

Nostalgia
A Screenplay By
Garfield "Garry" Whyte

Based on the memoir:
Nostalgia From; A City Set Upon a Hill
By Garfield "Garry" Whyte

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TITLE CARD:

"It is indeed ironic that we spend our school days yearning to graduate and our remaining days waxing nostalgic about our school days."

-Isabel Waxman

FADE IN:

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Travellers tote luggage and check flight boards.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. MONACO RESTAURANT - DAY

Away from the hustle and bustle, a black executive man, GAVIN BUTLER (43) is eating lunch. Across the table is a half eaten meal in front of an empty chair.

His attention is pulled to the bar, where another black man, this one casually dressed, seems to be watching him. Butler catches him watching.

The man, embarrassed, gets off his stool and approaches. He is Theo MORGAN (44).

MORGAN

Hi.

Butler looks at Morgan in a questionable way, but does not return the greeting.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm not hitting on you man, but I have to ask if you went to Munro?

A light switches on in Butler's head. He smiles.

BUTLER

Yes.

MORGAN

I recognize you, you are GAVIN. Gavin Butler. We were in the same boarding house together, Dickenson.

Still smiling, Butler searches his memory. Finally...

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Theo.

Butler looks like he is having a heart attack.

BUTLER

Theo! Theo Morgan. Dear Lord. Oh my God!

Butler jumps up and hugs Morgan. A woman, TANYA, dries her hands as she approaches the empty chair at Butler's table. She eyes the men hugging.

After the hug, Butler notices her.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Honey, this is Theo Morgan, we were at boarding school together.

Tanya smiles and extends her hand for a shake.

BUTLER CONT'D

Morgan this is my darling wife, Tanya.

TANYA

Nice to meet you Morgan, I have heard so much about you over the years.

MORGAN

I hope it's all good.

BUTLER

I wouldn't have recognized you at all, your face has changed, beard and all that jazz.

MORGAN

Your face has not changed much, you still have that boyish face from twenty-five years ago. You must have been wondering why I was staring at you so much.

BUTLER

Don't worry man as long as you are a Munronian you are excused in these circumstances.

They laugh.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

So where are you off to?

MORGAN

I'm connecting to Los Angeles for a business meeting with some IT Engineers.

I'm a patent lawyer, from the firm Mellis, Morgan and McDingwall here in Miami.

BUTLER

Congratulations, man. You are a Munronian so I didn't expect anything less from you. I'm the Director for Finance for the Hampton Inn chain of Hotels, my wife is an English professor at Florida International University, we're on our way to Jamaica for a one week vacation.

MORGAN

Oh that's really, really nice.

Tanya enjoys watching the excitement of the two men.

BUTLER CONT'D

You know when we were in high school and up to years after we left; internet, cell phones, ipads, whatsapp and those stuff were not yet popular or else I am sure we all would have been in touch. It's like after graduation we all were scattered in this big world that unless we ran into each other by chance, it was almost impossible for us to have kept in touch. It's always such a good feeling when I run into someone from Munro.

MORGAN

Yep! You're damn right about that. I ran into Paul Peynado last Month in the Sawgrass Mall and he told me that Munro Old Boys Association recently opened a Facebook page and that's how he has been able to link up with some of the guys. I joined too and it has been such an awesome experience that for the past few weeks I found myself missing Munro so much.

Butler launches into a deep-voiced impression:

BUTLER

'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' I'll buy you a drink if you can tell me who used to say that in the chapel.

MORGAN

I remember everything from boarding school like it was just yesterday. Mr. Turnbull said that. Apart from being the best headmaster, he was the resident preacher. Now pay up that drink.

The place is getting more crowded.

BUTLER

My pleasure, buddy. But let's go somewhere we can all fit at one table.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. PIPER'S LOUNGE - DAY

A comfortable, bistro environment.

Butler and Morgan take a seat at a table in the back.

BUTLER

You will never guess who I ran into at a hospital in Philly where my wife was having our twins.

MORGAN

Tell me man, I won't even hazard a guess.

BUTLER

You remember Orlando Peynado, that short stocky guy? He was the doctor who delivered my girls!

MORGAN

Get out!

BUTLER

When he realized it was my wife, he gave her royal treatment her whole stay.

MORGAN

He slept about 3 beds from mine in first partition Dickenson House.

He must have stuck with the sciences because he could not pass one English test to save his life.

Morgan and Butler laugh heartily and then Morgan realizes that Butler's wife is not around.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Hell, where is your wife?

BUTLER
Oh damn!

Butler uses his cell phone to call her. She answers.

TANYA (O.S.)
I was wondering how long it would take you to realize that you lost me.

BUTLER
Sorry honey! We're in Piper's Lounge.

Morgan leans over and says into the phone.

MORGAN
I am the one who should be apologizing as I am the one who distracted your husband.

Tanya enters the lounge, talking on her phone but then hanging up and talking to the men.

TANYA
No need to apologize, Morgan, I saw where you guys relocated to, I just went by the book stand to pick up something to read on the flight as Gavin is not much company to me when we are in the air. He usually falls asleep as soon as we take off.

MORGAN
Regardless, I am still offering my apologies, I have been guilty of imposing on you. Please understand this was my best friend at boarding school.

TANYA

Listen up, from the moment I met Gavin at Boston University as a freshman, I never one day forget that he went to this boarding school called Munro College in Jamaica. I know enough of that place, I could write a book. That place must have been home for all of you guys.

MORGAN

What he has told you?

TANYA

Oh God! I wouldn't know where to begin.

MORGAN

Start anywhere, middle, end, right now it doesn't matter.

TANYA

I know a lot about that city as Gavin tells me that the school was known as "The City Set Upon a Hill",

BUTLER AND MORGAN

Oh yeah; In Arce Sitam Quis, when we cheer we cheer like this, M-U-N-R-O, is anything wrong with old Munro?

This gets the attention of the whole bar. Tanya laughs.

TANYA

I know about your unique diet, that curry chauny that you guys used to be fed on there, is the reason why he won't eat beef or anything from the cow, no steak nor roast beef. I think that curry chauny at Munro turned him totally against beef.

MORGAN

I don't eat beef anymore, that curry chauny we got there, oh God. You would chew and chew until the cows come home and you could not get it to a state where you could comfortably swallow.

All three of them laugh heartily.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I was on a business trip to Dubai last summer on United Emirates airline and I was pleasantly surprised that one of the pilots was Rory Campbell. When the names of the pilots were announced by the flight attendant, I recognized that name easily.

BUTLER

Are you serious? I have not seen him since graduation either, I heard he went into the army back home but that was the last mention I heard of him, so did you guys get to talk and hang out?

MORGAN

Oh yeah. I was to be in Dubai for a week and since he is now living there, he insisted that I cancel my hotel reservations and stay at his place. I even extended my stay by a week because of him. I met his wife and his three year old son. They made me feel like royalty that week. It was like we picked up where we left off 25 years ago. We chatted about everything from first form right up to six form. When I left Dubai I felt like I was a teenager again.

BUTLER

I feel jealous, that's an experience I would love.

MORGAN

You know he and I have been in touch ever since, in fact he has been to Miami a few times since that and I am so happy I was able to reciprocate and invite him to my place. Yea, man, we hung out here a few times, watching Heats games and tennis at Crandon Park.

TANYA

How can you stay in each other's homes after not seeing each other for so many year?

MORGAN

Because we were like brothers, at age 11 or 12 leaving our homes for the first time to live at that strange place since we were all going through the same thing, we bonded so well.

The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

Another round?

Butler looks to Morgan.

BUTLER

You know I accompanied my neighbor to court about three years ago to give her moral support when she was going through a very tough case. I will buy the entire bar if you can guess who was the Judge?

MORGAN

Don't put me on the spot man, that's a tall order.

Butler smiles. Responds the bartender.

BUTLER

Sure, another round.

He fixes his gaze on Morgan.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

You remember Gilbert Armstrong who used to play patta morning, noon and night?

MORGAN

Get outta here, he is a judge?! Hell no, wasn't he the guy who stole my history book so that I couldn't study for Mrs. Wolfe's test and so I failed?!

BUTLER

You remember that, you better believe it he was the Judge, he is now Justice Gilbert Armstrong.

MORGAN

That damn thief! Did he recognize you?

BUTLER

I think so. He looked at me like my face looked familiar, just like how you were looking at me earlier.

MORGAN

So when last have you been back to Munro?

BUTLER

It's been about ten years now. That was the only time I went back since graduation.

MORGAN

How so?

BUTLER

I took my wife to see the place that made me the man I am today, took her to that old Dickenson dormitory. I went into every partition that I slept in from first form to the cubicle in sixth form.

MORGAN

Wow! That must have been such a feeling of nostalgia.

BUTLER

I went to the old library and I thought I could hear Mrs. Turnbull's voice inside saying "You have a half an hour's detention".

They laugh heartily, drawing attention from other patrons.

MORGAN

You remember that first day your mom dropped you off, signed you in with your housemaster and drove away?

BUTLER

Don't embarrass me in front of my wife!

TANYA

What's that now Morgan? Gavin has told me so many things about boarding school. What has he held back?

MORGAN

You know when guys get together, sometimes it's hard to be yourself when wives are around. No disrespect to you, it just the way it is especially when Munro guys start reminiscing. Some of our fun could be considered W.E. not P.G.

TANYA

W.E.?

MORGAN

Wives Excluded.

The guys laugh. Tanya seems genuinely interested.

TANYA

Try me.

Butler beckons to the bartender.

BUTLER (TO WAITER)

Bring me a bottle of the most expensive champagne. As a matter of fact, make it two.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. FRANCELLEA BUTLER'S CAR - DAY (32 YEARS AGO)

The car is driving along a quiet narrow, meandering road surrounded by thick vegetation.

11 year-old Butler is sitting shotgun, slouched. His mom, FRANCELLEA, drives.

FRANCELLEA

Don't look so nervous G, isn't this what you wanted?

BUTLER

What you mean?

FRANCELLEA

Going to the one and only Munro College. This is where all the successful men went when they were your age.

Butler stares ahead, as if wishing the journey would not end.

FRANCELLA (CONT'D)

You will love it once you're there. You'll make new friends, learn new and exciting subjects, nothing like what you did at elementary school. Someone by the name of Anju Somany once said; "If the road is not patchy, rough and on a hilly terrain, then the journey is not often worth undertaking as all destinations are already enough crowded."

BUTLER

Will you be coming to see me, Mom?

FRANCELLA

I sure will but not any time soon. You'll be enjoying the company of your new friends so much that you won't have time to miss me.

BUTLER

I will always miss you.

FRANCELLA

I will miss you too, G, but you going to Munro will make me very proud of you. You are destined for success. Munro is the most prestigious high school that you can ever dream of going to.

EXT. MUNRO CAMPUS - DAY

They pass through the school gate: two cut stone columns and a long drive way lined with willow trees.

INT. CAR - DAY

Francella takes a deep breath, rubs her hand on Butler's head.

FRANCELLA

The driveway to greatness, G. No one ever regrets getting into this citadel of learning. This is the beginning of big things to come.

Butler still not saying anything, looks quite pensive.

FRANCELLA (CONT'D)

My boy is one of the fortunate boys at 11 years old.

I am so proud of you, all these years I dreamed of this day, that I would be making this drive to take you to this boarding school.

EXT. MUNRO COLLEGE CAR PARK - DAY

Francella pulls up in the car park and young Butler slowly opens the car door and steps out. The car park is busy with other parents dropping off their boys.

Butler looks around at the old cut stone buildings.

EXT. BARBECUE - DAY

A wide band of concrete that is cracked, uneven, and colorless. This old surface seems to have existed from time immemorial and destined to serve for eternity.

Francella and Butler leave the car park and walk across the concrete Barbecue to the office of the housemaster of Dickenson Boarding House.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF MR. LEBERT GREEN, HOUSEMASTER - DAY

Francella signs some papers. Mr. Green, looking formal, directs his gaze on Butler, who looks around sheepishly.

INT. DICKENSON BOARDING HOUSE. JUNIOR DORM - DAY

Francella and Butler step inside the first partition. Francella is carrying his brown dulcimina, while Butler timidly carries his back pack and tuck box.

There are fourteen very small beds, half lined out in a row on opposite sides of the first partition. Each row separated by fourteen old, rugged wooden lockers.

FRANCELLA

Don't look so scared son, this is not home but you will have to make the best of it for now.

A few other parents are there with their sons, too. Francella helps Butler to make his bed.

BUTLER

Mom, this mattress doesn't look comfortable at all, it is sunken in the middle.

FRANCELLA

Shh, you will have to adjust, remember what I have been saying all summer to you, just remember what Malcolm Forbes says: "Living and dreaming are two different things - but you can't do one without the other." You've been dreaming about this day all your life, now it's time to live it.

Butler lies down on the bed to test it.

BUTLER

This feels like a coir mattress, the coir is sticking me through the sheet.

FRANCELLA

To live this dream you have to pay a price.

