



SHERWOOD

Episode 1

By

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FINAL Shooting Script
October 2021

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A growing cacophony of violent sounds. An army of MEN chanting, BOOTS on the ground, BOTTLES smashing against RIOT SHIELDS, HORSE hooves churning up turf, SIRENS screaming...

1 EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD. PICKET LINES - DAY

1

Carnage -

STRIKING MINERS try to push through POLICE LINES, hurling abuse and fists at a coach passing, carrying WORKING MINERS.

We find: a MINER in his 20s, lying on the ground, head bleeding, as POLICE BOOTS trample around him.

Above all this: a YOUNG WOMAN is one of the MINERS' WIVES charging in as well, pushing her way through, yelling fury.

She gets to the ground, and we're down with them both, more intimately now, as she helps the bloodied Miner to his knees.

They look at one another against the violence. This is JULIE JACKSON and GARY JACKSON, 20s. *Madly in love...*

CUT TO:

2 EXT. (1984) ASHFIELD - MORNING

2

And then silence.

The dull dawn light, a morning after the day before.

The now empty streets of a Nottinghamshire mining village after all-out civil war. Cut aways to red-brick terraced houses, closed shops, empty pubs, quiet churches.

On the ground are discarded placards. '**Unity is strength**'. And '**'Thou Shalt Not Cross A Picket Line'**'.

OLD MINER (V.O.)

*"What these Nottinghamshire miners
don't seem to get, is we're trying
to save their jobs a'nall, like."*

The wheel of a BMX bike crunches its way around the debris.

We see THREE BOYS on their bikes, cycling curiously through, over the tinny sound of some audio recordings:

The bikes pass an upturned METROPOLITAN POLICE HELMET, left. And a MINER'S HELMET, next to it...

ANOTHER OLD MINER (V.O.)

*"She turned the police into a
paramilitary force, right. Britain
has never been closer to becoming a
police state".*

We intercut these image with -

3

I/E. SCOTLAND YARD / ASHFIELD - DAY

3

A FINGER presses rewind on an old tape recorder.

Other HANDS cycle back through some old files on microfiche.

ARTHUR SCARGILL (V.O.)

"We've had riot gear, we've had police on horseback charging into our people, we've had people kicked to the ground".

An ARCHIVIST - also in 1980s attire - assembles paper files, photos, and cassette tapes, into boxes.

Marked: **"Confidential".**

MARGARET THATCHER (V.O.)

"I believe the police are upholding the law. This is not a dispute between miners and Government. This is a dispute between miners and miners".

4

In **ASHFIELD**: burnt £5 notes stick out from a garden bush. 4

MARGARET THATCHER (V.O.)

"It is the police who are in charge of upholding the law. The police have been wonderful."

A breeze blows the top of some large trees.

5

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. ARCHIVES - DAY

5

A heavy door is opened for the ARCHIVIST to wheel her trolley of files inside a secure vault.

She passes other boxes and files, stopping at the right spot.

She sorts through her documents. We catch glimpses of key words... **'Special Demonstration Squad' (SDS)**... **'Confidential Identities'** ... **'Metropolitan Police: Top Secret'**.

They are shoved into their hiding place.

The Archivist leaves with her trolley as the heavy door is shut, and locked.

5A

OMITTED

5A

TITLES.

"SHERWOOD".

6

EXT. NOTTINGHAM. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING 1. 0700

6

The hills and forests of Nottinghamshire.

A sign by a roadside, unloved and covered in bird shit.
"Welcome to Nottinghamshire".

And underneath" "Robin Hood Country".

A new date card, over these landscapes.

"2021"

7

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 1. 0702

7

Feet crunch over the leaves and bracken of a woodland floor.

"Saturday".

A YOUNG MAN, 20s, is following a familiar trail he's trodden many times, with rucksack, and orienteering gear.

He looks up at the thick canopy of the ancient trees and lights a cigarette. We get our first real view of his face.

This is SCOTT ROWLEY. Serious looking but baby-faced, local lad.

8

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 1. 0730

8

Scott lifts a canopy tied together with twigs and grass to reveal a small shelter dug into the side of a mound.

He looks around, checking all about him. And thinks.

He removes a £10 note and places it under a rock in the shelter.

9

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 1. 0800

9

Thwack.

An ARROW punctures the bark of a tree.

Scott Rowley stands 20 yards away, holding a modern alloy recurve archery bow, jet black, having fired his arrow.

He lowers it, examining his work. And reaches over his shoulder to pull another arrow from his sling.

He fires it into the tree.

Thwack.

10

EXT. ASHFIELD. STREETS - DAY 1. 0900

10

A small BORDER JACK trots along happily on her lead, pulling her owner - GARY JACKSON, 60s. Bullish, bold, ex Miner.

Behold: a North Midlands, post-industrial village. Deprived, and ignored. A mix of pebble-dashed two-up two-downs, red-brick **TERRACED HOUSES**.

An old **PUB** is boarded up with a '**To Let**' sign. Next door a **MINI CO-OP STORE** gets some people traffic.

GARY passes another bloke his age - DEAN SIMMONS.

In a surprisingly cheerful tone that suggests it's a regular, even harmless occurrence, he chirrups -

GARY

Scab.

- and carries on. Dean stops, but doesn't turn round. Shakes his head in internalised disbelief, and just carries on.

11

I/E. COUNCIL ESTATE / HOUSE - DAY 1. 0905

11

A Local Man - MARTIN - answers the door to see...

SARAH

Oh hello hiya, sorry, I didn't know
if you were in or not, so I was
just going to post it, but here.

SARAH, 30s and forthright, hands him a flyer. '**Council Elections**' vote '**Sarah Vincent, Conservative**'.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you registered to vote?

MARTIN

Are you registered insane? A Tory
councillor?

(we might notice now that Martin has some scarring on his face due to a burn injury -- more on that later...)

SARAH

Yeah why not, we have a Tory MP in
Ashfield now. The Red Wall fell,
didn't you hear. Labour can't take
working class votes for granted any
more, those days are long dead.

MARTIN

You're alright, me duck.

He closes the door. She shouts through the letter box.

SARAH

I'll post this anyway, you can
follow me on social media as and
when!

She slips it through and carries on, her phone ringing.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Neel? What is it?

We intercut between her, and -

12

I/E. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB / COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY 1. 0907

12

NEEL FISHER, 30s, surrounded by the organised chaos of a
party being put together. Tables/balloons/stocking a bar.

NEEL

You're out bloody flyering, Sarah.

SARAH

I'm not, I'm on my way to the
hairdressers. Stop having a go.

NEEL

Yeah well, our Danny's Gemma, her
step sister Katrina said you
knocked on her door, so -

SARAH

Alright! I'm doing a couple roads
on the way to the hairdressers.

NEEL

(laughing in disbelief)

Do you really think this is the day
for it?!

SARAH

How's it looking? Ok?

NEEL

Yeah, it's - we're - it - look,
stop flyering will yer?! Not today!

13

INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 1. 0910

13

The kitchen of a nice house high up, overlooking the villages
of **ASHFIELD**, the forest beyond.

IAN ST CLAIR, 50s, bustles out, wearing his 'Number 2' uniform. (He's naturally easy-going, but someone who's fled past pain to find this relative contentment...)

He joins wife HELEN who is having morning toast and jam.

He sits, gulping a splash of tea, referencing his phone.

IAN

Right, sorry, I'm going to have to dash, suddenly the traffic's shot up on here for no good reason.

HELEN

Hold on. Ian? You're wearing your uniform for your thing? What about the wedding?

IAN

I know, I asked; they said full uniform for the photos and that. Oh and I've got to salute the Sheriff.

HELEN

Well, I'll have - oh Christ, ok well I'll have to take your suit to the golf club then, won't I, and you change there before it starts. But that means you cannot be late.

IAN

I won't be late, I'm off now.

HELEN

(holding some toast out)
Just have a quick nibble on that, I've not made this one before and I can't decide if I like it or not.

He smiles, taking a beat - hovering the toast in the air.

IAN

Ready?

HELEN

It's not 'Masterchef', Ian, just stick it in your gob and tell me.

IAN

(tasting)

Mmm... Mmmmm! Oh my God. Yeah, lovely. What kind of jam is it?

HELEN

Dandelion, and I think it's technically a jelly.

IAN

What's the difference?

HELEN

Nothing really it's basically a
jam. Go on, show me your salute,
then. For the Sheriff.

Ian salutes, flat palm facing out.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I thought that was a salute.
(does hers - palm down)

IAN

No that's American.
(demonstrates both)
British, American, British,
American.
(kisses her)
See you after.

HELEN

And don't be late!

IAN

(salutes her)
Yes ma'am.

They smile. Still in love, after all these years...

