

M - I - SKIVE

"Model Student"

by
Matthew John Latham

TEASER

OPEN ON:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - AFTERNOON

EYES.

JON (V.O.)

Crap.

ZOOM OUT to reveal a FACE. Sweating as it appears to be concentrating as if their life depended on something!

ON HANDS - holding on for dear life to something - -

- A broken fire escape ladder! The hands on the edge of a curved ladder that's obviously straining with a lot of tension.

The figure LOOKS DOWN.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Shit.

It's about three storeys down.

NEW ANGLE: The figure is a teenage boy! Around five foot seven, rough black hair and a very impressive grip - this is JONATHAN 'JON' MOORE, 17.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They weren't half joking when they sa-

- THE LADDER LOOSENS.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Beat.

JON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh well. Been in worse, mind.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

A MACHINE GUN - aimed DIRECTLY at the camera. It's held by a stern and peeved off security guard. An alarm can be heard ringing the distance.

TITLE: 72 Hours ago.

The camera turns to see that the gun is aimed at - -

- JON. His hands raised high, but a confident, almost *bored* expression lines his face.

JON
(cockney)
Suppose it's a fair cop, guv!

GUARD
(cocks gun)
Shut up.
(into radio)
I've got the little bugger.

Jon ROLLS his eyes.

JON
(sighs)
'Little' bugger. *Please*.

The guard STEADIES the gun, aiming it closer.

GUARD
Just you wait until my boss gets here.

Jon just sighs and looks defeated, idly looking around the place. He notices someone behind the guard.

JON
(points)
He's he that ugly twat?

The guard turns -

- And the BUTT of his gun rams DIRECTLY into his chin!

JON (CONT'D)
(tuts)
Gullible.

Jon SNATCHES the Gun, twists it around and JAMS the end into the guard's stomach; pushing him into the hallway.

Which is when other guards have to start firing.

Nesting on the wall by the door, he glances down at the machine gun. He slowly places his hand around the trigger - all ready to start shooting.

He takes a DEEP breath, turns and FIRES down the hallway.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
(on comm)
Gifted? This is Chucky.

Jon GOES back for cover, hand going his ear.

JON
(into comm)
Gifted here.

CUT TO:

INT. ??? - SAME TIME

CLIFFORD JENNINGS (34) is sat driving something. We can't see what. He looks panicked.

CLIFFORD
(into comm)
Remember that original getaway
plan I had?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - SAME TIME

Jon FIRES more bullets down the hall-way.

JON
(into comm)
Yeah...what about it?

CUT TO:

INT. ??? - SAME TIME

Clifford looks through his rear-view mirror.

CLIFFORD
(into comm)
Well.
(beat)
Some bastards stole my idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT

It's a quiet street. Undisturbed.

Until a DOUBLE DECKER BUS ZOOMS past the frame -

- Followed by TWO similar double deckers!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Clifford looks into the mirror, gulping.

JON (O.S.)
 (on comm)
 When will you reach the end of
 the street?

CLIFFORD
 (into comm)
 Few seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - SAME TIME

Jon stands - checking the ammunition rounds in the gun.

JON
 (into comm)
 How fast are you going?

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
 (on comm)
 Uh, why d'you -

JON
 (into comm)
 - Just answer the sodding
 question!

Beat.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
 (on comm)
 At least forty-five.

Jon turns and starts to fire more rounds again.

JON
 (to himself)
 Forty-five miles per hour...
 (into comm)
 Okay - when you turn in and pass
 the first light-post tell me. And
do not change your speed!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford BLINKS.

CLIFFORD
 (into comm)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - SAME TIME

JON
 (into comm)
 Just do it!

He backs off and heads to the window; keeping an eye out for the office guards.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - SAME TIME

A double decker ZOOMS past a lamppost at a high speed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford notices he's past it.

CLIFFORD
 (into comm)
 Okay! Okay!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - SAME TIME

Jon nods and walks to the door, beginning to fire again. He hasn't been aiming - just firing idly.

JON
 (to himself)
 One...

More guards are coming down. He fires. But he's obviously concentrating on other stuff.

JON (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 ...two...

Fires again. Dodges BACK into the room.

JON (CONT'D)
 ...two and a bit...

He takes a deep breath. Gunfire in the hallway has stopped as he steps in position.

JON (CONT'D)
 ..two and bit more...

He takes a deep breath.

JON (CONT'D)

Three.

He RUNS.

Guards enter, and begin to FIRE -

- And Jon JUMPS THROUGH THE WINDOW -

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

- SMASHING THROUGH THE GLASS, DIVING INTO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

- The **DOUBLE DECKER BUS** driven by Clifford - -

- And SMACKING into one of the seats!

JON

(into comm)

Bastard!

(beat)

You sped up!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford looks up; muttering something under his breaths of relief.

CLIFFORD

(into comm)

Chucky to HQ, I've obtained
Gifted.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD OPS ROOM - SAME TIME

A white woman with long black hair suddenly BREATHES out a sigh of relief. This is RHONA MCCARTHY (41), and she looks towards a man in a pressed suit and cropped hair who's packing quite the annoyed look on his face. This is RICHARD MONTGOMERY (46) and he's definitely not impressed.

RICHARD

(into comm)

You were seen.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Jon rolls his eyes.

JON
(into comm)
Cool it Monty. I'm alive.

He notices something out of the back of bus windows -
- The OTHER double decker buses are still chasing them!

JON (CONT'D)
Oh for the love of -

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AS BEFORE

The chasing double deckers SCREECH FORWARD - catching up with the lead one. Armed guards with machine guns aiming towards their target; and OPENING FIRE -

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

- As Jon DUCKS as the bullets fly over his head and through different windows of the bus's level.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford glances to his left as one of the buses runs up next to him.

He narrows his eyes at the guy driving.

CLIFFORD
(laughing)
Oh this wanker's dead!

He sharply TURNS the steering left as:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Their bus suddenly CHARGES into the one on the left!
Knocking it off-course -

- and STRAIGHT into a lamp-post, EXPLODING in a ball of flames!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

CLIFFORD
 (joyous)
 WOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! You drive like
 Maureen -

BULLETS suddenly ricochet in FRONT of him! He looks to his right to see that the other bus's driver is sporting a revolver aimed directly at him!

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
 (grits teeth)
 Go on. Test me. Punk.

He PULLS out a gun and begins to FIRE back at the driver!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Jon grabs the machine gun, and prepares to fire.

JON
 (into comm)
 I'm going to fire on them.

He takes a DEEP BREATH then:

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD OPS ROOM - SAME TIME

Richard's eyes NARROW and he CLENCHES the workstation in front of him.

RICHARD
 (into comm; darkly)
 Do NOT fire on them. That's a direct order! I repeat, do not fire on them!

He glances to Rhona, who just looks worried. And also smart enough not to say anything.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Jon rolls his eyes.

JON
 (into comm)
 Well it's me or those lot that's gonna have a few bullets in 'em. And I've got school in the morning.

RICHARD (O.S.)
(filtered)
DO NOT FI - -

He leaps UP -

- And OPENS FIRE!

The bullets RIP THROUGH already shattered glass, impacting into several armed guards in separate places of the body.

