



# SHERWOOD

Episode 5

By

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FINAL Shooting Script  
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1

**EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - MORNING 11. 0800**

1

Andy wakes up with a start.

Grabs his head immediately, wincing at the pain.

He blinks, not knowing quite where he is.

*Branches and trees and sounds and -*

Andy turns to see Scott Rowley. Eating a nutrition bar.

He is terrified. He almost can't move.

SCOTT

Were you looking for me?

Andy shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What, then?

ANDY

Are y-... you going to - kill me.

SCOTT

I don't know.

ANDY

You tr-... tried to, before. My train. You shot my train?

SCOTT

You were on that train?

ANDY

I was driving that train.

SCOTT

You were driving it? That was you?

Andy nods. Scott laughs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That's funny.

ANDY

Why did you?

Scott smiles, saying nothing.

ANDY (CONT'D)

They're saying that you know who this 'spy' is.

SCOTT

Are they.

ANDY

That's why you're firing these  
arrows about. The - 'suspects'.

Scott contemplates this - suddenly excited.

SCOTT

Have you got anything to write on?

Andy's confused, but produces a small trainspotter's pad and  
pencil from his inside pocket.

Scott takes it. As he's writing -

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Why you hiding in the woods?

ANDY

... I did something terrible. The  
police, they'll be after me.

SCOTT

Shit, I've started a craze.

(then)

What did you do?

ANDY

It was an accident.

He nearly weeps, but holds it together.

SCOTT

We don't have long. They'll  
probably be here today.

ANDY

So you always knew they'd - that  
they'd catch you?

SCOTT

I'm not an idiot.

(then)

I have a Plan A, Plan B, Plan C,  
and in every case I gave it about  
an 80/20 chance I'd be getting  
caught eventually. Which I was fine  
with, you know. Was getting sent  
down anyway. The day I left. So...

(then)

What's your plan?

ANDY

My...? I don't have one.

Scott nods. And stands.

SCOTT

I have a plan.

2

**INT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING 11. 0802**

2

Kevin is back with Commissioner Dawes, early morning.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

I send you to have a discreet conversation with a respected former officer - and he puts a bullet through his brain. Where are we placing this on the spectrum of your professional catastrophes of late, D.I Salisbury?

KEVIN

To be fair to me, he did only have a few weeks to live.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

And after 10 minutes with you he thought why even bother with those?

KEVIN

I think he didn't want to spend his last days being thrown in the stocks over something he wasn't particularly proud of.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

What did he tell you?

KEVIN

I told him someone from his old unit has been living their life under the identity the MET assigned to them. Maybe got married, had kids. He was upset. But, he had a hunch which officer it was.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Did he give you a name?

KEVIN

Only the codename they each gave one another. "Keats". The romantic poet-

COMMISSIONER DAWES

I know who Keats was.

KEVIN

There were five of them, in the early 80s, who policed the trade unions and the like. He sent a text before he shot himself, to the other four -

COMMISSIONER DAWES

Yes, we have his phone.

KEVIN

One of those might belong to the person we're looking for in Notts.

COMMISSIONER DAWES

And that requires going through the Commissioner, the Home Office, we're not just going to be able hand that over without-

KEVIN

I think I might... I think I know who it is. Sir.

On Commissioner Dawes - *what?*

A new message on Kevin's phone. He looks.

Fittingly enough, it's from **HELEN ST CLAIR**.

**"Moor Hotel, 5pm. Please keep to yourself for now".**

On Kevin - *caught in the middle of a marriage.*

3      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 11. 0804**

3

OFFICERS march through the woods, continuing the search.

4      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 11. 0806**

4

Some OFFICERS arrive through the trees into a small clearing, which will look familiar to us...

MET POLICE OFFICER

Over here!!

Other OFFICERS turn at speed to join him.

He's discovered the **HIDEOUT** - no sign of Scott or Andy as Officers pile in, searching.

Some food wrappers ... some footprints...

Our OFFICER sees a NOTE - attached to the trunk of a tree with an arrow.

He reads it, unseen by us.

5

**EXT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - MORNING 11. 0808**

5

Ian and Helen in the garden - Ian is receiving the news on his phone about Raggett. Bewildered and troubled.

IAN

... Alright. Keep me up to speed.

(hanging up)

Hangs up. Helen is immediately anxious - *what does Ian know?*

HELEN

What is it? That was your MET detective? What did he say--?

IAN

Someone actually just - killed themselves. Over this 'secret'.

Helen stares at him rigid, as he racks his brain.

Ian searches for the words. Looks at his wife.

*The silence of their secrets almost deafening.*

IAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what is happening. If this lad *knows*, then I don't understand what he's up to. And. That means I can't control it, I can't control - what happens next.

HELEN

Half the country's police have just rocked up in our village -

IAN

Not quite--

HELEN (CONT'D)

- you're going to get them, Ian.

IAN

(looking at her now)

I worry he's - after someone. I worry he's trying to harm them and I'm not going to be able to protect them because I don't know who they are...

Ian waits for her response. But all she comes back with is -

HELEN

It'll be fine, in the end, I know it. It always is...

(then)

I promised I'd meet someone for a drink, after work. I'm sorry if I'm back late.

Ian watches his wife.

IAN  
I'd rather you-...

And then his phone rings.

6

**EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY 11. 0840**

6

Ian is led by an Officer at speed into the clearing - Cleaver & Taylor already here - as Ian takes it in.

*The hiding place of the boy he's been looking for...*

IAN

No sign.

CLEAVER

There's tracks heading in all different directions as he must have come and gone this past week.

D.I TAYLOR

They reckon the most recent are heading down there, the dogs are already on the move.

CLEAVER

Ian.

(he looks)

There's two sets of them.

It dawns on Ian what that might mean. *Andy? Jesus...*

He turns and walks slowly towards the tree, where the note is pinned by the arrow.

We see that it is Scott's writing.

**"Anyone for a game of eye spy?"**

7      **INT. SCOTLAND YARD. ARCHIVES - DAY 11. 0842**

7

Kevin entering the **ARCHIVES**.

He opens a "Top Secret" box, pulling out **confidential documents**. Old SDS files for each "Undercover Officer", with assigned Serial Numbers - **JN467** and **JN983** - and, in someone's handwriting, are scribbled their other mock aliases.

*"Byron" ... "Wordsworth" ... "Coleridge".*

8      **INT. SHERWOOD FOREST. HIDEOUT - DAY. 0844**

8

Ian stands away from the scene as CSI / uniforms search every inch, collecting nutrition bar wrappers and food tins...

He steps away, checking he has a phone signal.

Taking a beat. *Not sure he's going to be able to do what he's about to do...*

He dials.

IAN

Hi, this is DCI Ian St Clair. I have a person of interest whose records are restricted, I'd like to unlock them please.

(listens)

(MORE)



IAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I have her name and date of birth.

TRAINING OFFICER (PRE-LAP)

You have been recruited for this covert operation...

9                    **INT. (1984). MET POLICE. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY A. 0900**                    9

*As back we go...*

We pan across some YOUNG RECRUITS - young men, and a couple of women being briefed, as they take notes at their desks.

*Our anonymous spycop in the making...*

TRAINING OFFICER (PRE-LAP)

...because we identified in you the skills to survive such an ordeal.

A *Sun* NEWSPAPER is on the table in front of one of our young spycops - an image of MARGARET THATCHER one side, ARTHUR SCARGILL the other. Headline - "**Historic Battle Looms**".

TRAINING OFFICER (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Now, what do I mean by 'ordeal'. I mean the stresses and strains of living a lie during both your working and personal time, and the way that the unremitting nature of such pressure can force upon you a wholly - unique lifestyle.

The Young Recruits smile - excited by the task ahead.

TRAINING OFFICER (CONT'D)

Read it. Cover to cover.

A manual is dropped in front of them. **SDS Training Manual.**

*These are verbatim quotes, from the original text...*

WORDSWORTH (V.O.)

"Building your new identity."

10                    **INT. (1984). ST CATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY A. 1230**                    10

They arrive at respective desks, ready to go through records.

As we find - KEATS. A young blonde woman. *Helen St Clair..?*

KEATS (V.O.)

"You can obtain details of a dead child from St Catherine's House.

(MORE)

KEATS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If the death was natural or  
unspectacular, and therefore  
unlikely to be findable in  
newspapers... apply for a copy of  
the dead person's birth  
certificate".

