

31. 12. 2025

QUEENS

1

Written by

Charlie Bury

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

*SPELLBOUND* by Siouxsie and the Banshees blasts at high volume.

Explosive energy. The picture swaying to the beat.

Two girls - ROSIE (15) and MONI (16) - are THRASHING around a small, messy bedroom.

It is a tornado of dishevelled books, food, tights, velvet, and, to be frank, a lot of skin and sweat.

They have bad hair, and worse rhythm - but total, ecstatic abandon. THEY SCREAM THE LYRICS AT EACH OTHER.

They collapse onto a narrow bed, lungs burning, flushed, giggling. The electric buzz of the music fades.

Leaving only the sound of their heavy breathing. As they look at each other. The laughter dies down. A shift in gravity.

As they lean into each other and fall into a KISS. Of course it may appear clumsy and desperate, but it is perfect.

ROSIE (V.O.)

They say the word *passion* comes from the Latin *passio*. Suffering. Enduring...

FREEZE FRAME ON THE KISS.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Which may explain why my first kiss felt like a car crash I never wanted to walk away from.

EXT. QUEENS COLLEGE - DAY

High up and sweeping over the lush, emerald English valley.

And rising from the mist like a stone leviathan is QUEENS COLLEGE. It is Gothic, Victorian, and imposing.

Gargoyles leer from the eaves. It looks less like a school and more a castle made to keep dragons out and virgins in.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Welcome to Queens College. A prestigious holding pen for the daughters of the vaguely aristocratic and the emotionally distant. £40,000 a year to learn how to repress your emotions and repress your hemlines.

INT. STUDY HALL - NIGHT

Silence. The hum of a radiator. A long row of girls in uniform are bent over 'Prep'.

It is a sea of highlighters, rulers, pencil cases emblazoned with quotes like 'She Believed She Could So She Did'.

Rosie sits in the middle. She is vibrating with a kinetic energy she can't release.

She doodles a sketch in the margins of her theology textbook. A T-Rex eating a Halo'd Saint.

ROSIE (V.O.)

My father is a priest. A widower who found God late in life and decided I needed *structure*. He forgot that structure is just a polite word for a cage.

JESS (15), the girl next to her, taps Rosie's arm. Jess is neat, tidy, and terrifyingly wholesome. She whispers.

JESS

Rosie. Do you have a highlighter? Mine's run out.

Rosie stares at her. She slowly pulls a yellow highlighter from her blazer. She hands it over.

ROSIE

Keep it. I'm giving up on highlighting. I prefer pencil - it's more suitable to the dark ages.

Jess blinks, confused, takes the pen, and turns back to her work. Rosie stares at the back of Jess's head.

She raises her hand and flips the middle finger.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Boredom isn't just a feeling here. It's a serious chronic condition that hangs in the atmosphere.

Rosie reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a packet of Pro-Plus (caffeine pills). She pops two dry.

ROSIE (V.O.)

I need to feel something. Even if it's just heart palpitations.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

The lights are dim. Rosie sits cross-legged on her bed, a duvet pulled over her head. She has a torch in her mouth.

She is ripping open a grey plastic parcel with her teeth.

ROSIE (V.O.)

While the other girls are dreaming of ponies and polo players, I am curating my own identity. Sourced entirely from Vinted. Fashion is a primeval language, not an afterthought.

She pulls out the treasures.

- A crushed VELVET BLAZER (men's, oversized).
- A TARTAN SKIRT, ripped and held together by safety pins.
- Knock-off DOC MARTENS, scuffed to perfection.
- She holds the boots up to the light like a holy relic.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY

Steam rises. Water hitting tiles.

Rosie stands under the shower. We don't see her face yet.

We look down at the drain, where unclear water swirls down the plug hole...

It is DARK GREEN. A whirlpool of seaweed and swamp slime.

ROSIE (V.O.)

In physics, for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Queens wants me to be a royal-coloured lady? Fine.

Rosie turns off the water, wipes the steam from the mirror. Her hair is wet, slicked back, DYED A VIOLENT, SEAWEED GREEN.

She grins. It's a terrified, manic look. She can't quite believe what she has done.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Let's see how they handle the swamp thing...