14

I/E. CARLISLE STREET - DAY 1. 0915

14

Gary turns off the Main Road onto his street of terraced houses that reclines towards a lane at the bottom.

A Neighbour, MADELINE, is washing her car. They don't look at one another.

Further down the road, his grandson - NOAH, 11 - is kicking a football about.

15

OMITTED

15

16

OMITTED

16

17

EXT. CARLISLE STREET / SPARROW TAXI - DAY 1. 0916

17

Gary yells playfully at NOAH.

GARY

Ey, look it's Trevor Francis!

NOAH

Who?

GARY

Who??!

Gary steals the ball off Noah, letting go of the dog lead.

GARY (CONT'D)

Who??! First million pound player,
Notts Forest, Centre Forward.
52 caps for England! Who?!

He whacks the ball, bouncing it off a neighbouring house.

GARY (CONT'D)

You got to be light on your feet,
lad, but with power behind yer.
Like Mohammed Ali. 'Move like a
butterfly, sting like a bee'.

A NEIGHBOUR looks through the netted curtains into the road.

NOAH

Katie's running away, Granddad.

GARY

(still with the ball)
Well go and get her then.

NOAH

Katie!

He runs after the dog to the lane that cuts the street off at the bottom, taking Katie's lead and looking up to see...

... a car, engine running, parked down the lane.

Inside the car: through the windshield, the DRIVER'S POV watches the young lad, watching him.

Reveal: RORY SPARROW, 30s. Doesn't look like someone you'd want to mess with.

And resting on his passenger seat - a **HAMMER**.

Outside: Gary joins Noah, holding the ball.

GARY

What's up?

And sees the car. A moment.

Inside the car: a radio transmitter goes. A taxi receiver (no Ubers here, places like this...).

DAPHNE SPARROW (V.O.)

*Rory, we're getting a shit ton of
calls for this wedding, can you get
to Alfreton then back up Woodhouse?*

RORY SPARROW
(in the radio)
Yeah mum, fine.

He begins to reverse.

Outside:

GARY
Go on, inside for yer mamma.

Noah goes. Gary makes to follow but can't resist.

He kicks the ball hard.

It lands, bouncing on the roof of the taxi.

Rory brakes. Gary stares at him. Before heading to his house.

18

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 1. 1130

18

JULIE JACKSON, 60s, force of nature, baby-sitting Noah at the table eating chips and beans and his sister CINDERELLA, 16, on the sofa with GCSE text books, the TV on.

She's in and out of the kitchen, tidying up, clearing the food, and trying to get ready for a wedding.

JULIE
Would it kill any one of you to clear away your plate just once; Cindy turn the tele off.

CINDERELLA
I always have it on when I'm revising at home; mum lets me.

JULIE
(singing this, tunefully)
I don't believe you.

CINDERELLA
Background noise, it helps.

JULIE
Fine I'll WhatsApp her, shall I.

Julie trying a hat on in the mirror.

JULIE (CONT'D)
God does this make me look like a twat? - Sorry! Prat; Noah close your ears.

NOAH
(bursting into laughter)
How do you close your ears!

JULIE

Maybe it goes this way? Is this
better?

(at Cinderella)
Is that better?

CINDERELLA

Can I invite a friend round while
you're out? Revise together.

JULIE

A friend, what friend? I want names
so I can do background checks,
character references. And anyway
no, you need to look after your
little brother. What time's his
bedtime?

NOAH

(chipping in)
Eleven.

CINDERELLA

Is it bollocks! Nine.

JULIE

Noah Jackson, look at me.
(Noah looks)
What time is bedtime at home?

NOAH

... nine.

JULIE

Good boy.
(to Cinderella)
No, and we'll be back by then
anyway, he won't want to stay late.

NOAH

Where have mum and dad gone?

JULIE

Told yer, it's their anniversary.
(at the TV)
Cindy, off!

CINDERELLA

Don't call me Cindy, I hate it.

JULIE

(to herself, sigh)
Why did my daughter have to name
her kids such hippy names.

CINDERELLA

What?

JULIE
(singing tunefully again)
Nothing.

19 **EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 1. 1132** 19

Gary is burning some rubbish in a burn barrel out back.

He watches it, intently. The crackle. The grey smoke rising up into the air.

REVEAL: the houses that back onto his garden, adjacent.

20 **I/E. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY 1. 1134** 20

Scott watches Gary, privately, from his bedroom window.

Moving in tight on Gary.

Moving in tight on Scott, who turns and sit at a desk.

He turns on one computer... and then another. Different bits of hardware lighting up. It's some impressive kit.

He begins tapping away at the keys at speed.

21 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 1. 1136** 21

Julie continues faffing around inside.

NOAH
What do you do on an anniversary?

CINDERELLA
You go to a nasty hotel in the middle of nowhere and have sad sex.

JULIE
Cinderella Jackson!

CINDERELLA
(laughing)
It's true.

JULIE
They go and have a nice meal and talk about all the nice memories they have of being married to one another, including giving birth to two wonderful children who are ever so good at always cleaning their plates up and washing the pots.

NOAH
Don't you have a dishwasher?

JULIE

Here.

(pulling Cinderella up)

Here's my dishwasher, isn't it
fancy? It can do everything. Back-
chat, snarl, moan, grumble.

Even Cinderella laughs. Julie shouts through the window.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Gary! Shower!

There's a knock at the front door.

NOAH

Somebody's at the door.

JULIE

(singing, mock-dancing)

"Oh, there's somebody at the door!
There's somebody at the door"!

(then)

You don't know what that is?

(as she's going)

Rod and Emu! Gordon Bennett.

She dances, spinning and singing to the door as we follow -

JULIE (CONT'D)

"Oh there's somebody at the door.

"There's somebody at the door-!"

Opening to see -

CATHY ROWLEY, her sister, standing there. An instant frostiness that they gloss over with passive aggression.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Alright.

CATHY

I'm sorry but he's doing it again.

JULIE

Who's doing what again?

CATHY

You know what, burning rubbish
here, even though he has a
perfectly good allotment, and the
wind's blowing it right into our
house, it makes Fred struggle -

JULIE

He can't control the direction of
the wind, he's not God, is he. Folk
pay him to burn their rubbish
sometimes;

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

if it bothers Fred so much then he
just has to come round and have a
polite word, doesn't he. If he did,
I'm sure Gary would stop.

CATHY

Yeah and you know Fred's not
going to do that, and why
should he.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Not send his little helper,
to do his dirty work.

CATHY

(had enough, leaving)

Ok. Ta anyway.

JULIE

Yeah ok, bye then.

Cathy walks off, round to hers. As Julie heads inside -

- through the **HOUSE** to the **BACK GARDEN**.

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's quite a lot of smoke, Gary.

GARY

It's a fire. "Where there's smoke"
and all that.

JULIE

Neighbours have complained.

GARY

Oh, let me guess.
(then, seeing her)
Wow.

JULIE

What? Oh don't, I never wear hats,
it's making me feel dead self
conscious, I might just take it -

GARY

No, you look... You look really
lovely, Julie.

He smiles at her, and she melts a bit, before -

JULIE

Oy, come on, 'time'.

She taps her watch, and heads in.

Gary takes a bucket of water, and pours it onto the fire in
the barrel, putting it out with a *hiss*...

FRED (V.O.)

What's she say?

22

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 1. 1140

22

Cathy sits with her husband, FRED ROWLEY, 60s. The house is much less homely, colder, than the JACKSONS.

Fred has an oxygen mask hooked to a tank nearby, for the occasional puff of air. Mild pneumoconiosis. "Black lung"...

CATHY

Says if you have a problem, go round there yourself.

FRED

Arsehole.

CATHY

Fred, that's my sister.

FRED

I meant him. Although she's an arsehole, a'nall. Stubborn.

Cathy shouts up the stairs.

CATHY

Scott?!

FRED

Gone out. 'Hunting', again. Though what he hunts I haven't a clue, never seems to come back wi' owt.

CATHY

He's always out. We need to talk about next week, he's not ready.

FRED

What's to get ready. Daft apeth's getting sent down, and that's all there is to it.

On Cathy. *Unbelievable.*

23

INT. GARAGES - DAY 1. 1200

23

Scott leaves his lock-up, in a row of battered garages, glancing inside (unseen) at what he's left behind.

He slowly closes the garage door with a rusty squeal, a LARGE HOLDALL over his shoulder.

24

OMITTED

24

25

OMITTED

25

26

INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 1. 1205

26

We find boxes of Sarah's flyers everywhere.

Bridesmaid ANOUSHKA is ready, sat watching TV, drinking a Prosecco when SARAH enters in her dress.

ANOUSHKA

Oh my God. Oh my actual God, Sarah.

Sarah struggles. Anoushka goes to her, and Sarah resists her emotions with an angry groan.