In a different room, **BIRTHS, DEATHS & MARRIAGES**, one RECRUIT  
is scrolling through some microfiche.

WORDSWORTH (V.O.)  
"Further research will establish  
the respiratory status of the dead  
person's family..."

We see various Family Names and Records...

KEATS (V.O.)  
"If you assess there is little  
chance of running into the dead  
person's parents or siblings etc...  
it is time to assume "squatters'  
rights" over the unfortunate's  
identity for the next four years."

11      **INT. (1984). MET POLICE. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY A. 1600**      11

The Training Officer is looking through the records that  
"Keats" has presented.

TRAINING OFFICER  
Your proposed alias died at... only  
11 months old? No father on the  
scene, neglectful mum. No major  
news stories that can be traced?

KEATS  
No, sir.

Beat. The Training Officer nods, handing it back to her -

TRAINING OFFICER  
Alright. To Nottinghamshire you go.

12      **EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD STREETS - EVENING B. 1800**      12

A van pulls up on a street.

A card: **March, 1984.**

Two FEET get out, and dump some luggage on the ground.

The van drives off, and we're left on Keats' feet.

*A new home, new identity. New life...*

KEATS (V.O.)  
"Now is the time to move onto your  
real purpose in life..."

13 INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - EVENING B. 1802

13

The 'clubbie' we know, only decades before and pumping full of life. Music, chatter, busyness.

KEATS (V.O.)  
"... to infiltrate the 'wearies'.

Keats enters through the heaving bar, carefully.

She clutches her bag, stroking her hair.

KEATS (V.O.)  
"Beware, a person who is too free  
with personal details is  
suspicious."

There are OLD MINERS, downing drinks and talking loudly. Many MIDDLE-AGED COUPLES gossiping away.

*A Strike is looming - and there are differences of opinion, being expressed. Though the war has not broken out yet.*

There's darts and board games and music playing.

As Keats approaches the bar, her eyes find who we will discover to be -

YOUNG JULIE & YOUNG GARY, and sister YOUNG CATHY at a nearby table, laughing over a spot the ball competition in a paper.

YOUNG CATHY  
You daft mare, Julie, what a waste  
of a bloody cross!

YOUNG JULIE  
I'm telling you, that's where the  
ball is!

YOUNG GARY  
How can it be there, the players  
are all looking that way.

YOUNG JULIE  
And that's why they lost the  
bastard game, Gary!

They laugh. Keats orders a drink.

KEATS (V.O.)

"What should happen is that little facts about yourself will be revealed slowly to your circle, and over time, a mutual trust will be built up.

She pays, and turns to face her new peers.

*Deep breath...*

KEATS

"Good luck".

14      **EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD PIT. PICKET LINES - DAWN C. 0600**      14

*Weeks further down the line.*

Young Julie and Young Gary on the picket lines, chanting.

YOUNG JULIE / YOUNG GARY

We're miners! United! We'll never  
be defeated! We're miners! United!

We're with a MINERS' WIVES contingent, with "**Women Against Pit Closure**" banners.

Young Cathy and Keats here, watching the pair.

KEATS

Your sister's got some lungs on  
her, hasn't she, Cathy?

YOUNG CATHY

You mean she's a mouthy gobshite,  
oh aye. She reckons I'm all posh  
since I came back off me course.

KEATS

Oh yeah where'd you go?

YOUNG CATHY

Look at you, Miss Questions.

KEATS

Why, is it a secret?

YOUNG CATHY

... no.

(then)

London. I know, lah-di-dah.

KEATS

'Lon-don'. Well, yeah. Everyone  
comes back different from there,  
apparently. What was your course?

YOUNG CATHY

Typing. Boss at me factory sent me.  
Where'd you say you washed up from  
again?

KEATS

Oh Dad got moved down here from  
Bury, he's at Clipstone pit now.

Young Julie is joining, overhearing -

YOUNG JULIE

Clipstone, they're all scabs there,  
aren't they?

KEATS

Not my old man, bloody hell, he's  
like your Gary. Thinks a picket  
line is sacrosanct, you don't cross  
it no matter what.

She watches Gary, who is with his NOTTS STRIKING PALS.

(One of these, we will discover, is RON ST CLAIR - Ian's  
father - alongside JENNY'S DAD, JONATHAN).

KEATS (V.O.)

What's clear is there's a real  
split here, unlike in other pit  
towns, in Yorkshire, Scotland,  
Wales. Rifts, that might be useful  
to needle away at and exploit.  
Notts is generally a more moderate  
culture. Though there are some more  
militantly-minded. Gary Jackson,  
for example. Could be a future  
ringleader of the striking  
contingent. Maybe...

Young Julie recognises some NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POLICE OFFICERS  
and cheekily yells over to them.

YOUNG JULIE

Aren't you all a bit old now, to be  
dressing up! Cops and robbers  
should've ended int playground.

The young officer turns around to her, from away. We'll  
discover this is a 21 year old --

YOUNG IAN

Oh aye and what have you come as  
today, Julie?!

YOUNG JULIE

Your worst nightmare!

KEATS

(privately, to Julie)  
Are they them Saint Clare brothers?

YOUNG CATHY

Ian, and Martin, yeah. I'd let  
either of them come at me with  
their baton, if you get my drift.

YOUNG JULIE

No, that were far too subtle for  
me, went right over me head. And  
it's 'Sinclair' not Saint Clare;  
don't give 'em airs and graces they  
don't warrant and haven't got.

YOUNG CATHY  
(at her watch)  
Right, shit, my boss'll have it in  
for me, I'll see you later.

She goes.

With YOUNG IAN ST CLAIR, outside the gates to the pit. He's  
joined by a wide-eyed MARTIN ST CLAIR, 18, handing him a tea.

YOUNG MARTIN (O.S.)  
Here, Ian.

YOUNG IAN  
Thank you, Police Constable St  
Clair. Please try to remember I'm  
higher up than you.

Other NOTTINGHAMSHIRE OFFICERS join in as they wait in the  
morning chill. Including SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
Higher up? You're the same rank,  
aren't you?

YOUNG MARTIN  
He means he gets the top bunk, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
(remembering)  
Ah yes. Blimey, two brothers in the  
force. Your old man must be proud.

A look between the two St Clair Officers -- *sore point*.

As they turn to find - an OLDER MAN on the pickets, with his  
"Coal Not Dole" sign.

Their father. RON ST CLAIR.

On Ian...

YOUNG IAN  
Not exactly. But. We're muddling  
through. Just.  
(then)  
Ay up. Here come the Dickheads of  
Dock Green.

A couple of MET POLICE VANS pull up, away, near to the  
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POLICE VANS.

Some MET OFFICERS get out, including who'll we discover is...

... a YOUNG KEVIN.

He takes in the scene, getting ready.

YOUNG JENNY (PRE-LAP)

Kevin?

15      **EXT. (1984). ALLOTMENT - EVENING D. 1900**

15

With Young Kevin and YOUNG JENNY, on a blanket, hidden away.  
Kissing.

*The same image we saw snatches of, in Episode Two.*

YOUNG JENNY

What were you thinking?

YOUNG KEVIN

Nothing. Just that, you know, I do  
uh - like you. Jenny. I like you...  
a lot-ment.

She groans at the pun, as Young Kevin keeps going with them.

YOUNG KEVIN (CONT'D)

That is, not to dig myself a hole  
or anything. I just... I get what  
you're saying, is what I'm saying.  
That to risk it, with your father.  
"Sleeping with the enemy" -

YOUNG JENNY

It's not just my father, it's  
everyone, it's... Look at how your  
lot behave here, it's disgraceful  
Kevin. I just don't know how I'd  
ever explain it, to him. I know  
that sounds chicken. I just...

(awkwardly)

I think I just need some time. To  
work out what I want. I'm sorry.

YOUNG KEVIN

It's OK, it's OK.

(then)

When do you want to see me again?  
If you want to see me, again.

He already looks lost, without her.

YOUNG JENNY

A week, or so? Maybe next Friday  
night. Clubbie's trying to throw a  
Harvest Festival thing for both  
sides, if they play along. Might be  
a good night to slip away, unseen.

Young Kevin nods. She smiles. A hand on his face...



16        **EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD PIT. PICKET LINES / COACH - DAY C. 0605**

*Back to the picket line, as before.*

Ian and Martin watch as a Flying Picket of YORKSHIRE MINERS descend on the gates, bulking up the numbers of the striking NOTTS MINERS.

