

ONE OF US

by

Alan David Pritchard

Copyright (c) 2023 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author

EMAIL: [alandavidpritchard@live.co.uk](mailto:alandavidpritchard@live.co.uk)  
+86 13818348670

EXT. SAINT BENEDICT LABRE BOARDING SCHOOL- DAY

A bright day with snow covering a small field behind which stands an austere concrete building probably built in the 60s. We see a wooden board bearing the words 'Welcome to Saint Benedict Labre Boys' Boarding School'.

Camera pushes in on a COAT OF ARMS, bearing the motto 'SEMPER REFORMAND (Always Reforming).

BOYS' VOICES from inside the school.

INT. BENEDICT LABRE'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A SECRETARY, conservatively dressed, walks along the corridor adroitly avoiding energetic BOYS in SCHOOL UNIFORMS. A FILE FOLDER is in her hand.

BRENDAN (O.S.)

I suppose you want to know why. Why I did it? Why, Brendan. Tell us why. Why do something like this? Who do you think you are?

The secretary reaches a staircase and starts down.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The secretary stops at a door marked 'Administrative Storeroom'. She unlocks the door and steps in.

BRENDAN (O.S.)

Tell us the reason, Brendan. Was it a moment of madness? Was it the voices? Was it the pressure?

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

The secretary places the folder, labeled 'Examination Papers, Masters to be copied, June 2016' on a table.

With a second key she opens a filing cabinet, places the folder inside, and SLAMS the file drawer shut.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

BRENDAN (16) wearing grey and white striped PAJAMAS with the SCHOOL COAT OF ARMS embroidered over the right breast is eerily lit from below by a flashlight he holds under his chin. Brendan speaks directly into the camera.

BRENDAN

Was it because the weight of expectation was just too much?

(MORE)

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
Was it because you're lazy? What is  
it, Brendan? Tell us why.

Brendan leans closer to the camera.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Tell us. Tell us. We need to know.

A soft KNOCK at the door.

KURT (O.C.)  
(hushed)  
Brendan.

Brendan SNAPS off the flashlight. The screen goes BLACK.

BRENDAN  
Even if I told you, none of you  
would believe me.  
(hushed)  
Coming, Kurt.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the dark a FLASHLIGHT BEAM flickers across floor, ceiling,  
and walls. Four boys move together like a small herd.  
Brendan, KURT (16) tall muscular, athletic, TJ (16) skinny,  
geeky, and SPIKE (16) with bed-hair, shortest of the four.  
All are in identical school pajamas and slippers.

They creep toward the storeroom at the far end of the  
corridor.

BRENDAN  
Down here.

TJ mimics the narrator of a wildlife documentary.

TJ  
The gang is making their way to the  
storeroom. After hours of planning,  
their plot will soon become a  
reality. In just a short while, our  
heroes will enter the forbidden  
temple to access the secrets of --

KURT  
Shut-up, TJ.

TJ  
His master's voice. I must obey.

They halt at the storeroom door.

SPIKE  
Grow up, TJ.

TJ  
Where's the key?

BRENDAN  
Relax. I've got it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

YOUNG TJ (10) walks along the street and turns in at a modest HOUSE. He opens the front door and steps in.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

TJ drops his book bag on the floor. He looks into the kitchen, sees it's empty and calls out.

YOUNG TJ  
Mum!

There's no reply so TJ moves further into the house.

Soon there is the sound of a woman sobbing. TJ pushes open the door to his parents bedroom.

The room is disheveled. A chair is on its side, the bed is mused. A bible lies on the floor. MUM (29) sits on the edge of the bed and weeps. Her clothes are rumped, like she dressed without thinking.

YOUNG TJ (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Mum?

Mum looks up but does not answer. She extends her arms and TJ steps into her embrace. She continues to cry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Blackness. A KEY SLIDES into a lock and turns. The tumbler CLICKS and the door opens.

The boys stumble in, almost tripping over each other.

KURT  
Where's the light switch?

BRENDAN  
Outside the door. Hold on. Back in  
a mo.

Brendan slips out of the room taking the only light with him.

TJ  
(mimics narrator)  
Our heroes wait for the light. But  
will we ever see the light? Will  
we? Won't we?

The lights go on.

TJ (CONT'D)  
Let there be light!

Unnoticed by the boys, the door glides shut and is locked.

SPIKE  
Get a life, TJ.

TJ  
Get a wife, Spike.

Kurt steps to a filing cabinet and presses his hand to it.

KURT  
Where's the key for this thing?

SPIKE  
Brendan's got it. Brendan!

TJ  
That's not what he told me.