SARAH

Ughh, stupid! Didn't think it would get to me, all this soppy shit. And just... me mum and dad, you know. Ah shit, my make-up.

ANOUSHKA

Oy, they're here somewhere. They're watching.

SARAH

Bollocks. They're fucking dead, Nush. And when you're dead, you're dead. But thanks anyway.

(takes a swig, then)

Alexa?!

(the echo lights up)

Tuuuuuunes!

27

I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. GARDEN / NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 1. 1208

ANDY FISHER, 50s, exits the back door of the neighbouring house. He is a relatively delicate, shy man. Particular in his ways. (And a train driver, we'll discover).

In his old suit, he crosses his garden and through a GATE in the dividing fence to the back garden of his son next door.

He approaches the patio doors and sees Sarah inside, dancing mock-sexually with Anoushka, faux-shagging and boning anything they can find.

He taps on the glass.

Inside: The girls don't hear and continue to dance away, laughing and whooping.

Andy taps on the glass again. Nothing.

Eventually, Anoushka sees him and squeals, followed by Sarah.

Beat. They stare at Andy.

Sarah sighs the exhausted sigh of someone sick of dealing with this kind of thing... as she lurches to the patio doors.

It takes a while for her to work those weird handles and locks you pull up and down, eventually opening it -

ANDY

Sorry, I tapped on the glass, but the music... I didn't mean to...

SARAH

If you'd come round the front, Andy, if you'd just come round the front and ring the bell.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(at his attire)

This isn't the suit we ordered. We sent off your measurements -

ANDY

That didn't really fit, sorry. Just felt a bit tight. Around -

SARAH

It's a fitted suit, that's how it's meant to feel, it feels fitted.

ANDY

I just, I just feel better, in this. And a suit's a suit, right?

(attempting humour)

No one'll be looking at me, if they are, that's a problem, ey?

(then, to Anoushka)

Hello.

SARAH

You remember Neel's Dad, Andy.

ANOUSHKA

Yeah. Hi.

ANDY

You look... you do, Sarah, you look-

SARAH

Are you ready, shall we?

She walks off. Andy steps carefully inside, and closes the door, getting the lock right first time.

A thrown-together daytime event between the Police Force and some dignitaries, including the SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM (yes, there still is one) in ceremonial robes.

We're on Ian, while colleagues and superiors mill around high tables with a glass of wine and nibbles. Eventually finding -

The CHIEF CONSTABLE of the Nottinghamshire Constabulary, making an informal introduction one end.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

... we're here to acknowledge the success of Operation Ranger, and to thank the chap who led it, mainly because he'll hate it.

(some laughter)

It saw the arrest and conviction of over 40 serious criminals and the capture of weapons amounting...

Ian receives a text from Helen. '**Where are you?**'

He tries to reply discreetly as his colleague (and mate) DETECTIVE SERGEANT CLEAVER whispers next to him.

CLEAVER

You are aware that's literally our boss and he's literally talking about you while you're texting.

IAN

Yeah well this is literally my wife and she's pissed, so I'm making a damage assessment.

He texts: '**Running over - I know! Go, I'll meet there**".

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

... honoured that the Sheriff of Nottingham is here to say a few words also. Ma'am.

The Sheriff of Nottingham, joins him - a middle aged woman of British-Indian descent.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

Thank you, Chief Constable. I have to say I'm relieved it no longer falls to the Sheriff to uphold law and order in this city. Maintaining safe passage through Sherwood Forest, all the while trying to cop off with Maid Marian and 'cancel Christmas'.

Some polite laughter. As the SHERIFF keeps talking, we're on IAN, another text from Helen. An angry face emoji. Followed by a wink emoji. Followed by a kiss emoji.

Ian smiles. And then gets an elbow from Cleaver.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM (CONT'D)

... Special Commendation for
Detective Chief Superintendent of
the East Midlands Special
Operations Unit, Ian Saint Clair.

Ian winces at his name pronunciation - Cleaver laughs. As he joins the Sheriff and receives a small medal to claps.

The Sheriff hands over a certificate. A quick photo with the Sheriff, and his Chief, who grins and says under his breath -

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Really good of you to look up from
your phone, Ian.

- before offering him the floor for a few words.

IAN

Erm. Thanks, thank you. I don't
mean to contradict you, Madam
Sheriff, but it is pronounced the
more humble "sinclair". As my mum
used to say, it's a mutton name in
lamb dressing.

(some polite laughter)

Which didn't stop me having ten
bells of shit knocked out of me at
school, of course, but.

He didn't mean to swear. A brief awkward beat in the room.

IAN (CONT'D)

Anyway. As head of this operation
I'm mainly proud of my team, who
worked tirelessly to get these
criminals off our street. It's easy
to forget that 20 odd years ago,
the tabloid press were calling us
'Shot-tingham'. And yes. It's true,
back then, it wasn't good.

29

OMITTED

29

30

EXT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE / LIMOUSINE IN MOTION - DAY 1. 12³⁹

A driver pulls away from ANDY/NEEL's HOUSE with Andy and Sarah in the back.

Sarah clearly finds this painfully awkward - being alone with her future father-in-law. Andy suspects as much, and just keeps trying to smile comfortingly.

IAN (V.O.)

But with hard work, it's got
better; unrecognisable even. And
yet there are still challenges.

31

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION - DAY 1. 1220

31

IAN

Crime is changing, evolving. County
line gangs that recruit kids in
towns to deal drugs across class
lines, middle class, working class,
up... well I don't know if we have
any upper classes in Notts, apart
from you Madam Sheriff.

Some chuckles. She pipes up, jokingly.

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

Uh, educated at the comp, if you
don't mind!

More laughter. Ian smiles. He's finally won the room. *So, now to what he really wants to say, with his platform?*

IAN

Of course, policing also requires
the cooperation of the public. You
need their - 'faith'. And we find
ourselves not in a particularly
good place in that regard, right
now. In this country. Possibly with
good cause.

Perhaps a curious glance from the Chief at this.

IAN (CONT'D)

The tradition is that we 'police by
consent'. And if we lose the
consent of the people... well.
We've got a way to go, to earn back
some trust. And that's the work I
know we're all keen to get on and
do. Ta very much, thank you.

Some polite clapping. Ian checks his watch.

IAN (CONT'D)

Arse

(to the Sheriff)

Cheers.

(at his watch)

Fuck.

(going; passing Cleaver)

CLEAVER

You just couldn't resist could you.

IAN

What, they asked for a few words.

He winks, and leaves at pace --

31A **EXT. IAN'S CAB IN MOTION - DAY 1. 1330**

31A

His taxi approaches the venue - a golf club on the outskirts.

32 **EXT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - DAY 1. 1335**

32

WEDDING GUESTS are already spilling out from the ceremony, waiting for the couple to come out for photos.

We alight on different 'factions', and the looks between them - Gary and Julie nominally *outside* the main pack (and not unbothered to be so). Gary exchanges a loaded look with Dean. Another guest, with another guest and so on.

Historic divides...

Ian's cab pulls and he leaps out to join Helen, still in his number 2 uniform. As they talk under the breath, fake-smiling, trying not making a scene -

HELEN

I told you. I literally said. Get here early. I am dying. Your uniform. Here. At a wedding. With These People. A police uniform.

IAN

I know, Yes. I know. I'm sorry. I really tried to... I'll just change, it'll be fine. I am aware of how bad it looks, Helen. Yes.

- as newly-married Neel and Sarah exit to confetti.

NEEL

Thank you, thanks everyone -

He passes Ian, clocking the odd sight of the uniform.

IAN

Hi. Sorry. Really lovely service.

HELEN

(once they've passed)

Shameless. Absolutely Shameless.

They can't help but smile to each other, as Ian's eyes then catch - Julie, and Gary.

Old friends, from the past...

He attempts a nod, but Gary looks away.

33

I/E. THE SPARROW FARM / YARD - DAY 1. 1700.

33

Rory returns home in his minicab.

An old farm building with lots of space, looking a little run down.

To one side, we see a sign advertising their small "**Archery Range**" alongside "**Axe Throwing**". The small selection of targets scattered about.

He enters the **HOME**:

34

INT. THE SPARROW FARM - DAY 1. 1701

34

Through the cluttered house into a large kitchen. Matriarch DAPHNE SPARROW, 50s, cooks lunch. Dad MICKEY SPARROW, 60s, at the table, weighing white powder - presumably drugs - into little plastic bags.

RORY SPARROW

That's dead subtle, that, Dad,
kitchen table? Where's Ronan?

MICKEY SPARROW

Out. And who else is gonna do it,
are you doing it? Don't appear so.

He kisses his mum and opens a beer.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Don't get tanked up, I've got at
least 5 pick-ups booked in for this
reception tonight.

Rory looks out over the backyard as Mickey challenges him.

MICKEY SPARROW

Well?

RORY SPARROW

Well what?

