

**"VICTOR UNCHAINED" 4 PART TV SERIALISATION INVESTIGATIVE
CRIME THRILLER/DRAMA - TV EPISODE TWO**

**(FICTIONAL SEQUEL TO "VICTOR MUZZLED" - based on a true
story, real verified events)**

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FOLLOWING ON FROM EPISODE 1

EPISODE 2, ACT 1 - THE INTERCEPTED SIGNAL

Detective Investigative Crime Thriller – Format

COLD OPEN – RECAP OF EPISODE ONE

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted surveillance
footage:

- The workshop floodlights cutting out.
- Simba's ears flattening, growl rising.
- Hayes whispering: "Victor... don't move."
- The brass handle of the workshop door turning downward.
- A silhouette behind the frosted glass.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THEY CUT THE LIGHTS.

NOW THEY CUT THE SIGNAL.

Fade up.

ACT 1 – “THE INTERCEPTED SIGNAL”

INT. VICTOR’S WORKSHOP – MORNING

The digital infrastructure is dying.

Victor sits before his dual-monitor setup, watching the spinning buffer wheels on his encrypted dashboard.

His fiber connection drops to a strangled crawl – not a fluctuation, but a deliberate throttling.

The MAPPA-aligned multi-agency network has realized the unredacted files are leaking.

Containment protocols have escalated.

This is Horizon-level panic.

National.

Coordinated.

Political.

Victor picks up his burner phone, dialing Hayes through an encrypted routing app.

VICTOR

Hayes, you there?

HAYES (V.O.)

Where else, Victor.

The background hum of a London edit suite bleeds through the line.

Victor lowers his voice.

VICTOR

Everywhere I turn, there's a set of eyes.
They know my every move.

Hayes doesn't hesitate.

HAYES (V.O.)

They'll do more than tap your landlines now.
The network's authorized a full quarantine protocol.

Victor lets the words settle in the damp air.

VICTOR

And track the smartphones?

HAYES (V.O.)

Yes.
If I were you, I'd sweep the entire locality.
Workshop. House. Boundary line.
Roger that?

VICTOR

Roger that.

Victor ends the call.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

He boots up an air-gapped Linux laptop — shielded in a
lead-lined pouch.
He bridges it to monitor local data packets.

The results are chilling.

His monitor's pinhole cameras — active.

His smartphone – transmitting compressed bursts of data while “powered down.”

The state isn't just reading his files.

They are in the room with him. Watching him.

EXT. SUSSEX LANE – LATER

Victor walks down the narrow gravel lane, coat collar turned up against a biting wind.

He stops at the weathered green BT junction cabinet.

He's passed it a thousand times.

But today–

A secondary junction box sits behind the casing.

Clean.

Unweathered.

Non-standard.

Victor's stomach drops.

VICTOR (whispers)

No...

No, no, no...

This is beyond local police tech.

This is interception.

INT. WHITEHALL – PRIVATE CORRIDOR – SAME TIME

Thirty miles away, beneath reinforced concrete, political

gears grind in friction.

Foreign Secretary David Lammy corners Prime Minister Keir Starmer.

LAMMY

Keir... it's just a matter of time with this von Woolfe business.

The press handles are moving.

Starmer doesn't look up from his briefing folder.

STARMER

We need to threaten more.

Pull his license parameters if we have to.

Have we seized his primary files?

Lammy grimaces.

LAMMY

He lodged duplicates everywhere.

Even in High Court registries.

We can't clear the servers without triggering disclosure alerts.

Starmer mutters under his breath.

Victor is thinking ten steps ahead.

STARMER

GCHQ are on it?

LAMMY

Of course.

They're riding on his back.

Monitoring the signals all the way to the finish line.

EXT. SUSSEX WOODLAND - SAME TIME

Victor ducks into a thicket of trees, pulling out a hard-wired secure satellite phone.

He dials Hayes's private line.

VICTOR

Hayes... I found it.

A secondary junction box piggybacked onto the exchange.

Hayes's voice turns deadly serious.

HAYES (V.O.)

That's not local police.

A shiny bypass at exchange level?

That's Cheltenham.

That's GCHQ.

Victor leans his head against the damp bark of an oak tree.

VICTOR

All the way to the top?

HAYES (V.O.)

Reckon so.

They're terrified of a systemic audit.

If Cheltenham is intercepting the signal, we can't use standard delivery channels.

