

PROSECUTION BARRISTER

Can you confirm your name and address?

YOUNG MARK

Mark Lewis, 23, Lowther Road
Prestwich.

PROSECUTION BARRISTER

Thank you Mark, now all we are trying to do here is to establish the truth of what happened. It's important that you answer the questions that are put to you fully, and that at all times you tell the truth. Do you understand?

YOUNG MARK

Yes sir.

6

EXT. WHITFIELD BUS STATION - NIGHT

6

Mark and his two friends are now in the middle of the larger group who swirl around them, we see the Cube is attracting attention, one of the boys makes a grab for it, Mark pulls away but the redhead manages to grab it from him. He moves back holding out the Cube, taunting Mark and his friends. One of the friends runs off but Mark gives chase.

7

INT. JUVENILE COURT - DAY

7

Mark is being questioned by the defence barrister.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

(to Mark)

So, you and your gang had been out at a 'club' on the night in question.

YOUNG MARK

It was three of us, we're not a gang and it was a Youth club. It's not like we were drinking or anything.

The prosecution barrister smiles at Mark's confidence.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

(smoothly)

Thank you, Youth club. I'm not suggesting anything, I was merely trying to establish that it was late, that it was dark and that there was a large group of high spirited youngsters like yourselves at the bus station.

8

EXT. WHITFIELD BUS STATION - NIGHT

8

Mark lunges at the boy with the Cube and is pushed back hard and falls. While he is down the redhead comes up and kicks him. The rest of the gang pile in on the two boys kicking and punching.

As the gang, job done, start to move away Mark sees the Cube in the redhead's hand. Nose bloodied, he gets up and runs after him into the road, grabbing at his aertex shirt and pulling him round. The shirt tears so that Mark is holding it in front of the now bare chested Redhead

Who barges him down and starts kicking him again.

We see the lights of a police van approaching.

The redhead looks up and runs off, dropping the Cube.

We see Mark in the headlights from the police POV.

Police pile out of the van and give chase.

Mark in the road, nose still bloodied, the shirt in his hand, picks up the Cube.

9

INT. JUVENILE COURT - DAY

9

Mark looks across at the redhead who is sitting looking 'innocent'.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

Under the circumstances, in a poorly lit area and a large group of youngsters identification of a single individual becomes virtually impossible.

YOUNG MARK

(interrupting)

It was him.

He points out the redhead.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

Your worships, I haven't actually asked the witness a question.

YOUNG MARK

It was him, sitting right there trying to blank me.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

(to Magistrates)

I'm sorry but pointing at someone who happens to be in the dock does not constitute identification.

YOUNG MARK

I'm sorry too, Sir, but when some-
one is kicking you in the ribs, you
don't forget his face.

The Prosecution Barrister stands up.

DEFENCE BARRISTER

What do you mean kicking you?

MARK

(quickly)
He was swinging his leg so that it
made contact with my body and it
hurt!

Sitting back at his desk the Prosecuting Barrister smiles,
Mark has made his point.

MAGISTRATE

(politely)
Thank you Mr Lewis, your point is
well taken.
(to Defence)
Let's move on shall we.

On Mark satisfied at having made his case.

10

INT. CORRIDOR, MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

10

The Prosecution Barrister is congratulating Mark who has
clearly 'won' his case. His father looks on.

PROSECUTION BARRISTER

Well thank you young man. I
couldn't have done a better job
myself.

The reporter comes up to them.

REPORTER

Mr Lewis?

Mark's father looks up.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

No, I meant your son sir. Jim
Norton, Bury Evening news, could I
take your picture for the paper?

Mark turns and he leans in and takes the picture and we hear
a roaring sound.

11 INT. PRINT ROOM, NEWS INTERNATIONAL - DAY 11

Huge machines reaching from floor to ceiling print and stack the papers, we see copy after copy rolling out in the deafening noise.

TITLE: **THE MAN WHO CLOSED THE WORLD**

Six more NOTW Front pages slide into place, this time from 2005.

CAPTION: *June 2005*

12 EXT. KIMPTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, SUTTON - DAY 12

A modern industrial estate a mix of office and small manufacturing businesses.

13 INT. MULCAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY 13

Three desks and a large table, all covered with notes and reference books, telephone directories, copies of Who's Who etc. There are a a mix of different computers and we also notice a row of mobile phones all charging and with different labels on each phone denoting their purposes.