KURT  
Someone give me the key before I  
beat the shit out of both of you.

SPIKE  
Brendan's got it. Brendan!  
He definitely has it.

KURT  
This is not funny.

TJ  
Now what, folks?

KURT  
Shut-up TJ.

SPIKE  
Where the hell is Brendan?

Spike leaps to the door. He yanks on the doorknob, rattles it.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
Brendan, stop mucking about! Come  
on Brendan! I don't believe this.  
He's locked us in.

He pulls on the knob again and pounds the on the door.

KURT  
He wouldn't dare.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

The only illumination in the room are the RED NUMBERS of an ALARM CLOCK - 4:02.

The door opens and Brendan slips in. He sits on the bed. He clicks his flashlight on and off repeatedly.

INT. SCHOOL ART ROOM - DAY

Brendan, clothes smeared with paint, works at an easel. Kurt and TJ boisterously burst in with CRICKET BALL and BAT. Brendan covers his ears to smother their noise. TJ pitches and Kurt swings, hits the easel and topples Brendan's painting to the floor, spattering it with BLACK PAINT.

BRENDAN  
Shit! You've ruined it!

SPIKE  
Looks better that way.

Kurt and Spike run out laughing. Brendan covers his ears, as if their voices are unbearable.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Kurt and TJ join Spike at the door.

SPIKE  
Open the door!

KURT  
Brendan! This is not funny!

SPIKE  
Kurt, call his mobile.

KURT  
I don't have my phone. TJ, you call him.

TJ  
I didn't bring mine either.

KURT  
Spike?

SPIKE  
I don't have mine either.

KURT  
I'm going to kick his arse.

Kurt kicks the door.

KURT (CONT'D)  
Shit!

TJ  
(mimics narrator)  
This is a real show stopper, folks.  
Who knows what will happen next.

SPIKE  
How come none of us thought to  
bring a phone?

TJ  
(mimics narrator)  
If you know the answer folks, send  
it to us on a postcard at the  
following address --

KURT  
Because Brendan said we'd use his.

TJ  
This is a prank. He'll come back  
now.

KURT  
And when he does, I swear I'm going  
to kick him in the nuts. Brendan!

SPIKE  
Shush. Keep your voice down. Let's  
just get the exam papers. There's  
probably a window we can crawl out  
of.

The boys return to the filing cabinet and stand around it.

KURT  
This is locked.

He scans the room.

KURT (CONT'D)  
And there's no fucking window. I'm  
going to hit someone soon.

SPIKE  
Relax, alright. Brendan's done this  
deliberately.

KURT  
If he really has locked us in, do  
you have any idea what that means?

TJ

He'd never do something like this.  
It's a prank, a joke. He's coming  
back, you'll see.

SPIKE

TJ, he's gone, like your brains.

TJ

He's like a brother, one of the  
gang.

KURT

I'm going to hit him so hard he'll  
wish --

SPIKE

Dammit, this can't be happening.

TJ

It's a joke. He'll come back.

SPIKE

Your life is a joke.

KURT

What are we supposed to do now? Do  
you know what this means?

SPIKE

No, Kurt. We have no idea just how  
much... Well, maybe that does apply  
to TJ. So, please enlighten the  
lad.

KURT

It means we're going to be  
expelled. It means --

SPIKE

Why would he do this?

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the bed Brendan continues turning the flashlight  
on and off. After a moment, he shines the light on a RADIO.

The sound of FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER describing a match fades up.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - DAY

The announcer's description on the radio continues.

Spike and Brendan sit beside each other on one of the beds.  
They are absorbed in the match, tense, almost holding their  
breath.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...and it's a goal for Chelsea!!

Spike and Brendan thrust their arms up and leap into the air. They throw their arms around each other and jump up and down with their arms on each other's shoulders.

Brendan pulls Spike tight against him and plants a serious kiss on Spike's lips. Spike pushes Brendan away, stares at him a moment.

SPIKE

So it's true, Brendan?

Spike runs from the room, leaving Brendan looking confused.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Weak-kneed and gasping for breath, Spike falls against the wall. He stares blankly into space.

SPIKE

So, it's true, Brendan. This is who we are.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

TJ

(mimics narrator)

The plot thickens --

SPIKE

The only thick thing around here is you.

KURT

I'm going to kill him. This is not funny.

Kurt wanders the periphery of the room, searching for a way out.

KURT (CONT'D)

There has to be a way out of here.

SPIKE

There is. The door - and it's locked.

KURT

Brendan!

SPIKE

There is nothing we can do, Kurt. We're trapped.

TJ

(mimics narrator)

Can our heroes escape, folks? Where is Superman when you need him most? Where are our phones when we need them most?