Francella opens Butler's dulcimina and takes out another sheet set and puts in over the first one. Butler tests out the bed again.

BUTLER

This is much better mom, so what do I use when I change the top sheet, you only packed two sheet sets.

FRANCELLA

Well you have a choice, you will have to either sleep on this one for the entire school term or remove the top one now and reserve it for when you change the other one. Which means that you will have to get used to the feel of the coir, it's your call.

Butler frowns and slowly removes the second layer of sheet from his bed.

FRANCELLA (CONT'D)

I gotta be going now, I want to get home before it gets dark on that mountain road, and I won't have you with me to keep me company.

EXT, BARBECUE - DAY

Butler and his Mom walks across the barbecue back to the car, she hugs him and bids him good bye.

FRANCELLA

Your dream has begun, make me proud
of you, G.

Francella gets in the car and drives away. Butler starts to cry and runs after the car. Some kids - JOHN, BASIL and Morgan -are nearby witnessing this and they start laughing.

BASIL

Run a little faster man, you don't
look like you really want to catch
her, run man, keep running.

Morgan feels sorry for Butler and asks the guys to stop.

MORGAN

Remember that most of us went
through that phase. Look at you
John, you cried for the entire week
last year, so you above all
shouldn't be laughing at that kid.

JOHN

I am sure last year guys were
laughing at me too, so I feel it's
fair game to be laughing at someone
now, it's my time to laugh.

When Butler's mom's car is too far away, Butler falls to the ground and cries hysterically.

The guys laugh even harder. But not Morgan. He walks up the driveway to Butler.

MORGAN

Hey, grubbie, stop crying man, you
are at Munro, guys will laugh at
you and tease you if you look soft.
We don't cry here, this is a boys
school, no sissies, if you gonna
cry like a girl then go over to our
sister school, Hampton. My name is
Morgan, what's yours?

Butler still crying, ignores Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Get up! I'm only trying to help
you, look up by the car park a few
guys are laughing at you.

You'd better not let anyone else see you behaving like a cry baby and your life will be miserable in the dormitory if they start teasing you, so you better get up and behave like a boy. NOW!

Butler gets up slowly and brushes off his khaki uniform.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Listen up guy, we all go through this when our parents leave, but take my word for it, very soon you will be enjoying yourself. This kind of tantrum you went through will soon be forgotten. Life here is good, the place may look old and scary but, all three hundred plus of us boarders make ourselves comfortable here as we have a goal in mind. We are here for a purpose, we are fulfilling our dreams to be great and successful in life.

BUTLER

My bed is coir mattress, I don't know how I am going to sleep on that tonight and so many of us will be sleeping in the same partition.

MORGAN

That's all a part of the game here. You think if it was so bad so many of us would still be here? And many outside would love to get in. The trick to the coir mattress deal is that, there are a few mattresses available in the dormitory that are made of sponge, the way to avoid getting a coir mattress is to sign in early each start of term. The early bird catches the worm... you get my drift?

BUTLER

You're a first former, too?

MORGAN

Yeah.

BUTLER

Then how do you know so much?

MORGAN

I am repeating first form. I was sick for most of last year so the headmaster made allowance for me to repeat first form.

BUTLER

You got left back?

MORGAN

Yeah, and I'm grateful because if they didn't let me repeat first form, I'd be stuck going back to a second rate high school. Stick with me, I have experience.

Butler wipes his tears. Extends his hand for a shake.

BUTLER

I'm Gavin.

John and Basil approach, still laughing.

JOHN

I hadn't laughed like this in a long time. If you wanna go back home why you stopped running? I will have to make sure that you are on the school's track team.

MORGAN

John, cut that out, remember most of us go through this day one drama, our first day here is always the most scary one, we all cried last year this time. So give Gavin a break man, let's try and get him settled in. I was giving him a little pep talk when you rudely interrupted us.

JOHN

The only guys who don't feel so dejected and scared are those first formers who are lucky to have a bigger brother here or a close friend who is here in a higher form. Someone they knew before they got here. Those are the only exceptions I know of.

MORGAN

I will look out for you Gavin but it comes with a price.

Butler looks intently at Morgan as he hears that. Then he searches the glares of John and Basil but can't glean anything from their expressions.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Don't look so scared, the only thing you will owe me is that you will need to give me some tuck when you have it. The food we get here is not the best so I will need food from you, from time to time.

Butler looks at Morgan as if he was seeing a mad man.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

So what your mama gave you in your tuck box?

BUTLER

Some groceries.

MORGAN

No man here we call it tuck, you got corn beef?

BUTLER

Yeah.

MORGAN

Condensed milk?

BUTLER

Yeah.

MORGAN

Water crackers and syrup?

BUTLER

Yeah, I have some of that.

MORGAN

So why you answering so faintly like you don't want to agree to my deal? Like I said every first former needs someone to look out for him, I will take care of you as long as you feed me.

Butler considers this. He begins walking back toward the Dickenson House as the song "Only the Strong Survive" by Billy Paul is playing.

INT. JUNIOR DORMITORY DICKENSON HOUSE - LATE EVENING

DANIEL STEPHENSON (18), prefect in charge of the first partition in, gives a talk to the first formers.

STEPHENSON

Listen up guys, I am Daniel Stephenson, I'll be your prefect for this year. Everything you notice so far will seem shocking to you but you'll soon get used to it. There will be a bell that rings at 5:30pm. That's the bell indicating that you are to take your daily shower. At 6:00pm the supper bell will ring. When school classes start tomorrow there will be a bell at 7:00pm alerting you to get ready for prep, meaning that you will have 10 minutes to leave the dorm and head back to your classrooms to do your home work. You will be supervised by a sixth former for an hour. Since today is the first day, we will not have any prep. Lights out is at 8:30pm when you are all to be in your beds, no talking, you only get up if you must use the bathroom. Apart from that you get up in the morning when the bell rings at 6:30.

The first formers looking quite scared and terrified about the schedule. Two kids, PENNICOOK and ARMSTRONG whisper to one another:

PENNICOOK

This sounds like the army.

ARMSTRONG

You mean prison.

STEPHENSON

I am the only one who is to be speaking right now.

He looks at the fourteen first formers with a stern look.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

Indiscipline is not tolerated within the gates of this "City".

Minor offences will get you a half hour's detention, more serious offences will get you a one hour's detention and really serious offences will get you a caning either by your housemaster or the principal.

The first formers cringe at the sound of the word "caning".

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

This is my final year and I cannot recall any one ever getting expelled, this school has no room for indiscipline or deviant behavior. Whether you are in junior school or senior school, one rule for everyone of us. The rest of the rules you will get to know over the next few days.

The bell rings, a heavy sound like the sound of the Judgment.

BUTLER

What's that bell for, sir?

STEPHENSON

Someone wasn't listening to me. I said a bell will ring at 5:30pm indicating it is time to take your shower.

Stephenson points to Butler.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

What's your name, boy?

BUTLER

Gavin.

STEPHENSON

I forgot to tell you that here we go by surnames most times, so what your surname, sir?

BUTLER

My full name is Gavin Butler.

STEPHENSON

Fine, so if you check your time, you'll see that it is 5:30pm. How many of you ever came on this compound before today?

A smaller student, Peynado, raises his hand.

PEYNADO

I came here about two times with my dad. He graduated about twenty years ago. He always wanted me to follow in his footsteps and come to Munro. He was a boarder in this same house.

STEPHENSON

So you would have an idea of what kind of life you would be living for the next seven years. What type of work does your dad do?

PEYNADO

He is a Dermatologist, and he talks a lot about Munro.

STEPHENSON

Great, so those are the kinds of success stories that we all should write for ourselves. By the way any of you guys have a sister?

The first formers chuckle, as if asking themselves, what's the relevance.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

Did I give you guys a joke? Those of you have sisters at Hampton will get special privileges as long as you find a way to introduce me to her. You should all know that Hampton is our sister school and having a girlfriend there is always an advantage when we go to Hop, which is a party where fifth and sixth formers of both schools are privileged to attend. So tell me who has a sister at Hampton in fifth or sixth form?

An even smaller student raises his hand.

PEYNADO

I have a sister at Hampton but she is in Third form.

STEPHENSON

No, not interested, she is too young. I'm not a cradle snatcher.

ARMSTRONG

My sister is in fifth form, but she is not ready for a boyfriend yet.

STEPHENSON

Perfect, I will have to talk to you later on about that. I don't care if she has or doesn't have a boyfriend. It's now 5:45 and, you have fifteen minutes to shower and get dressed for supper at 6:00.

INT. JUNIOR DORMITORY DICKENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The first formers, in robes, are lined up and staring in shock at something.

The showers don't have partitions. There is no privacy. Water is running on the floor. The room is old.

No one wants to be the first to take off their robes. Morgan, along with second and third formers, step under the shower in full view of everyone.

BUTLER

Oh my God, are we really to do this?

CAMPBELL

I wanna go home man, not even at my home do I shower in front of my brother, much less strangers.

A second former emerges from the shower.

SECOND FORMER # 1

You guys seem afraid to take a shower, well let me tell you something, nobody sleeps in this dormitory without taking a shower, that doesn't happen at all. Nobody rides the "dusty train" in this dorm.

SECOND FORMER # 2

Just tell them again, nobody, absolutely nobody sleeps in this dorm if they "ride the dusty train". So you guys better strip down and get used to it as we all had to do likewise from day one.

The first formers look at each other as if they are waiting to see who first will brave it and get naked first.

SECOND FORMER # 2 (CONT'D)

And you don't have much time either
as the supper bell will soon be
rung.

SECOND FORMER # 1

Here's the trick take a hog wash
until you get used to the cold
water as we don't have warm water
here. City boys must be tough.

BUTLER

Hog wash?

SECOND FORMER # 1

That's a very quick shower, when
you keep the water running and
soaping up at the same time, can
take as long as a minute. Try it,
you will be allowed to do that for
the rest of the week, but by next
week this time you should all
graduate to full shower.

A second former walks by, naked.

The second formers smirk at them. Second Former # 2 holds
his hands up high and claps them loudly. All the first
formers snap their gazes back up to eye level.

SECOND FORMER # 2

And remember guys, pay attention to
your own business and don't look at
anyone, right? Never be caught
looking at someone else taking care
of their business. Your business
alone, that's the cardinal rule of
taking a shower here at Munro.
Otherwise, you may get the wrong
reputation.

The second formers laugh and saunter off.

The first formers begin slinking out of their robes.

Butler reluctantly takes off his robe and steps under one for
the showers, soaping up as quickly as he can for a hog wash.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE EVENING

A large room with old, but sturdy, wooden benches.

Butler finally reaches the front of a long, slowly moving line. He is slid some mashed up food on a tray.

He sits at a table with guys his age.

CAMPBELL

What is this we are eating?

BUTLER

It looks like curried goat but it tastes like beef.

Morgan approaches.

MORGAN

How's it going Butler? Making fiends?

BUTLER

Is this curried goat or what?

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN

It's curried chauny..

BUTLER

Curry what?

MORGAN

Curried chauny, at your home you would know it as beef, it's so named because of the strands in it. I suggest that you get used to it as that's our staple food here. We get it curried at times, other times we get it stewed or roasted. So eat it up man, by the time you graduate you would have eaten an entire herd.

Butler finally laughs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

The school has a farm and it seems like it's the oldest cows that are butchered, the ones that have out their lot. Those are the ones they curry, and although curry is supposed to be a tenderizer, you sometimes chew and chew until the "cows come home" and you still don't have it at the stage where you can comfortably swallow.

Morgan notices Butler eying some large billboards hanging around the room.

BUTLER
What are those?

MORGAN
C'mon. Let's have a closer look.

Morgan and Butler go over to inspect the billboards, running into Peynado.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
These are the scholarship boards, they represent great achievements of past students. There you see their names with the scholarships for university.

Peynado pushes up his chest and points at a name on one of the billboards.

PEYNADO
There is my dad's name; Rayon Peynado. Or I should say Dr. Bertram Peynado. He says I must make sure my name ends up on this board.

Butler inspects the names, finally seeming impressed with something.

MORGAN
So you see this is no ordinary school. Don't focus any at all on the old cut stone buildings, just focus on your future by studying hard and behaving yourselves and the rest will fall into place. All those guys' on billboards were at your stage once. But they all adjusted and grew to love this place and eventually call it home. This is no ordinary "city".

Butler seems to be seeping it all in.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR DORMITORY DICKENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Stephenson stands tall in front of a row of beds.

STEPHENSON

Lights out! Everyone is to remain
in bed. There is no talking

Butler turns in his bed, trying to get comfortable on the
coir mattress. He picks a position, but after a moment rolls
over and tries another...

DISSOLVE TO:

A CLOCK READING 6:30 AM.

BIIINNNGG!

The morning bell sounds.

Butler's eyes open, groggily.

CUT TO:

INT. FORM 1A - DAY

Students sit quietly in straight rows. All eyes are on...

MR. BARON TURNBULL, white, middle-aged, and stern as they
come. He stands tall in front of the class.