Jon DUCKS back down as the retaliation fire begins to start up again.

His breathing has come slightly more ERRATIC, he looks down at the gun. His finger on the trigger.

He closes his eyes, taking ANOTHER deep breath.

JON
(to himself)
C'mon Moore...you can do it.

The bullets STOP, and then he LEAPS up again and returns fire!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford TURNS the steering wheel and -

EXT. HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The bus SMASHES into the other one! Knocking it slightly off balance!

INT. OTHER DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The driver TURNS sharply, getting the momentum back and then TURNS the wheel the opposite way! Towards the other bus -

EXT. HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

And SMASHES into Clifford and Jon's bus, momentarily losing control of the vehicle!

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Clifford's SEETHING now, narrowing his eyes towards the other bus.

He looks ahead to see - -

- A NARROW BRIDGE ahead!

CLIFFORD
For Christ's sake...

He FLOORS the acceleration pedal, and the bus CHARGES forward!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Jon suddenly LOSES his balance as he FALLS forward, beginning to crawl towards the front of the bus.

He grabs on a steel frame of a chair and PULLS himself up, and begins to FIRE upon the other bus as he gets up the front window - seeing the narrow bridge ahead.

JON
(into comm)
Gifted to Chucky? Why are you trying to fecking kill us?

He looks to see the bus next to them has sped up.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Clifford bites his lower lip; and SMILES.

CLIFFORD
(into comm)
Oh trust me mate.

He pushes FURTHER on the acceleration!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The buses are near when - -

- Clifford's suddenly SMASHES into the other one -

- VEERING it off course!

Clifford and Jon's SOARS across the bridge as the other SMASHES THROUGH steel railings and then FALLS down an embankment!

It tilts and collapses into a small RIVER as some of the guards try to escape - -

- But it **EXPLODES!**

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - SAME TIME

The EXPLOSION occurs behind them in the distance and Jon SMILES, sitting down on a seat.

JON
(into comm)
That went well.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD OPS ROOM - SAME TIME

Rhona SMILES, looks to Richard.

He's not happy.

He removes his headset and CHUCKS it to the workstation, turning and LEAVING.

CUT TO:

RHONA
(into comm)
Well you've got a congratulations
from me.

As she speaks, it's revealed she has an Northern Irish accent.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE DECKER HIGHER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Jon smiles and takes a deep breath.

JON (V.O.)
All this?
(beat)
Piece of piss.

He leans back. Then:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OPEN ON:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Richard takes a deep breath, looking slightly nervous as he paces back and forth in front of some closed double doors.

RICHARD

This is it. We're closed. We're finished. Last night's...

(struggles)

...ack, I can't even think of a word to describe last night's mission. But that's the nail that shuts this coffin.

Camera pans around to see that he's talking to Rhona, who looks on with a motherly watch.

RHONA

You worry too much.

RICHARD

(paces slowly)

This is just...

He stops. It should be noted that he's not walking properly. There's a slight noticeable limp...but it's hard to determine which leg he's not trying to walk on. It appears to alternate.

RHONA

Look, Richard - you're just paranoid.

She leans forward and dusts off the shoulders of his suit.

He offers a short smile that's lacking in confidence.

RICHARD

Thank you. But I have a bad feeling about all this.

He glances down and sees she's wearing a small badge of the Republic of Ireland flag.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Been a while since you've worn that.

RHONA

(glances at it)

It gives me luck.

There's a KNOCK from behind them as a young man pops his head around.

YOUNG MAN
Agent Montgomery? The Chair will
see you now.

Richard NODS, and with one last look at Rhona walks through the doors, and the young man himself walks around and shuts them, leaving himself with Rhona's company.

Rhona takes a deep nervous breath and sits down on some nearby chairs. Obviously sharing Richard's confidence.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHAIR MEETING ROOM - SAME TIME

Richard stands tall in a large but minimalist room with shiny reflective walls, ceilings and floors.

He walks towards the only empty chair in the room, which is placed in front of a table housing three men; EDWARDS, GREGORY and the one in the middle - PARTRIDGE.

Partridge presses a button on a small digital audio recorder in front of him.

PARTRIDGE
Welcome Agent Montgomery, I am
Assistant Director Partridge, and
with me are fellow directors
Edwards and Gregory.
(beat)
I'm informed you know the nature
of this meeting, yes?

Richard NODS.

RICHARD
It is my belief that we're
discussing the future of
Operation Gifted Child, sirs.

Partridge nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S ROOM - MORNING

An alarm clock blares out a siren as Jon WAKES up and jumps out of bed with an alarming display of energy.

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)

For the benefit of this recording, since it's creation three years ago, Operation Gifted Child has overseen...espionage on possible threats to internal security within the United Kingdom and the Republic of Ireland.

Jon YAWNS and opens up his wardrobe, revealing a mirror. He leans forward and pulls on his eyes and begins to check them.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The camera sees the top half of Jon as he turns the shower on and runs water through his hair. He grabs some shower gel and begins to work it through his hands.

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)

The centre-piece of this operation is Jonathan Moore. A rather gifted individual.

He begins to wash himself and then:

CUT TO:

INT. JON'S ROOM - LATER

He's blowing his hair with a hair-drier.

EDWARDS (V.O.)

This Assistant Director Edwards, and I was only told of this operation this morning...and I'm led to believe that this - Moore child has...super-abilities?.

The mobile phone on his desk BEEPS - he's got a text message. He picks it up and reads the text, smirking at whatever it was.

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)

His physical and mental prowess seems to be the peak of humanity. His IQ is well into triple figures, he can run the one hundred metres in less than 7 seconds. All in the reach of human potential.

He DROPS down and starts to do some push-ups. He's doing a lot, and doing them very quickly.

PARTRIDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And we've been discussing the
future of this Operation - and
the events of last night have
sped up the process of our
decision.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(seemingly defeated)
Of course sirs

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)
Now, is there anything you'd like
to say on the decision?

RICHARD (V.O.)
I believe that there's still a
potential within him. And that
you should give the operation a
second chance.

He opens the wardrobe and finds a shirt, grabbing it and
putting it on.

PARTRIDGE (V.O.)
We are. It's the decision that
Agent Moore should begin to
undertake missions of a different
variety. A step up, if you will.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHAIR MEETING ROOM - DAY

Richard looks confused.

RICHARD
I'm sorry, sirs?

PARTRIDGE
We've decided that after the
display of dealing with the
guards of the Clifton Building
assignment last night, that he's
open for more missions that we
would feel comfortable with
giving him.

This just seems to smack Richard in the face.

RICHARD
With all due respect sir, I think
that you may have actually made
the wrong decision.

This slightly alarms Partridge, who looks towards Gregory
and Edwards.

PARTRIDGE

Could you explain your reasoning,
Agent?

RICHARD

He is remarkable. As you said, he
possesses skills and the
intellect of that from some of
the best agents ever seen at MI5.

(beat)

But he's young. He's immature. At
this present moment he's a
complete personality waste of
talent. He has been briefed about
not using lethal force and
firearms, he has not had the
proper training -

PARTRIDGE

- He seemed to have picked it up
quite well on the field.

