



SHERWOOD

Episode 3

By

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FINAL Shooting Script
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1 AGAINST THE BLACK

1

Incongruously, from where we last left off, we hear the classical sounds of some gentle opera, like Wagner's Prelude to *Lohengrin*.

Fading up onto:

2 INT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. VARIOUS - MORNING 7. 0800

2

Fine ornaments and architectural features of an impressive stately home. An ornate VASE sits on a FRENCH DRESSER.

A GEORGIAN CLOCK ticks confidently and proudly.

Empty State Rooms sit quietly with OIL PAINTINGS staring down at us. Through the creaky doors, lethargically enters...

... the EVENTS MANAGER of this Heritage Site, HANNAH, is wearing a comfortable coat, coughing from a cold, flicking on lights.

3 I/E. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING 7. 0802

3

Hannah begins unbolting the doors, letting the morning light in across the tiles of the floor.

4 OMITTED

4

5 INT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. GARDEN ROOM - MORNING 7. 0804

5

The EVENTS MANAGER, HANNAH, is laying out chairs in rows.

A CLEANER, THOMAS, is dusting a portrait, the small plaque indicating to us that this is **Lord Byron**.

Hannah joins him, handing her a cup of tea as they sip and stare up at the previous resident of this Abbey.

HANNAH
And how is he today?

THOMAS
Same. I still definitely 'would'.

HANNAH

THOMAS

HANNAH

When he wasn't off his face on
opium or having orgies in the
Garden Room.

THOMAS

What do you make of all this, then?
This morning, driving up the long
drive through those woods...
(shivers)
... I dunno. Do you think people
will still come, today?

HANNAH

Course. Anyway they arrested
someone, didn't they, life goes on.

She leaves. We rest on Thomas. Staring up at Lord Byron. A
sense of unplaceable foreboding...

6 EXT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. ENTRANCE - MORNING 7. 0806

6

Hannah places down a sandwich board, advertising:

"Wellness Day - all welcome".

She smiles at the sight of PEACOCKS with their exotic plumes
wandering the lawn outside, before returning inside...

... as we track across to see one sleeping Peacock. Not
asleep at all. An arrow, protruding from its corpse.

FRONT TITLES.

Sherwood.

7 INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0830 7

The **MEDIA ROOM** full of local broadcast media and journalists,
getting seated in anticipation.

Through the iris of a camera lens: we focus and refocus on an
empty chair behind a desk.

8 INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. STAIRWELL - DAY 7. 0832 8

A PRESS LIAISON OFFICER is briefing a nervous Cathy.

Away from this, Ian watches, going through his own 'lines',
he's written on a card. Kevin watches *him*, sipping coffee.

KEVIN

Done much TV stuff before?

IAN
(privately offended, but)
... Yes. Over the years.

KEVIN
I don't know about you, but I
always just speak to one person.
Not the whole room, don't think of
all the people at home, just one -

IAN
I'm thinking of the most effective
way to bring Scott Rowley into
custody, not about how good I might
look on the tele.

KEVIN
That... ok, wasn't what I was
saying, but...

He trails off, letting it go.

9 **INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0845** 9

Ian at a desk in full swing - he's been joined by the CHIEF CONSTABLE for this. *Top brass.*

Scott's face is projected behind him.

IAN
The man we wish to speak urgently
to is Scott Rowley, 24 years old.

Flash, flash, snap, snap, jumping forward to --

A map projected / hard copies handed out.

IAN (CONT'D)
We believe that Mr. Rowley may be
residing in the woods around
Annesley, Newstead and Hucknall.

Pens take note on pads, or fingers tap laptops, jumping to --

10 **EXT. DUAL CARRIAGeway / FOREST - DAY 7. 0846** 10

A line of OFFICERS head through the fields towards the woods.

ELSEWHERE:

An ARMED RESPONSE UNIT marches towards the trees, weapons in hand.

All this feels like a significant escalation...

IAN (V.O.)

He may be mobile, and our officers
are searching multiple areas, based
on our own intelligence...

11

EXT. KIRKBY TOWN CENTRE. HIGH STREET - DAY 7. 0848

11

PC DOVE puts "**Wanted**" signs next to the "**Local Elections**"
posters, displaying Scott's image, and handing them out to
the public in the street with PC PATEL.

IAN (V.O.)

... and sightings from the public.

Headmistress JENNY HARRIS takes one as she passes, looking at
the image of Scott with unease.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (V.O.)

And on that, we do however want to
stress that the public should not
approach Scott if they see him. But
call 999 instead.

12

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0850 12

IAN

We'd now like to invite -

He gestures to -- Cathy Rowley. Here alone. And terrified.

IAN (CONT'D)

Catheri- Cathy Rowley. Who is the
Step-Mother of Scott and would like
to make an appeal to him directly.

13A

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE / POLICE MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0852 13A

We intercut between the **MEDIA ROOM** where Cathy makes her
appeal to camera, and the homes where it's being watched.

CATHY

(reading from her notes)

Scott.

At the **ROWLEY HOME**: Fred Rowley - clearly having decided not
to be there with his wife - watches, alone...

CATHY (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I feel so silly, being the one,
here. Silly's the wrong word,
looking at it now. 'Presumptuous'?
Speaking to you. If you're
listening. I know I'm... that I'm
only your Step-mother...

13B **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE / POLICE MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0854** 13B

And at the **JACKSON HOUSE**: where we find Julie, watching intently, at the image of her *sister*, on screen...

Distanced for years, but somehow symbiotically linked.

CATHY (ON SCREEN)

But I feel like we could always talk, me and you, and ...

(struggling, a little)

And even though I feel split in two, between what has happened to my old family, and what is happening now, to my 'new' one...

13C **INT. THE SPARROW HOUSE / POLICE MEDIA ROOM - DAY 7. 0856** 13C

Daphne sat at the **SPARROW FARM**, listening in on the radio.

CATHY (ON RADIO)

I want you to know the best thing to do, is hand yourself in. And if you do, everything will be better.

I, I know you're upset and confused, God I know that. But please, come in. For everyone.

14 **EXT. NEEL'S CAR IN MOTION / NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 7. 0858**

Neel Fisher pulls his car up outside, yawning. Long drive.

15 **INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 7. 0900** 15

A dark living room - curtain closed.

Andy on his sofa, having not slept, fists clenched and whimpering when he hears what has been inevitable all night but is now here, and happening. *His son returning home.*

He approaches the covered window to look, but can't, turning his back. Hand to mouth. Trying to calm. Breath catching.

O.S, the sound of a car door closing.

Andy gasps and shakes, the reality of his situation washing over him in waves. Breathes... breathes... breathes --

His doorbell.

Andy freezes. He hadn't expected that. Brain reeling.

16

I/E. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE. DOORWAY - DAY 7. 0902

16

He opens the door. Neel smiles, holding up a plastic bag.

NEEL

Present. From darkest Manchester.

ANDY

O-...oh. Thank you.

His eyes glance briefly to the house next door - quiet.

NEEL

You look like shit. Sleeping?

ANDY

Just a bit under the weather. Asked
for a day off, just to...

Andy removes a foam computer mousepad from the bag, with a black and white image of Victorian Manchester Piccadilly.

NEEL

Saw it in the station up there.
It's for your mouse, your computer.
You still have a mouse, don't you?

Andy nods, looking at the gift, trying to focus on something happy-making, briefly.

ANDY

They knocked down this Victorian
frontage in the 60s, of course, for
the electrification of the line.
Shame in a way, but. There we are.

NEEL

Listen, don't worry about the other
night. The... 'thing'. That's...

Andy nods. Embarrassed. Neel starts to head off.

NEEL (CONT'D)

Come round for a cup of tea or
something, later, why don't yer.

Andy nods, watching as Neel approaches his own front door, Andy closing his. Leaning back against it.

Waiting... waiting...

He wanders into his house, clutching his mouse mat. Deathly quiet. He sits.

Waiting... waiting...

And then it comes. The scream. Next door.

Andy bursts into tears, growing in convulsive violence, as the screams keep coming.

He raises his hands to his mouth. And tries to focus. Calm. A glaze forming over him. This will take all he's got.

He can do this.

17 OMITTED

17

18 **INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION - DAY 7. 0905**

18

Daphne Sparrow is here, waiting to collect Mickey and Rory. Ian tentatively approaches.

DAPHNE SPARROW

You know, round our neck of the woods, which happens to be your neck of the woods, when you wrongly accuse someone of something, you ask them for forgiveness.

IAN

We would like to express regret for any inconvenience caused, and thank you for helping with our inquiries.

And then, a touch awkwardly.

IAN (CONT'D)

Did Scott visit your archery range?

DAPHNE SPARROW

Sorry, am I being questioned without a solicitor -?

IAN

You're not being *questioned*, it's just a *question*. Did he learn from you lot to use a bow and all that? Did he buy his arrows from you?

