

**MUNDANE ATROCITIES****INT. BLACKTON GRAMMAR - 1ST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY 1, 3.45pm**

Bedlam. It's kicking-out time at an average northern battleship-grey secondary school. Cooler kids hang back. OLD TEACHER (late 50s/ Santa's fatter brother) stands by his classroom door, bemused by a YOUNG TEACHER (20s/ male/ wants-to-be-trendy) trying to bring order to chaos. All years of students at the school are mixed up in the throng.

DANNY is athletic, wannabe-grunge, almost 18. He could be steak but can't stop being burger. As he walks, distracted, his gaze remains focused in front of him as he begins to descend the stairs. DANNY is clapped on the shoulder - startled - by CHAS, a shorter, laid-back, surf-dude blonde version of DANNY. CHAS gives the vibe of push-penny to DANNY's chess.

CHAS

Hey, you hear about the new guy?

DANNY

What?

CHAS

The new guy, starting tomorrow...

As they reach the bottom of the stairs and approach

**INT. BLACKTON GRAMMAR - EAST ENTRANCE - DAY 1, 3.45pm**

the main entrance to the school, CHAS sees where DANNY is looking. He looks at his friend and nudges his arm.

CHAS (Contd.)

Oh. Hester.

DANNY smiles and turns for the first time to look at his friend.

DANNY

Don't start.

CHAS

When are you going to ask her?

CONTINUED:

DANNY and CHAS endure the squeeze of the mob as they near the entrance door, keeping an eye on the very unobtainable HESTER MITCHELL, well-spoken, petite and pretty, an English Rose among skanky briars. She turns briefly, maybe smiles at DANNY, maybe at something her friend ZOE (18/ willowy/ ginger-hair) has just said, and walks out of view.

CHAS

So (beat) new guy?

DANNY

Starting tomorrow.

CHAS

Yeah, right before A-Level exams.

(long beat)

What's the worst she can say?

DANNY

(smiling)

Fuck off.

**INT. LEISURE CENTRE - CHANGING ROOMS - DAY 1, 6pm**

CHAS and DANNY are getting changed for football. They are with their friends KILO (18/ chunky/ shaved hair), BEEPS (17/ slim/ blonde spiky hair) and BOB (17/ trim/ loud/ South Asian). There are other men present, variously using the showers, getting changed or unchanged for a variety of sports. The friends are in good humour.

BEEPS

He's still not asked her...?

CHAS

Don't go there.

DANNY groans as he snaps a lace on his boot by pulling too hard. BEEPS pulls on goalkeeper's gloves, shaking his head as BOB impersonates a BODYBUILDER's walk behind the man's back as he goes to the shower. They wait until the man is in the shower before bursting out laughing.

KILO

One day, man, one day...

BOB

What's he going to do? In a towel?

**EXT. LEISURE CENTRE - 5-A-SIDE FOOTBALL PEN - DAY 1, 6.10pm**

The gang of friends are a team, playing competitively against another team comprised of MIDDLE-AGED MEN. As BOB slides into a tackle, both feet together, studs out, so TITLES begin.

**INT. BLACKTON WIMPY BAR - DAY 1, 8pm**

The group of friends are sprawled across the two tables closest to the window. Showered and in casual clothes, munching on a variety of burgers, side-orders and shakes. Their kit-bags are tossed wherever. The only other customers in the Wimpy are an OLD WOMAN and her DAUGHTER.

KILO

You not eating?

BOB

I'm telling you, that's Kirbie.

BEEPS

Him? With a job?

KILO

He's right. It's our old adversary.

BOB

You mean remedial. Bet he spat in your shake.

Kilo shrugs and slurps from the cup noisily.

CHAS

Or worse.

Kilo throws down his burger and grimaces. The others laugh.

DANNY

(to BEEPS)

That's five quid you owe me.

BEEPS

What?

BOB

He's right. You bet there was nothing he wouldn't eat.

CONTINUED:

BEEPS

That was last week!

