

# **The Normalisation of Surveillance Through the Prism of Film: A Practice-based Study**

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## **Abstract**

This practice-based research project uses a study of the key technological, political and social triggers that have brought about the normalisation of surveillance to identify the ways in which cinema has, over the last two decades, reflected the transformation of top/down institutional monitoring into a complex, criss-crossing dynamic that allows citizens to look up and challenge authority figures as well as peer across at each other both off- and online. The research illustrates that the domestication and demystification of monitoring has resulted in citizens playing an active part in the surveillance game while also making them more accepting of an institutional gaze that whistleblowers like NSA contractor Edward Snowden have demonstrated is being used to a greater extent than ever before. At the same time, the vast majority of contemporary films utilise the aesthetics and practices of surveillance primarily for the purpose of spectacle rather than presenting narratives and characters that help to investigate how the new monitoring dynamic is changing the way in which we watch and interact with each other, the media and our popular culture. While recognising the many positive aspects of ‘new’ surveillance this thesis argues that cinema must return to its historical position as a scrutiniser of institutional and domestic-based monitoring and my creative practice is a direct response to the shortcomings of current big screen depictions. The feature screenplay, *Function Creep*, contemporises the characters and tropes of classic surveillance narratives like Francis Ford Coppola’s *The Conversation* (1974) and Sydney Pollack’s *Three Days of the Condor* (1975) while the short film, *Groucho*, uses satire and stylistic experimentation to investigate counter surveillance by citizens in a domestic setting and the way in which Internet content can reach and engage a global audience.

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## **Author's Declaration**

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as References.

## Chapter 1: Introducing the Thesis

It has long been recognised that many citizens across the globe live under the gaze of institutional surveillance and that governments, corporations and the police can track our actions, habits and opinions. From the spectre of George Orwell's 'Big Brother' watching over us to the ubiquitous CCTV camera now peering down at our every move, surveillance practices and technologies have for decades 'assumed a salient role in critical, cultural, and communication studies' (Turner, 1998, p.93). This societal fascination is reflected in the huge number of popular cultural representations of surveillance-related themes and voyeuristic protagonists, from the earliest comic books to the latest computer games. In cinema, the aesthetics and practices of surveillance have been used repeatedly to spice up thrillers, dramas, sci-fi films and even comedies. Some have focused on the wider surveillance machine like the big screen adaptations of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four – 1984* (M. Anderson, 1956) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (M. Radford, 1984) – and Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* (1985) while others, like Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window* (1954), Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow Up* (1966), Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation* (1974), Michael Haneke's *Caché* (2005) and Andrea Arnold's *Red Road* (2006) paid closer attention to the psychology of the human beings behind the gaze. These popular cultural representations have reflected and exaggerated monitoring technologies and practices and influenced how citizens have come to understand surveillance in society. According to Norris and Armstrong: 'Throughout the twentieth century the idea of surveillance has become inscribed in mass consciousness, not primarily through the learned tomes of academics, but through its artistic treatment in popular culture' (1999, p.3). Indeed, although this thesis will avoid making sweeping causal links between specific films and corresponding

technical, political or moral developments in the world of monitoring there can be no doubt that surveillance cinema has at various times found itself intertwined with the contemporary political landscape, perhaps most clearly in the early to mid 1970s when ‘paranoid’ political thrillers like *The Parallax View* (A.J. Pakula, 1974), *Three Days of the Condor* (S. Pollack, 1975) and *All the President’s Men* (A.J. Pakula, 1976) reflected the culture of fear and suspicion in a United States reeling from years of foreign wars, high-profile assassinations and the Watergate scandal.

Surveillance scholars have in the last decade attempted to move beyond the traditional top heavy and panoptic definitions of surveillance to reflect new monitoring activities that, according to Haggerty ‘(undermine) the neat distinction between watchers and watched through a proliferation of criss-crossing, overlapping and intersecting scrutiny’ (2006, p.29). New surveillance technology aimed at the domestic market and the links brought about by online social networking now allow citizens to look up and challenge authority figures and organisations like never before and peer across to monitor and track the lives of each other with increasing ease. This new power for the people must be understood alongside the normalisation and domestication of the aesthetics of surveillance through reality television, YouTube clips, Skype calls and Twitter updates. In our cinemas, virtually every contemporary-set or futuristic film, from the political potboiler and superhero flick to the romantic comedy and family drama now features characters utilising surveillance devices like they would once have lit a cigarette or dialled a telephone. Surveillance may now be part of the fabric of our popular culture but how many of these screen narratives go beyond the technology to look at the psychology of the watchers and watched? Where might we find the contemporary versions of complex screen protagonists like L.B. Jefferies (*Rear Window*) or Harry

Caul (*The Conversation*)? Could it be that the normalisation of surveillance has actually blunted our desire to investigate the voyeurs and surveillants and highlight the corruptions and cover-ups? Who needs a fictional whistleblower that risks all to leak details of shadowy global surveillance when Edward Snowden has done it for real by shining a light on the mammoth institutional monitoring system run by his former employers, the National Security Agency (NSA). Investigative journalist Glenn Greenwald, who played a key role in helping to reveal Snowden's revelations to the world, wrote in his book *No Place to Hide*:

The danger posed by the state operating a massive secret surveillance system is far more ominous now than at any point in history. While the government, via surveillance, knows more and more about what its citizens are doing, its citizens know less and less about what their government is doing, shielded as it is by a wall of secrecy. (2014, p.208)

Greenwald's point appears somewhat contradictory in that Snowden's actions and the extent to which he was able to spread the word at least highlight the kind of enhanced, multi-platform counter-surveillant opportunities that now exist for whistleblowers and citizens. However, one has to accept that the monitoring dynamic appears to be going full circle as institutions develop new forms of control in the normalised surveillance landscape.

## **1.1 Purpose**

The purpose of this practice-based thesis is to use an analysis of the factors that brought about the normalisation of surveillance to investigate how films have reflected the transformation of top/down institutional monitoring into what has been called 'new' surveillance (Lyon 1992; Marx 1988). A particular focus will be placed on the identification of recent and contemporary productions that look beyond the technology to probe and take issue with the themes, characters and controversies of today's



surveillance societies. In terms of practice, I will fuse my knowledge of classic surveillance narratives with my understanding of the current monitoring dynamic to write and produce new creative work that moves beyond current popular cultural representations. In doing so I will demonstrate that the normalisation of surveillance is influencing the way in which we watch and interact with each other in relation to film, television, online material and news. Viewers are often active participants or creators while the content itself can be a complex mix of fantasy and reality. We will also see how the veracity of what we view must now be questioned more than ever as citizens become savvy about surveillance and ‘play up’ under the gaze. The scholarly research complements the creative artefacts by illustrating how institutions are using normalisation to scoop up the personal details, photographs and political utterings that citizens now appear willing to share with virtual friends and strangers in an online environment. Also under investigation is the concept of ‘function creep’ (Marx 1988; Lyon 2007, p.53), a term used to describe the tendency of monitoring practices to expand beyond their original purpose, especially when this leads to an invasion of privacy. While this thesis largely situates itself in the field of Surveillance Studies there are clear nods to the research practices carried out by Film Studies scholars and recognition is given to the voyeuristic and technological parallels that can be drawn between surveillance and cinema.

## **1.2 Structure**

This thesis may be practice-based but the structure should not be unfamiliar to those more accustomed to a conventional text-based PhD. Following this introductory section, Chapter Two features a brief review of the interlinking history of surveillance and cinema with reference to the key literature in the field and the most influential films. In

Chapter Three I present my research methods and discuss their scope and limitations. The main focus here is a section on the development of practice-based research and study in academia and my justification for choosing this approach. Chapter Four of the thesis focuses on an analysis of the interlinking political, popular cultural and social triggers that have brought about the normalisation process. Key themes and topics under the umbrella of ‘new’ surveillance are identified and an analysis and evaluation of existing films is carried out in each subject area. In Chapter Five I introduce the creative elements of the thesis, discuss my intentions and include the artefacts: a feature-length fictional screenplay and a short fictional screenplay (plus a physical DVD of the produced film). Then, in Chapter Six I reflect on the results and illustrate how the screenplays and produced film have helped to address this research inquiry. The concluding chapter draws together and appraises the text and practice-based research in relation to my original goals and planned outcomes.

### **1.3 Outcomes and Impact**

While I am confident that this research will contribute new knowledge to the field of surveillance cinema, it is also vital as a practice-based researcher that I consider how it could make an impact on the cultural world beyond academia. This thesis is not concerned with a detailed analysis of my own working process as a screenwriter and film director. However, my aim is to produce creative artefacts that are innovative and will introduce new practices and paradigms that might benefit filmmakers, screenwriters, producers and new media practitioners as well as film scholars and those in the Surveillance Studies field. I will therefore include occasional reflective and reflexive observations with a particular emphasis on the issue of collaboration in the production of PhD films.

The word ‘normalisation’ has been employed regularly in relation to new surveillance in academic journals and blog posts but it was its use by Murakami Wood and Webster (2009) that first caught my eye. Although their focus was on the altering landscape of liberty and security in Europe – and in particular the UK – their central point was that investigations into the normalisation of surveillance must not just be concerned with the spread of new technologies but about how such developments impact on modern society. This practice-based thesis is designed to do just that, using a study of the factors that have brought about normalisation to consider how cinema is reflecting this process and the extent to which the new monitoring dynamic is influencing the way that we view and interact with each other in relation to our media and popular culture. A wider question that will also be addressed is whether we can trust the articles and practices of surveillance as savvy citizens play an increasingly active role in the process of watching and being watched. Moreover, how far has the domestication and demystification of surveillance led to an acceptance of the institutional gaze that has blunted citizens’ desire to question its presence at a time when we are monitored more than ever? And what about cinema: it used to scrutinise surveillance but now appears to incorporate it without question, further encouraging the normalisation process. As Murakami Wood and Webster suggest: ‘We need to make surveillance strange again, and therefore open to rigorous examination and possibly change’ (2009, p.260).

## Chapter 2: Surveillance and Cinema

Louis Lumière's 46-second film, *La Sortie des usines Lumière à Lyon* (1895), a one-shot documentary depicting workers leaving a factory in Montplaisir, is widely thought to have been part of a programme of moving pictures that were the first to be projected in front of a paying audience. As well as reflecting the voyeuristic practice of cinema-going itself, the film is significant because it featured a surveillant theme that was to prove a regular and irresistible narrative device for future filmmakers. Films grouped under what Tom Gunning has called the 'Cinema of Attractions' are also significant here in that they revel in their visibility and bring meaning to the act of watching by focusing on spectacle and exhibitionism rather than narrative storytelling (Gunning, 1990). Consider, for example, *Photographing a Female Crook* (1904), which centres on police surveillance and features a tracking camera that ends by framing the female protagonist in a voyeuristic medium close-up. Zimmer (2011) also highlights the importance of early titillating 'caught in the act' narratives like *The Chicken Thieves* (1896), *The Divorce* (1903) and *The Kleptomaniac* (1905) that foreshadow the kind of crime and sex-driven cinema genres that would become the natural homes for the practices and characters of surveillance. She believes these early films helped to map out 'the kind of exercises of both surveillance narrative and surveillance practice that are often considered more contemporary' (2011, p.429). Denzin suggests that at least 1,200 American films made between 1900 and 1995 featured a character in either a central or supporting role engaged in voyeuristic activities (1995, p.1). This number seems modest when you add independent and international titles to the pot and consider that any journalist nose-deep in a story, detective on the tail of a serial killer or down-at-

heel loser looking for love will almost certainly be carrying out some kind of surveillant activity to achieve their goal.

This chapter will firstly provide a brief contextual section on the emergence of surveillance and an explanation of the classic, top-heavy institutional gaze associated with the concepts of the panopticon and 'Big Brother'. I will then identify the key films from the classic surveillance cinema canon while highlighting some of the most regularly investigated themes and character types and recognising the theoretical and technical links between the act of monitoring and the process of filmmaking. While reference will be made throughout the chapter to classic surveillance texts the final section will discuss the existing literature that is specifically focused on surveillance and its relationship with cinema.

## **2.1 Understanding Surveillance**

The activity of one person or group overlooking, spying on and scrutinising another is as old as civilization and forms of espionage have been recognised in the Bible, (Laidler, 2008) ancient Egypt (Crowdy, 2006) and during the English Reformation of the 16<sup>th</sup> Century as spy networks developed under Queen Elizabeth I prompted by the paranoia and fear of Catholic plots (Higgs, 2014). However, the modern concept of surveillance is most often traced back to the rise of the nation state and the bureaucratic and administrative flow of information triggered by the Industrial Revolution of the late 18th and early 19th Centuries (Lauer, 2011). James Rule's *Private Lives, Public Surveillance* (1973) first brought the themes of surveillance, discipline and social control to the serious attention of academics but it was George Orwell's fictional portrayal of a state-centred society without privacy or freedom in his book, *Nineteen*

*Eighty-four* (1949) that helped to summarise ‘the fears and discomfort many people feel about surveillance’ (Albrechtslund, 2008, p.44). The book’s publication introduced the omniscient ‘Big Brother’ figure into popular consciousness but, as Hultkrans (1996) explains:

The key to the absolute hegemony of Big Brother is not that “he” is actually watching you at all times (in fact, there is no “he” at all), but that... you come to believe he *may* be watching you any time, thereby policing yourself.

This self-monitoring mechanism is at the root of panopticism, 18<sup>th</sup> Century philosopher Jeremy Bentham’s model for a prison in which all inmates could be watched, or at least think they are being watched, at all times. It was designed to enable the efficient control of others while also encouraging standards of self-discipline. Michel Foucault, in his book *Surveiller et punir: naissance de la prison* (1975), ran with the idea of panoptic architecture, suggesting it may be applied to a variety of institutions with surveillance needs, such as schools, factories or hospitals.

## **2.2 ‘New’ Surveillance**

The traditional model of surveillance that emphasises the power imbalance between institutions and private citizens dominated the field of Surveillance Studies for over two decades. However, new affordable monitoring technologies now allow citizens to look up and challenge authority figures and organisations like never before. Thus many of today’s political counter-surveillant activities take the form of what computer scientist and inventor Steve Mann dubbed ‘sousveillance’, a tactic that ‘usually involves an individual capturing a first-person recording from his or her own perspective as a participant in the activity’ (Mann, 2009). He has written extensively about his largely sociological use of various on-body ‘cyborg’ systems and between 1994 and 1996 he anticipated the onslaught of blogging, personal documentary and social networking by

continuously streaming his daily life experience in real time to his website for others to experience, interact with, and respond to. Sousveillance has also been hijacked for a more universal purpose as a form of popular protest with participants using cameras, mobile phones, online tracking, cyber hacking and wiretap devices to record, for example, police brutality, environmental activism and citizen initiatives against local crime. Sousveillance and more general examples of counter surveillance have helped to break world news events, highlight human rights issues and spark political change in Africa and the Middle East. As Kohn observes: 'Wielded in this fashion, the hidden camera is not a tool for creating docile subjects but a mirror that reflects existing power relations in the hope that it will transform them' (2010, p.585). But it is not just through sousveillance that the general public play an active part in the gaze dynamic. We have become so familiar with the articles and aesthetics of surveillance that they have filtered down into our daily domestic lives. We are now, more than ever, levelling out our view to peer across at the lives of each other in a process that Andrejevic has dubbed the 'lateral surveillance' of friends, family, lovers, colleagues, neighbours and acquaintances. It is characterised by several levels of personal tracking, from 'casually Googling a new acquaintance to purchasing keystroke monitoring software, surveillance cameras, or even portable lie detectors' (2005, p.488). In terms of online monitoring at a domestic level the terms peer-to-peer monitoring (Andrejevic, 2005), participatory surveillance (Albrechtslund, 2008), social searching (Lampe, Ellison and Steinfield, 2006) and interpersonal electronic surveillance (Tokunaga, 2010) have been used. Andrejevic admits that lateral viewing is to an extent a return to the 'everyone-knows-everyone-else's-business world of traditional village life' (2005, p.418). But the difference now is that much of the tracking, snooping and gossiping is done in the digital world using a dizzying array of technologies that even a decade ago was

beyond our grasp. The aesthetics of surveillance and the watching and monitoring of others has now become such a recognisable, ‘normal’ part of our lives through cinema and reality television that many of us have now come to accept the presence of CCTV cameras on our streets and in our workplaces and play roles in the surveillance game in the form of Skype calls, blogs and online conferencing.

### **2.3 Surveillance on Screen**

Filmmakers have historically used surveillance to highlight institutional, corporate and political machines, most often concentrating on conspiracy stories, cover-ups and abuses of power. In terms of classic panoptic surveillance, Michael Radford’s film version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* puts particular visual emphasis on his idea of panoptic ‘telescreens’ that beam out the still image of an imposing Big Brother face, spread false propaganda and keep an eye on party members in their homes and common citizens on the streets. The key to the success of this CCTV-like technology is that no one knows how often the Thought Police – who are charged with monitoring and tracking down citizens who could potentially challenge authority – actually tap into individual units. The perception that citizens may be under constant supervision is enough to keep the vast majority in check and fearful of displaying even the slightest facial expression of happiness, surprise or disgust in case it is mistaken for rebellion. Senior party members are allowed to turn off the telescreens for 30 minutes at a time but even then it is unclear to those under its gaze whether the device ceases to function as a surveillance mechanism.

If Orwell’s fictional method of totalitarian surveillance ultimately proves successful in controlling the masses the chaotic bureaucratic world depicted by director Terry Gilliam



in *Brazil* presents a skewed vision of panoptic surveillance as a comically flawed, clunking machine. Gilliam's narrative concentrates on paperwork and documents rather than Orwell's technological means of state control but there is still, as Tiso (2000) explains, 'a strong emphasis on propaganda and on the invention of unseen, powerful enemies in order to justify a permanent state of national emergency; and, crucially, the same efforts are made by the authorities to keep the citizens under constant, obsessive monitoring'.

Few could argue that it was the creeping menace of monitoring technologies used by military and governmental institutions that gave filmmakers a vehicle to explore the collective distrust and anxiety of a world living through Vietnam and Watergate. There was an almost fetishistic attention given to the apparatus of visual and aural surveillance in films such as *Anderson Tapes* (S. Lumet, 1971), *Klute* (A.J. Pakula, 1971), *The Parallax View*, *The Conversation*, *Three Days of the Condor* and *All the President's Men*. And more recently, Tony Scott's *Enemy of the State* (1998) reflected what Laidler describes as the 'routine' institutional surveillance that enables contemporary governments to follow a chosen individual, 'listen in to their telephone conversations, read their email, track their movements within a city or an entire country, and... form a profile of their lifestyle, preferences, hatreds and political affiliation' (2008, p.23).

Cinema has repeatedly focused on individuals working within institutions or contracted by corporations – for example, surveillance expert Harry Caul (Gene Hackman) in *The Conversation* and secret service agent Hauptmann Gerd Weisler (Ulrich Mühe) in *The Lives of Others* (F.H. von Donnersmarck, 2006) – whose personal feelings or character flaws compromise the work they have been hired to do. Whether blinded by obsession,

love or most often both, cinema surveillants repeatedly misjudge what they see with their own eyes or the visual or aural evidence in front of them. In *The Conversation*, for example, it is Harry's obsessive paranoia over his past mistakes that ultimately fuel his confusion over the 'truth' behind what his recordings actually mean. In both *Vertigo* (A. Hitchcock, 1958) and *Body Double* (B. De Palma, 1984), the protagonists are duped by the use of female doppelgangers who resemble the objects of their desire. Indeed, the fallibility of the articles of surveillance is another key theme in the history of surveillance and cinema. In Michael Antonioni's *Blow Up* – a film that heavily influenced the later, similarly-themed *Blow Out* (B. De Palma, 1981) – photographer Thomas (David Hemmings) is misdirected in his efforts to prove a murder partly through his own obsessive human weakness but also because of problems with the veracity of his evidential photograph. At the risk of oversimplifying a fantastical, sometimes surreal film, one conclusion that can be taken from Thomas's ultimately fruitless search for the truth is that the closer you look at something – in this case the meticulous analysis of a photograph in its finest detail – the less you understand it.

To most film viewers, the most easily identifiable screen voyeur is a secret scopophiliac who derives sexual or psychosexual pleasure from the observation or aural monitoring of others. Alfred Hitchcock's repeatedly looked at such complex characters in films like *Rear Window*, *Vertigo* and *Psycho* (1960). Other notable voyeur studies include *Peeping Tom*, *Body Double*, *A Short Film about Love* (K. Kieślowski, 1988), *Monsieur Hire* (P. Leconte, 1989), *The Talented Mr Ripley* (A. Mingella, 1999) and *One Hour Photo* (M. Romanek, 2002) amongst many others. In nearly all cases, the voyeur is forced or ultimately chooses to step out of the shadows to play an active part in the story, thereby blurring the line between the secret and the surveillant watcher. Whether

it is the witnessing of dirty deeds, the sight of a woman in emotional peril or the psychopathic desire to cause harm or manipulate, filmmakers have shown a fascination for the morality of these often lonely and antisocial characters that operate on the fringes of society.

While these titles largely concentrate on the psychology of the voyeur within a contemporary surveillance society a slew of science fiction films have attempted to reflect how monitoring might develop in the future. From the dystopian surveillance featured in *Fahrenheit 451* (F. Truffaut, 1966), *Equilibrium* (K. Wimmer, 2002), and *A Scanner Darkly* (R. Linklater, 2006) to the potentially horrifying impact of personal surveillance recordings made from implants in our heads depicted in *Strange Days* (K. Bigelow, 1995) and *The Final Cut* (O. Naim, 2004), filmmakers have found the temptation to predict tomorrow's world irresistible. Marx believes that films have always both reflected surveillance technology and anticipated and even inspired new ideas, suggesting that: 'Culture both shapes and is shaped by the available technology' (1996, p.195). Consider, for example, the visual monitor that appears in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1926) a good ten years before the invention of the television; the two-way video camera that enabled a grouchy boss to scold an employee on a cigarette break in Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* (1936) and the use of microcameras and banks of video screens in Lang's 1960 potboiler *The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse* (Hultkrans, 1996).

While it is not my purpose here to detail the theoretical links between cinema, the practice of filmmaking and voyeurism that have been identified and analysed by film scholars for decades, it is clear that the movie camera itself must be seen as complicit in

promoting voyeuristic behaviour by enabling an audience to gaze at the lives of strangers from the comfort of a velveteen seat in a darkened auditorium. There is perhaps no more influential an example of the knowing power of the camera in cinema history than Dziga Vertov's documentary feature *Man With a Movie Camera* (1929), a film that positively revels in the technical possibilities of filmmaking and editing but also insists 'on not only knowing that you're looking, but investigating what it means when the machinery of cinema changes our relationship with the world' (Johnston, 2015). Kammerer suggests that cinema could be seen as a surveillance-like 'apparatus of control', explaining that:

As a medium for the recording and storing of (visual and acoustic) information, the technical apparatus of cinema fulfils at least two of the functions essential to any surveillance system: the analysis of a movement or situation (what is going on?) for the purpose of controlling it (what do we want, what should be going on?). (2004, p.465)

This analogy certainly applies to the practice of film and digital editing, with both the cinematic and surveillance image requiring the careful selection of relevant pictures to produce a coherent edited whole; As Veel points out: 'Gigabytes and gigabytes of data or CCTV footage is of no use, if we do not know what to look for' (2010, p.3). And filmmakers often like to draw attention to the peculiar relationship between audiences and the characters they see depicted on the screen by breaking the wall between the viewer and the world of the film by directing the actors to gaze at the camera, or even address the audience directly. An example of this technique can be seen in *Enemy of the State* during a scene in which retired National Security Agent Edward 'Brill' Lyle (Gene Hackman), on the run from the authorities with lawyer Robert Clayton Dean (Will Smith), looks straight into the lens of a surveillance camera. It is also part of the process of storytelling to confuse and unsettle the surveillance viewer, teasing them into thinking one thing and then shocking them by revealing another. In *Red Road*, for

example, Jackie (Kate Dickie) appears to be a dutiful CCTV operator working as a cog in the surveillance machine. But we eventually become privy to the fact that she is using her gazing position to exact revenge on a figure from her past. Whether it is the deliberate presentation of an unreliable narrator or the manipulation of the order of events in the editing process in a fractured narrative film like *Pulp Fiction* (Q. Tarantino, 1994) or reverse narrative in the case of *Memento* (C. Nolan, 2000), the truth is often withheld from the audience until the final act for maximum impact. And in some cases, of course, the viewer is left hanging completely. In *Caché* the ending is left deliberately uncertain. The life of bourgeois Parisian family Georges (Daniel Auteuil), wife Anne (Juliette Binoche), and son Pierrot (Lester Makedonsky) is thrown into turmoil when they receive a series of videotapes that reveal someone has been monitoring their home. Investigations appear to implicate Majid (Maurice Bénichou), whom Georges wronged as a child, or Majid's son (Walid Afkir), bent on revenge on his father's behalf. The truth is never explicitly revealed but Haneke plants one final teaser during the closing credits. In a wide shot of a crowd of children in front of a school the viewer has to look closely to see the sons of Georges and Majid in deep conversation. At no point in the film had there been a suggestion they had ever met. In a web article analysing the scene, Appassamy explains: 'It is the audience who are now viewing this footage – not Haneke's protagonists as the audience experienced in the introduction of the film. Consequently Haneke is implicating the audience in the mystery of *Caché*' (2010). But one has to wonder how many of those watching the film actually spotted the director's final twist or stayed in the cinema long enough to recognise they were being manipulated. This illustrates further how the perception and attention of the viewer affects the surveillance process. It is not only the articles of surveillance and the context in which they were captured that we need to be wary of,

therefore, the judgement of the voyeurs themselves must also be questioned and evaluated. As we will see, there is also one further complication that must be understood in the contemporary, normalised surveillance landscape: how far can we trust the behaviour of those under the voyeur's gaze?

## 2.4 Literature

Even this necessarily brief survey of some of the key aspects of surveillance cinema highlights the multifaceted relationship between popular culture and the technologies and practices of monitoring. As Kammerer suggests: 'There is no simple cause-and-effect relation between these two... what is important is to recognize that CCTV and media have much more in common than simple subject matters. It is not a question of 'conspiracy' or 'complicity' but rather of 'complication' and 'complexity' (2004, p.473). His article *Video Surveillance in Hollywood Movies*, which investigates the ways in which the aesthetics of monitoring have become increasingly integrated into mainstream cinema, is one of the relatively few texts on cinema that can be placed in the Surveillance Studies rather than film studies sector. Denzin's *The Cinematic Society* (1995) sidesteps the analysis of social, political and ethical factors to focus instead on the theoretical links between cinema and voyeurism. Turner's 1998 article *Collapsing the Interior/Exterior Distinction: Surveillance, Spectacle, and Suspense in Popular Cinema* attempts to move on from 'the gaze' by suggesting cinema's key objective in using surveillance in its narratives is to fetishise technology to create spectacle. He believes that: 'Films that feature surveillance as a vehicle for spectacle, suspense, and violence demonstrate how we are no longer affected or unsettled by the video gaze or bodily intrusion. They have become ordinary images' (1998, p.121). While Turner's focus was chiefly on film genres that would necessarily require the spectacular (Naveh,

2014) it is interesting to note his view that audiences were becoming desensitised to surveillance even before the millennium.

Albrechtslund, whose work has accentuated the many positive benefits brought by ‘new’ surveillance in the fields of science, health and sport was one of the first to articulate clearly the point that: ‘Popular culture mirrors and illustrates social, cultural and societal issues with surveillance and is therefore a highly relevant field of study’ (2008, p.112). While his article *Surveillance and Ethics in Film: Rear Window and the Conversation* (2008) still concerns itself with Laura Mulvey’s feminist theories on the male gaze his analysis of *Rear Window* and *The Conversation* influenced the approach of this study by investigating the psychology of the films’ protagonists, concluding that their journeys embody the ‘two central dilemmas concerning the ethics of surveillance, namely the questions of justification and responsibility’ (2008, p.129). Lefait’s book *Surveillance on Screen: Monitoring Contemporary Films and Television Programs* (2013) is notable as the first full-length work on surveillance and its relationship with cinema and television and his suggestion that contemporary monitoring practices are physically impacting the way in which we view and understand media is discussed below. However, his work largely focuses on films made after 1980 and is still, as argued by Murakami Wood (2014) ‘generally rather ahistorical and lacking in engagement with real world politics in its treatment of surveillance, cinema and television’. In *Closed Circuits: Screening Narrative Surveillance* (2015) Garret Stewart considers a much wider selection of films across a far greater time period but his primary focus is on the parallels between surveillance and the process of filmmaking, particularly on the shared axis of ‘montage and espionage’. Zimmer, on the other hand, has made it her purpose over several years to probe links between cinema and the

politics of surveillance and she recently incorporated and updated versions of her articles *Surveillance and Social Memory: Strange Days Indeed*, *Surveillance Cinema: Narrative between Technology and Politics* and *Caught on Tape: The Politics of Video in the New Torture Film* into the full-length monograph, *Surveillance Cinema* (2015). Of particular interest to this study is her change in stance from the first article, written in 2011, in which she used *Strange Days* to show ‘cinematic narration to be a site for the potentially radical remediation of surveillance, politics, and history’ and the concluding chapter of the book in which she uses another Bigelow film, *Zero Dark Thirty* (2015) as an example of the ‘exploitation’ of surveillance practices and politics ‘as the basis and structure of state and corporate power rather than as an avenue for undermining that power’ (2015, p.209). In other words, the strengthening of institutional surveillance has coincided with a trend for vindictory films that emphasise the importance of global monitoring in the war against terror. With Greg Wise’s *Surveillance and Film* (2016) soon to be added to this list, it is clear that scholarly interest in surveillance cinema is growing alongside the increasing use of normalised surveillance practices and technologies on the big screen. However, this thesis will argue in Chapter Four that research in this field is still too closely focused on traditional themes and that the selection of films studied is too narrow and explicit to properly reflect the complexity of ‘new’ surveillance.



## **Chapter 3: Research Methods and Practice-based Study**

This chapter will examine the methods used in this practice-based study of the normalisation of surveillance through the prism of film. As discussed in Chapter One, this research will investigate how cinema has reflected the transformation of surveillance from traditional institutional monitoring to a new criss-crossing monitoring dynamic. In doing so, thematic gaps will be identified, which will then be addressed in my own creative work. I will begin this section by presenting the current debates surrounding practice-based study within the academy and then explain my own justification for choosing this approach. In doing so, I will examine how the creative and more orthodox elements of the thesis relate to and reinforce one-another in reference to the substantive research questions being investigated. I will also discuss more specific issues related to screenwriting and filmmaking as research methods and explain my reasons for selecting a fictional feature screenplay and short film as my creative outputs. Finally, I will include a short section outlining the various limitations of this research.

### **3.1 Practice-based Research**

Since I embarked on my PhD by Creative Practice in Film, well-meaning colleagues have taken issue with the word count of the written element of my thesis while others have commented on how much fun it was must be to spend time making and writing films as opposed to researching and analysing them. If you were to substitute the word ‘fun’ for ‘easy’ I think one would get closer to their true meaning. While this skepticism certainly shows a lack of insight into the sometimes grueling, time-consuming and stressful practice of filmmaking, it also hints at the deeper truth: that there is a still a

widely held suspicion that practice-based study does not measure up to its more traditional equivalent in terms of academic legitimacy.

The practice-based PhD originated in the mid 1980s in the UK and Australia as a response to stronger links being forged between Higher Education institutions and workplaces that promoted a closer alignment between academic and vocational qualifications (Winter and Griffiths, 2000). The practice-based doctorate is now recognised as one of four distinct modes of PhD study in UK universities alongside the traditional (which is usually made up of between 80,000 and 100,000 words of text); the PhD by prior publication and the numerous versions of the professional PhD (Brabazon and Dagli, 2010). With such a variety of approaches across multiple disciplines it should come as no surprise that a challenge exists to ‘construct regulations and protocols that acknowledge this diversity but also build a culture of equivalence in examination procedures and outcomes’ (2010, p.25). Even within the practice-based mode itself there are marked differences in procedure across the various fields of research. For example, in Linda Candy’s *Practice-based Research: A Guide* (2006) she outlines two practice-related approaches: practice-based and practice-led. The former applies when the ‘creative artefact is the basis of the contribution to knowledge’ while it is the latter if ‘the research leads primarily to new understandings about practice’ (2006, p.3).

The challenge of finding some kind of uniformity between traditional and ‘new’ forms of doctoral study is complicated by persistent questions over the quality of practice-based work. This could partly be attributed to the subjective nature of creative outputs in that a strong artefact, for example, could sway an examiner if the overall thesis lacks

quality or an artefact that is deemed unsuccessful could affect the judgement of an otherwise exemplary package of research. One suspects there is also a degree of ‘knowledge snobbery’ (Willems, 2010, p.9) and resistance to change but this is clearly difficult to prove or quantify.

On the other hand, criticism of practice-based study can seem justifiable when artists and practitioners appear sometimes guilty of attempting to bend the conventions of academia to their own ends. Candlin believes that artworks should not always require written commentaries to be recognised as research. She explains that ‘such a formulation retains the oppositional relation between art as predominantly anti-intellectual and written work as properly academic [and] reduces art practice to the conventions of academia’ (2000, p.11). Her point may be valid but this argument plays directly into the hands of those who suggest that many practice-based researchers choose to undertake academic study for bogus reasons. To paraphrase Brabazon and Dagli: if you want to make a film without having to bother with scholarly reflection, then go and make a film. As they suggest: ‘Do not assume a film is inevitably and intrinsically research. It may be, but the scholar must make the case. The mechanism for connecting an object with a scholarly environment should be stated, not assumed’ (2010, p.31). Even if the practitioner does fully engage in the academic process there is a danger that their commentary may – to use Bolton’s terminology – be more ‘reflexive’ than ‘reflective’ (2001, p.4); that is to say they may indulge in activity that is focused more on oneself rather than on other people and the environment in which they are involved. Artists by their very nature are reflexive and it should come as no surprise that practitioners with any degree of pride in their work would at times during the course of their thesis lose themselves in the artistic process. Moreover, once their work is

complete, how ‘... might the artist as researcher avoid on one hand, what has been referred to as “auto- connoisseurship”, the undertaking of a thinly veiled labour of valorising what has been achieved in the creative work, or alternatively producing a research report that is mere description?’ (Nelson, 2004, cited in Barrett, 2006).

One way of lessening the suspicion of practice-based study would be to avoid making the assumption that all practitioner researchers are simply dipping a toe into academia before returning to their studio or workplace. It is too easy a distinction to place text-based doctoral candidates in one corner and those engaged in practice-based study in another. As Servage says: “Doctoral studies are undertaken... for diverse reasons at diverse career stages” (2009, p.776). I am both a filmmaker and an academic. As a former journalist I enjoy writing and researching just as much as producing and directing films. My post-doctoral research will include the writing of articles for academic journals and the presentation of papers at conferences but it will also see me continuing to fuse the theoretical with the practical. Practice-based research is hardly a new phenomenon and Candlin’s prediction in 2000 that as ‘its critical potential fades the conferences, debates and disagreements on the subject will no doubt diminish’ has not yet been realised. But we must still hope that Schon’s much-cited constructive notion of knowledge where ‘research and practice coexist in a cyclic or spiral relationship’ can ultimately be achieved (Lester, 2004, p.2). But in the meantime, the practice-based researcher’s best chance of success comes from asking the same kind of questions of themselves and their work that traditional doctoral candidates have posed for decades while also recognising that they must pay particular attention to ensuring that all the elements within their thesis package are ‘coordinated into a

tight, precise| and convincing intellectual bundle that constitutes research’ (Brabazon and Dagi, 2010, p.32).