MICKEY SPARROW

Don't "well what", me. You had
words? Is it him?

(waits, then)

Right, fuck this, game of soldiers,
you want something doing -

RORY SPARROW

I've got it, dad. Gi'or, will yer.

Daphne turns to glare at her son for this cheek. He goes back to staring out of the window as her mobile rings.

DAPHNE SPARROW
Sparrow Cabs.

35

I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 1. 1710

35

The doorbell rings -

Cinderella leaps to her feet, tossing her revision (a school copy of *Romeo & Juliet*) onto the floor.

NOAH
Who's that?

CINDERELLA
No one.

NOAH
What do they want?

CINDERELLA
Nothing.

She opens the door, ushering in RONAN SPARROW, 16.

CINDERELLA (CONT'D)
Come on, quick.

RONAN
Nice to see you, a'nall.

Entering the lounge. Noah shies up in front of the older boy.

RONAN (CONT'D)
Ay up, Noah, alrate?

NOAH
Mamma said -

CINDERELLA
Mamma doesn't understand, we need
to be together to revise.

RONAN
Yeah. Biology. You have to do it in
pairs.

She hits him, he keeps laughing. Turns on a computer game.

CINDERELLA
She didn't want you playing this
either, did she, but I won't tell
her if you don't tell her? Right?

They head outside.

36

EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 1. 1715

36

Cinderella and Ronan kiss, up against the wall.

RONAN

Nice; to have a house all to
our'sen, we should go upstairs.

CINDERELLA

It's our nan and granddad's, so you
can't be here long. Where do *your*
mum and dad think you are?

RONAN

Ice skating.

CINDERELLA

Alright fucking Torvill.

RONAN

Torvill's the girl, you dick.

Cinderella pulls him into a kiss.

37

OMITTED

37

38

INT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - EVENING 1. 1900

38

Ian has changed into his suit, at a table with Helen,
relaxing with a drink.

Gary and Julie sit towards the back of the room, laughing and
joking together, as -

Andy gently taps a glass and gets to his feet at the head
table, as the GUESTS quieten down.

New bride Sarah braces herself for what's to come.

ANDY

Hello. I'm Andy, Andy Fisher. I
look greatly forward to getting to
know a lot of you, from Sarah's
side. Erm.

(looks at his notes)

And I know it's ever so sad, of
course, that I happen to be
standing here today of course. But
also very touched, that Neel and
Sarah asked me, in the absence of
Sarah's father, who as you know -

At Gary's table -

GARY

Was a scab.

Said slightly too loudly, so that some turn to look. He doesn't care, pleased with himself. Julie sighs.

ANDY

- is not with us no more. So Sarah, thank you, for asking me to give you away today. I am very honoured.

Sarah nods. Perhaps just the slightest of looks to new husband Neel that might suggest the idea came more from him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You're off to the Yorkshire Dales, in a couple of weeks after your - these, like, elections. The Settle-and-Carlisle railway line, which I've booked you tickets on, is the oldest, and one of the most beautiful, in the world. It is, honestly. Built in the 1840s by over six thousand navvies. Many of whom lost their lives, in the harshest conditions. Wind, rain. And smallpox, the biggest killer.

The room is not sure how to react. They thought it was leading to a joke, but it isn't. Andy Fisher is simply the nerd they always suspected he was...

ANDY (CONT'D)

But it stands, I think, as a good metaphor for what a marriage is. Based on my own, very happy life with my late wife, and Neel's mum, Trudy. The terrain required tunnels be blasted into mountain sides, and viaducts to cross gaping valleys. And there's the incline to Blea Moor, at a 1 to 100 gradient which locals refer to as "the long drag". Which, certain parts in the journey of a marriage can feel like, ey?

He smiles, indicating a joke, and gets a small response.

ANDY (CONT'D)

But you keep going. Bridging the gaps. Pushing through obstacles. And getting out the other side.
(beat, then with a glass)
To Sarah, and Neel.

The room repeats the toast.

39

INT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - EVENING 1. 1945

39

The disco is underway, a DJ in the corner with his decks and multicoloured flashing lights. Classic 80s, 90s & 00s tunes.

Sarah and Neel turn together on the **DANCEFLOOR**, smiling happily at one another.

SARAH

Oy. Thank you.

NEEL

(laughing)

"Thank you". So formal.

SARAH

I mean it, don't laugh. You've...
I'm very lucky. OK. You took a lot
on board.

NEEL

With you?

SARAH

Today. But yes, with me.

Neel smiles, and kisses her.

Kids skid across the floor - the final parts of the beige buffet are picked over.

Including Gary and Julie, smiling at one another.

It's clear that quite a few eyes are on them - judgmentally.

GARY

See, this is why we don't come to
these things. If looks could kill,
we'd have a dozen or more knives in
our back.

JULIE

Well we had to come, he's my boss.

GARY

Gi'or. No one bosses Julie Jackson.

JULIE

And any road, how often do I get to
see you all dressed up in a suit,
this handsome. Like James Bond.

(as Gary laughs)

You are! Like a million dollars.

GARY

I'm barely enough for a 'premium
bond', let alone James Bond.

Julie laughs, as Neel arrives -

NEEL

Alrate, Julie?! Having a nice time?

JULIE

Oh, yes! We were just saying...

We find: Helen St Clair, chatting and laughing with Sarah.

At the **BAR**: Andy loiters with a small ale, trying to catch someone, anyone's eye for a conversation. But nothing. Until -

IAN (O.S.)

Don't worry.

Ian arrives at the bar, Andy turning.

IAN (CONT'D)

I had what you might call a difficult encounter with public speaking earlier today. It's never gone as bad you think.

ANDY

I didn't think it had gone badly.

IAN

... oh. Oh well then, good.

Ian tries to get the BAR TENDER'S order when Gary arrives, the other side of Andy, cheerfully interrupting.

GARY

Pint of Mansfield and a gin and tonic please, barman.

(noticing Ian).

Oh, are you -

IAN

No, it's alright. You go.

(then...)

How've you been, Gary? It's Ian.

GARY

I know. I've been ok ta, fine and dandy.

All three stand at the bar a moment, not sure what to say, as they're joined eventually by Dean Simmons, from earlier, waiting to order too. Gary decides to tease.

GARY (CONT'D)

(to Andy)

You should call your daughter-in-law 'Maggie', shouldn't you pal.

ANDY

Right, get it, yes. Because she's a Conservative.

GARY

No, because tonight she'll be 'screwing' a working man. That's what they do, isn't it, Tories?

Fuck people. Saying that, historically round here, there's a lot that's happy just to take it.

DEAN SIMMONS

Some people fuck themselves up.

GARY

Oh hello, what's that, pal?

ANDY

(his hand to Dean)

Hello. Andy.

DEAN SIMMONS

Deano.

(then back at Gary)

(MORE)

DEAN SIMMONS (CONT'D)

I said some people fuck *themselves* up, don't they. Act against their own best interests, out of pride or stupidity. I don't know.

GARY

Sorry that's too deep for me.

The barman delivers Gary's drink and he pays, with a tip.

GARY (CONT'D)

Thank you, barman, and that's for your trouble, like. I'll leave you philosophers to it.

He smirks and leaves, singing -

GARY (CONT'D)

NUM till I die!

A polite silence between those left here.

ANDY

Quite a character. Your friend.

IAN

Oh, we're not really we went to the same school, you know. Back in the day.

Around them, people continue to dance and drink - though we might be more aware now, of different parts of the room eyeing up / staring down other parts of the room...

40

EXT. TAXI IN MOTION - NIGHT 1. 2320.

40

In the back: Ian and Helen hold hands. They smile at one another as they're driven home. Then they hear:

DAPHNE SPARROW (O.S.)

Nice do, was it?

Daphne is driving - looking at them through the mirror. There's something tough even about Daphne's friendliness.

HELEN

... Lovely. Thank you.

Ian instead stares out into the passing darkness...

41

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - MORNING 2. 0900

41

A new card:

"Sunday".

Scott arrives at his hideout through the woods, and lifts the makeshift door.

The £10 note is still under the rock. It hasn't been taken.

42

EXT. THE SPARROW FARM - DAY 2. 0901

42

A small axe hits a target. Wide of the centre.

And then another. A bit better.

We find: Dean Simmons. *Letting off some steam...*

Rory clocks him as he heads towards his cab. *Things to do...*

43

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 2. 1010

43

Julie, dressing gown and looking hungover, comes from upstairs, shouting up.

JULIE

Come on, Noah, one up, all up!

Cinderella is here, 'innocent' despite last night, revising.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Look at my little bookworm.
Revising all night were you?

CINDERELLA

D'yer have fun at the party?

JULIE

I must have done because I feel as rough as a badger's arsehole.

Gary leads Noah in, drying his hair from the shower. He's singing the old fashioned *Adoration Waltz* by David Whitfield.

