

Flip
Episode One
By
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FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB -- MEN'S ROOM -- 6:00 AM

Open on a dripping tap. The men's room is grungy -- all puddles and scum.

A young man is leaning on the sink, hunched over, face to the floor. Nightclub bass throbs lightly in the background.

Tossing water on his face and neck, the young man looks up at his reflection as he wipes his face with a paper towel.

Over his shoulder, we see him in the mirror: DYLAN MAYFIELD, 18. He looks like he hasn't slept in days: eyes bloodshot and wild.

Taking a final look, Dylan leaves the men's room, the door opening like an airlock into a thooming world of light and noise and sweat and humidity.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB -- DANCE FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

In fast cuts, we see Dylan moving across the dance floor -- shouldering, elbowing, dancing with a random girl, drinking shots.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB -- VIP SECTION -- 6:59 AM

The "VIP Section" is cracked leather booths and floors tacky with spilt Jäger (like Groove Milton Keynes before they closed it down).

Dylan is in one of the booths fingering the random girl he was dancing with when his phone starts to vibrate. It's his alarm clock: 7:00 AM.

Dylan looks back at the girl, who's passed out in the booth. After trying half-heartedly to wake her, he gets to his feet and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Climbing a set of stairs, Dylan steps out into an empty city street and a crisp morning. He takes a cold breath and starts walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan is walking through town, along main roads and redways until finally arriving at GROVEPORT SECONDARY SCHOOL.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROVEPORT SECONDARY SCHOOL -- 8:00 AM

The school grounds are almost deserted as Dylan walks to the canteen.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN -- CONTINUOUS

The canteen is empty save for the dinnerladies clattering behind the large steel counters, stoves and fryers. Dylan enters and slumps in the nearest seat, folding his arms on the table and putting his head down.

Someone takes the seat opposite and nudges Dylan. He looks up to find KEVIN WARNER, 18, sitting opposite. There is a long pause before Kevin speaks.

KEVIN
New haircut?

DYLAN
Yeah.

KEVIN
Looks good. Kind of... stylish, I guess.

Dylan doesn't respond.

KEVIN
Not what I would've done... not that it matters.

More silence.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
Never mind. Did I tell you about
Burnett's essay?

DYLAN
Don't think so.

KEVIN
A-. All fine.

DYLAN
Good.

KEVIN
Yeah. How's my shooting average?

DYLAN
Point eight three. No change.

KEVIN
Okay. How's dad?

DYLAN
He's a prick. Same as last week.
Still ranting about try-outs with
the national team. And he's nailing
the window's shut again.

KEVIN
You get out through the bathroom?

DYLAN
Nah, he caught on to that. I go out
through the garage now.

KEVIN
Right. Chloe back yet?

DYLAN
Haven't seen her.

KEVIN
(Nodding)
I'm guessing you don't wanna ask
about your mum?

DYLAN
(Yawning)
You guess right.

KEVIN
(Beat)
Tired?

DYLAN

What makes you say that?

KEVIN

Not like you.

DYLAN

Hmm, I wonder where this is going...

KEVIN

Did you even go home last night?

DYLAN

Oh, there it is.

KEVIN

Look--

DYLAN

I went out. I went clubbing. What's the big deal? I'm keeping up appearances -- just like we agreed.

KEVIN

Just like we agreed. And how many nights have you spent "keeping up appearances" this week?

DYLAN

(Shrugs)

Couple.

KEVIN

Try again.

DYLAN

It was just a couple of nights.

KEVIN

Really?

DYLAN

Yes!

KEVIN

You must think I'm completely clueless, right?

(Beat)

Just because your former social circle doesn't extend beyond Manga Wednesdays and Dino the drug-dealing ice cream man doesn't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN (cont'd)
mean I'm completely out of the
loop, you know what I mean?
So, you might as well tell me: How
many nights?

DYLAN
(Sighs)
Five.

KEVIN
Yes. Five.
(Beat)
And what about that thing with the
twins?

DYLAN
(Uncomfortable)
You heard about that.

KEVIN
They were fifteen!

DYLAN
I got carried away!

KEVIN
You're gonna get put away if you
keep on like this.

DYLAN
(Pause)
You should've seen them though,
mate -- No jokes, they were late
teens/early twenties based on their
tits alone.

KEVIN
(Facepalm)
You really did just say that didn't
you?
"Yes m'lud, I did have sex with two
underage girls... but you should've
seen their tits mayte, yeeeah, you
like that don't you?" Fuck sake.

DYLAN
Oh give it a fucking rest, alright?
It was a house party -- there was
tequila and mescal and maybe some
X, I'm not sure it was a bit
blurry.

Kevin stares at Dylan.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

What?

Kevin keeps staring.

DYLAN

So my judgement wasn't exactly A-star; it's not like you would've done it any different. In fact, it was exactly the kind of thing you were doing before Freaky Friday happened.

KEVIN

Yeah, except that it was my choice back then. Now I've got some sex-starved beg of a screw-loose douche wearing my body to underage orgies.

(Leans in)

You remember the last time you got "carried away?" Hm?

Dylan says nothing.

KEVIN

You remember what I said?

DYLAN

(Looking away)

You said you'd take it all away from me--

KEVIN

--I said I'd take it all away from you. That's right. That is my body you're fucking with -- literally, fucking with. And when this freakshow gets back to normal--

DYLAN

(Under his breath)

--if it gets back to normal--

KEVIN

When it gets back to normal, I don't want to wake up to the DTs, a beer gut and HIV all because you never had a life.

DYLAN

It's been three months. This isn't going away. I know it. And you know it too. *Kevin.*

(CONTINUED)

A long pause.

TWO-SHOT: HOLD ON KEVIN AND DYLAN LOOKING AT EACH OTHER ACROSS THE TABLE.

CUT TO BLACK:

"Three Months Earlier"

FADE IN:

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM -- 6:57 AM -- THURSDAY

Open on ribbons of smoke against a sun-flooded window.

Following the smoke down, we find a fresh cigarette propped inside an ashtray.

On the floor, a trail of clothes, ending in a lacey, hot pink thong hanging from a bedpost.

From here, we see a foot: MOLLY's foot, with black nail polish, hanging out of the disheveled bedclothes. We travel the line of her body: ankle, calf, thigh, hip all faintly described by the white bed sheet, ending in a muss of blonde hair buried in a pillow.

She's not alone. From behind Molly's head, we see Dylan sat up in bed next to her. He's naked and listening to Alan Bennett's *Talking Heads* on an iPod.

He looks at the bedside clock: 6:58 AM. Looking over at Molly, Dylan quietly climbs out of bed.

Gathering his clothes, Dylan dresses in fast cuts and goes to leave.

He's about to open the bedroom door when he looks back at the window. Dylan takes a beat, looks back at the door handle, then goes to the window.

There's a drainpipe leading all the way from Molly's window to the garden path by the flowerbed.

What Dylan doesn't notice is the blue flash of an alarm system next to the window. Unhooking the latch, Dylan wakes Molly.

MOLLY

...Dylan?

Molly is too late to stop Dylan opening the window.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY
(Whisper)
Wait!

An alarm sounds and Dylan freezes.

MOLLY
Twat!

The bedroom door swings open and Molly's father, ROGER enters. He is wearing a dressing gown. The belt is threadbare and hanging loosely.

ROGER
Molly?

MOLLY
Dad?

Roger sees Dylan with one leg through the window. There's a beat before he climbs out, hanging by the windowsill and reaching for the drainpipe.

ROGER
Oh no you don't!

Roger grabs Dylan by his forearm, trying to pull him back in.

DYLAN
Let go!

ROGER
Get back in here!

Roger's grip keeps the drainpipe just out of Dylan's reach.

DYLAN
Fuck off!

Molly tries to loosen her father's grip on Dylan.

MOLLY
Dad! Let him go!

Smoke begins to billow around Roger.

ROGER
Little shit! I'll--

Noticing the smoke, Roger looks down to see his dressing gown is on fire: the belt resting in the ashtray.

(CONTINUED)

He jumps back, releasing Dylan who falls from the ledge and into the flowerbed as Roger leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Roger crashes into the bathroom, ripping the gown off and throwing it into the toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Molly turns away from the bedroom door and back to her window to see a flowerbed full of crushed petunias and Dylan, miming a phone before climbing over the back fence.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARNER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Slow close on a terraced house. The alarm can be heard in the distance as Dylan runs across the frame. The alarm is silenced just before the cut.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A small knock on a bedroom door.

No answer.

