

BAD EDUCATION

EPISODE 506

"CAMPING"

Written by

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5.1 EXT. COACH. EARLY FRIDAY MORNING.

5.1

STEPHEN, dressed as a flamboyant world traveller stands by a coach. A pair of legs stick out from the hold. BLESSING and JINX arrive in outdoor clothing. JINX has a naff midi a-line skirt and hiking boots.

BLESSING

Oi, there's no room for our bags!
Someone has already filled it!

STEPHEN

Don't look at me - should have got
here earlier!

They look around - they are the only ones here! Then WARREN emerges from the luggage hold.

WARREN

That's the last of the big bags, sir.
Will your want all your hand luggage
onboard?

Warren indicates a huge pile of bags near Stephen. As INCHEZ (in z balaclava) and HARRISON (in full camo) turn up.

BLESSING

Why you dressed like a trapper?

INCHEZ

We're going off endz innit. Mans can't
get caught slipping.

BLESSING

Pembrokeshire, bruv - only thing
you'll get caught slipping on is cow
shit. Where's Harrison?

HARRISON

I'm here!

BLESSING

Where?

HARRISON

I'm right here. I'm wearing camo.
Guys?! Oh my God, I'm invisible.

The others laugh - then are blinded by WHITE LIGHT as USMA appears wearing a pristine white get-up. Warren is dazzled.

JINX

Babe, the dress code is practical.

USMA

I'm practically perfect and you best believe I'm flossing out of school uniform.

Then MITCHELL swaggers up with his clothes in a plastic bag and a six pack under his arm.

MITCHELL

Oi Oi! Get one of these down ya!

Mitchell chucks a can at Blessing. Stephen catches it.

STEPHEN

Errr you're not meant to encourage underage drinkers!

MITCHELL

Good point! Part of the fun is *stealing* the booze!

(Mitchell covers his eyes)

Oooh, I'm not looking, better not take nothing!

Kids shift awkwardly, Mitchell realises nothing's happening.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Ok. Pacing yourself. But if you want this trip to be the bollocks, stick with me - and ignore this wet-wipe with his stuffed cat.

Stephen's stuffed cat toy is poking out of his hand luggage.

STEPHEN

'Stuffed cat?' This is my Mr Mistoffelees -
(off their confusion)
- from Cats?!

BLESSING

Cats? Is that the James Corden porno you told us about?

STEPHEN

I didn't say it was a porno, I said it was disgustahn!

WARREN

Sir is very protective of Lord Andrew Lloyd Webber.

MITCHELL

Who?

STEPHEN

The Godfather of Musical Theatre -
Cats, The Phantom of The Opera, Jesus
Christ Superstar, The Reason I agreed
to this trip from hell!

JINX

I haven't heard of that one?

Stephen unfolds a heavily-annotated A3 map with stars on it.

STEPHEN

According to the Mega Star Quest Celeb
Tracker App, Andrew Lloyd Webber lives
right next to the campsite. This is a
map of his Compound. As soon as we
land, I'll go round and introduce him
to the star of his next extravaganza.
Moi.

MITCHELL

Yawn! This weekend is not a search for
the stars, or a fashion show.

JINX

We know. It's a chance for inner city
kids like me -
(Blessing side eyes her)
- to learn new skills, develop team
work, and survive in the wild.

MITCHELL

It's a season ticket to the banter bus
and I'm your conductor! Ding ding.
Who's on board?

Inchez and Harrison high-five - and then get barged out of the
way by an imposing, hunky class strutting onto the coach.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Urgh. Class F. F for Fick. So up
themselves.

STEPHEN

Well, good luck you lot trying to get
dates for the disco with them lot on
the trip.

A wave of excitement through the class. Mitchell's confused.

MITCHELL

The what?

STEPHEN

The final night disco! It's like the Met Ball for grotty little kids. I didn't get a date, of course!

WARREN

Because you were gay?

STEPHEN

Because they were clapped.

HARRISON

Did you get a date, sir?

MITCHELL

(hesitant, fudging it)

Me? Oh mate. I was the man! I can teach you every trick in the book.

Stephen narrows his eyes at Mitchell.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Starting with Class F. Let's show them who's alpha on this trip. We gotta sit at the back of the coach.

JINX

Not sure Rosa Parks would agree!

MITCHELL

Well, Rosa Parks didn't want to do wanker signs to Lorry drivers. Let's go!

Mitchell raises his can and charges onto the bus with Harrison, Inchez, and rest of Class K following on.