PICKETERS

"We're Miners! United! We'll never  
be defeated! We're Miners! United!  
We'll never be defeated.

Young Ian is on his radio.

YOUNG IAN

We've got a flying picket at  
Annesley, some Yorkshire lot. We  
need back up.  
(off radio, to Martin)  
So much for the bloody road blocks.

YOUNG MARTIN

A few always slip through.

OFFICERS are creating lines in front of the PICKETERS,  
blocking their access to the **ROAD** from the PAVEMENT.

Young Gary comes face to face with Young Ian as he joins -

YOUNG IAN

Now then, come on, keep back, keep  
the road clear.

YOUNG GARY

What, so if I set one foot off this  
pavement, you'll arrest me will  
yer, Ian? For stepping onto my own  
street?

YOUNG IAN

Yes, and they're my streets a'nall  
Gary, and the men who wanta work.  
And if any of your pals shout  
'scab', I'll arrest them for that  
too. We keep orderly pickets here.  
Civilised and decent.

A YOUNG WARNOCK here too.

YOUNG WARNOCK

Alrate, treacle. Does it feel good  
ey, being a pawn in the tyrannical  
state? Maggie's boot boys?

YOUNG IAN  
Pays the wages, thanks.  
(then)  
Sorry, I didn't mean... -

YOUNG GARY  
Yeah-yeah, we know. Yer can take  
your foot out yer gob.  
(to Young Warnock)  
Go easy today, ey Warnock?

Suddenly the coach - with "**Vincent**" branding - ferrying the  
WORKING MINERS into the pit appears - *and the mood escalates.*

HUGE SHOUTS AND JEERS.

PICKETERS  
Scab! Scab! Scab! Scab! Scab! Scab!

It's horribly intimidating, as the Police lines struggle to  
hold them back.

YOUNG WARNOCK opens his rucksack, and retrieves - a brick.  
'**Scab**' painted on it. He throws it.

It cracks the window.

YOUNG KEVIN and his officers see where it came from.

YOUNG KEVIN  
Hey!

Blowing whistles. The Yorkshire Miners turn and run -  
The MET OFFICERS around Young Kevin charge after them -

17

**EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD STREETS - DAY C. 0610**

17

A normal, residential street - turned into something surreal  
and shocking - POLICE, facing off against LOCAL PEOPLE.

An ELDERLY LADY looks frightened through her net curtains at  
the war zone outside.

**WE CATCH SNATCHES OF**

Messy individual tussles, and scraps.

Two MET OFFICERS are on top of a MINER, hitting him. One  
manages to stick a sticker on his jacket, next to the '**coal  
not dole**' one.

**'I've Met the MET'.**

**ON YOUNG KEVIN**

Wavering... struggling to commit, raising his baton over a MINER that has fallen.

He can't do it. The MINER gets to his feet, and legs it.

18 EXT. (1984). ASHFIELD STREETS - DAY E. 1200 18

Around the village, posters have been put up.

"Harvest Festival - All Miners and Their Families Welcome".

19 INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - DAY E. 1201 19

A soup kitchen of sorts is serving food and warm tea in the club during the day, Young Julie dishing it out with Keats.

A small mountain of TINNED GOODS is being added to by LOCALS on the stage of the function room in the club.

**WE JOIN:**

Young Ian, Young Martin, and Ron at a table. Ron eating his soup - his sons (with a wage) noticeably don't.

RON

(at Ian)

Two days this week I've seen you  
leave your brother alone on the  
line. Don't do that again.

YOUNG MARTIN

I don't need 'looking after',  
bloody hell -

IAN

```
(trying to lighten the
mood)
```

If your lot didn't kick off so bloody much, I wouldn't have to run off and leave him, would I?

RON

Oh, boo-fucking-hoo.

(gets back to his soup)

Hard enough; a striking man in a strike-breaking village, having to contend with two sons clearing the path for them a'nall.

YOUNG IAN

Dad, none of us knew this was going to kick off when we joined -

RON

Well you should've. Read your  
history books. Long time coming.

YOUNG IAN

(quieter)

A lot of folk round here are  
grateful.

RON

You want the gratitude of "scabs".

YOUNG MARTIN

Dad...

RON

(beat)

I'm not saying that I'm not--... of  
you both, for...

(eating again)

Just that this int going away any  
time soon, is it. Cuz we're not  
backing down, and them fuckers with  
Maggie's bonuses lining their  
pocket aren't. So there might come  
a time, is all I'm saying, when you  
have to make a choice.

(eats)

And in the meantime, you look after  
Each Other. Right?

Young Martin and Young Ian exchange a glance - Martin  
catching sight of a **Harvest Festival** poster.

YOUNG MARTIN

You coming tonight, dad?

RON

Take charity from scabs? I'll be at  
home. Hungry, but proud.

He stands with his empty bowl and goes. Martin to Ian -

YOUNG MARTIN

Maybe we shouldn't come.

YOUNG IAN

We've been asked to come, and we'll  
be here. In uniform. Smiling.  
Listening. Equal parts of the  
community. Right?

Young Martin nods, sceptically.

19A     **INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - DAY X. 1200**

19A

Young Gary and Young Julie sat at a table, eating food from  
the soup kitchen. Gary watches his wife for a moment and  
smiles.

20     **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - EARLY EVENING 11. 1600**

20

*The modern day again.*

The **TREES** of Sherwood Forest. Old. Ancient.

SCOTT (O.S.)

D'you think trees have memories?

We find Scott. Looking up at them, having paused their journey, Andy watching.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not literally. But. You know. So old. Aren't they?

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hundreds of years. Doesn't seem to bother them. They still stand tall, and proud.

Continue on his walk, weapon in hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Folk here, it seems to shrink 'em. They like, stoop. Hunched. Under the weight of it all.  
(shakes his head)  
Just mad. Get over it.

ANDY

Sometimes remembering is important.

SCOTT

You're the same.

Turning to look at him. Andy stops.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Look at yer.

Andy shifts under Scott's intense gaze. Then -

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This way.

21     **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. OLD COLLIERY - EARLY EVENING 11. 1630**

Andy and Scott arrive at a spot where the 'face off' will be.

Atop a grassy ridge, which leads down to an overgrown ditch where an old train track runs to a former colliery, now landfilled.

Old abandoned pipes, remnants of British industry.

ANDY

What's this?

SCOTT

The Alamo. Our last stand.

He begins heading down, to where the tracks run into a mound: a wire grate covers a small tunnel.

Scott takes some bolt cutters, and removes it from its hinges. Andy looking on.

ANDY

Where does it go?

SCOTT

Former colliery. Before it was pulled down. Landfilled over.  
(MORE)



SCOTT (CONT'D)

There are the old tracks. Leading to nowhere now. But nowhere could be 'somewhere'. For us.

Andy looks around - purposeless and lost, in contradiction to Scott - who is focused, and motivated.

ANDY

I want to get caught. I want them to know I want to get caught. Give me a chance to explain myself. Ask for forgiveness.

SCOTT

Forgiveness? Who from? Your son? He int never gonna forgive you, pal.

ANDY

He needs to know it was an accident.

SCOTT

Sorry but you're delusional mate. He's going to hate you for the rest of your life, what you did.

On Andy. Sinking to the ground. Deep breathes. Calming...

ANDY

Do you believe in an after life? A place where you go? In Islam, there's a place, called A'raf. It's like the Catholic's "purgatory". A border between the two places. Heaven and Hell. Or is it Patala, in Buddhism? If your sins are evenly balanced with your virtues, everything good you did with everything bad, you can wait there, for a while, for your fate to be decided. For it to tip one way or another.

(thinks)

If you're allowed guests, there, like a visitors' room while you wait. That's where I'll see her again. My wife. She'll come and visit me there, I know it. I know-  
...

He begins to weep, head down into his lap.

Scott stands. Walks behind him. The crossbow in his hand.

Andy senses it. And stops.

ANDY (CONT'D)

... Go on. Go on, it's ok. Just be quick, be quick, please just be quick, just do it, just do it, it's ok, please... please...

But Scott isn't even pointing the arrow at him.

He has the phone Andy stole, from the campers.

SCOTT

There. It's back on.

He slips it into Andy's pocket. Takes a breath.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Not long now.

22

**INT. (1984). THE WELFARE. FIRE EXIT - DAY E. 1400**

22

Young Julie, Young Jenny and Keats are out here having a cigarette.

*Keats is ready to do some stirring...*

KEATS

Ey, did I hear your Cathy was seeing some fella? Some people were talking. Some miner, from Bestwood?

