

SMALL WORLD

[Episode 5 - Yorkshire Pudding]

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INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Two king size posters adorn the bedroom wall - a black-and-white one of Muhammed Ali looking down at a defeated Sonny Liston, and another of Tupac Shakur, also bare-chested.

A SPIDER crawls down between them.

A digital alarm clock goes from "8.07" to "8.08" as it starts BEEPING annoyingly. A brown hand attempts to reach it from underneath a duvet, on top of which is a half-eaten pizza.

The hand misses the clock and accidentally SWIPES 4 semi-filled beer bottles that RATTLE to the floor.

The hand finally hits the SNOOZE button on its umpteenth attempt, and the beeping finally STOPS.

The hand slowly slides back under the duvet. The body GROANS silently, rolls to its other side and becomes motionless.

Silence. For a couple of seconds. When suddenly....

ROB
WHOARRRRRRRGH!!!!

The DOOR SLAMS OPEN and a fat, freckled, naked man - ROB (18) - solely dressed in his tighty-whities, snatches off the duvet and jumps onto the athletic British-Asian boy - IMMY (18) - tying his thick legs around him. Immy is not happy.

IMMY
Rob! What the hell, man??

Ignoring him, Rob forces his man-bosom into Immy's face.

ROB
Suck my nips.

IMMY
(trying to fight it)
What?

ROB
Suck my nips, mate. Do it.

The Spider escapes from the room into the corridor.

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - DAY

A computer screen show a picture of an inflatable punch bag being sold on Ebay. 3 mins 36 secs remaining.

The bidder is SKEET (19, long curly hair with a rastafarian hat and a stripey jumper). He excitedly shakes his knees as he tentatively watches the screen.

SKEET

Come, come my pretties, come.

There is a KNOCK on the door. DANNY (bespectacled, geek chic, private schoolboy accent) pulls the door back with his BANDAGED FINGERS, and pops his head around it.

DANNY

You do have clothes on, don't you?

SKEET

Come, my pretty.

Danny throws a packet with a label reading GROW-YOUR-OWN-SOFA on Skeet's bed, showing a picture of an inflatable sofa.

DANNY

Skeet. Are you sure you have enough space in here for all of these Ebay purchases you're making?

SKEET

Course I do.

Wrong. Skeet has hardly any room left, with his bedroom filled with such inflatable goods as a microphone, a hammer, a lamp and a humongous duck.

DANNY

You do know there's a package of fifty children's armbands upstairs.

Skeet lowers his head.

SKEET

It was an accident. Got a little overexcited. Won't happen again.

DANNY

They're *children's* armbands-

SKEET

Just needs a little bit of lubrication, that's (all)

DANNY

(Skeet)

SKEET

Danny, later man! I am not going to lose this punchbag!

DANNY

Inflatable punchbag. Skeet. Skeet??

Skeet ignores him and continues clicking, watching intently. Danny grows fed up of waiting for Skeet to respond. He SIGHS and leaves.

SKEET

Come baby. Come baby baby. Come,
come.

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Danny PLOPS down in front of his computer.

He clicks on the "MUSIC" icon on his desktop, then "TRANCE",
taking him to a list of files that can only be porn:

"LOCK STOCK AND TWO SMOKING TWINS"

"THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN DOVER"

"THE GIRL WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE"

Danny clicks on the file "TRUE TIT".

Danny leans back. An American accent emanates from the
screen.

PORN ACTRESS (O.S.)

Wow! It's so big! Put it in.

Danny prepares to unzip, but comes across one major flaw: the
three middle fingers on his right hand bandaged together. He
looks to his left hand and reaches down.

Unfortunately, he finds the angle too awkward to have any
chance of success.

PORN ACTRESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh my Gaaad. Oh my Gaaaad!

SKEET (O.S.)

Oh! Oh! Oh! YEEEEESSSS!

Danny looks in the direction of Skeet's excited scream with
annoyance. He looks at both of his hands. It's a lost cause.

ROB (V.O.)

Don't be afraid to touch. You know
that I'm a good girl.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Rob continues to rape Immy, now JUMPING on top of him.

IMMY

(difficulty talking with
each jump)

Rob...get...the hell...off...me!

Immy manages to push Rob away, who CRASHES onto the floor.

IMMY (CONT'D)

Fat prick! What's your problem man?

ROB

Who you calling prick, prick?
You're the one who asked me to wake
you up for lectures!

Immy shoots him evils and withdraws back under his duvet.

Rob is hurt, speechless. Until...

ROB (CONT'D)

You're the prick, prick!

He walks out and SLAMS the door shut.

ROB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Prick!

Immy takes a DEEP BREATH and goes back to sleep.

The alarm clock instantly starts BUZZING again. Immy
violently SWIPES the clock to the floor, where it BREAKS on
impact and the buzz WHIRRS down to a death.

The clock blinks "08:14".

A copy of Immy's university timetable on the wall reads that
Immy has lectures between 9am and 2pm.

The clock now blinks "13:04".

Immy's eyes slowly flicker to life.

He picks up the alarm clock and looks at the time.

IMMY

Shit.

He then discovers his half-eaten pizza slice, and joyfully
eats it.