We need to think black ops.

Victor tightens his grip on the phone.

The underdog's survival instinct takes over.

VICTOR

How do we fight a ghost in the machine?

Hayes doesn't answer.

Static crackles.

Then—

HAYES (V.O.)

Victor...

hold on.

The line goes dead.

Victor freezes.

The woodland is silent.

Too silent.

A faint electronic chirp echoes from the junction box behind him.

Victor turns—

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — EPISODE TWO, ACT 1

A single LED on the secondary junction box begins to

blink.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Then it turns solid red.

Victor's breath catches.

Somewhere in the trees behind him, a twig snaps.

Not wind.

Not wildlife.

Footsteps.

Approaching.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 2, ACT 2 - THE BLACK SEDAN

COLD OPEN — RECAP OF ACT 1

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted CCTV footage:

- Victor discovering the secondary junction box behind the BT cabinet.
- Hayes whispering: "That's Cheltenham. That's GCHQ."
- The LED on the junction box turning solid red.
- A twig snapping behind Victor in the woodland.

– Victor turning toward the sound–
– CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THEY WATCHED HIS SIGNAL. NOW THEY WATCH HIM.

Fade up.

ACT 2 – “THE BLACK SEDAN”

EXT. SUSSEX LANE – MORNING

The dark blue saloon car that had idled for forty-eight hours is gone.

In its place sits a midnight-black BMW, exhaust puffing faint plumes of white vapor into the freezing Sussex air.

A monument to surveillance.

An unblinking eye in the winter fog.

Victor stands at the workshop window, the blue glow of his monitor carving sharp contours across his weathered face.

Simba sits perfectly still at his boots – a sentinel.

VICTOR

Article 3 mental torture, Simba.

Pure psychological attrition.

They’re waiting for a technicality.

A broken tail light.

A TV license.

Oh wait – I don’t even own a TV.

The landline rings – sharp, jarring.

Victor picks up.

No caller ID.

He presses the receiver to his ear.

Only breathing.

Heavy.

Rhythmic.

Then—

Click.

Dead signal.

The screws tighten.

EXT. WORKSHOP DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

A sharp knock rattles the heavy timber.

Victor opens the door calmly.

Two MAPPA compliance officers stand there, high-visibility vests stark against the grey morning.

VICTOR

Hello, chaps.

Fancy a cuppa?

You're right on time.

They don't appreciate the humour.

The older sergeant steps forward, eyes sweeping the workshop interior.

SERGEANT

Alright, smart arse.

Let's see your car insurance certificates.

We're giving the vehicle a once-over.

Victor smiles thinly.

VICTOR

Front tires are brand new.

Replaced right after your last shakedown.

The younger constable chuckles cynically.

Victor continues, voice dry.

VICTOR

And being pulled over last week for not having my
passenger wing mirror fully extended?

Very creative.

CONSTABLE

Not our shout, Woolfe.

The sergeant checks the rear tire tread with his boot.

Victor's tone hardens.

VICTOR

Officers, you can verify every compliance metric online in
five seconds.

Why waste taxpayers' money chasing my tail down a country
lane?

SERGEANT

We're just following orders.

Victor bites back the retort – the historic refrain of every foot soldier of tyranny.

They are not the architects.

They are the hands.

The real architecture sits above them – GCHQ intercepts cascading through Whitehall's defensive line.

SERGEANT

Come on.

That's enough for today.

They walk back toward the idling BMW.

Victor closes the heavy oak door, sliding the iron bolt into place.

VICTOR

Okay, Simba.

Back to work.

INT. WORKSHOP – LATER

Survival requires total operational security.

Victor saves nothing to internal drives.

He works exclusively off encrypted, air-gapped USBs.

Multiple physical backups buried across the property.

He lives on an anti-social clock – working deep into the midnight hours when digital noise is lowest, sleeping when surveillance shifts rotate.

Multiple vehicles sit parked near a rear woodland exit – registered to different business entities.

If he needs to meet Hayes in London, he can vanish before the sedan registers a thermal signature.

Like Richard Kimble dodging marshals, Victor is learning the dragnet's contours.

He plugs a fresh drive into his air-gapped terminal.

VICTOR (thought)

This is turning into a total Bourne Identity sequence.

INT. BLACK BMW – SAME TIME

Inside the heated cabin, the two MAPPA officers watch the workshop windows.

