

BELLS AND WHISTLES

A SITCOM WRITTEN BY JOHN MEE

PILOT EPISODE
"A Spy in the Camp"

EMAIL JohnMeePlays@aol.com
MOB 07850 372094

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL STAFFROOM - DAY

We are in a cluttered, neglected Primary School staffroom, somewhere in the modern urban wastes.

MAXINE MACK(50s), the grudging caretaker is wiping the sink. Seeing something through the window, she opens it and shouts..

MAXINE:

Oi! Pick that litter up y' cheeky
sod!
I'm sick o' you lot droppin' sweet
wrappers in that playground.
Get to y' classroom!
You'll be late for registration.

...then grumpily closes the window, muttering to herself.

MAXINE: (CONT'D)

Bloody teachers.

MAXINE goes to reluctantly clean out a hamster cage on the coffee table dropping bits of sawdust etc into an overflowing waste bin.

[THEME MUSIC]

The camera pans back to reveal a Formica sink unit with wonky cupboards and sticky drawers, a saggy sofa, oddball chairs and a coffee table strewn with junk post, dirty mugs, books, mags, scissors etc.

Curled-up posters and out-of-date notices cling to the walls.

As the theme music ends, one side of a notice board headed 'Lloyd George Primary School' succumbs to gravity...

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL STAFFROOM - DAY

MRS JUBB(60s) the doddery school secretary comes in clutching a coffee mug and the A4 office diary...

MRS JUBB:
Maxine? Have you a spare tea bag?
I'll be in the you-know-what if I
don't get the head his cuppa.

MAXINE:
Here - try this bin...

MRS JUBB puts the diary on the table and rummages in the bin...

MRS JUBB:
Did no-one look after Hammy over
the weekend? Poor thing.

MAXINE:
No. Muggins has to, as-per-usual.

MRS JUBB:
Children aren't interested in
hamsters these days.
It's all i-boxes and x-pads.

MAXINE:
Yeah. An' all *I* get is a soddin' u-
bend.

...fishing out an old tea bag on a string

MRS JUBB:
What's this? I can't give a used
tea bag to a headmaster!
Besides, it's covered in tiny
hamster's doo-dahs.

MAXINE:
Tell him it's herbal tea.

MRS JUBB:
Herbal? It's more *gerbil* than
herbal.

MAXINE:
Say it's organic then. He won't
notice.

MRS JUBB dangles the tea bag to the sink. As they talk, she puts the it in the mug, adds water from the kettle, sniffs a carton of congealed milk and cringes as she pours it in...

MRS JUBB:

When I was a little girl, I used to love looking after the school hamster. I didn't mind cleaning it's bottom.

MAXINE:

Same here. If my teacher wanted someone t' clean an animal's arse, I'd be first t' stick me hand up.

MRS JUBB:

I've always loved animals, me. I'd be lost without my cat to keep me company. Have you any pets, Maxine?

MAXINE:

At home? No. Just me. I did have a dog, but - what with all the smell and the mess - it wasn't fair on the dog.

MRS JUBB surveys the sink top, making a stirring action...

MRS JUBB:

You haven't seen the old stirrer? The bent one, covered in stains?

MAXINE:

Y' mean the headmaster?

MRS JUBB:

No, the spoon!

MAXINE:

I chucked it away. Look in the bin.

As she talks, MRS JUBB rummages in the bin for the spoon...

MRS JUBB:

My husband couldn't go near cats. They gave him an allergic erection.

Upset, MRS JUBB fishes out a dead (toy!) hamster by its tail...

MRS JUBB: (CONT'D)

What's this? Oh, no. Poor Hammy!

Anal headteacher CLIVE BEASLEY(40s) bursts in, kowtowing to a caller on a portable phone in his sycophantic tele-voice...

CLIVE:

(into phone)

...no. I'm sure I can squeeze you in!

MRS JUBB panics, dipping the hamster in the mug by its tail

MRS JUBB:
Nearly ready, Mr Beasley!

CLIVE impatiently puts his hand over the mouthpiece

CLIVE:
Diary! Diary!

CLIVE continues to schmooze as MRS JUBB flaps around

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Your son's what? Bipolar?
My word, he sounds like Scott of
the Antarctic!
(beat)
Oh, I see. Like a dual personality?
No worries. Sew an extra name tag
in his anorak.
(beat)
And a daughter as well?
So two children to-boot!