CHAS

Come on! Pay up!

BEEPS

I don't see why I should.

DANNY

Because I don't have any money and I want to find out what happened to Beattie.

CHAS

Oh yeah! His even-stupider friend.

BEEPS grudgingly pulls a five pound note from his pocket and slaps it in DANNY's hand. DANNY is out of the chair with a start. He walks casually up to the counter as his friends whisper quietly among themselves, watching but pretending not to. Badly.

The burger 'chef' turns to serve DANNY and there is a whoop from the table. KIRBIE (18/ heavy-set/ spotty/ mean-looking) nods to DANNY.

KIRBIE

Get you something?

DANNY

Yeah, uh, another portion of fries. Large. And a coke.

KIRBIE nods and turns away from the counter to fill a packet of fries with a scoop. The fries are old, cooling.

DANNY

So, er, you worked here long?

KIRBIE

Couple of weeks.

DANNY

How is it?

KIRBIE slaps the portion of fries down and turns back to the coke dispenser.

CONTINUED:

KIRBIE

It's a burger bar. I was better off on benefits. How's school?

DANNY

It's school.

KIRBIE puts down the cup. Some of it spills. KIRBIE smiles.

KIRBIE

That'll be five pound.

DANNY

It's two seventy five. Says so up there.

DANNY points to the plastic menu above the fryers.

KIRBIE

I can hear everything you fuckers have been saying.

DANNY

Really?

(long beat)

I don't care. Not any more.

DANNY turns and walks away.

KIRBIE

You haven't paid!

DANNY turns around and smiles. CHAS and the others are out of their seats.

DANNY

This isn't school. This is your life.  
Enjoy it. This is the best you'll ever be.

KILO hands DANNY his kit-bag as the group of friends make for the door.

**EXT. BLACKTON WIMPY BAR - DAY 1, 8.10pm**

It is still light outside. BOB looks about.

BOB

Well, now we know.

CONTINUED:

BEEPS

Can I have my fiver back?

CHAS

He was trying to fuck with your head?

KILO taps CHAS on the arm. He turns. KIRBIE is stood at the window scowling at them.

CHAS (Contd.)

Fucking loser. Thinks we're still at school and can beat the shit out of us.

KILO

One-on-one maybe.

BOB

Well, we are five...

DANNY

He's not worth it. Come the autumn, we're all out of this shithole town, at university or something but not here.

BEEPS

Can I have my money back?

BOB

What are you? A bank manager or something?

**INT. THE HARPER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 1, 8.30pm**

DANNY comes in the back door and kicks off his shoes as he shuts the door behind him. MRS HARPER (Daniel's mum/ young-for-40s/ tidy but casual/ bobbed hair) comes into the room and proceeds to the kettle, switches it on.

MRS HARPER

Want a cup of tea? How was your day?

DANNY looks up from he's stowing his Dr Martin boots on a rack.

DANNY

The usual.

MRS HARPER

Didn't you have football? How's Charlie?

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Chas.

MRS HARPER

Of course.

DANNY

I'm tired. I've got to study for tomorrow.

MRS HARPER

Do you want me to bring up your tea?

Danny slouches out of the kitchen without answering.

**INT. THE HARPER HOME - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY 1, 8.31pm**

DANNY's room is not untidy. On the walls are posters of grunge and hardcore bands and albums including Mudhoney's 'Superfuzz Bigmuff' and Big Black's 'Songs About Fucking'. He drops his kitbag at the end of his bed. The bedroom furniture is MFI flatpack in black-and-red.

DANNY flops down on the chair in front of his desk. On his desk is an Amiga500 computer. When he turns around, we see a black-and-white poster of Cindy Crawford. He takes pens from a pot and lining them up, puts them into an orderly row, tallest to shortest, giving up before he's done. He turns and flicks on his stereo, skipping the CD to track 3. He sighs and looking about, picks up a large bottle of Lucozade. He gulps some down, reseals the bottle and after punching play on the stereo, flops down on his bed. MUSIC: L7, 'Pretend We're Dead'. DANNY lightly punches the wall in rhythm with the music, then

DANNY

Fuck!