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

Sunlight smashes through the curtains. It is aggressively bright. Rosie is a lump under the duvet. She groans.

Jess is already dressed. Her uniform is pristine. Her tie is a miracle. She is reading a small book of Morning Prayers.

ROSIE (V.O.)

The word morning sounds like  
*mourning*. Coincidence? I think not.

Jess closes her book with a satisfied thud.

JESS

You're going to be late. Again.

Rosie pulls the duvet down. Her hair is a bird's nest of that seaweed green. It stains the pillowcase.

JESS

(gasps)

Oh my... sweet Virgin Mary.

ROSIE

She had enough trouble with her own pregnancy. Leave her out of it.

JESS

It's... Your hair... It's mouldy.

ROSIE

No Jess. It's bright with envy.

Rosie climbs out of bed. She is wearing an oversized t-shirt that says 'God is Dead, and so is Nietzsche'.

ROSIE (V.O.)

Envy stems from the Latin *invidia*.  
To see *into* something. How  
malicious can such a depth of  
feeling be?

Rosie stalks past Jess to the mirror.

JESS

Miss Falconer is going to expel  
you. 'Hair must be of a natural  
hue.' That's clearly school rules.

ROSIE

I was never given a copy of the  
handbook. Anyway, what isn't  
natural about green? Trees are  
green. So is vomit.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor is a runway. Girls flow out of rooms in perfect navy uniforms. Rosie steps out. The flow stops.

Silence ripples down the hallway.

SASHA (15) stands by the radiator. She is pretty, glossy, and holds a Costa cup that definitely isn't allowed.

She looks Rosie up and down, smirking.

SASHA

Nice look. Going for the drowned orphan vibe?

ROSIE

Better than the 'I peaked in Year 9' vibe.

SASHA

People who dye their hair crazy colours are crying out for attention because their parents don't love them.

ROSIE

Your dad cheats on your mum with his squash partner. Everybody knows it. I've even seen them snogging off court.

Sasha's smile vanishes. She steps forward, aggressive.

SASHA

You take that back.

ROSIE

Or what? You'll scratch me with your Marc Jacobs Tote?

MISS FALCONER (O.S)

LADIES!

The crowd parts. MISS FALCONER (60s) strides down the hall. She is built like a tank commander, wears a posh tracksuit.

She radiates '80s aerobic energy, as she stops in front of Rosie. She stares at the green hair.

She doesn't blink. Never, her pupils are like pinpricks.

MISS FALCONER

Rosie Swift.

ROSIE

Miss Falconer.

MISS FALCONER

You look like a serpent.

ROSIE

Thank you, Miss.

MISS FALCONER  
That was not a compliment. We are  
not a place of serpents, or swamp  
creatures, are we?

ROSIE  
No. That would belie tradition.

Miss Falconer leans in. She smells of hairspray and  
aggressive mints. She too makes a considerable effort.

MISS FALCONER  
Registration. Now. And see me  
after. Bring your phone.

Miss Falconer marches off.

MISS FALCONER  
(shouting)  
*Schnell!* Movement please, ladies!

ROSIE (V.O.)  
Miss Falconer. Headmistress. The  
only teacher who can pull off a  
tracksuit like it's the meanest  
uniform ever.

INT. COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls stand in rows. Falconer is reading the register.

MISS FALCONER  
... Jessica?

JESS  
Present, Miss.

MISS FALCONER  
... Sasha?

SASHA  
Here, Miss.

MISS FALCONER  
... Rosie?

Rosie steps forward. The green hair catches the light.

ROSIE  
*Adsum.*

MISS FALCONER  
(looking up) )  
English, Rosie. We aren't in the  
Vatican.

ROSIE  
I am here, but the soul is  
debatably absent.

A few girls snigger. Falconer slams her hand on a desk.

MISS FALCONER  
My office. Now. Wait outside.

Rosie walks past Sasha. Sasha sticks her foot out. Rosie sees it and steps clean over it.

ROSIE  
(whispers)  
Squash partner.

Rosie acts out swinging a racket. Sasha fumes.

INT. FALCONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Falconer is at a desk piled in sports trophies. Rosie stands.