TITLES.

5.2 EXT. COACH. CAR PARK. A FEW HOURS LATER

5.2

Class K haul their luggage into the campsite as (off screen, unseen!) the coach blows its horn, already driving away. Class F barge past Class K, shooting flirty looks at Usma.

USMA

8 date requests to the disco and counting!

Warren blanches at this news, but nobody notices.

USMA (CONT'D)

I said no! Obviously.

JINX

Because of your faith?

USMA

Yes Jinx. My faith. My faith in the sheer audacity of them thinking they can ask.

JINX

Oh of course. Well I don't want to get asked. I find these antiquated heteronormative dating rituals are -

Stephen's cat toy hits her in the head, shutting her up.

STEPHEN

It's not something you'll have to worry about. Hike that skirt up. If you dress like a nun, you'll get none!

WARREN

Sir, I need some advice?

Warren picks up Mistoffelees and hands it to Stephen.

WARREN (CONT'D)

The disco's tomorrow night and I was wondering -

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, Warren, I can't let you DJ again.

WARREN

No - I wanted to ask a girl to dance with me.

STEPHEN

OK this is a lot. I thought you were be a member of LGBTQTIAA+ community. Look, I won't pretend I understand your lifestyle, but I want you to know I support you.

WARREN

Thank you. But this was a bad idea.
Usma's never going to go for me.

STEPHEN

Usma?! Our Usma?! And you?!

Stephen is blindsided. Warren is hurt by his disbelief.

WARREN

Exactly.

STEPHEN

I didn't mean it like that. Listen,
you're great but—

But 'great' is cut off by the arrival of MS HOBURN in a khaki shorts outfit and sash of badges.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

What in the bumba b-tech Bear Grylls
is a gwaning?

HOBURN

Bet you've never seen such a decorated
Beaver!

Class K snigger as Hoburn indicates her sash of badges.

MITCHELL

Well me missus likes a vijazzle.

USMA

Why is there a gap?

HOBURN

Most beavers have a hole or three! I'm
only missing one badge.

BLESSING

The friendship badge?

HOBURN

No, I stole that one! But I never
got my hunting badge. Apparently
wrestling the eggs off a mother owl
wasn't good enough for my power-mad
scout master. RIP.

*
*
*
*
*

STEPHEN

Well, I'm not sure how to say this politely, what are you doing here?

HOBURN

Saving Abbey Grove! Applications are down 200%. Most of our students end up unemployed, in prison, or the army! Scarily, you and Mr Harper are success stories.

*

*

STEPHEN

You're welcome - but again - why are you here?

HOBURN

The army is questioning the quality of our cannon fodder. If they stop hiring, we're finished. So I'm here to teach this rabble some serious survival skills.

*

*

*

All of a sudden Fraser leaps out looking like a swamp monster meets Rambo with dirty chef whites, shorts and camo cros.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

Ah Mr Fraser! All set?

FRASER

Traps, wells, holes dug - I have McCauley Culkin'd those woods!

STEPHEN

Translation?

FRASER

Survival! We only eat what I forage or kill! Shrew? There is only one shrew but we could Lady and the Tramp it. You take the nose, I'll take the tail?

STEPHEN

No thank you. And if memory serves, camp food is provided!

HOBURN

Not the package I went for. No kitchen or toilet facilities. I'll make beavers out of you yet! Now who's digging the latrine?

She offers the spade to Stephen. He hands it to Mitchell. Mitchell hands it to Fraser who pumps the air with joy.

FRASER

Any hole's a goal!

5.3 EXT. CAMPSITE CLEARING - DAY

5.3

Class K catch up with Class F, who are already seated around a meeting point in the campsite. (NB there is no fire.)

USMA

What is that smell?

They all take a deep breath in.

JINX

I think it's... nature.

USMA

And that noise?

There is bird song and rustling of leaves in the breeze.

JINX

Also nature. But what do I know, I'm just your classic inner city ruffian.

INCHEZ

This is some horror movie setting! And ethnic minorities do not do well in these scenarios I swear.

Suddenly DAVID appears and welcomes everyone in a thick Welsh accent. He's very jolly, handing around T shirts.

DAVID

Oggy oggy oggy! My name is David and I run this show. Now, I should warn you, I can be a bit of a joker! Unless it comes to respecting the countryside code.

Class K chat, as David's voice fades into the background.

INCHEZ

I didn't know we could talk like that.

