

EVE AND STEVENS

by

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Episode 1

60 minute TV crime drama series

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED AREA JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN - EARLY MORNING

It's a tranquil sight. Fingers of early morning sunlight stab through shaded woodland. Trees, bushes, ferns, they all glisten with the sparkling fruit of last night's rainstorm. A nearby B road marks the only sign of human interference.

A DOG WALKER approaches. He lets his pet off its leash. Free to roam, the animal scampers over to a patch of leafy undergrowth. A curious sniff at --

-- the lifeless naked body of schoolgirl AMY MAY.

WITHIN THE HOUR, the tranquility is well and truly shattered. Police tape cordons off the crime scene. Covering the body, a freshly erected tent. Around it, FORENSICS BODS scour the vicinity for clues.

DS MATT STEVENS, 32, stands a safe distance from the hubbub, puffing away on a much-needed ciggie.

A taxi pulls up. DC JESSICA EVE, 27, climbs out. MATT glares at the girl as she ambles over. Her face is drained of colour, inappropriate sunglasses, she's hanging badly.

MATT

Heavy night?

JESSICA

Very funny. You were there too.

MATT

True. But I got in on time.

JESSICA

Matt, I'm not in the mood for this.
What have we got?

MATT

Murder. Adolescent female. All clothes and belongings missing. Cause of death looks to be a single blow to the back of the head. Forensics estimate time of death to be the early hours of this morning. All signs indicate she was killed elsewhere and dumped here.

JESSICA

And so begins the task of identifying the poor thing.

MATT

No need. I know exactly who she is. Amy May. Richard's daughter.

JESSICA

Oh, my God. Anything to go on?

MATT

Not a lot. Last night's heavy rain has washed away any significant evidence.

Oh, look, somebody catches MATT'S eye. It's THOMAS BELL, 15, dressed in school uniform. He's rubber-necking behind a bush about thirty feet away, watching the drama unfold.

MATT

Hey! You!

THOMAS. Spooked. He scarpers out of sight.

MATT and JESSICA gallop over to the vantage point. They look left, look right. No sign of him. MATT canters further into the woodland. Stops. Looks around. Too late. THOMAS has vanished.

INT. MATT'S CAR - IN MOTION - MID MORNING

MATT is driving. JESSICA, the passenger. Off come her shades.

JESSICA

I see you finally shaved off that stupid designer stubble.

MATT is not prepared to give her the satisfaction.

MATT

It was beginning to itch. -- Look. Jessica. It's a cliché line, I know, but we need to talk about last night.

JESSICA groans, tired of this crap already.

JESSICA

There is nothing to discuss. We got wrecked. We had a drunken fumble. That's it. Don't pretend it was anything more.

MATT

You make it sound so romantic.

JESSICA

I knew you'd be trouble.

MATT

What makes you say that?

And we shoot to --

INT. POLICE CID ROOM - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

-- MATT at his desk, eyes focussed on a folder of paperwork. He looks different with a growth of stubble. Hey, let's use this to differentiate between flashback and present.

DCI TRENT appears, the kind of traditionalist who is never seen without his police uniform. Oh, look, accompanying him is JESSICA.

DCI TRENT

Morning Matt. This is DC Jessica Eve.
Freshly transferred from Jillingford.

MATT looks her up and down. Mmm, baby, he likes what he sees.

MATT

You're certainly a long way from home.

JESSICA

Yeah, well, maybe I fancied a change of scenery.

DCI TRENT

I'm pairing you two up for the week.
So, um... be nice to each other.

DCI TRENT departs. MATT stands up and takes his paperwork across to a parade of filing cabinets. JESSICA accompanies him on his journey. MATT slides open a drawer, slips the folder inside.

JESSICA

Any chance you can do me a favour?

MATT

Sure.

JESSICA

Stop giving me the eye.

MATT

What eye?

JESSICA

That one.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MATT'S CAR - IN MOTION - MID MORNING

And we're back with present day MATT and JESSICA.

MATT
Oh, that.

JESSICA
Yes. That.

MATT
Yeah, but last night --

JESSICA
Last night was a mistake.

MATT
I didn't see it like that.

JESSICA
Matt. I'm married. You know that. End
of.

INT. CARL'S FLAT - BEDROOM - MID MORNING

CARL SMITH, 26, rises from his pit. It's a plush flat. This guy has money.

Naked except for his pants, he totters over to a nearby chair. Upon it, yesterday's clothes, neatly folded, maybe a tad too anal.

He reaches for his jeans. From a pocket, he plucks a girlie mobile phone. Pink casing with a glittery name. "Amy." CARL stares coldly at the phone in his hand.

INT. BELL HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - MID MORNING

MRS BELL, 40s, enters. Argh, the fright of her life! Her teenage son THOMAS - the boy from the crime scene - sits in silence at the kitchen table, blank expression, empty stare. This boy ticks all weirdo boxes.