DAPHNE SPARROW

(shrugs, deliberately)

My mind's gone an absolute blank, I'm sorry.

(then)

So that's it then; this lad's lost his marbles and you've gotta catch him; there's nowt more to it than that?

Ian returns her shrug back to her, as Cleaver escorts the Sparrow men towards her. Ian passing them -

RORY SPARROW

What's that song? 'Sorry seems to
be the hardest word'?

IAN

What's that you said the other day;
'there's plenty of things we could
send you down for'?

Rory nods. *Touche*. Mickey kisses his wife, and they head out.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (PRE-LAP)

Right, level with me then, where
are we at?

19

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. CID SPACE - DAY 7. 0915 19

The Senior Investigation Team gathering at City HQ, the a-
typical photofit boards, and maps hung up on the wall.

Ian - Chief Constable Fraser - Cleaver - Taylor

And Kevin, of course. The outsider who senses the occasional
eye on him but continues to be unfazed by all that.

IAN

We know Scott is armed with a
longbow, and a crossbow. And he has
about 15 grand in cash from his
dad's pit redundancy.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

And so, what, he intends to scarper
with the cash? We're checking train
stations, airports -

DI TAYLOR

Yep -

IAN

- but whatever and wherever he
plans to go next, right now he's
staying close by, launching arrows
left, right and centre before
legging it back into the woods.

Ian pulls up some maps and aerial shots of the area - lots of
clumps of woodland across the north of the county.

IAN (CONT'D)

Now I know these woods pretty well
myself -

DI TAYLOR

(teasing)

Ooh uh.

(off their look)

Sorry, just when men say they like
going into the woods it conjures -
... absolutely nothing at all.

IAN

When I was growing up, Alison.

The Chief is perhaps watching Ian more curiously now,
intrigued by his personal connections to this case.

IAN (CONT'D)

And they present some pretty ball-
aching challenges. Helicopter
thermal imaging is a nightmare, as
every rabbit, fox, and bird lights
up the camera like a rainbow. And
Sherwood Forest also has an
unusually thick canopy, apparently,
so naked eye searching from the sky
is tough. On foot, the problem is
it isn't just one self-contained
clump of woodland.

(at the map)

It's large clusters, linked
together and broken up by different
fields, farms and old pit villages.

20 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST / OPEN FIELDS / HILLS - DAY 7. 0917 20**

Scott darts across an area of open field, out of the woods.

IAN (V.O.)

Scott could easily pass from area
to area to select a new target and
be relatively hard to spot.

21 **INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION - DAY 7. 0918 21**

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

So what the Hell is he up to? Did
he just like, 'snap'? What do you
have as his motivation for
Jackson's murder?

IAN

Scott's father wasn't exactly on
good terms with Gary. They were on
opposite sides in the strike, but
the family don't think Scott had
any interest in all of that.

CLEAVER

They live close to one another, but again, his parents reckon they barely had any contact over the years.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

And these arrows he's firing
everywhere?

CLEAVER

The terminology is actually 'let loose'. You don't 'fire' arrows, there's no powder.

(off their look)

Just in terms of the media language, our ballistics guy gets very upset when you don't use the right -

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Give a shit. What links these arrow targets so far? Anything?

A board, with the targets so far - Andy Fisher and his train; Chakrabarti, and his home.

Ian's eyes catch Kevin's across the room. An internal, weary sigh... barely wanting to entertain this.

KEVIN

His solicitor, whose home Scott let loose an arrow at yesterday, did offer a - 'thought'.

All eyes in the room move to usurper Kevin, who sits forward.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

You must be our "exchange student" from down south.

KEVIN

D.I Kevin Salisbury. 'Sir'. Mr. Chakrabarti told us that Gary had been exploring this 'notion' about -

DI TAYLOR

(judgementally)

- about a 'spycop', Chief, from his force. The MET used to deploy covert police operat--

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

I know what spycops are, thank you.

IAN

Gary was searching for one who he thought had been placed inside the village during the strike. Someone who may have then stuck around, if you can believe it, under his false identity to this day.

A bewilderment in the room. The Chief rubs his eyes.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
See this is why I already tried to
retire once.

DI TAYLOR
(as Al Pacino)
But "just when I thought I was out,
they pull me back in".

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
What's that from, Jaws?

IAN
Why would it be from Jaws?

CLEAVER
No that's "just when you thought it
was safe to go ... back in the..."

*

IAN
We've had an analysis done of
Scott's computer. He was hacking
and tracking Gary's messages, along
with other locals, so he may have
cottoned on to this 'spy hunt'.

KEVIN
Maybe he thought Gary was about to accuse his dad? I mean is Fred Rowley that 'person'? An ex spycop?

CLEAVER

IAN
We don't know.

DI TAYLOR
(at the 'targets')
Could the people he's shooting at
be potential candidates?

IAN
We don't know.

A droll look from Ian towards his superior.

22

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 7. 0921

22

Cathy stands, facing the front door to the outside world, as though she has been there for several minutes, unable to leave the house. A bag for life scrunched in her hand.

From the kitchen table, Fred watches.

FRED

It's ok. People won't.... it's not our fault -

CATHY

It's your fault. All the *hate* in this *house*, towards... I knew. I always knew there was something...
(punching her own leg)
Stupid, stupid.

FRED

You should go see her. Explain.

CATHY

Explain?! I've sent a card. When she wants to see me, she'll see me, not that I imagine she'll ever want to again and I wouldn't blame her.

FRED

We can't be prisoners, in our own -
... We need milk.

Cathy turns, tossing the bag for life in his direction.

CATHY

You get it then! You get the milk!

23

EXT. ASHFIELD STREETS / CARLISLE STREET - DAY 7. 0930

23

Fred walks self-consciously through the streets.

Some other PASSERS-BY glance as he goes. He feels their eyes intently, as he passes the top of **THE JACKSON'S STREET**.

Glancing down, to where Gary was found.

24

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. CID SPACE - DAY 7. 0932

24

The Chief wandering through the space with Ian, privately.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Ian, two ticks.

He indicates a mix of SUITS and SPORTY-LOOKING people elsewhere in the room, waiting.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (CONT'D)

I need you at this Safety Advisory Group. There's a Forest match, tonight.

IAN

SAG? Why, I'm in the middle of -

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Quick second.

25

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. CID SPACE - DAY 7. 0934

25

Kevin settling at a hot desk. The other Nottinghamshire Detectives offer no friendly chat.

He catches sight of some of their desk paraphernalia - photos of their family, little bits of memorabilia.

He places a lonely pad and pen down, and tries to log on.

DI TAYLOR

Tea, John? Ahmed? Tea?

No offer to Kevin. He brushes it off but it's getting to him.

26

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. CID SPACE - DAY 7. 0935

26

The 'SAG' conversation under way - attendees leaning forward to grab pastries, pour orange juice.

We have representatives from the AMBULANCE SERVICE, the FIRE BRIGADE. There is also the MATCHDAY SAFETY OFFICER from Nottingham Forest club, in branded attire.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

So. Notts Forest are playing Barnsley for the midweek match at City Ground tonight -

CLEAVER

And they better bloody win too.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

This is Bill; the Matchday Officer -

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER

Hi, and yeah, a Yorkshire team in Nottingham, can get a bit dicey but nothing our ground team don't handle a dozen times a year.

IAN

So, forgive me it's been a few years since I renewed my season ticket. Are you saying supporters still do 'that', at Forest matches?

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER

My counterpart at Barnsley says that they don't condone it and are actively trying to stop it, but...

27

INSERT. ARCHIVE / NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION - INTERCUT.

27

Some footage of previous Forest v. Barnsley games may come here. The growing noise of the crowds. Two tribes...

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER (V.O.)

... there's still a tradition, built up over the years. When certain Yorkshire teams play Notts Forest a - chant, has, oftentimes, come from their fans over to ours...

The chant begins to arrive ... 'scab'. 'Scab'. 'Scab'

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER

'Scabs'. Yeah.

In the **STATION:** On Ian. Now concerned, and knows why he's now been invited along...

27A

INT. COACH IN MOTION - DAY 7. 0936

27A

And / or we might cut to a **COACH** of BARNESLEY FANS mixed with old NUM MEMBERS, travelling to Nottingham.

As they see a road sign for 'Nottingham' they begin...

COACH TRAVELLERS

Scab! Scab! Scab!

... Including two YOUNGER CHILDREN, copying their fathers.

IAN (V.O.)

Most of them'll be too bloody young to even know what it means, surely.

28

INT. NOTTINGHAM POLICE STATION. CID SPACE - DAY 7. 0937

28

CLEAVER

We're picking up some stuff online - social media, forums. Some fans are planning to divert to Gary's village today. Sort of an on-the-hoof memorial service to their fallen comrade, this side of the border.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Look, ok. With passions extra high, I say we be extra vigilant.

