STONEHAVEN

Episode One

"Second Chance"

by

Adam Scott and Tamsin Mellor

FADE IN:

EXT. SIXTH-FORM CAR PARK -- DAY

EXTREME CLOSE on a car registration plate:

"HEX 139"

PULL BACK to reveal the car it belongs to - a silver Ford KA with a noticeable dint in the driver's side door.

We are in the student car park of a comprehensive school - in the background we see a building; the sixth form block.

We PAN UPWARDS towards the open window - sounds from within can be heard.

MURPHY (O.S.) ...to which Churchill replied, "If I was your husband, I'd drink it..."

INT. SIXTH-FORM CLASSROOM -- DAY

An appreciative laugh goes up from the class - sixth formers in their late teens. At the front of the class, MR MURPHY (40s, Irish and proud of it) giving the lecture.

> MURPHY A great statesman and a great leader Churchill may have been ... and by all accounts he was - but he was a cantankerous old bugger, and it's probably best that we remember that.

CLOSE on a hand writing a note surreptitiously behind a file, out of Murphy's view.

JONATHAN HECTOR (forever to be known to just about everyone as HEX) rips the paper off his pad and passes it under the table. Hex is seventeen, brown haired, completely average guy - not an overachiever, not a lazy person; not the best looking guy in the world, certainly not the ugliest.

Across the table the note reaches ANNA CORBEN (also seventeen) the looker of the class.

She reads it, grins, writes something on the bottom and passes it back.

Murphy continues to lecture, seemingly unawares.

MURPHY (CONT'D) Of course, Churchill found himself in something of a precarious situation. You all know the story about Coventry, I take it? No? The legend goes that Churchill's people, having managed to crack the Enigma code, learned that the Germans were planning to bomb Coventry -Mr (MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D) Hector, are we interrupting something?

He never raises his voice, but Hex jumps as if stung.

HEX No, not at all.

MURPHY

Paper.

Hex guiltily tries to hide the paper in his hand - Murphy gives him a wry grin.

MURPHY (CONT'D) Get your head screwed on the correct way, Hex - just because your dad's a minister doesn't give you diplomatic immunity. (laughter) But you should have been paying attention - you might have decided to code the messages you were sending to Miss Corben.

A laugh from the class - both Hex and Anna look embarrassed. The bell rings.

MURPHY (CONT'D) Essays in on Monday, everyone remember, life-threatening injury is not an excuse!

His words are lost in the noise of everyone getting up to go.

EXT. SIXTH-FORM CAR PARK -- DAY

The sixth formers emerge the building, de-mob happy.

Hex sneaks up behind Anna, whispers in her ear.

HEX

Hello.

Anna turns, favours him with a smile.

ANNA

Hello.

HEX Sure you can't get off early tonight?

ANNA Nope - way things are at work they're likely to keep us there right till we finish.

HEX Damn. See you in the Legs tonight? You bet.

HEX

(grins) Great.

He kisses her on the cheek then moves over to the car we saw earlier. Across the car park Anna gets into her car she pulls a face at the sight of the dent in the door.

> ANNA You might want to get that taken out.

HEX Why? That's what gives this thing it's character.

She grins and shakes her head - boys and their toys. She gets into her car and drives off, tooting the horn at him as he goes past. Hex grins and waves after her.

INT. HECTOR HOUSE -- DAY

Hex pulls his car up on the driveway. He gets out and notices a black Mercedes parked there too.

He shakes his head.

HEX

Oh boy.

INT. HECTOR HOUSE -- DAY

Hex's mother, SUE (40s) is stirring a sauce on the hob.

After a moment a hand holding a spoon comes INTO FRAME to grab a sneaky bit - she slaps the hand, HARD.

SUE When it's ready!

Hex's father, WILLIAM (also 40s) grins in mock-wounded pride.

WILLIAM

That hurt.

SUE It was supposed to.

WILLIAM And it's wrong to miss my wife's home cooking?

SUE Don't they feed you at the House of Commons?

WILLIAM Nope - hunger keeps us on our toes. Sue laughs. The door bangs open in the background.

HEX (O.S.)

Anyone in?

SUE

In here!

Hex enters.

HEX

Hey mum.

Father and son lock eyes - there is an awkward moment between the two of them.

WILLIAM How's it going, son?

HEX Fine. Didn't know you were coming back.

SUE Neither did I.

WILLIAM Last minute decision.

HEX

Thought you weren't going to be back for another week - you being the big important Minister these days.

A definite accusation.

INT. HECTOR HOUSE -- LATER

Hex is getting ready to go out, buttoning up a smart shirt. A knock on the door - he turns as his father enters.

> WILLIAM I know this isn't the best of arrangements...

HEX Dad, you don't have to apologise the job's the job, I know that.

WILLIAM I know you know, but ... well, it doesn't make things easier.

He sits down on the bed.

WILLIAM

My workload's gone up something chronic since the promotion - I couldn't say no to the Prime Minister, Jonathan. HEX Dad, it's fine, really.

WILLIAM

It's just...

He sighs in frustration, stands up to face his son.

WILLIAM (CONT'D) I just don't want you and your mother to become victims to my job.

HEX Dad, I'm fine. Nothing bad's going to happen.

EXT. PUB -- NIGHT

Loud dance music pounds from the inside

INT. PUB -- NIGHT

It's Friday night and the pub is packed - getting to the bar appears impossible, a DJ is almost invisible behind flashing lights and speakers.

At the back of the pub Hex is crammed into a corner with Anna, the two of them having to talk loudly to be heard.

ANNA Sounds like he feels terrible.

HEX

I'm sure he does. There's times I just don't understand my dad. The job means everything to him--

ANNA

Understatement of the year.

HEX

But it's like he feels guilty about enjoying his success. I mean, for god's sake he's finally got the minister's job, that's what he wanted all this time--

ANNA

He probably just wants to spend more time with you and your mum.

HEX

Maybe. I wish he'd stop making everything into a crisis - still, he's a politician, what'cha gonna do?

He downs the last of his drink.