DAVID

We're all here to have a laugh, but
not at the expense of flora and fauna!

HOBURN

But if you have the opportunity to
catch and kill - seize it!

DAVID

Well, er, no, that's actually a direct
contravention of the rules.

HOBURN

Kill or be killed.

DAVID

Again, no.

HOBURN

One shot, one kill?

DAVID

I'm ignoring you now. So it's tug of
war today, orienteering tomorrow then
the disco! But your first task is
setting up camp.

5.4 EXT. THE CAMP - DAY

5.4

Rainbow material billows out as Class K appear underneath it,
building what is revealed to be a big, beautiful glamping tent -
which has been stowed in Stephen's luggage.

STEPHEN

Rugs! Bed! Lights! We can do this!

Class K roll out Afghan rugs, a futon, bean bags, throws, fairy
lights. Meanwhile, Stephen hangs up a Technicolour dreamcoat.

MITCHELL

What is that?

STEPHEN

It's a technicolour dreamcoat. Dur?
I've never played Joseph. But meeting
Andrew Lloyd Webber could change all
that.

BLESSING

Oi sir, this tent is sick.

INCHEZ

Glamping my G! Flossing in fact!
Flamping! We are flamping!

STEPHEN

We? No hun, this is all me.

BLESSING

We just spent an hour putting it up!

STEPHEN

This weekend is about team work and I got you working! You're welcome.

HARRISON

So where do we sleep?

STEPHEN

You gotta bag your bed, bitch. First rule of camp!

USMA

(to Mitchell)

Why didn't you tell us, sir!

MITCHELL

Er, y'know - banter? Lads, lads, lads!

HARRISON

Lads, lads, lads!

STEPHEN

Well, Andrew is waiting for me.

JINX

He doesn't know who you are.

Stephen

Not yet.

(to Warren, sotto)

We'll talk about the disco and Usma when I'm back, OK. Ta ta!

And he exits with a flourish! Class K are left stumped.

5.5 EXT. BUNKHOUSES - DAY

5.5

Hoburn and the Class K girls enter a dirty, shed-like bunkhouse.

HOBURN

Bagsy bottom bunk. You girls are in with me. Now rumour has it I talk in my sleep.

(MORE)

HOBURN (CONT'D)

One of my ex husbands submitted a recording of my night terrors in the divorce proceedings.

USMA

No way.

HOBURN

Yes way. A total own goal. He traumatised a sympathetic jury into quitting on compassionate grounds.

Off the girls looking worried.

5.6 EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

5.6

Stephen is walking through the forest, confused and lost when he bumps into a caped figure, LUCAS, in a low rent Deuteronomy costume..

STEPHEN

Excuse me, Stranger. I've left my map in my tent. I'm looking for -

Lucas swishes round dramatically. Stephen's face drops.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Luke? What are you doing here?

LUCAS

Lucas. I changed it by deed poll.

STEPHEN

Ooh an extra syllable. I suppose that's *like* having a personality.

LUCAS

And your name is? Steve?

STEPHEN

Stephen with a Puh Huh Leees! As if you forgot! You copied everything I did when we were at drama school.

Lucas does a dramatic swish of his cape.

LUCAS

Those days are over.

STEPHEN

That cape is over. I was serving them a few months back.

LUCAS

This is not a style statement, it's for the centenary of the century.

STEPHEN

She sells seashells on the seashore. What?

LUCAS

Lord Lloyd Webber's 100th birthday weekend? Not invited?

This news takes Stephen by surprise.

STEPHEN

Of - course I'm invited. I'm just surprised, I didn't realise they were letting just anybody in!

LUCAS

Then where is your costume?

STEPHEN

My...

LUCAS

We're dressing in his most iconic looks all weekend - in his honour.

STEPHEN

I knew that. I'm obviously not wearing my... roller skates in these woods! Starlight Express is so underrated.

LUCAS

Well, after you! You must know the way, even without a map.

STEPHEN

Of course. I'm a regular house guest. Andrew and I are alwa-aargh!

Stephen has set off striding through the woods with purpose -

When all of a sudden, he falls out of sight. He lands in a dark, damp hole in the ground - a well, complete with bucket and rope. Lucas peers over, delighted.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

It's not funny, Luke! Help me out!

LUCAS

Now, why would I do that?

STEPHEN

Because we're friends?

LUCAS

Friends?! At our end of year show, I fell off the stage, and you didn't help me. Don't laugh!!

