

"MUZZLED": by THE INJUSTICE ALLIANCE

Genre: True Life Crime Drama (Dark, political media thriller
with systemic corruption undertones based on real events)

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THE TRAP - DOCU-DRAMA SCREENPLAY — OPENING SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

INT. WEALDEN DISTRICT COUNCIL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX - CHIEF
EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAWN 1999

Mahogany ply walls, tall glass windows. Stale tea. The
quiet hum of a building that hides more than it reveals.

DEREK HOLNESS, 60s, glasses, polished, reptilian calm,
adjusts his silk tie.

IAN KAY, late 40s, brittle and sweating, stands rigid
before the desk.

KAY

(voice cracking)

What do we do about von Woolfe? He's digging again. If he
gets the raw ledger data-

FLASHBACK 1997 PETITION TO WEALDEN DISTRICT COUNCIL

Eleven unrelated residents complain to Wealden about
planning corruption. A Petition Panel refers victims to
Sussex police. Police conspire not to investigate, with
East Sussex County Council nod. Holness and Kay are

ordered to whitewash their crimes, amid media attention of Telegraph article about a landlord Wealden allowed to harass a tenant farmer, an illegal stable demolition in the Sussex Express February 1997, and a petition panel whitewash in January 1998.

RETURN TO HOLNESS'S OFFICE, WEALDEN COUNCIL, HAILSHAM

Holness raises a hand. Smooth. Deadly.

HOLNESS

Ian... breathe. I'm retiring. My golden handshake is secure. But you? You lied to the Planning Inspectorate. Beautifully, I might add. But sloppily enough to leave a trail.

Kay swallows hard.

HOLNESS

(leaning in)
Make sure no one ever finds it.

KAY

We need to bury Woolfe. Permanently.

Holness smiles – a thin, surgical incision of a grin.

HOLNESS

Exactly. I'll write to Hailsham police again.

CUT TO TITLE CARD: THE MUZZLING

A true story of power, corruption, and one man's fight to survive the system designed to destroy him.

UNDER CAUTION

FADE IN:

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

A quiet Sussex morning. Victor sips coffee.

Then—

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

The front door shudders under heavy fists.

Victor freezes. The mug trembles in his hand.

EXT. VICTOR'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Two men in cheap suits stand in the yard.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT GORDON STAKER — cold, clinical.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE HOOKWAY — silent, watchful.

STAKER

Victor von Woolfe?

VICTOR

Yes.

Staker flashes a warrant card. No handshake. No humanity.

STAKER

You are under arrest on suspicion of sexual assault.

The words detonate in the air. Victor staggers back,
breath stolen.

VICTOR

What? Who—?

STAKER

Briony Western-Smyth.

A name that hits like a hammer.

Victor's mind races —

Shannon's rage.

The smashed laptop.

The ornament hurled at his head.

And the final threat:

SHANNON (V.O.)

Leave us... and we will get you.

Victor's face drains.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSSEX POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

A metal door slams. The smell of bleach and despair.

Victor sits alone on a plastic bench, staring at nothing.

A man who has fought councils, courts, and corruption —

but never this. Isolated, totally unprepared.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

A tape recorder clicks on.

DS Staker and DC Hookway sit opposite Victor.

Between them: TIM STIRMEY, duty solicitor — exhausted,
indifferent.

A silent exchange passes between the three men.
A familiarity Victor instantly recognises.

A unit. And he is the target.

STAKER

The complainant was sexually assaulted. That is a matter
of fact.

Victor flinches.

For a moment, he believes it –
believes someone hurt Briony.

His mind scrambles for suspects –
the neighbour's daughter,
the over familiar teacher...

STAKER

(sliding an evidence bag)
Recognise this?

A Valentine's card.

Victor's stomach drops.

Shannon's voice echoes:

SHANNON (V.O.)

Go on, send it. It'll make her feel loved. You're part of
the family now.

A trap laid months before.

STAKER

Did you send this?

Tim Stirmey doodles. Says nothing.

Victor looks at him – pleading for guidance.
None comes.

VICTOR

Yes. I sent it. But I categorically deny–

STAKER

(smiling)

Thank you.

The trap snaps shut.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Victor is bailed into the rain. Alone.
Reputation bleeding out into the dark.
He returns to his tabby cat; faithful feline support.

CUT TO: MONTHS LATER

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Another heavy knock.

This time – a full search team.

Officers swarm the house, tearing through drawers, bagging
evidence.

Victor stands helpless as a DIGITAL FORENSICS OFFICER
unplugs his computers.

VICTOR

You can't take those! They contain Rule 39 privileged legal correspondence. Letters to my solicitor. To my barrister. That's protected!

FORENSICS OFFICER

(section 19 PACE)

Relevant to the investigation.

Victor's face twists in horror.

They aren't searching for evidence.

They're stealing his defence.

INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Victor slams the seizure notice on the desk.

His solicitor shrugs.

His barrister, JULIAN DALE, looks bored.

VICTOR

They have my legal letters. My strategy. Everything.

DALE

We'll... ask for a copy of the hard drive.

Victor stares at him - disbelief turning to dread.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A court order later, Victor plugs in the duplicated hard drive.

Files open - but the metadata is gone.

The timestamps - the proof - erased.

Victor sinks into a chair, devastated.

INT. LEWES CROWN COURT - PRE-TRIAL REVIEW - DAY

Cold stone. Echoing footsteps.

A courtroom built to intimidate.

Julian Dale stands, mumbling a weak challenge to the Crown's medical evidence.

The TRIAL JUDGE cuts him off with aristocratic disdain.

JUDGE

I am having none of that, Mr. Dale.

If you wish to challenge the Crown's expert, instruct your own.

Dale sits, defeated.

DALE

(whispering to Stirrney)

We'll bullshit Woolfe, Legal Aid won't fund it.

We'll just... cross-examine her.

Victor looks across the courtroom -
the prosecution team immaculate, confident, prepared.

He is being thrown into the arena unarmed.

A gladiator facing lions.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - EVENING

Victor walks up the path, shoulders heavy.

The door closes behind him with a hollow thud.

His home no longer feels like a sanctuary. It feels like a tomb.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

THE INEPT SHIELD

FADE IN:

INT. VICTOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stacks of legal textbooks.

Printouts.

Sticky notes.

Cold coffee.

Victor sits alone at the table, lit only by a desk lamp.
His eyes burn with exhaustion – and awakening.

A newspaper clipping lies beside him:

JULIAN DALE, his barrister, grinning in full stage makeup
for an amateur theatre production.

Victor stares at it – disbelief turning into dread.

VICTOR (V.O.)

My defender wasn't a gladiator.

He was an actor...

and I was just another role he'd phone in.

CUT TO:

INSERT - LEGAL AID HANDBOOK (VICTOR'S POV)

Highlighted passages:

"Emergency funding extensions available..."

"Independent expert witnesses..."

"Section 78 PACE applications..."

Victor flips pages faster, panic rising.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They could have applied for funding.

They could have challenged the medical report.

They could have excluded my ancient convictions.

But they didn't.

They weren't defending me.

They were processing me.

INT. VICTOR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Victor types furiously - a detailed letter to his legal team.

He prints it.

Signs it.

Folds it with trembling hands.

A man fighting for his life - alone.

CUT TO:

INT. STIRMEY & CO. SOLICITORS - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Victor stands at the reception desk, letter in hand.

The receptionist avoids eye contact.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Stirmeay will see you now.

INT. STIRMEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A room that smells of old paper and stale apathy.

TIM STIRMEY, 50s, overweight, indifferent, sits behind a cluttered desk.

JULIAN DALE sits in the corner, adjusting his cuffs like he's preparing for a matinee performance.

Victor slams the medical report onto the desk.

VICTOR

Your letter says you won't apply for expert funding.
But the Legal Aid Handbook says you can.
You just have to try.

Stirmey doesn't blink.

STIRMEY

The Board rarely grants them.
It's a waste of administrative hours.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR

A waste of hours?
My life is on the line.

He taps the medical report.

VICTOR

Dr. Liebenberg didn't perform a supine inspection.
She never examined Briony properly.
Her own report says the hymen couldn't be opened even with full labial traction.
Do you understand what that means?

And what about the Sussex police Petition cover up?

Stirmey stares blankly. Dale clears his throat – a theatrical gesture, not a legal one.

STIRMEY

I'm not entirely sure what that means technically.

Victor's eyes widen – horror dawning.

VICTOR

Then that's exactly why we need an independent expert.

Silence.

Stirmey checks his watch. Dale looks out the window.

They have already done a deal.

DALE

(standing, cheerful)

We'll just have to see how it pans out at trial, chin up.

Victor stares at him in disbelief – betrayed, abandoned.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't incompetent.

They were compliant.

I wasn't being defended.

I was being delivered.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Victor sits alone again at his kitchen table.

The legal textbooks.
The printouts.
The corrupted hard drive.
The missing metadata.
The stolen defence strategy.

He looks at the pile of evidence – all of it sabotaged.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The council set the trap.
The police tightened it.
And my own defenders...
held the blindfold.

Victor closes his eyes. A single tear falls.

Then – resolve hardens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they won't fight for me...
I'll fight for myself.

FADE OUT.

THE LOFT DIARIES

FADE IN:

INT. HOVE CROWN COURT – COURTROOM 1 – DAY FEBRUARY 2008

A cavernous Victorian courtroom.

Dark wood. Heavy air.

A place built to intimidate.

Victor sits behind reinforced glass in the dock –

a modern gladiator awaiting slaughter.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't bring me here for justice.

They brought me here to fall.

ON SCREEN:

A TV monitor flickers to life.

Briony's police interview plays.

Her voice is flat.

Her pauses unnatural.

Her vocabulary rehearsed - clinical, scripted.

Victor watches, jaw tightening.

VICTOR (V.O.)

She wasn't speaking.

She was reciting.

At the defence bench, JULIAN DALE adjusts his wig, bored.

He doesn't object.

Doesn't challenge.

Doesn't request a voir dire.

He is a spectator - not a defender.

CUT TO:

INT. PROSECUTION OFFICE - 2006 FLASHBACK (INTERCUT)

DS GORDON STAKER locks a cardboard box.

Label: "WESTON-SMYTH - VHS TAPES"

Inside: dozens of home-recorded episodes of The Bill and Casualty – all featuring sexual assault storylines and police interview scenes.

A blueprint for a frame-up.

He pushes the box into a cupboard.

Locks it.

STAKER

(under his breath)

No one needs to see these.

BACK TO COURTROOM

Victor watches the prosecution's narrative unfold – a story built on omissions, distortions, and buried truth.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The prosecution calls SHANNON WESTON-SMYTH.

She enters like a seasoned performer – a psychiatric nurse who knows exactly how to manipulate a room.

She sits. Crosses legs. Let's her voice tremble on cue.

PROSECUTOR

And how did Briony behave when the defendant visited?

SHANNON

(soft, trembling)

She was terrified.

She only ever locked her bedroom door when Victor came over.

It was her only sanctuary.

The jury leans in – hooked.

DS Staker nods approvingly from the prosecution table.

Victor watches, helpless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They were painting a monster.

