



SHERWOOD

Episode 2

By

James Graham

FINAL Shooting Script
October 2021

Copyright © House Productions Ltd 2021

Confidentiality Notice:

The contents of this document and any supporting or attached information is confidential and privileged. If you are not the intended recipient, please be notified that disclosing or making use of the contents without permission is prohibited. If you receive this document erroneously, please contact House Productions Limited on 020 3770 8330 immediately.

- 1 **I/E. KIRKBY TUNNEL / TRAIN IN MOTION - MORNING 5. 0720** 1
- A light, at the end of the tunnel...*
- We're moving towards it through the darkness, from the POV of a train cab travelling along the tracks.
- As we emerge from the tunnel and light seeps into the driver's cab, we find ANDY FISHER at the controls.
- He takes in the warm feeling, briefly. He loves this job.
- 2 **EXT. RAILWAY LINE NEAR NEWSTEAD - MORNING 5. 0721** 2
- A vista of 'The Robin Hood Line', leading out of the tunnel towards a quiet, single-platform station at Newstead, a former mining village up ahead, neighbouring Ashfield.
- Beyond the track, and beyond some open fields in the middle distance, is **SHERWOOD FOREST**.
- 3 **I/E. TRAIN CAB / RAILWAY LINE - MORNING 5. 0722** 3
- Andy pushes picks up his intercom and puts on his 'voice' for the train announcement.
- ANDY
- We are now approaching Newstead.
Newstead Station.
(rehearsed pause, then)
This service is calling all
stations to Nottingham.
- He finishes and continues to slow the train down, when -
- Smash!*
- An arrow comes through the side window, into the cab.
- Andy ducks, and slams on the brakes.
- 4 **I/E. TRAIN. CARRIAGE - MORNING 5. 0723** 4
- The small number of PASSENGERS feel the jolt, as it stops.
- A second arrow hits a carriage window, splintering the glass.
- 5 **I/E. TRAIN CAB - MORNING 5. 0724** 5
- Once the train rests, Andy hits the deck as fast as he can.
- He waits. Nothing else comes.
- And so he stands slowly - looking out, at the view.

The landscape is empty of people. Just the woodland beyond.

He gains the courage to slide open the cab window and peer out at what he thought he saw, as we move back to behold...

... Two arrows, embedded in the side of the train.

TITLES.

SHERWOOD.

6 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MORNING 5. 0730** 6

Julie Jackson sits in her dressing gown, having not been to sleep at all. Staring forward, blankly, as the sun comes up.

7 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING 5. 0732** 7

Her sister Cathy Rowley also hasn't slept - awake in the kitchen, a cold cup of coffee in front of her.

She takes up her phone - hovering over **Julie's** name in the phone book - but can't make the call, setting it back down.

8 **EXT. TAXI IN MOTION / ASHFIELD / PARISH HALL - DAY 5. 0745** 8

A perturbed and unhappy Kevin is heading through the village, as the old sights pass by.

Rory is driving - the occasional glance in the mirror.

9 OMITTED 9

10 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 5. 0800** 10

The morning briefing is about to start - DETECTIVES setting up their seats around a table, wipe board, screen.

IAN

Thanks everyone, ok, can we gather.
Ta. We've had a murderer on the loose for nearly 48 hours and a very jittery village, so no fussing or flapping please. Right --

And then Ian sees the new arrival walking through the heavy doors of the parish hall, and stops.

Kevin Salisbury locks eyes with Ian St Clair.

And the world seems to stop spinning, briefly.

IAN (CONT'D)
... 'Scuse me, a moment.

He goes to greet Kevin, we stay with the Detectives, bemused by his reaction to this visiting stranger.

DI TAYLOR
Who's that, then?

Kevin wheels his case towards Ian and they meet.

KEVIN
DCS St Claire?

IAN
Sinclair. Hello, D.I Salisbury.

The difference in ranks (Ian higher, Kevin lower) might rankle but Kevin tries to be bigger, and warmer than that.

KEVIN
Kevin.

IAN
Ian.

KEVIN
(uncertain if Ian recalls)
We've -... we dealt with one
another, before, during the --

IAN
- I know. Lifetime ago, though, ey.
(then)
I was surprised when they told me
you were actually coming up, all we
need is your force to lift some
restricted information in our
victim's file. Any other questions
could have been handled remotely.
The power of zoom and all that.

KEVIN
I'm sure. But. Powers that be, and
all that.
(off Ian's look)
My Commissioner wanted to offer
some actual assistance, rather than
just words. So, here I am.

IAN
(unhappy with this)
I'm about to take the morning
briefing, there's a little kitchen
over there if you want a coffee.

KEVIN

Oh. Well, I can sit in. If that's useful.

From Ian, to Kevin, to Ian again. Who semi-politely gestures him a seat before addressing his team.

IAN

This is DI Salisbury of the Metropolitan Police, he's here to offer some - assistance, should we require it.

DI TAYLOR

The MET ey? Best police force money can buy.

Imitates a 'bribe'. Mild titters. Kevin smiles it off.

IAN

So, the weapon that let loose into Gary's chest is from a crossbow. A light source on the bruise on Gary's skull also shows the shape of a butt, probably from the same weapon. Cleaver.

CLEAVER

(handing it out)

Our victim profile of Gary Jackson. Loving husband, dad and granddad. Retired miner. Remained politically 'active' as a member of the NUM, mainly with ex miners north of the border. But *unpopular* among some swathes of his community here for 'staying out' throughout, in '84.

PC DOVE

I got the same from neighbours at number 4 and 12. He struck. He remained... like, 'strucked'? -

IAN

That's definitely not the word.

PC DOVE (CONT'D)

- when a lot of the miners, here, they... un-struck-

IAN

'Carried on working'. God is this a foreign language with you lot?

PC DOVE

To be fair I wasn't born, 1984.

IAN

OK fair enough, but I don't want speculation spreading out there that this was somehow motivated by politics, or whatever you'd call it. We deal with the facts of the here-and-now, not the way-back-when.

Ian and Kevin probably don't look at one another at this mention of 1984, but they can feel each other's presence.

DI TAYLOR

So, The Rowleys, round the corner, 41 Dover Road. Fred's second wife is Julie Jackson's sister, Cathy.

11 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. LANDING - DAY 5. 0804**

11

Fred Rowley, looking up from the foot of his stairs.

PC DOVE (V.O.)

Fred was at the Miners' Welfare Sunday night and observed this to-do with Dean Simmons...

He's staring at the closed door of son Scott's room.

12 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 5. 0805**

12

PC DOVE

... a pool ball was thrown after Gary used the word 'scab'.

Ian takes a moment at this. Kevin watches.

PC DOVE (CONT'D)

Gary had his usual three pints of - 'mix'? Is that right? What's mix?

IAN

Half a pint of mild, half a pint of bitter, isn't it? Mixed together.

DI TAYLOR

Urk. Sounds awful.

DI CLEAVER

The Landlady says Dean left before Gary and Dean's family are backing him up, saying he was home and stayed home from 10.

IAN

OK, get his phone checked anyway, I'll follow up with him myself.

PC DOVE

Neighbours *have* told us Gary's been
calling him that for years and
nothing's happened before. And I
mean, I've been called worse.

IAN

What about the Sparrows? The
archery range.

CLEAVER

We're working through a list of
visitors, including any other, you
know, so-called 'scabs', or -

IAN

(had enough)
Ok, I...

He's going to have to be clear, apparently. But in his usual, non-condescending and patient way.

IAN (CONT'D)

Odd as it might seem, especially to some of the younger lot - I'm not patronising you, just... that word remains incredibly loaded and dare I say, incredibly painful, in a place where locally most miners didn't join the national strike, 40 odd year ago. Gary was unusual in Nottinghamshire pit villages, on the picket lines where that word was often shouted quite liberally and led to violence and anger. So. Just be mindful, please. Those tensions still rumble on, and we're not here to exacerbate them, we're here to solve a crime. OK?

His team nod - even if they don't fully appreciate it, they appreciate him, and that matters to *him* somehow.

We find Kevin, observing this dynamic - Ian, a Detective who garners affection from his team. *Almost a surrogate family...*

IAN (CONT'D)

Any sign of the little black dog?
(nothing)
Call the radio stations, put the word out. What about that bag of powder in Gary's garden fire?

DI TAYLOR

We're chasing the lab, they're saying it's burnt to shit but they're doing their best.

IAN

Can I ask about that solicitor Gary was meeting with; Chakrabarti?

CLEAVER

Only just managed to get in touch, I can head down there after this.

PC PATEL interrupts, holding a phone at a nearby desk.

PC PATEL

Sir, I'm sorry, a call from the control room. A local train service has been hit with an arrow.

IAN

... Wait, what?

The colour goes from Ian's face. *It wasn't a one off?*

Tight on Kevin too. *What on earth has he walked into?*

IAN (CONT'D)

OK. Move, let's go.

Everyone stands. Ian finds himself in front of Kevin again.

KEVIN

Uh, should I - come with? Or -?

IAN

Look, I'm not sure what the expectations are of Scotland Yard for some kind of -

KEVIN

My understanding was Nottinghamshire made contact with us, for help.

