Wild Child

By Lucy Dahl
Shit.
Shit.
Molly? Molly.
- Molly.
Hey, I was listening to that.
Earth calling sisterling.
Have you forgotten...
today's the day
Rosemary moves in?
Like you'd let me
forget? Please tell me...
you're not going to
do anything crazy.
Look, you know I
love you, Mollster,
but there are some things...
you're just way too
young to understand.
I know what I'm
doing, though, okay?
- Trust me.
- Poppy.
All right, guys.
Let's give my dad's...
girlfriend the perfect
Malibu welcome.
Everyone, help yourselves.
You can keep it, or
you can throw it away.
Let's go, you guys.
You can keep that.
- I want the bouncy ball.
You get those. We
don't need them.
- All right, let's
get rid of it.
That dress is so hot.
Oh, Poppy, you've really
done it this time.
Ugh.
Hey, girls. Watch this.
- Where did she go?
- Is she okay?
- Is she still down there?
- She's still under.
- There might be sharks.
- Someone do something.
Welcome to Malibu, biatch.
Excuse me, excuse me.
Get up here, right now. Get up here.
Please, go home. Home, home.
- So uncool.
- Easy, pops.
- Go on. Out, out.
- Yo, Dad.
- Loser.
That is the final straw, Poppy.
You are going to England.
- Let's go.
Yawn. The boarding school threat again.
I don't even recognize you any more.
All this is going to stop right now.
So what? Big deal.
You can just replace me with a newer, trashier version, like you did with Mom.
You are going to boarding school...
in England, and that's final.
What? You think just because Mom...
went to boarding school in England, it's going to magically straighten me out?
Do you even remember Mom?
Hi, Molly.
I think you might've pushed him too far this time.
I know.
But England's so far away.
Well, at least...
they speak American
there, right?
But who's going to cut
the crusts off my sandwiches?
You're going to be
fine, Moll. I promise.
In England, it rains 200
days out of the year.
- You will definitely get SAD.
- She is sad.
Seasonal affected disorder.
Depression due to
lack of sunlight,
resulting in acne
and weight gain.
- What?
- What? I saw it on Dr. 90210.
Not those shoes.
They don't do rain.
Just take them.
Hey, you promise
we'll talk every day?
Swear on your life?
Dude, who loves ya?
Everything's going
to suck without you.
Ruby, you're my best friend.
I'm going to miss you so much.
I know, let's check
out their website.
- Oh, my God.
- Oh, my God.
'Abbey Mount School is...
an independent
boarding school...
- 'for girls aged 11 to 17.'
- Oh, my God.
'Founded in 1797,
'the school is one
of England's...top institutions
for young ladies.'
It's all brick.
Please tell me that's not in the countryside.
Ugh.
Excuse me.
Hello. How are you?
- All right, Kate?
- Yes, thanks.
Very good.
Mr. Moore? I'm Mrs. Kingsley.
Oh, please, call me Gerry. Thank you.
I am so grateful.
- I'm happy we could help out.
She's going through rather a difficult stage.
Just leave it to me, Mr. Moore.
I have a double first in difficult.
- Hello, how are you?
- Hi.
- Good holiday?
- Yeah.
Good.
Hello, Poppy. Welcome to Abbey Mount.
I'm Mrs. Kingsley, your headmistress.
Look, I understand you're just...
Uh-uh, uh-uh.
Lesson number one, Poppy.
To me negotiation is like a nightclub.
Not something I tend to enter into.
Now come along.
- Hello.
- Hi.
How are you?
Wow.
- Who's she?
- Wow.
Is she new?
- Wow.
- Look at those shoes.
Look at her.
Poppy, this is Kate.
She'll be your big
sister at Abbey Mount.
You'll soon settle in.
- Hi, how do you do?
- I already have a sister.
It's just school lingo.
I'll be your friend,
a helping hand, that's all.
Okay, but I choose my friends,
and FYI, you don't
make the cut.
I'm sure that comment
would sting...
a lot more if I knew
what FYI meant.
But, for the moment,
let's just pretend...
it's had the desired
effect, shall we?
Saddle up, girls.
We've got ourselves a bronco.
Mrs. Kingsley, a gift.
One for you and
one for Freddie.
Oh.
- Thank you.
- I shot them myself.
Oh, I don't doubt
that you did.
Well, perhaps you'd
like to keep a hold...
of them while I welcome
back the first years.
Nice thought, though.
Harriet. Head Girl.
You shake the hand
of the Head Girl...
out of respect.
When the Head Girl
I hope your flight gets seriously delayed. And I hope your bags end up in Kazakhstan. I'll come back for you... at the end of the semester, all right? Sweetheart, you know I love you. Bye.

I have to find this CD to play for you guys. There it is. You can borrow them, but only indoors. Yeah, my mum won't let me wear high heels. I've got to be reserve... because I'm not there all the time.

I heard this on the radio.
- Thank you.
- Nice catch.