INT. OUTSIDE LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

Immy runs up the stairs OUT OF BREATH. He gets to the front
door of the lecture theatre, where he can hear the faint
Russian-accented MUTTERINGS of his professor.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

The door SQUEAKS open. Immy enters.

EVERYBODY in the packed theatre turns to look at him, and instantly return their gaze to PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (short, old man with wiry, white hair - looks a bit like the professor from the Weetos adverts) who stands in front of the theatre. He is undeterred by Immy's arrival.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV

So according to Taylor's Theorem,
we can find the answer to this
equation with the following...

Immy spies an empty seat in the middle of a packed row. He tries to get through to it, annoying the many STUDENTS who must stand up to let him through.

IMMY

Scuse. Scuse. Soz blud.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV

X plus x squared over the
exponential of two plus x
cubed over the exponential of
three and so on. Beautiful.
Beautiful.

Immy finally manages to reach his seat, taking his file out.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)

So that brings us to the end of
today's lesson. I look forward to
seeing your presentations shortly.

The SWOT on Immy's right shoots him an evil. Immy smiles back at him, returning the file to his bag. He shrugs.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY (LATER)

Immy approaches SUEY (Chinese exchange student, petite), who is packing her many notes away. He taps her on the left shoulder and hides behind her right as she turns. She turns around the other way, and finds him giggling away to himself.

IMMY

Haha Suey. You gotta learn, doll.

SUEY

Yes. Very funny. So you decided to
come in today. Prompt timing as
always.

IMMY

Wouldna missed it for the world.

SUEY

Well, it's an improvement to not
turning up at all. See you.

Suey takes her chance to leave. But not quick enough.

IMMY

Suey.

Suey rolls her eyes and turns back to him. He wears a goofy grin on his face, with a hint of guilt.

IMMY (CONT'D)

Was just wonderin. Seein I weren't here this mornin and the test comin up. Could you borrow me this mornin's notes? Please?

Suey looks at him in dismay.

Immy's face becomes a huge cheesy grin.

Suey shakes her head and DIGS into her bag. She FLICKS through the notes in her folder and hands them to him.

IMMY (CONT'D)

Actually. Seein you have em out, could I get rest of the week's?

SUEY

Immy!

Immy grins cheesily once more. Suey starts FLICKING through her notes again.

IMMY

You know... There's a few days I been off this month. It might help-

Suey SHUTS the folder and PUSHES the whole lot into Immy's chest.

SUEY

Take it. It's lucky that I've already prepared for my presentation.

Immy hugs her. She doesn't look comfortable.

IMMY

Thanks Suey. Anyhow, you got loadsa time, doll. Stop stressin.

Suey looks at him. He can't be serious.

SUEY

Immy. Presentations are tomorrow.

Immy starts LAUGHING.

IMMY

Hahaha! Funny! For real?

Immy is struck by horror.

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY (LATER)

Immy pleads with Professor Boshnekov, who passively listens whilst packing his things away.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV

Mr Akhtar, you knew from the beginning of the year the date on which the presentations would take place. This is very last minute.

Immy tries once again to use his charms.

IMMY

Mr Boshnekov. Sir. I'm fully prepared for tomorrow. I really am. But if you gave me another week maybe... or three, I'll give ya presentation like Stephen Walkers ain't never done before.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV

Hawkings. I am sorry Mr Akhtar. I make no exceptions. I will see you tomorrow.

Immy's grin becomes a frown. He begins to walk away.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)

And Mr Akhtar. According to my records, your marks are borderline fail. I hope you have something truly beautiful prepared for tomorrow.

IMMY

Beautiful? Prepare yo'self for da Angelina Jolie of presentations....

Immy turns away from him, his face contorting with worry.

IMMY (CONT'D)

...or da Marilyn Manson.

Music Cue: "Tainted Love" by Marilyn Manson.

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Danny takes some painkillers and downs a glass of water whilst uploading photos from a previous outing onto Facebook.

One photo shows Rob completely wasted on the floor.

The next shows Skeet next to him, grinning as he holds his crotch next to Rob's face and poses with a thumbs up.

The next shows Rob looking in drunken anger at Skeet's crotch, and Skeet's immense fear as he prepares to distance himself.

And then a picture of Danny and LAURA (girl-next-door, dark blonde, brown eyes). They are both smiling, though Danny looks uncomfortable with his arm around her, but his hand inches away from touching her.

He clicks on the hyperlink that directs him to Laura's Facebook wall. He smiles as he looks at her sweet profile pics, and writes in the wall post box:

"Hi Laura. Would you like to come to the union for some drinks tonight? It would be nice to see"

He stops typing. He SIGHS.

ROB

Go over and see her, you twat.

Rob has appeared behind him. Danny squints.

ROB (CONT'D)

Balls, Danny. You may not be able to play with them at the mo, but you could at least grow a pair.

DANNY

Rob?

ROB

No. I'm a figment of your imagination. You just needed to hear that from someone and who better than me. I rock.

Danny blinks.

ROB (CONT'D)

Bye.

Rob disappears. Danny glances at his painkillers dubiously.

End Music Cue

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Immy stands beyond the entrance of the large library and observes the many students entering the sliding doors.

He takes a DEEP BREATH and goes towards his doom.

INT. LIBRARY, ENTRANCE - DAY

Immy tries to push through the turning gate at the entrance of the library, but the wheel does not turn. He pushes again. No success. He looks at it in confusion.

