

SEX EDUCATION

Episode One

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1

INT. AIMEE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE watch TV on their pristine, beige sofa. They wear matching house-slippers and laugh every so often at something on the screen.

We move up through the ceiling...

2

INT. AIMEE'S HOUSE. AIMEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

A half-smoked joint smoulders precariously close to a pair of knickers. Two teenagers fuck in near-silence amongst the scrunched up sheets of a single bed. It's the kind of sex you have when your parents are downstairs.

AIMEE (16, love-struck and pixie-featured) straddles ADAM (16, a dishevelled stoner kid trapped in a man's body). He finds every squeak of the mattress excruciating.

AIMEE

Do you like my tits?

Adam looks distracted.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Hello? My tits?

ADAM

Oh yeah, I love your tits.

Aimee smiles, elated.

AIMEE

Do you want to come on them?

ADAM

Er... I have to take the condom off.

He goes to take it off.

AIMEE

Actually, don't. I got a rash last time. Let's do it from behind.

Adam flips Aimee over. The mattress is really squeaking now. Adam tries to stop the headboard banging. He can't.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

I'm coming! Are you coming?

Aimee orgasms. She looks at Adam, expectant. He makes a strange, delayed, groan.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Wait... Did you just... fake it?

ADAM
Don't be stupid.

They roll off each other.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Why are you staring at me?

AIMEE
Show me the condom.

ADAM
No way!

Aimee wrestles with Adam, she emerges from the sheets holding up the condom. It's missing semen.

AIMEE
Where's the spunk, Adam?

Aimee looks at Adam, defiant. He looks guilty as charged.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

3 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OTIS'S HOUSE - MORNING 3

The sun rises over a suburban row of pretty houses. A group of PENSIONERS are on their weekly power-walk. Dogs bark as residents retrieve their mail and leave for work.

One house stands out amongst the rest - a large, detached property with an overgrown garden, wind chimes on the porch and stained glass windows. It's hard not to notice.

4 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. OTIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING 4

OTIS (16, highly intelligent but socially awkward) lays awake in bed, brain already ticking. His alarm BEEPS, he turns it off. His bedroom is meticulously organised.

Otis opens his bedside drawer, removing a box of tissues, tube of hand cream and a porn-mag with an oiled-up glamour model on the front. He messes up his bed, dropping scrunched up tissues on the sheets and floor. He leaves the magazine open on the centrefold and unscrews the hand cream, placing it on the bedside table.

He steps back, taking in his masterpiece - a perfectly staged scene of fake masturbation. Suddenly, the door opens and DAN (32, ridiculously buff) enters wearing a skimpy pink dressing gown. Dan JUMPS upon seeing Otis.

DAN
Woah! This is not the bathroom.
(pause)
I'm...

OTIS
Sleeping with my mother.

DAN
Eh... correct. I'm Dan.

OTIS
Otis.

Dan holds his hand out and they shake. Seeing the tissues, hand-cream and open magazine, he pulls his hand away.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'm left handed.
(pause)
Bathroom's next door.

Dan leaves, pulling down the dressing gown to try and cover his bum cheeks. Otis looks happy with himself.

5 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

5

The kitchen is chaotic but homely, full of hanging plants and African fertility statues. Otis, dressed for school, puts bread in the toaster and waits. JEAN (50, a statuesque woman who exudes sexuality) enters in a bohemian kaftan. The family terrier, FREUD, at her heels.

JEAN
Morning darling. Coffee?

Otis shakes his head. Jean checks her watch.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit, my first clients are arriving in fifteen and I haven't re-read their notes. It's going to be one of those days.

OTIS
Late night?

Otis shoots his mum a knowing look as Dan enters, holding a motorbike helmet.

JEAN
Otis, this is...

OTIS
We've met.

DAN
We've met.

The toaster POPS. Otis takes his toast to the table and methodically cuts the crusts off. Jean feeds the dog.

DAN (CONT'D)
Big day today, huh? Your mum said it's your first day of Sixth Form.

Otis shrugs.

DAN (CONT'D)

I remember Sixth Form like it was only yesterday.

OTIS

How old are you, Dan?

DAN

Umm... 32.

OTIS

And do you always go for older women, or is this just a one time kind of thing?

Dan looks at Jean, awkward.

JEAN

A valid question, Otis. It's not an uncommon fetish for a younger man.

DAN

Woah. This is why you shouldn't date a shrink, huh?

OTIS

Sex and relationship therapist.

Jean smiles at Otis, proud.

OTIS (CONT'D)

It's called an Oedipal complex. The older woman thing.

Dan laughs, uncomfortable.

DAN

What, like I secretly want to have sex with my mum? No... No... that's definitely not what I'm into.

OTIS

If you say so... Dan.

JEAN

Darling, I was hoping we could have a quick chat before you...

The DOORBELL rings.

OTIS

Gotta go.

Otis grabs his rucksack and the rest of his toast and leaves the room. Jean follows him to the door.

6 EXT. OTIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

6

Otis opens the door to see ERIC (16, an acne-covered motor-mouth with an unruly Afro) in the driveway with his bike.

OTIS
You're late.

ERIC
Sorry man, hair trouble - I had to wait for like, all five of my sisters to use the bathroom, then I got a comb tangled in my hair... I think I hid it okay.

Eric parts his bushy hair, revealing a buried comb. Otis gives him a thumbs up.

Eric sees Jean in the doorway and grins.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Wassup, Jean? Cool Kaftan!

JEAN
Thanks Eric, it's new. Ready for your big day?

ERIC
I'm shitting myself to be honest.

OTIS
It's not our first day of primary school. It's no big deal.

Jean and Eric share a knowing look as Otis grabs his bike.

JEAN
Wait one second.

Jean goes back inside the house.

ERIC
Your mum's such a legend.

Otis rolls his eyes and puts on some reflective elbow pads.

Jean returns.

JEAN
Catch.

Jean throws a make-up bag at Eric. It lands on the gravel.

ERIC
Oh, you wanted *me* to catch.

Eric opens the make-up bag, it's full of old lipsticks.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Yes! You are a queen of epic proportions. I mean... not overweight or anything... just, like, awesome.

JEAN

I'm sashaying away now. Good luck!

Jean blows them a kiss and goes back inside. Eric puts the make-up bag into his rucksack. Dan exits the house and walks towards his parked motorbike. He catches Otis' eye.

DAN

See you around, mate.

OTIS

(under breath)

I wouldn't count on it.

Eric smiles at Dan, way too eager.

ERIC

Hi!

Dan nods awkwardly, revs the engine and rides off.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Your mum's BF is literally a walking, talking wet-dream.