### **3.2. Method**

Practice-based Research is an original investigation undertaken in order to gain new knowledge partly by means of practice and the outcomes of that practice. In a doctoral thesis, claims of originality and contribution to knowledge may be demonstrated through creative outcomes in the form of designs, music, digital media, performances and exhibitions. Whilst the significance and context of the claims are described in words, a full understanding can only be obtained with direct reference to the outcomes. (Candy, 2006, p.1)

It is clear from the description above that this thesis comfortably sits in the category of ‘practice-based’ rather than ‘practice-led’ research. However, this definition should not be viewed as a one-size-fits-all approach to creative work undertaken in an academic environment. Each practice-based researcher must comply with the submission instructions of their awarding institution, consider the relationship between theory and practice and carefully select the type of creative artefacts most appropriate to their course of study. In the case of this thesis, two years of intensive scholarly research into the history, theory and current practices of surveillance and the viewing and analysis of over 70 surveillance-related films was undertaken before the specifics of the practical elements were considered. I had already seen the majority of the films set out in Kammerer’s list of *Surveillance Feature Films* (2010) but I re-watched many with a newly critical eye, sourced and evaluated the titles that were new to me and supplemented my viewing list by using the ‘keyword’ function on imdb.com. By opening out the search terms from the obvious – surveillance, voyeur, CCTV – to the more diverse – conspiracy, deception, honeytrap – I was able to identify films that may not initially appear relevant but provided deeper insights into today’s contemporary surveillance environment. Each film was analysed with the same key questions in mind:

what aspects of the narrative involve a deep investigation of the technologies and practices of surveillance and/or voyeuristic monitoring; and how do these help to illustrate the normalisation of surveillance and, more generally, the new criss-crossing nature of the monitoring dynamic between institutions and citizens. This research led to the identification of interlinking political, technological, social and popular cultural triggers that have helped to bring about the normalisation process and a number of themes that characterise ‘new’ surveillance. These were then analysed through the prism of historical and contemporary surveillance-related films. This orthodox research helped to tackle the key research questions set out in the introduction to this thesis and also led to the identification of a small number of recent and contemporary films that have focused on issues over and above the simple presentation of glossy new technology for the sake of spectacle.

The orthodox research could have been extended into a traditional text-based study and provided further insights in the fields of Surveillance Studies and surveillance cinema. However, Willems considers that ‘if the purpose of research is indeed to create “new knowledge”, then that new knowledge has to be “authentic” new knowledge, which is, in my experience, created through the reconciliation of the “academic theory” and the “professional reality”’ (2010, p.20). Nelson may be right to suggest that the artefacts are likely to ‘afford substantial insights rather than coming to such definite conclusions as to constitute answers’ (2013, p.30). However, I believe this thesis is stronger and more ‘authentic’ because my original creative work analyses and tests the arguments and evidence presented in the orthodox research.

The most appropriate demonstrative creative method to employ in this thesis would have been to write and produce a contemporary-set feature film that that could have served as a comparison to historical studio-driven narratives. However, such a project would necessarily have required a huge financial commitment, a large cast and crew and a considerable amount of time spent on pre and post production. I chose instead to attempt the same narrative aims by writing an original feature screenplay that would act as a blueprint for a screen story. This approach freed me from the budgetary and logistical constraints of long-form production and allowed me to concentrate on developing characters, themes and technologies that would illustrate and aid the exploration of the contemporary surveillance landscape. To avoid placing the thesis too firmly in the screenwriting as research field, I also chose to make a short, low resource film that would ‘recreate the fullness of what was learned during the inquiry process’ by bringing the concepts and technologies embedded in the research to life (Ackroyd and O’Toole, 2010, cited in Leavy, 2015). Presenting both related but contrasting artefacts allowed a nuanced investigation and analysis of the questions, themes and technologies discussed in the orthodox research.

As discussed above, the main focus of this study was to use the creative works as investigatory tools that would test the research rather than serve as a means to study my own working process as a screenwriter and filmmaker. However, any practice-based researcher must recognise that insights into the selection and creation of the artefacts could provide ‘new knowledge’ in the form of case studies for future candidates. It was important, therefore, to consider further research aims and questions that focus on specific aspects of screenwriting and film production as research methods.

Screenwriting has emerged over the last decade as a serious field of research. The formation of the Screenwriting Research Network (2006) and the *Journal of Screenwriting* (2010) helped to open up discussions on the topic while scholarly articles and monographs by Maras (2009), Price (2010), McDonald (2013), Nelmes (2014) and Batty (2015) amongst others have led to a ‘more sustained and diversified theorization [of screenwriting as research] under various framings, such as history, authorship, culture, philosophy and poetics’ (Sternberg 2014, p.203). Screenwriting is thus far a practice with ‘few PhD completions to draw from’ (Lee et al., 2016, p.1) but there are an increasing number of candidates undertaking such research internationally (Batty and McAuley, 2016). This growing research identity has seen the publication of unproduced screenplay research outcomes (Baker et al., 2015) and a concerted effort by scholars to ensure that the ‘... academic screenplay or associated screenplay work functions as both a method of research enquiry and also a research artefact, valuing screenwriting as a way to generate and disseminate new knowledge and – crucially – new ways of practising’ (Batty and McAulay, 2016, p.1). Case studies of completed screenwriting as research theses and works in progress confirm the perceived importance of practice-led inquiry. That is, research that is focused on the aspects of storytelling, screenplay writing practices and a reflexive consideration of the writer’s working process. Although my creative work is designed to investigate new surveillance rather than screenwriting practices per se, there is still much to glean from the experiences of fellow researchers. Of particular interest here is the question of whether an ‘academic screenplay’ can be seen as a valid research artefact considering it may never be made into a film. In other words, ‘... what kinds of new knowledge is a screenplay able to contribute, and to what fields, when it is perceived as the first step in a hypothetical future collaboration?’ (Lee et al.,2016, p.3).



Batty, whose completed PhD in Creative Writing used screenplay practice to investigate the relationship between character arc and plot, suggests that ‘... the practice of screenwriting might be understood as creative writing, and the development of a screenplay might be understood as screen production’ (2015, p.113). Sawtell’s in-progress PhD, which uses ‘fictocritical and multimodal’ approaches to draw links between the theory and practice of screenwriting, also highlights the importance of the script as distinct from the wider film production process. The screenplay element of her thesis, she believes, ‘... can still be examined for its own unique artistry that remains separate from any future work’ (Lee et al., 2016, p.2) Screenwriting theorist Baker is even more forceful in suggesting screenplays should ultimately be ‘... treated as complete texts, worthy of publication and study irrespective of performance or production’ (Baker, 2015, p.1). These views articulate an understandable desire to place greater emphasis on the highly-skilled but underappreciated ‘art’ of screenwriting while also further justifying the practice as a focus and method of research.

However, it is one thing to value the screenplay as a worthy research artefact within itself and quite another to remove it entirely from the process of film production, even if the chances of it being transferred from page to screen are slim. The separation of the script would struggle to gain acceptance in the film industry, where the screenplay has always been viewed as a working model for a screen story – as McKee says: ‘A screenplay waits for the camera’ (1997, p.394). Accepting this view could also serve to undermine the function of my own screenplay artefact. As discussed above, it was always designed as a blueprint for a screen story. The screenplay ‘... has to be a piece of writing which stands up on its own, because the producer who’s deciding whether to

pay for it and the actor who's deciding whether to be in it want to be transported by the experience of reading it.' (Nelmes, cited by Owen, 2003, p.9). However, while these film professionals may admire the quality of writing and recognise a solid structure, they will not read a screenplay in the same way that they would a novel or a poem. The words on the page will be visualised into an imaginary film. A creative artefact can embody a set of research questions which both respond to and feed into the critical discussions presented while still aspiring to be produced as an 'object' outwith academia. Indeed, the impact of an 'academic screenplay' is likely to be much greater if such an outcome materialises. Batty and McAuley highlight the example of a PhD artefact, the Japanese language *Welcome to Prime-time*, which had the aim of 'marrying commercial and critical concerns' to tackle issues about family fragmentation and the crisis of masculinity in Japanese society. The unnamed candidate was less concerned about reflexivity and process in relation to the craft of screenwriting and more focused on using the artefacts to investigate pressing contemporary concerns. As Runco suggests in relation to societal issues: 'An artist doesn't have to write about them, you understand, just be conversant and allude to them in a consistent way. And it is obligatory that he break with the past in order to comprehend the now' (Runco 1993, p.23). This focus on understanding 'new' surveillance and mapping fresh ways in which to present it in cinema is central to this thesis.

While screenwriting as research has a relatively short history in academia, documentary filmmaking has long been used, often controversially, in anthropological and ethnographical studies (Leavy, 2013). Adams suggests that the continued preference of moving image researchers to focus on non-fiction artefacts 'rather than drama or experimental is a continuing problem for fiction film researchers' (2015, p.104).

However, Leavy believes that the growth in arts-based research ‘... across the disciplines, coupled with the advent of the Internet and digital technologies has resulted in new approaches to filmmaking practice...’ (2013, p. 192). She explains that film-based research now uses a range of approaches, including ‘... narrative film (from loosely planned to fully storyboarded, scripted and rehearsed)’ (2013, p.301). Dovey, discussing the first fruits of the now fully established Screenworks academic journal of visual media works concluded that the content was ‘... rooted in the discursive traditions of independent film, experimental visual culture and performance.’ (Allegue et al, 2009, p.61). Several of the published projects are described as ‘aesthetic research’ that is ‘... driven by an ideological critique which posits that conventional forms can only say conventional things’ (2009, p.59). This certainly aligns with the design for the short film artefact of this thesis, which is an attempt to present an alternative depiction of contemporary surveillance by visualising its aesthetics and fictionalising the way in which monitoring technologies and practices are now part of our everyday life.

The first and subsequent Screenworks projects are firmly situated in the art film sector and are therefore never likely to attract film producers or television commissioning editors ‘waving lucrative contracts’ (2009, p.61). This researcher embraces experimental filmmaking forms and accepts Dovey’s view that productions made under the banner of research should be freed from some of the constraints of our ‘hit-driven’ culture. However, I endeavoured to write, produce and direct a film that would succeed as a research artefact but also have the potential to be recognised as a work of artistic merit and provide entertainment to a wide audience by way of film festival screenings and an online presence.

The short film *Rufus Stone* (J. Appignanesi, 2012), which grew out of a nationwide research project entitled *Gay and Pleasant Land? Exploring Sexuality, Ageing and Rurality in a Multi-Method, Performative Project* (2011), is an example of a creative artefact that achieved and surpassed the above theoretical, creative and commercial aims. Researcher Kip Jones wrote the screenplay and acted as Executive Producer on the film, which tells the story of an ageing gay man who returns from exile in London to the childhood village where he was outed to face his former love and confront the past. After three years of orthodox research Jones, according to Leavy (2013) identified what he believed to be the limitations of traditional reporting and believed film would allow his research to reach a public as well as academic audience. *Rufus Stone* does not break any new ground in terms of story, themes or technical filmmaking but it is engaging enough to have been selected for several film festivals and won two international awards. The quality of the artefact in relation to the wider research project was also recognised with a shortlisting in the AHRC Research in Film Anniversary Prize. Leavy suggests Jones's work '... illustrates how film can be used to distribute research findings to diverse audiences, illuminating a range of social science concerns and bringing traditional research projects to the public (2012, p.196).

*Rufus Stone* clearly demonstrates how film can work as a research artefact as well as a successful screen story. This thesis used the project as an example of how to fictionalise social and cultural research. However, Jones's film and wider research formed part of the extensive New Dynamics of Ageing programme that was uniquely funded between five UK research councils (<http://www.newdynamics.group.shef.ac.uk>). His resources were such that he could attract the services of experienced director Josh Appignanesi – whose previous credits include *The Infidel* (2010) – and a large professional cast and

crew. PhD film projects lack commercial viability because, through design or necessity, they lack the time and resources to achieve high production values. Anderson and Tobin raise the issue of collaborations on practice-based PhD projects, asking:

How, for instance does a cinematography student, whose work is dependent on the creation of a screenplay by the screenwriter, the funding and setting up of the film by the producer, the guidance of the director and the most likely the collaboration of a production designer, costumer, cast and the other regular characters of making up filmmaking, do it? How are they all going to be able to create a piece of practice-based research in filmmaking? (2012, p.957)

In other words, how might a filmmaker-as-researcher recruit and maintain a professional crew over the course of the PhD study? Anderson and Tobin suggest a 'research centre' approach in which '... multiple PhD students could be provided with the opportunity to complete their research programme by focusing upon their work in a single collaborative research project so as complete their PhD's within a justifiable window that is determined by the size of the project that has been funded' (2012, p.958). This method would succeed in producing work that could be placed under the umbrella of the academy but it would depend on the early collaboration of several practice-based researchers, most likely from the same institution. This option was never open to me as the first PhD candidate undertaking a practice-based film thesis in my department at the University of York. Instead, it had always been my intention to utilise my own undergraduate students as collaborators on the short film element of this thesis and I recognised that an analysis of this process would provide further new knowledge in relation to practice-based work. The results of this collaborative experiment will be presented in Chapter Six.

In the previous two sections I have outlined the current debates on creative research, identified my own work as practice-based rather than practice-led, justified the use of artefacts in this thesis and explained how the orthodox and practical elements of this

study reinforce one-another in the analysis of the research questions and the overriding aim of introducing new theoretical and creative knowledge in relation to ‘new’ surveillance. While practice-based research is now established within the academy we have seen that it still faces a challenge to be recognised alongside orthodox research in terms of its quality and legitimacy. This thesis suggests that creative research, while using alternative and potentially innovative approaches, should ask the same questions and adhere to the same general regulations as traditional research. It should also be made clear why a practice-based approach is more effective than an orthodox thesis alone. To this end, I chose a creative package – a fictional feature screenplay and a short film production – that investigates key technological, social, political and popular cultural themes while also demonstrating how surveillance cinema can more successfully reflect and challenge the complexity of ‘new’ surveillance. However, I believed it was also my responsibility as a creative researcher to introduce new knowledge related to practice-based research. This chapter introduced key aspects of screenwriting and film production as research methods that will be addressed in Chapter Six. Particular attention will be paid to the legitimacy of the screenplay as a research artefact and the issue of collaboration in creative PhD projects.

### **3.3 Limitations**

While the field of Surveillance Studies continues to expand across disciplines and cultures most literature still focuses on the United Kingdom and North America. It is important to note that younger generations are more likely than their parents or grandparents to fully accept the normalisation of surveillance, particularly in relation to the breakdown of public and private barriers on online social networks. There is clear scope for further study into such generational factors, as well as any differences in

attitude towards normalised, domesticated monitoring that may exist, for example, between genders or developed and emerging cultures.

Similarly, although I have selected and viewed a number of non-English language films during this study, the vast majority of narratives focusing on surveillance themes or voyeuristic characters or situations are produced in, and concerned with, America and Western Europe. While I chose from the outset to concentrate my study on fictional feature films some brief observations on television productions and documentary feature films have been included. Furthermore, while this study promotes the investigation of cinema in relation to ethical, political and moral developments in the world of surveillance, it is important to note, for example, that institutional monitoring is clandestine in nature and its newest technologies and techniques are a deeply (though not always successfully) guarded secret.

Any strict causal analysis would have to take account of, for example, a filmmaker's point of view or the political system under which the film was made; the gender of the key creative; whether the film is an adaptation of a previous work; the era in which the film was produced and whether it is fictional, inspired by real events or a documentary, amongst many other factors. And for every film that has successfully predicted future technological innovations, there have been hundreds of others that have featured gadgets and gizmos that have never seen the light of day. As Marx explains: 'A particular challenge lies in linking the cultural images of surveillance to social, political, economic, and technical factors. Rather than a reductionist model, stressing the causal primacy of any one of these factors, they are interactive. Culture both shapes and is shaped by the available technology' (1996, p.195). While this research has already

highlighted historical periods in which the close link between surveillance and cinema appears clear, perhaps Weber's much contested 'elective affinity' concept can be used here to describe 'two sets of social facts or mentalities (that) are related to each other or gravitate to each other – even though no direct causality between the two can be established' (Swedberg and Agevall, 2005).



## **Chapter 4: Cinema and ‘New’ Surveillance**

This chapter uses orthodox research to analyse the ways in which cinema has reacted to the transformation of surveillance from traditional panoptic control to one of a complex criss-crossing dynamic that sees citizens challenging institutions while also looking across at each other using normalised monitoring technologies. The aesthetics and technologies of surveillance are regularly used as spectacle in popular cinema while everyday devices like the mobile phone and online social networks that can be used for a variety of surveillance purposes are now utilised in virtually every contemporary-set film as a matter of course. As Kammerer suggests: ‘These days, video surveillance and its images are very much en vogue, mostly in the contemporary action thriller, where there has to be at least one scene in which a surveillance camera or monitor can be seen’ (2004, p.468). However, this chapter will demonstrate that fictional cinema is failing to explore the full complexity of ‘new’ surveillance. This matters in part because the normalisation process has coincided with the systematic extension of institutional surveillance justified by the ongoing global terror threat. More evident is the lack of nuanced screen stories about how citizens use new surveillance technologies as tools to monitor each other and put themselves on display within the noise of today’s multi-platform media landscape.

The primary purpose of this chapter is address the research questions set out in the introduction to this thesis while also identifying thematic gaps that will then be presented as new knowledge in my own original creative work and related reflective materials. However, this orthodox research will also open up new areas of inquiry in the field of surveillance cinema which, as discussed above, focuses largely on traditional themes and a much-cited selection of classic surveillance narratives. This chapter will

begin the process of re-thinking how one might identify a surveillance film in the contemporary monitoring landscape. The method used to carry out this research is based on an analysis of interlinking political, popular cultural and social triggers that have brought about the normalisation process. This approach, which will be selective rather than comprehensive or chronological, allows the identification and investigation of several key themes and topics under the umbrella of 'new' surveillance and an analysis and evaluation of existing films in each subject area.

The overarching catalyst for the emergence of 'new' surveillance is the domestication of monitoring technologies. However, the availability of home security systems, online social networking, GPS technology and domestic drones cannot fully explain the breakdown of traditional surveillance structures and the emergence of sousveillance and lateral surveillance. After all, every new historical innovation in surveillance-related equipment has been prematurely labelled as the final nail in the coffin of private life. As Lauer says: 'Privacy has died many deaths' (2011, p.2). The interest of this thesis is to look beyond the technologies and spectacle of surveillance to reveal more complex triggers that have contributed to the normalisation process. How has 9/11 and the ongoing global terror threat impacted on public attitudes to surveillance? How far has contemporary popular culture fed our desire to play an active role in the monitoring process and to what extent are we using the apparatus of surveillance on friends, family, work colleagues and acquaintances? Is Hal Niedzviecki (2009) right to call this 'the Era of Peep Culture'? The public's increasing knowledge about surveillance also raises questions about the veracity of their behaviour under the institutional and lateral gaze both online and in 'real' life. And what of so-called 'function creep'; the process in which surveillance is extended beyond its original scope? As normalised surveillance is

assimilated ever more deeply into our daily lives we must ask to what extent institutional bodies – from the corporate office to the corridors of governmental power – are taking advantage of the public’s acceptance of the need for counter-terror activities. And how far has this acceptance led to ambivalence? NSA whistleblower Edward Snowden believes the suggestion that citizens have no reason to fear surveillance if they have nothing to hide is ‘no different than saying you don’t care about free speech because you have nothing to say’ (Kleeman, 2015). If political, popular cultural and social factors are combining to blind us from the true complexity of the ‘new’ surveillance landscape this thesis will suggest that cinema must play a more effective role in raising and dissecting the issues. And in subsequent chapters, my own original work will strive to demonstrate ways in which this aim can be achieved.

#### **4.1 The Politics of New Surveillance: 9/11 and the Rise of the Citizen Shooter**

This section will focus on political aspects of ‘new’ surveillance with particular reference to the 9/11 terror attacks on New York, the ongoing global threat and the rise of sousveillance and citizen journalism. It will be suggested that cinema has largely detached itself from the complex issues resulting from 9/11 by focusing on muscular action films and superhero adventures. The terror threat has also provoked an increasingly skeptical public to use the availability of surveillance apparatus to turn their gaze on institutions. From high-profile counter-surveillants like Edward Snowden and Julien Assange to more modest acts of domestic sousveillance, the normalisation process has democratised monitoring practices and revolutionised the media landscape by giving birth to citizen journalism. We will see that documentaries as well as a small selection of fiction features have touched on these themes. But how far have these largely serious and issue-driven films exposed the viewing public to the full complexity

of ‘new’ surveillance? The 9/11 terrorist attacks on New York appeared at the outset to herald a return to top-heavy institutional monitoring by paving the way for a radical government-sponsored extension of domestic, industrial and corporate surveillance, both visible and invisible, in the years after 2001. According to Laidler, 9/11 was a ‘tipping point’ for all matters of a surveillance nature; a ‘pivotal moment’ in the history of Western society that saw ‘an absolute deluge of legislation’ forced through to justify the use of ID cards, databases and electronic tagging (2008, p.174). It facilitated what Lyon (2006) has called the responsabilisation of the citizen, which in turn led to a culture of suspicion and a new vertical trust in political elites and ‘draconian laws and pre-emptive strategies, coupled with an almost reckless distrust of established institutions such as the rule of law and the protection of human rights’ (Chan, 2008, p.235). The question is, how far did this institutional legislation and the corresponding outbreak of horizontal distrust in wider society lead to the normalisation of surveillance? As citizens became more practiced at keeping tabs on potential terrorists did this new expertise and enthusiasm for detective work filter into our neighbourhoods, workplaces and homes?

In the domestic sphere, governments re-launched the kind of neighbourhood watch schemes made popular in the 1970s and 1980s, though this time the scope was national and international, both off- and online, rather than just community-based efforts to control local vandalism and disorder. Examples include the London Metropolitan Police’s anti-terror poster campaign, which called for citizens to ‘Help Us Defeat It’ and the British Transport Police’s rather more practical message of ‘Terrorism: If You Suspect It Report It’. Both posters were illustrated with images of sports bags, briefcases, suspect vans and mobile phones and included website information and email

addresses to post off concerns and tip-offs. In Australia, the 'Be Alert, Not Alarmed' advertising campaign of 2003 saw the distribution of 'terror kits' that included advice on how to report potential suspects. The New York City Metropolitan Transportation Authority attempted to reel in the public's help with the now infamous slogan 'If You see Something, Say Something', a campaign that, according to Tzaillas (2010), amounted to a 'crusade intent on transforming the average citizen's common, passing glances into a massive, active, paranoid surveillance network where everyone is monitored and scrutinized by everyone else'. Chan echoes these concerns, believing that such initiatives amounted to 'an irresponsible campaign to stir up fear and paranoia against terrorism' (2008, p.224). In the months following 9/11, and then again in the aftermath of the Madrid and London atrocities in 2004 and 2005 respectively, travellers on public transport exchanged nervous glances and looked suspiciously upon anyone who might conceivably hail from the Middle East, those carrying rucksacks or people who simply looked anxious. Andrejevic believes citizens were being encouraged to relish the art of amateur spying 'for our own good' (2005, p.494) and suggests that in a society in which everyone is treated as a potential threat 'one way to manage the sheer volume of suspicion is to invite everyone to become a private investigator – a spy' (2005, p.488).

While governments used 9/11 as an opportunity to extend surveillance into society, popular culture – and Hollywood in particular – largely shied away from tackling the wider issues thrown up by the terrorist threat. A series of disaster movies represented a symbolic, gung-ho response to the attacks with aliens (*War of the Worlds*, S. Spielberg, 2005), a virus (*I am Legend*, F. Lawrence, 2007) and monsters (*Cloverfield*, M. Reeves, 2008) standing in for Osama bin Laden and his Al Qaeda cohorts. If these films

reflected the anger felt by the West, the likes of *Mystic River* (C. Eastwood, 2003) and *21 Grams* (A.G. Iñárritu, 2003) reflected more thoughtfully on the dangers of seeking revenge without ever tackling the deeper motives behind the attacks. Of those 9/11 films that did focus on real events, both Paul Greengrass's *United 93* (2006) and Oliver Stone's *World Trade Centre* (2006), though radically different in tone, both concentrated on the heroism and never-say-die spirit of everyday Americans rather than offering any emotional or intellectual response to the attacks themselves. One had to venture outside of American cinema to find any real attempt at a fictional filmic analysis of 9/11. The multi-directed *11'09''01 - September 11* (2002) was, like most portmanteau projects, uneven in quality and style, but of relevance to this study is Mira Nair's contribution, *India*, in which a young Muslim goes missing in New York on the day of the attacks and is suspected of being involved. The neighbours of his family all too quickly show their disapproval and the gossip soon spreads until it transpires that, as a trained paramedic, he had rushed to the scene of the disaster, and died helping others. It was a little too early for America to accept such healing narratives, however; the film failed to find a stateside distributor.

This heady Hollywood combination of militaristic bombast, suspicion of the outsider and gung-ho pride and patriotism certainly chimed with the prevailing anti-terror agenda in the months following 9/11. And this trend has continued as Al Qaeda has made way for the Islamic State of Iraq and Levant (also known as Islamic State of Iraq and Syria) and acts of terrorism have escalated across the globe. Monitoring technologies and political themes are heavily used in recent releases like *Star Trek: Into Darkness* (J.J Abrams, 2013), *Independence Day: Resurgence* (R Emmerich, 2016), *X-Men Apocalypse* (B. Singer, 2016), and *Captain America: Civil War* (J. and A. Russo,

2016), all of which focus on threats from reasonless enemies within cultures of fear and suspicion. However financially successful or entertaining these productions may be, they rely on dazzling visuals and the fetishisation of technology, and largely perpetuate the idea that surveillance is necessary, effective and used only for the good of mankind. Some big budget films do attempt to intellectualise the action genre and draw attention to some of the more negative aspects of surveillance. The James Bond film, *Spectre* (S. Mendes, 2015) sees the titular British spy become an unlikely critic of shadowy global surveillance networks and the impersonal nature of drone attacks. *Jason Bourne* (P. Greengrass, 2016), the latest release in the modern spy franchise, is an underdog story of a rogue agent battling to remain hidden from his institutional superiors. In his review of the film, Henry K. Miller suggests that although ‘the Bourne films daren’t risk being seen indulging in the sort of tech-industry knockabout common elsewhere in popular culture’ the latest installment in the series ‘...still comes comes down to two men slugging it out in an alleyway after chasing each other the wrong way down a busy Las Vegas boulevard in indestructible automobiles’ (Miller, 2016). These films represent a positive step towards a more balanced depiction of the issues but commercial pressures mean they are still ultimately focused on giving an audience escapist entertainment rather than a cerebral, human insight.

Andrejevic suggests a subtler legacy of 9/11 is the extension of surveillance undertaken by citizens on institutions and each other as ‘an alternative/substitute for debunked discourse’ in today’s ‘risk’ society – that is, while citizens may have accepted the need for a tightening of security in the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks they also became more skeptical about what they were being told by governments and the Press; they only believed what they saw with their own eyes. It is interesting to note that while

Hollywood tied itself in knots attempting to appear politically and morally correct in the face of the terrorist threat, the one 9/11 film that broke through to the largest audience – and made the most money – was Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11* (2004), which argued that President George Bush and his cohorts had used the tragedy as a false justification for an unjust war. This feature documentary earned \$120m dollars at American box offices alone, which is six times as much as any documentary that came before it, and \$50m dollars more than *World Trade Center*. That is not to say that Hollywood misjudged the political landscape of America: as many people will have flocked to see Moore's work to attack it as support his message. But it does suggest is that at least some audiences were hungry for interpretation, explanation and answers and were not willing to be spun by politicians or patronised by Hollywood. After three years in which 9/11 had been deemed a taboo subject in film circles, *Fahrenheit 9/11* helped to bring about a documentary boom. Television schedules and online video networks became clogged up with films of hugely varying quality, ranging from the large in scope (*9/11: Press for Truth*, R. Nowosielski, 2006) to the more personal, voyeuristic and controversial (*9/11: Falling Man*, H. Singer, 2006). Most asked why America was targeted and some even suggested that the West must be held accountable, to an extent at least, for creating the conditions that resulted in such extreme terrorist action.

While there is no doubt that non-fiction films can represent a powerful way to realise and humanise 'new' surveillance, some of the most impactful post 9/11 films were not produced in Hollywood or even the small independent studios; they were shot by amateurs using domestic camcorders. Perhaps no single event in world history has been surveilled and analysed more thoroughly through the countless images and footage shot



simultaneously by news crews and onlookers from the street and adjoining buildings after the planes struck and the buildings fell. It is no coincidence that one of the most impactful 9/11 films of all is the TV documentary, *102 Minutes that Changed America* (N. Rittenmeyer, S. Skundrick, 2008), which depicts the day's events in real time using raw footage shot by citizens. In the chaos of the terrorist strike and its aftermath, everyone was looking at each another, both in the moment, and then repeatedly, obsessively on television and online.

As analogue video made way for digital technology and cameras became small enough to fit in consumer mobile phones citizens' ability to view and record world events with their own eyes has led to significant acts of public counter surveillance and the more general emergence of the citizen journalist. Cascio (2005) suggests these practices have put politicians under particular scrutiny, saying: 'The lack of traditional cameras snapping away can no longer be an opportunity for public figures to relax. All those running for office have to assume that their actions and words are being recorded, even if no cameras are evident, as long as citizens are present.' Indeed, the entire political and capitalist machine has been placed under the microscope in recent years with the emergence of the worldwide Occupy movement, which has been dubbed by one blogger as the 'largest sousveillance effort in recorded history' (Anonymous, 2011). Occupy protesters have embraced the technological tools of sousveillance to spread their message and make sure the public are not fed lies about their activities by the authorities. Protests and camp activities are streamed live and links to footage are posted on Twitter and retweeted thousands of times in a matter of seconds. Interestingly, the Occupy movement has adopted as its motif the Guy Fawkes mask worn by the freedom fighter anti-hero of *V for Vendetta* (J. McTeigue, 2006) – adapted

from a comic book by Alan Moore and David Lloyd – another film that features a dystopian society founded on the surveillance and control of its citizens.

The text-based material published by news corporations from high-profile whistleblowers Julian Assange – the editor-in-chief of WikiLeaks, the international organisation that publishes classified and sensitive materials online – and Edward Snowden – the U.S. Government contractor who leaked details of a shady global surveillance network – may lack the kind of high impact spectacle that attracts online ‘hits’ and viral dissemination but the significance of both men’s counter surveillance activities have led to two, hugely contrasting films charting their activities. *The Fifth Estate* (B. Condon, 2013) represents a routine, disappointingly old-fashioned treatment of Assange’s role in the formation of WikiLeaks. What could have been a fictional attempt at unwrapping the complexities of the Fifth Estate – a phrase used by Dutton to describe how the ‘growing use of the Internet and related digital technologies is creating a space for networking individuals in ways that enable a new source of accountability in government, politics and other sectors’ (2009, p.1) – the film overuses fast cutting and flashy graphics to inject forced excitement into sometimes dry material. The film focuses on Assange’s prickly, erratic nature without ever successfully unraveling his motives or enigmatic character. In sharp contrast is *Citizenfour* (L. Poitras, 2013) a feature documentary that captures the power of the individual against the state and highlights the enduring importance of political filmmaking and investigative journalism. The film touches on a number of pertinent issues related to this thesis – the initial suspicion of Snowden by newspaper reporters, his inevitable slide from reluctant whistleblower to overnight celebrity caught in the media storm and – most importantly – his overwhelming evidence that proves the existence of a global surveillance network

that impinges on the privacy of millions of citizens across the world. *The Fifth Estate* was a critical and commercial flop while *Citizenfour* won rave reviews and an Academy Award for Best Documentary Film. However, while its \$3m worldwide box office takings – in addition to multiple television screenings – must be seen as successful in terms of a documentary feature production, one might have expected such revelatory, impactful material to have attracted an even larger audience. Oliver Stone's efforts to repackage the story as a political thriller in the newly-released *Snowden* (2016) have, according to an early screening review, resulted in 'an unbearably Hollywoodised retelling of a narrative that requires no gloss whatsoever. Stone has made a film aimed at breaking out Snowden's story to the masses but it's made with such limpness that a swift read of his Wikipedia page will prove far more exciting' (B. Lee, 2016).

While these forms of political counter surveillance represent active challenges to authority, citizen generated material can also be 'serendipitous and fortuitous' (Mann, Nolan et al, 2003, p.333). The most famous example of 'chance' sousveillance was in 1991 when a Los Angeles resident videotaped police officers beating taxi driver Rodney King after a high-speed car chase. George Holliday shot the footage from his balcony and sent it to a local news station. Sections of it were dispersed and aired around the world, leading to a new focus on police treatment of ethnic minorities in the United States. The police officers involved were charged with assault but their acquittal, combined with the footage, are generally believed to have sparked the 1992 Los Angeles riots (Serrano & Wilkinson, 1992). The power of citizen generated photographs and clips is investigated in Steven Soderbergh's thriller *Contagion* (2011), in which the emergency strategies of governments and environmental groups across the world are dictated to some extent by a citizen surveillant after footage of a businessman struck

down by a mystery virus on a Tokyo bus is filmed and posted onto the Internet. *Contagion*, with its famous cast and piecemeal approach to storytelling, is a rather soulless film that fails to capture the widespread panic of the average citizen. However, it does raise the question of whether such a rapid spread of sensitive information and footage is always a good thing. Health officials are certainly forced into quick action as the clip spreads, but they are also pushed into a corner. It causes panic before the pandemic has even taken hold. As the apparatus of surveillance continues to infiltrate into the wider population, questions are being raised about the kind of unregulated citizen journalism that has led to what has been called virtual vigilantism. *Contagion* also features a militant citizen journalist played by Jude Law who appears initially to be a folk hero, questioning government policy and advocating the use of a drug that does not put money into the coffers of big businesses. However, he is ultimately exposed as a fraud and a profiteer. This highlights the problem for real-life news corporations that are keen to tap up user-generated content: how can they trust citizen correspondents and how can they properly verify their material?