LIBRARY WARDEN

You have to swipe your card, love.

Immy looks puzzled towards the elderly LIBRARY WARDEN.

LIBRARY WARDEN (CONT'D)

Your student card, love. Swipe it.

Immy looks around and sees the other students entering the wheel SWIPING their card against a screen which allows them to enter.

IMMY

Yeah, cheers.

He reaches into his pockets and withdraws a bunch of cards that show a variety of different membership cards, showing exactly the same 'attitudey' pose in each photo.

He finally finds his NUS card. He swipes it through and enters. He nods in satisfaction with his newfound wisdom.

IMMY (CONT'D)

This studyin' ain't a challenge and a half.

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - DAY

Music Cue: *Dum-diddle-diddle-die-um-diddlie-ay* part from "Supercalifragilistic" (Mary Poppins)

Skeet sits on his inflatable chair, struggling to blow up his new sofa, going red in the face.

He stands up and throws the sofa open to spread it out.

He meticulously pricks the inside of the rim with a small pin.

He tries stretching the rim horizontally and blowing. He tries stretching the rim vertically and blowing.

He stabs the inside of the rim violently with the knife.

With the breath he has left in him, he gives a final attempt to blow, but COLLAPSES from sheer exhaustion.

He reaches for his inflatable hammer, which SQUEAKS as he whacks himself on the head in time with the music.

End Music Cue

FX: "Doorbell"

INT. OUTSIDE GIRLS FLAT, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Danny waits for the door to be answered. He licks his palm and tries to flatten his side-parting to make it neater.

Nobody answers and he wonders if he should ring the bell again. With his hand poised over the bell for a length of time, he almost loses his balance scared witless when the door is quickly OPENED.

The Spider from the beginning of the episode reappears, and helps itself unnoticed into the girl's flat.

DEE opens the door (18, black, ditzzy, Yorkshire accent).

DEE

Ey up, our Rob. Y'alright?

DANNY

Sorry Dee. I'm Danny. Rob's my flatmate.

DEE

Really? Thought 'is name wuz Immy.

DANNY

No, that would be my Asian flatmate.

DEE

Alright, alright. No need to get racist about t'all.

DANNY

Racist? What? Is Laura in?

DEE

Nah, not back from t lectures yet. I tell 'er ya stopped by, yeah?

DANNY

Yes. That would be great.

BEAT. They look at each other with no further words to share.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Danny turns to leave when-

DEE

'Ere 'yaar. What happened to yer 'and?

Dee looks at his bandaged hand with concern.

DANNY

Nothing to worry about, Dee.

DEE

Very well is worth worryin bout.
Bandage looks like one t tampons I
threw away 5 years back. Did that
'appen on t date with Kate?

DANNY

It wasn't a date.

DEE

Good. You'da caught AIDS with t
wounds that exposed near 't tart.
What 'appened?

DANNY

I should...go...

DEE

Oi! What 'appened to t fingers?

EXT. ICE RINK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

KATE (18, short-skirted, more make-up than clothing) teaches
Danny how to ice-skate. She holds his hands and pulls him
back with her to teach him to balance. Danny is terrified.

DANNY

I hate this! I'm not enjoying
myself Kate.

KATE

Yeah, well you're not alone. Only
reason I asked you was cos my
date's mam got ill and he had to go
take care of her.

DANNY

I can't do this, Kate. I can't.

KATE

Of course you can. You are. The
skates are childproof, lad. Just
remember to maintain eye contact.
Just main- That bastard.

Kate's PREVIOUS DATE (20s, good-looking) snuggles up to a HOT
GIRL, someone half the age of his 'ill' mother.

Kate's hands slowly leaves Danny's as she goes to have some
words. Danny reacts with fear, as does Kate's Previous Date
who now sees her approaching..

DANNY

Kate? Where are you going? KATE!

Without Kate's assistance, Danny has no control over his direction and flies straight BANG into the barrier.

DANNY (CONT'D)

AAAAGH!

As he impacts with it, his flash phone FLIES out of his pocket. In a bid to save it, he crawls towards the phone and reaches out for it.

A YOUNG REDHEAD skater (5) being taught to skate by her DAD, finally has the grasp of it, but heads straight towards Danny's direction.

YOUNG REDHEAD

Daddy! Look! I'm skating!

Danny almost has the phone in his grasp, when the Young Redhead SKATES straight over his-

Danny looks at his hand which is now missing all three middle fingers and has blood SQUIRTING out of them. In shock, he has an inability to scream and only GASPS before quickly passing out.

As she finally reaches her Previous Date, Kate hears a crowd of people, and turns to see them gathered around someone on the ice-rink.

KATE

Oh crap.

Before leaving her Previous Date, she KNOCKS him out and rapidly skates back towards Danny.

BACK TO:

INT. OUTSIDE GIRLS FLAT, FRONT DOOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Dee is in shock from the story.

DEE

Slut.

DANNY

Dee! She wasn't the one playing around here!

DEE

But she made ya lose t phone. And t fingers!

DANNY

My fingers, no. The doctor said I was lucky that they were kept on ice. With the rink being made of ice. I didn't find it funny either.

DEE
And t phone?