OTIS

Please don't.

(pause)

Anyway, they're just shagging.

ERIC

Cool.

Otis puts a helmet on. A car parks and AN UPTIGHT-LOOKING COUPLE (45) exit, walking towards the house.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Are they the ones that like to do it wearing animal costumes?

OTIS

Nope. He wants her to wear a strap-on. She's not into it. Classic power dynamic issues.

ERIC

I wish my mum was a sex therapist.

OTIS

Trust me, you don't.

Eric and Otis ride off down the street.

Otis and Eric weave their bikes through groups of STUDENTS, heading towards the imposing school building. A beaten-up car full of hip SIXTH FORMERS parks and they pile out. Eric takes his hands off the handlebars, trying to look cool.

OTIS

Don't do that. You should be wearing a helmet.

ERIC

Mate, I'm super pumped! Sixth Form is imminent.

Eric SWERVES to avoid TWO STUDENTS (16) kissing furiously on the side of the road. Eric takes his handlebars again.

Otis looks back at the kissing couple. The guy comes up for air, he's weedy with a layer of bum-fluff.

OTIS

Hang on! Is that Tom Baker?!

ERIC

Yep, captain of the Warhammer society. His balls finally dropped.

Tom moves his hands onto the girl's arse.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I keep telling you. EVERYONE has had sex over summer.

(pause)

Everyone except you.

OTIS

And *you*.

ERIC

I gave two-and-a-half handjobs to the guy at the Poodle Parlour.

OTIS

(sarcastic)

Wow, you're a total player.

ERIC

At least I can wank.

OTIS

You and every other idiot.

ERIC

I'm sorry man, but you're the anomaly in this situation. Do you even get hard-ons?

OTIS
Of course I do. I'm not a eunuch.
(pause)
I just wait for them to go away.

ERIC
So, nothing's changed? You still
have zero interest in having sex?

OTIS
For the hundredth time, yes! I have
minus zero interest in having sex.
And I'm perfectly happy, thank you.

Otis pedals ahead. Eric follows, looking bemused.

8

EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

8

Eric and Otis enter the school gates amongst a sea of
STUDENTS. They park their rides.

ERIC
I'm worried about you dude. Look
around. Everyone here is either
thinking about shagging...

Eric points at a FEMALE STUDENT (16, pretty and wearing bi-
focal glasses) deep in thought, biting her lip seductively.

ERIC (CONT'D)
About to shag...

Eric points out a LESBIAN COUPLE (both 17, dressed all in
black), holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Or actually shagging...

Otis sees a STRAIGHT COUPLE (both 17) emerging from some
bushes. She has twigs in her hair and he is doing up his fly.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And you can't even Jack your
Beanstalk. You don't think that's
problematic?

OTIS
No, I don't.

ERIC
Okay, but you're going to get left
behind. Everything we knew has
changed. Case in point...

They spot MAEVE WILEY (16, sex on legs and hard as nails)
entering the courtyard. Everyone stops to watch her pass.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Even Maeve Wiley's boobs have got
 bigger. Which I thought was
 technically impossible.

Otis watches Maeve pass, his face blank.

OTIS
 They look the same to me.
 (pause)
 Why do you care anyway?

ERIC
 Dude, I might be a homo-sexual but
 I still have eyes. And my gay eyes
 are looking at those massive boobs.

The BELL rings and the STUDENTS flood towards the school.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I hope you're ready for this.

OTIS
 For what?

ERIC
 A new frontier my sexually
 repressed friend, a new frontier.

Eric grins, full of hope.

9

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

9

Eric is on stage playing the school anthem on his trumpet.
 The auditorium sits in deathly silence. Amongst the crowd is
 Otis, wincing with every bum note.

Eric finishes. One person claps, it's painful. MR GROFF (48,
 headmaster, utterly devoid of humour) takes to the podium.

MR GROFF
 Thank you Eric. Adequate as always.
 (pause)
 Now, let's give a warm welcome to
 our new Head Boy, Jackson
 Marchetti.

Loud applause and whooping erupts from the audience as
 JACKSON (17, Norwood's charismatic Head Boy and future
 Olympic swimmer) walks on stage. He forces Mr Groff to high-
 five, getting a huge laugh from the audience.

Eric sits next to Otis, sinking low in his chair. A ball of
 rolled up paper HITS him in the back of the head.

OTIS
How's that new frontier working
out?

Eric looks haunted. Otis attempts a reassuring smile.
They both watch Jackson take to the microphone.

ERIC
(whispering)
Look at his smug, Ken Doll face.
He's like human crack for teenage
girls and twinks.

RUBY and her G.B.F ANWAR (both 16, unattainable and
inseparable) shoot Eric a death stare.

Shhhh! RUBY Shhhh! ANWAR

They look back at Jackson, longingly.

JACKSON
Okay, let's get the boring shit out
of the way... excuse the language
Headmaster Groff. First thing's
first, the toilet block behind the
gymnasium is now off limits. Health
and safety and all that. So you're
going to have to find somewhere
else to smoke. That includes you
Miss Sands...

The audience laughs. In the front row, MISS SANDS (35,
mouselike, dressed in clashing florals) looks awkward.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Second on the agenda is running in
the hallways. Basically, stop it.
Remember what happened last year
with 'One Bollock Sam' and the
pencil? Funny, yes. But also
dangerous. He may never have
children...

More laughter. Eric and Otis share an unimpressed look.

10 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. SIXTH FORM COMMON ROOM - DAY 10

MR HENDRICKS (40, Hawaiian shirt, egg in his beard) hands out
timetables to a raucous group of SIXTH FORMERS. Otis and Eric
are outsiders at the edge of the crowd.

MR HENDRICKS
Welcome to Sixth Form.
Commiserations. There will be no
more hand-holding.
(MORE)

MR HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
 You're here because you want to be,
 not because you have to be. If you
 mess up, it's on your own
 shoulders. This will be the most
 important two years of your life...

Otis and Eric take their timetables from Mr Hendricks.

ERIC
 (lowered voice)
 Does he get food in his beard every
 time he eats, or is it the same
 food and he never washes?

Otis is distracted, looking between his timetable and Eric's.

OTIS
 We have hardly any classes
 together.

Eric grabs Otis' timetable and scans.

ERIC
 Fuck that...

The bell rings.

MR HENDRICKS
 Go to class. Don't ruin your lives.

Otis shoots Eric a mournful look.

OTIS
 I guess... See you at lunch?

Eric nods, moving off in the opposite direction. Otis sighs.