And they needed me to fit the outline.

INT. COURTROOM – CROSS-EXAMINATION

Julian Dale rises – reluctantly.

He flips through his papers, lost, until he finds it:

The Text Message – Victor's one weapon.

Dale clears his throat –

for once, the actor becomes the advocate.

DALE

Ms. Weston-Smyth, please turn to page forty-two.

Shannon takes the document; her face tightens.

DALE

(reading)

"Come around. B locked her door to stop her younger brother getting in."

A ripple moves through the courtroom.

DALE

So the door wasn't locked because of Victor...
was it?

Shannon freezes.

Her mask cracks.

DALE

And Briony didn't even know Victor was coming that night...
did she?

Silence.

Then—

SHANNON

(exploding)

I never wanted to testify anyway!

They forced me!

The police and social services forced me into this!

Gasps.

Two jurors recoil.

The Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE

Ms. Weston-Smyth, control yourself!

But Shannon is unravelling.

SHANNON

And what about my diaries?

What about them?

Staker's head snaps up – panic flashing across his face.

DALE

(stunned)

Diaries?

Why didn't you hand them over?

SHANNON

Because they're mine!

They're hidden in my loft!

They track everything – every family outing, holidays!

A bomb detonates in the courtroom.

Victor's eyes widen – hope and horror colliding.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Daily logs.

Timelines.

Proof.

Proof they never wanted found.

CUT TO: FLASHBACK 2006 – THE HOUSE SEARCH

Police officers walk through Shannon's home.

They check drawers.

Cupboards.

Under beds.

But never the loft.

Staker stands in the hallway, arms folded.

STAKER

(to officers)

We're done here.

He looks up at the loft hatch –
and turns away.

BACK TO COURTROOM

The Judge calls for an immediate adjournment.

JUDGE

We reconvene Monday morning.

Disclosure issues must be addressed.

The jury files out, whispering.

Staker stares at the table –
calculating, panicked.

Dale looks like he's holding a live grenade.

Victor sits in the dock, heart pounding.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They'd spent months building the trap.

But one crack...

one diary...

could bring the whole thing down.

He looks at Staker.

Their eyes meet.

A silent war begins.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They would spend the weekend closing ranks.

And I would spend it praying the truth survived.

MONOCHROME SABOTAGE

INT. POLICE STATION-EVIDENCE ROOM-FRIDAY-NIGHT

DS GORDON STAKER stands under flickering fluorescent light. He watches as a junior officer feeds Shannon's diaries into a photocopier - the colour settings switched to black-and-white.

STAKER

(quietly)

Make sure the originals go straight to archives.

And no one touches them.

The copier hums.

Pages slide out - flat, lifeless, monochrome ghosts of truth.

INT. VICTOR'S KITCHEN - SATURDAY NIGHT

Stacks of grey photocopies spread across the table.

A halogen bulb burns overhead.

Victor's eyes are red, his hands trembling.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't panic.

They recalculated.

He flips through the pages - the colour-coded system gone.

The data erased.

INT. HOVE CROWN COURT-BASEMENT CONSULTATION ROOM-MONDAY
MORNING

Victor sits opposite TIM STIRMEY and JULIAN DALE.
The air is stale, the clock ticking toward trial.

VICTOR

The colours are the code.
Shannon tracked everything – family events, medical
cycles, timelines. Without colour, it's meaningless.

STIRMEY

Legal Aid won't fund another delay.
The Judge wants this wrapped by Wednesday.

VICTOR

But the biology disproves the case!
We need the originals – a forensic colour-spectrum
analysis!

DALE

(turning from his mirror)
We'll wing it on cross-examination, old chap.
Trust the process.

Victor stares at them – the men meant to defend him.
They look like bureaucrats waiting for lunch.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't defending me.
They were completing the sabotage.

INT. COURTROOM-LATER THAT MORNING

The jury settles.

The air hums with anticipation.

HENRIETTA PADGET, the prosecutor, rises — silk gown
immaculate.

PADGET

The Crown calls Dr. Melanie Liebenberg.

A sharp-featured woman steps into the witness box.
She exchanges a fleeting glance with Padget — a silent
pact.

PADGET

Dr. Liebenberg, describe your findings.

LIEBENBERG

I found micro-trauma marks.
Highly suspicious.
Consistent only with recent invasive sexual activity.

A murmur ripples through the jury.

Pens scratch.

Eyes narrow.

Victor watches, frozen behind glass.

VICTOR (V.O.)

She skipped the supine examination.

She avoided the truth.

INT. COURTROOM—DEFENSE BENCH

Julian Dale rises, pale and unprepared.

DALE

Doctor, are you certain these marks couldn't be natural?

LIEBENBERG

Entirely certain.

DALE

No research contradicts you?

LIEBENBERG

None at all.

DALE

Thank you, Doctor.

No further questions.

He sits.

The silence is suffocating.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The medical science had spoken.

But it was a lie.

CUT TO: INT. PADGET'S BRIEFCASE-CLOSE-UP

Inside, sealed in a folder marked CONFIDENTIAL, lies a U.S. medical consensus report – proof that the marks are natural variations.

The truth, locked away.

INT. COURTROOM-CONTINUOUS

Victor's hands tremble on his knees.

He looks at the jury – their faces hardened.

He looks at Padget – calm, victorious.

He looks at Liebenberg – unflinching.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They were racing the calendar.

Two weeks before UK law changed as to vaginal marks.

Two weeks before their truth became illegal.

The Judge calls for recess.

Victor remains seated, staring at the empty witness box.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The gate to the colosseum was locked.

And my defenders hadn't even looked at the weapons the enemy was using.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER-HMP NORFOLK

Victor sits in a cold cell, reading a Criminal Cases Review Commission document from the prison library.

His eyes widen – the U.S. report cited within.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Proof they buried the truth.

But I found it.

And now, the machine will have to answer.

FADE OUT.

MAKE OF IT WHAT YOU WILL

FADE IN:

INT. HOVE CROWN COURT – MORNING

Rain lashes the high windows.

The courtroom feels damp, claustrophobic – a mausoleum of British justice.

Victor sits behind the glass dock, watching JUDGE CEDRIC JOSEPH slump into his chair.

His face is flushed.

His eyes watery.

His speech thick.

He looks like a man drowning in his own robes.

VICTOR (V.O.)

He wasn't summing up a case.

He was staggering through the last act of a play he no longer understood.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judge Joseph waves a hand vaguely.

JUDGE JOSEPH

And his diary... the defendant appeared to endorse his entries...

Victor's head snaps up.

VICTOR

(whispers)

My diary?

Down below, JULIAN DALE sits motionless – a statue in a wig.

Victor's eyes burn with fury.

VICTOR (V.O.)

In his briefcase...

My real diary.
The page in Shannon's handwriting.
The truth.
And he never even opened it.

FLASH CUT - INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - WEEKS EARLIER
Victor hands Dale the diary.

VICTOR
This proves she told me to send the Valentine cards.

Dale nods absently, already packing up.

BACK TO COURTROOM
Judge Joseph leans forward, squinting at the jury.

JUDGE JOSEPH
According to the diaries... we are looking at thirty or
forty occasions where the defendant may have been left
alone with the complainant.

Victor gasps - audible, involuntary.

VICTOR
(whispers)
Seven.
There were seven.
All public.
All crowded.

He looks desperately at Dale.

Dale doesn't move.

VICTOR (V.O.)

He wasn't my defender.

He was a spectator.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judge Joseph shifts, his voice dropping into a conversational murmur.

JUDGE JOSEPH

You have heard Dr. Liebenberg.

She says the marks are suspicious... not definitive.

Suspicious.

Make of them what you will.

Victor's stomach drops.

VICTOR (V.O.)

He'd just deputised twelve strangers as forensic paediatricians. He'd handed them the sword.

CUT TO: PROSECUTION TABLE - CLOSE UP

Henrietta Padget's leather briefcase sits slightly open.

Inside:

A Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health report -
March 2008 - draft edition.

The truth.

The science.

The evidence that would have cleared him.

Hidden.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judge Joseph waves a dismissive hand.

JUDGE JOSEPH

Ms. Weston-Smyth's lapses in recollection should not be held against the character of the child.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Lapses?

She lied.

She screamed.

She confessed to being coached.

And he smoothed it away like spilled wine on a tablecloth.

FLASH CUT - INT. POLICE OFFICE - MONTHS EARLIER

A folder marked DR. ELIZABETH CARTER is quietly removed from a stack.

A hand replaces it with DR. MELANIE LIEBENBERG.

STAKER (O.S.)

Use Liebenberg.

She'll say what we need, Carter will not.

BACK TO COURTROOM

Victor watches the jury - confused, overwhelmed, already leaning toward guilt.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't weighing evidence.

They were following a script.

Judge Joseph closes his notebook with a soft thud.

JUDGE JOSEPH

Members of the jury... you may retire to consider your verdict.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - MOMENTS LATER
Victor is led down the stone steps.
The walls sweat moisture.
The air is cold.

The iron door slams shut behind him –
a deep, echoing thud.

A tomb.

Victor sits on the bench, staring at the floor.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I wasn't being judged.
I was being buried.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER - HMP MAIDSTONE
Victor sits in a prison library, reading a medical report handed to him by another inmate: Momo.

His eyes widen.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Dr. Carter.
The real expert.
The real science.
The truth they hid.

He closes the file, trembling.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They managed me.

They marketed me, betrayed me.

But they didn't break me.

FADE TO CRIMSON.

THE COLLAPSE

FADE IN:

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS AFTER VERDICT

Victor sits at his kitchen table, surrounded by files, notes, and photocopies. His tabby cat, his only comfort.

Rain lashes the windows.

He hasn't slept.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They thought I'd lie down.

Wait for sentencing.

Wait for the axe.

They forgot who I am.

He closes a file with sudden resolve.

INT. LEWES CROWN COURT - MORNING

Victor stands alone before JUDGE CEDRIC JOSEPH.

No solicitor. No barrister.

Just a man fighting for oxygen in a system designed to suffocate him.

VICTOR

Your Honour, under Article 6 of the Human Rights Act, I was denied a fair trial. My representation failed to act.

I request emergency Legal Aid for new counsel.

Judge Joseph shifts uncomfortably.
He knows the law.
He knows Victor is right.

JUDGE JOSEPH
(reluctantly)
Very well.
Legal Aid is extended for appeal counsel.

A tiny victory – but a seismic one.

VICTOR (V.O.)
The funding was always there.
Dale and Stirrney just never bothered to ask for it.

INT. COURT CORRIDOR – LATER
Julian Dale storms toward Victor, wig slightly askew.

DALE
You went behind my back!

Victor looks straight through him – cold, done, liberated.

VICTOR
You were never in front of me.

He walks away.
Dale is left standing, small and exposed.

INT. MICHAEL HARRISON'S CHAMBERS – LONDON – DAY FEB 2008
A mahogany desk.
A wall of legal tomes.
A silence heavy with competence.

MICHAEL HARRISON, sharp, analytical, late-40s, flips through Victor's file.

His expression darkens with every page.

HARRISON

Mr. von Woolfe...