HEX (CONT'D) Same again?

ANNA Why not? In fact, make it a double you want to drown your sorrows, I'll join you.

Hex grins.

He gets up, makes his way to the bar, passing a MAN IN A BLACK LEATHER JACKET, who is watching Hex very carefully.

Hex reaches the bar, waves a fiver in the direction of the BARMAID.

HEX

Same again.

BARMAID

Coming up.

The man in the jacket turns and walks towards Hex with intent.

Hex pays for his drinks, looks up as--

MAN

Hector!

Hex turns - a flash of steel--

And the man stabs Hex in the stomach with a gigantic army bayonet! In the chaos nobody notices at first - the man grabs Hex's shoulder, pulls him in closer...

MAN (CONT'D) (whispered) The blood of my son is on your father's hands...

He TWISTS the knife--

MAN (CONT'D) And now the blood of his son is on mine...

He pulls back - Hex falls to the ground, blood everywhere-

The whole scene degenerates into chaos - blood, screams, terrified...

Close on Hex, as he looks down, sees the bayonet embedded in his stomach and--

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Hex's silver KA drives up a country road.

INT. HEX'S CAR -- DAY

Hex drives in silence, looking straight ahead.

I'm sorry...

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hex sits facing his father, along with a MAN IN A SUIT.

WILLIAM The plain fact is that you're in danger - people are going to want to use you to get to me.

HEX I don't want to-

WILLIAM You're not safe, son.

HEX So you're sending me away?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

We PULL BACK from Hex's car to see that he is accompanied by TWO ARMY JEEPS, one in front and one behind.

WILLIAM (V.O.) It's the best place for you...

CUT TO:

INT. HECTOR HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The man in the suit is now speaking.

SUIT The academy is the most secure place for you - you'll be in absolutely no danger.

HEX Dad, I really don't want to go.

WILLIAM I just want you to be safe, Jonathan--

CUT TO:

INT. HEX'S CAR -- DAY

Hex drives, his face showing no emotion.

SUE (V.O.) Will he be safe there?

WILLIAM (V.O) Safer than here ... I'm afraid there's simply no other way... EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Hex's car drives past a sign:

"Stonehaven Academy

Private - strictly no admittance"

INT. HEX'S CAR -- DAY

Hex looks up at the sight in front of him--

Stonehaven Academy - a huge college-like campus, surrounded by high walls and barbed wire. Security guards with dogs patrol the perimeter. The place looks like a jail.

HEX (muttered) Into the valley of death...

EXT. STONEHAVEN - GUARD STATION -- DAY

Hex's car pulls to a stop in front of the guard station. A GUARD steps forward - Hex spots the holstered gun on his hip. Hex rolls the window down.

GUARD Can I see some ID?

Hex produces an ID card bearing his photo. The guard looks from it to Hex's face and back again.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He steps back, the barrier raises ... Hex takes a deep breath and drives his car in.

EXT. STONEHAVEN - CAR PARK

Hex drives past a line of cars ... all EXPENSIVE. He reverses into a space between a Porsche Boxster on one side and a Rolls Royce on the other.

He gets out, takes a look - the contrast is obvious.

Hex looks up - a bunch of students have watched him arrive. They're pointing at the car and trying not to laugh. Hex scowls, opens the boot to retrieve his bags.

Hex looks up as a uniformed porter - WILKIN (50s) - approaches.

WILKIN Can I help you with that, sir?

Hex shrugs, allows his bags to be placed on the trolley.

WILKIN (CONT'D) Mr Reynolds asked me to send you straight up to see him, Mr Hector. Hex gives the old porter a surprised look.

HEX

You know who I am?

WILKIN

Oh yes, sir.

Hex shakes his head, turns and walks towards the imposing main building - the words "Stonehaven Academy" are prominent above the door.

REYNOLDS (V.O.) The security precautions may seem a little extreme, but contrary to popular belief, they are not in place to keep the students inside ... they are to keep people OUT.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STONEHAVEN - REYNOLDS' OFFICE -- DAY

Hex stands before the desk, facing the headmaster, JACOB REYNOLDS (50s, attitude of a military officer, grey wings in his hair) who is pacing up and down.

REYNOLDS

Stonehaven is not a prison. We are also not a private school for the gifted. We are a school for the children of rich, powerful and or important parents, children who may find themselves at risk because of who their parents happen to be.

HEX

So I'd gathered.

His hand almost involuntarily goes to his stomach - where he was stabbed. Reynolds stops pacing, gives him a look.

REYNOLDS

However, we are still a very respected academic institution, with a great reputation that I expect all students to live up to, regardless of who their parents happen to be.

HEX

Yes sir.

A moment - then Reynolds smiles and extends his hand.

REYNOLDS Welcome to Stonehaven Academy, Mr Hector.

They shake hands. There is a knock on the door.

Enter.

The door opens and AL MARSTON (40s, big and muscular but with an honest face) enters.

REYNOLDS Mr Marston, I'd like you to meet Jonathan Hector, he just started here. Jonathan, this is Mr Marston, our games teacher.

MARSTON

Hey.

HEX

(they shake)

Hi.

REYNOLDS

Mr Marston is going to give you a tour of the campus and grounds, then show you to your room so you can get settled in. However, there is something I wish to make very clear from the beginning.

Hex suddenly looks apprehensive. Reynolds stands up and looks him in the eye to underscore his point.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) The security precautions you saw at the gate are very real. The entire campus is patrolled constantly; we are monitored by CCTV. Permission to leave the grounds must be obtained by a teacher. (pause) These precautions are here for a reason - the protection of the students and staff. Obey the rules and you will have nothing to worry about. Ignore them and you place the entire school, plus everyone in it, in danger. Are we clear?

Hex nods - crystal.

HEX

Yes sir.

INT. STONEHAVEN - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Hex and Marston make their way down the corridor.

MARSTON Most of your lessons will be taken here, in this building. We're very much an old-fashioned institution here.

HEX

Just the students who are a bit different?