The constable sighs.

CONSTABLE

Total waste of time, Sarge.

He doesn't drink.

Doesn't do drugs.

We can't even flag him for a sobriety bust.

The sergeant unwraps a sandwich.

SERGEANT

And he doesn't browse adult entertainment.

Nothing on the logs.

Bastard's clean.

We need a real pretext or HQ will breathe down our necks.

Irony hangs thick.

Both officers bypass their own filters.

Both know colleagues quietly drummed out for misconduct.

The recent custody death scandal buried under
nondisclosure.

Chief Constable Giles York resigning strategically.

They can't risk a tactical raid – not with independent
media sniffing around, not with the ghost of James Ashley
still haunting Sussex Police.

They need creativity.

SERGEANT

If only the guy would start dating.

The moment a relationship goes south, social services can
pile in.

Call it a pre-emptive safety intervention.

Get leverage.

CONSTABLE

He doesn't even gamble.

Buys nothing but healthy groceries.

Pure routine.

The sergeant raises an eyebrow.

SERGEANT

Been looking at his private bank statements again?

The constable chuckles, shifting the car into drive.

CONSTABLE

What else is there to do out here in the dark.

The BMW rolls forward—

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — EPISODE TWO, ACT 2

EXT. SUSSEX LANE — CONTINUOUS

As the BMW pulls away, a second vehicle emerges from the fog.

- Not police.

- Not MAPPA.

A sleek, unmarked grey Audi. It stops directly opposite Victor's workshop.

The passenger window lowers.

A camera lens protrudes — long, military-grade, infrared-capable.

It points straight at Victor's door.

The lens clicks.

Once. Twice. Three times.

Inside the workshop, Simba's ears twitch.

Victor looks up from his terminal.

The camera retracts. The Audi drives off silently.

Victor's phone vibrates.

A single message:

WE SEE EVERYTHING.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 2, ACT 3 - THE OFF GRID BACKUPS

COLD OPEN — RECAP OF ACT 2

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted surveillance footage:

- The midnight-black BMW idling at the lane mouth.
- The landline call with only breathing.
- The MAPPA officers checking Victor's tires.
- The sergeant muttering: "We need a real pretext."
- The unmarked grey Audi emerging from the fog.
- The military-grade camera lens clicking three times.
- The message on Victor's phone: WE SEE EVERYTHING.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THEY WATCH HIS HOUSE. NOW THEY WANT HIS EVIDENCE.

Fade up.

ACT 3 — "THE OFF-GRID BACKUPS"

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP — NIGHT

The midnight-black BMW still sits at the lane mouth, exhaust bleeding white vapor into the freezing fog.

But inside the workshop, the atmosphere has changed.

This is no longer surveillance.

This is pre-raid tension – the electric, dry-mouth stillness before a door is kicked in.

Victor feels it:

the drop in barometric pressure

the sudden quiet on his encrypted routers

the way shadows lengthen unnaturally across his boundary fence

They're coming for the television production master files.

If Hayes broadcasts the unredacted evidence, the thread holding the Sussex cartel together snaps.

Victor moves.

Not with panic – but with the methodical precision of a man who survived years of institutional concrete.

INT. WORKSHOP – CONTINUOUS

He boots his air-gapped terminal.

He begins a counter-surveillance dispersal protocol – classic whistleblower strategy, executed flawlessly.

1. Digital dispersal

He mirrors the entire media packet across five fragmented,

encrypted cloud vaults hosted outside UK jurisdiction.

Non-cooperative servers.

Non-extradition territories.

No British warrants.

2. Physical dispersal

He seeds ruggedized solid-state drives into a network of trusted couriers – ordinary people across county lines who know exactly what the state is capable of.

Victor snaps a terabyte drive into a static-shielding pouch.

His mind drifts.

FLASHBACK – THE FOUR WHO CAME BEFORE HIM

1. The Accountant

A high-level Freemason.

Refused to sign off falsified municipal accounts.

Warned by 1997 Petitioners: "Duplicate the ledgers. Store them remotely."

He didn't.

Within forty-eight hours, Sussex Police raided his home as a favour to lodge grand masters – seizing every scrap of evidence.

2. The Protester

Snatched off the street for placing a political sign near a highway.

Thrown into an interrogation room.

Released within hours.

A psychological warning shot.