11 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 11

Eric hurries to class, reading his timetable. Suddenly, he's
 SLAMMED up against a wall by Adam (the same guy from the
 opening scene). He's terrifying in his size and stupidity.

ERIC
 Hi... Adam... Good summer?

ADAM
 Shut the fuck up, Trom-boner. Gimme
 what you got.

On auto-pilot, Eric empties his pockets.

ERIC
 Literally the same line you've been
 using for five years.

Eric hands a ten pound note and some loose change to Adam.

ADAM
What's in the bag?

ERIC
My lunch, which you always eat.

Eric opens his rucksack and hands Adam a sandwich.

ADAM
I think you forgot something.

Adam peers into Eric's rucksack. Eric notices the make-up bag that Jean gave him. He panics.

ERIC
That's a pencil case!

ADAM
I don't care about your fucking pencil case. The Curly Wurly.

Adam points at a chocolate bar in the bottom of the bag.

ERIC
Come on man. Really?

Adam gets right in Eric's face. It's almost intimate.

ADAM
Curly Wurly, or I break your face.

Eric hands over the chocolate bar. Adam unwraps it, smooshes it into a ball and puts the whole thing into his mouth. He chews awkwardly, it's oddly intimidating.

ERIC
Careful... you might... choke.

Adam swallows - with difficulty.

ADAM
See you tomorrow, shit-biscuit.

Adam pats Eric's face aggressively and leaves. Eric takes a deep breath and heads into his classroom.

12

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - DAY

12

Otis rushes past STUDENTS looking for his classroom.

OTIS
3B... 3B... 3B...

Otis turns a corner and COLLIDES with Maeve. Her belongings fly everywhere and she lands on the floor.

MAEVE
Are you a complete moron?

OTIS
No... I...

MAEVE
That was a rhetorical question,
wankstain.

Otis offers Maeve his hand. She ignores it. Jackson strides towards them with purpose.

JACKSON
You guys obviously didn't get the
running memo this morning then?

Otis is about to speak but Maeve gets there first.

MAEVE
It was my fault.
(to Otis)
Get lost, snowflake.

Confused, Otis walks towards classroom 3B and enters.

Jackson helps Maeve up. Their hands touch - it's electric.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Are you going to write me up?

Jackson looks around, making sure the corridor is empty.

JACKSON
Not if I can come over later.

MAEVE
I'm busy.

JACKSON
Are you seeing someone?

Maeve looks at Jackson, challenging him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll let you off this time.

Maeve grins, walking away.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Are you seeing someone?

Maeve shrugs. Jackson watches her head into class.

13

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

13

Bored students listen to Miss Sands. Otis sits at the back.

MISS SANDS

This year's first assignment will
be on 'As You Like It'...

The door swings open and Adam swaggers in.

MISS SANDS (CONT'D)

Nice of you to join us, Adam.

Adam sits next to Otis, hard-core man-spreading.

MISS SANDS (CONT'D)

You'll be doing presentations on
Shakespeare's relationship with
love and disguise. Whoever you're
sitting next to is your partner.

Otis looks horrified as Adam gets out a flick knife and
carves his own name into the desk.

14

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - LATER

14

Students file out of the classroom. Otis works up the guts to
tap Adam on the shoulder.

ADAM

Who are you?

OTIS

Ummm, Otis. We have to partner
up... for the presentation. I
thought we could -

ADAM

You new?

OTIS

No... I've been here since first
year. We had chemistry together
last term. You set my desk on fire.

ADAM

I've never seen your face before in
my life.

OTIS

Anyway, maybe we could meet up at
school? The library's open late...

ADAM

I don't do after hours, new kid.
Where do you live?

OTIS
Erm, 43, Ashford Street.

ADAM
I'll be there at six.

Adam whacks Otis's back and leaves. Otis looks shell-shocked.

15

EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - DAY

15

The bell rings. Otis and Eric are slumped against a wall, watching Adam and HIS MATES goof around across the courtyard.

ERIC
You told him where you live?!

Otis opens a bag of Starmix, sifting out the hearts and eggs.

OTIS
He asked me.

ERIC
Dude, your mum has a lot of weird sex-shit in your house. I'm cool with it... obviously... but I'm more emotionally mature than our peers. However, if THAT GUY sees your mum walking around naked, he will destroy your life!

OTIS
That happened once!
(pause)
Anyway, she won't be home.

ERIC
She better not be. He STILL calls me Trom-boner. It's been three years... THREE YEARS!

OTIS
You did get an erection on stage...
In front of the whole school.

ERIC
IT WAS A SEMI!

Eric talks through a mouthful of hearts and eggs.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The nickname doesn't even make sense - I play trumpet, not the Trombone. He's such a philistine.

OTIS
Look, he'll be in my house for an hour tops. It'll be fine.

Otis and Eric watch Adam grab a fellow STONER in a headlock.

ERIC

You know what they say, giant dick,
tiny brain.

OTIS

I don't think anyone says that.
Anyway it's a myth about his...

ERIC

Gigantic whale cock? It's not. A
friend of a friend of a friend of
mine saw it once. She said it was
the size of two coke cans.

Otis looks confused.

ERIC (CONT'D)

One on top of the other. Length and
width. Life's so unfair.

They watch Adam, now swinging a large stick around his head.

OTIS

Which friend? You don't have any
friends... except me.

ERIC

Soon I won't even have you... when
Adam kills you in your own home.

Eric shoves more sweets in his mouth.

16

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

16

Maeve and Aimee stand on a toilet seat and smoke out of the
tiny window. They observe Adam outside, he's humping a wall.

AIMEE

He can't come.

MAEVE

More information please?

AIMEE

Well, we were like going... and
going and... going and then I
like... you know...

MAEVE

Reached the summit?

Aimee nods.

AIMEE

But he like...

MAEVE
Slipped and dropped the yoghurt?

AIMEE
No... he *faked it!*

Maeve looks back outside, Adam continues to hump the wall.

MAEVE
You're sure?

Aimee nods.

AIMEE
I don't know what I'm doing wrong.

MAEVE
Maybe try upping the dirty talk.
You know, tell him he's got a big
cock. Guys love that shit.

Aimee stubs out her cigarette.

AIMEE
Well at least I won't have to lie.

Aimee moves to the door.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
Ready?

MAEVE
I'm going to have another.

Aimee leaves.

Maeve shuts the door, sits on the toilet and pulls a perfectly typed essay from her bag. She checks her watch.

A soft KNOCK on the cubicle wall is heard.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Have you got it?

A twenty pound note is passed under the cubicle door.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Are you taking the piss?

Another three twenties are passed under the door.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Tell anyone about this and I'll
feed your testes to my pet snake.