MAXINE coolly gets the diary and passes it to CLIVE

MAXINE:
Good. I like children to boot!

As CLIVE creeps to the caller, MAXINE gets the bin, stops
beside MRS JUBB, grabs the 'dead' hamster, drops it in the
bin and exits.

CLIVE gets a red pen from his top pocket to fill in the diary

CLIVE:
(into phone)
So, it's Mr... and Mrs... Shaw.
We'll see you later then.
(beat)
No problem. Use the Deputy Head's
parking space next to mine - she's
had a breakdown.
(beat)
Not her car - a nervous breakdown.
Oh, and come in an old banger
you're not too bothered about.
Ok, Mr err...? Hello? Hello? Oh...

CLIVE looks at the phone realising the caller has hung up

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
Talking of old bangers, is that my
tea Mrs Jubb?

MRS JUBB guardedly passes him the tea as he pushes the phone and diary back at her. Standing smugly, he stirs the tea with his red pen...

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
D' you know? I think it's going to be a veeery lucrative day school-fund-wise.

MRS JUBB:
Not more parents from that posh new estate?

CLIVE:
Practically pleading for a placement they were.

MRS JUBB:
Why do they want to send their children here? They'll end up with nits.

MRS JUBB looks nervy as CLIVE fishes out a hair from his tea

CLIVE:
What tea's this? It's got hairs in it.

MRS JUBB:
Oh, it's... it's orgasmic.

CLIVE looks concerned, but carries on stirring with his pen

CLIVE:
Well they've no choice, Mrs Jubb. We're the only Primary in the catchment.

MRS JUBB:
The inspection report - won't that put them off?

About to sip his tea, CLIVE looks dismissive

CLIVE:
Inspection report? Pff!
We just change our name and voilà! Lloyd George Primary is replaced by a new school with a clean slate. Standard procedure nowadays.

MRS JUBB:
What about our disruptive pupils? You can't just click your fingers and say viola to them!

About to sip his tea, CLIVE looks indifferent

CLIVE:

Never-you-mind. If these rich parents splash-the- cash, I'll have enough for my new ICT Suite. Computers 'll keep the little brats quiet. They're the hi-tec answer to colouring-in.

MRS JUBB:

Computers? I'll stick with my typewriter. My husband used to say, "Computers are all right - until they go wrong!".

About to sip his tea, CLIVE looks bemused

CLIVE:

What?

MRS JUBB:

In-any-case, how'll the staff go on? They struggle enough with the photocopier.

CLIVE:

Don't-you-worry. I'm a bit of a computer boffin myself. I've enrolled for a National Diploma in Information Technology. Not many heads have N.D.I.T after their name!

MRS JUBB:

Whoops! Better sort the registers...

MRS JUBB scurries off as CLIVE smugly poses with his tea...

CLIVE:

Oh, yes. I can just see the sign...
'Lloyd George Junior Academy of
Computer Science' - 'Headteacher -
C. J. Beasley, B.A... N.D.I.T'

He winks, sips his tea, chokes and runs to the sink to spit it out

FADE IN:

INT. KATE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

KATE FARADAY(30s), our hero teacher is holding an open register. EMMA & WHITNEY, two innocent little girls, are 'praying' to her.

KATE:
Ok. You can both do office duty.

EMMA & WHITNEY jump up and down in excitement.

KATE: (CONT'D)
But Emma? Make sure Mr Beasley sets
you a story to write. I don't want
you just answering the phone!
And Whitney? Best behaviour, y'
hear?
Go on, off-you-pop...

EMMA & WHITNEY excitedly hip-walk out linking arms

KATE closes the register to address the rest of the class

KATE: (CONT'D)
Right, Year Five.
It's stopped raining, so we'll do
this week's nature studies on the
Millennium Trail.
And Jeremy-Kyle O'Connor? Remember!
If we see two ladybirds together,
the correct word is 'mating'. Ok?

Supply teacher DAN THOMPSON(30s) enters looking worried

KATE: (CONT'D)
Get your cagoules, children.

DAN covertly approaches KATE as the children mill around

KATE: (CONT'D)
Dan! What you doing here?
I thought we were keeping a low-
profile?

DAN:
I know, but... we've been rumbled.

KATE:
Who by?