MR. TURNBULL

You are to stand when I enter. In
fact when any teacher enters the
classroom you are all expected to
stand. A mark of respect.

The entire class of thirty six boys quickly stands.

MR TURNBULL

Perfect. A very good morning to
you and welcome to Munro College,
the City on the hill. You have all
made it in to the "City", our motto
is Latin "In Arce Sitam Quiz
Occultabit" in English that is "A
City Set Upon a Hill Cannot be
Hid".

The boys look impressed when the headmaster rolls the Latin
off his tongue. Butler is trying to take notes.

BUTLER

Sir, how do you spell that sir?

MR TURNBULL

Good question young man, I see you are listening keenly, what's your name?

BUTLER

My name is Gavin Butler and I am in Dickenson house, sir.

Mr. Turnbull turns to the chalk board and writes the school's motto in Latin; In Arce Sitam Quiz Occultabit. All the boys quickly start copying it.

MR. TURNBULL

This is scriptural and can be found at St. Matthew Chapter five, verse fourteen. Our school was founded in 1856 by way of a trust that was set up by a former slave owner. Over the years we have become renowned as a very prestigious high school. You already know that I am sure, that's why you are here.

Two boys begin whispering to one another. Mr. Turnbull slams his hand down - WHAM! - on one of their desks. The whole class sits up a little straighter.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

This class is called Headmasters Period - HMP - purposely called so, as it is really a session that I have with all first formers, not just to welcome you to the "City" but to tell you of all that is expected of you while you are here. Never think you are here by chance, once you are here you are destined for greatness.

Some boys look intimidated as he reads them the riot act. Others seem restless.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

It is important that I hasten to inform you that indiscipline will not be tolerated here. No room for it.

Our primary disciplinary measure here is the detention system wherein those getting a detention will be required once each week to go to a room, which you will be advised of and you will be told what to do when you get there.

BUTLER

Sir my dorm prefect told us about that last night.

MR. TURNBULL

I am speaking now young man, don't interrupt me.

Peynado and Peynado start laughing at Butler. Mr Turnbull gives them a stern look and they instantly cease. He points to one of them.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny? You, what's your name? You have certainly started out this first day on a good note. Keep it up and you will know how things work out here for you. I don't expect any more disturbance from you or anyone for the remainder of my session this morning. Have I made myself clear to all of you?

Mr. Turnbull takes a piercing look at every boy seated. He walks to one of the windows and points to his office.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

You see those 14 steps going up to that office? That's my office and I hope none of you will have to climb that staircase for a caning from me.

On the faces of the boys is a look of fear.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

Oh yes, caning is allowed here, I can do it as well as the house-masters. Caning is for behavior that we consider to be serious misconduct. Inexcusable behavior will result in expulsion, but I hasten to say that, I don't expect any of you will be expelled.

I doubt any of you will want to be so fortunate to get in and want to leave before graduation. On my desk right now is a pile of applications from parents who want their sons to get into this institution. So, that should make you feel privileged. You are basically sitting on a chair that is very much in demand. So if any of you don't take this seriously, your space can be filled in the twinkling of an eye. Have I made myself clear?

Mr. Turnbull pauses, takes a deep breath.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

In all my 20 years of being the principal only one student has ever been expelled.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

EXT. BARBECUE - DAY. 10 YEARS AGO

Two boys are in a fist fight. A crowd watches. One of the boys takes out a knife and stabs the other boy. The crowd is shocked. Blood drips on the concrete.

BACK TO:

INT. FORM 1A - DAY

MR. TURNBULL

That boy wasn't really a true Munronian, as he was already expelled from another school and I wasn't aware of it. The name of that school and his name I will not even mention. So you see how important these headmaster's first classes are with you, so you can be told what is expected of you from the first day of school.

EXT. BARBECUE - DAY

The bell rings. Guys run for the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Guys are in line waiting impatiently to get their lunch.

MISS. DORA BROWN is serving fried chicken. A grouch old woman, STINGY, is scowling next to her, serving desert. Butler and Morgan are together in the line.

BUTLER

You notice that lady serving the chicken has to look up first to see who she is serving before she decides which part of the chicken she is to put in your plate?

MORGAN

She's an old witch. If you are white she gives you the best parts, like the thigh. If you are black like me she will give you the wing or the chicken back..

BUTLER

It is not chicken back you are getting, it's the back of the chicken. But we are hungry and not at home now, we just gotta have to be grateful and accept things as they are. Boarding school days won't last forever.

MORGAN

Wow, look who is telling me to get used to it here. We will be gone to university one day and that witch will still be serving chicken back.

BUTLER

You hear I say you must not say chicken back... it's the back of the chicken, this way you make it sound more appetizing.

Butler notices the Stingy, rummaging through a box of dessert oranges.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Who's that?

MORGAN

That's Stingy. She don't give no extra dessert. Look at her rummaging through the box, making sure she gives the smallest oranges first.

When they reach her, she puts a dinky orange and a tiny watermelon slice on Morgan's tray.

Morgan picks it up and eats it in one big bite.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

I wonder if my mom knows the humiliation it is for me to be eating in this god forsaken dining room. Stingy wouldn't know how many orange trees I have at my home now laden with oranges and here I am going to be given an orange like it's a damn privilege for her to give one to me.

MORGAN

Like you just said my friend:
nothing lasts forever.

Butler and Morgan sit at a table. After a moment, they hear a loud roar of students on the lunch line. They turn to see:

MESSAM, a wiry boy, running from the lunch line.

Campbell approaches with his food.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

CAMPBELL

Messam was trying to "dos" but got busted. Miss. Dora raised the alarm.

MORGAN

Messam thinks he could dos by taking a second lunch and thinks he won't be noticed? After all he is the only albino in the school, a blind man could notice that he joined the line a second time.

BUTLER

No seconds?

CAMPBELL

No, my friend. Here at Munro, taking a second meal is considered stealing and punishable by caning.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP ROCK - SATURDAY - DAY

A spectacular location. The highest point of the school compound and also the peak of the Santa Cruz Mountains. A breathtaking view of the horizon and the Caribbean Sea.

Butler, Morgan, and some boys are hanging out, cooking flour dumplings in a cheese pan on an open wood fire.

BUTLER

Boy, I can't wait for these dumplings to be cooked, I'm starving, that breakfast this morning just didn't hold me at all, I was hungry in an hour.

MORGAN

I told you to make them very thin but you wouldn't listen to me, that way they would be cooked in a jiffy.

They take the cheese pan off the fire and begin opening a tin of corned beef. Suddenly...

Some unruly fifth formers arrive: BERNARD STAPLE, aka SAVAGE, DEXTON COMRIE aka, PRENTO and CONROY SLATER aka BINGO.

SAVAGE

Food smell good man, you juniors know how to cook.

PRENTO

Eh, mi hungry unuh, and this is perfect timing.

MORGAN

You should have told us you were coming, or else we would have cooked more dumplings.

BINGO

We don't need any invitation man, we turn up when we want.

SAVAGE

And take what we want.

Savage looks down into the cheese pan.

SAVAGE (CONT'D)

Eh boy mek onoo neva cook more dumplin, yuh tink dem ya dumplin ya

can full me an mi bredren belly
today, how onoo so mean.

BUTLER

I was only cooking for two of us.

SAVAGE

Well, that what you think, this
will only now share for three, you
better cook some more now, for two.

PRENTO

Sorry guys this is a privilege for
fifth formers, it happened to me
many times when I was in junior
school, you will have your turn
when you are a senior.

With that Savage takes off his shirt and uses it to hold the
hot cheese pan. Prento takes the tin of corned beef. The
older boys walk off with the food.

Morgan and Butler watch, helplessly, next to tears.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Many kids are eating. Some are still on line.

Policing the line is MR. FAIRWEATHER, a white, big-bellied
Englishman with glasses.

Butler enters and slips into the seniors line, trying to go
unnoticed. Before long, Mr. Fairweather sees him.

MR. FAIRWEATHER

Come here sonny boy.

Butler nervously walks over to Mr. Fairweather.

MR. FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Why are you just coming to supper
in the senior's line?

Butler stares at him in fright.

MR. FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

What's your name sonny boy?

BUTLER

Butler.

MR. FAIRWEATHER
What's your name?

BUTLER
Gavin Butler

MR. FAIRWEATHER
I said what's your name sonny boy?

BUTLER
Gavin Anthony Butler.

Mr. Fairweather takes a deep breath.

All of the boys are now watching. One whispers to another:

WHISPERING BOY
Fairweather is fishing him.

MR. FAIRWEATHER
For the last time, what's your name?

BUTLER
Butler, G.

Mr. Fairweather grabs the top bottom of Butler's shirt and starts to hit it against Butler's chest. It hurts Butler.

MR. FAIRWEATHER
I expect you to answer me, by saying; Butler, SIR.

Butler is released from the tentacles of Mr. Fairweather, and runs off.

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

All of the boys are sleeping. Butler, lies uncomfortably, on his mattress. He quietly opens his tuck box and eats alone.

CUT TO:

INT. FORM ROOM 1A - DAY

Another stern teacher, this one MRS. WOLFE is returning test papers. Her long hair is scattered over her shoulder.

MRS. WOLFE
I am not pleased with the results 1A's first history test. You seem to start your time here like you are still on summer holidays.

Well let me tell you that, I will not accept mediocrity, not in my history class. It is clear that about half the class did not take my test seriously. You all are playing the fool.

Guys seem to tremble when Mrs. Wolfe speaks.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

Those of you who got below 50% will not have any break time until next week this time.

There is a sigh from all the boys.

MRS, WOLFE

You will be spending your break time right here. I will be checking to make sure those of you who didn't take my test seriously will be here studying history. I am sure that you will not fail MY History test again.

EXT. BARBECUE - DAY

Break time. Students playing padda.

INT. 1A FORM ROOM - DAY

Miserable students studying history and sneaking glances at the students playing outside. Mrs. Wolfe checks in.

MRS. WOLFE

I don't find pleasure in doing this guys but I am sure that going forward you will take me and MY history test very seriously. After all you are at Munro College now, not at elementary school.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORM ROOM 1A - DAY

Break time is over.

Now ruling over the students is MRS. ADASSA WELLINGTON - aka: MISS PIGGY (70), the oldest teacher on staff (appx. 70 years old), who teaches English Language. Her nose is snout-like.

Butler notices something written on his desk. He has no idea who wrote it. He raises his hand.

BUTLER

Miss, Miss, look what someone wrote
on my desk when I went to break.

Mrs. Wellington walks over and reads aloud...

MISS. PIGGY

Miss Piggy, Pum Pum Phat!

The guys hold their breath, expecting her to be very upset
but instead Miss. Piggy shakes it off.

MISS. PIGGY (CONT'D)

This makes very interesting
reading. I see someone here paid
very keen attention in our last
English class. What figure of
speech is that?

She looks around to all the boys, expecting an answer.

MISS. PIGGY (CONT'D)

Can I get an answer from someone? I
taught you figures of speech just
last week.

She walks back to Butler's desk and reads it aloud once more.

MISS. PIGGY (CONT'D)

Miss. Piggy Pum Pum Phat. As a
matter of fact, let me write it on
the board, for the benefit of those
who did not get a chance to read it
before the class started.

Miss. Piggy walks up to the chalk board and writes it, in
very large letters. MISS. PIGGY PUM PUM PHAT!

BUTLER

Miss, There is no exclamation sign.

MISS. PIGGY

I know but the exclamation sign
makes it a more interesting read.
Morgan, read this aloud for the
class please. If you read it, maybe
you may find it easier to tell the
entire class what figure of speech
that is.

Morgan is taken off guard and whispers it.

MISS. PIGGY (CONT'D)

So no one can give me the answer.
That is a perfect example of
alliteration.

Miss. Piggy turns around and uses a red colored chalk to underline all the "Ps". The entire class laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORM 1A - DAY

A week later and Mrs. Wolfe is about to start another history class.

MRS. WOLFE

I hope those of you who failed MY first History test will make sure that last week's test was the last of MY history tests that you failed. I know some of you will not like me for locking you up in here and depriving you of break but when you leave Munro, you will look back and be glad for what I have done, in making you become responsible men.

Under his breath:

BUTLER

She keeps saying MY history test, she takes it so personal.

MRS. WOLFE

Okay so let's begin, with chapter Butler please start reading for us.

Butler is caught off guard and turns to Campbell to borrow his History textbook.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

Where is your book, young man? Why are you disturbing your friend, he is here to learn and you are being a nuisance to him.

BUTLER

I forgot that we had History today.

MRS. WOLFE

Okay, so you don't take MY history class seriously.

I'm giving you a half an hour's detention, this way I am sure you will not forget your history book ever again. A matter of fact, stand for the remainder of the class. I have to make sure you guys are fixed right from the very beginning, Munro College is not a place for jokers. If you want to be a clown then go find a circus. I must tell you that you also have me for History in second form as well as third form. You will also have me for reading next year as well.