ANNE WARNER opens the door to find her son, Kevin, still asleep under a pile of manga comics and *The Anarchist Cookbook*.

His room is a sty: books and papers and socks and Pot Noodle containers carpet the floor and pile up on every surface. Next to his computer desk, work bench with a stack of homemade fireworks amongst unused materials, tools and a desk lamp.

ANNE

Kevin?

Kevin groans and turns away from the door.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Time to get up now, sweetie.

Kevin turns back.

KEVIN

(Almost a hiss)

Thank you.

Kevin picks up his glasses from the bedside table.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Turning a corner, Dylan jogs down a street and onto a driveway of a large detached house.

Dylan unlocks the door, but it only opens an inch. Through the gap we see a padlock on the latch.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- BACK GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

The back door is similarly locked up.

There's a ladder leaning against the shed at the bottom of the garden. Dylan aims it for his bedroom window.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- DYLAN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Climbing inside, Dylan hits the carpet in stride with his alarm clock as it ticks over to 7:05 AM, giving it only a moment's noise before being slapped silent.

Dylan strips on his way to the bathroom, throwing last night's dirties over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin takes his towel from the rack and goes to open the bathroom door.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE
(Off screen)
Don't forget to turn the immersion
off!

Dropping the towel with some attitude, Kevin reaches inside the airing cupboard. We hear a heavy click of a switch.

ANNE
(Off screen)
Thank you!

Kevin winces as Anne speaks, before going into the bathroom and shutting the door with some force behind him.

CUT TO:

Dylan and Kevin enter a SPLIT SCREEN, both of them looking in a mirror.

CLOSE UP: SINGLE ON DYLAN AND KEVIN. THE LEFT SIDE OF DYLAN'S FACE OCCUPIES THE LEFT SECTION OF THE SPLIT SCREEN AND VICE VERSA FOR KEVIN.

Overlay MAIN TITLES

as Dylan and Kevin leave frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan is lathering up in the shower. He is an 18-year old in peak physical condition; like a young Patrick Bateman. There are love bites across his chest and neck.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin is popping zits in the mirror.

ANNE
(Off screen)
Kevin! Breakfast!

KEVIN
(Parroting Anne's cadence, but
with a little venom)
Okay!

CUT TO:

INT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- 8:00 AM

The kitchen is large and sleek; all marble counters and shiny appliances and soft close drawers like an MFI advert. The Mayfields are well-off.

Dylan's father, MIKE, is preparing protein shakes, slicing bananas into a blender. Footfalls on the stairs make Mike look up to see Dylan enter.

MIKE

Morning.

DYLAN

Morning.

MIKE

Good night?

DYLAN

Alright.

MIKE

What time you get in?

DYLAN

Early. 8ish.

MIKE

Didn't hear you come in.

DYLAN

I'm catlike.

MIKE

Mhm. By the way, did you clean all the windows this morning or just yours?

DYLAN

What?

MIKE

The windows. Did you clean them all or just yours?

DYLAN

I don't know what you're--

MIKE

--Oh, then you were clearing the gutters.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

No...

MIKE

Slating the roof?

DYLAN

No! Why are you...

Mike leans to the side so Dylan can see the kitchen window. The ladder is still propped up outside.

DYLAN

Fuck balls.

MIKE

Mmm. So Dylan, what time did you get in last night?

DYLAN

I told you. Early...

Mike looks impatient.

DYLAN

...this morning.

MIKE

(Sighs)

In bed by midnight in pre-season; a million times I've said this.

DYLAN

Technically, I was.

MIKE

I mean your own bed.

DYLAN

Is that why you padlocked the house?

MIKE

For your own good.

DYLAN

I--

The blender cuts him off, mixing bananas, strawberries, milk and pink powder into a frothy congealed ooze. Mike switches off the blender.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

(Disgusted)

Oh come on, not more of this whey protein shit. Next you'll be injecting me with growth hormone when I'm asleep.

MIKE

Good thing you're never here then.

Mike pours the slop into two glasses.

MIKE

Drink up.

Mike hands Dylan a glass.

MIKE

Wanna get you up to twelve stone by Easter.

DYLAN

But do I really have to drink fairy spunk to do it?

MIKE

...No. No you don't have to. Not at all. In fact, pour that away right now. Let's blow this all off. We'll got to Phil's for a Supreme. Go on. Down the sink.

Dylan goes to pour the swill away.

MIKE

Of course, then you'll be bloated in training. Might even injure yourself. Out of condition by the start of the season and you'll lose for the first time since you were eleven.

Mike punctuates this speech with a smile.

DYLAN

Y'know, sometimes I just want--

Dylan stops

MIKE

What?

Mike stands nonplussed, sipping his shake, waiting for Dylan, who's paralyzed.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What?

DYLAN

(Sighs)

Never mind. Okay?

(Dylan holds up the glass)

See? I'm drinking it. Mmm spunk...

Wincing, Dylan chugs the lot.

DYLAN

There. No need to make red in your
Spanx. Speaking of which: you
spoken to Chloe yet?

MIKE

Oi!

Mike lightly strikes Dylan upside the head.

MIKE

Don't refer to your mother like
that--

DYLAN

She's not my mother.

MIKE

Fine. Stepmother.

DYLAN

Thank you.

MIKE

Dylan.

DYLAN

What?

MIKE

Don't start this again.

DYLAN

I'm not starting anything.

MIKE

It's been four years, I would've
thought by now--

DYLAN

I'd forget Mum?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Did I say that?

DYLAN
More or less.

Mike is silenced by that for a beat.

MIKE
(Sighs)
Chloe's in conferences, she'll call
when she can.

DYLAN
Okay. I've gotta go.

MIKE
Hold on.

Mike hands his glass to Dylan, who winces as he looks inside it.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- 8:30 AM

Kevin enters the kitchen to find a bowl of Rice Krispies (milk already poured), a cup of tea and his lunch -- all ready and packed on the kitchen table.

Visibly irritated, Kevin takes his seat. At the sink, Anne is washing her teacup. She looks around at him repeatedly until she puts her cup away.

ANNE
Did you see I made your lunch?

KEVIN
Yes.

ANNE
I cut the crusts off just the way
you like.

KEVIN
Okay.

ANNE
I'm good to you aren't I?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Mhm.

Kevin tries to busy himself with his cereal, holding his temper in check.

Oblivious, Anne walks around behind her son and starts tidying up his hair.

Kevin shrugs her off, but she doesn't get the message.

KEVIN

(Under his breath)

Can you not?

ANNE

What?

KEVIN

Do this.

ANNE

Do what, sweetheart?

KEVIN

This! Okay? All of this! Making my breakfast, packing my lunch, I told you I can do that! I can pour my own fucking milk for Christ sake! I'm eighteen, I'm not a fucking baby.

Kevin stands up quickly, knocking the bowl onto the floor. Anne stands back from her son.

They are both silent for a moment before Kevin grabs his lunch box and storms to the front door.

His hand is on the handle when he looks back as his mother picks up the downed cereal bowl, knowing he's gone too far now.

He slams the door behind him as Anne takes her seat at the dining table, shaken.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET AND GROVEPORT SECONDARY SCHOOL -- 8:45 AM

The Groveport Secondary School is a comprehensive with children aged 11 to 19.

It is very square and very beige with blocks of white and navy paneling in its more modern sections.

Dylan and Kevin enter from opposite sides --
Dylan the left.
Kevin the right.

We follow Kevin onto the campus, walking past a goth girl, MICHELLE PARK, who is smoking a cigarette and watches him as he passes. A Year 10 says something inaudible to his friends, which makes them all laugh as Kevin walks in.

From Kevin's side, we watch as Dylan is greeted by girlfriend, NATALIE BROOK.

They embrace at the gate and walk to the front of school where ADAM KEMP and TOM SALMON are waiting. Kevin watches them meet. After a moment, Dylan spots him, drawing the group's attention. Quickly turning away, Kevin walks swiftly to SCIENCE BLOCK.

NATALIE

Freak.

DYLAN

He's harmless.

NATALIE

He's a spaz.

DYLAN

That too.

TOM

(To Natalie)

You love him.

NATALIE

Shut up!

TOM

Get in a puddle just thinking about him.

NATALIE

(Hitting Tom)

Fuck off! Fucking weirdo!

Tom mimes anilingus.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Stop! Dickhead!

Tom flinches.

NATALIE
(To Dylan)
Hey! Speaking of dickheads...

DYLAN
My lady.

NATALIE
What happened to you last night?
You didn't call.

DYLAN
Police stopped us.

A trio of girls walk past.

GIRL #1
Good luck tomorrow, Dylan.

