

VICTOR UNCHAINED – EPISODE FOUR

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Solar House, BN27 1RF. Tel: +44 1323 831727

EPISODE 4, ACT 1 – TRANSMISSION NIGHT

TRANSMISSION NIGHT (Series Two – Episode Four, Chapter One: Transmission Night)

PREVIOUSLY ON VICTOR UNCHAINED – EPISODE 3 SUMMARY

A rapid, tense montage:

Strasbourg's Chamber of Seven admits Victor's case – a near-unprecedented event – and issues a Rule 54 § 2(b) Communication, forcing the UK into a 12-week settlement window.

Dame Vera Baird receives a midnight directive: pull Victor's case from deep freeze and refer it to the Court of Appeal.

Zurich Municipal panics – their liability exposure could reach £100 million – and considers "tragic accidents to dispose of Victor."

Victor's AI reveals the state contemplated an armed raid and poisoning; MI5 and GCHQ blocked both.

The UK burns under a record heatwave; the Cabinet admits Victor predicted the crisis decades earlier.

The Chamber of Seven requests live testimony from Victor von Woolfe.

A silhouette appears outside Victor's workshop window.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 4 – ACT 1 SCREENPLAY

Tone: John le Carré – quiet dread, political rot, media ignition, the moment the truth goes public.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP – NIGHT

The workshop smells of machine oil, damp pine, and cold tea.

Victor stands motionless in the half-light.

A forty-two-inch monitor flickers above his desk.

Simba lies beside him, chin on paws, tail thumping once... twice... rhythmically.

On screen, the opening titles of Victor Unchained roll across the national feed.

It is 9:00 PM.

Across Britain, millions of screens glow.

For the first time in twenty-five years, the truth – the planning fraud, the suppressed archives, the fabricated medical evidence – is being laid bare.

Victor watches silently.

VICTOR

(softly)

They got the tone right, Simba.

Simba purrs – low, approving.

CUT TO:

INT. VISION21 HEADQUARTERS – LONDON – NIGHT

A glass-fronted office overlooking the Thames.

ALEX ROXBOROUGH, executive producer, sits alone in the dark,
arms folded, eyes locked on the studio monitor.

Three floors up, CEO CECILIA CUNNINGHAM pours two fingers of
twenty-year cognac.

Her hand trembles – crystal clinks against the bottle neck.

She sits on the edge of her sofa, breath held.

In a smaller edit suite, HAYES HODGES watches telemetry – not
the drama.

He trusts numbers more than applause.

INT. VISION21 OPERATIONS ROOM – CONTINUOUS

At 9:15 PM, the curve crawls:

500,000 streams.

1.2 million.

2.1 million.

Respectable.

Not seismic.

Then 2.6 million.

3.1 million.

At 9:30 PM, the arrest sequence hits.

The curve steepens.

3.8 million.

Cecilia texts Roxborough:

CECILIA:

That's a little better. Are you watching.

ROXBOROUGH:

Can't take my eyes off it.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - SAME TIME

Victor watches the dramatized trial - the moment his life was stolen.

He did not participate in production.

He gave Vision21 total editorial independence.

Simba shifts closer.

Victor strokes her head.

VICTOR

They've done a good job.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH EAST POLICE HQ / COUNCIL OFFICES / INSURANCE
BOARDROOMS - NIGHT

Officials watch in horror.

Their twenty-five-year cover-up unspools in high-definition.

Press officers panic.

Emails flood in.

Phones vibrate.

No one knows what to say.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNING STREET - PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Prime Minister ANDY BURNHAM watches the broadcast, jaw tight.

He opens an encrypted COBRA thread.

[COBRA EMERGENCY THREAD - 21:42]

PM:

European news agencies will be all over this.

ECHR critique is circulating.

Monday 08:30. Whitehall. Everyone.

MAHMOOD:

Press office issuing "no comment."

REEVES:

That won't hold past breakfast.

The documentary cited Section 14 delays.

PM:

I don't care about press lines.

I want solutions before markets open.

CUT TO:

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

King Charles watches the broadcast, tea in hand.

Prince William stands beside him – stunned.

WILLIAM

Is this all true?

Was the frame-up really engineered over pensions and land deals?

