



SHERWOOD

Episode 4

By

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FINAL Shooting Script
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1 EXT. INSIDE SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING 9. 0740 1

The forest is waking up.

The tall Pine Trees seem to shiver as the dull autumn sun passes over them, filling them with life.

Insects wander over leaves.

2 EXT. ABOVE SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING 9. 0741 2

The woodland that engulfs the different villages on the horizon seems still and empty, from above.

When suddenly --

- a FIGURE darts from beneath the canopy, appearing and disappearing as fast as he came.

3 EXT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - MORNING 9. 0742 3

slap, slap.

A GOLF FLAG flutters in the morning breeze - *slap.*

The **NUMBER 11** hole sits waiting, one **BALL** already on the green as another bounces onto it from outside the frame...

We follow an electric buggy as it rattles aggressively over the mounds towards the hole, and the woods beyond.

4 EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST / NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - DAY 9. 0743 4

From our POV: someone peers through the trees to the green,
watching the golf buggy approach.

On the **GREEN**: It pulls up and out steps -

- JACOB HARRIS. Jenny's husband.

JACOB
Ah come on; shit.

His ball is in the sand bunker beside the green.

A business associates follows him out of the buggy. CARL, 50s, and AMY, 40s. Carl chuckles smugly.

CARL
Well at least you've plenty of
practice, digging yourself out of
holes.

JACOB

You know you used that joke last time.

CARL

Well stop getting it in the bunker then, week on week!

Amy smiles more sympathetically at Jacob - privately, even - as she putts her ball, nearest to the hole. It goes in.

CARL (CONT'D)

Technically etiquette dictates the player whose ball is furthest away goes first.

AMY

You need to keep up with the ever evolving rules of the modern game, Carl; the 'ready to play' principle? Anyway, etiquette can do one, this early in the morning, I haven't even had my espresso --

Thwack.

An ARROW hits the golf buggy, near to where Jacob is stood. It takes a moment for them to even register or comprehend.

5 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST / NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB - DAY 9. 0744** 5

Scott Rowley - bow raised -
Eyes aiming - fingers releasing -
Fires another -

6 **EXT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB / SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 9. 0745** 6

- it bounces off the golf cart, ricochetting by Jacob.
And hits Amy.
She falls over onto her back.

JACOB

Amy!!

Carl leaps to hide behind the golf buggy, shitting himself, as Jacob flings himself in the bunker, keeping low.

Amy looks at her wound, panting, the arrow sticking out of the side of her abdomen, blood spilling out.

AMY
(screaming)
J-... Jake?!! What..?!

IN THE FOREST:

Scott looks at his (accidental?) hit. Whoops.

He retreats, catching his shirt on the branches of the trees.

He panics a little, tearing it, and decides to slip it off entirely, heading off into the darkness of the trees.

ON THE GREEN:

Jacob nervously edges up above the bunker, keeping low -

AMY (CONT'D)
(seeing him)
No, st-... stay down -....

He does as she says, but torn between hiding and helping.

At the buggy, a whimpering Carl tries to turn on the engine while staying hidden, using the cart as cover.

Jacob lifts himself up over the edge of the bunker, reaching across with his hand to Amy's foot.

JACOB
I've got you, I've got you.

He grabs her heel and drags her across the grass on her back.

AMY
(yelling out in pain)
No-.... no...

The arrow tip sticking through her back catches on the grass.

JACOB
I have to...!

Carl has started the engine. He pushes the pedal with a hand, as the buggy begins to lurch forwards slowly. He holds onto the side as he's dragged along, leaving his friends.

Jacob pulls Amy into the bunker.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What the hell? What the hell?
(to her)
You'll be alright. You'll be ok.
(dialing his phone)
Shit shit shit shit...

A **WIDE** of the scene:

Jacob's head just poking out from the bunker, a smear of blood leading to it across the grass. And Carl hanging on as he's slowly dragged away by the electric buggy...

TITLES.

"Sherwood".

7 **EXT. ASHFIELD STREETS / ROWLEY HOUSE - DAY 9. 0800** 7

A PAPER GIRL is posting the local newspaper through letterboxes along the street. Including -

8 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 0801** 8

- the MANSFIELD CHAD lands on the doormat.

A shadow appears over it, as we find: JULIE JACKSON staring at the headline. **Murdered Miner's Search for Village "Spy"?**

9 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION. SIDE ROOM - DAY 9. 0802** 9

Neel Fisher shakes, crying into his tea, surrounded by other Detectives as he's questioned by Kevin and Ian.

NEEL

(crying)

Me Dad. Me own dad, I can't get my head aro-... This is a nightmare, this isn't happening. She was the love of me life, how co-..? He couldn't normally say boo to a ... Something must have gone wrong, I don't know. I don't know.

(Tries to calm. Breathes)

Don't kill him. Please. I hate him but don't kill him.

IAN

We're not going to kill him.

KEVIN

We won't kill him.

NEEL

No but - he's running, isn't he.

10 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 9. 0803** 10

Andy collapses his way through the trees, unsteady on his feet, constantly slipping and tripping.

He's crying hard. Terrified.

NEEL (V.O.)

He's not dangerous; he's not.

11 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION. SIDE ROOM - DAY 9. 08041**

NEEL

So please don't like, accidentally--
... I want to look him in the eyes,
again. I wanta know *why*...

IAN

How well does he know the Forest?
Is there anywhere he might go?

NEEL

No. He's not, like - 'outdoorsy'.

KEVIN

The other man we're hunting, in the
woods. Scott Rowley. He shot an
arrow into your father's train. Why
might he have done that? When we
questioned your father about that
he said he had no idea. But now,
with this...

NEEL

Maybe that freaked my dad out,
maybe that's why something, like,
snapped in him, I don't know. The
PTSD or whatever.

KEVIN

I suppose what I'm asking is...
it's possible Scott knows or
suspects who this old, undercover
officer, somewhere in the village
is, and...

As Kevin pushes him, it's clear some of the other Detectives -
Cleaver, DI Taylor, maybe even Ian - don't appreciate this.

NEEL

My dad? He was uncomfortable enough
in his own skin let alone someone
else's. He's just a normal man.
Likes trains. Has early nights. He
miss-... Still misses me mam.

(wobbling)

So do I. I lost *her*. Now Sarah. Oh
God and him too, now, ey? Once he's
caught. That's...

(shakes in disbelief)

I'm completely alone.

Ian and Kevin look on him with deep sympathy. *Poor guy.*

Ian places a hand on his shoulder...

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (PRE-LAP)

So...

12 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION. CORRIDOR - DAY 9. 0830 12**

Ian looks up from his seat, lifting his head from his hands.

He's in the corner, or small room off the main floor, with the Chief Constable, talking privately and candidly.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
Two men on the run now? A search area that's too big..? It's time to push that button, Ian. The ACC have authorised the deployment of hundreds of officers from other forces to come here; a national response.

IAN
Which 'other' police force?
(off his silence)
No.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
Ian -

IAN
The fucking MET.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
They have the resources, they have the specialist search teams -

IAN
I don't want those bastards back here again, after what they -

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER	IAN (CONT'D)
What are our other options, the army?	I'm sorry, Chief, I don't mean to...

IAN (CONT'D)
But this place remembers, ok. How that Force behaved, nearly forty years ago. And now what, because of a murder of a poor sod on one side of that Strike, they're coming back all over again? I mean wha-...

Laughing tragically, exasperated, staring up -

IAN (CONT'D)
What's the universe playing at, ey.

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER
All I know is, as my Senior Investigating Officer, I'm going to need you to bury whatever personal feelings or private doubts you have.

(MORE)

CHIEF CONSTABLE FRASER (CONT'D)
I need you to stand next to me, and
tell everyone that everything will
be ok.

On Ian. Reluctantly accepting the inevitable.

13 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 9. 0900** 13

Ian has been briefing his team, and Kevin, alongside the
Chief. A stony silence in response. Broken by -

TAYLOR
The fucking MET? Why does it have
to be them?

CLEAVER
They're just going to be descending
on the village? How many?

IAN
Not descending. 'Assisting'. And I
will remain the SIO. And this
time, they're coming here to help.

KEVIN
We came last time to help you.

IAN
This time... it's to catch two
killers.