DYLAN
Thanks.

Natalie clicks in front of his face.

NATALIE
Did they pick you up?

ADAM
Nearly.

DYLAN
They had me up against a wall--

ADAM
--Real rubber glove treatment,
rectal probe and everything--

DYLAN
--I'm stood there for 10 minutes
with a sniffer dog nosing my
balls--

ADAM
(Under Dylan's speech)
I got a video. You can barely see
his boner.

DYLAN

Bastard.

NATALIE

So they let you go?

A couple of Year 11's walk past.

YEAR 11 #1

Good luck Dylan.

DYLAN

Cheers.

(To Natalie)

What?

NATALIE

The Po-Po. They let you go?

DYLAN

After taking my anal virginity,
yeah.

ADAM

You haven't had that in ages.

DYLAN

Fuck off.

NATALIE

And after?

DYLAN

After? I...

ADAM

(Beat)

--went back to mine.

Dylan looks at Adam, masking the relief.

ADAM

We'd dodged the pigs and we're
walking down to mine and fucking
Scorpio here takes off his shoe and
shows me a fatty the size of my
dick.

DYLAN

We finished it in three pulls.

Laughter.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

You still could've called. I waited up.

DYLAN

Sorry babe, being public enemy number one leaves little time for love--

ADAM

--unless it's with a doberman.

DYLAN

Okay first, eat shit and die. Second, it's *Serpico* you dumb shit.

ADAM

What did I say?

DYLAN

Scorpio.

ADAM

Same thing.

DYLAN

Well, it's not. And besides, you meant *Scarface*. *Serpico* is the one with the cop? *Scarface*, he's the drug kingpin.

ADAM

Alright Larry Borman, I promise never to speak out of turn again.

DYLAN

No, it's--

The bell rings for first period.

NATALIE

Gotta go. Biology with the spaz.

Dylan and Natalie kiss.

DYLAN

Try not to leave a wet spot on the floor.

NATALIE

(Whisper)

Fuckbag.

They kiss again.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Come on, hurry up. Before Tom's
semi goes full rod.

Dylan and Natalie laugh mid-kiss. Separating, we watch
Natalie leave from Dylan's POV.

MISS ASHLEY

(V.O)

No, I'll putting you into pairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE ROOM -- 9:00 AM

The classroom sighs in unison; a group exhale of annoyance.

At the front of class, MISS ASHLEY holds the register, going
down the list preparing to assign science partners.

The SCIENCE ROOM is one of many in the block: a grey and
tired space with old wooden desks engraved with cartoon
penises and initials and those stupid rectangular **S's**
everyone used to draw. Piped with gas and bolted down, the
desks are flanked with high metal stools that have scuffed
the floor.

MISS ASHLEY

Chris? Chris? You're with Alice.
Crystal? With Joanne.

Sat at the back, Kevin is at a desk by himself, doodling in
the back of his notepad. Occasionally he glances up at
Natalie.

Over his shoulder, we see an intentionally ugly and crude
Biro caricature of a girl. It is entitled "NATALIE BROOK:
QUEEN OF THE CUM SLUTS" in harsh capital letters underlined
several times. In an equally jagged hand are the words
"SLAG", "BUCKET" and "COCKBREATH" scattered around the
drawing.

MISS ASHLEY

Melanie?

One of Natalie's girlfriends looks up.

MISS ASHLEY

With Harry.

Natalie's girlfriend, JESSICA turns to see an overweight boy
with rosy cheeks look up and smile cheerfully.

(CONTINUED)

Jessica rolls her eyes.

Natalie looks down and closes her eyes.

NATALIE
(Whisper)
Please not Kevin, please not Kevin.

MISS ASHLEY
Natalie?

NATALIE
(Whisper)
Not Kevin, not Kevin.

MISS ASHLEY
You're with Kevin.

NATALIE
(Opening her eyes)
Fuck.

Looking over her shoulder, Natalie watches Kevin make room at his desk sullenly.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE ROOM -- 9:15 AM

The class prepares to dissect a pig's eye.

Everyone is wearing safety goggles and surgical gloves. The eyes themselves are displayed on steel trays with various utensils lined up next to them: probes, nail scissors and a scalpel.

Miss Ashley stands at the front of the room holding the nail scissors.

MISS ASHLEY
(To the class)
Okay, first thing we need to do is cut away the skin and fat from the back of the eye. Make sure you identify the optic nerve before you start so you can trim around it.

Kevin looks timid.

KEVIN
Do you wanna do it?

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Fine.

Taking the nail scissors, Natalie begins to trim away the eyelid, holding the eye by the white nub of optic nerve, the hands of a future hairdresser.

MISS ASHLEY

(To the class)

Everyone done that? Okay, once that's done, you next need to make an incision in the sclera -- the white part of the eye. Cut vertically between the nerve and the pupil.

ALICE

Is this vertically, miss?

MISS ASHLEY

No, the other way Alice. That's right.

KEVIN

(Chuckling to himself)

Useless.

Natalie glances at Kevin and then back to her notes.

NATALIE

Friendless.

Kevin sneers as Natalie hands him the scalpel.

NATALIE

Try not to hurt yourself.

Holding the eye steady, Kevin brings the blade to bear.

MISS ASHLEY

(Off camera)

Be careful not to hold the eye too tightly. The fluid inside is under pressure and very sensitive.

Kevin starts and stops a couple of times.

NATALIE

Before the end of this decade would be nice.

Kevin grips the eye more firmly.

(CONTINUED)

MISS ASHLEY
(To the class)
Everybody done that?

NATALIE
Not yet. Kevin is having some
trouble making his first incision.

Kevin blushes. Natalie spots it.

NATALIE
He can't make his blade work.

A few chuckles.

KEVIN
(Whisper)
Shut-up!

NATALIE
(Leaning over the eye)
Do you need me to guide you in?
Here let me just--

More laughter.

KEVIN
(Whisper)
Fuck you!

Kevin pierces the eye, but cuts too deep, holding it so tightly that a dark brown liquid sprays through the cut and into Natalie's open mouth, making her choke and splutter before swallowing. Everyone in class is looking at her as she recovers.

There's a beat before she realizes what she's done.

Natalie runs to the nearest sink and vomits loudly. Miss Ashley hurries to her as Kevin watches on and the class jeer and gasp.

MISS ASHLEY
(To the class)
Okay, everyone just write down what
you can see now that you've cut the
eye in half.
(Lowered voice)
Natalie, are you okay?

NATALIE
(Breathless and teary)
He did that on purpose.

(CONTINUED)

Miss Ashley looks at Kevin.

KEVIN

No! It was an accident.

NATALIE

You're just an accident!

MISS ASHLEY

Okay, just go to the toilet and clean yourself up. Kevin, join Crystal and Joanne and finish your notes with them.

Kevin nods, glancing up at the class as they turn back to their work.

CLOSE UP: KEVIN'S LEFT HAND WITH A CRUSHED EYE INSIDE IT.

NATALIE

(V.O)

He totally did it on purpose.

INT. GROVEPORT SIXTH FORM COMMON ROOM -- 11:15 AM

Dylan, Tom and Adam are sat with Natalie and Jessica at a table in the COMMON ROOM: a large, modern space with hardwood floors and round tables with several chairs in different bright primary colours. It looks like the set of a children's television programme.

Natalie is chewing three sticks of gum, which clunks up her speech.

NATALIE

(Chewing gum)

Greasy little fucktard, he's always had it in for me.

Natalie takes another stick of gum.

TOM

You're right, he has always wanted it inside you.

Laughter. Natalie takes the gum out of her mouth.

NATALIE

(Giving Tom the finger)

And when he doesn't get me, he settles for you, dickless.

The table goes "oooh".

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

Did he even say sorry?

NATALIE

Nope. Not a word.

(To everyone)

Everyone was looking at me and whispering and he just sat there shaking and going full retard.

TOM

(Doing a bad Lincoln Osiris)

"Everybody knows you never go full retard!"

The table goes silent for a beat, everyone looking at Tom.

DYLAN

Fuck is that old.

ADAM

And shit.

TOM

(Beat)

I know.

NATALIE

Weren't we talking about me?

ADAM

We were and then we moved on.

NATALIE

I want to kill him.

ADAM

I was just being honest.

NATALIE

I wasn't talking about you! -- Kevin. I want to kill Kevin.

DYLAN

That strikes me as an overreaction.

NATALIE

Have you ever upchucked in the middle of class?

ADAM

Just because you can't hold you pig's eye.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Fuck off! He violated me.

DYLAN
It was an accident.