STEPHEN

(he was smirking)

I'm not. But first rule of musical theatre - the show must go on.

LUCAS

Amen. Sorry you're gonna miss the big weekend. I'll post lots of pictures on the Gram.

STEPHEN

Lucas! HELP!!!

Lucas exits smugly. Stephen takes out his phone. It's cracked and drenched. Despairing, Stephen slumps, defeated.

5.7 EXT. THE CAMP - DAY

5.7

It's the tug of war time. Class K versus Class F. David is being shadowed by Hoburn, while Fraser hands out glasses of very brown water. Warren takes one enthusiastically.

WARREN

Mmm, hot chocolate!

FRASER

Nope, water. Mother Nature's hot chocolate. From the well I dug.

WARREN

(handing back the water)

Maybe later.

Fraser takes a sip and spits it out.

FRASER

I wouldn't serve that to my worst enemy, Greg Wallace. At least I won't have to go back to the well for more. Someone told me a tragic story about two children, Jack and Jill Something? I assume Jack's a vegetable now.

As Fraser exits chuntering, he passes Mitchell and Harrison surreptitiously sabotaging the tug of war rope.

HARRISON

Explain again why you didn't want me to cut through the whole rope.

MITCHELL

Let those Class F toss pots think they're winning when they are literally hanging on by a thread. They'll look like right lemons.

HARRISON

And when life gives you lemons you make lemonade.

MITCHELL

No, they'll fall on their arses. Trust me, I was camp prank king back in the day. Everyone still talks about it.

David blows his whistle. The teams gather, facing off.

DAVID

Let's get you in teams. Gladiators, ready! Haha, I'm joking - grab the rope and prepare to have a laugh!

HOBURN

Fight to the death.

DAVID

Ready, set -

HOBURN

Kill, kill, kill!

The tug of war begins. Class K are losing to Class F. Blessing takes it seriously. Mitchell's stifling giggles.

BLESSING

Keep it up lads, we've got this.

INCHEZ

Come on!

MITCHELL

That's it gang. Keep going.

The rope pings. From Mitchell's POV, we see Class F land in the mud. Mitchell laughs. He turns to Class K -

Only to reveal them *also* lying in a heap in the mud.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

What are you doing down there?!

USMA

What have you done!! Who's gonna go to
the disco with me covered in this?

*
*
*

WARREN

Loads of people.

*
*

USMA

Nobody fit, though, innit!

*
*

Usma storms away. Hoburn and David run over to inspect the rope.*

DAVID

Look - a small incision in the rope,
made with a serrated blade, probably
from a Swiss army knife.

MITCHELL

Who done that?!

Hoburn looks at Mitchell. She's not fooled.

5.8 INT. WASHING UP SINKS. MOMENTS LATER

5.8

Mitchell and Class K (minus Usma) are washing up dejectedly. A *
stern Ms. Hoburn stands over them.

HOBURN

If this was the army, you lot would be
court-marshalled for cheating. I'll be
watching you!

Hoburn exits. The class turn on Mitchell.

JINX

Court marshalled! Oh God, I've become
the kind of person my grandfather had
shot in the war.

MITCHELL

You weren't meant to fall too!

WARREN

Take it up with the basic laws of physics.

MITCHELL

You shouldn't have been pulling the rope! Tell 'em, Harrison.

HARRISON

(repeating earnestly)

We wanted them to look like lemons!

BLESSING

We're the lemons. Look at us!

*

MITCHELL

Yeah well wait til you see Class F fishing their clothes out the lake. Come on, Harrison!

*

*

Harrison obediently follows Mitchell out. Still pissed off with Mitchell, the others steer clear of this insane plan.

BLESSING

Where is Mr Carmichael?!

*

5.9 INT. THE WELL - DAY

5.9

Stephen's clothes are dirty and torn. He's singing for help.

*

STEPHEN

Warren? WARREN?! I need you! And you need me!! Don't be weird with USMA!!!!

No one comes. Stephen despairs.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

First Mitchell mocking my dream-coat,
then Lucas throwing me in this pit to
die!

(he has a realisation)

OMG! I am Joseph! Werk.

5.10 INT. BEDOUIN TENT. NIGHT.

5.10

Pan from the dreamcoat to the empty tent. There is pure peace -
until Mitchell, Inchez, Warren and Harrison tumble in.

INCHEZ

Who do Class F think they are? Nobody
pisses my bed but me!

MITCHELL

Banter innit! Revenge for chucking
their clothes in the lake. I didn't
know Class F had it in 'em.