STUDENT 1
This better be an A.

Maeve pulls a roll of banknotes out of her bag, adding the new money to it. She lights another cigarette.

17 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING 17

Otis de-sexes his living room. Hiding a copy of the Kama Sutra, a sculpture of breasts and a large penis-like cactus.

Otis sits on the sofa. He stares at the clock. It hits six pm and the doorbell RINGS.

18 I/E. OTIS'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 18

Otis opens the door to Adam, who looks stoned.

OTIS
You're on time.

ADAM
Am I?

He pushes past Otis, traipsing mud onto the carpet.

OTIS
Come in.

ADAM
How long will this take, new kid?
I'm already bored by you and your house.

(pause)
You got any Nesquik?

Anxiety floods Otis's face as he shuts the door.

19 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATER 19

Otis sits at the table surrounded by school work. He watches Adam down a glass of milk and let out a wet burp.

ADAM
Wanna get monged?

OTIS
No thanks.

Otis turns back to his notes. Adam rolls a spliff, taking in the room. He notices a magnified painting of a flower.

ADAM
Why's there a minge on your wall?

OTIS
It's not... it's a... peony. My mum's really into flora and fauna.

Adam pulls out a lighter.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Oh... maybe not inside...

It's too late, Adam is smoking the joint and wandering around the living room. Otis tenses, noticing a phallic fertility statue he forgot to hide.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Umm... we've only been working for like half an hour.

ADAM
Yeah, you should keep going.

ADAM switches the TV on and a scrotum appears on the screen.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Man-sack!

Otis nearly trips over as he rushes to switch the TV off.

OTIS
Sorry... I... forgot to take my DVD out.... It's my umm... porn.

Adam picks up the DVD case, it reads: '**SEXUAL ANATOMY IN HD**'.

ADAM
You still watch DVDs? Old school.
(beat)
I need a slash.

OTIS
Down the hall, on your left.

Adam leaves. Otis hides the fertility statue.

20 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 20

Adam washes his hands. A framed drawing catches his eye. He leans in closer to inspect - a Japanese pornographic etching of a couple having anal sex. Adam smirks.

21 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 21

Adam exits the bathroom and sees a gold embossed sign on the door opposite. It reads: DR JEAN THOMPSON, P.H.D, LICENSED THERAPIST. Curious, Adam pushes the door open...

22 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. JEAN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS 22

Adam enters the office, seeing a sofa and desk. Pretty normal. He finds himself drawn to a built-in cupboard.

He opens the door...

ADAM

Boom...

Inside the cupboard is a sex mecca! The shelves are crammed with every sex toy under the sun, an alphabetised library of pornographic films, an S&M saddle, a whip and ball gag, etc...

Adam notices something flesh-coloured on the top shelf.

23 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 23

Otis stares at the half-smoked joint on the coffee table, suddenly realising that Adam's been gone a long time.

OTIS

Adam?

CRASH! Otis sprints towards the noise.

24 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. JEAN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS 24

Otis runs into the room and discovers Adam sprawled on the floor, holding a ten-inch, life-like dildo.

ADAM

You have a sex dungeon.

Otis begins to tremble, stumbling over his words.

OTIS

It's not... this isn't... I can explain. This is my mum's office. She's a sex therapist.

ADAM

I don't know what that is.

OTIS

She helps people with sex problems.

ADAM

A prostitute?

OTIS

No.

ADAM

Oh, like a pimp?

OTIS
No, like a shrink. You know, a therapist, but instead of talking about mental health stuff she talks about people's sex lives.

ADAM
I get it. She helps people bone better.

OTIS
Yes, well, sort of.

Adam clicks a button on the dildo, it spins in a circle.

ADAM
Ha!

Otis and Adam continue to watch the dildo vibrating.

OTIS
Do you think... maybe... do you think you could not tell anyone?

Otis looks helpless. Adam is about to answer when...

JEAN (O.S.)
Otis darling, I'm home!

Otis is about to vomit.

25 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATER

25

Otis watches Jean and Adam sharing a joint. He's in hell.

JEAN
That's strong stuff.

ADAM
It's the chronic shit.

JEAN
I'm hungry. Let's eat something.

Jean goes into the kitchen. Adam turns to Otis.

ADAM
Your mum is cool.
(pause)
Why aren't you cool?

Jean pours a bag of crisps into a bowl.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And she's hot. Why didn't you say she was hot?

OTIS
Because, she's... my mum.

JEAN
Some wine, Adam?

ADAM
Yes please, Mrs...

JEAN
Call me Jean.

Jean hands Adam a glass of wine. He gulps it down and BURPS. Otis is bemused as Jean and Adam burst into giggles.

JEAN (CONT'D)
So, do you smoke a lot?

ADAM
Yeah. Most days. Do you?

JEAN
Not so much anymore.
(pause)
You haven't had any issues in the
bedroom?

Adam looks confused... Otis becomes alert - it's happening.

OTIS
We don't have to talk about this.

JEAN
It's just, I've got some clients
who dabbled with drugs at your age
and now they've got problems with
sexual performance...

OTIS
Mum, stop... Really.

JEAN
I mean the research isn't
conclusive but...

ADAM
What do you mean sexual
performance?

JEAN
They can get the wind in their
sails but can't finish the race...

Adam looks even more confused.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 They can't ejaculate.
 (pause)
 Jizz. Spunk. Y'know, man milk...

Adam's eyes widen.

OTIS
 Mum!

ADAM
 I don't have a problem with that.
 Why would you think I have a
 problem with that?

Jean realises she's hit on something.

JEAN
 Well, it would be nothing to be
 ashamed of, Adam. And it's easily
 rectified with some thorough talk-
 therapy in a safe space. Are you
 sure you haven't had any issues?

Adam stands abruptly.

ADAM
 I have to go.

JEAN
 Okay... well, lovely to meet you.
 Come and hang whenever you like.

Adam exits and Otis follows. Jean eats a handful of crisps.

26 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OTIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 26

Otis runs out of the house after Adam.

OTIS
 Adam, wait.

Adam grabs Otis by his shirt, getting right in his face.

ADAM
 You and your mum are fucking
 freaks!

Adam lets Otis go and storms down the street. Otis is shaken.

27 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 27

Otis re-enters, fists clenched, seething with anger. Jean is pouring herself more wine.

JEAN

Oh dear, did I touch a nerve?

(pause)

My mouth is so dry.

OTIS

You traumatised him! You can't
therapise people you don't know.

JEAN

Your generation is so sensitive.
Knowledge is power.

OTIS

NO MUM, IT'S FUCKED UP!