NATALIE
It was not an accident.

JESSICA
We should do something.

NATALIE
Thank you.

DYLAN
Like what? Get him back?

NATALIE
I'm still for killing him.

ADAM
Well, how about we put that as Plan
B for now?

DYLAN
Why are we even talking about this?

NATALIE
Because I'm upset and you should
support me.

DYLAN
In abusing the retarded? Kevin's
just a little spesh, it's not like
he's out to get you.

ADAM
I've got it.

NATALIE
(To Dylan)
He so does!

JESSICA
It's true.

ADAM
Guys, I've got it!

DYLAN

(To Natalie and Jessica)

We are talking about "Special K"
right? You make him sound like
Elliot Rodger.

NATALIE

They all start somewhere.

DYLAN

Kevin has to wake up everyday and
be himself, okay? I think that's
punishment enough.

NATALIE

That's so--

ADAM

--We should *Carrie* the
motherfucker!

Everyone stops and looks at Adam.

DYLAN

"*Carrie*" him?

TOM

Carry him where?

ADAM

No R-Tard, *Carrie*, like *Carrie* the
book.

DYLAN

You actually read the book?

ADAM

I've seen the trailer for the
remake.

DYLAN

Oh okay. For a minute I thought
you'd gotten some culture.

ADAM

Dylan, you're a fat shit. I don't
care how skinny and athletic you
look, we all know it's a cover, you
blubbery fuck.

DYLAN

Whatever gets your rudder thick and
slick.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(Laughter)
Sick bastard--

NATALIE
Girls! What do you mean "*Carrie*
him?"

ADAM
Carrie is about a weirdo psychic
girl who gets a bucket of blood
dumped on her at prom because she's
a Jesus freak.

TOM
You want to cover Kevin in blood?

ADAM
Not quite. You guys have money?

They all nod.

ADAM
Get it out. I need donations.

The table sighs before getting out their wallets and purses.

Natalie throws in a £10, Dylan £20, Jessica £5 and Tom, a
handful of coppers and 5p pieces.

Adam looks at Tom.

ADAM
Every little helps.

DYLAN
Why do you need it?

ADAM
You'll see. I'll text you.

Adam gathers the money and leaves.

The rest look at each other, puzzled.

DYLAN
(Under his breath)
This is a shitty idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- 13:30 PM

The street is deserted except for an ice cream truck: slightly worn with bright pictures of lollies and 99p Flakes.

Inside the cab we find DINO: fat, bald and Mediterranean, dressed in sportswear and some heavy gold jewellery.

Spotting Kevin walking up, Dino climbs into the back of the van, removing a lockbox from a low shelf and putting it on the small counter.

KEVIN

Dino.

DINO

Hi Kevin, how're y--

Dino starts to loudly gag and fake vomit. This goes on for a while.

KEVIN

How did you know?

DINO

Girls in reprographics. Chatty old bags, they reckon it's gonna be one of your greatest hits.

KEVIN

Anything to keep my slew of adoring fans happy.

DINO

Here's hoping your PR team can unfuck this latest fiasco.

KEVIN

They've had worse.

DINO

You made a girl sick. Literally.

KEVIN

I heard another Year 10 overdosed last week. What's that done for your popularity?

DINO

Not sure I give a shit.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Really?

DINO

You should try it.

KEVIN

Your Ketamine? Thanks, but I'd like to see my twenties.

DINO

I meant not caring.

KEVIN

Who says I care now?

DINO

(Chuckles)

How much money did you make last year?

KEVIN

What?

DINO

Money. Last year. How much?

KEVIN

...£24,000.

DINO

£24,000. And instead of buying a car, going to a festival and meeting a decent crowd, you're smoking up in the middle of the day because the pretty people don't like you.

KEVIN

Oh my god, you're right. Thank you for saving me from myself.

Kevin turns to leave.

DINO

Oh now let's not be hasty.

(Taking the lockbox)

My guy's just been with fresh stock, just the thing to take the edge off -- gear that'll set even your mop straight.

Touching his curly hair for a moment, Kevin walks back over to the truck.

(CONTINUED)

DINO

That's the spirit.

(Opening the lockbox)

Now, we've got the old favourites:
"Amnesia", "Dementia",
"Euthanasia", "Alopecia";
beginner's spliff, more pube than
puff, you know that. Then there's
the harder hits: "Marley's Beard",
"Allman Ash" and "Couch Potato",
though I warn you, the fertilizer
used to grow Couch Potato was
infused with GHB, adds a
dissociative element to the high,
so make sure you don't have to be
anywhere for at least 24 hours
before toking this smoke. But who
are we kidding, you never have
anywhere to be.

KEVIN

Fuck you, babykiller.

DINO

Just got out of intensive care and
doing quite nicely as a matter of
fact.

(Takes a bag with a spliff
inside out of his jacket)

Last, but definitely not least:
"Freaky Friday". Double the high,
half the paranoia and the munchies?
All but gone. So no more late
nights with Millionaire Shortbread,
you'll shed those stoner pounds in
no time -- in all, this peace pipe
will put nuts on your chest.

KEVIN

High praise.

DINO

You doubt me?

KEVIN

Never. Why Freaky Friday?

DINO

Bloke who grew it likes Lindsay
Lohan. Why he didn't call it
"Herbie" is beyond me.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
How much?

DINO
Two and a half.

KEVIN
For an ounce?

DINO
For the spliff.

KEVIN
(Snorts)
You can suck my left nut if you
think I'm paying two an' half K for
a joint.

DINO
That's perfectly fair... it is all
I've got though. Just this joint.
And if you don't buy it, some other
arsehole will. And they get to be
the cool kid with the savage ganja.

A beat before Kevin takes an envelope out of his waistband,
counting out £2,500 in fifties. He hands Dino the wad of
cash and Dino hands over the bag.

DINO
Need a light?

Shaking his head, Kevin lights the joint. He takes a long
pull before coughing and spluttering, throwing it back at
Dino.

KEVIN
(Croak)
What the fuck is that?

DINO
What?

KEVIN
Tastes like burnt shit.

DINO
(Holding the spliff)
Fuck off, this is gear is gold.

KEVIN
I want my money back.

(CONTINUED)

DINO
Hey, you bake it, you buy it. No
refunds. You know the rules.

KEVIN
For an ounce of bargain basement
skunk -- not £2500.

DINO
(Quiet)
You really wanna test me on this?

A beat before Kevin backs off.

KEVIN
Douchebag.

DINO
See you tomorrow.

Dino takes a pair of scissors and trims the burning end off
the spliff, replacing it in the plastic bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAMA BLOCK -- 2:30 PM

DRAMA BLOCK sits on the outermost edge of the campus, a
small and squat building next to the staff car park.

Stood outside the entrance, Dylan is eying the notice board,
specifically a leaflet for Drama Club.

He takes it down, reading it intently when Adam and Tom come
round the corner, Adam holding three white bags with red
spots in the bottoms.

Dylan spots them and quickly pockets the leaflet.

DYLAN
Alright? I was just--

ADAM
(Oblivious)
Here.

Adam hands Dylan a pair of white plastic gloves and one of
the bags.

DYLAN
What are these for?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(Putting on gloves)
Put them on. Unless you wanna smell
like a butcher's taint?

DYLAN

Smelt many of those have you?
(Looking into the bag)
Oh fucking hell.

ADAM

I know, right?
(Snapping on last glove)

DYLAN

Christ...

Putting on the gloves, Dylan picks up his bag.

ADAM

I told Natalie to meet us there.

DYLAN

Why?

ADAM

(Oblivious)
Come on, let's go. He'll be leaving
soon.

The trio start walking towards the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. REDWAY -- 3:05 PM

The Redway bike path is flanked with grass verges, bushes
and trees that boarder a set of allotments.

We follow Kevin from behind, walking alone along the path
until he's stopped by a voice calling him out.

ADAM

Oi! Special K!

Adam and Dylan are stood across the path, holding their
plastic bags. Reaching into his, Adam produces an eyeball.

Looking behind him, Kevin spots Natalie and Tom appear;
Natalie is recording on her phone.

Kevin turns back just as Adam throws the eye, landing right
on Kevin's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

This begins the salvo, Tom and Adam lobbing eyes from both sides.

Kevin tries to run, but he's surrounded as the pair close in.

Dylan has yet to do anything.

Natalie walks around to Dylan's side, still filming. She is laughing.

Kevin is crouched down, hiding behind his hands.

ADAM
(To Dylan)
Come on Dyl -- What're you waiting
for?!

Dylan reaches into his bag as Natalie trains the phone on him.