YOUNG JULIE

Pff! Our Cathy wouldn't get with any miner, she's too ambitious these days. Anyway, they're all scabs down there; no way. It's folk just stirring.

(stubs her fag)

Back to the bloody grind.

Young Julie goes back inside. Keats glancing at Young Jenny, *guessing her secret*.

KEATS

Bit of an over reaction, innit?  
Would it be that bad?

Young Jenny has a moment, turning to her quietly.

YOUNG JENNY

Shit. Ok, I need to tell someone this. Can you keep a secret?

KEATS

Yeah, course.

YOUNG JENNY

... I've uh... I've sort of - I'm not proud of this.

(beat, then)

I've been seeing someone actually.

KEATS

Ooh, do tell.

YOUNG JENNY

He's... it... He's a London copper.

KEATS

You're kidding. Jenny Ryan!

YOUNG JENNY

It's not what it sounds like.

He's... we're... ah shit. I think I actually bloody like him.

KEATS

(laughing)

Oh my god, Jenny! You little..!

YOUNG JENNY

Ssh! Anyway it's probably not-... We took some time off, to get our heads together, work out - you know. What we want. I'm meant to be seeing him again tonight, if he can get away. And he better bloody get away, I tell you.

KEATS

And? So, what you going to decide?

Young Jenny smiles. *Full of hope for their future.*

23

**INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - DAY E. 1405**

23

Young Gary, Young Warnock, Ron and Jenny's Father, Jonathan, sat having a pint in the other room.

Keats watches Jenny kiss her father on the head as she leaves.

Keats seizes her opportunity, approaching...

KEATS

Afternoon gents. Ey, d'you fancy some juicy gossip? About a, uh, certain London pig, having it off with a local lass?

YOUNG WARNOCK

(scoffs)

Course they are. Like yanks during the war, dipping their dirty wicks.

KEATS

And in fact this one in particular, he should be on duty tonight, guarding the coach garage where the MET kip. But he's not going to be there. He's going to be having it off instead.

(shrugs)

Just thought you might like to know.

She's standing, to go. Warnock drinking this in.

YOUNG WARNOCK

Ey. Ta very much.

Keats nods and goes. Warnock looks to Gary.

YOUNG WARNOCK (CONT'D)

Ey. What d'you reckon? Everyone else will be here, this 'do'. Those MET bastards are getting slops from the government, we should be taking from them instead. We could have a little raid, under cover of darkness like.

Jenny's father smiles, and nods. Looking to Ron.

RON

I don't know. My boys, they're in the force, you know, it -

YOUNG WARNOCK

Oh aye yeah, course the MET always obey the rule of law, like. It's only robbing their store cupboard, that's all, making a statement.

Ron considers it. And nods, reluctantly. Eyes on Gary, next.

YOUNG GARY

I hear what you're saying, pal.

(MORE)

YOUNG GARY (CONT'D)

I'll not judge anyone else. S'just,  
most of your lot fly in and out  
over the border, Warnock; I have to  
live here, win or lose. I'm sorry.

YOUNG WARNOCK

Suit yersen.  
(rubbing his hands)  
More for us.

RON

Ey what do cockneys eat. It's all  
bloody eels and shit int it?

YOUNG WARNOCK

Yeah the uncouth bastards.

They laugh, Warnock shushing them - as Keats looks over, and  
Warnock giving her a nod, 'thank you'.

She smiles back. And then...

*Something stirs inside her* - seeing the effect of her work. A  
worry, or unsettling sense of culpability.

She brushes it off. *What else can she do?*

24

**INT. HOTEL. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON 11. 1700**

24

On Helen, watching -

Kevin, as he enters the lobby bar of a smart-ish hotel.

He sees and joins her table.

HELEN

I ordered you a beer, I wasn't  
sure.

KEVIN

(takes it, looking around)  
Nice place.

HELEN

It's for business travelers. Coming  
and going. All the new warehouses  
here. The New Economy they built on  
top of the pits. They don't make or  
manufacture anything, of course.  
Things just arrive here, we store  
them, they're sent on somewhere  
else. Non-unionised, zero hours.  
The modern world.

KEVIN

Look, I don't think I should get in the middle of this, with you and your husband, you should just speak-

HELEN

But you are. What happened to my husband all those years ago, it broke him. And I don't know what role you played in all that, all I know is ever since you came back he's been-

KEVIN

Yes, well I'm sorry, and I've always been sorry, but do you know what, I'm done with all that. I'm making it my policy to look forward, not back. I'm sick of it. Do you know what I mean?

HELEN

I do. I've been doing that my entire life. I had to, to survive.  
(then)  
You think I'm this person, you and my husband are looking for. I'm not.

KEVIN

You have a restricted police record. Does Ian know?

HELEN

No one knows. Why? Because as soon as you tell just one other person, even the person you love most in the world, it starts to define you, and shape you. I refused to give Him that power...  
(beat. Off his look)  
My father. Who had this horrible habit of trying to kill us.  
(a moment)  
But that doesn't make you a spy.

Kevin studies her. Torn.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You don't believe me. Mother and daughter, a brand new life in witness protection. It happens.

KEVIN

Yeah. The problem is... this person we're looking for, they'll have an uncanny ability to convince people they're something they're not.

HELEN

You think I want to be doing this. To open this locked-box of mine, just because of you and your daft quest.  
(stirs her drink)  
It was easier for me, to become someone else. I was 18, no one feels comfortable in their skin; 18. So trying on a new name, a new story...  
(shrugged)  
Less so for my mother. Normal people can't live with two lives in their head. So you have to kill one. Stop talking about it, even in private. Even to yourself. Even to the future love of your life.

KEVIN  
(not buying it, smiles)  
I think you're scared. That's why  
you called me, in a panic -

HELEN  
I called you, because I get alerted  
if I am searched for. I called you -

KEVIN  
Because you think Scott is after  
you.  
(pause)  
If you need protection, right now,  
all you have to do is admit it.  
Just say the word.

He waits. Helen doesn't flinch.

Kevin's phone rings, he looks -

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
It's your husband.

HELEN  
... Can you please, just please,  
let me speak to him about this.

KEVIN  
It might be the case -

HELEN  
I don't care what it is, speak to  
him about whatever you want, just  
not this. Please leave that to me.

On Kevin.

25      **INT. (1984). BUS GARAGE - DAY E. 1800**

25

On Young Kevin -

He leaves his MET van as the OFFICERS pile 'home'.

He watches as the '**Vincent**' coach returns into the large  
garage, followed by the black vans of the MET.

Out of his office comes the bus company owner, ROB VINCENT.  
(*Sarah's father*).

He sighs at the sight of it - to a JUNIOR.

VINCENT  
Go get the hose, start cleaning  
these up for the evening shift.



Vincent whistles at Chatterly, the Notts Superintendent,  
arriving here with Young Martin to come and look.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
You seen this? Getting worse.  
(tapping the side)  
That's my name that is. Name is  
currency, and my currency's  
currently got rotten egg dripping  
all o'vver it.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
You're doing a service for the  
community, Mr. Vincent; helping the  
majority of men here get to work  
everyday.  
(as he's leaving)  
And getting nicely compensated for  
it, I understand.

Behind him, we find Kevin, who checks the time and glances  
over to the exit - *desperate to slip away.*

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
Salisbury? You're on duty tonight?

YOUNG KEVIN  
... Yes sir.

26      **EXT. (1984). ALLOTMENT - EVENING E. 1930**

26

Jenny waits in the allotment for Kevin.

Checking her watch - *where is he?*

JENNY  
Come on, you idiot. We said  
tonight...

27      **INT. (1984) ALLOTMENT. GARY'S GREENHOUSE - EVENING E. 1932** 27

Young Gary is releasing some of his tension, digging hard and  
turning the soil.

28      **I/E. (1984). BUS GARAGE - EVENING E. 1940**

28

Young Kevin is on duty at the entrance. He looks through the  
glass of the door inside to see Chatterly still talking to  
the MEN alongside Young Martin, in a relaxed, after-work way.

YOUNG KEVIN  
Come on, come on, piss off.

And then, as if willing it into existence, Chatterley and  
Young Martin say bye to the men, and leaves.

YOUNG KEVIN (CONT'D)

Night sir.

Once he's clear, Young Kevin takes his cue, and runs off in the other direction, leaving the garage unguarded.