Excuse me.
Hi. I've been assigned this room. You need to leave.
Oh, wow, communal.
Well, it's bed number five or the corridor. Your choice, mate.
Move your stinking
socks, Drippy.
Gross.
You lock away your chocolate?
Key information, if it's...
the Wagon Wheel
versus the Rolex,
the Wagon Wheel is going to
trounce it every time.
- What's a Wagon Wheel?
Jesu Christi, you
have not lived.
Ew.
- That's carbs and sugar.
What a revelation.
I had no idea.
- What the bleep is that?
None of your
bleeping business.
It's an iPhone.
Good luck getting a
signal. We only have...
two hot spots that
work round here.
Maybe you should try entering
the 21st century, Buck Rogers.
This place is medieval.
It's imperative that
I make my phone calls.
It's pointless anyway.
We're only allowed
mobiles on weekends.
How am I supposed to
call my therapist?
She's joking, right?
Oh, sweetheart,
this is not Beverly
Hills, 90210.
Just put it away before
Matron catches you.
- Where's your trunk?
- Hasn't been delivered yet.
No.
No, no, no. Not the
new season Gucci. No.
The Choos. No.
This is all only
hand-washable.
This is ridiculous.
- Why...
- What? I might get thirsty.
You know, in the
UK we have this...
amazing thing.
It's called a tap.
Welcome back, girls.
Oh, good, staff. How quickly...
can you get all
this stuff cleaned?
- Is she...
- American.
Oh, yes, we had one
of those in 1997.
Not good.
Accustom her to my
rules, and she should...
be in the correct
uniform for a start.
Mobile phones, please, girls.
Thank you, Kiki.
Thank you, Josie.
Thank you, Kate.
Whoa. Hands off, mama.
I said, hands off.
I am Scottish, not remedial.
Good, then you understand.
Line dry, press, no
starch, and no creases.
How dare you? No
mufti for a week.
Fine. Mufti may be
your thing, lady,
but it sure ain't mine.
- She means no home
clothes for a week.
Like I give a shit.
- I'll be gone by then.
- Language.
Two Sundays detention.
For the whole dorm.
I'll deal with this.
Look, hey. Hey.
Here's a Ben Franklin.
Why don't you go out
and buy yourself...
Well, anything.
Whatever you get...
will be a serious improvement.
Three Sundays. For everyone.
- Thanks a lot for
that, you utter moron.
What are you, mental?
What? She was a
grade one a-hole...
with a severe
attitudinal problem.
The bell's going
to go in a minute.
Just put your uniform on.
Now.
You will never get away
with that uniform, for start,
and FYI, no
drinking, no smoking,
no alcohol.
No fireworks, no
dangerous weapons,
no illegal drugs.
If you have a
problem with someone,
no random bitching.
Structure your point.
No Web surfing, no bullying.
So, if you behave
like an arsehole,
we all suffer, so do not
get us in your shit...
- or we will break you.
- Oh, I'm scared.
- Hi, Kate. Hi, how
are you? Hi, Kate.
Hello.
What are you, like,
prom queen or something?
Kate's got a
terrible affliction.
You're actually lucky
that you don't have it.
It's called popularity.

Hey, get up.
Wait for Mrs. Kingsley
and the prefects.
Screw them.
That's physical abuse.
I'm calling my lawyer.
With what?
Well, hello, Freddie.
How kind of you to grace us
with your gorgeous presence.
And cue Harriet in
three, two, one...
- Subject's moved
in on target.
And we have contact.
- Walk, Annabelle.
- Walk, Annabelle.
I love that Freddie's
always here...
at the beginning of term.
Such a perfect welcome back.
- So, who is Freddie?
- Mrs. Kingsley's son.
Devastating heartthrob.
Won't look at any of us
since he got caught...
playing doctors and
nurses with a girl...
in the third grade
when he was 11.
Massive hoo-hah.
- They're not
together now, though.
'Cause of her massive hoo-hah?
No. Fraternizing is forbidden.
Here you go.
- I can't eat this.
- Anorexia or bulimia?
Because if it's bulimia we'd rather...
you didn't eat other people's birthday cake...
on their birthdays.
It's such a waste.
Actually, I'm a pescetarian Monday through Wednesday, fruitarian Thursday through Sunday... and vegetarian always.
For what we are about to receive...
Amen.
- Get out of the way.
Hey, watch the shmere, girlfriend.
Two hundred goats died for this.
We meet again. How sublime.
Learn the rules.
When it comes to right of way, there is a hierarchy.
Teachers, prefects, scholars, dogs, vermin, Americans.
Kate? See to it she falls in line.
What is this place? Hogwarts?
- Bedtime, girls.
- Night.
The correct school uniform. Wear it. Bed.
Poppy Moore, bed. Now.
Right.
Translation today, everyone.
So, PDF, pretty damn straightforward.
Ergo, which means?
Anyone? Ergo?
- Oh, Mr. Nellist.
- 'Er, leave'?
Luddite. No, it means therefore, Drippy.
Therefore, you'll probably finish early, which means that you'll have lots of time... to ask me questions about my trip... to Champagne with my girlfriend. 
Now, sadly, my ex-girlfriend. Though she was my girlfriend at the time. Put the headphones on, please. Hi, guys. You don't happen... to have any eyebrow tint, do you? No.
Do you guys have any eyebrow tints?
Apparently, California girls wax their bums.
What? Why?
To look Brazilian. Makes it more attractive.
If you say so.
- Do you think she's done it?
- Hundred percent.
She's definitely done the missionary... and almost certainly the Lebanese fulcrum.
- I can tell.
- How?
From the angle of her hips.
Can I help you?
- Is there a problem?
How many boys have you shagged?
Well, there was Brandon, eight-pack.
Chase, jock.
Tyler. Bajillionaire. Derek. He was Kelly Slater's cousin.
And, oh, Jack. He was all-around sick.
- Christ.
- I mean sick body, sick mind.
- Shit. Kate.
Sorry, Drip. It looked lighter on the box.
That is butters.
Better not stop me pulling at the social.
Honey, eyebrows are the least of your worries.
Lights out, girls.
Everyone into bed.
- Night, Matron.
- Night.
- Hey, switch that off.
No wireless.
Should have known.
Internet is only allowed in the computer room.
Whoa. We are not allowed out of bed after lights out.
- Oh, look. They're not out.
- Hey.
What are you doing?
- Come back.
- Get back into bed.
Dear Ruby, oh, my God.
Two weeks in this place...
and I'm going out of my mind.
These girls are all ugly losers...
who think a mani-pedi...
is some kind of Latin greeting.
Mmm.
Ew.
- Come on. Fire practice.
- Shit.
Remove yourselves to the quad immediately.
Come on.
You know the drill, for goodness sakes.
Come on, stop
being so slovenly.

Hurry up. Kiki.

Come on, girls. Hurry up.

What if there was a real fire?

We'll all be burned to a crisp.

Hey, who's there?

Poppy.

- Last name?
- Moore. Poppy Moore, sir.

Well, Moore, Poppy Moore, this is a fire practice.

- Sorry, I'm new here.
- Yes, that's obvious.

But weren't you listening in physics class?

Fire tends to be hot, and the point is to avoid it.