Amidst this ordered clutter sits a lanky young man, Glen Mulcaire (35) with long hair and a a permanent air of anxiety. Mulcaire is dialling on Phone One and as soon as it starts to ring he dials on Phone Two and gets straight to voice mail so he disconnects Phone One. A recorded Male voice with a northern accent answers: 'You've reached Gordon Taylor, I can't take your call so please leave a message at the beep.'

The 'beep' sounds and Mulcaire enters a four digit number and we hear: 'You have three messages'. Mulcaire puts the phone down and starts a tape machine.

14 INT. DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY 14

A smart looking room with prints on the wall, a leather topped desk adorned with smiling family portraits. Mark, now 41, is sitting opposite Dr Mason (mid 40's) with his right hand on the desk. His eyes are closed and the doctor is touching a pin to different parts of his arm to check his sensitivity.

DR. MASON

Now Mr Lewis, just say 'now' when you feel the pin.

MARK

(joking)

Ow! I mean 'now'. Now. Now.

There is one that he does not feel. The Doctor tries again and still no reaction, he makes a note.

DR. MASON

What about exercise?

MARK

I have a cross trainer at home, XL 320. Two or three hours a week. I reckon I'm pretty fit. No complaints, if you know what I mean.

DR. MASON

(dry)

Regularity is the key. Do you mind stepping out into the corridor? I need to check your walk.

Mark stands up and follows the doctor into the corridor.

15

INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY

15

The Doctor stands at one end of the corridor watching Mark walk towards him. There is not visible sign of a limp.

DR. MASON

How are the cars? Do you still have the Rolls?

MARK

Yes, and a 1923 Rambler Chet Doughman, black with red trim.

DR. MASON

Mrs Lewis must be a tolerant woman,
(quick smile)
I'm barely allowed my own bicycle.

MARK

She gets the gym membership, her own credit card, the weekend breaks with her sister. What's there to complain about.

DR. MASON

(the walk)

Well, that all looks good. Come back in and sit down.

Mark follows him back into the office.

16

INT. MULCAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Mulcaire listening to the phone messages.

VOICE ONE

Hey, Gordon it's Jimmy. Give us a call. Ta!

Beep.

JO ARMSTRONG (V.O.)

Hey, Gordy it's me. Thanks for yesterday you were bloody amazing.

He smiles and makes a note on his computer. Close on screen: where we see the same word being typed up: "Hey, Gordy it's me. Thanks for yesterday you were bloody amazing."

17 **INT. NEWSROOM, NOTW - DAY**

17

A low ceilinged office running the width of the Wapping building. Desks are set out in intricate patterns, on the wall are framed front pages, logos etc. Journalists and editors sit opposite multiple computer screens and above them TV Monitors are set to Sky News. The atmosphere is routine not frenetic. In the corner a glass case with the 2004 Newspaper of the Year award inside it, and a picture of Andy Coulson. We see a young assistant carrying an email across to one of the News Editor's desks where he gives it to an immaculately dressed man, looking a little conspicuous in his country tweeds among the shaven headed, shirt-sleeved young men around him. This is Neville Thurlbeck (43), Chief Reporter and News Editor.

NEVILLE

Thanks.

(scanning)

Book me into the Worsley Park Friday night. Don't take any shit from Travel, Junior Exec Suite, and you might let the Manager know personally, he likes to make a bit of a fuss.

The assistant heads off as Neville returns to his screen.

18 **INT. DOCTOR'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY**

18

Mark is now dressed, Dr Mason makes a couple of brief notes.

DR. MASON

Well that all seems pretty satisfactory. There's a very slight weakness in the right hand. Nothing to cause concern. Multiple Sclerosis affects everyone differently, you seem to be one of the lucky ones.

Mark sits and Mason opens a drawer and takes out a Rubik's cube.

DR. MASON (CONT'D)

Do you know how this works?

MARK

(smiles)

I used to.

He takes it and starts to twist the colours into shape.

DR. MASON

See, your dexterity is pretty good.
Right leg?

MARK

(shrugs)

Only notice it when I'm tired.

DR. MASON

And you say you're still in work?

MARK

Of course. George Davies, top
Manchester Solicitors, every time
Wayne Rooney shags a Granny we get
the call.

DR. MASON

Well, that is very good.

MARK

I think I'll make Managing Partner
this year. I might even consider
setting up on my own sometime.

DR. MASON

(gently warning)

Yes, well it's good that you're
managing to keep the job going, but
remember stress is a key factor.
Concentrate on reducing it and
there's no reason for you to notice
any significant difficulties.