SPIKE

Shut-up, TJ.

Kurt fumes. He kicks the walls.

KURT

I don't believe this! I don't fucking believe this!

SPIKE

Calm down, Kurt. There's nothing any of us can do right now.

KURT

We have to get out of here.

TJ

(mimics narrator)

This is it, folks. This is real life --

SPIKE

Shut-up, TJ.

KURT

I'm not going to wait for someone to open the door and find us here. I'm already in enough trouble. God, I swear I'm going to destroy Brendan. He'll wish he never met me.

SPIKE

Stop panicking, Kurt.

KURT

I'm not panicking. I'm about to explode, but I'm not panicking.

TJ

(mimics narrator)

How does he do it, folks. How does this young man cope so well under pressure?

KURT

TJ, if you don't shut up I'm going to --

FATHER (O.S.)

Kurt!

The voice is stern, commanding and only Kurt can hear it.

KURT

What?

Kurt looks at TJ and Spike who do not react.

FATHER (O.S.)

Come here!

Kurt is petrified, his tough-guy bravado gone.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Gothic, 17th Century STAINED GLASS.

FATHER (50) fierce and craggy as the stone walls.

FATHER

Come here!

Kurt steps toward Father on the pulpit looking ready to deliver a fire and brimstone sermon.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Where is it?

KURT

Where is what?

FATHER

Don't play games with me! I left 50 pounds on the table?

KURT

I don't know what you are talking about.

FATHER

It won't help you to get smart with me boy. I left fifty pounds on the kitchen table this morning and now it's gone.

Kurt, defiant, prepares for his punishment.

Father looks heavenward, steeples his hand below his chin.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Dear Lord, please forgive my son for his lies. Forgive his evil ways. Let the blood of your sweet son wash away his iniquities.

KURT

I didn't take the money!

FATHER

You need to pray my boy. You must ask for forgiveness.

KURT

I didn't do it.

Father almost leaps as he cocks his arm, ready to slap Kurt's face. Kurt never flinches.

FATHER

(enraged)

Don't lie to me!

Kurt raises his own hand to defend himself or perhaps to strike back. It's unclear.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Kurt's fist is cocked, ready to strike.

KURT

I swear if I get hold of him, I'll pulverize the shit out of him. I'll kill him.

SPIKE

Just because you can, doesn't mean you should.

KURT

Yes, Father.

TJ

Maybe there is a way out --

KURT

There isn't. I've checked.

TJ

Maybe Brendan will come back?

SPIKE

Why don't you tune into the BBC and find out?

TJ

What's your problem?

SPIKE

Our problem is that we are stuck here because someone we thought was one of us has locked us in.

Suddenly, we hear the sound of footsteps.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
Ssh! Listen!

The boys freeze as the footsteps get closer.

KURT  
About fucking time.

SPIKE  
I knew this was a joke.

But the footsteps continue and fade away.

KURT  
What the fuck....

TJ climbs up onto a table. He stares down at the floor as a suicide leaper might.

TJ  
(mimics narrator)  
Ten floors up. TJ stares down at his destiny. His doom.

MUM (O.S.)  
TJ! What are you doing up there?

EXT. COUNCIL FLAT BALCONY - DAY

TJ looks down at the street from the 4th floor. Mum, now 35, elegant and haughty, stands behind him dressed for a night out.

TJ  
Mum, I have something to tell you.

MUM  
Not now, dear. I'm late.

TJ  
I'm going to jump, Mum.

MUM  
Not wearing that shirt, you're not. It's filthy. What will people think of me when they see your body on the pavement? They'll say you jumped because his Mum never washed his shirts. Is that what you want people to think of your mother?

TJ  
Mum, I'm scared.

MUM

You should be scared of catching a cold! Where's that nice jumper I bought you?

Mum giggles at her inadvertent pun.

The apartment doorbell BUZZES.

MUM (CONT'D)

Mommy's got to go now. Oh, and if you decide to jump, make sure to clean up after yourself. I don't want Brian to think I have a weird child.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

TJ kicks a stack of papers off the table. They scatter to the floor.

TJ

Brian! Who the hell's Brian?!

With a look of defeat, TJ climbs off the table.

TJ (CONT'D)

Well, folks, what now?

KURT

My old man's going to kill me.

TJ

My mother will probably check behind my ears to make sure I've bathed.

KURT

I bet Brendan's with the Head right now. They'll probably call the police.

SPIKE

It's too early. The Head's still asleep.

TJ

Call the police? He won't do that, will he?

KURT

I'll break his knees first.

SPIKE

I don't know what his problem is. He's screwed up our entire lives.