3. The Truck Driver

Complained about a bankruptcy fraud ring.

Targeted by enforcement officer David Phillips.

Raided repeatedly.

His confidential Rule 39 papers stolen – later appearing in a CPS evidence bundle.

His solicitors refused to delete them.

He was beaten in a police van.

4. The Hastings Couple

Protested unlawful development.

Charged with manufactured offences.

Held on restrictive bail for a year.

Case dropped with "no evidence."

They're suing now.

But the damage is done.

INT. WORKSHOP - BACK TO PRESENT

Victor types rapidly, compiling the historical addendum for Hayes's documentary.

VICTOR (thought)

Same facts.

Same pattern.

Same playbook.

Up in Cheltenham, GCHQ sees everything.

They track his queries.

Flag his encrypted transfers.
Map his burner phone locations.

But Victor terrifies them because he's gone off-grid.

Physical distribution.
Human couriers.
Hard drives hidden in floorboards.
Cars crossing into Kent.

You can't intercept what isn't online.

INT. DOWNING STREET - PRIVATE BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME
The political landscape is collapsing.

Keir Starmer's premiership is in its death throes.

Starmer sits opposite Justice Minister David Lammy and
Becky Shaw, Chief Executive of East Sussex County Council.

Surveillance logs lie on the table.

LAMMY

We're short on deployment resources.
Maintaining this perimeter is skyrocketing in cost.
And with the leadership transition coming..

Starmer's voice is flat, analytical.

STARMER

Von Woolfe remains tier-one priority.
Hodges is a bulldog.
Once he locks onto a story, he doesn't let go until the
blood runs.

We use every asset we have.

Hook Victor again.

Pull his teeth before he goes on air.

Lammy leans forward.

LAMMY

But by increasing harassment, aren't we validating his narrative?

Shouldn't we declare the conviction unsafe and cut our losses?

Becky Shaw stiffens.

She authorized the 2025 social-services attempt to "try it on" again.

SHAW

If the truth comes out, the financial liability breaks the council.

Starmer looks at the board like a chess master facing checkmate.

STARMER

If we tell the truth...
we lose control of the narrative.
We maintain the line.

EXT. SUSSEX WOODS - SAME TIME

Victor doesn't have a wiretap inside Number 10.

He doesn't need one.

He has instinct – the survivor's compass.

He knows bureaucratic monsters never relent.

They only respond when their bollocks are clamped inside a vice.

He loads a final master-encrypted USB stick into his pocket.

Checks his watch.

Afternoon shift rotation approaching.

The black BMW shifts gears at the lane mouth.

Victor smiles in the dark.

They think they have him cornered.

But Victor has just rewritten the rules of the chase.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING – EPISODE TWO, ACT 3

EXT. SUSSEX LANE – CONTINUOUS

Victor steps outside, coat collar up, USB stick in his pocket.

The BMW idles.

Suddenly–

A second vehicle appears behind it.

Not the grey Audi.

Not MAPPA.

A white unmarked van.

No plates.

No markings.

It stops.

The BMW officers look confused.

The van's rear doors open.

Inside:

A tactical team.

Black uniforms.

No insignia.

Full masks.

One of them raises a hand.

Signals.

The BMW pulls away.

Victor's breath catches.

The tactical team steps out of the van.

Silent.

Deliberate.

They begin walking toward Victor's workshop.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 2, ACT 4 - THE THREAT AT THE GATE

COLD OPEN — RECAP OF ACT 3

A rapid montage flickers like corrupted surveillance footage:

- Victor mirroring files across offshore encrypted vaults.
- Ruggedized SSDs snapped into static-shielding pouches.
- Flashbacks of the accountant, the protester, the truck driver, the Hastings couple.
- GCHQ intercept dashboards lighting up.
- Starmer whispering: "Von Woolfe remains tier-one priority."
- Becky Shaw: "The financial liability would break the council."
- Victor pocketing the master USB stick.
- The white unmarked van arriving.
- Tactical team stepping out.
- CUT TO BLACK.

A single line fades in:

THEY TRIED TO RAID HIS HOUSE.

NOW THEY COME FOR HIM.

Fade up.

ACT 4 — "THE THREAT AT THE GATES"

EXT. BRITISH ENGINEERUM - BRIGHTON & HOVE - DAY

The air around the British Engineerium is heavy with damp brickwork, rusted iron, and coastal salt.

