

School Bosses

By

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**FADE IN:**

ACT ONE

**INT. SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - DAY**

Boys and girls, of all ages,, mill about a cluttered corridor space. There are desks and drafting tables, a small vending machine with an "out of order" sign attached to it. We see MATT FLYNN, 13, enter. He's a boy who you could lend a tenner to and know you'd get it back. He's a good looking boy, very witty, but accident-prone beyond belief. He is quickly met by JEFF PARTRIDGE, 13, best friend who wrongly believes he's God's gift to girls.

JEFF.

The head master is looking for you.  
You might be in trouble. He seemed pretty annoyed.

MATT.

He's been annoyed his entire life.  
No one's in trouble.

JEFF.

Maybe he's annoyed that I finished my homework before you.

MATT.

I would've finished way before you had my computer not malfunctioned!

JEFF.

(laughs)

Save the excuses for the headmaster.

Matt goes to the office across the room and knocks on the door.

**INT. SCHOOL. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Matt enters. The headmaster, FRANK, 70s, rather clueless, but with a heart of gold, sits behind a desk working away on his computer.

MATT.

Sorry to interrupt, but I was told you wanted a word with me?

FRANK.

I do indeed. Take a seat.

MATT.

(taking a seat)

So, am I in trouble? If this is about me missing the deadline for that report, I do have a good excuse. Funny story actually, I--

FRANK.

--Matt, I don't care about you missing the deadline.

MATT.

Really? Because I think you should.

FRANK.

I'm not as young as I used to be. I need someone to be my eyes and ears around this place, and that someone is you.

MATT.

What? But it's been your life for so long. You love this job.

FRANK.

No. I love bringing out the potential in children, making them believe in themselves, knocking down barriers. All that stuff is great. But actually running a school, the daily grind, it's difficult. Add to that, trying to keep unruly kids in check, it's impossible. I'm getting too old for it all.

MATT.

You'll never get too old. You're fitter than everyone I know, put together.

FRANK.

That's kind of you to say. You know, I was always reluctant to slow down because a lot of seniors with time on their hands develop a lot of problems. Then it dawned on me that I've got lots of problems already so there's nothing really left to fear except death itself but that's gonna come anyway.

MATT.

So what you gonna do now?

FRANK.

I'm gonna just focus on my job, and I want you to be my lookout, make sure everyone is doing as they're told.

MATT.

That's not gonna make me very popular, sir.

FRANK.

I know that, but sometimes you have to make a decision in life. Do you want to be popular or do you want to be successful?

MATT.

I'd really like to be both.

FRANK.

Well, you can't. Not everyone is Ed Sheeran.

(then)

I'll make the official announcement after lunch today. In the meantime, just keep it to yourself. I'm sure this school will be in safe hands with you.

MATT.

Thank you.

FRANK.

Now get outta here. I'm in a bidding war for a nice wooden coffin with a velvet filling and I don't wanna lose out on this bad boy.

Matt nods, and exits with a spring in his step.

**INT. SCHOOL. CAFETERIA - LATER**

Frank is addressing the room full of children.

FRANK.

I'll make this brief, because I have to pee like every two minutes. While I'll still be around doing the daily stuff, my office will no longer be available to you. If you need something or have a problem, you can speak to my new deputy.... Matt Flynn.

Everyone CHEERS and CLAPS and pats Matt on the back as he makes his way up to the front, alongside Frank.

MATT.

(best Elvis impression)

Thank you, thank you very much. I'm sorry, I've just always wanted to do that.

(then)

Okay, I just want to say that as the new deputy of this school... You're all suspended!

Everyone is stunned.

MATT.

Just kidding, I ain't got that kind of power.

(to Frank)

Have I?

(off his look)

Didn't think so.

(then)

On a serious note, I just want to say what an honour this is for me and I'm looking forward to achieving great things for this school.

(then)

Now I think it's best if we all raise our milk to the best headmaster this school has ever had.