Okay. Where do I go?

Out the door, turn left, and down the stairs.

Run towards the bright orange flickery thing. Right?

- Oh, and try not to get caught.

Excellent point, sir.

Lovely, Harriet.

Ew.

Crack on, team. Lovely stick work, Harriet.

Hi.

- Hello, Mr. Nellist.
- Hello, hello.

Well, super, super effort.

We may not win the championships, but we'll win a lot of friends, yeah?

So bloody English. Really. And you could do better?

Laugh it up, but I could whip all of your asses blindfolded.
This I'd love to see.
Oh, it's on like Donkey Kong.
Do your worst, horse face.
Please.
- Perfectly legal.
Shouldn't you guys be
in bikinis for that?
Hi, Fredster. Dig the car.
- Hi.
Hey.
Bye.
Ooh, do you love Fredster?
- Do you want to kiss
Fredster on the lips?
Don't be so immature.
Don't try and hide it, honey.
We've got ourselves a SULA.
Sweaty Upper Lip Alert.
How on Earth did
Freddie know her name?
You may depart.
- But, I still have to
turn down your bed.
Get out.
I don't understand.
Freddie's got a crush on me.
Why was he looking at her?
He was looking at her...
so he didn't come across
as looking at you.
He needs to be careful.
He can't get caught.
Yeah, and if he looked
at you too much,
he wouldn't be able
to control himself.
Like, when I have to look
sad, I think about...
horses being slaughtered.
So to Freddie, Poppy's
the equivalent...
of a slaughtered horse.
You're probably right. But we're going to have to do something... about little Miss USA. She needs a lesson... in exactly who's boss, methinks. We think so, too. - I didn't start it. It wasn't my fault. Go out and close the door. But you asked to see me. Yes, well, you have to knock before you enter. I can't believe it. This is all horse face's fault. Who is it? Jesus Christ. Oh, dear. We were led to believe... you had a beard and sandals. Now, we'll have to change that... stained-glass window in the school chapel. Look, I didn't start it, it wasn't my fault, and if this were America, I would sue. That girl is a grade one a-hole... with a severe attitudinal problem. I know perfectly well what happened, Poppy. Then why isn't Harriet here too? Because, unsurprisingly, it's you I want to talk to. Look, I know it's very difficult... being the only new girl in your year. You mean, the
only normal girl.
- What do you like
to read, Poppy?
OK Magazine,
People, Us Weekly.
Well, might you be
able to tackle...
such a thing as a book?
- I prefer movies.
- Well, my personal library...
seems to be missing...
the book version
of Freaky Friday.
So, perhaps you
might try this.
- Oh, my uncle's producing
the film version.

Alice in Wonderland
was originally a book.
You might surprise yourself
and actually enjoy it.
This is my punishment?
This school is so weird.
What do you want...
to get out of this
school, Poppy?
To get out of this school.
You know, this school
has produced...
absolutely nobody of note.
Our leading light was the girl...
who was Princess
Diana's foot doctor.
So, if your aim is to make
the pages of Us Weekly,
then this isn't
the place for you.
What we do produce are smart,
independent, free-thinking,
good-hearted girls
who remain friends for life.
The kind of girl
that, behind all...
your wisecracks,
I know you are.
Run along now, I must get on.
My in-tray is piling up.
Not brown enough. More coffee.
More elbow grease.
You're ageing these clothes,
not stirring your tea.
I need complete authenticity.
Charlotte heard Freddie say
I looked exactly like
Keira Knightley.
Right. That's done.
Empty the water.
Not that way, fool.
You'll spill it.
Out the window.
- Out the window?
- Just get on with it.
Are you sure?
So sorry.
Just can't trust
the help these days.
Do you have a pass
to be out during lessons?
- Oh, yeah, I do.
It's right here.
Well, don't walk on the grass.
For the tenth time,
you need to make your bed.
Jesus. What's so bloody hard?
Pick up. Put down. It's
not rocket science.
Sit down. I'll do that.
Thanks.
- You're freezing.
You need a jumper.
Whatever that is, I
don't think I have one.
I don't think I have anything
thicker than prosciutto.
Thanks. I didn't
really come prepared.
Didn't figure I'd
be here this long.
Nothing worse than the only message you...
get all day being from
the phone company.
But Matron took
all the phones.
No. She took all your phones.
She took our decoys.
She has no idea that none of them work.
We keep our real phones hidden.
Here. Call your parents.
Call your therapist.
Knock yourself out.
But why would you do this for me?
You think I'm a total asshole.
No, you behave like an arsehole.
There's a difference.
Look, I know that I'm not some Malibu therapist,
but I can guess that you're feeling scared...
and a little bit homesick.
Which, in my experience, doesn't actually...
make you a bad person.
Just a normal one.
Sweet photo.
Is it your mum?
She going to come out and visit?
She died in a car accident when I was 11.
Oh.
Poppy, I'm so sorry.
I know you're not some Malibu therapist, but...
Listen.
- Are you serious about getting out of here?
Yeah.
Then, you're going
to have to get...
yourself expelled.
Okay.
'Anybody disporting themselves...
in an improper manner
will be proposed...
- 'for expulsion before
the Honor Court.'
Wait. Honor Court?
It's like a trial in front
of the whole school...
by your peers, your teachers,
the Head Girl,
and Mrs. Kingsley.
But I'm telling you, it
hardly ever happens.
If you really want
to get expelled,
you can't just rock the boat.
You have to drive it
up onto the rocks,
set fire to the galley
and dance on the burning deck.
- You have to take
it all the way.
Aye, aye, Captain.
Make your calls.
Tip for best reception.
On top of the cupboard.
Hi, Ruby. I miss you.
I'm going to escape,
though. I promise you.
You have no idea
what it's like here.
Ew.
Who is she? Zero
lip gloss upkeep,
and what's with the
sweater from Target?
I wish you could
come and rescue me.
She is such a romantic, Roddy.
Take care of Roddy for me.
You already have.
Let's hit the pool.
Watch it, Wee Willie Winkie,
you'll set us all alight.
Now, I've had a word
with the girls.
True, some of them took...
a little more
convincing than others.
But it's decided. We're
going to help you.
We're your very
own crack unit.
Operation Freedom.
- Kiki, please explain.
- Right.
We'll commence with an
entry-level basic...
favorite. Just to
get warmed up.
- It smells like pee in here.
- Does not smell like pee.
But it's no good...
just playing the
same old tricks.
Try to be as
imaginative as possible.
Only do things that
will get you noticed.
Vary your targets
as much as you can.
And although we'll
all be helping you,
the important thing
to remember...
Harriet.
Is that you have to
get the blame...
for everything.
Run along.
Speaking.
Headphones on, girls.
Come on, everybody.
Don't run too fast...
in your flip-flops. We'll just jump in, have a quick paddle about, warm up, then have tea and crumpets, yes?
Yes, I'm in school right now. Regulation uniform. Skirt just below the knee. Of course.
They are a simple polyester. Sturdy and practical. No, I have certainly not been naughty. My disciplinary record is exemplary. Are you okay? Get out. Get out. Yes, thank you very much. That's it. Thank you. If you make enough of a nuisance of yourself...

