

**"VICTOR UNCHAINED" 4 PART TV SERIALISATION INVESTIGATIVE
CRIME THRILLER
(FICTIONAL SEQUEL TO "VICTOR MUZZLED" - based on a true
story)**

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EPISODE 1, ACT 1 - THE MEDIA DOSSIER

RECAP OF "VICTOR MUZZLED."

A montage flickers across the screen like fragments of a corrupted surveillance tape:

- Victor von Woolfe, planning corruption whistleblower is arrested.
- Victor is charged and convicted - framed - on bogus medical testimony. Court of Appeal refuses to supply medical transcripts.
- Victor finds genuine (new) medical evidence while a prisoner at HMP Maidstone.
- Victor finds CCRC appeals using new medical evidence while at HMP Bure, Norfolk.
- High Court, London, CCRC refuse to refer his case to court of appeal, Judges say - "*Entitled to take a view.*"
- European Court of Human Rights, strike his appeal, thinking he has domestic *remedy*, except there is no Article 13 in the British 1998 Act.
- CUT TO BLACK.

Fade in.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT MANY YEARS LATER

A cavernous Sussex workshop.

Fluorescent tubes HUM overhead, casting a cold industrial

glow over a chaotic battlefield of files, binders, and carbon-copy relics.

VICTOR VON WOOLFE (70): Wiry, fit, dark hair greying, possessing an unyielding, quiet gravity. sits hunched at his workbench. His hands are stained with machine oil and old ink. He works with the intensity of a man dismantling a bomb.

A man who has survived the concrete of the British penal system and is now an amateur master of forensic legal analysis. Beside him, SIMBA – a black-and-white moggy with battle-scarred ears – sleeps curled atop a stack of unredacted court transcripts. His purr is a low, steady metronome.

Victor flips through a file, eyes scanning like a forensic analyst.

VICTOR
(quiet, gravelly)
Brutal dredge, Simba.

Simba doesn't react. He's seen worse.

Victor marks a page with a red tab. His fingers tremble – not from age, but recognition.

CLOSE ON – FILES
Thousands of pages.
Dates.
Signatures.
Internal memos.
Non-disclosures.

Redactions.

A twenty-year paper labyrinth.

Victor isn't reading them as legal documents anymore.
He's breaking them down like a showrunner mapping a
multi-season conspiracy arc.

VICTOR'S POV — A FADED LINE OF TEXT

A single sentence.

A bureaucratic slip.

The kind that only appears when someone got sloppy.

Victor exhales sharply.

VICTOR

There. That's the trapdoor.

Simba's ears twitch.

FLASHBACK — 1997 PETITION (VISUAL MONTAGE)

- A group of local citizens signing a petition.
- A council office receiving it.
- A phone call made behind closed doors.
- Sussex Police brought in — not to investigate, but to contain.

The montage ends on Victor's younger self (42), standing
firm at his boundary line in 1998.

INT. WORKSHOP — NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Victor flips to a file marked 1998 ENFORCEMENT VISIT.

He remembers it vividly:

DAVID PHILLIPS, aggressive enforcement officer.

CHRISTINE NUTTALL, legal sidekick.
A confrontation at the boundary line.
Victor refusing entry.

Victor's jaw tightens.

VICTOR
Holness... you bastard.

He leans back, connecting dots.

INSERT — A PHOTO OF DEREK HOLNESS
Chief Executive.
Smug.
Untouchable.

Victor overlays documents on the desk:
— pension records
— internal council emails
— a typed "exoneration letter" on police-headed stationery
— committee minutes

The truth crystallizes.

VICTOR
(whispers)
They weren't protecting policy.
They were protecting a retirement package.

Simba rolls onto his back, paws in the air.

Victor strokes his fur absently.

VICTOR

Two hundred grand... just to keep quiet.

MONTAGE — THE CARTEL MACHINE

- Police hours logged.
- Social services meetings.
- MAPPA files.
- Planning committee agendas.
- Legal department memos.
- Surveillance notes.
- Workshop visits.
- Targeted harassment of Victor's teenage student.

Victor scrolls through 2025 data sheets.

The architecture hasn't changed.

