



Scripts.com

# 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.  
Out, out, out. Let's  
go. Come on. Out, out.  
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

has earned my respect,  
then I'll shake  
her hand, biatch.

- I'm sorry?

- Apology accepted.

Stunningly horridious ego...

desperately seeks

a good bashing.

Can we oblige? Methinks so.

We think so, too.

I'll call you

tomorrow morning,

as soon as I'm back in LA.

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.  
- Yes, Drippy.  
- '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.  
Foul. Body check. Body check.  
Please.

- Perfectly legal.

Shouldn't you guys be  
in bikinis for that?

Hi, Fredster. Dig the car.

- Hello, Moore. Poppy Moore.

- 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 asshole.  
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.  
Please, 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 brillante, 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...  
caught 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  
nice 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  
bag. Offence. Yeah.  
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,  
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.  
Guys. Guess what? You'll  
never believe it.  
- What happened?  
- '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 thought I'd stopped it.

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 Faircliff.

- 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.

- I was.  
- I was.  
- I was.  
- I was.  
- I was.

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.  
Dad? My dad. My dad.  
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.