Poppy Moore. She will eventually bow to... pressure, and she'll have to call your father. Naturally I'll call her father, but she's had a difficult time. No, Sara, please. It's all right, dear. - Mr. Nellist. - Sorry.
And then, with any luck, she'll recommend you to the Honor Court. Unbe-bloody-lievable. She's got more lives than a Buddhist cat. Kingsley's not even mentioned Honor Court. - I think people are
starting to like her.
People?
People can learn to get used
to rotting pig's vomit...
- if they live with
it for long enough.
Maybe she's trying to leave.
It'd be a nightmare
if she stayed.
She makes a mockery
of the system.
She's not staying.
Take it from me.
Five generations of my family
have made this school great.
The school motto is...
- scholarship,
fellowship, loyalty.
- Not be a slutty,
whore-y shit-brain.
- So brilliante, Harriet.
- Mr. Nellist, don't
cry. Maybe a tissue.
- I can't stand her.
- It's driving me crazy.
- Perhaps a strong cup of tea.
- I'm only sorry it can't
be something stronger.
- Cup of tea.
Come on, quick.
- Quick. Give me the
tape. Give me the tape.
Quick.
Pull the button off.
- Oh, my God. There's a car.
- Quick.
Whoa. It's all right,
Cerberus. Only me.
- Who's Cerberus?
The dog that guards
the gates of hell.
- Go, go. Get away.
Hurry up. Or you'll
disturb my girls.
Sorry, terrible allergies.
Oh, sorry. Better
an empty house...
than an angry tenant, right?
I don't get it. It's like
you've got immunity.
Your dad's a Mafia
guy or something.
Yup. I'm the Goddaughter.
Whatever it is,
she's cutting you
a lot of slack.
We need to up the
ante. In fact,
we need to focus on
her big weakness.
Oh, my God. You have
to snog Freddie.
Snog? That sounds disgusting.
What is that?
- It's English for make out.
Mrs. Kingsley will
go ballistic.
- And Harriet would
have an absolute fit.
Well, that's a definite bonus.
- And he'll be at the social.
- Cool.
Just remember, the
point is to get caught.
All right, so, what's
the deal with the social?
It's the school dance
on Saturday night.
Traditionally,
it's fancy dress.
This year, it's Movie Magic.
But the only ones who
bother to dress up...
are teachers,
morons, and Harriet.
I say we dress up
fancy. Real fancy.
This mission needs to
be planned precisely.
- Kiki?
- Okay.

Operation Freedom,
part two, step one.
Attract Freddie.