The ‘art of retouching (photographs) and other tricks were perfected long before the first computer was built’ (Kammerer, 2004, p.467). However, such manipulative practices are now utilised by consumers and bedroom creatives to enhance family photos, splice up audio clips and even manipulate moving images to create special effects that can make it virtually impossible to tell fiction from reality. We often use the term ‘photoshop’ – the name of a popular raster graphics editing programme – to suggest when a photograph has been enhanced to correct exposure and contrast or boost colour vibrancy, but also often to create composite images, remove objects or people or, in the famous case of actress Kate Winslet (BBC, 2003), idealise a cover star’s body

shape in an effort to sell more magazines. Cascio states: 'The lesson is clear: skillful use of digital tools to reshape our visual records can call into question the veracity of all digital photos.' And Kammerer agrees, saying: 'Today the possibilities are unlimited. Even the most stumbling amateur with a PC, a graphic card and the right software can manipulate an image by clicking a button. How can images still be trusted today?' (2004, p.467). And such considerations are not just confined to the still image. In *Rising Sun* (P. Kaufman, 1993), a prostitute is found dead at the US offices of a Japanese corporation and surveillance footage is unearthed that suggests she was killed during a violent sexual encounter with the son of a wealthy Japanese businessman. However, police detective Web Smith (Wesley Snipes) and former cop and Japan expert John Connor (Sean Connery) discover that the visual evidence has been digitally altered to protect a high-ranking politician. At the time of the film's release, audiences may have struggled to comprehend how moving surveillance footage could be manipulated in such a way but again, even the most basic contemporary video editing software can now enable domestic users to create the kind of masking effects that can alter clips and the perception of the viewer.

However, while Cascio and Kammerer are right to urge caution in regards to citizen-generated artefacts the use of metadata – technical and logistical information embedded into the digital photo or video file – can often confirm veracity. To fully appraise the truthfulness of the articles of surveillance one must understand the full human context in which they were taken or captured. As Weber says: 'Even if we assume that a picture actually can represent reality, we have to learn that the validity of a picture must be authenticated not only by technical means but by socially defined rules' (2011). The idea that surveillance artifacts can both 'reveal and conceal' is explored by documentary

filmmaker Errol Morris in *Standard Operating Procedure* (2008), his feature about the infamous Abu Ghraib' photographs taken of prisoner abuses by American troops in Iraq. Morris was criticised for suggesting that at least some of those who carried out the torture were 'scapegoats'. But in response, he said his intent was not to claim these 'bad apples' were blameless, but that: 'Photographs don't tell us who the real culprits might be... They can also serve as a cover-up, they can misdirect us' (Morris, 2008). Film footage is used to misdirect in the dark-hued thriller *Nightcrawler* (D. Gilroy, 2014), which charts the story of Lou Bloom (Jake Gyllenhaal), a ruthless, ambitious but initially marginalised misfit who sees an opportunity to capture sensationalist footage of real-life traffic accidents and physical assaults and then sell them to a low-brow TV station for money. The protagonist is portrayed as someone devoid of a moral compass and desperate for recognition and celebrity to the point that he ultimately crosses an already blurred ethical line to manipulate 'scenes', blackmail his employers, withhold recorded evidence and ultimately sacrifice the life of his cameraman, not so much for the sake of a story but for the maintenance of his income and reputation. The climax of *Nightcrawler* is undeniably tragic in tone as Bloom fails to learn any kind of life lesson. However, his downfall feels horrifyingly believable and relevant in today's consumerist, celebrity-obsessed society in which our popular culture uses surveillance as a means to celebrate and propagate the spectacular image.

#### **4.2 Popular Culture: Big Brother and Surveillance Played for Laughs**

This section will discuss the extent to which popular culture, and particularly mainstream television content, has offset historical fears over institutional monitoring by introducing the aesthetics and practices of surveillance into our homes and onto our mobile digital platforms. We will see that mainstream television dramas and light

entertainment programmes have brought the technologies of surveillance to a mass audience while reality formats have normalised and encouraged the acts of voyeurism and performance. While there is not the space here to investigate wider aspects of popular culture, Marx has drawn attention to the use of surveillance themes in music, cartoons, comics, jokes, advertisements and visual art (1996) while Albrechtslund has focused on how contemporary computer games regularly involve a monitoring element in which the ‘...unilateral focus on fun is evident from the fact that surveillance as a theme is seldom, if at all, addressed, discussed or problematized in the games’ descriptions and instructions (2008). The concept of surveillance has, according to Abe, been given a makeover: ‘While the traditional image of surveillance society is gloomy and repressive, contemporary, ubiquitous surveillance appears brighter and more fun’ (2009, p.73). This new playfulness has been reflected in cinema through comedic and parodic depictions of institutional and lateral surveillance. This section will ask how effective this new playfulness has been in reflecting and analyzing the issues and consider whether it is possible for the viewing public to recognise the joke while taking part in the very activities that are being mocked.

When cultural traits are mocked they can quickly lose their power and mystique and Steven Soderbergh has regularly poked fun at the clichés of surveillance. In *The Informant!* (2009), the vice president of a US agricultural business, Mark Whitacre (Matt Damon), has turned whistleblower for the government in a price-fixing conspiracy. In one scene he helps agents to use visual and aural surveillance to gather evidence but is caught out when the technology malfunctions. *The Informant!* plays like an absurdist comedy while *Traffic* (2000), on the other hand, is a mostly serious depiction of the illegal drug trade in the US from a number of different perspectives.

But one of the narrative strands, that of Drugs Enforcement cops Montel Gordon (Don Cheadle) and Ray Castro (Luis Guzman) using surveillance on the apparently white picket fence wife of an arrested drugs distributor, Helen Ayala (Catherine Zeta-Jones), is largely played for laughs. It is hard to imagine the brooding, introspective Harry Caul from *The Conversation* being served lemonade off a tray by the target of his surveillance. The point here is that we are now laughing at something that was once mysterious and complicated, carried out by ruthless secret agents in smoky, darkened rooms.

Further normalisation has occurred through the dissemination of television dramas like the UK ratings hits *Hustle* and *Spooks* and the American TV series' *The Wire*, *24* and *Homeland*, which have all demystified the technologies of surveillance by featuring its aesthetics and practices in most episodes as either a central narrative device or at the very least a secondary frill. More impactful still is the use of surveillance in light entertainment formats. Fixed-rig documentary productions like *One Born Every Minute*, *24 Hours in A&E* and *Educating Yorkshire* may not be concerned with the topic of surveillance per se but the use of up to 100 cameras lodged inside every corner of working hospitals and schools gives viewers a bird's eye – and CCTV-like – perspective of the everyday lives of participants. As Turner suggests:

Seeing these technologies and practices over and over in our popular culture... we witness a scorn for the boundaries between the public and the private, between the interior and the exterior. And in so doing popular culture has created the sense that surveillance is normal. (1998, p.121)

But it is reality television and its links to celebrity culture that has had the greatest impact on the normalisation of surveillance and the public's leap from passive viewer to active participant in the monitoring process.



The first stirrings of what we now understand as the reality format can be traced back to the hugely successful American television show *Candid Camera*, which ran in various guises from 1948 to 2004 and involved the concealment of hidden cameras to catch ordinary people, and the occasional celebrity, falling for set-up pranks. The last thing participants were expecting was to be under the gaze of a camera. Contemporary formats, on the other hand – from *X Factor* to *I'm A Celebrity... Get Me Out of Here* – are largely built on the premise that those taking part know they are being studied and play up to the camera to win a contest or seek audience approval. Reality TV is now a genre in its own right that has taken over the entire programming schedules of several satellite channels. Some feature the tenuously famous, while others increasingly focus on creating and controlling new faces plucked from obscurity before setting them free to disintegrate in the glare of the public gaze. One American hidden camera show, *Cheaters* purports to use technology to record and catch out unfaithful partners for mass entertainment. The show, which has been running since 1999, has attracted controversy over charges that it is staged and manipulated. One newspaper article suggested that its 'concept from the outset was a mixture of fact and fantasy, but somewhere along the road to national syndication, the temptation to use faux cheaters must have started looking sweet. Actors... don't present security risks, and they don't need counseling' (Nowell, 2002).

Various films over the years have highlighted this crossover between fact and fantasy in reality television formats. *Real Life* (A. Brooks, 1979), for example, features a pushy filmmaker who persuades a regular family to let him document their day-to-day lives. His plan backfires when the family turns out to be rather too regular and he breaks the golden rule of the documentarian by wrestling control and manipulating situations to

heighten the drama. At the height of the TV Big Brother boom, both *The Truman Show* and *EDtv* (R. Howard, 1999) were presented from the point of view of the participants. In the former, Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) discovers that his entire life is fake, that the town he lives in is a giant studio complex and that his friends and family are hired actors. If Truman is the unwitting victim of lateral peeping as mass entertainment, *EDtv*'s video clerk Ed 'Eddie' Pekurny (Matthew McConaughey) is a willing, if somewhat fragile, participant in the process. He agrees to let cameras follow his every move in exchange for cash, but what starts as comedic look at instant fame gradually descends into a much darker and cautionary tale about living life under the microscope.

*American Dreamz* (P. Weitz, 2006) represents an attempt to satirise the talent show sector of reality television but is ultimately little more than a poor copy of a fabricated world. *The Hunger Games* (G. Ross, 2012) and its three sequels – all adapted from the novels by Suzanne Collins – must be seen as significant additions to the surveillance cinema canon with their effective blending of traditional panoptic themes and a contemporary focus on competitive, reality-based event programming. Set in the future, post-apocalyptic nation of Panem in North America, the films chart the evolution of 16-year-old Katniss Everdeen (Jennifer Lawrence) through various incarnations of a yearly televised fight-to-the-death tournament against fellow teenagers. The games are staged as hugely elaborate events by the despotic government and the participants are treated as transient celebrities as their number is gradually whittled down. *The Hunger Games* had the third biggest opening weekend in the United States in history, its sequels were all box office hits and Lawrence's depiction of Everdeen captured the imagination of an enormous youthful audience. However, as Seel (2012) points out, the cinematic versions lack the biting cultural satire evident in Collins' original books or in earlier

similarly-themed films like the Japanese thriller *Battle Royale* (K. Fukasaku, 2000) or the counter-culture pseudo-documentary *Punishment Park* (P. Watkins, 1971). Rather than a ‘sense of outrage or disgust’ over the presentation of a teenage blood sport packaged as entertainment, the films instead focus largely on mythologising Everdeen as a female rebel hero while reveling in the spectacle of the games; the elaborate costumes, celebrity gossip and cutting edge technologies that hook the audience within and outside the film. Horning believes the films are no longer concerned with *The Truman Show*’s suggestion that reality is a false construct. Instead, *The Hunger Games*:

... presumes we already know we are inescapably embedded in the reality show and tentatively examines what revolution would have to look like within such a society. It hints at what forms of resistance might be available when the escape to “authenticity” and non-performative behavior has become unthinkable, even as an ambition (2012).

In one key scene, Everdeen realises that she may be able to win over her television audience and gain the reward of additional survival tools by acting out a romantic relationship with a fellow competitor. This performative aspect of ‘new’ surveillance is another key theme ripe for exploration and will be addressed further in the next section. As the surveillance dynamic has changed due to the public’s enhanced ability to monitor authority figures and each other, so too has the surveillant practice of watching televisions, cinema screens and computer monitors. From art installations to personal webcams, augmented reality computer games and face-to-face Skype calls it is not always clear when we are watching, being watched or both. Surveillance was once used to monitor our culture; now it could be argued that it is starting to define it.

#### **4.3. Social Impacts of New Surveillance: Lateral Suspicion & Social Networking**

This chapter has so far detailed how political and popular cultural aspects of ‘new’ surveillance have contributed to the idea that the viewing and monitoring of others is

normal. We have also seen that cinema has so far largely failed to provide any meaningful investigation of this new criss-crossing monitoring dynamic. In the previous section it was suggested that smaller, human stories rather than a reliance on spectacle could provide cinema with a more effective focus to engage in a meaningful critique of the issues. This section will therefore analyse ways in which the normalisation process has impacted on the daily lives of citizens. While the domestication of surveillance technologies has brought CCTV into our homes and tracking software onto our mobile phones this section will focus on how online social networking has transformed the way we connect with our friends, family, acquaintances as well as perfect, or not so perfect, strangers. Of particular interest to this study is the way in which users of these platforms appear happy to disseminate intimate details and media despite recognizing the risks to their own privacy and security. Niedzviecki (2009) believes we are living in an age defined by ‘wanting to know everything about everyone and, in turn, wanting to make sure that everyone knows everything about [us]’. This adds further weight to the theory that citizens are active and often enthusiastic participants in the surveillance dynamic and that cinema must therefore consider more innovative and imaginative ways to scrutinise its practices.

Normalised, domesticated surveillance technologies have over the last two decades featured in a number of films as central plot devices. The teenage romantic comedy *Little Black Book* (N. Hurren, 2004) presents the lateral surveillance of a prospective boyfriend using a hacked Palm Pilot as positive and empowering. *Alone With Her* (E. Nicholas, 2007) sees Doug (Colin Hanks) use a variety of spy gizmos including lock-pickers, body and miniature cameras and audio recording units to help engineer a friendship and then watch, track and manipulate Amy (Ana Claudia Talancón), the

object of his obsessive desire. The overarching theme of *Gone Girl* (D. Fincher, 2014) – adapted from Gillian Flynn’s bestselling novel of the same name – is that we are all unreliable actors in the production of our own lives. While these are effective, heightened genre films their focus on comedy, thrills and titillation ultimately serve to trivialize the issues and distance the viewer from the any serious examination of contemporary monitoring practices.

*American Beauty* (S. Mendes, 1999) includes several highly stylised dream sequences but still offers more realistic, everyday examples of lateral viewing, particularly between family members and neighbours. For example, protagonist Lester Burnham’s daughter Jane (Thora Birch) performs a striptease at her bedroom window for new boyfriend Ricky (Wes Bentley), who films the scene on his camcorder in a sequence presented as intimate rather than seedy or exploitative. This open sexual performance recalls Soderbergh’s *sex, lies, and videotape* (1989), which broke new ground by suggesting that normal, everyday women might want to talk about their sex lives on camera. It predicted how the public’s engagement with watching others would eventually be matched and amplified by an increasing fascination and desire to be watched and play an active rather passive role in the surveillance game. In other words, contemporary surveillance is not just about watching others, it is characterised by an increasing desire to be seen and put oneself on display. Not only are millions of exhibitionists willing to share their most intimate moments on personal blogs, 24/7 webcam feeds and adult sex sites, they work hard to make sure as many people as possible see them doing it. This, according to Niedzviecki (2009) is linked to our ‘increasing and ongoing desire to adopt the mantle of celebrity and try out life lived in front of and for an audience’. What dates both *American Beauty* and *sex, lies and*

*videotape* is the fact that none of the lateral relationships or candid performances depicted in either film are conducted online.

Younger generations may now view Facebook as a somewhat conservative choice for one's social media needs, but is still by far the most popular platform, with one out of every five people on earth having an active account (Halleck, 2015). It will therefore provide the main focus of study in this analysis. At its launch, Facebook was just one of several social networking sites on the market, but it was Mark Zuckerberg's emphasis on the student population and their desire for perpetual contact and identification that proved the catalyst for its rapid and continuing success. The vast majority of users then and now use Facebook and other networking sites for their primary purpose of keeping in touch with friends, forging new links and creating networks. There are numerous examples of new relationships that have been established through dating websites, many old friends that have been willingly found on cyberspace and families who have been reunited thanks to homespun digital detective work. As Niedzwiecki (2009) suggests:

The pace at which we live our lives makes it near impossible to connect with like-minded people or to maintain such relationships over the long term. So what could be more tempting, or addicting, than how easy it is to find hundreds of new "friends" on websites like Facebook, MySpace and YouTube - especially when we can choose people who think and believe exactly as we do?

The concept of linking up with like-minded others without necessarily meeting them has been around for decades. In cinema, we can see the development of such social connecting activities from the humble penpal (*The Shop Around the Corner*, E. Lubitsch, 1940) to the early stabs at web-based social communication (*You've Got Mail*, N. Ephron, 1998). And in *Pillow Talk*, (M. Gordon, 1959), playboy Brad (Rock Hudson) creates a fake persona to woo Jan (Doris Day) on a 'party-line' telephone service that connects multiple users in one network. However, what sets online social

networking sites apart from their antecedents is the sheer volume of private information that is made available on public forums, and in the case of early Facebook in particular, the willingness of huge numbers of users to reveal their real names, publish their interests and post private conversations on member walls. And this high level of disclosure has led inevitably to a new culture of peering into the online and offline lives of others. Research carried out in 2007 found that 60 per cent of students used Facebook to ‘check up on their significant others, see what others are doing on the Internet, and check people out’ (Stern and Taylor, 2007, cited in Tokunaga, 2010, p.706). Another study highlights that the younger the user, the more likely that a large percentage of so-called friends are virtual strangers, with the average 12-15 year-old social networker never having met one in four on their list (The Guardian, 2012).

While these averages gloss over huge differences in attitude towards social networking behavior across cultures and generations, the use of Facebook by 1.01 billion people per month (Yahoo Finance, 2012) suggests that many of those who may once have frowned upon the concept of sharing one’s private life with others and bristled at the platform’s notoriously confusing privacy settings are now ‘[engaging] with interactive media that function as surveillance tools not because [they] are being deceived or compelled, but because [they] have comfort in that very aspect of the media’ (Abe, 2009, p.79). It is now relatively easy for users to block all but their closest friends from viewing their page but the majority of users leave at least some of their profile open to the network at large, or at least to friends of friends. The assumption here is that the most active users of social networks view the close guarding of one’s personal preferences and holiday photographs as contrary to the point of the exercise. As one recent post on the social network stated: ‘The only privacy notice about Facebook you’ll ever need to learn – if

it's private, don't put it on Facebook.' This suggests that the majority of users are indeed knowledgeable enough to know what they are doing when they post a message or tag a photo and that there is now a presumption that a certain amount of surveillance is taking place. The process can take the form of someone 'checking out' a new acquaintance or a person involved in a romantic relationship carrying out clandestine monitoring on his or her partner 'as a relational maintenance strategy in response to threats of extradyadic rivals' (Guerrero and Afifi, 1998, cited in Tokunaga, 2010, p.706).

If all of this online snooping seems reasonably benign, the number of crimes committed using social media has increased eight-fold in four years (Evans, 2012). High-profile cases often involve the posting of messages that threaten public disorder but there have also been numerous allegations of abusive personal messages and complaints of stalking and grooming. Another issue is web identity theft, most commonly cited as a means for shady fraudsters to pilfer money from virtual bank accounts but now increasingly used as a method of gaining access to private information or gaining the trust of a potential love interest. As Dennis suggests that 'in the hands of responsible users (the use of surveillance) can be kind, corrective, and protective. In the hands of the immature or manipulative it can be turned into harassment, stalking, voyeurism, and intrusion' (2008, p.350). An extreme example of web harassment can be seen in the documentary *My Social Network* (L. Campbell, 2012) The film exposes how Ruth Jeffery was subjected to emotional abuse at the hands of an unknown online stalker for over three years. She was repeatedly sent offensive messages, isolated from those she loved and pushed to the brink of suicide when images of her nude and engaging in sex acts were posted online and distributed to her friends and family. The only person she believed



she could turn to, confide in and trust was her long-term boyfriend, Shane Webber, who pointed the finger of blame at his own friend, a loner who denied all knowledge. The full extent of Ruth's ordeal was uncovered when Shane was revealed as her tormentor. This case reveals the relative ease with which faceless online networkers can gather and post pictures and manipulate information about friends, lovers and acquaintances. The regularity of what has been dubbed 'revenge porn' – put simply, the act of sharing or posting explicit sexual images of a person, usually a current or former partner, without their consent – has recently been criminalised (Stringer, 2014). But one must question the effectiveness of a documentary that is styled and structured like a sensationalist story in a weekly gossip magazine. While professing to be sympathetic to the victim the filmmakers nevertheless chose to exploit a woman who clearly suffers from mental health issues. Viewers are just as likely to focus on her apparent naiveté and baffling trust in her boyfriend than they are on the wider issues surrounding online manipulation.

The potential for such manipulation is not just confined to romantic entanglements. The line separating home and work relationships has in recent years blurred considerably due to team bonding events, long working hours and the breakdown in workplace hierarchy leading to a 'muddling of professional and personal identities [that] can be disruptive in the workplace' (Gelles, 2011, cited in Blackmore, 2011). It has been well documented that hiring managers, insurance investigators and advertising executives wade through Facebook pages to carry out personal checks and that the very same photographs of drunken escapades and opinionated banter on profile walls that may amuse our friends and boost our popularity may be also be used to scupper a work promotion or expose a benefit cheat. Such dangers were highlighted when a Facebook page set up to encourage students at Swansea University to post their most shocking

drinking stories and sexual exploits was closed down after complaints it could damage their future employability. The university suggested that 30 per cent of Human Resources recruitment directors use social media to find suitable candidates, and up to 22 per cent of them check specific online activity (BBC News, 2013).

This top/down monitoring of workers by managers has been carried out historically by the factory foreman and more recently using new technologies that monitor productivity or calculate the number of times staff go to the toilet. However, also of interest here is the extent to which new technology and the personal information made available on the Internet can be used laterally by one staff member on another, or by an employee on a citizen outside the working environment. The high concept premise of *This Means War* (McG, 2012) highlights the potential for such encroachments, even if the resulting film is largely comedic. CIA agents and best pals FDR (Chris Pine) and Tuck (Tom Hardy) are benched from duty after botching an assignment to foil an international terror plot. Tuck, estranged from his wife, joins a dating site (using bogus employment details) and meets product tester Lauren (Reese Witherspoon). Their date is a success but shortly afterwards Lauren runs into FDR in a DVD store and they are attracted to each other. On realising they are both after the same woman, the two men then each use the surveillance tools of the CIA to spy on her, gather information on her preferences and attempt to sabotage each other's efforts to win her over. As Stelter notes, the new digital world of LinkedIn, Facebook and personal blogging in which we live our domestic and working lives 'makes the public sphere more public than ever before and sometimes forces personal lives into public view' (2011, cited in Blackmore, 2011).

However, there is another complication in today's normalised surveillance landscape. How much can we trust the behavior of those under the voyeur's gaze? How far are these personal lives actually based on reality? Documentary feature, *Catfish* (H. Joost, A. Schulman, 2010) highlights another instance of identity theft but in this case it is the faker who ultimately wins our sympathy. Despite claims that the film was an elaborate hoax – and this in itself is a source of intrigue – its story of a lonely mother who creates a new web identity to carry out an online affair with a much younger man chimed with audiences and served to highlight how the normalisation of surveillance has had the knock-on effect of allowing citizens to use new forms of personal counter surveillance to finesse online profiles, feed false information and provide a smokescreen for negative behavior.

Sociologist Erving Goffman (1959) introduced the concepts of 'back' and 'front' region behavior to explain how we tailor our actions and responses depending on our audience and the social situation we find ourselves. He believed that when we come into contact with strangers we act out a role as if on stage in front of an audience, adapting our manner and appearance to acceptable social norms. But there is also a private, backstage area 'where the front-stage roles are routinely mocked, differences explored, and conflict is expressed' (Kohn, 2010, p.582). Goffman's ideas offer up an apparently neat quality control mechanism for prospective voyeurs by suggesting that the secret monitoring of subjects in private situations, either alone or engaging with those close to them, is more likely to produce accurate, 'truthful' surveillance material. However, in the contemporary world of online surveillance the watcher must accept that the object of their gaze may be aware of being monitored, ambivalent to such encroachments or potentially manipulating their behavior. Few people could deny they have at one time

exaggerated on a job application or CV so why should it be a surprise that online networkers also bend the truth to make them look more impressive than they actually are? A Facebook user will often select a flattering profile photograph and informational posts and uploaded picture albums are more likely to reflect and depict the most colourful parties or most exciting travel adventures over regular daily activities. Indeed, it could be argued that rather than flying in the face of Goffman's ideas at least some social network behaviours do involve the targeting and separation of online audiences into private and more public groups. The ability that users now have to segregate between friends, friends of friends and the wider public means that the release of certain facts, pictures or emails can be reasonably tightly controlled. Furthermore, Simon suggests that the more people know that they are being watched, the more they will be able to 'feign conformity in the camera's field of vision' (2005, p.8).

Another aspect of contemporary life that sees a blurring of truth and fiction is the increasing desire in today's celebrity culture to live out fantasies and play roles in the comfort of an online cloak. According to one report (Mashable, 2012) up to 83 million Facebook accounts are actually fake, some set up to send spam advertising but many also used as vehicles for social networkers to invent new identities, post stolen pictures and potentially use such duplicity to make contact with others. In *Hard Candy* (D. Slade, 2005), precocious 14-year-old Hayley Stark (Ellen Page) entices 30-something photographer Jeff Kohlver (Patrick Wilson) to meet her in a café after three weeks of chatting and flirting in online chatrooms. Despite their age difference, they move to Jeff's house, where Hayley mixes him a spiked drink and he passes out. He awakes tied to a chair and Hayley reveals that she believes he is a paedophile. When he denies the accusation she proceeds to torture him and the film plays out as a cat-and-mouse

thriller. *Hard Candy* was an attempt to subvert well-documented examples of predatory adults lurking in chatrooms to groom and potentially meet children. In terms of lateral surveillance, Hayley's duplicity illustrates perfectly how online personas can be adapted to manipulate others. In Mike Nichols drama *Closer* (2004), journalist Dan (Jude Law) enters a cybersex chatroom and logs in pretending to be his own lover, Anna (Julia Roberts). He starts exchanging explicit online messages with dermatologist Larry (Clive Owen) and promises sex to entice him along to a meeting at an aquarium. For Dan, the entire exercise is designed only to give him a sexual kick but when Larry follows through on his promise and visits the aquarium he somewhat fortuitously meets the real Anna, and they start an affair. While Dan's behavior in the film illustrates the contemporary crossover between truth and duplicity in the world of normalised surveillance, some of the most interesting recent films that investigate this blurred line are so-called 'hybrid' documentaries.

Also commonly known as docufiction, the hybrid form breaks with traditional non-fiction orthodoxy by including performances, recreations, directed sequences and animations. Notable examples include *Exit Through the Gift Shop* (Banksy, 2010) which, like *Catfish*, has raised a debate over whether its story of a street art obsessive is genuine or a mockumentary; and *Stories We Tell* (S. Polley, 2012), which uses a family story to engage in an investigation of the documentary process and the nature of memory. *20,000 Days on Earth* (I. Forsyth, J. Pollard, 2014), about the musician Nick Cave, is similarly brave in its experimental approach to the traditional music biopic. The enigmatic Cave appears in an array orchestrated interviews and performances that reveal more about the version of himself that he presents on screen rather than the 'real' version, if indeed that person exists at all. As Cave says himself on the film's official

website: ‘This day is both more real and less real, more true and less true, more interesting and less interesting than my actual day, depending on how you look at it.’ These films can be seen a firm response to the question of whether documentary can survive in a world in which ‘we’ve all become nonfiction performance artists’ (BFI website, 2015). The relationship between hybrid documentaries and surveillance is not explicit; these film do not bombard the audience with monitoring technologies or spectacle. But the hybrid approach can offer new ways to bring clarity to complex subjects. Referring to two hybrid documentaries focused on Indonesian death squads, *Act of Killing* (2013) and *The Look of Silence* (2015), Greene suggests that director Joshua Oppenheimer worked within the confines of documentary ethics but used stylised performative techniques to carry ‘sounds and images meant to challenge and stir, rather than simply inform or reproduce reality.’ This thesis suggests that another way cinema could approach ‘new’ surveillance is to capture this spirit of invention and approach the subject in new and imaginative ways.

#### **4.4 Concluding the Orthodox Research**

This chapter has used a thematic analysis of ‘new’ surveillance to examine how cinema is reflecting the transformation of traditional institutional surveillance into a complex criss-crossing dynamic that takes in panoptic monitoring, sousveillance and the lateral viewing of citizens on each other. The purpose of this research was to demonstrate that contemporary fiction films are failing to consider in any depth the myriad ways in which surveillance is now influencing our lives and the clear dangers in letting institutional and lateral viewing develop without challenge or examination. The analysis has allowed the identification of specific areas of ‘new’ surveillance that are not being probed and interpreted, particularly in relation to lateral and online monitoring in the

domestic sphere. We have looked at a number of political triggers and themes related to ‘new’ surveillance, from the impact of 9/11 and the domestication of monitoring technologies to acts of sousveillance and the rise of citizen journalism. The picture that emerges is one of a contemporary society in which citizens have adopted the technologies and practices of surveillance to challenge governments and institutions while at the same time accepting that ‘if it takes surveillance cameras and other surveillance-like applications to keep them (and their property) safe, then go for it’ (Niedzwiecki, 2009, p.165). Aside from notable examples like *Contagion* and *Nightcrawler*, fiction cinema has largely boiled these processes down to surface representations of surveillance based on spectacle. The key political surveillance film of the last decade was a feature documentary, *Citizenfour*, and it failed to break through to a wide audience despite illustrating the full extent of the global surveillance network and its impact on societal privacy.

We have also seen that popular cultural representations of surveillance have played a major role in normalising and demystifying the aesthetics and practices of contemporary monitoring. Mass entertainment in the form of mainstream and reality-based television in particular has encouraged citizens to participate in the act of viewing and in turn promoted the concept of value-seeking surveillance. Cinema has used comedy and parody to highlight surveillance activities and reality television formats but these attempts have largely followed the pattern of political surveillance narratives by offering description rather a meaningful critique of ‘new’ surveillance. *The Hunger Games*, whether knowingly or through the necessity of downplaying the source material’s violence and satirical edge for a mainstream cinema audience, embodies perfectly how citizens largely view surveillance as an accepted part of modern culture.

This is not to say, however, that satire would not be an effective mode of cinematic investigation. Consider the enduring power of *Network* (S. Lumet, 1976), with its scathing attack on television news media. The issue here is that cinematic surveillance narratives have yet to be sufficiently distanced from the issues to develop a critical eye.

This chapter also investigated the lateral surveillance of citizens on each other and in particular the ways in which online social network users are willing to share personal details with known contacts as well as ‘friends’ they have never met. The dangers of such openness are obvious and can provide straightforward drama and thriller narratives for screen stories. While *Catfish* offers an effective, if controversial, non-fiction analysis of the ways in which citizens are creating online personas, fiction films like *Alone With Her*, *Gone Girl* and the documentary *My Social Network* are ultimately just as surface in their representations of ‘new’ surveillance as the majority of big budget action films are in their depictions of political narratives.

One must accept that the normalisation process has itself reduced the perceived effectiveness of – and demand for – surveillance as a complex cinematic theme. Despite the emergence of sosuveillance there has yet to be any widespread popular opposition to institutional surveillance itself. As Niedzviecki (2009) explains, those who do fret about it – the ‘think tankers, academics, government appointees, politicians, lawyers, art collectives and as many paranoids of the polis as you can shake a stick at’ – tend to be on the fringe of North American and Western European opinion. This being the case, how might filmmakers approach ‘new’ surveillance in ways that could draw an audience while also challenging its functions and structures?



Two of the most effective productions featured in this chapter were released before 9/11 and rarely appear on lists of surveillance-themed films. Both *American Beauty* and *sex, lies and videotape* focus on small, human aspects of lateral monitoring within the wider universal themes of voyeurism, alienation, consumerism and the presentation of the self. The video technologies depicted in both films were relatively new at the time of the films' releases but they are used to surveil how humans behave rather than as tools to create spectacle. This thesis suggests that familiar surveillance cinema characters like journalists, politicians, secret agents and sexual voyeurs can now be replaced by ordinary citizens playing an active role in the monitoring dynamic. The complex themes of classic surveillance narratives – corruption, manipulation, reliability and trust – are still relevant today. The key is to contemporise the characters and narratives and reconsider what should actually constitute a surveillance film in contemporary society. *Her* (S. Jonze, 2013), for example, a love story in which emotionally crippled writer Theodore Twombly (Joaquin Pheonix) embarks on a love affair with his computer operating system Samantha, voiced by Scarlett Johansson, predicts a sanitised future Los Angeles where surveillance technologies have been integrated into everyday life to the point where they have become invisible. And yet, the film has an important message: Theodore's interest in Samantha is based on her understanding of his needs, desires and emotions through her constant surveillance of his public and private life. It was also discussed above how recent hybrid documentaries have challenged audiences with complex investigations of the blurred line between fiction and reality that characterises the kind of monitoring conducted over online social networks. This thesis suggests that such 'artfully wild' approaches to filmmaking might be another way of reimagining the surveillance film for audiences increasingly blind to the complexities of contemporary monitoring.

## Chapter 5: Presentation of the Creative Elements

This chapter presents the creative elements of the thesis: a fictional feature screenplay and a short fictional screenplay that I have directed as a film and attached to this document as a DVD. Firstly, however, I will set out a retrospective description of my objectives in relation to the artefacts that have been gleaned from development notes and emailed discussions and feedback from collaborators and my PhD supervisors. As discussed in detail in earlier chapters, one of the key aims of this practice-based study into the normalisation of surveillance was to evaluate the extent to which contemporary cinema is going beyond the simple use of surveillance technologies to investigate with some complexity the new criss-crossing monitoring dynamic. By analysing the normalisation process in Chapter Four, I was able to identify a relatively small selection of recent and current films that have questioned what it means for those living in today's surveillance society.

Having decided on a practice-based approach – a methodological decision I explained and justified in Chapter Three – I had to consider the specific themes to explore in these creative works that would compliment and advance the new knowledge presented in the orthodox research. As discussed above, it was my objective to write a screenplay that could act as a blueprint for an industrial film production and a short film that could inform and entertain an audience beyond the academy. While films including *Contagion* and *Nightcrawler* have analysed the political dimension of contemporary surveillance, particularly in relation to citizen journalism, only the feature documentary *Citizenfour* has highlighted in any depth the extent to which institutional monitoring has continued to develop and expand. I considered that there was no better time to recall and

contemporise the themes and tropes of classic institutional surveillance narratives like the political thrillers *The Conversation* and *Three Days of the Condor*. I was also determined to reflect the increase in lateral viewing by balancing political and institutional aspects of the story with a focus on surveillance carried out in the domestic sphere in citizens' homes and workplaces. Another key theme that I believed was important to include in the feature screenplay was a reminder that however much the technologies of surveillance have advanced since the 1970s there still exists a fallibility in the machinery and articles of monitoring as well as those carrying it out.

Having established that I wanted the feature screenplay to be a serious investigation of new surveillance with a political edge, I decided that the short film must reflect the lighter, more frivolous side of contemporary monitoring and its impact on popular culture by using black comedy and satire to make fun of the technologies and practices of watching and being watched in the domestic sphere. I was particularly influenced by the tone and atmosphere of Sidney Lumet's media satire *Network* (1976) as I discussed story and character ideas with my collaborators and supervisors.

In terms of subject matter, I recognised that recent and current films including *Catfish*, *Hard Candy* and *Her* have successfully investigated how technology – and in particular the onset of social networking – has transformed human relationships. I chose instead to focus my attention on offline domestic and work connections and the extent to which citizens are monitored as much by institutional forces – CCTV being an obvious example – as they are by lateral technologies in the form of videophones, tablets and personal security cameras. With the exception of the previously discussed (and poorly received) Julian Assange biopic *The Fifth Estate*, I was unable to identify any current

feature films that wrestle with the complex issues resulting from sousveillance activities carried out by regular ‘everyman’ citizens and considered this to be another potential story strand.