Your previous solicitor and counsel failed you.

They did not do their jobs.

Victor leans forward, intensity burning.

VICTOR

Look at the medical reports.

They state she was anatomically closed.

The prosecution twisted the science.

They knew it.

Harrison studies the documents – and sees it.

HARRISON

We'll dismantle this.

But first... sentencing.

Victor nods.

The storm is coming.

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT - FINAL DAYS OF FREEDOM

Victor packs a small bag.

He sorts documents.

He writes instructions.

He moves with the precision of a man preparing for war.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Prison would be temporary.
A holding pattern.
The appeal would fix everything.
It had to.

INT. HOVE CROWN COURT - SENTENCING DAY

The courtroom is freezing.
Victor stands tall in the dock - defiant, unbroken.

VICTOR

(clear, unwavering)
I am innocent.
I have always been innocent.

Judge Joseph stares down, expression carved from stone.

JUDGE JOSEPH

You are a man of bad character.
I sentence you to seven years.

SILENCE.

The words hit like a physical blow.
Victor's knees buckle.
He grips the iron rail to stay upright.

VICTOR

(shouting, raw)
I am innocent! I did nothing wrong!
Look after my cat!

No one looks at him.
No one listens.

The Judge signs the warrant.

The prosecutors close their colour-coded folders.

The machine moves on.

Only the court jailors show a flicker of humanity as they take Victor by the arms.

INT. COURT HOLDING CELLS - MOMENTS LATER

Victor is led down stone steps into darkness.

The door slams behind him - a metallic, echoing tomb.

EXT. COURT LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

A white prison van waits.

Cold. Indifferent.

A coffin on wheels.

Victor is loaded inside.

INT. PRISON VAN - MOVING

A narrow corridor of micro-cells.

Victor is shoved into one - barely big enough to sit.

The door slams.

The engine roars.

Victor's breath quickens.

The walls close in.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This is an error.

This violates every principle of law.

I shouldn't be here.

Then - the smoke.

Cheap rolling tobacco seeps through the vents.
Thick. Acrid. Suffocating.

Victor coughs violently, eyes watering.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I kept myself healthy my whole life.
And now... this.

The van rattles through Sussex, carrying him away from
everything he knows. He thinks on his cat.

VICTOR (V.O.)
The fight for survival had begun.

THE REMAND MAZE

INT. HOVE CROWN COURT - SECURE CORRIDOR - DAY
A heavy IRON DOOR SLAMS, echoing like a guillotine blade.

VICTOR VON WOOLFE (50s) is marched through the corridor in
handcuffs, wrists bruised, eyes hollow but burning with
disbelief.

A VOICEOVER begins - calm, analytical, but frayed at the
edges.

VICTOR (V.O.)
They said the law was a shield.
Turns out it was a trapdoor.

Two OFFICERS tighten their grip on his arms.
He stumbles but doesn't fall.

EXT. HOVE CROWN COURT - PRISON VAN - DAY

The steel doors of the prison van yaw open.
Victor is shoved inside.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I walked in a citizen.
I left as cargo.

The doors slam shut.
Darkness.

SEQUENCE: HMP HIGH DOWN

EXT. HMP HIGH DOWN - RECEPTION - DAY

A sprawling grey concrete monolith looms.
A modern warehouse for human beings.

INT. HIGH DOWN - RECEPTION CELL - DAY

Victor is processed like freight.
Shoes off. Belt off. Dignity optional.

A GUARD flicks through paperwork without looking at him.

GUARD

Category C. Appellant. Stick him in C-Wing. Triple up.

Victor is led away.

INT. HIGH DOWN - TRIPLE CELL - DAY

A cell built for one, retrofitted for three.
Two MEN stare at Victor as he enters.

The air is thick with bleach, sweat, and tension.

VICTOR (V.O.)

First rule of the maze.

Don't show fear.

Second rule... don't smell it.

INT. HIGH DOWN - ASSOCIATION ROOM - DAY

A chaotic room of noise, bodies, and suspicion.

Victor stands alone, scanning the room like a tactician.

He spots TABLE TENNIS.

A lifeline.

He steps forward.

A tattooed INMATE smirks.

INMATE

You any good, grandad?

Victor picks up the paddle.

His reflexes are sharp.

He plays like a man fighting for oxygen.

He wins.

Again.

And again.

A small circle of inmates watches, impressed despite themselves.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Respect.

The only currency that spends in here.

SEQUENCE: THE COURT HEARING

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Victor stands before JUDGE CEDRIC JOSEPH, shackled.

The hearing is a formality.

A performance.

JUDGE JOSEPH

Release conditions are imposed, should he survive.

The gavel falls like a coffin lid.

SEQUENCE: HMP LEWES

EXT. HMP LEWES - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A Victorian fortress of brick and iron.

Built in 1791.

Designed for punishment, not rehabilitation.

INT. LEWES - CELL - DAY

Victor is locked inside a single cell.

Cold. Damp. A relic of another century.

The door slams.

VICTOR (V.O.)

High Down was a warehouse.

Lewes was a dungeon.

INT. LEWES - WING CORRIDOR - WEEKEND

A SCREW locks Victor in for extended weekend confinement.

SCREW

See you Monday.

The door shuts.

Silence.

Isolation.

Victor sits on the bunk, staring at the wall.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Sensory deprivation.

They call it "routine management."

SEQUENCE: THE GYM

INT. LEWES - PRISON GYM - DAY

Vaulted ceilings.

Iron weights clanging like medieval chains.

Victor lifts beside LIFERS - men with dead eyes and monstrous strength.

He doesn't flinch.

He doesn't break.

On the badminton court, he moves with precision and discipline.

A LIFER nods at him - respect earned.

SEQUENCE: CHAMBERS

INT. LEWES - VICTOR'S CELL - NIGHT

Victor sits at his desk - a plastic pen, scrap paper, and a mountain of legal documents.

A nervous INMATE appears at the door.

INMATE

You... you help with appeals, yeah?

Victor gestures him inside.

Soon, more inmates come.

Then more.

The cell becomes a makeshift legal office.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They called it "Chambers."

I didn't choose the name.

The wing did.

SEQUENCE: THE PAPER WAR

INT. LEWES - WING OFFICE - DAY

Victor hands a formal complaint to a SCREW.

SCREW

You again.

VICTOR

Rule 39.

You breached it.

Again.

The Screw sneers.

INT. LEWES - CELL - NIGHT

Victor writes by dim light.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They expected me to riot.

I litigated instead.

He drafts a Judicial Review application – meticulous,
relentless.

SEQUENCE: THE LAPTOP

INT. LEWES - CELL - MORNING

A GUARD drops a CARDBOARD BOX on Victor's bed.

GUARD

Sign for it.

Victor opens it.

Inside:

A STATE-ISSUED LAPTOP.

He freezes.

This is unheard of.

VICTOR (V.O.)

A miracle.

Or a declaration of war.

EXT. LEWES - EXERCISE YARD - MORNING

Inmates file past Victor's window, peering in.

They see the glow of the laptop screen.

One by one, they press their thumbs to the glass.

Silent solidarity.

SEQUENCE: THE BACKLASH

INT. LEWES - WING OFFICE - DAY

A Screw "accidentally" leaves a prisoner's file open on a screen.

A LIFER notices.

His expression darkens.

Victor watches from his cell door, understanding the game.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weaponised the lifers.

Deniable violence.

State-sanctioned chaos.

SEQUENCE: THE REALISATION

INT. LEWES - CELL - NIGHT

Victor studies his case files, cross-referencing, mapping connections. A message tells his cat passed, pining for him.

Amid a flood of tears, his eyes widen as the pattern emerges.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't a mistake.

It was a machine.

A culture. A doctrine.

They killed my cat.

He circles a phrase in his notes:

NOBLE CAUSE CORRUPTION

CLOSE ON VICTOR

Determined.

Focused.

Dangerous.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They locked me in a maze.

Expected me to curl up and die, or be killed.

Instead..

He looks up, eyes burning.

VICTOR (V.O.)

..I'm going to map it.

Find the architects.

And burn it down from the inside.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE SMUDGED BOX

INT. HMP LEWES - "CHAMBERS" (VICTOR'S CELL) - AFTERNOON
Grey Sussex light filters through the barred window,
casting long shadows across the cramped cell.

Victor sits at his small wooden table, surrounded by legal
papers, letters from STUART GRACE and MICHAEL HARRISON,
and a battered copy of the Human Rights Act.

A GUARD slides an envelope through the door slot.

It lands with a soft thud - but it feels like a hammer
blow.

Victor freezes.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The Court of Appeal.

The only door left.

Or the last nail in the coffin.

He picks up the envelope.

His hands tremble – not with fear, but with anticipation
sharpened into a blade.

CLOSE ON: THE ENVELOPE

Stamped: COURT OF APPEAL – CRIMINAL DIVISION.

Victor tears it open.

Inside: a thin, bureaucratic form.

Cold. Clinical. Deadly.

INT. CHAMBERS – CONTINUOUS

Victor reads, flipping pages with increasing urgency.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Boodram v Trinidad and Tobago.

Flagrant incompetence equals miscarriage of justice.

My legal team didn't defend me.

They delivered me.

He reaches the final page.

His eyes lock onto a small square at the bottom.

The LOSS OF TIME box.

A trapdoor disguised as a checkbox.

Victor leans closer.

There's a mark inside the box.

A tick.

But smeared – rubbed while still wet.

A grey blur bleeding across the borders.

Victor's breath catches.

VICTOR

(whispers)

No... no, no...

He lifts the page to the light.

The smear glistens faintly.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Was it a mistake...

or a message?

His jaw tightens.

VICTOR

The bastard did it on purpose.

The signature at the bottom:

SIR CHRISTOPHER HOLLAND.

INT. CHAMBERS – PACING – MOMENTS LATER

Victor paces the narrow cell like a caged animal.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Tick the box..
and every day I've survived in this hellhole is wiped
clean.
Back to zero.
A psychological guillotine.

He slams his hand against the washbasin.

VICTOR
Why smudge it?
Why leave it like that?

He stares at the form again – the blurred threat.

INT. CHAMBERS - TABLE - CONTINUOUS
Victor spreads out letters from his legal team.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Twenty-eight days.
That's all I get.
And they've blinded my lawyers.

He pulls out a letter from Stuart Grace.

Highlighted:
"Transcripts unavailable."

Victor's eyes burn.

VICTOR
Why are they blocking the transcripts?

He flips through the papers, frantic.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If the conviction is safe...
why hide the record?

FLASH CUT - MEDICAL REPORTS - DR. LIEBENBERG

Cold, clinical diagrams.

Highlighted phrases:

"Suspicious marks."

"Indicative of trauma."

Victor's voice trembles with rage.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Two weeks after my trial...
the entire medical consensus changed.

FLASH CUT - A MEDICAL JOURNAL headline:

"New Findings: Normal Anatomical Variants in Young
Females."

VICTOR (V.O.)

The marks they used to destroy me...
were normal.

Benign.

Universal.

Back to Victor - eyes wide, horrified.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They knew.

The court knew.

And they buried it.

INT. CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Victor sits at his desk, lit only by a dim bulb.