Step one, subsection
A, look the part.
Kiki, you're actually
making something...
quite exciting sound
like physics homework.
Basically, we're
going into town,
and we're going to get
some killer outfits.
I want something
that says, 'Elegant,
'but at the same time...
incredibly slutty
and available.'
In fact, I'm not that
bothered about elegant.
So apparently, the
key is to hook up...
with the headmistress' son.
I'll do your trick, Rubes.
Swing my hips and giggle.
Oh, come on, Poppy.
We're going to miss the bus.
Don't forget to log
off now, you ninny.
Everyone, sign out.
Remember you are...
representatives of the school.
- Sign your own name. Come on.
Poppy Moore. What
are you wearing?
You are going into town,
not appearing in a
window in Amsterdam.
- Change immediately.
- I don't have anything else.
I thought you might
be quite concerned...
by that attire, Matron.
So we had a little look-see...
in lost property
on our way here.
- Didn't we?
- We did.
It'll suit you.
Promise.
Well, that's cute.
My grandma used to have
a dog just like it.
Poppy, I think your jumper
is the cat's pajamas.
Come on, girls.
In you go. Hurry up. Upstairs.
Don't push. Don't
push. Plenty of room.
Come on. Here we go.
- Come on, Poppy. Jump.
- Poppy. Jump.
I can't find my sanitizer.
I can't find my sanitizer.
- You left it in the dorm.
- Oh, my God, no.
Ew.
Ew.
Oh, my God, look.
- Oh, hello.
- Hi.
Ew. Gross.
- Where are we going?
- To our favorite shop.
Cancer research?
Girls, I'm all about
finding a cure,
but considering I
flunked chemistry.
I don't know how much
help I'm going to be.
And BTW, which, FYI,
means 'By the way,'
- this is supposed
to be shopping time.
We're not going to be doing the research.
This is a charity shop.
The money goes to charity.
Oh, I just had a heart palpitation.
You guys are so adorable, but we need to look really hot for the social.
- So let's go hit Oxford Street.
I take it you flunked geography, too.
Oxford Street is in London, my friend.
This is your lot.
- Josie, take that big bra off my head.
No.
- Hey, Kate. What about this for Ascot?
Magnificent.
Is this too workaday?
Come on now, girls.
This is a serious mission. Get a move on.
Now, Poppy, how about something...
like this? Fifty pence.
It looks like someone died in it.
I'd rather stay the Yorkshire Terrier freak.
You're a Buddhist, right?
Think of it as clothing reincarnation.
Honey, even Buddha wouldn't be...
cought dead in half this stuff.
Still, I guess anything's possible.
Come on. Let's do this.
Unbelievable. This season Marni.
It's sophisticated,
it's elegant.
- Hot to trot?
- Check.
If we could just call
this stuff vintage...
and add three zeros
to the price tag.
I could totally get into it.
Perfection. Operation Freddie
is well and truly underway.
Malibu moment.
Remember what I
taught you guys?
- Who are we?
- Who are we?
I think he's down,
the Penny Black.
Yes, dated pre-war.
- Really stupid ones.
- Oh, my God. It's Tom Cruise.
Would you like to
say that any louder?
I need your help.
And I need a back wax...
and a night with
Michael Buble,
but we don't always
get what we want.
Trudy, attend to the brows.
Yorkie fan. It's a
good dog, Yorkie.
I used to have one
once. Wee Phillippe.
Got savaged to
death by a badger.
- Aren't you the souffl
that didn't arise.
Tell me about it. Okay.
I need these
extensions taken out,
a seriously deep conditioning.
I'm thinking side bangs
with some buttery highlights,
and maybe a few honey tones.
And I'd like a night
on Fireman Island,
but I'm afraid I'm
whistling Dixie, okay?
So here's what's
on offer for you.
- A tight perm.
- No.
How about this? A wee bob.
That's fun, isn't it?
- No.
- Okay. What about this?
Oh, a pineapple.
- Oh, Hawaii.
- No.
What about something
a little bit more natural?
- Natural?
- Aye. The real you.
- Natural it is.
- Radical.
Okay. Ladies, let's do this.
Oh, right now,
we're gonna need...
that, that, that.
Oh, no, I... Don't look at...
That's not mine. Nope.
Hey, Mummy.
Two strong teas,
please, bella, pronto.
Don't you look
at me like that.
Nix that.
You ready? Okay.
- Et voil.
- Wow. Thank you.
You're welcome, darling.
I'm cream-crackered.
I'll lay down and
have a wee satsuma.
- You look so...
- English.
- I look like my mom.
- Is she beautiful, too?
- She was. Very.
Sorry. Foot-in-mouth disease.
- Okay. Time for the
juice. Any bright ideas?
Leave it to me.
I've got a plan.
So, Susan, do you
like your new office?
I don't know what's worse,
my job or that
husband of mine.
Keith from Accounts
is driving me crazy.
He wants that report
on his desk by Thursday.
What's the report about?
- Business.
- What?
Do you want to buy
a carpet tomorrow?
Yes. After I've dropped
the kids off at the pool.
In my saloon car.
Two bottles of Grizinski
and one of Donmatsa, please.
And two Creme Eggs, please.
Why did you order
the Creme Eggs,
you idiot?
Why did you only
get two, Drippy?
Now, we've got
to quarter them.
- He believed us till then.
- Oh, yeah, right.
Maybe if you hadn't
asked me what
Keith's report was
about. Where's Poppy?
- Are you okay?
- I'm furious. Stupid Drippy.
I know. Never mind. Let's go.
Would you boys like a drink?
Now, anybody here? Come on.
Hello, hello.
Name's Nellist. Roger Nellist. License to deejay.
Gosh, you look like James Bond.
I thought you might like a fruit punch.
Oh, I'll have it shaken and not stirred.
Why aren't you dancing? They're... all dressed up, waiting for you over there.
Mr. Nellist.
- Harriet's coming.
- Harriet's coming.
Right, yes, yes, yes.
Mr. Darcy.
What undue pleasure it is to be afforded your company.
- Hi.
You may only call me Mrs. Darcy... when you are completely, perfectly, incandescently happy.
Okay. Cool.
Freddie, it's me.
Of course, Harriet.
Okay, Poppy, let's get Freddie.
Lips, hips, hips, and butt.
- Hi.
Hello, trouble.
I like your hair.
What are you doing?
This is a themed costume party, not a dwarf prostitutes' convention.
I'm so sorry.
I must say that you look incredible.
You make an excellent Shrek.
This is my favorite song. Come on.
Yeah, go on, Poppy.
Go, girlfriend. That is entirely wicked.
- Hey, you okay?
- You're awesome.
Is she okay? Shall I call an ambulance?
You can be sick in my hands if you'd like.
She's acting like she's drunk.
She should be taken to bed.
- Freddie can do the honors.
You really are a horridious piece of work.
Mr. Darcy doesn't think so.
She's just a little concussed.
She just needs some air.
- Great idea.
- Come on.
She's up to something.
Follow them.
Report back to me.
- So, explain yourself, Miss Moore.
'I'm afraid I can't explain myself, sir,
'because I am not myself right now,
you see.'
- Said Alice to the Caterpillar.
You're right.
How did you know?
I was Alice in the school play.
All boys, before you look at me weirdly.
Hey.
You so don't need to play hard to get.
I'm totally into you.
Hey, come on. Calm down.
Okay. Leading lady,
all-boys school,
awkward with intimacy.
Cards on the table.
Are you gay?
Just English.
And I am sober and sensible,
and you, my sweet friend,
are overexcited and concussed.
I go back to school tomorrow,
but I'll be back on the 18th.
How about I see you then?
- Okay.
- I'll make a deal.
No more head-fry behavior.
I sense it might
be your forte.
I won't fry your head
if you don't poach my heart.
Deal.
Crap. Tweedledum
and Tweedledee.
Fraternizing with the girls,
Freddie Kingsley, as
you are well aware,
- is not allowed.
Poppy Moore, get back
inside. Immediately.
- Tell Harriet.
She won't just
shoot the messenger,
she'll skin us alive first.
- Me think not.
- We think not.
Nice work, Kate.
So, is Operation Freddie
well and truly underway?
God knows. Harriet
didn't come,
so it just depends on
whether Tweedledum...
or Tweedledee
decides to tell her.
- There's nothing to worry about. Clearly not. Right. We're going to have to come up with an addendum to Plan B. Isn't it ironic how my ticket out of here... just might be the reason I want to stay? I mean, one of the reasons, anyways. Someone call Al Gore. I think the ice queen is melting. What an excellent night. Eight boys have actually come up... and directly spoken to me. Now, for all you lovers out there. It's your final chance. It's the last dance. - Come on. - Come on. - Last dance, everybody. Come on. There's something I have to tell you. We already know. You wax your bum. - Not quite, but similar ballpark. You haven't done it, have you? No. I mean, I couldn't admit it back home, so I kind of lied, but I'm a total nun. Welcome to the nunnery. I'm loving angels instead Come on, girls. If we lose today... we're out of the championships again. Perhaps you'd like...
to explain last
night to me. Kate?
I'm sorry.
We just got a little
bit carried away.
Well, as I understand it,
Drippy got totally
carried away...
by Mr. Nellist and
Miss Rees-Withers...
after she lay in a
pool of her own vomit.
Actually, it was Kate's
vomit, Mrs. Kingsley.
I was just lying in it.
I expect better of you two.
You know the values
we stand for at Abbey Mount.
And as for you, Poppy,
I don't know whether
to be pleased...
that you've finally
made some friends here,
or furious that you've
led them astray.
Dismissed.
Not you, Miss Moore.
I gave your father my word
that I'd try and help you,
but I'll be honest,
you're making it
awfully difficult.
You're cleverer and
better than this, Poppy.
Why don't you give
yourself a chance? Try.
Try at something.
Show him that you can
rise to the occasion.
Because judging by the outfits
you created last night,
when you put your
mind to something,
you can do it.
Don't give up on yourself.
Because I haven't.
And neither has your father.
Now off you go.
I really do feel sick.
- What did she want?
Nothing. Just a good
spa destination.
Come on, guys.
God, I feel really vile.
I think I'm going to
puke. Seriously, Poppy,
you're gonna have
to take my place.
There's only seven
minutes left.
Oh, cripes.
- Poppy can take my place.
Don't worry, Miss
Rees-Withers.
We'll play one man down.
We don't want to
carry dead weight.
- No offence.
- None taken.
But seeing as how
you don't want...
me playing on your team,
well, I'm frigging playing.
Into the bucket.
Josie, on the wing.
Poppy, go long.
All right. Wow, okay.
Let's just pretend the ball is...
the last size five pair
of Manolos at Barneys.
Okay.
Let's pull it out the
Eyes on the prize.
Josie, come on.
Eye on the prize. Oh, my God.
Okay. Josie, help.
Poppy, roll over
it and pick it up.
Yeah. You go, girlfriend.
You dunk that bitch.
You see the goal, Josie.
Focus, focus. Do
you see the goal?
Way to go.
And finally, in
news as shocking...
as the fall of
the Berlin Wall,
our under-18 lacrosse team...
has gone through to
the second round...
of the county championships...
for the first time since 1976.
To sign up for extra practice,
please see Harriet...
My apologies.
No, it seems you should
see Poppy Moore.
All right, people.
Choose a goal buddy.
From now on each
sentence starts...
with 'I will,'
not 'I want to.'
I will want to saliva vomit...
if we have to call
each other buddy.
Shut up. Hit it.
I'm giving us an
aggression makeover.
Go, go. Crawl, crawl, crawl.
Who is that, Kiki? Kiki.
Get it. That's okay.
Pick it up, scoop it.
Pass it, pass it.
Come on, faster,