MARSTON

(grins) Something like that. Don't worry about Reynolds giving you the drill sergeant bit.

HEX

He's always like that?

Marston grins and nods; Hex allows himself a slight grin, feeling he has been given a confidence.

MARSTON

Well, in all fairness he's got a very difficult job to do. He wasn't overstating things when he was talking about security - the threat here is very real. We have an average of four attempts to breach the school every year.

HEX

Really?

MARSTON Just as well we've hired the best security in the business.

EXT. STONEHAVEN GROUNDS -- DAY

Marston and Hex emerge out into the sunshine.

MARSTON Playing fields. Hope you're good at Rugby - we need a new scrum half.

HEX Never played it that much.

MARSTON That's gonna change. Let's see...

He consults a piece of paper.

MARSTON (CONT'D) You're in Helvellyn.

HEX

Excuse me?

Marston grins. They change direction, heading down another path.

MARSTON The students are divided into four houses - we got Blencathra, (MORE) MARSTON (CONT'D) Helvellyn, Skiddaw and Fairfield, named after--

HEX Cumbrian mountains?

MARSTON Full marks. You are in Helvellyn just over here.

He leads Hex over to an imposing building, decked out in yellow house colours.

MARSTON (CONT'D) Something of a culture shock, all this?

HEX Something like that.

Marston gives him a sympathetic look.

MARSTON You'll be okay - if you're anything like your dad--

Hex's head shoots up.

HEX You know my dad?

MARSTON We met. A long time ago.

HEX

How?

Marston gives him a mysterious smile.

MARSTON If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

Hex looks uncertain if he should laugh or not. The two of them enter the Helvellyn building.

INT. HELVELLYN CORRIDOR -- DAY

Marston leads Hex along the row of doors, checking off numbers as he does.

MARSTON 117 ... okay, this is you.

He stops by the door, hands Hex a key.

MARSTON (CONT'D) Okay ... porters should have brought your stuff up, you got your timetable, anything you want, just (MORE)

MARSTON (CONT'D) ask. Anything else I can help you with?

HEX How about letting me go home?

Marston gives him an ironic look, laughs and walks off. Hex looks at the key in his hand, takes a deep breath and opens the door.

INT. HEX AND NOAH'S ROOM -- DAY

Hex enters and looks around - the room resembles a luxury hotel with two four-poster beds, two desks and leather seats.

SPARKS! - Hex jumps, and then muffled swearing off screen.

NOAH (O.S.)

Goddammn it...

NOAH LANGSTROM emerges from under a gigantic flatscreen TV, sucking a bloodied finger and carrying a screwdriver. He is about Hex's age, dark haired with blond highlights, easygoing.

He looks up in surprise at the new arrival.

HEX Having trouble?

NOAH No, I think that should just about do it...

He switches on the TV - nothing happens.

HEX It's probably a--

NOAH

Wait.

A moment ... then Noah KICKS the TV deliberately, striking a very specific point - and the picture comes to life, PERFECT.

HEX

Not bad.

NOAH

It'll do.

He grins and gives Hex a sizing-up kinda look.

NOAH (CONT'D) Heard I was getting another victim.

HEX That bad, huh? NOAH

You've no idea.

He extends his hand.

NOAH (CONT'D) Noah Langstrom. You must be Jonathan Hector?

HEX

It's just Hex.

NOAH Hex? Cool. Welcome to High-Risk High.

Hex laughs as he dumps his bag on the empty bed and starts emptying his gear out. His bags from the car are piled neatly beside his bed.

> HEX How'd you know my name?

> > NOAH

Saw your photo in the paper. Big news that, Minister's son getting stabbed and everything--

Hex winces - Noah looks pained.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

HEX Don't worry about it. So, what brings you to prison?

NOAH

(laughs)
Ah, you're one of those are you?
Give it time, you'll get used to
it.

Hex tips a load of CDs out onto his bed. Noah comes over to have a look, nods his head in approval.

> NOAH Not bad. Wide taste.

HEX You sound informed.

NOAH My dad's a musician.

HEX Musician? What kind?

Noah just grins ... and after a moment Hex notices that his gaze is fixed on the CD in his hand. He looks down - by a band called Rebel Riot.

NOAH

Keep going ...

HEX Langstrom, did you say?

NOAH

And on...

Hex looks at the CD ... the long haired, guitar-wielding rock star on the front has a certain resemblance...

HEX

Ritchie Langstrom? Ritchie Langstrom is your...

NOAH

Got it in one.

There's a moment ... Hex looks slightly awestruck, he's sharing a room with the son of a rock star ... then a bell rings throughout the building.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

He grabs his jacket off his bed, turns and walks to the door, then looks back expectantly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Coming?

HEX

Coming where?

NOAH

Wouldn't want to miss history on your first day, would you?

He heads out of the room. Hex shrugs and follows him.

EXT. HELVELLYN -- DAY

Hex and Noah emerge from the building - Noah leads Hex back the way he came, towards the main school. The sky has suddenly gone overcast.

NOAH

Okay, this is High-Risk High 101. Everyone you see here is connected actors, politicians, generals, millionaire pesticide magnates--

HEX

Rock stars?

NOAH

And even rock stars send their sprogs here. Why? Well it's not because we're particularly bright or particularly dangerous-- HEX

It's because we're not safe in the outside.

NOAH

Ah, you got Reynolds' pep talk did you?

HEX (grins) Something like that.

A distant rumble.

HEX That sounded like thunder.

NOAH We will hear thunder if we don't hurry up.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Noah and Hex are sat together at a table near the middle of the class. Hex looks around, suddenly realises everyone is checking him out.

In his denim jacket and worn clothes, he looks (and is beginning to feel) out of place among the Armani and Prada that surround him.

Rain has begun to spatter against the windows.

Noah taps him on the shoulder.

NOAH

So the first thing you've got to do is not be star struck. There's plenty here who'll take offence, so just treat everyone at face value. We don't get a right lot of privacy in our lives, so we like to keep things as simple as possible here. You got that?

HEX

Got it.

Noah grins at him.