MISS FALCONER  
You are trying to provoke me.

ROSIE  
It's not personal. I am expressing  
*my* self.

MISS FALCONER  
You are expressing a lack of  
discipline. And your father called.  
He is concerned about your...  
communion preparation.

ROSIE  
You mean confirmation?

Falconer nods.

ROSIE  
He should be more concerned with  
his own spiritual life. He used to  
hate on God. When mum was still  
around...

MISS FALCONER  
You will attend all the classes,  
and chapel. It is the least you can  
do to please your father. Now. The  
phone. Hand it over.

Rosie reluctantly hands over her mobile.

Falconer drops it into a drawer full of confiscated vapes,  
fidget spinners, and indeed the Satanic smartphone devices.

MISS FALCONER  
You will not be attending fourth  
and fifth period this morning.

ROSIE  
Oh.  
(hopeful)  
Suspension?

MISS FALCONER  
Matron is taking a group to town  
this afternoon. For...  
appointments. You will join them.

ROSIE  
I'm not sick.

Falconer snips her index and middle finger together.

MISS FALCONER  
No. But you do need a haircut.

ROSIE  
No. I'm not going to the  
hairdressers.

MISS FALCONER  
No. You are going to the Barbers.  
The one on the High Street that  
smells of wet dog and sickening  
spices. You are going to have  
that... removed.

Rosie's eyes widen.

ROSIE  
You can't shave my head. This is a  
violation of my human rights.

MISS FALCONER  
This is a private school, Rosie. We  
are above and beyond human rights.

Falconer points to the door.

MISS FALCONER  
11:20 AM. Matron's minibus. Don't  
be late. Or I'll ask the  
groundskeeper for his shears and do  
it myself.

Rosie turns and leaves. A sudden slight grin forms.

ROSIE (V.O.)  
She thinks she's punishing me with  
a taste of Purgatory. But in actual  
fact, she's just given me a free  
pass to the outside world.

INT. TOILETS - DAY

Rosie is staring at the mirror. She traces her green hairline. The door opens. ADAM (15) walks in. He stops.

ADAM  
Wrong toilet, Swift.

ROSIE  
Hi Adam. The gender is irrelevant, especially today.

Adam laughs. He leans against the sinks. He has floppy hair and looks like a young poet who smokes too much.

ADAM  
Is it because of the hair? Nice. Very... eco-warrior.

ROSIE  
Falconer is sending me to the barbers. In town.

Adam's eyes light up. Rosie pulls a face.

ROSIE  
What?

ADAM  
You're going out?

ROSIE  
I'm not doing you a favour.

ADAM  
Can you do me a favour?

INT. CLEANING CUPBOARD - MOMENTS LATER

The hideout from morning chapel. Tight. Claustrophobic. The air smells of lemon bleach and stale mops.

Rosie and Adam are squeezed in amongst buckets and 'Wet Floor' signs. From outside comes a ghostly, out-of-tune hymn.

The muffled sound of a HUNDRED GIRLS AND BOYS singing *JERUSALEM*, filtering through the door.

ADAM  
*Now I am alone. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!*

ROSIE  
Shut up. We're hiding in a cupboard, not a castle.

ADAM

It is appropriate though. We could be Danes, exiles, hiding from the tyranny of our corruptible superiors.

Adam shifts. A mop handle hits him in the face. He rights it.

ADAM

So. The favour...

ROSIE

I'm listening.

ADAM

You're going to town. For a lovely haircut.

ROSIE

The bloody barbers.

ADAM

Very lovely. Well, the barbers is next door to a shop called *Vinyl RIP*.

ROSIE

It's a terrible pun.

ADAM

It is a sanctuary. I need you to ask for a guy called Jonty. Tell him 'The Duke of Devon sent me'. Specifically not Somerset.

ROSIE

You call yourself The Duke?

ADAM

No, it's just a street thing. And it's the Devonian Duke.

ROSIE

It does not sound at all street. You live in a detached house in the Cotswolds. You have a real postcode.

ADAM

Just ask for Jonty. He has a first pressing of Ziggy Stardust for me.

ROSIE

That's it? A record?