The King nods – weary.

KING CHARLES

Fraid so, my boy. Cat's out of the bag.

Another Horizon cock-up.

CUT TO:

INT. VISION21 OPERATIONS ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The broadcast ends at 10:30 PM.

Linear viewership peaks at 3.4 million – strong, but not historic.

Cecilia falls asleep on her sofa.

Roxborough logs off.

Only Hayes remains.

He refreshes the metrics.

His eyes widen.

The pay-on-demand curve is not tapering.

It is spiking.

800,000 paid streams in two hours.

Then red indicators across Europe:

Strasbourg.

Paris.

Frankfurt.

Brussels.

Madrid.

Hayes zooms in.

35% of requests are from encrypted European nodes.

He grabs the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CECILIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone rings sharply.

Cecilia jolts awake, spilling brandy.

She answers.

CECILIA

Hayes?

HAYES

Sorry to wake you.

Pay-on-demand numbers are surging.
Unprecedented curve.
Huge chunk from mainland Europe.

Cecilia sits upright – fully awake.

CECILIA
Europe? Are you sure?

HAYES
Positive.
And you know what that means.

A beat.

CECILIA
Tell me.

HAYES
Strasbourg is watching.
The leak is out.
True-crime audiences across the continent are picking up the
scent.
Algorithms are pushing it to the top of international charts.

Cecilia stands – pulse racing.

Her hunch was right.

Victor's story is not local.
It is global.

CECILIA
Brace for media.

Europe will call by late morning.
UK press by dawn.

Hayes nods – unseen.

CECILIA
Set your alarm.
Tomorrow... the storm breaks.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER – END OF ACT 1
INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP – SAME TIME
Victor closes the broadcast window.

Simba lifts her head – alert.

A new notification appears:

"INCOMING REQUEST – FOREIGN PRESS OUTLET – STRASBOURG."

Victor freezes.

Simba's tail thumps once.

Then again.

Outside, a car engine idles – faint, persistent.

Victor steps toward the window–

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

TO BE CONTINUED...

EPISODE 4, ACT 2 - THE PUBLIC GROUNDSWELL

(Series Two – Episode Four, Chapter Two: The Public Groundswell)

A detective-investigative espionage thriller

PREVIOUSLY ON EPISODE 4 – ACT 1

A tense montage:

Victor Unchained airs at 9 PM.

Linear viewership climbs to 3.4 million; digital streams explode across Europe.

Strasbourg, Paris, Frankfurt, Brussels, Madrid – all watching.

The Palace privately acknowledges Victor's letters to the late Queen and King Charles.

Whitehall launches an encrypted COBRA thread as the broadcast detonates across the continent.

Vision21 executives realise the documentary has gone global.

Victor receives his first foreign press request – from Strasbourg.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 4 – ACT 2 SCREENPLAY

Tone: John le Carré – public fury, institutional panic,
international scrutiny, and the quiet collapse of a state.

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP – 2:00 AM

The air is thick – twenty-eight degrees, smoky haze drifting
in from Ashdown Forest wildfires.

Victor sits before his triple-monitor workstation.

Simba laps sardine oil, then leaps onto the bench, settling
between an oscilloscope and a stack of ECHR filings.

Victor strokes her scarred forehead.

VICTOR

You're the only sane spectator in the country, Simba.

She purrs – rough, tired.

On the central screen, the AI runs a global telemetry sweep.

ON SCREEN – GLOBAL MEDIA METRICS (02:14 BST)

UNITED KINGDOM

Channel 4 VOD: 2.1M concurrent streams

#VictorUnchained: #1 trending

Daily Mail: 4 features drafting

Mirror: Lead spot

Law Gazette: Emergency editorial pending

EUROPE & INTERNATIONAL

Strasbourg nodes: 14,200 unique sessions

Le Monde: "L'Affaire von Woolfe"

Der Spiegel: Investigative query to Home Office

ProPublica: Scrape initiated on 2005 transcripts

STATE & CORPORATE INCURSION

Home Office IP range: 412 queries

Zurich Insurance Group: 890 queries

Victor points at the bottom bracket.

VICTOR

Zurich's risk servers are melting down.