14 **I/E. PARISH HALL / SHERWOOD FOREST. SCOTT LOCATION - DAY 9.14**
 0902

Scott Rowley moves through the terrain expertly, away from
the golf course, with bow and arrow in hand.

IAN (V.O.)
Scott Rowley, we assume, has
prepared for a long stay surviving
outdoors. He's armed with a range
of weapons and he's using them.

15 **I/E. PARISH HALL / SHERWOOD FOREST. ANDY LOCATION - DAY 9.15**
 0903

ELSEWHERE:

Andy falls and lands on his front, rolling over to face up at
the thick canopy above him, weeping. Frightened.

IAN (V.O.)

Andy Fisher on the other hand is improvising, and unprepared to live out in the wild. We have no idea of his intentions or his mental state.

ANDY
Oh God. Oh God!

Andy clambers back to this feet, and keeps going.

16 **EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY 9. 0905**

16

The coaches already on their way, down an A-road, turning as a road sign points towards '**Sherwood Forest**'.

IAN (V.O.)
The MET will arrive, help us track
and retrieve Scott Rowley, and Andy
Fisher. And then they will leave.

INSIDE: we find some of the faces of young MET OFFICERS he's talking about...

17 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 9. 0906**

17

IAN
I've arranged a mini 'town hall'
with the local primary school.
Speak to parents as they drop their
kids off, explain what's going on.
I thought maybe you should do that?
(at Kevin)
It's your Force that's arriving,
you go represent them. Explain that
there's nothing to worry about,
life will be back to normal soon.

Kevin tries to work out if he's being included, or sidelined.

PC Dove shouts from a desk where she's taken a call.

PC DOVE
Sir?

All of the Detectives look.

18 **EXT. NEWSTEAD GOLF CLUB. BUGGY PARK AREA - DAY 9. 0930**

18

Police cars - helicopters - dog units - *all arriving hard.*

Ian - without Kevin now - marches into the parking area as he's briefed by Cleaver.

CLEAVER
Two males, one female, around 7.45
this morning. One arrow hit the
cart, the second hit the woman. Amy
Whitstable, 38, from Chesterfield,
businesswoman, runs a chain of
hotels.

(MORE)

CLEAVER (CONT'D)
She's on her way to Kings Mill now,
critical condition. One male also
treated for severe shock; second
male is over there.

Ian catches sight of JACOB, receiving PARAMEDIC attention.

IAN
Ah Christ...

He heads over to his friend.

IAN (CONT'D)
Hey. How you doing, you ok?

Jacob nods. And then shakes his head.

JACOB
I think I nearly died, today. Ian.

Ian sits beside him...

19 OMITTED

19

20 INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CORRIDOR - DAY 9. 1000

20

Headmistress Jenny is walking down the corridor to the **SCHOOL HALL**, checking her phone. She sees she has "**3 missed calls**" from her husband - "**Jacob Harris**".

She starts to dial back, when -

TEACHER (O.S.)
Mrs Harris?

She turns to see a TEACHER leading in...

... Kevin Salisbury. Here, sheepishly.

On Jenny Harris. *Oh God, really? Him.*

She hangs up her call, as the TEACHER leaves them to their hushed, private conversation.

KEVIN
Hi.
(then)
I know, they just needed someone to
come and address -

JENNY
And you couldn't have politely just
stood aside and let *another*
Detective come.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Because frankly we're all
feeling the pressure here at
the moment and being cornered
in my own school -

KEVIN
I didn't ask to come here,
and I tried to... Oh come on,
I would never 'corner' you.
Jenny. They -

KEVIN (CONT'D)
- wanted it to be a MET officer,
and right now I'm the sole
representative. Though that is
about to dramatically change.

 DAPHNE SPARROW (O.S.)
Morning-morning.

They turn to see Daphne arriving, with some other GOVERNORS.

JENNY
Mrs Sparrow.
(to Kevin)
D.I. Salisbury, these are some of
our School Governors, I thought it
was best to invite as many -

DAPHNE SPARROW
Yeah, we've met actually, he
arrested my son and husband,
wrongly.
(shaking, friendly)
Nice to see you again.

Kevin shakes her hand, awkwardly.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. SCHOOL HALL - DAY 9. 1008 22

Anxious PARENTS are gathered in the hall, with staff and teachers. The Governors too, including Daphne.

And Headmistress Jenny, present on stage with -

- Kevin. Doing his best to sound authoritative but calm.

KEVIN
So as a serving Detective Inspector
of the Metropolitan Police -

Just the sound of the term. A vocal response – divided.

Some people, including GIBBO - our old ex Striking Miner and Gary's friend, splutter at remembering this.

Others - DEAN, and his formerly Working Miner side - frown at what he sees as a disrespectful response.

We find Julie and Cinderella, sat holding hands together, aware of all the glances in their direction.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And as someone who... as a young
Police Constable found himself
seconded here, in '84 -

GIBBO

(raises his hand)

'Scuse me, no offence but I would
suggest maybe don't bring that up
if that were the case, me duck.

JENNY

Mr. Gibson.

DEAN

'Scuse me, some of us wanta
hear him out.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Some of us were grateful for the
protection -

JENNY

(standing)

Excuse me, this is a school. We're
here to calmly listen to what the-
... Detective Inspector has to say.

A silent glance between them - Kevin grateful.

KEVIN

I'm *saying*... that I get it, I get
the last thing a lot of you want to
see are unfamiliar boots hitting
the streets of your town right now.
But my force is joining your force,
to help catch these Men. That's it,
that's all.

(sees Julie)

And I'm obviously aware that one of
the victim's family is here, and I
thank them for that and...

Eyes move to the Jacksons. They remain stoic and defiant.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And that we owe it to them, to
bring those responsible to justice.

Jenny privately studies Kevin, taken by his sensitivity here.
Perhaps even a little impressed.

A MOTHER raises her hand.

MADELINE

What's this about you London lot
hiding police in our town, back
then, to spy on us. Is that true?

KEVIN

I can't comment on that -

GIBBO

It is true, you can read about it
all online, it's all out there.
Gary Jackson knew. They're saying
this spy passed on false
information about *him*.

DEAN

That's - excuse my language in a
school, genuinely, Mrs Harris, but
you're peddling absolute, NUM
bullshit. Just shit-stirring all
these years on.

KEVIN

JENNY

Ok -

Alright, ladies and gents -

Some strong words begin to break out, between opposing sides.

Julie closes her eyes, trying to block it out.

Next to her, Cinderella is reading on her phone.

CINDERELLA

I think someone's been shot.

JULIE

What?

CINDERELLA

On the golf course, someone's just
posted it. They think it's Him.

DEAN

(hearing, leaning in)
Someone else has been *shot*?

That was loud enough for others to hear.

GIBBO

You what?

A rumble of fear grows through the room. Eyes turning to
Kevin for reassurance - but he is learning this at the same
time as everyone else.

23

EXT. KIRKBY RECREATION HALL - DAY 9. 1100

23

The coaches pull up outside a commandeered Leisure Centre.

MET Officers begin piling out...

24 **INT. KIRKBY RECREATION HALL. VARIOUS - DAY 9. 1101** 24

In the **MAIN HALL**, where sports are normally played, fold out beds and mattresses with pillow cases are being laid out.

Everywhere.

Officers dump their bags, look around -

One OFFICER sits, opening a *Maps app* on their phone...

MET OFFICER 1
Where the hell am I...

25 OMITTED 25

26 I/E. THE ROWLEY HOUSE - DAY 9. 1130 26

Fred opens the door of his house and looks up the street, trying to locate the approaching noise...

27 EXT. ASHFIELD. STREETS / VARIOUS - DAY 9. 1131 27

The old cobbles and paving slabs of the street. Laced with history. *Not all of it good...*

Suddenly, a POLICE BOOT gently steps onto it.

And then another, and then another. Until a veritable ARMY begins to pass over it --

We find: lines after line of METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICERS
marching through the small streets of the pit village.

PC DOVE and PC PATEL watch from the sidelines. Marginalised now, by the 'Big Boys (and Girls)' entering their town.

28 OMITTED 28

29 **EXT. ASHFIELD STREETS - DAY 9. 1134** 29

Gibbo, walking home, stops when he sees this.