TJ

I don't want to be in trouble with the police.

KURT

I'll stick fish hooks through his eyes and hang him up by the lids.

SPIKE

Kurt, you are one sick child.

TJ

They won't call the police, will they?

KURT

If they do, what're we going to tell them?

SPIKE

That we went out on a stroll, got lost, and ended up here. At four o'clock in the bloody morning.

KURT

Don't start with me Spike. Not now.

TJ

(mimics boxing announcer)  
And in the red corner we have --

SPIKE

TJ, if you don't stop this crap --

TJ

(mimics boxing announcer)  
Yes, folks. Tensions are rising here at --

KURT

Shut it, TJ. We've got to think of a way of getting out of this.

SPIKE

We can't, you idiot. We're stuck. That pus-sucking, vomit-faced scum bucket has locked us in. We're trapped. Get the picture? There is no way out.

KURT

Why would he do this? What have we done to him?

SPIKE

We? You were the one who called him a faggot.

KURT  
 (Stares at Spike)  
 Everyone called him that.

SPIKE  
 He's one of us. And did we defend  
 him? No.

KURT  
 That's not a reason to do this to  
 us. What are we going to do?

SPIKE  
 There is nothing we can do. If  
 Brendan doesn't come back we're  
 going to be caught red-handed.  
 Accept it.

TJ frowns. Disconsolate, he wanders to a corner of the room  
 and looks up to the ceiling.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT

His mother applies lipstick at her vanity table. TJ sits on  
 the bed behind her.

TJ  
 Ma!

MA  
 Not now, TJ.

TJ  
 But I have something to tell you.

MA (O.S.)  
 Can't it wait, dear? Michael and I  
 are going for a drink.

Ma puts away the lipstick and turns to face TJ.

MA (CONT'D)  
 How do I look, Luv?

Without waiting for an answer she strides from the room  
 leaving TJ dispirited on the bed.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

TJ  
 Michael? Who the hell's Michael?

SPIKE  
 I need a drink.

KURT

Why don't we wake the caretaker?  
Maybe we could hide and when he  
comes in we can --

SPIKE

Good idea. Let's add assault and  
battery to breaking and entering.

KURT

Maybe we could bribe him? I've only  
got fifty quid.

SPIKE

There's nothing we can do! And how  
the hell are we going to wake the  
caretaker without waking the whole  
school?

MISS (O.S.)

Spike? Are you listening to me,  
Spike?

The voice is sweet and calming.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Spike walks toward camera.

MISS (O.S.)

Spike, we're worried about you.

Spike stops at a door marked 'Guidance Office'. He knocks  
once and steps in.

INT. SCHOOL GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

MISS (25), prim, professional, but far too pretty for a boys'  
school, sits behind her desk. Spike closes the door behind  
him. He walks to a chair facing her and slouches in it.

MISS

It's important to talk about what  
happened. About what you're going  
through. Especially after what  
happened.

SPIKE

I'm fine, alright?

MISS

Are you drinking, Spike?

SPIKE

I'm shocked that you could even  
think that, Miss.

MISS

We can help you. But you need to be honest. You must open up and share your pain. Don't bottle it up.

SPIKE

Bottle it up? Very funny, Miss. I don't drink. Why don't you believe me? Why doesn't anyone believe me? Why is nobody listening?

MISS

I'm here if you need someone to talk to.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

TJ

(mimics narrator)

Our heroes are in a predicament. Kurt needs to hit someone and Spike needs a drink.

SPIKE

And, TJ, you need a therapist. Stop your crap.

TJ

Excuse me for trying to lighten the mood --

SPIKE

You couldn't even light a match.

TJ

Very funny.

SPIKE

Of course, you'd find this funny. People with no brains find everything funny.

TJ

What's your problem? Run out of beer?

KURT

Run out of lipstick, more like.

SPIKE

Don't fucking go there, Kurt. Come on, TJ - if you want a fight --

KURT

Stop it, both of you, just stop it.

TJ

Kurt's right. We shouldn't be fighting.

SPIKE

We're not fighting. We're arguing. Didn't your parents explain the difference?

TJ

It's bad enough being let down by one of us this morning already.

SPIKE

Why won't he let us out? Oh God, I need a drink. Shut up, TJ.

TJ

I haven't said a word.

SPIKE

Just in case.

KURT

Spike, what's the worst that can happen to us?

SPIKE

Well, we will probably get expelled. And possibly end up with a police record. I don't know. I don't want to think about it.

KURT

My old man will kill me. He's never accepted me for who I am - and this is only going to make it worse.