IAN (CONT'D)

- cooperation here but the main assistance we required was information.

An impasse. Still masked by restrained gentlemanly conduct.

KEVIN

Alright, OK. Fair enough.

And at this annoying show of sportsmanship, Ian relents.

IAN

We'll take my car, it's 10 minutes.

13

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 5. 0808

13

Cathy is erratically trying to write a card at the kitchen table. Looking up at Fred.

We are joining them when they are *extremely* wrought.

FRED

I mean unless he is in his room and not answering but I don't reckon he's in there, I reckon he's -

CATHY

But we've his sentencing, this afternoon. He's - we've - I don't..

Fred is pacing now, hand shaking. He lets out a whimper.

FRED

He'll be back. He's just having one last night of freedom or sunset, nothing to do with --

CATHY

So why didn't you tell the police,
about his weapons, then? How could
you not tell them that? You must be-

FRED

There's plenty of folk what do that
kind of thing! They're not killers!

CATHY

(with her card)

I need to think what to write; what
do you write, in a card like this?
That...

FRED

You *don't* write, she's your
bleeding sister! You go round.

Cathy thumps the table.

CATHY

She won't want me to! But I can't
not say something, can I; I can't
not acknowledge it! So what am I
meant to do, ey? What am I meant to
do?! I'm writing.

She writes. Fred looks up at the ceiling, Scott's room above.
Like Edgar Allen Poe's beating heart. *Dreading what's there.*

FRED

(barely audible)

Where d'you put me tool box.

Ignoring him, Cathy looks at the cute image on the card.

CATHY

Is this too happy?

14 **EXT. TRAIN / RAILWAY LINE NEAR NEWSTEAD - DAY 5. 0820** 14

Police surround the train as it sits on the railway line.

The PASSENGERS have been or are being led off the train onto
the safety of the embankment.

Ian, Cleaver, and to one side, Kevin, behold the CSI from
Gary's crime scene, having been examining the arrows.

CSI MADISON

I'm not really sure what assistance
I can provide beyond saying they
appear to be a couple of arrows,
and they came from over there.

IAN

Any idea on distance? Angle...

Looking behind him, at the fields and the woods beyond.

CSI MADISON

I'd say 50 to 75 yards away.
Trajectory's harder to determine.

KEVIN

Would an inclinometer help?

The locals glance at the London interloper. Kevin, who barely wants to be here, doesn't care what this lot think.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

A laser pointer. You line it up
with the angle of the impact and -

CSI MADISON

I know what an inclinometer is. But
for an arrow? Factoring in the
wind, skill of the shooter, not to
mention the train being in motion
upon impact? Not sure it'll help.

Ian is still looking at the landscape.

*The drumbeat of unease again. As though the forest, or the
earth beneath him, is rumbling....*

He makes up his mind, getting on his phone.

IAN

Yeah Detective Chief Superintendent
St Clair again, I want the NPAS to
send a helicopter up asap, to begin
thermal heat-searching the forest.

Kevin saunters off on his own - unable to stop himself,
despite trying not to re-invest again, in this place...

He looks up and down the track. Cleaver watches him, as he
lights a morning cigarette.

KEVIN

So... not a one-off, then? The
arrow that killed Jackson?

CLEAVER

Who knows. Could just be some silly
twat imitating... I don't know.

KEVIN

All those passengers, the driver?
Could have been aiming at anyone of
them, or none of them. Just random.

Cleaver doesn't respond. Kevin smiles - *whatever* - and lights a cigarette, to Cleaver's evident bemusement.

CLEAVER
This is a crime scene --

KEVIN
Where is it to and from, this line?

CLEAVER
(pointing)
The city; Nottingham.
(the other way)
The villages.

Kevin sees the insignia on the cab. **"The Robin Hood Line"**.

KEVIN
That's really what it's called?
Robin Hood?

CLEAVER
I wouldn't. The boss hates that
kind of thing.

KEVIN
What kind of thing.

CLEAVER
Stories. Hifalutin' ideas.

15 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. LANDING - DAY 5. 0830** 15

Fred is drilling the lock off Scott's door from the landing.

16 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 5. 0832** 16

Cinderella is fixing her face in a mirror after crying some more, when she gets a message on her phone. It's from Ronan.

"Do u wanna talk? I keep trying x"

17 **I/E. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 5. 0834** 17

Ronan waits for a text back.

DAPHNE SPARROW (O.S.)
Oy.

Ronan sees his mum watching, and feels caught out.

DAPHNE SPARROW (CONT'D)
Your cereal will go cold.

Ronan smiles, and eats. A message comes, from Cinderella.

"I'm ok. Just still in shock. Spk 18r"

Daphne sips her morning tea.

Mickey and Rory are removing holdalls of gear and 'off the back of a lorry' goods from the house into a van outside.

RORY SPARROW
We'll be back in about -

DAPHNE SPARROW
Clear the outhouse, too.

RORY SPARROW
I've just reset the devices,
they're doing another -

DAPHNE SPARROW
I don't want the pigs finding all
of your stuff if they search it,
and they will fuckin' search it,
Rory, you know they will, so -

MICKEY SPARROW
Do as your mother says. Oy, we
don't mind indulging your whizzy
ideas when its harmless; not when
they're breathing down our neck.

RORY SPARROW
Those whizzy ideas are our future
revenue stream when everything else-

MICKEY SPARROW
Ronan? There's a good boy.

He indicates Ronan help his brother.

As they're going, Mickey quietly gets the attention of -

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)
And Rory?

He nods at Ronan when Ronan's not looking. Rory understands.

18 OMITTED 18

19 **INT. THE SPARROW FARM. OUTHOUSE - DAY 5. 0836** 19

Locks are unbolted on a door, as Rory and Ronan enter.

Before them, the surreal sight of:

A PHONE FARM. Hundreds of iPhones and Androids along shelving
units, hooked up to computers running automated software.

The bright screens work away automatically - logging on to social media accounts, clicking likes, logging out, logging back in again...

Rory looks at his proud personal fiefdom, and sighs.

RORY SPARROW

Aw, well.

He and Ronan begin unplugging all the phones.

20

EXT. RAILWAY LINE NEAR NEWSTEAD - DAY 5. 0837

20

Ian arrives with Andy. But Kevin has - casually - joined.

IAN

We met, didn't we? Saturday night?

ANDY

Oh. Yes. Neel's wedding; my son.

KEVIN

(showing his MET badge)
Hi. DI Salisbury.

ANDY

Oh my. The MET? What are you -?

IAN

(ignoring that, pushes on)
Is this your regular route, Andy?
Would someone know this was the
time you pass through every day?

ANDY

Yeah, it's - every day. It's...

And then it dawns on him what is being asked.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You think they were aiming at me?
Whoever this is?

IAN

Do you know of anyone or any reason
that someone might... do this?

Andy wracks his brain - mortified at the very prospect.

ANDY

I can't think.

21

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY 5. 0839

21

Fred and Cathy enter, kicking over the broken lock on the floor, glancing about.

A normal bedroom. Slightly messy. And no sign of Scott. Just all of his impressive computer hardware.

Fred sits on the bed. Nothing else to do.

CATHY

I'll get his suit ready, in case.

21A **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 5. 0841**

21A

And we find 'the lad' in question.

Scott Rowley sits eating from tins. Looking over the woods.

His eyes find - a holdall bag, full of cash. *Thousands.*

Scott checks the bite wound on his hand - *from Katie the dog?*
- before unfolding a map, and locating an 'x' he's drawn.

21B **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. NEAR THE HIDEOUT - DAY 5. 0843**

21B

Holdall on his back, Scott retrieves a bike he's hidden among some foliage.

MOMENTS LATER:

He sets off, biking down a track.

22 **EXT. NEWSTEAD RAILWAY STATION / FIELDS - DAY 5. 0845**

22

Ian and Kevin tread a careful path over the fields with the directions they've been given.

Not quite sure what to say to each other, so they keep going.

They stop and look back at the train. And around them, shrubs and bushes. Any signs of trampling etc.

Kevin imitates someone firing an arrow. And another. Ian watching this, curiously, perhaps thinking it ridiculous.

They turn to look at where the shooter may have fled.

KEVIN

And so what then, scarper back into there? What is that?

IAN

That... is Annesley Woods. Part of the old Sherwood Forest.

(off Kevin's look)

Don't.

A POLICE HELICOPTER arrives, in the skies above them...

23 **EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER POV / NEWSTEAD - DAY 5. 0847** 23

From the POV of the skies, down at the OFFICERS as they head towards the forest, against the sound of beating blades.

24 OMITTED 24

25 **INT. THE SPARROW FARM. CONSERVATORY - DAY 5. 0850** 25

Mickey Sparrow on his mobile phone, pacing around.

MICKEY SPARROW

I'm not cancelling the order, I'm delaying it, by 48 hours, give or take. The pigs were here, and they will be again. We can't take any new deliveries until this passes.

(listen)

No, you tell him... we're the hub, right? No other bastard can move as much, as far, as fast. That's why I feel I can hang up on you and know you'll be the one calling me back.

He hangs up. Watching the police helicopter in the distance.