It's still alive.

Still hunting.

VICTOR

They're terrified, Simba.

If these files ever see daylight...

the whole house of cards goes down.

He begins typing — deliberate, rhythmic keystrokes.

VICTOR

Time to rewrite the ending.

"THE GHOST OF HASTINGS"

Victor freezes.

A single sheet of paper hangs between his fingers.

The HUM of the fluorescent tube shifts — lower, darker,
like an approaching storm.

He reads the letter.

INSERT — HOLNESS LETTER TO HAILSHAM POLICE COMMANDER

Cold.

Clinical.

Accusing Victor of keeping unrecorded firearms.

Victor's stomach drops.

Simba stops purring.

FLASHBACK — JANUARY 1998, HASTINGS (STYLIZED)

— A flat door kicked in.

— Armed officers flooding a hallway.

— A terrified man, JIMMY ASHLEY, raising empty hands.

— A muzzle flash.

— Silence.

— A body on the floor.

Atonement-style slow-motion.

Muted colours.

A single piano note.

INT. WORKSHOP — NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Victor's voice is barely audible.

VICTOR

They didn't just want to jail me.

They tried to pull the Ashley maneuver.

Simba watches him, unblinking.

Victor picks up the letter again.

VICTOR

Holness laid the coordinates.
One armed raid...
and I'd be a chalk outline.

He steadies himself.

FLASHBACK – VICTOR'S COUNTERMOVE (1998)

- Phillips forcing his way past Victor.
- Victor filing an immediate assault complaint.
- A police commander reading it.
- Tactical plans being paused.
- A frustrated Holness recalculating.

Victor's complaint jammed the gears.
He survived by hours.

INT. WORKSHOP – NIGHT

Victor looks at Simba.

VICTOR

They pivoted to the slower kill.
Social death.
Manufactured allegation.
No bullets needed.

He returns to the monitor.

VICTOR

This isn't just a planning cartel.
It's a survival rate.
I'm the one who got away.

He types faster now – the treatment taking shape.

VICTOR

(soft, determined)

It sounds like fiction...

but it's fact.

He stops typing.

VICTOR

Now, Simba...

how do we put this to the media...

convincingly?

Simba blinks once.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 1, ACT 2 - FIRST REJECTION

RECAP OF PREVIOUS EPISODE

A montage flickers across the screen like fragments of a corrupted surveillance tape:

– Victor's workshop at night, lit by humming fluorescent tubes.

– Simba curled atop court transcripts, purring like a metronome.

– Victor flipping through files, discovering the Holness letter.

– The ghostly flashback of Jimmy Ashley's fatal raid.

– Victor whispering: "They tried to pull the Ashley

manoeuvre."

– The final beat: Victor staring at his monitor, typing with cold resolve.

– CUT TO BLACK.

A single line appears:

THE STATE WROTE THE FIRST ACT.

NOW VICTOR WRITES THE SECOND.

Fade in.

THE FIRST REJECTION

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP – DAWN

The fluorescent hum has softened into the pale blue glow of early morning.

Victor sits at the workbench, surrounded by the fortress of paper he has built – a master dossier, cross-referenced, tabbed, colour-coded, and anchored in international treaty law.

He looks exhausted, but focused.

The kind of focus that comes after surviving a war.

Victor flips through the final section of his timeline – the Articles violated:

Article 3 – mental torture

Article 6 – fair trial

Article 14 – discrimination

Article 13 – missing remedy

He exhales, steadying himself.

This is his truth.

His armour.

His ammunition.

He reaches for the phone.

INT. WORKSHOP – CONTINUOUS

Victor dials a number he found buried in old BBC credits
– a veteran investigative journalist.

The phone rings.

Four times.

A clipped voice answers.

ROSS (V.O.)

BBC. Simon Ross speaking.

Victor straightens.

VICTOR

Mr. Ross... you worked on the Panorama investigation into
misogyny and racism inside the Met?

ROSS (V.O.)

Yes. Suspended ten officers. What's your name?

VICTOR

Victor von Woolfe. I have a cross-referenced case file on

institutional corruption – Sussex Police and local
government planning cartels.

A pause.

Typing.