Matt and Frank clink their milk cartons together. Suddenly, a very pretty girl, 14, walks up to the front of the room. She is called MILEY. She is headstrong and doesn't take fools lightly. Everyone is confused, especially Matt. Jeff gives her a wink, trying his best to flirt. She just looks at him with zero interest.

FRANK.

And now, I'd like to introduce all of you to my granddaughter, Miley. Well, it is my pleasure to announce that she will be joining us as the senior deputy.

Matt spurts out his milk in complete shock.

**INT. SCHOOL. FRANK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Matt has gone into Frank's office to get an answer to what has just happened.

MATT.

What was that?!

Frank doesn't know what to say.

MATT.

So let me get this straight. I'm the deputy, but your granddaughter is the SENIOR deputy which means she's the boss and I'm just a stooge, and nothing has changed for me?

FRANK.

Yep, that pretty much sums it up.

MATT.

I can't believe this! Since when has this school needed a senior deputy? I can do this role.

FRANK.

Would it make you feel better if I got you a nametag?

MATT.

Yes! No! Maybe!

(then)

I can't believe you just sprung this on me out of the blue. Don't I deserve better?

FRANK.

I'm sorry, I thought I already told you. My mind is failing me lately.

MATT.

Don't go pulling the "old man" card again.

FRANK.

Yeah, you're right. I have used that one a lot this week. Look, I was just waiting for the best time to tell you. But that time never arose.

MATT.

Look, I'm sure Miley is nice...

FRANK.

Oh, she is.

MATT.

But what does she know about this school, Frank?

FRANK.

She's already graduated Oxford University. The youngest to do so in history.

MATT.

So she's got some poxy qualifications from Oxford? What does that prove? She doesn't know this school. She's gonna wanna change things for no reason.

FRANK.

I'm sure she won't.

MATT.

She will. It's just what girls do.  
I get that at home with my sister.  
I don't need it at school too.

FRANK.

I'm sorry, but I have to think  
about the long-term future of this  
school. You're the son I wish I  
had, but the problem is you're a  
little accident-prone and  
overzealous so I need someone to  
guide you in the right direction.

In despair, Matt flings his arms up, knocking a row of pens  
and paper off the table.

FRANK.

My point exactly.

MATT.

That was just an unfortunate  
coincidence.

FRANK.

So, who does that leave? Jeff? That  
fool can't do anything right.

MATT.

He did finish that homework before  
me.

FRANK.

What homework?

MATT.

You really gotta start getting on  
top of things, sir.

FRANK.

Oh well, I don't need to worry  
about any of that now.

MATT.

Why don't you give me the job? I  
can train my brother up and he can  
replace me when I leave.

Frank laughs. And laughs and laughs.

MATT.

Alright, I get your point. I know  
Adam's not exactly the brightest  
bulb in--

FRANK.

--I'd be surprised if he could even  
change a bulb.

MATT.

You know I'm the best guy for the job. Just give me a chance to prove you wrong. That's all I'm asking of you.

(then)

Oh, and a nametag.

**INT. SCHOOL. CLASS - DAY**

Matt is sulking at his desk when Miley approaches.

MATT.

What do you want? You come to gloat?

(then)

It doesn't matter. You know what I believe? I can run this school way better than you. I don't need no girl telling me what to do. I know this place inside out. I know who to keep an eye on, I know who are the bullies, I know what needs dealing with. What do you know? Nothing.

MILEY.

I actually came over here to see if we could work things out, but if you're gonna have that attitude, I'm gonna treat you like everyone else at this school.

MATT.

You know what? I don't need this. I can just leave and join another school as easy as that.

MILEY.

Then leave.

By the look on Matt's face, he was clearly bluffing.

MATT.

I'll see you tomorrow morning.

**INT. SCHOOL. MILEY'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Miley is sitting behind her desk, Matt is sitting opposite her looking rather frustrated while wearing a nametag, which has his name spelt wrong.

MATT.

How could you not tell me? We're supposed to be in this together. I need to be kept in the loop on things.

MILEY.

It's not my fault you turned up late. Brian was here, so I asked him to help me deal with it.

MATT.