26 **INT. THE SPARROW FARM. OUTHOUSE - DAY 5. 0852** 26

Rory and Ronan packing up all the phones at a table.

RONAN

I could do it, instead of the phones? I can click on a loada things, "like" stuff, and -

RORY SPARROW

This automation software can do thousands of clicks an hour. You're not *that* good, pal. And it was only pocket money for now, you know. Not to be sniffed at but... you have to like, prove yourself. To clients. I was just trying to prove myself...

(a moment)

I'm only trying to get us more - protected. You know. For change. Modern world. And... well. Not everyone gets it. This house. This kind of - town.

RONAN

'He' did, though. Didn't he?

(off Rory's look)

That lad, who'd come up here. Train on the archery range.

(MORE)

RONAN (CONT'D)
I thought I... thought you came
down here sometimes, with him.
Talking tech and stuff.

Rory seems surprised by this. But sees an opportunity too...

RORY SPARROW
Look at you. Little man. Beady
eyes, everywhere -

RONAN
No, just -

RORY SPARROW
It's ok. 'Families', yeah? Open,
honest. Look out for one another...
(then)
Listen, this old guy what got
killed, other night? Police are
gonna be looking at us, as ever.
Cause of who we are. And with it
being an arrow, like, it's... And
the problem is, Sunday, we were
just at home. Us lot. So, it's only
us. Our word. But. You were out.
Weren't yer? With a mate, you said?

Ronan - remembering his night, with Cinderella - nods.

But internally, we sense his deep, escalating unease.

RORY SPARROW (CONT'D)
Is he a good mate, this mate?
(Ronan shrugs. Then nods)
I just think. And I'm sorry to ask.
But you know what they're like, and
it'd help, if you and him agreed
that I was with you a'nall. On the
park. Having a kick around. And
then we came back here, and we were
all just here. If anyone asks.
(looks at him, now)
Is that alright, mate?

A moment with Ronan, trying to keep it together, his hand
feeling his phone (Cinderella), as he looks at his brother.

He nods, and attempts a comradely smile.

27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29

30 **EXT. CARLISLE STREET - DAY 5. 0930** 30

The street has now opened up from yesterday.

Cathy hobbles nervously down towards the **JACKSONS' HOUSE**, holding the card she has written.

She arrives at her sister's door, thinks about it, and chickens out, heading back the way she came up.

She then doubles back, posts the card and heads off again.

30A **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 5. 0931** 30A

Julie has emptied a box of old things / memories, and begun looking through it all - laying old photos out on the bed.

We see - *our YOUNG GARY, striking on the picket line with YOUNG WARNOCK (episode 5), and moments from his and Julie's past...*

She hears the letter box go, downstairs.

30B **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 5. 0933** 30B

Julie brings the card into the kitchen, staring at it curiously.

She opens it - and we see the very simple text.

"Dear Julie. I'm so so sorry. Cathy."

On Julie - checking if there's anything on the back.

Nope. That's all.

31 **EXT. IAN'S CAR IN MOTION / STREETS - DAY 5. 0935** 31

Ian drives himself and Kevin back to the satellite station. Both feel content with the silence. Nevertheless -

KEVIN

So. You live round here? Still? I think you lived in the village, back then.

IAN

I did. Back then. And now I live... on the 'outskirts', of the village. Since then.

Somehow that felt loaded, but it's unclear yet why.

IAN (CONT'D)

How long do we have you for, to go through all this?

KEVIN

Well, like I say, I'm not completely sure how much use I'm going to be but -...

(then, seeing, points)

Dog.

IAN

You what?

KEVIN

(pointing)

Dog, black dog.

Gary's dog is running along the **STREET**. Ian brakes.

Ian opens the glove box snatching two pairs of latex gloves.

They leap **OUT** and - semi-ludicrously, two grown men against a small dog - chasing, while trying to pull on their gloves.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, shit -

But Kevin impresses Ian with his more natural fitness, scrambling up and over walls / fences with more ease, reaching the dog first with a roll as he grabs her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Who's a good boy.

IAN
(out of breath)
It's a girl.
(then)
I don't know why I said that.

They turn and head back to the car - Kevin holding the dog out in front of him like a Ming vase.

32

EXT. IAN'S STATIONARY CAR / STREETS - DAY 5. 0940

32

Doors close. They sit. Catching their breath. The dog on Kevin's lap...

KEVIN
So. You married, or...?

IAN
... Yep.

KEVIN
Kids?

IAN
No.

KEVIN
No?

Ian doesn't repeat his answer. Maybe annoyed at that, too.

And Kevin accepts that the same friendly questions aren't coming back to him. *Fine.*

And then ...

KEVIN (CONT'D)
And erm. I remember, uh...
(carefully)
How's your brother doing --

A moment. Ian opens his door and gets out, exiting the car and pacing around in front of it, surprising Kevin.

He and the dog watch as Ian sits on the bonnet, back to them, taking a moment.

On Kevin. *That went well, then.*

After a beat, Ian returns to the driver's seat, closing the door. He restarts the engine.

33 **I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE / GARDEN - DAY 5. 1000**

33

Andy arrives at his door - we see a "**Vote Labour**" poster in his window, before he enters inside.

He places his keys in the same place he always does: on the dressing table in the hallway.

Discombobulated at being home early, at this time of day, he walks a little aimlessly through his house. It's only once he passes into his kitchen does he hear...

... an almighty noise outside.

He heads out of his back door, into his **GARDEN**.

WORKMEN in his son's neighbouring back lawn are tearing down the dividing wooden fence between their two properties.

We might notice the adjoining gate between the two properties coming down off its hinges too.

On Andy - shocked, and bereft.

34 **INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 5. 1005**

34

Next door, Andy stands still while the newly-weds whirl around him. Sarah unpacks their cases from their night away, post-wedding; Neel, packing a new case for work next week.

ANDY

The thing is, it's my fence too.

NEEL

I know, and we always said, we'd wait until after the wedding and it's - well, after the wedding.

SARAH

It's just nice to use the momentum, that's all, all this new stuff.

Andy's brain tries to reconcile that. As Sarah unwraps some furnishings and items for the house.

ANDY

Ok. I've just had a bit a day that's all, and I come home to that mess outside, and -

SARAH

And look, I'm not being funny, but how old was that fence?

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

It was practically rotting. We'll cover the costs, and it'll be better for both of us then, ey? Right Neel?

Sarah doesn't wait for an answer, carrying on unwrapping.

ANDY

There'll be a gate, still, won't there? Between us? That was important, to your mum.

Sarah moves a chair into the corner of the living room.

SARAH

Where do you think, for this occasional chair? Here?

ANDY

What's an occasional chair?

SARAH

A chair you only sit on occasionally.

ANDY

What kind of chair do you only sit on only occasionally?

NEEL

Dad.

ANDY

Am I the only one who's never heard of that; an occasional chair?!

SARAH

Hotels have them.

ANDY

Why?

NEEL

Are we arguing about a chair?

SARAH

I'm not.

Sarah leaves the room to busy herself elsewhere. Andy isn't even annoying to her, anymore. He's too incidental for that.

ANDY

You're off, straight away?

NEEL

Have to; work; Manchester.
(then)

(MORE)

NEEL (CONT'D)

And we've got our trip to
Yorkshire. Your steam train ride.

He smiles. Andy nods. Then as Neel busies himself...

ANDY

That poor man. On the news. He was
at your reception. I bumped into
him.

NEEL

Yeah. His wife works for me at the
building society, I invited her. I
didn't know him though. But.

(sighs)

Yeah it's mad. I sent a text.

ANDY

Today, on the line, there-...
Someone aimed something, at my cab.
I think they think it's the same...
and that I was being, like... for
some reason.

Neel senses his dad struggling, and doesn't know why. He goes
to him, and offers him a gesture of a hug.

NEEL

Ey.

They do. It's not natural to them.

NEEL (CONT'D)

Thanks for that speech.

ANDY

Was it alright? -

NEEL

And the money -

ANDY

- you're welcome.

NEEL

Look what we got; just wired it up.

Demonstrates, with his phone. Some wireless SPEAKERS begin
playing some music around the house.

NEEL (CONT'D)

It's bluetooth, you pick a song on
your phone; look, gimme yours.

He takes Andy's phone.

NEEL (CONT'D)

You log in, and then you can listen
anywhere in the house; pick a song.

ANDY

I don't have any songs.

NEEL

On the internet, pick anything-

Andy is getting upset for some reason and doesn't know why.

ANDY

- I can't think of anything.

Neel gives in and hands him back his phone. They stand there.

35

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 5. 1015

35

Ian and Kevin return with the dog, handing her over.

IAN

Hand this - 'her', sorry - over to
Forensics, I want the collar and
chain examined for DNA and prints.
Taylor? Both Gary Jackson and Andy
Fisher, the train driver, were at
this wedding at the weekend, that's
the only pattern that seems to link
anything so far. Can we assemble
the names and addresses of all
guests, please?

(then)

- oh, I suppose beginning with me
and my wife.

DI TAYLOR

Yup sure thing.