TOM
Come on Dylan! Give it to him!

Adam and Tom empty their bags. They both look at Dylan. Kevin peeks out from behind his hands. Dylan is holding the eye aloft. No one knows what's going to happen.

TOM
Come on!

ADAM
Hit him.

NATALIE
Dylan, fucking hit him now!

Dylan throws. His trio laugh and cheer.

TOM
And again! Fucking twat him!

Dylan throws again.

And again. More ferocious with each swing; a frenzy.

The cheers only grow louder as Dylan closes in, throwing harder until he's right on top of Kevin, who is just curled up in a ball.

Throwing his last eyeball, Dylan screws up the bag and throws that at Kevin, before pulling Kevin round to face him, grabbing a handful of eyes off of the floor and mashing them into Kevin's face and hair.

(CONTINUED)

This only makes his gang cheer louder.

Kevin struggles and cries as Dylan tries to force feed him the eyeballs, until a pair of hands yank him away.

Blue-haired with tattoos and piercings, Michelle pushes everyone away from Kevin, standing between him and his lynch mob. Everyone backs off.

MICHELLE
Leave him alone!

Natalie is still filming.

NATALIE
Oooh, has Kevin got a girlfriend?
Kevin, is this greebo cunt your
girlfriend?

Michelle makes a grab for the phone but misses, making Natalie chuckle.

MICHELLE
Just fuck off. Now.

Nobody moves.

MICHELLE
Fine.

Taking out her phone, Michelle dials 999.

999 OPERATOR
(V.O)
Emergency. Which service?

MICHELLE
Police.

The gang all look at each other. Tom picks an eye up off the floor and throws it at Michelle. She ducks it.

MICHELLE
Really?

Frenzy subsided, Dylan turns to everyone.

DYLAN
Let's go.

MICHELLE
Good choice.

The group turns to leave.

Natalie stops recording.

Tom and Adam throw their bags away and Dylan turns to join the others as they head down the Redway.

POLICE OFFICER
(V.O)
Thames Valley Police.

MICHELLE
False alarm.

Hanging up, Michelle only turns to Kevin after his lynch mob move way out of sight.

Kevin is still on the ground; Michelle crouches down to face him.

MICHELLE
Hey.

Kevin doesn't move.

MICHELLE
Kevin?

Kevin still doesn't move.

MICHELLE
Look, I'm sure it's very
comfortable down there but how
about you get up before people
start throwing you their coppers?

Touching his arm, Kevin flinches slightly before letting Michelle take it and stand him up.

MICHELLE
That's it...

Stood up straight, Michelle gets a proper look at Kevin.

MICHELLE
Holy shit...

Covered in blood and entrails, you'd think Kevin worked in an abattoir. Michelle turns back down the Redway.

MICHELLE
Animals.

Over Michelle's shoulder, we see Kevin make a sudden realisation.

(CONTINUED)

Michelle hears him make a noise and turns.

MICHELLE

What?

KEVIN

(Gagging)

I think I swallowed some...

Running to the verge, Kevin vomits loudly before taking a water bottle out of his bag and swilling his mouth out.

Michelle spots his glasses on the floor and picks them up, wiping the lenses on her top.

She holds them in Kevin's direction, waiting for him to finish.

KEVIN

(Taking his glasses)

Thanks.

MICHELLE

Lucky those weren't smashed.

Kevin puts on his glasses.

MICHELLE

You okay?

KEVIN

Not really.

MICHELLE

Right. Stupid question.

(Beat)

You want I can walk home with you?

KEVIN

No.

MICHELLE

Should I call your mum?

KEVIN

No! No, it's-- it's okay. I'm fine.

MICHELLE

You're sure?

KEVIN

I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Okay.

Beat.

KEVIN

Okay well... erm...

MICHELLE

--Michelle.

KEVIN

--Michelle, this was... awful. I'll
erm... yeah.

Kevin turns to leave.

MICHELLE

(Beat)

You're welcome by the way.

Kevin stops and looks back at Michelle.

KEVIN

What?

MICHELLE

Saving you from the droogs. You're
welcome.

KEVIN

Right. Thanks. I guess.

MICHELLE

(Walking towards Kevin)

You "guess"?

KEVIN

(Anxious)

I mean, it would've been better if
you'd just left it, but...

MICHELLE

(Shocked)

Are you serious?

KEVIN

(More anxious)

Because now they--

Kevin cuts himself off.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

What?

KEVIN

Never mind.

MICHELLE

No, go on. "Because now...?"

KEVIN

(Agitated)

Because now they think you're like
my lesbian bodyguard and that I
have wet dreams over you all the
time or-or something!

A beat before Michelle starts to laugh mockingly.

MICHELLE

SO?!

Still laughing, Michelle starts to walk away. Kevin takes a few steps in pursuit.

KEVIN

Is that it?!

After a couple of steps Michelle turns, walking backwards and giving Kevin the finger on both hands, still smiling, before spinning and walking off down the Redway.

Kevin watches her leave before turning and marching himself home.

CUT TO:

EXT. REDWAY -- MEANWHILE

Dylan and his gang are walking down the Redway, before turning off down a path.

Dylan and Natalie are walking together, Tom and Adam behind.

Dylan is staring off pensively.

CUT TO:

EXT GREEN PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Tom and Adam split off from Dylan and Natalie, who are walking arm-in-arm.

Natalie is watching the video she recorded on her phone. Dylan stays quiet, looking pained to even be there.

We can hear Kevin's screams on her phone, followed by Michelle's intervention. Dylan glances over Natalie's shoulder, watching guiltily.

MICHELLE
(On Natalie's phone)
Leave him alone!

Natalie snorts.

MICHELLE
(On Natalie's phone)
Just fuck off. Now.

NATALIE
(Mockingly)
Ooooh.

Natalie chuckles. Dylan stays silent.

MICHELLE
(On Natalie's phone)
Police.

NATALIE
Can't believe she called the
police.

Winding the video back, we see Dylan watch himself as he assaults Kevin.

NATALIE
I thought you were gonna kill him--

Dylan snatches the phone.

NATALIE
Hey!

Deleting the video, Dylan shoves the phone back into Natalie's hand before storming off.

NATALIE
What the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Anne is at her laptop writing when she hears the front door open and Kevin enter.

ANNE

Hello.

KEVIN

(Off screen)

Alright?

Still typing, Anne stands up from the table.

ANNE

Yeah...

Anne is stood at the kitchen door.

ANNE

...You?

Much of the blood is gone from Kevin's face, but his clothes and hair are still caked. Anne sees her son and is silent for a beat.

ANNE

Jesus, what happened? What happened to you?!

KEVIN

Nothing. Accident.

Kevin puts his bag down.

ANNE

"Accident"? What kind of "accident"?

KEVIN

Nothing. It was a mistake.

Kevin toes his shoes off without undoing the laces.

ANNE

Really? This have anything to do with what happened in Biology today?

KEVIN

How did you--?

(CONTINUED)

ANNE
--School rang me.

KEVIN
Right.

ANNE
There was an incident with another student? Something to do with a dissection?

KEVIN
It doesn't matter. I've handled it.

ANNE
Clearly. Kevin--

KEVIN
Mum. Leave it.

ANNE
No, I won't "leave it". In fact, I'm going to call them right now--

KEVIN
No! No, you won't.

ANNE
Why not? Look at you!

KEVIN
You'll just make things worse.

ANNE
How will I?

KEVIN
Because you always do! You remember Grendon Hall?

ANNE
Kevin, I can't just--

KEVIN
It's fine! I'm fine! Everything's fine! Will you please just leave me alone?!

A beat. Anne relents.

ANNE
Give me your clothes. Don't want you tracking blood through the house.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin begins to strip. Both stay silent.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR AND DYLAN'S ROOM --
CONTINUOUS

The house is empty when Dylan enters, through the front door this time. He heads straight for his room.

Dylan enters his room almost in a stagger, dropping his bag in the corner and sitting on his bed.

It is then that he notices the rotten meat smell. He pulls off one of his espadrilles to find eyes and blood caked into the tread. He throws them both in the bin and lies back in bed.

Closing his eyes, he takes a deep breath to try to calm himself. All he can think about is Kevin, wincing slightly at the flashes of memory.

In sharp movements, Dylan grabs his pillows and screams into them.

When he emerges, he takes another deep breath and puts his pillows back.

Reaching into his back pocket, Dylan takes out the Drama Club leaflet. Digging out an old dog-eared copy of *Twelfth Night*, Dylan slides the folded leaflet into the front of the book and puts it on his bedside.