SPIKE

They might even call The Daily Mirror. Hey, TJ, you'll finally get your picture in the paper. I can see the headline now. "Intrepid Intruders Foiled by So-called Friend."

KURT

How could this happen? I thought everything was so well-planned.

SPIKE

It was. By Brendan. I'm telling you. We've been set up. What did we do to him to deserve this? Is it because we teased him for who he is? But I tease everyone. It's just who I am.

TJ

So, maybe it's not our fault? Maybe we won't be in that much trouble? I mean, he stole the keys right?

SPIKE

Oh, we're in trouble all right. We're the ones they're going to find in here. Brendan will probably tell the Headmaster that it was our plan all along and that we roped him into it.

TJ

(mimics narrator)

The plot thickens as our heroes probe the mystery for the missing pieces of the puzzle --

SPIKE

We're so not heroes.

TJ

Every school has its kids who push the boundaries. We're just some naughty kids who tried to steal some exam papers by breaking in - oh, God - we are criminals. We're going to go to jail.

FATHER (O.S.)

Kurt!

SPIKE

Even if we could escape, we're still trapped.

FATHER (O.S.)

Kurt!

KURT

Oh, god! What?!

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Father steps down from the pulpit. He brandishes a BIBLE, waving it in Kurt's face.

FATHER

I found this in the bin.

KURT

I know. I threw it away.

Father hits Kurt on top of his head with the Bible, not terribly hard but firmly, like rapping knuckles. Kurt winces after each rap.

FATHER

God knows everything, Kurt. He knows what's in your heart. You can throw his word into the sea, but you can't throw God out of your life. He knows what you are feeling. He loves you so much that he will never leave you.

KURT

Stop!

FATHER

Lord, give me strength. Father, I don't know what to do. I'm losing control of my son, because he is turning away from you.

KURT

I don't believe in God!

FATHER

If you are not for me, then you are against me. Are you really against God, son?

Kurt slaps the bible out of Father's hand. Father runs to retrieve it.

KURT

According to you, I've been against God all my life. I'm evil, remember?

FATHER

You're not evil son. But the things you do are. The devil is cunning. He's always on the prowl. He'll blind you with temptation. You must resist. "Be ye perfect as I am perfect."

KURT

So now I'm a Satanist?

Father looks to the heavens, steeples his fingers under his chin.

FATHER

Lord, forgive him, forgive Kurt. Don't let him drive you out of his life.

(to Kurt)

Every time a lamb strays, an angel weeps. God loves you so much.

KURT

What do you know about love? If I did something really bad, could you forgive me? Not just naughty, but really bad - could you?

FATHER

All things are possible through Christ, our Lord.

Kurt looks up to heaven, mocking his father.

KURT

Then why won't you forgive me?!

INT. SCHOOL GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Miss displays a BEER BOTTLE, exhibit A.

MISS

Look what we found in your PE bag.

SPIKE

It's not mine. And what are you doing going through my stuff? You have no right!

MISS

Then you shouldn't leave your stuff lying around the sports hall. I'm disappointed, Spike.

SPIKE

How tragic. How utterly unexpected.

MISS

Everyone's trying to help you and you're pushing us away. It's a natural reaction. Brendan told me what happened.

SPIKE

He's lying, okay? Don't believe a word he says. He's just mad at me because... you know what? I'm done talking. I don't trust you to be confidential. I'd like to go now, please.

MISS

That's not fair, Spike. We just want to help you deal with the situation.

SPIKE

Situation? Talk about a fu...flipping understatement.

(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

And what is this "we" business?  
You're the only one I've tried  
confiding in. I don't believe this.  
Why did you go tell everyone? Who  
else knows? I thought you said our  
conversations were confidential?

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

Kurt paces.

KURT

This is not good. I don't think I  
can take any more. I think I'm  
going to explode.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kurt kneels. Prays.

KURT

Dear God. If you are real, please  
take this away. I don't want to be  
like this.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

SPIKE

Well, don't take it out on us.

TJ

Tensions are rising --

SPIKE

If you must hit something hit him.  
Maybe the blow will wake him up.

TJ

If you are offended by cheap  
violence, then please close your  
eyes --

Kurt moves toward TJ.

TJ (CONT'D)

This is it, folks. This is real  
life.

SPIKE

Don't provoke him, TJ. And for  
God's sake, stop your nonsense. You  
wouldn't know real life if it  
crawled up your leg and bit you on  
the arse. You're always away with  
the fairies.

KURT

Why are you always so insulting?

SPIKE

I'm not insulting, I'm sarcastic.  
There's a big difference.

KURT

Sometimes you're really nasty.

SPIKE

Since when have you become so  
sensitive? I don't ask you why you  
are so fond of beating people up.