CLEAVER

(coming over)

Boss, also from the lab. We have a
match on prints from the polythene
bag in the Jackson back yard. And
aside from the victim's, there were
two other sets. Both with records.
Michael, and Rory Sparrow.

On Ian.

35A

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 5. 1018

35A

The DETECTIVES are preparing to leave at pace, Kevin
presenting himself in front of Ian.

KEVIN

Sounds promising. If it's not too, uh, presumptuous I was just-... on the uh... can I suggest one thing?

IAN

Look, you obviously have something to say, so you might as well say it. Though to reassure you, we do have quite a bit of expertise up here.

KEVIN

I'm not saying you don't have -... come on, you're a DCS, I'm a lowly DI. If anyone should be feeling... it's just I may have investigated a larger sample size of murders, down there, that's all, and -

IAN

You wanta bet, try me. How many?

KEVIN

Two hundred and ninety-three.

After Ian recovers from his momentary internal shock.

IAN

Well London sounds fucking lovely.

KEVIN

If you swab the dog's mouth, you might get a human profile to run on the DNA database.

(off Ian's look)

It might have bit the murderer.

On Ian. That is *quite* a good idea, that he probably would have got to eventually, but ... he begrudgingly relents.

IAN

If you wanta tag along -

KEVIN

I don't want to tag along -

IAN (CONT'D)

- that's very kind, ta very -

IAN (CONT'D)

But can I ask you don't flash that badge again so freely, like before? There's still... it still evokes memories, here. Of those 'troubles'. And given what's occurred over the past 48 hours, I think it would be a mistake to dismiss the level to which those feelings might escalate, at this present time.

KEVIN

Sure. Whatever you think.
(grabbing his luggage)
If we're heading out then, I might
change into a actual suit. At least
look like an investigating officer.

He grabs his luggage and makes for a door -

IAN

Actually that's not - there's no
toilet, back there. Sorry.

Kevin looks around. Ian fails to offer any alternative.

OK then. Kevin places his things down and begins to undress,
in the middle of the hall full of Officers and Detectives.

If that's how they want to play it.

Shoes off, trousers, just his boxers, opening up his small
suitcase for some civvies.

PCs Dove and Patel watch from the sidelines.

PC DOVE

Nice legs, to be fair.

PC PATEL

Yeah they are.

PC DOVE

Huh. Gay.

PC PATEL

(at her, confused)
Well. Yeah.

PC DOVE

(looking back)
Oh.
(then)
Cool.

They watch Kevin get changed.

36

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 5. 1020

36

Cathy and Fred are sat in their "court" suits at the kitchen
table. Waiting for Scott.

The clock ticks. They don't know what to do.

37 EXT. ROAD TO THE SPARROW FARM - DAY 5. 1030 37

Two police patrol cars head towards the Sparrows, followed by Ian's. The farmhouse in the distance.

38 INT. THE SPARROW FARM - DAY 5. 1032 38

Daphne Sparrow is peeling potatoes and dropping them into a pan of boiling water.

She hears the cars approaching outside and looks up.

39 INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN / STAIRS - DAY 5. 1033 39

Ian, Kevin, and PCs Dove and Patel with Mickey, and Daphne, and Rory. Ian has just handed him a warrant.

MICKEY SPARROW
This is bollocks. We're a family
taxi firm.

IAN
You're saying you haven't handled
any Class A drugs, in recent weeks.

MICKEY SPARROW
We don't recall doing so, no.

KEVIN
And you also run an archery range.

IAN
(ploughing on)
And you've had no contact with a
'Gary Jackson', either.

Mickey Sparrow shakes his head. The brothers just stare.

IAN (CONT'D)
We've found a burnt carrier bag in Gary Jackson's garden with your fingerprints on it. There were traces of ketamine -

MICKEY SPARROW

Unbelievable. This is un-... You
lot have been after this family for
years, 'aven't yer, and now there's
a - Jesus, a dead body and you
can't believe your bloody luck. You
daft bastards. There's plenty you
could do us for, if you had half a
brain -

DAPHNE SPARROW
Mickey.

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)
Here you are, having to make
stuff up.

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)
No wonder folk round here don't
come to you lot, they get it done
themselves. Or come to us to get it
done *for* them -

DAPHNE SPARROW
Michael.

Mickey looks to his wife and stops.

40 **EXT. THE SPARROW FARM. ARCHERY RANGE - DAY 5. 1035** 40

Cleaver and other OFFICERS are inspecting a box of throwing
knives.

He sees some arrows in a sling. *A familiar design.*

41 **INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN / STAIRS - DAY 5. 1036** 41

RORY SPARROW
And while we're playing "Guess the
Fuck Who", what's the deal with
Simple Simon here, sat there saying
nowt? You his ventriloquist dummy?

KEVIN
I'm just here to observe.

MICKEY SPARROW
(at Ian)
You live round here, don't you.

RORY SPARROW
He does. I've picked his missus up.
Nice little place off Derby Road.

Rory smiles - the threatening revelation that *he knows where
Ian lives* is not exactly subtle.

Ian doesn't flinch. Although for some reason his gaze wanders
to the ever unreadable Daphne - whose eyes caught his as she
drove him and his wife home that night. *An odd intimacy...*

Cleaver returns, producing some arrows from a sleeve.

CLEAVER
Sir? The same 'fletching' pattern
of those that hit the train.

Mickey can't believe this is happening. *Possibly the first
time he's been innocent in his entire life...*

MICKEY SPARROW

... We, we sell them. To visitors.
Lots of folk have that pattern.
They do.

IAN

Ok, well. Michael Sparrow. Rory Sparrow. I am arresting you on suspicion of the murder of Gary Jackson -

RORY / MICKEY

You what?! / This is fucking -

As Ian reads them their caution, the men look to mum Daphne, who lifts her palms in a calming 'don't panic' movement.

The men calm, and do as they're told.

Daphne's eyes catch young Ronan on the stairs. A shared look between them. He tries to hide his own private horror at this, but she senses his fear.

41A **EXT. THE SPARROW FARM. YARD - DAY 5. 1038**

41A

Ian watches as Cleaver leads Mickey and Rory into a patrol car.

Around the farm, a full search begins.

His phone rings, and we intercut with Helen at **HOME**.

IAN

Hi, I can't really talk -

HELEN

There's somebody firing arrows off, around the town?

IAN

What? Where'd you hear that?

HELEN

There's a story online. Some train, this morning?

IAN

Shit.

HELEN

Should I be worried?

IAN

No, of course not, you're fine.

HELEN

I meant you. Idiot. Out and about.

IAN

No. It's fine, we have someone.
Look I'll talk tonight. Bye.

Helen puts the phone away as she hangs up.

She finds herself staring out at the open **FIELDS** beyond. A sense of unease...

42

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 5. 1430

42

Cathy on the kitchen wall landline phone, Fred at the table - both of them still in their 'formal attire'.

CATHY

Ok. Alright. Thank-... bye.

(phone down)

Solicitor says judge has had to
issue a warrant for his arrest for
missing the sentencing.

FRED

Right. Well, that dunt matter, he
was going to jail anyway -

CATHY

Yes but this will add to it won't
it; *think!*

FRED

So, what now?

CATHY

Dunno. Police will probably come
here, won't they? Will they?

FRED

Police are already here, there's
half a dozen along every street.

CATHY

Maybe that's why they haven't.
Maybe that's why they won't.
There's not enough of them; a small
matter like this, when...

She sits, on a creaky chair.

And they wait, at their table. Staring at the front door.

42A

OMITTED

42A

43

EXT. VIEWS OF THE VILLAGE / CARLISLE STREET - DAY 5. 1700 43

The hills and forests surrounding the former mining villages.

We find: IAN'S CAR, turning off the main road and heading down CARLISLE **STREET** to the Jacksons' House.

44

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 5. 1705

44

Ian and Kevin facing Julie who has opened a bottle of gin with Cinderella. Noah plays his video game.

JULIE

We're drinking, sorry. I don't know why I said that, I'm not sorry. And yeah this is my underaged 16-year-old granddaughter, yes I know, arrest me. You want one?

Ian - assessing the situation, and an underage drinker.

IAN

N-... uh yeah, why not.

Kevin clocks this. But gives a polite shake of the head when Julie offers a glass to him.

IAN (CONT'D)

Can I ask, what's your relationship to the Sparrow Family?

A chill runs through the room, Julie gobsmacked. And Cinderella - privately horrified, of course.

JULIE

Oh God, not them. Oh Jesus, tell me it's not them. No we don't have any "dealings" with that lot; why would we? They're...

(beat)

Wait. Shit, wait. His allotment.

45

EXT. ALLOTMENT - DAY 5. 1725

45

Julie shows the Detectives and some OFFICERS into the allotment, and Gary's patch, complete with a shed.

JULIE

That's Gary's.

(at the next patch along)

And that's the Sparrows'. Think that's the only contact they'd ever had with each other, but...

As the Officers head to Gary's old shed, in the fading light -

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oy mind your feet, mind them!

Again, she's surprised at how upset such a little thing makes her, seeing patch trodden on. A thought dawns.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I suppose I'm going to have to pick these, aren't I? When do broad beans need picking, is that soon? I've no idea.