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER

You can move it up a level from Category B to Category C, 'high risk'. But that means you have to bump up the number of officers. Cat C is 250 to 300 bobbies? It's an insurance thing, for us, you -

IAN

We're not diverting my officers away from the manhunt, are you kidding? Sir, you saw the area we're having to cover, this is an armed -

FOREST MATCHDAY OFFICER

Well ey up, it's Barnsley fans who are the problem, get Yorkshire coppers down here -

IAN

No, we can't - are-- is everyone aware what's happening here?

(then, calmer)

We, ok... we cannot have a neighbouring police force march into our county to help with a crisis caused in no small part by that same bloody thing happening years ago in the first place. Ok?

A moment in the room, as this is mentally toyed with.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER

Well then we'll need some numbers from your manhunt, Ian.

(Ian thinks)

What choice do we have?

An unhappy Ian swallows his pride and parks his fears to nod.

29

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 7. 0939

29

Ian finds himself in this home again, facing Julie.

We might sense that, with each visit, he gets further 'in', or just more settled, being back in a place like this...

JULIE

Have you caught 'im?

IAN

Uh, no. Given the size of the area,
I'm afraid this might take some.

(then)

I just wanted to.... Er, we think
some of your husband's old NUM
pals, north of the border... they
might be paying the village a
visit, today. Out of respect. Only -

JULIE

- you're worried they might not
exactly be respectful. Right, well
what do you want me to do about it?

IAN

Nothing, necessarily, I just wanted
you to be aware.

JULIE

Alright. Well thank you. I'm aware.

Ian hovers. Unsure how to move onto to the next thing.

IAN

Also... this is a bit of an odd
one. But did Gary ever talk about
the meetings with his solicitor? We
think he may have been looking for
someone.

JULIE

Looking for someone?

IAN

Someone he thought had been a...
like a cop here, in the 80s.
Undercover. Someone who was linked
to his wrongful arrest.

On Julie. Knocked by this.

JULIE

He... I mean he mentioned he was
looking into a... but I didn't take
him that seriously. Some 'spy' in
the village, I was like 'come off
it, daft apeth'.

IAN

He never mentioned a name?

JULIE

Is that - is this why you think he
was killed?

IAN

No I - no. We're just following up
every line of inquiry, That's all.

A moment. His phone rings and he answers.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yep, hi.

Then, the blood leaves his face.

IAN (CONT'D)

... No.

JULIE

Oh God, what is it now?

30

I/E. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE / GARDEN - DAY 7. 1005

30

Neel's house is now a forensic crime scene.

Ian and Kevin enter, their mild dread evident even covered up in full protective gear. POV's flashing between the horror.

Sarah's body on the floor -

Blood across the carpet -

The weapon, a spade, being examined by a SOCO using an infra blue light. Meanwhile -

CSI MADISON

Sir.

Ian sighs at the sight of Sarah's body.

CSI MADISON (CONT'D)

It's - yeah.

(a moment)

The body was discovered by her
husband, who's next door with his
dad. Her name's Sarah -

IAN

Sarah Vincent. Yeah, I was -- at
her wedding, at the weekend.

(to Kevin)

The wedding, again, I can't-...
(shakes his head)

CSI MADISON

Oh. I'm sorry.

Kevin studies his colleague with sympathy. *This is insane...*

IAN

I didn't know her, know her. My wife, Helen... a social worker, she does some - with the council...

(to Kevin)

Her father-in-law is Andy Fisher, the train -

KEVIN

Train driver. Ahuh.

CSI MADISON

Body's stiff, some of the blood around her has congealed. Looks like she was probably killed sometime yesterday afternoon to late evening but the PM will help narrow that down.

KEVIN

That spade's the murder weapon?

CSI MADISON

I'd say so. There's matching blood and hair stuck to it. Looks like the edge penetrated her skull with some force. No prints so far.

IAN

(looking around)

Signs of forced entry?

CSI MADISON

Actually no. None at all.

KEVIN

So she may have let them in?

IAN

Or they let themselves in.

KEVIN

So, there is a connection to Scott. She's the daughter-in-law of one of his other targets.

IAN

But this isn't an arrow attack.

KEVIN

Maybe he's has run out of arrows.

(but then seriously)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Or, it's an entirely unrelated homicide.

Ian takes a moment - closing his eyes to get his head together. *This is all - literally - so close to home...*

IAN

A village like this. One homicide every blue moon, and you're telling me there's been two in a matter of days that are entirely unconnected?

Ian isn't buying it. And neither is Kevin.

31

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 7. 1008

31

A riled Julie is going through some of Gary's things - a box folder he has notepads, printed out news stories, photos in.

His research.

She flicks through a small notebook, lost in it all.

32

I/E. ANDY FISHER'S GARDEN / NEEL'S GARDEN - DAY 7. 1010 32

Ian and Kevin step over and through the small gap in the incomplete fence, to Andy's garden next door where Neel and Andy are, out of view of the crime scene and Sarah's body.

IAN

Andy. Neel. I'm so very sorry.

Neel shakes his head, unable to process it, weeping.

ANDY

Is it him? That same guy, who shot the arrow at me? Why, why would he?

Ian doesn't respond to this, focused on Neel.

IAN

I believe it was you who found her?
(Neel nods)
You weren't at home yesterday or last night?

NEEL

I've been away. Couple days. Left Wednesday night, come back today. Conference, in Manchester. I just walked in and... fucking...

ANDY

I heard Neel screaming, and -
(pointing)
This is me, I live next door.

Ian glances back at the gap in the fence, and then back at Andy's house here, and then back to Andy.

IAN

You came through there.

ANDY

Yeah.

IAN

You didn't hear anything yesterday afternoon, early evening?

ANDY

No, nothing. There was nothing.

IAN

Ok. I'm sorry, but we do have to keep asking these, Neel -

NEEL

I don't bloody care; just ask.

IAN

The spade, in the living room -

NEEL

Right, I've no clue where that came from, never seen it in my life.

KEVIN

It isn't yours?

NEEL

No. We're doing up the garden though, so it might be theirs.

IAN

It doesn't look like it's been used yet, brand new.

NEEL

Or she bought it herself, then. She was ordering this stuff online.

On Andy, having an internal moment, trying to stay calm.

KEVIN

So. It would've had to have arrived on Wednesday then; yesterday. If she'd had it delivered.

NEEL

I dunno. I spose. Why?

KEVIN

If she... forgive me, but if she unwittingly ordered her own...

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

the weapon that... then that might
helpfully narrow the window a bit.

A glance from Ian, *finding that a little insensitive.*

IAN

Was the front door locked, when you
came home this morning?

NEEL

Erm. Yeah. She's...

(laughs, tragically)

She was proper security conscious,
she'd lock the front door even when
we were in.

IAN

And those back patio doors?

Neel thinks, trying to recall. Realising the strangeness of
this as he does.

NEEL

No, actually, they were unlocked.

On Andy...

KEVIN

So... someone could have left
through those back doors. But how
would they have got away then?

(at the gap in the fence)

Through the gap in the fence? But
then where would they have gone,
through your house, Andy?

ANDY

I-... no, I - they...

(shakes his head 'dunno')

IAN

Can we get the names of the
builders you've contracted?

NEEL

Uh, yeah. There's a card, on my -

Kevin hops off to where he pointed, inside -

NEEL'S HOUSE, next door.

On a side table he sees some business cards. And then...

... a "**Sorry You Were Out**" delivery card.

Kevin puts on some protective gloves.

ANDY'S HOUSE: Neel is now in full tears, comforted by Andy.

NEEL (CONT'D)

Seven days... less than seven days,
married, and...

IAN

Did either yourself or your wife
know Scott Rowley?

NEEL

I don't know who that is.

ANDY

It's the guy who killed that man,
Sunday. Gary. The one who bloody
well nearly got me with a... It's
got to be him, right?

NEEL

(thinking)

Yeah but I mean if... if anything,
this Gary was on opposite, like,
side. To Sarah's family. Her dad
used to bus working miners through
the striking pickets. They were his
coaches. So. They're not the same
at all. Like ... 'politically'.

(struggling with this)

You think her death was *political*?

On Ian, trying to absorb it all, knowing he might not enjoy
where this is leading. Kevin presents the delivery card.

KEVIN

This is dated yesterday. Missed
delivery. Could be the spade? 'Too
large to post'. It might have gone
to one of the neighbours maybe, who
then dropped it back round later.

(realising, to Andy)

Oh. Including you, I suppose. You
obviously didn't sign for it?

Andy shakes his head - internally, though, his mind doing
somersaults, *playing out the scenarios that could trace this
back to him...*

DI Taylor is with Hannah, looking at the dead bird.