The resulting feature screenplay, a political thriller entitled *Function Creep* is attached below along with a screenplay for the satirical short, *Groucho*. A DVD of the film – which includes various story and structural elements not included in the script – is attached. In the subsequent chapter I will reflect on both artefacts in relation to the orthodox research and creative goals and the extent to which they have successfully introduced new knowledge to the fields of Surveillance Studies and surveillance cinema.

While this thesis is not primarily concerned with my working practice as a screenwriter and filmmaker it is appropriate, as discussed previously, to offer some reflections on my creative process. It should be noted that I have several years’ experience working in the professional film industry as the writer, producer and director of short narrative and documentary films. However, my credits are relatively modest and I see myself as a lecturer and academic more than an industrial filmmaker. While I have taught extensively on screenwriting modules at Higher Education level and understand the concepts behind story generation and technical scriptwriting, I have thus far never attempted to sell a screenplay or seek out an agent. In addition to the inclusion of appropriate reflexive observations I will also present new knowledge focused on the methods I used to build collaborative relationships during the production of the short film element of this thesis.

## 5.1 Feature Screenplay: Function Creep

FUNCTION CREEP

1 EXT. GLASGOW, SCOTLAND - DAY

A CCTV CAMERA gazes down on commuter traffic on the CLYDESIDE EXPRESSWAY under grey, leaden skies.

A large yellow SPEEDCAM stands at the side of the tree-lined GREAT WESTERN ROAD.

Three more CCTV CAMERAS jut out in different directions high above BUCHANAN STREET, the city's main shopping thoroughfare.

One of the units breaks rank.

There is the sound of a MECHANICAL WHEEZE as it moves a few inches left then down to the street below.

CCTV VIEW

SHOPPERS and COMMUTERS appear oblivious to its monitoring.

All, that is, except for a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (early 20s) who is sitting on a bench in the pedestrianised avenue.

He is looking up into the camera. At us.

2 EXT. CITY CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

He peers into the front window of a Gastropub. A sign above the door reads: THE FOX.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
We live in dangerous times.

The man eyes waitress SOPHIA CARSOLI (30) - fierce-featured, olive-skinned, electrifying.

She is gesticulating with her hands as she chats to customers.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
But we can all take measures to  
reduce the risk.

MICHAEL MCGINN (40) - barrel-chested and shiny-shirted with gleaming white teeth - has a word in Sophia's ear. She goes back to cleaning up tables.

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
We are first and foremost  
interested in the security of you  
and your family.

Sophia picks up an empty glass, looks out of the front window and focuses her eyes on the world outside.

ANGLE ON

The Middle Eastern man's eyes. Intense. Unblinking.

3 BLACK SCREEN

PAUL SHERIDAN (V.O.)  
But I know what you're thinking.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A NEON-BLUE RING glows in the darkness. The digital eye of a compact home REX SMART UNIT.

Sound of an electric window blind WHIRRING open.

Bright light shines into a hi-tech modern apartment.

PAUL SHERIDAN (30) - hipster-suited, cocksure and good-looking in a techie kind of way - is holding a remote control and flashing a wide salesman grin.

He turns to his wide-eyed clients - a HUSBAND (50) and his trophy WIFE (35).

PAUL  
What about the gadgets?

Paul presses a button and loud DANCE MUSIC kicks in.

The husband jumps. His wife gives Paul a wink as she sways her bum to the beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(raising his voice)  
State-of-the-art music system and  
Smart TV at your fingertips.

He clicks off the music and turns to the wife.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Full control of utilities.

She gives Paul a skeptical look.

Paul strolls over to the REX unit and picks it up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
And it's all from this little baby.  
Our own REX interface. Welcome to  
your new best friend.

Paul places Rex back in position, pulls out his MOBILE and thrusts it under the noses of the couple.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Motion activated. Any movement in  
 your house and Rex will give you a  
 call.

Paul hands the mobile to the husband.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (with a sly wink)  
 You can keep an eye on things while  
 you're away on business.

The husband puts on a pair of glasses and looks down at the  
 Rex interface.

His wife places her hand on Paul's arm.

WIFE  
 (breathy)  
 Will you be doing the installation  
 too?

PAUL  
 I'll be there to supervise.

WIFE  
 Are there any blind spots?

PAUL  
 Well -

The husband clears his throat.

HUSBAND  
 Shall we?

The wife gives Paul a wink as they walk towards the front  
 door of the apartment.

PAUL  
 So what do you say? Can I sign you  
 up?

Paul pulls down on the door lever and opens it to reveal the  
 apartment is actually a SHOWHOME within a Home Improvement  
 trade show.

5 INT. SCOTTISH EXHIBITION CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

They cross the threshold and are invaded by the crisscrossing  
 reverberated sounds of MUSIC, ADVERTISING JARGON and the hum  
 of chattering CONSUMERS.

HUSBAND  
 We'll have a think about it.



The wife looks back at Paul as she is dragged off towards the FOOD AND HOUSEWARE section.

Paul's grin fades -

But he is perked up as two MODELS in vests, tiny skirts and high heels totter into the GARDEN TOOLS booth and arrange themselves next to a LAWNTRACTOR.

One of the models gives him an eyeful of g-string as she trips on the Astroturf.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Paul spins round to see a bulky NERD (40s) demanding his attention. Paul gives him a fuck-you look.

NERD

Er, can I see inside.

Paul looks up into the rafters at a giant DIGITAL CLOCK. It's only 4.35pm.

He shrugs and grabs his jacket.

PAUL

Sorry. Closing up.

6 EXT. SCOTTISH EXHIBITION CENTRE - DAY

Giant raindrops slap the ground.

Paul scurries towards the car park.

7 INT. CAR - DAY

Sound of a door SLAMMING shut.

Paul's face pops into the REARVIEW MIRROR and he checks his hair.

He reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out what appears to be a car CIGARETTE LIGHTER with a small ANTENNA.

He plugs the device into the lighter slot on his dashboard, places his mobile into a charging cradle and sits back.

Within seconds it starts to RING.

The DIGITAL READOUT on his dashboard screen says OFFICE.

Paul answers.

OFFICE (O.S.)  
Your tracker has been disabled.  
Again.

PAUL  
Oh. Has it? I'll check it out when  
I'm done.

OFFICE (O.S.)  
Please reconnect it now. As you  
know, jamming the company tracker  
is a violation of -

Paul hits the END CALL button and REVS the engine.

PAUL  
Oops.

8 INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Windscreen wipers sweep the rain as Paul drives along the  
Clydeside Expressway and into the city centre.

Through steamed-up windows he can just make out the post-  
millennial buildings that line the River Clyde.

BBC STUDIOS -- CALEDONIA TV

Then onto the BROOMIELAW past

THE DAILY RECORD -- GLASGOW POLICE HQ -- THE HOME OFFICE

Towering high in the distance is the FINNIESTON CRANE, one of  
the few remaining symbols of Glasgow's industrial past.

Paul's RADIO spits out stories of road deaths, paedophile  
rings and terror plots.

RADIO PRESENTER (O.S.)  
A former British security chief has  
said today that the UK is ill-  
prepared for terror attacks like  
those seen recently in Italy and  
Denmark. He has called for a  
tightening of -

Paul flips a BUTTON to turn off the radio.

He moves into the fast lane to overtake a lorry and looks in  
his rearview mirror to see a fast-approaching Audi TT.

There is a BEEP as the Audi DRIVER tailgates Paul's car.

Another BEEP.

Paul looks into the mirror to catch the eye of the driver.

ANGLE ON

The SPEEDOMETER DIAL on the DASHBOARD.

Paul's FOOT presses down on the BRAKE PEDAL and the dial slips from 80 to 70 to 60mph.

He turns the steering wheel and slips into the slow lane as the Audi speeds through.

PAUL  
(shouting)  
Smile.

There is a FLASH from a roadside SPEEDCAM.

Paul laughs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Gotcha.

9 BEGIN OPENING TITLES: FUNCTION CREEP

10 INT. 'THE FOX' GASTROPUB - EVENING

Paul enters the bar with a Friday spring in his step.

CUSTOMERS are sipping beers and coffees. He spots Sophia. She waves.

His eyes are on sticks as she glides behind the bar and out of sight. He licks his lips.

Michael is at a table talking on his MOBILE about deals and schedules with an air of huge importance.

He peers at Paul.

PAUL  
(to Michael)  
How do?

Michael glares at him then returns to his business.

Paul grabs a seat like he owns the place.

11 INT. PUB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sophia changes into a figure-hugging party dress.

In front of her a MONITOR shows four CCTV views of the shop.

On one screen Paul looks up into the camera and BLOWS A KISS.

Sophia smiles.

12 INT. 'THE FOX' GASTROPUB - CONTINUOUS

Paul points up at the circular CCTV UNIT on the roof and speaks to no one in particular.

PAUL

That's one of ours you know.

13 INT. PUB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sophia applies her lipstick and pulls on her jacket.

14 EXT. 'THE FOX' GASTROPUB - EVENING

Paul and Sophia breeze through the front door, arms locked. Michael peers through the glass.

SOPHIA

He's asked me to open up tomorrow.

PAUL

(with sarcasm)

Of course he has. Call sick.

SOPHIA

I can't. Early to bed I'm afraid. Don't worry. I know you have to stay late.

PAUL

I'd much rather be with you.

SOPHIA

It's just one night.

They turn out of Buchanan Street into Mitchell Lane.

They pass an elderly BUSKER playing an ACCORDIAN. He has dark, leathery skin and a worldly-wise expression.

He and Sophia share a warm smile.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Michael's ok. Really.

PAUL

I just take people as I find them.

As they pass the LIGHTHOUSE Arts Centre two YOUNG BUCKS stare at Sophia's long legs.

She pulls at the back of her dress. Paul turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (shouting after them)  
 See something you like?

Sophia drags Paul forward.

SOPHIA  
 Just leave it.

PAUL  
 Twats.

SOPHIA  
 Not worth it.

They stop outside a neon-lit cocktail bar as RINGING can be heard from Sophia's handbag.

She pulls out her MOBILE.

Paul sees that it's an UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Sophia presses CALLER BUSY.

PAUL  
 Of course, they had a point.

SOPHIA  
 Oh ye?

PAUL  
 You do look amazing.

She smiles and they kiss.

15 INT. 'THE ALCHEMIST' COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

MALE and FEMALE clientele are sharing jokes, guzzling bottled BEERS and popping PROSECCO as another week winds down.

An all-male squad of REX SECURITIES WORKERS are propping up the bar.

Paul enters with Sophia on his arm and all heads turn.

He spots his colleagues staring as Sophia glides across the room with an effortless magnetism.

Paul is greeted by JIM ALLEN (26), a bespectacled beta to Paul's alpha. Eager, impressionable and destined for mediocrity.

He mouths the word WOW.

PAUL  
 (into Sophia's ear)  
 I told you they'd like you.

16 INT. BAR COUNTER - NIGHT

Paul knocks back a beer as he watches Sophia work the room.

DAVID WOODS (32) - pompous, sly, dripping with ambition - oozes up next to him. David turns his gaze to Sophia.

DAVID  
You'll have heard there's changes  
afoot.

PAUL  
(nonchalantly)  
Oh really?

DAVID  
Restructuring. But we know what  
that means. I guess we're all under  
threat.

Sophia is chatting to a couple of SWEATY BLOKES.

Paul twitches as a HAND appears on Sophia's lower back. She smiles and makes her excuses.

PAUL  
I'll be fine.

DAVID  
You think?

Sophia winds her way back to Paul through swaying bodies.

She smiles at David and puts her mouth to Paul's ear.

SOPHIA  
(whispering)  
It's half eleven. Need to go.

Paul checks his watch. David leans in towards Sophia.

DAVID  
Let me guess - Italian?

SOPHIA  
Born and raised.

DAVID  
I knew it.

Paul pulls Sophia closer and cups her bum.

PAUL  
I'll come.

SOPHIA  
No. It's fine. You need to stay.

PAUL  
At least go to mine. It's just  
round the corner. Longer lie in.

Paul pulls out his key.

SOPHIA  
Not worried I'll get a copy?

She plucks it from Paul's hand.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
(to David)  
Nice to meet you.

DAVID  
Siamo alla fruita.

Sophia looks over at Paul for reassurance. None is given.

David translates.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The end of the road?

Sophia appears rattled. She kisses Paul and leaves.

Paul and David track her out the front window as she disappears into the night.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The end of the road.

17 INT. 'THE LOCK-IN' NIGHTCLUB - LATER

A cattle-market club. Cheap booze and CHEESY TUNES.

David is alone at the bar, surveying the scene with a hawk's eye. He walks towards the TOILET.

18 INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Drunk MEN wait in line to pee.

Inside a CUBICLE Paul pulls a tin foil wrap from his top pocket and opens it under Jim's nose to reveal a stash of WHITE POWDER.

THREE WHITE LINES --

- are laid out on the closed toilet seat.

Paul hooovers one up his nose and invites Jim to take his dose.

Paul laughs as Jim falls to his knees and barks at the moon.

Paul leans forward to polish off the final line as David, leaning over the top of his cubicle, records the scene on his SMARTPHONE.

There is a CLUNK and Paul looks up just as David slips out of sight.

A PING from Paul's pocket.

He pulls out his phone. It's a motion detector alert from his apartment CCTV.

Jim unlocks the cubicle door and stumbles to a sink.

Paul slides the door lock back into place and sits.

He peers at the mini CCTV interface as Sophia glides into his living room.

She slips off her jacket and heels.

Paul sniffs to clear remnants of the cocaine and presses a button on his mobile.

CCTV FULL SCREEN

The picture zooms in on Sophia as she slumps down onto Paul's sofa.

We push in further to see her cleavage.

Then down to peek at the crack between her legs.

Up to her full red lips.

BACK TO SCENE

There is the distant sound of a PHONE RINGING from Sophia's phone.

She puts it to her ear. And listens.

SOPHIA  
(on CCTV)  
No. Not now. Not yet.

She waits for a response.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
(on CCTV)  
Yes I'm here for you. Always.

Another pause.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
Ok. I'll help you. I promise.

SCREEN NOISE -- CRACKLE -- INTERFERENCE



Paul looks down at his watch. It is 1.33am.

There is a LOUD BANG on the cubicle door and Paul jumps out his skin.

JIM (O.S.)

Come on mate. Fuck are you doing?

Paul closes the REX interface on his phone and slides open the lock of the door.

19 INT. 'THE LOCK-IN' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Paul re-enters the main club arena and is sucked into a drunken huddle.

20 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Sophia pulls on her clothes in the half-light.

She opens the bedroom door and looks back towards the dozing Paul.

A shaft of light boxes in her face.

Paul opens one eye.

PAUL

You ok?

SOPHIA

Need to go.

PAUL

I want to get to know you. Who you are.

SOPHIA

I'll be whoever you want.

The door closes and Paul's open eye slips shut.

21 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

Paul wakes up to the sound of POLICE SIRENS.

22 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Window blinds WHIR open.

Paul steps out onto his balcony.

Two POLICE CARS rattle down the street below.

Back inside, Paul presses a button on his mobile and his TV flashes into life.

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

A rolling news banner reads

GLASGOW TERROR SIEGE

Paul moves closer to the screen.

He flicks through channels and fragments of information spill out.

HOSTAGES -- BAR -- TERROR -- THE FOX

He settles on Caledonia TV.

On screen is EMMA CULPAN (25) - brunette, feisty, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

EMMA

Police believe they are dealing with a 'lone actor' but are probing any links he may have to organised terror groups. We understand he is armed. The Fox is one of the properties owned by controversial entrepreneur Michael McGinn and early reports suggest he is one of the hostages.

23 EXT. CITY CENTRE - DAY

Paul stumbles through the city's daytime hustle past bewildered SHOPPERS.

He turns on to Buchanan Street to be met with

CHAOS -- NOISE -- GOSSIP

He is swallowed up by the crowd behind a police cordon 100 yards from the entrance to The Fox.

An ELECTRONIC BILLBOARD is showing a TV image of the scene directly in front of him.

A POLICE OFFICER ushers the crowd back from the cordon.

Paul stretches out and taps him on the arm.

PAUL

I know someone in there.

POLICE OFFICER

(firmly)

Move back.

Paul is jostled back by the crowd.

PAUL  
Please.

POLICE OFFICER  
Are you family?

PAUL  
(struggling to hear over  
the din)  
What?

POLICE OFFICER  
Do you have family in there?

Paul spots the HOSTAGE RELATIVES huddled together in a gated pen.

The cop slips out of sight amidst the bobbing heads and raised mobile phones.

Paul steps back into the body of the crowd.

24 EXT. CITY CENTRE - LATER

The electronic billboard is showing a static shot of the entrance to The Fox as a rolling news ticker spills out facts and figures.

Paul is standing far back from the cordon watching Emma as she checks her teeth in a compact mirror and talks to her news team. Onlookers film her with their cameras.

She turns to see a squad of POLICE wearing HELMETS and BODY ARMOUR emerge from a RIOT VAN and rumble forward.

She looks surprised and places a finger to her earpiece.

Paul looks towards The Fox entrance and pushes forward through the crowd.

He sees the cops squat down just yards from the pub's glass frontage and exchange hand signals.

The GROUP LEADER inches forward and peeks through the pub window.

He lifts his helmet visor and Paul catches a glimpse of the human being underneath.

He waves his comrades to follow.

A BATTERING RAM is pulled back then SMASH. The door SHATTERS.

A SMOKE CANISTER is thrown inside and the police follow en masse.

Silence. Stillness, some SHOUTING then a HOSTAGE dashes for freedom.

Then another.

Then a MAN and WOMAN holding each other for dear life.

An agonising pause.

Then another THREE emerge and bolt for safety. Each one with shock etched on their faces.

Michael appears through the smoke. Rattled, frantic. He hovers outside the pub.

Then a GUNSHOT.

The crowd GASPS.

Michael takes a step back towards the entrance. He shouts.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT

Police scurry forward, grab Michael and drag him away.

Paul watches the smoke clear and the dust settle.

But there is no sign of Sophia.

25 EXT. CITY CENTRE - EVENING

The chaotic siege aftermath is lit by the FLASHING LIGHTS of POLICE cars and AMBULANCES and the sounds of SHOUTING and SIRENS.

There are CAMERAS everywhere.

TV crews jostle for position as shoppers hold up SMARTPHONES.

Paul watches as Emma does a live report.

EMMA  
(speaking to CAMERA)  
The hostage-taker has been  
identified as 21-year-old Afghani  
asylum seeker MUSA FADEL.

Outside the bar a fresh BATCH of plainclothes DETECTIVES issue orders to reluctant Glasgow cops.

MEDICAL PERSONNEL in white overalls and masks swoop inside the Fox.

## EMMA (CONT'D)

We understand he was killed by police after he shot waitress Sophia Carsoli. It is believed she died instantly.

Paul spots Michael through the crowd. He is crying.

He looks up and locks eyes with Paul, who looks down at his mobile phone.

## MOBILE PHONE FOOTAGE

LOUD MUSIC. A nightclub. Paul's 'selfie' face. He's happy, drunk. High.

We see his friends. Jim is there, playing up to the camera. He whoops.

Then a beautiful dancer can be seen behind them. It's Sophia.

We zoom in. She spots us. Smiles. Plays up to the camera.

She looks like a movie star.

As the clip ends on an extreme close-up of Sophia's striking face a MOTION ALERT from Paul's apartment flags up on the screen.

## BACK TO SCENE

He logs on to the Rex CCTV interface to see a frozen image of his empty living room.

## 26 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul enters and the lights go on automatically.

He stands in the middle of his LIVING ROOM and turns 360 degrees, his eyes darting around for signs of a disturbance.

He holds his LAPTOP up to the light. No visible fingerprints.

He runs his hand over the KITCHEN surface.

In his BEDROOM a built-in wardrobe slides open. Inside is a row of suits and shirts.

A PILLOW still has the indent of Sophia's head. Paul cups his hand into the curve.

He looks out of the bedroom door into the living room to see the shining blue ring of the Rex smart unit.

Back in the LIVING ROOM, he picks up the Rex and runs his finger over the Firewire port.

He connects it to the rear of his TV.

A stack of dated folders load up and he scrolls through to the last in the list - today. He clicks. It is

EMPTY

He shakes his head as if to reboot his brain.

Then returns to the FOLDER MENU.

He clicks on the second last folder in the list - where Sophia's clip from last night should be.

But it's not there. It is also

EMPTY

He turns his head to the WHOP WHOP WHOP sound of a helicopter cutting through the air in the sky above his apartment.

27 EXT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ ENTRANCE - EVENING

Standing under the glare of artificial lights is a steely, blonde-bobbed senior cop. This is JANE BURROWS (52).

She is dressed in full police regalia and an UMBRELLA is shielding her from the driving rain.

She is dwarfed by two SENIOR COPS and in front of her is a hungry PRESS PACK.

BURROWS

As Chief Constable I am proud of the role we took in responding to this tragic event. But we must never forget that an innocent life has been lost. I know my colleagues here in the Specialist Crime Division, as well as our partners in the Metropolitan Police share the same goal - to remain vigilant and resilient against the threat of terrorism. Thankyou.

The Press bark questions and jostle for space. Emma's words rise above the din.

EMMA

What about the CCTV footage?

BURROWS

As we have said, the security cameras were non-operational.

EMMA

But -

BURROWS

Thankyou.

Burrows slips through the gap between her fellow cops and into Police HQ.

28 INT. 'CLUB SUPERIOR', GLASGOW - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous STYLE BAR with booths and hideaways.

On the bar TV, Emma has the Police HQ behind her as she does another piece to camera.

EMMA

(on TV)

The Westminster Government will now have even greater support in its drive to increase surveillance, stop-and-search polices and tighter immigration controls despite reservations from the Scottish Parliament.

Paul is standing at the bar looking up at the TV.

He gestures towards the barman, who comes over.

PAUL

Will he be long?

BARMAN

Few minutes.

PAUL

Did you tell him it was urgent?

The barman ignores Paul and goes to serve another customer.

At a nearby table a ruddy-faced BUSINESSMAN talks in hushed tones to a female OFFICE WORKER as he rotates the wedding ring on his finger. She's cute. Half his age and twice as hot as any other woman in the room.

Paul gazes at her reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Her features are refined but her movements are antsy.

She is looking above him to the bar TV, which is showing a picture of Sophia. The programme cuts to a TV ANCHOR.

TV ANCHOR

(on TV)

The people of Glasgow are still coming to terms with the tragic death of waitress Sophia Carsoli.

Another picture of Sophia - this time a glammed-up Facebook grab of her arm-in-arm with a man whose face has been pixilated. It's Paul.

Tears well in the office worker's eyes. The businessman leans forward and touches her hand.

She regains her composure and fiddles with a pink rose-shaped BROACH on her lapel. She looks up to the bar and catches Paul's eye in the reflection just as

Michael enters the bar.

He shakes the barman's hand then eyeballs Paul, flicking his head towards a free table in a quiet corner of the bar.

They sit.

MICHAEL

Well.

PAUL

How are you?

MICHAEL

(with sarcasm)

Oh ye, I'm great thanks.

PAUL

You and Sophia - were close.

MICHAEL

She was a good worker.

PAUL

I wouldn't bother you but something's not right.

Paul looks up at the circular CCTV CAMERA on the roof - it's identical to the one in the Fox.

PAUL (CONT'D)

They're saying the CCTV wasn't working.

MICHAEL

What difference does it make?

PAUL

Those units - I mean, they're practically bulletproof.

MICHAEL

Honestly, do you ever fucking stop.



PAUL  
I'm just saying. Have you noticed  
any problems with the system  
before?

Michael doesn't respond.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Bit of a coincidence don't you  
think?

The conversation is interrupted by the SHUSHING sound of a  
milk frother.

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL  
I need to get on.

Paul grabs his arm. Michael pulls it away.

PAUL  
(rapid fire)  
I think someone broke into my flat.

MICHAEL  
So.

PAUL  
Just after the siege. Before I got  
home. I had a clip of Sophia. And  
it's been wiped.

Michael leans down into Paul's face.

MICHAEL  
What kind of clip?

PAUL  
My home security. CCTV. I saw her  
talking to someone on her mobile.  
At the time it made no sense. But  
she was upset. She was saying that  
it wasn't the right time yet - or  
something like that. But then she  
said she'd help.

MICHAEL  
Is there a copy?

PAUL  
No.

MICHAEL  
Wait here.

Michael walks behind the bar and through a door marked  
PRIVATE.

Paul looks back up at the CCTV camera on the ceiling.

Then he spies the flustered businessman getting up from the table and shuffling off to the toilet.

The office worker fiddles with a small black wire trailing below her broach.

She hauls herself up to the bar and signals for a drink. The barman trots over.

BARMAN

You ok Marla?

MARLA

Same again.

Paul hears the hint of an Eastern European accent.

She turns and sees Paul's eyes on her broach. She looks down and spots the still-visible wire. He smiles and raises his hand as if to say 'no bother'.

Michael reappears behind the bar and Paul spots a flicker of recognition between him and Marla.

MICHAEL

(to Paul)

Come with me.

29 EXT. 'CLUB SUPERIOR' - NIGHT

A door opens and Michael guides Paul out into the cobbled back alley at the rear of the bar.

MICHAEL

So this clip. You suspect something.

PAUL

I don't know. I really, really liked Sophia but it does look a bit dodgy.

MICHAEL

And you're worried you'll be dragged in - an accomplice or something.

PAUL

Well, ye. Shit. I just don't know what to do.

MICHAEL

I do.

Michael pulls his arm back and RAMS his fist into Paul's guts.

He bends over double and GASPS for breath.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You shut your fucking mouth.

He grabs hold of Paul's hair and yanks it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
And keep it shut. You understand?

PAUL  
(struggling to talk)  
Yes.

Michael lets go of Paul's hair and guides him upright.

MICHAEL  
If you like her as much as you're saying, have some respect. And get on with your life.

Michael opens the door and goes back inside leaving Paul winded and holding onto the wall to stay upright.

30 INT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ, BURROWS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Burrows is looking out the window of her darkened office watching the NEWS CREWS pack up outside.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Chief Constable.

It is a MAN'S VOICE. Queen's English, refined.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Jane.

Burrows twitches at the sound of her Christian name.

A MAN with a head of snowy white hair steps out of the shadows and joins her at the window.

This is JACK MELVILLE (58) - a Middle Englishman as fit as a 30-year-old with a chilling presence that suggests he is capable of anything.

MELVILLE  
You handled that well.

BURROWS  
I want it on record that I was willing to take full responsibility for what happened.

MELVILLE

Duly noted. You made a mistake. You should have waited for back-up. But we arrived in time to clear up your mess.

BURROWS

We are talking about a cover-up.

MELVILLE

Nothing will bring the girl back. And if we work together this situation can be turned to our advantage.

BURROWS

By getting tough on terror.

MELVILLE

Social justice is the concern of other people. Our priority is the safety of our citizens.

BURROWS

And if I say no?

Melville leaves her question hanging.

Burrows sits down at her desk and clicks her mouse to open a MOVIE FILE on the screen of her computer.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

What about this?

ON SCREEN - CCTV FOOTAGE

A high angle view of the interior of The Fox. No sound.

Sophia is mixing with the customers. Michael is behind the counter.

On the edge of frame, the front door opens and in walks Musa.

He stops in the centre of the bar and looks up into the CCTV camera. At us.

BACK TO BURROWS.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

Well?

Melville bends over onto Burrows' desk, clicks to close the clip and slides the movie file into a virtual bin.

He then pulls an external circuit board from the back of the computer and wraps the firewire cord around it.

MELVILLE

Easy.

He slots the drive into the inside pocket of his sports jacket and stands over Burrows.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

You're sure there isn't a copy?

BURROWS

That's straight from the bar's own system.

Melville nods.

MELVILLE

The other loose ends may not be so easy to tie up.

Burrows's forehead glows with sweat.

31 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ANGLE ON

An IPAD screen.

A finger scrolls through pictures on a Facebook page.

Paul posing like a wannabe model.

Paul on a beach holiday.

Paul arm-in-arm with Sophia. The same picture that appeared on the TV report.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul DELETES the photo.

He then deletes the next three snaps showing he and Sophia in various party settings.

32 EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul's car emerges from his block's underground car park and turns onto the road towards the centre of the city.

33 INT. CAR - DAY

As he drives up Bath Street and then down towards CHARING CROSS he looks in his REARVIEW MIRROR to see a black Honda CRV with darkened windows jostle for position behind him.

He turns into a private car park under an OFFICE BLOCK and the CRV continues on its journey.

34 INT. REX SECURITIES OFFICE, GLASGOW - DAY

A functional office space. Desks, phones and computers. Sales charts. Rolling news on a wall TV.

Paul enters and his Rex COLLEAGUES eye him.

He sits down at his desk across from Jim.

PAUL  
Is there a problem?

JIM  
Mate, what the fuck? I've been calling you.

PAUL  
I'm fine.

JIM  
What are you even doing here?

David slides over from across the room and places his hand on Paul's shoulder. He is dripping with fake concern.

DAVID  
Awful. Just awful.

BOSS (O.S.)  
Paul.

BRIAN SANGSTER - late 30s, corporate, machine-like - is standing in the door frame of his corner office.

SANGSTER  
A minute.

Paul shrugs off David's hand from his shoulder.

35 INT. SANGSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sangster is seated behind his desk.

Paul sits across from him looking defensive.

PAUL  
The truth is I didn't really know her.

SANGSTER  
All the same. It must have been a shock.

PAUL  
Of course. She was - lovely.

SANGSTER  
I want you to take some time off,  
Paul.

PAUL  
I don't need it.

SANGSTER  
I'm not giving you a choice.

He clicks on his computer mouse and starts to scroll through his emails.

He clears his throat.

SANGSTER (CONT'D)  
As you know there are going to be  
some changes at Rex.

PAUL  
I've heard.

SANGSTER  
See this as an opportunity to  
consider your role in the company.

PAUL  
Has someone spoken to you?

SANGSTER  
Not exactly.

PAUL  
Listen, I know we've not always  
seen eye to eye. But all this -  
you're right - it's got to me.  
Something's not right.

Sangster spins his COMPUTER MONITOR round towards Paul.

He arches his head round to see a grainy CLIP of his cocaine hit in the nightclub toilet.

36 INT. REX SECURITIES OFFICE - DAY

David turns to see Paul steaming towards him. He reels back in his chair as Paul plunges his fist forward to within centimeters of David's terrified face.

PAUL  
Bastard.

Paul feigns another rabbit punch and David falls back off his chair.

Sangster emerges from his office.

SANGSTER

Your car.

Paul chucks over a keyfob and gathers up his stuff.

PAUL

(to Jim)

I'll see you.

Paul raises his middle finger in protest as he walks under the CCTV camera situated over the main office doorway.

37 EXT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

Through the showroom glass we can see Paul shake hands with a CAR SALESMAN and turn to look at his brand new BMW.

38 INT. PAUL'S BALCONY - EVENING

Paul walks out onto his balcony.

The CITY LIGHTS twinkle as he throws back a bottle of beer.

On the other side of the road is a BLOCK OF FLATS identical to Paul's, it's windows offering a voyeur's view.

In one, a COUPLE is involved in a heated argument as their small CHILD screams for attention.

In another, an ELDERLY COUPLE have become one with their armchairs as a TV show casts reflections on their faces.

Next door, through a crack in a curtain, Paul can make out the heaving bodies of a COUPLE as they fuck on the floor.

Paul looks down to the street below to see the CRV with darkened windows parked on a double yellow line.

There is a BUZZ from his door intercom.

39 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Paul leans in to the speaker.

PAUL

Ye.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Paul Sheridan?

PAUL

Who's asking?



FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
This is Emma Culpan from CTV News.

PAUL  
And?

EMMA (O.S.)  
You were seeing Sophia Carsoli. I think we should talk.

PAUL  
I'm just on my way out.

EMMA (O.S.)  
I won't keep you long.

40 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Paul opens his front door to reveal a smiling Emma.

EMMA  
Can I come in?

She eases past him into the apartment.

PAUL  
As I said I'm just leaving.

Paul picks up his keys from the kitchen surface.

EMMA  
Ok. Well I'll get to the point. Would you be willing to do an interview?

PAUL  
I'd only been seeing Sophia for a few weeks.

EMMA  
Even then I'd guess you know more about her than the rest of us.

PAUL  
I doubt it.

Paul puts on his jacket.

EMMA  
She's very mysterious actually.

PAUL  
I really need to go.

EMMA  
I'm like one of those old-fashioned journalists. I'm curious.

PAUL  
And if there's no story you'll  
invent one, right?

EMMA  
No. But you'll hear from those guys  
soon enough.

Paul moves to the door, opens it and waits for Emma to catch up.

She moves into the doorway and puts her hand on the hinges.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You work in surveillance.

PAUL  
Yes. Well, I did.

EMMA  
And what do you think of the fact  
the CCTV wasn't working on the one  
day it was actually needed?

Paul's looks down to his shoes.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Call me. I think you want to talk.

He closes the door to within inches of her outstretched arm.

PAUL  
What makes you say that?

EMMA  
You didn't have to let me in.

41 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul looks in his REARVIEW MIRROR to see the CRV in close pursuit.

42 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Paul cruises up and down Glasgow's hilly grid system.

43 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul watches the CRV slip in and out of sight as he drives past Georgian office buildings and modern concrete carbuncles.

44 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

He glides down into Anderston past the street HOOKERS and tentative PUNTERS.

And onto Sauchiehall Street where boorish BLOKES pursue GIRLS in tottering heels.

The CRV is still following.

45 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Paul takes a sharp turn up a cobbled lane past industrial bins and chrome downpipes.

He looks in the mirror. No CRV.

Paul smiles.

He cruises up to the end of the lane and emerges -

Only to see the CRV parked on the other side of the road.

Paul hits his steering wheel in frustration and gets out.

46 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Paul marches over to the CRV and SLAMS his fists down on the bonnet.

He peers into the blacked-out window at the driver's side.

PAUL  
(shouting)  
What do you want?

The car sits motionless. Nothing but a black void.

Paul steps back.

The ENGINE clicks on and PURRS into life.

47 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Melville's face is only inches away from Paul's.

He stares intently at Paul's face.

A SMALL CROWD is gathering and Melville breaks his gaze and CLICKS off the handbrake.

He takes one last look at Paul.

48 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

As the CRV edges away Paul creeps back to the safety of his car.

49 EXT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ - DAY

An EXECUTIVE SALOON slides up to the front of the building and a DRIVER sprints round to open the rear door.

Out pops a sprightly, handsome politician. This is Scottish Justice Minister MURDO HUME (50).

50 INT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ - DAY

Burrows is waiting in reception to greet him.

BURROWS

Murdo.

HUME

Jane.

She offers a handshake and guides him to the elevator.

BURROWS

They're waiting upstairs.

51 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close.

HUME

You're not going to make this country into a police state. No matter what pressure you get from London.

BURROWS

You're happy to put our citizens at risk.

HUME

Spare me. This wasn't 9/11. It was one man with a screw loose. Just remember who butters your bread.