(seeing more)

What are they? Parsnips? When do you pick parsnips? I haven't a clue.

She's getting in a flap, as the Officers enter Gary's shed, and others approach the empty Sparrows'. But we move to find:

Kevin. Who looks close to overcome at being here. His POV alighting on certain things -

A crop. A fence post. A fold out chair. A hand...

46 **INSERT. (FLASHBACK) ALLOTMENT - NIGHT** 46

YOUNG KEVIN kisses a YOUNG WOMAN as they lie here together.

47 **EXT. ALLOTMENT - DAY 5. 1727** 47

He realises Ian is looking at him. Julie points.

JULIE

He has this fancy camera that sends pictures to his computer or something, I don't know.

48 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 5. 1800** 48

DI Taylor opens Gary's laptop, and loads the software.

Black and white footage from Gary's allotment on screen.

We skip through versions of it --

Gary sat in his allotment. The Sparrows arriving in theirs.

Then --

The Sparrows have left. Gary approaches their patch, holding a spade. He begins to dig.

Then --

A new day. Rory Sparrow and Mickey Sparrow are looking through the glass of Gary's shed. Searching...

49

EXT. THE SPARROW FARM. YARD / CARLISLE STREET JITTY - DAY 519
1905

Ronan is pacing the perimeters of the farm yard, looking over at the UNIFORMED POLICE here to guard the property overnight.

His phone rings. **Cinderella**. He answers, and we intercut -

RONAN

Cinds?

- with the **JITTY**, and Cinderella walking in tears.

CINDERELLA

Is it true?! Oh my-... it was your family Ronan, killed my granddad?

RONAN

No! Of... they *wouldn't*--

CINDERELLA

Except they would though, wouldn't they? And you don't know, you weren't there, you were with me.

RONAN

They're - oy, they're not like-...

Cinderella turns, twisting, unable to control the pain.

CINDERELLA

Well come and see me, then. You come and you look me in the eyes and tell me that.

RONAN

I ... I can', I can't leave.

CINDERELLA

Why?

Ronan realises he's painted himself into a corner.

RONAN

The police are here...

Cinderella splutters, this seeming to be her confirmation.

Ronan, very unlike him, is trying not to cry. Sensing both her, and also his family, simultaneously slipping away.

RONAN (CONT'D)

Wait, please listen, please, the police, they've always just had it in for my -

CINDERELLA

You stay away from me, OK? If my gran or my mum found out I'd been messing about with one of-... They'd have torn me to shreds as it was, even before this, let alone...

On Ronan. Despite his fear of losing her, bruised by that.

RONAN

Why would they have?

CINDERELLA

I'm going.

RONAN

Say it.

Cinderella hangs up, and doubles over, taking a breath.

50

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - EVENING 5. 1910

50

Most of the others in the Police Team are leaving or have left, as Ian sits with a sense of *finally*, at a desk, gesturing for Kevin to do likewise.

IAN

Thanks for your patience. Long day.

KEVIN

Well. Sounds like you've got a strong case. Motive, the arrows. I s'pose this is a moot issue, now.

IAN

Well, not to me.

(Then, producing)

This still doesn't add up. Gary Jackson's arrest file from '84. And...

He indicates some heavily redacted documents, black lines blocked out significant amounts of text.

IAN (CONT'D)

... as you can see, there's a lot we can't see, which is odd for an on-paper law-abiding husband and father whose charge was dropped.

KEVIN

I don't disagree. Weird to see old cardboard folders in the age of digitised everything. Is there a transcript of the interview; an audio recording?

IAN

Interviews didn't start being taped until 1991, but I spoke to Gary ... That Night, as a young PC; I remember. There wasn't a lot that was straightforward about what happened, but this was. He was accused, and arrested, new evidence came forward, he was cleared. So... why this secrecy?

(then)

Isn't that the reason you're here to grant access to this?

KEVIN

I'm afraid I *think* my superiors sent me here because they're not granting access to that.

IAN

So you're what, just a gesture? That's nice and we're very touched, but I want to know if this might point to any added motivation for Gary's murder...

KEVIN

You've got motivation. He burned the Sparrows' drugs. And good for him--

IAN

I don't like there being things I don't know. Let alone *can't* know. If there was something amiss or there's something new abo-... about 'that night', then...

He trails, having not meant to push so hard.

It feels like this is as personal as it is professional.

Kevin rubs his face. Readyng himself to go into it again.

KEVIN

If you recall... on an evening in October 1984, which would have been what, 6 months into the Strike, there was a tip-off that implicated Gary, and 4 others, in being involved in an attack that caused some ... serious personal injury. And one fatality.

Ian shifts in his seat at this. *Yes. He recalls...*

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'd been billeted here with
hundreds of other London officers
to help police the escalating
violence. By sheer circumstance, I
was able to vouch for Gary that
night, who I barely knew from Adam.
For which, incidentally, a black
mark went against my name, for
which I believe has forever-...

Kevin stops. Too tired to go into it, and what's the point.
Ian studies him. Frustrated. But what can he do.

IAN

Ok. Well. I do appreciate you
taking the time to come up. I think
they've booked you on the first
train south tomorrow morning.

He offers his hand. For the first time. Kevin shakes it.

51 OMITTED 51

52 **EXT. GUEST HOUSE - EVENING 5. 1930.** 52

Kevin stands on the driveway of a humdrum Guest House on a
suburban street. A residential home, with spare rooms.

53 **INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - EVENING 5. 1932** 53

He is led into his room by the GUEST HOUSE LANDLADY, who
hands over the keys and closes the door.

A double bed with a 'busy' duvet cover. Small portable TV on
some Ikea drawers.

He turns over his phone in his pocket - lonely - wanting
connection. Hovers over '**Adam**', but decides against.

He glances grimly at an old microwave in the corner. *Food.*

54 **I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM / STREET - EVENING 5 1934** 54

Andy is closing the curtains when he stops, looking into the
darkness of his **STREET**, in front of his house.

A moment - his eyes darting around. Sensing eyes on him.

He shuts the curtains quickly. *Probably nothing.*

MOMENTS LATER: he settles down with a plate of cheese and
crackers, and sticks an old tape into the VCR, pressing play.

As the video starts, his eyes glance to the chair next to
him. *Where, presumably, his wife used to sit.*

On the TV, a fuzzy video announces its title: **Intercity 225 -
London Kings Cross to Edinburgh Waverley.**

*A popular type of video among train enthusiasts, showing the
drivers POV of an entire journey in real time.*

The train pulls out of the station, and Andy settles into his chair for the night.

IAN (PRE-LAP)
So, let's start with an oldie but a goodie...

55 **INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING 5.55 1936**

Ian and Cleaver interview the two Sparrows, as we **INTERCUT** between the separate interviews, a SOLICITOR present in both.

With **MICKEY SPARROW:**

IAN
A security camera shows Gary entering your allotment and taking something. Then the following day, you and your son are captured searching Gary's plot. Was that for the ketamine we found prints on?

MICKEY SPARROW
No comment.

Cleaver with **RORY SPARROW:**

CLEAVER
How do you account for your fingerprints being on the burnt packet of drugs, then?

RORY SPARROW
Absolutely no scooby.

CLEAVER
OK. So, where were you on the night of Sunday 12th?

RORY SPARROW
Our Ronan's told yer, I was on the park with him and his pal and then we went home, together bout 8, 9.

Back with **MICKEY:**

IAN
You weren't looking to take revenge on Gary Jackson for taking your gear? Send him a message?

MICKEY SPARROW
I'm not the vengeful type. Too busy.

On Ian. Going for a new line of inquiry.

IAN

Do you know a local man called
Andrew Fisher? He's the driver of
the train that was attacked today.

Mickey shakes his head. On Ian...

IAN (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
We'll hold them over night.

56

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION - EVENING 5. 2020

56

Ian, Cleaver and Taylor debrief together.

CLEAVER
Ronan Sparrow's friend who he
alleges was with 'em is backing it
up. But honestly I've never seen a
kid so badly shitting himself.

IAN
This is going to be the problem.
They're scared of them and they
don't trust us.

DI TAYLOR
So?

IAN
So. Given the arrows on their
property matches only the train
attack and not the *murder* -

DI TAYLOR
That's the crossbow.

IAN
- I say we keep searching the farm
tomorrow. We're in a good place.
Let's use the time we have before
we call the CPS.

DI TAYLOR
Anything to tell the press? They'll
be hounding.

IAN
What? No, sod 'em.

CLEAVER
Might not be a terrible idea to get
it out there we've made an arrest.
Arrows flying about the place, it
might calm people to know there's
someone under lock and key.

IAN
(accepting this)
OK, minimal details.

57

INT. LOCAL STORE - EVENING 5. 2022

57

On Kevin, as he holds a basket and wanders a small local store, trying to choose the least worse ready meals to add to his bottle of screw-top wine.

He takes two, and heads to the **CHECKOUT**.

Next to him, in the queue, he - and we - find...

JENNY HARRIS, late 50s, shopping too, selecting some wine.

Kevin Salisbury's stomach flips again, frozen to the spot.