HARRISON

They had a lot in 'em. At least
they're staying hydrated.

All of a sudden Usma and Jinx tumble into the bedouin tent. *

MITCHELL

They pissed on your beds too?

JINX

NO! Hoburn talks in her sleep. "One
shot, one kill" - *

5.10A INT. BUNKHOUSES - SAME TIME

5.10A *

Blessing's in bed with a pillow over her head, gritting her
teeth as Hoburn talks in her sleep. *

HOBURN

One shot, one kill!! *

Blessing chucks a pillow at Hoburn who wakes. Looks around. *

HOBURN (CONT'D)

Where is everyone? *

5.10B INT. BEDOUIN TENT - SAME TIME

5.10B *

We're back in the tent with Mitchell, Inchez, Harrison,
Warren, Usma and Jinx. *

USMA

We were gonna ask Mr Carmichael to let us stay here.

WARREN

I assume he stayed at Andrew Lloyd Webber's. So there's plenty of room..

Suddenly, Hoburn turns up with her hair in curlers.

*

HOBURN

What's all this noise?

WARREN

Moves and countermoves. The art of war.

HOBURN

Impressive. I didn't think anyone at Abbey Grove read Sun Tzu?

*

MITCHELL

Not since they stopped page 3.

Hoburn ignores this. She's taken a sudden interest in Warren.

HOBURN

Hmm, you're certainly a cut above this dross. Officer class? No, too nervy. But a spy? MI5, MI6, all reputable employers. And as luck would have it, I need someone to sex up a dossier for me.

WARREN

Keep talking.

HOBURN

If you compile a snazzy brochure for the army recruiters - 'Abbey Grove Survival Camp' - I'll let you off the orienteering course.

WARREN

So - a Camp scrapbook?

HOBURN

If you like - just no glitter and ribbons.

WARREN

I won't make promises I can't keep.

They shake hands, then Hoburn turns to the rest of the class.

InCHEZ

What's a scrapbook got to do with survival?

HOBURN

This school's survival depends upon impressing employers. Now, are you coming back to the bunk house?

USMA

Nah, I think I'll take my chances here. Namaste.

INCHEZ

Na! I'mma stay too!

HOBURN

Well, this feels like a hostile occupation of foreign territory - The Army would approve!

She exits. Class K breathe a sigh of relief.

MITCHELL

Right. Top and tailing? I should probably sleep with my arse out the flap - I've got a shit brewing.

USMA

Kill me.

5.11 INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

5.11 *

Stephen is trying to sleep when he hears a scurrying. Then he feels something rustling around his feet.

STEPHEN

Oh my God, it's a rat!! HELP!!!!

*

5.12 INT. CAMP OFFICE. MORNING.

5.12

It's the morning. Warren carries his scrapbook-making gear as he approaches David and clears his throat.

WARREN

I'm looking for old photos of Abbey Grove trips. Very few exist. As Mr Carmichael's biographer, I usually destroy any evidence of him wearing hiking books.

DAVID

Mr Carmichael? Oh, old fancy pants in the rainbow tent, not seen hide nor hair of him since he arrived.

WARREN

Well, apparently Lord Lloyd Webber lives nearby.

DAVID

Aye, just over yonder. His 100th birthday this weekend! The village has been buzzing.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

The local GP is on hand - all guests under 30 are being asked to donate a pint of their blood at the door. He's very keen on blood, apparently.

Warren's gaze wanders outside to see Usma ranting at some of CLASS F. She's furious. Warren frowns. What's going on?

DAVID (CONT'D)

Photos!

WARREN

Huh? Oh, thank you...

Warren starts flicking through a sheaf of old photos. Then he furrows his brow. A few photographs have aroused suspicion...

5.13 EXT. THE CAMP - DAY

5.13

Pupils are gathered in teams of six. Our Class K heroes plus Mitchell are on one team. Hoburn and David address them.

HOBURN

Harper. You've sabotaged a tug of war, soiled the bunkhouse and taught your pupils zero survival skills.

MITCHELL

But Miss, popularity is the best survival skill.

USMA

Yeah well how come my clothes wound up in the lake this morning?!

MITCHELL

Take it as a compliment, mate. It's cos we're the bants kings.

HOBURN

Well you won't be very *popular* when Class K don't make it to the disco.

CLASS K

What?

HOBURN

You heard me, Bant King.