Campbell under his breath but not soft enough:

CAMPBELL

Oh hell!

MRS. WOLFE

I heard that but it doesn't matter to me, as even if you don't like me, you will have to learn to tolerate me.

The Bell rings and Mrs. Wolfe takes up her book and briskly walks out the class room.

BUTLER

You ole werewolf.

Mrs. Wolfe hears and walks back inside.

MRS. WOLFE

Who said werewolf?

No one answers.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

I am not leaving until someone admits saying to it.

She looks at everybody. No one answers her.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

I am going to have Mr. Turnbull give the entire class a caning. All of you form a line to the headmaster's office NOW.

The entire form 1A walks out in a line, and she follows behind them, right up the headmaster's steps.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The boys are lined up and the Headmaster goes down the line, using a cane to give each boy a WHACK! on the backside.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - DAY

Butler is having some tuck on his bed. Campbell, Morgan and Armstrong approach with angry eyes.

CAMPBELL

You see what you caused, I wanted to leave here without getting a caning. My mom wants me to be a model student.

BUTLER

My mom too. We were all caned so what, big deal!

ARMSTRONG

You are one selfish punk. Keep it up and you will see how far it gets you.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIOR DORMITORY DICKENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

A boy, COCKING, is asleep. The clock reads: 2:00am.

Three fifth formers (Savage, Prento and Bingo) walk stealthily into the partition and quietly lift Cocking's bed.

INT. JUNIOR DORMITORY DICKENSON HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY

Morning. The 6:30am bell rings.

Cocking sits up in bed which is IN THE BATHROOM. He looks around trying to get his bearings.

All the guys enter from the bedroom and laugh.

PEYNADO

Hey Cocking, I keep telling you that you can't ride the dusty train. One day the conductor is going to not let you ride as you are stinking up the train.

All the guys in the partition laugh.

STEPHENSON

Is who ride dusty train last night?

No one answers

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

Mi sey is who ride dusty train last night? Talk up now or you all will not be allowed back inside here until 6:00 this evening.

COCKING

I just didn't shower last night, the water was too cold and this place don't have any warm water.

STEPHENSON

Rubbish! Stop that rubbish, we all have to shower in the cold water, even when it's as cold as next to ice. That is one of the hallmarks of being a true Munronian to shower in the icy cold water. I don't want anyone in this partition to be affected by the dust from you when you turn in your bed at nights. No green arm in this dorm.

ALL OF THE GUYS EXCEPT BUTLER

No green arm in this dorm... no green arm in this dorm...

STEPHENSON

Shut up, I can speak for myself.

BUTLER

Stephenson, I hear that is not so much that the water is cold, but that some guys since last week are calling him dick master.

STEPHENSON

How so?

BUTLER

Ask Cocking or you can guess why.

Stephenson looks like he figured out the reason for that.

STEPHENSON

I don't want to hear about those things, as guys are to shower and pay attention to their business alone.

How is it that someone's sees enough to be able to be calling someone dick master? That's a bad sign... it is sending the wrong message.

There is a BEAT.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

I may have to be on the look out for deviant behavior.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The librarian, MRS. MARY TURNBULL places books on shelves. She is mid fifties, white, curvaceous. As she passes, she notices Butler reading a cartoon in a Look and Learn magazine.

MRS. TURNBULL

Can I have your attention 1A, you are allowed to read the educational aspects of the magazines but you will not, and I repeat, you will not be permitted to read the Trigan Empire cartoon series. Trigan Empire at break... Trigan Empire at lunch... Trigan Empire after school. Have I made myself clear?

Orlando Peynado seated in the back thinks he was too far away for Mrs Turnbull to hear him, jeers and makes fun of her.

PEYNADO (JEERINGLY)

Trigan Empire at break... Trigan Empire at Lunch... Trigan Empire after school.

MRS. TURNBULL

Who was that?

No one responds.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

Who was that?

She stares at the boys.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

If I have to repeat myself one more time without someone telling me who was making fun of me, you will all have a half an hour's detention.

BUTLER

It was Peynado.

MRS. TURNBULL

Okay, Mr. Peynado, you alone will have the detention then, thanks to Butler who saved himself and the rest of the class.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBECUE - DAY

As the students enter, Peynado attacks Butler, pushing him.

PEYNADO

Informer!

BUTLER

She was gonna get us all caned.

PEYNADO

You've got bigger problems than that!

Peynado takes a swing and the boys begin to fight. Just then, Miss Piggy, passing by grabs them by the ear.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peynado and Butler are lined up for a caning - WHACK!

CUT TO:

INT. FORM 2A - DAY

Mrs. Wolfe is seated at her desk.

MRS. WOLFE

Now that we've finished grading, you can give your classmate his test booklet back so he can see what he got.

The boys exchange test booklets. Butler checks his: 38 out of 50. He checks the ones he got wrong and realizes something.

BUTLER

Miss... Miss... look here Campbell made a big mistake, he didn't grade my answers correctly, I got 48 out of 50 and he gave me 38.

Mrs. Wolfe looks at him with a helpless, cold and dispassionate demeanor.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Miss. Can you correct that in your mark book for me please?

Mrs. Wolfe looks him straight in the eyes.

MRS. WOLFE

I am not marking up my mark book. Tell your friend to be careful next time.

BUTLER

Please Miss. You know it is not my fault and I should not be made to suffer when it was totally out of my control. I got 48 out of 50 almost 100 percent and he gave me 38. Miss., that's a big... big difference, you should be proud of me, Miss.

Mrs. Wolfe doesn't bat an eyelash.

MRS. WOLFE

Go back and take your seat young man, you clearly didn't hear a word I just said.

Butler slowly walks to his seat, and grumbles to himself.

BUTLER (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Eh, she wicked yuh nuh, but luckily for him Mrs. Wolfe didn't hear.

The bell rings and Mrs. Wolfe exits. Butler looks at her with pure hatred. When she is gone, Butler turns to Campbell...

BUTLER (CONT'D)

You messed up my grade.

CAMPBELL

It was an accident.

Butler and Campbell push each other. Morgan breaks it up.

ARMSTRONG

Da lady you see, call Mrs. Wolfe I don't like a bone in her ugly body. She must be not getting any dick when night comes. She's cold... bad! If it was me that happen to, mi would a fight, dem would think is world war 3.

BUTLER

She is an ole fart... dam terrorist.

WALLACE

No man, you mean Taliban.

Mr. Turnbull is standing in the doorway, casually listening to all of this. He clears his throat and all of the boys look to him.

MR. TURNBULL

Very interesting, this is how privileged Munronians speak about their teachers behind their backs. Come with me, all three of you.

They follow Mr. Turnbull to...

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

They enter.

MR. TURNBULL

Mrs. Wolfe has been teaching here for ten years and there is no justification whatsoever for you boys to be so disrespectful to her behind her back.

BUTLER

Sir, can I explain to you why?

MR. TURNBULL

I don't want to hear anything from you, it is clear you have not been listening to a word I just said. There is absolutely no justifiable reason for you to behave like you just did.

BUTLER

Mr. Turnbull, there is always a reason for certain things.

MR TURNBULL

It doesn't seem like English is your first language. You are not understanding a word I just said. What do you want to be when you grow up?

BUTLER

A lawyer.

Mr. Turnbull shakes his head.

MR. TURNBULL

That makes perfect sense, so you are getting your practice now.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

I am going to give you guys a chance this time around, but make sure I have no reason to reprimand you again for as long as you have left here.

He looks the boys in the eyes, his gaze tougher than a storm.

CUT TO:

EXT. PADDA COURT - DAY

The boys are playing Padda, a game like soccer played with a tennis ball on the concrete court. A crowd surrounds the court, watching. Among them: Butler, Campbell, and Morgan.

MORGAN

Yesterday I was in the bathroom next to the library and I saw some graffiti there. I had to hold down the laughter.

Morgan starts laughing.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

If anyone heard laughter coming from one of the toilet cubicles, they would sure think it's a madman sitting there on the throne.

The other boys laugh, too.

BUTLER

I wonder if it's the one that I saw last week.

MORGAN

There are so many that I don't know which one to start with.

BUTLER

The one that made me laugh so much last week was the one that said "Here I sit broken hearted came to shit but only farted".

MORGAN

I saw a nicer one today at break time, it was about Mrs. Turnbull, it was a time table with someone scheduling her for Lunch. Listen up; on a Sunday, breakfast on a Monday, break, on a Tuesday, Lunch, on a Wednesday, Supper on Thursday, he gave her a break on a Friday and Saturday since he said he is a Seventh Day Adventist.

All three of them laugh, so focused on the conversation and not even watching the game of padda.

BUTLER

I just got a great idea, let's have a graffiti contest.

Campbell and Morgan smile. They notice another student eaves dropping. They huddle together and walk off.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Butler, Morgan and Campbell enter. They sit in the back pew and start their planning.

WALLACE

What will be the prize for the winner?

MORGAN

You are putting the cart before the horse, guy, let's first set out the rules.

Butler mockingly the sign of the cross and begins...

BUTLER

For sure, rule el numero uno; By invitation only, graffiti must be strictly about female teachers.

Campbell and Morgan all nodding in approval.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Also, jokes must all be below the belt, nothing too bland or else they will be disqualified.

MORGAN

So what will be the prize?

BUTLER

That will be easy, some tuck, like a loaf of hardough bread and a tin of corned beef.

CAMPBELL

Who you think is going to want that?

BUTLER

Don't be stupid, anyone will be happy to get a tin of corned beef and a loaf of bread. I said a whole loaf of bread... that's gold now that the term is well underway and many tuck boxes are empty.

MORGAN

So who are we going to invite?

The guys suddenly realizes that there was no more cheering coming anymore from the padda court. Butler goes to the chapel door and peaks out to see...

EXT. PADDA COURT - DAY

The padda game is breaking up. Mrs. Turnbull is dispersing the boys. She is not happy. Neither are the boys.

MRS. TURNBULL

I am sick and tired of this noise every morning. I need to have my breakfast in the peace and quiet. You guys have a full day ahead of you, why would you be playing padda so early in the morning?!

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Butler closes the door.

BUTLER

That ole white pile of dog poo,
instead she come out and enjoy the
game with us, it would be the
perfect start to her day. If she
was getting some good early morning
dick from Mr. Turnbull she wouldn't
even notice us playing padma.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ARCHES - NIGHT

Boys are hanging out. Butler sneaks close to one. Whispers:

BUTLER

Graffiti competition. Winner gets
some tuck. You in?

The boy smiles and nods.

Butler, Campbell and Morgan selectively whisper to other guys
in the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY

An experiment's procedure is being written on the board by
MR. FAIRWEATHER. The boys take notes. Suddenly...

CRASH! The sound of glass shattering. Everyone turns to the
back of the room to find a shattered test tube and, standing
over it is Peynado. All of the boys laugh but stop abruptly.

MR. FAIRWEATHER

You break one test tube and you
laugh, well break all the test
tubes and we'll all laugh.

Mr. Fairweather scans the students with his mean glare. The
entire class struggles to contain their laughter.

CUT TO:

INT, DINING ROOM - MORNING

Butler, Campbell, Morgan, Peynado and Armstrong eat
breakfast.

BUTLER

The cornmeal porridge this morning
is full of weevil, I can't eat it.

MORGAN

Look around you everyone seem to be enjoying it, it has added protein for a growing boy.

BUTLER

The bread is stale, I can't eat it, but I have an idea. Let's save up all our slices and use each slice to make a sentence.

CAMPBELL

To say what?

INT. DINING ROOM. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

The boys have arranged their bread slices to spell out:

STALE BREAD NOT ME!

As they are secretly finishing up, Armstrong runs away. The other boys notice.

Butler puts the finishing touches on the sentence and they all make a run for it.

MISS DORA emerges from the kitchen. Sees the bread.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBEQUE - DAY

Miss Dora bursts through the dining room door, holding the tray and bread. All of the boys watch her march straight to Mr. Turnbull's office.

Butler and his buddies watch her. Armstrong is hanging out away from them.

BUTLER

You see that traitor Armstrong, I am going to make him sleep on the cold concrete tonight.

MORGAN

Why?

BUTLER

You see how he runs off leaving us behind? Just leave it to me.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Mr. Turnbull is at the lectern taking devotions.

MR. TURNBULL

You guys are so ungrateful. Do you realize how many persons this morning have nothing to eat and you are making a mockery of your breakfast. I will be leaving the tray by the door so that you all can witness what I am talking about it. I would love to know which student or students did this and woe unto you when I find out who it is.

Mr. Turnbull lays a tray on the ground with the bread spelling out 'STALE BREAD NOT ME'. He turns to the Head Boy.

MR. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

After all the boys have seen it, bring it back to my office.

The boys exit the chapel, each looks at the bread. Peynado laughs. The Head Boy slaps him in his head.

HEAD BOY

What is there to laugh about?

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Butler, all alone in the room, carries a heavy bucket of water up to Armstrong's bed. He looks around to make sure nobody is watching, and then dumps the water all over the mattress.