NOAH Welcome to the jungle, Hex.

A gang of gigantic lads - including KEVIN BANNISTER (18) are stood in the corner talking - suspicious glances are fired in Hex and Noah's direction.

KEVIN

(to gang) So anyhow, I'm coming through the front door and the silliest car (MORE) KEVIN (CONT'D) you've ever seen drives up. It's one of those tin pot little KA numbers, scruffy as hell, and it's got a huge dint in the side door like the driver couldn't even afford to have it taken out!

A laugh goes up - Hex's face goes dark. He tries to stand up but Noah grabs his wrist and pulls him down.

NOAH

Don't rise to it - he's a trouble maker, just ignore him.

HEX

Right...

KEVIN (continuing loudly) I mean, it's lowering the tone of the place - I'm not sure I want that parked next to the MG--

PARIS (0.S.) (American accent) Kevin?

Hex turns to look - and the single most beautiful girl we have ever seen walks into the room. This is PARIS BECKERMAN.

The effect on Hex is almost physical. Noah grins.

NOAH Yeah, she kinda gets you like that.

PARIS (to Kevin) Your mouth is talking. You might want to do something about that.

Kevin looks highly embarrassed and shuts up.

KEVIN Didn't think you were taking on charity cases, Paris.

PARIS I'm not - hence the reason I'm not taking on you.

HEX

Who...?

Paris spots Hex and looks intrigued. She makes her way over and sits down beside him.

PARIS

New blood?

NOAH Something like that. She completely ignores Noah and turns all her attention onto Hex.

PARIS Hi - I'm Paris, welcome to Stonehaven.

They shake hands - Hex looks awkward.

HEX Hi ... I'm Hex.

PARIS

Hex?

HEX

Uh, yeah.

PARIS Interesting name.

HEX

So's yours.

She grins at him. Hex looks back at Noah, who's desperately trying to find somewhere else to look.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE PUB -- DAY

It's pouring with rain - a few people scuttle into the pub. A moment while we take in the sheer wetness.

A car pulls up and stops in front of the pub. We PULL BACK and find that we are watching this over a man's shoulder. He doesn't have an umbrella, nothing so much as a hood, but he is completely ignoring the rain.

Reynolds gets out of the car, putting up a black umbrella. He says a few words to the driver and the car pulls off.

Reynolds walks up to the door - as he reaches it, he sees the man and stops. He looks disappointed.

REYNOLDS

Oh. You're here.

The front door in between the two men, Reynolds on the left and the stranger on the right.

This is JOHN CLARK (30s), a completely average looking guy, someone you wouldn't notice if you passed him in the street. Reynolds doesn't like him.

CLARK It's my job. Shall we?

Reynolds stands back and lets Clark enter the pub before following him in, never taking his eyes off him.

Reynolds is sat in a secluded corner filling his pipe. After a moment Clark approaches, carrying a pint for himself and an orange juice for Reynolds.

As Clark sits down Reynolds notices something - a battered looking briefcase. Reynolds pauses and eyes it suspiciously for a moment.

REYNOLDS You know I don't like having you people in my school.

CLARK You've made that abundantly clear-

REYNOLDS Although I don't seem to have any say in the matter.

CLARK Not that you haven't tried.

Reynolds gives him a suspicious look.

REYNOLDS Is this really necessary?

CLARK The argument or me?

Reynolds narrows his eyes.

REYNOLDS You know what I mean.

CLARK

Like you say, you have no say in the matter - and neither do I.

A moment. Reynolds lights his pipe and looks down - the briefcase still sits there ominously.

REYNOLDS Am I going to be told any more, or do I have to put blind faith into a trigger-happy psychopath?

This clearly ruffles Clark, but he barely reacts.

CLARK My reputation has gone before me.

REYNOLDS I thought they'd finally put you in a desk job.

CLARK So did I.

His tone is half-regretful.

In answer ... no, I can't tell you any more. This operation is need to know--

REYNOLDS

And I don't?

CLARK

Just so.

An ominous silence between the two men.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

The lesson continues to it's conclusion. The teacher, MR SPENCE (mid twenties, blond, far too cool to be a teacher) is pacing up and down giving the lecture.

SPENCE ...but you have to remember the main difference between a primary and a secondary source...

At the back of the class Hex is frantically scribbling, looking lost. Paris glances over, sees he's in trouble. She pushes her book across the table to him.

PARIS

Here.

HEX

Thanks.

He keeps scribbling. At that moment the bell rings.

SPENCE

Okay, lunchtime - to hell with the lot of you.

Everyone scrambles to get their bags and coats. Paris gives Hex an appraising look.

PARIS Just started here?

HEX

Today.

PARIS I'll look forward to seeing you around.

She flashes him a dazzling smile as she leaves. Hex looks back at Noah, who is giving him a look that could melt metal.

HEX

What?

NOAH You bastard. Hex stuffs his books into his bags.

HEX Yeah, well, not interested.

NOAH Not interested?

HEX Got a girl back home.

NOAH

Right... (grins) We'll see how long that one lasts for.

HEX You like her so much, you ask her out.

He heads out of the classroom. Noah shakes his head.

NOAH

INT. DINING HALL -- DAY

If only.

The place is decked out with tables full of lunching students. Hex and Noah enter, grab their trays and get in line. Hex makes a face.

HEX School dinners.

NOAH

Not quite.

HEX Not as bad as the legends?

NOAH Not when you consider where this school gets it's money from. One good case of food poisoning and bang, instant Karma.

HEX

I see ... They reach the servers and select their meals.

EXTREME CLOSE - a picture postcard: "In a New York Minute"

MICHAEL (O.S.) Another one?

FRANKI (O.S.) He's never disappointed me yet. 21.

FRANKI LANGSTROM and MICHAEL THOMAS sit at a table near the back of the hall.

FRANKI is Noah's twin, but beyond a certain family resemblance they're basically chalk and cheese. She is pretty, friendly and easygoing, the type of girl your mum wants you to bring home.