to faster, faster.
This is ridiculous.
Come on, play like you
mean it, maybe try.
Call the ball.'Mine.'
'I got it.' 'Your ball.'
- Come on, Josie.
- Josie, you're pretty good.
- Josie...
- Pass the ball.
Go on, Kate. Go on. Shoot.
Congratulations once again...
to our under-18
lacrosse team...
who beat Bodley Girls
on Saturday, 5-2.
Well done.
Come on, you guys.
Come on, up and together.
Come on, shake it
like this, Kiki.
Come on, come
on. What is this?
Go. Go. Come on, Josie.
Come on. Quicker,
quicker, quicker.
- Josie, come on. Yeah.
- Kiki. Go, your ball.
Shoot, Kiki, shoot.
And the groundbreaking news...
is that Abbey Mount is through...
to the lacrosse
championship final.
Dear Ruby, today's my big date...
with the headmistress'
son, Freddie.
Wish me luck,
I may be out of here
before you know it.
Lover boy's waiting
outside for you.
But remember,
you want someone
to catch you out.
- So stay near
school, and good luck.
Thanks. Fingers crossed.
Freddie Kingsley. Nice
to finally see you...
when I'm not delirious
or half naked.
Don't speak too soon.
And is it wrong
for me to say that
I'm just a teeny
bit disappointed?
- Come on, trouble.
Let's hit the road.
Hey, I thought
maybe we could...
take a romantic stroll
around the school grounds.
And get caught?
Are you out of your mind?
Call me old-fashioned,
but I actually do
quite like living.
I thought you said
you could drive.
It's not my fault
your stupid car doesn't work.
- Have you ever thought
of changing gears?
That's the car's job.
Turn right here.
- We drive on the
left in this country.
Whatever.
And so I threw the whole lot
over the cliff.
My dad went mental,
as Drippy would say.
Drippy says I was crazy,
but Kate said she
would have done...
exactly the same
in my position.
Sorry, chattering
away like this.
Feel free to shut me up.
Well, remind me
never to get on your bad side.
But the thing is,
I'm pretty sure you don't have one.
- Here you go, trouble.
Bread and fries, that's my treat?
If I affect your life in no other way,
then allow me this honor, the humble chip butty.
Here we go.
Kind of gross, but I like it.
You know, this is one of the best dates I...
The best date I've ever had.
There's something about you, Poppy Moore.
Every moment I'm with you, I catch my breath.
Clutch.
- 'Dear Ruby,
you cannot imagine how retarded these idiots are.
'They're a bunch of ugly losers...
who think a mani-pedi is a Latin greeting.
'I despise these village idiots,
'but I have to pretend to like them...
so they'll help me get out of this hell hole.
'I tried doing it on my own, and it was impossible.
'Still, they're so thick they'll never realize.
'I'll be out of this asylum by the end of term,'
I didn't write that.
Hardly any of it, just the loser part.
But that was weeks ago.
- Well, it's dated today.
And it's from your
e-mail address.
- Where did you get it?
- It was taped to the door.
You're a seriously
horridious cow.
Come on, guys.
- You have to believe me.
- Just forget it, okay?
- Why would you do that?
You can't believe I
actually wrote this.
All we did was to try to make
your life here happier, Poppy.
I thought we were friends.
So, all I have to
do is hook up...
with the headmistress' son,
and it's a sure thing
that they expel me.
He's a total English dweeb.
Pretty gross but
an easy target.
Give me a week, tops.
I can explain.
Please, I really
need to talk to you.
Can't right now.
You know, the limo's
coming in five,
and I have nada to wear.
- Where are you going?
- Nick's house.
Not the Jimmy Choos.
They don't match,
for Christ's sake.
Rubes, I just
need some advice.
Something really
bad has happened.
Crap. Fashion emergency.
Got to go. See you soon as.
- Love you.
- Love you more.
Sorry, Roddy. Couldn't get rid of her.
What was I saying?
- Roddy? Babe?
- No, Ruby. Still me. Babe.
Shit.
Shit.
Kate. Kate, quick. Wake up.
- What's wrong now?
- I didn't mean to do it.
It was an accident. I thought I put it out.
I don't know what happened.
I didn't want to hurt anybody.
- Jesus, Poppy. You're a proper psycho.
Help me get everyone up before it spreads.
Josie. Josie, get up.
Josie, there's a fire. Get up.
Fire. Fire, everyone get up.
Fire. It's a real fire. Get out of bed.
Get up, it's a fire.
This isn't a practice.
You guys, get up.
Come on, darling, get up.
It's a fire, it's not a drill.
- Josie...
- No, I'm not getting up.
Get up, we're on fire.
It's a real fire.
Please, everybody get up.
- Phoebe Faircloff.
- Here.
- Susan Casey.
- Here.
Let me out. Let me out.
Check the pressure on tank three.
Charlie, take the
first position.
- Daisy Bevin?
- Here.
- Can't hear you, Daisy.
- Here.