Internally, his stomach is twisting. As this hard man's face begins to wobble, slightly. The memories all too much.

30 **EXT. CARLISLE STREET - DAY 9. 1135** 30

Julie and Cinderella are heading home when they turn to see -
- the MET, passing by the top of the road.

Cinderella looks at Julie as the colour leaves her face.

CINDERELLA

Mamma?

Julie takes Cinderella's hand, to head home.

Madeline the Landlady, opens **HER DOOR**.

Gobsmacked and unnerved by the surreal sight.

31 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 9. 1140** 31

And we find Ian and Kevin, to one side, watching the MET OFFICERS meeting the NOTTS OFFICERS - some handshakes etc - as they ready themselves to approach the woods.

DOGS SNIFF the air.

HELICOPTERS circle.

Ian is pacing, anxiously willing it to yield results.

IAN

(almost to himself)

Come on, come on, please, we have to get him. Have to get him today, before anyone else gets hurt.

KEVIN

They think they've managed to find everyone who's camping or using the woods and clear them out, bar this one pair of backpackers, maybe.

(then)

What are they going for, a classic dragnet? Tick each area off, quadrant by quadrant.

Ian doesn't answer, taking in the forest. Calmer now.

IAN

Doesn't feel right. Them hiding, in there. The forest is meant to be a sanctuary, for people. A safe place, to go. Escape the world...

Ian studies the woods - *one of the last remaining places of unsullied memories for him, around here?*

Kevin watches him, sensing a personal connection.

Ian pushes on.

IAN (CONT'D)

Let's follow up with the trio on the golf course this morning. Perhaps that's best done by you as well. Jacob Harris is an old friend. One step removed, you know.

On Kevin - *with all the history between him and Jenny.*

IAN (CONT'D)

(pointed)

And that's going to be ok, isn't it. Handling that. What with everything...

KEVIN

Of course it's going to be ok.

Kevin may have sounded more insulted by that than he meant.

The men silently watch the preparations for the manhunt.

32

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 1300

32

Julie pours herself a day-time whisky with unsteady hand, taking a sip.

She sits on the sofa with Cinderella.

JULIE

Why won't it end? Why can't it end.

CINDERELLA

This search?

JULIE

Everything....

She has a sip. Cinderella treads carefully.

CINDERELLA

They were here, before. They -... fought you and Granddad.

JULIE

Huh. Yeah. It wasn't always a fight, sometimes there were these odd moments of... I don't know. Understanding, across the lines. And then there were others...

CINDERELLA

Must have been scary.

JULIE

Yeah. I suppose. Your granddad. He was very brave.

(then)

I was brave. Huh. I was, though.

Remembering...

33

INSERT. 1984. ASHFIELD STREETS

33

The images from the opening of the series.

Lines of MET POLICE on a picket line.

A Younger JULIE JACKSON storming through, reaching her husband GARY on the floor, holding him...

34

INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 1302

34

JULIE

Your granddad used to say it was the making of me. Which I took as an insult, like I wasn't enough before, but I know what he meant. I literally 'found my voice', I made speeches.

CINDERELLA

Speeches? Like -?

JULIE

Yeah, oh yeah, stood on - what are they called, upturned boxes, sometimes with a megaphone, sometimes not. Went on marches.

(then...)

In a way, it wasn't that that was hard, it was... it was having the *feeling* of doing it alone.

CINDERELLA

But you had granddad.

JULIE

No, I mean - yes but we were often alone. Here.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

Nearly everyone else decided not to do what we did. And the police helped them. And fought us.

CINDERELLA

Including Aunty Cathy.

JULIE

... Yeah.

(looking at her now)

You probably think that's very silly, don't you; you fall out with your friends and then you make up. It's just. We gave up so much, you know. Lost so much. Compared to them. And it's just very hard to forget that. And to forgive. And...

She has another unsteady sip of whiskey. Cinderella's eyes float to Noah's computer.

CINDERELLA

Mamma, he came into our house.

JULIE

Don't, please -

CINDERELLA

We have to tell the police. I know you don't like them -

JULIE

It's not that I don't... your granddad just -

CINDERELLA

I know.

Cinderella takes the glass of whisky and downs it.

CINDERELLA (CONT'D)

But you're just going to have to be a bit brave again. Aren't you.

Julie smiles a little. *Seeing some of herself in her granddaughter.*

She nods, and stands.

We stay on Cinderella, who gets a text from **Ronan**.

A beat on her. *She might have to brave herself.*

35

INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 9. 1305

35

In the **KITCHEN**, Daphne is reading the 'Chad' paper, Mickey is messaging on his phone -

MICKY SPARROW

We just became the police capital
of the entire country, can you
bloody believe it.

- as Rory and Ronan come in - Ronan slumping down in a chair,
privately worried about things, as Daphne clocks him.

MICKY SPARROW (CONT'D)

What's new, owt or nowt?

RORY SPARROW

He's still at it. Fired an arrow
into some golfers. Mad bastard.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Oh my God...

RONAN

We trained him. Didn't we? Here. We
must have done. People'll will know
that, people will -

MICKY SPARROW

He trained himself, we're an
archery range. Can't take
responsibility for every crackpot
nutjob that comes up here.

RONAN

So why'd they think you had summet
to do with it then? The murder?

RORY SPARROW

To be fair, he did do us something
of a favour. Scott.

(off his look)

Not-... I wasn't gonna kill him,
Gary Jackson, obviously. But I was
going round there to teach him a
lesson, wasn't I. For torching our -

DAPHNE SPARROW

Rory.

Indicating Ronan is here, the need for some discretion.

But Ronan, as ever, gets there are things they don't tell him
- shaking his head.

RONAN

Maybe he did it for us.

They look at their youngest.

DAPHNE SPARROW

'For us', what you talking about?

RONAN

Maybe he knew Gary was causing you trouble. I mean he liked spending time here, dint he, I saw him.

(at his mum)

You had him in here once, talking.

DAPHNE SPARROW

I-... Jesus, can't we be nice to our customers now! I gave him a glass of pop, that's all.

Ronan glances at his older brother - who concedes.

RORY SPARROW

... it's not 'all', all. I did get to know him a bit. When he'd come up, like. He was interested in computers and -

MICKEY SPARROW

Oh here we go, all this again -

RORY SPARROW

I taught him some hacks and shit, that's all. Sourced him some hardware, some viruses, like.

MICKEY SPARROW

Sourced some what?

RORY SPARROW

You can make money off it, dad. He just wanted to get into some folks social media and emails and that, from round here.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Why did he? Whose?

MICKEY SPARROW

Can they trace it back to us, what you gave him?

(off Rory's look)

You stupid asshole.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Alright -

MICKEY SPARROW

So they're gonna be knocking on our door again, are they?! Oh that's magnificent work, that is.

RORY SPARROW

You were on his list.

The room stops dead. Daphne looks at her husband.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Your father? Whose list - Scott's?

RORY SPARROW

Gary Jackson's.

(then)

Remember what that Miner chap said
other night. Someone who was spying
for the police. Someone who came
from elsewhere, back in the 80s,
well... that could be you.

Mickey looks at his family - *this isn't serious, is it?*

MICKEY SPARROW

Oh aye, ex-copper, course that's
me. I came here because me old man
dragged me. The whole family, place
to place, pit to pit. And I vowed
then you'd never find me in a black
hole, beneath the earth. A
different, better life, for *my*
sons. And that is what I am trying
to protect.

RORY SPARROW

(sitting near Mickey)

It's what I'm trying to protect,
dad. Why I'm trying to diversify
our revenue streams. The phone
farms. Tech. My way, we'd be
protected from these unpredictables-

From nowhere, Mickey lifts Rory from his chair and slams him
on the floor.

Daphne looks away, Ronan stands, scared.

Rory is now on his back, with his father's knee in his chest.

MICKEY SPARROW

'My way'. Who are you, Frank
Sinatra? 'My way'. There is only
'our way'. The tide comes in, the
tide goes out. We rise together, we
fall together. You just - don't -
get it...

He lets him go. Rory gathering his breath.

MICKEY SPARROW (CONT'D)

Come wi' me.

Rory gets up, as Mickey leaves. A beat before he follows.

Daphne watches after her husband - unsettled by that.

And then at Ronan. Sensing he is going through something painful, privately.