DANNY
She said she'd go back today to
look for it. They had quite a few
ASBO-like children in the vicinity.
Pity. I loved that phone.

DEE
Whore.

DANNY
Dee!

DEE
Keep away from 'er, Immy. Some
girls are just bad news.

Danny thinks about correcting her. Lost cause.

Music Cue: "S&M" by Rihanna

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A GIRL with an amazing bottom walks past the table Immy is
sat on. He can't help but stare.

He shakes his head and returns his focus to the large book in
his hands... when he looks behind the book to notice the
attractive BRUNETTE GIRL sat opposite him, sucking on the end
of her spectacles in concentration.

He turns left and sees a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE with long legs, as
she licks her finger to turn a page.

He looks around in all directions to see he is surrounded by
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN everywhere, when suddenly...

GEMMA (O.C.)
Baby? What are you doing here?

End Music Cue

A set of arms hug Immy from behind him. He YELPS in
surprise. He turns around to find that it is his girlfriend
GEMMA (brunette, attractive, smart).

IMMY
Workin! Working. Innit?

Immy flicks through his book, trying to look busy, and grabs
another book from the large pile next to him.

GEMMA

Well. I'm in the Law section, so let me know when you're done and maybe we can go get some food?

Gemma KISSES him and leaves. Immy looks in confusion.

IMMY

There's more than one section here?

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - EVENING

Skeet is trying to blow into his sofa. Completely breathless, and near tears, he gives the last of his breaths to succeed in his mission. But breaks away from it in surrender.

SKEET

You win! You win, you bitch!

But then, he spots a plastic yellow object partially concealed by the packaging on the floor. He takes it out and squeezes it, realising that it is a foot pump.

He reaches for his inflatable hammer and hits himself on the head once again. SQUEAK.

EXT. ICE RINK STALL - EVENING

Kate looks around for a helpful face, but every ATTENDANT looks miserable as sin. She manages to finally get the attention of one of them (old, grumpy, bitter).

KATE

Excuse me? Excuse me? Hello?

STALL ATTENDANT

What?

KATE

Me and my friend were here yesterday evening, and my friend lost his phone. I was wondering-

STALL ATTENDANT

(interrupting)

No.

KATE

You don't even know what I was going to ask.

STALL ATTENDANT

No, nobody has handed in a phone. But yes.

KATE

Yes? Yes, what?

STALL ATTENDANT

Yes, you have as much chance as finding it here, as you would if you'd accidentally dropped it in the Nile.

Kate gawks at the Stall Attendant as she nonchalantly walks away. Kate shakes her head in disbelief.

Turning around, she sees a bunch of YOUNG CHAVS crowded around a MAIN CHAV (15, chubby) who has a fancy phone in his hand. He pushes the other Chavs away from taking it.

Kate takes out her phone and scrolls her name list down to "DANNY" and gives him a call.

The phone in the Main Chav's hand starts RINGING. The other Chavs begin to panic and mill about, until it STOPS ringing.

Bingo.

DEE (V.O.)

That lass is a total prostitute.

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Dee and Laura watch TV in the dark, clutching cups of coffee.

LAURA

Total prostitute. Although...

DEE

Although?

LAURA

Well, she didn't have to go back to the rink to try and find Danny's phone. That was quite sweet of her.

Dee is flabbergasted.

DEE

Loz! You siding with t tramp?

LAURA

What? I'm not siding anything! All I'm saying is that some days, even Kate can prove she's human.

DEE

Unlike...

LAURA

What?

Dee motions to the figure standing next to Laura - NAT (18). Wearing a gothic black dress, black lipstick and white foundation, she looks like she's just stepped off of a Bela Lugosi film. She watches them statically with no expression.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Nat, for heaven's sake. What is your problem?

NAT

I want to watch The Next Generation.

LAURA

You can't watch The Next Generation. We're watching Hollyoaks.

Beat.

NAT

I want to watch The Next Generation.

LAURA

Well, you can't, because we're watching (Hollyoaks)

DEE

AAAGH! AAAGH! AAAGH!

LAURA

Come on Dee! She's not that scary!

Dee points towards the ground.

DEE

Sp... Sp... Spider.

Laura spots the large Spider on the floor.

LAURA

Holy!

It has its legs contracted, as afraid of the girls who are now stood on the sofa, as they are of it. Nat approaches it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Nat? What are you doing?

DEE

Don't eat it!

LAURA

Why would she eat it?

Dee Shrugs. Nat lays her hand out and allows the spider to crawl into it.

NAT
I want to watch The Next
Generation.

LAURA
No Nat. I do not negotiate with
terrorists.

Nat hesitates, but finally accepts Laura's bluff and puts the spider down. She slowly walks out of the lounge but STOPS.

NAT
Remember. If you kill it. A
hundred more will come to reclaim
the body.

Nat slowly walks out.

The Spider stands immobile before them, blocking their exit from the room.

DEE
Danny.

LAURA
Sod Danny. We need someone with
fingers. Skeet.

DEE
Forget Skeet. We need t man.

LAURA
We're doomed.

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Immy continues to study, now surrounded by a pile of books on either side of him and in front of him, to obscure his vision and aid his concentration.

He finishes writing mathematical formulae on a sheet and adds it to an impressive pile of complicated notes, when....