He opens the Human Rights Act 1998.

Pages rustle like dry bones.

He cross-references with the European Convention.

His finger traces the articles.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Article 6.

Fair trial.

Violated.

He flips the page.

Stops.

Frowns.

VICTOR

Where the hell is Article 13?

He checks again.

And again.

It's not there.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Article 13 guarantees an effective remedy.

A way to fix injustice.

A way out.

He grabs the Convention text – the original.

There it is.
Clear as day.

Back to the UK Act – gone.

VICTOR

What the fuck is going on here?

He slams the book shut.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't forget it.
They removed it.
Deliberately.

A fortress with no doors.

INT. CHAMBERS - LATE NIGHT

Victor sits motionless, staring at the smudged box.

The cell is silent except for his breathing.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They think this will break me.
That I'll fold.
Give up.
Disappear into the system.

He slowly straightens.

A shift.

A hardening.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But they don't understand something.

He lifts the form, holding it like evidence.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I've spent my life fighting corrupt authorities.

Planning departments.

Councils.

Bureaucrats.

He looks directly into camera – a moment of raw defiance.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This isn't a maze.

It's a crime scene.

He sets the form down with surgical precision.

VICTOR (V.O.)

And I'm going to map every inch of it.

CLOSE ON: THE SMUDGED BOX

A blurred tick.

A threat.

A warning.

Or a mistake.

Or a challenge.

INT. CHAMBERS – FINAL SHOT

Victor sits at his desk, pen in hand, eyes burning with cold fury.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They think time is their weapon.

They're wrong.

He begins writing – fast, furious, unstoppable.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Time is mine.

2ND JUSTICE LAPTOP

EXT. HMP MAIDSTONE – TRANSFER GATES – DAY

A secure van pulls up to the ancient stone archway of HMP Maidstone – a hybrid of 18th-century brutality and modern bureaucracy.

Victor steps out, shackled, exhausted, but alert.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Lewes was a dungeon.

Maidstone was a liquidation.

The gates slam behind him.

SEQUENCE: THE RESET

INT. MAIDSTONE – RECEPTION – DAY

Victor's justice laptop is confiscated the moment he enters.

A RECEPTION OFFICER logs it without looking up.

OFFICER

Not authorised here.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Months of work.

Gone in a single sentence.

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - NIGHT

Victor sits at a tiny desk, surrounded by DVDs containing his entire defence – inaccessible.

He writes with a cheap plastic pen until his hand spasms violently.

He shakes it out, grimacing.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't need chains.

Just deadlines.

SEQUENCE: ARCHBOLD

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - LATE NIGHT

Victor opens a smuggled copy of Archbold Criminal Pleading, Evidence and Practice – the bible of British criminal law.

He reads under a dim bulb, eyes narrowing.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Harrison should have fought the refusal.

He was required to.

By law.

Victor slams the book shut.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If my own team won't fight...
I will.

SEQUENCE: THE GOVERNOR

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A polished desk.

A polished man behind it.

The GOVERNOR of Maidstone.

Victor stands before him, hand aching, posture rigid.

GOVERNOR

Why can't you just use a typewriter, Mr von Woolfe?
The other prisoners might get ideas.

Victor keeps his voice level.

VICTOR

My evidence is on DVDs.
Unless you've found a way to feed one into a 1970s
Imperial and read the ribbon...

The Governor's smile curdles.

GOVERNOR

You cannot, and will not, have a justice computer in this
prison.
Over my dead body.

Victor doesn't blink.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Noted.

SEQUENCE: THE JUDICIAL REVIEW

INT. MAIDSTONE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor is shackled to a GUARD and marched out of the prison.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Retaliation.

Fast and physical.

EXT. LONDON - ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE - DAY

The Gothic façade towers over Victor as he's escorted inside.

INT. HIGH COURT - COURTROOM - DAY

A single judge sits beneath the royal coat of arms, radiating impatience.

The PRISON SERVICE BARRISTER speaks smoothly, rehearsed.

Victor tries to speak - the judge cuts him off with a sharp rap of the gavel.

JUDGE

I am not here to listen to your grievances.

Victor clenches his fists.

PRISON BARRISTER

My Lord, the Governor has already granted Mr von Woolfe permission for a justice laptop.

Victor's head snaps up.

VICTOR

If that's true, Your Honour...
why didn't he give it to me?

The judge signs the denial Order, without looking up.
Permission denied.

JUDGE

Get out of my court.

Victor stands frozen – stunned, humiliated, furious.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They lied to the High Court.
And the High Court didn't care.

SEQUENCE: THE SECOND LAPTOP

INT. MAIDSTONE – NEW WING – DAY

Victor is transferred to a modern wing.
A GUARD drops a cardboard box on his bed.

Inside:

A justice laptop.

Victor stares at it – victory laced with venom.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Permission on paper.
Punishment in practice.

He powers it on.
The glow fills the cell.

SEQUENCE: MICRO-TERROR

INT. MAIDSTONE - WING OFFICE - DAY

Victor is summoned repeatedly for nonsense reasons.

SCREW

Wing inventory check.

Come with me.

Victor's legal work sits unfinished on the screen.

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - DAY

A GUARD confiscates his kettle.

GUARD

Safety violation.

Victor stares at him, incredulous.

INT. MAIDSTONE - SERVERY - DAY

Victor inspects a cereal box - expiry date over a year old.

He files a complaint.

The next day, he's charged with disciplinary offences.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Cause trouble...

and trouble finds you.

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - EVENING

Victor opens a tray of industrial meat.

Embedded inside: jagged bone fragments.

He recoils.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't negligence.

It was a message.

SEQUENCE: THE LIFER

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - NIGHT

A hulking LIFER steps inside, bypassing the guards.

He leans in close, voice low and dead.

LIFER

I've got nothing to lose by killing you.

Knife in the back.

Keep your mouth shut.

He walks out calmly.

Victor stands frozen, pulse hammering.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The guards didn't need to touch me.

They had subcontractors.

SEQUENCE: MOMO

INT. MAIDSTONE - WING - DAY

A new prisoner arrives - MOMO, streetwise, sharp.

He spots Victor.

MOMO

No way.

You're von Woolfe.

Legend back at Lewes.

The bloke who battered the Governor and took his laptop.

Victor almost laughs – almost.

INT. CHAMBERS 2.0 - NIGHT

Momo brings his case files.

Victor scrolls through the digital documents.

A name jumps out:

DR. ELIZABETH CARTER

Victor's eyes widen.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Royal Society of Medicine.

Sussex Police since '92.

She would have known.

He opens the US medical report.

Highlighted:

The marks are normal anatomical variants.

Victor's breath catches.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Liebenberg's testimony wasn't just wrong.

It was impossible.

He scrolls further – the timeline damns everyone.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Henrietta Paget.
Gordon Staker.
Paul Whitehouse.
Ken Jones.
Martin Richards.
Giles York.

A generational chain of chief constable command.

A cartel.

FINAL SHOT

INT. MAIDSTONE - CELL - NIGHT

Victor leans back from the glowing screen, eyes blazing with revelation.

VICTOR (V.O.)
They didn't make a mistake.
They built a cage.
And now I have the blueprints.

THE RULE 39 RAIDS

INT. HMP MAIDSTONE - VICTOR'S CELL ("CHAMBERS") - NIGHT

A dim bulb flickers.

Victor sits at his desk, surrounded by meticulously organized Rule 39 legal bundles.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Rule 39.

The sacred shield.

The one law even prisons weren't supposed to break.

He seals an envelope marked "RULE 39 - LEGAL
CORRESPONDENCE".

A beat.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But in Maidstone..
law was just paper.
And paper burns.

SEQUENCE: THE TWO TRIBES

INT. MAIDSTONE - WING CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor walks the landing.

Two types of guards watch him:

THE DECENT ONES - tired, wary, quietly respectful.

THE SADISTS - smirking, predatory, eyes hungry for
cruelty.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Some officers hated the violence.
Others lived for it.

A SADIST GUARD mutters as Victor passes.

SADIST GUARD

Walking indictment, that one.

Victor keeps walking, unflinching.

SEQUENCE: THE RISING LEGEND

INT. MAIDSTONE - VICTOR'S CELL - DAY

A queue of inmates forms outside his door, clutching legal papers.

Victor helps one, then another – calm, precise, relentless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I didn't ask to be their advocate.
But the system made me one.

EXT. MAIDSTONE - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Victor is escorted out.

The yard erupts – hundreds of inmates banging railings, cheering.

INMATES

Von Woolfe!

Von Woolfe!

Victor raises a hand, steady, commanding.

VICTOR

Keep it down.
Don't give them the excuse.

Up in the gallery, the GOVERNOR watches, jaw clenched.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Every cheer was another tick on his clipboard.
Another strike inbound.

SEQUENCE: THE RAIDS BEGIN

INT. MAIDSTONE - VICTOR'S CELL - 4:00 AM

BOOM.

The steel door slams open.
Fluorescent lights explode on.

Three OFFICERS storm in.

LEAD OFFICER (BLUTO-LIKE)

Up! Out of the bunk!
Cell search!

Victor sits up, instantly alert.

VICTOR

I'm staying to watch.
Those files are Rule 39 protected.

The lead officer sneers.

LEAD OFFICER

Never mind that, you wrong-un.
Drag him out.

Two guards grab Victor.

VICTOR

This is a statutory violation.
And you know it.

The lead officer laughs – a deep, mocking bark.

LEAD OFFICER

Legal?
Legal is whatever the fuck I say it is on this wing.

They drag Victor out.

SEQUENCE: THE SHOWER BLOCK

INT. MAIDSTONE - SHOWER BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Victor is shoved inside.

The door slams.

Cold tiles.

Echoing silence.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They wanted leverage.

But I had none to give.

SEQUENCE: THE GOVERNOR'S RAGE

INT. MAIDSTONE - ADMIN OFFICE - DAY

The GOVERNOR slams a clean drug test report onto his desk.

GOVERNOR

Fuck me!

Get something on him!

His officers shift uncomfortably.

GOVERNOR

Plant a phone.

Plant a wrap.

I don't care how.

Silence.

They don't move.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Even the corrupt ones hesitated.
Not out of morality...
but fear.

SEQUENCE: THE VANDALISM

INT. MAIDSTONE - VICTOR'S CELL - LATER

Victor is marched back to his cell.

He stops dead.

The room is a war zone.

Mattress slashed open

Foam everywhere

Pillows shredded

Toothpaste smeared across walls

Laundry powder dumped into the toilet

Victor's face remains unreadable.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't a search.
It was a message.

SEQUENCE: THE REAL TARGET

INT. MAIDSTONE - VICTOR'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Victor kneels, surveying the damage.

His legal files - once perfectly ordered - are:

Swept off the desk

Mixed with trash

Stuffed into black garbage bags

Pages missing

He picks up a torn letter to the High Court.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't just read my Rule 39 documents.

They stole them.

He finds a gap in his medical notes – key evidence gone.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Delivered straight to the Governor's desk.

Victor sits on the ruined bunk.

A long, quiet moment.

Then – he kneels.

Begins sorting the papers, one by one.