36

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY 9. 1310

36

Kevin knocks and enters into -

A **ROOM** where Jacob sits up in bed. Jenny Harris is with him.

An instant moment of unspoken electricity - *the first time all three have been in a room, together.*

KEVIN

Mr. Harris? Mrs. Harris - hello, again.

JACOB

'Again'?

JENNY

This morning. At school, D.I Salisbury came to -

JACOB

I actually already gave a statement. To one of your officers. And Ian, he's an old pal -

KEVIN

They're not actually 'my officers'. My name is D.I. Kevin Salisbury, I'm from Scotland Yard.

He sits. Jacob senses this awkward triangle, confused.

JACOB

How is she? Amy?

KEVIN

They've stemmed the bleeding. A flesh wound in the abdomen, it's serious, but they think the internal damage will be limited.

(then)

They're keeping you in?

JACOB

Precaution.

JENNY

He had a panic attack.

JACOB

I had a moderate shock, man alive. Carl's had a full on stroke.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

And she could be dead. I mean what the hell? How can this guy just be roaming free? With all the modern whatevers?

KEVIN

We're trying to work out a pattern of who he's targeting and how.

JACOB

Well there is no pattern. I don't know this bastard, and the other two certainly don't, they're not even from round here. We just have business dealings together.

KEVIN

The arrows. Is it possible to recall if they were aiming at any one of you, in particular.

JACOB

Erm... No, the one that hit her deflected off the golf cart.

KEVIN

So it's... it's possible he was aiming at - you?

On Jacob, trying to comprehend that thought. Struggling.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You always play golf together, this time every week?

JACOB

Pretty much, yeah.

KEVIN

Might Scott Rowley have known that?

JACOB

How would he have known that, and why would he care?

KEVIN

Might he have followed you to the course, driving from home?

Jenny shifts - it's strange, her husband being *interviewed* by this man from her past.

JACOB

I didn't drive from home.

JENNY

Jake was away in Sheffield, last night, for work.

JACOB

I got up early, headed down the M1, Carl came from his house in Bolsover, Amy from Chesterfield.

KEVIN

You didn't drive in together? You and Amy?

JACOB

... No, why would we?

KEVIN

It's just Amy didn't have a vehicle in the car park.

A moment. Jacob's head rushing. Not looking at Jenny.

JACOB

No. OK. Sorry. My mind's all... yeah. I did, I did pick her up. From her house. On the way from my hotel. And then we drove in together.

Kevin can't help glance at Jenny. She seems quietly surprised by this new information.

KEVIN

She doesn't drive; Amy? Have a car?

JACOB

Uh, no I... I think she does. But...

Jacob wavers. He doesn't look 'guilty' necessarily, he just looks increasingly regretful.

Unable to believe this is how this secret is coming out...

KEVIN

And you arrived at the golf course, you said I think, at 7am? So that means, you left from her house in Chesterfield... quite early.

JACOB

... Yeah it - we did both... leave hers, quite early. 6.15... Maybe...

KEVIN

Which means you'd have to have
checked out of your hotel in
Sheffield, around - 5.30am?
That's... 'committed'.

Kevin hadn't meant to trap him - but knows that he has.

Jenny's world, however, is privately *spinning*...

She turns her eyes to Kevin. *Full of blame and hurt.*

Jacob however, is shifting from indignity, to grief, as he
looks at his wife. Full of remorse, and shame...

Knowing they have a long and painful discussion ahead.

JACOB

Erm yeah, there's - we... we should
erm...
(to Kevin)
Can we, erm..?

KEVIN

Of course.

He stands, to leave them alone.

37

INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 9. 1315

37

Daphne and Ronan at the table, still. Ronan looking up.

DAPHNE
Oy. What is it? What's up?

RONAN
Nothing. Just...
(shrugs)

DAPHNE
Stop it. Stop saying things like
'just' and shrugging, like it's
nothing. It's not nothing, you're
upset. Is it school? Or what's
happening, here? This lad, these
murders.

He shakes his head. Daphne strays awkwardly into new
territory, for them.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
So is it a girl? Or boy? What?

Beat. Ronan nods.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
You like someone? And - they like
you back? They *don't* like you back?

RONAN
She did. I think. Like me.
(shrugs)
I dunno -

DAPHNE
I said stop shrugging. Look at me.

He looks at her. She stares hard at him back.

RONAN
... I'm - scared.

DAPHNE
Of what? Of me? Of... your dad.
What he'll think?

RONAN
Scared of... *admitting* it.

Daphne recognises something, in that.

DAPHNE
Is that because it's more than
'liking'. It's more like, 'really
liking'.

RONAN
Y'think that's stupid. Me.

DAPHNE
What? You think I don't see you,
wandering around here, feeling
such... 'big things', so quietly?
(a beat, then)
Who is she?

RONAN
You'll get cross.

DAPHNE
So what, stand up for yourself -

RONAN
Cinderella Jackson.

Another moment.

DAPHNE
Well-well. And so, what, she's
stopped speaking to you? Since your
dad and brother were accused of her
granddad's-... Is that it?

RONAN
I think she's scared of what
everyone might say. About me. Where
I'm from.

DAPHNE
"Where you're from" -

RONAN
I know what we get up to, mum. I'm
not an idiot, I'm not blind.
(then)
D'you ever... do you not think how
that affects me, my -

DAPHNE
What? Your what?

RONAN (CONT'D)
I don't know.

RONAN (CONT'D)
How people... what people thi-...

DAPHNE SPARROW
Are you trying to tell me - look at
me...
(he does)
... that you're 'ashamed', of -

RONAN

No, I - no, I'd never...

(struggles)

I just don't *want this*...

He trails. Daphne stands and grabs her coat, and he follows.

DAPHNE
Tell 'em I had a taxi pick-up.

RONAN
Mum?

DAPHNE
(then, turning)
When your Dad and brother were
taken in by the police. Is *that* why
you were behaving-... Because you
thought, maybe they *could* have
actually done something like that?

Ronan doesn't know what to say. He nods -

RONAN
I spose -

Daphne grabs him and pulls him in, angry at this doubting of
their family's integrity (she might even slap him).

Ronan is briefly scared / ashamed, as she looks at him hard.

And then she surprises him by pulling him in for a hug.

She lets him go, back to being stern, a finger in his face -

DAPHNE
You wait fucking here.

38 **INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 1330**

38

Ian is in this house again, looking disappointedly at Julie.

IAN
You do know that we are on the same
side. Don't you.

Julie says nothing.

Ian turns to the computer game, the screen on, the name
"Robbie Platt" evident.

IAN (CONT'D)
Explain it to me again like someone
who has no clue about video games.

JULIE
He - if it *was* him - typed that
into my grandson's thing. 'Robbie
Platt'. Which is also here.
(handing him the photo)
A photo in some of Gary's things.
I've never heard of him, he's not
from round here.

Ian stares at the photo - *the local newspaper image showing the Harvest Festival from 1984.*

IAN
Harves-... oh my Go-...

JULIE
What?

IAN
I was there. That night, I remem-..

JULIE
Well, yeah. We all remember that night. Don't we.

Something unspoken between them. Ian looking incredibly pained, briefly, and Julie sympathetic, briefly, before -

IAN
Ok. Well I appreciate you handing this over. I'll be in touch.

As he's leaving, Julie surprises herself -

JULIE
Wait, do you-
(when Ian stops)
I've made tea, if you want to have a quick cup, and I don't know.

Ian loiters.

IAN
I, I should prob-...

He wavers. Eyes glancing around this comfortable home.

Memories of his own...

IAN (CONT'D)
Uh yeah maybe just a couple minutes then. Thank you.

They sit, as Julie pours the tea and changes the channel on the remote from the computer game to normal television.

The game *Pointless* is on.

JULIE
Oh. I like this one. You have to come up with an answer that no one else would come up with. It's like the opposite of *Family Fortunes* where you get the top answer. I suppose you don't get much time just watching TV at home.

IAN

No, not... But...

He watches, loosening his tie a little.

JULIE

So, say if the question is, I don't know, 'name a -', I don't know, 'name a David Bowie song', the point is not to say a really obvious one like - erm, oh I don't know, see my mind's gone blank, so that was a pointless example, not as in *Pointless* example, as in -

IAN

Like, 'Five Years'?