The woman senses something, and glances. Unsure of why this man is looking at her. He doesn't say anything at first but -

KEVIN

So-sorry, is it... it's Jenny?

Right? Jenny Ryan?

Jenny takes him in, confused. *Something, she can't quite get.*

JENNY

Well, it's been a while since I was
Jenny 'Rya-'...

And this triggers the realisation. *Jesus Christ.*

JENNY (CONT'D)

Is-...? Kevin?

And suddenly her legs are gone and she's stumbled a couple steps back into the shelves, knocking some items off.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Oh, crap, erm -

KEVIN

Woah. It's ok.

They find themselves on the floor, collecting them up.

JENNY

I'm sorry. I just...

(beat, then)

Why on earth are you..?

KEVIN

I was called up. To assist with-...

JENNY

What, Gary Jackson? Why? Why would-

KEVIN

(wants to make this clear)

I didn't ask to come back. I was
assigned. They needed some
information, because of what...

He realises he doesn't want to finish that sentence, but she knows exactly to what he is referring.

It's all, to put it mildly, 'a lot'. But they're trying to be ok with it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't deliberately...
I thought I'd be in and out. I am
in and out, I'm off home. Tomorrow.

She nods. Awkward pause. Still waiting for the checkout.

JENNY

And what is home, London?

KEVIN

Yeah. Yep. And you're still -
teaching? Is that- ?

JENNY

Headmistress. The local primary.

KEVIN

Oh wow. That's great, that's...
(not wanting to ask this
but has to)
And family, and..?

JENNY

... Yeah. Well, no kids. Get enough
of them at... But. Yeah. You? Did-?

KEVIN

Yeah. Yeah.

They're both at the checkout. A customer in front paying.

It takes a while, leaving Kevin and Jenny to hover awkwardly next to each other.

Kevin finally steps forward to pay, turning back to Jenny on his way out.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Well, it's erm - I'm, I'm glad I
bumped into you, it'd have been
weird, not to. And that you're ok.

JENNY

Yeah. Doing ok. Nice to see you.

Kevin nods bye, turns, and walks out of the automatic doors.

58 **EXT. STREETS OF ASHFIELD - EVENING 5. 2028** 58

We follow Kevin pacing away from the shop at speed.

59 **INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 5. 2030** 59

Helen is reading on the sofa, when Ian collapses onto it as well, squeezing in beside her.

HELEN

So. You have someone?

IAN

We do.

HELEN

Good.

(turns her page)

How was it? With him?

IAN

... I think I was quite - petty.

HELEN

Petty, you're not petty.

IAN

I worry that you might have spent your life with actually quite a small man.

HELEN

You are not small, Ian St Clair. You're the biggest man I know.

(beat)

I'm not talking about your you-know-what, by the way; that's tiny.

IAN

It is tiny isn't it; why is that?

They're back to their natural, playful selves, briefly -

HELEN

I've never had complaints. In fact we could head to bed early? Might help you forget your horrible day.

IAN

I think, if it's not unspeakably rude of me... if we just lie here and stare at the ceiling for a bit.

HELEN

Course. Of course.

They stare upwards at the ceiling, together.

60 **INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - EVENING 5. 2035** 60

The ready meal turns, casting an amber light through the room, as Kevin opens the bottle of wine, and ignores the no-smoking signs in the rooms, lighting up a cigarette.

He takes a drag, and a swig, and stands there.

He can't bear the hum of the microwave and so turns on a bedside radio instead.

Some 80s music (fittingly) is playing - *New Romantics*, style. He listens. And turns it up. And up...

And then in a *fuck all this, fuck everything* attitude, as he starts to 'dance', but it's more like an exorcism...

Getting harder, and *wilder*, and freer, around the room...

61 **INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5. 2310** 61

On screen: the train is pulling into Edinburgh Waverley.

Andy wakes up - having fallen asleep in his chair.

He checks his watch. Rubs his tired eyes. Lonely. Sad.

He then finds himself - full of shame, but nevertheless - coyly unbuttoning his corduroy trousers. Placing his hands into his pants. *A while since he's done this.*

Andy takes out his mobile, and types something into the search engine we don't see.

He clicks on a video, and waits. We might get flashes of some pornographic sex images. But no sound.

Andy presses the buttons on the side of his phone to increase the volume - but no sound comes through, still. *Strange.*

62 **INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 5. 2313** 62

Next door, through the bluetooth speakers, the sound of Andy's porn is blasting out around the house, with "*Yeah, harder!*"'s galore.

Sarah enters the room half-terrified, half-furious.

SARAH
What the - ?!

63 **INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5. 2315** 63

Andy turns it up louder. Nothing. Oh well. He keeps going.

64 **INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 5. 2317**

64

Sarah's on the phone, by the speaker.

SARAH
Are you sure it's not you?!
Watching a dirty porno in your- ?

NEEL (ON THE PHONE)
Sarah, I'm in Manchester! It's not
going to reach that far??!
(then, realising)
Oh God. Oh nooo I'm dying; kill me.

SARAH
What?

65 **INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 5. 2319**

65

Andy continues to (try to) masturbate.

The video stops as his phone rings. "**Neel calling**". He takes a moment, a couple of breaths, before he answers.

ANDY
Neel? What time is it?

NEEL (O.S.)
Dad, are you... I'm not sure how to
ask this, but I think you might be
watching something that's coming
through on speakers at ours.

Andy, mortified, sits up at speed, faffing with his phone.

NEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

ANDY
What? What do you mean, I
don't think so, no, I was
just -

NEEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's alright dad. You just
have to disconnect. On the
bluetooth settings. You woke
Sarah up.

ANDY
I wasn't - but I wasn't doing
anything, it must have been a
mistake or something. I...
(beat, then)
You didn't - didn't tell Sarah, did
you? That it was me?

NEEL
... No. It's no biggie dad. Just
turn off bluetooth. Sleep tight.

Neel hangs up. We're left with Andy. Wanting the earth to swallow him whole.

66 **I/E. CHAKRABARTI'S HOUSE. GARDEN - MORNING 6. 0900** 66

A new face - VINAY CHAKRABARTI - steps into his back garden, holding a coffee. Professional looking.

He has a moment to himself, eyes closed, stressed. Calming...
Thwack.

An arrow hits the wall of his house.

It takes a moment for Vinay to register what it was. Before jumping, and stumbling back inside, falling over a side table as he tries to take cover - -

67 **INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - MORNING 6. 0902** 67

Kevin wakes up with a scream.

Still the same old night terrors. Only in new surroundings.

68 **INT. THE WELFARE - DAY 6. 0920** 68

Ian is briefing some of the LOCAL COUNCILLORS in a hastily called, stand-up meeting, including Andy and Sarah.

(Andy avoids the eye of Sarah, who probably is trying desperately to avoid his).

IAN

I'm very keen to keep you, as
councillors, up to speed with
everything. I grew up round here
and patrolled the beat round-...
and so I know the potential for
this to inflame existing divisions.
We have suspects in custody, and -

LOCAL COUNCILLOR

Yeah but you know what folk are
saying, though, right? That some
fucker's targeting striking miners.
I mean who's next, am I next?

IAN

We have no reason to believe that's
the case. After all, Mr. Fisher
here also experienced... uh, such
an act of aggression, yesterday -

SARAH

I hope the local election are still going to be able to run alright. Because *certain* parties here tend to benefit from a lower turnout, and if they're pushing for that I'd just bear it in mind.

Some unimpressed looks, which Andy feels keenly. A *Labour man, feeling guilty by association to his daughter-in-law.*

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh come on, it was a joke. We're all gonna get re-elected, probably.

LOCAL COUNCILLOR

Well technically you're not getting re-elected as an Independent, are you. You'd be getting newly elected, as a Conservative.

SARAH

(smiling, friendly)

I've always deep down been a Conservative, William; but until recently that was like saying I had shit on toast for breakfast, here. Only it turns out we were the silent majority all along, and were just too intimidated to say. And if anyone should be worried about what this attack might spark, it's those who come from families that... well look I won't talk ill of the dead, Gary Jackson, that's not who I am, but back in the day, the attacks on my father from *striking* miners? My father who ran the coach company that ferried the miners who wanted to work across the picket lines, despite well, all the eggs if you were lucky, and the bricks if you weren't? You wanna know where I got my politics from, Bill, my belief in the right of the individual to choose? That's where.

On Andy. Silent. But poles apart from his new daughter-in-law. Ian is about to wrap up when he sees Cleaver enter.

IAN

Excuse me.

He goes over. Cleaver whispers in his ear. Ian stares...

69

EXT. CHAKRABARTI'S HOUSE / MAIN ROAD / ARU VANS - MORNING 0945

Ian arrives at the scene to see that two FIREARMS OFFICERS with their weapons have been stationed outside the house.

PASSERS-BY and LOCALS gobsmacked by the scale of the operation in the village.

A DOG WALKER takes a picture before she's herded away.

Cleaver joins Ian as he's heading in.

CLEAVER

So not to state the bloody obvious,
but given that the Sparrows were in
custody last night..?

Ian continues to where Vinay is having a glass of water. In shock. Ian pulls up one of the chairs.