LIBRARY WARDEN (V.O.)
This is an announcement. This is
an announcement. The library will
be closing in fifteen minutes.
Please gather your belongings and
prepare to leave the building.

Immy increases his writing speed, when Gemma joins him. She slowly puts her arms around him with affection. Immy is undeterred.

GEMMA
Baby's working very hard. Makes
him look all impressive and sexy.

IMMY

Come on Gem. Not now, yeah?

GEMMA

It's time to leave, baby.

Immy doesn't listen. Gemma kneels down next to him and starts sliding her hand up his leg.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You know its said the best way to de-stress is a good, long dose of animal sex? So. What do you think?

Gemma's hand reaches Immy's crotch. He gets up in anger.

IMMY

Gemma! Come ON! This presentation's really important, yeah? I gotsta work.

Gemma detracts and leaves in embarrassment.

GEMMA

Okay. Sorry. I'll see you later.

Immy goes back to his chair, trying to avoid eye contact with the SPECTATORS he now has. He stops for a moment.

IMMY

I just turned down sex for work.

He tries pinching himself. Nothing.

Music Cue: "A Little Less Conversation"

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - EVENING

Danny slumps back into his chair behind his computer.

He opens up his "Trance" collection.

He turns to his bandaged right hand. He will not be defeated.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Immy turns on his ancient 90s brick of a PC.

His feet tangle into the many wires below the desk.

He begins to write the title on the first slide of his Powerpoint presentation:

THE TRUTH BEHIND CHAOS

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

As Dee continues to stand on the sofa, Laura slowly approaches the immobile spider in fear, with a piece of paper and an empty glass.

DEE

You can do it Loz. I believe in ya.

LAURA

Nice to know, Dee.

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - EVENING

Skeet has now reverted to the method of the foot pump and animatedly pushes up and down on it - again, with limited success on sufficiently filling the sofa.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Immy writes down:

"The sum of equal parts"

And deletes it. He then types:

"Taylor's theorem explains"

And deletes it.

He throws his top off and wrestles his face into his hands.

INT. ICE RINK - EVENING

Kate is surrounded by the Chavs as reaches her hand out for the phone.

MAIN CHAV

So what you givin us in return?

The Chavs close in. Kate is in no mood to mess around.

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - EVENING

Skeet jumps up and down on the foot pump furiously.

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

As Laura gets within reach of the spider, she drops the glass too hard on the spider and it SMASHES into pieces.

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - EVENING

PORN ACTRESS (V.O.)
Oh yeah, baby. Oh yeah...

Danny pulls his boxers down and attempts to bend his injured fist to get the right shape.

SFX: "Skin rip".

Danny has hit his pain threshold. His eyes pop out.

INT. SPLIT-SCREEN - IMMY'S ROOM / SKEET'S ROOM / DANNY'S ROOM
/ GIRLS LOUNGE - EVENING

All five characters scream in frustration / anger / pain / fear.

End Music Cue

INT. GIRLS FLAT, NAT'S ROOM - EVENING

Nat quietly reads "Wuthering Heights" with her headphones on, listening to *Enigma*. Bliss.

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - EVENING

Skeet finds air HISSING out from a puncture in the sofa. Pulling sellotape out, he means business.

ROB & RUGGER-BUGGER (V.O.)
(singing)
We are the champions!
We are the champions!
You are the losers, and we are the
champions! Whoargh!

EXT. HANCOCK HALLS OF RESIDENCE - EVENING

Rob walks home in a stupor with a fellow RUGGER-BUGGER in tow. His compadre giggles as they sing *We Are The Champions* with no notion of tone or wording.

Rob breaks away from him and PEES next to the wall, with a GROAN.

RUGGER-BUGGER
Roscal? What are you doing, mate?

ROB
You tell me, mate. I'm so shit-faced, I have no effing idea.

RUGGER-BUGGER

Hey look. You made a friend.

Rob looks to his left and sees a DOG peeing next to him.

They both break into LAUGHTER.

Rob finishes his leak and joins his friend, putting his arm around him. The Rugger-Bugger looks uncomfortably at Rob's smelly hand.

ROB

Tell you what, mate. I'd be no more chuffed right now, than for a fit bit to be like really inviting and all, like, "Ey Rob. Rob, ya effing stallion. I need you. I want you. I-"

LAURA (O.S.)

Rob! Come upstairs! We need you!

Rob looks up in surprise to see Laura waving at him in desperation in a slinky black vest from her window. The Rugger-Bugger can't believe his eyes, blinking and looking at the beer can in his hand.

ROB

You need me? Do, do you want me?

LAURA

What? Yes, we want you!

DEE (O.S.)

That Rob?

Dee joins Laura at the window.

DEE (CONT'D)

Rob! Come up t'stairs now!

ROB

(in worry)
Two of them?

Rob smiles.

ROB (CONT'D)

I can take two of them.

He pushes his beer into the shocked Rugger-Bugger's empty hand and takes his leave.

INT. OUTSIDE GIRLS FLAT, FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Laura stands by the front door of their flat, watching Rob with expectation as he approaches.

Rob attempts to STRUT sexily towards her with his limited coordination. He leans his arm against the wall behind her.

ROB

Hello.

Laura grabs him inside by the collar.

ROB (CONT'D)

Whoa!