TJ

Leave him, Kurt. It's me he  
insults. Not you. He's too scared  
to insult you.

SPIKE

No, I'm not.

KURT

You should be.

SPIKE

Come on, TJ. I don't really insult  
you. I mean, you're my mate. We're  
all friends. Are you saying you  
can't handle my occasionally bitchy  
remarks? You're not that soft, are  
you?

TJ

Of course not, deep down I'm the  
Man of Steel.

SPIKE

Hit him, Kurt.

KURT

Dammit! I don't want to be here! I  
want to get out of this fucking  
place. We have to do something.

SPIKE

How many more times do I have to  
tell you that there's no way out?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Kurt kneels. His father's hand is firmly on his shoulder.

FATHER

Pray the evil away. Pray!

KURT  
Let go of me.

FATHER  
Pray the evil away!

KURT  
Let go of me!

FATHER  
Only through prayer can you be  
healed.

Kurt grips the bible in his hands until his knuckles turn white. He is clearly about to explode.

KURT  
God made me this way. God made me  
this way.

FATHER  
That is the devil talking.

Kurt finds it hard to control himself.

KURT  
ENOUGH!

In a rage, he rises and strikes his father with the bible.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

KURT  
Maybe we could unhinge the door.

SPIKE  
There's nothing we can do! There is  
no way out! Here - I'll write it  
out for you.

Spike lunges, grabs one of the scraps of paper strewn on the floor and slaps it down on the table. He pretend writes.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
T-h-e-r-e-i-s no -- wait, look at  
this!

He holds up the paper. The others gather around.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
Prefect nominations 2017-2018.

KURT  
Brendan's probably head boy or  
something.

SPIKE  
 Wait, listen.  
 (reads)  
 Final list - Thomas James Harris.

KURT  
 TJ?

TJ  
 They made me a prefect?

SPIKE  
 (reads)  
 Kurt Reich.

KURT  
 Me?

Kurt grabs the paper, reads silently.

KURT (CONT'D)  
 I'm a fucking prefect! Ah... wait.  
 Jeremy Spickleton!

TJ  
 Spike? I don't believe it.

SPIKE  
 There's something very odd about  
 this school.

KURT  
 It's signed by the Head and  
 everything. And get this. Brendan's  
 not on the list.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

Brendan plays with his flashlight.

SPIKE (O.S.)  
 Which means, of course, he's peeved  
 because we're prefects and he's  
 not.

Brendan, looking directly at the camera, shakes his head.

TJ (O.S.)  
 We won't be prefects now.

KURT (O.S.)  
 When I see Brendan again, I'm going  
 to --

SPIKE (O.S.)  
 So, to get brownie points with the  
 Head he planned this whole thing?

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

KURT  
 How would he know about the list?

SPIKE  
 He had the key, remember? What's  
 the bet he came here a couple of...  
 When did we come up with this plan?

TJ  
 Friday.

SPIKE  
 He probably came here on Thursday,  
 checked out the exam papers for  
 himself...

Spike grabs the paper out of Kurt's hand.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
 ...and found this. See?

KURT  
 Why would they make me prefect?  
 After all the crap I have caused.

TJ  
 I didn't even think they knew I was  
 alive.

SPIKE  
 So, he planned this whole fucking  
 thing because he was jealous?

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

Brendan, again looking directly at the camera, shakes his  
 head.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

KURT  
 I'm not prefect material. Why would  
 they make me prefect?

SPIKE  
 You know that this just makes  
 things worse --

TJ  
My mother would have been thrilled.

KURT  
I thought they hated me here.

SPIKE  
If we can prove he set us up...  
no... we're still in trouble for  
choosing to go along with it.  
Dammit.

TJ  
Do you think they'll tell our folks  
about this prefect thing?

MOTHER (O.S.)  
TJ! I am so proud of you!

EXT. COUNCIL FLAT BALCONY - DAY

TJ stares down at the street. MOTHER steps up behind him and wraps her arms around him.

MOTHER  
Oh TJ, darling! I've just heard the  
news! This is fabulous! I can't  
wait to tell Philip.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

TJ  
Philip? Who the hell's Philip?

SPIKE  
Of course they'll tell our parents.

TJ  
But they can't. They mustn't.

SPIKE  
They will.

KURT  
So, if we'd chosen not to go along  
with Brendan's plan, our lives  
would have been completely  
different.

TJ  
They'll probably tell the whole  
school.

SPIKE  
(mimics narrator)  
Yes, folks.

(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

The secret life of Tommy Harris will be revealed to all. We're going to probe his closet and reveal his skeletons.