HANNAH

I've no idea when, we only just
noticed it. Must have been in the
early hours. Poor thing. Sickening.

DI Taylor looks at the dense trees surrounding the grounds of
the Abbey - presumably where Scott came, and went...

KEVIN

You worried?

IAN

About what?

KEVIN

Well. Like you say. It doesn't follow the pattern of the first murder. Gary was a striking miner. Killed by the son of a working miner. And here we have a daughter of a working miner, or one of their main allies back then, anyway. Dead a few days later.

Ian doesn't want the obvious next conclusion to be reached. But Kevin reaches for it, carefully...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

... 'Revenge'?

IAN

Well if you don't mind me saying, that's quite a leap, and a not particularly responsible one.

Kevin nods. 'OK'. But Ian considers this...

IAN (CONT'D)

But true or not, it's what a lot of people will think. And that might be a massive problem.

They get into their car.

Out of their view, the real killer Andy paces in the **GARDEN**.

36

INT. CHURCH - DAY 7. 1040

36

REVEREND LANE, a new-ish man of the cloth, early 40s, is faffing about in his modest, empty church. Julie walks in.

REVEREND LANE

Oh. Yes?

JULIE

Sorry, you probably don't remember me, I haven't... it's Julie. My husband-... he passed, at the weekend. And uh -

REVEREND LANE

Oh, my. I am so sorry, please, please come in. I'll get my - we can make tea, and -

(MORE)

REVEREND LANE (CONT'D)

(call off)

Jessica?! Can you come and -

JULIE

No, I'm not staying. Thank you,
sorry. This isn't about the-...

(she can't say the words)

REVEREND LANE

Funeral?

JULIE

They've - the police still have
'him', I've no idea when they'll...

(then)

I don't know how things run, here,
but I've been told that quite a few
of my husband's - old 'pals', I
'spose, are travelling here to mark
his passing, only there's nowhere
for them to do that and I'm worried
that'll mean they just get tanked
up in the pub. So I don't know if -
as he was a, a -

(references the church)

- And the church opposite us is
being used by the police, so...?

REVEREND LANE

Here? This afternoon?

JULIE

Just somewhere for them to 'be'.
Like I say, I hate asking -

REVEREND LANE

Of course. We can welcome them
here, that would be our pleasure.

Julie nods. She turns on her heels.

JULIE

Alright, I'll herd 'em yer way; I
don't know when or how many, sorry.

Julie exits swiftly. We remain, briefly, on the Reverend.

*Now that we know there's a "spycop"... we may rest briefly on
a few local figures around town, now and again.*

Scott is on his bike, heading across / under a stone bridge.

FROM ABOVE:

We see he is heading toward the village, in the middle distance, out from the safe confines of his woods...

37A

INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 7. 1053

37A

Scott's face appears here too - on a local newspaper, as Daphne and Mickey Sparrow sit in the kitchen; the news on the radio plays Cathy's appeal.

MICKEY SPARROW

He has no idea what he's doing to us, does he. This lad. To our relationships.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Mine and yours?

Mickey looks over to her - annoyed, but sees that she's smiling to herself, teasing him. And he cools a bit.

MICKEY SPARROW

Stop being a knob. Our *business* relationships. Which are tenuous.

(huffing, back at the TV)

New suppliers, younger, flashier. And here's us, unable to move anything around safely while this carry on is carrying on. They've got these cuckoos, dotted about, that will always undercut us. Why?

DAPHNE SPARROW

Cause they use kids as couriers.

MICKEY SPARROW

Cause they use kids. Do we use kids? We do not. Do we cut our gear up wi' other shite - no. Do I think that deserves a Nobel Peace Prize? Give a fuck. It's just what we do. And have been, for a long time.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Maybe we should stop doing it. We've got the taxis, we've got -

MICKEY SPARROW

Taxis aren't enough on their own. Knock-off goods aren't enough, it's part of a delicate ecosystem.

Daphne takes her reading glasses off. Thinking.

DAPHNE SPARROW

We trained him. Didn't we. Must have done. Folk will know. We might have to think of some sort of...

MICKEY SPARROW

What?

DAPHNE SPARROW

"Acknowledgment", of that. Some form of penance.

MICKEY SPARROW

I just spent a night in the bloody cells, int that enough.

(then)

Ay up, did you miss me? First night apart in how long, that?

DAPHNE SPARROW

No, I spread out, enjoyed the lack of snoring.

He tosses something playfully at her. They smile.

38

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 7. 1055

38

Julie is at her computer. Gary's notebooks next to her, which she glances at.

She returns to the screen - finishing a social media post.

"Informal memorial / get together for Gary this afternoon, from 3pm. All Saints Church. For..."

JULIE

(reading as she types)

For those who knew and loved him...

Beat. She deletes this, and replaces it. We see --

'All Welcome'.

39

EXT. ROAD / ROAD SIGN - DAY 7. 1300

39

A road sign on the outskirts of the villages, welcoming people to **"Nottinghamshire - 'Robin Hood Country'"**.

The shadow of a **COACH** passes by it...

40

EXT. STREETS OF ASHFIELD - DAY 7. 1315

40

The coach arrives into the village, as UNIFORMED OFFICERS watch from the sidelines.

The doors hiss open, and YORKSHIRE MINERS (or ex-miners, at least) and their WIVES begin to pile off the bus.

Aware they are in enemy territory.

One of them adjusts his '**NUM**' badge on his shirt.

Dean Simmons is coming home from work, and sees as he passes.

He can't quite believe it.

He speeds up - heading home.

Two YORKSHIRE MINERS unfurl an old union banner, held aloft on some poles. Its motto, for all to see.

"The Past We Inherit. The Future We Build".

PC DOVE approaches them, wearily.

PC DOVE
Is that really necessary?

We find: WARNOCK. A smiley-on-the-outside, militant-on-the-inside 'instigator' of old.

WARNOCK

This was Gary's union. He gave his life to it. Maybe literally, even. It's a mark of respect.

The officer steps aside, and indicates they can 'march'.

The YORKSHIRE CONTINGENT begin making their way through the Nottinghamshire streets...

Curtains twitch, of LOCALS craning to see in disbelief.

41 **EXT. DEAN'S SHED - DAY 7. 1320**

41

Dean arrives in his garden shed. He finds an old tool box, and removes a dusty old badge of his own. The rival union. "UDM".

He places it on his shirt, for the first time in a decade, and begins texting.

42 **EXT. IAN'S CAR IN MOTION - DAY 7. 1330**

42

Ian is driving, Kevin on his phone.

KEVIN

Ok, call me back.
(hangs up, sighs)
My guys are in touch with the delivery company. If we can get the time the package arrived, maybe the name of the driver, then...

Ian reaches to his phone and dials, on speaker, as he drives.

IAN

Sorry. I have to do this...

43 **I/E. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE / IAN'S CAR IN MOTION - DAY 7. 1335**

Helen drops a mug from her hand - it shatters on the floor - her hand to her mouth in shock.

HELEN

No... oh my Gosh.

We intercut between the **HOUSE** and the **CAR**

IAN

I'm really sorry, Helen.

HELEN

Wh-... what on earth is happening?
That poor girl. Who would do this?
That same lad, or -?

IAN

We'll find out. I might be late.

HELEN

I feel sick, I'm shaking. Oh wait
shit, we meant to - bollocks, we
invited Jenny and Jacob, tonight,
his birthday.

Kevin's attention is peaked by the mention of 'Jenny'. And Ian senses it too - a quick glance between them, and back.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'll have to cancel, I'll cancel.

IAN

See how you feel, you - I dunno,
you might want the company of some
old friends. Tonight. Maybe.

Kevin stares forward, saying nothing.

44

EXT. CARLISLE STREET / THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 7. 1340

44

Dean leaves his house, wearing his **UDM** badge. He sees -

Gibbo from No.7 shuts the door of his house. The opposing **NUM** badge on *his* shirt.

Ian's car comes down the street, pulling up outside the Jackson house, as he and Kevin get out.

A moment, as police and opposing neighbours glance between the different points of the triangle, departing in their different directions.

Ian knocks on Julie's door -

45

I/E. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. FRONT DOOR / HALLWAY - DAY 7. 1342 45

- as Cathy answers her door, to PCs Dove and Patel.

PC DOVE

Mrs Rowley? Sorry about this. There are some, uh... visitors heading this way, from the North?

CATHY

From 'the north', what north?

PC DOVE

Gary Jackson's old union. An impromptu memorial thing. DCS St Clair has suggested, as a precaution, that you come with us to the parish hall where we have officers stationed. For safety.

CATHY

Fred?!

46

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 7. 1344

46

Julie looks up briefly from her garden, *thinking* she may have heard that over her back fence, connecting to the Rowley's.

She responds to what Kevin and Ian have just told her.

JULIE

Sarah? I was at their wedding!

IAN

I know. Me too.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Neel's my boss. I -...