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Laura drags Rob up the stairs towards the lounge.

ROB

Little rough ain't you, Laura? I like that!

They reach the top of the stairs. Robs sees Dee standing before him, her eyes widened with fear. Rob looks at her seductively, raising his eyebrows.

ROB (CONT'D)

Hello, Dee-arling.

Dee continues to look at him in fear.

ROB (CONT'D)

What?

Dee's eyes lower.

Rob follows their direction. She looks at the sofa, underneath which can be seen the legs of a large spider.

Rob GASPS in fear, and almost FALLS backwards as the Spider runs from the sofa and under the fridge.

ROB (CONT'D)

Holy crap!

LAURA

Get it, Rob! Get it!

ROB

Wh- Are you mad, woman? I hate spiders!

LAURA

Don't call me woman, woman! You hate them. Where's the problem?

ROB

I...just...can't!

Rob goes pale.

EXT. CAVE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A la *Lord of the Rings*, Rob dressed as *Frodo*. Looks around in confusion, when he's suddenly STUNNED as something bites him.

He starts frothing at the mouth.

BACK TO:

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Rob stands rigid before the girls.

ROB
I just can't.

Dee walks to him.

DEE
Rob. If youse any kind of man,
you'll get rid of that yon spider.

Laura puts a supportive hand on his shoulder.

He turns around to her and locks eyes with her. Grabbing her hand, he pulls it slowly towards his crotch. Laura retracts.

LAURA
Rob!

INT. BOYS FLAT, SKEET'S ROOM - DAY

With his sofa fully blown up, Skeet carefully lies onto it.

He looks around in satisfaction with his inflated universe.

ROB (V.O.)
(singing)
Home is behind, the world ahead,
And there are many paths to tread..

INT. GIRLS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Rob holds an upside-down mop, as the girls stand on either side of him by the fridge. He continues to sing *Pippin's Song* from *Lord of the Rings*.

ROB
Through shadow to the end of night,
Until the stars are all alight-

Rob takes a deep BREATH and kneels down slowly, with the mop ready.

He looks up at Laura who nods at him.

Dee shakes with fear.

Rob takes the handle of the mop and rams it underneath the fridge repeatedly, SCREAMING like a little girl.

ROB (CONT'D)
Aaaagh! Aaaagh! Aaaagh!

The girls follow suit, and also SCREAM, waving their hands in the air uncontrollably.

The mop gets stuck under the fridge. Rob DROPS it and joins the girls in waving their hands in the air.

ROB (CONT'D)
The spider has the mop! The spider
has the mop!

They finally calm down. DEEP BREATHS.

ROB (CONT'D)
Ladies. Go to bed. It's over.

LAURA
It's not over until it's over.
Move the fridge.

ROB
What?!

LAURA
Do it.

ROB
Can't we just have a threesome
instead?

Laura stares at him discerningly.

Rob surrenders. He goes to move the fridge, when the Spider rapidly CRAWLS away from underneath. Everyone starts SCREAMING again, until Rob runs after it and STAMPS on it.

ROB (CONT'D)
HAHA! HAHA HAHA HAHA! HAHAAHAHA!

Rob manically continues to STAMP on it with glee and retracts his foot. Gunk. The spider is definitely dead.

He turns towards Dee and Laura with pride, prepared for their hugs of adulation.

LAURA (O.S.)
What have you done?

Rob is taken aback.

ROB

Huh?

DEE

Now hundred more will come t
reclaim t body.

Rob fails to react. He turns around emotionless and takes his leave.

LAURA

Rob? You can't leave us!

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - EVENING

The monitor of Danny's PC continues to emanate PORNOGRAPHIC SOUND EFFECTS. Danny nurses his hand tingeing with pain after his failed attempt at masturbation, which now shows a red spot in the middle of his palm.

He SIGHS, turns off the computer and leaves the room.

INT. BOYS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Danny SPREADS too much margarine on his toast and gets it all over his fingers.

He takes a bite out of the toast as he prepares to go down the stairs. But something catches his eye.

A pack of 50 CHILDREN ARMBANDS lying on the sofa.

Danny looks at them curiously. He rubs the excess margarine between his thumb and forefinger. Idea.

INT. BOYS FLAT, ROB'S ROOM - EVENING

Rob grumbles as he undresses for bed.

ROB

"I need you, Rob!" "I want you,
Rob!" For an effing spider.

He GROWLS. Undressing all the way to his bright pink boxers, he gets into bed and turns the lamp off. He shuts his eyes.

He suddenly hears little CRICKS.

He dares not open his eyes.

ROB (CONT'D)

(in fear)
Hello?

EXT. CAVE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Frodo Rob froths at the mouth.

INT. BOYS FLAT, ROB'S ROOM - EVENING

Robs peeks out of one eye, and switches on his bedside lamp.

He turns. Right next to him on the bedside drawer is a dog-sized SPIDER. The Spider turns to him and speaks to him in a voice that sounds like Patrick Stewart.

SPIDER

Hello.

INT. BOYS FLAT, OUTSIDE ROB'S ROOM / STAIRS - EVENING

Rob SPRINTS out of his room and WOBBLER up the stairs as quickly as he can.

ROB

SHELOB! SHELOB! SHELOB!