GARY

"From your hair to the tip of your shoooes; You're perfection without any faults."

He dances with her on the landing, jokingly. Noah laughs. Cinderella moans with embarrassment.

JULIE

You soft bastard; my bloody head.

GARY

"Skies are blue, dreams come true,
while I'm holding you..."

CINDERELLA

Stop it!

GARY

Why, your mamma and granddad can
fancy each other still, can't they?

CINDERELLA

Noooooo!

NOAH

Noooooo!

Gary and Julie laugh and keep dancing. Until -

GARY

Ey, don't get mad, I've agreed to
go up to Donnie next week; reunion.
Play some dominoes, down some
drinks, put the world to rights.

NOAH

What's "Donnie"?

GARY

Donnie is up in Yorkshire, where a
lot of your granddad's old pals
from the old days are.

(playacting now)

When we'd drag rocks from the
earth, with our bare hands. Grr!

Noah laughs. Gary kneels by Noah, 'storytelling' now. Softer.

GARY (CONT'D)

And d'you know. When you were
digging. And you pulled a little
black rock out from the ground, and
held it.

He holds an imaginary, invisible rock in his hand. Noah's
eyes alighting upon it, as Gary whispers, 'mystically'...

GARY (CONT'D)

You knew that you were the first
person on earth to ever hold it.
That particular piece. Millions of
years, right there. In your hand.
And for a moment... for a moment,
it was all yours...

Noah listens, eyes trained on the invisible rock in Gary's
hand. Gary smiles - and carefully hands it over to Noah.

Julie smiles. *Soft sod.*

44

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY / LANDING - DAY 2. 1230 44

View of Fred Rowley, at the bottom of the stairs, looking up, to Scott's closed door at the top of the landing.

He spots Scott's "quiver" - the felt pouch holding his arrows - leant against the wall by the door.

He gently lifts one arrow out - examining it in his hand.

Contemplating something...

MOMENTS LATER:

Fred is at Scott's locked bedroom door on the landing.

FRED
Scott. Scott, you in?
(waits)
Cathy wants to have a word, bout
tomorrow. Scott?

He's about to try the handle, when -

The door unlocks and opens to reveal Scott back in his room.

FRED (CONT'D)
She's made a Sunday roast.

Scott nods, and he goes.

In Scott's **ROOM**, in his cupboard, we see the now empty holdall he brought from the lock-up, and a very large pile of cash stacked up beside it.

He locks it with a padlock.

45

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 2. 1245

45

Around the table. Over a roast.

CATHY
It says you should wear a suit for
the sentencing but you don't want
to be wearing that in prison the
first week, so you're allowed a
small bag of clothes to take. I
could do a wash, today, if you
leave your favourite things out.

Scott looks into his food. Cathy looks to Fred. As if to invite him into the conversation. Nothing.

CATHY (CONT'D)
I've got this little book for you.
It has all our numbers in it.
(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

Cause you're not allowed a mobile in there, obviously. But you can write your friends numbers into that.

(beat, then)

I'm only saying this because you don't want to get to Tuesday and have not done things like this. I don't mean to get on at you, but it, it's... about using the time you have left. Isn't it.

We're on Scott. Who seems to actually take this final thought in. And makes a decision. Nodding and attempting a smile.

SCOTT

Yeah. You're right. Thanks, Cathy.

Cathy smiles back, gratefully.

46

EXT. ASHFIELD. STREETS - EARLY EVENING 2. 1800

46

The early 'gloaming' light over the village.

We follow Gary, walking Katie the dog.

47

INT. THE WELFARE - EVENING 2. 1830

47

On Fred Rowley, in the corner, nursing a pint.

It's an old Miner's Welfare - a single floor with different rooms. A tap room, family room. Very, very quiet. Only a couple of punters now.

Gary enters confidently, dog Katie in tow.

GARY

Pint of 'mix', please, barwoman!

MADELINE, the Landlady, rolls her eyes at always being called this, but doesn't really mind.

Gary pays no notice to Fred - he never does, barely acknowledging his existence.

Barely anyone does, with Fred.

But Gary does catch Dean's eye, as he exits the bathroom

They look away from one another.

MADELINE

Up to much today, Gary, owt or nowt?

GARY

Not much, mi duck, not a great a deal. Took the dog for a walk on "my land". You know?
(winks)

MADELINE

Yes, Gary.

She smiles, and goes off to serve someone else.

Gary sips his pint, contentedly.

Cutaways of some photos on the wall. Of the pit. Long forgotten brass bands. Old faces...

48

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - EVENING 2. 1900

48

Julie is lying dramatically on the sofa, still hungover. The two kids are in front of the TV, *Antiques Roadshow* playing.

JULIE

Honest to God, do you know what, I think I'm going to need an early night, I'm sorry. Can't be doing with nights like that no more.

CINDERELLA

Can we change the channel -

JULIE

No! Sundays is *Antiques Roadshow* whether I'm down here or not. Tradition.

CINDERELLA

Do you want us to wake you?

JULIE

S'alright, your granddad'll crash in drunk later, that'll do it.

She's gone, Cinderella looks to Noah - a finger on her lips.

49

EXT. PARK. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 2. 2100

49

Ronan Sparrow lies on his back on a child's roundabout.

From his POV: he's staring up at the stars. When -

CINDERELLA

Boo!

- Cinderella appears above him, in view. He jumps.

RONAN

You twat, I nearly shit myself.

She pushes the roundabout. They kiss as it spins.

50

INT. THE WELFARE - NIGHT 2. 2115

50

Dean finishes his pint and stands, heading towards the door.

At the bar. Gary's ritual is delivered, semi-quietly -

GARY

Scab.

Dean continues. But for some reason today, *today*, he can't take it anymore, and arches towards the pool table in the corner, picking up a pool ball.

He hurls it towards Gary - Madeline sees - screams - and Gary ducks instinctively.

The ball flies by, smashing some spirit bottles on the bar behind them.

DEAN SIMMONS

It were THIRTY - FUCKING - YEAR
AGO!

Everyone - the small amount of people there - turn to look - including Fred.

No one says anything.

Gary goes back to his pint. Hands a salted peanut to his dog.

Deano turns and leaves.

GARY

'Nother pint of mix please, duck.

Madeline can't quite believe what just happened, and how nonchalant Gary is about the whole thing.

51

EXT. ALLEYWAY / THE JACKSON HOUSE - NIGHT 2. 2200

51

Cinderella sneaks back home through the alleyway, entering through the garden, through the back gate.

51A

INT. JACKSON HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 2204

51A

Julie asleep in bed.

52

EXT. ASHFIELD STREETS / CARLISLE STREET - NIGHT 2. 2210

52

We follow Gary through the night, with Katie the dog.

He turns onto The Jacksons' Street, and heads down.

As we rotate around him, we see a FIGURE appear at the top of the Street.

53 OMITTED

53

54 **EXT. CARLISLE STREET - NIGHT 2. 2215**

54

A whistle from behind. Gary stops, and turns. Through the dark, he sees a figure.

GARY

... Yeah?

Gary starts walking back up the street.

GARY (CONT'D)

Come on, then. Cat got your tongue?

He approaches whoever this is, off screen. And stops when he sees, we'll discover, what they're in possession of.

SHERWOOD by James Graham - Episode 1 - FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

An unusual sound - like a 'release'. As an arrow buries itself in Gary's chest -

A stifled scream --

We're on Katie, as she barks wildly ---

55 OMITTED 55

56 **EXT. CARLISLE STREET - NIGHT 2. 2218** 56

WE SNAP TO BLACK

The sound of a body hitting the tarmac. Followed by the crack of another object hitting skull.

57 OMITTED 57

58 OMITTED 58

59 OMITTED 59

SHERWOOD by James Graham - Episode 1 - FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

60 OMITTED

60

61 OMITTED

61

62

EXT. CARLISLE STREET - EARLIER THAT MORNING 3. 0700

62

Dawn on the Street. A new, but familiar, card:

"Monday".

Gary's body lies face up, dead on the street.

He has an ARROW in his chest.

Birds circle in the air.

A door opens, further down the street.

LEONARD 'GIBBO' GIBSON from **NUMBER 7** is putting the bins out. He looks up the street and double-takes when he sees the strange sight on the floor. Can't make it out at first.

Then he sees the blood.

GIBBO

Wh-... what?

The Elderly Neighbour from **NUMBER 4**, Madeline the landlady, who was washing her car at the weekend opens her door to let the cat out.

She stops. She screams.

63

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. MAIN BEDROOM - MORNING 3. 0703

63

Julie wakes with a start.

She looks around the room. Deciding that sound can't be what she thought. Next to her, the bed is empty.

64

EXT. CARLISLE STREET - DAY 3. 0710

64

Some other neighbours have come out of their homes, now.