Fast.

Frantic.

ROSS (V.O.)

Possibly. What's the nature of your story?

Victor swallows.

VICTOR

A multi-agency cover-up of millions in planning fraud.
When I blew the whistle, they neutralized me with a
manufactured sexual assault conviction. They suppressed
medical evidence to secure the verdict.

The typing stops.

Silence.

Cold.

Clinical.

ROSS (V.O.)

You must be joking. The BBC will not touch a story where
the state frames someone for a sexual offense. Our agenda
is the opposite.

Victor tightens his grip on the receiver.

VICTOR

The opposite?

ROSS (V.O.)

We reinforce the cultural narrative. Police as heroes.
Monsters caught. We don't do systemic frame-ups on taboo
offenses. Risk assessment kills it instantly.

Victor tries again.

VICTOR

Would you at least look at the un-redacted files?

ROSS (V.O.)

You can send them. But honestly? Try Channel 4. They take
the cases that make our legal department hyperventilate.

Ross hangs up.

Victor stares at the phone.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Victor tries BBC Two.

A younger associate producer answers.

PRODUCER (V.O.)

We exist to put a gloss on Britain, Mr. von Woolfe.
Prestige heritage content. We show why the UK is still
great.

Victor's voice cracks with disbelief.

VICTOR

No interest in the truth under the floorboards?

PRODUCER (V.O.)

Bluntly? No. The country's drowning in debt, politics is chaos, Starmer's on the ropes, Labour's mismanaging everything. People want escapism.

One man against a police force?

The system wins that on paper every day.

The line goes dead.

Victor lowers the phone.

The mechanical click echoes like a prison door.

EXT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Simba trots out from behind a stack of boxes, a twitching field mouse in his jaws.

Victor sighs.

VICTOR

Good boy, Simba.

He carries the cat outside, placing him gently on the gravel.

VICTOR

Eat it out here. Don't make a mess of the files.

Simba growls with satisfaction and begins his meal.

Victor watches him – a feral survivor, unconcerned with gatekeepers.

A mirror of himself.

INT. WORKSHOP - RETURNING INSIDE

Victor stands before the mountain of paper.

He is out of his depth.

A babe in the woods in the media world.

But the rejection hasn't broken him.

It has sharpened him.

He sits, pulls a fresh legal pad toward him, and writes a single line:

CHANNEL 4 - FIRST SHOT.

INDEPENDENT PRODUCTION - SECOND.

NO ROYAL CHARTERS.

NO COMMITTEES.

NO FILTERS.

He underlines it twice.

Victor looks up, eyes burning with new resolve.

VICTOR

(whispers)

If the state broadcaster won't touch it...

I'll take it to the pirates.

He reaches for his phone again.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER EPISODE ENDING

A phone begins to ring.

Not Victor's.

A different phone.

A burner.

Hidden beneath a pile of files.

Victor freezes.

The ringing continues.

Insistent.

Unsettling.

Wrong.

Simba stops eating, ears pricked.

Victor reaches toward the burner phone.

The screen lights up.

UNKNOWN CALLER — NO ID — WITHHELD

Victor hesitates.

The ringing stops.

A single text appears:

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

STOP.

Victor's breath catches.

Simba hisses.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 1, ACT 3 - THE ROGUE SHOWRUNNER

VICTOR UNCHAINED – SEASON TWO

Detective Investigative Crime Thriller – Novel Format

COLD OPEN – RECAP OF EPISODE 2

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted CCTV footage:

- Victor's burner phone vibrating beneath a pile of files.
- The text message: WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. STOP.
- Simba hissing, fur bristling.
- Victor staring at the screen, pulse hammering.
- A shadow moving outside the workshop window.
- Victor killing the lights, holding his breath.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THE MACHINE HAS SEEN HIM.

NOW HE MUST MOVE FIRST.

Fade up.

ACT 3 – "THE ROGUE SHOWRUNNER"

EXT. GATWICK EXPRESS – MORNING

The train slices through the Sussex countryside like a steel scalpel.

Victor sits alone, the bulky black leather flight bag at his feet – twenty years of forensic residue compressed into a single weapon.