DAN:
Not sure. I think someone saw us go
in your stockroom at dinnertime.
I heard the door rattle.

KATE:

Sugar.

DAN:

How 'bout the caretaker?
She keeps her ear to the ground.

KATE:

Maxine? No, we'd have smelt her.
I *knew* it was a bad idea.
We'll end up sacked!

DAN:

Why are we hiding it, Kate? We're
both adults?

KATE:

Look. If this lot get one sniff,
you'll be a serial bigamist and
I'll have a secret love-child.
They watch too many soaps.

DAN:

The kid's don't seem *that* bad.

KATE:

The staff!
You're only here on supply. You
hardly know them.

DAN:

See you after school. Usual place.

DAN turns to leave within earshot of the children

KATE:

Oh, and Mr Thompson?
If you can... do a bit of 'research'?

DAN nods and sneaks out

Agitated, KATE turns her attention back to her class

KATE: (CONT'D)

Right children.
If anyone needs the toilet - now's
the time!

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

EMMA & WHITNEY are sitting outside the school office on tiny infant's chairs either side of a full-sized office desk.

EMMA is arranging her felt tips in rainbow order while WHITNEY is eating the dregs from a crisp packet.

Scary XXL teacher LIZ NICHOLAS(50s) strolls up with her register. Nonchalantly tossing it on the table, she eyes WHITNEY's crisps...

LIZ:
They're very nice crisps. What are they?

WHITNEY splutters in fear as LIZ helps herself to one...

WHITNEY:
Very nice crisps.

LIZ:
What flavour, y' dope!
And don't talk with your mouth-full.
Do you talk while you're eating at home?

WHITNEY shakes her head in fear

LIZ: (CONT'D)
No. And do you know why?

WHITNEY:
Coz we're watchin' telly.

LIZ raises her eyes in frustration.

CLIVE appears trailed by MRS JUBB porting an A4 box.

CLIVE:
Elizabeth? Can you spare two sturdy young men later?
I'm expecting visitors. Looks good when doors open automatically.

LIZ:
Usual one-of-each?

CLIVE:
Please. Best to be politically correct.

LIZ nonchalantly walks off as CLIVE turns to EMMA and WHITNEY

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
Now. Which one's my runner?

EMMA enthusiastically raises her hand, stretching it high

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
(to WHITNEY)
Who are you then?

WHITNEY enthusiastically raises her hand, stretching it high

WHITNEY:
Her bestest-best-mate!

CLIVE:
Bestest-best-mate?
Can't you think of a better
superlative, child?
What's happened to your grammar?

WHITNEY:
(rubbing her eyes)
She's in heaven.

CLIVE:
Ok, ok. No need for the
caterwauling. (to EMMA)
And does your friend have a name?

EMMA:
Whitney.

The children fidget as they prop up their aching arms

CLIVE:
Ah, yes. From those scallywags with
the Rottweilers.
What they called again...?

WHITNEY:
Caesar and Tyson.

CLIVE:
Not the dogs, girl - the family!
Mind you, be like living with a
pack of animals on that estate.
You lot breed like rabbits!

WHITNEY:
One of my brothers got two rabbits.

CLIVE:
Yeah? Bet their not called Bright
Eyes and Bobtail.

WHITNEY:
No. They're called Wayne and Gavin.

CLIVE:
Not your brothers - the rabbits!

WHITNEY:
(thinks)
I meant the rabbits.

CLIVE:
Ok. Hands down. Hands down.

EMMA & WHITNEY lower their arms, rubbing them in relief

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
First-things-first, if anybody
comes in with biscuits, put them in
this box.

EMMA:
What if they won't fit in?

CLIVE:
The biscuits. Put the biscuits in
the box!

WHITNEY:
Why?

CLIVE:
Why? What do you do once a year
every September?

WHITNEY:
(shrugs)
Visit me grandad?

CLIVE:
Harvest Festival, girl! Deary-me.
Now. Mrs Jubb 'll be preparing for
some visitors, so you'll need to
answer the phone...

MRS JUBB gets a portable phone from the box

MRS JUBB:
Press this button and say "Lloyd
George Primary" nicely. Get their
number and say we'll call back.

MRS JUBB gets a pink, cheap toilet roll from the box

MRS JUBB: (CONT'D)
And if anyone needs the sit-down
toilet - two sheets for pupils;
four sheets for staff.

