

I KILLED A GIRL

by

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Episode 1

60 minute TV drama pilot

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EXT. BUSY STREET - MORNING

The first timeline: AFTER.

Morning traffic. A to B slaves in chariots of steel.

A prison escort van sails into view, white, featureless, a trio of compact tinted windows running along each flank.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - REAR - MORNING

A basic set-up, two pew-like benches, one either side.

On one bench, the prisoner, FREYA, 35, smartly dressed for a court appearance, anxious, sore-thumb out of place, unaccustomed to a life of crime.

Her hair is a curious beast. Short, but hacked, random lengths, as though she cut it herself in a dark room.

Oh, and her handcuffs fail to hide telltale scars on both wrists -- a recent suicide attempt.

Opposite, a lone uniformed escort. RICHARD, 45, handsome in a "fancies himself" way. He offers a deep sympathetic gaze usually attributed to a lover, not a prison officer.

RICHARD

This time, I'm here for you.

Whatever he means by that, FREYA isn't convinced.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

A huddle of PAPARAZZI armed with cameras alongside --

-- a dense crowd of PROTESTERS, mostly WOMEN, armed with hand-painted placards. "CHILD MURDERER." "HANG THE BITCH." "JUSTICE FOR AMY."

The prison van's approach ignites the flames of hatred, placards wielded like tribal weapons --

-- and throughout this chaos, the PROTESTERS chant: "Justice for Amy! Justice for Amy!"

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - DRIVER'S COCKPIT - MORNING

The driver, JACOB, late 20s, takes note of the heated crowd. Keys the mic on his walkie-talkie.

JACOB

Uh-oh. Welcoming committee.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - REAR - MORNING

RICHARD raises his walkie-talkie to his lips.

RICHARD
Roger that.

Concerned, he bends forward and grabs the two pieces of waist seatbelt hanging loose either side of his prisoner.

RICHARD
I'm buckling you up.

FREYA
Why?

RICHARD
Things might get a little bumpy.

FREYA, troubled. RICHARD clicks her seatbelt into place. Then he does the same with his own seatbelt.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

The PAPARAZZI VULTURES jog over to the passing prison van, cameras blind-aimed through the tinted windows, snap, snap, snap, hoping to secure a picture of the accused.

Then comes a surge of PROTESTERS, blocking the van's path, slapping, thumping, kicking the vehicle. "Justice for Amy! Justice for Amy!"

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - REAR - MORNING

RICHARD senses the vehicle's sudden stationary status. And into his walkie-talkie --

RICHARD
Jacob. You need to keep moving.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - DRIVER'S COCKPIT - MORNING

JACOB
They're blocking my path.

RICHARD (V.O.)
We can't just sit here.

JACOB'S not sure what to do. He honks the horn. No joy, the PROTESTERS are going nowhere. Again, parp, parp, parp!

One PROTESTER jabs him a middle finger salute. Oh, sod this, JACOB inches the van forward, a warning.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Boompf, the vehicle nudges a PROTESTER, she's knocked to the ground.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - DRIVER'S COCKPIT - MORNING

JACOB realises and brakes.

JACOB

Shit.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

The fallen PROTESTER is okay, she's helped to her feet. But the CROWD is now a disturbed wasps nest. Shouting. Swearing. Firing accusatory points at JACOB.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - REAR - MORNING

RICHARD can hear the mayhem, but can't see it.

RICHARD

Jacob, what's happening?

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - DRIVER'S COCKPIT - MORNING

JACOB is about to reply when a PROTESTER smashes her placard against the driver-side window. THWACK!

Another PROTESTER has found an orphaned brick. She lobs it towards the windscreen. CRACK!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Several PROTESTERS attempt to gain entry into the cockpit of the vehicle, but... #fail.

And then the majority of PROTESTERS jog round to one side of the van, palms flat upon metal, shoving, shoving, shoving, the vehicle rocking from side to side, their combined efforts threatening to flip the van over.

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - REAR - MORNING

Rock, rock, rock. FREYA, terrified. RICHARD keys his mic.

RICHARD

Abort! Abort!