MICHAEL is dark haired and good looking in a completely average kind of way, but with something of a military bearing. He gives the postcard an ironic look.

MICHAEL So that's how many this week?

FRANKI Three. Although they're about a week out of date.

MICHAEL Perils of being sent from around the world?

FRANKI Should've thought you'd know all about that, Admiral.

Michael winces at the nickname.

They both look up as a tray clatters down - Noah making his usual entrance.

NOAH

Hey sis.

Noah and Hex sit down and Noah grabs the postcard from Franki.

NOAH (CONT'D) New York? (nods in approval) The old man's got the right idea.

FRANKI I doubt he'll get much time in for sightseeing.

NOAH I dunno - he always seems to find the time somehow.

FRANKI

Suppose so.

Hex looks completely lost, something Noah clues in on immediately.

NOAH

Dad's been sending her a postcard from everywhere he goes ever since she was three.

FRANKI

Four.

NOAH No, it was three

FRANKI Really? Must have lost track. Who's this?

She jerks her head in Hex's direction. Hex waves a hand shyly.

HEX

Um ... hi.

NOAH Alright - Hex, this is Michael Thomas, the Admiral--

MICHAEL (winces)

Knock it off, funny man. NOAH

(never breaking flow) --and this is Franki - she represents my more sensible side.

FRANKI You ain't got a sensible side, how can I represent it?

MICHAEL Tough job but someone's gotta do it.

NOAH This is Hex.

Hex is trying not to feel out of place.

MICHAEL

Hey.

HEX (they shake) Hey.

MICHAEL Just started?

HEX Drove in this morning.

MICHAEL

Do I take it Marston gave you the obligatory sales pitch for the rugby team?

Hex looks confused.

HEX

Have I been set up? How much is my dad paying you? This is some kind of sick joke you've all cooked up, isn't it?

FRANKI

Ignore them.

MICHAEL Marston's been giving that speech for six years, ever since he got hired - same one.

FRANKI

(to Hex) They've never gone and paired you up with this psycho?

Noah tries to look insulted through a mouthful of mashed potato.

HEX

Looks like.

Michael looks curious.

MICHAEL

Hex?

HEX Jonathan Hector. I've been called Hex since primary school.

MICHAEL Hector ... let me guess - the son of William Hector who got--

NOAH

Bayoneted?

Franki kicks Noah under the table, HARD.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Ow!

Hex smiles in spite of himself.

HEX Yeah, that'd be me.

FRANKI Welcome to the loony bin.

HEX

You're not wrong.

He takes in the great hall in a long swooping look.

MICHAEL Bit of a culture shock?

HEX

Well I've been here all of two hours and I can honestly say this is the single weirdest school I've ever seen.

They all laugh. Hex glances across the room and sees Paris emerging from the lunch queue carrying a tray with a bottle of water and the skinniest salad you can possibly imagine.

Noah looks up, sees where Hex is looking and grins.

NOAH Creature of the night, three o'clock.

Paris sits down at a table and is immediately enfolded in a huge hug and kiss from the gigantic lad sat next to her -JT MARSH (18) the captain of the Helvelyn Rugby team.

> MICHAEL Yeah, I can see you've already experienced Paris.

FRANKI She's not that bad.

MICHAEL No, it's just the image.

HEX What do you mean?

They all glare at him like he's insane.

NOAH Fortune 500? The movie?

Something twigs in Hex's brain. He looks across at Paris as though seeing her for the first time.

HEX

Paris? Paris Beckerman, as in--

MICHAEL BAFTA award winning young actress, daughter of the stars.

FRANKI

Pretty much.

HEX

I knew I'd seen her face somewhere before.

He goes back to his dinner, grinning slightly.

HEX Maybe this place won't be so bad after all.

INT. PUB - CLARK'S ROOM -- DAY

Clark enters, case in hand - absolutely drenched but, again, not noticing it. He lays his case on the bed, hangs up his coat and locks the door.

He opens the case - inside we see the general detritus of a teacher, a few unmarked essays, lesson plans, a school year diary. Several well thumbed books and plays complete the set.

He takes out a copy of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and places it on the bedside cabinet before tipping the contents of the case out onto the bed. He pulls the empty bottom a concealed panel - open.

Inside the bottom are the pieces of a dangerous-looking sniper rifle.

Off Clark's look - which has suddenly got a lot more sinister - we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HELVELLYN -- EVENING

Just to establish.

HEX (V.O.) Yeah, just finished my first day.

INT. HEX AND NOAH'S ROOM -- EVENING

Hex is lying on his bed, talking on his mobile phone.

HEX It's not all bad really, but ... well, it's not home, is it?

He glances around and lowers his voice conspiratorially.

HEX (CONT'D) Okay, I'll be honest - I hate the place. It's too big, too strange and almost everyone here seems to have an ego problem. (beat) So you think I'll fit right in, very funny Anna. (beat) No ... trust me, if there was a way out of this I'd have taken it before now. Hex continues to talk, oblivious.

HEX (CONT'D) No, looks like I'm just going to have to make the best of it. (beat) Do you have to go right now? I -(pause) Okay, fair enough. See you later. Love you. Missing you like crazy.

He hangs up the phone and just for a second he looks completely drained, miserable as hell.

A shirt sails into view and lands on his face. He sits up to find Noah dredging through his drawers, looking for something to wear.

> HEX What're you doing?

NOAH Trying to find a shirt that looks like it's seen an iron this side of Christmas.

Hex grins, looking down at the assortment of dirty laundry lying on the floor.

HEX What's the occasion?

NOAH We're going to the pub.

HEX

We are?

NOAH

Oh yeah. No argument - first night here, I've already promised everyone. You might want to smarten yourself up.

He finally decides on a shirt - plain black - and pulls it on.

HEX You sound like my mother...

He gets up and opens his wardrobe - there's really nothing that will fits the school's view of what constitutes 'smart'. He finally selects something, pulls off his tshirt and drops it. As he turns around:

NOAH

Oh man...