JULIE

What's that?

IAN

A David Bowie song.

JULIE

See, so I didn't know that, so that's a *Pointless* answer.

IAN

Oh, sorry, ok.

JULIE

No as in that's a good thing, the point is to be *Pointless*, that's the whole - that's the point.

IAN

Right.

A moment, then she has to ask -

JULIE

Do you 'get it' not - ?

IAN

No I get it, I do I get it.

She nods. They sit there, sipping their tea. Watching the TV.

IAN (CONT'D)

Well, I'd really better -
(standing)

JULIE

Ok.

IAN

I'll see you, Julie.

JULIE

Yeah.

IAN

Look after yourself.

JULIE

Yep.

He goes.

39 EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 9. 1335 39

Feet crunch through the densely populated woods.

An ARMY of men - and DOGS - a metre apart.

40 EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. RIDGE - DAY 9. 1336 40

Hidden in some growth, Scott watches through binoculars.

He opens his map, marking off a section.

Tracking *them* tracking *him*.

41 INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 9. 1337 41

A large map, the team marking off sections that have been searched, planning the next ones.

Packing away for the day.

42 I/E. CARLISLE STREET / THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 1338 42

Julie answers the door, overcome and unnerved to see...

Daphne Sparrow standing before her.

DAPHNE SPARROW

Can I come in?

JULIE

Y-... Can I ask - what for?

DAPHNE SPARROW

Because we have a problem, you and I. Don't you think?

43 INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE - DAY 9. 1339 43

Daphne is a strange and intimidating presence in this familiar living room. Even though she's just standing, hands in pocket, looking around.

Julie is trying to stand firm.

DAPHNE
Where are your kids?

JULIE
Grandkids. Cindy's with her little
brother on the rec.

Daphne nods, looking around.

DAPHNE
Nice place.

JULIE
Thank you.

DAPHNE
You're frightened.

JULIE
What have I got to be frightened
of, I've lost the most important
person I had in the world.

Daphne, eyes drawn to pictures of Rosie, Noah and Cinderella.

DAPHNE
Well. That's not true now, is it.

Julie's eyes also glance to her family, and back to Daphne.
Assessing the threat level silently.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
My son. And your granddaughter.
Have been having a thing. They're
seeing each other.

Silence.

JULIE
They... Which son? Your-?

DAPHNE
Which do you think; our Ronan.

JULIE
No. She tells me everything.

DAPHNE
She doesn't.
(waits, then)
(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Only our Ronan doesn't think he can be with her because of what he thinks we'll think of him, and your girl doesn't think she can be with him because of what you'll think of her, because of what you think of 'us'.

JULIE

I d-... don't think anything, of you. Until this business a few days ago, I was perfectly content for our families to be out of one another's orbits.

DAPHNE

Wasn't always the case. We used to rub alongside each other quite a bit, back in the day, as wide eyed young things.

JULIE

Yes well that was then.

DAPHNE

Hasn't your family always been painted 'different', too. The angry strikers in a town full of Scabs.

JULIE

Don't use that word.

DAPHNE

He did. Your husband.

JULIE

I know he did, I don't.

Another moment. Daphne shifting on her feet, mulling it all over, before...

DAPHNE

Well she has my permission.
Cinderella. To come round, if she wants. Now and again. See Ronan.
(leaving)
Ball's in your court.

Daphne leaves. Julie has to sit, immediately.

44

OMITTED

44

45

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - EVENING 9. 1802

45

Ian arrives, hanging up a phone call -

IAN
I will, I'll call you back.
(hangs up)

He confronts Kevin - as the last remaining OFFICERS and
DETECTIVE leaving the church hall too.

IAN (CONT'D)
I've just had Jacob Harris on the
phone. Why were you asking about
where he slept, who he was with?

KEVIN
I was establishing what routine he
kept in order to -

IAN
I asked you, before you went if you
could handle-... I just, I can't
believe I'm --... but is this is
about her? You just couldn't
resist?

Kevin takes him in, disbelievingly. He puts his wallet and
phone down carefully on the desk.

KEVIN
I'm taking a moment to stay calm,
which is difficult because it
sounded like you were accusing me
of gross unprofessionalism then.

IAN
Maybe I am, given what's -

KEVIN (CONT'D)
But I understand it's -

KEVIN (CONT'D)
- tricky, that I accidentally and
without meaning to, exposed your
friend's affair.

Ian scoffs, turns, paces, comes back, not sure what to say.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Which I apologise for. But that's
not my responsibility, that's his.
And it's not my business either.
It's theirs. So.

IAN
And that has what, exactly, to do
with this investigation? Hmm?

KEVIN
I was trying to establish if Scott
was firing at one of them in
particular. Lest we forget -

He lays down an evidence photo in front of him. From Scott's garage. The message, on the door.

"You're all Liars".

KEVIN (CONT'D)
If *this* is what Scott is up to.
Searching for this 'spy', for
whatever reason. Then we need to
get ahead of him. We need to find
out who the hell it is.

On Ian. Accepting this basic fact.

46

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - EVENING 9. 1805

46

Chairs are dragged into place, a whiteboard set up.

Ian and Kevin take off their jackets, alone now in the empty hall lit by desk lamps.

Ready to get to work.

IAN
So Gary's solicitor said it could
be someone who came into the
community either just before or
during the Strike. Immersed
themselves, in order to spy on
militants, and agitators.

KEVIN
(at his computer)
And we know the people that Scott
was tracking online, remember.
Following Gary's trail?

ON SCREEN - he brings up the images of Scott's digital trails, including the socials / emails of VARIOUS LOCALS.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Well, the obvious candidate.

He writes the name: **'Fred Rowley'**.

INSERTS - *during this, we can cut away to real-time or flashback images of the people themselves.*

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(at his notebook)
He says he was relocated from
Silverdale to Bentinck Pit in
autumn '83. Maybe that's his cover
story?

IAN

Maybe. There's also Andy Fisher.

(writes)

Scott fired an arrow at his train.
And he's now a murderer himself,
who may have been trying to cover
something up?

KEVIN

A life long resident of the
village, though.

On the men. *Who else?*

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look. I know you think my judgement
on this is clouded, but, Jacob
Harris is another resident who
relocated to the village around
that time, isn't he -

IAN

I know...

A moment. He reluctantly writes '**Jacob Harris**'.

IAN (CONT'D)

He wasn't here undercover, though,
he was an actual officer; we
trained together. We're looking for
a spy.

KEVIN

(looking at the board)

So, anyone else from that period
you remember, seemingly turning up
out of the blue?

IAN

(sighs)

I don't know. A lot of families transferred here just before that period, Nottinghamshire had more modern pits, it was a rich coalfield at the time. It was a good thing, people arriving.

(thinking)

It's how I met my wife, actually.

KEVIN

Helen was from mining stock?

IAN

No, worse. Management. Her mum worked for the coal board.

(joking, with the pen)

What, you want me to put her name down as well?

KEVIN

No. Although, everyone's a suspect.

Ian doesn't find that particularly funny.

They study the board. Then Kevin removes his phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We might need some help.

IAN

I don't want to involve anyone else in this yet, if we can.

KEVIN

I didn't mean from your force.

He's getting out his phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The Inquiry, into spycops, happening in my neck of the woods. Why don't we get some advice from then, instead of us flying blind?

(searching on his phone)

Chakrabarti, the solicitor, didn't he say the miners union were giving testimony, about undercover officers in pit villages? Maybe someone there can help.

Ian considers this, and nods. Acknowledging Kevin's good use here, and good police work, as Kevin finds a number to dial.

47

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DUSK 9. 1930

47

Light is disappearing from the forest.

Andy sits on the ground, holding himself, getting cold.

Whimpering to himself, thoughts pouring out.

ANDY

You go back. Yeah - no, no. Can't stay here, though, so. Run? Where? Bloody... Bloody, bloody, fucking where. Where Andy WHERE?!

(then)

Find your way out, go home - not home. Not to Neel. Yes. Neel.

Explain. An accident.

(squeezing himself)

An accident, an accident. Maybe he--

(shakes his head)

No. No, he won't. Just straight to the police, that policeman, detective, straight to him, hand yourself in. Yeah. Yeah. OK.

He lowers himself back to try and sleep.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Ok...