MRS BELL
For God's sake, Thomas, you scared the
life out of me. I thought you'd be at
school.

THOMAS
I thought you'd be at work.

MRS BELL
What are you doing home?

THOMAS

I'm not going in today. I don't feel very well.

All motherly, MRS BELL checks the boy's forehead with her palm. THOMAS, annoyed, knocks her hand away.

THOMAS

Mum! I'm not a child.

MRS BELL

You don't seem to be running a temperature. What is it, P.E. day?

THOMAS

I'm ill. My throat, it's well killing. You can't make me go.

MRS BELL starts putting on her coat.

MRS BELL

Oh, suit yourself, I haven't got time for this nonsense. You make sure you don't pig yourself all day with crisps and biscuits.

And she leaves. THOMAS waits for the front door to signify her definite departure. Then he stands up, cagey, up to something.

INT. BELL HOUSEHOLD - THOMAS' BEDROOM - MID MORNING

THOMAS enters his bedroom. Uncaring, he walks over several torn photographs of the same girl scattered across the carpet. The subject in all those pictures: AMY MAY.

THOMAS opens his socks and pants drawer. Produces a hidden pair of... oh... knickers. He studies the undies in both hands. And OMG, he sniffs them, eyes closed, enjoying the scent.

Then, eyes open, knickers scrunched in a tight fist. A hateful scowl at the one surviving photo of AMY tacked to the wall; her face scribbled over with the angriest of red ink. Above her head, one red handwritten word.

"Bitch."

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - MID MORNING

MANDY HALL, 15, way too skinny for her own good, scurries across a lonely school yard towards the main building. Late and knowing it, she stops in her tracks and peers upwards with trepidation at a familiar first floor classroom window.

At this window stands WILLIAM SCRIVENER, tall, just into his 50s, balding badly, he's been a music teacher forever. He glares down at the schoolgirl, a sinister scowl delivered for far more than a lack of punctuality.

MANDY'S face freezes over. This girl is seriously rattled.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - MID MORNING

MANDY hurries along, hoping to God she won't come face to face with... too late! SCRIVENER steps out in front of her.

SCRIVENER

You're late.

SCRIVENER strokes MANDY'S hair. She hates this, but is too frozen with fear to argue the toss. He puts his mouth close to her ear.

SCRIVENER

Miss Hall, if that video has found its way to the police, your life won't be worth living. Do you understand?

She gives a terrified nod. He casts a cold smile.

SCRIVENER

Good. Now, get to class.

She can't get away from him fast enough. Out comes her mobile. She selects "Amy" from her contacts. The ringing tone goes on and on.

INT. CARL'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MID MORNING

On the kitchen worksurface, the pink mobile shrills for attention. The caller: "Mandy."

CARL stands nearby, fixing himself a coffee. He glances at the phone display. The man doesn't answer the phone. Instead, he watches it sing to him in vain as he sips his beverage.

INT. MAY HOUSEHOLD - LOUNGE - LATE MORNING

RICHARD MAY, 41, lies face down on the carpet in a dressing gown. His only company, last night's spent bottle of whisky. The persistence of the doorbell wakes him from his sorry state.

EXT. MAY HOUSEHOLD - LATE MORNING

MATT and JESSICA stand waiting on the doorstep. A groggy RICHARD answers the front door, bemused by their presence.

MATT
Hello, Richard.

RICHARD
What are you two doing here?

MATT
It's Amy.

RICHARD
What about her? Where is she?

MATT and JESSICA swap glances.

MATT
Can we come in?

INT. MAY HOUSEHOLD - LOUNGE - LATE MORNING

RICHARD in his armchair, post-news. Sodden eyes, face pale with shock. MATT and JESSICA sit opposite on the sofa.

RICHARD
She didn't come home last night. I assumed she'd gone back to her boyfriend's place.

JESSICA
What? You knowingly let a fifteen year old girl spend the night with --

MATT
(cuts in)
Her boyfriend. Has he got a name?

RICHARD
No idea. I never knew he existed until last night. I came home early and found them yelling at each other. Don't know what about. I kicked the lad out, of course, but Amy insisted on going after him. Reckoned he'd stolen her phone. -- Oh, Christ. It's all my fault.

MATT
Don't blame yourself, mate. You weren't to know.

RICHARD
But it is my fault. If I hadn't come home when I did, my Amy would still be alive.

JESSICA

Richard. If there's anything you can tell us about the boyfriend. Anything at all.

RICHARD attempts to pull himself together.

RICHARD

He looked like a right flash git. Way too old for Amy. What was she thinking?

JESSICA

How old?

RICHARD

I'd say... mid twenties.

JESSICA

Perv.

MATT glares at the girl, as if to say "bloody stop this!"

MATT

Jessica, I think it's time we had a peek in Amy's bedroom, don't you?

INT. MAY HOUSEHOLD - AMY'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

JESSICA stands before AMY'S laptop, waiting for it to power up. MATT rifles through a chest of drawers.