Danny jumps off his bed and sits at his desk. He pulls out some paper, opens a textbook and begins to study. He can't concentrate. He throws the textbook across his bed. He rubs his hands across his face and sighs.

**INT. BLACKTON GRAMMAR - 1ST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY 2, 8.55am**

CHANTELLE, SHARMAINE and SUSAN (all 17/ dyed blonde/ thick make-up/ cabbage-soup diet looks) aka 'The Cheerleaders'

CONTINUED:

are feeling like an early morning 'snack' and KILO and BEEPS just happen to be there. Others in the class hang back.

SHARMAINE

(to KILO)

So, Philip, would you like to go to the prom with me?

KILO

(looking at BEEPS)

Not really.

SUSAN

Shazza, haven't you heard? Philip is gay.

SHARMAINE

(to CHANTELLE)

Don't you think he looks gay with that hair?

DANNY ambles along the corridor. The Cheerleaders spot him. CHANTELLE turns away to let him near KILO and BEEPS.

CHANTELLE

So, Danny (beat) who are you taking to the prom?

DANNY

(to KILO and BEEPS)

Can you smell something? It's like... old woman kind of smell, like roses or cats?

BEEPS

I was wondering about that.

SHARMAINE

You think you're so funny...

DANNY

And you're not, now fuck off and turn tricks somewhere else.

CHANTELLE

I guess Daniel didn't get laid last night.

DANNY turns very slowly. BEEPS grabs his arm but DANNY shrugs him off.

CONTINUED:

DANNY

And you did. It's dripping down your leg.

SUSAN

You bastard.

The Cheerleaders skulk away. DANNY watches them go.

BEEPS

Bit hard on them today.

DANNY

Then stick up for yourselves.

KILO

Don't know what they stayed around for.

DANNY

Same reason we did. To get out.

**INT. BLACKTON GRAMMAR - A-LEVEL MATHS - DAY 2, 9.10am**

The desks in the classroom are arranged in C-shape around the blackboard where MS MERTON (early 50s/ grey hair/ woollen jumper and sandals) stands in front of a blackboard that has 'Field Set Theory' written across it. MS MERTON stands with arms crossed in front of DANNY, her back to the door.

MS MERTON

I'm still waiting, Mr Harper.

DANNY shifts in his seat and slowly brings himself to look up and meet his teacher's gaze.

DANNY

What is the point of doing the homework if it's not assessed and when we have more important things to do?

MS MERTON

More important things?

DANNY is flushed red. He tries not to look at HESTER, who has seated herself opposite him. She is watching him.

MS MERTON (Contd.)

Like football?

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I was thinking about revision for exams.

MS MERTON

So you are doing some work? You must think good grades grow on trees.

DANNY

No....

There is a knock on the door. The door opens and MS MERTON turns, holding up a finger to DANNY.

CHAS

(whispering)

What's gotten into you?

MS MERTON

Who are you and what is your business?

At the door is a man all of 17, dressed in a tweed jacket, rugby shirt and a smile. OREN VAUGHAN also sports a very upper-middle class floppy blonde fringe and brown brogue shoes. With jeans. His voice has a naturally sociable timbre. Definitely, yah.

OREN

I was told I would find the best maths teacher here. (beat) My name is Oren. Oren Vaughan.

Some of the class stifle their amusement. MS MERTON is flustered. Flustered and blushing.

MS MERTON

You must be... Yes, I was told a new student was joining us today.

DANNY looks from the new guy to MS MERTON and then to the rest, noticing that HESTER is watching OREN closely. OREN appears not to notice anyone else in the classroom as he sits down quite casually. He opens a buff notebook and reaching into his jacket pocket, removes a silver propelling pencil which clicks 'ready'.

CHAS

(whispering)

Brideshead fucking Revisited.

You can read more by getting in touch directly

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This is the January 2008 second-draft of the script.

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