BURROWS

And who butters yours?

The elevator doors open and their fixed smiles return.

52 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Five uniformed POLICE OFFICERS stand in an open plan meeting space.

They all turn as the door swings open.

Burrows ushers her guest into the room.

BURROWS  
Justice Minister - these are  
Constables BLACK, ADAMS, MCDERMOTT,  
JARDINE.

Hume shakes each hand with gusto.

BURROWS (CONT'D)  
And this is Sergeant COLIN  
SINCLAIR, group leader on the day  
of the siege.

Sinclair (35) holds out his hand and nods. He's pristine and deadly serious with close-cropped hair.

SINCLAIR  
Sir.

HUME  
I don't need to tell you how  
grateful I am - we all are - for  
your bravery. You saved lives.

SINCLAIR  
Just doing our jobs, sir.

There is a RINGING from Burrows' pocket.

BURROWS  
I'm sorry, excuse me.

She walks to the other side of the room as Hume continues his awkward praise.

She answers her mobile. It's Melville.

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(heard from phone)  
Crowne Plaza. 7.30pm.

The phone CLICKS dead.

Burrows turns back towards the group to see Sinclair looking directly at her.

53 EXT. KELVINGROVE PARK, GLASGOW - NIGHT

Dozens of CANDLE FLAMES dance in the darkness.

The sound of soft, uplifting MUSIC fills the air as a large printed PHOTOGRAPH of Sophia sits on an easel at the side of the stage in the park's BANDSTAND.

MOURNERS sit in the concrete amphitheatre watching a young INDIE DUO sing about the weather.

Paul is sitting on the edge of the gathering wearing a PEAKED CAP.

The crowd CLAPS as the song ends and Michael walks to the microphone.

MICHAEL

I don't want to interrupt the music  
but I just wanted to say to  
everyone, thanks for coming out to  
remember Sophia. Every penny raised  
from tonight will go to the Food  
Fight charity that helps the  
homeless.

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)

(shouting)

It better do.

Michael touches Sophia's picture.

MICHAEL

I know it's something Sophia would  
have liked. She was a special  
woman. May not have been born here  
but was one of ours. The customers  
loved her. We all did. I know you  
share my anger that terror came to  
our city. Into one of our pubs. And  
I know you share my determination  
that it must not happen again.

There are a few seconds of silence, then:

CROWD MEMBER (O.S.)

I am Sophia.

A HUM breaks out in the crowd as others repeat the mantra. A few stand up. We scan across various faces, determined, angry. Resolute.

CROWD IN UNISON

I am Sophia. I am Sophia. I am  
Sophia.

Michael raises his fist and jumps off the stage as another SINGER shuffles on with a guitar to the sound of the crowd's continuing chants.

Paul spots Michael jogging to the REAR of the bandstand.

He gets up and follows.

The first chords of a SONG begin as the chants grow louder.

Paul trots down to the front of the auditorium and slips down the side of the stage.

He pokes his head round to see Michael field a PHONE CALL and swear in frustration.

54 EXT. KELVINGROVE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Paul jogs through the park gates and turns into Gibson Street as Michael strides out a hundreds yards in front of him.

55 INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, GLASGOW - NIGHT

In the hotel's STEAKHOUSE an ELDERLY COUPLE scratch cutlery across their plates.

Melville pours himself a glass of RED WINE and carves into his meat.

He looks down at it in disgust and waves at the WAITER, a stringy, indolent twentysomething. He shuffles over.

MELVILLE

I asked for rare. Not medium.

WAITER

Ye?

MELVILLE

Yes.

Melville lifts his plate and hands it over.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Blood.

The waiter inspects the charred meat and slopes off to the kitchen.

Melville pours wine into a second glass as BURROWS sits down across from him.

Even out of her police uniform she appears tightly wound.

BURROWS

Well?

MELVILLE

The boyfriend.

BURROWS

We've investigated him. It was a fling. He's a player. You are wasting your time.

MELVILLE

Really? I've been watching him. He's actually rather interesting. I believe he knows the girl had previous contact with -

Melville clicks his fingers.

BURROWS

Fadel.

MELVILLE

Yes. Now that is a loose end.

Burrows takes a sip of wine.

Melville peers over towards the restaurant KITCHEN as the waiter emerges through swinging doors.

He places a substitute steak in front of Melville's nose.

On top of the meat is a globule of bubbling liquid that looks a lot like spit.

Burrows spots it and opens her mouth to speak. Melville looks up at her to register their shared acknowledgment.

He then presses down on the steak with his fork and a pool of blood seeps across his plate.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

The waiter grins.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

Melville cuts into his meat, forks a chunk and brings it up to his mouth, just as:

His leg sweeps out from under the table and CRACKS against the waiter's ankles. He is lifted off his feet and his face clatters down onto the table with a THUD.

Burrows pulls back her chair in shock as the waiter slips to the floor, his bloody nose smashed into his face.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Dear god.

Melville gets up from his chair and looks around the room for help. The old couple look up from their food.



Burrows backs away.

Melville returns to their previous conversation as if nothing had happened.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

But you are right. The boyfriend -  
he's feckless, self-centred,  
shallow. The perfect citizen. For  
now we sit tight.

Two HOTEL STAFF rush over to attend to the waiter.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

The poor lad slipped.

Melville turns back to Burrows.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

But we all have hidden depths.  
Right?

56 INT. KELVINBRIDGE UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Michael's head slips out of view as he rides the escalator down to the depths of Glasgow's Clockwork Orange tube system.

Paul buys a ticket and follows him down.

57 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bank of CCTV MONITORS.

One SCREEN shows Paul ride the escalator.

On another SCREEN Michael is waiting with a few other TRAVELLERS on the station platform.

58 INT. KELVINBRIDGE UNDERGROUND STATION - CONTINUOUS

The tube train RATTLES into view and Paul scales the final few steps down onto the platform.

He keeps his head down as Michael hops on board.

There is a BEEP and Paul rushes into the adjoining carriage just before the doors shut.

59 INT. TUBE CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Paul pops his head up and peeks through the window at the end of his carriage to see Michael pull out his phone then grimace as he realises he can't get a signal.

He looks up and Paul ducks down out of sight.

60 EXT. BUCHANAN STREET UNDERGROUND, GLASGOW - NIGHT

Paul waits for Michael to reach the top of the glass-covered escalator that ascends onto Buchanan Street. Then he follows.

He spots Michael reach for his mobile as his signal returns.

It's clear from Michael's heavy step that he's a man on a mission.

Paul takes up a voyeur's position as Michael enters Club Superior.

61 INT. 'CLUB SUPERIOR' - NIGHT

The barman is shaking his head.

MICHAEL  
Has anyone heard from her?

BARMAN  
No. You should put a tracker on her phone.

The barman shows Michael the TRACKER APP on his TABLET.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
Look. My girlfriend is -  
(pointing at a cursor on  
the screen)  
- exactly where she should be. At home.

MICHAEL  
Alone?

The barman is left to his imagination as Michael turns to look into the bar.

There are a few COUPLES, a GROUP of SUITS and one solitary THIRTYSOMETHING nursing a whisky.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
That him?

BARMAN  
Ye.

MICHAEL  
Fuck it. I'll go and get her.

62 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Michael strides out of the bar and Paul follows him up Sauchiehall Street.

His pursuit continues up the steep hill past the ART SCHOOL to the Garnethill tenements.

Michael checks over his shoulder then enters a TENEMENT CLOSE.

Paul looks up to see a light go on in the SECOND FLOOR window.

A petite blonde WOMAN appears at the window. Even from a distance Paul can see it's Marla - the girl with the rose-shaped brooch from Club Superior.

She sweeps the CURTAINS shut.

63 EXT. TENEMENT ALLEY - NIGHT

At the rear of the building, Paul shimmies up a wooden telegraph pole and positions himself on the edge of a brick bin housing.

Inside the flat he can see Michael and Marla slip in and out of view as a fierce argument plays out.

Michael's body language softens. He holds out his hands and pulls her close.

Marla places her head on his shoulder.

But it's only a momentary truce. Michael pulls her off, shakes her, then

SLAPS HER --

- hard across the face.

Paul loses his balance as he reels back in shock and slips to the ground with a THUD.

He lays motionless on the dirt and shuts his eyes.

Seconds pass and Paul risks looking back up at the window.

Marla meets Paul's gaze and shakes her head as FOOTSTEPS can be heard from the STAIRS leading down from the rear of the tenement.

Paul struggles to his feet and sends gravel flying as he scrambles down the back lane that separates two tenement blocks.

He spots an open GATE and tears through it just as Michael spins out into the lane.

64 INT. TENEMENT CLOSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul runs up the back stairs and reaches an old WOODEN DOOR. He pushes but it won't budge.

Michael's FOOTSTEPS are getting closer.

Paul SHOULDER CHARGES the door. Nothing. And again. It budes an inch. He turns and

KARATE KICKS

The door. It budes a few more inches.

He leans in with all his body weight and it opens, SCREECHING against the stone floor.

He scrambles through and drags the door closed behind him.

He spots a LOCK and slides it over just as Michael's fist BANGS against it.

It shudders from the force.

65 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Paul darts out the front of the building.

He looks back to see Marla peering down at him from the front window of her flat.

66 EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Paul emerges from the front entrance of his apartment block to be met with the

CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK

- of a camera and the scattergun questions of a tubby male TABLOID REPORTER.

REPORTER

How long were you and Sophia lovers  
Paul?

Paul grimaces and looks back inside to his apartment lobby.

But then puts a firm step forward and takes off at speed.

The Reporter scurries after him.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

What was she like? We'll pay. We'll look after you.

Paul gives him a body check and scurries off.

67 EXT. ANDERSTON POLICE OFFICE, GLASGOW - DAY

Paul walks up the front steps of the grey, concrete building and spins into its revolving doors.

68 INT. ANDERSTON POLICE OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

The reception area is manned by a single police CONSTABLE.

PAUL

I'd like to see the Chief Constable.

CONSTABLE

She is not based in this building sir.

PAUL

I'd like you to contact her please. It's urgent. I think she'll want to speak to me. I'm Paul Sheridan. And I have information about Sophia Carsoli.

69 EXT. ANDERSTON POLICE OFFICE - LATER

Burrows and Melville emerge from separate cars and walk to the entrance.

They reach the door and Burrows stops.

BURROWS

(under her breath)  
We do this my way.

MELVILLE

By all means.

Melville holds the door open for her to enter.

70 INT. ANDERSTON POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Paul is sitting at a table in a windowless INTERROGATION ROOM.

A young OFFICER stands at the door.

Paul turns as Burrows enters.

BURROWS  
 (to the officer)  
 I'm sure we could have found  
 somewhere more comfortable.

OFFICER  
 Yes ma'am. You said you wanted  
 complete privacy.

BURROWS  
 Yes. Ok.

The officer leaves. Burrows sits.

PAUL  
 I didn't actually think you'd come.

BURROWS  
 I'm here as a courtesy Mr. Sheridan  
 because I know what you must have  
 been through in the last few weeks.

Paul points up at the two-way mirror on the wall.

PAUL  
 Is there anyone left who doesn't  
 know what that is?

BURROWS  
 You'd be surprised.

71 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM GALLERY - CONTINUOUS  
 Melville is standing at the other side of the glass.

72 INT. ANDERSTON POLICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PAUL  
 I think Sophia might have been - in  
 some way involved with the gunman.

Burrows stares Paul down.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 I overheard her talking to someone  
 the night before it happened. She  
 was upset. I don't want to cause  
 trouble or - you know - tarnish her  
 memory. But I'm worried. I'm being  
 followed. I know it. I thought it  
 might be you guys or secret  
 service. But now I think it might  
 be something to do with Michael  
 McGinn. I told him about the clip  
 and he went fucking nuts.

Paul stops - realises he just swore.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Burrows is unmoved.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He threatened me. And he hit this girl. I'm here because I want to be open with you. I don't want something else, another siege, to happen - for it to be on my conscience because I didn't say anything. I barely knew her and if it comes out she knew the guy, then I'll be dragged in even more.

Burrows plants her hand down on the table.

BURROWS

Ok. We both work in security don't we?

Paul nods.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

You're skilled at what you do.

PAUL

I guess.

BURROWS

Of course you are. You know - as much as I do - that in our business things are not always what they appear to be.

PAUL

(tentatively)

Ye. I mean, obviously.

BURROWS

Miss Carsoli. Sophia. She knew Musa Fidel. You're right.

Paul's mouth falls open.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

But you have no reason to doubt her. None at all. She is exactly the person we have all taken to our hearts. Mr. Sheridan, your girlfriend had been trying to help him.

(MORE)

BURROWS (CONT'D)

He was refused asylum - on perfectly legitimate grounds I might add - and despite his anger and desire to hit out at the very people who had listened to him and harboured him during his time of need, she continued to hold out the hand of friendship.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

If she was guilty of anything it was to be too open, too trusting.

PAUL

So why not just let people know?

BURROWS

It's our job - the job of the police and security services - to consider what's best for our citizens. Think about it. Even you jumped to the wrong conclusion about Sophia. What good would it do?

PAUL

What about Michael McGinn?

BURROWS

I understand he has a hot temper. He has lost an employee. A friend. It must have been hard on him too. If you want to file a complaint against him -

PAUL

No, it's ok. But why was I being followed.

BURROWS

If you were - I really don't know. But if it happens again come straight to me.

Burrows pushes her seat back and puts out her hand for Paul to shake.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

I'll get someone to see you out.

PAUL

Thanks.

Paul stands. Holds on to her hand for a little too long.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The CCTV. It wasn't broken.



Burrows forces a smile.

BURROWS  
Perhaps you should have a little  
less faith in your technology.

73 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM GALLERY - DAY

Burrows enters and Melville nods in appreciation.

MELVILLE  
Hidden depths.

BURROWS  
Don't patronise me.

74 INT. CALEDONIA TV STUDIOS, GLASGOW - DAY

Paul's APPREHENSIVE face fills a MONITOR on a metal stand sitting in the middle of a busy studio floor.

Technicians bark INSTRUCTIONS over MECHANICAL CLUNKS.

Paul is sitting on a bright red sofa in a make-believe sitting room.

A MAKE-UP BOY dabs at the sweat on Paul's top lip.

His interviewer flounces in and takes a seat across from him. This is MARY BIRD (40) - mumsy and disarming but sexy enough to satisfy the mid-life man.

MARY  
Lovely to meet you Paul.

PAUL  
Likewise.

Emma appears behind one of the CAMERAS and gives Paul the thumbs up. He smiles.

As the FLOOR MANAGER counts down the clock to the live broadcast, Paul checks himself out on a nearby monitor.

FLOOR MANAGER  
Three, two, and -

75 INT. 'CLUB SUPERIOR' - NIGHT

Jim is looking up at the bar TV, which is showing Paul being interviewed by Mary.

PAUL  
 (on TV)  
 I'm just so glad she came into my  
 life. Even for such a short time.

Mary nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (on TV)  
 I didn't know her well. But she was  
 a special person. It's such a waste  
 of a life.

Jim turns to Paul, who is propping up the bar next to him.

JIM  
 They've repeated this all day.

Paul looks into the main bar area and surveys the clientele. A few bored COUPLES. Some single BLOKES playing with their phones.

He spots a petite WOMAN with a head of bouncy blonde hair, her face obscured, sitting across from an OLDER MAN.

She turns and Paul reels back. She must be 60.

PAUL  
 I need to get out of here.

The interview continues on TV.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (on TV, as if reading an  
 autocue)  
 I urge everyone to support the 'I  
 am Sophia' campaign. We need to be  
 careful. Look out for each other.  
 And stay safe.

Back in the BAR, Jim claps along with the TV audience.

JIM  
 Man, you're famous.

PAUL  
 I told you I didn't want to come  
 here. I'll see you.

76 EXT. 'CLUB SUPERIOR' - CONTINUOUS

Paul bursts out of the bar as if gasping for air and SLAMS into a WOMAN - brunette bob, attractive with small, chiselled features.

She looks up, irritated. But her face quickly opens up.

It's Marla. She's wearing a wig.

MARLA

You.

Paul brushes past her.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Wait.

Paul ignores her. She's wearing the uniform of a classic Glasgow indie music fantasy girl. Cute rather than sexy.

She runs after him. He looks down at her clothing.

PAUL

(as he walks)

Not working tonight?

MARLA

(pacing quickly next to  
him)

I saw you on TV. You're wrong.

PAUL

About what?

MARLA

Sophia was my best friend.

Paul slows his pace.

MARLA (CONT'D)

She talked about you.

PAUL

Why would she be friends with -

Marla SLAPS him across the face. Paul freezes. She pulls him into a doorway.

MARLA

I shouldn't be talking to you.

Paul spots the rose-shaped BROACH on her jacket lapel.

PAUL

Leave me alone.

MARLA

You have to put things right.

PAUL

(exasperated)

Put what right?

MARLA

Musa was no terrorist.

Paul shakes his head. Steps into the street.

She pulls him back. Puts her mouth to his ear.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
He didn't kill Sophia. And I can  
prove it.

PAUL  
(exasperated)  
What are you talking about?

Marla peeks round the corner.

MARLA  
I need to go. Come see me tomorrow.  
I think you know where I live.

She scuttles back to the bar and enters.

Paul looks through the front window as she sets her sights on  
a thirtysomething MUSO type.

His eyes bulge as he sees his dream girl standing alone at  
the bar.

77 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul peeks out of his front window down to the street below.

There is no sign of the black CRV.

78 EXT. 'THE FOX' - DAY

The police barriers have been removed and the bar is open for  
business.

79 INT. 'THE FOX' - DAY

Paul sits on his own in the corner sipping a coffee.

There is only one other CUSTOMER in the place with his back  
to Paul.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
Can I get you anything?

PAUL  
No thanks. Quiet today.

WAITRESS  
Ye. Might take a little time.

Paul nods. She drifts off and engages in some chit chat with the other customer.

The male BARISTA behind the counter removes his apron and leaves his station unattended.

BARISTA  
(to waitress)  
Back in five.

WAITRESS  
(without looking)  
Sure.

Paul is directly alongside the now empty pathway to the KITCHEN.

He looks back at the distracted waitress.

80 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The waitress can be seen gabbing to the customer on the CCTV MONITOR.

Paul CLICKS the unit to search the memory drive.

There is only one FILES folder. And only one date.

November 30th. Today.

81 EXT. STREET - DAY

A FINGER hovers over the button of a DOOR INTERCOM.

Paul is standing outside Marla's tenement block. He presses.

MARLA (O.S.)  
(through intercom)  
Hello?

PAUL  
It's Paul.

82 INT. MARLA'S FLAT - DAY

A DOOR opens to reveal Marla's anxious, paint-free face. She could pass for 16.

Paul enters and she looks back out into the stairwell.

PAUL  
Expecting someone?

MARLA  
Drink?

PAUL  
No thanks. I'm not staying.

MARLA  
But you came.

Marla points to a DOOR leading off the main living area.

Paul edges it open and looks inside.

A bare bulb hangs from the ceiling and the bed has been stripped. The room is empty of all personal belongings.

PAUL  
Sophia lived here?

MARLA  
Sometimes.

PAUL  
Who cleared it?

MARLA  
Michael.

PAUL  
She did the same as you - trapping  
guys.

MARLA  
Used to.

PAUL  
Why would she do that?

MARLA  
You've seen what Michael's like.

Marla holds out a PHOTOGRAPH. It's a happy snap of her and Sophia.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
She had quit. Was trying to make a  
fresh start. Working in the bar,  
hooking up with you. Paul, she was  
scared. So was Michael. He wouldn't  
let her out of his sight.

Paul closes the bedroom door behind him.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
Let's go. We need to meet a friend.

83 EXT. BOTANIC GARDENS, GLASGOW - DAY

A popular arboretum and public park in the West End of the city.

Marla leads Paul through the front gates and up into the gardens.

They walk past a CAFE and beyond the public area into uncharted territory.

PAUL  
Where are we going?

Marla skips over a FENCE and Paul follows.

She stop in her tracks and balances on the edge of a concrete precipice as she waits for Paul to catch up.

They both look down to see what appears to be a disused RAILWAY STATION.

It's overgrown and the tracks have been removed but the structure is intact, as are the TUNNELS in both directions leading to unknown destinations beyond.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

MARLA  
There's loads of them all over the city.

PAUL  
I had no idea.

Marla jumps down and shapes her feet into the indentations that remain from the track.

She pulls a small TORCH from her jacket pocket.

MARLA  
Come on.

Paul jumps down as Marla enters the jaws of the tunnel and disappears into the darkness.

PAUL  
You're joking, right?

He pulls out his mobile and flips on the tiny reading light to help guide his way.

84 INT. BURROWS' OFFICE - DAY

Burrows is dressed in her full uniform - the peaked hat, chequered necktie and sensible shoes.

She is admiring herself in a MIRROR hung up on the wall.

In the background the TV NEWS can be heard.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

The government has today announced a bill to introduce tougher emergency surveillance and counter-terrorism measures in the face of the heightened threat.

She turns her head to the side to inspect her profile.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

These include increased stop and search, zero tolerance towards extremism and incitement and tougher immigration control policies.

A BUZZER sounds from her DESKPHONE. She is shaken from her fantasy, steps back to her desk and removes her hat.

BURROWS

(into speaker)

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Sergeant Sinclair to see you Ma'am. He's - not scheduled.

BURROWS

Ok. Send him in.

She sits and looks over at the TV.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

The Bill has come under sharp criticism from the Scottish Justice Minister, who today launched a scathing attack on Westminster intrusion.

On TV, Murdo Hume is preaching from a pew in the Scottish Parliament chamber.

HUME

(on TV)

The Prime Minister is using the tragic death of an innocent woman to promote his own interests. We may have to store their nuclear weapons. We may even have to stomach this bill. But in this part of the United Kingdom we must never live in fear. And we must never reject basic human decency.

There is a knock at the door.



BURROWS

Come in.

The door opens and Sinclair marches in.

Burrows PAUSES the TV to leave Hume's face frozen in midflow and shows Sinclair a seat.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

How can I help Sergeant?

SINCLAIR

I'd like to request a transfer  
Ma'am.

BURROWS

I see.

SINCLAIR

I feel responsible for what  
happened.

BURROWS

We discussed this in the debrief.

SINCLAIR

I'm not questioning - your  
decision. I just -

BURROWS

I'm sure you can imagine, Sergeant,  
how many compromises I've had to  
make during my career. But look at  
me now. You must always attempt to  
see the bigger picture.

She points over to Hume's face on the TV.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

It's easy for him. He can talk  
about freedoms and human rights but  
what if he had to look down the  
barrel of a terrorist's gun? Like  
you did.

SINCLAIR

But the girl.

Burrows stands and walks to the window. Gives Sinclair her  
back.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

What about the truth?

BURROWS

The truth is subjective.

85 INT. DISUSED RAILWAY TUNNEL - DAY

A TORCH lights up the claustrophobic tunnel interior.  
Its circular light arcs round to dazzle Paul.

PAUL  
I'm going back. This is nuts.

MARLA  
Wait.

Marla points the torch at a small wooden DOORWAY.  
She KNOCKS.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
It's me.

It GRINDS opens and out pokes a BLACK FACE.

This is ZAREB ARSHAN (45) - thick-set, with an air of nobility.

He is dressed in suit trousers and a shirt.

He peers at Marla, then over at Paul.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
This is him.

ZAREB  
Ok.

Paul and Marla squeeze through the doorway.

86 INT. TUNNEL STORE - DAY

Zareb's living space is comprised of one small room and an adjoining toilet.

The single light comes from a bulb attached to a portable BATTERY UNIT.

There is a single bed in the corner and a box of TOOLS.

Zareb sits on a stool and offers Paul a seat in a flea-bitten armchair. Marla crouches by the door.

ZAREB  
They used this while they worked in the tunnel. It feels familiar to me. I'm an engineer.

PAUL  
From?

ZAREB

Sudan. I opposed the government. There was corruption, inequality. I came here for asylum but I was detained, then released, then detained. Eventually my asylum was refused.

PAUL

But you stayed.

Zareb laughs.

ZAREB

You think I want to be here? You think I like it?

PAUL

Sorry. Of course not.

ZAREB

I haven't seen my wife and son for five years and I live in a tunnel. Never mind that your governments are also corrupt. I am here because I have no choice. If I go back, I will be killed.

MARLA

Zareb.

Zareb nods.

ZAREB

Please excuse me.

He ducks down his head and enters the toilet.

Marla and Paul hear the familiar CLUNK of the top of a toilet cistern being removed and then replaced.

Zareb reappears with a large plastic bag.

He bends down onto the floor, pulls out a leather kit bag and tips out its contents onto the floor in front of Paul.

GUNS

Eight of them. Various different sizes and shapes.

ZAREB (CONT'D)

Revolvers. Black market.

Paul moves in for a closer look as Zareb picks one up.

ZAREB (CONT'D)

I get them cheap as replicas and I convert them.

He waves the gun in front of Paul, who puts his hand up to shield his face.

ZAREB (CONT'D)

I bore out the barrel. Sometimes replace the ejector. Some are easier than others. It's crude. Not so perfect.

He hands the gun to Paul, who reels back. Zareb laughs.

ZAREB (CONT'D)

Not that one. Not yet. Musa was - a kind of friend. He came to me sometimes. He had more reason to be angry than most. Did you know he worked with the British Army? He was an interpreter for them in Afghanistan.

PAUL

No I didn't know that.

ZAREB

Well that's gratitude. Anyway, I don't think I was much help.

PAUL

And you gave him one of these.

Paul lifts the gun.

ZAREB

No. He took it. Stole it. The one he had - it was from a new batch. They were all replicas. The bullet that killed your girlfriend was not from one of my guns.

87 EXT. BEARSDEN, GLASGOW SUBURBS - EVENING

A small play park nestled in a leafy city suburb.

Parents are playing with their kids.

Sinclair is dressed in civvies but still looks every inch the dutiful cop.

He is guiding his TODDLER SON down a small chute as his DAUGHTER - around 5 - barks words of encouragement.

Sinclair sits on a bench next to an older man with snowy white hair.

It's Melville.

MELVILLE

You need eyes in the back of your head.

SINCLAIR

You do.

MELVILLE

Turn your head for one second and they're gone.

SINCLAIR

Here with the grandkids?

MELVILLE

No.

SINCLAIR

I'm a police officer.

MELVILLE

I know who you are.

Sinclair stands up and looks over towards his kids.

SINCLAIR

Kids, let's go. Bedtime.

The children trundle over.

MELVILLE

(to the kids)

Hello there.

Sinclair zips up his kids' jackets and ushers them away.

Then looks back at Melville.

SINCLAIR

(under his breath)

You won't intimidate me.

MELVILLE

Sleep tight.

Sinclair exits the play park with his children and looks back at Melville, who remains seated on the bench.

88

EXT. CITY CENTRE - EVENING

Marla leads Paul under the HIELANMAN'S UMBRELLA - the glass-walled railway bridge that carries trains south from Glasgow Central.

She is fired up, dragging Paul in her slipstream.

MARLA  
Are you hungry?

PAUL  
Not really.

They turn a corner to see a shiny new four-storey building - a tower of glass and light. This is the MISSION.

MARLA  
Let's eat.

89 INT. THE MISSION, GLASGOW - EVENING

Dozens of MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN sit at wooden tables arranged across a large, modern dining hall.

Others stand in a queue to receive their charity meals.

Paul looks down at his beef casserole and takes a bite.

PAUL  
Not bad.

MARLA  
Sophia had started volunteering here. This is where she met Musa.

Paul looks down with embarrassment at his designer clothes.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
These people are the lucky ones. Some have homes, others sleep rough. Some get very angry.

PAUL  
Marla.

MARLA  
They are using Sophia's name to make things worse for these people. Don't you understand? They are covering up the truth.

Paul grabs Marla's arm. She pulls herself free.

PAUL  
Marla. I'm sorry but -

MARLA  
We have Zareb.

PAUL  
No one will believe Zareb. Nothing will bring Sophia back. At least she's a hero. Sometimes it's best to just - leave things.

Marla pushes her plate away and folds her arms in front of her.

A few DINERS glance in their direction.

MARLA  
Sophia was right about you.

Paul looks up to check on the CCTV unit peering down on the space he is occupying.

Marla follows his eyes.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
We'll get the CCTV.

Paul forks his final bite of casserole and pops it in his mouth.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
You don't believe it wasn't working. Do you?

PAUL  
Not for a second.

MARLA  
So what do we do?

PAUL  
We need to get into Michael's apartment.

90 EXT. SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BUILDING, EDINBURGH - DAY  
Arthur's Seat looms over Scotland's devolved power base.

91 INT. SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT OFFICES - DAY  
Murdo Hume is walking down a corridor talking with an attractive, middle-aged FEMALE MSP.

FEMALE MSP  
You coming?

HUME  
No. I'll stop for a bit.

FEMALE MSP  
You did well today.

HUME  
If we can't beat them we can at least wind them up.

She strolls off down the corridor.

Hume lingers and watches her BUM wiggle as she goes.

92 INT. HUME'S OFFICE - DAY

A compact working space with a view of Holyrood Palace, the Queen's official Scottish residence.

Hume logs on to his computer.

It PINGS with an EMAIL alert. He smiles. It appears to be a name he recognises.

But when he clicks it open a VIDEO CLIP begins automatically.

It's poor quality. Desaturated. The sound is SCRATCHY.

ON SCREEN

is a younger and fresher Hume.

He is in a dimly-lit hotel bedroom looking a little above the camera's view.

He looks down towards his crotch. Licks his chops. Moves his arm forward.

We hear the sound of a HAND skimming FABRIC.

Then he looks up for a reaction.

HUME  
Do you like that?

GIRL (O.S.)  
(breathy)  
I love it.

HUME  
You're a dirty girl aren't you?

She MOANS off screen.

GIRL (O.S.)  
I'll be whoever you want.

HUME  
I'm going to fuck you now. Strip.

Hume pulls away and our view spins round to show a MIRROR and then - fleetingly - the person behind the camera.

She is wearing a small rose-shaped BROACH.

It is Sophia.

The clip ends with a static image of her reflection in the mirror.



SUPERIMPOSED over the top are the words

Remember Me?

BACK TO SCENE

Hume stares at the screen in horror.

93 INT. BLYTHSWOOD HOTEL BAR, GLASGOW - NIGHT

Marla perches on a bar stool in a slick, boutique hotel lounge as Michael chats to the BARMAN.

She's smartly dressed in a business outfit.

ANGLE ON

Michael's jacket, hung over the back of a chair just inches from Marla's grasp.

She stretches out her hand and slots it into the side pocket of the jacket.

94 INT. CALEDONIA TV NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Bantering JOURNALISTS tap on keyboards in a noisy, open plan media office.

A desk phone RINGS and Emma answers.

EMMA  
(into phone)  
News desk.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(down phone)  
It's Paul Sheridan.

EMMA  
(into phone)  
Oh. Hi. How are you?

95 EXT. BUCHANAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Paul is speaking into public PAYPHONE.

PAUL  
(into phone)  
It's about Sophia. Something's not right and I need your help.

EMMA (O.S.)  
(heard from phone,  
skeptical)  
Ok.

96 INT. CALEDONIA TV NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma pulls back her chair and sits.

She balances the phone between her ear and shoulder so she can type.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 The gun - the one that Fadel had.  
 It was a fake.

Emma types in

F -- A -- K -- E

Then pauses to looks at the word properly.

EMMA  
 A replica.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Right.

97 EXT. BUCHANAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks up into the CCTV CAMERAS perched high above his head and then across at his fellow CITY DWELLERS.

A GLANCE from one. A STARE from another.

PAUL  
 (into phone)  
 We need to meet.

EMMA (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 Now?

PAUL  
 (into phone)  
 Soon. I'll call you.

98 INT. BLYTHSWOOD HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Michael grabs his jacket. He turns to Marla and looks her up and down.

MICHAEL  
 You'll scare him off.

Marla pulls a few stray hairs from her pinned arrangement.

Michael leaves.

Marla sees him exit the hotel's front doors, grabs her drink and moves over to a booth out of the barman's line of vision.

A FIGURE sits down next to her and she smiles.

It's Paul.

He puts out his hand and she drops Michael's phone into his open palm.

PAUL  
Well done.

MARLA  
(concerned)  
He'll be back for it in five  
minutes.

Michael's phone RINGS. An unlisted number. Paul and Marla both hold their breath. It stops.

PAUL  
Have to be quick then.

99 INT. CALEDONIA TV NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Emma has removed her coat. She's staring at the notes she made during her call with Paul.

She glances up towards a corner office glassed off from the rest of the reporting team.

Inside is JIMMY THOMPSON (58) - a gruff, grey-haired, old-school Programme Editor.

Emma peers through the glass. And KNOCKS.

He waves her in.

EMMA  
Boss. I might have something.

JIMMY  
(without looking up)  
Oh ye?

EMMA  
Carsoli.

Jimmy removes his spectacles.

JIMMY  
Close the door.

100 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT

The BUZZING of fluorescent lights.

Melville's black CRV is parked in a slot marked for the disabled.

101 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Melville is in the driver's seat, Michael is the passenger.

They are both looking forward through the windscreen. Melville composed, Michael twitchy.

MELVILLE

You're like that guitarist fellow - sold his soul at the crossroads.

MICHAEL

Robert Johnson.

MELVILLE

That's the one. You've done well for yourself. The bars, clubs - the women, my goodness.

MICHAEL

I get things done by having short conversations Mr. -

MELVILLE

But there is a price to pay. You were told to remain calm and carry on as normal.

MICHAEL

And I have.

MELVILLE

You beat the boyfriend, slapped one of your girls. And now you've lost your phone.

Michael puts his hand in his jacket pocket.

MICHAEL

What the fuck?

MELVILLE

I have been trying to call you. You told us you would control the Carsoli girl - keep her quiet. But you failed. Her death should have been a blessing for you.

A bead of sweat rolls down Michael's forehead.

## MELVILLE (CONT'D)

One more fuck-up and I'll take more  
than your soul.

102 EXT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Paul opens the door of the main entrance to a modern-high  
rise apartment block in the West End of the city.

He ushers a WOMAN out and steps inside, his laptop bag over  
his shoulder.

103 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Paul pulls out Michael's MOBILE and opens his HOME SECURITY  
application.

He presses the screen and the FRONT DOOR clicks open. Bingo.

104 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michael's apartment is hyper-modern and white-as-snow.

He sits down in front of Michael's giant PC COMPUTER and  
presses a button on the keyboard. The screen message says

PASSWORD REQUIRED

Paul reboots the system in SAFE MODE and screeds of  
programming text fills the screen.

A new ADMINISTRATOR box pops up. He clicks and then enters  
NET USER.

Michael's user account appears and Paul enters a NEW  
PASSWORD. He enjoys a private smile.

I AM SOPHIA

The DESKTOP springs into life, revealing a stack of different  
FOLDERS.

Paul checks the CLOCK. Picks up his speed.

He engages a deeper system search for CCTV and a list of  
subfolders appear.