His hand trembles with carpal-tunnel pain, but he keeps going.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They thought this would break me.

Make me quit.

Make me kneel.

He lifts a page, smoothing it carefully.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But they forgot something.

He looks up – eyes cold, calculating.

VICTOR (V.O.)

You can steal paper.

You can shred it.

Burn it.

Flush it.

He taps his temple.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But you can't touch memory.

He resumes rebuilding the case from the wreckage.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Every raid wasn't a defeat.

It was confirmation.

He gathers the last page.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't just afraid of my appeal.

They were afraid of the truth.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE HELL OF INNOCENCE - 23 HOUR LOCKDOWN

EXT. TRANSIT VAN - MOVING - DAY

A prison van rattles down a rural road, metal walls vibrating like a coffin in motion.

Victor sits shackled, staring through the mesh at the blur of countryside.

VICTOR (V.O.)

New prison.

Same playbook.

Break the man.

Reset the board.

The van turns toward a sprawling complex of fences and watchtowers.

SEQUENCE: HMP BURE

EXT. HMP BURE - GATES - DAY

The van rolls through the gates of HMP Bure - a sterile, modern facility with the soul of a machine.

INT. BURE - RECEPTION - DAY

Victor is processed with cold efficiency.

A FEMALE GOVERNOR watches from behind glass - sharp suit, sharper eyes.

A GUARD removes Victor's second justice laptop from his property.

GUARD

Not authorised here.

Victor's jaw tightens.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Victor stands before the GOVERNOR.

She gestures to a computer terminal.

GOVERNOR

You may use this.

Monitored.

Secure.

Prison-network only.

Victor studies the machine – a surveillance trap disguised as a privilege.

VICTOR

Everything I type goes through your servers.

My legal arguments.

My evidence.

My Rule 39 correspondence.

The Governor smiles thinly.

GOVERNOR

Transparency is good for everyone.

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR

Not for justice.

Her smile fades.

SEQUENCE: THE ESCALATION

INT. BURE - LIBRARY - DAY

Victor studies law books, focused, relentless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they take the tools...

I sharpen the mind.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor watches him on CCTV.

Her expression hardens.

GOVERNOR

He's not breaking.

He's studying.

She signs an order.

INT. BURE - VICTOR'S CELL - MORNING

Two OFFICERS enter, dropping kitchen whites and steel-toed boots on his bunk.

OFFICER

Report for kitchen duty.

Now.

Victor doesn't move.

VICTOR

I'm an appellant.

Forced labour violates statutory law.

OFFICER

Suit yourself.

The door slams.

The lock turns twice.

VICTOR (V.O.)

And the trap snapped shut.

SEQUENCE: 23-HOUR LOCKDOWN

INT. BURE - CELL - DAY

Victor sits alone in a concrete box.

A clock ticks.

The air feels thinner by the hour.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Twenty-three hours a day.

One hour to breathe.

Two thirty-minute walks in a concrete coffin.

EXT. EXERCISE CAGE - DAY

Victor paces a high-walled yard — no sky, no horizon, just concrete.

A GUARD watches him like a lab specimen.

INT. BURE - SEGREGATION UNIT ("THE BLOCK") - NIGHT

Victor is escorted into a segregation cell.

Bare walls.

No TV.

No radio.

No books.

No human contact.

A tomb.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They took everything but my pulse.

SEQUENCE: THE HUNGER STRIKE

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY 1

A food tray slides through the hatch.

Victor pushes it back out.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they want my body..

they'll have to watch it disappear.

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY 4

Victor drinks water.

His hands tremble.

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY 6

Victor stands - his vision blurs.

He grips the wall to stay upright.

VICTOR (V.O.)

A pound a day.

Muscle first.

Then fat.

Then everything else.

SEQUENCE: THE PANIC

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor reads a medical report.

Her face drains of colour.

GOVERNOR

If he dies...
we're finished.

She slams the file shut.

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY

The hatch opens.

A GUARD slides in a tray - fresh bread, roasted meat,
vegetables.

Victor doesn't touch it.

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - LATER

A veteran OFFICER enters, voice soft, almost pleading.

OFFICER

Victor... please.
Eat something.
You're fading.
We'll talk to the Governor.
We'll get your education back.
Just don't die on our shift.

Victor stares at him - calm, resolute.

SEQUENCE: THE BREAKING POINT

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY 9

Independent prison visitors stand outside the cell,
whispering urgently to staff.

The Governor watches from a distance, jaw clenched.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't afraid of my death.

They were afraid of the paperwork.

SEQUENCE: THE RETREAT

INT. SEGREGATION CELL - DAY 10

A GUARD enters with books.

Another with writing materials.

GUARD

Governor says...

you get your education back.

Victor nods once.

He picks up a piece of bread.

Takes a slow, deliberate bite.

VICTOR (V.O.)

It tasted like victory.

SEQUENCE: THE REVENGE

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Governor signs an emergency transfer order.

Her eyes burn with cold fury.

GOVERNOR

Move him.

Today.

SEQUENCE: THE TRANSFER

EXT. BURE - GATES - DAY

Victor, thin but unbroken, is loaded into a secure van.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They couldn't break my mind.

So they'd try to break my environment.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - MOVING - DAY

Victor sits upright, focused.

VICTOR (V.O.)

No single cells.

Crowded dorms.

Volatile men.

A deliberate violation of Article 3.

Torture.

He breathes deeply.

VICTOR (V.O.)

A new maze.

A new gauntlet.

And I'll fight them across every inch of it.

EXT. NEW PRISON - GATES - DAY

The steel gates loom ahead.

Victor's eyes harden.

CUT TO CRIMSON.

GHOST TRAIN (Diesel Therapy)

(Dark, psychological, institutional-thriller tone)

EXT. HMP BURE - RETURN GATES - DAY

A secure van pulls into HMP Bure.

Victor steps out - thinner, bruised, but unbroken.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Torture in Britain doesn't need chains.

Just paperwork.

And people willing to weaponise it.

The gates slam shut behind him.

SEQUENCE: THE LEGAL BATTLEGROUND

INT. BURE - WING CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor walks the landing.

Inmates nod, whisper, step aside.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They thought returning me here meant surrender.

Instead... it meant war.

INT. BURE - ADJUDICATION ROOM - DAY

A nervous inmate sits beside Victor.

A REPORTING OFFICER stands at the podium, sweating.

Victor flips through the rulebook with surgical precision.

VICTOR

According to PSI 47/2011, paragraph 3.2...

your entire charge collapses.

The adjudicator blinks.

Case dismissed.

INT. BURE - WING - DAY

Two hardened inmates square off - a blood feud ready to explode.

Guards reach for batons.

Victor steps between them.

VICTOR

Enough.

Both of you. Shake hands, or I can't help you.

A long, tense beat.

The men lower their fists.

Shake hands.

The guards stare - stunned.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Where they used force...

I used reason.

SEQUENCE: THE CHEERS

INT. BURE - SERVERY - MORNING

Victor collects his rations.

The landings erupt - hundreds of prisoners cheering, banging railings.

INMATES

Von Wolfe!

Von Woolfe!

Up in the observation gallery, the GOVERNOR watches, face tightening.

VICTOR (V.O.)

To her, those cheers weren't admiration.

They were the sound of a regime losing control.

SEQUENCE: THE CONTAGION

INT. REGIONAL GOVERNORS' OFFICE - DAY

A stack of Victor's central file sits on a desk - thick, damning.

A GOVERNOR flips through pages of upheld Ombudsman complaints.

GOVERNOR

(quietly)

We're not taking him.

He's a contagion.

Another Governor nods.

SECOND GOVERNOR

He knows the law better than the staff.

The transfer request is stamped: REFUSED.

SEQUENCE: DIESEL THERAPY BEGINS

EXT. BURE - NIGHT

A van idles in the darkness.

Victor is dragged out of bed, shackled, marched into the

vehicle.

VICTOR (V.O.)

When they can't break your mind...
they break your sleep.

The van pulls away into the night.

SEQUENCE: HMP "H"

INT. HMP "H" - RECEPTION - DAWN

A RECEPTION OFFICER gestures to a cramped, multi-occupancy
cell filled with volatile drug users.

OFFICER

Step inside, von Woolfe.

Victor stands firm.

VICTOR

I am an appellant.
I am legally entitled to a single cell.
I will not enter a shared room.

OFFICER

We don't have single cells.

VICTOR

Then put me in the block.

The officer stares - stunned.

SEQUENCE: THE BLOCK BECOMES CHAMBERS

INT. HMP "H" - SEGREGATION UNIT - DAY

Victor sits in a bare isolation cell.

He demands his legal papers.

Reception refuses.

Victor begins writing emergency complaints – fast,
relentless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they deny the law...

I make the law unavoidable.

INT. SEGREGATION CORRIDOR – LATER

Independent prison visitors arrive, alarmed.

Within hours, officers wheel massive archive boxes down
the corridor.

Inmates shout through vents and pipes.

INMATE (O.S.)

There's a bloke down here fighting back!

And he's winning!

Victor opens a box, already reorganising.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They gave me isolation.

I turned it into a fortress.

SEQUENCE: THE BOUNCE BACK

EXT. HMP "H" – NIGHT

Another midnight transfer.

Victor resists the transport cage – claustrophobia rising.

Three escort officers descend on him.

They twist his arms behind his back – joints popping – lift him off the ground and slam him into the metal box.

Victor gasps in pain.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Cruelty wasn't a side effect.

It was the point.

SEQUENCE: THE BLUE WALL

INT. BURE – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Victor stands shirtless before the prison doctor.

His torso is covered in deep purple bruises.

The doctor looks at the injuries...

then at the guards...

then silently closes the file.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The blue wall held.

As it always did.

SEQUENCE: THE TOTAL BLOCKADE

INT. BURE – CELL – DAY

Victor is moved from wing to wing – no routine, no stability.

Disorientation guaranteed.

TV is denied.

Library access revoked.
Education banned.
23-hour lockdown reinstated.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Articles 9 and 10.
Freedom of expression.
Right to receive information.
Rights... suspended.

He sits alone in a silent cell.

Bruised.
Exhausted.
Unbroken.

SEQUENCE: THE HALF-WAY POINT

INT. BURE - CELL - NIGHT

Victor stares out the narrow window at the bleak Norfolk sky.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Half my sentence gone.
Would they parole me...
or bury me?

A long, quiet beat.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Their extremity wasn't strength.
It was fear.

He turns from the window, eyes burning.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't trying to manage an inmate.
They were trying to suppress a confession.

He sits at his desk – no papers, no books – just memory
and resolve.

VICTOR (V.O.)

And I hadn't even begun to cross-examine them.

THE CATCH 22

INT. PRISON RECEPTION HMP BURE

Victor signs for his belongings

EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY

The iron gates don't swing open dramatically.
They click – a cold, bureaucratic sound.

Victor steps out into the crisp air.
His family greet him, warm, welcoming.
They note his legal papers in six prison issue hold alls.
A long drive ahead back to Sussex, time to catch up
Norfolk is flat, compared to the rolling downs of Sussex.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Three years inside.
And the world felt... too big.