JEAN

Okay, let's take a deep breath and
let the negative energy dissipate.

(pause)

One... two... three...

Jean and Otis both inhale. Otis unclenches his fists.

OTIS

(mumbled)

Sorry for yelling.

JEAN

Sorry if I upset your friend.

(pause)

Sweetheart, I've been meaning to
talk to you.

(pause)

You're pretending to masturbate and
I'm wondering why?

Otis looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

JEAN (CONT'D)

The hand cream gave it away. And
only pensioners would be into porn
mags these days. It's a little
overkill. You know you can talk to
me about anything. No judgement.

(pause)

Are you even masturbating at all?

OTIS

This is none of your business. Stop
analysing everything I do!

JEAN

I will. When you stop creating
performative situations that you
clearly want me to observe.

Otis stares at Jean, trembling with rage.

OTIS

I'm going to my room now, because
I'm angry and I need some space.

JEAN

If that's what you feel is best.
We'll talk when you're ready.

Otis STORMS upstairs. Jean drinks her wine, flinching slightly at the sound of Otis's door being SLAMMED twice.

28 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. OTIS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

Otis sits on his bed and looks out the window. Outside, his dog Freud is rampantly humping a tree. Otis watches the rutting dog, face devoid of emotion.

Otis's mobile BEEPS. A text from Eric: 'ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?'

29 INT. ERIC'S HOUSE. ERIC'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

A chair is placed against the door of Eric's messy room. He looks in a mirror, surrounded by cosmetics. He applies purple eye shadow as a DIY contouring video plays on his laptop.

A text message from Otis: 'YES, BUT TOMORROW I'M DEAD.'

30 INT. HEALTH CLINIC. RECEPTION - EARLY EVENING 30

Maeve sits in a sterile waiting room. She taps her foot, nervous. A TEENAGE GIRL (14) approaches the reception desk with her MOTHER (42). Maeve watches as the mother brushes hair off her daughter's face, a gesture of pure love.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Maeve Wiley?

Maeve picks up her belongings and follows the FEMALE DOCTOR (38, stern but kind) into her office.

31 INT. HEALTH CLINIC. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER 31

Maeve looks vulnerable as she is questioned by the doctor.

DOCTOR

When did you first become sexually
active? Sorry, I have to ask.

MAEVE

Fourteen. Nearly fifteen. But yeah,
technically fourteen.

DOCTOR
Are you currently sexually active
with multiple partners?

MAEVE
No. Just one. Person, I mean.

DOCTOR
And will they be accompanying you
for the procedure next week?

Maeve shakes her head.

MAEVE
I don't want a drama.

The doctor types something into her computer.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
This thing is free, right?

DOCTOR
Of course.
(pause)
We do recommend that someone comes
with you. An abortion can take its
toll both physically and
emotionally. You'll need the
support. Your mum, maybe? Another
family member?

MAEVE
Okay, I'll ask someone.

The doctor isn't sure that Maeve is telling the truth.

32 INT. ADAM'S HOUSE. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 32

Adam enters the house, attempting to creep upstairs.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Adam?

Adam pauses outside the living room. Mr Groff is sat at the
dining table, marking papers.

MR GROFF
You're five minutes past curfew.

ADAM
Sorry dad. I lost track of time.

MR GROFF
You know the rules. You can have it
again in the morning.

Adam places his mobile phone on the table. Mr Groff continues marking without looking up. Adam goes upstairs.

33 INT. ADAM'S HOUSE. ADAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

Adam enters the room and sees his window open and Aimee, naked on his bed. He shuts the door in a panic.

AIMEE
I've been waiting for you.

Aimee pushes Adam up against the wall, giving him a hand job.

ADAM
Ow... your hand is a bit dry.

Aimee spits into her hand.

AIMEE
Does your big huge dick like that?

This gets Adam's attention - not in a good way.

ADAM
What?... What did you say?

AIMEE
Does your big huge d...

ADAM
CAN YOU GO DOWN ON ME!

Aimee goes down on him. A few moments pass, she stops.

AIMEE
Can you not even get hard now?! Am
I that gross?

Adam is lost for words. She pulls her clothes on, crying.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Adam.

Aimee runs from the room. Adam looks at his crotch, enraged.

ADAM
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!?

34 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - DAY 34

Otis and Eric peer round a corner. STUDENTS mill around but there's no sign of Adam.

ERIC
Coast is clear.

They walk quickly to their lockers.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Your mum said he has a limp dick?

OTIS
Not in those exact words, but yes.

ERIC
Go Jean!

Otis shoots Eric a disapproving stare.

ERIC (CONT'D)
He was baked. He's probably forgotten about it.

OTIS
Unlikely. She looked him in the eye and used the words, 'man milk'.

Eric attempts a supportive smile. The BELL rings.

ERIC
Shit! Three o'clock.

Otis spins, seeing Adam swaggering towards them. He takes a deep breath, preparing for a bollocking. Instead, Adam SHOVES Eric into a locker with force.

ADAM
Watch where you're going, fag.

Adam ignores Otis completely. Anwar and Ruby pass by arm in arm. They notice this exchange.

ANWAR
Hey Adam, homophobia is so 2008, you know? Really uncool.

Grateful, Eric smiles at Anwar and Ruby.

RUBY
Don't smile at us? We're not your friends.

ERIC
Sorry, I forgot.

Eric turns to Otis, rubbing his arm where Adam shoved him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
See, I told you he'd forget.

Eric is clearly upset. Otis is unsure of what just happened.

35 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

35

Adam opens his locker revealing two cans of Coke, one on top of the other. Checking that no one is watching, he pulls out a packet of Viagra and downs four blue pills with some Coke.

Adam slams his locker shut and takes out his phone. He texts Aimee: 'Meet me in 15. I have a BIG surprise for you.'

A few moments pass before Aimee texts back: 'I have an assignment... also, fuck off!' Adam is pissed.

He focusses in on Otis, still at his locker. Adam's eyes narrow and his lip curls. He takes his phone out again.

36 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

36

Otis scans the room for somewhere to sit. Yet again, there is not one friendly face. There is a free seat next to Maeve. Bracing himself, he approaches. Maeve eyeballs him.

MAEVE

Yay! Twat-osaurus is here.

OTIS

You're mean. I get it.

Otis sits down. Maeve watches as he arranges his books and pens in perfect symmetry on the desk.

Mr Hendricks (food still in beard) enters the classroom and writes 'SRE' on the whiteboard.

MR HENDRICKS

So, what was going to be biology is now an emergency SRE class. Following an outbreak of pubic lice, Headmaster Groff feels like you all need a refresher. Lucky you. Unlucky me.