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Back at his desk, wires tangled around his toes, Immy finishes off a complicated diagram on Powerpoint SLIDE 13, and breathes with satisfaction before creating a new slide.

IMMY

Yes we can. Yes we can.

His focus is solely on his work. Ignoring Rob's CHANTING and LOUD THUDDING FOOTSTEPS, he opens a can of Red Bull.

INT. BOYS FLAT, STAIRS / LOUNGE - EVENING

Rob reaches the lounge at the top of the stairs and immediately grabs a saucepan. He grips it, ready to whack the imaginary spider as soon as it makes its way upstairs.

BREATHING HEAVILY, he senses a presence behind him. He quickly turns around to see...

With one knee on the sofa, leaning on the handles and with his jeans down, below Danny's naked pelvis lies an armband wedged into the crease of the sofa. Wide-eyed and wide-mouthed, Danny doesn't move.

Rob is equally stunned.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

DANNY & ROB (V.O.)
AAAAAAAGH!!!

Immy can no longer persevere the screams from above.

IMMY
What the fu-

Immy gets up from the chair, but his foot accidentally pulls the PLUG out of the wall socket.

The screen BUZZES and goes blank.

Immy looks in shock at the blank screen.

He joins in with the SCREAMING.

EXT. HANCOCK HALLS OF RESIDENCE - EVENING

Rob's newfound Dog HOWLS. The Rugger-Bugger joins him in the HOWLING as he pees into a letterbox.

INT. BOYS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Danny and Rob continue SCREAMING but stop, as they hear Immy STOMP up the stairs angrily.

Immy's anger gives way to confusion as he observes the bizarre image before him:

On the one side, a sweaty, fat man in pink boxer shorts gripping a saucepan.

On the other, a scrawny boy with nothing below, saving his modesty by hiding his penis in an armband in a sofa.

The boys look at him in shock.

	ROB		DANNY
Spider		Swimming	

Immy SEETHES. No words. He turns to go back downstairs.

DANNY & ROB
Immy?

IMMY
I'll kill you.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Immy puts the plug back into the socket.

He pushes the power button as it turns on.

SFX: "Windows 95 Jingle"

He opens up his Powerpoint presentation to discover that it goes as far as Slide 3.

In desperation, Immy HITS his head repeatedly on the desk, and just as quickly revert back to normality.

He looks up at the poster of Muhammed Ali on his wall and reads the quote:

"Suffer now and live the rest of your life as a champion."

He takes a DEEP BREATH. A few clicks. And starts TYPING.

INT. BOYS FLAT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Rob puts the saucepan down and STRETCHES, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

ROB
Well, I guess this is good night.

DANNY
Yes. Good night, Rob.

Rob slowly leaves, but then stops in his tracks.

ROB
Danny?

DANNY
Yes?

ROB
Mate, is it okay if I sleep with you tonight?

Danny looks at him in horror. Rob backtreads.

ROB (CONT'D)
I mean, not in the way you're... sleeping with the armband, mind. It's just that there's this spider-

Robs takes a better look and realises that he is stood with a grown man humping an armband.

ROB (CONT'D)
No matter. I'll take my chances.

Rob leaves Danny with his natural humpmachine.

EXT. HANCOCK HALLS OF RESIDENCE - NIGHT / DAY

Night becomes day at Hancock Halls.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Cans of empty Red Bull lay strewn across the floor. Jittery Immy sits at his desk, TYPING like a madman.

IMMY

Heeheehee. Yeah, yeah. No, no!

He struggles to keep his eyes open as he types manically with his minimal energy.

The broken alarm clock starts BUZZING WEAKLY and sounds like a cat being strangled.

Immy rapidly turns to it with a manic grin on his face and runs to it.

He grips it in his hand. And throws it out the window.

He swiftly returns to his desk.

And conks out.

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Immy slowly stirs as he hears his mobile RINGING. He picks it up.

IMMY

Suey, wagwan.

Realisation hits Immy like a slap in the face.

IMMY (CONT'D)

Oh fu-

INT. BOYS FLAT, IMMY'S ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Immy quickly changes his clothes.

He puts a CD into the computer and clicks some buttons. He drags his presentation file to the 'BURN' folder.

He sprays on deodorant. Smells his armpits and realises that he still smells. He sprays some more.

He impatiently watches the screen. The file finishes burning.

He grabs the CD and leaves.

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Immy stands at the front of the room with his impressive Powerpoint presentation projected on the board. The STUDENTS watching are miraculously impressed and far from bored.

IMMY

So from the given formulae, it can be proven that the exponential mass of dark matter round the circumference of the stars repels gravity to create black holes.

Professor Boshnekov is enlightened.

IMMY (CONT'D)

And to show the effect that this having on our universe, please observe the formulae that I'll now write, continuing on blackboard.

Professor Boshnekov's satisfaction turns to confusion.

Immy pulls down the finicky scrolling whiteboard until it eventually becomes a blackboard. He grabs a chalk and starts writing a long formula that begins to slant downwards as he continues. Some Students cannot help but giggle.

IMMY (CONT'D)

So as we can see...

Immy looks at the formulae. He goes back to the board.

IMMY (CONT'D)

Do we have a board rubber?

Unable to find one, he uses his sleeve to rub off part of the line, and writes another formula over it.

Suey rolls her eyes.