CLUB SUPERIOR -- HOLE IN THE WALL -- THE BADGER -- THE FOX

He clicks on THE FOX and tracks the CURSOR down through the  
dates. October 18, 19, 20 -

OCTOBER 21

Inside is a MOVIE FILE.

ON SCREEN -- CCTV FOOTAGE

A HIGH ANGLE view of the interior of The Fox. No sound.

The day of the SIEGE.

Musa is standing in the middle of the bar looking up into the CCTV camera. At us.

Sophia approaches him. Talks to him. He is rigid. Looking at the floor. Muttering.

She puts her hand on his back. He raises his head, throws his arm round Sophia's neck and pulls out a gun.

He drags her to the floor as other CUSTOMERS flee to the other side of the room.

Michael darts out from behind the counter and raises his arms.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul checks the time on his watch and slips a PEN DRIVE into the USB slot on Michael's computer.

105 INT. BLYTHSWOOD HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Marla is back on her barstool talking to her honeytrap TARGET.

TARGET  
So what do you do?

MARLA  
I'm in sales.

TARGET  
Really?

Marla sees Michael burst through the door of the hotel.

He enters the bar, ignores Marla and talks to the barman who comes round to the front of the counter to help Michael's search.

Marla's date tries to draw her back.

TARGET (CONT'D)  
Long day?

She re-engages.

MARLA  
It's shit being away from home.

TARGET  
Doesn't have to be.

She follows his eyes as they drop down to her CLEAVAGE.

Michael glances over at Marla then moves off towards the exit.

Marla brushes the target's arm.

MARLA  
Would you excuse me a second?

TARGET  
As long as you come back.

106 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON

A computer time bar showing a PERCENTAGE countdown.

66% -- 65%

Paul taps the desk as he waits for the footage to transfer.

He presses PLAY and the clip starts up again.

ON SCREEN -- CCTV FOOTAGE

Musa has his gun at Sophia's temple as Michael kneels a few yards away with his arm stretched out in front of him.

Musa shakes his head and waves the gun in the air. The customers jostle.

Paul fast forwards and the footage SPEEDS UP.

Paul jumps as his phone RINGS.

107 INT. HOTEL TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Marla's MOBILE is at her ear as she gazes in the MIRROR.

MARLA  
(into phone, rapid fire)  
He's coming. You need to get out.

108 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON

The countdown bar.

34% -- 33%

PAUL  
 (into phone, distracted)  
 Ok.

MARLA (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 Hurry. He'll be there in a few  
 minutes.

Paul ends the call and presses PLAY on the clip.

ON SCREEN -- CCTV FOOTAGE

Musa's body language has changed. Sophia has her hand on his arm. His head is bowed. She is talking to him. He nods.

He loosens his grip on Sophia's neck.

Michael slips back behind the bar counter, out of Musa's sight and pushes open a door into the back shop.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul clicks his fingers.

PAUL  
 Come on.

109 EXT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Michael is outside the front door of his apartment block.  
 He puts a key in the lock and goes inside.

110 INT. BLYTHSWOOD HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Marla shuttles back to her barstool.  
 The target drains his drink.

TARGET  
 Where were we?

Marla grabs her coat.

TARGET (CONT'D)  
 Hey. What are you doing?

MARLA  
 I'm doing you a favour.

111 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON



The countdown bar.

19% -- 18%

Paul stands up. Twitches. Looks towards the front door of the apartment.

ON SCREEN -- CCTV FOOTAGE

Musa lowers the gun from Sophia's head just as

GLASS SHARDS are PROPELLED across the bar.

A METAL CANISTER rolls across the floor spitting out arcs of grey smoke.

SHADOWY FIGURES in HELMETS burst into view.

Musa looks terrified. He has his hands in the air but is still holding the gun.

Sophia raises her arms and stands between him and the POLICE.

SMOKE drifts across the camera's vision, obscuring the view.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul puts his hands up to his wide open mouth.

PAUL  
(to himself)

No.

ANGLE ON

The countdown bar.

13% -- 12%

ON SCREEN -- CCTV FOOTAGE

We can see Michael dragging Sophia to the door as the police move towards Musa with their guns raised.

Musa takes a step towards Sophia. Pleading. Agony in his eyes.

More SMOKE drifts across our line of vision.

We can see FIGURES and MOVEMENT but nothing is clear.

There is LIGHT FLASH and the picture FIZZES and DISTORTS. Then Another FLASH.

Seconds pass. Then the smoke clears.

Musa is lying against the wall.

Sophia is on her back, just yards away from him, her dead eyes looking straight up to the ceiling.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul hears the MECHANICAL CLUNK of an elevator.

The countdown bar reads

3% -- 2% -- 1%

Paul's thumb and forefinger are pinched in preparation to pull the pen drive from the USB port.

The percentage slips to

0% -- COPY COMPLETE

He pulls the drive out and pockets it just as we hear the sound of a KEY entering the front door lock.

Paul braces himself as the door opens to reveal Michael.

MICHAEL

What the fu -

Paul lunges at him before he comes to his senses.

Michael drives Paul back off his feet and batters him against the wall.

Paul slides to the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(with disdain)

Get up.

Paul drags himself to his feet and tries to run past Michael through the open door.

But Michael is too quick.

He juts out his arm and grabs the oncoming Paul by the scruff of the neck.

Then pins him down onto the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I told you to leave it alone.

Michael tightens his grip and Paul's face reddens.

PAUL

(struggling to speak)

You left her behind.

Paul gasps for breath as Michael's face contorts.

His jaw wobbles and tears form in his eyes.  
 He exerts ever more pressure on Paul's neck

MICHAEL  
 No. I loved her.

As Paul clings to consciousness he sees a small FIGURE  
 lurking behind Michael's back.

A RECTANGULAR OBJECT rises into the air and loops down onto  
 Michael's head with a

THUMP

Michael releases his grip and falls backwards.

His computer SCREEN topples to the floor with a THUD.

Paul COUGHS and SPLUTTERS. Marla kneels down in front of him.

MARLA  
 Are you ok?

She helps him to his feet.

Michael is unconscious on the floor.

MARLA (CONT'D)  
 Wait.

Marla runs into an adjoining room and reappears with a small  
 cardboard box. Paul grasps his laptop bag.

PAUL  
 Ok. Let's go.

They leave Michael coming to his senses as the computer  
 monitor next to him shows the aftermath of the siege across  
 broken shards of glass.

112 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Marla struggles to hold onto the box and prop up Paul as she  
 presses the button to call the elevator.

MARLA  
 Fuck it. Stairs.

113 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Paul pulls his arm from across Marla's back as they dash down  
 through the floors.

PAUL  
 Thanks.

She smiles.

MARLA

It's ok. Did you get it?

PAUL

It's useless. I'm sorry.

They reach the GROUND FLOOR and spot a REAR EXIT. They rush through and out onto Bath Street.

114 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Melville sits in his CRV about 100 yards from the front entrance to Michael's block.

He adjusts his sideview mirror to frame a HOODED figure emerging from the doorway carrying a small rucksack over his shoulder.

Michael's pained face peeks out as he walks towards the Underground station.

Melville makes a call.

115 INT. BURROWS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

A darkened bedroom.

Burrows is woken up by the VIBRATION of her phone against her bedside table.

She pulls the phone free from its charging cord and whispers so as not to wake her sleeping HUSBAND.

BURROWS

(into phone)

Yes.

MELVILLE (O.S.)

(heard from phone)

Good evening.

BURROWS

(into phone)

This better be good.

116 INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Melville opens his car door and steps outside.

MELVILLE

(into phone)

That depends on your point of view.

(MORE)

MELVILLE (CONT'D)  
I wanted to warn you that things  
have rather come to a head.

117 INT. BURROWS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

BURROWS  
(into phone)  
Meaning.

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(heard from phone)  
Meaning I've monitored our loose  
ends and I now plan to tie them up.

BURROWS  
(into phone)  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(heard from phone)  
And that's as it should be. But  
ready yourself for a busy morning.

Burrows' husband twitches in his sleep.

She re-plugs her phone to charge and lies back on her pillow.

Her eyes are wide open.

118 INT. VIEWPOINT HOTEL, GLASGOW - NIGHT

A small bed and breakfast in the West End.

Paul and Marla check in. He pays in cash.

119 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul and Marla are bent over his laptop looking at the siege  
CCTV footage just at the moment when -

The smoke clears and Musa and Sophia are both dead.

Marla is crying.

PAUL  
I'm sorry Marla. It doesn't prove  
anything. The smoke's too thick.

He puts his arm around her but she pulls away.

She picks up the cardboard box from Michael's apartment.

MARLA  
Sophia's things.

They look inside to see a few exotic ORNAMENTS and keepsakes, an A4 sized clear plastic folder and a copy of the Koran.

She picks up the Koran and Paul opens the folder.

It is full of official documents, bank statements and a PASSPORT.

He opens the passport to reveal the picture of a TEENAGE GIRL.

She's dark, fierce, beautiful. Born in Afghanistan. The printed name is

SAFIA KARZAI

Paul and Marla are wide eyed as they look deeply into the face in front of them -

It is Sophia.

The Koran slips out of Marla's hand. As it falls a NEWSPAPER CUTTING --

- floats out and glides to the floor.

The familiar face of Murdo Hume looks back at them.

Paul grabs the holy book and rifles through it.

More CUTTINGS drop out.

A BANK CHAIRMAN -- A COUPLE MORE MSPs -- A UNION CHIEF

And a CABINET MINISTER in Her Majesty's Government.

PAUL

Holy shit. I need to make a call.

120 EXT/INT. COWCADDENS UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Michael enters and steps onto the escalator.

ANGLE ON

A bank of CCTV MONITORS as we see Michael edge down a small flight of stairs and onto the EMPTY PLATFORM.

He gazes up into the CAMERA. At us.

The monitors go

BLACK

121 INT. COWCADDENS UNDERGROUND STATION, PLATFORM - NIGHT

The distant RATTLING sounds of trains approaching in both directions.

Michael turns at the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

A HAND grabs his collar and shoves his head forward as the first train shoots out of the tunnel. There is an almighty

THUD --

- as his head batters against the corner of the front carriage.

122 INT. TUBE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

From inside the still-moving carriage we can see Melville pull the BLOODED Michael back and then throw him down onto the opposite track as the second train roars out of the tunnel.

123 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul presses CULPAN CTV on his phone and puts it to his ear.

Marla is lying on the bed.

PAUL  
Emma Culpan please.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
(heard from phone)  
She's still away from her desk. Can  
I take a message.

Paul ends the call.

PAUL  
Sophia's cuttings. These were no  
ordinary honeytraps.

Paul averts his eyes as Marla strips off to her underwear.

MARLA  
I know.

PAUL  
We're in a lot of danger.

She moves to the bed and slips under the covers.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I need to speak to Emma in the  
morning. But let's get some rest.  
We should be safe here.

Paul takes off his jeans, gets in beside Marla and settles a modest distance away from her.

She shuffles over to him, guides him round so his back faces her and arcs her arm around his body.

His eyes close.

124 EXT. COWCADDENS UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

Melville makes his escape with Michael's phone in his hand. He looks down at it.

ANGLE ON

A TRACKER Application.

He opens it up and sees Marla's name.

Her location is indicated by a small red TARGET.

125 EXT. CALEDONIA TV BUILDING - DAY

Paul is wearing his peaked cap as he spots Emma arriving for work.

She sees him and accelerates towards the front door of the studio building.

He scurries after her.

PAUL  
(through gritted teeth)  
I've been trying to call.

Emma stops in her tracks.

EMMA  
I can't speak to you.

PAUL  
What?

EMMA  
Leave me alone.

PAUL  
There's been a cover-up. I thought it was just the gun. But it's much bigger - I think it goes all the way to the -

EMMA  
Stop. I'm warning you.



PAUL  
 What? They were using Sophia to  
 blackmail politicians, top people.  
 God knows who else.

Emma steps up her pace.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (shouting, desperate)  
 What's wrong with you? There are  
 plenty other reporters.

Emma stops dead in her tracks and covers her mouth as she  
 speaks.

EMMA  
 And they will say the same. You  
 cannot win.

PAUL  
 They've got to you.

Emma opens the door.

EMMA  
 I'm sorry.

She leaves Paul standing alone under the shadow of the  
 Finneston Crane.

126 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The sound of RINGING. A dozing Marla opens one eye and  
 reaches for her phone on autopilot.

The phone screen reads

MICHAEL

She pauses. Leaves it ringing.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

She looks through the peephole and sees the fish-eyed figure  
 of a HOTEL PORTER.

HOTEL PORTER (O.S.)  
 Room service.

MARLA  
 (her voice wavering)  
 Not just now thanks.

He has his head down.

All she can see is his healthy dome of snowy white hair.

On the other side of the door we hear the sound a KEYCARD enter the slot.

127 INT. BURROWS' OFFICE - DAY

Burrows is posing at her desk holding a pen on top of a piece of paper.

VOICE (O.S.)  
That's great. A few more.

The voice belongs to a young, male PHOTOGRAPHER.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Great. Ok.

CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK

There is a KNOCK at her door.

BURROWS  
Thank god.  
(then louder)  
Come in.

A young MALE OFFICER pokes his head round the door.

OFFICER  
Ma'am, it's Michael McGinn. He's -  
dead. Looks like suicide.

Burrows holds her breath and the photographer

CLICKS

128 INT. VIEWPOINT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Paul pulls a KEYCARD from his pocket, slides it into the slot and enters.

129 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. The curtains are closed.

Marla is sleeping face up in her bed with the covers tightly around her neck.

He edges forward as he sees grey bruising around her neck.

He touches her and pulls his hand back sharply. Quickly turns on the light.

PAUL  
No.

He sweeps down the bed covers to reveal a POOL OF BLOOD seeping from her vagina.

He reels back in SHOCK -- HORROR.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
No. Jesus. No.

He drops to his knees.

From outside there is the distant sound of POLICE SIRENS.

130 INT. BURROWS' OFFICE - DAY

Burrows looks down at her flashing SPEAKERPHONE.

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(out of speakerphone)  
Looks like my work is done.

BURROWS  
(sarcastic)  
What a shame.

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(out of speakerphone)  
You've done well.

BURROWS  
I don't want to see or hear from  
you ever again. Is that clear?

MELVILLE (O.S.)  
(out of speakerphone)  
Oh I think you'll see me again.

BURROWS  
Just make sure he doesn't leave the  
building.

131 EXT. VIEWPOINT HOTEL - DAY

Melville hovers in the background as dozens of POLICE units converge at the hotel entrance.

He spots some fresh BLOOD on his collar and tries to rub it off.

132 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

The door opens and Paul pokes his head out. All clear.

133 INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY - DAY

He dashes down the stairs.

At ground level he opens a DOOR and looks into the main lobby to see an ARMED POLICE SQUAD streaming in.

He backtracks and scoots back up the stairs to the first floor.

He peers along the corridor, runs to a WINDOW and looks down onto the street below.

He tries to force it open but it's jammed.

A WOMAN - late 40s, close-cropped hair, solo traveller type - emerges from her room.

Paul runs towards her and SQUEEZES past.

She looks on in SHOCK as he tears through her bedroom.

                          WOMAN  
                          (shouting)  
                          Hey.

133A INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul jumps up onto the bed and slides the window open.

He hears another VOICE from outside the room, further down the corridor.

                          VOICE (O.S.)  
                          Move away please.

                          WOMAN  
                          Yes ok.

She slips away from the door frame and out of Paul's view as he SCRAMBLES up onto the window ledge.

                          VOICE (O.S.)  
                          (shouting)  
                          Stop.

Paul spins round to see an ARMED COP.

He is wearing full body kit and helmet and is holding a GUN out in front of him.

Paul's head and one foot are out the window but his other leg is still perched on the inside ledge.

                          PAUL  
                          Wait. No. Please.

ARMED COP  
Come inside. Now.

PAUL  
I didn't do anything. I found her  
like that.

The cop holds his position.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I don't have a gun. Please. I've  
been set up.

The cop lowers his weapon and turns to the sound of FOOTSTEPS  
and SHOUTING down the corridor.

Paul pulls his other leg out of the room onto the exterior  
window frame.

He looks back at the cop, turns and jumps.

134 EXT. VIEWPOINT HOTEL, REAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul thumps to the ground in a heap behind the hotel. He  
groans.

134A INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cop raises the visor on his helmet - it is Sinclair. Two  
other COPS arrive behind him.

134B EXT. VIEWPOINT HOTEL, REAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul struggles to his feet. He sees a FIGURE standing in the  
mouth of the lane 200 yards away. It's Melville.

Paul scrambles to his feet and takes off in the opposite  
direction.

135 EXT. WEST END, GLASGOW - DAY

Paul turns onto BYRES ROAD and finds himself in the middle of  
a PROTEST MARCH.

There are a few hundred MEN and WOMEN, young and old, holding  
up placards and wearing T-shirts saying

I AM SOPHIA

Some are shouting 'NO TO TERROR'.

He looks behind him to see Melville in pursuit. Controlled,  
effortless, fast.

Paul reaches Great Western Road and turns into the cavernous ORAN MOR pub.

136 INT. 'ORAN MOR' PUB - NIGHT

Paul wipes the rain from his face and attempts to blend in with DRINKERS around the bar's huge CENTRAL ISLAND.

It's LOUD and busy. TRADITIONAL FOLK MUSIC blares out of the speakers.

Paul hovers on the edge of a group of MEN talking football and religion.

He peers over to the entrance to see Melville surveying the room.

Paul covers his face and minesweeps a half-drunk PINT from the bar.

Melville's eyes continue to scan the bar as he edges through the crowds down one side of the circular counter.

Paul slips further round in the opposite direction.

DRINKER (O.S.)  
Hey. That's my pint.

Paul turns to see the OWNER of the stolen beer.

Melville turns towards the commotion and Paul freezes. Then runs.

He sends PINTS flying and pushes past a few ANGRY PUNTERS as Melville takes chase.

137 EXT. 'ORAN MOR' PUB - DAY

Paul darts over the busy crossroads where Byres Road meets Great Western Road.

A taxi BEEPS its horn as he narrowly avoids being knocked down.

Melville waits for a clear run.

Paul continues through the crowds into the Botanic Gardens.

138 INT. BOTANIC GARDENS - DAY

Paul runs up the hill and past the GLASSHOUSE.

He turns towards the disused railway station and looks back to see Melville jogging behind him.

Paul jumps down from the concrete platform onto the grass where the track once lay and clicks the mini light on his phone. He runs into the tunnel.

Behind him Melville has slowed to a walk as he reaches the platform and peeks over the edge.

139 INT. DISUSED RAILWAY TUNNEL - DAY

A SPOTLIGHT shines on Zareb's doorway.

Paul KNOCKS.

PAUL  
(screaming)  
Zareb.

No answer.

Paul curls his fingers around the wooden door frame and eases it open.

140 INT. TUNNEL STORE - DAY

Paul FUMBLES for the battery LIGHT SWITCH as he hears the distant sound of gravelly FOOTSTEPS.

He presses the switch and the room LIGHTS UP to reveal

ZAREB HANGING BY A ROPE FROM THE ROOF

Paul YELPS in shock.

141 INT. TUNNEL TOILET - DAY

Paul rips off the lid of the cistern and pulls out the PLASTIC BAG.

142 INT. TUNNEL STORE - DAY

The BAG opens and a stack of GUNS tip onto the floor.

The FOOTSTEPS are now yards away.

Paul is on his knees as he juggles with one of the guns and points it at the door.

Zareb's body hangs behind him.

The BARREL of the gun SHAKES as the door opens.

Melville enters and sees the gun.

PAUL  
 (frantic)  
 I'll shoot.

Melville smiles.

Paul presses the TRIGGER.

It CLICKS like a toy.

Melville doesn't even flinch.

MELVILLE  
 Dear oh dear.

Paul presses the trigger again.

CLICK

He throws down the gun and picks up another.

Melville looks around the room and laughs.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)  
 You've rather dug your own grave  
 here my boy.

Paul points the second gun at Melville and presses the trigger.

CLICK -- CLICK.

He throws it down and scrambles for another.

Paul begins to sob as he points the third gun.

CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK

Paul lifts another gun like it weighs a ton.

Melville takes a seat on Zareb's stool. He pulls out a hipflask.

Paul raises the gun. His hands are shaking.

CLICK

He drops the gun onto the ground.

Melville takes a sip of whisky and looks up at Zareb.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)  
 Look at this place. Fucking animal.

Paul loops his finger round the only remaining gun but doesn't even bother to raise it.

A stillness falls over the room.



Melville offers Paul the hipflask and he takes a swig.

PAUL

Ye. He's the animal.

MELVILLE

We protect people like you from people like him. We are civilised because we have order and control. I actually regret this Paul. You were the perfect citizen. You had fun but you played by the rules. You put your faith in the right people. Left them to it. But you had to -

PAUL

Wake up.

Melville takes back the hipflask and drains it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Musa didn't kill Sophia.

MELVILLE

She was a prostitute.

PAUL

It was a police bullet.

MELVILLE

It was a police bullet.

Melville stands up in front of Paul and pulls out a GUN.

PAUL

An accident.

Melville laughs.

ANGLE ON

The bored-out BARREL of Paul's gun.

Then his quivering TRIGGER FINGER.

MELVILLE

No Paul. We took the bitch down.

Melville lifts his gun and aims it at Paul's temple.

Paul uses the one final shred of energy left in his body to raise the gun, SQUEEZE the trigger then

BANG

His gun fires and the bullet rips a HOLE through Melville's right EYE SOCKET.

He remains standing for a few seconds.

Then crumples to the ground.

Paul scurries back and gasps for air. Then edges forward.

He slips his hand into Melville's jacket and pulls out a HOTEL KEYCARD for the CROWNE PLAZA.

143 INT. TAXI - EVENING

Paul is in the back of a BLACK TAXI.

The TAXI DRIVER turns onto the Clydeside Expressway as the RADIO NEWS crackles over the passenger INTERCOM.

RADIO PRESENTER (O.S.)

Police are seeking a man in connection with the death of a woman at a city centre hotel.

Paul looks up to see the driver's eyes peering at him in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

RADIO PRESENTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The suspect has been named as 28-year-old Paul Sheridan. Police have released his photograph and warned the public not to approach him.

The towering Crown Plaza Hotel peeks into view.

144 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul enters Melville's room and slumps onto the bed.

He opens Melville's laptop.

Over Paul's shoulder we can once again see the siege clip in the aftermath of the raid.

ON SCREEN - CCTV FOOTAGE

One of the armed cops is bent over Sophia trying to resuscitate her.

He appears to be calling for help. He's desperate. His colleagues are frozen stiff.

The cop pulls off his HELMET and shows his FACE.

We can see it's Sinclair.

Paul presses PAUSE and looks into the face in front of him.

145 EXT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Paul presses Melville's KEYFOB and the lights of his CRV flash in response.

146 EXT. HYNDLAND, GLASGOW SUBURBS - EARLY HOURS

The streets are deserted.

Paul hops out of the CRV and pulls out his PHONE.

ANGLE ON

Phone screen.

He presses the number for EMMA CULPAN CTV and lets it ring out.

He crosses the road, bends down and places his phone under the chassis of a blue VW GOLF.

147 INT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ - DAY

A line of POLICE OFFICERS, ADMINISTRATORS and general STAFF are lined up in the main lobby.

148 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Burrows is holding her PHONE as the lift slips down through the floors.

ANGLE ON

The phone's screen. It reads MELVILLE.

149 INT. GLASGOW POLICE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Burrows emerges and the waiting crowd begins to CLAP.

POLICE OFFICER # 1  
Congratulations ma'am.

POLICE OFFICER # 2  
Well done.

A CLEANER steps forward.

CLEANER  
You go teach that London mob a  
thing or two.

LAUGHTER rings out as a SENIOR COP puts his mouth to Burrows' ear.

SENIOR COP  
I think we have him ma'am.

BURROWS  
Ok. Keep me informed.

150 EXT. CLYDESIDE EXPRESSWAY - MORNING

A CHOPPER swoops across the sky.  
POLICE CARS block off the road in both directions  
A blue VW Golf is sitting on its own in the slow lane.  
ARMED POLICE train their guns on the driver's door.  
It opens and David emerges, wide-eyed with terror.  
There is a large wet patch around his crotch.  
A SENIOR COP raises his arm.

SENIOR COP  
(deflated)  
Stand down.

The guns are lowered and David faints on the spot.  
The armed police holster their weapons and pull off their helmets.  
One of them is Sinclair.  
Paul is standing up on the side rail of the CRV looking through binoculars.  
He is parked on the sliproad out of the Scottish Exhibition Centre that runs alongside the expressway.

BINOCULAR VIEW

Sinclair's face looms large.

151 INT. TRAIN - DAY

Burrows is sitting on a single seat in the First Class carriage of the Virgin service from Glasgow to London.  
She settles back in her chair and sips on a cup of coffee.  
Her phone VIBRATES on the table.  
She puts it to her ear and lets out a small, fearful squeak.

152 EXT. BEARSDEN, GLASGOW SUBURBS - DAY

A car slides up the pathway and stops in front of garage attached to a modest bungalow.

There are children's toys on the lawn.

153 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair pulls up his handbrake and his rear car door SLAMS SHUT.

PAUL (O.S.)  
I have a gun. Don't move a muscle.

SINCLAIR  
My kids are inside.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(with sincerity)  
I'm sorry about that.

Paul has positioned the gun between the seat and headrest, pointing at the crook of Sinclair's neck.

Sinclair looks down at the HORN button in the centre of his steering wheel.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Why did you let me go?

Sinclair opens his mouth to speak, then reconsiders.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
It was you in the hotel.

SINCLAIR  
Lower your gun.

PAUL  
I have the CCTV footage. From the Fox.

SINCLAIR  
And what did you see?

PAUL  
You helped Sophia. You knew it wasn't right.

SINCLAIR  
So leak the footage.

Sinclair reaches down and opens his car door.

PAUL  
Hey - wait. Please.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 It's not enough. The footage isn't  
 clear. I need you to help me.

Sinclair gets out of the car, walks to his garage door and opens it.

He enters the garage but leaves the door open behind him.

Paul opens the passenger door.

154 INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, LONDON - DAY

An expectant crowd of PRESS HACKS and TV REPORTERS sit facing a long table littered with microphones.

The seats behind it are unfilled but a NAME TAG identifies:

JANE BURROWS: COMMISSIONER OF THE POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS

Cameras CLICK and FLASH as she is led out by a female PRESS OFFICER.

She takes her seat. The press officer nods.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
 First, congratulations. You have a reputation for being tough on terrorism. Will we see more of the same as you start your new job?

BURROWS  
 Rest assured. I will stop at nothing to make this city, this country safe.

The press officer's ASSISTANT leans over and whispers in her boss's ear. Her face is paralysed.

BURROWS (CONT'D)  
 The tragic events in Glasgow illustrate perfectly how -

Burrows falters as MUTTERING breaks out amongst the Press.

Photographers raise their cameras and Burrows starts to blink to the sound of the

CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK

She looks entirely alone.

CUT TO:

155 VIDEO FOOTAGE -- YOUTUBE

Sinclair is sitting in front of a dark background.

He holds up his police badge to the camera.

SINCLAIR

My name is Colin Sinclair and I'm a Police Officer in the armed unit of the Greater Glasgow division. I was part of the operation in The Fox pub in October of this year. As is well known, the aggressor and a hostage, Sophia Carsoli, were both killed. It was also reported that there was no CCTV footage of the operation. I can confirm that this is false and can provide the evidence. Moreover, I am ashamed to say that I have been involved in a cover-up of the truth instigated by my superior, Chief Constable Jane Burrows. Sophia Carsoli was not killed by a bullet from Musa Fadel's gun. After we shot and killed him she was attempting to alert us to the fact that his gun was a replica and in the commotion -

He pauses.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I shot her dead.

PAUL (O.S.)

(from behind the camera)

You were in contact with your superiors by radio at this point?

SINCLAIR

Yes.

PAUL (O.S.)

(from behind the camera)

And what were you told to do when Sophia tried to show you the gun was a replica.

SINCLAIR

We were trying to pull her back. She was struggling hard.

PAUL (O.S.)

And what did you hear them say?

SINCLAIR

Take her down. They told me to take her down.

There is a pause. Some scratchy INTERFERENCE then Sinclair turns to look back down the barrel of the lens.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I do not seek forgiveness. I only want the truth to come out and justice to be served.

The footage FIZZES and cuts to

BLACK

156 EXT. CITY CENTRE - WEEKS LATER

Paul walks over the SQUINTY BRIDGE under the eye of a CCTV camera.

There is the sound of a phone RINGING.

VOICE (V.O.)

Mr. Sheridan.

The voice is soft, almost machine-like.

PAUL (V.O.)

Yes.

157 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul is standing on his balcony looking out over the city. Phone at his ear.

VOICE (O.S.)

(heard from phone)

It's good to finally speak to you.

PAUL

Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

(heard from phone)

Are you satisfied?

PAUL

What do you mean?

VOICE (O.S.)

(heard from phone)

You're alive. Justice has been served. Are you satisfied?

PAUL

I'm not sure.

Sound of breathing on the other end of the line.



VOICE (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 We both know this was about much  
 more than a siege in a city bar.  
 Our entire system is built on  
 control. And it appears you now  
 have some, Mr. Sheridan.

PAUL  
 You think?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 I advise you not to abuse it.

PAUL  
 That's a little rich.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 (heard from phone)  
 We'll be watching you. Wherever you  
 go, whatever you do.

PAUL  
 Well, I hope you enjoy the show.

Paul ends the call, walks into his apartment and looks over  
 at the REX unit, its blue light still shining.

158 CCTV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks towards us. His face

FILLS THE SCREEN

His arm juts out and the screen goes

BLACK

FADE OUT

-- THE END --

## 5.2 Short Screenplay: Groucho

GROUCHO

1 INT. CAR PARK - DAY 1

SILENT. Fixed CCTV view. Embedded DATE reads 30.09.14. CLOCK reads 12.16.01 ... and the seconds are running.

Bleak industrial car park interior. Peeling paint, rusted pillars, twisted iron - even the pigeons that live in the roof have reason to complain.

Eight spaces are in our line of vision, all filled. On a side wall in large lettering is a painted sign that reads:

EAGLE EYE SECURITIES: FREE PARKING

And then below in slightly smaller lettering:

STRICT FOUR-HOUR LIMIT: CHARGES APPLY

2 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

Fixed CCTV view. Sound of OPERA SINGING through a tinny speaker.

We see the back of a stiffly-postured man in a pristine dark blue uniform. He is sitting at a desk in what appears to be a broom cupboard looking at two MONITORS showing CCTV feeds of the car park. He is MACKAY (58).

He turns to a WHITEBOARD on the wall beside him. On it are parking slot numbers and times for IN and OUT. He pulls a BLACK MARKER PEN from a holding slot.

3 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 3

SILENT. Wide angle CCTV view. CLOCK reads 12.17.01 ... and the seconds are running.

Ramshackle car park yard and building exterior patched together with bricks, corrugated iron and plasterboard. Through the yard exit is a pavement that runs into the distance towards an office block.

4 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

CAMCORDER view of a skinny, physically awkward man standing before a POWERPOINT presentation. He is HAYDEN BOYLE (40).

In front of him around a LONG TABLE are a group of twitching OFFICE WORKERS and their BOSS, mid 40s, who is looking up at Hayden with a passive aggressive stare.

On the Powerpoint is a logo for TRAMMELTEK above a large, somewhat amateurish graphic featuring computers, office paraphernalia and various bolded words including:

PRIVACY ... VPN ... DANGER ... CYBER THREAT ... HACKING

Hayden takes a breath. Swallows hard. Looks out of the window, then into the camera - at us. Our POV zooms in to see his sweating, anxious face then quickly back out as if embarrassed to witness the scene.

HAYDEN

So, er, to sum up ...

Hayden presses his remote clicker but the slide doesn't change. He tries again. The Boss twitches. One Office Worker checks his watch. Another starts drumming her fingers. Hayden lifts his eyes to a WALL CLOCK.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry. I guess I'll have to leave it ...

And with that the Office Workers swiftly rise from their chairs and rush en masse out of the room like the school bell has rung. The Boss remains rooted to his seat.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

... there.

Hayden desperately tries to dodge the oncoming traffic to get to his bag. He snatches it, turns and makes it to the door.

BOSS

Hayden.

Hayden turns his head towards the gruff, schoolmastery voice, agony etched on his face.

BOSS (CONT'D)

A minute.

5 INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER 5

SILENT. CCTV view of the antsy OFFICE WORKERS squeezed in like sardines, all facing forward.

Hayden darts into view just as the jaws of the elevator doors close in his face. The Office Workers appear unmoved.

6 TITLE: GROUCHO 6

7 EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER 7

The Office Workers charge down the pavement from the Office Building towards our POV just outside the entrance to the car park. They turn into the car park yard.

- 8 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 8
- SILENT. CCTV view. CLOCK reads 12.29 ... and the seconds are running.
- CONRAD (21) cycles into view, does a semicircle and then comes to a halt next to a pillar. Skinny jeans, quiffed hair, beach jewelry from a Thailand backpacking holiday - the full cool package.
- He dismounts, locks his bike then flicks a switch on a camera attached to his handlebar.
- He reaches into a saddlebag on the back of his bike marked COURIER, pulls out a package, then looks up to see the Office Workers burst in and fan out to their cars.
- Conrad turns and walks towards the exit. He throws a quick WINK to the CCTV camera.
- 9 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9
- CCTV view. The OPERA continues.
- Mackay shakes his head.
- On the MONITOR we can see the Office Workers enter their cars, spark them up and move out of their spaces.
- Mackay reaches over to the whiteboard and notes down times in the OUT column. One box is yet to be filled.
- He opens a drawer on his desk, pulls out a small flat yellow object the size of a credit card and gets up from his seat.
- 10 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 10
- SILENT. Wide CCTV view.
- As the Office Workers's cars leave the yard in a procession a flailing Hayden appears at the top of the pavement.
- 11 INT. CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER 11
- SILENT. CCTV view. The clock flicks to 12.31.
- A DARK SHADOW moves across the concrete floor as Hayden darts into the car park and makes a beeline for his battered FORD. He gets within a few paces of it then slows up.
- His shoulders slump as he reaches out towards the windscreen and pulls a yellow parking ticket out from under the wiper.

Conrad pops into view and glides towards his bike. As Hayden looks around in a daze, Conrad unlocks his chain and flicks on his BIKECAM.

Cut to BIKECAM view.

We see Hayden open his car door, defeated.

CONRAD (O.S.)  
(from behind the camera)  
Another one.

Hayden turns sharply towards our POV. He spots the camera, grimaces and puts his hand up to block our gaze. Our POV starts to move.

CONRAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Bad luck.

Hayden slips out of view as our POV moves through the car park and opens out onto the bright light of the city street.

12 INT. OFFICE FOYER - EVENING 12

SILENT. CCTV view.

A plastic Christmas tree, some tinsel and baubles and a dodgy mirrorball. It's party time.

The Office Workers chat around a table neatly laid out with bottles of wine and canapes. The workers all have their backs to Hayden, who stands alone holding a glass of clear liquid.