MARK

(joking)

I'll give the girlfriend the day
off, then. That'll cheer the
Mistress up, but don't tell the
wife!

Mason smiles politely.

DR. MASON

Any change let me know otherwise
I'll see you next year.

Mark starts to get up.

19

INT. HILTON RESTAURANT, MANCHESTER - DAY

19

Busy Manchester restaurant high above the city, the clientele are well heeled businessmen with a few celebrity and football figures amongst them. Sitting alone, looking slightly out of place, wearing a worn grey suit, knitted pullover and tie is Derek Webb (60's), ex policeman and now private investigator for the News of The World. He is sipping a glass of water with a small notebook open on the table in front of him and a half eaten plate of steak and chips. He looks up as Darren (20's) a freelance photographer dressed in an anorak with two bulky cameras slung around his neck, sits down at his table.

DEREK

What the heck are you doing here?

DARREN

Office said they need the story by three. Besides they may leave separately and then we've blown it. Where are they?

Derek nods furtively to a couple sitting across the room, Gordon Taylor, (61) white haired Chair of the Professional Footballer's Association (PFA) and his 'in house' Legal Counsel Jo Armstrong (28), dark haired and pretty.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Randy old bugger, give us a chip.

He takes one before Derek can stop him.

DARREN (CONT'D)

They want touching? The look of love that sort of thing?

He gets out his camera.

DEREK

You can't take pictures in here, we'll be thrown out!

DARREN

Won't be a sec.

He starts clicking away.

DEREK

I have my cover to think of. At least don't do it from my table!

DARREN

OK.

He gets up and looks for another vantage point as Derek tries to get the bill while looking inconspicuous. He sees another large middle-aged diner talking to Gordon and indicating the highly conspicuous Darren clicking away. Gordon gets up.

GORDON

Hey you! What do you think you're doing. Give me that.

Darren pops off another couples of shots and makes a run for the door as Gordon pursues him. Derek pulls out his wallet and leaves three twenties on the table and makes his way to the door. Gordon shouts at the head waiter.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Stop that little bastard.

Two of the waiters run after Darren.

20

INT. NEWSROOM, NOTW - DAY

20

We see on a TV screen footage of the Live Aid Concert, in the room below it is business as usual. A news Editor is making adjustments to a story. We see the headline: 'Football Union Boss enjoys Legal Aid'!' We see a story layout with a blank where the photograph should be and just catch Gordon Taylor's name in the text.

21

EXT. LEWIS HOUSE, MANCHESTER - DAY

21

Mark pulls up in his Mercedes and goes into the house.

22

EXT. FOYER, HILTON - DAY

22

There are two uniformed policeman standing talking to the photographer who is handing over his film. Gordon Taylor watches from a distance, on his mobile, as one of the policeman crosses over to him.

POLICEMAN

We've confiscated the film, Mr Taylor. Will you be wanting to press a charge?

TAYLOR

No, I just want to be sure that those pictures were destroyed.

POLICEMAN

We'll take care of that, don't worry. You can go back to your lunch.

TAYLOR

(as he goes)
Who does he work for?

POLICE

Who do you think?
(grin)
News of The World.

We see Derek Wade watching this as he carefully turns his reversible coat inside out.

23

INT. SITTING ROOM, LEWIS HOUSE, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

23

Shelly is sitting on the sofa watching Live Aid. Mark walks through in a t-shirt and shorts.

SHELLEY

Gordon Taylor just called.

MARK

I know, I tried him but got through to voicemail. I'll call him in the morning.

SHELLEY

What does he want.

MARK

I don't know some football hero crashed his Lambourgini again I expect.

Shelley turns back to the TV.

24

EXT. JO ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE, MANCHESTER - MORNING

24

A terraced house in a Manchester Street, we see a Young Journalist standing outside checking the time on his phone and watch. He waits till exactly 8.47 and then walks up to the door and knocks. There is a pause and then we see the door opened by the woman from the restaurant, Jo Armstrong.

JO ARMSTRONG

Yes?

GARY

Miss Armstrong?

JO ARMSTRONG

Yes, what is it?

GARY

I'm here from the News of the World and we're...

Jo slams the door.

25 **EXT. MANCHESTER HOUSE - DAY** 25

A terraced house in a well-to-do street. A middle aged journalist is standing in front of a closed door. He leans down to the letter box.

NED

(through letterbox)

We are doing a story on your dad
and your ex girlfriend Jo
Armstrong? It's going in the paper
tomorrow. Do you have any comment?