The AI responds – smooth, clinical.

AI

Public engagement has shifted from passive viewing to active investigative crowd-sourcing. Reddit communities have mapped the 2005 Wealden pension anomalies to the prosecution timeline.

Victor leans closer.

VICTOR

European press?

AI

Le Monde has cross-referenced your Section 47 submission with

the Chamber of Seven's critique. They are framing your case as definitive proof of systemic failure in British Article 13 compliance post-Brexit.

Simba's ears twitch as the printer whirs.

Victor pulls a warm sheet – Fleet Street front-page previews.

DAILY MAIL:

THE MASONIC COUNCIL & THE INNOCENT MAN: 25 YEARS OF STATE LIES LAID BARE.

THE GUARDIAN:

ECHR LANDMARK: HOW AN ECO-ENGINEER EXPOSED UK COURT CORRUPTION.

The AI highlights a red cluster.

AI

Secure link established between Cabinet Office and CCRC Chief Executive. Whitehall preparing emergency directive for immediate Section 14 referral.

Victor exhales – slow.

VICTOR

They want to quash it quietly before Strasbourg issues damages.

AI

Correct. They are attempting to manage the narrative before European wire services go live.

Victor looks at Simba – asleep, unbothered.

VICTOR

The truth is already in the wild.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP - LATER

The AI telemetry pipeline shows a digital surge – a Horizon-level backlash.

A petition demanding suspension of implicated officials gains thousands of signatures per hour.

Then – the international turning point.

AL JAZEERA picks up the dossier.

Initial skepticism collapses as they lay out the paper trail: suppressed evidence, altered transcripts, a frame-up engineered to protect council pensions.

Europe ignites.

Le Monde and Der Spiegel join in.

Commentators call it a modern Count of Monte Cristo.

Public forum posts stream across Victor's bottom monitor:

USER: Razor

"I wanted to shoot this guy at first, then realized the Brits could do this to anyone."

USER: BlogBoy2

"The bastards should pay back the salaries they made

crucifying this guy."

Simba's ears twitch as the printer spits out a state digest.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHALL - CABINET BRIEFING ROOM A - MORNING

The August sun turns the room into a greenhouse.

Prime Minister ANDY BURNHAM stands at the head of the table, tie loosened, staring at Le Monde's front page.

The Attorney General looks pale.

BURNHAM

It's not a bad news cycle.

It's systemic collapse.

Strasbourg has opened an expedited docket.

The Mail is running a live pension discrepancy counter.

And Victor is broadcasting state telemetry to half of Europe.

The Director of Public Prosecutions speaks - nervous.

DPP

The CCRC is ready to issue an emergency Section 14 referral.

If we quash the conviction by noon-

BURNHAM

You don't neuter anything.

You make it look like a panicky cover-up.

He turns to the Cabinet Secretary.

BURNHAM

What's the Palace's position?

The Cabinet Secretary opens a purple folder marked PALACE /
PRIVY COUNCIL – RESTRICTED.

He lays out three points:

Sovereign Immunity: King Charles is untouchable. William is
not.

FOIA Section 37: Royal correspondence is shielded.

Legal Boundary: If William comments, he risks civil discovery.

CABINET SECRETARY

Kensington Palace has signaled privately: if the Home Office
scapegoats regional officers, William's private secretary will
release the 2024 Duchy environmental audits.

Burnham laughs – hollow.

BURNHAM

So William is holding a loaded gun to the Home Office's head...
while Charles stays insulated at Balmoral.

The Attorney General nods.

AG

The Monarchy is insulated.
Whitehall is not.

Burnham turns to the central monitor – media sentiment
blinking amber and red.

BURNHAM

Issue the CCRC referral.

Get the Lord Chief Justice on the line.

I want Victor's conviction quashed before European markets close.

And tell the Home Office—

not a single word about the Royal Family.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLIFFHANGER — END OF ACT 2

INT. VICTOR'S WORKSHOP — SAME TIME

Victor watches the telemetry spike.

Simba lifts her head — alert.

A new notification appears:

"FOREIGN PRESS REQUEST — AL JAZEERA INVESTIGATIONS — LIVE
INTERVIEW PROPOSAL."

Victor freezes.

