECTATION.

LORNA

Well I hope your ears are still in working order. Because somebody else is eating for two now...

TOM BLINKS. LORNA'S ALL SINCERITY.

LORNA

Nobody can ever say that's why we got married, though, can they?  
(MORE)

LORNA (cont'd)

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

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

TOM

What you saying?

LORNA

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

TOM'S SPEECHLESS.

CUT TO:

63

**SCENE 63 EXT IZZIE'S HOUSE NIGHT**

63 \*

IZZIE, MIKA

\*

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

MIKA

Mum - it's Chlo...

CUT TO:

**END OF EPISODE ONE**