(pause)

You'll be working in pairs and will need a worksheet, two prophylactics and a plastic phallus.

Sporadic giggling is heard. Maeve turns to Otis.

MAEVE

You heard what he said. Chop chop.

Otis goes to the front of the class and takes a worksheet, two condoms and a model phallus from a box.

MR HENDRICKS

Don't look so pale, Mr Thompson. They're only genitals.

Otis looks back at Maeve, and takes a deep breath.

37

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - LATER

37

Otis and Maeve stare down at a diagram of a cross-section of a vagina. Next to each anatomical part is a blank line.

MAEVE

Too easy.

Maeve fills in the word CLITORIS, followed by HYMEN.

OTIS

(barely audible)

That's not the hymen.

Maeve looks at Otis, incredulous.

MAEVE

I know what a hymen is, but thanks.

OTIS

Suit yourself, but you're wrong.

MAEVE

What is it then?

Otis crosses out HYMEN and writes PARAURETHRAL GLAND.

OTIS

It's basically the female prostate.

MAEVE

Where's the hymen then?

Otis writes the word HYMEN next to the correct space.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Who needs to know that one anyway?
Once it's gone it's gone.

OTIS

That's not actually true.

MAEVE

Alright Dr Phil, go on then?

OTIS

The hymen doesn't break. It's more like a really thin elastic membrane that only covers a small section of a woman's vagina. The more sex you have, the more it stretches.

Maeve looks skeptical.

MAEVE

So why is it painful... you know,
the first time?

OTIS

Well, if someone doesn't know what
they're doing then it can cause
tearing. If it's painful it's
probably not your hymen's fault.
It's more likely that the person
you're with isn't very experienced.

MAEVE

Wow, the hymen's been seriously
misrepresented.

Maeve grins, looking back at the diagram. Otis watches her doodling a tiny flower on the edge of the sheet - he's feeling something he never has before... A crush.

SUDDENLY, the sound of collective VIBRATING spreads across the room. STUDENTS check their phones. Stifled laughter.

MR HENDRICKS

Phones away, please.

Otis looks around as the laughter spreads. STUDENTS stare at him and whisper. He is the butt of the joke.

Maeve looks at her phone. She lets out a snort of laughter, before flashing Otis a pitiful glance.

OTIS

What is it?

MAEVE

Nothing.

She puts her phone away.

A MALE STUDENT plugs his phone into the classroom TV and the screen fills with an image of Jean, stimulating a tantric handjob on a large courgette. The video is from the 90s and plays on loop, with the words 'Otis Thompson's mum is a vegetable fucker!' underneath. Jean talks directly to camera.

JEAN

It's all about the rhythm. Slow,
strokes, back and forth, building
like a beautiful volcano about to
erupt. Then, when your partner is
ready you can begin to get faster,
faster, faster...

All colour drains from Otis's face as the entire class watches his mother WANK off the courgette with incredible vigour.

Otis is in a fish-tank. He can't breathe.

MR HENDRICKS
(trying not to laugh)
Okay, turn it off! Now!

Otis stares at Jean's MONSTROUS face. Her voice WARPING.

JEAN
(distorted)
Feel his member throbbing in your
hand, up and down, up and down...

Otis is going to DIE! He RUNS from the room.

Maeve watches the classroom door swing shut, guilt-ridden. Mr Hendricks catches her eye.

MR HENDRICKS
Go see if he's alright.

Maeve nods, resolute. She leaves the classroom.

38 EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS 38

Otis crouches behind the block, trying to control his breathing. The panic slowly subsides.

MAEVE (O.S.)
Want one?

Otis sees Maeve standing over him, lighting a cigarette.

OTIS
No thanks.

MAEVE
Was that really your mum?

Otis nods, mortified. Maeve sits beside him.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
It could be a lot worse.
(pause)
She could have been giving head to
an actual penis.

Otis can't help but smile.

OTIS
I want to die.

MAEVE
Don't worry about it. This school
has a short-term memory.

OTIS
I wish that was true.

MAEVE
Sometimes the lie feels better.
(pause)
Now I see why you know so much
about vaginas, though.

Maeve holds Otis's gaze. The moment is broken by a strange high-pitched WHIMPERING coming from inside the toilet block.

39 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS 39

Otis and Maeve enter with trepidation. They hear SOBBING.

OTIS
Hello?

MAEVE
Who's there?

The sound of CRYING gets louder. They approach a cubicle.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Open the door.

OTIS
(whispering)
You open it.

Maeve pushes the door open and they peer inside...

Adam is revealed, trousers around his ankles, tears streaming down his face, hunched over a truly GIGANTIC erection.

Otis and Maeve look from Adam to the MASSIVE bulge in his underpants. They all SCREAM...

40 EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS 40

The sound of SCREAMING rises. A flock of birds scatter.

41 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS 41

Otis and Maeve step backwards, horrified. Adam tries desperately to pull his trousers up. It's too painful.

ADAM
STOP STARING AT ME!

MAEVE
Sorry... it's like the eye of
Sauron. I can't look away.

ADAM
Get out! Get out!

Otis and Maeve turn to leave. Adam looks panicked.

ADAM (CONT'D)
No, wait! Don't go... help me.

Otis turns around, angry.

OTIS
Why would I help you? I know you
sent that video around.

ADAM
Please, my dick feels like it's
going to explode. And not in a good
way. I think it might be dying. You
have to help me.

OTIS
Not my problem.

Otis turns to leave.

ADAM
Wait!

Adam lumbers towards Otis and Maeve. They back away.

MAEVE
Woah! Step back, Donkey Dong.
Personal space.
(pause)
We'll go get someone to help.

ADAM
No! You can't tell anyone! Please
don't...

Adam suddenly seems like a little kid.

MAEVE
Okay, calm down.
(pause)
We're not leaving. I promise.

Maeve pulls Otis to the back of the room.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
What should we do?

OTIS
Nothing. He'll be fine.

MAEVE
Really?

Otis and Maeve look at Adam, he's still crying. Otis sighs, giving in.

OTIS
I think he's taken something.

MAEVE
No shit! You could besiege a castle with that thing.
(pause)
We have to tell someone.

ADAM
I SAID NO!

Adam grabs Otis and pushes him up against a wall.

OTIS
Ummm... your dick is kind of touching me.

Adam lets go of Otis immediately. He looks at Otis, pleading.

ADAM
Please don't tell anyone.
(pause)
Your mum knows about all this shit... like penis shit, right? So, you must know about it too.

OTIS
How much Viagra did you take?