INT. PRISON ESCORT VAN - DRIVER'S COCKPIT - MORNING

JACOB throws the gearstick into reverse.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - MORNING

The van flies backwards, the PROTESTERS step away. One hasty U-turn and the vehicle shoots down the road, leaving in its wake human chaos.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - MORNING

The prison escort van, parked up at the roadside.

JACOB stands outside, leaning against the vehicle, puffing away on a much-needed cigarette. He posts a glance at --

-- RICHARD, a short distance away, talking on his phone.

Call terminated, RICHARD returns to JACOB.

RICHARD

They've promised us a significant police presence.

JACOB

We're going back there?

RICHARD

Our job is to deliver the accused. Or would you rather we treat her to a day out at the seaside?

JACOB sucks the life out of the remainder of his ciggie.

JACOB

Mind if I play escort this time? My hands are still shaking.

RICHARD tips a nod. Heads towards the driver's door.

JACOB discards his smoke, then makes his way to the rear doors -- one of which is part-open.

JACOB

Richard, you forgot to secure the rear.

RICHARD cancels his entry into the driver's cockpit in favour of a "what am I like?" gesture.

JACOB fully opens the door and peers inside.

JACOB

Oh, shit.

RICHARD trots over to him.

RICHARD
What's the matter?

JACOB
She's gone.

RICHARD takes a peek. Empty.

Panicking, they both glance up the street. Then down the street. No sign of their prisoner.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

FREYA gallops down the thankfully deserted side street, hampered by the handicap of handcuffs, bloody things.

In one garden, she spots a washing line. On it, clothes dance a graceful waltz in the breeze. Aha, an idea.

She checks the coast is clear. It is. Through a gate and into the garden, she snatches a random cardigan from the line, and then she's out of there.

With haste, she wraps the cardigan around her handcuffs. Now people will think she's simply holding the garment.

And she's off to pastures new, anywhere but here.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EARLY EVENING

The second timeline: BEFORE.

It's FREYA with beautiful long hair and a face painted in the likeness of somebody hungry for a fun night out.

She mock poses in a sparkly dress and a pink sash displaying the words: "JUST DIVORCED."

FREYA
Well? What do you think?

Her audience of one sits on the sofa, JADE, 12, a weekend holdall on her lap. A sneer highlights her disapproval.

JADE
Mum, that is so too soon.

FREYA peers down at her sash, then back at her daughter.

FREYA
It's fun.

JADE
Where's Dad?

FREYA
How should I know? Superbitch is
his keeper now.

JADE
Her name is Laura.

FREYA
Not when it spills out of my
mouth. What time did he say he was
picking you up?

JADE
Six.

FREYA eyes the clock on the wall. Almost seven. Unreliable
is clearly the man's middle name.

FREYA
Have you tried calling him?

JADE leaves the sofa. Stomps past her mother.

JADE
His phone's switched off. Again.
And she heads through the door into the kitchen.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

JADE claims a carton of orange juice from the fridge. Pours
herself a glass. FREYA makes her entrance.

FREYA
Maybe this time there's a
perfectly reasonable explanation.

JADE
Or maybe he's Dad. Being Dad.

They both share the sullen cloud of disenchantment, let
down in their own different ways by the same man.

And then JADE'S mobile bursts into life. Impatience
overload, she takes the call.

JADE
Dad, where are you?

INT. A HOUSE - BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

Her father, CONNOR to us, 35, stands in the bathroom, phone to ear. A bag of tools sits upon the lavatory lid.

CONNOR
Sorry, darling, I'm still working.

JADE (V.O.)
You promised you'd be here at six.

CONNOR
Emergency call-out. Burst pipe.
You should see this bathroom. It's
like a swimming pool.

Ah, so he's a plumber. But the BATHROOM IS DRY. No burst pipe, no flooding, nothing.

JADE (V.O.)
You're always letting me down.

CONNOR
I'll make it up to you. Pizza and
ice cream on me. Get yourself over
to my place. I should be there by
the time you arrive.

JADE (V.O.)
You live two miles away.