(into the megaphone)

The last team back from orienteering aren't allowed to attend the disco tonight.

5.14 INT. CAMP OFFICE - SAME TIME 5.14

Warren's studying a photo with a magnifying glass at the window when he hears Hoburn's threat over the megaphone.

HOBURN

Maybe missing out on this famous dance
will teach you to take survival
seriously.

Out on Warren looking worried - he wants to go to the disco!

5.15 EXT. THE CAMP - SAME TIME 5.15

Class K all stare at Hoburn in outrage.

DAVID

Now, today's orienteering is all about
fun and -

HOBURN

- Disco or death!!

She blows a whistle into the megaphone, causing David to howl in pain. Mitchell turns to Class K.

MITCHELL

Don't worry, lads. I got this.

USMA

Sir! All this pengness is gonna go to
waste. No disco, no dates, nothing!
I'm going back to the tent. And this
is my last clean tracksuit!

5.16 OMITTED 5.16

5.17 EXT. THE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER 5.17

The teams gather around their maps to strategise. Class K are looking anxious. Mitchell's trying to work a compass.

JINX

Sir. I get that you're reliving your
glory days, but we have learnt
precisely zero skills this weekend!

BLESSING

Yeah. If we wanna get to the disco,
then we need to get creative.

WARREN (O.S.)

I couldn't agree more!

They turn to see Warren, spreading out Stephen's "Mega Star Quest" map with the red markings, arrows and annotations.

WARREN (CONT'D)

According to this map, we can take a shortcut across Andrew Lloyd Webber's compound. We'll finish the orienteering course in half the time. Ladies and gentlemen, we shall go to the ball!

INCHEZ

No offence mate, but why are you so interested in the disco? You know you're not allowed to DJ again.

WARREN

I just - I don't want you guys to be disappointed.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I don't want that neither. I blame myself for this. But I want you to know, I'm putting my big boy pants on. Gimme the map, Warren.

WARREN

What? I think I should -

MITCHELL

Don't worry, I'm taking this dead serious. Come on, I'm a teacher.

Warren hands Mitchell the map very, very reluctantly.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Right, now what we waiting for, wankers? Follow me!

5.18 EXT. FOREST - DAY

5.18

Mitchell emerges from behind a tree, buttoning his trousers. Jinx, Harrison, Inchez, Blessing and Warren are waiting.

MITCHELL

Ooh needed that! I'm sleeping inside the tent tonight, baby!!

JINX

That's ten minutes we're not getting back.

MITCHELL

We're close. I can feel it.

WARREN

Feel it? Where's the map?

MITCHELL

My arse weren't gonna wipe itself.

BLESSING

What the? We would have been quicker *doing* the actual task!

Mitchell takes a swig of beer.

MITCHELL

Oh yeah... but trust me! I've been here before, remember. I know these woods like the back of my ha-
(notices his hand)
Err, Jinx, look at this minging mole on the back of my hand. Should I get it checked out?

Warren

We're lost! This is a disaster! All thanks to Mr Harper.

MITCHELL

Chill out, mate. At least I'm trying to help, unlike Stephen!

WARREN

At least his map was useful! And you turned it into toilet paper.

InCHEZ

I bet all the girls are already at the disco dancing with other mans!

Warren looks like he is about to explode.

BLESSING

Sir, do you recognise where we are? Think back to the last time you were here.

WarREN

There was no last time!

They all turn to look at Warren sharply. Warren pulls the scrapbook out of his backpack.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I had my suspicions, but this photo confirmed it. Look! A group shot of the old Class K. Who's not in it?

Class K take the photo. Their eyes travel from the photo - to Mitchell. Class K gasp in shock! A beat later Harrison gasps.

Harrison

You didn't go? But the stories? The bants? You were my hero. I feel so - so what's the word?

MitCHELL

Stupid? Harrison, mate, wait.

But Harrison storms off, hurt. Mitchell and Inchez exit, following him. Jinx tries to hide her disappointment.

JiNX

So we'll miss the disco? Who wants to go to that meat market with all the other Normative Normans?

BleSSING

Me! But we blew it. Come on, Warren.

Warren

No, we can still complete the course. I have to try to get us to that disco, for... morale.

After he offers this unconvincing reason, Warren hurries off into the woods. Blessing shakes her head.

BleSSING

Strange boy.

5.19 OMITTED 5.19

5.20 EXT. FOREST - DAY 5.20

BLESSING and JINX walk through the forest. They hear a large crack of a twig. Then another.