Then he looks at his basketball.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- BACK GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan is shooting hoops barefoot in the back garden.

Earphones in, he is listening to an audio play of *Twelfth Night* while making two-pointers and lay-ups-and free throws in quick succession.

Dylan is a fantastic athlete.

After a few baskets, Mike enters. Dylan does a turnaround J-shot. Sinks it.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

You need to be sharper on the turn.

Dylan turns to his father, taking out the earphones.

DYLAN

What?

MIKE

The turnaround, you need to be sharper.

DYLAN

It went in, didn't it?

MIKE

Not if you had someone guarding.

DYLAN

Okay.

MIKE

(Smiling)

Go get your plimsolls on, we're going for a run. Need you fit for tomorrow.

Dylan takes a free throw. Swish.

DYLAN

I don't suppose I get a vote in this?

MIKE

Absolutely you do, of course. Tongwell or Bury Field?

Mike's comment distracts Dylan, a two-pointer deflects off the rim.

DYLAN

Yeah, that's exactly what I meant.

MIKE

Good. Tongwell it is. See you out front.

DYLAN

(Shouting after him)

Okay, but when you collapse halfway should wait until the ambulance comes or just keep running?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
(Off screen)
Who says I'm going to collapse?

CUT TO:

EXT. TONGWELL LAKE -- 4.00 PM

Mike and Dylan are jogging around TONGWELL LAKE.

Dylan is taking long, relaxed strides; he hasn't even broken a sweat.

Meanwhile, Mike is looking winded, sweating profusely, his strides shorter and heavier.

Dylan has his earphones in. This doesn't stop Mike from talking.

MIKE
(Breathing heavily)
Y'know -- we really need -- to
start varying your pace. Get your
fast -- fast twitch muscles going.

Dylan keeps jogging, oblivious to his father.

MIKE
(Wheezing)

Might even be an idea -- to get you out here -- with some dumb-bells -- maybe even ankle -- ankle weights. I can get them -- from work

Dylan's phone buzzes. Text from Adam:
"Party at Leannes. Pre drinks at mine? Rents are away :)"

Dylan takes out an earphone.

DYLAN
I'll meet you at the park.

Picking up the pace, Dylan leaves his father, who looks set to die.

MIKE
Alright -- you go -- I'll--

Mike stops, waving Dylan to keep going while he catches his breath. Dylan runs on, texting Adam:
"Be there in 5"

(CONTINUED)

We see Dylan from Mike's POV as he disappears round a corner.

Dylan arrives at the park next to the lake, looking through a clearing to see Mike trudging along in the distance.

Dylan smiles and jogs away down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. KEMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- 4:30 PM

Adam and Dylan ching shot glasses filled with an unknown brown liquid.

They drink them and bang the glasses down on the kitchen counter, coughing and wretching.

ADAM
(Choking)
I think we've discovered an
alternative fuel.

DYLAN
(Croaking)
I think I've discovered E. Coli.

Lining up the shot glasses, Adam holds the spout steady while Dylan pours from a large ceramic jug capped with a chunky cork.

DYLAN
I thought this was supposed to be
peach wine.

ADAM
That was last year. Now it's marrow
rum.

DYLAN
Where does your dad get this stuff?

ADAM
eBay. Go again.

DYLAN
Do you wanna know how they make it?

ADAM
Ching.

They ching their glasses.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

It's fermented in a sock for a year.

ADAM

Drink!

They neck them, coughing hard again, hammering their glasses down.

DYLAN

(Choking)

It tastes like verucca cream.

ADAM

(Short of breath)

Well, if you like that -- you'll love this.

Reaching into his pocket, Adam takes out a plastic bag containing a singed, slightly short spliff.

ADAM

(Clearing his throat)

Dino's had a clearance sale. This was dead stock.

DYLAN

What is it?

ADAM

Dog hair by the smell of it. I asked him what it's called, he said: "It's £10, what do you want? A birth certificate?" Thought I'd give you the honour of first pull.

DYLAN

Thanks...

Adam pours two more shots while Dylan takes out the spliff and lights it.

Dylan takes a long drag before spitting it into the sink and taking another shot, which he also spits out onto the spliff. Drinking from the tap, Dylan swills out his mouth as Adam watches on.

ADAM

(Beat)

What? No good?

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN

(Out of breath)

Fuck you.

ADAM

You sure you're feeling alright?
Spitting up rum, coughing up
spliff, having a spack at your
girlfriend -- should I be calling
someone? NHS Direct? Maybe get a
second opinion?

DYLAN

(Beat)

She told you.

ADAM

Just checking to see if you're
coming tonight. You have to make it
up to her apparently.

DYLAN

Right.

ADAM

Hey, no one's forcing you. I mean
tonight could be the night to get
shot of her--

DYLAN

(On top of Adam's line)

--When did we become these people?

ADAM

What?

DYLAN

Us. You and me. I mean, do you
remember what we were like before
we got cool?

ADAM

We're cool?

DYLAN

Popular then, I-- you know what I
mean.

ADAM

Barely ever.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
We weren't bullies.

ADAM
And we are now?

DYLAN
We pelted some daft twat with rotten eyeballs and now we're getting drunk and high and talking about me dumping the girlfriend I've been cheating on since New Year's -- no, we are real model fucking citizens.

ADAM
(Beat)
Like I said: No one's forcing you.

They share a look.

DYLAN
What time are we going to Leanne's?

ADAM
Well, we've still got a bottle of Jäger after this, so I'd say maybe half 7?

DYLAN
Okay.

They ching their glasses together again and drink, coughing and wheezing.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S ROOM -- 5:30 PM

The room is dark save for the light of the computer screen.

Kevin is staring intently at the screen, his hair damp from the three showers he took to get the blood and stink off. He's already wearing his pyjamas.

It soon becomes apparent that he is masturbating, as we look over his right shoulder (which begins to work more vigorously) to see his computer screen is laden with tasteless selfies of Natalie, all taken from her Twitter and Instagram pages.

Kevin is breathing hard, approaching orgasm.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE
(V.O)
KEVIN! DINNER!

Kevin sighs, pausing for a moment, then continuing, even more furiously. This goes on for a beat.

ANNE
(V.O)
IT'S GETTING COLD!

KEVIN
(Impatiently)
COMING!

Kevin climaxes.

He takes some tissues to wipe himself and closes the photos, leaving just Natalie's Twitter feed open.

Kevin is pulling up his pyjama trousers, tying them up at the waist when he spots Natalie's latest tweet:

"Party at Leannes tonite guna be siiikkkkkk! Hope I dnt fall inna river! :P"

ANNE
I'M JUST GOING TO THROW IT AWAY IN
A MINUTE!

KEVIN
(Turning to the door)
ALRIGHT!

Re-reading the tweet, Kevin smiles and looks over to his side desk, which is covered with homemade fireworks.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE -- NIGHT -- 9:30 PM

We follow Dylan and Adam as they stumble drunkenly up the path of the MYERS HOUSE.

Jessie J is playing loud as they reach the door. They stand there for a beat.

DYLAN
Maybe you should ring the bell.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Hmm?

DYLAN

The doorbell. Ring it.

ADAM

Oh yeah.

Adam rings the doorbell.

No answer. The music keeps playing.

He looks at Dylan. Adam rings again, holding his finger on the bell.

After a second, the music is silenced.

LEANNE MYERS opens the door and Adam takes his finger off the button. She has no expression on her face.

LEANNE

Adam. Dylan.

They both try to walk in. Leanne blocks them.

LEANNE

Ah. Password?

Dylan and Adam both look at each other and then Adam produces a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

Leanne's face lights up -- her loud and bubbly self unleashed.

LEANNE

Well, come the fuck in!

Standing aside, Leanne welcomes them both in and calls back into the living room.

LEANNE

Hey, why the fuck is the fucking music off?!

The music resumes as Leanne shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

We enter to see a large living room, all furniture moved to the sides, with a fold-out table placed beneath the mantle. It's laden with booze mixers and plastic cups.

Panning across the party, we find Tom, drunk and talking to a random girl.

TOM
(Loudly)
You know, you're really
beautiful... you know?

PARTY GIRL
(Loudly)
Thanks.

TOM
(Loudly)
So beautiful, I'd bathe in your
drippings.

Shocked and a little scared, the Party Girl looks over Tom's shoulder and pretends to recognise someone.

PARTY GIRL
(Loudly)
Hey! Amanda!

The Party Girl walks off. Tom barely notices.

As Dylan and Tom enter they are welcomed warmly and loudly over the music by various party-goers. Tom spots them.