CONNOR
And that's why God gave you legs.

And he hangs up.

INT. A HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

CONNOR ambles into the bedroom, eyes aimed at a post-sex NAKED WOMAN in the bed. He indicates to his mobile.

CONNOR
Daughter. My weekend to lay on the
entertainment.

He considers climbing back between the sheets. But no.

CONNOR
I'd better make a move. Pizza and
ice cream to buy. And Laura will
be wondering where I've got to.

He blows her a kiss. Then he makes his departure.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

FREYA sits alone at the dining table. JADE returns with an empty glass, her holdall hooked over her shoulder.

JADE
Can you lend me money for a taxi?

FREYA
Jade, I'm skint. You know that.

JADE
Yet miraculously, you're going out tonight.

FREYA
Lucy's paying.

JADE loses the glass to the sink and strops into the lounge. FREYA stands up and follows.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EARLY EVENING

JADE twists around to face her mother.

JADE
I'm not walking to Dad's. It'll take me an ice age.

FREYA
It's a breeze for a fit young lady like you.

JADE
Thought you didn't like me out on my own at night.

FREYA
You know as well as I do, it won't get dark until at least nine.

The doorbell sings its chime.

JADE
That'll be Pisshead.

FREYA
Auntie Pisshead to you.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

FREYA opens the front door to her sister LUCY, 30 going on 20, holding aloft two bottles of white wine like trophies.

LUCY

I bought you some grapes.

JADE ignores her auntie as she leaves the house.

LUCY

I am the invisible woman.

LUCY enters. FREYA closes the door behind her.

LUCY

What's up with Walking Tantrum?

FREYA

Blame a certain sperm donor and his broken promises.

INT. FREYA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

LUCY places both bottles on the table. FREYA'S mobile rings. She checks the caller display, rolls her eyes.

FREYA

Speaking of sperm donors...

A reluctant FREYA takes the call.

FREYA

...what do you want, Connor?

While this scene plays out, LUCY locates two wine glasses, opens the first bottle and pours generous servings.

FREYA

Yes, Jade is on her way. No, I'm not alone. And before you ask, you are not popping round for a quick post-marital bunk-up.

The sisters exchange "is he for frigging real?" faces.

FREYA

If you must know, my sister's here. ... Hold on, I'll ask her.

She looks across to LUCY. And all too faux casual --

FREYA

My ex-husband wants to know if you're up for a threesome.

LUCY'S resulting grimace could unblock drains.

LUCY

I would rather roger my love-tunnel with a red-hot poker.

FREYA

Did you hear that, Connor? ...
Good. Consider yourself rejected.

She hangs up. And then they sit down, both giggling as they raise their glasses, chink, chink!

EXT. VARIOUS RESIDENTIAL STREETS/ALLEYWAY - EARLY EVENING

JADE ambles along a street, holdall upon shoulder.

Up ahead, three OLDER TEENAGE GIRLS, 15 maybe 16, smoking, laughing, THEIR FACES UNSEEN BY US. The tallest specimen, clearly the leader, sports LONG BLUE HAIR.

(NB: We'll call them BLUE HAIR and her two MINIONS)

JADE hesitates. Should she continue along this route?

That's when the GIRLS clock the new arrival. They flick away their spent ciggies and await JADE'S approach.

A brave JADE continues to walk in their direction. Closer and closer. The journey seems to take forever.

JADE'S now passing the gang. But the GIRLS don't say or do anything. Maybe they're zero threat after all. Maybe --

-- BLUE HAIR throws out a foot. JADE trips and falls.

A laughter eruption. One of BLUE HAIR'S MINIONS aims her phone at the floored victim, filming the scene.

BLUE HAIR holds out a hand to JADE. JADE hesitates. Then she takes her hand. BLUE HAIR pulls her upright --

-- but then she shoves her hard, sending the poor girl flying backwards, landing on her arse.

Again, the laughing MINION films JADE'S humiliation.

Tearful, JADE grabs her holdall, takes to her feet --

JADE

Bitches!

-- and runs.

The three GIRLS swap looks, then give chase.