The Victorian pumping station – built in 1866 – stands like a relic of industrial empire, now a museum and archival gateway to The Keep.

Victor stands near the perimeter fence, adjusting his coat against the biting Sussex wind.

For a moment, the world feels still.

A deceptive peace.

Far removed from the digital dragnet, the idling sedans, the tactical van.

Then—

A quiet crunch of leather soles on gravel.

Not loud.

Not rushed.

Deliberate.

VOICE

Mr. Woolfe?

Victor doesn't flinch.

But his internal radar spikes.

A man steps out from the long shadows cast by the

Victorian brickwork – plain-clothes overcoat, sharp posture, eyes like cold steel.

A high-level state operator.

DETECTIVE

We've been reading your online posts, Mr. Woolfe.

Do you think they are wise?

Victor studies him – instantly recognizing the posture of authority that answers to no local chief constable.

This isn't Wealden.

This isn't Sussex Police.

This is the machine speaking through a mouthpiece.

If Hayes's documentary airs the unredacted truth, the fabricated evidence, the court subversions, the political cover-ups – the pensions vanish.

The careers collapse.

The legacy evaporates.

This is Horizon all over again – but older, darker, deeper.

Victor slips his hand into his coat pocket.

His thumb finds the ridged slide-switch of a ruggedized digital recorder.

He clicks it forward.

Silent.

Invisible.

The ledger is running.

VICTOR

Wise, officer?

Is it not my fundamental right to impart information and ideas?

Given the scale of public funds being burned to cover this up...

it's a public duty.

The detective steps closer, voice dropping into a cold institutional cadence.

DETECTIVE

They locked up Mandela for twenty-seven years for spreading those kinds of ideas, mate.

Victor's expression hardens.

VICTOR

Yes.

And he became President – to dismantle the machine that built the cage.

The detective's eyes narrow.

DETECTIVE

You don't have twenty-seven years to spare.

So far, we haven't trapped you again.

Don't mistake our patience for weakness.

Victor's voice drops into a dangerous register.

VICTOR

It hasn't been for lack of trying.

You mean the Hughes stitch-up?

The jury saw straight through that performance.

The detective's jaw tightens.

DETECTIVE

We'll find another excuse.

An administrative technicality.

A licensing breach.

We can recall you to a high-security wing before sunset.

Extend your MAPPA tracking indefinitely.

Bury your files in a vault.

We have unlimited resources, Woolfe.

And this mandate comes from the very top.

Victor steps forward.

VICTOR

Just how high up does this corruption extend?

The detective's face disappears into shadow.

DETECTIVE

I have my orders, matey.

Just watch it, or you are for it.

Drop the media campaign.

This is your only warning.

He turns, vanishing around the corner of the brick wall as swiftly as he appeared.

Only the hum of distant traffic remains.

EXT. ENGINEERIUM GATE - CONTINUOUS

Victor stands alone, chest rising and falling in the cold air.

The sensible response – the one the state expects – would be to retreat.

To knuckle under.

To let silence swallow his life.

But Victor was born in South Africa during apartheid.

He has seen tyranny before.

He knows injustice is injustice – whether in a former colony or on Whitehall's doorstep.

He pulls his hand from his pocket.

The recorder's red light glows.

Active.

Captured.

Victor feels fire surge through his veins.

They tried to use Mandela's cage as a weapon.

It backfired.

He walks toward his vehicle, the recording secured.

He already knows what this is:

The opening sequence for Episode Three.

The enforcers are no longer hiding.

They are desperate.

They are talking.

And now – the whole world is going to hear them.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 2, ACT 5 - THE DEAD MAN'S SWITCH

THE DEAD MAN'S SWITCH (Series Two – Episode Two, Chapter Five: The Dead Man's Switch)

PREVIOUSLY ON VICTOR VON WOOLFE

A quick, tense montage:

- Victor, wrongfully convicted years earlier, has uncovered evidence of a state-engineered SLAPP designed to bury his defence-related inventions and silence his whistleblowing.

- Sussex Police have escalated harassment: raids, seizures, intimidation.

- Victor finally confronted a plain-clothes detective at the Engineerium Museum, refusing to be cowed.

Cut to black.

EPISODE 2 – ACT 5 SCREENPLAY

Style: gritty, atmospheric, tense – the paranoia of Enemy of the State, the injustice of An Innocent Man, the emotional weight of Atonement, the procedural grit of Carrington VC, and the relentless pursuit of The Fugitive.