29      **INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - NIGHT E. 1945**

29

A mountain of tins is building up on stage, as Miners and their families pile in with donations.

We see: DIFFERENT FACTIONS - sitting in differing places - eyeing one another up from opposite sides of the room.

*Muttering, weary, but being civil, for now.*

Behind the BAR, Keats is working here as a barmaid. She hands out a tray of sandwiches and the like.

**ELSEWHERE:**

A photograph is being arranged by the LANDLADY in front of the cans on stage.

We watch her pull someone into the frame, and we see it's -

- WORDSWORTH, from the training session. The future Raggett.

WORDSWORTH

Oh erm, I don't really like having my photo -

Too late. 'Flash'.

*And the infamous photo is taken.*

**ELSEWHERE -**

Young Cathy sits alone, sipping a whisky and coke.

She watches confident Young Julie laughing with some allies, when she sees a YOUNG MAN smiling at her across the room.

She smiles back.

*Her secret lover who will become her first husband.*

He comes over, as she shakes her head, *don't*, but he doesn't listen...

At the **BAR**: Young Julie looks at her sister, across the room.

The YOUNG MAN tries to make a subtle move on Young Cathy, a little kiss on the neck, but she pushes him away, fuming at how reckless he's being.

She mouths 'for fuck's sake, not here'.

On Young Julie.

Keats is watching this whole thing from behind the **BAR**.

30        **INT. (1984). BUS GARAGE - NIGHT E. 2000**

30

Young Warnock peers around the unguarded entrance into the Garage, along with Ron, and then Jenny's Father.

They look around - it's quiet.

MET OFFICERS can be seen on the first floor through the windows, overlooking the garage, backs turned, chatting, smoking and relaxing.

They make their way inside.

31        **I/E. (1984). BUS GARAGE - NIGHT E. 2002**

31

Ron opens a cupboard, Warnock over his shoulder.

                         YOUNG WARNOCK  
                 Now that's more like it.

Pasta, rice, cereals, snacks, water, soft drinks and booze.  
Then, something behind them -

Another MET OFFICER appears, holding a toiletry bag.

Stop - silence - staring ----

Our gang pounce on him, falling back, onto the floor -

A messy fight breaks out as they roll about, knocking over an electric heater onto some padded coach seat cushions, being re-upholstered -

Warnock hits the MET OFFICER hard, when he sees -

The cushions have caught fire.

                         YOUNG WARNOCK (CONT'D)  
                 Shit.

Ron, Warnock and Jonathan run out of the garage.

Jenny's Father, Jonathan looks back and sees --

The YOUNG OFFICER in a daze on the floor after the fight, the fire spreading close by.

Jenny's father can't leave him, and runs back in.

He grabs him and drags him out of the way.

Jenny's father looks up to see -

**UP THE STAIRS** through the windows onto the garage, other MET OFFICERS look down now in panic now, not sure which way to escape.

Jenny's Father clocks some Fire Extinguishers close to where the fire is spreading -- and makes the decision to run back in towards them...

32                   **EXT. (1984). ALLOTMENT. GARY'S GREENHOUSE - NIGHT E. 2005**                   32

Gary is locking up. He thinks he hears something, and turns on his torch, lighting up in the middle distance -

Kevin has arrived with Jenny, kissing her passionately. Beat.

                          YOUNG KEVIN  
Whoah, shit - !

                          YOUNG GARY  
... Jenny?

                          YOUNG JENNY  
Uh... Gary. Hi.

He checks out the Man in the MET uniform - disappointed, but...

                          YOUNG JENNY (CONT'D)  
Erm, we're just...

                          YOUNG GARY  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know all about  
'justs'.

He's going. Jenny panicking -

                          YOUNG JENNY  
Gary, can you erm...

                          YOUNG GARY  
You're alright. The only grass here  
is on the ground.

He goes.

Kevin's about to say something reassuring to Jenny when --  
-- his radio goes.

33                   **INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - NIGHT E. 2007**

33

Young Julie is confronting Young Cathy.

YOUNG JULIE

I saw you, Cath, you're carrying on  
with a scab. In front of everyone.  
(taking her hand)

YOUNG CATHY

The hell d'you think you're doing?

YOUNG JULIE

We're going home.

YOUNG CATHY

(tugging her hand away)  
Who d'you think you are? I'm  
staying.

YOUNG JULIE

Just pack it in, right! I've got  
Gary sat home alone, cold and in  
the dark because we can't afford  
light or heat, and here's you  
behaving like a selfish brat.

YOUNG CATHY

That's just it though, isn't it.  
I'll always just be the little  
sister to you, won't I? The silly  
girl that -

YOUNG JULIE

Oh fuck off, you're drunk.

On Cathy - feeling defiant and bruised.

YOUNG CATHY

I found someone I like, Julie. Just  
like you did. And he likes me --

They're interrupted by -

Rob Vincent, slamming the pay phone down having had a call,  
looking like he's in shock, having just heard the news...

They get some people together, talking animatedly.

Vincent points, at the STRIKING MINERS across the room.

VINCENT

Them! It were them, their lot.  
After all we've tried to do  
tonight, a'nall. Bastards...

Some grumbling and yelling back. *Yer what?! Piss off!*

Keats takes in the whole scene --

A CONSTABLE taps Young Ian, speaking in his ear.

Shock. Young Ian turns to grab Young Martin, as they head towards the -

**ENTRANCE TO THE WELFARE:**

YOUNG IAN  
Shit, *shit*, you don't think -

YOUNG MARTIN  
What?

YOUNG IAN  
Well - look - who's not here? If it's the coach garage it's gonna be strikers innit, and...

YOUNG MARTIN  
(getting his meaning)  
No, Dad wouldn't.

On Ian, not so sure, as they head off --

34

**EXT. (1984). BUS GARAGE - NIGHT E. 2045**

34

The whole garage is on fire.

One of the MET OFFICERS has managed to reverse the last of the coaches out from the billowing black smoke.

Young Ian and Young Martin arrive, stopping aghast when they see the carnage.

YOUNG IAN  
Oh my God.

One NOTTS OFFICER helps a spluttering MET OFFICER to the ground where Ian is stood. To the Notts Officer -

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)  
Who did this?

Exhausted, collapsing, the OFFICERS can't talk.

**ELSEWHERE -**

Young Kevin arrives with Young Jenny, running to help some of his MET FRIENDS with water and oxygen masks.

*And then they too see him.*

YOUNG JENNY  
DAD..... DAD!!

They run to where her father is receiving attention.

But he's dead.

**ELSEWHERE -**

YOUNG MARTIN

That's Jonathan Ryan, dad's mate.  
(at the garage, scared)  
Oh God, Oh God...

YOUNG IAN

Alright calm.

YOUNG MARTIN

Do you think it's him? Do you think  
he's in there?  
(making to go)

YOUNG IAN

Martin, don't be so --! Wait!

Martin heads into the smoke of the garage, disappearing, Ian following hard, when...

... he freezes.

Close on him - a man losing all of his courage. Terrified.

*He listens to the screams and shouts from inside.*

He shakes... hyperventilating... frozen...

*The moment he will never forgive himself for.*

He knows he should run in. But he's just too scared...

35      **I/E. (1984). POLICE STATION / PHONE BOX - NIGHT E. 2100**      35

The MET training officer's phone rings, he answers.

TRAINING OFFICER

What the hell is going on up there,  
talk to me, give me names.

Keats is in a **PHONE BOX** outside the Welfare. Shaking.

KEATS

... I think this was me.

TRAINING OFFICER

Sorry?

KEATS

I think this was my fault. I told  
them that the coach garage -

TRAINING OFFICER

This is the fault of the  
perpetrators;  
(MORE)



TRAINING OFFICER (CONT'D)  
militants who have been threatening  
disorder for some time, it is why  
you are there.

KEATS  
Why? Why am I here? I don't -

TRAINING OFFICER  
The constabulary there need names;  
do your job.

KEATS  
(clears her throat)  
... Uh some, some of the most  
active strikers who weren't at the  
club tonight, were... Gary  
Jackson... Ron St Clair...

36                    **INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - NIGHT E. 2130**                    36

Word continues to spread, some arguing clearly breaks out.

One WORKING MINER'S WIFE is staring at the mountain of tins.  
She marches towards it, and takes one off the top, and then  
another, putting them back in her bag.

Others begin doing the same. The LANDLADY interjects to stop  
her, although we can't hear what they're saying, arguing  
indignantly, taking back their charity...