He takes a hesitant step forward.

SEQUENCE: THE SENSORY ASSAULT

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Victor walks down a bustling street.

Cars.
Voices.
Colours.
Freedom.

It hits him like a physical blow.

He pauses outside a shop window, overwhelmed.

VICTOR (V.O.)

A thousand days in a concrete box...
and suddenly the horizon had no walls.

He enters a supermarket.

He stares at shelves of food – paralysed by choice.

He picks up a newspaper.

His hands tremble.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I felt like a ghost...
trying to remember how to be human.

SEQUENCE: THE INVISIBLE CAGE

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Victor sits at his kitchen table.

A stack of probation documents.

Notification requirements.

Restrictions.

His passport lies on the table – useless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Release on license isn't freedom.
It's a leash.

He reads his license conditions.
They are virtual handcuffs.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The world was open to everyone...
except me.

SEQUENCE: THE SURVEILLANCE

EXT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A Sussex Police car idles outside.

Two officers watch him.

Victor steps out, eyes locked on them.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't see a released man.
They saw an unfinished operation.

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Victor hides his legal archives in different parts of the
house.

He checks the windows.

Checks the locks.

Checks again.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Inside prison, my papers were raided.

Outside...

they could be seized at any moment.

SEQUENCE: THE HOPE

INT. STUDY - DAY

Victor holds the independent medical report – the one that proves the Crown's testimony was fabricated.

He places it into an envelope marked:

CCRC – URGENT

ECHR – SUPPLEMENTAL EVIDENCE

He seals it.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Science doesn't lie.

People do.

He posts the letters.

For the first time in years, he allows himself to hope.

SEQUENCE: THE WAIT

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - MONTAGE

Victor pacing.

Victor checking the mailbox.

Victor repairing his car.

Victor fixing a leaking pipe.

Victor reading case law late into the night.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Two years.

Two years of waiting for Europe to call my case.

SEQUENCE: THE LETTER

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - DAY

A letter from Strasbourg drops through the letterbox.

Victor freezes.

He picks it up.

Opens it.

One page.

Stamped.

REJECTED.

No explanation.

No reasoning.

No appeal.

Victor's face collapses – not in tears, but in a hollow,
stunned silence.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Europe didn't just close the door.

They bricked it over.

SEQUENCE: THE REALISATION

INT. VICTOR'S STUDY - NIGHT

Victor sits alone, the rejection letter on the table.

He deciphers the unwritten fine print.

VICTOR (V.O.)

"Applicant must exhaust all domestic remedies."

A joke.

A sick one.

He slams the table.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They blocked the transcripts.

Then punished me for not having them.

He realises the truth.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Honesty wasn't a virtue.

It was a procedural error.

SEQUENCE: SURVIVAL MODE

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - MONTAGE

Victor repairing a roof.

Victor rebuilding an engine.

Victor fixing plumbing.

Victor budgeting with coins.

Victor accepting a gifted car from a loyal friend.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Work wouldn't hire me.

So I became my own workforce.

His family stands by him.

Old allies from the planning corruption days check in.

A small circle of truth in a world of lies.

SEQUENCE: PROBATION – THE CRUCIBLE

INT. PROBATION OFFICE – FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The room smells of damp coats and despair.

Victor sits across from his probation officer.

VICTOR

You know I'm innocent.

She doesn't look up.

OFFICER

You were convicted by a Crown Court.

That is our framework.

Victor leans forward.

VICTOR

You know about the planning corruption.

You know who I threatened financially.

A flicker – the mask slips.

OFFICER

The Sussex Police investigated those claims.

Victor laughs – cold, sharp.

VICTOR

They investigated themselves.
They were legally obligated to recuse.

The officer stiffens.

OFFICER

Even with an outside force, the outcome would have been
the same.

Victor's voice drops to a razor whisper.

VICTOR

Really?
Because an outside medical expert would have found the
complainant was still a physical virgin.
Because the science destroys your narrative.

Silence.

The officer looks at him.
Then smiles – a small, cynical smile.

The smile of the machine.

VICTOR (V.O.)

That was the moment I knew.
They knew the truth.
They didn't care. Except for their pay check.

SEQUENCE: THE CATCH-22

EXT. PROBATION OFFICE – RAIN – DAY

Victor steps outside into the rain.

He zips his jacket.
Stares into the distance.

VICTOR (V.O.)
They wanted a reaction.
A slip.
A crack.

He walks away, rain soaking his hair.

VICTOR (V.O.)
But they weren't getting a broken man.

He stops.
Looks up.

VICTOR (V.O.)
They were getting a detective...
who had mapped the entire cartel from the inside.

A slow, dangerous smile forms.

VICTOR (V.O.)
And now...
I was taking the case to the last court left.

He steps into the street.

VICTOR (V.O.)
The court of public media.

CUT TO RED.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST - INVISIBLE CHAIN

EXT. SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

A quiet road.

A thin mist.

Victor walks alone, a free man in theory – but his posture is rigid, alert. Missing his cat.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The walls were gone.

But the leash stayed.

SEQUENCE: THE INVISIBLE CHAIN

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - MORNING

Victor signs the Sex Offenders Register form.

His hand doesn't shake – but his jaw tightens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Stone became paper.

Bars became bureaucracy.

EXT. SUSSEX STREET - DAY

Victor walks through town.

People glance at him – some curious, some fearful, some whispering.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I had spent decades protecting this county.

Now I was its pariah.

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT

A knock at the door – loud, authoritative.

Victor freezes.

He opens it to find two Sussex Police officers.

OFFICER

Unannounced visit.

Standard procedure.

Victor steps aside, silent.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't want compliance.

They wanted fear.

SEQUENCE: THE RAID

EXT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A tactical squad of Sussex officers storms the building.

RAM!

The door explodes inward.

Frames splinter.

Padlocks snap.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They called it a trademark dispute.

I called it what it was - a hit.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Officers tear through filing cabinets, seizing computers,
ripping open archive boxes.

Victor stands in the doorway, watching with cold clarity.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They wanted my brain trust.
My evidence.
My history.

But he doesn't panic.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't know I'd already moved the originals.

Cut to:

INT. SECURE STORAGE - NIGHT

Duplicate files sit safely in off-site locations.

SEQUENCE: THE INTERROGATION

INT. SUSSEX POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Victor sits across from two detectives.

A tape recorder clicks on.

DETECTIVE

Mr von Woolfe, we believe—

VICTOR

No comment.

DETECTIVE

You were seen—

VICTOR

No comment.

His solicitor from Bishop & Light sits beside him, calm,
immovable.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I learned the hard way.
The CPS doesn't need truth.
It needs material.

He gives them nothing.

The case collapses.

SEQUENCE: THE FARCE

INT. LEWES CROWN COURT - 2015 - DAY

Victor stands in the dock again - same courtroom, same
architecture, same ghosts.

The CPS barrister presents a ludicrous fraud case about a
returned garment.

Victor's barrister rises.

BARRISTER

Let's watch the footage, shall we?

The police DVD plays - but ten minutes are missing.

BARRISTER

Where is the payment section?

The shop assistant cracks under cross-examination.

ASSISTANT

He paid for everything.
He just asked for a refund assurance.

The jury doesn't even look at Victor – they look at the
CPS with disgust.

FOREMAN

Not guilty.

Victor exhales – not relief, but recognition.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't prosecuting crimes.

They were prosecuting me.

SEQUENCE: THE SECOND RAID

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE – 2019 – NIGHT

Another raid.

Another door smashed.

Another archive looted.

Victor is arrested at his desk.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Bonfire Night.

Fitting.

SEQUENCE: THE MALICIOUS COMMUNICATION

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT

Detectives lean forward.

DETECTIVE

We have reason to believe you sent–

VICTOR

No comment.

They push harder.

Victor remains silent.

His solicitor places a single document on the table.

A letter.

A Royal Mail Recorded Delivery receipt.

Signed by Sussex Police.

The detectives freeze.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They'd walked into their own trap.

If they pushed this case, he would detonate an Abuse of Process claim that would torch the department.

The detectives exchange a look – fear, not authority.

SEQUENCE: THE RETREAT

INT. CPS OFFICE - DAY

A file is stamped:

NO FURTHER ACTION

SEQUENCE: THE TURNING TIDE

EXT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Victor stands by the window, looking out over the Sussex hills. A feral cat looks over Victor. A kindred spirit.

The wind rustles the trees.

The night is quiet.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They tried to starve me.

Break me.

Erase me.

He looks at a hidden compartment – duplicates of his files, untouched.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But the chain was fraying.

He turns away from the window.

His face is calm.

Focused.

Dangerous.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't hunting a criminal.

They were covering up their own crimes.

He picks up a folder labelled:

MEDIA DOSSIER – DRAFT

VICTOR (V.O.)

And now...

I was about to hand the matches to the press.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE GLASS CEILING OF JUSTICE

INT. DIRECT-ACCESS BARRISTERS' CHAMBERS - LONDON - DAY

A quiet, wood-panelled room.

Shelves of ancient leather volumes.

Dust motes drifting like suspended verdicts.

STEPHEN FIELD, tall, thin, razor-minded, sits behind a vast oak desk.

He radiates the cold precision of a man who has spent decades dissecting the law's hypocrisies.

Victor sits opposite him, sliding a pristine document across the desk.

VICTOR

This is the independent medical report.

The real one.

Field adjusts his spectacles.

He reads.

Silence stretches.

Finally, he looks up.

FIELD

The traits Liebenberg swore were suspicious... are documented here as normal anatomical features.

Victor nods once.

VICTOR

And the CCRC refuses to refer my case.

Field's eyes sharpen.

FIELD

On what grounds?

VICTOR

None.

Just... stonewalling.

Field leans back, steeping his fingers.

FIELD

But they used this same March 2008 data to free two other men.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR

Exactly.

Same junk science.

Same medical error.

Their convictions quashed instantly.

Why them and not me?

Field's smile is thin, cold, knowing.

FIELD

Because they weren't a threat to the establishment.

You are.

SEQUENCE: THE DIARY REVELATION

INT. CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

Victor leans forward, voice low, controlled.

VICTOR

Judge Cedric Joseph misdirected the jury.

He told them Shannon's diary was mine.

Field freezes.

FIELD

Whose was it?

VICTOR

Hers.

Hidden in her loft.

And it proves I had no opportunity to commit anything.

Field's pen scratches across a legal pad.

FIELD

So the summing-up wasn't flawed.

It was inverted.

VICTOR

It was judicial incompetence.

Or something worse.

Field nods slowly.

FIELD

We should have them in a vice.

His tone suggests he already knows they won't.

SEQUENCE: THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE - COURTROOM - DAY

A gothic cathedral of law.

Cold.

Austere.

Indifferent.

Victor sits in the public gallery, hands gripping the wooden bench.

At the podium, Field stands like a general preparing for battle.

FIELD

My Lords, the CCRC referred two identical cases back to the Court of Appeal.

Same medical evidence.

Same error.

Same injustice.

He slams two files onto the podium.

FIELD

To filter Mr von Woolfe's case out...
while referring identical miscarriages of justice...
is institutional discrimination by an organ of the state.