Gibbo, from NO.7 is near the body, on his mobile.

GIBBO

He, he's erm, I mean he's definitely... not alive. Oh Christ, oh God. The poor..... He, he's got a... a thing, in his chest.

Dean Simmons exits **NUMBER 12** to see what's happened.

Unreadable, following his exchange with Gary at the wedding.

Madeline is now sat on the curb, trembling. She looks at the arrow again, and turns to vomit beside her, into the street.

GIBBO (CONT'D)

(on his phone)

Yes, I rec.... I recognise who it is, yeah.

His eyes alight upon the Jacksons' door down the street.

A police car arrives onto the street. And youngish PC DOVE and PC PATEL exit their car and approach what the neighbours are all gathered around, slowing to a stop.

This is not normal in Ashfield.

PC DOVE

... R-right. Could everyone please just return to inside your homes, for a moment, please.

65

I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE / CARLISLE STREET - DAY 3. 0720

65

Breakfast, the tele on, Cinderella and Noah munch on cereal as Julie crashes about making a pot of tea.

JULIE

... didn't hear him come in, didn't hear him go out, he's like a bloody ninja.

There's a knock at the door. Julie gasps playfully.

JULIE (CONT'D)

"There's somebody at the door!"

She sings as before, doing a couple of turns and claps as she leaves the living room. Noah joins in this time.

JULIE/NOAH

"There's somebody at the door.
There's somebody at the door!"

She opens it, out onto the **STREET**.

A pale (but trying to remember their training) PC DOVE and PC PATEL stand there.

PC PATEL

Mrs Jackson?

Julie is in-comprehending at first. *Police? Round here?*

JULIE

Yes.

Julie hears the commotion further up the street, round the corner - another patrol car arriving, and a CID car. An OFFICER is sealing off the road with tape.

PC DOVE

Y-your husband is Gary Jackson?

Julie is out of the door in her slippers and dressing gown - -

PC DOVE (CONT'D)

Mrs Jacks--... shit.

- they follow her up through the mounting police presence, up towards the body. Her slippers skip over the blood on the ground as she gasps, wobbling, when -

GIBBO

Julie, I... I'm....

- she sees the dead body of her husband.

And something turns off, inside of her. She doesn't scream, she doesn't cry, she just... turns off.

PC DOVE grabs her by the shoulder, as she starts to sink to the ground.

PC DOVE

It's ok, you're ok...

Julie Jackson sits on the street.

Helen and Ian are having breakfast at their table, reading the morning papers, Radio 4's *Today* in the background.

His mobile goes.

HELEN

Nope! Your day off, in lieu. Do you know what in lieu means?

IAN

(beat, smiling)

No, actually.

(he answers)

Sir?

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (ON THE PHONE)

Ian. Sorry about this.

HELEN

(typing on her phone)

I'm googling it, 'in lieu'.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (ON THE PHONE)

Something's come up, serious incident in Ashfield this morning.

IAN

In ... where?

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (ON THE PHONE)

Yeah. Likely homicide. I thought it made sense to get you on the ground, as the SIO. Will send through the details.

IAN

Course. Yeah of course.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (ON THE PHONE)

OK, call me back when you have it.

Ian hangs up. Helen has finished googling, at her phone.

HELEN

I think it means place.

She looks up at her husband, smiling. Then, off his look -

HELEN (CONT'D)

What?

Ian pulls up in his car and parks on the street.

He gets out, scanning what was this once-familiar place in new and unfamiliar circumstances.

Treading these streets again is no small deal for Ian.

But he gets on with the job, as ever, heading under the tape to greet Cleaver, already here.

IAN
Detective Sergeant.

CLEAVER
Detective Superintendent.

They approach the body. The CSI team working away.

CLEAVER (CONT'D)
We have a white male, 62. Gary
Jackson -

IAN
Yes, I know him. *Used to*, know him.
Bumped into him, Saturday, can you
believe. First time in years.

CLEAVER
... You what?

IAN
Yeah.

CLEAVER
Oh. Shit. I'm sorry, mate-... sir.

IAN
(pushing on)
What are we looking at?

A SOCO (scene of crime officer) takes photos as the CSI continues his work.

CLEAVER
Uh, we've got multiple wounds, some
we haven't been able to establish
yet. But that... that is an arrow
in his chest.

Ian takes in the body. And then, his surroundings.

IAN
Ok come on guys, this is a
residential street, people can see
down from their windows, can we
hurry up with the tent please?

CLEAVER
They're trying, it has to come from
quite a long way apparently.

IAN
Let's establish a proper satellite
station, the parish hall maybe.

CLEAVER
Parish hall?

IAN

Church just up there. The family?

CLEAVER

FLO is on the way.

IAN

Check the neighbours for any
private cctv, doorbell cams, that
kind of thing.

CLEAVER

One of the SOCO's reckons it could
be a crossbow bolt as it's got a
flat nock and plastic fletching. It
actually doesn't look like it's
penetrated very far, so it could be
this blow here -

(points to the head)

- that finished him off, maybe the
butt of the same crossbow.

(then...)

So what do you think? Some... I
don't know, exotic weapons nut?

IAN

... Round here?

Gary's mobile phone is being placed into a Faraday bag.

His lifeless hands wrapped in plastic bags too.

Ian looks down towards the Jackson house...

68

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 3. 0805

68

PC Dove is with the Jacksons. Cinderella and Noah are crying.

PC DOVE

... honestly better if you just
stay here, a moment. It's a big
shock, I know. We've a Family
Liaison on the way, she can -

JULIE

Don't-- I don't want lots of people
here, I...

Ian enters the **HOUSE** under this. He stops, briefly.

It's been a while since he was in a house like this.

The kind of house he grew up in...

His eyes might hit various things - FAMILY PHOTOS, and
CHILDRENS' TOYS and CLOTHES ON MAIDENS. A busy home...

He shakes out of it and comes over, sensitively.

IAN
Mrs. Jackson.
(then)
Julie. I'm - so sorry.

Julie takes Ian in. A moment, as a lifetime of history is reduced to this one surreal and painful moment.

Ian gives a comforting look to the kids too. PC DOVE takes the cue and leads them away, momentarily.

JULIE
How long has he been out there? Has it been all night? - oh God. And I was just here, fucking sleeping? And he was out there alone, I-I...

IAN
Can I ask where he was coming back from, last night?

JULIE
Just the clubbie. The usual.

IAN
OK. And I... I appreciate this is all... but can you think if there's anyone who... There was no ongoing disputes, with anyone, at all?

On Julie. Weighing up her natural instinct to hold police with some disdain with her desperation for answers...

JULIE
... Not with any one person, 'specifically'. Really. No. What, that could do *this*? No, I...

She breathes, struggling.

IAN
Is there anyone we can call. Friend of family, to be with you, here.

Clocks Cinderella and Noah across the room. His heart-breaking for them a little...

IAN (CONT'D)
Is it 'Rosie', their mother perhaps? Or -

JULIE
My daughter? She's abroad, on a cruise, she's not back for a week.
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh Christ, don't make me tell her
on the phone. It's her Dad, I can't
tell her on the phone...

IAN

Uh, does Gary's phone - sorry to
ask, but does that phone have a
passcode, please.

JULIE

... The dog's birthday. 07 08.
(then realising)
Oh bloody hell the dog!, Katie!
Where's Katie, we have a dog!

69

EXT. CARLISLE STREET - DAY 3. 0810

69

Ian leaves the house, to be faced with Cleaver, waiting.

IAN

Let's check last calls, messages, we can trace his last route if we like but his wife says it was just to and from the club.

CLEAVER

There's a night club round here?

IAN

Miners' welfare. They call it the clubbie. Interview the staff there as a priority. Oh and there's a dog, somewhere; black border jack, ran off. Can we find it please.

CLEAVER

To take a witness statement?

IAN

(not in the mood)

Prints. On the collar, maybe. You never know.

He stops and takes in the street, sighing with a sense of something, a foreboding he can't place.

CLEAVER

Well. You always did promise to invite me round your endz, Boss.

IAN

Was my end.

CLEAVER

You alright?

IAN

... Mmm. Go on. Thank you.

Cleaver leaves him, heading up the street.

DETECTIVES and UNIFORMS have begun the house to house.

69A EXT. CARLISLE STREET. OUTSIDE NUMBER 4 - DAY 3. 0812 69A

Madeline is on the street with PC Patel.

MADELINE

No one deserves that, good God. And I won't speak ill of the - you know. But. Look, Jacko weren't afraid to, you know. Speak his mind, like. Proud, you know. And it sometimes could get to people.

(she glances up and down the street, then)

Because it's... 'round here', a lot of folk... well, they just want to forget, don't they. You know?

On PC Patel. Not really 'knowing' what she's on about at all.