EMMA:
How many for visitors?

CLIVE:

Have you no sense of protocol,
young lady?
One offers visitors the full roll!
(at WHITNEY)
Unless they're one of her lot. Two
sheets o' tracing paper 'll do for
that riff-raff!
Chop-chop, Mrs Jubb - pupil's work
to display!

MRS JUBB:

Don't forget? You promised Miss
Faraday you'd give Emma a story to
write.

CLIVE:

Oh, yes.
(to EMMA)
Between calls, write a story about
err... What I Did at School Today.
That'll do.

CLIVE gets sheets of A4 from the box, plonking it on the desk

EMMA:

Should I underline the title? Can I
colour it in?

CLIVE:

But don't use too much paper - it
doesn't grow on trees, you know!

CLIVE strides off followed dutifully by MRS JUBB

EMMA carefully selects a felt-tip to write her story with her
tongue hanging out. After a beat WHITNEY looks worried.

The phone rings. EMMA gingerly picks it up, pressing a button

EMMA:

(into phone)
Boy George Primary - nicely.

As EMMA silently nods to the caller, WHITNEY counts off two
sheets from the toilet roll, checks nobody's looking,
cheekily tears off a third and runs off holding her bottom..

FADE IN:

INT. KATE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

KATE's pupils are busy cutting-out and decorating cards. A queue of children are showing her their work.

KATE:
Well-done-you. That's *really* good
Destiny!

She spots DAN walking in anxiously looking over his shoulder..

KATE: (CONT'D)
Children? It's nearly playtime.
Line-up and wait for the bell.

DAN:
How did the nature walk go?

KATE:
Got rained off. Brought them back
to make Father's Day cards.
Well - some of them.
Did you suss out who saw us go in
the stockroom?

DAN:
Not yet. How about that Jenny?
She seems mustard-keen?

KATE:
Well she is a bit thick.
Could be Liz?

DAN:
Doubt it. Never leaves her chair.

DAN waits for the pupils to pass then takes KATE's hands

DAN: (CONT'D)
I never forgot you, Kate - after we
left College.

KATE:
Hey, mister! You'll get me shot.

CLIVE suddenly bursts in. KATE quickly frees DAN's hands and feigns to tidy her hair. DAN looks unnerved..

CLIVE:
There you are Daniel!
Where's your class?

DAN:
They're outside drawing fossils.

KATE gets up to shepherd her class through the door

CLIVE:

Good-good. Wonder if you can help?
I've important visitors coming in.
They're the sporty-type.
Can you show them the gym? Explain
our PE syllabus?

DAN:

I don't know anything *about* your PE
syllabus.

CLIVE:

Neither do they.
And be nice if you dress the part -
wear some plimsols; flash those
lithesome thighs of yours.

DAN:

But I haven't any kit!

CLIVE:

Try lost property - should be some
shorts.

DAN:

Boys' shorts? To fit me?

CLIVE:

Certainly. We've infants with
bigger waistlines.

DAN:

Who'll cover my class?

CLIVE:

Miss Peasgood. She can double-up.

DAN:

Jenny? She can't control one class,
never mind two! Don't you teach?

CLIVE:

Me? Teach? I'm an executive man,
not a factotum!

The school bell rings as CLIVE checks his watch.

CLIVE: (CONT'D)

Talking of old fossils - best see
how Mrs Jubb's doing with that
display.

Anyway, think-yourself lucky!
When I was younger, the head made
me do PE in my underpants.
Nearly ruined my teaching career!

CLIVE struts out as KATE returns to her desk

DAN:
You don't think it was him do you?
Who saw us?

KATE:
Clive? He's too busy showing-off.
I want to throw-up when he brags
about the inspection report and his
'strong leadership'.

DAN:
I thought the inspection was bad?

KATE:
It was. He's quoting the one before
he came.

DAN tenderly takes KATE's hands and looks into her eyes...

DAN:
He's right, though. I am lucky.
Lucky finding you again after all
these years...

MRS JUBB rushes in panicking. KATE quickly frees DAN's hands...

MRS JUBB:
Quick! There's a fight in the
playground.
Someone's going to get killed!

KATE:
Can't the playground supervisors
sort it?

MRS JUBB:
It's the playground supervisors who
are fighting!

DAN:
I'll go. Anyway, better check out
lost property.