TOM
DYLAN!

Dylan stops to talk to Tom while Adam goes on to the drinks table.

Setting down the bottle of Jack, Adam takes two cups and pours a generous double Jäger into each.

He turns to see Dylan still talking to Tom, looking back to grab a can of Red Bull.

ADAM
HEY DYLAN! HOW MUCH RED BULL DO YOU
WANT IN YOUR--

Looking back around, Adam spots Natalie grab Dylan by a sleeve and lead him towards the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

Visibly disappointed, Adam empties Dylan's Jäger into his cup and then fills it to the top with Red Bull.

Tom comes and puts his arm around Adam, dragging him out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE -- LEANNE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Natalie drags Dylan into Leanne's bedroom, sitting him down on the bed. Natalie is stood in front of him.

NATALIE

Right, what's going on with you?

Dylan stays quiet for a moment, looking out of Leanne's open window and then back at Natalie.

Then he realises she said something.

DYLAN

Hmm?

NATALIE

What the fuck is going on with you?!

DYLAN

Whatever do you mean?

NATALIE

Arsehole, how about going off at me outside my house? Or going missing last night? Or the zillion other ways you've acted like a dick since New Year's.

DYLAN

Nooo, never. I always come straight back don't I? I always come running back... cuz--

(As Bryan Adams)

"I'm gonna run to you!"

NATALIE

Dylan.

DYLAN

(Still doing Bryan Adams)

"Cuz when the feeling's right, I'm gonna stay all night, I'm gonna run to you!"

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
DYLAN!

DYLAN
NATALIE!

NATALIE
ANSWER ME!

Getting to his feet, Dylan puts his hands on Natalie's shoulders, sliding down to her hips. Natalie waits for a response.

DYLAN
Natalie.

Natalie nods.

DYLAN
I would love to go for a swim with you.

NATALIE
Dylan! I'm trying to talk to you here...

Dylan starts to kiss Natalie's neck.

NATALIE
...fuck sake.

Natalie starts to soften. They kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE MEADOW -- CONTINUOUS

RIVERSIDE MEADOW sits across the river from the MYERS' back garden.

From the meadow side we can see a large glass conservatory filled with party-goers.

In the foreground, the silhouette of a firework aimed at the house, a hand entering frame to adjust it slightly.

A match is struck, the light catching in Kevin's glasses as he lights the fuse.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE -- LEANNE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan and Natalie are making out, becoming more intense, when the sound of a firework stops them.

They both look at the window as it careens inside, crouching on the floor as it whirls up and down the walls from floor to ceiling, sending sparks all over the room, before finally being caught in a corner, the propellant burning out before letting off an ear-splitting crack.

A window breaks downstairs and Natalie and Dylan exit.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE -- LANDING AND LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rushing downstairs Dylan and Natalie find the guests crowding to get through the front door, with Tom and Adam waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

DYLAN

What the fuck is happening?

ADAM

I dunno! People started yelling
fire!

Another loud crack.

DYLAN

It's not a fire.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Another firework crashes through the window as Dylan enters the kitchen, with Adam close behind.

Looking through to the conservatory, we can see another firework fizzling out before going off.

Immediately after, another three are sent flying into the house, one narrowly missing Dylan as he enters the conservatory.

Adam is too busy dodging the fireworks to notice, but Dylan sees where they were launched from and charges outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE AND RIVERSIDE MEADOW -- CONTINUOUS

We can see a firework bouncing around the kitchen from Kevin's POV.

He is laughing and hollering like a child who's just discovered firecrackers.

He begins to set up another firework when the conservatory doors burst open and Dylan is running towards the river's edge.

But Kevin won't be denied his moment. He takes another rocket, angling it for the master bedroom window.

Dylan jumps into the river.

Kevin adjusts the angle of the firework slightly.

Dylan is wading quickly through the thigh-high river water.

Kevin takes a match and strikes it, snapping it.

Dylan reaches the meadow side.

Kevin takes another match. It catches.

Using a weeping willow as a rope, Dylan climbs up onto the bank.

As Dylan stands up straight on the meadow side, a rocket zips past his left ear, colliding with the house and zipping straight up and exploding in a multi-coloured light.

Dylan lunges for Kevin as he tries to run, putting him in a headlock.

Unable to break free, Kevin runs the both of them back into the river. Dylan tries to shake him, but Kevin is holding him too tightly, sending them both into the water.

Kevin is on his feet first, as Dylan landed on his front.

Just as Dylan finds his feet, Kevin sucker punches him. Dylan staggers back, amazed. Kevin is too, but only for a second, before taking another swing, only this time Dylan catches his fist.

But before Dylan can counter, Kevin punches Dylan in the stomach, which puts him on his knees where Kevin can dunk him in the river, trying to drown him.

This wakes Dylan up, who throws Kevin up and off of him.

(CONTINUED)

Landing on his back, Kevin cowers back as Dylan starts to advance on him when we hear another body crash into the water, as Adam wades into the fracas.

ADAM

Dylan! Don't bother, the police are here.

(Dylan doesn't hear him)

Dylan. Let's go. Now.

Letting himself be led away, Dylan never takes his eyes off of Kevin, who waits until Dylan is out of the river before pulling himself back onto the bank, gathering his things and running home.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYFIELD HOUSE -- 10:30 PM

There is a knock at the front door. We can see a large man in black through the door.

MIKE

Just a minute.

Mike takes a large key ring out of his pocket, rolling the keys until he finds the one for the padlock on the front door. Mike sees a face he recognises: TERRY, 40's, tall and a police officer. He is not a beat bobby or a community support officer -- he is a black flak jacket, mace and baton type.

TERRY

Evenin' Mike.

MIKE

Terry, what's the--

Looking behind Terry, we see Dylan, flushed, a little bruised and soaking wet.

DYLAN

Hi dad.

MIKE

(Looking at Dylan)

Where?

TERRY

Party on the Willen Road.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
How'd he get like this?

TERRY
Said he was practicing his
backstroke.

MIKE
(To Dylan)
Get in.

Dylan shoulders past Terry and his father.

MIKE
Cheers Terry, really appreciate it.

TERRY
S'nothin' Mike, you know that. But
er, y'know, tonight it was me.
Doubt he'll be as lucky next time.

MIKE
Yeah.
(Beat)
Thanks again.

TERRY
Tata.

Terry leaves.

Mike closes the door, locking and padlocking before leaning
his forehead against the glass.

Dylan watches his father from the foot of the stairs before
taking a few steps towards him.

DYLAN
So listen, I know you've got a
lecture brewing in there but can it
we do it tomorrow when I don't
smell like river. Cuz, y'know --
it's distracting.

A long silence.

DYLAN
Did a three-ten round Tongwell.
Beat my record. So maybe giving me
a break isn't totally out of line,
y'know--

Mike turns on Dylan, backhanding him sharply across the
mouth.

(CONTINUED)

Knocked back to the stairs, Dylan holds his jaw, shocked, while Mike just looks at him coldly.

MIKE
(Quietly)
Not a word. Not one word you spoilt
fucking hooligan.

Mike sighs and turns away.

MIKE
Brought home by police and still
you mouth off. What your mother
would say, seeing you like this.

DYLAN
She can't say anything dad, she's
dead.

MIKE
Just... go away, Dylan. Alright? Go
away.

Biting back more words, Dylan heads upstairs. We hear his bedroom door slam.

Mike just stands quietly by the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARNER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Wheeling round a corner, Kevin runs tiredly down his drive, sending gravel flying everywhere.

He stops at the front door, catching his breath before carefully unlocking the door and slipping inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The house is dark, just the way he left it. He climbs the stairs two at a time, careful not to make any sound.

A floorboard creaks on the landing. Kevin stops, looking towards his mother's bedroom door. The doorknob doesn't move. He waits an extra second to make sure, before going straight to his room.

We stay outside for a second to see Anne's bedroom door open a crack and then close again.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin puts his bag carefully on the side table and then strips quickly, stuffing the river clothes under his bed and putting his pyjamas back on, all by the light of the street lamp outside. He checks the clock: 11:03 AM; the latest he's ever been out.

Setting his glasses down on the bedside table, Kevin allows himself a small smile of contentment as he drifts off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- NEXT DAY -- 6:30 AM

(NOTE: From now on Kevin and Dylan have SWAPPED BODIES. The actors will retain their original character names and dialogue will be assigned to those names. Dylan's lines will continue to be performed by Dylan's actor and vice versa).

We find Kevin, mouth open and drooling, his mild snoring catching in his throat and stirring him awake.