His voice echoes through the vaulted chamber.

The three High Court judges sit motionless.

Expressionless.

Already decided.

They don't interrupt.

They don't challenge.

They simply wait.

SEQUENCE: THE RULING

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The senior judge adjusts his robes.

His voice is a monotone blade.

SENIOR JUDGE

In our opinion...

the Criminal Cases Review Commission are entitled to take
a view.

The words hit Victor like a punch to the chest.

VICTOR (V.O.)

To take a view.

A euphemism for discrimination.

The judges rise.

Case closed.

Justice denied.

SEQUENCE: THE CORRIDOR CONFRONTATION

INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - RAIN-SLICKED
AFTERNOON

Victor marches beside Field, fury simmering beneath the
surface.

VICTOR

Why did you drop the diary point?

You had them cornered.

Field stops.

Adjusts his collar.

Avoids Victor's eyes.

FIELD

I did not feel I could argue that point effectively...
before this particular panel.

Victor stares at him – a cold, bitter recognition.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Boodram all over again.

Another barrister pulling punches to protect the club.

Field clears his throat.

FIELD

Presumably this means Strasbourg will now hear your case
fully.

Victor lets out a hollow, humourless laugh.

VICTOR

Europe?

They've already washed their hands of me.

Field blinks – confused, out of his depth.

Victor turns away.

SEQUENCE: THE EXIT

EXT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE – RAIN – DAY

Victor pushes through the heavy glass doors into the rain.

He stops on the steps, staring out at London.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The courts failed.

The commissions failed.

The treaties were a façade.

He tightens his coat.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But they made one mistake.

He steps into the rain, resolute.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They left me with my voice.

My freedom.

And my evidence.

He walks away from the courthouse – not defeated, but transformed.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The legal battle was over.

The media war was about to hot up.

THE COLD CASE DEFROSTED

EXT. SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE – WINTER MORNING

Frost clings to the hedgerows. Twelve winters have passed.

The black and white cat watches from the garden.

Victor walks a narrow lane, older, leaner, hardened.

A man who has survived a decade on the margins.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Twelve years.

Twelve winters.

The world moved on.

The case didn't.

SEQUENCE: THE LONG FREEZE

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - NIGHT

Stacks of documents.

Old lever-arch files.

A rusted iron collar in digital form - his conviction -
hangs over everything.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The appeals were dead.

The CCRC was a gatekeeper.

Strasbourg had locked its doors.

He sits at his desk, lit by a single lamp.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But I kept the ledger alive.

SEQUENCE: DYTHAM

EXT. VICTOR'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

A Sussex Police officer knocks.

Victor opens the door holding a stack of evidence.

VICTOR

Officer, I am formally reporting the original planning
crimes.

Under R v Dytham, you are required to log and investigate.

The officer's eyes are flat, rehearsed.

OFFICER

We don't investigate planning crime, Mr von Woolfe.

VICTOR

Why not?

OFFICER

Policy decision.

Above our pay grade.

Victor stares at him – unblinking.

SEQUENCE: THE ESCALATION

INT. VICTOR'S STUDY - NIGHT

Victor prepares dossiers.

He sends them to Chief Constable Giles York.

Then to the Police and Crime Commissioner.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If the bottom wouldn't act...

I'd go to the top.

INT. POLICE HQ - OFFICE - DAY

A senior officer reads Victor's dossier.

He closes it slowly.

A shadowy voice (O.S.)

Not in the public interest to open those files, mate.

Tell him to shut the fuck up.

The officer nods – resigned.

SEQUENCE: THE QUIET YEARS

EXT. SUSSEX VILLAGE - DAY

Victor works quietly in his community.

Fixing machinery.

Restoring heritage pieces.

Teaching skills.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For a while...

the pressure eased.

The vans vanished.

The raids stopped.

He allows himself a cautious breath.

SEQUENCE: THE PRESSURE DROPS

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Oil.

Metal.

Sawdust.

A sanctuary.

Victor instructs a 17-year-old male student, demonstrating how to use a precision tool.

The workshop door SLAMS open.

Two officers enter – the MAPPA officer and a plainclothes detective.

Their eyes lock onto the student.

Predatory.

Hungry.

Victor sets his tools down with surgical calm.

VICTOR

Can I help you, gentlemen.

The MAPPA officer steps into his space.

MAPPA OFFICER

Who's the lad.

Name.

Parents' details.

Now.

VICTOR

He's a student.

And you have no legal right to his identity.

MAPPA OFFICER

We have every right.

You're breaching your license.

Victor's voice drops – cold, precise.

VICTOR

Judge Cedric Joseph's sentencing remarks explicitly
recognised my decades of work with young males.

My restrictions apply to females only.

You know that.

The officers exchange a tight, frustrated glance.

They know he's right.

But they don't care.

MAPPA OFFICER

I don't give a damn what the paperwork says.

Tell him to leave.
Or I arrest you right now.

The student looks terrified.

Victor looks at him – softening.

Then back at the officer – steel.

VICTOR

Pack your bag.
Go home.
I'll call your father tonight.

The boy flees.

Silence.

SEQUENCE: THE REAL HIT

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Victor stands alone.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't a spot-check.
It was a hit.

Cut to:

INT. LOCAL COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

A small group of local residents whisper urgently.
Faces familiar from the old planning battles.

One points at a map of Victor's workshop.

RESIDENT

Flag it to fire safety.

Force a closure.

He's still a threat.

SEQUENCE: THE COUNTERMOVE

INT. HERITAGE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

The progressive owners gather.

OWNER

They're trying to shut him down.

Not happening.

They move fast.

INT. WORKSHOP - NEXT DAY

Contractors install:

Industrial fire signage

Emergency lighting

Upgraded exits

Full compliance systems

A Fire Risk Assessor signs the certificate.

ASSESSOR

Fully compliant.

No grounds for closure.

Victor watches - stunned, grateful, resolute.

SEQUENCE: THE DEEP FREEZE CRACKS

INT. WORKSHOP - EVENING

Victor flips the breakers.

The machines wind down.

Silence settles.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They waited twelve years.

Twelve winters.

For me to soften.

To forget.

He looks at the new fire signs gleaming under fluorescent light.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But they showed their hand too early.

He steps into the centre of the workshop.

His posture straightens.

His eyes sharpen.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They're still terrified of what I know.

And their desperation means one thing.

He turns off the final light.

Darkness.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The freeze is over.

The trial is coming.

FADE TO CRIMSON.

THE SOLICITATION (Institutional conspiracy thriller)

EXT. SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

A cold wind sweeps across the hills.

Victor stands outside his workshop, staring into the fading light.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For years, I knew the shape of the conspiracy.

But knowing isn't proving.

Not until they targeted the boy.

SEQUENCE: THE PRESSURE CAMPAIGN

INT. STUDENT'S HOME - NIGHT

A thick, official envelope drops through the letterbox.

The mother opens it - her face tightens.

Cut to:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The phone rings.

She answers.

A smooth, practiced voice fills the room - the COUNCIL OPERATIVE.

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

We're concerned about your son.

Victor von Woolfe is a dangerous predator.

The mother stiffens – shocked.

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

You must understand..

men like him always escalate.

The voice is calm, authoritative, dripping with
manufactured concern.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't protecting a child.

They were soliciting an allegation.

SEQUENCE: THE INTERROGATION SETUP

INT. COUNCIL OFFICE - DAY

A young, strikingly attractive social worker is briefed by
senior staff.

Her dress is deliberately non-institutional.

Her demeanour rehearsed.

A file with Victor's name lies open on the table.

SENIOR OFFICER

He teaches the boy engineering.

Use that.

Guide him.

The social worker nods – a professional interrogator in
disguise.

SEQUENCE: THE INTERVIEW

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

A small, softly lit room.

A teenage boy sits nervously at a table.

The social worker enters, smiling warmly.

She sits close - too close.

SOCIAL WORKER

So... tell me about Victor.

STUDENT

He's a great teacher.

We restore machinery.

Her smile freezes.

She leans in.

SOCIAL WORKER

Has he touched you?

The boy blinks - confused.

STUDENT

No.

We're welding and machining metal.

She shifts tone - intimate, coaxing.

SOCIAL WORKER

Did he ever expose himself?

STUDENT

What? No.

Her voice sharpens – predatory.

SOCIAL WORKER

Why does a grown man spend so much time alone with you?

STUDENT

Because I want to be an engineer.

She drops the mask entirely.

SOCIAL WORKER

Come on.

Let's be honest.

The engineering is just an excuse.

He's grooming you, isn't he?

The boy's eyes harden.

STUDENT

Sorry, but you've got the wrong bloke.

Silence.

She tries again.

And again.

And again.

Nothing.

VICTOR (V.O.)

You can't get blood from a stone.

And you can't fabricate a crime from integrity.

SEQUENCE: THE MOTHER'S FURY

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - DAY

The mother storms in, pale with anger.

She slams a stack of documents onto Victor's workbench.

Letters.

Call logs.

Interrogation notes.

MOTHER

They tried to force my son to lie.

They used a girl to try and break him.

They wanted to destroy you – and they were willing to ruin
him to do it.

Victor reads the documents.

His face goes still.

Cold.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For twelve years, they claimed my conviction was clean.

Objective.

Lawful.

He lifts one letter – the council's signature gleaming
like a confession.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But here it was.

In black and white.

SEQUENCE: THE REALISATION

INT. WORKSHOP - EVENING

Victor stands at the window, staring out at the Sussex hills.

The fluorescent lights hum behind him.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't investigating a crime.
They were hunting for one.

He turns the letter over in his hand.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't safeguarding.
It was solicitation.

He looks at the entire paper trail - the council's own words.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They stepped out of the shadows.
And left their fingerprints all over the trap.

Victor's expression shifts - from shock to lethal clarity.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I didn't just have suspicion anymore.
I had evidence.
Their evidence.

He gathers the documents into a neat stack.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The cartel had handed me the keys to their own

destruction.

He turns off the workshop lights.

Darkness.

VICTOR (V.O.)

And now...

the whole country was going to read the transcript.

CUT TO CRIMSON.

DISCLOSURE BREAKTHROUGH

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Rain lashes against the windows.

Victor sits at his workbench, surrounded by tools, metal filings, and a laptop glowing like a weapon being forged.

He types with cold precision.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For twelve years, they hunted me in the dark.

But when they targeted the boy...

they left footprints.

He hits SEND.

A barrage of FOI and DSAR requests fire into the digital ether - addressed to:

Becky Shaw - Chief Executive, ESCC

Philip Baker - Chief Solicitor

Carolyn Fair - Head of Children's Services

Each request is a legal missile.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they wanted a paper war...

I'd give them one.

SEQUENCE: COUNTY HALL PANIC

INT. COUNTY HALL - SECURE COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

A heavy door slams shut.

A red "PRIVATE SESSION" light glows.

Around a polished mahogany table sit:

Becky Shaw - pale, furious

Philip Baker - calculating, cold

Trevor Scott - Wealden CEO, sweating

Chief Constable Jo Shiner - silent, stone-faced

Councillor Andy Wooley - newly elected, Reform wave

A thick folder of Victor's FOI/DSAR demands lies in the
centre like a bomb.