RICHARD

He can adapt to new things
easily. What he can't do, is
assimilate simple commands,
however.

(beat)

He is simply too immature to
handle this bigger responsibility
that you are suggesting to give
him.

There falls a darker silence as Partridge takes this in.

PARTRIDGE

(sighs)

It still stands. Expect the first
mission this evening after we've
analysed the data he retrieved
last night.

(stands)

This meeting is over.

Richard can't believe it. His expression is one of complete
shock as the men stand, nod out of tradition, and then walk
out of a door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Richard opens the door and walks out. Not a happy agent.

Immediately Rhona can sense something's not right. Standing
and walking along with him.

RHONA
(dreading)
They haven't...

RICHARD
(shakes head)
This is much worse.

He ZOOMS past into:

CUT TO:

INT. COOKE KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon walks through into the kitchen, where CHARLOTTE COOKE (mid 40's, blonde - motherly) is spreading some butter on some toast.

CHARLOTTE
Ahh, Jonathan...I'm not going to be in 'til later tonight. You've got your key?

He TAPS his left jean pocket.

JON
(smiles)
Never forget it.

He sits on the kitchen table in the middle and is met with DANIELLE COOKE (15, brown hair - evil incarnate).

DANIELLE
Still here then.

JON
(sarcastically)
Yeah. Unfortunately.

DANIELLE
When are you planning on sodding off?

JON
I dunno. Perhaps when I turn into...let's say - you and no longer feel grateful to your mum and dad for adopting me.
(clicks fingers)
Oh balls. You're biologically related to them. I forget sometimes with that red tail and those horn thingies of yours you have.

Beat.

DANIELLE
 (shakes head)
 You're a prick.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
 Language!

JON
 (leans closer)
 Shame I'm the prick your mates
 all fancy.

Danielle just looks close to snarling.

MARTIN (O.S.)
 Are you two ready yet?

MARTIN COOKE walks in, flashing a quick smile to his children and kissing his wife on the cheek.

JON
 Yeah, I'm just having toast.
 Dan's...malting hair for all I
 know.

Danielle drops the piece of toast she was eating and shakes her head in disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. HACKLEBACK FOUNDATION SCHOOL - HOUR LATER

Establishing shot.

ZOOM INTO a mass of dark green blazers, signalling children and teenagers between 11 and 16 all waiting to enter the school.

The school itself is one big building (from this angle) with the front entrance being shown off under writing saying "An English College".

Walking through all this is Jon, with a smirk on his face.

He walks through the yard up to the entrance where a young teacher is yelling at students trying to get into the building. She glances at Jon and NODS, and he NODS back.

He pushes the doors into:

INT. SCHOOL RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

And fishes into his pocket, pulling out a small ID Card in a little plastic holder.

He looks for somewhere to place it on his shirt, but shrugs and clips it to his belt.

He walks forward towards another door, and glances to the receptionist. He flashes his ID card and she pushes a button and he walks into:

INT. WELCOME CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

And turns left, heading past a sign saying 'Sixth Form Area'. He then passes a doorway with 'HEAD OF SIXTH FORM' written on a small plaque fixed on it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ahh, Jonathan!

He STOPS. Gritting his teeth, having no choice but to turn around to see MR. BALL, the Head of Sixth Form, smiling at him via his head sticking out of the office door.

MR. BALL

I need to talk to you sometime today. When are you free?

Jon thinks for a moment, then clicks his fingers in mock disappointment.

JON

On the one day I'm working solid, sorry sir.

The Head of Sixth Form just smiles.

MR. BALL

I happen to know that you have the first periods free. I checked.

(smile drops)

As soon as your registered follow me into my office.

Jon sighs.

JON

Could I ask what for?

Mr. Ball SHRUGS.

MR. BALL

The usual. Attention in your lessons is dropping, Mr. Moore.

JON

But I do the work.

MR. BALL

You're currently illustrating my point.

JON
That my answers are correct and
logical?

MR. BALL
Perhaps if you fell asleep in
this conversation?

JON
(thinks)
Nice idea, sir.

This only angers him some more.

MR. BALL
(seething)
Mr. Moore...I've had more than
one teacher mention that -

JON
- Which ones?

MR. BALL
(insulted)
I beg your pardon?

JON
I just wanna know which ones
ain't complained. I'll aim to get
the complete set if I've got 'em
today.

Ball's eyes NARROW.

MR. BALL
We are going to talk about this
attitude of yours.

Jon sighs and begins to turn around.

JON
Okay! You and me both know you
won't get rid of me. All those
nice UCAS points are too inviting
for the school to lose.

He begins to walk off, a huge GRIN on his face. Mr. Ball
just shakes his head.

MR. BALL
Just give me a reason.

He turns and walks back into his office.

CUT TO:

INT. SIXTH FORM COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

This is posh and new.

Jon walks in and immediately on his left is a small alcove with a kitchen area where some students are cooking their own breakfast. To his right are some nice hi-tech RM computers. In a small alcove in another corner are some new not-yet-vandalised lockers.

He walks past into a seating area with some modernly curvy cushioned seats that go into a corner. He spies people he knows and walks to them.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yo, Jon!

He stops as a football is KICKED at him -

- but he controls it with his chest and knocks it to his feet, keeping the ball up with almost an easy sense of grace.

He goes from each foot to his knees - and then to his shoulders. This looks all too easy.

He heads it up - and then BALANCES the ball on his head with ease.

JON

(proudly)

Ta - da!

He KNOCKS it up and heads it back to the lad that threw it to him.

He scoops his bag up and walks to a guy and two girls.

The guy is ADAM WILSON (16, brown-hair, cute) and his left arm is around a red-headed girl the same age. This is ELENA DANSON and her friend CLAIRE YORKE (16 - but blonde. Very attractive).

ELENA

(rolls eyes)

Bloody show-off.

JON

Hey - I'm naturally talented.

She laughs and sits on one of the small tables.

CLAIRE

(grinning)

Hey, Jon.

JON
 (smiles back)
 Gotta go and see bloody Ball
 again.

ADAM
 Let me guess - the kipping in
 lessons?

JON
 I prefer to call it...something.
 (to Claire)
 Help me out.

She SHRUGS.

CLAIRE
 Productive energy management?

He winks and points.

JON
 I'll remember that. And patent it
 under Yorke. sounds better than
 "Got bored in English and
 snoozed."

She smiles in response...and blushes? Was that a blush?

VOICE (O.S.)
 Haha! Look at Simpson, the
 wanker!

Adam and Jon suddenly DART over to the windows to see a man
 in his mid-forties RANTING and RAVING to a few year 7s.

This is MR. SIMPSON. The Headteacher.

JON
 (laughing)
 How much his hair falls off and
 it's a wig?

ADAM
 I'm hoping one of the little 'uns
 have the sense to whack him in
 the knackers and run.

JON
 He'd probably sacrifice them
 though.
 (beat)
 The children. Not his bollocks.
 If he has them.

MALE STUDENT
 My money's on evil, he has to be.

He smiles.

A loud BELL rings in the distance.

MR. BALL (O.S.)
Right, Lower Sixth! Be quiet as I
read out the register.