The office ringleader, BEN (27), turns and looks at Hayden, who offers a nervous smile. Ben is round and ruddy. Likes the smell of his own farts. He turns back to his group, smiles mischievously then looks over at the bottles of wine.

The Boss raises soberly raises his arm to say goodbye and leaves the party.

13 INT. OFFICE FOYER - LATER 13

SILENT. CCTV view.

Ben and his partners in crime stand in a circle around an exhilarated Hayden, egging him on to drain the glass of wine in his hand. It's clearly not his first. He knocks it back to the applause of the tittering group. And is handed another.

14 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - LATER 14

SILENT. CCTV view.

An inebriated Hayden, baubles hanging from his ears, is piggy-back ridden by the grinning Ben up and down the corridor as the others cheer from the sidelines.

15 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER 15

MOBILE PHONE view. Moving.

Sound of CHEESY POP MUSIC. A door opens to reveal the now darkened conference room from earlier. Sound of TITTING and SHUSHING. Hayden is fast asleep in the corner, his head resting on a pillar and his mouth wide open.

A hand appears with a marker pen and draws two large black CIRCLES around Hayden's eyes. More GIGGLING. Then two bushy EYEBROWS and finally a large MOUSTACHE. Our POV pans round to see an over-excitabile Ben.

BEN  
Hey ... Groucho!

Then back to Hayden as he wakes up, bleary-eyed. He puts his hand up in front of his face. Then slips back into a stupor.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Wait. Shit. Is that permanent?

16 INT. OFFICE TOILET - DAY 16

MOBILE PHONE view.

A door opens to reveal a HIDDEN CAMERA style shot of a disheveled Hayden using a tissue to rub at his blackened top lip and eyebrows. His body sags as he looks at his reflection in the mirror. He looks down at his watch and is suddenly jolted into action.

He spins towards our POV and lets out a squeal of shock as the Boss appears, blocking his way.

BOSS  
Hayden.

Our POV moves back and roams erratically as the Office Workers rush through our line of vision like a herd of buffalo.

BOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A minute.

17 EXT. CITY STREET - LATER 17

SILENT. Wide angle CCTV view.

Hayden trudges down the pavement towards the car park.

18 INT. CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER 18

SILENT. CCTV view. DATE reads 03.10.14. CLOCK reads 12.54.01.

Hayden pulls a parking ticket from his windscreen and gets into his car. The rest of the car park has emptied. He batters his hands on the steering wheel.

He reaches down into the glove compartment then gets out of the car. He walks to the middle of the space and raises his hand to reveal a stack of parking tickets. Then barks to the moon. Looks around. Nothing. Nada.

He surveys the car park with eagle eyes. Walks to the edge of frame and pulls at a rusting door. Looks through a gap in the wall. Returns to the middle of the space. Looks to the ceiling. Locks eyes with the CCTV camera. And looks away.

19 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

Sound of an OPERA continues.

Mackay studies his MONITOR and cracks his knuckles as we see Hayden return to his car.

20 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 20

SILENT. CCTV view.

Hayden opens the boot of his car and starts rooting around. Pulls out what appears to be a black blanket then strides straight towards our POV and then slips out of shot.

After a few seconds, a dark object flies in front of our POV before floating out of shot. A couple of seconds pass then we see it again. It's Hayden's blanket soaring in front of us.

21 EXT/INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 21

BIKECAM View. Moving.

Bright WHITE LIGHT and abstract shapes. The sound of CITY HUBBUB fades as we enter the car park and turn in a semi-circle to see a fisheye panorama of cars and concrete.

Our POV stops and settles on a view of Hayden rather theatrically throw up the blanket in the air in an attempt to cover the CCTV camera overseeing the car park.

Another attempt and Hayden manages to lodge the blanket over the camera. He lifts his head and opens his arms out wide.

HAYDEN

Yes!



- 22 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22  
 Mackay clicks on his mouse to try to bring the blacked-out MONITOR back to life. Nothing. He lifts his bum from the seat. Pauses.
- 23 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 23  
 BIKECAM view.  
 Hayden walks back to the middle of the room.
- HAYDEN  
 Now show yourself!
- He looks up towards the CCTV camera as the black rug slowly slips off and flops to the ground.
- 24 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 24  
 The MONITOR view springs back into life and Mackay sits back down.
- 25 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 25  
 SILENT. CCTV view.  
 Hayden slopes over to pick up the blanket as Conrad looks on from a distance. He is munching on an apple, watching the show. Hayden walks back to his car.  
 Cut to BIKECAM. Fixed.
- CONRAD (O.S.)  
 What's with the facepaint?
- Hayden looks wearily round and into the camera.
- HAYDEN  
 Just turn it off. Now. Please.
- CONRAD (O.S.)  
 It's a free country.
- Hayden sighs and looks up to the heavens, then back at Conrad.
- HAYDEN  
 What's that thing even for?
- CONRAD (O.S.)  
 So people don't push me around.

Hayden pauses, pensive. His pen moustache all but twirls. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out. Swats the air with his hand. Turns and walks back to his car.

26 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 26

SILENT. CCTV view.

Hayden gets in and starts the engine. He looks out at Conrad. Then up to the CCTV camera.

He slowly inches out of the space and turns towards the exit. Then stops. Pauses. And reverses sharply towards our POV until the roof of the car sits under the CCTV camera.

In the background Conrad turns off the Bikecam and pulls out his MOBILE PHONE. He stands up straight, intrigued.

27 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

Mackay's nose is up against the screen. He reels back as Hayden's pen-covered face pops to view on MONITOR.

28 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS 28

MOBILE PHONE view. Moving towards Hayden, who is standing on the roof of his car, gingerly finding his footing.

CONRAD (O.S.)  
(Laughing)  
Hell are you doing?

Hayden steadies himself and turns.

HAYDEN  
I'm making a stand.

SILENT. CCTV view.

Hayden's 'Groucho' face settles in the middle of the screen blocking a large part of the car park behind. The clearly amused Conrad is on the edge of frame below him, holding up his mobile.

29 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 29

Mackay throws down his pen, cuts the OPERA, gets up and leaves the room. Hayden's face remains looming large on the monitor screen.

30 INT. CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER 30

MOBILE PHONE view.

We spin round to catch Mackay walking briskly towards us. He's clearly fought wars more important than this.

MACKAY

Get down from there. You are making a spectacle of yourself.

Our POV goes back and forth between the two men. Hayden keeps his gaze fixed on the camera.

HAYDEN

Cancel those tickets. I'm never more than a few seconds late and you know it.

MACKAY

Late nonetheless. The rules are clearly stated.

He points the 4-HOUR LIMIT sign on the wall.

CONRAD (O.S.)

Fascist.

Mackay throws Conrad a withering look.

HAYDEN

Cancel the tickets and I'll get out the way.

We hear the sound of approaching CAR ENGINES and SCREECHING TYRES.

31 INT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

31

SILENT. CCTV view.

Cars can be seen flitting in and out of frame behind Hayden's giant head. It's the Office Workers back from lunch. Mackay looks on. Grits his teeth.

Ben jumps out of his car and rushes towards Hayden.

MOBILE PHONE view (Conrad's). Ben pipes up.

BEN

Groucho! You've finally lost it!

Hayden keeps his eyes fixed on the CCTV camera. The other Office Workers make their way over to join the fray.

We hear some of them beginning to mutter ... ABOUT TIME ... HE'S RIGHT ... BLOODY CON.

Faces start to turn towards Mackay. He turns on his heel and leaves. Ben shakes his head, looks up at Hayden and smiles.

He pulls out the MARKER PEN he used to draw on Hayden's face and hands it up to him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Here.

Hayden looks down. Puzzled at first - then he gets it. He grabs the pen and sticks it in his mouth. Holds it like a cigar. The Groucho look is complete.

He does a half-hearted little dance. Everyone laughs. He's warming to the task.

32 INT. SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 32

CCTV view.

Mackay has a phone at his ear as he looks at Hayden playing up to the camera on his Monitor.

He turns his head up to look directly into our POV. He appears cowed for the first time.

MACKAY

We have a problem.

33 INT. CAR PARK - MINUTES LATER 33

Multiple MOBILE PHONE views. Quick cuts.

Hayden continues to stare out the CCTV camera as below him the Office Workers and Conrad laugh and mingle.

Their heads and phones all turn in unison as Mackay pops into view in the corner of the frame with a burly KNUCKLEHEAD. They shake the car from side to side and Hayden struggles to keep his balance.

Ben starts a chant of 'Groucho', 'Groucho' and the others join in as Conrad attempts to block the Knucklehead's progress.

SILENT. CCTV view.

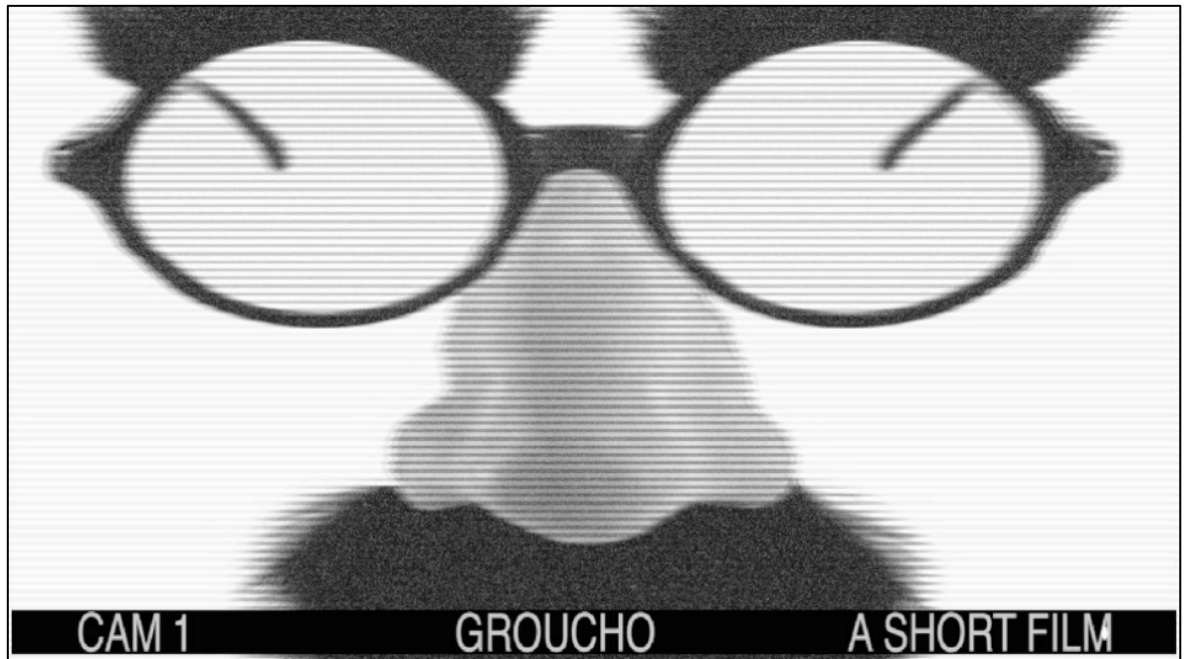
Hayden looks round nervously as we see the Knucklehead clumsily step up onto the car behind him. Hayden looks back into the camera - at us - and cracks a wide, moustachioed smile as hands appear on both his shoulders and the crowd below continue to chant his name.

CUT TO BLACK.

- 34 INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 34
- SILENT. CCTV view of the Office Workers squeezed in like sardines. The doors begin to close just as:
- Hayden approaches. Ben holds out his arm to stop the doors and Hayden steps in. He looks up into the camera and smiles.
- 35 ONLINE VIDEO PLAYER 35
- Letterbox view. Play button and progress bar. View count reads: 10. Sounds like it's being played through tinny computer speakers.
- The Mobile Phone VIDEO features Hayden being led down from the roof of his CAR by Mackay and the Knucklehead. He raises his fist and blows kisses into the many cameras pointing at him.
- As we cut to DIFFERENT VIEWS of the action, the count spirals up to 100, then 1,000, then 10,000 and upwards.
- 36 EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS 36
- Wide CCTV view. SILENT.
- In amongst the CROWDS and BUSTLE, Conrad can be seen showing the video on his MOBILE to a group of laughing FRIENDS.
- 37 EXT. CITY - DAY 37
- MOBILE PHONE view.
- A PRANKSTER gleefully looks into the camera as he puts on a GROUCHO MASK. He jumps nimbly up onto the top of a car and looks directly into a CCTV camera. The HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT can be seen in the background.
- We then see a MONTAGE of clips of various MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN wearing GROUCHO MASKS, looking into CCTV cameras in front of a variety of international landmarks including EDINBURGH CASTLE, the EIFFEL TOWER, the SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE, HONG KONG harbour, the STATUE OF LIBERTY and the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. The picture fractures into dozens of smaller clips of GROUCHO PROTESTS.

### 5.3 Short Film: *Groucho*

\* The short film is attached to this document as a DVD. There is no menu. The film will start automatically.



### *Groucho* (2015)

Written, Directed & Edited by Jonathan Carr  
Produced by Chris Marks  
Plainview Films / University of York

**Synopsis:** Downtrodden office worker Hayden Boyle is having a bad week. Ridiculed by his colleagues, bullied by his boss and victimised by a car park surveillance camera, nothing is going his way. And when he wakes up after a drunken party with a Groucho Marx likeness scrawled across his face, it only takes another parking ticket to push him over the edge. In a moment of mad defiance he stands up to the CCTV system that has battered him down, and inadvertently becomes the inspiration for a global protest against surveillance. This satirical drama, shot from the point of view of the cameras that stalk our accidental hero, confronts the growth of mass surveillance and the blurred line between private and public life.

**Running Time:** 10 minutes 50 seconds

*'We just want you to recognise that you are being watched. Wherever you go, whatever you do.'*

**The Groucho Movement, 2015**

## Chapter 6: Reflective Essays on *Function Creep* and *Groucho*

It is not sufficient simply to have an experience in order to learn. Without reflecting upon this experience it may quickly be forgotten, or its learning potential lost. It is from the feelings and thoughts emerging from this reflection that generalisations or concepts can be generated. And it is generalisations that allow new situations to be tackled effectively. (Gibbs, 1988, p.9)

This chapter contains two separate essays focused on my feature screenplay, *Function Creep*, and my short film, *Groucho*, which evaluate the extent to which I successfully achieved the creative goals set out in the previous chapter as well as my wider aim to tackle the research questions and test the evidence set out in Chapter Four in relation to the normalisation of surveillance and its depiction in cinema. In section 6.3, I present new knowledge focused on the methodology and processes involved in practice-based research with particular reference to the issue of collaboration on practice-based PhD projects.

### 6.1 Feature Screenplay: *Function Creep*

*Function Creep* is an original feature screenplay in the thriller genre about a technophile home security salesman, Paul Sheridan, whose enigmatic girlfriend, Sophia Carsoli, is killed during a terror siege in a Glasgow bar. He begins to suspect she may have been linked to the lone gunman and becomes paranoid that he himself might be implicated. But when he uncovers evidence that Sophia was not killed by a bullet from the terrorist's gun he launches a search to track down missing CCTV footage from the day of the siege and becomes embroiled in a cover-up that reaches the highest levels of British society.

As discussed in Chapter Five, my intention in the writing of *Function Creep* was to recall classic surveillance cinema by contemporising the thriller tropes typical of 1970s films like *The Conversation* and *Three Days of the Condor* to reflect the contemporary shift from panoptic to omnoptic monitoring. In doing so I hoped to show that it was still possible, despite the normalisation and demystification of surveillance, to go beyond the shallow depiction of spectacle and technology and instead return to a deeper investigation of the psychology of the watchers and watched and place contemporary institutional and domestic monitoring in a wider social context.

In this reflective essay I will firstly look at my depiction of the main character and my decision to portray him as shallow and frivolous rather than the kind of detached, brooding loner that is most often represented in classic surveillance narratives.

Secondly, I will focus on how *Function Creep* returns to one of the key lessons of surveillance cinema: that monitoring technologies are fallible and that the articles of surveillance should be questioned and contextualised. Finally, I will consider my decision to end the film on a cautionary note that suggests panoptic monitoring has, since the heady days of 1970s paranoia, been maintained and even strengthened despite the normalisation of surveillance.

I was conscious from the outset that my desire to recall classic surveillance narratives could lead me to produce a rather outdated story, one that might lack the contemporary relevance of *Her* or *Nightcrawler*. I can also see that acknowledging the influence of *The Conversation* and *Three Days of the Condor* could suggest that I was in some way equating my work to these screenplays and films or at least planting the idea that a comparison should be made. Moreover, the folly of reimagining and contemporising



classic films – *Disturbia* (D. J. Caruso), the 2007 retelling of *Rear Window* is a case in point – loomed large at various points during the process. On the one hand, these creative concerns continually distracted me from my true purpose and I became overly concerned about the quality of the work. Would it impress my screenwriting tutor or be good enough to submit to competitions? Could it land me an agent? On the other hand, I recognised that if my creative work failed to clearly represent the research it could severely weaken the overall practice-based package. As Barrett suggests: ‘Because creative arts research is often motivated by emotional, personal and subjective concerns, it operates not only on the basis of explicit and exact knowledge, but also on that of tacit knowledge’ (2006). In the end it was my screenwriter tutor – also acting as my joint supervisor – who reminded me that all good stories, for whatever purpose they are written, begin with character.

Paul Sheridan’s journey through *Function Creep* unquestionably resembles the path taken by many memorable surveillance cinema characters of the past, particularly those – like Harry Caul in *The Conversation* and Jack Terry in *Blow Out* – whose main flaw is a failure to see the bigger picture. In early treatment drafts of *Function Creep*, Paul was portrayed as a loner and sociophobe who had a blind faith in surveillance technology. He was at various points a journalist, a benefits cheat investigator and an undercover policeman but I realised he had to be a product of his times. In the final draft he remains myopic but by giving him the job of a home security expert focused on ‘smart’ technology I managed to place him at the centre of the latest monitoring technologies in a normalised, domestic setting. His initial failure to see the bigger picture is a result of a selfishness that comes from living in a media and celebrity-obsessed popular culture rather than any kind of paranoid detachment from reality or

human contact. It is his unquestioning nature and desire to have uncomplicated fun that allows him to accept the police's version of events and place too much faith in the power of his technology to reveal the truth (something that Burrows, Chief Constable of Police Scotland, points out to him during their meeting in the interrogation room). As he tells Sophia at one point, he takes people as he sees them rather than attempting to understand their hidden depths and motivations. He also exhibits social and environment blindness when surprised that a disused railway system runs under the streets of Glasgow and that hundreds of failed asylum seekers have 'disappeared' into the depths of the city (Nye, 2013). Paul's first and second act goals – to make sure he is not implicated in what he believes to be Sophia's involvement in the siege and then his desire to track down the missing CCTV – ultimately pave the way for the recognition of his emotional needs: to see the bigger picture, appeal to Sinclair on an emotional level and accept the fallibility of surveillance technology. But how far does my depiction of Paul contribute to the kind of complexity and psychological depth I set out to achieve?

While I responded positively to the thematic constraints of this project, I found myself continually frustrated in my attempts to probe the deeper aspects of the main character's surveillant behaviour. Nelmes argues that the '... ideas explored and the characters created [in a screenplay] have, to some extent, to be an extension of the writer and the writer can often make the most of this when pursuing a story' (2007, p.111). While my orthodox research into new surveillance undoubtedly furnished the story with specialist knowledge and insights, this 'extension' of oneself into the creative work exposed my own tendency to remain somewhat distant from the characters and situations I try to portray (something that also makes this reflection process challenging). Without the depth and complexity that I had set out to achieve the draft felt like two separate films.

Paul's goal and need were unclear and the story lacked jeopardy, conflict and a coherent structure. It was the intervention once more of my supervisor that pulled me out of a deepening hole. He suggested – somewhat ironically – that I must see the bigger picture and reminded me that the vast majority of writers who embark on feature screenplays fail to complete their task because they lose sight of genre conventions and storytelling beats; not formulas as such, just patterns that guide you from start to finish. As

McKee states:

While scholars dispute definitions and systems, the audience is already a genre expert. It enters each film armed with a complex set of anticipations learned through a lifetime of moviegoing. The genre sophistication of filmgoers presents the writer with the critical challenge: He must not only fulfill audience anticipation, or risk their confusion and disappointment, but he must lead their expectations to fresh, unexpected moments, or risk boring them (1997, p.56).

A reminder of these conventions allowed me to find a way of balancing the requirements of the story with my desire to use my creative work to investigate the key research questions posed in this thesis. I realised that my somewhat hackneyed attempts to bring psychological depth to Paul's character had been hampering my ability to produce an effective political thriller. If I had wanted to create the kind of claustrophobic, inward looking film I so admire like *The Conversation* or *Klute* then I would have been far less able to satisfy my other key goal to put contemporary surveillance in its wider societal context. Paul has ended up as a character with strong, identifiable goals who faces increasing levels of conflict throughout the story as he moves towards recognising his emotional need. He may not have the psychological depth of Harry Caul, but I am satisfied that his character successfully represents contemporary surveillance while also serving the thriller genre.

The second key storytelling device that I want to analyse in *Function Creep* recalls one of the major themes prevalent in many of the great surveillance narratives from *Rear*

*Window*, through *Blow Up* to *The Conversation*: that the technologies and practices of monitoring are open to misunderstanding and manipulation. I was determined to illustrate that this issue is as ubiquitous today as it has been at any time in the history of surveillance. The screenplay's title explicitly refers to surveillance that has been implemented for one purpose and then used for others. Take, for example, a 'video surveillance system installed to prevent shoplifting [that] might then be used to prevent theft by staff members, and then used to measure break-times' (Barnard-Wills, 2012). If function creep illustrates the expansive power of surveillance, there are also examples of the technology failing to serve its purpose. In the screenplay it is the flawed and unclear nature of the CCTV footage from the day of the siege that ultimately forces Paul to question his faith in monitoring technology. This plot point has its roots in the real-life 2005 murder of Jean De Menezes by Metropolitan Police in London's Stockwell tube station. The 27-year-old Brazilian was misidentified as being involved in botched terror attacks in the London Underground in the aftermath of the 7/7 terror attacks that killed 52 people. Of particular interest to me was the failure of the CCTV systems in the station to capture images that might have shed light on the exact circumstances of the tragedy. Initial Press reports variously suggested that camera tapes had been removed but not replaced, that the units were faulty or that their coverage did not take in the main action (Cowan and Hencke, 2005). During the three-month inquest into the death – which ultimately returned an open verdict – it was revealed that footage from at least two cameras was blank because of a broken wire that may have been cut during construction work (Murray, 2008). This picture of confusion, bad luck and inefficiency certainly highlights the weakness of relying on surveillance evidence. However, I recognised that *Function Creep* would have to raise the stakes beyond a comment on reliability to heighten the circumstances of the siege and its aftermath for dramatic

effect. I found this tightrope walk between believability and heightened fiction particularly difficult and struggled at times to keep faith in the credibility of the story. I must conclude that my own suspicion of conspiracy theories may have contributed to the difficulty of my task. Could I really get away with presenting the Scottish Chief of Police as so blindly ambitious that she would willingly, under the influence of an unseen higher power, whitewash the death of an innocent civilian in a botched terror raid? Once again I can look back and see that I was struggling to reconcile the requirements of writing a fictional – and hopefully commercial – screenplay with my desire to investigate contemporary surveillance. Smith and Dean discuss the difficulties of dealing with this ‘productive tension’ and include in their monograph a quote from a creative researcher, who talks of the ‘balance between revealing knowledge (feeling like you have achieved something tangible) but also unknowing (being able to sit in a zone of uncertainty where all the knowledge actually operates’ (2009, p.221). On the one hand I was attempting to achieve credibility by squeezing in new monitoring technologies as if ticking items off on a shopping list, while on the other I was losing my way in the ‘zone of uncertainty’ by initially painting Melville – the chief antagonist alongside Burrows – as an eccentric, borderline cartoonish villain complete with prickly one-liners and a golf club as his weapon of choice. How then did I tackle these issues of tone and believability and how far were my efforts successful?

I realised I must focus less on factual events and circumstances and instead ask the question of whether it is believable that governments and the police could – in theory – manipulate evidence and launch a cover-up following the death of an innocent in a terror siege. When I canvassed the opinion of my supervisors and colleagues the answer was a unanimous yes (which says a lot about our accepting view of surveillance

practices). While my experiment was hardly conclusive I found these responses liberating and for the first time I felt my imagination and creativity unlocked. However, looking back at the drafts at this point in the process I can see that the story still lacked tonal consistency. I had forgotten that one of the keys to convincing an audience is to adhere to the rules of the world of the story. In other words, I was free to experiment with character and events that may, in reality, appear outlandish as long as I properly researched police and governmental procedure as well as the details of my setting and environment and achieved a consistency of tone and atmosphere. It is important to recognise that: ‘Whatever world is being created, it must be internally consistent. It must have rules and those rules must be adhered to, otherwise the story will lack logic and the audience will become confused’ (Edgar-Hunt et al, 2009, p.69). There was no room, for example, for a cartoonish villain. Melville still wears a herringbone jacket and polo neck but his character is now closer to that of the deadly serious Joubert (Max Von Sydow) in *Three Days of the Condor*. I also focused more clearly on domestic, normalised examples of how surveillance technology can be unreliable or manipulated. For example, in an early scene Paul uses a widely available GPS jammer to block the signal from his company car to his office manager. Later, when he needs to find a way into Michael’s apartment he simply gets Marla to steal his mobile phone, allowing him to access his door entry system: so much for smart technology. I also highlighted how surveillance can be used as misdirection when, in the final act, Paul plants his mobile phone under David’s car to trick police into tracking the wrong target, allowing him to wreak his revenge.

I have discussed above how citizens are now more aware of the extent to which governments and institutions monitor their habits, activities and opinions using offline

and online monitoring and that sousveillance and counter surveillance measures have helped to reverse the gaze and force a degree of accountability. However, one of the key reasons I chose to place my screenplay in the political thriller genre was my desire to illustrate some of the ways in which the normalisation of surveillance is actually helping to maintain and even encourage new forms of institutional control. The ongoing terror threat may be the most obvious justification for the expansion of global monitoring but Norris and Armstrong also provide a more nuanced example of the public's perception of surveillance. Referring to the murder of two-year-old James Bulger by two 10-year-old boys, they explain that CCTV images of the child's abduction created a demand for cameras despite the failure of the technology to prevent the crime (Wood and Webster, 2009, p.264). I used several early scenes in *Function Creep* to highlight how classic top heavy monitoring has been maintained in the domestic sphere. For example, although Michael's honeytrap service is primarily focused on the testing of domestic relationships it becomes clear that institutions have also hijacked it for a higher and more sinister purpose. The smart technology of the Rex home security unit may be designed to keep our homes and families safe but the footage gleaned from such devices can be used as evidence against citizens. I also illustrated how institutions can gain information on citizens through their social network pages by showing Paul deleting photographs of Sophia from his Facebook account. In the working environment, Paul's office manager at Rex Securities keeps tabs on his employees by placing GPS devices in their company cars. And workplace surveillance can also be seen in David's clandestine filming of Paul taking drugs in the nightclub in an effort to force him out of his job. Moreover, Sophia and later Marla suffer under Michael's gaze and even a figure as senior as Burrows is controlled and manipulated by an unseen power. However, there is no clearer example of the institutional manipulation of normalised surveillance in

*Function Creep* than the use of the terror siege, and in particular Sophia's death, to promote the escalation of monitoring, tighter controls on immigration and the maintenance of a nuclear deterrent. We are now used to seeing politicians and security chiefs promoting the extension of surveillance following terror atrocities. To take an example, the director general of MI5, Andrew Parker, used a speech one week before the publication of a new UK surveillance bill in 2015 to claim that the agency used monitoring technologies to thwart six terror attempts in that year alone. Recognising the controversy raised by Edward Snowden's NSA leaks, he said he hoped that '... the public debate will be a mature one... not characterised by ill-informed accusations of "mass surveillance" or other such lazy two-worded tags' (Quinn, 2015). Despite his patronising tone, this promotion of the culture of fear appears to outweigh Snowden's claims that global surveillance networks '... take money and liberty without improving safety' (Nechepurenko, 2016). I found it a huge challenge to do justice to the complexity of these political and social factors and I admit, on reflection, that the requirements of story and drama at times overwhelmed my message that we must as a society remember our responsibility for social justice.

If the De Menezes murder influenced my decision to use missing CCTV evidence as a central plot point in *Function Creep*, it was the 2014 hostage crisis at the Lindt chocolate café in Sydney – and to a lesser extent the 2015 Charlie Hebdo shootings in Paris – that shaped the circumstances of my story's central terror event and its aftermath. For example, the Sydney hostage taker Man Haron Monis, like Musa Fadel, was a lone actor who had no concrete links to organised terror groups (The Guardian, 2016). When security forces stormed the café, Monis was killed and a hostage died after being hit by a police bullet ricochet. These circumstances are echoed in *Function Creep*



but in my story Fadel is ultimately portrayed as a sympathetic character and it is the police and security forces that are painted as guilty. My purpose here is not to suggest that Monis should be in any way exonerated for his crime or that the Australian police were complicit in the death of the hostage. I realise now that I was taking a risk in exploring these themes, particularly as the Islamic State terror group, in the period of time it has taken me to write *Function Creep*, has extended its influence and employed ever more shocking methods to spread its message of fear and hate. But perhaps there is no better time than the raw aftermath of a terror atrocity to highlight how we are manipulated as much by governments, police and the Press as we are by those who carry out these shocking crimes. For example, returning to the Sydney attack, I noticed in the days following the siege that one particular photo was being used in the press more than any other: the dramatic shot of 22-year-old Elly Chen fleeing from the café towards waiting police. This beautiful Asian-Australian student and keen sportswoman became the defining image from the day (Davis, 2016). In *Function Creep*, institutions use the tragedy of Sophia's death to paint her as the face of anti-terror. By doing so a cult of personality is created leading to a protest movement that takes her name without clarifying a concrete agenda. Is 'I am Sophia' promoting peace or is it actually advocating a counter-terror clampdown? I am naturally suspicious of those who join up with causes as a means to seek attention or validate themselves and while I understood the widespread 'Je Suis Charlie' campaign (Devichand, 2016) following the Hebdo attacks I felt increasingly uncomfortable as the free speech message became diluted and confused as it was consumed by popular culture.

One of the key lessons I teach my students about screenwriting is the importance of mapping out the climax and resolution to a story before putting the first words on the

page. As Mazin says: '[F]rankly if you're writing and you don't know how the movie ends, you're writing the wrong beginning. Because to me, the whole point of the beginning is to be somehow poetically opposite to the end. That's the point. If you don't know what you're opposing here, I'm not really sure how you know what you're supposed to be writing at all' (2012). With *Function Creep* I found myself once again ignoring my own advice. I was continually drawn towards ending the story on a tragic note, similar to that of *Parallax View*, perhaps the most haunting and powerful of the 1970s paranoid thrillers. However, I ultimately recognised that damaged journalist Joseph Frady (Warren Beatty), the main character in that film, was destined to fail because he had – albeit unwittingly – become part of the machine. I depict Paul as a more innocent character, one who – like *Three Days of the Condor*'s Joseph Turner and *The Conversation*'s Harry Caul – is caught up in events beyond his control. I decided that the most fitting resolution to the story would see Paul achieve his primary goal (to track down the missing CCTV) and his emotional need (to see the bigger picture) but still leave a question mark hanging over his future safety. Although Burrows is brought to justice for her role in the cover-up, the wider surveillance conspiracy perpetuated by the panoptic 'voice' on the end of the phone remains unresolved. Paul's knowledge of Sophia's part in the manipulation and blackmail of politicians, celebrities and bankers may award him a degree of power but it also means he will be looking over his shoulder for the rest of his life. I am satisfied that I chose the correct resolution to the story and it is my hope that an audience (or reader in this case) will be left with the nagging feeling that they too are being watched wherever they go, whatever they do.

*Function Creep* succeeds in reflecting and advancing this research inquiry in a number of ways. It focuses on a main character whose obsessions with his own image and the

appearance of others are matched by a blind faith in technology and the authority of institutions. Placing the film in the political thriller genre reduced my ability to delve as deeply into the psyche of my protagonist as I had originally hoped but it made the story more substantial and allowed me to achieve my primary aim of highlighting how institutions have maintained a degree of panoptic control despite the normalisation of surveillance. I am satisfied that *Function Creep* fills a gap in current cinema representations of surveillance by contemporising classic, complex and serious monitoring narratives like *Three Days of the Condor* and *Enemy of the State*. It serves as an example of how future surveillance cinema productions can reflect and challenge normalised surveillance.

## **6.2 Short Screenplay and Short Film: *Groucho***

*Groucho* is a short fictional film that contains elements of black comedy and satire and includes clips shot by participants who took part in the project's crowd funding campaign. A mocked-up documentary style political broadcast for the fictitious anti-surveillance 'Groucho Movement' is used as a framing device to present the story of downtrodden everyman Hayden Boyle. Bullied and constantly under the camera's gaze he wakes up after an office party to find someone has used a permanent marker to draw a moustache, eyebrows and circular glasses on his face to make him look like comedian Groucho Marx. Spurred on by a sousveillance-savvy bike courier he makes a stand against petty, draconian parking charges that is filmed on camera phones by onlookers, goes viral and inadvertently triggers a global protest movement that uses the Groucho Marx mask as its symbol.

The shooting screenplay for *Groucho* contained in this thesis will confirm that the project was originally designed as a more conventional short fictional film that uses dark humour and monitoring video aesthetics to shine a light on sousveillance in the domestic sphere and the rise of viral video sharing on the internet. However, during the lengthy production process I became conscious that *Groucho* lacked the edge and inventiveness and that I had set out to achieve and that ultimately, despite my best intentions, I had not pushed myself creatively. In this reflective essay I will consider how successful the final film is in terms of my original intention for the project and my efforts in post-production to take risks and experiment with form and structure to produce a film that satisfies both my research agenda and my desire to create original work that illustrates the reciprocal impact of surveillance on our popular culture.

I will firstly look at the effectiveness of my depiction of sousveillance and the criss-crossing nature of contemporary monitoring. Secondly, I will focus on the aesthetics of the film's visuals and sound and my decision to blur the line between fact and fiction by introducing a faux documentary framing device that places Hayden's protest in a wider context. Finally, I will consider the pros and cons of editing 'real' amateur clips shot on mobile phones and tablets into the final film.

With Sidney Lumet's *Network* featuring the kind of dark satirical theme of an everyman pushed to the brink that I was keen to explore – albeit within a more contained, domestic setting – my story arrived when my wife returned from a shopping trip with a parking ticket that had been issued to her by a private firm in a supermarket car park. The parking charge of £90 was handed out because Automatic Number Plate Recognition cameras had logged her car overstaying the one-hour time limit by five

minutes. There was no way for us to complain in person and the appeals procedure was complicated and protracted. I visited the car park in question, stood under the ANP camera and considered how I could block its view.