INT. FORM ROOM - NIGHT

Boarders, still in uniform, are doing their homework. A sixth former is supervising. Butler slips back in undetected.

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

The boys are getting into bed for the night. Butler watches as Armstrong puts his leg under the covers and - SQUISH! Butler pulls the covers down to find it is drenched.

ARMSTRONG

Who did this to me?

Guys in the dorm gather around Armstrong's bedside, even Butler looking quite innocent.

BUTLER

If a man or boy do that to me, mark my word on that, I would beat him until all his shit flies up into his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER A WILLOW TREE - DAY

Butler, Morgan and Wallace seated on the grass going through papers with each boys' graffiti copied onto them.

WALLACE

Which one is the winner?

MORGAN

I like this one.

It is a sketch of Mrs. Turnbull in a swimsuit with no top. A sketched student, labelled as 'Butler' is licking her tits.

WALLACE

Me, too.

BUTLER

Me, too.

MORGAN

It's unanimous then.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Prep is over. Morgan is circling the winning graffiti sketch. Cocking approaches.

COCKING

Is that the grand prize winner?

MORGAN

Yep. Now you've gotta sketch it on the bathroom wall next to the library.

Cocking licks his lips.

COCKING

After I collect my prize.

INT. DICKENSON DORM. GAVIN'S PARTITION - NIGHT

Cocking approaches Butler.

COCKING

Where is my bread and tin of corned
beef?

Butler ignores him and walks away. Cocking follows behind.

COCKING (CONT'D)

Where is my prize, dude?

Butler keeps walking away and Cocking slaps him in the back of his head. Butler turns and pushes him. The two begin to fight. All of the boys cheer loudly. Suddenly...

Mr. Fairweather enters the dorm.

MR. FAIRWEATHER

Knock it off!

Everyone freezes. Mr. Fairweather points to the two fighting boys.

MR. FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Come with me.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Fairweather raises his cane and WHACKS Cocking on the backside. Butler braces, waiting for his.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF PEARMAN CALDER (PC)- DAY

Two Hampton girls in sixth form walk by and go to the blue room. There are about ten guys sitting on the steps by PC. A bull session is in full swing.

Savage sees Butler walking close by across the Barbecue.

SAVAGE

Butler, come here bwoy.

Butler runs to Savage.

SAVAGE (CONT'D)

A have a little job for you.
Deliver this mirror to one of the
girls over by the blue room. Tell
her to look in it and she will see
how ugly she is.

Butler doesn't take the mirror.

BUTLER
You really expect me to do that?

SAVAGE
Mi nuh tek talk from juniors you a
youth. When I give a command it
must be done without questioning.

Butler reluctantly takes the mirror from Savage and looks
across the Barbecue at the blue room.

BUTLER
Which one I am to give it to?

SAVAGE
Just give it to the one that you
first see.

Butler, reluctantly walks across the barbecue, his knees
wabbling and speaking to himself.

BUTLER (TO HIMSELF)
Why me Lord, I am just in the wrong
place at the wrong time.

The boys on the steps watch as Butler hands the mirror to a
girl. He says something. Her mouth drops open in shock.

EXT. BLUE ROOM - DAY

The girl hands the mirror back to Butler.

GIRL
Take it back to the guy who gave it
to you and tell him that he was the
first one who looked in the mirror
that's why it has a crack.

BUTLER
That's an even worse message than
the one I had to give you.

GIRL
Just give it to him!

Butler turns and walks back much slower. He hands the mirror
back to Savage.

SAVAGE
What'd she say?

BUTLER

She said you looked in it first and broke it.

SAVAGE

No girl don't give you that message to give me. And even if she did you don't have the audacity to deliver it.

Savage slaps Butler in his head. The guys start laughing. Butler runs off.

MISS. SHARON DUCASSE (23) walks by.

SAVAGE (CONT'D)

My biology teacher. Eh, a wonder if she ever ride a buddy yet?

BINGO

She don't want any fat man.

SAVAGE

How you know that? Is not every woman want slim man, some want some meat on the bones.

Savage gets up and stretches and holds on to his crotch.

SAVAGE (CONT'D)

I can't wait for the term to end, since I came back to school I don't get any pussy. If Miss. Ducasse lay it careless, I would deal with her case. She would give me all A's for my bedroom performance.

The guys in the bull session laugh.

BINGO

I hear she has a boyfriend.

Savage hisses his teeth and flashes his hand at Bingo.

SAVAGE

Who cares if she has a man, when I deal with it for her, she fire that man immediately. Sure the next time she will call me over when her so-called "boyfriend" is there let me deal with it in his presence and make him take some notes.

More laughter from the boys.

CUT TO:

INT. READING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Wolfe is standing in front of the class.

MRS, WOLFE

And that is the last correct answer
on the Reading test. Those getting
ten out of ten please stand.

Two boys stand. Mrs. Wolfe smiles and nods in satisfaction.

MRS. WOLFE

Those getting nine out of ten
please stand.

About five guys get up.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

Very good, but if you can get nine,
you should have been able to get
ten out of ten. You are careless,
very careless. Stand for me those
getting eight out of ten.

About six guys stand up.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

Eight is not bad at all but aim for
nine next time. Okay, so how many
of you got seven, stand for me
please?

About five guys get up.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

Those of you who got seven out of
ten you all need to be more
focused, those who got six out of
ten, stand please.

Eight guys get up.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

You are on a slippery slope now, I
will have to pay attention to you
more closely. Did anyone get five
out of ten?

Six guys stand. Mrs. Wolfe quickly frowns, turns her head
away and waves off the six guys who were standing.

MRS. WOLFE (CONT'D)

You got five out of ten and you stand for me to see you? I don't want to look at you. You all have no shame. You really got only five, as in one, two, three, four, five and you stand for me to look at you. Shame on all of you. Sit, I don't want to look at you at all.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT. PIPER'S LOUNGE - DAY. PRESENT

Morgan, Butler, and Tanya are still sitting around the table chatting.

MORGAN

Those were some memorable days.

BUTLER

As we grew older, we grew even closer.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Mrs. Turnbull tries to get the attention of the boys, now a little older, in 4A, speaking in her usual perfect diction.

MRS. TURNBULL

Can I have your attention 4A? Last month I posted a very interesting article on the notice board. Can I see by a show of hands, who many of you can tell me what the article was about?

She looks around the library. Only three hands are up.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

I cannot believe what I am seeing, imagine that interesting article that had been on the notice board for all of last Month and only three boys read it. You know 4A... 4A you are a pathetic set. I bet you 4A, that if I had put up a bunch of naked women, you would all stand and stare, hours on end.

Guys hold back their laughter. Mrs. Turnbull is steaming.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)
Let me see what interests 4A.

Mrs. Turnbull storms from around her desk and starts checking to see what each boy is reading. Guys scamper to grab any book in sight and pretend they are reading.

She makes her first stop at Peynado.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)
Peynado, what form are you in?

PEYNADO
Fourth form, Miss.

MRS. TURNBULL
You are in fourth form and here you are reading "Popeye the Sailor man", give it to me.

Mrs. Turnbull grabs the book from Peynado and storms off to continue checking up on the boys to see what they are reading. She stops by Peynado.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)
What book is this?

PEYNADO
This is my "Geo-graphy" book, Miss.

Mrs. Turnbull speaks for everyone to hear.

MRS. TURNBULL
You are in fourth form and you don't know how to pronounce that subject?! It is not Geo-graphy, it's Geography. It's one word one not two words. Why is it that guys will not make an effort to speak properly?

Peynado looks embarrassed, a few guys laugh at him.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)
And I don't want to hear anyone saying Man-chester, it's Manchester, nor Han-over, it's Hanover, nor certificate, it's certificate. Have I made myself clear?

If I hear any of you boys speaking badly like that ever again, you will get a half hour's detention from me, without fail.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Miss. Ducasse is teaching the reproductive system.

MISS. DUCASSE
Sperm travels down the fallopian tube to fertilize the egg?

MORGAN (QUIETLY)
Not true Miss. It passes somewhere before it gets to the fallopian tube.

MISS. DUCASS
Look back at the diagram I have here on the board.

She turns around to the board and points to the fallopian tube.

MISS. DUCASSE
Everyone agrees?

MORGAN
No Miss.

MISS. DUCASS
What is it that you don't agree with?

MORGAN
It has to first pass through the... the...

Morgan seem a bit shy to say it.

MISS. DUCASS
Can someone help him with what he struggling to say?

BUTLER
Miss, he is shy to say vagina.

The entire class laughs.

MISS. DUCASS
Settle down, boys.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - DAY

Morgan enters.

BUTLER
Vagina just walked in.

MORGAN
Shut up.

PEYNADO
Some boys are afraid to say the
word vagina.

ARMSTRONG
Morgan you ever see a vagina yet?

MORGAN
Of course.

COCKING
Which book you see it in?

CAMPBELL
He saw one today in the Biology
text book.

COCKING
I not only see it, I fuck it
sometimes.

MORGAN
I am sure you do with that big dick
of yours.

CAMPBELL
Careful now, we not supposed to
discuss each others' dick size.

COCKING
How do you know? You're supposed
to be tending to your own business
in the shower!

The boys laugh.

INT. LIBRARY SENIOR SCHOOL - DAY

The lunch bell rings. Mrs Turnbull rushes to the library door to check. As students exit, she checks to see what they are carrying.

MRS. TURNBULL

Don't cover up your books. I need to check because some magazine have been going missing.

As Joseph Cocking passes...

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

Give me that magazine!

COCKING

What magazine Miss?

MRS. TURNBULL

I say give me that magazine boy.

COCKING

I dont have any magazine miss.

All the boys are watching.

MRS. TURNBULL

Don't be difficult boy, just give me that magazine.

Mrs. Turnbull reaches forward and grabs Cocking's pants front. She jolts and gasps, putting her hands on her head then on her chest.

MRS. TURNBULL (CONT'D)

Oh my God, I'm sorry, hoo....
hoo... oh my God... oh my God...
I'm sorry... hoo... hoo... oh my
God.

Cocking adjusts his erection.

COCKING

No problem, Mrs. Turnbull.

The boys laugh hysterically and get very hyper. Mrs. Turnbull is still gasping for air. The boys run.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF LIBRARY - DAY

Morgan shouts:

MORGAN

Mary, you hold him cock, him shouda
use it on you today.

Morgan ducks into the bathroom before anyone can see who
shouted it.

INT. BATHROOM DAY

Morgan draws gafitti on the bathroom wall of Mrs. Turnbull
grabbing a boy's crotch. He labels it: "A Day in the
Library".

INT. SIX FORM BLOCK - DAY

A curvaceous, young, blonde teacher - MISS KEISHA McDONALD -
is wrapping up class. She has well-toned calves and all the
boys can't help but look her up and down.

MISS. MCDONALD

That's it for today, guys.

They boys pack up and leave. The last boy, Cocking, is
stopped by Miss McDonald.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

Cocking.

COCKING

Yes?

MISS. MCDONALD

You seem to have lost interest in
my subject. You mind me helping you
with some extra lessons. I really
want you to do better.

COCKING

I would like that.

Miss McDonald glances down at his crotch.

MISS. MCDONALD

End of term exams are coming up
soon and if you don't do well it
will reflect on badly on me.

COCKING

When do we begin?

MISS. MCDONALD

Tonight.

COCKING

Can I take Butler and Morgan along?

Miss. McDonald stutters as she didn't expect that dumb question.

MISS. MCDONALD

Amm... amm.. they... they..they are doing well on their own, it is you I'm concerned about. Come by my flat at about 8:00 tonight.

Miss. McDonald walks off in a very provocative manner.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUNRO COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The sun has set. Stars twinkle in the sky.

INT. STAFF FLAT OF MISS. KEISHA MCDONALD - NIGHT

Cocking walks up to the door, with Accounting book in hand. Before he can knock, Miss. McDonald opens it. She is wearing an almost transparent tee-shirt.

MISS. MCDONALD

Hello Cocking. Come in.

INT. STAFF FLAT OF MISS. KEISHA MCDONALD. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cocking enters. Miss McDonald saunters to toward the bed.

COCKING

Which chapter should we start with?

Cocking starts to flip through the pages of his text book. Miss. McDonald ignores him and lies down on her bed.

MISS. MCDONALD

That library incident yesterday, how true is it?

COCKING

Wha, wha .. what you mean Miss?

MISS. MCDONALD

Stop calling me 'Miss' for now, and just answer my question.

COCKING

Can you repeat the question, Miss?

MISS. MCDONALD

Let me just get to the point. I hear Mrs. Turnbull had more than a good reason to grab you yesterday.

Miss. McDonald gets up and ensures that her door is closed and as she walks past Cocking, she reaches towards him.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

What size is your magazine.

Cocking wises up now.

COCKING

The right size, small, very tiny, nothing you can't handle.

MISS. MCDONALD

Can I see the evidence?