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

The Students disperse from class. Professor Boshnekov speaks one-to-one with a pitiful Immy.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV

Was the blackboard part of your preparation?

Immy shakes his head, avoiding eye contact.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)

Did you leave your presentation to the last minute?

Immy nods his head solemnly.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)
 Did you know anything of Chaos
 Theory prior to yesterday?

Immy shakes his head.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)
 Mr Akhtar. What you did today was
 far from professional. This
 behaviour is not accepted in the
 real world. There can be no
 excuses. No apologies.

IMMY
 Sorry.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV
 When you turned up twenty minutes
 late, I was worried this morning
 that I would have no option but to
 release you from the course.

Immy lowers his head.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV (CONT'D)
 But you have proven to me that you
 have the capacity to do well when
 you apply yourself.

Hope. Immy raises his face, his eyes glistening.

IMMY
 I's still on the course?

Professor Boshnekov SIGHS in surrender.

Immy hugs him. Professor Boshnekov is taken aback. Immy
 retracts.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV
 You could be one of our best
 students if you worked this hard
 all year, Imtiaz. Please try.

IMMY
 I will, Prof. Promise I will. Ya
 can count on me, man.

PROFESSOR BOSHNEKOV
 (uncomfortably)
 Good. Good.

Immy throws his bag over his shoulder and leaves. Grin.

IMMY
 Who da man baby? Oh we love you
 Immy! You're the best man that
 there could be. BAAAABY!

INT. BOYS FLAT, LOUNGE - DAY

Danny climbs the stairs and stops when he sees the back of Rob's head sat at the sofa as he watches MTV.

Danny decides to turn back. But then decides to swallow his pride. He takes a deep breath and sits beside Rob.

Rob doesn't turn or react, continuing to MUNCH toast.

MTV starts playing the video for "Come Baby Come".

You could slice the discomfort with a knife.

ROB

I tell you what I don't get. Whyn't you just take the armband to yer room?

DANNY

I... I just liked the idea that I might... get caught, I guess.

ROB

Well, you got caught. Toast?

Rob offers Danny some toast. Danny declines.

Skeet STRUGGLES to carry his new inflated sofa up the narrow stairs, attracting the attention of Rob and Danny.

Rob gets up and runs towards it in excitement.

ROB (CONT'D)

Shotgun!

SKEET

Rob, no.....!

SLOW MOTION: Rob jumps onto it, but because of his force and weight, the sofa rapidly DEFLATES into nothingness.

END SLOW MOTION

Rob pouts in guilt as Skeet stares at him in anger.

ROB

Skeet?

SKEET

You die!

ROB

(pointing to Danny)
He tried to impregnate you armband!

Danny is speechless.

SKEET
You tried to what?

The DOORBELL rings.

DANNY
I should get that.

Danny makes a sharp exit.

INT. OUTSIDE BOYS FLAT, FRONT DOOR - DAY

A finger continues to RING the doorbell furiously.

Danny opens the door and is surprised to see Kate.

DANNY
Kate?

Kate reaches into her purse.

KATE
You were right. Chavs stole it.

Kate withdraws Danny's fancy phone. Danny beams. He takes it from her and leans in to give her a hug. But refrains last minute, and gives her a friendly punch in the arm instead.

DANNY
You.

Danny analyses the phone for scratches and dents.

DANNY (CONT'D)
How did you get it back?

KATE
Lets just say I used my femininity.

EXT. ICE RINK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kate stands in boredom, as the Chavs surround her, the Main Chav with his hands on her breasts. A SHORT CHAV tries to push the Main Chav out of the way unsuccessfully.

SHORT CHAV
Gimme some.

MAIN CHAV
Geroff!

SHORT CHAV
Gimme some.

MAIN CHAV
Geroff!

Kate raises her arm to find a bare wrist.

KATE

Oi! Which one of you losers stole
my watch?

BACK TO:

INT. OUTSIDE BOYS FLAT, FRONT DOOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Danny looks at Kate in shock.

DANNY

You slept with them?

KATE

Danny! My femininity, not my
virginity!

DANNY

(in disbelief)

You are a virgin.

Kate rolls her eyes.

KATE

I cried. Women always get what
they want when they cry.

DANNY

Nice trick.

Kate smiles feebly and turns to make a move.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Kate?

Kate stops.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry for the lack of
faith I had in you, and how rude I
may have come across. You're a
really good person.

KATE

Danny, what crap you on about now?

DANNY

I'm just saying. You're too good
to be going out with these awful
boyfriends. You deserve someone a
lot better. And to be honest, I
have full faith that you'll meet
that someone one day.

Kate smiles.

KATE
Are you asking me out?

Danny gets embarrassed. Speechless.

DANNY
I, um...errrr....

KATE
Relax Danny, I was joking.

DANNY
Haha. Phew. Of course you were.

Danny uncomfortably laughs. Kate winks at him.

KATE
See you at the union tonight?

DANNY
Yes, of course. I'll be there.

Kate walks away and waves at him without turning around. With a big smile on her face, she wonders...

KATE
Danny?

Maybe...

INT. BOYS FLAT, DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Danny is logged onto Laura's Facebook profile. He posts a message onto her wall.

UNION TONIGHT...?

He presses the 'post' button.

CUT TO BLACK