KATE smiles as DAN leaves like a knight in shining armour

MRS JUBB:
He does remind me of my husband...

KATE:
Who? Dan Thompson?

MRS JUBB:
...same eyes... same nose... same teeth...

KATE:
You remember your husband's teeth?

MRS JUBB:
I've still got them!
I keep them on the mantelpiece with
his hair.
Well, when I say 'hair'...

KATE:
Where did you meet? You and your
husband?

MRS JUBB:
(Pointing) Out there.

KATE:
Here? In the playground?

MRS JUBB:
The boys were playing catch-a-girl-
kiss-a-girl when he grabbed me by
the girls' toilet exit.

KATE:
Ouch.

MRS JUBB:
We were together from that day on.
I held his hand at the beginning...
...and I held his hand at the end.

KATE:
Aww! You must miss him loads.

MRS JUBB:
What I miss most are all the kisses
and cuddles.
If you ever find someone Kate,
enjoy every kiss and cuddle - it
might be your last!

KATE:
I'll remember that, Mrs J. I'll
remember that.

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL STAFFROOM - DAY

LIZ is sitting reading a magazine. JENNY is busy writing.

LIZ:
God, I'm buggered already.
Roll-on half-term!
What you up to, Jen?

JENNY:
Doing lesson plans.

LIZ:
Lesson plans? You're joking.
The only lesson plan I've got is
'dish out paint pots and PVA so I
can read this week's Hello!'

JENNY:
You read a magazine in class?
What if a parent walks in?

LIZ:
Liz's hot tip for new teachers...
'Keep scissors handy when you're
reading a glossy'. If someone comes
in, you can pretend you're cutting
out pictures for a collage!

KATE walks in to make a cup of coffee

JENNY:
That's not very professional. I
give my students my full attention.
I have to. There'd be a riot if I
didn't.

KATE:
The trick Jenny, is to make them
think you're watching even when
you're not.

JENNY:
But year four are so naughty -
especially the boys.

LIZ:
Nah. Lads are easy, love.
Scare the pants off 'em on day one -
after that - not a peep!

MAXINE angrily stomps in to get her mop and bucket

MAXINE:
Boys urinals! Ankle-soddin'-deep!

JENNY:

(to LIZ)
I am pretty strict. I say, "Please pay attention, boys? Please? I'll be your friend?".
But they just ignore me.
I don't know how you're so patient.

KATE:

You have to learn to count to ten, Jenny.

JENNY:

I can do all that, Kate!
I did get a C in my Maths GCSE.

Anyway. It's better to plan things.
I like my lessons have clear objectives and a precise aim.

MAXINE:

Wish those boys had a precise aim!

MAXINE trudges out carrying the mop and bucket

LIZ:

Listen buggerlugs.
Liz's hot tip for dealing with naughty boys... 'The first one to make a sound, click the scissors and point at his willie'.
Scares 'em to death!

JENNY looks shocked as CLIVE pops his head round the door

CLIVE:

Elizabeth? Just seen one of your boys go in the girls' loo. Could you go in and castigate him? Don't want to be accused a pervert again.

LIZ grabs scissors from the coffee table and clicks them

LIZ:

I'll do more than castigate the little bugger!

CLIVE:

Oh, and have you anything for the display? How about one of your famous collages?

LIZ:

No probs, Clive.

LIZ winks at JENNY and leaves clicking the scissors

CLIVE:
Kathryn? You couldn't spare young
ladies to serve tea and bikkies to
my visitors, could you?
Your girls curtsy so beautifully!

KATE:
(sighs)
I'll go and blow the whistle...
somebody ought to!

KATE leaves shaking her head, carrying her coffee

CLIVE:
Oh, by-the-way Jennifer?
Can you keep an eye on year six
after break?
Mr Thompson 'll be showing my
visitors the gym.

JENNY looks horrified

JENNY:
Year six? But they're Top Juniors!

CLIVE:
He's set them a project on
Dinosaurs.

JENNY:
They're big, scary things with
horrible breath!

CLIVE:
Nonsense. Dinosaurs are extinct!

JENNY:
No, Top Juniors!

JENNY rushes off in a tizz

CLIVE:
Now. Where was I?
Ah, yes. Flowers... flowers...

CLIVE strides out clicking his fingers.