Strange noises around him, in the tall forest.

48

INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - NIGHT 9. 2300

48

More time has passed.

More names are on the board now. Including **Derek Gibson** and **Dean Simmons** and ...

Ian is now taking a nap on a sofa bed in the corner.

Kevin's looking up JACOB.

He had another thought, looking through some hard records, pulling out -

... Mickey Sparrow. A name he goes and adds to the board.

Returning to his computer. A moment...

A moment, as he privately checks Ian isn't watching.

He begins to search for HELEN...

ON SCREEN - we see some of her social media images. Photos.

And her date of birth.

MOMENTS LATER:

On screen, we find - Helen's records.

But... they have been '**restricted**'.

Kevin tries again, confused. The same result.

Kevin checks Ian is still asleep, before zeroing in again.

KEVIN
(quietly to himself)
Why's that then, Helen? Why do you
have a record with restricted
access?

He looks at the other screen window, zeroing in on a social media photo. *Helen - smiling at the camera...*

Kevin glances back over at Ian, unaware of this, asleep.

49 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - MORNING 10. 0700**

49

Tight on: some berries, or *some* fruit. A quivering HAND comes into frame, touching them.

Andy, starving, cold, damp, tries to examine them to see if they're safe. No idea what he's looking at.

He picks one. Threatening to put it in his mouth. Desperate. But chickens out - like everything else in his life.

50 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - MORNING 10. 0701**

50

Scott opens his eyes, awakening too.

We're tight on him - looking up at the sky.

He sits up and looks through some of his supplies. Lots of empty tins of beans, screwed up wrappers...

He's hungry.

51 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 10. 0730**

51

Scott is moving through the woods with his crossbow, looking for something to hunt, when -

He hears something strange, off.

Some music.

52 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. CLEARING - DAY 10. 0735** 52

Scott stays low, moving in slowly to see -

- a **CLEARING**. TWO CAMPERS, male boyfriends, with a tent.

They're having breakfast around a fire, chatting, enjoying their break.

Scott zeroes in on the fire, and watching the smoke rise up from the clearing.

Hmm, that's not great.

He's about to make a retreat when he spots something --

He drops to the ground, hard. Glancing through a bush.

He was right. There's a man watching the clearing too.

It's Andy Fisher.

On Scott. *The fuck?*

53 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 10. 0737** 53

Kevin has fallen asleep at his desk.

Ian, however, is awake.

And staring at Kevin's screen - with some of the windows left open from last night.

He - likewise - sees Helen's "**restricted**" records.

On Ian - *betrayed, at Kevin's actions. Yet confused and unsettled, at his wife's results...*

53A **INT. PARISH HALL SATELITTE STATION - DAY 10. 0755** 53A

A little time has passed, as -

Kevin wakes with a start - screaming.

His night terrors again.

Only now - very public, as OFFICERS arrive for work, confused by his startling sound.

Kevin blinks around - seeing Ian making coffee in the corner, as though nothing has happened...

54 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. CLEARING - DAY 10. 0800** 54

The COUPLE are leaving the clearing, for a hike.

Scott watches Andy creep out from *his* hiding place, into their makeshift camp, searching for food.

From his **HIDING PLACE**, Scott loads an arrow into his crossbow.

In the **CLEARING**, Andy shoves some spare, cold sausages into his mouth, from the griddle over the fire, and steals some water, taking a massive glug.

Scott has loaded his bow, with a quiet *click*.

Andy looks. *Thinking he heard something.*

His eyes scan the trees.

And then he catches sight of something else, inside the tent.

A mobile phone, charging on a battery pack.

Andy reaches in and grabs it, pacing.

It feels like an opportunity. But he can't think who to call.

ANDY

I don't know an-... anyone's
numb...

An idea. He dials **9-9-9**, but then chickens out.

He has a new idea, and is about to dial, when -

- he hears, and we see, the CAMPERS coming back. One of the men is patting his pockets, presumably searching for his phone.

Scott ducks down.

Andy sees them - they see him.

All he can think to do is make himself large and loud, screaming, as though trying to scare off a bear.

The CAMPERS stumble back disorientated, but then they take in the middle-aged man making noises and shapes with his body.

It's painfully tragic.

One of the MEN now bolts towards him.

MALE CAMPER

Oy! Piss off! Go, get away! What
d'you want?! Leave us alone!

Andy turns on his heels to run.

Scott kneels up from his hiding place, crossbow aimed.

He releases an arrow -

- the arrow fires through the **CLEARING**, behind Andy,
eventually striking a tree.

Andy doesn't see this, running ahead of it into the trees,
but it shocks and knocks the MALE CAMPER back, confused.

MALE CAMPER (CONT'D)
(to his partner)
Get down!

On Scott - having seemingly spared Andy? - trying to see
which way he went into the trees ...

55 **EXT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY - DAY 10. 1000**

55

A car's tyres crunch down a gravel track.

We find: Kevin and Ian, waiting in front of the old **ABBEY**.

An impeccably dressed woman in her 60s - JENNIFER HALE -
steps out of her car, files in hand.

She approaches, hand out -

HALE
Hello, hi. Jennifer Hale, the NUM.
(looking around)
Well I was looking forward to
getting away, but this is nicer
than I hoped.

IAN
We thought somewhere out of the way
might be best. Newstead Abbey is
Lord Byron's old country pile.

HALE
Byron, really? "Adversity is the
first path to truth."

IAN
I'll have to take your word on
that.
(then)
I think we were expecting -

HALE
From the National Union of
Mineworkers, what? Shaved head,
stubble face, mucky hands?
(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

(then)

Listen, did Byron have a kettle,
I'm absolutely gasping.

56 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 10. 1005**

56

Andy stumbles from tree, to rock, to mound, checking behind him that no one is following.

He's checking the phone he stole, raising it in the air, trying to get a signal, as he climbs higher over the earth.

FURTHER BEHIND

Scott is tracking him. Finding footprints. Spotting disturbed earth. Listening for sounds.

The hunted and the hunter.

57 **INT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. GREAT HALL - DAY 10. 1010**

57

Hale sits with Ian and Kevin in a medieval hall.

HALE

I'm a retired - huh, meant to be retired solicitor, although I'm sure the Home Office would call me an activist and all round pain in the arse.

(sips her tea)

I work pro bono on everything from the Orgreave Truth & Justice campaign to this new inquiry into undercover policing, of which the NUM are core participants.

KEVIN

I think we might have crossed paths, actually. A police brutality tribunal in the 90s, you questioned me on the stand.

HALE

Oh, well, as my grandkids like to say, 'sorry, not-sorry'. But -

KEVIN

I was testifying on behalf, of your client who won and rightly so.

HALE

(stirring her tea)
'Police brutality'... became
practically institutionalised
during the Miners' Strike. We
recently got the IPCC to conclude
that year saw excessive police
violence, unlawful arrests and mass
cover ups. "Legalised state
violence", against its own people.

IAN

The Inquiry that's sitting now. The
NUM really think the government and
the police put undercover officers
into mining communities?

HALE

They really do, yes. I do.
(more tea)
The SDS were an elite and top-top
secret unit operating inside
Scotland Yard from 1968, all the
way to 2008. There are 40 million
pages of intelligence gathered that
we're *still* trawling through.

KEVIN

All police forces use undercover
officers though, not just the MET -
(to Ian)
You still do -

HALE

Against organised crime, yes. *These*
operatives penetrated political
groups the government didn't like,
under the guise of national
security. Why did the family of
Stephen Lawrence need spying on?
Hmm? Why did Greenpeace, animal
rights groups, fox hunt protestors?
Trade unions? This is something
different. This is "Political
policing", against non-violent, law-
abiding members of the public. You
and me, your neighbours, friends.

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

They entered our work places, had drinks at the pub, popped round to your child's birthday party, all the while documenting your lives.

(sip of tea, then)

And of course, this whole thing was only revealed after the controversy over sexual misconduct. Spycops formed relationships with their targets, in some cases fathering children. Those women don't mince their words about what they went through. Being used for sex by men sent into their homes by the police, the Home Office, MI5. It was "rape, by the state".

This lands for a moment, Ian absorbing this all.

KEVIN

And presumably, erm... there were female SDS officers as well?

HALE

One must assume.