TJ

That woman will love me for this.

KURT

I understand why they'd choose you, TJ. And maybe even you, Spike.

SPIKE

Thank you, Kurt. I didn't even know you cared.

TJ

You've got good qualities, Kurt. You're... strong leadership material. Okay, you tend to lose your temper sometimes. And you do tend to be violent.

MISS (O.S.)

Spike! Spike!

SPIKE

Here we go.

INT. SCHOOL GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

MISS

I'm very disappointed in you, Spike. Very disappointed.

SPIKE

That's a shame, Miss.

MISS

Everything was going so well.

SPIKE

How would you know, Miss? You don't really know the truth about me. About what I have been through. You have no idea.

MISS

We see more than you give us credit for, Spike.

SPIKE

You only see what's convenient... what helps you to analyse and dissect and classify.

MISS

Is that what you really think?

SPIKE

You think you know why I do things. If I do something that conforms to your theories, then you think you've got it sorted. Wham. He's an alcoholic. Well, we know how to treat that. He's a drug addict. Well, we know how to deal with that. He has personal issues. Easy, we'll get him to open up. Open up? What does that mean? Open up so that you can probe and criticize? So that you can poke and leer and come to conclusions about me?

MISS

You're a confused teenager who is struggling to come to terms with himself. With what he has done.

SPIKE

There you go again. He's a confused teenager. Let's patronize him.

MISS

You're such a lovely person, Spike. Why do you want the world to see this side of you?

SPIKE

Because it's there! And if you realized that, you would see there are other sides to me as well. Lots of other sides. And for the record, I don't open up to you because I can't trust you to keep quiet about it.

MISS

Wait just a minute, mister. Now you're out of line. I don't know how to deal with you.

SPIKE

What a pity.

MISS

You haven't given me the chance to get to understand you. I don't understand you because you are too scared to show your real feelings. And if I seek advice from people who have more experience than I, it's because I want to help.

INT. DORMITORY ROOM - MORNING

Soft light bathes Brendan's face. Looking in a trance he switches the flashlight on and off.

MISS (V.O.)

We all want to help. But you have so many walls around you it's impossible to get through to you. Those walls don't just keep the world out, they also keep you trapped inside. But it's lonely in there, isn't it?

Brendan switches the flashlight on and off one final time, tosses it down on the bed, stands, and walks out of the room.

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ

They won't really tell everyone about this prefect thing, will they?

SPIKE

We have no one to blame but ourselves.

KURT

What's so great about being a prefect anyway? I mean - you know what lives we lead around here. If we were prefects, we'd be hypocrites, wouldn't we?

SPIKE

Why can't I ever say what I want to say in a way that's simple for everyone to understand?

TJ

Spike, Spike - you're losing us.

SPIKE

The bottom line is we broke in here because we're too lazy to study. And that's exactly what they are going to think. And nothing we can say will change their minds about us. We can't talk our way out of it.

FATHER (O.S.)

Kurt! Kurt!

KURT

Oh, no.

## INT. CHURCH - DAY

FATHER

Why didn't you tell me you were made prefect?

KURT

Because it would probably be the answer to your prayers.

FATHER

I haven't been praying for this.

KURT

You know what I mean.

FATHER

I don't. Tell me.

KURT

What's the point?

FATHER

Just be honest.

KURT

I didn't tell you because I was scared it would mean God has made me acceptable in your eyes.

FATHER

All things are possible --

KURT

I'm not one of your congregation. I'm your son. Both mom and I lost all respect for your rantings about the Lord a long time ago, so stop it. Please. Stop talking to me from the Bible. You're the reason she left. You're the reason she is like she is. You. You! Not me!

## INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ

I'm not lazy. I'm just not very smart.

KURT

I hate studying. That's my excuse. That plus the fact that I stopped caring a long time ago. But that's not my fault. If you knew the kind of pressure everyone puts on me.

TJ

That woman is always so desperate to brag about me. It's a lot of pressure.

KURT

At least we're going through this together.

TJ

I have never been in this much trouble before. I wonder what she will think. It's her fault I'm in this mess.

SPIKE

Look at what we are doing. His fault, her fault, everyone's fault. We can blame the world until we are blue in the face. That's what we always do.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Brendan drifts down the empty corridor, a blood-stained bible in his hand.

SPIKE (O.S.)

We're experts at blaming others rather than taking responsibility for our choices. We chose to break in here. Making excuses and blaming others will not help us.

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ

There's no Superman to save us. My whole life's been a lie.

KURT

This is not enough to make him forgive me.

TJ

I'm scared.

SPIKE

Tell me about it.