Cocking quickly backs off his pants and Miss. McDonald's mouth drops wide open like she sees a king cobra.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

You got a lot of meat there. You know how to use it?

In no time he removes her top, realizing that she is not wearing any underwear. Cocking rises to the occasion.

He mounts her. Tries to put it in.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

Ohh... ahh..ohh baby...take time...baby... don't hurt me with it.

COCKING

Relax teach.. just relax... you asked for it.

With each "Relax teach... Cocking pushes in a little bit more.

COCKING (CONT'D)

You have this nice fat cunt here hiding it from all this while.

MISS. MCDONALD

Take your time baby boy, don't tear it up, leave some for another time.

COCKING

If you relax you will enjoy it more, allow me to beat up this pussy for you, I'm loving it, it tight as raaaas.

The moaning and groaning goes on until the gash of excitement. Cocking withdraws. He rolls over.

COCKING (CONT'D)

That was awesome.

MISS. MCDONALD

You have to leave now, can't let any one see you leaving here too late.

COCKING

I don't like to be played like that.

Cocking relaxes like he is expecting some pillow talk.

MISS. MCDONALD

I say you have to leave now, boy.

COCKING

Is boy you calling me now, after I deal with it for you like a man. Some man don't have half of what I have.

MISS. MCDONALD

You have to leave now.

Miss. McDonald gets up and hands Cocking his clothes.

COCKING

You used me. You fucking used me.

MISS. MCDONALD

It's not like you didn't enjoy it.

Cocking stands up, pissed.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)

Just remember that you are still a student.

Cocking storms out.

COCKING (V.O.)
 She think this is the end of it.
 Nobody uses this dick like this and
 make me feel so cheap.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON SENIOR DORM - NIGHT

Cocking has just finished telling Butler, Morgan and Campbell about it.

BUTLER
 Man, how I can't have such luck?

MORGAN
 Congrats man, I'm proud of you.
 You go deal with her case.

Morgan and Campbell give Cocking a high five. The boys turn and tell other boys in the dorm. Those boys tell more boys. Before long, the story has spread like wild fire.

CUT TO:

INT. SIX FORM BLOCK - DAY

Guys are seated, looking at Miss. McDonald as if trying to picture her having sex with Cocking.

MISS. MCDONALD
 And that is the end of chapter
 twelve. Does anybody have any
 questions?

Guys stare at her in an awkward way. Nobody raises their hand. Miss McDonald watches them watching her.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)
 Well that's the end of class. See
 you tomorrow.

As the boys walk out, Miss McDonald gets closer to Cocking.

MISS. MCDONALD (CONT'D)
 Cocking?

He ignores her and exits with the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF PEARMAN CALDER (PC)- DAY

Bull session in full swing, Butler, Cocking, Morgan, Armstrong and Peynado among the guys present. Miss. McDonald heads to the staff room, walking past the boys.

MORGAN

I would have loved to be in a certain person's bedroom last night.

ARMSTRONG

Me too.

PEYNADO

Can I join next time? A threesome maybe more exciting. I'm not greedy I will go last.

Miss. Mc.Donald overhears and walks a little faster.

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR DORMITORY SATURDAY - DAY

Morgan wakes up, stretches and looks through the window. He sees:

A dead dog floating in one of the school's five water tanks.

MORGAN

Come look here, quick, quick, Mr. Turnbull's dogs floating in the tank.

Guys jump out of their beds rushing to the window.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Who drink bathroom water last night? Put up your hand.

No one responds.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Nobody answering me. Who drank bathroom water last night? Put up your hand.

Still no responders.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Can you imagine last night when the dog was running along the side of the tank and fell in it, how he must have been frightened to the point when him shit up himself.

The guys burst into laughter.

BUTLER

No more bathroom water for me.

MORGAN

Is now the water must be full of mineral and iron.

BUTLER

Okay enough of that shit now man, change the subject.

MORGAN

Shit is right!

BUTLER

I hear last night a guy got flushed in his bed up in second partition junior dorm.

INT. DICKENSON JUNIOR DORM - NIGHT. FLASHBACK

A boy is sound asleep. His dorm mates dump a large bucket of water on him, waking him up.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON SENIOR DORM - NIGHT

It is very late. Butler walks down a passage into fifth partition wearing a shirt, a pair of running shoes and towel wrapped around his waist.

Guys start gathering around him, forming a circle. There is a lot of nervous energy, like a boxing match.

Butler slowly removes his shirt, takes a deep breath, looks around him at the guys circling him. He checks the time on his watch, as Armstrong starts the count down.

ARMSTRONG

Five-four-three-two-one-zero!

Butler quickly removes his towel, throws it in the air and runs off down the corridor, NAKED. The guys cheer as he runs into the night.

MORGAN

What's this about?

CAMPBELL

Butler had a bet with Armstrong earlier tonight that once the clock strikes midnight, Butler is to run naked to the top gate to retrieve a ten dollar note that Armstrong had gone to place there under a stone earlier tonight. Butler is to retrieve it and take it back without being caught outside naked by the teacher who is on duty.

MORGAN

So how will Armstrong know if the ten dollar note that Butler brings back is the same one that Armstrong left there?

CAMPBELL

Don't worry, man it was well planned out. Armstrong put a special mark on the ten dollar note to identify it.

All of the guys are looking through the window, anxiously awaiting Butler's return.

MORGAN

He should be back by now, it's just about four hundred meters away.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Butler is running naked. Suddenly, a nearby dormitory door opens and Mr. Fairweather exits, making his rounds.

Butler hides just as Mr. Fairweather turns to face his direction. Mr. Fairweather scans everything with his eyes, then turns and walk away. When he is gone...

Butler emerges from his hiding spot and resumes his run.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys start cheering. They can see him.

Butler, running naked along the corridor, waives a ten dollar note in the air.

He arrives and hands the ten dollar note to Armstrong.

Armstrong inspects it and then announces:

ARMSTRONG
It's the correct one!

Everyone cheers loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. SIX FORM BLOCK - DAY

Accounting students waiting for the arrival for Miss. McDonald. She doesn't show up. Eventually...

Mr. Fairweather enters.

MR. FAIRWEATHER
Boys, there will be no accounting class today.

The boys start whispering as to why.

BUTLER
I wonder what happened to her.

MORGAN
I wonder if she's gone to have an abortion.

Guys laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF STAFF FLATS - NIGHT. FLASHBACK - 2 NIGHTS AGO

Miss. McDonald enters a waiting car with her luggage.

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Sunday night Bull session in full swing.

BUTLER
Is how cocking chat so much? Him kiss and tell and the worst person in the world for him to tell is chat chat Morgan.

MORGAN
Stop calling out my name, boss.

BUTLER

You can't keep a secret, you are like a sponge.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Hop is next week, I can't wait for it.

PEYNADO

Oh yeah, we need to prepare for that, need to sort out clothes, get a haircut and practice some dances.

MORGAN

Peynado you have a sister at Hampton. Is she going to be at the Hop?

PEYNADO

That's none of your business, you think I want my sister dancing with you, next thing you go spoil her.

ARMSTRONG

Peynado, you know if your sister is a virgin?

Peynado, of light complexion face, turns all shades of red as he struggles with that question.

BUTLER

Don't answer that question, Peynado, it's too personal.

ARMSTRONG

Shut up boy I'm not talking to you. Mind your own business, allow the man to answer my question if he wants, this is a free country. I bet you, if he answered you would be glad to know what the answer is.

That response from Armstrong gets support from three other guys. They hold Butler and jokingly slap him on his head.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something else, Mr. Peynado, since Butler saved you from the other one.

PEYNADO

If it's anything to do with my sister don't even try again.

ARMSTRONG

You ever peep on your sister when
she is in the shower? It hairy?

Peynado pounces on Armstrong and starts swinging punches.
The two boys wrestle as the others hoot and holler.
Eventually Peynado pins Armstrong and the boys cheer.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM. BATHROOM - DAY

Hair is being trimmed. Boys shower. Armstrong checks his
looks in the mirror.

ARMSTRONG

Big night, tonight guys. Time to
see who gets lucky.

Armstrong exits the bathroom into...

INT. DICKENSON DORM - DAY

Boys are laying out their nice clothes. Peynado is
conducting dance classes. Butler is giving haircuts.

ARMSTRONG

Am I next, I don't want to be the
last one for you to trim as by that
time your hand will be tired and
you don't do a good job.

BUTLER

Keep quiet man and be patient, your
turn will soon come.

Armstrong walks over to Peynado's 'dance class'.

CAMPBELL

I must be next, right?

ARMSTRONG

What's wrong with you guys,
everyone will get their time,
patience does it. Damn it' man!

Butler is cutting Cocking's hair.

COCKING

No talking over my head please,
move! I don't want him making any
mistakes, as my hair can't grow
back by tonight if anything goes
wrong.

Go back inside the dorm and wait
your turn, Any mistake caused by
your distraction is going to be war
between me and you today.

The boys line up for Peynado's 'dance class'. As Peynado
moves, they all try to copy him as the music is blasting.

CAMPBELL

Do better than that Morgan, you are
too clumsy, is which girl you think
you will dance with you if you
can't move right?

The door opens and more guys enter.

NEW GUY

We heard you were having dance
class in here.

PEYNADO

Come on in!

The boys move the beds aside. Butler turns up the music and
they all begin to dance.

INT. DICKENSON DORM - LATER IN THE DAY

The boys are getting dressed for the hop. Butler holds up
his shirt.

BUTLER

Hey, Armstrong, this shirt goes
better with your pants. Wanna give
me "a borrows"?

Many other guys are doing the same. All working together to
look as good as possible.

CAMPBELL

Is "borrow goods" time of the year
now.

BUTLER

I don't care if I wear borrowed
goods tonight, the girls won't know
that. Unless chat chat mouth
Morgan tells them.

PEYNADO

Don't worry he won't be so stupid
as I just saw him over the next
partition trying on someone's
shoes, so we all will be wearing
some borrowed goods tonight.
Nothing is wrong with that, as long
as is not a borrowed underwear you
flexing in.

The boys laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Hop in full swing, music playing, fifth and sixth form guys
and girls having a good time.

Many of the boys are doing the dance moves they learned
earlier in the dorm.

TEACHER

The award for 'best dressed boy'
goes to...Campbell!

The boys all cheer. Campbell is crowned.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Guys are having a bull session.

BUTLER

We are big guys now, I can't
understand why they always shut
down the Hop at midnight, like we
are first formers.

MORGAN

The headmistress of Hampton doesn't
want her girls dancing after mid
night.

BUTLER

You mean she don't want you rubbing
up your dick on her girls in the
wee hours of a Sunday morning.

PEYNADO

Make sure to return all borrowed goods to the rightful owners, the license to use such goods have now expired.

Guys laugh.

BUTLER

I wonder if Campbell remembers what belongs to who, he was a hundred percent borrowed goods. Imagine that he won best dressed in everybody's clothes!

The guys crack up.

MORGAN

Strip down Mr. C, give it all back, and don't forget to give thanks for small mercies.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Eh, guess who never got any dance all night?

BUTLER

Who?

MORGAN

Campbell.

BUTLER

You're kidding, after all that the entire dorm invested in him with all those borrowed goods he just went there to model off our clothes and didn't even get one dance.

MORGAN

No body not sleeping in here tonight if they never get any dance... we must set a standard inside here... all say yeah.

Campbell returns from the bathroom to loud "Yeahs" from the other guys, as they see him they rush to him and pushes him back outside the dorm.

BUTLER

You not sleeping inside here tonight bossman, you let us down tonight.

Campbell laughs, knowing it is a joke.

MORGAN

Life is funny, look how Campbell
get best dressed boy and half of
what he had on was people's old
clothes.

BUTLER

Damn, he knows he is the mix and
match expert inside here. I have
to give it to him.

MORGAN

Who dance with that gal name
Maxine?

ARMSTRONG

I did, she knows how to dance and I
can just imagine how freaky she
will be in bed.

Morgan laughs.

MORGAN

I could only dance one song with
her, her arm was green! That girl
doesn't know soap and water much
less a perfume. I had to give her
up man, and you talking about her
in bed, if her arm smells like
that, you can imagine her cupcake.

Everybody laughs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

My dick could not go into that
cupcake, I have to take pride in
the crotches that I visit.

In walks Cocking with a smirk on his face, clapping his hands
and dancing like he is still at the Hop.

BUTLER

Yo, where have you been my bro? You
know you are a vital part of our
bull sessions.

Still clapping his hand, dancing and smiling.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Where you been, you seem happy.

COCKING

At last... at last...

ALL OF THE OTHER GUYS

What?

COCKING

At last... at last... at last...

ALL OF THE OTHER GUYS

At last what?

COCKING

At last... at long last...

BUTLER

Whats wrong with this guy?

COCKING

At last... at last... at last a
fuck the gal Trudy.

Guys jump from their beds, in glee, rushing to Cocking. They shake is hand and lift him up like he is being crowned a boxing champion. Some are jealous.