JULIE (CONT'D)

I should call him.

IAN

He might need a bit of time -

JULIE

(snapping a bit)

Yes I know what he needs, I'm needing it. I'm going through it...

Then a guilty pause. She takes another drag, hand shaking.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So th-... this'll be like a different investigation you're going to be off doing? What about catching my husband's killer -?

KEVIN

At the moment, we're treating them as though they are connected.

JULIE

So where've they all gone, your officers, they vanished today. We can see 'em, they're packing up.

IAN

There's a football match, in town - I know. But trust me, catching Scott is top of our list.

JULIE

Can't believe there's a fucking
list.

She goes, looking back once again at her sister's house.

47

EXT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. PARKED POLICE CAR - DAY 7. 1346

47

Cathy and Fred exit their house at speed, led by PC Dove towards a patrol car.

CATHY

If there's a memorial, shouldn't we
be going?

They get inside the back, Dove closing the door behind them. Cathy ducks down instinctively.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Oh God...

FRED

I won't hide. I've done nowt. Nowt.

CATHY

I should go, he was my brother-in-law I... it, it's... God what are the rules, for this kind of thing?! I don't know what I'm meant to do?!

FRED

(loosing it, a bit)
Will you stop saying that? Just DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

Cathy looks. A long time since dormant Fred ever yelled.

She seethes with resentment in his direction. He looks away, as Dove, now in the driving seat, starts the engine.

48

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 7. 1355

48

Ian and Kevin here, with Cathy and Fred. Around them, the hall is the busiest we have seen - *the crisis escalating.*

IAN

How you both holding up?
(no answer, really)
I'm afraid we've found another body.

CATHY

Oh God -

IAN

Sarah Vincent, now Fisher. We aren't sure yet if he's responsible, but does Scott have any connection to her? Or the Fisher family?

Cathy and Fred look at one another, bewildered by all of this, a shake of the head, *no*.

IAN (CONT'D)

Can I ask, is Newstead Abbey a place of any significance, for you? Or for Scott?

FRED

Why you asking about Newstead Abbey?

IAN

You didn't visit, as a family.

FRED

No. We didn't really do those kind of things. 'Family'...

Trails off. Cathy mutters a pained scoff under her breath,

KEVIN

Can I ask a question?

(before Ian interjects)

Over fifteen thousand pounds, just sat there, in the account of a young man, with no training, no qualifications, no job, living at home with his parents...

FRED

That's not a question.

KEVIN

Why didn't he spend it? What was he keeping it for?

(Fred shrugs)

You never asked, ever talk about it? It was your redundancy -

CATHY

He resented him having it, that's why. Only gave it to him to stop his ex-wife from having any of it in their divorce -

FRED

Not the only reason.

IAN

Your ex-wife being Scott's mother?

FRED

Lives over in Bestwood. 'Nuther Pit village other side of the woods. Former pit village.

KEVIN

What's Scott's relationship like with his mother? Would he go there?

FRED

(points at Cathy)

She's his mother.

(a moment, then)

When we split up. I... I weren't in a, in a good 'way'. I didn't think I could, like, look after him. Pits had just closed, she'd been having it off with this other fella and...

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

(a pause)

Scott'd be about 3 or 4 and I sent him off to be with her. In her shiny new house, and step kids. Thought that'd be best for him. A change. But it didn't work out, he didn't settle, don't know why.

CATHY

You do. This other fella's kids; they didn't get on with Scott. So then *she* didn't want him. You didn't want him, *she* didn't want him, and he's not daft, kids know things --

FRED

You never *wanted* him.

CATHY

(leaning forward, hissing)
I tried. So hard. To be there for him more than her or you ever did.

Fred glares teary-eyed at her, knowing this is probably true.

KEVIN

Gary Jackson reckoned there was an old undercover cop hiding in the village. Came here under a false name and stayed. Have you ever heard about that? Have -... have you always lived here, Fred?

Fred looks back and forth between the officers.

FRED

Me? I'm... well I mean I was transferred over from Shirebrook to Annesley Pit in... must have been '83. By the coal board. Never been in the police though. Not that I've owt against the police, you know, you lot.

He might be kissing the arse of those suspecting him, now. Or perhaps it's sincere. But the normally down and verbally sparse Fred noticeably opens, here...

FRED (CONT'D)

You kept us all going; earning a living. Clearing the path to the pits so we could work. Keeping the picketers off our backs. And I know how hard, for you, that was. Folk don't talk about that, do they.

(at Kevin)

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Not *you*, coming up, earning a few quid, knock a few heads together and piss off again, but you...

Ian might feel attention on him he doesn't want, or uncomfortable Fred associating himself with him...

FRED (CONT'D)

Well, we all know. Those of us who remember. And what else is there, round here. But *remember*. A mining family, like yours was -

IAN

Mr. Rowley... Can we --

FRED (CONT'D)

Well-liked, round here. Respected.

Kevin might glance over to Ian. *He didn't know that*...

FRED (CONT'D)

And to be a, you know - policeman. From a family like that, at a time like that, I get it. You know. What it feels like to be...

(searches for the word)

I'm trying to think of the-... 'ostracised'. I suppose. By certain people.

(struggling now)

And the choices, you have to make. Over how to carry on. How to just survive...

He finds himself tearful turning back to Cathy.

FRED (CONT'D)

... And who to survive it with.

Cathy is struggling under this now too, as they glance one to another - Cathy, Ian, Fred - silently connected...

Kevin watching - orbiting the outskirts of their shared pain.

Kevin leans against the wall of the church, around the back, watching his temporary 'partner' Ian, staring off.

IAN

I almost feel sorry for him; kid growing up like that. Emphasis very firmly on *almost* I should say.

(then)

... We have two dead. A former miner. A councillor. Then we have these arrows. A train. Solicitor. Fucking peacock.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

(then)

I don't get it, what's the pattern.
What's he bloody well up to?

KEVIN

I didn't know that. Your family.
That you don't - anymore.

(Ian says nothing)

Was it because of ... what
happened, 'That Night' -

IAN

I don't want you talking about my
family. I don't talk about...

He trails. Kevin decides to light a cigarette. Smokes, heaving a tragic smile, almost laughing.

KEVIN

I was So Young. Back then. We were
both so young. What was I, 20?

Younger than my son, now...

(smokes, shakes his head)

Do you think they know, that age, I
didn't; you don't, do you, quite
how brilliantly, wonderfully young
you are; quite how many things are -
possible, to do. With your life. At
that point. And that you should be
so happy and excited about it.

(smokes)

Someone should tell 'em.

He tosses the cigarette to the ground. Ian stares off.

50

INT. THE WELFARE - DAY 7. 1430

50

MARTIN - who we met in episode 1 with marks from burn
injuries on his face - sits alone with a drink.

The man we will soon discover is Ian's brother...

He watches clips of Ian's TV appeal on the TV.

51

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 7. 1435

51

Kevin at a tea making station, pouring from the kettle.
Taylor appears with PC Dove to make another.

DI TAYLOR

Fifteen grand, ey. Scott Rowley.

Lot of money.

(to Dove)

(MORE)

DI TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You know back during the strike,
Dove, one of the things the London
Police got for coming up here was a
shit ton of overtime. Dirty money.

(to Kevin)

Do you remember any of that, from
back then?

Kevin finishes making his tea, smiling overly politely.

KEVIN

I'm just here to help.

DI TAYLOR

It's not because they've cut you
loose, down there? Scotland Yard?
I've got some friends, they talk.

KEVIN

Ah that's nice, 'friends'.

DI TAYLOR

They said some't about you getting
suspended, or something.

KEVIN

I haven't been suspended.

DI TAYLOR

Yeah makes sense. If they got rid
of all bent coppers down there,
there'd be none left.

Kevin takes his tea and heads off.

52

EXT. CHURCH - DAY 7. 1453

52

At the entrance to the church, the YORKSHIRE MINERS from the
coach are heading up to the Church, with their banners.

As good as a procession.

53

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. ASHFIELD - DAY 7. 1455

53

From our POV: through binoculars:

We focus in on the sight, through trees, of street outside
the Methodist Church. Including Julie and her grandchildren.

Scott lowers the binoculars.

54

INT. CHURCH - DAY 7. 1500

54

Reverend Lane has to take a moment when staring out at his
hall of Old YORKSHIRE MINERS. The Jackson family up front.

REVEREND LANE

It-... well, it's testimony, to Gary, how you were all able to mobilise at short notice to honour his memory here today. It's clear that here's a man who meant a lot, to a lot of people. To family and friends. But also simply to people who share - a heritage. Because...

Ringleader Warnock turns to glare at Deano - a NOTTINGHAM STRIKEBREAKER in their midst, sat at the back.

A UDM badge worn proudly, surrounded by NUM brands.