KURT

I'm scared too. We all are. But Spike's right. We have to accept what comes our way.

TJ

I wish it were all over. Dammit, why did I go along with this stupid idea?

SPIKE

We were all worried about failing the exams.

TJ

I wasn't as worried as you.

KURT

I was worried. I need good grades more than you realize.

TJ

I'm not sure I can handle any of this. I've never been in so much trouble.

EXT. A GRAVEYARD- DAY

Brendan sits cross-legged under a tree. He stares at a gravestone. The inscription on it reads: Father Green. Beloved by many.

KURT (O.S.)

Trouble's my middle name. Except, I've always been able to fight my way out of it. But Spike's right. It's time we face up to our choices.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Kurt and I will probably take the brunt of it. We'll tell them we bullied you into joining us, or something. I don't know. But we'll look after you.

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ

Will we go to jail?

SPIKE

What is it with you and jail? Oh, sorry.

KURT

Spike!

SPIKE

Oh, God, sorry. I don't think we'll go to jail. It won't be easy.

(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

But Kurt's right. We'll go through it together.

TJ

You don't know what that woman's like. She'll have more reason to ignore me now.

KURT

She won't ignore you. Parents just freak out when we turn into ourselves and not the people they want us to be.

TJ

She's weird. I'm telling you. She parties more than I do. I'm just an inconvenience. Like a stray dog that won't go away. It's Michael this and Brian that. Last time I was home, I let off a firecracker in the next room and yelled like I'd been shot. She never came to check on me. She just said, *Don't spill blood on the carpet. Philip is coming over.*

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Brendan approaches the guidance office door.

TJ (O.S.)

She's not normal. She won't freak out because of what I did. She'll worry what her boyfriend thinks.

Brendan raises his hand to knock on the door. He pauses.

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

KURT

You think that's bad? My old man could never forgive me.

TJ

I don't think she will throw me out. She's weird, but she won't do that.

SPIKE

Parents have to forgive, don't they? Especially if you accept the consequences and don't try to pass the blame.

KURT  
I guess I'll have to find a way to  
forgive Brendan.

TJ  
Are you going to?

KURT  
He'd be easier to forgive if he let  
us out.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

POV AND INDISTINCT FOOTSTEPS AS SOMEONE WALKS TOWARD THE  
STOREROOM.

KURT (O.S.)  
Let's just ignore him. Leave bad  
things and go to good things. I'm  
tired of feeling angry. I'm tired  
of fighting who I am.

SPIKE (O.S.)  
The truth hurts. Brendan will  
understand that sooner or later. In  
the meantime, I need to find a way  
to accept all of this.

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ  
He's the criminal.

SPIKE  
Maybe. Listen, I'm sorry if I say  
things that hurt you guys. I say  
things without thinking. And I  
don't really mean to.

KURT  
I'm not interested in confessions.

SPIKE  
I just wanted to get that off my  
chest.

TJ  
Actually, I have been in this much  
trouble before. The last time I  
tried to bungee jump off the  
balcony.

SPIKE  
But ... you live on the ground floor.

TJ

I know, but my trainers were leaving marks on the railing - which she had just polished.

SPIKE

And her boyfriend was coming over?

TJ

Exactly.

SPIKE

I know. I remember the last time I visited you, she moaned at me because I didn't wipe my feet on the doormat. TJ, did you tell Kurt about the farting cushion story?

KURT

Not another farting cushion? My old man never forgave you for that incident in the church.

TJ

This was when we last had a weekend pass. One of her many boyfriends was coming over for dinner.

KURT

You didn't.

TJ

I did. Except --

KURT

I can just imagine.

TJ

I put the cushion on the chair the boyfriend usually sits on, the one next to her. But I decided to leave the room because I knew I'd laugh before it happened.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

POV AND INDISTINCT FOOTSTEPS AS SOMEONE STOPS OUTSIDE THE STOREROOM.

TJ (O.S.)

So, the boyfriend arrives and sits on my chair, and she - don't ask me - I've given up trying to understand anything she does...

INT. STOREROOM - MORNING

TJ  
...sits in his place. And you know  
she is not a small woman. So,  
anyway, she sits down and pfffffft!

The boys laugh as if free of a heavy weight, then fall silent  
when keys RATTLE loudly in the door.

SPIKE  
Sssh!

The door CREAKS open slowly revealing Miss.

ANGLE MISS POV

The file drawer is open. Brendan is alone in the room. He has  
the keys in one hand and a bible in the other and the exam  
papers are spread before him.

MISS  
Brendan? How did you get in here?  
What are you...?

Brendan quickly hides the bible behind his back.

BRENDAN  
Ummm...

CUT TO BLACK