We hear an external whistle

FADE IN:

INT. KATE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

KATE is thumbing a large, colourful children's story book...

KATE:
Where did we get to last week? Ah...
(reading)
Peter was a lucky boy.
He had not one, but two daddies.

KATE panoramas the pictures inside the book across the class

EMMA & WHITNEY come in. EMMA is holding an A4 sheet

KATE: (CONT'D)
At last! I was worried where you-
two'd got to.
I was starting to have kittens!
Have you finished office duty?

EMMA nods

KATE: (CONT'D)
Is that the story Mr Beasley gave
to write?

EMMA nods sweetly

KATE: (CONT'D)
Tell you what, Emma. I've just
started story-time.
Would you like to read *your* story
out-loud instead?

EMMA nods enthusiastically

KATE: (CONT'D)
Pay attention class!
Emma's going to read us a story
she's written.
Come-on. Sit up straight!

WHITNEY sits cross-legged with an exaggerated straight back

KATE: (CONT'D)
Off you go, poppet.

EMMA:
(reading)
What I Did at School Today...
By Hemma. Five heff.

This morning, Miss Friday let us
have extra playtime so she could
talk to the new man teacher...

KATE:

That was a meeting, but carry on...

EMMA:

At dinner time, me and Whitney went to mind Miss's car on the par cark and saw her inside it, talking to the new man teacher again.

CLIVE enters with two prospective PARENTS, MR & MRS SHAH...

KATE:

Wait. That's 'Whitney and I' to mind her car on the par cark - I mean car park.

CLIVE:

Don't mind us, Miss Faraday. Showing Mr and Mrs Shaw a typical English lesson. Carry on young lady...

EMMA:

Then we sawd the tarecaker put a dead 'amster in the big bin. So we went to tell Miss and sawd her going in her stockroom with the new man teacher...

KATE:

Err that's fine, Emma...

EMMA:

We tried the door, but they'd locked it from the inside. So we...

KATE maternally hugs EMMA's head to her waste to mute her

KATE:

(to the PARENTS)
Wwhat it is, is... creative writing. I err... I encourage imagination and self-expression.

CLIVE:

Ex-cellent stuff!

KATE:

But Emma gets her words wrong. Don't you Em? Never-mind, she can look them up in the dictionary...

CLIVE:
 (to the PARENTS)
 Miss Faraday's class still use
 dictionaries. Can you believe that?
 In this day-an-age?
 If we had the means for an ICT
 Suite, they'd never need to spell
 again!
 Shall we look at the displays?

CLIVE leads the visitors out

KATE waits, wipes her brow in relief then releases EMMA...

EMMA:
 ...So we waited outside and hearded
 very, very strange noises.
 Miss must have hast-ma like Whitney
 coz she was breathin' really,
 really loud.

KATE:
 Ok. You can stop there...

EMMA:
 Then Miss started praying to baby
 Jesus, coz we hearded her say,
 "Oh, my God. Oh, my God".

KATE:
 That's enough now...

EMMA:
 Then Whitney looked through the
 keyhole and...

KATE:
 I-said-enough!

EMMA freezes in fear as an agitated KATE snatches the story

KATE: (CONT'D)
 Gosh, is that the time?
 Get your coats children.
 We'll sing a song to end the day.

EMMA:
 What about my story?

KATE:
 I'll read it at bedtime.

EMMA looks downcast. KATE gapes as she examines the story

KATE: (CONT'D)
 Emma? This is a photocopy!

EMMA:

Yes, Miss. The lady in the office
copied it.
She pinned the real one on the
display for the visitors to read.

Beat as KATE realises the situation

KATE:

Children? Bin the song. You can go
home early.

KATE starts desperately forcing WHITNEY'S anorak on

WHITNEY:

Miss? Can I give you a kiss night-
night?

KATE:

I don't do kisses 'til Christmas.
You know that.

WHITNEY:

You gave the new man-teacher a
kiss.

KATE:

Don't be ridiculous!

WHITNEY:

I saw you through the keyhole in
the stockroom. Why were you rubbing
his bum, Miss? Had he fallen down?

KATE:

Ok. One quick peck.

KATE bends down so WHITNEY can kiss her cheek

WHITNEY:

I love you, Miss Faraday.

KATE:

I love you too, Whitney.
Now off-you-pop...