A quick look from him flashes in Jon's direction. To which
Jon smiles innocently.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD CENTRAL ROOM - DAY

It's quite small with three desks with computers on, with
Clifford and Rhona at one of them. Littered around however
are small data servers that all stop at a small glass-
walled office with blinds up.

Clifford prints something out, and begins to scan read what
he's printed out.

CLIFFORD
(scan reading)
What does that mean? "More
variety?"

RHONA
(typing)
I have no idea...oh - the report
for last night done?

Clifford looks up.

CLIFFORD
Hmm? Yeah; I'm surprised they
bought the cover story about
teenage youths breaking ASBO's
and stealing double decker buses.

RHONA
Richard thought it.

A short sigh and shaking of the head comes as a reply from
Clifford.

CLIFFORD
Guy needs more imagination.

RICHARD (O.S.)
We protect British Interests,
Clifford. We do not write
fiction.

Richard walks past, stopping in between Rhona and Clifford.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I'm dreading this. He's not ready. He should not have fired weapons last night.

CLIFFORD

Rich, he -

(Richard glares; coughs)

- I-I mean sir. He probably helped keep me alive.

Richard lowers his head.

RICHARD

I know it's going to be very unpleasant.

Suddenly a SIREN rings out and LIGHTS flash - -

- But no one seems to be in shock, more anxious. Richard sighs again and walks to the door in the glass wall into:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And heads to his chair, rotating around and pushing a button as a printer sends out some paper.

He pulls it out of the printer within a swift movement and reads it. His face falling.

After taking a few breaths, he pushes a button and turns as the blinds open up.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD CENTRAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rhona and Clifford look at each other and then to Richard, who pushes another button.

RICHARD

(through intercom)

They want him to abduct someone, and bring him here for -

(beat)

- "Interrogation".

There's worrying looks being exchanged between Clifford and Rhona before Richard turns back around and the blinds close themselves, then:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OPEN ON:

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - LUNCH TIME

Some of the Sixth Formers are sitting on a small embankment leading to a sports field where a few of the lads are playing a game of football.

Amongst those watching them are Claire and Elena; watching Adam and Jon especially.

ELENA

What was funny was his mum came in, put his clean pants and socks into his drawer and walked out without batting an eyelid!

Claire laughs.

CLAIRE

Really?

Elena NODS.

Claire seems a bit distracted, however

ELENA

(tuts)

Just bloody ask him, will you?

CLAIRE

What?

ELENA

Ask Jon out. Or text him. Or show up in a dressing robe with a rose in your gob.

CLAIRE

I'll see.

They both turn to watch the game.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Where d'you know sells roses?

Elena just BURSTS out laughing.

ON THE FIELD

Jon now has the ball, and he immediately DARTS forward, swerving his body quickly against defenders who are just too slow! He's like the wind!

He's got the keeper to beat - he grins - -

- and LOBS it over the keeper's head! He can't do anything - **GOAL!**

Jon JUMPS in the air cheering and walks over to one of the floored defenders and extends a hand.

It belongs to Adam.

Adam takes it, looking a bit miffed.

ADAM
Show off.

JON
Hey. If you have it, use it mate.

ADAM
Anyway, what did Ball want?

They begin to walk over to the embankment.

JON
Tried to sort out me attitude problem.
(laughs)
He wants me to take up a sport.

ADAM
Why don't you then?

JON
(shrugs)
Cause they're boring.

Adam stops.

ADAM
But you're a natural at 'em, mate! Should do something at least!

Jon turns around, but keeps on walking backwards.

JON
But where's the challenge?

He walks off, leaving Adam there shaking his head in disbelief...and a sign of jealousy settles in there.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS FIELD - LATER

The Sixth Formers are all seated when - -

SIMPSON (O.S.)
Oi! GET OFF THE FIELD! **NOW!**

The Sixth Formers roll their eyes as Mr. Simpson walks out and starts to yell at those in a certain proximity.

Immediately the sixteen/seventeen year olds begin to get up and mutter things about the headteacher.

JON
(bitterly)
Tosspot.

Next to him, Claire LAUGHS.

CLAIRE
Erm...Jon?

JON
Yeah?

CLAIRE
You know after school - -

She notices Elena (with Adam's arm around her again) watching her with interest.

JON
What about it?

CLAIRE
I w-was wondering whether - -

Jon's phone GOES OFF, and he reads the message...and his expression CHANGES.

JON
Shit. I got to go.
(smiles)
Look, I see you lot tomorrow,
yeah? All right?

He suddenly heads off, running towards the school gates; leaving Claire standing there - confused.

Elena and Adam walk up to her; who's completely confused.

CLAIRE
Is it BO? Do I have it?
(to Adam)
Ad, you've got a penis - am I
ugly?

Adam glances to Elena.

ADAM
(coughs)
Well...if...er...

Elena just sniggers.

ELENA
 Awww...poor Adam.
 (beat; to Adam)
 What's wrong with him anyway?

He SHRUGS.

They both look to Adam.

ADAM
 Why you looking at me for?

ELENA
 You're his best mate!

ADAM
 And that means I'm supposed to
 know stuff about him? Since when?

Elena shakes her head, lets go from Adam's arm and walks off with Claire.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 What? What?

He sighs and follows them.

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD CENTRAL ROOM - LATER

Jon walks through, taking a deep breath and stopping by Clifford's desk; and smiling at Rhona.

JON
 I hate that lift. Bloody death
 trap. So what's the prob, Bob?

Clifford just gives him a dull look.

CLIFFORD
 It's bad.

Jon looks to Richard's office.

JON
 Monty ain't tried to crack to
 smile as he.

Clifford isn't laughing, which Jon immediately clocks on.

JON (CONT'D)
 Oh. Serious kind of bad then?

He glances over to see Rhona's looking slightly worried.

JON (CONT'D)
 (nervous laugh)
 Okay now you're beginning to
 scare even me.

The BLINDS begin to open; and Jon's face doesn't look very confident at the moment.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Screens shows a photo of a man, mid-thirties with a really thick moustache.

RICHARD
 The man you're looking at is Jack
 A. Flatley.

Richard is addressing the others seated around a small briefing table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Last night Jonathan was sent to intercept confidential communications between Flatley and an unknown contact. Flatley has been on the MI5's watch-list for sometime, apparently because since he was shipping illegal weapons to factions of the IRA who didn't follow the call to end the armed conflict last April.

RHONA
 (referencing from report)
 It isn't known exactly who his allegiances are with, however, but from what we got from the transmission was that Flatley's working for an extremist Right Wing party - -

CLIFFORD
 - BNP?

RHONA
 (shakes head)
 No.

RICHARD
 He was working for them. But intelligence have linked Flatley to be involved in a sub-section that's removed itself from the BNP to be more...extreme.

JON
By that you mean more violent?

Richard nods.

JON (CONT'D)
So he's Kilroy with an anger
problem then?

RHONA
(sharply)
Jonathan.

JON
Sorry.

RICHARD
We think that his associate might
be storing and intending to
supply one of these militant IRA
faction with a so far
undetermined modified weapon.

Richard stops, and looks at Jon with a real struggle to say
what he's about to say.