Noah is staring at Hex in the mirror. Hex follows his gaze and winces - his stomach is a mess, the scars left by the bayonet still patently obvious. This was just a couple of weeks ago - he still has the stitches.

HEX

Yeah.

He pulls his shirt on, buttons it up quickly.

HEX (CONT'D) It was. And it did. A lot.

EXT. SCHOOL BAR -- NIGHT

Franki and Michael are stood outside, waiting. After a moment Hex and Noah appear, walking over to them. Hex looks at the pub, nods his approval.

HEX That's a bit special.

NOAH One word - money.

HEX That's your answer to everything,

NOAH

Pretty much.

INT. SCHOOL BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

ain't it?

The pub looks like the inside of an upmarket Wetherspoons and is about half-full with students.

Hex, Franki and Michael are sat at a table in the corner after a few seconds Noah arrives, dumping four drinks into the centre of the table and throwing himself down in the seat next to Franki.

> NOAH Here we go.

HEX You didn't have to, I told you--

NOAH No arguments - it's your first night here.

FRANKI Enjoy it while it lasts - this is the one and only drink he'll ever buy you.

NOAH Well, I'd like to propose a toast.

He strikes a pose; Franki rolls her eyes.

NOAH (CONT'D) To Hex - welcome to the lunatic asylum.

They all clink glasses.

INT. SAME -- LATER

The four of them are still sat at the table, but the number of dead bottles has doubled and the place is filling up slowly.

NOAH

...so there we are, stuck in the middle of LA, me and the girl, god knows what's happened to the limo driver, and not a dollar between the two of us. So we're both in the shit and we know it and then-

FRANKI Oh, knock it off. I really don't want to know.

Everyone laughs.

NOAH

What can I say - dad finally learned his lesson after that one.

FRANKI He's never letting you choose your

own birthday present ever again, if that's what you mean.

MICHAEL Anyway, Hex - what's it like having a politician for a dad?

FRANKI Can't be much different from having an Admiral for a dad, surely.

HEX Apart from the fact that there's less water involved.

Another laugh. Hex takes another sip of his drink and sits silent for a moment.

HEX (CONT'D)

My dad's an odd one. I hardly ever see him. And it's weird - I know how much the job matters to him, and that'd be fair enough, but ... it's when he makes out like the job's no big deal. That's when the problems start.

NOAH If there's one thing we all know about, it'd be that. They all nod sagely. At that moment Hex looks over towards the door - Paris has entered, dressed in a short skirt. Stunning.

HEX

Oh boy.

NOAH I think that's my round. Same again?

Before anyone answers he's off his seat and heading for the bar. Franki shakes her head sadly.

FRANKI

Not again...

HEX

What?

FRANKI Noah's about to be heartbroken.

Noah reaches the bar, waves a banknote in the direction of the barman.

NOAH

Same again.

BARMAN

No problem Noah.

As he goes off to get the drinks, Noah turns his attention towards Paris, who is stood beside him at the bar, looking around.

NOAH

Lost?

PARIS

What?

She sees it's Noah and looks disinterested.

PARIS (CONT'D) Oh, hi. Yeah, waiting for someone.

NOAH Looks like you've found someone. Buy you a drink?

Paris looks over towards the door - JT and several friends, clearly rugby players, have just entered.

PARIS

Oh please. (calling) Hey!

She rushes over to JT and embraces him. And for simply the fact that he's got his tongue down Paris' throat, we hate him already.

Noah watches, sour faced. JT throws him a dark look over Paris' shoulder.

Across at the table Hex, Franki and Michael watch in sympathy.

MICHAEL

Tough break.

FRANKI He needs to learn to punch his own weight.

HEX At this school does anyone even have a weight?

Franki considers for a moment.

FRANKI

Good point.

At that moment a noise makes Hex look around - a couple of tables away, a GIRL of about eighteen is backed up against the wall by a COUPLE OF GUYS, and just from the body language we can tell it's about to get nasty.

GUY #1 Come on, don't be difficult--

GIRL Max, I've warned you-

GUY #2 What's the big deal? Just do it, man.

He grabs her arm--

GIRL Bad move, pal.

And she drops him to the ground in a martial arts combo that seems to be one flowing move.

Hex stands up just as one of the guys aims a backhanded swipe to the girl's head - she ducks and it misses by a mile.

Behind them, the first guy gets back to his feet - and he's got a bottle in his hand. He raises the bottle--

Only to find his arm grabbed by someone - Hex.

HEX

Bad idea.

And he thumps him in the stomach. In the ensuing mess it's very confused - all fists, boots and teeth for about sixty seconds. Hex glances over, sees the girl send another guy flying with a well-placed right hook, and then--

Hex is suddenly YANKED up by his collar. The BOUNCERS (clearly ex-military) have waded in, taking control. Hex looks around, finding himself and the girl standing alone in the middle of a pile of groaning figured.

A BOUNCER takes a look at the girl and groans.

BOUNCER Not you again, Lisa.

The girl - LISA - is about seventeen, brown haired, very pretty but with a hard edge about her. She is dressed in bright red jeans and a black leather biker jacket - maybe a disastrous fashion sense, but it's all hers.

She gives the bouncer a murderous look. It doesn't help.

BOUNCER (CONT'D) Right, both of you--

Hex suddenly realises he's being talked to.

HEX Oi! Now just a minute--

BOUNCER Yep, you as well, tough lad - you're both going to headmaster tomorrow, you can explain it to him.

HEX

What?! I wasn't--!

BOUNCER Listen - any more trouble and you're barred. Give your excuses to Mr Reynolds, understood?

Hex and the girl exchange looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLENCATHRA -- NIGHT

An establishing shot of the house building - red colours visible even in the darkness.

INT. PARIS' ROOM -- NIGHT

Paris is sat on her bed, talking on her mobile. She doesn't look very happy, pulling at the edges of her covers.

She's listening to the person on the other end, trying to break in.