The practice of sousveillance, alongside its subset inverse surveillance – what has been called ‘watchful vigilance from underneath’ (Dennis, 2008, p.349) – is one of the most significant developments in the contemporary monitoring dynamic. As discussed elsewhere in this thesis it takes on many forms but the CCTV camera is often used as a symbol of institutional control. In *Groucho*, the main character, Hayden, represents the everyman who blindly suffers under the watchful eye of a car park CCTV camera until he is influenced to make a stand by a bicycle courier and ultimately forces the panoptic parking chief out of his lair and into the gaze of mobile phones and then the world through online viral clips. While the building blocks of Hayden’s journey through the film are straightforward I was at times burdened by my desire to entertain and amuse while also reflecting the theoretical complexity of contemporary monitoring. Hayden’s antics may provide a degree of physical comedy but do they make sense? What is he really trying to achieve by his protest? He carries out counter surveillance by blocking the camera with a blanket and then placing his own face in front of the unit to restrict its view of the car number plates. By standing on top of his car and peering into the camera he is also carrying out inverse surveillance by reflecting the gaze back on the institution. It is only when his protest is filmed and disseminated by others that his achievement becomes clear. Rather than disrupting or destroying the camera’s ability to perform he instead unintentionally provides a global platform for its practices to be debated, criticised and ridiculed.

Another question is whether the rundown car park setting for the film and the retro-futuristic nature of some of the monitoring technology and practices portrayed might confuse the audience and fail to properly represent the kind of shiny, gadget-driven surveillance society most often seen in our popular culture. While some of the aesthetic decisions over production design were undoubtedly taken for budgetary reasons I would argue that it is by placing my story in such a ramshackle environment that I manage to highlight the true extent of normalisation. The crude parking instructions sign, the single CCTV camera, the borderline derelict building; all of these factors point to a makeshift private firm using cheap surveillance to make quick money.

A further concern is how believable it is that Hayden's protest would go viral. An analysis of successful real-life clips suggests the most popular footage on video sharing platforms tend to feature celebrities or animals. Hayden's footage might elicit a wry smile and a raised eyebrow but I am the first to admit it would never ever match the hit count of a sneezing baby panda or a Labrador chasing deer across Richmond Park (Benedictus, 2012). What I was trying to imply instead was that Hayden's protest might chime with an as yet unfocused irritation and frustration amongst citizens across the world over obtrusive and unfair monitoring in the domestic sphere. I required a rallying symbol to help pull together an anti-surveillance movement in the way that the Guy Fawkes mask now represents a disaffected generation raging against corporate tyranny and financial inequality as part of the Anonymous protest movement (Ough, 2015). Enter Groucho Marx. Not only is the mask that takes his name instantly recognisable; it also represents more clearly the smaller scale, light-hearted and eccentric nature of Hayden's protest. I spent several weeks trying to work out a clever and convincing plot point to get the make-up onto Hayden's face before accepting that an office party was

the most effective option. All of which reminds me that ‘in most short narratives, there is time only for a fairly simple storyline, however complete the characters or experimental the approach’ (Cooper and Dancyger, 2012).

Another key consideration during the pre-production process was my desire to experiment with the visual and aural aesthetics of surveillance in a way not previously seen in commercial film productions. I discussed with my supervisors very early in the process how important it was to establish rules that would help to build a coherent structure and win the trust of an audience. One initial idea was to construct the entire film from CCTV images and have a completely silent soundtrack. The problem here was that several productions had already used this visual technique – with mixed success – and I realised that rejecting sound completely was shooting myself in the foot. Not only would an audience struggle to accept a silent film – one without effects, dialogue or music of any kind – but I would also be failing to utilise one of my key textural and mood-creating weapons. As the idea developed I recognised I could counter both these issues in one by incorporating other surveillant technologies and aesthetics – a bikecam and mobile phones – to allow the introduction of some sound and also illustrate the wide variety of contemporary monitoring devices, both institutional and lateral-based. The film’s first cut, which was largely faithful to the shooting script, followed this pattern and its own set of rules by cutting between the ‘silence’ of the CCTV and the natural sound that came from the mobile devices. Even at this early stage of the edit I went against my usual practice of staying clear of effects and grading software to experiment with the look and feel of the various different camera views. I made the static car park interior and exterior CCTV visuals grey and grainy while the office spaces were shot through with a little colour and appeared brighter. I also added

temporary time, place and date readouts on the screen interfaces. The moving bikecam footage and handheld clips shot on mobile phone devices were deliberately higher in contrast and colour. While I was happy with the sharp cuts in sound as shots moved from one device and view to another it became clear that I was still not making the most of the aural soundscape and that the large chunks of silence were likely to frustrate the audience. I was reminded of Chion's point about how sound and picture relate to each other. He says: 'We never see the same thing when we also hear; we don't hear the same thing when we see as well' (Chion, 1994). The film also felt too cold and detached; too safe and contained. I had to continually remind myself that the primary purpose of making *Groucho* was not to win awards but to allow me a precious platform to take risks and experiment while testing the orthodox research. Like all reflective filmmakers I took inspiration from the work of others.

I have always been drawn to films that blur the line between fact and fiction and play with the audience's perception of events. This tension has existed in the documentary genre since Robert J. Flaherty staged and manipulated sections of *Nanook of the North* back in 1922. I remember being irritated but captivated as a teenager watching Orson Welles' visual essay *F For Fake* (1973). Reviled on release the film's complicated, multi-layered depiction of truth and fabrication has since attracted a cult following. As discussed above, more recent experiments in hybrid filmmaking have gathered momentum with such varied productions as *Exit Through the Gift Shop*, *The Arbor* (C. Barnard, 2010), *The Act of Killing* and *20,000 Days on Earth*. Some commentators view these films as documentaries with fictional elements while others have labelled them as neorealist or docudramas. While I am not trying to force a comparison between these films and *Groucho* – which is, after all, a fictional story that uses documentary



techniques – it occurs to me on reflection that this contemporary desire to push filmmaking boundaries, present new visual techniques and play with the audience’s understanding of truth and fiction is more relevant today than ever before in this era of uncertainty and suspicion.

Having been creatively rejuvenated through re-watching some of these genre-bending films my own breakthrough came as I was editing a short marketing clip for *Groucho*’s crowd funding campaign. During the course of my research I had viewed several online videos from the global activist/hacktivist ‘Anonymous’ group that incorporated surveillance aesthetics and the Guy Fawkes mask to hammer home political statements. The clips used a robotic voice as a narrator and were presented in the style of slightly sinister party political broadcast. I used similar techniques for my one-minute Kickstarter campaign video and was excited enough by the results to use the same approach for the film as a whole. The new structure – which remains in the final edit – saw the original Hayden story bookended by a documentary-style narrator representing the fictitious ‘Groucho Movement’.

Another departure from my original vision of the film was my decision to work with a composer to produce a soundtrack that gives life to the CCTV cameras and previously mute car park and office environments. Each space now has its own non-diegetic mix of effects and audio and in the climax of the film I let the sounds from each separate environment and camera source blend together to build momentum and a sense of unease. It may be that I have created something of a monster by fusing such dark, discordant almost horror-esque tones with visuals and actor performances that were originally conceived as comic. When I showed a cut of *Groucho* to a friend who helped

out as an extra in the car park scene he was shocked at the direction I had taken.

His experience on set had given him the impression the film would be ‘something like Mr Bean’ and appeared uneasy. I was delighted that the film had produced a reaction and I became ever more determined to consider yet more ways to push my creative boundaries.

It was the idea of my supervisor to coerce my friends, relations and acquaintances to film themselves wearing the Groucho mask in front of global landmarks. I immediately saw that including such clips in the film could widen the impact of the story and also provide an additional talking point for the audience. Most of my contacts seemed willing to take part but without a framework, deadline or a list of instructions I felt they were unlikely to follow through. I then decided to link my collection of the clips with a crowd funding drive. I set up a Facebook page and quickly gathered over 100 supporters snapped up from my own contact list plus others who had ‘liked’ my previous films. After posting a self-shot Groucho ‘protest’ I launched the Kickstarter drive and requested cash donations in return for a chance to appear in the film. By the end of the campaign we had surpassed our modest funding target of £1,000 and received 25 clips from across Europe, North America, Asia and Australasia. Despite this success, and the fact that the footage has undoubtedly enhanced the film, I feel a nagging sense of disappointment that I did not manage to engage with a wider audience. It occurred to me during the crowd funding process that I should attempt to reach established sousveillance groups and tap into the Twitter followers of anti-institutional figures like artist Banksy and comedian Russell Brand. What greater impact could the film have than to actually spark a real global movement based on the Groucho Marx mask? There was a point in the process where I believed that this might actually be possible but alas,

although I received email replies from the UK-based Big Brother Watch organisation and a very welcoming response from the Surveillance Studies Network, my efforts to expand the campaign ultimately failed. This may have been in part due to its connection to the crowd funding drive, an activity increasingly seen as ‘panhandling with technology but minus the pan’ (Pynchon, 2014). However, most interesting to note in terms of the wider thesis is that those who did film and send clips appeared most concerned with how they appeared on camera and the quality of the footage. Not one participant discussed with me the purpose of the protests themselves or appeared to have considered their actions once they had completed their task. This evidence clearly lacks qualitative accuracy but the reactions of the participants gives some weight to the idea that citizens have become as relaxed about institutional surveillance as they are fascinated by their own performance under the gaze. As *Act of Killing* editor, Niels Pagh Anderson suggests: ‘I think as modern human beings, we have changed. We are seeing ourselves from outside. We are tweeting, posting on Instagram, seeing not only ourselves as stories, but also as images.’

My experimentation with the aesthetics of visual and aural surveillance injects *Groucho* with a degree of originality. However, what ultimately sets it apart from other contemporary short films themed around surveillance is my employment of clips sent in by participants who took part in the project’s crowd funding drive. The use of amateur footage in professional films is not new; Kevin Macdonald’s youtube experiment *Life in a Day* (2011), for example, is constructed entirely from requested ‘home’ movies. However, the technique helps to present and investigate key aspects of this research inquiry. *Groucho* highlights how citizens can overcome apathy and blind acceptance to use the normalisation of surveillance to return the panoptic gaze and challenge

institutions to justify and explain monitoring policies. It also explores how the articles of lateral surveillance can be distributed in seconds across the internet to reach global audiences as viral hits. We may never see the Groucho mask adopted as an anti-surveillance motif but I am satisfied that the film represents and advances this research as a practice-based output.

### **6.3 Reflections on the Practice-based Process**

It was never my aim in this thesis to analyse my own working methods in detail. However, as discussed above, I believe it is important to reflect on the creative process and bring to light new knowledge in relation to the production of the practice-based PhD. We have seen that I regularly found myself torn between a desire to present the complex social, popular cultural and political themes of ‘new’ surveillance and highlight insightful narrative possibilities for contemporary monitoring in cinema with my personal need to produce work that satisfied my own creative goals, impressed my peers and collaborators and potentially advanced my career as a screenwriting and filmmaker.

In relation to the screenplay artefact, I continually ignored key aspects of technical screenwriting that I regularly emphasise to my own undergraduate students. For example, I had to be reminded by my supervisor to focus on character over plot; to obey the rules of the world of my story and genre and to remember that all good stories are founded on an effective ending. While every industrial film project requires extensive creative and subject research I undoubtedly felt ‘productive tension’ during the course of this thesis as a creative writer working under the constraints of academia. It seems clear that this tension will always exist for any researcher who also sees him or herself

as a serious practitioner or artist. However, I believe that *Function Creep* is a better ‘academic’ screenplay than it would have been as a straight industrial script. I am satisfied that the script and its related reflective materials have introduced new knowledge and concepts in relation to ‘new’ surveillance and surveillance cinema and that through the process of executing my work I have become a better and more thoughtful writer.

In terms of specific new knowledge related to screenwriting as research, my working process on *Function Creep* has confirmed that it is possible, and in my view preferable, to place the academic screenplay within the industrial film production process. It was always my intention to write a screenplay that could act as a blueprint for a feature film. This was important because there was neither the time nor the resources within the structure of this PhD to undertake a feature film production. As discussed in Chapter Three, scholars who promote screenwriting as a research method often emphasise the importance of recognising the script as a work of creative fiction in itself. This may be appropriate for practice-led research projects that focus primarily on the artistic process. However, in the case of this practice-based thesis it was vital that the screenplay could not be viewed as detached from one of its key proposals: that films can and must analyse and challenge contemporary institutional and lateral surveillance. *Function Creep* has so far reached the semi-finals of both the BlueCat and Screenwriting Goldmine competitions and while this recognition falls far short of any guarantee that the script will be produced as a film, it represents confirmation that it is technically proficient and works as a written text for a screen story. This evidence goes some way to highlight how the ‘academic screenplay’ can also function within the industrial model.

I also discussed in Chapter Three how I planned the short film element of this thesis to function as a standalone project as well as a research artefact. Despite utilising experimental techniques and pushing my own creative boundaries in the writing and production of *Groucho*, I had hoped it would be credible and accessible enough to be accepted by one or more of the major film festivals specialising in short film. However, thus far I have not achieved this goal. I believe that *Groucho*, more than *Function Creep*, may have been compromised by the need to balance creative and academic requirements. It does not ultimately present a simple enough message to capture the attention of an audience beyond academia. Is it a critique of institutional surveillance and a rallying call for the power of citizen sousveillance? Or is it a satire poking fun at all aspects of contemporary monitoring and the ways in which viral content can spark global political movements? The fact that the participants in the faux documentary sections of the film did not engage with the sousveillant message they were portraying might support the claim of this thesis that citizens are largely ambivalent to the institutional gaze. But as a result, it could be argued that the film lacks a degree of sincerity. As a 'knowing practitioner' I can instead reflect on how I rejected my familiar and somewhat rigid working methods to engage with '... situations of uncertainty, instability, uniqueness and value conflict' (Schon, 1959, p.49). When something happens as expected in the course of an artist's practical work then very little reflection takes place and 'his knowing-in-practice tends to become increasingly tacit, spontaneous and automatic' (Colwell, 2002, p.6). This suggests that if I had remained faithful to the original screenplay for *Groucho*, kept the message simple and avoided using the participant-shot sequences the film may have stood a better chance of being judged as a successful short film but would have been less likely to advance this

research or challenge my own pre-conceived ideas. It is when the practitioner is forced to ‘cope with the troublesome divergent situations of practice’ that he ‘carries out an experiment which serves to generate both a new understanding of the phenomena and a change in the situation’ (Schon, 1959, p.68). I am satisfied that the film successfully visualises and fictionalises a number of the key themes presented in the orthodox research and demonstrates how ‘new’ surveillance can be reflected and challenged in normalised, domestic settings.

As discussed in Chapter Three, another important objective in this research was to present new knowledge related to the issue of collaboration on PhD film projects. Aside from Anderson and Tobin’s insightful article entitled ‘*How do you do a practice-based Phd in Filmmaking?*’ there has been very little focus on an aspect of practice-as-research that is central to the aspirations of those who seek to advance their theses beyond academia and achieve high production values in their creative artefacts. As we have seen, Anderson and Tobin promote a ‘research centre’ approach based on the scientific model that they suggest has multiple benefits to both the researchers involved and the institution in which they study. They also believe that placing the film department in the role of executive producer ‘allows not only for a tremendous amount of engagement and commitment from supervisors, but potentially opens up a new world of funding to which the individual research student cannot even apply’ (2012, p.160). As explained above, there were too few practice-based researchers in my department during the course of this thesis to engage in a collaboration with fellow PhD students. I attempted to raise the production value of my film by utilising the skills and enthusiasm of my own undergraduate students. This was not an entirely selfish approach, however. As Chopyak and Levesque suggest: ‘Actively engaging students in research

collaborations provides them with real world experience to apply and augment their classroom learning' (2002, p.205). Tobin – who was a PhD student focused on screenwriting research at the time of writing the article – also trialled this approach by using students to '... engage in discussions about the script, how it is intended to be read, how it is read, what the end results are' (Anderson and Tobin, 2012, p.961). Anderson, her supervisor, suggested that this was '... in a small way... a trial run for a research centre.' My own utilisation of students in key production roles can be seen as a further extension of this experiment.

I recruited several of the most energetic and enthusiastic of my own students and we decided as a group which roles each of them wanted to take in a small crew appropriate to a micro-budget short film. I made it clear to them from the outset that the film formed part of a research project but that the production would be run on a professional basis and that they should view the process as an opportunity to test their skills in preparation for their graduation films and their working life outside university. In Tobin's case, although the students' contributions allowed her to 'examine the transition from script to screen in reality' in ways that were not possible as a sole researcher, she and Anderson believed the relationship amounted to little more than one-way process in which 'the exploration of practice was the sole province of the PhD student' (p.961). In other words, she would have preferred to have collaborated with fellow PhD students to engage in 'a similar reflective or reflexive exploration of practice'. However, while research partnerships based on equal workloads and credits may be the norm in academia, the concept of collaboration in the filmmaking community is more complex and difficult to pin down. British directors Mike Leigh and Ken Loach, for example, are regularly cited for their collaborative approaches, particularly in relation to working



with actors in the creation of characters and scripts. Although Leigh has insisted that ‘all film-making has to be in some way collaborative, and [that his] filmmaking is more collaborative than any’ (Movshovits, 2000, p.70) he also insists that in the last analysis he himself is ‘very much in control of it’ (2000, p.77). I pride myself on being a director who values the opinions of my actors and crew and my projects have undoubtedly benefited ‘... from the creative power of the collective consciousness’. However, rejecting an authoritarian approach does ‘... not entail filmmaking by committee or letting everyone else direct the film’ (nofilmschool.com, 2012). While Anderson and Tobin’s proposal for a ‘research centre’ of practice-based PhD students could help sole researchers overcome practical and logistical issues and should be taken seriously by PhD candidates and university institutions, I disagree that this environment would ‘... provide a “real-world” situation in which students [are] able to explore their practice’ (Anderson and Tobin, 2012, p.961). The research centre, as they describe it, would be firmly placed in academia and have little in common with standard industry practice. Moreover, one wonders how likely it could be for one production to satisfy the research needs of multiple collaborators. In the case of *Rufus Stone*, a film that I explained in Chapter Three provided a model for my own process, researcher Kip Jones wrote the screenplay but ceded full control of directorial duties to an industry professional. During the making of *Groucho*, my student crew proposed ideas – many of which were used in the film – but understood and carried out their professional roles impeccably while also recognising that the overall vision for the film was mine alone. While I was the only participant to engage with my research through practice, the ‘training and mentoring’ of my student crew still helped them ‘... to build individual skills and knowledge, as well as [contributing] to the development of intellectual and social capital’ (Cooke, 2005).

In this section I have presented new knowledge in relation to the production of artefacts within a practice-based PhD. As we have seen, a common thread is the tension that exists between the academic and industrial processes. In the case of screenwriting as research, scholars in the field have attempted to promote the legitimacy of the ‘academic screenplay’ as a creative writing artefact in itself rather than a blueprint for a film production. And as for making a film as part of a PhD thesis, it has been suggested that a scientific ‘research centre’ approach might serve to counteract the problem of a lone researcher who struggles to find collaborators. While I understand the reasons behind both these standpoints, I would argue that they actually serve to separate theory from practice. My screenplay and short film were designed to function as research artefacts and industrial outputs that could demonstrate the arguments set out in this thesis and advance my career as a writer and filmmaker. Whether a researcher is successful in his or her ambition to transfer script to screen or film to festival is irrelevant. It is the ambition to do so that will give credibility to the creative work and give both the research and artefacts a greater chance to make an impact outside academia.

## **Chapter 7: Conclusions**

This practice-based research thesis has used an orthodox study of key political, social and popular cultural themes under the umbrella of ‘new’ surveillance to identify the ways in which cinema has, over the last two decades, reflected the transformation of top/down institutional monitoring into a complex, criss-crossing dynamic that allows citizens to look up and challenge authority figures as well as peer across at each other both online and off. The purpose of this study was to illustrate how contemporary fiction films are failing to represent the full complexity of ‘new’ surveillance or address the issues surrounding the extension of institutional monitoring networks and more nuanced aspects of lateral viewing.

New knowledge has been introduced to the field of surveillance cinema through the recognition of significant thematic gaps in contemporary filmic depictions of ‘new’ surveillance. These were then addressed through my own creative practice in the form of an original feature screenplay and short film production. The orthodox research also began the process of reimagining the surveillance film and how it might be redefined in contemporary society. Having identified the current debates surrounding creative research as a whole, new knowledge has also been presented in relation to the legitimacy of the screenplay as a research artefact and the issue of collaboration in creative PhD film productions. This concluding chapter will summarise these findings, further highlight significant challenges that were faced during the course of study and suggest opportunities for further research.

We have seen that Western governments used the 9/11 attacks and subsequent acts of global terrorism to accelerate the extension of institutional surveillance and that this

policy has been largely accepted by citizens despite encroachments on their privacy. The normalisation of surveillance practices and technologies has also led to acts of sousveillance that have highlighted examples of institutional corruption and hypocrisy, police brutality and human rights encroachments. However, aside from a small number of films including *Contagion* and *Nightcrawler*, fiction cinema has largely reacted to these political aspects of ‘new’ surveillance with mainstream blockbusters and action films that focus on spectacle over any nuanced investigation of the new monitoring landscape. The documentary *Citizenfour* represents the most compelling and thorough investigation of political surveillance but despite critical acclaim and respectable box office figures for a non-fiction feature it did not attract or reach a mass audience. Oliver Stone’s recent effort to repackage the story for wider appeal as political thriller *Snowden* has already been criticised for its simplistic approach to the material.

Although films including *The Informant!*, *Traffic*, *Truman Show* and *American Dreamz* have parodied and satirised institutional surveillance and reality television formats, the hugely popular *Hunger Games* franchise offers the most accurate representation of citizens’ view of contemporary monitoring in that it operates from the position that surveillance is now an accepted part of our culture. The increasing demystification and domestication of surveillance and citizens’ apparent desire to gaze and be gazed at across digital platforms raises fascinating questions about the ways in which domestic monitoring technology can be used to gather private information for the purpose of manipulation or misdirection. While there have been numerous cases of identity theft for the purposes of financial extortion we have seen that many social network users are also posing as other people, or as invented personalities, for sexual gratification or a way to enhance one’s own self-esteem or bring excitement to a dull or unhappy

existence. It was also made clear that as the private lives of citizens become ever more public, businesses and advertising agencies are surveilling our contact details and researching our medical ailments in a bid to sell us miracle remedies or must-have products. Films like *Alone With Her*, *Gone Girl* and the documentary *My Social Network* explore some of these themes but rely on melodrama and titillation rather than offering any meaningful critique on lateral and digital surveillance.

While this research has identified a small number of films that have shone a light on aspects of ‘new’ surveillance it has also confirmed that there are precious few contemporary descendants of classic surveillance films like Hitchcock’s *Rear Window*, Antonioni’s *Blow-up* or Coppola’s *The Conversation* that tackle the social, political and ethical issues behind watching and being watched and the complex, multi-faceted experience of living in today’s surveillance society. Citizens have largely come to accept the need for a degree of institutional monitoring as the technologies and practices of surveillance have become increasingly dissolved into the fabric of our daily lives. The normalisation process has also demystified surveillance to the point that it no longer holds the power that it once did as a complex cinematic theme. However, this thesis has argued that there can – and should – be a future for a reimagined surveillance cinema. *American Beauty* and *sex, lies and videotape* were highlighted as examples of pre 9/11 films that focused on human aspects of lateral surveillance within wider universal themes. It was suggested that ordinary citizens could replace historical surveillance heroes and antiheroes in contemporary domesticated narratives that still focus on the familiar preoccupations of corruption and reliability. This new focus, allied with the kind of spirit of invention exemplified by hybrid documentaries, was presented as one way in which filmmakers could breathe life into the surveillance cinema sector

and draw in audiences that have become blind to the dangers and complexities of institutional and lateral monitoring.

This new knowledge in relation to surveillance cinema was then taken forward into what Batty calls ‘creative-critical experimentations, insightful reflections and subsequent practice-based application’ (2013, p.17). As suggested above, the orthodox research could have been expanded into a traditional text-based thesis but, as Haseman and Mafe suggest, ‘...it is when the potent and somewhat unruly discipline [of creative practice] is co-joined with research that creative research becomes truly emergent in its outcomes’ (cited in Nelson, 2013). It was always the determination of this researcher that the concepts and thematic gaps explored and presented in the research should be demonstrated and addressed in appropriate creative outputs.

The feature screenplay, *Function Creep*, contemporises the style of classic surveillance narratives by highlighting how institutional monitoring has continued to develop and expand while also recognising that the normalisation process has transformed many citizens from paranoid and detached to accepting and even ambivalent to the panoptic gaze. The story also focuses on the use of monitoring gadgets in citizens’ homes and workplaces and how these technologies – and those that utilise them – are just as unreliable and open to manipulation as the monitoring machines of governments and secret services. The short film *Groucho* reflects a different, contrasting view of contemporary surveillance and I am satisfied that this darkly satirical drama tackles some of the complex issues resulting from sousveillance activities and presents a novel and innovative take on the aesthetics of visual and aural monitoring. While neither *Function Creep* nor *Groucho* offer the kind of deep psychological study of

contemporary monitoring that I set out to achieve, both artefacts undoubtedly progress the findings of the orthodox research by focusing on human, domestic aspects of ‘new’ surveillance and offer some examples to filmmakers of ways to present the practices, themes and characters of omnioptic viewing.

As detailed above, one of the key issues I encountered during the creative process was trying to balance my desire to produce work of a high quality with the academic requirements of the thesis as a whole. This issue became particularly evident over the course of this study as stories relating to surveillance began to appear in the news on a daily rather than weekly basis. While the benefits of working on a ‘hot topic’ are clear, it became difficult at times to keep up with developing technologies and breaking stories while the number of articles relating to the myriad strands of surveillance often served to cloud, rather than clarify. It was also explained above that working as a creative writer and filmmaker under the constraints of academia brought about a ‘productive tension’. This became particularly evident while writing the screenplay output. I found myself continually ignoring key storytelling and scripting techniques that I regularly teach my own undergraduate students. However, not only does the screenplay ultimately succeed as a research artefact within the design of this PhD, it is also what Batty and McAuley call a ‘knowing screenplay’ written by a ‘knowing practitioner’. Influenced by Gibson’s idea on knowing, they suggest that such an artist/researcher working on a practice-based project ‘... has experienced something through its production and is then in a position to reflect on that experience, for the benefit of not only the self but others.’ By embracing rather than battling against the practice as research process, ‘... previously taken-for-granted notions or unthinkingly asserted concepts are polemicized in the screenwriting process’ (2016).

As practice-based rather than practice-led in character, this thesis was never intended as an investigation of my own creative process as a writer and filmmaker. However, it was important to recognise that there are still precious few case studies in the field of creative film research, particularly in terms of PhD study. Therefore, this research also presented new knowledge in two key areas. Firstly, it was discussed whether the academic screenplay should be separated or integrated into the industrial filmmaking process. Scholars in the growing field of screenwriting research appear keen to promote the script as a standalone piece of creative writing. However, I used the example of *Function Creep* having reached the latter stages of two international screenwriting competitions to show that a script written as part of a PhD can still be recognised as a conventional ‘blueprint’ for a screen story as well as a research artefact. It is the position of this thesis that removing the ‘academic’ script from the industrial process is counterproductive to the aims of those who promote the screenplay as creative writing worthy of standalone recognition.

It was also discussed how the production of *Groucho* allowed an investigation of the issue of collaboration on creative doctorates. With an increasing number of films being made as research artefacts, sole PhD candidates are faced with a number of crewing, budgetary and logistical challenges. Anderson and Tobin’s ‘research centre’ approach has been presented as one solution by bringing a number of researchers together in one multi-disciplinary film project. However, this thesis has argued that this approach would be unlikely to satisfy the requirements of each participant. Instead, the use of a student crew who are focused on production tasks rather than research – as was the case in the making of *Groucho* – is more likely to result in a film with higher production



values that would have a greater chance of making an impact beyond academia. In the case of my own production, it also allowed my students to develop their skills in a professional environment.

It is the hope of this researcher that further studies will be carried out into these and other strands related to practice-based research. Furthermore, while this thesis has largely focused on fictional cinema a separate investigation of the normalisation of surveillance through the prism of documentary film would also provide a rich source of new knowledge. As discussed above, there was not the space here to adequately consider the clear generational differences in attitude towards new technologies, the Internet, popular cultural factors and the practice of surveillance itself. There is also an opportunity for more traditional qualitative research in the field of Surveillance Studies to evaluate this study's suggestion that the lack of any organised protest against institutional surveillance – and in turn the scant attention given to the current monitoring dynamic by filmmakers – must be attributed in part to the ambivalence of citizens towards the panoptic gaze.

The next step in my own research is to further investigate my suggestion that the concept of surveillance cinema should be reconsidered. Although this thesis has argued that contemporary films are largely failing to reflect the complexity of surveillance, sousveillance and lateral surveillance it is also the case that Surveillance Studies scholars must look beyond the traditional themes and characters associated with institutional and lateral viewing and instead consider films that reflect the blurring line between fact and fiction and the desire of citizens to play an active role in the surveillance game even if doing so is at the expense of their own privacy. Many aspects

of surveillance have brought positive benefits to society and it is not the intention of this researcher to predict the kind of dystopia so often featured in science fiction films focusing on future surveillance societies. However, it would be equally inaccurate to suggest that the democratisation of monitoring is heralding a transparent, utopian society free of secrets. Normalised surveillance is open to abuse and misunderstanding by friends, families and work colleagues as much as governments and global agencies. In the introduction to this thesis I referred to Murakami Wood and Webster's suggestion that we must 'make surveillance strange again' and one of cinema's historical roles has been to remind citizens of the potential dangers of unchecked monitoring. The evidence is clear: the act of watching and being watched is as strange and mysterious as ever and our popular culture must engage with the complexities of the topic rather than adopting its characteristics with no questions asked.

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## **Filmography**

102 Minutes that Changed America (N. Rittenmeyer, S. Skundrick, 2008)  
11'09"01 - September 11 (Various, 2002)  
1984 (M. Anderson, 1956)  
20,000 Days on Earth (I. Forsyth, J. Pollard, 2014)  
21 Grams (A.G. Iñárritu, 2003)  
9/11: Falling Man (H. Singer, 2006)  
9/11: Press for Truth (R. Nowosielski, 2006)  
A Scanner Darkly (R. Linklater, 2006)  
A Short Film about Love (K. Kiesłowski, 1988)  
All the President's Men (A.J. Pakula, 1976)  
Alone With Her (E. Nicholas, 2007)  
American Beauty (S. Mendes, 1999)  
American Dreamz (P. Weitz, 2006)  
Anderson Tapes (S. Lumet, 1971)  
Battle Royale (K. Fukasaku, 2000)  
Blow Out (B. De Palma, 1981)  
Blow-Up (M. Antonioni, 1966)  
Body Double (B. De Palma, 1984)  
Brazil (T. Gilliam, 1985)  
Caché (M. Haneke, 2005)  
Captain America: Civil War (J. and A. Russo, 2016)  
Catfish (H. Joost, A. Schulman, 2010)  
Charlie Chaplin's Modern Times (1936)  
Citizenfour (L. Poitras, 2013)  
Closer (P. Marber, 2004)  
Cloverfield (M. Reeves, 2008)  
Contagion (S. Soderbergh, 2011)  
Disturbia (D.J. Caruso, 2007)  
EDtv (R. Howard, 1999)  
Equilibrium (K. Wimmer, 2002)  
Enemy of the State (T. Scott, 1998)  
Exit Through the Gift Shop (Banksy, 2010)  
F for Fake (O. Welles, 1973)  
Fahrenheit 451 (F. Truffaut, 1966)  
Fahrenheit 9/11 (M. Moore, 2004)  
Gone Girl (D. Fincher, 2014)  
Hard Candy (D. Slade, 2005)  
Her (S. Jonze, 2013)  
I am Legend (F. Lawrence, 2007)  
Independence Day: Resurgence (R. Emmerich, 2016),  
Jason Bourne (P. Greengrass, 2016)  
Klute (A.J. Pakula, 1971)  
Life in a Day (Various, 2011)  
Little Black Book (N. Hurrán, 2004)  
Lives of Others (F.H. von Donnersmarck, 2006)  
La Sortie des usines Lumière à Lyon (L. Lumière, 1895)

Man With a Movie Camera (D. Vertov, 1929)  
Memento (C. Nolan, 2000)  
Metropolis (F. Lang, 1926)  
Monsieur Hire (P. Leconte, 1989)  
My Social Network (L. Campbell, 2012)  
Mystic River (C. Eastwood, 2003)  
Nanook of the North (R. Flaherty, 1922)  
Network (S. Lumet, 1976)  
Nightcrawler (D. Gilroy, 2014)  
Nineteen Eighty-Four (M. Radford, 1984)  
One Hour Photo (M. Romanek, 2002)  
Peeping Tom (M. Powell, 1960)  
Photographing a Female Crook (1904)  
Pillow Talk, (M. Gordon, 1959)  
Psycho (A. Hitchcock, 1960)  
Pulp Fiction (Q. Tarantino, 1994)  
Punishment Park (P. Watkins, 1971)  
Real Life (A. Brooks, 1979)  
Rear Window (A. Hitchcock, 1954)  
Red Road (A. Arnold, 2006)  
Rising Sun (P. Kaufman, 1993)  
Rufus Stone (J. Appignanesi, 2012)  
Snowden (O. Stone, 2016)  
Spectre (S. Mendes, 2015)  
Star Trek: Into Darkness (J.J. Abrams, 2013)  
sex, lies, and videotape (S. Soderbergh, 1989)  
Standard Operating Procedure (E. Morris, 2008)  
Stories We Tell (S. Polley, 2012)  
Strange Days (K. Bigelow, 1995)  
The Act of Killing (J. Oppenheimer, 2012)  
The Arbor (C. Barnard, 2010)  
The Chicken Thieves (1896)  
The Conversation (F.F. Coppola, 1974)  
The Divorce (1903)  
The Fifth Estate (B. Condon, 2013)  
The Final Cut (O. Naim, 2004)  
The Hunger Games (G. Ross, 2012)  
The Infidel (J. Appignanesi, 2010)  
The Informant! (S. Soderbergh, 2009)  
The Kleptomaniac (1905)  
The Look of Silence (J. Oppenheimer, 2015)  
The Parallax View (A.J. Pakula, 1974)  
The Shop Around the Corner, E. Lubitsch, 1940)  
The Talented Mr Ripley (A. Mingella, 1999)  
The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse (F. Lang, 1960)  
The Truman Show (P. Weir, 1998)  
This Means War (McG, 2012)  
Three Days of the Condor (S. Pollack, 1975)  
Traffic (S. Soderbergh, 2000)  
United 93 (P. Greengrass, 2006)

V for Vendetta (J. McTeigue, 2006)  
Vertigo (A. Hitchcock, 1958)  
War of the Worlds (S. Spielberg, 2005)  
World Trade Centre (O. Stone, 2006)  
X-Men Apocalypse (B. Singer, 2016)  
You've Got Mail (N. Ephron, 1998)  
Zero Dark Thirty (K. Bigelow, 2015)