26 **INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS HOUSE, MANCHESTER - DAY** 26

Mark switches the kettle on and puts a slice of bread in the toaster. His phone starts to ring, he looks at the name and picks up.

MARK

Gordon?

27 **EXT. ARNDALE CENTRE, MANCHESTER - DAY** 27

A furious Gordon Taylor is standing in the middle of the busy shopping centre surrounded by crowds of shoppers. He is on the phone.

GORDON

Well, I'm telling you there was one
round Jo's house this morning and
another one at James's... No, they
didn't dare say it to my face...
Yes, well I want it stopped, now!

28 **INT. KITCHEN, LEWIS HOUSE, MANCHESTER - DAY** 28

Mark on the phone to Gordon.

MARK

Don't worry, leave it to me. But
I'll say I'm representing Jo, not
you. You're the head of the
Footballer's Union, they have a
public interest defence, Jo's a
private individual her rights are
better protected.

29 **EXT. ARNDALE CENTRE, MANCHESTER - DAY** 29

Gordon rolls his eyes.

GORDON

It's not bloody true so they can't
bloody print it. Say what you like
but make it happen.

He spots a red-faced Thurlbeck smartly dressed in a tweed
suit and tie, panting towards him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hold on I think I've got one 'ere.

Neville reaches him.

NEVILLE

Good morning Mr Taylor, my name's
Neville Thurlbeck...

GORDON

I don't give a monkey's who you
are, I'm speaking to my solicitor
so you can fuck off!

Neville looks surprised.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Get it sorted! I don't want to see
anything in the paper tomorrow.

30 **INT. PRINT ROOM, NEWS INTERNATIONAL - DAY** 30

We see the paper rolling off the presses.

31 **EXT. STREET, MANCHESTER - DAY** 31

We see a large Bundle of NOTW being delivered to a newsagent.

32 **INT. SMART MANCHESTER HOUSE - DAY** 32

Gordon Taylor and his son are sitting on sofas going through
the Sunday papers looking for any reference to the story but
seemingly not finding anything.

GORDON

Anything?

JAMES

I can't see anything.

33 **EXT. OFFICE, GEORGE DAVIES - DAY** 33

A smart looking Mark, dressed in a 'loud' suit and carrying a
briefcase, enters the building.

34

INT. MARK'S OFFICE, GEORGE DAVIES - DAY

34

A medium sized modern office, consisting of an L shaped area with circular desks that accommodate four people, each with a divider separating their 'personal' areas. There is row of small 'meeting rooms' on one side and a larger conference room at the far end. Mark is in the phone at his 'communal' desk and also checking through a pile of documents, we notice a picture of Shelley and the girls on his desk.

MARK

Great, the season's been really good for you... Yeah I know.

(scanning the papers)

Of course I saw the game. Would I miss a chance to see my favourite client in action?

He look up to see Mark Hovel (40's) bluff and amiable and John Hewison, another partner.

HOVEL

We just had Gordon on the phone.

HEWISON

He's a very happy bunny.

HOVEL

Who did you speak to at the Paper?

MARK

Crone was on holiday so I spoke to the assistant. We got a holdover but I wrote a 'fuck off' letter to him this morning.

Hovel grins.

HOVEL

Nice one.

The other lawyers at the desk look jealously at Mark who ignores them.

MARK

(Back to phone)

No, it was a great goal. My kids were all jumping round the room. Of course they're fans mate.

35

INT. NEWSROOM, NOTW - DAY

35

(June 8th) On the monitors a Sky News report on the 7/7 bombers, it's the day after and the room is busy but subdued. We see Tom Crone (53), the tall and sardonic legal advisor to the paper move through the room carrying a bundle of papers. He is checking details on stories with different journalists.

He reaches Neville Thurlbeck, who is going through a big page layout of the story on his computer screen with three or four colleagues around him.

NEVILLE

OK let's take the whole Bradford section and push it up to page seven.

CRONE

Nev!

NEVILLE

I'm busy.

CRONE

(ignoring this)
Gordon Taylor, what have we got?

NEVILLE

It was Greg's story, I just did the doorstep.

He goes back to the layout.

CRONE

Any photographs?

NEVILLE

No. There was a fuck up.

CRONE

Source?

NEVILLE

Two.

CRONE

Good?

NEVILLE

Impeccable as always.

CRONE

Stick or Twist? His lawyer's making noises.

NEVILLE

Look we're up to our eyes in terrorist bombers. Who gives a fuck about Gordon Taylor?

CRONE

Thank you!
(loudly)
Clive?

He looks around the room and heads off towards another desk.