PARIS Yeah, we got a play on at the end of term - I was ... I was hoping you'd come... (MORE)

PARIS (CONT'D) (pause - her face falls) Oh, right. No, no, it's fine. (beat) Yeah. She picks up a delicate, expensive looking bracelet from the bedside cabinet. PARIS (CONT'D) Yeah, I got it. It's gorgeous. She's sounding thoroughly miserable. PARIS (CONT'D) Thanks, Mom. So, when am I going to see you? A long beat - Paris clearly doesn't like it. PARIS (CONT'D) You're always working though! I mean, it's not as if you're ... on a different planet! You're only in Cornwall, you could at least make the effort to ... (siqhs) I... She's on the verge of tears. PARIS (CONT'D) I miss you, mom. (pause) Oh, right. Well, goodnight --CLICK - we can hear the phone being hung up. Paris looks at the phone. PARIS Goodnight mom. Love you too. She puts her phone down on the bedside cabinet. She opens the top drawer and drops the bracelet in where it lands in a pile of dead chocolate wrappers. She takes out a bar of chocolate, opens it - sighs, then bites in. At that moment the door opens - Franki enters (yep, these two share a room), sees Paris on the bed and eyes the chocolate with suspicion. FRANKI Bad night? PARIS

You have no idea.

Franki sits down, takes off her earrings. Paris throws a glance at her side of the room - a bulletin board is covered with the postcards that her dad routinely sends her.

PARIS How do you get on so well with your dad? I mean, what's the secret?

Franki shrugs, begins brushing her hair.

FRANKI Dunno - just the way it's worked out, I suppose.

She takes another look at Paris in the mirror.

FRANKI (CONT'D)

You okay?

Paris shakes her head. She drops the chocolate bar. Without any warning she bursts into tears, her shoulders shaking.

Franki goes and sits with her, an arm around her shoulders.

FRANKI What is it? What's happened?

PARIS She doesn't even want to see me!

She descends into sobs, her guard and ice-queen image completely gone. From the look on Franki's face we can tell this is an old issue.

FRANKI

Not your mum again. (beat) Maybe ... maybe she's just too busy right now--?

Paris gives her a look.

FRANKI (CONT'D)

Perhaps? (beat) Come on, Paris, it'll be okay you'll sort it out.

PARIS If ... if I could just ... talk to her, for an hour or so...

She glares at the bedside cabinet.

PARIS (CONT'D) I don't want to be bought off any more.

INT. HEX AND NOAH'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Hex is sitting on his bed, fingering a picture of himself and Anna, all smiles ... happier times.

He looks up - Noah hands him a bottle of beer.

NOAH Inside one day - we have a new record.

Hex smiles as he takes the bottle.

HEX Maybe they'll kick me out and then I can go home.

NOAH I wouldn't get my hopes up.

Hex looks across at the big-screen TV.

HEX

So does that thing work or is it just for ornamentation?

Noah laughs.

NOAH Yeah, it works.

He puts it on, parks himself down on his own bed. As the DVD begins to play, Hex sips his beer, looks around the room and smiles.

HEX You know what? This place ain't so bad.

NOAH See? What did I tell you?

They clink bottles together as we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STONEHAVEN -- MORNING

The sun rises above the school.

INT. STONEHAVEN - REYNOLDS' OFFICE -- MORNING

Hex and Lisa are stood in front of the desk, waiting. Hex fidgets uncomfortably - Lisa looks bored.

HEX I feel like I should be standing to attention.

Lisa shrugs. The door opens and Reynolds enters. He sees Lisa and sighs.

REYNOLDS

Again, Lisa?

Lisa simply glares at him. He sits down heavily behind his desk and gives Hex a look.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) Your first day and already you're causing trouble?

HEX

I did not-!

Reynolds holds up a hand and addresses both of them.

REYNOLDS I want it understood that I will not stand for fighting in my school.

HEX

What about--!

REYNOLDS OR bad manners - interrupt me again, Mr Hector, and it'll be detention for a week, got it?

Hex gets the hint and shuts up. Reynolds turns his attention to Lisa.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) I would have thought you'd learned your lesson by now. What is it about you and this office? Do you go looking for trouble?

LISA It says a lot about you that you even have to ask that question.

REYNOLDS Now is not the time.

LISA

It never is with you, is it?

Hex is horribly aware that he's arrived in the middle of some kind of grudge match. Reynolds goes dark.

REYNOLDS I will not stand for you getting into fights! That's all I ever seem to hear about, and this is the final straw!

Reynolds is half out of his chair, livid. Hex takes an involuntary step back. A moment, then Reynolds sits down, massaging his temples.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D) (muttering) Temper is a sign of weakness, temper is a sign of weakness...

Hex and Lisa exchange sidelong looks.

Okay... (to Hex) How did this happen?

HEX What? Oh ... I saw someone try to hit Lisa--

Reynolds looks over at Lisa - do we see a look of concern for just a second?

She shrugs.

LISA I gave as good as I got.

REYNOLDS Better, from the sound of it. I'll ask again, how did this happen?

LISA Max Beaumont tried it on with me again - didn't take no for an answer.

Reynolds sighs and shakes his head.

REYNOLDS Well, that doesn't change matters you were both involved in what I can only describe as a brawl.

LISA So was Max - I notice he isn't in here.

REYNOLDS He's still in the sick bay with a broken nose.

Lisa coughs into her hand to hide a laugh. Reynolds isn't impressed.

REYNOLDS

I take a very dim view of fighting ... but since you're new here, Mr Hector, I'll be lenient. You're both confined to the grounds for a week - and I do not want to see either of you in here again, understood?

HEX

Yes sir.

REYNOLDS

Lisa?

Lisa shrugs.

LTSA

Whatever you say, Dad.

And the penny finally drops for Hex. He looks between the two of them - they seem to be trying to outstare the other.

Finally Lisa gives up and looks the other way. Reynolds looks disgusted.

REYNOLDS

That'll be all.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REYNOLDS' OFFICE -- DAY

Noah is stood waiting for them. After a moment the door opens and Hex exits.

NOAH

How'd it qo?

HEX Grounded for a week.

NOAH What about the mitigating circumstances?