Becky slams it down.

BECKY SHAW

What the fuck is going on?

Trevor, I thought you buried this bastard twelve years

ago.

Trevor shifts in his seat.

TREVOR SCOTT

So did we. But the threads are unravelling.

Philip Baker leans forward, voice sharp.

BAKER

Unravelling?

This is an unmitigated cock-up.

Wooley raises his hands.

WOOLEY

Look – this predates me.

But shouldn't we just admit it?

It's obvious he was framed.

We all know it.

Silence.

A heavy, suffocating silence.

Baker's eyes narrow.

BAKER

What exactly are you implying, Councillor?

WOOLEY

That the Petition was right.

That Sussex Police and ESCC had no business in this man's life.

And that social services manufactured the case.

The room freezes.

Trevor Scott breaks the silence – defensive, bitter.

TREVOR SCOTT

We had no choice.

He was beating us in planning appeals.

Mapping our decisions.

Making us look like idiots.

If we didn't bury him, Holness and his officers would've lost their pensions.

Wooley recoils in disgust.

WOOLEY

So you destroyed a man's life to protect your careers?

It's Horizon all over again, Bates v the Post Office.

Baker snaps his briefcase shut.

BAKER

Spare us the moral outrage.

We cannot release these files.

Not unredacted.

WOOLEY

Why not?

Baker leans in, voice low, lethal.

BAKER

Because the moment we do...

Zurich Municipal voids our coverage.

We admit liability.
Multi-agency malicious prosecution.
It will bankrupt us.

Wooley's knuckles whiten.

WOOLEY

So the alternative is to lie?

Baker smiles – a cold, cynical smile.

BAKER

No.

We don't lie.

We deny.

We use exemptions.

National security.

Third-party privacy.

Institutional privilege.

We stall him.

We bleed him.

We bury him in tribunals.

Chief Constable Shiner nods once – the blue wall merging
with the bureaucratic wall.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They weren't protecting the public.

They were protecting themselves.

SEQUENCE: THE COUNTER-STRIKE

INT. WORKSHOP – NIGHT

Victor watches the rain streak down the glass.

He studies the statutory timelines on his laptop.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They'd stall.

They'd lie.

They'd hide behind exemptions.

He marks dates on a calendar – deadlines, escalation points, tribunal triggers.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But panic is a variable.

And for the first time in twelve years...

they were the ones running out of room.

He closes the laptop.

The rain intensifies.

Victor's eyes harden.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The maze was shifting.

And the architects were trapped inside it.

FADE OUT TO CRIMSON.

CCRC APPLICATION

INT. VICTOR'S CABIN - NIGHT

A storm rumbles over the Sussex hills.

Victor sits alone at his desk – a battered wooden slab buried beneath twelve years of sealed boxes.

He stares at them like they're unexploded ordnance.

He breaks the first seal.

A blast of old trauma hits him like a physical punch.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Twelve years.

Twelve winters.

Twelve boxes of poison.

He flips through transcripts, forged logs, redacted police notes.

His breathing quickens.

His vision blurs.

He slams the file shut.

Stands.

Storms outside into the cold night air.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Every page was a landmine.

But the next day – or the next week – he returns.

Again.

And again.

Slowly, the static fades.

The patterns emerge.

SEQUENCE: THE BATES SPARK

INT. CABIN – NIGHT

Victor watches the Alan Bates / Post Office scandal unfold on television.

Crowds.

Headlines.

A man once branded a criminal now vindicated.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Bates fought a machine.

But I fought a monster.

He looks at his own files – the “sex offender” label stamped across his life like a death sentence.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Who would believe me?

He opens a file.

Reads.

His eyes sharpen.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Anyone who reads the truth.

He sits.

Cracks his knuckles.

Opens a new digital document.

SEQUENCE: THE ATTACK BEGINS

INT. CABIN – CONTINUOUS

Victor types with surgical precision.

The screen fills with the opening lines of a legal
missile:

STATEMENT OF GROUNDS IN SUPPORT OF A RENEWED APPLICATION
(Submitted pursuant to Section 14(4)(b) of the Criminal
Appeal Act 1995)

His voice overlays the text as he writes.

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't a plea.

It was an indictment.

He drafts the Executive Summary – calm, lethal,
irrefutable.

He outlines:

The 2012 refusal

The High Court's "entitled to take a view"

The new evidence

The discrimination

The two identical cases the CCRC did refer

His fingers fly.

SEQUENCE: THE TRAP FOR EUROPE

Victor pauses.

His eyes narrow.

He begins typing the international trapdoor.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they refused..

they'd hand me the key to Strasbourg.

On screen:

"The United Kingdom remains a bound signatory to the European Convention.

The CCRC is hereby put on notice that maintaining an arbitrary disparity constitutes a denial of an effective domestic remedy under Articles 6, 13, and 14."

Victor leans back, exhausted but burning with purpose.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Give them one last chance to do the right thing.

Or prove they never will.

SEQUENCE: THE FORTRESS OF EXHIBITS

INT. CABIN - MONTAGE

Victor cross-references medical evidence

Highlights contradictions in social services logs

Maps the timeline of police misconduct

Prints exhibits

Binds sections

Labels tabs

Builds a dossier thicker than a brick

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they buried it...

Europe would see the burial.

He laughs – dark, tired, bitter.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The Hague?

They handle genocide, not Sussex.

He keeps working.

SEQUENCE: THE SUBMISSION

INT. CCRC HEADQUARTERS – DAY

A junior investigator drops a heavy dossier onto her desk.

THUD.

She opens it.

Her eyes widen.

INVESTIGATOR

Oh... shit.

She flips through the discrimination argument – the mathematical comparison to the two quashed cases.

She stands.

Walks to her supervisor's desk.

Drops the dossier.

INVESTIGATOR

How the hell are we going to fudge this one?

The supervisor leans back, smirking.

SUPERVISOR

Don't worry.

We'll find a mechanism.

A loophole.

A procedural cul-de-sac.

He waves a hand dismissively.

SUPERVISOR

File it under low priority.

Let the clock tick.

The investigator hesitates.

INVESTIGATOR

But the European angle—

He's setting up an Article 13 violation.

The supervisor chuckles — cold, institutional arrogance.

SUPERVISOR

He's fighting from a shed in the middle of nowhere.

By the time Europe reads it...

he'll be dead.

The investigator laughs — a sharp, cruel sound.

SUPERVISOR

Now you're catching on.

SEQUENCE: THE FUSE

EXT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Victor stands outside under the stars.

The wind rustles the trees.

The world is silent.

VICTOR (V.O.)

They thought the paper trail was a cage.

He looks toward the distant lights of County Hall.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But it was a fuse.

He closes his eyes. Outside the feral cat, meows.

VICTOR (V.O.)

And it was burning straight toward them.

FADE TO CRIMSON.

THE HORIZON BLUEPRINT

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The workshop is dim, lit only by a desk lamp.

Tools hang like silent witnesses.

Stacks of documents surround Victor - a fortress of paper.

He sits, staring at the television.

On screen:

The Horizon Post Office scandal - headlines, interviews, public outrage.

Victor watches, motionless.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For years, they kept me on the defensive.

Running.

Reacting.

Surviving.

He leans forward, eyes narrowing.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But Horizon changed everything.

SEQUENCE: THE PARALLEL

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

The TV shows:

Alan Bates testifying

Sub-postmasters crying

Executives denying

Parliament scrambling

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Nine hundred innocent people.

Destroyed by a machine.

A machine that lied, buried evidence, and protected
itself.

He turns off the TV.

Silence.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Sound familiar?

He looks at his own files – the forged logs, the withheld medical evidence, the redacted police notes.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The only difference was scale.

They had numbers.

I had none.

SEQUENCE: THE REALISATION

INT. WORKSHOP – LATER

Victor stands before a whiteboard covered in timelines, arrows, and names.

He draws a line connecting:

Wealden District Council

East Sussex County Council

Sussex Police

Social Services

CCRC

VICTOR (V.O.)

Back in 1997, the petitioners tried to expose the planning

fraud.

The councils panicked.

The police protected them.

And I became the example.

He circles the words:

SEX OFFENDER LABEL — THE ULTIMATE WEAPON

VICTOR (V.O.)

They didn't just frame me.

They isolated me.

They made me radioactive.

He steps back.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But Horizon proved something.

The system doesn't correct itself.

The courts don't save you.

The CCRC doesn't grow a conscience.

He picks up a remote.

Clicks.

The TV shows the ITV docu-drama that ignited the national firestorm.

VICTOR (V.O.)

It was the media.

A four-part drama did what the courts refused to do.

He turns off the TV again.

VICTOR (V.O.)

So I stopped acting like a defendant.
And started acting like a producer.

SEQUENCE: THE MEDIA DOSSIER

INT. WORKSHOP - MONTAGE

Victor prints documents

Highlights key passages

Cross-references planning fraud with police harassment

Builds a timeline from 1997 to present

Labels boxes: MEDIA PACKAGE - MASTER FILE

Drafts a treatment titled:

THE SUSSEX BLUEPRINT: HOW THE STATE DESTROYED A
WHISTLEBLOWER

VICTOR (V.O.)

This wasn't a legal appeal.
It was a broadcast pitch.

He assembles:

The withheld medical evidence

The suppressed ESCC files

The failed solicitation of the student

The MAPPA harassment

The FOI stonewalling

The CCRC discrimination

The planning cartel's motive

VICTOR (V.O.)

The same mechanics as Horizon.

Just one victim instead of nine hundred.

SEQUENCE: THE EUROPEAN FRONT

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Victor sits at his laptop, drafting the ECtHR application.

VICTOR (V.O.)

The CCRC was the gatekeeper.

The UK removed Article 13.

Judicial Review was unaffordable.

The remedy was a fiction.

He types:

"The Applicant submits that the United Kingdom has denied him an effective domestic remedy under Articles 6, 13, and 14."

He pauses.

VICTOR (V.O.)

If they blocked me domestically...

Europe would see the block.

He continues typing - calm, methodical, lethal.

SEQUENCE: THE LOADOUT

EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Victor loads heavy boxes into the back of his vehicle.

Each box is labelled:

- MEDIA DOSSIER
- CCRC EVIDENCE
- PLANNING FRAUD ARCHIVE
- SOCIAL SERVICES MISCONDUCT
- POLICE HARASSMENT LOGS

He closes the boot. The night is cold, silent.

Next day the feral cat is inside his workshop asleep;

Victor buys a cat basket and treats.

VICTOR (V.O.)

For twelve years, they relied on my shame.

My silence.

My isolation.

He looks toward the distant lights of the Sussex towns.

VICTOR (V.O.)

But the country had changed.

The public had changed.

And the blueprint was right in front of me.

He steps into the driver's seat.

VICTOR (V.O.)

When the courts are corrupt..
you don't beg the judge.

He starts the engine.

VICTOR (V.O.)

You show the crime..
to the jury of the nation.

He drives into the darkness.

CUT TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS

-- THE END --

VICTOR WILL RETURN IN SERIES TWO - "UNMUZZLED"