KATE gently pushes WHITNEY and EMMA to the door. WHITNEY
turns back...

WHITNEY:

Miss? Are you really having
kittens?

KATE forces WHITNEY through the door, wipes her brow with her
sleeve, then rushes out in a panic.

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MRS JUBB is standing beside her display of pupil's work.
CLIVE is in conversation escorting MR SHAH towards her..

CLIVE:
...got a Laptop for my wife, y' know?
Excellent swap I thought. Ha!

As they stop, MRS SHAH appears holding a pink toilet roll.
Looking vexed, she pushes the toilet roll back at CLIVE.
Embarrassed, CLIVE pushes the toilet roll on to MRS JUBB.

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
So. That concludes our tour.
Any questions?

The PARENTS look at each other, dolefully shaking their heads

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
I'm sure your children 'll do
famously here.
Just a shame we can't afford an ICT
Suite.

MRS JUBB:
Mr Beasley's an expert in
Inflammation Technology.
He's a computer puffin, aren't you
Mr Beasley?

CLIVE:
Now-now, Mrs Jubb.
Flattery-will-get-you-nowhere!
(to the PARENTS)
If we had the finance for an ICT
Suite, your son's work could be 'on-
loaded' to our website.

MRS JUBB:
And he knows all about websites!
He goes in his office, locks the
door, draws the curtains...

CLIVE:
Yes, yes. Haven't you dinner money
to count?

MRS JUBB:
There's only one who pays.

CLIVE:
Well toddle-off and ring the bell!

MRS JUBB jumps and retreats into the office

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
As-I-say, an ICT Suite would
benefit your children greatly.
But, it's the same old story, I'm
afraid..

CLIVE rubs his fingers and thumb together.

MAXINE turns up angrily plonking down her bucket.

MAXINE:
Staff toilets bunged up wi' paper!
Thought y' give 'em four sheets?

MRS SHAH turns away looking embarrassed

CLIVE:
(to the PARENTS)
Yes, given the funding, we could
buy brand new PC's with the latest
Windows!

MAXINE:
Reminds me - another one's been
smashed.
I'll sweep the glass up later.

CLIVE:
(to the PARENTS)
Unfortunately our capitation
doesn't go very far. We have to
rely on others coughing up.

MAXINE:
Oh, aye boss. A kid's puked in the
cloakrooms. I'll go an' mop it up...

MAXINE picks up her bucket and goes. CLIVE clears his throat

CLIVE:
But a school's only as good as its
staff. And mine are all dedicated
professionals. Some find it hard to
drag themselves away!

The school bell rings. We hear children cheer.

On the 'B' of the bell, LIZ rushes past putting on her coat...

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
Here's my senior teacher now.
Mrs Nicholas? May I introduce Mr
and Mrs Shaw?

LIZ:
Can't stop - hair appointment.

LIZ rushes off

CLIVE:
 Good to have strong characters on
 board.
 No bullying on my watch! Oh, no.

JENNY approaches clutching a little girls fancy hanky

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
 Miss Peasgood?
 (To the PARENTS)
 Fast-tracking to headship this one.
 She's even written my school
 behaviour policy!
 (To JENNY)
 Jennifer? How did it go with Top
 Juniors?

JENNY stops, wells up, bursts into tears and runs off.

CLIVE notices MRS JUBB proudly presenting her display.

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
 Ahh! Perchance a display of
 children's work.
 If we had an ICT Suite, all this
 could be done 'in-line'!

They turn to read the display as KATE desperately runs up

KATE:
 Mr Beasley? Sorry to interrupt.
 Do you have Emma's story?

CLIVE:
 Just about to read it.
 'What I Did at School Today' by
 Emma, 5F.

KATE desperately thrusts her hand over it...

KATE:
 No! It's Emma. She tells lies.
 Well, not 'lies'... she has F.M.S. -
 False? Memory? Syndrome?

KATE forces herself between them and the display

KATE: (CONT'D)
 And you might not be able to read
 it, her being dyslexic and that.

CLIVE:
 Are we talking the same child?
 Clean shoes? Uncomplicated face?

KATE blocks their view as they try to manoeuvre round her...

KATE:
 But she's naughty. Maybe not
 'naughty'... she has A.D.D. -
 Attention? Deficit? Disorder?

KATE rips the story from the display...