Jennifer Logan.

Jennifer? Has anyone seen Drippy?

Come on, girls.

Who was the last person to see Drippy?

Freezer. Drippy's in the freezer.

Poppy, come back.
- Stay back, girls.
- Stop her.

Drippy. Drippy.

Drippy.

What's going on?

You're a very foolish, very brave girl.

All right, off to the ambulance now.

My God.

- What do you think happened?
- Don't know yet.

We're lucky, could've been a lot worse.

- Well done, Poppy.

You saved us. You were brilliant.

- Hey. I believe this is yours.

Thank you.

Do you realize you could have killed her?

Thank you.

Well done. Thanks, Poppy.

- You could have killed all of us.

Didn't mean to.

I thought I'd stopped it. I swear.

I don't understand.
I heard footsteps, 
and then I put it out. 
I was just so upset 
at everything, 
and I wish I hadn't done it. 
I really wish you 
hadn't done it, too. 
Someone here knows... 
exactly what 
happened last night. 
What we're clear on is... 
that this fire 
was no accident. 
If you have the 
sense to own up, 
no legal charges 
will be filed. 
If not, it will be passed on 
to the local authorities. 
You have until the 
end of the day... 
to come forward. 
Dear Freddie, 
how can I begin 
to say I'm sorry? 
You are good and 
honest and true, 
and, well, I'm the opposite. 
But I'm learning. 
So now I'm going to 
do the right thing. 
And if it means I 
have to leave here. 
I just want you to know, 
I promise you I never 
wrote that e-mail. 
For a moment there, yeah, 
you were my ticket 
out of here. 
But then I got to know you. 
I have never felt 
this way before... 
about anyone... 
and I really need
you to know that.
Come in.
Oh, what can I do
for you, Poppy?
It's what I used to
start it. It was...
an accident, and I
thought I put it out.
But I guess not.
Obviously not.
Oh, Poppy.
You realize what this
means, don't you?
- Will I be expelled?
- The Honor Court will decide,
but I suspect you'll
understand...
that it's just a
formality at this point.
The weird thing is
I really did try
to turn it around.
I didn't want to
disappoint you.
I'm so sorry.
I'm so sorry, too, Poppy.
Do you think maybe...
you could give this
to Freddie for me?
I told her it was me.
I'm going to the Honor Court,
and then I'll be leaving.
So, this is for you.
Well done. You finally
got what you wanted.
You must be overjoyed.
- I couldn't be more unhappy.
- Please. Give it a rest.
Mom?
- Hey, I've been
looking for you.
Hi.
- So you backed
out of our deal.
What deal?
- That you won't fry my head.
- Yeah.
But you poached my heart.
Hey. Come on.
What if it doesn't have a moral?
Or says Alice.
I think I just fell down the rabbit hole...
and found it.
Look.
- She looks exactly like you.
- Yeah. She was my mom.
She went to this school.
I didn't even know.
Well, guess it's time to face the music now.
Josie, I'm never wrong.
When am I ever wrong?
You're wrong when we did the math challenge.
Hey. She's confessed.
She's going to Honor Court this afternoon.
- That's brave.
- And really stupid.
Because guess what I've discovered.
It is with great regret and sadness...
that we call the Honor Court to session.
The e-mails were sent
But according to Drippy.
Poppy left the computer room a few minutes after 11:00.