69B EXT. CARLISLE STREET / LANE - DAY 3. 0814 69B

Rory Sparrow pulls his taxi up along the road that intersects The Jacksons' Street at the bottom. He sees the police tape and OFFICERS sealing the street at the bottom.

These OFFICERS turn to see the car. He stares back.

Before quietly and calmly putting the car into reverse.

70 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 3. 0815 70

Katie the dog, lead dangling from her collar, pokes her nose out from behind some bins, behind a hairdressers.

Some POLICE PATROL CARS whizz by and she recoils back into the shadows, whimpering.

70A INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 3. 0820

70A

Cathy is in shock, and in tears. Fred sat with her. A new CID - DI TAYLOR (female, 40s) is interviewing them.

DI TAYLOR

The landlady at the club said there was - an 'altercation'. Did you witness that?

Cathy looks to Fred. Fred takes a breath in his mask. Nods.

DI TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What was it about?

FRED

Just name-calling. He's been doing it for years, to a lot of folk. I have - we have nowt to do with him. Our families don't... there's nowt.

DI TAYLOR

You said you came straight back after your drink. What time?

CATHY

About half ten? Maybe? We were all home, all three of us.

DI TAYLOR

Three of you?

CATHY

My stepson. His son. Scott. But he's out.

DI TAYLOR

I'll need all three of you to make a full statement.

(then)

No one in the family engages in like, archery, of any sort?

The ground between Fred and Cathy collapses imperceptibly, but they try to hold it together.

Cathy is about to speak, when Fred interjects, quietly -

FRED

No...

Taylor takes them in. Feeling the grim despair in this house.

CATHY

Is she alright? Julie?

70B **I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 3. 0840** 70B

PC Dove is in the garden, examining the contents of the garden fire Gary had been burning only yesterday.

She sees something odd - and carefully extracts it from the damp ashes. A half-burnt POLYTHENE BAG, containing some kind of white powder...

70C **EXT. CARLISLE STREET / MAIN ROAD - DAY 3. 0850**

70C

As the CSI teamwork continues, we're with Ian, alone in his own head, sensing something uneasy, about all this.

Like the sound of a distance drumbeat he has begun to hear, over the horizon...

He's snapped out of it by -

- a fight breaking out, at the top of the **STREET**. Between locals - mainly GIBBO, and DEAN it seems...

GIBBO

Yeah I wouldn't put owt passed yer!

DEAN SIMMONS

You're fucking mental, like.
Seriously, you are.

Ian heads under the tape fast, breaking it up.

IAN

Oy, what's this?!

GIBBO

Fuck you care? All your lot ever did was make things worse. How's about do your job and trotter off.

He makes some 'pig' noises as he goes, calmed down by others.

DEAN SIMMONS

(to Ian)

Ignore that lot. We don't forget,
like. Round 'ere.

Deano offers his hand. Ian half-takes before nodding him off.

IAN

Go on, please, let the officers do
their job.

Deano saunters off, Ian watching him go.

71 OMITTED

71

72 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 3. 0930**

72

Gentle cutaways of the MAJOR CRIMES TEAM establishing themselves in an old parish hall, complete with a raised stage and a piano.

Cleaver is at the 'Holmes 2' database, near Ian.

CLEAVER

So he's on the PNC, Gary Jackson.
Arrested in...

As Cleaver searches, we're on Ian. *He closes his eyes, at a painful personal memory...*

IAN

October, 1984.

(off Cleaver's look)

I was a young PC at the time, I
recall.

CLEAVER

Suspected 'arson with intent' - wow
- alongside four others. The charge
was dropped following the
intervention of another officer?
Right? I can pull the whole file if
you want to read-?

IAN

You can read it; I was there, I
know what happened.

(then, to himself)
'1984'.

CLEAVER

George Orwell?

IAN

That's not what I was thinking.

CLEAVER

Lab has just sent the results from
his phone. Last text was Friday, a
solicitor in Kirkby, "Chakrabarti",
he had an appointment with him...
huh. Today.

IAN

Get someone to him, asap please.

CLEAVER

Oh, and the man who had a row with
Gary last night is Dean Simmons,
lives at number 12.

IAN

... yeah, it was he and Gary
exchanged words at the reception,
Saturday. Whatever his alibi get
the clothes he was wearing last
night.

(then, out of habit)

Please.

CLEAVER

Boss.

(with his notes)

Ian twirls his pen, weary of even mentioning this, for fear of the pandora's box it might open...

IAN

In the victim profile, you should mention that Gary Jackson was NUM.

(off Cleaver's look)

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

National Union of Mineworkers, he was one of the very few round here who kept solidarity with them during the strike in '84. This was predominantly a UDM village; the breakaway union. Most here, carried on working instead.

CLEAVER

In '84? But all that's ... well, that's a while ago, innit.

IAN

Yes. I'm aware.

He turns back to his screen.

73-77 OMITTED

73-77

78 INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 3. 1000

78

The first briefing, led by Ian to his Detective team. A wipe board has been set up to write on - some photos of a couple of 'Doorbell Cams' pinned up.

IAN

A couple of private cameras along the street confirm the time that Gary returned home as 10:18pm. None capture what happened, but he walks past this one at No.7 and then turns, coming back up the street, passing it again, possibly because his killer called out to him?
Maybe?
(then)
Other updates please, go.

CLEAVER

Well, what's sort of amazing is none of our questioning of the neighbours, bar one, mentioned the fact that there is an archery range up on a farm off Elmbank Road, run by a family called the Sparrows?

IAN

The Sparrows? Ah Jesus.

DI TAYLOR

Oh wait, yeah, they ring a bell.

IAN

They're sort of ... 'that family', round here. Every town has one. Only been caught on minor drug offences in the past but they're talked of as being more. Folk are probably weary of naming them.

PC DOVE

Truth be told some folk here seem not massively happy to be speaking to us full stop, I don't know why.

IAN

Don't take it personally. There's just quite a bit of history, with the police, places like this. You're doing alright, keep at it. (a friendly wink, then) Cleaver, Taylor, could you head up to the Sparrows' after this. Ta.

DI TAYLOR

Is anyone at some point going to mention the obvious cultural reference point here? A bow and arrow? In the heart of Nottinghamshire. A modern day Robin-

IAN

I wonder if we might 'not' do that. People start using nicknames for a wanted murderer, suddenly the press get all excited and...

He notices his colleagues looking at him, feeling he's behaving a little differently here, but also getting why.

IAN (CONT'D)

Look I know we deal mostly in organised crime, career criminals, but, these are real people, and I don't want their tragedy reduced to some tacky headline, please.

Some nods of understanding. *A different type of case. Got it.*

IAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's meet again at 6.

They disperse. Cleaver approaches Ian.

CLEAVER

That arrest file you asked for.
(Ian takes it)
Although there are gaps, bizarrely, some of it's redacted. Restricted access.

Ian looks - baffled. A sinking feeling when he sees the blacked out lines, from 'that night' in his past...

IAN

You what? Restricted? Why? He was a retired ex Miner, family man, why would any of it be?

What the hell? Is this something bigger going on here?

CLEAVER

I assume it's with regards the information that led to his arrest?

IAN

But his charges were dropped.
(looking again)
This makes no sense.

CLEAVER

The officer who intervened to get it dropped was from the London MET.
That might be a part of it.
Different force.

Ian's eyes alight on a name in the file. '**PC Kevin Salisbury**'. A tremor runs through him... as he closes his eyes. Taking a moment with a sigh.

IAN

... Yeah. I remember. I remember him.

He rubs his eyes, tired already, back onto the file.

IAN (CONT'D)

But I've got absolutely no idea who's scrubbing this out, or why.

79

EXT. THE SPARROW FARM. YARD / FRONT DOOR - DAY 3. 1100

79

Cleaver and Taylor on the doorstep interviewing Mickey Sparrow, stood defiantly defending his property.

DI TAYLOR

We won't take more than a minute -

MICKEY SPARROW

Then you can have it stood here, can't yer, don't need to come in.

CLEAVER

We're actually investigating a murder.

(waits for a reaction)

(MORE)

CLEAVER (CONT'D)

We wondered if you had any records
of regular visitors, to your range,
thing, over there?

MICKEY SPARROW

Why? Who's been killed, how? A bow
and arrow? Come off it.

DI TAYLOR

Your records?

MICKEY SPARROW

This isn't Butlins. We don't keep
records, people come up, pay cash.

Daphne Sparrow exits the house holding out a tatty notebook.

DAPHNE SPARROW

'Ere. The ones who book by phone
and leave their name at any rate.

Mickey relents, as he usually does, to his wife's decision to be 'helpful'. Cleaver takes the notebook.

79A **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT COMPLEX / CORRIDOR - EVENING 3. 1900/9A**

Kevin returns 'home', down the modern corridors towards the door to the flat, and letting himself in.