He watches the landscape blur past, jaw set, eyes hollow but determined.

He is no longer a man seeking justice.

He is a man preparing an offensive.

INT. VICTORIA STATION – CONTINUOUS

Victor steps off the train into the roar of London.

He moves with purpose, weaving through commuters, gripping the flight bag like a lifeline.

He descends into the Underground, boards the westbound tube, and rides toward Temple – a route he has taken countless times, always carrying the same dead weight of paper.

But today, the weight feels different.

Today, it feels like ammunition.

EXT. THE GEORGE PUB – TEMPLE – LATER

Grey drizzle falls over the gothic spires of the Royal Courts of Justice.

The George crouches opposite – dim, old, smelling of stale ale and quiet rebellion.

Victor enters.

INT. THE GEORGE PUB – CONTINUOUS

HAYES HODGES(50s): Wears a heavily creased faded brown leather jacket and scuffed shoes; a man who operates purely on journalistic instinct and adrenaline. He looks like a man carved out of investigative grit – eyes that have seen too much and forgotten nothing. A veteran, cynical independent filmmaker, sits in a shadowed corner booth, nursing his second Guinness.

Victor approaches.

VICTOR

Pleased to meet you in person, Mr. Hodges.

HODGES

Hayes. And let's skip the pleasantries.

Show me the 1997 Petition.

And the medical opinion.

Those are the high-yield explosives.

Victor unzips the flight bag.

He lays out the documents with surgical precision.

The pub fades into silence.

Only the rustle of paper remains.

INT. THE GEORGE PUB - LATER

Forty-five minutes pass.

Hodges reads everything twice.

His expression shifts from curiosity... to irritation... to something darker.

He taps a court order from 2012.

HODGES

The High Court refused leave for Judicial Review?

VICTOR

Three senior judges.

They said the CCRC was "entitled to take a view."

Hodges snorts.

HODGES

A view.

British for institutional discrimination.

They saw the medical science, saw the political
embarrassment, and chose the path of least resistance.

He flips to the 2025 filings.

HODGES

And social services came back after you last year?

Another frame-up attempt?

Victor nods.

VICTOR

Same choreography.

Same signatures.

That's what triggered my niece to investigate.

Hodges looks up sharply.

HODGES

But she only came forward months later?

Victor's gaze drifts toward the rain-streaked window.

VICTOR

These things aren't spoken of in polite family circles.
Silence is the state's greatest weapon.

Hodges closes the file with a heavy thud.

HODGES

Article 3.

Victor blinks.

VICTOR

Pardon?

Hodges leans forward.

HODGES

Mental torture.

Permanent sabotage.

You're always waiting for the next midnight raid.

It messes with your cognitive tracking.

Victor exhales — a raw, involuntary release.

VICTOR

Yes.

Exactly that.

Hodges takes a slow drink.

HODGES

Your evidence is unassailable.
But that's not the real battle.

Victor tenses.

VICTOR
Then what is?

Hodges smiles – a predatory, knowing smile.

HODGES
Commercial risk versus viewing numbers.
Money.
Pure and simple.

He leans back, leather jacket creaking.

HODGES
The state broadcasters are terrified.
But for a premium subscription model?
It's gold.
This is Alan Bates goes to the Red Light District.
The Post Office scandal – but with a pension cartel
running a weaponized sexual-offenses matrix.

Victor allows himself a rare smile.

VICTOR
I watched Channel 4 expose the Post Office.
The arrogance was unbelievable.

Hodges's eyes gleam.

HODGES

And that's why we're going to ram this story straight down their throats.
They thought the taboo would isolate you forever.
They didn't calculate for millions of pay-to-watch viewers who don't care about protecting Wealden's golden handshakes.

He slaps the table.

HODGES

Pack your papers, Victor.
We're going to make a movie.

Victor's breath catches – hope flickering for the first time in years.

Simba's ghostly purr echoes in his memory.

CUT TO—

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — EPISODE 3

EXT. THE GEORGE PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Victor steps outside into the drizzle, clutching the flight bag.

Across the street, the Royal Courts of Justice loom – ancient, cold, indifferent.

Victor's phone vibrates.