Adam shrugs.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Think of this toilet block as four walls of trust. What you say in here, stays in here. No judgement.

Otis looks at Maeve, she nods.

ADAM
(mumbled)
Four pills.

MAEVE
Jesus!

ADAM
You said no judgement!
(pause)
Is four pills bad? Your reaction made it seem bad.
(pause)
I feel light-headed.

MAEVE

No wonder. I don't think there's
blood anywhere else in your body.

Otis and Maeve help Adam back onto the toilet seat. Maeve looks at Adam's bulging crotch again.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

How do you even have sex with that
thing? It's like a third leg.

ADAM

I SAID STOP STARING AT IT!

Adam shuffles forwards and SLAMS the cubicle door.

MAEVE

What should we do now?

OTIS

Wait.

Maeve shoots Otis a concerned look.

42

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - LATER

42

Adam hasn't moved. Otis and Maeve are now squashed into the cubicle next door. Otis is very aware of Maeve's proximity to him as they talk to Adam through the wall.

OTIS

How's it looking?

Adam looks at his crotch.

ADAM

Less angry. But still annoyed.

OTIS

That's a good sign.

Otis approaches the next question with caution.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Why did you take the pills, Adam?

ADAM

Because I heard they give you a
good buzz. That's it. You should
try it some time instead of being
such a joy-fucker.

MAEVE

He took them because he's having
problems... finishing.

ADAM
How the hell would you know?

MAEVE
Girls talk. Dickhead.

A long silence.

ADAM
It's... too much pressure.

Maeve looks at Otis, surprised.

OTIS
What is?

ADAM
Everyone going on about my dick all the time.

(pause)
'Did you hear it's the size of a giant salami?' ... 'No, I heard it looks like an erect elephant nob...' 'No, I heard it looks like a...'

MAEVE
Okay, we get it.

ADAM
I have... like, feelings, man.

OTIS
And what are those feelings?

ADAM
There's all these expectations on my dick and it can't live up to it and that makes me feel... I don't know, ashamed or some shit.

Maeve looks at Otis - she's *actually* feeling sorry for Adam.

OTIS
It sounds like you're experiencing extreme performance anxiety. And that the mythology surrounding your penis size is making you feel like you have to live up to an impossible standard. Does that sound familiar?

ADAM
It is hard having such a big dick sometimes... I just wish it would go away. Or be smaller... I still want a dick... Obviously.

OTIS

I think you need to own your narrative. Yes, you have a large... appendage... but that's nothing to be ashamed of. It's not the size that counts, it's about being a thoughtful sexual partner. Does that make sense?

Maeve watches Otis with curiosity.

ADAM

Not really.

OTIS

It doesn't matter what other people think. You must learn to expose who you really are and be comfortable with your body. If you can do that, good sex will follow.

ADAM

So, everyone is wrong and I'm basically awesome?

OTIS

Yes... sort of.

(pause)

You should be proud of your penis, Adam.

Adam lets Otis's words sink in. He looks at his crotch.

ADAM

IT'S NORMAL AGAIN! THANK GOD!

Maeve and Otis breathe a sigh of relief.

43 EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. COURTYARD - LATER

43

Eric exits school. He sits on a bench and checks his phone. He sees the video of Jean wanking off the courgette.

ERIC

(under breath)

Fucking Adam...

Eric notices Adam, Maeve and Otis exiting the disused toilet block. Eric looks confused, unsure of what he's seeing.

44 EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. DISUSED TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

44

Adam readjusts his trousers, preparing to go back into school. He turns to Otis and Maeve, a scared look in his eye.

ADAM

You won't tell anyone about this,
right?

(pause)

You said that thing about four
walls of trust, or whatever.

Otis looks at Maeve, considering this.

OTIS

We won't tell anyone.

Adam turns to leave.

MAEVE

Oi! Aren't you going to apologise
for what you did?

Adam is reluctant.

ADAM

Fine... *sorry for sending the video
around...* but your mum really got
in my head. It was like she could
see into my soul or something.

OTIS

She'll do that.

Adam walks away, leaving Maeve and Otis alone - just two kids
who have nothing in common again.

MAEVE

Well... See you around Otis.

OTIS

Bye.

Otis watches Maeve leave - his heart beating a little faster.

45

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CANTEEN - DAY

45

Lunchtime. Eric eats alone amongst chatting STUDENTS. Otis
arrives, dumping a tray of unappetising food down.

OTIS

So, everyone's seen it then?

Eric nods. People are staring, whispering and pointing at
Otis. He takes a bite of food, makes a face and discards it.

ERIC

Why were you talking to Adam? I saw
you, outside.

OTIS

Oh, he was giving me a hard time.

Otis shrugs.

ERIC
What about?

OTIS
Nothing.

ERIC
Why are you being weird?

OTIS
Why are you being weird?

Otis and Eric look at each other - checkmate.

OTIS (CONT'D)
We were just talking. I can't
really get into it.

ERIC
Why not?

OTIS
I just can't.
(pause)
Let it go. Okay.

Eric is rattled. Otis hasn't spoken to him like that before.

46 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 46

Adam is on his way to the canteen. He passes a group of FEMALE STUDENTS. One of them makes a 'large penis' hand gesture to the rest of the group. They laugh.

Adam looks at the canteen doors, determination in his eyes.

47 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CANTEEN - CONTINUOUS 47

Adam enters, strides to the middle of the room and stands on a table. Everyone falls silent. Amongst the crowd is Aimee.

ADAM
Can I have everyone's attention,
please? I have something to say.

A collective GASP as Adam drops his pants around his ankles.

Otis and Eric, watch from their table, mouths agape.

ADAM (CONT'D)
This is my penis! And yes, it is
large...
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

But, I have done some googling and it's actually just above average in terms of worldwide adult statistics... so... Yeah...

(pause)

That's my dick.

Adam instantly regrets this bold move.

Aimee notices various FEMALE STUDENTS looking at Adam's penis in awe. She bristles.

Adam scans the silent room. Some STUDENTS film him on their phones. One person CLAPS awkwardly. Adam pulls his trousers up and hurries out of the canteen. Aimee follows him out.

Eric turns to Otis, bemused.

ERIC

What the hell was that about?

Otis shrugs, pulls his tray towards him and starts eating again. Eric is suspicious. Otis is a terrible liar.

48

INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. STATIONERY CUPBOARD - DAY

48

Aimee and Adam shag furiously in the cramped space. This time Adam isn't faking anything. He gains momentum.

ADAM

I'm owning my narrative! I'm owning my narrative! I'M OWNING MY...

Adam lets out an almost pained GROAN.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I owned it...