ADAM

Dad?

KEVIN

Yeah.

He finds his son, in the living room or kitchen.

ADAM

Dad, look I'm sorry, but I did say
I had people coming round tonight -

KEVIN

I know I know, I'll be out of your
hair, I just came back to --

ADAM

You've left the airbed and your
clothes all over the floor.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have to clear up
after my own... I don't mind
you staying, I like you
staying, just -

KEVIN

I know, that's why I came
back, I forgot; no, of course
you shouldn't - I just needed
some air.

An impasse. Then Adam, awkwardly...

ADAM

And the-... that 'yelling' you used to do, at night. That's back again.

KEVIN

.. Yeah. It comes and goes. I am sorry, Adam. And know this isn't...

He trails.

ADAM

Listen, Mum's gonna swing by too, briefly. Just thought you should know, in case you-... came back early, and...

KEVIN

Huh. Well. Let me just -
(imitating)
- ugh, twist this knife in further, save you the trouble.

ADAM

Dad, come on. If you tried harder together, maybe -

KEVIN

It's not about 'trying', Adam; when two people are wrong for each other-

ADAM

'Wrong for'... You were married for 25-... How can you say our family was wrong?

KEVIN

Not *wrong*, just - not, eventually, right enough.

Adam takes in his father with a mix of sympathy and pity.

ADAM

Sorry. Y'ok?

KEVIN

Yeah. Don't need to worry about me.

79B

INT. EAST LONDON FLAT - EVENING 3. 1910

79B

Kevin is pulling a sheet and duvet off an airbed.

He folds it over to push the last bits of air out of it.

He finds himself lying on top of it with his full weight, as the bed depresses slowly, and he sinks towards the floor - a self-deprecating sigh at the impossibly tragic image.

He lies there, face down for a moment when - his phone rings.

He pulls it from his pocket, looks, and answers -

KEVIN

Hello.

MET DETECTIVE (O.S. ON THE PHONE)

D.I Salisbury, I have a call coming
in from Nottinghamshire police.
They asked for you specifically?

Kevin freezes for a moment. *What?*

KEVIN

... Nottingham?

MET DETECTIVE (ON THE PHONE)

A DCS Ian Saint Claire?

The blood is going from his face. *A name he hasn't heard for
nearly 40 years...*

MET DETECTIVE (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Can I transfer that through?

KEVIN

Uh, y-uh, yeah. You...

He waits.

80

**INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION / EAST LONDON FLAT - 80
EVENING 3. 1915**

Ian is sat on the phone, as he hears the call connect.

We intercut -

KEVIN (O.S.)

Detective Inspector Salisbury.

Hello?

Ian, also hearing this voice for the first time in decades.

IAN

D.I Salisbury, this is Detective
Chief Superintendent Ian St Clair.

KEVIN

... How can I help?

IAN

We're investigating the murder of a resident here, Gary Jackson. And his record indicates an arrest in October of 1984, a charge that was dropped following an intervention by yourself. If I recall.

KEVIN

Well. As I'm sure you appreciate, that was all quite a long time ago.

On Ian - that 'you' feels loaded. *Does Kevin remember him?*

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He's been killed?

IAN

We are having trouble accessing all the relevant details, strangely. Particularly who provided the information that led to his arrest and whether or not that might be motivation for--

KEVIN

If it's alright with you, given how long ago this was, and how... complicated that particular, erm, 'matter' was...
(a near wobble, then)
... I'd prefer to submit anything in writing so it's less - clumsy.

IAN

Perhaps I could send you some questions, then, if that's -

KEVIN

That would be fine.

Ian hangs up. Kevin hangs up --

Both men slide away their chairs, stand, pace, turn...

On Ian - eyes closed. On Kevin - hand to his mouth...

COMMISSIONER DAWES (PRE-LAP)

We've looked into this and regrettably it appears...

COMMISSIONER DAWES

... that the information the Notts Constabulary require relates to a confidential matter elsewhere. Unrelated to the poor victim.

KEVIN

A 'confidential matter elsewhere'?

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Nevertheless we think it might be good... if you actually went there. To show willing, offer support. An exchange between forces.

KEVIN

And a way to get me to clear off for a bit, while the IOPC deliver their verdict on me.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

It'd just be for a couple of days, D.I Salisbury, Jesus.

(beat. Then calmer)

But seeing as you brought it up. It would be good to discuss what options are available to you in advance of their decision.

KEVIN

Firing squad? Noose? Injection?

COMMISSIONER DAWES

You lost your head, Kevin. A fellow officer is charging you with physical assault -

KEVIN

Yeah well this 'anonymous officer', has a history of treating suspects from certain ethnic backgrounds, shall we say, quite aggressively, and when I witnessed such behaviour during the arrest in question -

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Yes I've seen the x-rays of his arm.

KEVIN

Yeah well I've seen the posts he likes on social media. So.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

You've a decent record, Kevin. Twice interviewed to make DCI. And yet, for various reasons, it never quite panned out that way.

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER DAWES (CONT'D)

(cuts to it)

You've gone as far as you can, Kev.
Done your 30 years; pension in the
bag. Retirement is there for the
taking.

KEVIN

Feels very early.

COMMISSIONER DAWES (CONT'D)

And then all this can go
away.

KEVIN

My-... personal, and my financial
circumstances aren't in... I'm
going through a messy divor--

Kevin's fingers twist privately in his hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I do think, with everything else,
I'd like to keep, keep working, a
while longer. Please.

Dawes looks empathetically at the proud but pained man.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Then it looks like you're 'going'
to Nottinghamshire. Doesn't it.

KEVIN

I'd really rather not go Back
There, if I'm massively honest...

The Commissioner is confused by this reaction.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Why? What happened there back then?

82

EXT. TRAIN IN MOTION - DAY 4. 1400

82

Kevin on the train, unhappily heading north.

COMMISSIONER DAWES (V.O.)

Come on, all your experience on the
ground; murder investigations. It's
what you're good at, Kevin...

82AAA

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 4. 1558

82AAA

Julie, alone in her house.

82A

INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE / THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 4. 1600 82A

Ian is sat, stewing it all over. His phone is in his hand...
and he knows he probably shouldn't, but...

He rests it briefly against his head, before dialing.

82B **THE JACKSON HOUSE:**

82B

Julie is on her mobile to her daughter, in tears.

JULIE

I promise the kids are ok, Rosie.
It's not your fault, you're stuck
on a bloody ship. This is no one's
fa-... just, however and whenever
you can, just - come home...

Her landline rings.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Someone's calling, I'll ring back.
(hangs up, picks up)
Yes, hello?

Ian calling her.

IAN

Julie, I'm sorry to bother you
late, it's Ian St Clair.

JULIE

Yes? Go on.

IAN

I just wondered if Gary ever
mentioned... if there were things
that came up recently, about his
arrest during the strike. We're
having a little trouble getting
some information around that.

JULIE

... In '84? No, why, what's that
got to do with anything.

IAN

Probably nothing. We're just
covering all bases. I'm sorry, I
probably-- I shouldn't have called.

JULIE

No, always call, I want you to
always call, with anything.

A pause, now. Both still finding themselves on the line.

IAN

Are you alright?

JULIE

... I'm... I have my grandkids,
here. And my daughter's on her way.
(then)
Are you alright?

She doesn't know why she asked that. He doesn't answer.

IAN
I'll be in touch. Good night.
(he hangs up)

83 **INT. THE WELFARE - DAY 4. 1710**

83

Gibbo - former *striker* - reads the local paper in his corner, shaking his head in disbelief when Dean - former *non-striker* - catches his eye.

They both look away from one another.

84 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 4. 1720**

84

Cathy Rowley stares up towards Scott's locked door...

85 **EXT. TAXI IN MOTION / THE JACKSONS' STREET - DAY 4. 1725** 85

Rory Sparrow drives his minicab by, glancing down the street.

86 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 4. 1727** 86

Scott Rowley wakes up, and exits his hideout, stretching.

He sits, and takes up his ... CROSSBOW. Beside him, his ARCHERY BOW, leaning against his shelter.

The murderer is Scott Rowley, after all...

He begins to clean his many exotic weapons, carefully.

87 **INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - DAY 4. 1730**

87

Moving in on Ian, sat alone, in the dark of his house. Staring out through the patio doors, over the fields...

88 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 4. 1735**

88

Thwack.

An ARROW punctures the bark of a tree.

Scott Rowley stands 20 yards away, having fired his arrow, holding an alloy recurve archery bow - different to the crossbow, more the traditional *Robin Hood* style. Jet black.

He lowers it, examining his work. And reaches over his shoulder to pull another arrow from his sling.

This does not look like a man who is finished with his plan.

He fires another arrow into the tree.

Thwack.

END OF EPISODE.