(very discouraged)

Okay, is there anything left for me to do?

MILEY.

Well, you're just gonna say no, but there's some toilets that need cleaning.

Matt puts his head in his hands.

MATT.

You know, I'm the deputy of this school, don't forget.

MILEY.

Yes, and I'm the SENIOR deputy. And I'm the only one with the office.

MATT.

Yeah, well, I got a new nametag.

MILEY.

(sarcastic)

Yeah, nice to meet you, Mutt.

MATT.

The name is irrelevant. It says I'm the deputy.

MILEY.

Well, as SENIOR deputy, I make the rules whether you like it or not.

MATT.

I knew you coming here would be bad for this school.

MILEY.

You know you can just leave if you're not happy... Or you can knuckle down and do what I ask you to do. What's it gonna be?

MATT.

(through gritted teeth)

I'll get back to work.

**INT. SCHOOL. BOYS TOILETS - A LITTLE LATER**

Matt is busy scrubbing the toilets along with Jeff, who he is talking to about Miley.

MATT.

I've been waiting for so long to get some power around here, and what happens, a girl goes and ruins it for me. I mean, why did she talk to Brian for help? What's he ever done?

JEFF.

He's won the school quiz master award for the last three years running and has a perfect attendance record.

MATT.

What are you, his spokesperson?

JEFF.

If there's any consolation, she ignored me too.

MATT.

She belittles me every chance she gets. I was so happy when I became deputy, but she's ruined it for me.

JEFF.

Maybe you should do something to prove to her how valuable you are to this school.

MATT.

Like what?

JEFF.

I don't know. Geez, I'm not made of great ideas.

Matt reacts.

**INT. SCHOOL. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Matt is trying to talk to Frank, who is riding around on a motorised scooter.

FRANK.

Isn't it great? I got it on eBay the other day. It's so much fun. I often ride out to the classes and back just for the hell of it.

MATT.

That's all great, but I didn't come here for you to tell me about riding some scooter.

FRANK.

MOTORISED scooter.

MATT.

Whatever. The problem is your granddaughter. She's ruining this school just like I said she would. There was something big going on this morning and she didn't consult me.

FRANK.

Why not?

MATT.

Well, I wasn't here. I slept in late, but that's not the point. I'm the deputy and she should've discussed things with me, but instead she spoke with Brian.

FRANK.

Who's Brian?

MATT.

Sir, do you actually know anyone at this school?

FRANK.

Not really. I'm not great with names, or faces for that matter. But I don't need to worry about that any more. So what do you want me to do?

MATT.

How about making me the senior deputy for a start?

FRANK.

I can't do that to Miley. Her parents would kill me, and the way I'm feeling it wouldn't take them much.

MATT.

Just give her my job and let her learn from me.

FRANK.

Yeah, I don't think that's gonna work. Miley doesn't exactly take too kindly to authority figures.

MATT.

Well, something needs to be done. She's making everyone's lives miserable.

FRANK.

Is she? Is she really? It seems to me as if you're jealous she's got a better job than you and now you're looking for any excuse to not make things work.

MATT.

I don't know what you're talking about. I've been nothing but nice to her, but she keeps treating me like--

FRANK.

... Someone below her?

MATT.

Yeah.... No... Oh, I don't know.

FRANK.

You're a fine student, Matt. But you need to remember that Miley is your boss and she will sometimes make decisions that you don't agree with, but that's life. My wife always used to make scrambled eggs in the morning when I wanted boiled ones, but I just got on with it.

MATT.

This is a little more important than your dairy needs, sir. This is my life we are talking about.

FRANK.

I need you to make this work for me, Matt. I don't want to get in the middle of you two. I need you to work together for the good of this school. And to make things a little easier for you, I'll find a job for Adam at the school.

MATT.

That's not exactly what I wanted, but thanks.

FRANK.

You're welcome. Now, is everything gonna be okay?

MATT.

I don't know, it's impossible with her.

FRANK.

Try harder. She knows her stuff. I'm sure none of it's personal.

MATT.

None of it's personal? She had me scrubbing the toilets today!