Keats has returned, watching this scene.

*Feeling her own overwhelming sense of complicity.*

37                    **EXT. (1984). CARLISLE STREET. BACK ALLEY - DAWN F. 0600**                    37

Young Ian, exhausted, dirty, upset, is pacing outside the  
back gate of the **ST CLAIR HOUSE**, waiting...

Close on him - *the memories of last night.*

38                    **INSERT. (1984) - NIGHT E. 2102**                    38

A flash of Young Martin being seen to by the PARAMEDICS -  
weeping and screaming, his face melted off -

39                    **EXT. (1984). CARLISLE STREET. BACK ALLEY - DAWN F. 0600**                    39

He's shaken out of it as Ron exits his yard into the alley.

RON  
Tell me how bad it is, where is he?

YOUNG IAN  
Hospital, he's being seen to -

RON	YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)
I'm going down there. Can't	You need to let 'em get on
believe this. How the fuck -	with their job - <u>Dad</u> .

IAN  
(as Ron turns)  
Where were yer? Last night, were  
you at home?

On Ron - under pressure now (*guilty of theft, but not this*).

RON  
What are you ... I was, I was with  
some of the lads! Jonno, Warnock -

YOUNG IAN  
(beginning to lose it)  
Look, they're going to put together  
that it were probably strikers who  
did this and there's only a handful  
of them in the village; now I can't  
help you if I don't know the truth.  
Did you-...  
(whispering, almost in  
tears)  
Dad, did you start that fire?

RON  
(*'unbelievable'*)  
My own -...  
(shakes his head)  
No. We never meant for... we were  
just nabbing some supplies, like,  
right? I don't know what happened  
after that, some accident that -

YOUNG IAN  
So you were there?  
(shakes his head)  
He knew. Martin ran in there  
because he thought you --

RON  
Oy, don't you put this on me!  
Right! Where were you? Ey? Why was  
your little brother in there alone,  
where the fuck were you?

Young Ian paces - feeling confined by the brick walls of the  
alley now, trembling. Quietly confessing...

YOUNG IAN  
I got scared... Dad...  
(off Ron's confusion)  
I could have gone in. I should have  
run in there after him, but I, I...  
I don't know, something happened,  
and I just froze.

He starts to cry. Needing the support of his father...

Ron comes over. Ian goes in to be held --  
-- but Ron grabs him instead.

Ian's police helmet falls on the floor...

RON

What do you mean? You mean you *left*  
him? Who even are yer?! Wanting to  
be a big man, ey, police officer?  
And you can't even look after your  
own FAMILY! Fucking USELESS.

Ron shoves him away, pointing up the alley -

RON (CONT'D)

Go on! I don't want to see you, go!

Ron storms back through his gate, into his YARD.

Ian catches his breath / tries to calm - a mixture of broken  
hearted, and seething...

He slowly picks up his POLICE HELMET from off the cobbles,  
and replaces it on his head.

Before walking away from his Home...

40        **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION - MORNING F. 0630**

40

Different mugshots being taken, of -

RON ST CLAIR. WARNOCK.

And GARY. *Defiant. Innocent.*

40pt      **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION - DAY F.**

40pt

Young Julie watches Young Gary as he has his mugshot taken.

41        **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION. MAIN OFFICE - MORNING F. 0640**

41

Young Kevin clocks Young Gary, waiting to be interviewed.

He recognises him from the allotment. He turns in on himself -  
panicked - putting his head in his hands - *what to do?*

**WITH GARY:**

A shaken Ian approaches him.

YOUNG GARY

Ian? You alright?

YOUNG IAN

I'm-... yeah, Gary, I'm fine, erm -

YOUNG GARY

What's going on?

YOUNG IAN  
(more privately)  
Some inspectors are going to ask  
you some questions, about last  
night. Where you were.

YOUNG GARY  
I was on my allotment.

YOUNG IAN  
At night?

YOUNG GARY  
Yes, at night. It's peaceful. You  
don't believe me?

YOUNG IAN  
I just... I need to know what  
happened, Gary. Who started what,  
who was there.

YOUNG GARY  
Well like I say, I can't help you.

YOUNG IAN  
(studying him)  
Can anyone back you up?

Young Gary is disappointed Ian is even asking. But...

YOUNG GARY  
Well, there was someone, actually.  
But I doubt they'll come forward.  
And I won't dob them in neither, so  
I guess that leaves us between a  
rock and a hard place, dunt it.

YOUNG IAN  
(quieter, harder)  
Look. You should know someone's  
come forward, with names. That's  
all. A source. OK?

YOUNG GARY  
Who? Who's the source. What source?

*A horrible feeling, that will consume him for years...*

YOUNG GARY (CONT'D)  
Someone from round here, a  
neighbour?

Young Ian doesn't say anything.

And Young Gary shakes his head, *betrayed*.

Superintendent Chatterly arrives.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
Ian. Got a minute?

He and Ian step away.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
That Met Constable.

He points to **AN INTERVIEW ROOM**. Kevin is sat in there,  
fiddling with his hands.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
He's come forward with an alibi for  
the Jackson fella you were speaking  
to.  
(at Kevin)  
It sounds like he's been a bit of a  
naughty boy.

41A      **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION - MORNING F. 0655**

41A

Young Julie waits in the entrance of the police station,  
waiting for Young Gary to be released. Gary exits. They  
embrace.

42      **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING F. 0705**

Young Kevin looks up, as Young Ian enters the room.

They face one another in proximity for the first time.

*Almost as though they intuitively feel the weight that this  
moment might bring.*

Ian sits down at the table. He tries to be calm, get it  
together, despite his anger...

YOUNG IAN  
PC Salisbury? PC St Clair. Ian.

YOUNG KEVIN  
Kevin. Shouldn't I... I'm aware I  
don't have much of a leg to -...  
but shouldn't I be questioned by an  
officer of higher rank--

YOUNG IAN  
Everyone's a little stretched this  
morning, as I'm sure you can  
imagine. You saw Gary Jackson last  
night on his allotment? How,  
weren't you meant to be on duty?

YOUNG KEVIN  
Yeah.

Young Kevin twists his hands for a moment, before committing.

YOUNG KEVIN (CONT'D)

Uh, I was meant to meet a girl.



YOUNG IAN

A girl. Right. A 'local' girl, I'm guessing.

YOUNG KEVIN

It's not what it sounds like.

YOUNG IAN

What does it sound like?

YOUNG KEVIN

I just don't want you to think that I... That I abandoned my responsibilities just for some... when it's actually - it's more, than that. A lot more.

YOUNG IAN

Awwh.

YOUNG KEVIN

... I'm not expecting some comradely understanding here, just -

YOUNG IAN

Good, because my brother is in hospital with his skin melting off. What's the girl's name?

YOUNG KEVIN

(weighing it all up)

... Jennifer Ryan. She's a, a teacher, at the Primary School. She's in hospital, got caught in the fire too, she... I think she'll be ok, but...

(wobbling)

I think her father -

YOUNG IAN

Is dead. Yeah.

Young Kevin closes his eyes at the confirmation.

Young Ian writes all this down, ready to wrap it up.

YOUNG IAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Your own superior will decide about what action should be taken, but rest assured, I'll be making a full report...

He stares hard at Young Kevin. And Young Kevin hard back.

On modern day Ian, sat a table waiting.

Kevin walks into the club, and sees him.

He joins, awkwardly.

IAN

Didn't know what to get you, so I  
got you a pint.

Kevin, smiling at the similarity with what Ian's wife did  
earlier. He nods, taking it.

IAN (CONT'D)

I know that you looked up my wife.

KEVIN

... Ian-

IAN

You should have told me.

KEVIN

I didn't know how... we needed to  
eradicate her as a suspect, and I  
assumed that wouldn't be something  
you'd feel comfortable--

IAN

Why wouldn't it? You think I'd let  
my personal circumstances cloud my  
professional judgement? I'm already  
following it up, so there you go.

Kevin is quietly flabbergasted.

KEVIN

Ian, you -

IAN

I put my duty first, Kevin. No  
matter the consequence. You of all  
people should know that...

KEVIN

(a beat, then)

Yeah. Although maybe, way back  
when, you didn't have to dismantle  
mine, in the process, before it had  
even begun.

Ian glares at him across the table.

IAN

Why couldn't you have just stayed  
at your post. If you'd just done  
your job, not left your post, none  
of it would have happened and--

KEVIN

I know that. I know that, Ian. And  
I have carried that...