Simba's tail thumps once.

Then again.

Outside, a helicopter thuds overhead — low, circling.

Victor steps toward the window—

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

TO BE CONTINUED...

EPISODE 4, ACT 3 - COLLAPSE OF THE CARTEL

(Series Two – Episode Four, Chapter Three: Collapse of the Cartel)

Cinematic Screenplay Adaptation – Le Carré Style

RECAP – Episode Four, Act Two (Summary)

Previously on UNCHAINED:

Victor von Woolfe's long-buried case began to crack open after a leaked Guardian dossier exposed a covert alliance between Sussex Police and two councils. The leak triggered a political storm in Whitehall, forcing ministers into emergency COBRA sessions. Outside investigators from Kent and Hampshire began dismantling decades of corruption, uncovering falsified intelligence, manipulated social services files, and a masonic network that had weaponized a vulnerable child to destroy Victor's life. As the truth surfaced, reputations toppled, alliances fractured, and the state machine finally turned inward – but Victor remained in the shadows, watching the system that betrayed him begin to devour itself.

SCREENPLAY – Episode 4, Act 3

INT. HOME SECRETARY'S PRIVATE OFFICE – WHITEHALL – DAY

A shaft of late-afternoon sunlight cuts across the room, illuminating the Guardian front page spread across the desk.

CLOSE ON HEADLINE:

"THE SUSSEX CARTEL: HOW TWO COUNCILS AND A POLICE FORCE BURIED

AN INNOCENT MAN."

SHABANA MAHMOOD sits frozen, the newspaper trembling slightly in her hands. Her face is composed, but her eyes betray the shock.

A beat.

She exhales — slow, controlled — the way someone does when they realize the ground beneath them has shifted.

INT. CABINET BRIEFING ROOM A - WHITEHALL BUNKER - DAY
A COBRA meeting in full swing. The room hums with tension; the air-conditioning fights a losing battle against the August heatwave.

PRIME MINISTER ANDY BURNHAM leans forward, knuckles pressed into the table.

BURNHAM

(quiet fury)

Well, Shabana. What's our position.

Mahmood straightens, her voice clipped, deliberate.

MAHMOOD

We have to be seen to be doing the right thing. Heads must roll. It's the only move that reassures Fleet Street... and the public.

Burnham nods once — a verdict.

BURNHAM

Heads will roll. I can't build a million new homes while

corrupt planning networks run riot beneath us.

Around the table, ministers exchange grim looks. No one speaks. No one needs to.

EXT. SUSSEX POLICE HQ - NIGHT

A stark, modern building under sodium lights.

SUPER: "48 HOURS LATER"

INT. SUSSEX POLICE HQ - COMMAND SUITE - NIGHT

CHIEF CONSTABLE JO SHINER signs a formal recusal document. Her hands are steady, but her jaw is tight.

A Kent-Hampshire investigative team moves through the building like a quiet storm - opening files, accessing servers, interviewing officers.

This is not a raid.

This is a dismantling.

MONTAGE - THE CARTEL COLLAPSES

- Kent-Hampshire detectives uncover buried petitions, falsified statements, and internal memos marked DO NOT DISCLOSE.

- A dusty archive box reveals Paul Whitehouse's handwritten notes, implicating council executives.

- A social services file shows Briony Weston-Smyth's coached statements, annotated by unknown hands.

- A masonic lodge membership list is cross-referenced with council planning approvals.

- A detective quietly photographs a ledger showing payments routed through shell charities.

The montage ends on a single image:

A file stamped VICTOR VON WOOLFE — CLOSED
with a second stamp beneath it:
REOPENED BY ORDER OF THE HOME OFFICE.

INT. WHITEHALL BUNKER — NIGHT

The COBRA team reconvenes. The atmosphere is colder now — not from the air-conditioning, but from the weight of what they've uncovered.

ALEX NORRIS tosses a copy of the Daily Mail onto the table.

NORRIS

It's a localized mafia. Operating under public seals.

ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIE REEVES doesn't flinch.

REEVES

They deserve everything that's coming. Any force this dirty needs to bury its dead.

Silence.

Agreement.

A state preparing to devour its own.