REVEREND LANE (CONT'D)

I suppose that's the thing, about people. Is that they're always more than one thing; often lots of contradictory things. Speaking to Julie, I know that Gary was... proud, but humble. Principled, but with his kids and grandkids, a total pushover.

Julie manages a smile, gripping Cinderella and Noah's hands.

55

EXT. STREETS OF ASHFIELD - DAY 7. 1502

55

The slow crawl of Scott's bike as its tyre creeps over the gravel of the empty road.

He's wearing a cap. A scarf around his mouth. Rucksack. As he returns to the village, tentatively, looking around.

Quiet.

He stops when, at the end of the main road, he can see the last Police Van departing for the city.

56

EXT. CARLISLE STREET. LANE - DAY 7. 1504

56

He cycles carefully, stood upright, down the lane running at the bottom of The Jackson's Street. Stopping at the corner. Peering around.

He catches sight of Madeline, tapping a food bowl for her cat.

Not everyone was bullied into going, then.

She re-enters and closes her door. Emptiness again.

Scott leans his bike against the wall.

57	I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - DAY 7. 1506	57
He drops into the Jackson's back garden, ducking down.		
Beyond a boundary fence, he can see his old bedroom window at the Rowley house, beyond.		
58	I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE. KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM - DAY 7. 1506	58
With a couple of shoves, Scott manages to slide up the rotten sash window, breaking the flimsy brass catch.		
He clammers quietly in, closing it behind him.		
A moment. It's a strange sight, Scott Rowley stood alone, in this room now familiar to us. He breathes in the silence.		
His FEET step over detritus - the tv remote, a dirty mug.		
He spots Noah's video game console.		
He flicks it on, takes up the controller, and sits to play.		
59	INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. STAIRS - DAY 7. 1540	59
He's creeping up the stairs. The steps creaking.		
60	INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. BATHROOM - DAY 7. 1542	60
Scott has a piss in the bathroom, one hand absent-mindedly fingering lots of toiletries on the shelf.		
He finishes, and is about to flush ... but then doesn't.		
He opens the medicine cabinet and finds anything he can to see to the bite on his hand - several plasters, and he takes some paracetamol and ibuprofen.		
61	INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 7. 1544	61
He looks at clothes drying on a clothes rack, including intimate items of Cinderella's. He's about to feel when ---		
The doorbell rings.		
Scott sits up with a fright.		
<i>Silence.....</i>		
It rings again --		

62

EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. THE JACKSON'S STREET - DAY 7. 1546 62

Ronan Sparrow's finger pushes the bell, hard.

He's nervous, shifting back and forth, but he looks like a kid forced by desperation to take this reckless step.

63

I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE / CARLISLE STREET - DAY 7. 1548

63

Scott creeps carefully down the stairs. Opening up his rucksack. Removing the crossbow.

OUTSIDE: Ronan steps back from the door, looking up at the windows to see if he can see any life.

INSIDE: Scott, carefully, unsettled, approaches the other side of the front door. Crossbow loaded.

He edges his eye carefully towards the peep hole.

From his POV: Ronan is looking the house up and down.

When suddenly, he leans down -

- *flip*, he opens the letter box hatch, just as Scott has enough time to pivot his hips away, tucked to one side, freezing to the spot.

Ronan stares in.

Scott begins to maneuver the crossbow around. Towards the letter box opening...

When Ronan closes the flap.

We stay with Scott a moment. Not moving an inch. Listening.

That was close. He senses he may have got too confident... and the time to go is now. He heads towards the back.

63A

INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 7. 1550

63A

Andy is stirring sugars into teas. He's watching Neel - his son, back turned, lost, in pain.

Because of what he did.

Andy brings over the cup, and sets it down.

He looks like he wants to reach out with his hand, and touch the back of Neel's head, to comfort him.

He even lifts his hand, privately unseen...

... But he can't do it. Recoiling back, into his shame.

64

INT. THE WELFARE - DAY 7. 1748

64

Notts locals buying drinks. A semi-spontaneous 'wake'.

The Jackson family sat in the corner.

The NOTTINGHAMSHIRE MINERS, now the main group, with UDM badges and so on - including Deano - talk in hushed tones.

DEAN SIMMONS

No. Old Vinnie's daughter?

(seething, about to blow)

That-... that's... come on, on the day them lot come down here? Are you mad?! It's tit for tat. They -

(at their disbelief)

I'm telling you! Maybe they didn't mean to, maybe it got out of hand, but come the fuck on.

(at a larger group)

Oy, they're saying Sarah Vincent, Vinnie's daughter. Dead. Murdered.

On Julie, who knew this. Should she intervene? When -?

... Mickey Sparrow approaches. Daphne and Rory have arrived too, pulling up some stools over at another table.

Not normally somewhere they would visit, this, but...

MICKEY SPARROW

Sorry to gatecrash, like. We wanted to briefly pay our respects.

Julie and Cinderella are Very Uncertain about what to say or do - internally reeling, outwardly fearful of this family.

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)

And, uh. No hard feelings. For pointing the finger. A 'suspension' of hostilities, sort of thing.

After a moment, Julie carefully nods.

Cinderella takes in the imposing men of Ronan's family. Feeling the weight of her secret.

DAPHNE SPARROW

(to Madeline)

Here, put our card behind the bar.

JULIE

No, honest, please, that's - I can't accept.

MICKEY SPARROW

You can accept it.

(at those listening)

(MORE)

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)

We're all neighbours. We all live
in the same place, at the same
time. And I still think that's a
thing what matters, what means
something. You can accept it.

He smiles, hard. As Rory begins asking those nearby what they're drinking - much to the discomfort of EVERYONE, who would really rather they didn't...

Just then - a breakaway part of the YORKSHIRE CONTINGENT enter the bar area from outside. It takes a while for others to notice. And the comprehension to sink in.

Led by Warnock, a butter-wouldn't-melt expression on his face, he and his boys make their way to the bar.

Dean Simmons palms an empty bottle from the bar, ready.

Someone else removes a pool queue from the rack.

WARNOCK

Evening. What bitter you got on?
Ah, not Mansfield? Any Tetley?

MADELINE

We're at capacity, sorry.

Warnock turns to face the room - all eyes on him.

WARNOCK

Not in the mood for bygones being
bygones, then? Not even allowed to
raise a glass for a fallen friend.

DEAN SIMMONS

(letting go)

Been up to much else while you were
down here, have you? Heard owt
about a beautiful young lass been
killed, have you?! EY?!

WARNOCK

You what?

MADELINE

Look, how's about just pootle off,
ey, and sharpish. Please.

WARNOCK

(pointing at Julie)

This family of the deceased, they
kept solidarity with us in 84, and
you're all drinking with *them* -

JULIE

Please. Don't use my family as a
pawn in all this. I mean it.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

(standing)

Look, I know my husband appreciated
your many whatevers, kindnesses,
over the years. Especially when
they weren't always extended to him
on his own doorstep.

A minor chill in the room. Some neighbours look away. Others
stay unapologetically fixed in their stares.

JULIE (CONT'D)

But I think it better you go.

Warnock absorbs the reasonableness of this request - and
nods. But not before --

WARNOCK

Can I just say one thing. One thing
I think he'd have liked made known
amongst some of his more Holier
Than Thou neighbours? Gary. A goo-
(trying not to break)
Good man. Who believed in things.
Believed in being straight. Honest.
And a loyal friend...

He gathers himself, and takes in the room.

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

Someone here... is Not Who They
Seem.

On the rest of them - what?

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

He shared it with us. Those of us
who were loyal to him.
(pointing)
There is a great pretender in your
midst.

Julie fears what's coming next - remembering Ian's phone call
from this morning, Gary's notepad.

Ian is holding his wife, as she has a moment in his shoulder.

IAN

I'm sorry, love.

The radio is on. Sports commentary on the match.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

... 1-1, with 5 minutes to go. And
so far...

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
scenes of quiet respect, between
the two sides. A relief to the
players and fans alike.

When Helen pulls out of the hug and notices him listening -

IAN
That wasn't me listening to the
football, I was --

HELEN
(smiling)
I know.
(then)
You sure you don't mind visitors?

Ian shakes his head, 'it's ok'.

66

INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - DAY 7. 1754

66

Kevin sat on his bed. Silence in the lonely room.

... he sighs, as he accepts the new low of his idea. Calling on his phone.

KEVIN
Hi, DI Salisbury, I need a PNC
check on a vehicle or the
registered keeper details. If you
have the address, and... Yeah, it
should be under "St Clair".

67

INT. THE WELFARE - DAY 7. 1755

67

The news has - apparently - just landed.

DEAN SIMMONS
An undercover what? Piss off.
(to Julie)
This true?

JULIE
I don't know, do I. I mean... in
the past couple months Gary talked
about it but I didn't know what to
think, I thought it was bollocks.