He checks the screen.

A new message.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME TO LONDON.

WE ARE ALREADY HERE.

Victor looks up.

A black car idles across the street.

Engine running.

Windows tinted.

No movement inside.

Victor's pulse spikes.

The car's headlights flick on.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 1, ACT 4 - THE COMPLIANCE LOCKDOWN

Detective Investigative Crime Thriller

COLD OPEN — RECAP OF ACT 3

A rapid montage, flickering like corrupted surveillance footage:

- Victor stepping out of The George into the London drizzle.
- His phone vibrating.
- The message: YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME TO LONDON. WE ARE

ALREADY HERE.

- A black car idling across the street, headlights flaring.
- Victor freezing, clutching the flight bag.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THE MACHINE IS WATCHING.
NOW IT MOVES TO CONTAIN HIM.

Fade up.

ACT 4 - "THE COMPLIANCE LOCKDOWN"

INT. NETWORK HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Fourteenth floor.

Glass walls.

Polished walnut table.

The air thick with high-end espresso and corporate paranoia.

Hayes Hodges struggles with the heavy glass door, a piping hot Starbucks latte in one hand, his scuffed leather briefcase in the other. He kicks the door open with his heel.

He steps into a room far more formal than he likes.

HAYES

Oh. Hello, everyone.

The network's top tier is already assembled - accountants, compliance officers, development executives - each clutching their premium coffee like armour.

At the head of the table sits CECILIA CUNNINGHAM, head of development.

Ice-cold.

Immovable.

A woman who has killed more projects than she's greenlit.

To her left:

ALEX ROXBOROUGH, veteran producer.

DEBBIE DIXON, razor-sharp director with trauma in her past and fire in her eyes.

Both look hesitant – torn between the story's explosive potential and its radioactive liability.

Cecilia doesn't waste time.

CECILIA

What have you got, Hayes?

Hayes sets down his latte, snaps open his briefcase, and slides the primary files across the table.

HAYES

In a nutshell?

A multi-million-pound municipal pension and planning fraud spanning two decades.

Debbie waves a manicured hand dismissively.

DEBBIE

We're not concerned about the financial side.

Our audience wants the hook.

Is Victor actually innocent?

Hayes points to the 1997 Petition and the internal memos tracking the Sussex Police cover-up.

Silence falls.

Pages rustle.

Eyes narrow.

Alex flips through the documents, brow furrowing.

ALEX

Okay, the planning corruption checks out.

But what of it?

Local government malfeasance isn't news anymore.

It's par for the course.

Cecilia nods.

Hayes nearly chokes on his latte.

He leans forward, voice dropping into a gravelly register.

HAYES

It's par for the course until you realize they stitched the chap up to cover it up.

This is malfeasance in public office.

A coordinated conspiracy to pervert the course of justice using the ultimate social weapon.

He lets the weight of the claim settle.

HAYES

Think about it.

It's the reverse of Andrew Mountbatten – but with hints of Jemma Beale and Eleanor Williams.

Those women fooled authorities for years.

But here?

The state is the actor.

The state orchestrated the performance.

The atmospheric pressure shifts.

Alex sits back, slowly nodding.

ALEX

It reframes the systemic conversation... even if unsaid.

But won't Victor and his accusers become victims again?

The tabloids will tear them apart.

Debbie stares at the folder – her own past flickering behind her eyes.

She speaks softly.

DEBBIE

We use strict aliases.

Protect identities.

Protect the vulnerable.

Hayes nods.

HAYES

Victor won't allow a witch hunt.

He's very Carrington V.C. about it.

Debbie smiles faintly.

DEBBIE

My goodness.

David Niven.

Black and white.

Hayes returns the smile.

HAYES

The man refuses to save himself by destroying others.

He wants the machine dismantled.

Cecilia taps her pen against her coffee cup – calculating profit versus risk.

CECILIA

Bottom line:

Can we sell this on a pay-to-watch model?

Alex's producer instincts override his caution.

ALEX

With the right casting and editorial treatment?

It's a goldmine.

A documented true story – not Hollywood fiction.

Debbie nods firmly.

DEBBIE

I'd pay to watch it.