EXT. LONDON STREET — NIGHT

Victor von Woolfe walks alone, hood up, blending into the crowd. He passes a newsstand plastered with headlines about the Sussex Cartel.

He stops.

Reads.

His jaw tightens.

A shadow crosses him – someone watching from across the street.

Victor senses it.

Turns.

The figure steps back into darkness.

Victor moves on, but faster now.

INT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT

Victor enters, locks the door, and drops a folder onto the table – documents he's been collecting quietly, parallel to the official investigation.

He opens the folder.

Inside:

A photograph of Detective Gordon Staker.

A map of Wealden District Council offices.

A handwritten note:

"THEY WEREN'T WORKING ALONE."

Victor stares at the note.

Something clicks.

He reaches for his phone.

INT. WHITEHALL – HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE – SAME NIGHT

Mahmood's phone buzzes.

She checks the screen.

Her face drains of colour.

The message is simple:

"THE CARTEL HAS A FOURTH ARM. YOU MISSED IT."

— V.V.W.

She looks up, suddenly aware of the silence in the room.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE — NIGHT

Victor stands at the window, watching the street below.

A car pulls up.

Engine idling.

Lights off.

Victor's eyes narrow.

He reaches for the light switch.

The room goes dark.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING — Episode 4, Act 3

The car door opens.

A figure steps out — silhouetted, unreadable.

Victor backs away from the window.

The figure looks up.

Straight at him.

A beat.

Then—

The safehouse door handle turns.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

TO BE CONTINUED...

EPISODE 4, ACT 4 - WESTMINSTER CONFRONTATION

(Series Two — Episode Four, Chapter Four: Westminster Confrontation)

RECAP — Episode Four, Act Three (Summary)

Previously on UNCHAINED:

The Sussex Cartel collapsed under the weight of outside investigators. Kent and Hampshire detectives tore through decades of buried files, exposing corrupt chief constables, manipulated social services records, and a masonic network that had engineered Victor von Woolfe's destruction. In Whitehall, COBRA ministers confronted the scale of the scandal, while Victor — operating from the shadows — warned the Home Secretary that a fourth arm of the cartel remained hidden. As Victor sensed surveillance closing in, a mysterious figure approached his safehouse. The door handle turned... and the screen cut to black.

SCREENPLAY — Episode 4, Act 4

"THE WESTMINSTER CONFRONTATION"

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS — COMMITTEE ROOM 14 — DAY

A humid August heaviness clings to the air. The room is

packed: MPs, Lords, clerks, stenographers. The green-baize horseshoe table glows under brass lamps.

Victor von Woolfe stands at the witness podium – composed, immovable. A man forged by injustice into something unbreakable.

At the center of the panel sits ALEX NORRIS, Lord Chancellor. To his left, ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIE REEVES. To his right, HOME SECRETARY SHABANA MAHMOOD. Their expressions are severe, but beneath the professionalism lies unease.

A clerk finishes adjusting the microphone.

NORRIS

Let the record show this is an all-party select committee, convened to examine the systemic injustice suffered by Victor von Woolfe. You have accepted our invitation to testify under oath.

Victor nods once.

VICTOR

I so swear. In the absolute interest of justice.

A silence settles – the kind that precedes a detonation.

CLOSE ON NORRIS

He leans forward, forearms braced.

NORRIS

You contend that investigators failed to pursue exculpatory evidence – evidence that would have undermined the claims of the informant, BWS. And that the Sexual Offences Act 2003

created a climate where contradictory evidence was simply... ignored. Is that correct?

Victor's gaze is steady, unblinking.

VICTOR

Before the statute, Lord Chancellor, we must address the conflict of interest. Sussex Police should never have touched this case. Yet they appeared to relish taking it.

A ripple of discomfort moves through the room.

ELLIE REEVES leans in – sharp, surgical.

REEVES

And why, precisely, was there an inherent conflict of interest? For the record.

Victor surveys the panel – seasoned lawmakers, suddenly looking very human.

VICTOR

There was ample physical and documentary evidence disproving her testimony. Evidence of coaching by Social Services. Missing school progress notes. And a medical examination so incomplete it borders on malpractice.