JON
What?

He notices everyone else seems to be slightly off.

JON (CONT'D)
(angered)
Okay, what the bleeding hell's
going on? I've had these funny
looks from you lot since I got
in!

There's still a small amount of silence. Richard leans on a
chair in front of him, a sharp intake of breath suggesting
he experienced some pain.

RICHARD
(slowly)
This isn't an espionage mission.

No reaction from Jon.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
The mission objective is to find
Flatley, abduct him - and then
interrogate him to find out who
this mysterious contact of his
is.

Beat.

JON

FINALLY!

He breathes a sigh of relief.

JON (CONT'D)

Something that's not boring!
Something more like last night.

He smiles; and Rhona and Clifford look to each other, and then to Richard.

Richard's lip begins to CURL.

RICHARD

Rhona. Clifford. Could you please
allow Jonathan and I to speak for
a few moments.

Rhona and Clifford NOD and walk out of the room, leaving Jon to wonder slightly what's going on. His bravado's slipped a little here.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Do you fully understand what's
going to happen from now on?

JON

(stands)

Last time I checked, I still
weren't that kid who noticed this
miserable arse visiting me every
so often. So - not a child.

RICHARD

(looking away)

Neither are you an adult.

Beat.

Richard fixes his gaze on Jon. There's a tense atmosphere in the room now.

JON

Missions are getting more
dangerous. So what? About bloody
time.

Richard looks down, his patience being tested.

RICHARD

Abduction. Something I don't
think you've had enough exper - -

JON

(quickly)

- I'll adapt.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

(beat)
I always do.

RICHARD

I know you do. But you're still not ready.

JON

(laughs)
I'll learn in ten minutes! I am the special - -

RICHARD

- You're still human!

Another tense beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Contrary to what you might believe in. You do not have super abilities...you are just better at certain things.

JON

Like everything.

RICHARD

You're not listening to me.

JON

Oh I am. I can hear your disbelief -

RICHARD

You are as much prone to human error as anyone else, and you can still die.

Beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I don't think you understand that. You might run faster...but you will still get worn out.

He leans up straight.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You still get stitch. You catch colds. You can bleed. No faster, no slower. You can get cancer for god's sake!

(sighs)

And you will feel guilt.

Jon tries to say something; but this seems to be getting into him.

JON

I dealt with those guards okay.

RICHARD

Firing bullets into air and hoping you hit someone isn't what I'm talking about!

(beat)

What I'm saying is that pretty soon, you are going to have to jump into the deep end.

He begins to walk around the table.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Soon, they'll give me a gun to give to you. They will then tell me that you will have to use that gun on someone.

He stops. Jon is clearly trying to look brave, but failing.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You then have a decision to make. Questions to ask yourself. "How many loved ones will miss this person?" "Can I deal with the pain that people might suffer because of what I might do to them." "What if that person could be redeemed for their crimes?"

A long beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You can't make that decision. Because if you go to make it in the field, then you're going to have a bullet find it's way into you.

Another beat. He's said his piece now.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Remember that.

He walks around the briefing table and pushes a button.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

Clifford, Rhona, we're continuing.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone's seated now. Jon's looks slightly more shook up now.

RICHARD

We know that Flatley is going to be holding a specific function at his house later this evening in the Cotswolds - -

CUT TO:

EXT. FLATLEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Establishing shot. A big stone solitary house surrounded by beautiful countryside.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clifford walks in, all dressed up in a suit and his hair all trimmed. He looks very swish.

RICHARD (V.O.)

The operation will go as such; Clifford has been invited to attend the party.

CLIFFORD (V.O.)

You want me to attend a function full of Right Wing Nationalists?

He looks around, looking slightly nervous - spotting JACK A. FLATLEY with his wife and beginning to walk towards him, smiling and extending a hand.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Flatley should be expecting you. Your name is - -

CLIFFORD

(smiling)

- Edwin Green. You were expecting me, Mr. Flatley?

Flatley looks to his wife, and then to Clifford.

FLATLEY

(confused)

Mr. Green?

Clifford nods.

CLIFFORD

That's me.

FLATLEY
You're...a surprise.

All Clifford can do is look around, noticing everyone giving him funny looks.

CLIFFORD (V.O.)
Okay you do know there's rumours of the BNP being racist - right? And I'm going in a house full of people they consider racist?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Of course. Flatley's profile has been described as a Nazi. And it's the only way that we will get him.

Flatley's wife gives a horrified look before walking off as Flatley takes Clifford's hand begrudgingly.

FLATLEY
(slight shock)
So, Mr. Green...where are you from?

CLIFFORD
Eton. Born and raised.
(beat)
Can we talk in private?

Flatley glances around nervously.

FLATLEY
(reluctantly)
I suppose.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Crawling out of a ventilation shaft is Jon! He slowly makes his way across to some beams holding the roof up and manages to fix myself in place, looking down on an unsuspecting GUARD standing still on duty.

His arms and legs are stretched, keeping him in place. One slip and he falls.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Jonathan will work his way through a recently installed air-conditioning network in the house and find a place outside Flatley's study - which is located on the ground floor.

Jon takes a silent breath.

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To which he will wait until
Clifford manages to convince
Flatley to head to his study.

JON (V.O.)
How will he do that?

RICHARD (V.O.)
He'll find a way.
(beat)
Then Jon should follow him into
the study, then subdue Flatley.

A SMALL VIBRATING NOISE is heard.

Jon PANICS, glances over to his pocket - -

- his PHONE'S VIBRATING...and moving out of his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Claire paces back and forth, holding the phone to her
ear...looking incredibly nervous.

CLAIRE
Please pick up, Jon...

She's really anxious.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Jon tries to bend his knees - but his phone's beginning to
fall out of his pocket!

Off his face:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

OPEN ON:

INT. HOUSE CORRIDOR - AS BEFORE

The phone slowly making it's own way out of the pocket - -

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

She takes a slow sigh and hangs up.

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

The phone STOPS - still thankfully in his pocket; and Jon silently thanks someone.

FLATLEY (O.S.)

Oh, I am interested in what you
have to say Mr. Green.

Jon narrows his eyes as the Guard side-steps allowing Flatley and Clifford to walk into the door to his study.

The door's closed and a locking sound is heard from the other side. Jon SMILES and DROPS -

- ONTO the guard! Double axe handle INTO the back.

He's out cold.

Turning around, he looks at the door and thinks for a moment and pulls out some lock-picking tools.

CUT TO:

INT. FLATLEY'S STUDY - SAME TIME

It's a posh and cliched study with desks, books and an old-fashioned feel to it. There's even a globe here.

CLIFFORD

Now this is nice. I like the dec -

FLATLEY

- who the HELL do you think you
are? Someone like you coming to
my house!

CLIFFORD

I think it's my right as a
British Citizen to support a
political part. Am I right?

FLATLEY

There's nothing about you that's British.

Clifford's brow HARDENS, and his fists clench.

CLIFFORD

I think the fact I was born here, raised here, and speak the language suggests other wise you arrogant piece of grime.

This angers Flatley.

FLATLEY

Who the hell are you?