BUTLER

Was the pussy good? Did you cum?

COCKING

It was such a quickie I didn't have
time to cum.

With that disappointing news, the guys released him and he falls abruptly to the floor.

BUTLER

Next time you come in here boasting
on us that you get pussy make sure
it's real good juicy news you have
to tell us. We don't want to hear
about kids experimental sex.

MORGAN

So how well did she manage that big
buddy you got there?

COCKING

Well since it was a quickie I can
say for the preliminary round I
could give her a seven out of ten.

BUTLER

Taking a leave from Mrs. Wolfe in reading class, when you get seven out of ten, she would say something like "Not bad, could be better."

CAMPBELL

And if she failed the first fuck test, you would have to lock her up in the classroom so she can try again and again until she gets ten out of ten.

BUTLER

Come on dude don't get carried away now. You think is Mrs. Wolfe doing the grading.

CUT TO:

The guys laugh even harder as the bull session goes into the late night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Boys are singing during the service.

INT. DICKENSON DORM - DAY

Sunday morning, 9:15. The singing of the hymn can faintly be heard in here. The boys in fifth partition are still sleeping.

LEBERT GREEN, the housemaster, looks over the sleeping boys. He grabs a nearby hockey stick and bangs it on the wall. Guys jump up in their beds.

MR. GREEN

You guys get the privilege of going to the Hop and so you ignore the rules that on a Sunday morning you attending Chapel. That rule is not waived because you went to the Hop.

Guys jump out of bed and start preparing to go to the shower. Mr. Green writes down their names as they do.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

End of term concert. Campbell is singing like Bob Marley into a microphone:

CAMPBELL

Don't worry...about a thing...'cuz
every little thing...is gonna be
alright.

As he wraps up the song, he hands the mic back to the emcee, Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

Let's hear it one more time for our
own resident, Bob Marley, that was
a perfectly well done song by our
own Rory Campbell. Now guys, it's
never anyone's favorite part of a
concert to hear that it is now
drawing to a close, we have one
more item on Christmas program
tonight. It is a skit entitled "A
day in the Library"

Mrs. Turnbull's role is being played by Butler with Cocking playing his own role. Guys start making noise and laughing loudly as the skit starts.

GUYS SHOUTING

Give me that magazine. I say give
me that magazine, boy.

Seated in the front row is none other than Mrs. Mary Turnbull on Mr. Turnbull's arm.

GUYS SHOUTING (CONT'D)

I say give me that magazine, boy.
Give it to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull get up and walk out.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Guys are having a bull session. They hear a bus outside. Campbell looks out the window and sees:

A mini school bus pulling into the garage nearby.

CAMPBELL

The guys are back, I wonder if we
won the debating competition.

PEYNADO

Of course. What else do you expect? Which school you think can debate better than us? We have been winning that competition for the past five years.

The Debating team - along with members Butler and Morgan - disembark and enter the dorm without mentioning the match.

MORGAN

Yo guys, today was one of those days that I think it was a bad idea for us to have traveled together to the Debating Competition with the Hampton girls team.

CAMPBELL

Why would you say that?

Butler seems disinterested in the conversation.

MORGAN

Today as we arrived at the Jamaica Conference Centre, in downtown Kingston, just as all of us including the Hampton girls came off the bus, Butler, took the blazer that he was carrying and swung it over his arm. The end result was astounding.

EXT. CAR PARK CONFERENCE CENTRE - DAY. INSERT

Miss. Pearl Howell stands among her girls with the Munro guys close by.

As Butler places the blazer over his arm, several condoms fell out, scattered on the ground in full view of everyone. Miss. Howell sees, her eyes popping out of her head.

MISS. HOWELL

What a display, Oh My GOD! Someone has plans today for my girls. Dear Lord, Dear Lord!

Everyone is speechless.

Butler is beside himself with embarrassment. He struggles to explain...

BUTLER

This is not my blazer, it's for
Cocking, you all know Joseph
Cocking, I borrowed it and didn't
know about it's contents.

Miss Howell doesn't seem too impressed. All the kids await
her response.

MISS. HOWELL

Come girls, I want you all to stay
within my full view all day. I
want you all going back to Hampton
just the way you all left this
morning. I can't trust these Munro
teen boys there seems to be some
motive here, so I won't help to
create any opportunity. You are
here to debate and I want no
distractions.

BACK TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

The guys laugh hysterically. Then Peynado remembers:

PEYNADO

Oh by the way, is who won the
debating competition?

MORGAN

We did!

CAMPBELL

Okay that condom story wasn't as
funny as what happened yesterday,
when Nurse came back to her flat
earlier than expected.

INT. NURSES FLAT - DAY. INSERT

Moaning. Nurse enters to find:

A half-naked Cocking doing the Nurse's Young Helper doggie
style. After a few thrusts, they both notice Nurse watching.

HELPER

Rape! Rape!

Cocking turns and runs, pulling up his pants as he hops.

BACK TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

The boys are still laughing through this bull session.

BUTLER

Is so you let down your standards
to be screwing with nurse's helper.

COCKING

Yo man, you make it sound like I am
married to her. A little sex, no
strings attached. I was so horny,
if one of the cows on the farm had
fallen into my lap, I would have
dealt with it the same way.

More laughter.

BUTLER

You are a joker man, a real clown.

The laughing winds down. Morgan's stomach rumbles.

MORGAN

Eh, I am so hungry right now, any
flour in your tuck box that we can
cook some dumplings now?

BUTLER

Yeah, I have flour but no corned
beef.

MORGAN

Don't worry man, I have one tin
left in my tuck box, let me see if
Panton can lend us his percolator.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - LATER

The clock reads: 11:45pm. Butler is kneading flour while
Morgan returns from the bathroom with the percolator full of
water. He plugs it in.

MORGAN

Hurry up man, you kneading that
flour too slowly, we gotta be
quick, we can't make Mr. Green come
and catch us cooking in the dorm.

BUTLER

We can't allow that to happen, just last week he raced us up for skipping chapel, we gotta walk a straight line for the rest of the school year. I want to graduate and make my mom proud, especially how my dad passed before I got in here.

Morgan finishes and they put the dumplings in the percolator.

Armstrong, Cocking, and Campbell join Morgan and Butler for the meal. They eat, stuffing their faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - MORNING

The sun has just come up. Butler opens his eyes and suddenly sits up and clutches his stomach. His stomach churns and bubbles. He jumps out of bed and rushes to...

INT. DICKENSON DORM. BATHROOM - DAY

...the nearest toilet where he drops his pants and sits just in time. After a beat, he realizes all of the toilets around him are occupied with his friends, all having diarrhea.

MORGAN

You took those dumplings out the percolator way before time, man.

BUTLER

Did I have a choice? You know we were rushing. Couldn't have Mr. Green come back in and see anything wrong going on, at least not with me involved. I have one year left to graduate, I can't mess up now.

Suddenly - WHOOSH - a bucket of water is dumped over the toilet cubicle wall, soaking Butler. It was Campbell. HE makes a run for it. Morgan gets up and chases.

The guys crack up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE GREEN LEAF HOTEL. NEAR TO EPPING FORREST- DAY

Morgan is walking a long and sees Butler in the distance. Butler is carrying a piece of sponge under his arm and is heading toward a bushy area.

Morgan watches Butler meet up with a girl and the two of them go into the bushes.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN AIR AUDITORIUM. BETHLEHEM TEACHER'S COLLEGE - DAY

Lovely Sunday afternoon. Chairs are set up in rows. A sign reads:

MUNRO AND HAMPTON GRADUATION.

INT. CHAPEL AT MUNRO - DAY

Mr. Turnbull is at the lectern in the chapel speaking with parents.

MR. TURNBULL
 Unfortunately, Munro's
 participation in this year's
 graduation ceremony is cancelled.

The parents are furious.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MUNRO - NIGHT. FLASHBACK. 2 NIGHTS AGO

Friday Night Graduation Dinner held at Munro with the Hampton girls. Courtney Bovel is at the podium.

BOVEL
 Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend
 me your ears. This is the moment
 that I have been waiting for, the
 time has finally come for me to say
 good-bye to this confounded place,
 that I had called home for so many.

Mr. Turnbull and the rest of the staff are shocked.

BOVEL (CONT'D)
 Our stay is over and time to go
 into the outside world, and we
 won't look back. Time to be free
 from the shackles of this life of
 confinement of this so called "City
 set upon a hill" called Munro
 College. City on a hill, what
 city? You mean prison on the hill.

A few guys seem to approve of this speech, using their
 utensils to knock on their glasses.

BOVEL (CONT'D)

Munro has taught us to appreciate our freedom when we leave here. Munro has taught us to appreciate good food when we leave here. As long as I live I don't want to eat beef in any form again as all my years here, I ate chawny until right now I must have eaten a whole herd.

Some boys in the crowd nod their heads.

BOVEL (CONT'D)

I must say though that I must have by now developed a certain kind of immunity to bad food, so I give a lot of credit to those high protein cornmeal porridges laced with weevil that right now I should be able to eat out of any kitchen without getting sick. My stomach is strong. Munro has taught us to appreciate good food when we leave.

A larger number of guys banging on the tables showing solidarity with the speech by Bovel. Mr. Turnbull is far from amused and goes to the podium to remove Bovel.

BACK TO:

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Back inside the chapel MR. Turnbull is still addressing the gathering.

MR. TURNBULL

This type of disgraceful, reprehensible conduct is unprecedented in this noble institution. I issued word that if no apology is given to me by Bovel before mid day today, the graduation ceremony for Munro will be canceled. Up to this point I have not received any apology and so my decision is; no graduation today. It is canceled for this year. In all my 20 years of being principal at this prestigious institution, no student has ever been this rude, disgraced the school in this manner.

As long as I am the headmaster, it will never happen again and I will not let it go unpunished.

Mr. Roper leaves the lectern and heads towards the exit. Angry parents and guardians should curses at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN PADDA COURT - DAY

Parents, guardians, present boarders and some would be graduates start assembling. They are all venting their disgust at the school's decision. Pandimonium ensues.

PARENT # 1 MALE

Mr. Turnbull is mad as raas. After I sell my one pig to see my one son graduate, he cancels graduation, because one unruly student makes a speech that he doesn't agree with. This is a free country. Whatever happened to free speech?

PARENT # 2 FEMALE

What he is really saying is that many of the boys at the graduation dinner on Friday night seemed to have approved of that speech.

PARENT # 1

My son is a very well behaved boy, I know he was not cheering with the other boys. I raised him well, he would not do any such thing.

PARENT # 3 MALE

This is foolishness but you cannot swear or vouch for children when they are away from home and with their friends, never say never.

PARENT # 1 MALE

You just shut up man, I'm not speaking with you, I know my son very well, I am his dad. He would not take part in any such thing to embarrass me.

Parent # 3 walks away, insulted.

PARENT # 2 FEMALE (ENGLISH ACCENT)

I am here from, London to see my son graduate and now I won't.

This is really damn foolishness.
 After all these years, he is going
 to just pack up his stuff and come
 back to England with me with no
 celebration? I just didn't see this
 coming at all.

Angry parents start dumping garbage cans. Many begin shouting. The mob grows angrier.

Mr. Turnbull walks by the crowd erupts with anger, yelling and cursing at him. Angry parents follow him, as if an assassination attempt is imminent.

EXT. OPEN AIR AUDITORIUM. BETHLEHEM TEACHER'S COLLEGE - DAY

The crowd is restless. The Hampton girls are lined up, waiting to begin.

CURIOUS PARENT

Where are the Munro boys?

ANOTHER PARENT

The rumor is, as of ten minutes ago, they are no longer allowed to graduate.

Now many members of the crowd are getting mad.

PARENT # 4 MALE

If my son can't graduate no girl is going to graduate either. No graduation whatsoever, over my dead body.

PARENT # 5 FEMALE

Don't be selfish sir, my daughter must graduate today, this is a dream come true for our family. I never had the benefit of going to this great school and my daughter is living the life I would have wanted.

Munro parents begin throwing chairs. The crowd is getting out of contro. The Principal of Hampton, MRS. CYNTHIA MURPHY, is at the microphone.

MRS. MURPHY

May I have your attention please?
 Hampton graduation will still go on
 as we say; the show must go on.

We will be quickly moving back to Hampton where we will make speedy arrangements to have our own ceremony in our dining room.

An angry parent unplugs her microphone. Parents are near rioting. Suddenly, they all freeze and turn black and white.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO OF THE ANGRY PARENTS UNDER THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "DISASTER AT MUNRO COLLEGE'S GRADUATION".

INT. DICKENSON DORM - DAY

Butler now in final year and is a prefect in charge of some juniors in one of the partitions in the junior dorm. It's the first Saturday afternoon of the new term.

Morgan rushes inside Butler's cubicle. Inside the cubicle Butler is there chatting with Cocking, Peynado, Morgan, Armstrong and Campbell.

MORGAN

What's up baby father?

COCKING

Is who you calling baby father?

MORGAN

Who you think, it has to be Gavin.