He pauses – letting the silence tighten.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Dr. Liebenberg failed to conduct a proper supine or frog-leg colposcopic examination. Had she done so, the hymenal structure would have shown a virgin's anatomy. No penetration. No assault. The allegations were physically impossible.

A murmur. Glasses lifted. Throats cleared.

MAHMOOD — voice low, controlled.

MAHMOOD

And what does that have to do with the architecture of the Sexual Offences Act 2003?

Victor doesn't hesitate.

VICTOR

Everything. The post-2003 culture instructed investigators to treat complainant assertions as absolute truth. It incentivized tunnel vision. Detective Gordon Staker and the CPS weaponized that climate. They built a prosecution on a single narrative — while withholding evidence that contradicted it.

He turns his gaze directly toward the legal officers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

They knew legal aid would never cover an independent medical evaluation. They knew defense counsel would be quietly discouraged from asking awkward questions. The statute became their shield — and their sword.

Mahmood absorbs this, jaw tightening.

NORRIS flips through his dossier.

NORRIS

You're asserting this violated the principle in Rex v. Sussex Justices — that justice must be seen to be done?

Victor's voice drops to a lethal calm.

VICTOR

That is precisely what I am confirming.

HOUSING MINISTER - Angela Rayner

(from the far end)

Is there documented evidence of Sussex Police working hand-in-glove with Wealden District Council?

Victor nods.

VICTOR

In 1985 and 1986, I was entitled to a conservation grant. Wealden denied the historic nature of the building to avoid paying it. They lied. They brought in their fixers – Scarpa, Kay, Phillips, Nuttall – to construct a false narrative.

Norris looks up, eyes narrowing.

NORRIS

This was the municipal network with a vested interest in burying you?

Victor leans into the microphone.

VICTOR

They weren't enforcing the law. They were protecting their reputations, their pensions, and their corrupt planning empire. The same institutional arrogance that gave us Horizon.

A heavy silence falls – thicker than the August heat.

ANGLE ON THE PANEL

Mahmood exchanges a glance with Reeves. Norris shifts in his seat. Something unspoken hangs in the air.

Victor senses it.

VICTOR (quietly)

There is one more thing the committee needs to hear.

The room stills.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The cartel had a fourth arm. You haven't uncovered it yet.

A ripple of alarm moves across the panel.

REEVES

Mr. von Woolfe... what fourth arm?

Victor's eyes lock onto hers – cold, resolute.

VICTOR

The one operating inside Westminster.

Gasps. A dropped pen. A clerk freezes mid-keystroke.

CLIFFHANGER ENDING – Episode 4, Act 4

Suddenly – the lights flicker.

A low hum vibrates through the room.

The microphones cut out.

Victor turns sharply – instinctive, alert.

At the back of Committee Room 14, a door opens.

A figure steps inside.

Not an MP.

Not a clerk.

Not security.

Someone no one expected.

Victor's expression hardens.

The figure speaks – barely audible.

FIGURE

We need to talk. Now.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE 4, ACT 5 - EVENTUAL JUSTICE

(Series Two – Episode Four, Chapter Five: Eventual Justice)

Detective Investigative Crime Screenplay – Le Carré Espionage
Tone

RECAP – Episode Four, Act Four (Summary)

Previously on UNCHAINED:

Victor von Woolfe faced the all-party select committee in Committee Room 14, exposing the systemic rot that had destroyed his life. As ministers absorbed the scale of the conspiracy, a mysterious figure entered the room – George Weston, Shannon's father and one of the original architects of the vendetta. Old, frail, and haunted, Weston approached Victor privately, carrying documents long believed destroyed.

His arrival shattered the final pillar of the cartel and set the stage for the Court of Appeal showdown. The truth was finally ready to surface – but the cost of that truth remained unknown.

SCREENPLAY – Episode 4, Act 5

“JUSTICE EVENTUALLY”

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS – CORRIDOR OUTSIDE COMMITTEE ROOM 14 – DAY

The corridor is dim, the air thick with the residue of political tension. The committee session has just broken; MPs drift away in clusters, murmuring.

Victor steps out, exhausted but composed.

A shadow falls across him.

He freezes.