MADELINE
(to Warnock)
It is bollocks. Go on, coming here
to stir up the past; out -

WARNOCK
Ay up, don't go shooting the
messenger. It int me.
(MORE)

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

It's our own union - sorry, my
union, your lot broke away didn't
yer, I recall, that's right. *Our*
NUM, they're lobbying the
government for the truth right now.
About these spies.

(lets the word land)

Look to your neighbours. Look to
your friends.

A few glances. Dean ... the Madeline ... Gibbo.

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

(listing on his fingers)

Someone who came here, just before
or during that strike.

(two)

An outsider. With an identity
plucked from nowhere, fake job,
fake name. Who spied on you all.

(three)

And then stayed. For whatever
reason. And is here, now. Walking
among you, bold as brass.

(finally...)

And I'll wager that mad bastard in
the woods knows who it might be.

All of this washes over the anxious room in waves.

Warnock takes someone else's glass, and toasts -

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

To Jacko.

- the YORKSHIRE MINERS repeat, as Warnock drinks. Nods at
Julie one last time, and they file out of the bar.

Leaving the NOTTS LOCALS to their new paranoia, and dread.

68

EXT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - EVENING 7. 1930

68

We're closing tighter in on Kevin. Outside the house,
watching from an unseen vantage point.

A car pulls up onto the drive. And out steps --

Jenny Harris, and her husband, JACOB. 50s.

We move in on Kevin as he watches their dynamic - Jacob
coming around the car and putting an affectionate hand around
his wife's hip. They kiss, and smile, hold wine, and flowers.

*They are playful, affectionate, happy. Over 30 years of
loving marriage, evident right in front of him...*

Ian answers the door to his friends -- a sting of something
from Kevin, maybe, seeing his colleague welcome them into his
home; him on the outside...

He makes himself scarce.

69

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. BATHROOM - EVENING 7. 2033

69

Cinderella flicks the light on and looks at her face in the
medicine cabinet - exhausted. She takes a deep breath.

And thinks that she smells something, frowning.

Her eyes move, slowly, to the sight of urine in the toilet.
On Cinderella.

70

**INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - EVENING 7. 70
2035**

Julie stares off in the kitchen, holding a wine, as in the living room Noah starts up his game. Confused by something -

NOAH

What's happened to my name?

JULIE

What d'you mean?

NOAH

Who's Robbie Platt?

Julie looks up - taken back - marching into the room.

JULIE

What did you say?

Noah points to the screen. The game *Fortnite*, only as we push in on the TV, and on Julie's increasingly horrified face, we see that the Player Name is now - "**Robbie Platt**".

71

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 7. 2037

71

Julie is searching madly through Gary's boxes of notes and pads - as Cinderella comes down from the bathroom.

CINDERELLA

What? What is it?

Julie opens one up, and there. In her dead husband's handwriting. A page heading - "**Spycop cover names**"

And top of the list - "**Robbie Platt**".

JULIE

(to herself)

"Spycop" ... "Robbie Platt".

CINDERELLA

Nana?

JULIE

What the hell is going on?!

72

INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - EVENING 7. 2100

72

Food, drink, chatter under way. Jacob has a Southern accent that has softened over time.

We're most often with Ian through this - his head on the case, and not a natural Dinner Party winer and diner.

JACOB

Just incredible, incredible. Things like that, happening round here. I'm so sorry, both.

(then)

Although I have to say, and don't take this the wrong way, I only mean it as a tease -

IAN

I'll take it however I like, mate, but go on.

JACOB

It was only that ... you know. Amongst friends, Ian, a case like this, that national spotlight. The cameras, and the questions. Isn't this the kind of case we used to talk late into the night about, back in the day. Young recruits.

IAN

That you talked about, and then you never even stuck it out.

JACOB

What can I say, I realised I enjoyed money too much. And there's none of that in the police.

JENNY

He's in my school, you know. Noah Jackson. So sad, poor kid. Although I'm sure, that age, he'll be more resilient than his sister. What's she called? Cinderella?

JACOB

Such weird bloody names. Are they a weird family? This first victim's?

Ian shrugs, pouring himself another large glass.

HELEN

I just hope it's over soon. And then what's-his-face, your new pal, can bugger off back to London as well. What's his name?

A private reaction from Jenny, at the mention of Kevin, and an accidental glance between her and Ian.

Secrets, that only they share.

IAN

Uh, Kevin.

HELEN

Then you can stop being so tetchy.

JACOB

Who's this?

IAN

No one. Helen.

Tight on Jenny, drinking her wine.

HELEN

This MET Inspector that Ian had a run in with, way back when.

IAN

Helen.

(then, sensing the tension)

Sorry, I - ... I'm just tired.

A moment.

IAN (CONT'D)

Dessert?

73

INT. THE WELFARE - EVENING 7. 2155

73

Much emptier now - as it normally is. Few punters. Including - - MARTIN. Perched at the bar, awaiting another pint.

DEAN is playing darts, trying to forget the day. His UDM badge still displayed. As he clocks eyes with - - GIBBO, in the corner. His NUM badge worn proud.

The door creaks open, and in walks -- Kevin.

He approaches the bar, where Martin is the other end.

KEVIN

Uh, whatever's on tap. Thank you.

Martin's ear prick up at this voice, as she pulls his pint.

MADELINE

Is that London, your accent?

Kevin nods.

Gibbo, sat in his corner, huffs, mumbling something under his breath... (pig bastards / cockney fucks etc).

MADELINE (CONT'D)

God, we've had all sorts in today.
Yorkshireman, Londoners...

She hands him the pint - he hands her a fiver.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Ey, I saw your brother on the tele
earlier, Martin. Press conference.

Kevin seizes up more now, too. Not quite daring to look at Martin. *But if that is Ian's brother, then...*

Kevin, finally, dares to look. Martin senses it.

MARTIN

Do I know you? Pal?

KEVIN

... Uh, no. No.

MARTIN

I don't tend to forget a face.

(waits. Then)

And people tend not to forget mine.

He turns to reveal his burn marks to Kevin...

Kevin can't avoid it any more. He turns to take in Martin...

74

INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - NIGHT 7. 2200

74

Ian's phone rings, interrupting coffee. He checks the number - an odd person to be calling him. He answers -

IAN

Madeline?

75

EXT. THE WELFARE/ STREET - NIGHT 7. 2215

75

A fight has spilled out into the streets.

These are late middle-aged men, most of them, who haven't fought in years and it's not action-packed, more awkward, exhausted and sad.

Kevin, face bloodied, manages to push a raging Martin against the wall as Gibbo tries to knock him down.

But Deano grabs Gibbo, dragging him off.

Kevin swings his fists at anyone, only connecting occasionally. Messy, emotional --

Patrol Cars pull up - some PCs spill out, breaking it up.

As we find:

Ian, presumably having been notified, piling in too.

IAN
What the hell is this?!

Takes on the light bleeding, torn clothes. As Ian's eyes find ... Kevin. Clothes ripped, lip bust, a black eye forming.

DEAN SIMMONS / GIBBO
Nothing.

And Ian sees him - his brother, Martin...

IAN
Martin...

MARTIN
Oh brother, there art though.

Martin turns his back on him, deliberately, as he catches his breath back.

DEAN SIMMONS
They star.... I don't mean to sound - but they started it. Went mad.

MARTIN
Ian, it's, it's him? Is it him?!

IAN
Get up.

MARTIN
(turning back, confused)
Wait. Are you.... are you actually fucking working together?

IAN
Go back inside, drink water.

MARTIN

One of the fuckers who DID THIS TO
ME?!

IAN

He's here to help, I said GET BACK
INSIDE!

MARTIN

You don't tell me what to do?!

Some men launch at Kevin again, and Ian steps in to protect him, instead bundling Martin onto the ground.

IAN

Alright enough! Leave him!

PC PATEL

Right, I am arresting you, on -

MARTIN

(over him)

Arresting me?!

(then)

It were *him*, he -

IAN

He doesn't need arresting, please,
honest, he just needs cooling down.

(picking up Kevin)

You! With me.

MARTIN

Oy, you don't do me no favours
right! Arrest me!

(to the Officer)

Arrest me! Fucking arsehole.

Ian is bundling Kevin out of the way as he looks back to see the Officer putting cuffs on his brother.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oh aye, look at this ey? What a
surprise!

GIBBO

Yeah that's right. Once a turncoat,
always a turncoat!

Ian feels the burning shame as he helps Kevin into the back, before getting into the front and starting the engine...

KEVIN

I, I uh -

Ian ignores him, starting the car and pulling away at speed.

76

EXT. IAN'S CAR IN MOTION - NIGHT 7. 2220

76

Ian thumps the steering wheel in anger.

IAN
Un-believable, un-fucking-
BELIEVABLE!

Kevin tries to sit up in the back, nursing his wounds, groggy from several blows to the head.