KATE: (CONT'D)
 The educational psychologist has
 asked for a sample of her latest
 work. So I thought I'd drop it off
 on my way home.

CLIVE:
 (to the PARENTS)
 Excuse me a moment would you?
 Miss Faraday? A quickie in your
 ear!

CLIVE pulls KATE aside as the PARENTS chat, smile and nod

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
 What you doing? These people have
 buckets of cash!

CLIVE turns back to the parents, schmoozing...

CLIVE: (CONT'D)
 Do forgive her - she's not got a
 husband.

MR SHAH:
 Not at all, Mr Beasley. We're
 delighted a teacher goes out of her
 way for a child with special needs.

MRS SHAH:
 You see, Jasmine has CFS...

MR SHAH:
 ...and our son has Dyspraxia.

CLIVE:
 Ahh! Star Wars models - all the
 rage!

MR SHAH:
 No. CFS as in Chronic Fatigue
 Syndrome?
 She falls asleep without warning.

MRS SHAH:
 And Samir's dyspraxic - always
 dropping things.
 We've been looking for a school
 with good Special Needs provision.

MRS JUBB comes back through the office door

MR SHAH:
The Kings Prep said they're just
clumsy and lazy.

CLIVE:
Private education? Pff.
What can The Kings Prep offer that
we can't?

MRS JUBB:
Mr Beasley should know. His own
daughters go there!

CLIVE:
(clearing his throat)
Well at my school we look after all
our students, even those with DFS
and dys, dys...

KATE:
Dyspraxia.

CLIVE:
Precisely. In fact the inspectors
described us as - 'A caring school,
with strong leadership'.
(Fake humility)
Their words, not mine!

The PARENTS nod, looking impressed. KATE feigns to throw-up

MR SHAH:
We're impressed.

MRS SHAH:
Very impressed.
Miss Faraday knows her stuff.
And as for Mrs Jubb, I've never met
a kinder soul. Thanks for the tea
by-the-way. It was lovely.

MRS JUBB:
Oh, don't. As Mr Beasley says,
flatulence-will-get-you-nowhere!

MR SHAH:
In fact, we're so impressed, we'd
like to donate to school funds.

MRS SHAH takes a cheque from her handbag handing it to CLIVE

MRS SHAH:
In lieu of the fees we'd be paying
The Kings Prep.

CLIVE looks dumbfounded as he inspects the cheque...

MR SHAH:
Jazz and Sami will be here bright
and early.

MRS SHAH:
What about uniform?
Who are your outfitters?

MRS JUBB:
Tesco. But Asda will do.

MAXINE appears as CLIVE smiles

CLIVE:
(to the PARENTS)
I'll see you to your car...

MAXINE:
If it's still there!
Watch y' step out there - a kid's
had a nose-bleed.
I'll stick paper towels on it.

CLIVE:
(to the PARENTS)
Yes, we do suffer the occasional
bleeding disorder.

MAXINE:
What? If y' ask me, we suffer
permanent bleedin' disorder!

MAXINE trudges off

CLIVE:
Yes, I believe computers are good
for children with dys... dys... for
boys like Samuel. Unless they drop
them on their toes that is. Ha!
This way, Mrs Shaw...

MRS SHAH:
Shah.

CLIVE leads the PARENTS away, followed dutifully by MRS JUBB

KATE waits, sighs and wipes her brow. DAN comes running in,
dressed in a T-shirt and undersized shorts.

DAN:
Kate! I've worked out who saw us go
in the stockroom - the office lady!

KATE:
It wasn't Mrs Jubb. Read this...

She thrusts EMMA's story at DAN and walks off looking ruffled

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL STAFFROOM - DAY

MAXINE IS OPENING A WONKY SINK CUPBOARD TO GET SOME PAPER TOWELS. SUDDENLY, SHE NOTICES SOMETHING THROUGH THE WINDOW AND SHOUTS OUT...

MAXINE:
Oi, cloth-ears!
Are y' deaf as well as blind?
The bell's gone!
Y' can go home now, y' dozy old
fart.

We hear a car horn and the screech of tyres

MAXINE: (CONT'D)
And watch the road!

MAXINE closes the window...

MAXINE: (CONT'D)
(to self)
Bloody lollipop men.

...and walks out looking disgruntled carrying the paper towels.

After a beat, the top hinge of the cupboard door gives way.

FADE OUT:

END