CLIFFORD

(smirks)

Why don't you tell me about these illegal weapons you're planning on shipping to the IRA?

Beat.

A spark seems to ignite in Flatley as he PULLS OPEN a drawer - -

- but Clifford PUNCHES him around the temple! Knocking him out immediately.

Another beat.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Bastard.

He turns and unlocks the door, revealing Jon still trying to pick the lock.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I thought you were a genius?

Jon stands and walks in.

JON

Was figuring out the lock!

(beat)

It was new.

He finds Flatley sprawled over on the floor unconscious.

JON (CONT'D)

So who's carrying which end?

CUT TO:

EXT. FLATLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The study window is open and Jon and Clifford are carrying the unconscious Flatley across the fields.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Once you have him, you will meet
your contact outside.

They head to a black car, and Jon opens the passenger seat -

JON (V.O.)
Err...who? We only have four
members.

- and Rhona's sitting driving!

They load Flatley in the back, and Clifford jumps in with him while Jon gets in the passenger seat.

The doors close and the car SCREECHES into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD DARK ROOM - NEXT MORNING

WATER is splashed on Flatley's unconscious face, and he SNAPS his eyes open beginning to cough and splutter.

He looks around...it's a small black room. The only light comes from a small swinging bulb ahead - and in front of him is a woman in a chair.

WOMAN
We need to talk, Mr. Flatley.

The voice is Irish. She walks out - it's RHONA.

Flatley laughs. It carries on. And intensifies.

FLATLEY
Ahhh...great. Illegal methods of
torture.
(beat)
Should I've said interrogation?
Bugger that Geneva Convention
thing, eh?

Rhona's not intimidated at all, and begins to pace around him. Her steps echoing eerily off the walls.

RHONA
You are involved in handing over
experimental weapons over to
strong militants in the IRA.

She STOPS, kneeling down next to his ear.

RHONA (CONT'D)

(darkly)

And you're going to tell me who you were selling them too, who's your contact - and what they're going to use the weapons for.

His eyes scan down; noticing the Republic of Ireland badge.

FLATLEY

That accent's Belfast.

(meets her eyes)

You're a Unionist.

She ignores this and continues to pace around.

RHONA

Now why would a Right Wing extremist group want to help some IRA members that can't just let go?

FLATLEY

(smiles)

For the same cause as you.

Apparently.

She walks up and gives BACKHANDED SLAP around his face.

It's loud. And looks painful.

RHONA

Answer the questions, Jack. Or this will get interesting.

Flatley's smile doesn't fade.

FLATLEY

(chuckles)

The prestige of Britain. Of being British, is diluted by worrying about land we're not even attached to.

(beat)

You know it. I know it. Ireland needs to be whole.

Rhona looks away for a moment. He's hit something.

FLATLEY (CONT'D)

And if the process of uniting it takes some kind of violence...then I'm all for it. Then Britain can be it's own identity without worrying about all you lot.

RHONA
 (shakes head; disgusted)
 Ever heard of the term "peaceful
 resolution"?

Flatley thinks for a moment.

FLATLEY
 Was that a seventies rock band?

She just shakes her head and WALKS off, leaving Flatley
 sitting there smirking.

Walking to a door, she opens it into:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Richard, Clifford and Jon are watching this on
 monitors of separate angles and separate lenses.

RHONA
 I need to get tougher in there.

There's a NOD from Richard; and Jon picks up on this.

JON
 What do you mean...tougher?

RICHARD
 She has to do what she has to get
 him to reveal the information
 that we need.

This makes Jon visibly uncomfortable.

JON
 You mean torture?

RHONA
 Shall I start soon?

There's a NOD from Richard, and then looks to Clifford -
 who also nods and follows Rhona.

Jon stares at Flatley on the monitor, as does Richard.

JON
 You have to torture him?

RICHARD
 It is what we were asked to do.

JON
 B-but - -

RICHARD
This is the harsh reality in
which we live in Jonathan.

JON
W-would I have to do that?

RICHARD
If ordered. I must train you.
Like I must train you to kill
now.

Jon's face now looks green. Ill even.

He takes a deep breath, puts on a smile.

JON
(false bravado)
Looking forward to it.

Richard turns around, staring at him.

JON (CONT'D)
Have to learn sometime. Right?

There's no reply from the older man, and he turns back to
look at Flatley on the monitor. Jon's face falls however -
trying to process this.

HOLD ANGLE on the monitor:

FADE TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD MONITORING ROOM - LATER

Rhona and Clifford are now with Flatley, standing around
him - attaching things to his body. It's hard to make out.

The camera pans around to see Richard staring at the
monitor, with Jon behind him - cringing. Then - -

- SCREAMS echo from off-screen. From Flatley.

ZOOM IN on Jon's face, looking like he's going to HEAVE. He
looks away, then RUNS OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

Jon RUNS in, heading into a cubicle, lifting the seat up
and suddenly VOMITS hard.

There's coughing and spluttering.

A few moments pass and Jon flushes the chain, getting up and walking to the sink. Staring at the reflection looking back at him.

He turns the tap on then:

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD CENTRAL ROOM - LATER

Jon walks out, and Richard sits on the edge of the desk, his arms folded.

RICHARD
Perfectly normal human reaction.

Jon stares at him for a few moments; glancing down to the floor.

JON
I have to go to school. First
lesson's at eleven.
(beat; sarcastically)
Thank god I didn't have to be in
early, eh? Didn't want to miss
this.

Richard NODS as Jon turns and walks out of the O.G.C. Central Room. As he leaves, Richard gives another loud sigh before turning around to head back to the monitoring room.

CUT TO:

INT. WELCOME CORRIDOR - LATER

Jon walks in, looking a little better as he turns to head to the Sixth Form area.

SIMPSON (O.S.)
Mr. Moore!

Jon stops, clenching his teeth. He's in no mood. He turns to find the headteacher walking towards him.

SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Apparently you never turned up to
the two afternoon lessons you had
yesterday.

JON
(quietly)
Family emergency, sir.

SIMPSON

That so? Just make sure that if anyone in your family is dying or dies - that they do during your free periods or out of school hours. Understood?

Jon shakes his head, restraining himself from saying something bad.

JON

Of course sir.

Simpson SMILES.

SIMPSON

Good. I don't want to hear anything from Mr. Ball again. Okay?

Jon just NODS.

With that, Mr. Simpson walks off back where he came from, leaving Jon to walk down the corridor to the Sixth Form Common Room.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

Rhona's on her own with Flatley now. Her gaze is absolutely terrifying.

RHONA

(sounding calm)

Now. Tell me what I want to know.

Flatley looks up, exhausted, sweating, in complete pain.

FLATLEY

W-why don't you want this way?
Using force?

Rhona steps closer.

RHONA

Because the IRA has said that it will not use violence to achieve it's aims any more.

FLATLEY

W-which will fail. Ireland needs to destroy itself the o-old fashioned way.

Rhona raises a hand -

- and Flatley SCREAMS IN PAIN.

She lowers, and the screaming stops.

RHONA

I had family who died in IRA
nationalist attacks. Terrorist
attacks.

Flatley is almost out of breath.