And I want to direct it.

Exactly as it should be seen.

Cecilia's eyes sharpen.

Hayes throws out his final bait.

HAYES

I'll launch targeted FOI requests.

See how Wealden and Sussex Police react.

And there's the small matter of social services trying it again in 2025.

Cecilia's expression shifts.

CECILIA

Social services?

Recent?

HAYES

Active.

They're still trying to engineer a pretext to keep him on a leash.

Cecilia leans back, a cold smile forming.

CECILIA

Alright.

We'll authorize undercover development funds.

We'll give you some rope, Hayes.

Bring back an unassailable proposal.

She looks around.

CECILIA

Those in favour?

Debbie and Alex raise their hands instantly.

Cecilia pauses... then raises hers.

CECILIA

The ball is in your court.

But watch your step.

Cops don't play fair when their pensions are on the line.

And neither do aggrieved relatives.

Hayes snaps his briefcase shut.

HAYES

They don't.

But neither do I.

CUT TO—

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — ACT 4

INT. NETWORK HEADQUARTERS — LIFT LOBBY — MOMENTS LATER

Hayes steps out of the boardroom, adrenaline humming.

He presses the lift button.

The doors slide open.

Inside stands a man in a dark suit.

Expression blank.

Eyes unreadable.

A face Hayes doesn't recognize.

The man holds a folder.

He extends it toward Hayes.

MAN

Mr. Hodges...

you've requested information that doesn't exist.

Hayes frowns.

HAYES

I haven't filed anything yet.

The man smiles — thin, cold, wrong.

MAN

We know.

That's why we're here.

Hayes's pulse spikes.

The man steps out of the lift, leans in close.

MAN

Stop digging.

For your sake.

And his.

He walks away.

Hayes opens the folder.

Inside is a single sheet of paper.

A photograph.

Victor.

Taken yesterday.

In London.

From across the street.

Hayes's breath catches.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 1, ACT 5 - THE GREEN LIGHT

COLD OPEN — RECAP OF ACT 4

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted CCTV footage:

- Hayes Hodges stepping out of the network boardroom, clutching his briefcase.
- The unknown man in the lift lobby handing him a folder.
- Hayes opening it to reveal a photograph of Victor, taken covertly in London.
- The man's warning: "Stop digging. For your sake. And his."
- Hayes's face tightening with fear and resolve.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THE MACHINE HAS SEEN THEM BOTH.

NOW IT MOVES TO STRIKE.

Fade up.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - KITCHENETTE - DAWN

The hum of the fluorescent tubes from the main workshop

bleeds into the small, spartan kitchen area. A stainless-steel kettle sits on a gas ring, building toward a high, piercing whistle.

VICTOR (71) stands perfectly still by the counter. His face is caught in the sharp, low chiaroscuro light of a Sussex dawn breaking outside the window. One half of his face is in heavy shadow; the other is illuminated by the weak gold of the morning.

On the welcome mat by the door lies a single, heavy manila envelope. The return address is printed in cold, state-sanctioned font: East Sussex County Council - Legal & Compliance Services.

Victor doesn't rush. He turns off the gas gas ring just before the whistle reaches its peak. Silence descends, heavy and thick.

He picks up a silver, bone-handled letter opener. With meticulous, steady hands, he slices the top of the envelope. He slides out a thick stack of Data Subject Access Request (DSAR) logs.

His eyes scan the heavily redacted text, moving past the blacked-out bars until they land on a series of un-redacted internal social services emails from 2025.

INSERT: THE DOCUMENT

"...contact initiated with the engineering student and his mother... pressure applied to ensure formal statements conform to the previous risk matrix... vulnerability parameters established..."

Victor's breathing doesn't change, but his jaw sets like iron. It is the forensic smoking gun. The absolute proof of active, modern solicitation of a false allegation.

He grabs his smartphone and speed-dials.

VICTOR

Hayes. You'll never guess what I'm holding in my hand.

HAYES (V.O.)

(Through phone, distorted, background traffic noise)
Bet I can. We just got some heavily parried replies to our FOI requests at the office.
Something like that?