IAN

Mr Chakrabarti? Hi, I'm Detective
Superintendent St Clair. You were
Mr. Jackson's solicitor, that's
correct? My officers spoke to you?

CHAKRABARTI

Yes, I ... We were pursuing a new
wrongful arrest claim, that's all.
From back in the 80s. But I-...
I've no idea why he would have been
killed. Or why I'm now...

IAN

Have you had any dealings at all
with the Sparrow family?

CHAKRABARTI

... Dealings? No, but I know of...
why would they want to hurt me?

IAN

That's sort of why I'm asking.

CLEAVER

(off a call, to Ian)
Erm, Sir..?

Ian joins Cleaver in private, with yet more rolling news.

CLEAVER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you'll need to be
thanking cockney what's-his-chops.
The dog came through, from a bite,
DNA on the database. Scott Rowley.
(off Ian's look)

(MORE)

CLEAVER (CONT'D)

He was meant to appear for
sentencing at the Magistrates'
court yesterday for benefit fraud
but didn't show.

Ian immediately gets on his phone.

70 **INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - MORNING 6. 1000** 70

Kevin is using an electric razor in the mirror. The radio is
on - local station; a jingle followed by the news.

LOCAL RADIO (V.O.)

You're listening to Mansfield 87.6,
with Alan and Dev. Now, we're
getting word, and we must stress
this is unconfirmed, but following
yesterday's targeting of a Newstead
train... it's hard to believe, but
another arrow attack has been
reported in Ashfield...

He continues to shave, eyes finding his train ticket home.

71 **I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE - MORNING 6. 1005** 71

Andy is at home when his doorbell rings, making him jump.
From his POV: his front door. The doorbell rings again.
Andy approaches it, uncertainly... a foreboding here...
He opens it slightly, to see -

DELIVERY DRIVER

Delivery for next door, no one's
in, can I leave it with you?

A tall box in his hands. Andy nods, taking it.

72 OMITTED 72

73 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING 6. 1035** 73

Cathy has dropped an egg into some bubbling water.
Fred checks the local paper for any news.

74 **EXT. ALLEYWAY / THE ROWLEY HOUSE - MORNING 6. 1037** 74

ARMED RESPONSE OFFICERS are filing down the alleyway towards
the back of the Rowley house.

Ian and his CID colleagues follow behind.

The LEAD ARMED OFFICER leads his men approaches the door.
Behind him, an ENFORCER with a metal ram.

He smashes the ram against the door, easily knocking it open -

LEAD ARMED OFFICER
Armed police! Hands up.

74A **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE - MORNING 6. 1039**

74A

They pile **INSIDE:** as a shocked and scared Cathy and Fred
scream and put their hands in the air.

74B **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - MORNING 6. 1041** 74B

- as other OFFICERS head upstairs to **SCOTT'S ROOM.** No one.
They search, look through wardrobes, drawers, under the bed.
On a desk is all of Scott's computer hardware.

75 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1120**

75

Ian and Cleaver are with a shaken, and crying, Cathy and
Fred, sat in the calmer setting of the Parish hall.

CATHY
I can't... No, no, I can't believe -

IAN
Mrs Rowley, I'm sorry, but we have
his DNA. It's Scott. I need you to -

CATHY
But why would he? How *could* he?!

She finds herself hitting her husband, Fred. Hard.

CATHY (CONT'D)
That was you! This is your fault!

Ian helps protect Fred, who isn't putting up a fight.

CATHY (CONT'D)

What am I going to say to her...
what will anyone say to us...

IAN

Mr Rowley, do you have any idea why
Scott may have killed Gary?

Fred doesn't begin to know how to answer that.

IAN (CONT'D)

Fred. Cathy. It is *extremely*
important that you try to answer my
questions as best you can, so that
we can understand why Scott has
done what he's done...

76 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 6. 1123**

76

On Scott, bow and arrow over his shoulder, tramping through
the wood, following a map.

IAN (V.O.)

... in order that we might prevent
anything he plans to do next.

He finds the spot he's looking for, and removes the bag over
his shoulder full of cash.

Scott begins digging a hole, and burying the money.

77 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1125**

77

IAN

I need you to think why he might be
targeting these people and places.
The train at Newstead yesterday?
This solicitor's home today?

They're genuinely lost for words, unable to speak.

IAN (CONT'D)

Julie, Gary's widow, that's your
sister? Cathy?

FRED

(chipping in)

Nothing to do with Scott, though,
they're not related. He had nowt to
do with them. I have nowt to do
with 'em. Practically avoided the
hell out of each other! Ask her!

IAN

But it's well known that Gary was
pretty vocal about his politics.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

And you were a, a 'working miner',
the breakaway union, back in '84?

FRED

Yeah but... that's me. Scott wan't
even born for fuck's...! He didn't
care about any of that, didn't give
a shit! He just spent all his time
on computers.

(getting more worked up)

Oh but that's what folk are gonna
make up, in't it; that it's all to
do wi' me, somehow? Right yeah.
Well what have I done?

Cathy scoffs tragically. Fred tries to calm.

78 **INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY 6. 1127** 78

The ANALYST is trying to turn on Scott's laptop, and his desktop, all blank as he taps the keys with frustration.

 PC DOVE
 They're all dead? He's wiped them?

 DI TAYLOR
 Well, he can't wipe his IP address,
 though, can he.

DI Taylor nods to the Analyst to get to work.

79 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1129** 79

 IAN
 He was due to be sentenced
 yesterday, for - benefit fraud?

 FRED
 Which is so unfair. S'just because
 he didn't declare his, his savings,
 while he was claiming unemployment.

 IAN
 What savings does he have?

 FRED
 My redundancy, from the pits, I
 gave him it when he was little,
 during my divorce from ... his mum,
 she was ... it's complicated.

 IAN
 Is that how he affords all his
 computer gear? And these weapons?
 (Fred nods)
 Where does he keep that money?

 FRED
 Building Society. In town.

Ian looks to Cleaver, who takes that as his cue to 'do that'.

 IAN
 Does he have anywhere else he might
 have stored weapons, hardware?

Fred shakes his head. But Cathy looks up, a thought.

 CATHY
 Wait. You lent him your old garage.

80

INT. ROW OF GARAGES - DAY 6. 1145

80

We're pulling back on the garage door, in a line of battered old garages, in a yard, down from a residential street.

ARMED OFFICERS take up position - weapons raised to the door - as another OFFICER arrives with steel cutters and releases the padlock around the handle.

The garage door opens.

INSIDE: Ian and Cleaver enter.

CLEAVER

O-K...

A right-wing, incel, torture porn's wet dream.

Posters and images of extreme violence and serial killers.

Other weapons that include a samurai sword, a range of knives. Different arrows. A rifle.

MOMENTS LATER:

Forensics are doing their work, examining items and sealing them up. Cleaver is just off the phone. To Ian -

CLEAVER (CONT'D)

So Scott has been withdrawing, in increments, the entirety of his dad's redundancy over the last three months, in cash. He cleared out the final amount on Saturday. A little over 15 grand.

IAN

Jesus. I wish I had 15 grand.

(then, looking around)

What is this boy doing? And why is he doing it?

Ian takes a breath, head back, taking a moment.

When... he thinks he sees something, above him.

IAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

(to someone nearby)

Gimme that.

He grabs a torch, and slowly begins pulling the garage door, which was above him, down - to close them all inside - to the surprise of Cleaver and the other FORENSIC OFFICERS.

CLEAVER

What you doing?

Ian turns on his torch, and aims it at the door.

REVEAL: some graffiti on the back of the door.

"You're all liars".

A moment...

IAN

(sighs)

Well I dunno what it means, but I
really wish we hadn't seen that.

81 OMITTED 81

82 OMITTED 82

83 OMITTED 83

84 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 6. 1150** 84

Cinderella is on the sofa, reading Cathy's card. Julie is at the computer in the corner. Morning cuppas.

CINDERELLA

Who sends a card? It's mental...

JULIE

She's just - it's just - people
don't - she's trying, that's --

Julie is writing notes from the internet, on different vegetables and when to pull them. **"Parsnips - September"**.

CINDERELLA

When's mum and dad back?

JULIE

They have to wait till their cruise
ship docks and then try and get a
flight back. They're on their way.

Cinderella fiddles with her phone a bit, and then -

CINDERELLA

Does it hurt, d'you think? To die?

JULIE

(turning, snapping)

Oh my god, why are you asking me
that? Do you not think I'm doing
everything I can not to think about
that, Cinderella?!

Then Cinderella sees, through the back window -

CINDERELLA
There's police at Aunty Cathy's.

85 **EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 6. 1155**

85

Julie and Cinderella, both smoking, watching from the garden.

From their POV: over their back fence, through the Rowley's upstairs windows, POLICE OFFICERS working away.

JULIE
Oh God. Did I say something, that would make the police think that..? Shit, I'm trying to think.

CINDERELLA
But they arrested them -- Sparrows.

A moment on Julie. Feeling an emotional pull. With her phone -

JULIE
I'm calling her. My sister. Sod it.

86 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1157**

86

Cathy's phone vibrates on the table. "**Julie Calling**". To herself, almost trembling...