A glance from Ian to Kevin. *Is he really suggesting his wife?*

And Kevin shifts under his scrutiny.

58 **EXT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. GROUNDS / GARDENS - DAY 10. 1030** 58

We're with Kevin, making a private phone call as, away from him, Ian and Hale are strolling around a large pond.

KEVIN

Yes hello, it's me. How you doing?

(then)

Yeah good. Look, sorry to pull in another favour, mate, I just have a weird one. A restricted file I need clearance for? I've got the name and date of birth...

Ian sees him on the phone - Kevin offers an innocent smile.

59 **EXT. NEWSTEAD ABBEY. GARDENS / GROUNDS - DAY 10. 1031** 59

WITH IAN AND HALE:

IAN

If there is an old spycop still hiding somewhere in this village, still lying to the people around them, I need to find them.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

This killer on the loose, he could be trying to find them too. We might save their life.

HALE

Look, I'm with you, but the odds of you getting any names out the MET are somewhere between 'unlikely' and 'fat chance mate'. The Inquiry granted anonymity to nearly all ex spycops if they cooperated. And I'll be honest with you, we want those testimonies, we need their cooperation, to get to the truth of it all. So that we can get angry at it. And then grieve. And then heal.

Hale lights a cigarette, enjoying a heavy drag while taking in her surroundings.

HALE (CONT'D)

God, we're an old country. Look at this place. So much 'past'. Which means, unfortunately, quite a lot of mistakes. But it's not the getting things wrong that's the problem. It's the sweeping under the carpet of it all and refusing to just bloody Look At It. And learn from it.

On Ian, who looks out. The **TREES** beyond. And then at Kevin, who is off on his phone still. She glances between them.

HALE (CONT'D)

It's bigger for you two, isn't it.
(off Ian's look)
You want to know if you've been fighting on the wrong side, all these years.

Ian feels momentarily vulnerable, before brushing it off -

IAN

Not all cops are -

HALE

'Not all cops', yes-yes. Far from it. That's the point. You should be as angry about such corruption as anyone.

(at Kevin)

Which is why you shouldn't be too hard on him. His lot were just as used, back then. A tool of the state.

(smokes, then)

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

When the Thatcher government's cabinet papers were released under the 30 year rule, even I - a mad cynic - needed a stiff drink. It's all there in black and white, the Ridley Report, by a future Tory Secretary of State. They wanted that strike. They wanted to change the political landscape of this country, away from collectivism towards deregulated market forces, and reasonable people can agree or disagree with that shift; the point is, in order to achieve it, they needed a war. They needed to, and I quote, "provoke a strike in nationalised industries". And they picked coal. That's it. And they fought it by sewing divisions between communities, and within them. A deliberate policy of fragmentation, and they won. And the country changed, forever.

A deep intake of smoke, and a heavy sigh.

HALE (CONT'D)

And Christ, if they used spies to stir up trouble, tear people apart, well... You never stood a chance.

Close on her now, as she looks at Ian.

HALE (CONT'D)

Hillsborough. The Miners' Strike. Phone hacking. Stephen Lawrence. Some of the most unsavoury aspects of British Policing over the last half a century, that we are managing to drag out of the darkness, and into the light. It all demands justice. And d'you know what. You deserve it too.

She stubs her cigarette out, and rests a hand on Ian's arm.

HALE (CONT'D)

Keep going.

And walks away from him, back towards her car.

60 **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST / ANDY FISHER'S HOME - DAY 10. 1130** 60

Andy finds a signal on his phone, on some higher ground.

He breaths, and dials.

We intercut with his own **HOME**.

A landline phone he's calling. It connects to the voicemail.

ANDY (RECORDED VOICE)
Hello. This is the home of
councillor Andrew Fisher.

In the **FOREST**, we watch a man hear his own voice, from what feels like a different age.

ANDY (RECORDED VOICE) (CONT'D)
Please do leave a short message
after the beep, along with the
relevant information. Many thanks.

The beep, in his **EMPTY HOUSE**. We hear his voice first, echo through the old house he recently called home.

ANDY (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)
... Hello.

Intercutting back with him in the **WILDERNESS**.

ANDY (CONT'D)
It's me. Uh. This is - Andy.
Fisher. I know that I'm calling my
own phone, and leaving a message,
on my own answer machine. But this
is the only number I know by heart.

A moment - at **HOME** during this, as he begins to weep, we might pass over items. His reading glasses on a train magazine / family photos / a dirty plate to wash up...

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure who this is for.
Who'll check this machine, or when.
(then, breaking...)
I s'pose it's for Neel. I know you
wo-won't... ever... forgive me for
the thing I - I really *didn't* mean
to do. And I didn't mean to run, I
just didn't know what to do, but I
want to come in. I want to come
back, I want to be *found*, I'll
accept what's -... whatever's
coming and I'm sorry.
(calmer)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...
(beat. Quieter)
So anyway, I have a phone. You can
track the phone. And, or ... maybe
I'll get to a road or something.
Flag someone down. But I'm ready.
I'm ready for the consequences.

He hangs up. As from nowhere, the butt of Scott's crossbow hits him across the side of his head.

He crumples onto the ground, unconscious.

Scott looks over him. Takes the phone, annoyed. He turns it off, maybe removes the sim card too, if he can.

AT ANDY'S HOME:

The light blinks ominously on the machine.

61 **INT. NEEL FISHER'S HOUSE - DAY 10. 1132**

61

Next door, Neel sits completely alone in his house, in the semi-darkness.

He looks around his empty room, decorated by Sarah.

Photos on the wall. Of his dead wife, dead mum. And his missing father...

He drinks from a bottle, and breathes.

62 **INT. PARISH HALL SATELLITE STATION - DAY 10. 1134**

62

Ian and Kevin sit together - a mistrustful distance between them, forming, but still trying to work together.

IAN

She basically said good luck with
getting a hold of any of the names.

Kevin has Gary's local newspaper photo in his hand, the "Robbie Platt" figure and name circled...

KEVIN

Ok so, we don't necessarily have
our name, but what do we have.
(showing Ian)
Gary circled this person, here. *His*
name. 'Robbie Platt'. The same name
Scott typed into the little lad's
video game. Why?

IAN

There's no 'Robbie Platt' locally,
we've searched.

KEVIN

But if he *is* an example of a MET
spy posted into coalfields in '84,
and maybe someone from my force
remembers who they are.

(beat, makes to leave)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Either way, I think it's time I
looked my own Force in the eye and
asked them...

63

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 10. 1200

63

Scott drags the unconscious Andy across the woodland floor.

64 **EXT. NOTTINGHAM TRAIN STATION - DAY 10. 1230** 64

Kevin gets ready to board the London train.

65 **EXT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. GARDEN - EVENING 10. 1705** 65

Julie is having a cigarette, Cinderella pops her head out.

CINDERELLA
Can I go to a mates?

JULIE
Yeah, course. Which-... which mate?

CINDERELLA
Jessica. You can call her mum if
you don't believe me.

JULIE
Course I believe you.
(then)
You can trust me, you know. I... I
trust you.

CINDERELLA

I know.

JULIE

No but I mean... I know I know I'm not your mum, but I trust you, to make the right decisions for yourself. And to tell me something. Anything. If it's important to you.

CINDERELLA
Yeah I know.
(cheekily)
What did we say, we're brave,
innit.

JULIE
Yeah, we are.

Cinderella goes.

Julie's eyes wander to the back of Cathy's house.

66 EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - EVENING 10. 1708 66

Andy has been dragged to Scott's hideout - still unconscious.

Scott sits and studies him. *What to do with him...*

Holding one of his weapons.

67 **EXT. LONDON - NIGHT 10. 2000**

67

Establishing shot of the London skyline.

 COMMISSIONER DAWES (PRE-LAP)
Man alive.

68 **INT. SCOTLAND YARD. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 10. 2001** 68

Kevin sat back opposite his commanding officer.

 COMMISSIONER DAWES
You don't consider this to have
moved beyond the parameters of what
you were sent up there to achieve?

 KEVIN
I'd just like to speak to some
senior officers, most of them
probably retired now, anyone from
this period who might recognise
this fellow. Off the books.

Kevin dumps the photo in front of him.