VICTOR

Spot on, you cunning fox. Social services are opening up. The dam is cracking.

HAYES (V.O.)

It's a start, Victor. But remember, the CCRC has a much bigger can opener—if we can finally force them to use their statutory investigatory powers.

VICTOR

(Bitter smile)
The CCRC told the High Court that the original accusers were 'convincing.'
Of course they were. Jemma Beale was convincing. Eleanor Williams was convincing. The difference is, their victims weren't political activists

threatening a multi-million-pound
planning cartel.

EXT. SUSSEX COUNTRY LANE - DAY

A sweeping, cinematic tracking shot down a narrow, high-hedged Sussex lane. The sky overhead is a heavy, bruised slate grey.

Hayes's battered production estate car is parked in a small gravel turnout. Hayes sits inside, the steering wheel clutched in one hand, the phone pressed to his ear. His eyes constantly flick to his rearview mirror.

A hundred yards behind him, parked on the grass verge, is a dark, nondescript saloon car with heavily tinted windows. Its engine is idling, a faint wisp of exhaust vapor rising into the cold air.

HAYES

(Lowering his voice)
Woolfe... listen to me carefully.
Are you secure right now? Because I'm being followed.

VICTOR (V.O.)

(Through phone)
Followed? I've gone past that, Hayes.
I've received direct, anonymous threats over the phone this morning.
Clear ultimatums to leave the 1997 files alone or face an immediate administrative recall to prison.

HAYES

Who the hell is pulling the trigger on this? Is it Briony's family? The grandfather with his Masonic handshakes?

VICTOR (V.O.)

It could be. But it is far more likely to be Derek Holness protecting his two-hundred-thousand-pound golden handshake. Or any number of executives at East Sussex County Council who signed off on the fraud. The stakes are rising in direct proportion to our production schedule.

HAYES

(Looking back at the rearview mirror; the dark saloon car slowly begins to roll forward)

No idea at this stage, Victor. But it's fast approaching James Bond time.

Keep your doors locked. I'm coming to the workshop now.

Hayes drops the phone, slams the car into gear, and hits the accelerator. The tires spray gravel as he shoots down the lane. In the background, the dark saloon car accelerates smoothly, tailing him into the shadows of the trees.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The physical weight of the evidence is now laid out across the massive workbench under the hard blue light of the monitor: the 1997 planning petition, the historic Jimmy Ashley shooting disclosures, the 2008 suppressed medical logs, and the brand-new 2025 DSAR files.

It is an unassailable mountain of state malice.

Hayes stands over the desk, his brown leather jacket zipped tight against the chill. He looks from the documents to Victor, who sits calmly in his chair. SIMBA, the black-and-white moggy, sits like a sentinel on the corner of the desk, his amber eyes fixed on the door.

HAYES

This is it. The complete multi-agency choreography. The planning fraud, the false firearm reports, the modern solicitation. Cecilia can't hide behind compliance anymore. The sheer weight of this physical evidence shatters any hesitation left in London.

VICTOR

So we have the green light?

HAYES

We are officially sanctioned. Production starts at dawn. We're going to blow the roof off the Sussex establishment.

Suddenly, Simba's ears twitch. The cat stands up, his back arching slightly, a low, defensive growl vibrating in his throat.

Victor freezes. Hayes stops mid-sentence.

From the dark, gravel lane outside the workshop, the faint, distinct sound of a car door clicking shut echoes through the corrugated walls.

Then, the workshop's external security floodlight cuts

out, plunging the windows into pitch blackness.

EXT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (CLIFFHANGER)

The camera pulls back into a high, wide night shot of the isolated workshop, surrounded by dense Sussex woodland under a starless, heavy sky. The building is completely dark.

The wind howls through the trees.

A heavy, gloved hand enters the frame in the extreme foreground, holding a pair of heavy-duty industrial wire cutters. The shadow of a figure moves silhouetted against the dark exterior wall, stepping silently toward the main workshop door.

Inside the workshop, through the glass pane, we see the faint glow of Victor's computer monitor reflect off his face as he looks toward the handle.

The door handle begins to slowly, silently turn downward.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END OF EPISODE ONE - LEADING TO EPISODE TWO