IAN (CONT'D)
We get through the day without any trouble from an invading army, for the only call-out of the night to be fucking you!

Quietly, and full of sadness in the back...

KEVIN
I didn't ask to be here.

IAN
Neither did I.

Ian drives, trying to calm, glancing in his rear view mirror.

IAN (CONT'D)
You've no idea, have yer.
(punching the wheel)
No fucking clue.

KEVIN
Nope.

IAN
What it was like, after. For us who lived here, for us who stayed, to clean up your mess. For me, with that hanging over my head -

KEVIN
You did alright. Better than me -

IAN
- being tarred with that same brush as your bastard lot. Friends, who after all that never... Family who NEVER-... And here we are!
Happening all over again! Me, defending you, in front of -...
(tries to calm)

KEVIN
I'd have stayed here. You know. I really wanted to stay here...

IAN
(not quite hearing)
You what?

KEVIN
It was you. You took that away from
me...

IAN
... I don't remember. And I don't
care.

Kevin sits up, winding down the window to get some fresh air.

KEVIN
Everything that went wrong, for me -

IAN
My heart bleeds.

Turning to stare into his eyes through the mirror.

KEVIN
- everything. I can trace back to
here. Trace back to you...

They look at one another, before Ian's eyes return forward.

IAN
Let's just do our job. Catch this
killer. And move the hell on, shall
we? Can we do that?

KEVIN
Yes, 'chief'.

The wind from the window blows his bloodied hair...

77

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 2230

77

Cathy is sat on Scott's bed, in the dark.

Her phone in her hand. A blank text message, to "Julie", the
cursor flickering, waiting for words...

Smash!

She jumps - some glass shattering, O.S, downstairs.

CATHY
Scott?! -

78

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 7. 2232

78

She stumbles down the stairs to see the glass panel in the
front door has smashed.

Her foot slips on something and she goes over, hitting the floor in pain. Turning to see -

- a brick, facing her. And a word painted upon it.

"Scabs".

79

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING 8. 0600

79

The sun rising. A new, dull day...

Scott is back in the forest, hiding. Opening his eyes, for yet another day...

80

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 8. 0630

80

Julie sits holding a baseball bat on the sofa - having been awake all night.

Cinderella and Noah have fallen asleep down here - Cinderella holding Noah, a kitchen knife in hand.

Exhausted, in all the ways a person can be

81

OMITTED

81

82

I/E. THE JACKSON HOUSE / GARDEN / ALLEYWAY - DAY 8. 0635 82

She stands and unlocks the back door, and out to the garden having picked up Gary's notebook from the side.

She wanders out into the back **ALLEY**, lighting a cigarette, away from the house. Pacing away, getting some space.

She finds herself at the dividing fence / the gate that separates the **ALLEY** from the **ROWLEY'S**.

She leans against the gate. Turning the pages of Gary's notebook, when...

... She can hear something.

Some soft crying, the other side of the fence, which we pass through, to the **ROWLEY'S GARDEN**, to find:

Cathy, sat on a garden bench, near the dividing fence.

She's holding something too. The brick from last night.

JULIE (O.S.)

... Cath?

She freezes. So many conflicting feelings consuming her.

CATHY

Yeah?

We move between the **GARDEN** and the **ALLEY**. This has an air of cold reluctance at first, of not being prepared for it yet, but with a huge repressed desire for reconnection.

JULIE

Are you ok?

CATHY

... Why are you asking me that? I should be asking--... it's you; you whose lost someone, I -

JULIE

Because you're crying.

CATHY

I don't--... See now I feel even worse cause why am I the one crying, Jesus Christ. I'm so...

Where to begin, with words? She shakes, turning closer to the fence, maybe even putting her hand on it.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I don't know *why* ... he did that; Scott; how he could have ever -

JULIE

Don't say his name.

CATHY

... OK. I'm sorry.

JULIE

I hope they find him. And he rots in jail his entire miserable life.

Silence, now, for a moment. Just birds and the breeze.

CATHY

What do we do now?

83

INT. GUEST HOUSE. KEVIN'S ROOM - DAY 8. 0640

83

Kevin wakes up with a scream.

He winces. Feeling the bruises on his face.

He sighs. But looks determined to brush off last night, and get back down to work...

84

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 8. 0820

84

Kevin is working away at a desk when Ian arrives, perhaps surprised to see him here earlier than him.

Ian eases over when, thankfully for Kevin, his phone rings.

KEVIN

(answering)

DI Salisbury.

(listening)

Oh, yes, thank you, do you have that - uh, the name of the person who signed for it...

He's writing down what he's listening to - stopping. Surprised. He looks up to Ian, still on the phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Are you sure? Can I check the house number they... Ok, thank you, bye.

(phone down)

IAN

What is it?

KEVIN

Courier company. The person who signed for Sarah's missed package the day before. It was Andy Fisher.

On Ian. Connecting the dots. In disbelief.

85

EXT. NEEL FISHER'S CAR IN MOTION / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY 85
0830

Andy drives Neel's car - Neel as his passenger. Too distracted to drive himself, staring out the window.

Andy follows directions on Neel's phone, on a stand.

ANDY

Once we've registered the ... thing, we should... we could go and get a coffee or something. At a garden centre, maybe.

Neel barely pays attention. Staring out.

NEEL

Still don't feel real. Any of it.

(shakes his head)

How can anyone have it in 'em. Like have it *inside* them, to do such a ... that's like psychopathic, that is. That's proper evil.

Andy just keeps driving.

NEEL (CONT'D)

I just wanna top meself. I want it gone. This feeling. I was going to spend my life with -

ANDY

I know. Neel, I know. I know that feeling, I know it. With your mum. I promise you, though. Over time. Here and there. Bit by bit. It becomes possible to - to live. Again. It does.

(then)

And in the meantime. You'll always have me...

A flicker of something from Neel, perhaps.

Remembering the exclusion Andy had felt before. And the mild horror, now Sarah is gone, of being sucked back into a co-dependent father-son relationship once again...

His phone rings on the dashboard stand. A new number.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Leave it, probably more press.

NEEL

Could be important.

He answers the phone on speaker. We intercut with -

86

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION / NEEL'S CAR - DAY 8. 0833

NEEL

Hello.

Ian is on his mobile - the others watching this play out.

IAN

Neel, it's Superintendent Ian St Clair.

Andy's ears prick up, as he continues the drive.

IAN (CONT'D)

I wondered if you might be able to come in; I'm sorry. There's been a development.

Andy, unseen by Neel, is going a ghostly white, sweating.

NEEL

... erm. Ok. We can come now. I'll swing by with my dad.

IAN

Actually, do you just want to come in, alone, if that's...

NEEL

I'm with him now, in the car.
You're on speaker.

Andy looks at the phone. We stay on his POV as we move in closer and closer on the phone, hearing, but not seeing, Ian's cogs presumably turn on the other end.

IAN (O.S.)

Hi Andy.

Andy begins to indicate, pulling to the hard shoulder.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Uh ok, why don't you both come in?

NEEL

Alright.

He hangs up -

At the **STATION**: Ian looks at his dead phone.

IAN

Shit.

87

EXT. NEEL'S CAR / DUAL CARRIAGEWAY / FIELDS - DAY 8. 0835 87

Neel has noticed they've pulled over. Cars beep at the speed of the sharp turn and brake.

NEEL

Dad?

He looks at his father. Andy looks at him. Eyes wide, sort of strangely no longer present.

He fiddles with his seatbelt, struggling to unclip it. He's not panicking, this isn't fast, just imprecise. He frees himself and opens his driver door.

NEEL (CONT'D)

Dad, careful!

Passing traffic beeps aggressively, as Andy opens the door into the highway and steps out, holding onto the car.

Neel gets out the passenger side, staring baffled at his dad over the roof of the car.

The slow, dreadful realisation begins to dawn on Neel, looking at his guilt-stricken father, but he keeps resisting the thought. Pushing it away in denial.

NEEL (CONT'D)
Has someth-... did something...

Andy can't stay for this. He wanders into the road. Traffic beeping, swerving. Looking back at his son.

Neel now knows. His calls are no longer 'concern'. But mounting disbelief, and guttural rage.

NEEL (CONT'D)
... Dad?! You-...

Andy sees a lorry coming and runs, across the dual carriageway, to get to the central reservation before it.

NEEL (CONT'D)
Dad?!

Neel is trapped on his side of the road, as the lorry passes. And then more traffic. Preventing Neel from crossing.

NEEL (CONT'D)
DAD! NO!! NO!!!

Andy makes it to the other side and through the bushes and trees into a field, and then making a dash -

NEEL (CONT'D)
Why?! Dad, NO! NO!!

- towards the woods of Sherwood Forest beyond.

88	OMITTED	88
89	OMITTED	89
90	OMITTED	90

END OF EPISODE.