FRANK.

Ooooh, that reminds me. Nature's calling.

He rides out of the office towards the toilets. Matt sighs.

END OF ACT  
ONE.

ACT TWOINT. SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - DAY

Matt walks up to ADAM, 11, unremarkable in his averageness. Clueless with most things, but often comes away unscathed. He is trying to figure out how to use the vending machine.

MATT.

Hey, how's things going?

ADAM.

Pretty good. But it's soooo boring. I'm just walking around sharpening peoples pencils and tidying the paper. Do you people not know how to use computers?

MATT.

Just keep doing what you're asked. How are you finding everyone here?

ADAM.

Everyone seems nice. I just had a good talk with that girl with the blonde hair... Miley. I think that was her name.

MATT.

Miley?! The senior deputy of this school, Miley?!

ADAM.

Yeah, she's hot. Is she single?

MATT.

Don't even think about it, Adam.

ADAM.

Hey, if she's single and I'm single, what's the harm?

MATT.

The harm is this right here.  
(mimes head exploding)  
Don't do anything.

ADAM.

Relax, brother. I won't make the first move. But I can't promise anything if she comes on to me.

Suddenly, the vending machine starts spewing out chocolates all over the place. Adam desperately tries to stop the flow with no avail. Matt just gives up and walks away.

INT. SCHOOL. CLASS - SOME TIME LATER

Matt sees Adam and Miley talking. He is sitting beside Jeff.

MATT.  
Can you believe this?

JEFF.  
No, I can't. How is he getting more  
luck with her than me?

MATT.  
And look, she's smiling. I don't  
think I've seen her smile since she  
got here.

JEFF.  
He's gonna have to teach me his  
secrets.

After waving goodbye to Miley, Adam heads over to Matt and  
Jeff.

MATT.  
What was all that about?

ADAM.  
She was just saying what she  
expects of me here. She's asked me  
to do a weekly column for the  
school.

MATT.  
A column????

ADAM.  
Yeah, but it's 500 words. I don't  
like the sound of that. Sounds like  
some sort of essay. No thank you.

MATT.  
Why is she doing this to me? Oh  
wait, I know why. She's doing it to  
further mess with my head. I know  
her game and I'm not playing.

Matt heads off.

JEFF.  
Where you going?

MATT.  
To speak to Miley.

**INT. SCHOOL. MILEY'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER**

Miley is typing away on her computer when Matt enters.

MILEY.  
Would it hurt you to knock?

MATT.

I'm the deputy, I shouldn't have to knock.

MILEY.

When you're coming into the SENIOR deputy's office, you have to.

(then)

So what do you want?

MATT.

I want to know why you're so keen on Adam.

MILEY.

He's a good kid.

MATT.

Now that's a blatant lie. No one has that opinion of my brother, not even my mum and dad.

MILEY.

What can I say? I like him. Why does that bother you? Is it because I like him more than I like you?

MATT.

Of course not. I'm just confused and don't understand what you're playing at.

MILEY.

I'm not playing at anything. I'm just trying to run an efficient school just like you should be trying to do. Now, I'm a really busy girl. Is there anything else I can help you with?

MATT.

Actually, there is, I--

Matt is interrupted by a KNOCK on the door. A STUDENT enters.

MILEY.

(to Matt)

See, everyone else knocks.

(to the student)

Hey, how's it going?

STUDENT.

Uh, I need to have this Friday off. I did let the school know about it, but the teacher just said she has no idea what I'm talking about.

MILEY.

Matt, wanna take this one?

STUDENT.

I have to go to the hospital on Friday. I specifically asked for that day off.

Adam then enters.

MATT.

(sarcastic)

Oh great, just what I need.

ADAM.

What's the problem here?

MATT.

Adam, stay out of it.

(to the student)

Look, as the deputy, I have the final say.

MILEY.

Actually, I have the final say. But go ahead.

MATT.

Thank you. As I was saying, I'm the deputy, so what I say goes.

MILEY.

That's not entirely true.

MATT.

Oh for... Can I finish a sentence please?!

MILEY.

Do not use that tone with me.

MATT.

(quickly changing his  
tune)

Yeah, sorry. Won't happen again.

STUDENT.

What are you gonna do about my day off? I can't cancel the appointment.

MATT.

I didn't receive no letter about you asking for a day off. And is an hospital appointment really that serious to warrant a day off?

STUDENT.

I'm meant to be having an operation.

ADAM.

I've had plenty of them. Usually caused by Matt.

MATT.

Not helping, Adam.

(to student)

Look, it's not a lot I can do about it now. And anyway, you booked a couple of days off last month.

STUDENT

But that was for my uncle's funeral.

MATT.

(uncomfortable)

Sorry about that, by the way. But I can't go giving everyone days off, that's not how the real world works.

ADAM.

(to student)

This is a little outrageous if you ask me.

MATT.

No one's asking you, Adam. So pipe down.

MILEY.

Stop talking to our students like that, Matt.

MATT.

He's not a student, he's my ugly brother.

MILEY.

Well, he's here with us at the moment, so start showing him some respect.

ADAM.

Yeah bro, start showing me some respect.

MILEY.

I think you owe him an apology.

MATT.

What?!

ADAM.  
Come on Matt, I'm waiting.

MATT.  
(through gritted teeth)  
I'm sorry.

ADAM.  
See, was that so hard?

**INT. SCHOOL. CLASS - LATER**

Matt is asleep at his desk while holding a piece of paper in one hand and a pen in the other. Adam walks up to him and slams his hands down on the desk, waking Matt, who covers up by pretending to write on the paper.

ADAM.  
Hey. Miley is looking for you.

MATT.  
Why? Wh-wh- why is Miley is looking for me?

ADAM.  
Because she has a strong suspicion that you broke the vending machine.

MATT.  
What? Why does she suspect that?

ADAM.  
Because at first she thought it was me. But after she asked me about it, turns out it was you. Anyway, I just thought you should know.

MATT.  
(sarcastic)  
Thank you.

Matt pushes him away in the face with his hand.

**INT. SCHOOL. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Miley is addressing the students. Matt and Jeff are amongst the boys and girls in the room.

MILEY.  
I won't keep you long as we all have a lot of work to do and I don't think you wanna spend your day staring at me.

Jeff is in a trance looking lovingly at Miley. Matt nudges him to behave.

MILEY.

This is a very special week for the school as I'm introducing a camping trip challenge extravaganza. There are going to be two sets of teams consisting of four, each captained by myself and Matt respectively. The losing team's captain will have to work as the winner's servant for a whole month.

MATT.

(to Jeff)

This is gonna be good. She doesn't know who she's dealing with. Get me in those woods and I'm like Rambo.

MILEY.

Now, Matt. I'd like you to come join me up here so we can begin picking our teams.

Matt makes his way up to the front to join Miley, all cocky.

MILEY.

Why you looking so happy?

MATT.

Just confident of winning, that's all.

MILEY.

We'll see. Now, as senior deputy I get to pick first.

MATT.

Wondered how long it'd take you to ram that senior deputy nonsense down my throat again.

MILEY.

Just stating facts.

(then)

But being the good sport that I am, I will let you go first.

MATT.

That's very generous of you, but I don't need your charity. Let's just stick to the rules. So pick away.

MILEY.

Fine, please yourself. For my first pick I choose... Jeff.

MATT.

Wait! Hang on a minute. You can't go picking him.

MILEY.

Why not?

MATT.

Because he was gonna be my pick!

MILEY.

Well, you should've taken the opportunity that I gave you to choose first.

Jeff rushes up to the front and goes to hug Miley. She steps back with a horrified look on her face and offers her hand instead. Matt shakes his head.

MATT.

Okay, now that that's out of the way I pick--

MILEY.

--What do you think you're doing?

MATT.

Picking my team, what do you think?

MILEY.

Wait your turn. I choose my team first, then you can pick yours.

MATT.

But I thought we were gonna have one pick each?

MILEY.

Well, you thought wrong. And now, I'd like to introduce all of you to my next team member.... The headmaster of this school, my grandfather, Frank.

Frank rides in on his motorised scooter.

MATT.

Good to see you, sir.

FRANK.

I'm sorry, do I know you?

MATT.

Your memory's getting worse, sir.

FRANK.

No, no. I'm just getting into the spirit of the game. We're on opposing sides here.

MILEY.

And finally I'd like to welcome the final person to my team for this camping challenge, someone you know very well, Matt.

(off Matt's puzzled look)

Adam.

As Adam enters, Matt stands there with his mouth wide open in complete shock.

**INT. SCHOOL. MILEY'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Matt has gone into Miley's office in an attempt to get some answers.

MATT.

What the hell was that?!

Miley sits there with a huge cheesy grin on her face.

MILEY.

What can I say? I'm just very competitive.

MATT.

So, I have to compete against my best friend, my mentor and my brother?

MILEY.

You forgot about me, too. But, yeah. Why? Is that a problem?

MATT.

Yes!

MILEY.

Aw, are you scared of a little competition?

MATT.

No, it's not that. It's just that there's no one left for me to pick!

MILEY.

See, that's the advantage of choosing first. An advantage I offered to you, don't forget.

MATT.

Yeah, but I assumed we'd have a pick EACH!

MILEY.

Well, that'll teach you to assume.

MATT.

I don't believe this! Who am I meant to pick now?!

MILEY.

I'm not sure. What about Brian?

MATT.

No way, he's big headed.

MILEY.

You could always forfeit the challenge and just be my servant for a month? Saves us a whole lotta time because we know I'm gonna win anyway.

MATT.

No way! I'm not forfeiting anything. I'm gonna win this challenge, even if I have to do it by myself.

MILEY.

(laughing)

I'd really like to see you try.

MATT.

You've been messing with me ever since you got here. But it all ends now. Once I win this camping challenge, and I WILL win it, all of this stops because you're gonna have to wait on me hand and foot.

MILEY.

(unconvinced)

We'll see.

Matt doesn't know what else to say so just childishly knocks down Miley's pot of pencils off her desk instead. He then exits, leaving Miley totally bemused.

**INT. FLYNN HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - EVENING**

JILL FLYNN, 16, is sitting down reading a celeb magazine. She's a very beautiful girl. She's not the most patient of people though. She also has a sharp tongue.

The front door opens, and the end of a tent pokes through. Matt enters carrying lots of camping equipment.

MATT.

Guess where we're going this weekend.

JILL.

(sarcastic)

No, go on. Give us a clue.

MATT.

We're going camping.

JILL.

Camping?! What on earth's brought this on?

MATT.

Do I need a reason to take my lovely sister on the adventure of a lifetime?

(off Jill's look)

Fine. If you must know, the school is doing this camping challenge extravaganza thing this weekend. Me and Miley both have to pick teams to compete against each other with a huge prize for the winner. If I win, Miley has to be my servant for an entire month. Finally, the power will shift back to me.

(then)

So, you okay to join me?

JILL.

Aren't you supposed to pick people from the school?

MATT.

Miley beat me to it.

JILL.

So, now all you're left with is me?

MATT.

I would've picked you anyway.

JILL.

So, who's on Miley's team?

MATT.

Just Jeff, Frank and Adam.

JILL.

Adam?! What's he doing on Miley's team?

MATT.

Don't ask. I'm telling you, my relationship with him is on super thin ice.

(then)

Jill, you good to come or are your friends and celebrity gossip more important?

JILL.

Of course they are, but I can't miss you trying to set up a tent.

MATT.

Thank you.

JILL.

But don't we still need two more members?

MATT.

No, it's fine. I had to read the rules carefully, but it only states a maximum of team members, no minimum. I can beat Miley and her lot by myself, but I want you there with me.

JILL.

What do you know about camping anyway?

MATT.

It's easier to ask what I DON'T know about camping. Remember, I used to go camping a lot with dad and I would just kick into survival mode. Just worry about yourself, and I'll deal with the rest. All you gotta do is be prepared to win the challenges.

JILL.

Challenges? You never said anything about the challenges.

MATT.

It's called the camping challenge extravaganza, the clue's in the title. But don't worry, it's not gonna be anything too strenuous. Probably things like setting up a tent, making a fire, eating a worm. Those sorts of things.

JILL.

Sounds like I'm a Celebrity on Channel Five's budget.

**INT. CAR - LATER THAT EVENING**

They arrive at the camp site along with their teacher, MR. THOMAS. A storm is well under way. Trees swaying back and forth, rain lashing down....

MATT.

I think we should set up camp and get a head start on Miley and her team.

JILL.

I ain't getting out of this car in this weather! I've just done my hair, for one.

MATT.

Will you stop pretending to be Barbie for one second and let your survival side come out?

JILL.

I think we should just go home, I don't like the look of this place.

MATT.

(sulking)

Fine.

The moody teacher shrugs his shoulders, starts the car, but it doesn't go.

JILL.

What's the problem?

MR. THOMAS.

It won't start.

JILL.

Well, try again.

The teacher does just that another three times, but still no luck.

JILL.

Someone's tampered with it!

MATT.

How can someone have tampered with it? We haven't left the car.

(then)

I think we've run out of petrol.

JILL.

Let's just call for help.

(frantically searching  
for her phone)

I can't find my phone.

MATT.

(off Jill's look)

I have a slight confession to make.

JILL.

What have you done now?!

MATT.

I just wanted us to have a traditional camping experience, so  
(MORE)

MATT. (cont'd)

I took all our phones and left them at home.

JILL.

What is the matter with you?! Have you not got one ounce of braincell in that head of yours?!

MATT.

I'm sorry. But in my defense, I didn't think we'd end up stranded here.

JILL.

No, that's your problem. You never think.

They all sit in silence for a little bit.

MATT.

If we're staying the night we might as well set up the tent and get things started.

JILL.

There's a hundred-miles an hour wind out there, Matt. You'll be blown up a tree.

(then)

Go on then.

Matt reacts.

END OF ACT  
TWO.

ACT THREEEXT. CAMP SITE - SHORT TIME LATER

Matt is struggling in the high winds and heavy rain to put up the tent.

INT. CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Matt is sitting in the car, completely drenched and flustered.

MATT.

Yeah, I think you're right. The car is the safest place to be.

JILL.

Yeah, we can get the tent from the tree tomorrow.

MATT.

It's that wind. I would've set it up easy if it weren't for that.

JILL.

You keep telling yourself that. You can't even put up a shelf, let alone a tent. But you did give me a good laugh, though.

MATT.

(sarcastic)

I'm glad my struggles amused you.

JILL.

Yeah, I can't even remember why I was so worried.

MATT.

Because we're stranded out here in the middle of the night with no way to contact the outside world.

Jill reacts.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Matt is still sulking. Jill is clutching a torch to her chest, looking scared. The teacher is fast asleep.

JILL.

Shouldn't Adam and his lot be here by now?

MATT.

They're here somewhere, I just know it.

They hear a LOUD FEMALE SCREAM come from the woods.

JILL.  
Oh, what the was that?!

MATT.  
Sounded like a scream.

They hear another LOUD SCREAM. This time from a boy.

JILL.  
Oh! Matt, I'm scared!

Matt is a little freaked out now, too. He frantically tries to wake the teacher up, but can't.

JILL.  
Matt, do something!

MATT.  
I'm trying.

JILL.  
That could be Adam. You gotta get out there and help. Our brother's life could depend on it.

MATT.  
You're not really convincing me here.

JILL.  
Matt, go help!

MATT.  
What if I get hurt?

JILL.  
Don't worry about it, you'll be a hero. Everyone loves a hero.

MATT.  
(sarcastic)  
That makes me feel better.  
(then)  
I at least need a weapon.

Jill hands him the large torch.

JILL.  
Here, use this.

MATT.  
Thanks.

Matt takes a deep breath and exits the car.

EXT. CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS

MATT.

If I don't make it back, I just  
want you to know--

Jill slams the car door shut.

MATT.

(sarcastic)

Nothing like a supportive sister.

Matt is now all alone in the secluded camp site, with only a  
torch for a weapon.

MATT.

(to himself)

Be brave, Matt, be brave. Your  
sister is depending on you. Let's  
do this.

He switches the torch on and sees a MASKED BOY clutching a  
saw in the distance. Matt gulps hard, switches off the  
torch.

MATT.

(to himself)

It's just your imagination playing  
games with you.

He turns on the torch again, and the boy is now much closer  
to him. Matt SCREAMS.

MASKED BOY.

Is that you?

MATT.

Please, don't hurt me. There's an  
annoying girl in the car, let me go  
get her for you.

MASKED BOY.

What're you talking about, Matt?

(removing balaclava)

It's me. Adam.

MATT.

Adam, what are you trying to do to  
me?! You nearly gave me a heart  
attack!

ADAM.

Sorry.

MATT.

What you wearing a mask for? And  
why have you got a saw?!

ADAM.

We've been doing some challenges.  
I'm meant to be cutting down a  
tree, but got lost from the rest of  
them.

MATT.

Why the mask?

ADAM.

I got cold.

MATT.

But I heard a girl scream?

ADAM.

Oh, yeah. That was Miley. Frank  
rode over her foot with his  
motorised scooter.

MATT.

What was the boy's scream?

ADAM.

That was Jeff. Miley hit him for  
laughing.

MATT.

So, you're all okay?

ADAM.

Yeah, why wouldn't we be?

MATT.

I don't know, the storm. We thought  
you might have been hurt or  
something.

ADAM.

Oh, that. We were fine. Miley took  
us to this cabin of hers. It's  
really nice and cosy.

MATT.

What?!

ADAM.

I've posted all the photos on  
Twitter. Haven't you got the  
internet on your phone? How old is  
it?

MATT.

I left all the phones at home.

ADAM.

Not the smartest of things to do.

MATT.

So, everyone's fine?

ADAM.

Yeah. Miley's quite the leader. She set up a canopy, lit a fire and put up the tent all by herself.

MATT.

All that stuff is easy.

ADAM.

(looking up)

Is that your tent up there?

MATT.

(changing the subject)

Well, now I'm here we can officially begin the challenges.

ADAM.

Yep, I guess so. Although I don't see much point.

MATT.

How come?

ADAM.

You're already three-nil down.

MATT.

What?!

ADAM.

You weren't around, so those challenges counted as forfeits.

MATT.

I don't believe this. I demand we do them all over again.

ADAM.

Take it up with Miley.

MATT.

So, now I gotta be her servant for a whole month?

ADAM.

But on the bright side, she gave me a week off. And that student got his day off too. Everyone's a winner, well except for you, you're a loser.

MATT.

(sighs)

I can't believe how this night has turned out. I was so confident of victory. And I would've won if it weren't for all this storm nonsense!

ADAM.

At least the storm is easing off now, and no one got hurt.

Adam hugs Matt, but drops the saw on his foot. Matt lets out a LOUD SCREAM.

**INT. SCHOOL. MILEY'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Miley is all smiles as she speaks to Matt. Both are sitting down.

MILEY.

Don't worry, I won't make you do anything too degrading. I'm not that kind of person. However, I can't let you off the hook, so I'm gonna need a few things done. You can start by sharpening all of my pencils, then file my documents and lastly bring me some chocolate. Oh, and maybe later you can give me a little massage. I have a bit of a stiff neck from sleeping on that log.

MATT.

You know I would've beaten you had things worked out differently.

MILEY.

You keep telling yourself that. But there's always next year to prove yourself. Thinking of making it an annual thing. But until then, I want my chocolate.

MATT.

(through gritted teeth)

Be with you in a second.

We ZOOM OUT to see Matt on a motorised scooter with his left foot in a huge plaster. He rides out of the office as we...

**FADE OUT.**

END OF  
EPISODE.