Groggily, he wrenches himself out of bed, staggering to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Toilet flush as Kevin goes to the sink, his eyes barely open.

Tossing some water on his face, Kevin looks up, rubbing his eyes.

POV: BLURRED EYESIGHT. TWO BLINKS BUT REMAINS BLURRED.

KEVIN
(To himself)
What was in that rum?

A knock at the door.

ANNE
Morning sweetheart. You're up
early. Everything alright?

(CONTINUED)

Kevin looks at the door, confused like he's never heard Anne's voice before.

His eyes are wide open, but he still can't see. Wiping his eyes repeatedly, he looks around for somewhere to hide.

ANNE
Sweetie?

KEVIN
Yeah...

Kevin is shocked at his own voice.

KEVIN
...yeah, everything's fine.

Kevin mouths "What the fuck?"

ANNE
Okay. I'll call school later to tell them you won't be in today.

KEVIN
(Confused)
Okay...

The door opens and a hand appears holding a pair of glasses.

ANNE
You left these in your room.

KEVIN
Thank you...

Kevin takes the glasses, hearing soft footfalls leave the doorway and go downstairs.

Looking at the glasses, Kevin wipes his face again. Still blurred. He tries on the glasses.

POV: SPECTACLE FRAMES AROUND HIS POV AS HIS BLURRY VISION SNAPS INTO FOCUS.

Kevin sees himself in the mirror and falls back into the shower.

Looking round, he seems completely lost in his own bathroom.

After a second, he climbs out of the shower, slowly approaching the mirror, lifting the glasses up and down; blurred and focused.

(CONTINUED)

Considering his appearance, he looks from all angles, touching and squishing his face and mussing his hair until finally pulling out a strand. He winces, looking at the curly strand and then back at his reflection.

KEVIN

Oh fuck me...

A fresh realization dawns on Kevin's face, which makes him rush back to the bedroom (taking a beat to remember where it is).

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bashing through the door, Kevin looks around the bedroom. He spots the bag full of fireworks.

KEVIN

Jesus.

Kevin goes through all the drawers in the desk and bedside cabinets.

KEVIN

Come on, come on, you're not that weird.

Finally, in a bottom drawer, he finds it.

KEVIN

Bingo.

We see a Nokia 3410 (packaging and all) nestled among papers and pens in the bottom desk drawer.

Kevin tries to turn it on, but the battery is flat. Plugged in to the mains, it soon lights up.

KEVIN

Hope he has credit.

The phone fires up, loading the main screen. He goes to the phone book. Only two numbers: "Home" and "Manga Bonanza".

KEVIN

Okay, so what's his number--
(Sighs)
Dick...

Kevin dials a number.

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We hear a phone vibration and Des'ree's 'Kissing You' (Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet*) sounding from a pair of jeans crumpled with other clothes on the floor of Natalie's room.

Dylan is asleep, Natalie lying awake next to him.

NATALIE
(Whisper)
Dylan.

Nothing. Natalie nudges him

NATALIE
(Loud whisper)
Dylan!

Dylan stirs, turning to face Natalie, his eyes dragging themselves open. There is a bruise on his left cheek.

POV: DYLAN'S BLURRED AND HALF-OPEN VISION SHARPENS AS HE WAKES TO SEE NATALIE IN FULL CLOSE-UP.

The ringtone cuts as Natalie snaps into focus. Dylan is startled.

DYLAN
NYAAAH!

Dylan falls out of bed with a hard bump, Natalie whisper-laughing.

Picking himself up quickly, Dylan looks all around, confused and wary before Natalie catches his eye.

NATALIE
Expecting someone else?

DYLAN
(Beat)
How did I get here?

Dylan is suprised at his own voice.

NATALIE
You tapped on my window at midnight. I imagine you walked.

DYLAN
But how did I get-- oww.

Dylan holds his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Yeah, you came in with that. You didn't tell me what happened.

DYLAN

I don't know how I got here.

NATALIE

I'd be suprised if you knew your own name after last night.

Dylan is about to reply when 'Kissing You' plays again.

NATALIE

You should probably get that. Might be your dad.

Natalie exits.

We hear the shower running as Dylan goes through his jeans until he finds a ringing iPhone.

He takes a moment to figure out how to answer it.

DYLAN

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin is stood in his bedroom talking on the mobile.

KEVIN

Hello me.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan looks at the phone is sheer bemusement before replying.

DYLAN

(Whisper)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Okay, I need very much for you not
to lose your shit right now. Can
you do that?

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN

(Taking a breath)

Yes.

KEVIN

(V.O)

Good. Now, do you know what's
happened?

DYLAN

Yes. This is all a bad dream and
I'm about to wake up.

KEVIN

(V.O)

Go to the closet.

DYLAN

What?

KEVIN

(V.O)

White door, gold handle, go now--
but don't open it yet!

DYLAN goes to the door and puts his hand on the handle.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN

(V.O)

Found it.

KEVIN

There's a mirror on the other side
of the door. Take a deep breath,
then open it. And when you freak
out, do it quietly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Taking a deep breath, Dylan swings the door open and steps back.

He looks in the mirror, seeing himself and makes a noise somewhere between a gasp and a whispered scream, backing away until his calves find the bed, which he sits on.

DYLAN
(Whisper)
What the fuck!?

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
Listen--

DYLAN
(V.O)
What the fuck?!

KEVIN
Shut-up! What did I say about
quietly?

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
(Whisper)
I'm you! How the hell am I you?!

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
What happened to not losing your
shit?

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
(Whisper)
I looked in the mirror and saw
Dylan Mayfield's face -- what the
fuck do you think?!

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
Good, then we're on the same page.
Did you hear me say we need to
meet?

DYLAN
(V.O)
Okay.

KEVIN
Good. You know the basketball court
on Bury Field?

DYLAN
(V.O)
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
(V.O)
Go there now. Don't talk to anyone.

DYLAN
Okay.

KEVIN
(V.O)
Call me when you're on the way.

DYLAN
I don't know the number.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
Fuckwit, it's your phone! It's your
number that you're dialing.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
I got that phone when I was twelve.
I only used it twice. I never
remembered the number.

KEVIN
(V.O)
Then just go to recent calls.

DYLAN
How do I do that?

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
There's a little green square with
a phone on it? You just-- oh fuck
it, I'll call you.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
Okay-- wait! I think I'm at your
girlfriend's place. How do I get
out of here without her knowing
something's off?

KEVIN
(V.O)
Welcome to my life. You'll figure
it out.

The shower stops.

(CONTINUED)

DYLAN
But I--

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KEVIN
--I'll call back in five.
(Hangs up phone)
Fucking spackwagon.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOK HOUSE -- NATALIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dylan tosses the phone on the bed.

DYLAN
(Whisper)
Fuck.

Going through the mound of clothes, Dylan finds his stuff and dresses quickly.

We see Natalie enter over Dylan's shoulder. She is wearing a bathrobe, but removes it in the background.

Dylan is straightening up when Natalie reaches around his waist. Dylan jumps, turning quickly to find Natalie, damp and naked with her arms around him. His surprise makes them both lose their balance and fall on the bed.

DYLAN
Whoa! Okay, alright, that's great--

NATALIE
(Whisper)
Quickie before school?

DYLAN
(Nervous)
'Fraid not. That was dad. Have to go.

NATALIE
Okay. See you later?

DYLAN
Sure.

Natalie kisses Dylan.

(CONTINUED)

It's his first kiss.

Starting shocked, he soon relaxes into it.

Natalie stands up to dress while Dylan basks in the afterglow, before coming out of it and rushing out.

We stay with Natalie, a puzzled expression on her face as she watches him leave, clattering down the stairs and exiting.

CUT TO:

INT. WARNER HOUSE -- KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin is sifting through his wardrobe, choosing a simple ensemble -- no shirt and sweater combo today.

He dresses and grabs a block of post-its from the desk and starts writing a note to Anne.

Writing "Mum", he is immediately confused and frustrated. Kevin screws up the post-it and starts again. He starts writing "Gone" and stops.

KEVIN

Weird.

Kevin finishes the note and leaves. We see it as the bedroom door closes: "Gone out -- Call if you need"

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- 7:00 AM

The court is a sometime car park for the youth club that overlooks Bury Fiel -- a single basketball net at the far end.

We find Dylan running towards the front gate. He hops the gate in stride, jogging slower to the middle of the court.

There's no one there.

He looks around, concerned for a moment, when from around the corner, Kevin emerges.

They never take their eyes off of one another as come face-to-face

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

74.

Fuck. KEVIN

CUT TO CREDITS
END OF EPISODE ONE