JINX
What was that?

BLESSING
I thought it was you?

JINX
It's probably just Fraser.

BLESSING
Sssh. Listen.

JINX
I am listening. I am open to hear your lived experience.

BLESSING
Shut up. Look! It's a, it's a...

Jinx turns to see what Blessing is looking at behind her.

JINX
Bear!

Reveal a huge, shaggy bear-like shape looming (it's Lucas). The two girls scream and run for their lives.

5.21 EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER 5.21

The girls running fast bump into another figure - Hoburn!

JINX
B-b-b-b!

HOBURN
Is she broken?

BLESSING
Bear.

HOBURN
Bear broken? I'm up on my urban dictionary! Bear; adjective, indicating a huge amount/level of.

BLESSING

NO! There's an actual bear in the forest.

JINX

It attacked us! Mauled us! It's armed and dangerous.

Blessing looks at her as she exaggerates in full Karen mode.

BLESSING

Thank you, Karen!

Hoburn puffs out her chest, resolved, determined.

HOBURN

Hunting badge, here I come! I want you to go straight back to camp. The disco is already in full swing and no prizes for guessing which class is not on the guest list!

5.22 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF FOREST - DAY

5.22

Warren is walking along when he hears twigs crunch. He looks up to see "the bear" - i.e. Lucas dressed as a low rent Old Deuteronomy.

WARREN

Luke?

LUCAS

Lucas. I suppose you recognise me from my run understudying Old Deuteronomy from Cats?

WARREN

No, I don't eff with rep theatre. I'm Stephen Carmichael's assistant and biographer.

LUCAS

Biographer? I suppose there were several chapters dedicated to our rivalry?

WARREN

Just a footnote, dedicated to Haters.

LUCAS

Miaow.

WARREN

Purr.

LUCAS

Well, water under the bridge. Though I *did* see Steve yesterday. And he was in very deep water.

WARREN

You're using a lot of water metaphors.

LUCAS

Let's just say he's finally playing the part he was born to play..

WARREN

Joseph! In the well... Fraser's well! That's where he's been!

Warren runs off. Lucas watches him go.

LUCAS

Strange boy.

5.23 EXT. FOREST - DAY

5.23

Hoburn is creeping along on high alert. Hearing footsteps, she raises a bamboo blowpipe to her lips - then lowers it when she sees Fraser.

HOBURN

Mr Fraser, I almost took you out with my tranq dart.

FRASER

I admire your confidence madam. You may well have blown the dart in my direction, but that doesn't mean it would have hit me. Thanks to -

Fraser leaps in the air and spin kicks.

FRASER (CONT'D)

A heady cocktail of Krav Maga, Capoeira, Tai Chi and Aikido. I call it Krapoerchido!

HOBURN

Your Starbucks order aside, I need your help! What have you got in your basket? We need to set a trap!

5.24 INT. THE WELL - DAY 5.24

Stephen is slumped depressed when he hears footsteps. He leaps up, gasping with hope.

STEPHEN

Hello? Are you there Andrew Lloyd Webber? It's me, Stephen.

WARREN

No, it's Warren. Sorry to disappoint you.

STEPHEN

Warren! There is no one I'd rather see. Now get me out of this well, it is not giving.

5.25 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY 5.25

Hoburn and Fraser are laying a trap beside an odd little wooden* bivouac - "Fraser's House". Hoburn is poised with her dart gun.*

FRASER

It's fool proof! Bear spots food, bear eats food, you fire. Bob's your uncle, Rupert's your bear.

HOBURN

Ssh, I hear something!

They hide - as Lucas enters the clearing. He stops to look at * the weird stuff in Fraser's "house". Fraser makes a bird noise.*

Lucas turns towards him. Hoburn raises her blowpipe, blows and THUD! Fraser gets a dart to the neck.

HOBURN (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Lucas is too bewildered to react fast. Hoburn blows another dart, hitting him. He hits the deck too, next to Fraser.

Cut to Hoburn hauling away the bear victoriously, leaving Fraser unconscious in the creepy woods

5.26 INT. BEDOUIN TENT. EVENING. 5.26

Mitchell joins Class K, minus Warren. Usma's in her last pristine tracksuit. The kids are watching the flashing coloured lights of the disco in the club house.

USMA

Ah, 'low it man! Looks dead.

There are cheers and laughter from the clubhouse.