CATHY
Oh God. She knows. She *knows*...

... shaking hands holding face, as she weeps.

87 **EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 6. 1159**

87

Julie pauses, before leaving her message.

JULIE
Erm. It's me.
(beat, thinking...)
I'm just checking the police are not giving you grief, for anything I've said. I can't think what, but... anyway, that's all.
(beat, then)
Thank you for yer card.

She hangs up.

88 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1400**

88

Back in the parish hall, DI Taylor is debriefing Ian and co on with what digital analysts have found so far, on Power Point.

DI TAYLOR

So, Scott isn't exactly Edward Snowden, his 'hacking' such as it is, self taught and pretty amateur, but he was using phishing viruses he bought on the dark web from someone, somewhere, somehow.

We might see snatches of images of Scott's 'hacking'.

INSERTS

The profile pictures / photos - GARY JACKSON ... DEAN SIMMONS... VINAY CHAKRABARTI... and MICKEY SPARROW.

89 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1402**

89

IAN

Why, what was he looking for?

DI TAYLOR

Our Analysts can't say yet. It centres a lot on Gary at first. I'd say to the point of obsessive. But then there's others, based locally, including the solicitor who was targeted this morning.

On Ian. Trying to make sense of it all, when -

- Kevin Salisbury walks back into the Parish Hall.

IAN

How far did you get then? Leaving?

KEVIN

Stood on the platform, waiting. Agonisingly close. But if these targets are something to do with Gary's arrest, then... I thought I'd stick around.

Ian sighs privately, less sure, as they head out.

90 **EXT. KIRKBY TOWN CENTRE. HIGH STREET - DAY 6. 1404**

90

Ian and Kevin heading on foot to **CHAKRABARTI'S OFFICE**. An OFFICER also here, guarding the property.

The forming of our very unlikely buddy cop partnership.

91 **INT. SOLICITORS - DAY 6. 1406**

91

Chakrabarti is still stressed, in his humble office, sat opposite Ian and Kevin.

CHAKRABARTI

I didn't mean to withhold any...
when we spoke, earlier on. I
just... I deal mainly in family law
and tax disputes, not anything -

IAN

You're ok. Just from the beginning.

Chakrabarti looks at Ian, to Kevin. And back to Ian.

CHAKRABARTI

I've been helping with some
wrongful arrest claims, from the
strike. A lot of which has been
gathering steam, with the campaign
around Orgreave and so on. Over
11,000 miners were arrested, during
that year. 11,000. And even though
Gary's charges were dropped, he
always felt he'd been blacklisted
from then on. Pushed out of the job
he loved. He wanted to know more
about why he'd been arrested. Who
had it in for him; who got it
wrong. There's...

(a moment, a small smile)

I'm not a conspiracy nut, tin-foil
hat in the basement kind of -

IAN

Go on.

CHAKRABARTI

Do you know what a 'spycop' is?

92 **INSERT. SCOTLAND YARD. ARCHIVES. 1408**

92

Jump cuts of the Episode One pre-titles again -

*Archivists - sealing up documents - "**confidential**" - opening
up a secure vault - wheeling a trolley of files in --*

93 **INT. SOLICITORS - DAY 6. 1409**

93

Ian looks to Kevin. Feeling this is more his field.

KEVIN

Yeah, of course. I mean, I've never personally... The undercover officers in the, what 60s, 70s? There's an inquiry happening now, into the practices of one old unit from Scotland Yard. SDS?

CHAKRABARTI

The 'Special Demonstration Squad' yes; and the inquiry is looking into how and why these 'spycops' penetrated so-called radical groups, but that were often entirely peaceful and law-abiding.

KEVIN

The unit's been disbanded, though?

CHAKRABARTI

That doesn't help the people who over 20, 30 years were *unlawfully* snooped on by their own government. Purely because of their politics.

(then)

There's long been a belief that this practice was deployed in *mining communities*, back then. That the government placed undercover officers with fictional identities into the unions, or places like this, to gain the confidence of locals, but were secretly feeding back intel to the Met Police, possibly the Home Office, even the security services. Gary's beloved "NUM" not only believe this is all plausible, they also told him... of a rumour, they'd picked up. About an undercover spy sent in this community. Possibly that informant who singled out Gary, as a 'militant', for arrest.

KEVIN

But -- and I'm not defending the practice, but these 'undercover' -

CHAKRABARTI

Spies.

KEVIN

- officers, ok, *officers*, were just following orders, and then bugged off when the whole thing ended.

CHAKRABARTI

Yes but that's the thing.
Apparently *this* undercover officer
didn't 'bugger off'. The rumour,
which Gary believed, is that they
never left. Quite the opposite. He
said that they stayed.

We might push in on them now...

CHAKRABARTI (CONT'D)

That this was someone who assumed
an identity, moved here in the 80s,
spied on people... and then
remained here, under their
fictional persona, to this day.

On the two detectives. *Feeling way in over their heads.*

94

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 6. 1445

94

Ian and Kevin, alone together. Stood apart - thinking.

On Ian - in particular - wrestling with a memory from way
back, and what this new information might mean...

KEVIN

I know I should defend my own force
but, down there, Christ, ask
anyone, we all know about this old
Unit. They - allegedly, they did a
lot of pretty disgraceful...

(then)

There was that case a couple years
ago; undercover MET officer who
infiltrated Greenpeace under an
assumed identity; began a
'relationship' with one of the
women he was spying on. Got her
pregnant, and so on and...

(sigh)

I mean, I know we all still, to
this day, use undercover --

IAN

Yeah but that's for organised
crime, violent criminals. This was
normal, everyday folk. Being spied
upon, by..?

Ian shakes his head in dismay, turning, pacing...

IAN (CONT'D)

So, that's what's been redacted
from the files. The identity of
this undercover person, informing
on people round here?

They both consider this more.

IAN (CONT'D)

"You're all liars". Scott's
message. For us to find...

KEVIN

Maybe it's just ... I don't know.
Some kind of weird, warped game?

Ian looks at him, wearily. *He hates games...*

I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / GARDEN - DAY 6. 1550 95

Tight on Andy Fisher.

He's staring intently at the new fence going up outside, getting higher. The two ends have nearly joined in the middle with a couple of panels joining the sides - and no gate.

The builders have left for the day.

Andy grabs the tall box that was delivered for Sarah.

96 I/E. THE FISHER HOUSE. GARDEN / NEEL'S HOUSE - DAY 6. 1552 96

He steps over the wood and through the small remaining gap in the wall into the back garden of Neel and Sarah.

He approaches the patio doors and taps on the glass. Nothing.

He opens it, sliding the door open and entering.

ANDY
Hello? Sarah?

97 INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY 6. 1553 97

Sarah is sat on the toilet having a wee. She hears Andy, downstairs O.S, and splutters in disbelief.

98 INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 6. 1555 98

Sarah comes down, flustered, seeing Andy there in her house.

[illegible]

SARAH
I'm sorry but I really don't like
that you can just walk in and -

ANDY
I bought this. Your package, you
were out.

She sighs, takes it. Pulling off the parcel tape.

SARAH
Thank you, but...

ANDY

There's no gate in the wall.

(no answer)

There's not going to be a gate, in
the wall, is there.

Sarah takes out a garden spade, from the Delivery box, and
some other items, placing them down against the sofa.

SARAH

Look, we have a landscape gardener,
she's making the decisions, we...

(gesturing the spade)

That's what all this is; speak to
Neel, he's the one with green
fingers, not me, I just -

ANDY

You could have just talked to me
about it. If that's what you
wanted; I'm not a child.

She looks at him sympathetically now, his vulnerability.

SARAH

I know. I know, I wanted to; I did.
I told Neel we should, but he kept -

ANDY

What did he think I was going to
do, I'm not... I just... it feels
like everything's... That I'm not
part of... that everything's...

SARAH

... 'changing'.

(off his silence)

But it is. Andy. Your son just got
married, he's not... he's not just
your son anymore, he's my husband,
and we want a life together and...

Andy doesn't say anything. She's going to push on, though,
hard as it may be to hear, with as much care as she can.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And it's not Neel, I don't want to
feel like you can just come and go
whenever you please; I don't want
to look up and you be standing
there, Andy, or hear you come in
when I'm having a bloody piss. I
don't think that's unreasonable.

ANDY

Me and his mother -

SARAH
His mother isn't here anymore.

ANDY
Yes! Because she died!

SARAH
No. She killed herself!

Andy freezes. The words said aloud, for the first time.

SARAH (CONT'D)
And everyone pretends otherwise and
it's not healthy! It's not right.

ANDY
... She ... because she was dying.
Of that disease. She was dying
inside -

SARAH
Yeah I'll bet she was. For years.

She turns, to walk off. But instantly regrets what she said.
Turning back to him -

SARAH (CONT'D)
That was a horrible thing to say --

The spade strikes her hard on her head, as Andy brings it
down with a forceful swing.

Crack.

Sarah collapses onto the floor.

Andy snaps out of it, looking in disbelief at what he's done.

Blood begins to spread across the floor from Sarah's head.
Her eyes are open, but she's dead.

Andy looks at the spade in his hands...

END OF EPISODE.