(trails. Then)

We were too young. All of us. The  
situation they put us in. Look at  
what we did to each other, what  
we're still doing...

A moment of silence. Then, Ian making to leave -

IAN

Well, until Scott's in custody, I  
think I should take Helen somewhere  
safe to -

KEVIN

Ian, it's not her. I was wrong.

IAN

I'm waiting on the details of her  
file.

KEVIN

I've got the details, they came  
back. She checks out. It's... look,  
I shouldn't -- just speak to her -

IAN

What did they say?

KEVIN

Ian, wake up, you're doing it  
again. You don't always have to  
decide between your fucking job,  
and your family. Alright? Stop it.

Ian is taken aback, but that obviously struck a chord.

IAN

And who the hell are you, ey?

KEVIN

I'm trying to be a friend.

IAN

I don't need a friend. And I don't  
need... -

(sighs)

I just need to get the job done.  
And I will do.

Kevin watches him with sympathy - sensing Ian is in a sort of  
damaging spiral and he can't be reached.

44       **INT. (1984). POLICE STATION. MAIN OFFICE - MORNING F. 0730 44**

Back on Young Ian.

He watches Young Kevin as he's led away.

The Superintendent sits down next to Ian.

                  SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
We'll send him back down to the  
Smoke, get him away from this -  
this mess.

Then, looking at Young Ian. Seeing him struggle, after the  
night's events, and the aftermath...

                  SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
Tough night.  
                  (Ian doesn't answer.)  
Yep...  
                  (then)  
I hear you're keen to become a  
detective, one day. Good.

Young Ian is finding all of this very hard. About to crack.

                  SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about your brother, I am.  
Martin deserves some - justice.  
Something to come out, of all this.  
There's been a sort of - informant,  
that's come forward, with names.  
The more militant locals without  
alibis last night. Gary was on the  
list, which obviously calls into  
question the rest of the  
intelligence.  
                  (a moment, then)  
It would help... if the rest of the  
names were corroborated, on record,  
by an actual officer.

Young Ian looks. *What on earth is he being asked.*

                  SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
The force would be very grateful.  
                  (then)  
You're a good policeman, Ian...

Young Ian closes his eyes.

                  SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
You don't have to say the names,  
it's ok, I know. Just ... 'confirm'  
them. Confirm who we have. OK?

Young Ian says nothing. Chatterly looks to his list.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
Jonathan Ryan? The deceased.

Beat. Young Ian commits... *making his choice...*

IAN  
(quietly)  
Yes.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
Liam Warnock?

IAN  
Yes.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY  
... Ron St Clair?

... Young Ian wavers.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
Ron St Clair?

... he nods. A tear down his cheek, lip trembling.

SUPERINTENDENT CHATTERLY (CONT'D)  
I need you to say it. Ian. I need  
you to say the words.

IAN  
... Yes.

*As we fade to silence while Chatterly continues...*

45      **EXT. (1984). RON ST CLAIR'S HOUSE - DAY**

45

Ron is led out of his gate by POLICE OFFICERS.

In hand cuffs. Young Ian watches from a distance...

46      **EXT. (1984). SMALL GATHERING, SOMEWHERE - MORNING F. 0810** 46

At one of the soap box rallies - we're facing Young Gary.

He looks angrier than before, following his arrest.

He makes a decision, leaving Young Julie and stepping onto  
the soap box himself - to her surprise. Taking the speaker.

YOUNG GARY  
Erm. Alrate? I don't normally do  
this. But... uh. Well. My wife  
does. And she's like, inspired me.  
That woman there.  
(at Julie, then)  
We're something of an anomaly here.  
(MORE)

YOUNG GARY (CONT'D)  
Strikers, in a strike breaking town. I know now that it's just going to be us. Against the world. Just us, now. And that's ok. Because you lot. You lot here, from across the border. You are our family now...

On Young Julie. Watching the man she loves.

She removes a crumpled note from her pocket.

**"Julie, please can we meet, tonight? Cathy x"**

Julie screws it up.

46A

**INT. THE JACKSON HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING 12. 0700**

46A

Our modern day Julie.

She's at the kitchen counter, going through old memories.

*Newspaper cuttings from the Strike - images and headlines of "Soup Kitchens" and marches by "Women Against Pit Closures".*

Some POLAROID photos - of their younger selves, in different settings.

Julie smiles at some of them - *not all bad memories.*

She alights upon one... Younger Julie, Younger Gary, Younger Cathy - and 'Keats'. In the **WELFARE**.

Julie mainly focuses on Gary and Cathy first, stroking her husband with her thumb --- before moving onto Keats.

On Julie - internally, of course, remembering who the modern day version of her is (unaware yet she's the spy).

Some curiosity on Julie's face -- *oh yeah. Where did she pop up from again?*

47

**INT. ANDY FISHER'S HOUSE - MORNING 12. 0715**

47

Neel sits shaking on the stairs, seen to by a couple UNIFORMS as Cleaver and Taylor - just arrived - listen to the message.

ANDY (ON SPEAKER)  
"... and leaving a message, on my own answer machine. But this is the only number I know off by heart..."

Over the top of it, to Cleaver.

D.I TAYLOR

We'll be able to track the number,  
triangulate the location?

Cleaver nods.

ANDY (ON SPEAKER)

"... not sure who this is for.  
Who'll check this machine, or when.  
(then, breaking...)  
I s'pose it's for Neel. My son."

Neel quivers and breaks, hearing his Dad's voice.

NEEL

Oh God... I only came in, to check  
for post. Sometimes we have stuff  
sent here when we're out.  
(then)  
'We', bloody hell, I keep doing  
that. There's no 'we'.

ANDY (ON SPEAKER)

"... wo-won't... ever... forgive me  
the thing that I didn't - I really  
*didn't* mean to do..."

48

**INT. THE ST CLAIR HOUSE - MORNING 12. 0700**

48

Ian wakes, on the sofa, to see Helen is sat, watching him.

HELEN

You looked me up too. Didn't you.

Ian tries to gather his senses. *But he, of course, knows what she means...*

He tries to say something, as they stare at one another.

IAN

There's something you're not  
telling me. Because you don't trust  
me -

HELEN

'Trust'. *Trust?* Ian ...  
(then)  
I feel sick.

Ian's phone rings. It rings for a while.

IAN

(answers)  
Yes.  
(then)  
From what phone? Where?  
(then)  
I'm on my way.  
(hangs up)  
... I'm sorry.

He leaves. Helen sits alone.

49

**EXT. CAR PARK. NEAR SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 12. 0945**

49

The mobilising of men and machines.

Helicopters lift off - vans are loaded with ARMED POLICE -  
and DOG UNITS pull away.

Cleaver is relaying the technical information - Ian and Kevin  
stood to one side overseeing the operation.

CLEAVER

... even though phones normally  
ping from three towers, the remote  
area means the phone Andy Fisher is  
using is only pinging off two.  
Nevertheless, that means we can  
still roughly isolate his last  
location to these areas here...

**ELSEWHERE:** a disorientated Neel is being strapped up with a  
stab vest, as Ian comes over to reassure him.



NEEL

I'm not sure it's right I'm here.  
The sight of me might ... like you  
should have seen the way he looked  
at me before he ran.

IAN

It's just in case we need someone  
he trusts, to talk him down.  
(hand on his arm)  
You'll be fine. This is all going  
to work out fine.

On Neel - far from sure that it will...

50      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST - DAY 12. 1000**

50

Feet hit the ground -

Brush and bracken is pushed out the way -

Sniffer dogs follow a scent -

Weapons are held carefully in hand -

We're with Ian and Kevin, following the UNIFORMS from behind.

51      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. OLD COLLIERY - DAY 12. 1102**

51

Andy is alone, amongst some bushes, atop the ridge.

*Clutching Scott's crossbow...*

Whimpering, shaking, trying to stay calm and quiet, as he  
hears the approaching dogs get closer...

52      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. OLD COLLIERY - DAY 12. 1103**

52

We're with Ian and Kevin, covering terrain.

Neel behind them, guarded by an ARMED OFFICER.

**WITH ANDY**

He hears them, and knows it's time.

Andy stands, and charges OFF. Birds flap up in the noise -

**WITH THE LINE OF POLICE**

ARMED POLICE

There! Police! Stop!

Ian and Kevin look!

Flashes of Andy running over a ridge and disappearing.

IAN

Who was it?! Which man was it?