 COMMISSIONER DAWES
Presumably, if this person was an
undercover officer during that
time, then all he was doing was the
task assigned to him, Kevin. And he
shouldn't, decades later, be
dragged into a...

The Commissioner stops, when he sees the photo again. Harder.

 COMMISSIONER DAWES (CONT'D)
... That looks like Raggett.

 KEVIN
Sorry?

 COMMISSIONER DAWES
Bill Raggett. We were in Special
Operations together, in the 90s. He
retired about 10-15 years ago.

A moment. *Surely not.*

 KEVIN
Where is he?

69 **I/E. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. FRONT DOOR / HALLWAY - NIGHT 10. 2030**

Fred answers the door. Surprised to see -
Julie stood there.

70

INT. THE ROWLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 10. 2031

70

Fred leads Julie into the kitchen where Cathy is. Cathy turns, surprised.

CATHY

Julie.

JULIE

Your Sc-... your son. He came into my house. We weren't there -

FRED

Your house?

JULIE

Day before last; I should have told you, I've told the police.

FRED

What did he want?

JULIE

I don't know, to mess with our head? I don't know what he wants, what he's doing. Do you?

CATHY

Julie, I'm sorry -

JULIE

(turning to Fred)

They're all saying it's you. This 'person'. That you're a liar.

Fred wobbles. Quietly...

FRED

Julie, I'm a lot of things, but... I'm afraid I am just who I am. As much as I wish I wasn't.

JULIE

Look, I don't even know why I'm here, but it seems odd that we're all going through something and doing it alone, so I just, I don't know. I thought. Maybe we could just sit, have a drink, we don't even have to talk. Just. Sit. Maybe...

Cathy looks at her sister - touched, that she has finally reached out to her. Then -

JULIE (CONT'D)

Well is one of you going to pour me a fucking drink or what?

Cathy and Fred leap into action, as Julie pulls a chair from the table to sit.

71 OMITTED 71

72 OMITTED 72

73 EXT. HOSPICE. CAR PARK - NIGHT 10. 2131 73

Pulling up outside a Care residence. Kevin gets out.

It has started to rain...

74 INT. HOSPICE. RAGGETT'S ROOM - NIGHT 10. 2135 74

We're behind an ELDERLY MAN. In a wheelchair.

He's facing a small window, looking out at the rain.

A knock at the door, as a NURSE shows Kevin inside.

NURSE

Bill. This is -

RAGGETT

Yeah.

The Nurse closes the door. Leaving them to it.

Kevin glances at the man in the chair, back to him. And some of his things on the wall - old police stuff.

An electric fire buzzes.

KEVIN

Sorry to bother you so late.

RAGGETT

'Late'. Hah.

He turns his chair around, and we see the old officer fully for the first time. Wincing, in his pain.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
Not late enough. Couple more weeks
I reckon, and it would have been
much too late for you.

He wheels himself to some water and pills.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
The prostrate. Man's biggest
killer. After himself, of course.

Kevin comes and sits.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
Ask your questions, Inspector.

Kevin shows him the photo.

KEVIN
Do you recognise that person?

RAGGETT
Ohh. Just barely.

He sees himself in the mirror. An old man, dying.

KEVIN
You were 'Robbie Platt'.

RAGGETT
Robbie Platt is a dead child, from
Peterborough I think. That's how we
did it. We would 'squat', in the
identities of dead kids - yeah, I
know. We'd steal their backstories,
so we would appear more convincing.
Have official records that we could
produce, if asked.

KEVIN
Whose we?

RAGGETT
'We', I haven't seen 'we', in a
long time.
(then)
'We'... in our case... in 1984...
were five of us.

Moving in on Raggett. He points to himself, first, and then
counts on his fingers.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
Wordsworth. Coleridge. Byron.
Keats. Shelley.
(smiles)
(MORE)

RAGGETT (CONT'D)

Romantic Poets. My idea, as it happens. Couldn't be doing with all the codes and letters; JN1-0-this-and-that.

KEVIN

You haven't been asked to testify, in the inquiry?

RAGGETT

Why would I? I haven't done anything wrong. I did the job that was asked of me, behaved myself, came home. 'Culture' and standards change, I'm glad that they do. But I won't be publicly dragged onto the altar of hand wringing virtue-signallers. I Did My Job.

KEVIN

I think one of your team may have done something wrong.

RAGGETT

How's that?

KEVIN

Did one of you stay?

RAGGETT

Stay? What do you mean?

KEVIN

Did one of the five stay, up in the coalfields, with their fake identity? How would that even work, why didn't your unit extract them, pull them back in?

RAGGETT

(genuinely confused)

Everyone came back in. We all-...

We're moving in on him now, *as the candidate dawns on him.*

He puts a frail hand, to his old head.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)

... no. Ah no, they didn't. They went back? They went back to that life, after the job..?
(shakes his head)

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
I should have seen it. They were
trouble from the start.

KEVIN
Who?

RAGGETT
... Keats.

He gives a tragic smile. Finally, at some sort of peace.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care.
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven... in Hell's
despair."

KEVIN
I might need you to come in.

RAGGETT
Come in where? I've got weeks to
fucking live. And I would-...
(a brief wobble)
I would quite like that to be my
legacy.

He points at a framed commendation on the wall.

RAGGETT (CONT'D)
For my family. Not this.

KEVIN
We need your help.

RAGGETT
And I've said no.

KEVIN
(regrettably)
... And I'm not asking.

Raggett studies Kevin. Filling with dread.

That's when Kevin's phone rings.

75 **I/E. HOSPICE. RAGGETT'S ROOM / CAR PARK - NIGHT 10. 2200** 75

Kevin has stepped outside in the rain, checking his phone.

Raggett watches through the window. He turns his chair
around, to face the room.

Decision made.

76 **EXT. HOSPICE. CAR PARK - NIGHT 10. 2202**

76

Kevin's phone rings again. And he answers.

 KEVIN
 Hello?

 HELEN (O.S.)
 It's Helen St Clair.

Kevin freezes.

77 **EXT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE / HOSPICE. CAR PARK - NIGHT 10. 2204**

We intercut with the **ST CLAIR GARDEN**. Helen is sat outside, wrapped up. Smoking.

 KEVIN
 Oh. Uh, hi. Uh -

 HELEN
 You're looking for me.

Kevin freezes - *what? Was that an admission?*

 KEVIN
 What do you mean?

 HELEN
 There are people, who when certain
 questions get asked, certain
 enquiries made, they have to
 contact me. For my safety...
 (waits, then)
 You know my name is not my name?

 KEVIN
 ... I hadn't actually got that far,
 yet. Your files are restricted -

 HELEN
 Have you spoken to my husband yet?

Kevin wavers, trying to work this out, his next move.

 HELEN (CONT'D)
 I think we should talk. You and me.

On Helen. Stern faced, but focused. Clear.

78 **INT. HOSPICE. RAGGETT'S ROOM - NIGHT 10. 2207**

78

Raggett removes a Roy Orbison LP from his shelf.

Places it onto a record player. Moves the needle into position. The song begins to play.

He pulls a wooden box out from under his bed.

Pours a whisky.

Takes out an old Nokia phone, and turns it on.

It takes a while to load. Raggett checks Kevin is still outside, through the window.

On his phone, he opens the contacts.

Just four numbers. 'Keats' ... 'Blake' etc.

He selects "Message all".

And writes his text.

"One of you has fucked us".

Pressing send.

He sighs. And sips his whisky.

Raises the handgun. And fires.

Blood hits his framed commendation on the wall.

79 **I/E. HOSPICE. CAR PARK - NIGHT 10** 79

Kevin hears, turning, dropping the phone from his ear.

80 **I/E. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE. GARDEN / HOUSE - NIGHT 10** 80

Helen stares at her phone, as it goes dead.

She sees through, the patio doors, that Ian is watching her.

A beat - she smiles, innocently.

And he smiles, innocently, back.

A world of secrets, between them now...

81 **EXT. ACROSS BRITAIN. VARIOUS - MORNING 11. 0800** 81

As the sun comes up over different places in England.

A **CITY...** a **FARMHOUSE** ... a **SUBURB.**

We hear, hidden away in these places, the sound of a text message being received. By four hidden people...

The final location being high above our own **VILLAGE**.

Where in one of the houses below, a phone beeps with a message...

END OF EPISODE.