At that moment Lisa emerges and storms off down the hall. Noah raises his eyebrows and nods.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Ah. Gotcha.

HEX

See you later.

He hurries off after Lisa.

EXT. STONEHAVEN -- DAY

Hex emerges, looks around for Lisa. There's no sign of her anywhere. He shakes his head.

HEX

Blast it.

LISA (O.S.) Something wrong?

Hex jumps at the voice - Lisa is behind him, sat on a bench just beside the door, watching him intently.

HEX No, I, uh ... I just wanted to apologise.

Lisa seems quite amused by the idea.

LISA Apologise? Apologise for what? I get the feeling I might have dropped you in it with your, ah ... with Mr Reynolds.

Lisa regards him coolly for a minute, as though trying to decide what to make of this. Finally she sighs.

LISA Listen … Jonathan, right?

HEX

Hex.

LISA How's that?

HEX

Call me Hex.

Lisa nods slowly.

LISA

Hex...

It's like she's trying the name on, and she likes it.

LISA (CONT'D) Well - Hex - what's happening between me and my dad is not your fault and not something you should be apologising for. He isn't really a member of the highly exclusive club I like to refer to as the Human Race.

In spite of himself, Hex grins.

HEX Most dads aren't.

EXT. STONEHAVEN GROUNDS -- DAY

Hex and Lisa are making their way around the grounds, talking as they do.

LISA I read about you in the paper. The politician's son, right?

HEX You have no idea how many people have said that to me in the past two days.

Lisa laughs.

LISA

I can imagine.

Hex looks over at her - she's giving him a very intrigued, searching look.

What? LISA I was right the first time - you're far too normal for a place like this. HEX The other people here aren't normal? Lisa rolls her eyes and gives him a look. LISA Ask yourself that in a week. Some of them are alright - you've already met the Langstroms, they're okay but as for the rest--HEX What have I let myself in for? LISA You have no idea. Hex stops and leans against a fence. He looks around at the walls and barbed wire that surround the school. HEX Two weeks ago everything was normal. Things were going well. Now I'm stuck here. LISA If you've been sent here then it's for your own protection --HEX And safety. Yeah, I got the sales pitch off my dad - and yours, come to that. Lisa gives him a wry grin. LISA What, my dad read you the riot act?

> HEX He always does that?

LISA It's kind of his way of saying hello to anyone who's sent here.

HEX Well, it still doesn't change anything.

He blows out a long sigh. They're both silent for a moment.

HEX Please don't take it the wrong way when I say I really don't want to be here. Lisa's hard look abruptly softens. LISA You're missing home, aren't you? HEX Home, my parents, my girlfriend ... hell, even my bloody school. LISA It's homesickness. Everyone here gets it. The difference is that pretty much everyone else can hide it behind money. She puts a supportive hand on his arm. LISA (CONT'D) Cheer up, eh? It can't be that bad, can it? Hex looks up and thinks about it. HEX I suppose not. LISA There we are - that's one miracle accomplished today. Just take it one miracle at a time and we'll have you acclimatised in no time. Hex laughs. After a moment so does Lisa. HEX One miracle at a time? LISA Best way to handle them. And ... all things considered, I think I owe you an apology. Hex looks up in surprise as Lisa elaborates. LISA (CONT'D) Last night ... if you hadn't stepped up I'd have been got from behind. I wasn't - thanks to you. So ... thank you ... and I'm sorry that in order to help me you fell on the wrong side of my dad.

Hex looks a bit taken aback.

HEX You're … welcome. She holds her hand out.

LISA (CONT'D) Welcome to Stonehaven, Hex.

Hex accepts the hand ... and for the first time the air of gloom that's been present since he arrived has gone.

INT. DINING HALL -- DAY

The students are all at breakfast - Noah, Franki and Michael sat at a table near the door. They look up as Hex and Lisa appear and make their way over to join them.

NOAH Still in one piece?

HEX

Looks like it.

He sits down. The change in his mood is noticed by all of them.

FRANKI

You're in quite a mood.

MICHAEL Especially for someone who's just been grounded for a week.

Hex looks around at all of them and smiles.

HEX

You know what … I actually think I'm going to like it here.

Everyone smiles. As they begin talking animatedly we PAN UP and AWAY from them as their words get lost in the noise.

INT. STONEHAVEN - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Marston makes his way around the corridors at a half-jog.

As he rounds a corner he smashes head-on into someone coming the other way, sending books and papers flying everywhere.

> MARSTON Whoa, sorry are you--?

He breaks off - he's just picked up a book; a copy of The Tempest.

MARSTON (CONT'D)

Oh no…

He looks up and finds himself facing--

John Clark.

A look of recognition crosses Clark's face.

CLARK Hello Al. Long time no see.

He picks up his papers and the two men get to their feet, facing each other as though sizing the other up.

MARSTON What the hell are you doing in a school?

CLARK Come on, Al, you know how the game's played just as well as you know I can't tell you that.

Marston looks furious. He looks around to make sure noone's listening and lowers his voice.

> MARSTON (dangerous) If you bring any trouble to this school I'll--

CLARK (mildly) You'll do what precisely?

This pulls Marston up short. Clark lowers his voice - his whole attitude has become infinitely more dangerous.

CLARK (CONT'D) Now you listen to me. I'm here on a mission from the DG himself. And if you don't want things to end up like last time, you'll stay out of my way ... or this time you'll be lucky not to be court-martialled. Got it?

A tense beat.

CLARK (CONT'D) See you around, Al.

He turns and walks away. Marston watches him go with an odd expression ... a mix of suspicion and outright, bald-faced hate.

INT. CLARK'S ROOM -- DAY

Clark enters his room - one of the smallest rooms available for a teacher, but he seems to be making the best of it and dumps his books on the bed.

> CLARK Al Marston. All I need...

He opens his case and removes a manila file. He dumps his books inside the case and then opens the file.

Inside we see a sheaf of documents headed 'Top Secret'. And on the first page is a <u>colour photograph of Michael</u>. And off Clark's cold, dangerous face we...

FADE OUT

The End