BUT

Have some respect man, what you talking about?

MORGAN

I just saw your little Epping Queen a while ago I was to meet one of them Queens from Epping Forrest a while ago but when I saw her for the second time I cropped out, she doesn't look like my type. But, just as I leaving to come back, I saw your Queen, I don't know her name but is the same one that you always screwing with over the Green Leaf Hotel.

Morgan starts laughing and gesticulating how big her belly is.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You got something going for you man, she is pregnant. Rahtid! You turn baby father now man, things going on for you.

BUTLER

Just stop that shit right now man. That could never be my belly at all, 101 percent sure of that. Impossible!

Butler jumps off his bed and opens his locker and takes up a handful of condoms.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Look... look, I never go there without my rubbers yet, never. After I'm not a mad man.

Morgan, Cocking, Peynado, Campbell and Armstrong start laughing and teasing Butler about him being a possible "baby father".

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Stop that shit I say, I said no way in hell or heaven can that belly be mine. You cannot run those jokes make anyone else hears, you know what that will mean for me. I want to graduate man. In fact let this year be a model year for us so we all can graduate and fulfill our dreams.

Butler is visibly upset with Morgan.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKENSON DORM - NIGHT

Broken windows allowing cold wind in. Morgan walks down the corridor towards the bathroom, wrapped in his blanket.

Butler approaches him, walking in the opposite direction. As they come face to face, Butler pounces on him. A fight starts.

As they fight, they fall onto the bed of a junior who is sleeping. The fight continues on the sleeping boy.

Cocking comes running. He shakes the guy who is still sleeping.

COCKING

Get up boy, you don't see the man
dem fighting?

Junior boy shakes his head looking quite confused.

COCKING (CONT'D)

Get up... are you deaf, you nuh see
di man dem a fight.

Junior boy eventually crawls out of his bed, leaving Morgan and Butler to continue fighting in his bed. The fight suddenly stops as Morgan recoils in pain.

MORGAN

Ooee man! You a bite mi.

And with that the fight ends. Morgan looks at his chest and sees a big impression of Butler's teeth encircling his right breast.

COCKING

Is what going on in God's world,
man sucking man breast.

MORGAN

Look what you did? You think is
your Epping Queen and now baby mama
you biting? Look how you bite up
my breast.

Morgan walks up and slaps Butler for biting him and another fight starts.

CUT TO:

EXT DAY. PADDA COURT - DAY

The court has been transformed for a ceremony. Chairs are lined up and a banner reads: Munro Graduation.

Members of the graduating class are dressed in their blazer, school tie, white shirt and grey pants.

Butler, Morgan, Panton, Armstrong, Cocking, and Peynado are on stage singing "Precious Memories". When they finish, the crowd gives a standing ovation.

Mr. Turnbull takes the microphone.

MR. TURNBULL

Parents, family members, and
friends. Munro's class
valedictorian: Gavin Butler.

More applause. Butler approaches the podium.

BUTLER

I don't know where to start. Nor am I sure what to say, but one thing I know is that the best years of my life will come to an end today.

As the audience cheers, Butler looks over at his friends and they nod in approval.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Life here was not perfect but I know I am going to be missing every moment of it. My parents never gave me a biological brother, nor a sister, so I am an only child and therefore I didn't know what it was to have a brother until the day I arrived here in the "City". Stand for me Morgan, Armstrong, Cocking, Panton, Campbell, and Peynado. It would be remiss of me not to single out you guys. I am asking the other guys who are a part of the graduating class to forgive me to be selfish at this moment but, these guys made life so livable for me all of my boarding school life. I remember my first day, I was running down my mom's car as she drove off, leaving me behind. Some guys were laughing at me but it was Morgan who came to me.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

Butler on the ground as his mom pulls into the distance. Tears stream down his face. Morgan calms him. Extends a friendly hand.

BACK TO:

GRADUATION.

BUTLER

As boys we laughed, we grew up together, we ate together... we studied together... we slept together... cooked in the dormitory together - oops did I admit to that - we had our fights but we made it up back within minutes, the way real brothers do.

I don't know how I will be going forward. I am gonna miss my brothers so much.

Butler's voice cracks with emotion.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Those bull session where we just chatted, idly and make a fool of ourselves. Those jokes and fun times will be a permanent part of me.

The boys nod in agreement.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Just as permanent as the color of my skin. When we didn't like the food in the dining room and we were tired of eating curry chauny or the stewed chauny or the roast chauny, we shared our tuck.

In the background, the song "Lean On Me" by Bill Withers is playing softly.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

One slice of bread would share for all of us. Munro has taught us how to share, how to care, how to appreciate our classmates, how to be respectful to our teachers, how to aspire for greatness. Every day when I go into the dining room, whether it be for breakfast, lunch or supper and I see the bill boards on the wall with all those past students who excelled by getting prestigious academic scholarships. I feel so motivated that, at times when I am home sick, I think about the successful ones who passed through the gates of this "City". The home sick feeling then disappears immediately.

INSERT: THE BILLBOARDS

BUTLER

At first I thought I was in a military camp or a penal institution because when I arrived in first form and the prefect in charge of my partition arrived in first form and the prefect in charge of my partition was telling us about the rigid schedule, the various bells that rang to alert us of the next activity; when to shower, when to leave the dorm when to go to join the line for breakfast, lunch or supper, compulsory chapel...

Many boys smile as they remember all of these rules.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

...I wanted to run away. I am compelled to quote Vincent Thomas "Vince" Lombardi, considered to be one of the best football coaches in history by many: "I've never known a man worth his salt who in the long run, deep down in his heart, didn't appreciate the grind, the discipline.

All the guys cheer. Butler takes deep breath and continues.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

All those times I got a detention or a caning I was livid and wanted to rebel but thanks to my Mom, as I always remember her telling me that I am to make use of this opportunity of getting a Munro College education, the best high school education and the best high school experience so as to make her proud. I recall that speech Mr Turnbull gave us the first day that I set foot in form 1A.

Gavin points towards 1A as his friends cheer him on.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

That speech rang in my ears every day for the past seven years.

Honestly Mr. Turnbull made me feel very intimidated but I promised myself that I would stay the course and one day graduate from here. I know Mr. Turnbull remembers it quite well, when he told us that on his desk is a pile of applications from parents who want their sons to get in and that each of us who are here, were sitting on a chair that is in demand. I will never forget that morning in 1A when he read us the Riot Act.

The students and faculty smile, proudly.

BUTLER CONT'D

I challenge my friends and everyone who is a part of this graduating class to continue to keep the history of this fine institution alive.

Butler starts tearing up, but pushes onward.

BUTLER

We are a part of history and within the walls of this city we have been prepared for greatness when we leave here this evening...

Morgan approaches the podium to give him support. The audience is moved. Butler's mom begins tearing up as well.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

To Mrs. Wolfe my favorite... I mean to our favorite History and Reading teacher who was so upset with us when we didn't do well. She took it so personal if we ever failed any of her tests or if we got mediocre grades. I am reminded of the quote by Vince 'Scully' Vincent Edward otherwise known as Vin" Scully. He is an American sportscaster, best known as the play-by-play announcer for the Los Angeles Dodgers Major League Baseball team. He is credited with this quote: "Good is not good when better is expected." That was Mrs. Wolfe's philosophy for us.

Butler's mom wipes her tears.

BUTLER (CON'TD) (CONT'D)

We must never forget that the opportunity we had, many would have wanted. I am so happy to have been privileged to be here, thanks Mom for making Munro my choice and also a big thanks to all the parents here today for making Munro the choice for your sons. Although we never had the benefit of attending another high school to be in a position to compare and contrast... I am sure 101 percent sure that I can say on behalf of all of us, that Munro is the best boarding high school in the world and that we all would not have wanted it any other way. M-U-N-R-O, is anything wrong with old Munro?

The graduating class repeats this chant.

GRADUATING CLASS

M-U-N-R-O! Is anything wrong with old Munro?!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK MUNRO BESIDE PADDA COURT - DAY

Butler and his friends are taking pictures with their families. They remove their blazers and sign autographs on each others' white shirts using colorful markers/pens.

Butler brings his mom over to Morgan.

BUTLER

Mom meet my favorite brother, he's Theo Morgan.

Mrs. Butler hugs Morgan.

MRS. BUTLER

Gavin told me about you before. Finally meeting you is such a pleasure. Gavin always says good things about you. So you are one of Gavin's brothers.

It is extremely hard for Butler and his friends to part.

MRS. BUTLER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Gavin. It's time to go.

Butler can't hold it back anymore. He begins to cry. So do his friends. Butler and Morgan hug tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. BUTLER'S CAR - DAY

Mrs. Butler is driving down the winding road. Butler cries softly.

MRS. BUTLER

Life has changes G, it will never be the same again. What you will have to do now is to cherish those memories for the rest of your life.

Playing on the car's radio is the song "Memories don't leave like people do, they always stay with you."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

Butler and Morgan still seated in the bar chatting. The public address system is repeating.

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

This is the final boarding call for outgoing Los Angeles passenger Gavin Butler, you are asked to board your American Airlines flight AA7890 using gate E10.

Butler and Morgan don't hear the announcement.

MORGAN

I am not looking forward to this Los Angeles trip at all, I am going to meet with a difficult client who doesn't like to pay. He is like a modern day Shylock from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. He expects so much and pays so little.

BUTLER

There is so much to talk about. I just still can't believe that I am having a drink with you. I hope we won't have to wait 25 more years to see each other again.

MORGAN

No, man, we cannot let that happen, now that we have cell phones, internet, whats app, BBM's, ipads, facebook. So many ways to keep in touch unlike when we graduated, we really never had so many options of keeping in touch. It's different world we live in now.

Gavin looks at his watch.

BUTLER

Maybe we should check on our flight, I had an early check in, I was to have a three hour wait before my flight to Jamaica.

Morgan looks at his watch and jumps up from the bistro table.

MORGAN

Oh heck, I think I may have missed my flight.

Morgan grabs up his carry-on luggage and shakes hand with Butler.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

When your wife comes back, tell her it was my pleasure meeting her but I have to run now.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CORRIDOR - DAY

Morgan runs towards gate E10. He arrives to find the flight has departed.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

Butler and his wife are still sitting at the bistro table. Morgan enters and approaches.

BUTLER

You missed your flight?

TANYA

Hey don't look so sad, things happen for a reason.

MORGAN

You think the plane is going to crash?

BUTLER
Don't think like that.

MORGAN
What good reason could there be?

TANYA
I got a plan. You guys I am sure
you have so much more reminiscing
to do, you just may have tipped the
iceberg.

Morgan and Butler look intently at Tanya as she reaches in
her handbag for her ticket and turns to Morgan.

TANYA (JOKINGLY) (CONT'D)
Here's my ticket, you guys should
both go to Jamaica and take the
reminiscing and the nostalgia to a
new level.

Morgan and Butler look at Tanya in shock.

TANYA (CONT'D)
If I hang around I will be in your
way. Anything to make my husband
happy. It really seems like
boarding school was a very, very
special chapter in the lives of you
guys. You both seem to have been
such great friends that missing
your flight might be the best thing
that happened to you since high
school.

Turning to Butler and whispering without Tanya hearing.

MORGAN
You didn't select her from among
the Epping Queens.

BUTLER
Don't even go there, we not gonna
fight ever again.

INSERT: BUTLER AND MORGAN FIGHTING IN DICKINSON DORM.

BACK TO:

Tanya turns to Morgan.

TANYA

Would you believe me that Gavin still has that white shirt that he wore to graduation with all the autographs of you guys. And believe this too, your autograph is the only one that Gavin circled. So I know you are special.

Morgan lifts his hand towards Butler for a hi five.

MORGAN

I still have mine too, and I underlined your autograph, and over the years I always wondered where in the world you are.

Morgan takes out his lap top and shows Butler what he uses as his screen saver. A picture of Butler tearing up during his graduation speech.

He smiles.

BUTLER (CONT')

My mom so many times asked me what ever happened to you. When I was getting married, I thought that you would be the perfect best man for me. I just didn't know where to find you.

Butler takes out his cell phone and shows Morgan one of his wedding pictures.

MORGAN

Send it to my email.

Morgan too goes through his phone, finds a picture of his wife and emails it to Butler.

TANYA

So Morgan, are you going to change your flight arrangements and go to Jamaica? That would be so perfect, you and Gavin can go visit Munro together and walk around the place you once trotted.

MORGAN

I can't just up and change my plans like that, I gotta call my client in LA and tell him I missed my flight and maybe give him some excuse why I can't come again.

Then I have to call my wife and
tell her all about today and tell
her all about this.

BUTLER

So you'll change your plans so we
can go back to Munro?

Morgan smiles.

MORGAN

Yes, my brother.

The Beach Boys song "Kokomo" is playing in the background,
Aruba, Jamaica, ooh I wanna take ya Bermuda, Bahama, come on
pretty mama Key Largo, Montego, baby why don't we go,
Jamaica...

THE END.