RHONA (CONT'D)

I want a United Ireland. I'd love
a United Ireland...but one at
peace with Britain. One signalled
by handshakes instead of
bloodshed.

Coughs and splutters come from Flatley as he looks up to
meet her gaze.

FLATLEY

(weak)

I don't know what the weapon is.
I don't know what it'll be used
for. I know where it is. I know
who has it.

The camera pans around and:

FADE TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD MONITORING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard watching this. Camera goes past him into:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

To Clifford searching something on the computer.

FLATLEY (V.O.)

It's here. In Hackleback.

RHONA (V.O.)

His name?

Clifford finds it.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - LATER

Jon is walking down a school corridor when his phone rings.
He looks at who it is, and sighs.

JON
(into phone)
I can't miss any more lessons!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Richard sits with Rhona and Clifford on speaker phone.

RICHARD
Flatley's talked.

Jon leans back on the wall.

JON
(closes eyes; breathes)
What's he said?

RICHARD
He's given us a name, and a
location of the weapon.

JON
I can't get in yet.

RHONA
You won't have to.

Jon stops leaning.

JON
What?

The camera moves to Richard's computer - -

RICHARD
The name was Reginald Simpson.

- and MR. SIMPSON'S IMAGE is on Richard's screen!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OPEN ON:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - AS BEFORE

Jon stands there looking confused.

JON
(beat)
You what?

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Richard sighs.

RICHARD
Look, Reginald Simpson - the
headteacher of your school is
holding a weapon on the grounds.
You need to find it.
(beat)
I'm requesting help from above u.
Clifford and a helicopter pilot
will be heading your way ASAP. A
team from MI5 should follow
afterwards.

JON (O.S.)
(from phone)
Okay. I'm going to comm up.

He hangs up.

Richard nods towards Clifford and he leaves, as Rhona stands awaiting something.

RICHARD
Make sure we get a line to Jon's
comm.

She nods and leaves while Richard sits back in his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. SIXTH FORM COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jon's alone in the whole room as he searches his locker for something.

He finds his ear piece and places it in his ear.

JON
(into comm)
Gifted to HQ? Gifted to HQ? Do
you read?

RHONA (O.S.)
 (from comm)
 This is HQ. We read you Gifted.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Find a way to look around without
 causing too much attention.

JON
 (into comm)
 I've got some ideas.

He puts some of his other stuff in his locker and locks it.
 Walking out through the room and into:

INT. SIXTH FORM AREA CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Passing two closed doors to sixth form only rooms; walking
 off frame.

Keeping on the one door - -

- SMOKE can be seen creeping underneath.

There's a **FIRE!**

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jon walks down the empty corridor; seemingly lost about the
 first place to look - -

- When the FIRE ALARM bursts into action.

He looks UP - seemingly surprised by this himself as
 classroom doors BURST OPEN with Year 7 kids running out
 into the corridor.

Jon stands there, looking up as the kids go past
 him...oblivious to everything else - -

- But snaps out of it as he turns back around, realising
 something.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER SCHOOL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Adam, Elena and Claire are being led down the corridor by
 teachers bellowing at kids to act civilised.

ADAM
 Where the bleedin' hell's Jon
 gone?

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE
I ain't seen him all day.

They walk past MR. BALL, casting an eye over everyone.

MR. BALL
Hurry up and get on the sport's
field now!

He notices the trio walking past, already he's working suspicions in that head of his.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Jon's now in a slightly deserted part of the school;
breathing heavily.

HIS HEARTBEAT can be heard. Going very fast. He takes a
step forward - -

- And HIDES. A noise comes from in front of him as Simpson
walks out...looking panicked!

JON
(into comm)
Visual on Simpson.

He walks down a corridor and turns - to which Jon follows
him.

Around another corridor - Simpson uses a card key on an
electronic lock and opens the door. Looking around again -

- Jon HIDES from view...trying not to make a sound.

Simpson PUSHES the door forward and walks in -

- To which Jon DASHES forward REACHES the door! Stopping it
from shutting completely.

He takes another deep breath before entering:

INT. LOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are steps.

Jon slowly descends them - eventually reaching the bottom
of the stairway.

There's two doors in front of him; and he walks on through
into:

INT. HIDDEN STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And in front of him is a MISSILE. And surrounded are cases FULL of weapons!

Jon STOPS, looking at it in shock.

JON
(into comm)
I've found it. It's a missile. It
looks like an AGNI II - -

He DUCKS as Simpson SWINGS a metal bar at him!

SIMPSON
(stops; surprised)
Moore? Jonathan Moore?

JON
Sir.

Simpson laughs a little.

SIMPSON
You're MI5?

JON
That's classified.
(beat)
Why have you got an ANGI II
missile underneath a bloody
school for?

Simpson looks at the missile with a strange obsession.

SIMPSON
Well you are intelligent then.
And you know your stuff.

He STROKES the head of the missile.

SIMPSON (CONT'D)
This is a modified ANGI II
missile; programmed to launch at
specific coordinates for specific
casualties.

JON
What's the target?

SIMPSON
(smiles)
A building in Stormont. Nice
building, it houses -

JON
- The Northern Island Assembly.

Simpson NODS.

SIMPSON
Built it myself.

JON
But you're a bloody teacher!
(beat)
I knew you were evil.

There's an angry snarl from him in front of Jon.

SIMPSON
I'm not evil! The way that this
country is run is evil! Dilution
of the British Way! The Empire
used to mean something back in
the day. Instead of this,
this...Commonwealth.

JON
But why Northern Ireland?

SIMPSON
To speed up giving it back to the
Irish. Simple. Britain has to
involve itself in British matters
for British People. The real
patriotic way.

Jon SHAKES his head, not believing this.

JON
You sound like a famous Austrian.
Poor self image. Believed himself
to be something he wasn't. Right
prick, he was.
(smiles)
There was a nickname going around
school about you. We called you
Hitler. Reggie Hitler. Who'd of
thought they'd be true?

Beat.

Simpson CHARGES at Jon - -

But Jon DUCKS and FLIPS Simpson over, SMACKING him into the
wall! Jon runs around, heading to some control panels.

JON (CONT'D)
(into comm)
When the hell is Clifford getting
here?

RHONA (O.S.)
Soon.

As he searches a mass of screens, behind him Simpson gets up, running to Jon, SMASHING into a glass cabinet of guns and picking out a hand gun and aiming it at Jon.

SIMPSON
(still in disbelief)
You're MI5?

JON
(shrugs)
Yeah.

He gets closer to Jon.

SIMPSON
Oh well. I guess you were a
better pupil than we all thought
you were.

Jon takes a breath - -

- and STRIKES the hand with the gun - knocking into a small cage like area.

Simpson LEAPS forward again, but STRIKES Jon - knocking him back. He goes for another but Jon ROLLS to the side, jumping and KICKING Simpson in the back!

Simpson recovers and stands getting ready to fight as Jon also gets ready.

SIMPSON (CONT'D)
Fighting a person in authority,
Jonathan?

He KICKS - Jon blocks. Tries again, he blocks. But Jon's backing into the cage like area - and so leans in for a kick - -

- which is PUSHED back! Slamming Jon onto a lever!

