

Winner of the BADFTA Award for Political Scriptwriting:

"CHAPS AT SCHOOL"

The scene is set in a famous public school.

A Gilbert Scott building set by a river, bridge nearby, close to a famous Abbey, in the centre of England's greatest city.

The day before Sports Day.

HEAD PREFECT

Come on, chaps! Headmaster says we must think of new ways of winning sponsors. And then woo them on Sports Day.

KLEGG

Why? I thought we were rich.

OZZ

Don't be stupid. The coffers are empty. If you spent less time doing your International Baccalaureate, you'd know something about the real world.

WINDOW TWANKEY-MAY

Now then, dears. Let's not get morbid.

HEAD PREFECT

Oh, push off. If you applied yourself more to our boarder controls, Madam, we wouldn't have working class people here. People without millionaire fathers.

GABLE

Did somebody mention my name?

HEAD PREFECT

No, no. How are your business studies going?

GABLE

Not. I wish I'd chosen Divinity and Philosophy.

KLEGG

Look out! Here comes bully-boy.

FRANCES MORD

Shuddup! All of you! Or I'll punch your face in. Where are the good ideas for sponsors, eh?

HEAD PREFECT

I was just mentioning that. But why is there so little money about, Oz? What's up? You should know, your Dad being Sir Taxtake.

OZZ

My pater says the ghastly ordinary people aren't paying enough tax. He chases them as much as he can but he's not the mafia, you know. Well, not quite. And loads of them are on benefits. And, apparently, there's something called austerity out there.

FRANCES MORD

We should punch their faces in until they pay!

Enter Headmaster.

HEADMASTER

Ah, boys. There are you. A word with you, Head Prefect. The staff and I have invited three key speakers to Sports Day. People we think will be good role-models and excellent examples for when our dear boys are adults. One is a, um, hedge fund manager, another is what is called a commodities trader. And, um, er, now what is the third? I have it! An investment banker. What do you think?

HEAD PREFECT

No Ministers, sir? Nobody from politics?

HEADMASTER

Of course we have some coming. But I don't think we can count on them to be generous.

HEAD PREFECT

I say, Headmaster. It was frightfully decent of you to tell my pater you think I'm prime minister material.

HEADMASTER

I sincerely believe it, Kameron. I observe you have a remarkable grasp of the jibe. Your maths is pitiable but I suppose that doesn't matter so much these days. Young Ozz is utterly confounded by it. Well, I must go and issue a Directive about Sports Day. Please think up some ways of interesting our speakers in becoming sponsors. I leave it to you to rally the boys.

Headmaster leaves.

HEAD PREFECT

Right, chaps! We need ideas on how to get our sponsors to open their wallets! Come on! Klegg! What do you suggest?

KLEGG

I could be your deputy on the day, if you like.

HEAD PREFECT

No, no! Ideas, man! Ideas for making them cough up! There's too much sogginess around here. Let's have some ideas!

OZZ

My pater says those City types never pay any taxes, but he has them followed just the same. He says they like fast drinks, fast cars, and fast girls. I'm not sure how we could introduce those into Sports Day.

GABLE

I can organise the girls. Plenty of those in the village.

KLEGG

I know a Ferrari dealer. And the champagne we can get from the tuck shop.

FRANCES MORD

Why are we bothering? Why don't we just punch their face in until they pay up?

HEAD PREFECT

You'll never get on in politics
like that, Frances.

FRANCES MORD

Care to take a wager on it?

Enter a boy with a message. He hands it to the Head Prefect.

HEAD PREFECT

Oh no! Another of the Head's
Directives. No, two of them! I
suppose it's because he's a
Belgian johnnie. Directive 3759/A
is all about health and safety on
Sports Day. 'Knee pads will be
worn at all times.' 'No smoking.'
'No boy will partake in the sports
for more than 35 minutes in
total.' Directive 3759/B says all
donations from Sports Day must be
taken to the Headmaster's Office
immediately. That's a bit steep.
Ozz! Wake up! Got any ideas to
win round a sponsor?

OZZ

No.

GABLE

No.

KLEGG

No.

Enter SVAROSLAV shiftily.

HEAD PREFECT

Who are you and what do you want?

SVAROSLAV

I am your servant, Prime Minister.

KLEGG

Steady on!

SVAROSLAV

Sorry. I am your Public Relations
spokesperson, Head Prefect. You
ordered me online.

HEAD PREFECT

Yes, that's right. Now, here's what I want you to do. I want you to release this speech I have written to the media.

SVAROSLAV

It shall be done. Instantaneously!

SVAROSLAV exits shiftily.

KLEGG

What's that speech about then?

HEAD PREFECT

Raising money. Want to hear it?

ALL

Not really.

HEAD PREFECT

Alright then, this is it. I quote:
 "We can build a better school!
 I'll make sure your money goes to those that need it most! Let's show the world some fight! Right now we need to be energised, not paralysed by gloom and fear! Remember, it's not the dog in the fight, it's the size of your cheque that counts!" What do you think, chaps?

OZZ

Yes!

KLEGG

Yes!

GABLE

Yes!

FRANCES MORD

Bloody rubbish! Better to bash their face in! That'll make 'em reach for their wallets!

HEAD PREFECT

Thank you for that. But listen, chaps and I'll tell you my big idea. Firstly, I think the Head is going

(MORE)

HEAD PREFECT (CONT'D)
to give the sponsors' donations
to his Union in Brussels. We can't
have that! So I think we should
take the money and give it away
ourselves.

GABLE
Do you mean to the poor?

HEAD PREFECT
Of course not, idiot! We give it
to other places like Africa and
Asia and the Caribbean.

KLEGG
I get it! So we can go on free
foreign trips to all those
countries!

HEAD PREFECT
Exactly! Better yet. They'll all
be VIP trips! The best hotels.
The best restaurants. The best
beaches. Embassy dinners. You
name it.

OZZ
That's why he's prime minister
material, chaps!

ALL
Bravo!

For he's a jolly good fellow!
And so say all of us!

THE END