**WITH ANDY**

He's running - running - crying - running.

Leading the line of men away as the line of Police Officers passes over ...

53      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST. OLD COLLIERY - DAY 12. 1105**      53

... an area at the bottom of the ridge, where we find Scott.

He hides, long bow in hand, as Andy leads the mass of Officers over and away from him.

Scott makes his way quietly into the tunnel and under the mound, back in the direction the Police came from.

*Slipping through the net.*

54      **EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST / GRASSY RIDGE - DAY 12. 1110**      54

Andy continues, only to hear Officers coming the other way, cutting him off from escape.

He turns down, and runs out into some **TALL OPEN GRASS**, fleeing the shelter of the Forest.

With Ian, Kevin, Neel and the other ARMED OFFICERS, coming to a stop and forming a line, weapons raised.

ARMED POLICE

Stay down, I think he was armed, he was carrying something.

NEEL

He's not armed.

**WITH ANDY** - ducking down, hiding in the grass.

He catches his breath. Looking up at the clear sky.

And that's when he hears him.

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

Dad?!

Andy freezes.

**WITH NEEL**, Ian and Kevin.

IAN  
(quietly, to Neel)  
He can come out. If he drops his  
weapon he won't be harmed.

NEEL  
(calling)  
Dad if you drop whatever you're  
carrying, it'll be alright, they  
promise!  
(crying now)  
Dad please, I just want it over.  
Come on, what you doing, look at  
us. Look where we are..!

We might now focus on -

A YOUNG FIREARMS OFFICER, clearly nervous, weapon pointed.

*Not as experienced as the others...*

**WITH ANDY**

Who can hear his son crying in agony.

Andy closes his eyes, clutching his weapon.

*As he seems to accept his fate...*

ANDY  
Trudy... please wait for me...

Andy stands and reveals himself, up from the grass.

IAN  
Andy!

NEEL  
Dad!

Andy sees his son.

ARMED POLICE  
Arms in the air! Show me your  
hands! Drop your weapon!

Andy reveals his crossbow, as though to point it in their  
direction, though he has no intention of firing it -

IAN  
No!

- as our INEXPERIENCED FIREARMS OFFICER fires.

The bullets passes through Andy's chest and he falls back  
against the ground.

Neel screams, trying to run to him, held back by Ian -

NEEL

No, dad, what are yer doing NO!!!

The OFFICERS carefully approach Andy, guns raised.

Andy is dead.

Neel races to him, and kneels beside the body crying.

He holds him, and then starts hitting and punching him in rage, as he's dragged off.

Ian and Kevin stare down at the weapon on the ground.

KEVIN

I'm guessing that isn't his.

Ian looks around the surrounding woods anxiously.

IAN

Where the hell is Scott?

On Ian - a man now in total crisis.

He stares out over the **HILLS OF ASHFIELD...**

55      **EXT. (1984). VIEW OVER ASHFIELD - DAY F. 1710**

55

*As we go back, one last time...*

A car pulls up at a quiet area atop some hills overlooking the villages.

Wordsworth gets out to join Keats, as she paces...

WORDSWORTH

What's going on?! Breaking cover like this? In broad daylight? We're meant to be professionals...

KEATS

'Professi--....' Kids, we're just kids out here, playing *games*, no clue what... Stirring shit up, starting fires and standing back.

WORDSWORTH

Keats -

KEATS

My name isn't Keats! I don't fucking have a name.

WORDSWORTH

Yes, you do. You do have a name here. Just breathe.

She tries. Collecting herself.

WORDSWORTH (CONT'D)  
What's your name, officer.

Moving in slowly on her.

KEATS  
... it's Daphne.

56           **INT. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 12. 1115**

56

On Daphne Sparrow.

*Our spycop.*

Alone in the kitchen...

Surrounded by photos of her family. The life she made.

57           **EXT. (1984). VIEW OVER ASHFIELD - DAY F. 1712**

57

As before.

WORDSWORTH  
I need you to take a second. And  
think on this. Our job was to stir.  
Flush out the troublemakers. And go  
home. Our tour is nearly over.

YOUNG DAPHNE  
(scoffing, angry)  
'Tour'. They call it a tour, like  
it's a war. Where's the war? Who's  
the enemy, this lot? They've done  
nothing to me but welcome me in.  
The only place I've ever been  
somewhere that felt...

She looks out across the landscape.

YOUNG DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Why did I give those names? I  
shouldn'ta done. I shouldn't-

WORDSWORTH  
Oh I've had enough of this  
bollocks.  
(making to go)

YOUNG DAPHNE  
Do you ever think about them?  
(he stops)  
The children whose lives we stole?

WORDSWORTH

Stop it. You're being daft.

YOUNG DAPHNE

"Daphne"... I was like her, you know. As a little girl; two peas in a pod almost. Dad who was always away, a messed up mum. And yet she died and I'm living her life.

(MORE)

YOUNG DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
She didn't get the chance to, and I  
did, and why..? Look what am I  
doing with it? This.

Wordsworth doesn't know what to say. As we move in on her...

YOUNG DAPHNE (V.O.)  
"After your experience... you will  
have to return to a normal life."

58           **I/E. THE SPARROW FARM. KITCHEN - DAY 12. 1117**           58

With Daphne, looking at an old Nokia phone, the message from  
Raggett displayed on it.

**"One of you fucked us".**

She closes her eyes. *The memories...*

59           **EXT. (1984). VIEW OVER ASHFIELD - DAY F. 1714**           59

Close on Young Keats / Daphne, looking at the view.

YOUNG DAPHNE (V.O.)  
"It should be noted that many  
officers take a while to readjust.  
A proportion have been suffering  
from PTSS.

60           **INT. (1984). THE WELFARE - NIGHT F. 2000.**           60

Young Daphne, behind the bar, a glazed look behind the eyes,  
as though she's struggling to 'perform' anymore.

YOUNG DAPHNE (V.O.)  
Emotional problems, ranging from  
alcoholism to depression..."

A hand lands on the bar, and she looks up.

*Managing a smile...*

It's YOUNG MICKEY.

YOUNG MICKEY  
Were you a million miles away then,  
or do you just want to be?

YOUNG DAPHNE  
Mickey.

YOUNG MICKEY  
Big wide world out there. I could  
show you. A life of adventures.

YOUNG DAPHNE  
What do you fancy?  
(as he smiles)  
Don't, that's too obvious.

YOUNG MICKEY  
Mansfield, ta.

She starts pouring his drink. Looks at him.

YOUNG MICKEY (CONT'D)  
What? You fascinate me, what can I  
say. Look, I'm not a bad guy.  
People think... well. Just because  
I don't follow the crowd. Because  
I'm my own man. On the outside.  
(then)  
A bit like you.

YOUNG DAPHNE  
I'm not on the outside.

As she places down the pint, he gently takes her hand.

YOUNG MICKEY  
I think you are.  
(she freezes)  
And that's ok. If you can find  
someone to live on the outside,  
with. Together...

Daphne doesn't know what to say. This lad does things to her.

YOUNG MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Take another trip with me? A drive  
out, somewhere? No pressure, just -

YOUNG DAPHNE  
That was a mistake. It's just dead  
complicated, ok. I can't explain.

YOUNG MICKEY  
Ok. Ok.  
(takes his pint, then)  
It never is though. Folk make it  
complicated. These people.  
(looking around)  
But it int, really. It's just about  
allowing yourself to have the  
things you know you want, following  
your heart. A life of adventures...

He winks, offering his hand. Music is playing...



YOUNG DAPHNE (V.O.)  
"It is imperative that officers  
seek help if they have difficulties  
post-tour. Or develop strategies  
for their own wellbeing..."

She takes it, and he guides her out from behind the bar to  
the dance floor.

They turn, dancing, alone in their own world.

*Like some English working-class Bonnie and Clyde. They're  
future ahead of them...*

61      **INT. THE SPARROW HOUSE - DAY 12. 1119**

61

On Daphne.

*Thwack.*

Something hits the door. She looks.

She opens a drawer, and removes a box with a padlock.

She unlocks it, and removes a REVOLVER, checks it's loaded,  
cocks it, and places it back in the box, ready in case.

She carefully opens the door, and sees...

... an arrow, embedded in it.

She looks across the farm. *Nothing.*

She returns **INSIDE.**

And sits. Placing the gun on the table. Staring out  
defiantly.

*She looks like a woman who has no intention of giving up what  
she has fought for...*

SNAP TO BLACK