Standing in the doorway is GEORGE WESTON – once a towering figure in Wealden’s Cabinet, now a frail man in his eighties, leaning heavily on a silver-topped cane. His breathing is laboured, his eyes clouded with age and guilt.

He looks like a ghost who has finally found the courage to haunt himself.

WESTON

Victor...

His voice is thin, brittle.

He reaches into his coat with trembling fingers and produces two items:

- A leather-bound, colour-coded work diary belonging to Shannon.
- An original stamped 1997 internal Petition document, thought destroyed decades ago.

Victor's pulse spikes. His chest tightens.

VICTOR

Why?

(beat)

Why now.

Weston swallows, his throat working painfully.

WESTON

Atonement.

(soft, breaking)

To save Shannon. She's lived her whole life under the shadow of this lie.

It's too late for Briony... they planted memories in her head until she couldn't tell truth from script.

But Shannon... she deserves to breathe.

Victor stares at the documents – the final missing pieces, the irrefutable proof.

His voice is cold, controlled.

VICTOR

Thank you for these.

(beat)

At least.

Weston's eyes glisten. He nods once – a gesture of surrender – then turns and walks away, his cane tapping like a metronome of regret.

Victor watches him go, the weight of twenty-five stolen years pressing against his ribs.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - DAWN - DAY OF THE APPEAL

A pale, rain-washed sky hangs over the city. Victor steps off the early train at Victoria, moving through the station with quiet purpose.

He walks toward the Strand, toward the Gothic arches of the Royal Courts of Justice.

A faint, cold smile touches his lips – not joy, but recognition.

He has walked these halls before.

He remembers the exact spot where David Phillips turned red-handed, refusing to enter the courtroom after being caught perjuring himself.

Today, the truth walks in with him.

INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE - COURT 1 - DAY

The courtroom is solemn, almost funereal. No cameras. No spectacle. Just the machinery of justice grinding slowly back into alignment.

Producers ALEX ROXBOROUGH and CECILIA CUNNINGHAM sit in the gallery, notebooks ready.

The Criminal Cases Review Commission presents its Section 14 referral – a devastating catalogue of suppressed evidence:

- Fresh medical findings
- Missing school notes
- Non-existent colposcopic records
- Internal council communications

And for the future; Weston's documents

The three Court of Appeal judges listen, their faces tightening with every revelation. Shame settles over them like dust.

They retire.

INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE – CORRIDOR – DAY

Victor paces with Alex and Cecilia. The silence is suffocating. Every tick of the clock echoes like a hammer on stone.

Finally, the usher appears.

USHER

Court 1 will now resume.

Victor exhales – a long, trembling breath – and steps inside.

INT. COURT 1 – MOMENTS LATER

The Lord Chief Justice stands, hands resting on a leather ledger.

He looks directly at Victor.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

We have heard the arguments and examined the physical evidence.

It leaves us with no legal or moral alternative but to quash this conviction in its entirety.

The words hit Victor like a physical blow. His knees buckle slightly – the same weakness he felt in 2008, but inverted. This time, the chain is breaking.

He grips the bench.

VICTOR

Thank you, Your Lordships.

The judges look devastated – not triumphant, but ashamed.

The senior judge leans toward his microphone.

SENIOR JUDGE

In all our years on the bench, we have rarely witnessed such sustained, bad-faith corruption by municipal and legal authorities.

This Court formally apologizes to you, Mr. von Woolfe, for your prolonged suffering, your loss of freedom, and the mental anguish inflicted upon you.

Cecilia's pen scratches furiously across her notepad.

SENIOR JUDGE (CONT'D)

We trust the State will move swiftly to make suitable amends.

Victor nods, unable to speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STRAND - DAY

Victor steps out into the cool London air.

The sky is pale.

The city hums around him.

He is free.

But his face is hollow — not triumphant, but emptied.

Freedom is not the same as restoration.

He walks slowly down the Strand, the weight of everything he lost trailing behind him like a shadow.

And then—

A black car pulls up beside him.

The window lowers.

A familiar voice speaks from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. von Woolfe...

We need to discuss what comes next.

Victor stops.

Turns.

His eyes widen.

CUT TO BLACK.

- THE END -

VICTOR WILL RETURN IN SERIES THREE