I got my 11:
then I went to tell her
Freddie was waiting.
She left immediately.
I was able to access the keystroke order...
of the root file...
to find out...
who else was logged
on there then.
- And guess who the
only other person was?
Who?
It will henceforth be
our job to objectively...
and dispassionately ascertain...
what happened that
fateful night...
that will hence to
forth long blight...
the memory of this
proud institution.
And when you think about it,
Poppy would never say 'term.'
She calls it a bloody
samosa or something.
- 'Semester.'
Whatever. Anyway, to
check the reality.
I had a sneaky look...
in her diary for
Friday's entry.
- Don't do that.
- Shut up and listen.
'I think, deep breath,
I kind of love them...
like proper friends
I've known forever.
'They've made me say words...
like 'horridious'
and 'herbal.'
'Which is sort of whack,
and I'd probably...
hate them if I
wasn't one of them.
'But I like that I
am now one of them.'
Apart from some
atrocious spelling mistakes,
it's all a bit more
kosher, don't you think?
And now she's going
to get thrown out.
It is your duty...
to understand the dark forces
that drove a seemingly...
Harriet? May I remind you
that the Honor Court...
is no place...
for your personal
grandstanding,
and that Poppy has
a right to speak...
in her own defense...
before the Court as a whole
passes judgment?
Thank you, Mrs. Kingsley.
I won't insult everybody...
by trying to defend
myself or my actions.
So, I think it's
safe to say that
I've really messed up.
And I apologize profusely.
But I'm also so
grateful to you all.
I tried really hard to
get out of this school,
and only now do I realize
just how much I want to stay.
I've learnt so
much being here.
Being with all of you.
And in some ways
being with my mom,
who I found out was
actually a student here.
I've had a hole in my
heart for five years,
and somehow being here,
it slowly started to heal.
I know I may have looked
like a California girl,
but in my heart
I've discovered...
that I really am an
Abbey Mount girl.
Objection. Sustained.
The court will
heretofore disregard...
the previous statement...
and perhaps heretofore...
we can begin the
real business.
Can you tell us,
in your own words,
where were you...
on the aforementioned
evening of...
Honestly, Harriet.
Who else's words do
you expect her to use?
- Just leave this to me.
- Right. Sustained.
Poppy, were you in the
cook's sitting room...
on the night of the fire?
Yes, I was.
- Were you there
with permission?
No. I was not.
- Quiet, please.
Silence in court.
Did you intend on
starting a fire?
- Not really.
- Objection.
- Does the defendant
mean yes or no?
Harriet.
It means no,
I had no intention of
actually doing it.
- Was anyone else with you?
- Not as far as I know.
I was.
I was.
- I was.
Objection. Stop. Order.
- I was.
- Stop it.
- Come on.
- I was.
This is ridiculous.
What are you all doing? You're lying.
- They're lying, Mrs. Kingsley.
Harriet, you're going down, biatch.
This is a conspiracy.
You can't expel the whole year,
- and they know that.
Be quiet, Harriet.
Sit down, everyone.
It's a black-and-white case.
She has to be expelled.
The girl set fire to the school,
endangering all our precious lives.
She walked in there, lighter at the ready,
and tried to burn the place down.
- Lighter?
- Not now, Jane.
- Have respect for court protocol.
What lighter, Harriet?
Jesus, Charlotte,
how daft can you possibly be?
That ridiculous 'I heart
LA' lighter of hers.
She left it behind,
for God's sakes.
Except, how do you
know that, Harriet?
No one's mentioned
a lighter before.
What? Yes, they have.
- Objection.
Actually, Harriet,
they haven't.
I have to second Jane's
question, Harriet.
How did you know
about that lighter?
Well, I...
Freddie found the lighter
before anyone saw it.
How could you possibly
know unless...
Unless you were there?
This is absurd. I
refuse to sit here...
and listen to these wild...
I had put it out. And
I heard footsteps.
It must have been you.
Oh, my God.
You restarted the
fire, didn't you?
- Harriet, is this true?
- Of course not.
It all makes sense
now. I knew it.
I think I'm innocent.
- We think so, too.
- You're not.
You awful bitch.
You've turned this
school upside down.
You've ruined everything.
You started it.
I only finished
what you started.
Harriet? My office, now.
Okay, suckers, show time.
Let's open a can of whoop-ass.
You can do it.
Let's go, Abbey Mount.
Come on, girls.
Take it. Come on.
Come on, guys.
We can bring it back. Let's go.
You got it.
- Mrs. Kingsley?
- Oh, Mr. Moore, you made it.
- Yes, I did.
Please, come and take a seat.
- Did I miss much?
- No, not at all.
- Where's Poppy?
- She's right there.
She's the spitting image of her mother, isn't she?
She most certainly is.
Come on, Abbey Mount.
Take it out there. Come on.
Come on, Abbey Mount. Let's go.
Two, four, six, eight Stowe girls are really great.
I don't know. You're trying really hard.
It's just great, great, great.
We're two-nil up.
They've got no possession whatsoever.
All right, ladies.
There's only one thing for it. Let's go.
Who are we?
- Abbey Mount.
- Abbey Mount.
Who are we?
- Abbey Mount.
- Abbey Mount.
What are we?
A leading single-sex school
admitting boarders at age 11.
Wrong. We're winners.
- Come on.
- Pass it, Poppy.
Come along, girls. Well done.
- Abbey Mount.
- Abbey Mount.
Pass to Poppy, quick.
Come on, Poppy.
This is our last chance.
Let's make it count.
Kiki.
Drippy.
Why would you pass it
to me? Oh, my God.
Okay. Somebody, help me.
Where is everyone?
Who do I pass it to?
Jane. Jane. Where are you?
- Yes.
They did it, they did it. Yes.
I told you, you could
do it. I told you.
Poppy.
What are you doing here?
Mrs. Kingsley called.
She told me you
found out about Mom.
Why didn't you
just tell me, Dad?
I'm sorry, Poppy.
I thought it might
make you too sad.
I did know that you
needed to breathe...
a different kind
of air, though.
Did I do the right thing?
You did. Did you know Mom...
was captain of
the lacrosse team?
Yes.
And I also know that she is... incredibly proud
of you right now.
As am I.
Daddy, put your back into it.
- Harriet. We think you forgot this.
Harriet. We think you forgot this.
Methinks so, too.
Mummy.
Who are we?
Fire.
Major bloody SULA.
- Who's Ruby?
- Nobody.
Just some horridious
cow I used to know.
- Can't do it.
- No way.
You're completely insane.
- Are you guys ready?
- No.
One.
- Two, three.
- Two, three.