MATT

What is wrong with you? The poor sod's just lost his only child, and there's you taking the moral high ground about her bloody sex life.

JESSICA

The girl was fifteen.

MATT

Weren't you ever fifteen?

JESSICA'S black look has "fuck you" written all over it.

MATT

I'll take that as a no.

On the laptop screen, the words: "Nice try, Dad!"

JESSICA

Password protected. We'll have to take it with us.

MATT produces a coloured box and a tube from a drawer.

MATT

Multi-pack of condoms. Lubricant. You thinking what I'm thinking?

JESSICA

No. I'm not. Matt, those items don't necessarily prove she was on the game.

From within a sock, MATT plucks a serious roll of cash.

MATT

Oh, yeah? Then how do you explain this?

INT. LADIES' TOILETS IN POLICE STATION - MIDDAY

A flush. JESSICA emerges from a cubicle, then washes her hands at the sink. Next comes a good long look at herself in the mirror. Eyes empty. Tortured, even. A whisper, to herself --

JESSICA

Fifteen.

She slowly peels back the sleeve of her left arm to reveal --

-- OMG, ancient scars. Self-harm cuts made with a sharp object many moons ago. As she returns her sombre gaze to the mirror --

MATT (OVERLAP)

Are you married?

INT. MATT'S CAR - IN MOTION - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

It's MATT with that stubble, a bored JESSICA beside him.

JESSICA

Yes.

MATT

Oh. Right. How long?

JESSICA

Almost five years.

MATT

Happy?

JESSICA

Very.

MATT

Kids?

JESSICA has had enough of Twenty frigging Questions.

JESSICA

Right, let's get this over and done with, shall we? Do I want children? No. They're little shits. Why am I such an uptight bitch? Because I choose to be. Do I mind you cracking onto me? Big-time. Do you stand a chance of bedding me? I'd rather turn lesbian. There. Icebreakers exhausted. Let's move on.

MATT. Flabbergasted. Is this really happening?

MATT

Wow. We've only known each other half an hour and already you can't stand me.

JESSICA

I'm not here to make friends, I'm here to do my job.

MATT

At least you're honest. Oh, and just for the record, not once have I tried cracking onto you.

JESSICA

You thought about cracking onto me.

MATT

I thought about cracking onto you?

JESSICA

Yes. Back at the station. You looked me up and down.

MATT

Most women would take that as a compliment.

JESSICA

I'm not most women.

MATT

Okaaaay. Let's turn this around. Ask me a question. Go on. Anything you like.

JESSICA

Fine, if you insist. Here's a good one. Have you ever heard of a wonderful invention called a razor?

MATT

What?

JESSICA

It's a simple enough question.

MATT

This is designer stubble.

JESSICA

No, it's not.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LADIES' TOILETS IN POLICE STATION - MIDDAY

JESSICA continues to stare at her reflection. Then, another flush. JESSICA flinches. Yanks down her sleeve.

A UNIFORMED POLICEWOMAN vacates a cubicle and approaches the sinks. They exchange affable smiles. And then JESSICA leaves.

INT. POLICE CID ROOM - MIDDAY

MATT sits at his desk, reading a report. JESSICA returns from the toilets and sits opposite.

JESSICA

What's that?

MATT

Initial pathology report on Amy May. Nothing substantial DNA-wise, but we're looking for a blunt instrument. Something spherical. Probably metal.

JESSICA

The ball of a hammer?

MATT

Possibly, yeah. It then goes on to say no signs of any sexual assault prior to the murder, but get this. The body was bathed meticulously before being disposed of. Hair washed and conditioned. Teeth brushed, nails scrubbed, the works.

JESSICA

Oh, great. Just what we need, an OCD killer.

INT. CARL'S FLAT - BATHROOM - MIDDAY

CARL takes a leak, shakes it dry, zips up, flushes the loo.

At the sink, he washes his hands. Rigorous. Thorough. Scrub, scrub, scrub!

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - LUNCHTIME

MATT and JESSICA head down the corridor. RICHARD approaches them in police constable uniform. He's a copper too.

MATT

Richard? What are you doing here?

RICHARD

I have to keep busy.

MATT

Mate, you've been granted leave. Go home.

RICHARD is in a right state. He's all over the place.

RICHARD

Please! I need to be part of this investigation.

MATT

No chance. You're personally involved.

RICHARD

I can't stare at those four walls all day, it's driving me mad. I want to feel useful.

MATT

Richard. Please. Leave it to us. We'll catch the bastard. I promise.

RICHARD falls silent. Nods his surrender.

INT. CARL'S FLAT - LOUNGE - EARLY AFTERNOON

CARL dumps himself on the sofa. He hops channels on his widescreen TV. Nothing interesting. Stops at a news channel, hits mute.

He picks up AMY'S phone. Navigates into the media folder. Two videos await his perusal. "Carl Porn" and "Scrivener." He grins as he selects and plays "Carl Porn."