EXT. THE KEEP – NIGHT

Cold mist rolls across the gravel. A lone security lamp flickers overhead.

Victor strides forward, boots crunching. He's calm – too calm.

The DETECTIVE (50s, plain clothes, brittle confidence) stops mid-stride. His façade cracks.

Victor steps into the man's space.

VICTOR

(low, controlled)

Chief... you and I need to be very clear with each other.

The detective's jaw tightens.

DETECTIVE

What now, Woolfe?

Victor lifts a secondary phone – the screen glows with a countdown timer.

VICTOR

Ever seen The Bourne Supremacy?

The detective scoffs, but his eyes flick to the timer.

DETECTIVE

This isn't Hollywood.

VICTOR

No. It's worse.

(beat)

If I miss a single check-in... twenty-four hours... everything goes live. Every file. Every recording. Every name.

The detective's breath catches.

DETECTIVE

GCHQ will kill the host.

Victor smiles – the first real smile we've seen.

VICTOR

It's not in this country.

And it's not on any map you can subpoena.

Silence. The wind dies.

Victor pockets the phone.

VICTOR

Tell your friends in Whitehall:

Leave Hodges alone.

Leave my family alone.

The timer is running.

Victor turns and walks away. The detective doesn't follow.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHALL - SECURE BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A polished mahogany table. Frosted glass. Triple-insulated walls.

DAVID LAMMY slams a file down.

LAMMY

Fucking bastard won't break.

KEIR STARMER rubs his eyes, exhausted.

STARMER

Give him his dues. We've shafted him rotten... and he still finds the pivot point.

Lammy paces.

LAMMY

Why can't he just die?

Starmer shoots him a warning look.

CUT TO:

INT. CABINET OFFICE BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

Encrypted video feeds flicker to life.

Left screen: ANNE KEAST-BUTLER, Director of GCHQ.

Right screen: BLAISE METREWELI, MI6 Technology Director.

Lammy leans in.

LAMMY

Why don't we sanction a hit? End this.

A long, dangerous silence.

Metreweli clears her throat.

METREWELI

Because Victor Woolfe isn't just a nuisance.

He's an asset we didn't realise we had.

Starmer sits forward.

STARMER

Explain.

Metreweli taps a pen.

METREWELI

Three military patents. Two during Blair. One after release.

The last one predicted autonomous drone warships... years before the Black Sea.

Keast-Butler nods.

KEAST-BUTLER

If Sussex Police hadn't stitched him up, Britain might have led the world in drone naval warfare.

Lammy stops pacing.

LAMMY

So we buried a defence pioneer... to protect a local planning scam?

Silence. Heavy. Shameful.

METREWELI

If he dies, Prime Minister... the world learns exactly how badly we failed him.

Starmer closes the file with a snap.

STARMER

Then we let the courts grind him down.

No hits. No accidents.

Administrative exhaustion will do the job.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUSSEX LANES - NIGHT

Victor drives through the mist, headlights cutting through the dark.

His black-and-white cat sits curled in the passenger seat.

Victor glances at the countdown timer on his phone.

00:23:59:12

He exhales — steady, resolute.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Air-gapped terminal. Stacks of documents. A single lamp.

Victor uploads a new encrypted packet. The terminal hums.

He whispers:

VICTOR

You framed the wrong man.

The timer ticks.

00:23:58:02

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — EPISODE 2

EXT. COUNTRY LANE — NIGHT

Victor's car slows.

A second vehicle appears behind him — no lights, no plates. It accelerates.

Victor's eyes narrow.

VICTOR

(whispers)

Not tonight.

The vehicle RAMS him.

Victor's car skids, tyres screaming.

The countdown timer falls from the dashboard.

00:23:57:48

Victor fights the wheel — the lane is narrow, bordered by deep ditches.

The pursuing vehicle hits him again.

Victor's car spins—

—then stops inches from a drop.

Silence.

Victor looks up.

The other vehicle's door opens.

A figure steps out.

We don't see the face.

We only hear:

UNKNOWN FIGURE

You should've stayed quiet, Woolfe.

Victor reaches for the phone—

The timer blinks.

00:23:57:12

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: TO BE CONTINUED...

IN EPISODE THREE - STRASBOURG SHOWDOWN