Adam and Aimee collapse onto each other, exhausted.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I came! Did you come?

Aimee shakes her head, underwhelmed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But you always do...

AIMEE

Maybe... I'm just not feeling this anymore. Us, I mean.

Adam and Aimee lay beside each other in agonising silence.

49 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. CORRIDOR - LATER 49

Adam and Aimee exit the stationery cupboard and go their separate ways. Adam meanders towards his locker when a FEMALE VOICE is heard through the school PA system.

FEMALE VOICE

Adam Groff to the Headmaster's office, please...

Adam's shoulders drop and he punches a nearby locker.

50 INT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. MR GROFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 50

Mr Groff sits at his desk, surrounded by framed student awards and polished sports trophies. Adam knocks and enters. Mr Groff looks at him with disappointment.

MR GROFF

Public indecency is a whole new low. Even for you, son. Sit down.
(pause)
Strike one.

Adam sits in front of his father, shamefaced.

51 EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY. COURTYARD - DAY 51

From across the courtyard, Maeve watches Jackson. He's flirting with some FEMALE STUDENTS. This clearly bothers her.

Aimee sidles up, her hair messy from the recent sex. She takes out a packet of cigarettes and sighs despondently.

MAEVE

Still no success?

AIMEE

No... he came.
(pause)
But I broke up with him. He kept going on about 'owning his narrative.' It was really weird.
(pause)
Want one?

MAEVE

No thanks.

Aimee keeps talking but Maeve isn't listening. Her brain is in overdrive, calculating something, thinking about...

52 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. OTIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

52

Otis sits upright in his perfectly-made bed. He is looking at the diagram of the vagina from SRE class. Maeve's handwriting is all over the worksheet. Otis stares at the tiny flower that she doodled in the corner of the paper.

Otis's pulse quickens, he closes his eyes and his hand disappears beneath the sheets. He is about to attempt his first wank when...

JEAN (O.S.)

Yes! Yes!... Faster! Faster!

Otis's eyes open - listening to the sound of his mum having sex next-door. He pulls his hand out of the covers and folds up the diagram of the vagina, putting it away.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Just like that! Don't stop!

Otis puts earplugs in and turns the light off.

53 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. OTIS'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

53

Otis lays awake in bed. His alarm clock BEEPS and he switches it off. He opens his bedside drawer, inside are the tissues and hand cream. He looks at his fake wanking kit, unsure.

Otis makes a decision, he slams his bedside drawer shut.

His bedroom door opens, revealing HARRY (50, stocky and bald) wearing Jean's minuscule pink dressing gown. Harry JUMPS.

HARRY

Oh! Very sorry... this isn't the bathroom. Whoops!

(pause)

I'm Harry by the way-

OTIS

I don't care. Bathroom is the next door down.

Harry exits, trying to cover his bum cheeks with the gown.

54 INT. OTIS'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

54

Otis is dressed for school, having breakfast with Jean and Harry. Uncomfortable silence as Harry makes SLURPING noises eating cereal. Jean is reading the newspaper.

JEAN

This study says that under twenty-fives in Japan are having hardly any sex at all. Isn't that awful?

Harry looks very uncomfortable.

OTIS

Mum?

Jean doesn't look up from her paper.

JEAN

Yes, darling?

OTIS

I can't masturbate.

Jean looks at Otis, concerned.

JEAN

Sweetheart, I'm glad you-

OTIS

I can't masturbate. But I don't want to talk about it. I'm dealing with it on my own.

Harry has frozen mid-cereal gulp; he glances at the door in panic. Jean takes a long pause before answering.

JEAN

Thank you for telling me, Otis.

The DOORBELL rings.

OTIS

Gotta go!

Otis grabs his school stuff and leaves.

HARRY

I think I better leave too.

JEAN

Probably for the best.

Harry scuttles off. Jean continues to read her newspaper.

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EXT. NORWOOD SECONDARY - DAY

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Otis and Eric park their bikes. Otis's helmet is on too tight and he's struggling to get it off. Eric sees Maeve making a beeline for them.

ERIC

Umm, Maeve Wiley is coming over here. She's literally walking straight towards us. With purpose.

Otis pulls at his helmet with desperation. It's too late.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay, she's here.

Otis turns to find Maeve looking right at him.

MAEVE
Nice helmet.
(pause)
And, reflective pads.

Otis turns bright red.

OTIS
Safety first.

MAEVE
Can I talk to you for a sec?

Otis looks around, this must be some sort of joke.

OTIS
Um, okay.

Maeve looks at Eric, still lingering.

ERIC
Oh... do you want... me to go?

OTIS
I'll see you inside.

ERIC
Well I'll just... leave then.

Eric heads into school, looking back at Otis a few times.

Otis tries to get his helmet off again.

MAEVE
Come here.

Maeve leans in and undoes Otis's clasp. She is so close he can feel her breathing. He takes the helmet off, flustered.

OTIS
What do you want to talk about?

MAEVE
Do you see that couple over there?

Maeve points out a LESBIAN COUPLE holding hands. These students and the ones that follow are the same people Eric pointed out to Otis on the first day of Sixth Form.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
The one on the left has never been
in a lesbian relationship before.
(MORE)

MAEVE (CONT'D)
 She's terrified of her new
 girlfriend's vagina.
 (pause)
 Do you see her?

Maeve points at a GIRL (16) deep in thought, biting her lip.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
 She believes that flicking the bean
 might make her clit drop off. Her
 religious aunt told her that when
 she was seven. She hates herself
 for it, but she just can't stop.
 (pause)
 And do you see them?

Maeve points at a STRAIGHT COUPLE (both 17) emerging from
 some bushes. The guy tries to discreetly scratch his balls.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
 I'm ninety-eight percent sure he's
 giving everyone pubic lice.

OTIS
 What's your point?

MAEVE
 That the students at this school
 need your help, Otis.
 (pause)
 And we need their money.

Otis doesn't get it.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
 I haven't worked out the details,
 but I'm good with numbers so I'll
 deal with the business end of
 things and you can do the therapy.
 We'll charge for every appointment
 and split the cash.

OTIS
 Therapy?

MAEVE
 Sex therapy. Look around. Your
 peers are crying out for guidance.
 They're drowning in an ocean of
 misleading information.
 (pause)
 You have a gift. It would be
 irresponsible not to use it.

Otis looks again at the students; he's freaking out.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I know, this is a lot to take in.
So, take some time to mull it over.
You know, think about it.

The BELL rings. Maeve is about to walk away.

A flash of panic crosses Otis's face.

OTIS

Maeve?

Maeve turns to look at him.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I'm in.

END OF EPISODE.