MITCHELL

Sorry I lied to you, guys. All my mates went on this trip, and all of 'em moaned about it. I was desperate to go, but my dad lost the money on a horse. I guess I was trying to recreate what I never had. Harrison mate, you gotta pick your heroes carefully.

HARRISON

You're still my hero, Sir!

He smiles and does the wanker sign, Mitchell does it back.

MITCHELL

Cheers. And look, I found this in the clubhouse. I know it's ancient, but I want you to have your disco.

He brings out a battered old CD boombox and a stack of cracked old CD cases. Blessing blows the dust off them.

Just as Stephen, dirty and disheveled, and Warren turn up.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Bloody hell. What happened to you?

STEPHEN

Don't ask. I'm so glad to be back here, all thanks to Warren.

Warren grabs the dreamcoat and helps him into it. They cheer.

USMA

Yes Warren! You never gave up.

Warren glows with this praise.

STEPHEN

That's what I love about Warren.

Blessing starts some music. Maybe *Night Shift* by the Commodores. An old school, romantic, slow dance sort of song.

Stephen nudges Warren and reminds him in a low voice.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

He never gives up...

Warren takes a deep breath and approaches Usma.

WARREN

Usma, I consider you a dear friend but I have to tell you that you're completely luminescent. And not just in your dazzlingly impractical tracksuit. I feel delighted when I look at you and I would be honoured if you would dance with me.

A beat. No one can believe what they're seeing here.

USMA

Finally! Someone coming correct and putting some respect on my name!

Warren puts his hand to her waist, he moves it up higher. Leaving a muddy handprint. Stephen winces.

As Warren and Usma dance, Inches turns to Jinx.

INCHEZ

Jinx, I know dances are antiques roadshow, but would you maybe like to dance with me?

JINX

Antiquated heteronormative rituals but yes, yes I would.

Blessing approaches Harrison.

BLESSING

Come on pretty boy, you'll do!

HARRISON

You think I'm pretty? So are you! Cor that was easy!

BLESSING

What was?

HARRISON

Getting a girlfriend!

BLESSING

Oh dear sweet child, what made you think I was into boys?

HARRISON

So you're into girls. This is crazy - we have got so much in common.

She laughs. Stephen turns to Mitchell. They shrug delighted.

STEPHEN

Well, we both missed dancing the last time. Let's put that right!

Stephen and Mitchell start to dance too. Now everyone is.

MITCHELL

You knew I never went on the trip in the first place. Why didn't you snitch on me to this lot?

STEPHEN

Your dad spoilt your chance to have fun, I wasn't gonna do that to you.

MITCHELL

Speaking of fun, how was Lloyd Webber's?

STEPHEN

The pits!

They dance, the music becoming non-diegetic, more uptempo and 2020s. It's fun. Until Warren starts DJing *terrible* music.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

No.

He pulls the plug - as Hoburn bursts in with beer and pizzas.

HOBURN

Pizza and beer for my favourite class! Go on, I'm not looking, better not take anything!

STEPHEN

Ms Hoburn - what's going on?

HOBURN

It's my way of saying thank you. I have my hunting badge, thanks to your tip off about the bear.

MITCHELL

What bear?

HOBURN

The bear that I tranquilized and dragged back here!

They all dash out in time to see Lucas staggering around the campsite, very woozy. Stephen and Warren are aghast.

WARREN

What did you do to Lucas?

HOBURN

Who's Lucas?

Lucas heads inside the disco wailing and disorientated. All the kids inside start screaming it's chaos. Class K laugh.

Lucas is chased by David who wrestles him to the ground.

5.27 EXT. ABBEY GROVE - DAY

5.27

The next day. Hoburn is doing a head count as Class K exit the bus, having arrived back at Abbey Grove.

HOBURN

All the students accounted for. Only Fraser missing. Win win.

Just then, Fraser rolls out of the luggage compartment, looking white and terrible.

MITCHELL

Jesus, what's happened to you? You look like death warmed up!

FRASER

It was the strangest thing. One minute I was helping set a trap for a bear, next minute I woke up in a four-poster bed in a desecrated chapel with Andrew Lloyd Webber.

STEPHEN

Shut. Up.

FRASER

I knew you wouldn't believe me. So I took a selfie in the mirror with him! Look!

Fraser shows Stephen. The both look at it confused.

STEPHEN

Err where's Andrew?

FRASER

Weird. he was definitely there.

Stephen looks closely at Fraser and sees puncture wounds on his neck, shudders, lets out a lucky escape sigh of relief.