Cage doors SHUT and the cage begins to RISE.

It's a utility lift!

It begins to ascend as Simpson GRABS Jon and SLAMS him against the wire wall! Bringing his arm to his throat and pushing pressure onto it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

It's the back end of the school, away from the sports hall. Smoke is beginning to rise at another part of the building.

The lift comes up, Simpson flicks a switch and the doors open - knocking Jon to the ground HARD.

He turns and grabs the gun, going back to find -

- a SHARP kick to the face!

The gun rolls across the roof top as Simpson shakes off the pain and PUNCHES Jon in the gut, and then around the face, sprawling him to the ground again.

Shaking it off Jon leaps forwards and GRABS the gun - -

- aiming at Simpson!

He gets to his feet and aims the gun at him.

RICHARD (V.O.)

You then have a decision to make.
 "How many loved ones will miss
 this person?" "Can I deal with
 the pain that people might suffer
 because of what I might do to
 them." "What if that person could
 be redeemed for their crimes??"

Jon FREEZES.

He can't pull the trigger.

Beat.

It's KNOCKED out of his hands by Simpson, but the teacher CHASES after it, followed by Jon - getting a hand to it! Stopping it from falling over the edge of the building!

He AIMS the gun at Jon, and gets to his feet. In the distance, Fire Engine sirens begin to drown out all noise. Simpson slowly squeezes the trigger - -

- Jon JUMPS -

- PUSHES the gun away -

- IT FIRES!

In Simpson's gut!

He staggers back - collapsing to the ground. Dead

Jon sees this, staggers back - loses his balance!

- And TOPPLES OVER the edge of the roof!

But he GRABS on to a broken ladder!

It's the same situation seen at the start of the episode.

He holds on tightly...looks down -
 - and it SCREECHES as it SUDDENLY lowers.

JON
 (into comm)
 WHERE THE FECKING HELL ARE YOU?

The sound of a BLACK HELICOPTER ROARS ABOVE HIM, slowing down and staying in position.

A figure leans out and holds out a THUMBS UP - it's CLIFFORD.

Jon takes a DEEP BREATH and begins to SWING on the ladder. Back and forth, building a momentum.

The ladder SNAPS -

- and Jon SWINGS THROUGH a window into:

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where he flies to the ground - but ROLLS to a stop.

Beat.

He gets to his feet, getting his breath back. He then takes a few steps forward.

JON
 (into comm)
 That was so cool.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
 (from comm)
 Are you okay?

JON
 (into comm)
 Yeah. Take that lift on the room
 and the missile is in there.
 (beat; slowly)
 As well as the body of my
 headteacher.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD OPS ROOM - SAME TIME

Rhona breathes a sigh of relief as does Richard. She gives him a look, as if expecting a smile from him.

He doesn't smile.

RICHARD
 (into comm)
 Okay, Clifford - MI5 are going to
 be sending more people to deal
 with the missile. Find it and
 secure.
 (to Rhona)
 Find a way to evacuate that
 building.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

Jon gets to his feet, remembers something -

JON
 SHIT!

He RUNS off!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - SAME TIME

School students and sixth form are all lined up, and in
 front of the Sixth Form line Mr. Ball opens the register.

MR. BALL
 (calling out)
 Okay, when I call your name out
 raise your hand.
 (read)
 Adib Awar?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Jon DARTS through the school as fast as he can, heading
 towards some doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - SAME TIME

Mr. Ball's still reading.

MR. BALL
 (calling out)
 Elena Danson!

Elena raises her hand.

ELENA
(calling out)
Sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. HACKLEBACK FOUNDATION SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Heading around the building, Jon is STILL SPEEDING as fast as he can!

He TURNS sharply -

- and GASPS as a sharp PAIN HITS his right side.

It's a stitch!

But he KEEPS carrying on despite it!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - SAME TIME

Still reading.

MR. BALL
(calling out)
Christian Kisetta?

No reply.

MR. BALL (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Jonathan Moore?

No reply.

MR. BALL (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Jonathan Moore?

Beat.

JON
(raises hand)
Sir!

Mr. Ball looks at him, a sour expression on his face...and then back to the register.

Jon holds the side of his stomach as he slowly begins to breath. Adam, Claire and Elena walk up to him.

ADAM
Where were you?

Jon goes to answer -

MR. BALL
Yes, Mr. Moore. Where were you?

This causes Jon to LAUGH.

JON
You want to know sir?

MR. BALL
Yes.

JON
I was on the bog, sir.
(beat)
You don't want any more detail do
you sir?

Mr. Ball stands there, trying not to look defeated.

MR. BALL
You're quite all right, Mr.
Moore.

He goes off to resume his registering.

Jon looks up and sees more helicopters coming in from the
distance.

FADE TO:

INT. OPERATION GIFTED CHILD CENTRAL ROOM - LATER

Jon is sitting on a table, and Richard is standing, leaning
on the separator between Clifford and Rhona's desks.

JON
What happened to Flatley?

RICHARD
He's in MI5 custody now.

JON
And Simpson?

RICHARD
He was a threat to an agent of
the British Government who needed
to survive.

Jon jumps off and sits in Clifford's chair.

FADE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Jon walks up to two pairs of graves, holding a small bunch
of flowers.

RICHARD (V.O.)
It happens Jonathan. You need to
be able to accept that.

JON (V.O.)
How?

RICHARD (V.O.)
It takes time.

He places the flowers on the graves.

One says THOMAS MOORE and the other says AMANDA MOORE.

They're his parents.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sor -

Jon TURNS -

- Claire's standing there.

JON
Claire?

She offers a small smile.

CLAIRE
(slightly nervous)
Sorry. I wanted to speak to you
about something after school, and
followed you. I should've said
something but I didn't...and now
I'm here.

JON
Oh.

He looks back to the graves, and Claire follows his gaze.

CLAIRE
(notices; reads graves)
Oh. Oh. Sorry - I shouldn't have
come - -

JON
No! Don't.
(smiles)
Sorry. It's just I don't visit
them often enough.

CLAIRE
Oh.
(beat)
Do you remember them often?

JON
I never met them.

Beat.

CLAIRE
Oh.

JON
Dad died a month before I was
born. Mum died during child-
birth.

Another beat. Claire doesn't really know what she says at
the moment.

JON (CONT'D)
What did you want to talk to me
about?

Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE
It's nothing...

He smiles.

JON
Come on. Must've been important.

She bites her lip.

CLAIRE
I was just wondering if you'd
wanna do something after school
one day.

Jon thinks for a moment.

JON
Well I ain't doing anything now.

This suddenly perks Claire up.

CLAIRE
(smiles)
Err...okay.

JON
I'll catch up with you in a
minute.

She nods and leaves Jon to stand there to stare at his
parents' graves.

RICHARD (V.O.)
What I'm saying is that pretty
soon, you are going to have to
jump into the deep end.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MR. Simpson's body. Lying there. Motionless.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SIXTH FORM STUDY ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A bin of paper.

Jon standing above it - DROPPING matches into it.

BACK TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - AS BEFORE

Jon lowers his head...his face showing a less cocky
attitude. And one of fear.

Off that:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE