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Elizabeth Routledge True Crime Author

By Wayne Cothron

Episode 1 Elizabeth's new career

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FADE IN

SCENE ONE

INT. AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Elizabeth and Clive Routledge are both sitting at a table.

ELIZABETH

(Drinking champagne)

Well, here is to your retirement,
from Scotland Yard.

CLIVE

(Sipping champagne)

Yeah.

ELIZABETH

Oh, what's wrong Clive?

CLIVE

I'm just worried that the day will
come, that I will regret retiring.

ELIZABETH

Balderdash, once you start painting,
and doing all of your other hobbies,
and you will forget about work.

CLIVE

I certainly hope you're right
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Now dear, have I ever been wrong?

Clive thinks for a second.

CLIVE

I guess not, but I know a lot of
guys, who retired, moved to Spain,
and died, all within a year.

ELIZABETH

That won't happen to you, because
we're not moving to Spain.

CLIVE

You might have a point there. I may survive, if I don't complete the trinity.

ELIZABETH

Exactly, now let's concentrate on something positive.

CLIVE

I got a call from our son today.

ELIZABETH

Really, he usually calls me.

CLIVE

He wanted to congratulate me, on my retirement, even though I could barely hear him speak.

ELIZABETH

It must be hard for him to get through to you, all of the way from America.

CLIVE

Could be.

ELIZABETH

How is Dennis?

CLIVE

He's doing fine.

ELIZABETH

We have such a thoughtful son, and he's a doctor.

Clive nods.

CLIVE

Now, I would like to propose a toast, to England's newest author, with wife Elizabeth.

Elizabeth and Clive toast.

ELIZABETH

Thank you Clive, and I've already decided the subject, of my first book.

CLIVE

(Eating his dinner)
I can't wait to hear it.

ELIZABETH

(Eating her dinner)

I've decided to write a book about
the White Chapel Ripper.

CLIVE

Why?

ELIZABETH

Why not? You still have all of your
old case files, so the book will
practically write itself.

CLIVE

I just hope this project won't cause
the media to camp out on our front
garden, like they did when I was
investigating the case.

ELIZABETH

I don't think the media will be a
problem. The Ripper case was over
twenty years ago, and I'm sure they're
busy chasing some American reality
star.

CLIVE

You have a point.

ELIZABETH

I'm glad you're on board dear, because
I need your help.

CLIVE

What do you need?

ELIZABETH

I want to interview Hal Barrett.

CLIVE

I'm the bloke who put him in prison,
so I don't think, he would want to
do my wife a favor.

ELIZABETH

You've interviewed people, in prison
before dear.

CLIVE

Yes, but in all of those occasions.
I had to have a reason to speak to
them, mostly involving cases.

ELIZABETH

Can I just ask the warden, for an interview? I am a tax payer after all.

CLIVE

That doesn't matter in order to get an interview with him. You will have to speak to his attorney.

ELIZABETH

Do you know who is attorney is?

CLIVE

Yes, his name is Stanley Hall, and he's a real piece of work.

ELIZABETH

Well, I've dealt with pieces of work before, your mother being chief among them.

CLIVE

Okay that's enough of that. Now, I will help you with this project as much as I can, but I don't want my name mentioned, in the book.

ELIZABETH

Oh come on dear, most husbands would love to be in their wife's bestseller.

CLIVE

I am not most husbands.

ELIZABETH

How about I give your character a nom de plume?

CLIVE

Fine, do you have a name in mind?

Elizabeth thinks for a second.

ELIZABETH

What about Washington Hunter?

CLIVE

Why Washington Hunter?

ELIZABETH

I was watching a documentary about George Washington, so that's where that came from.

CLIVE

What about the Hunter?

ELIZABETH

That's easy, you're a detective hunting this dangerous serial killer.

CLIVE

I don't like it.

ELIZABETH

Oh why not dear?

CLIVE

The name sounds made up Clive.

ELIZABETH

You're just saying that, because you know it's made up Clive.

CLIVE

Don't mind me, it's your book.

ELIZABETH

No dear, I value your opinion.

CLIVE

When did that start?

ELIZABETH

Oh come on Clive. I've always valued your thoughts.

CLIVE

Okay here's one of my thoughts. Let's stay here, and finish our wonderful meals.

Elizabeth and Clive continue to eat their meals.

FADE OUT

Two Guards escort Hal Barrett into a room. Hal is handcuffed and shackled.

HAL

What the hell am I doing here?

GUARD

Your lawyer is going to call you.

HAL

He's called me before, and I've never had to leave my damn cell.

GUARD

A lot has changed in the past ten years.

The Guards bring Hal over to a table, with a speaker phone, on top of it.

HAL

Are you going to unchain me, for this call?

GUARD

No, that's why we're using a speaker phone.

The Guards sit Hal down at the table.

HAL

This better be worth getting me out of my bed.

The phone begins to ring, and the Guard, answers it. Stanley Hall, answers from his office.

STANLEY

(From the speaker phone)

Are you there Hal?

HAL

Yeah, I'm here Stanley.

STANLEY

Are the guards there?

GUARD

Yeah, we're here Mr. Hall.

STANLEY

Get the hell out of here then.

GUARD

We don't have to leave Mr. Hall.

STANLEY

Have your forgotten that my client has the right to a protected conversation with his attorney?

GUARD

Fine, we're leaving.

The Guards turn around, and walk out of the room.

STANLEY

Are they gone?

HAL

Yeah.

STANLEY

Good, now we can talk.

HAL

What the hell do we have to talk about?

STANLEY

What's the problem now Hal?

HAL

You haven't fucking called my ass in ten fucking years.

STANLEY

Well, I'm calling your ass now.

HAL

What do you want?

STANLEY

I got a call from a woman, who wants to write a book about your case, and she wants to interview you.

HAL

Tell her to fuck off. I don't want to do that shit.

STANLEY

Wait a minute there's a lot of money, in this.

HAL

What the hell am I going to do with fucking money here in prison?

STANLEY

Well, I still need fucking money, and this is a to make more of it.

HAL

Chelsea must be having a bad season this year, and you probably owe every bookie in London money.

STANLEY

Have you forgotten I represented your demented ass pro bono?

HAL

Yes, and I remember you being on
T.V. a lot, talking about me.

STANLEY

What can I tell you Hal? That shit
doesn't pay the bills.

HAL

Especially when you get your ass
sued by ten women for sexual
harassment.

STANLEY

How do you know about that?

HAL

I do watch a little T.V. in here
Stanley.

STANLEY

Well, it's all bullshit, and there
were only three women suing me.

HAL

You should now that sexual predators
aren't treated well in prison.

STANLEY

I'm not that worried. Those bitches
just want money.

HAL

Okay, now what the hell do I get out
of this?

STANLEY

What do you want?

HAL

I need some cherry flavored soda.

STANLEY

Really that's it.

HAL

It's the only thing I really do miss,
in this shit hole.

STANLEY

Fine, I'll send it with your morning
paper.

HAL

Good, when should I expect this author?

STANLEY

She should be the day after tomorrow.

HAL

Fine.

STANLEY

There is something you should know about her.

HAL

She's a woman.

STANLEY

She's over sixty man.

HAL

Shit.

STANLEY

You should also know that she is the wife of Clive Routledge.

HAL

Now, I know why she choose me to write about.

STANLEY

Are you going to have a problem, with any of this?

HAL

You've seen to many revenge movies. He's a cop and I'm a multiple murderer, so what the fuck.

STANLEY

I'm under a legal obligation to ask.

HAL

Are we done here Stanley, because I'm getting tired.

STANLEY

Fine bye.

Stanley hangs up his phone.

CUT INSIDE ELIZABETH'S CAR

Elizabeth is driving her car, down a road. Her cellar phone begins to ring.

ELIZABETH

I wonder who that could be.

Elizabeth picks up her mobile phone, from a nearby console, and answers it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hello.

Dennis Routledge answers from his living room.

DENNIS

(On his cellar phone)

Hello mum.

ELIZABETH

Dennis, why are you on the phone, at this late hour?

DENNIS

Is it that late in England?

ELIZABETH

Oh, it's not late here, but I know it's late, in America.

DENNIS

It's not that late, on this side of the pond.

ELIZABETH

That's good, because every doctor needs his sleep.

DENNIS

I know mother, and I'm well rested.

ELIZABETH

Good dear, I've decided what my first book is going to be.

DENNIS

That's nice, what is it?

ELIZABETH

I'm writing a book about the White Chapel Ripper.

DENNIS

How does dad feel about that?

ELIZABETH

He begrudgingly agreed. Of course I had to agree not to use his name, in the book.

DENNIS

That sounds like dad. What are you doing now?

ELIZABETH

I'm on my way to HMP Belmarsh to interview Hal Barrett.

DENNIS

You're kidding.

ELIZABETH

No, I'm not.

DENNIS

Are you sure that's wise?

ELIZABETH

Oh come on Dennis, have you ever known me to do something unwise?

DENNIS

Well...

ELIZABETH

Don't answer that.

Dennis yawns loudly.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I knew you needed sleep.

DENNIS

It's my first yawn of the evening mother.

ELIZABETH

Well, I'm going to let you go, so you can get some sleep.

DENNIS

Okay, I'll talk to you again soon mum.

ELIZABETH

Okay dear good night, and good bye.

DENNIS

Bye.

Elizabeth hangs up the phone.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE TWO

INT. HMP BELMARSH - MORNING

Two Guards escort Hal into an interview room. A few seconds pass, and Elizabeth walks into the interview room. They walk him over to a chair, and chain him to a large table.

HAL

Is all of this fucking necessary?

GUARD #2

You know the rules Hal.

HAL

Of course I do. I was in this hell hole, while you were, in grade school.

GUARD #2

Fine, the author will be here, in a matter of moments.

HAL

Fine.

The Guards turn, and walk out of the interview room. A few seconds pass, and Elizabeth walks into the living room, and over to a chair, in front of Hal.

ELIZABETH

Good morning Mr. Barrett.

Elizabeth sits down, in the chair.

HAL

I never have a good damn morning in here.

ELIZABETH

Let's start by asking you. What have you been told about my project?

HAL

All I know is you're writing a damn book about my little murder spree, and my lawyer thinks this book will help him make more money.

ELIZABETH

I got that feeling, when I met with him.

HAL

Yeah, he's a real piece of shit.

ELIZABETH

Now, this will be the first, of a series of interviews.

HAL

Fine, I've got nothing else to do, and the more time out of my cell, the better.

ELIZABETH

I would also appreciate it, if you would be as honest as you can.

HAL

I've got nothing left to fucking loose.

ELIZABETH

Good now, let's talk about what made you want to kill women.

HAL

Well, I didn't start killing women. I killed a bunch of cats and dogs as a kid. Would you like to talk about that?

ELIZABETH

No, thank you.

HAL

I got more hate mail during my trial for killing dogs and cats then anything else that became public fucking knowledge.

ELIZABETH

What did your parents think of this behavior?

HAL

Dad was to damn busy pissing away, the little money he had, at the local.

ELIZABETH

What about your mother?

HAL

She was getting drugs, for blow jobs.

ELIZABETH

Oh. I remember from your trail that you had dark sexual fantasies, as a teenager.

HAL

That's also true. How is your husband by the way?

ELIZABETH

He's doing fine.

HAL

You know he's the only guy, who didn't try to make a fucking buck of me.

ELIZABETH

Let's talk about your first victim.

FADE OUT

A younger Hal is sitting on a couch, inside his mother's home.

HAL

(V.O.)

I had just gotten home from some piece of shit job. I don't remember, what the job was.

Victoria Barrett walks into the living room.

VICTORIA

I thought you were at work.

HAL

(Drinking beer)

I was.

Victoria walks over to a recliner near the couch, and sits down.

VICTORIA

Did you get your ass fired again?

HAL

No mum, the job was done, so I came home.

VICTORIA

Did you get fucking paid?

HAL

No. I'll get paid on Friday.

VICTORIA

You're a bigger dumb ass than your father.

HAL

Hey, I came home, which is a hell of a lot more that he ever did.

VICTORIA

At least your father got paid, dumb fuck.

HAL

What was I supposed to do, rob the son of a bitch?

VICTORIA

Hey you would have gotten your fucking money.

HAL

What's for dinner already?

VICTORIA

Nothing asshole! We're fucking broke.

HAL

You know how these assholes operate. I do the damn work, and they pay me, when ever they fucking feel like it, if at all.

VICTORIA

That wouldn't happen, if you would get a real fucking job.

HAL

High school drop outs don't get good paying jobs.

VICTORIA

And, who's fault is that dumb ass?

HAL

Yeah, you had nothing to do with that.

VICTORIA

That's what's wrong with your punk ass generation. You're always blaming your parents.

HAL
I have an idea. Why don't you get a
fucking job?

VICTORIA
I had one, but nobody wants a good
fucking blow job anymore.

Hal suddenly stands up, from the couch.

HAL
I've had enough of this shit!

Hal storms out of the house, slamming the door.

VICTORIA
What the hell is wrong with his ass?

CUT TO INSIDE A PICKUP TRUCK

Hal is driving down a dark, and sees Maria Morrison, standing
on the side, of the road.

ELIZABETH
(V.O.)
What made you decide to kill this
young woman?

HAL
(V.O.)
I still don't why I decided to kill
her exactly. All I remember from
that night is being pissed. Hell, I
don't even remember the girl's name.

Hal pulls over to the side of the road, in front of Maria.
He rolls down the truck's driver's side window, as Maria
walks over to the truck.

MARIA
Hey honey, want a date?

HAL
How much?

MARIA
Fifty pounds.

HAL
Okay, get in.

Maria walks in front of the truck, to the passenger side,
and gets into the truck.

MARIA

Do you want to do it here?

HAL

No.

MARIA

Okay, There is a cheap motel, down the street, that I use.

HAL

How much are these rooms?

MARIA

They charge 25 pounds a night, for a room.

HAL

I've only got fifty pounds grand total.

MARIA

Fine, I'll work for twenty five.

HAL

Good.

Hal begins driving down the road.

MARIA

Is this your first time?

HAL

I've had sex before.

MARIA

Okay calm down, I didn't mean that anyway.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

What was your first sexual experience?

HAL

(V.O.)

A girl cousin gave me a blow job.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Fine.

HAL

So, what the hell did you mean?

MARIA

Is this your first time, you've ever hired a date?

HAL

Yeah, this will be my first time, with a whore.

MARIA

Oh so you must be in between girlfriends.

HAL

You don't have to bullshit me.

MARIA

I'm just trying to be nice.

HAL

I don't like small talk.

MARIA

Okay, the motel is right over here.

Hal turns the truck, and pulls into a motel parking lot.

HAL

Could you go pay for the room?

MARIA

Why me?

HAL

I don't want to be seen here, because if my mum finds out, I'll never hear the fucking end of it.

MARIA

Whatever, but I'm going to need the money.

HAL

Fine.

Hal removes a fifty pound note, from his pants pocket, and gives it to Maria.

MARIA

I'll be right back.

Maria gets out of the truck, and walks away.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Have you decided to kill her at this point?

HAL

(V.O.)

No. I just wanted to fuck her hard. Why do you ask?

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Well, did you really care if your mother found out, about this rendezvous?

HAL

(V.O.)

Hell yeah, because this motel is in my neighborhood, and if she found out about this. She would be on my ass about the fifty bucks from then, until the day I fucking die.

Maria walks back to the truck, and opens the passenger side door.

MARIA

We're in room 112.

HAL

Fine.

Hal gets out of the truck. Maria closes the truck's door. Hal and Maria meet on the sidewalk, and begin to walk down the sidewalk together.

MARIA

So, what do you want to do?

HAL

I want to fuck.

MARIA

I know that. How do you want to fuck?

Hal shrugs his shoulders.

HAL

I'll know, when we get started.

MARIA

Okay, here's our room.

Hal and Maria stop at a motel room door. Maria unlocks the motel room door, and opens it. They both walk into the motel room.

HAL

All right drop your damn pants, and let's get the job done.

Maria closes the motel room door.

MARIA

You really don't know how fucking works, do you?

HAL

(V.O.)

That bitch was going to fucking die that night.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Would this decision have anything to do with this young woman criticizing you, like your mother did, earlier, in the evening?

HAL

(V.O.)

Oh hell yeah.

MARIA

Now, let's start by taking our clothes off, and lying on the bed.

HAL

Whatever.

Hal and Maria both take their clothes off, and lie on the bed. They then begin kissing each other, and begin to have sex.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Why didn't you kill her now?

HAL

(V.O.)

I wanted to finish fucking.

Hal and Maria finish having sex.

MARIA

Do you feel better?

HAL
I feel a little better, I guess.

MARIA
Good, I'm going to take a shower.

HAL
Wait a minute.

MARIA
What is it?

HAL
I want to go again.

Maria thinks for a second.

MARIA
Okay fine, but it's not going to
smell very good.

HAL
Do I look like I give a fuck?

MARIA
Whatever.

Hal and Maria begin to have sex once again. Hal begins to strangle Maria. She begins to moan and jerk violently.

ELIZABETH
(V.O.)
Are you beginning to feel an emotional
release?

HAL
(V.O.)
Yeah.

Maria's movements begin to slow, as she slowly and painfully dies.

ELIZABETH
(V.O.)
How did you feel once she died?

HAL
(V.O.)
I felt fucking euphoric.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE THREE

INT. HMP BELMARSH VISITOR'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Elizabeth and Hal are both sitting across the table, from each other.

HAL

Of course that calm didn't fucking last.

ELIZABETH

What changed?

HAL

I suddenly realized that I had a dead body, to get rid of.

ELIZABETH

Of course.

Guard #2 walks back into the Visitor's Room, and over to the table.

GUARD #2

This visit is over.

ELIZABETH

Fine.

HAL

I guess it's back to my hole.

Guard #2 walks over to Hal, and unlocks him, from the chair.

HAL (CONT'D)

Here's a story for your book, imagine how I use the bog, with all of this shit on me.

Elizabeth smiles, but suddenly stops smiling. Hal stands up from the chair.

HAL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't tell anybody that I made you smile.

Elizabeth begins to stand up, from her chair.

GUARD #2

Wait.

ELIZABETH

What's wrong?

HAL

They have to take my ass out of here,
before you can go.

ELIZABETH

Fine.

Elizabeth settles back down, into her chair.

GUARD #2

Also, the warden wants to see you.

ELIZABETH

Do you know why?

GUARD #2

No.

Guard #2 escorts Hal out of the Visitor's Room.

ELIZABETH

I wonder what the warden would want
with me?

Roger Freeman walks into the Visitor's Room.

ROGER

Good afternoon, Mrs. Routledge.

ELIZABETH

Good afternoon warden uh...

ROGER

I'm Warden Roger Freeman.

ELIZABETH

What can I do for you Warden Freeman?

ROGER

Scotland Yard believes that Mr.
Barrett has other victims unknown to
them.

ELIZABETH

That doesn't surprise me sir. How
can I help?

ROGER

All you have to do is when he mentions
a victim, remember the name, and
tell me.

ELIZABETH

That's all you want me to do warden.

ROGER

Yes.

ELIZABETH

How will that help?

ROGER

Simple, I'll give the name to the boys at Scotland Yard, and they will check and see if the young woman, is a missing person.

ELIZABETH

Makes sense, I'll do what I can.

ROGER

Excellent, now what did you talk about today?

ELIZABETH

We spoke about his first victim, but he couldn't recall. The poor young woman's name.

ROGER

Oh blast, well keep him talking. He may let the name slip.

ELIZABETH

Good idea.

ROGER

Why don't I escort you out, Mrs. Routledge?

ELIZABETH

That would be nice thank you warden.

Elizabeth stands up from her chair. Elizabeth and Roger walk out of the Visitor's Room, and into a hallway. Then they begin to walk down the hallway.

ROGER

So Mrs. Routledge, what do you think of my institution?

ELIZABETH

I guess it's okay, of course. I don't know much about prisons.

ROGER

Well, I've recently received an award, for my time here as warden.

ELIZABETH

Really, what was the award for warden?

ROGER

There have been no successful escapes,
from this prison, since I've been
the warden.

ELIZABETH

Oh, well congratulations.

A cellar phone in Roger's suit pocket, begins to ring.

ROGER

Excuse me.

Roger removes his cellar phone, from his suit pocket, and
answers it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Hello.

Roger listens to the phone.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Fine, I'll be back to my office, in
a few seconds.

Roger listens to his phone.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Okay good bye.

Roger hangs up his cellar phone, and puts it back into his
suit pocket, and looks over at Elizabeth.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I have an important meeting, back in
at my office, so if you will excuse
me.

ELIZABETH

Of course warden.

Roger turns, and walks down a separate hallway.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I certainly hope, I can find my way
out of this place.

FADE OUT

Clive is sitting on a coach watching rugby on television.
Elizabeth walks into the living room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And, so it begins.

CLIVE

What's wrong?

ELIZABETH

You've spent all day watching rugby.

CLIVE

What's the point of being retired,
if you can't enjoy all of your
hobbies?

Elizabeth walks over to a chair, near the couch, and sits
down.

ELIZABETH

I will never understand your
obsession, with this sport.

CLIVE

Rugby has been in my life, longer
than you have, and I'm not planning
to leave either one of you.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Clive.

CLIVE

So, how did your first prison
interview go?

ELIZABETH

Fine.

CLIVE

Did Hal mention me at all?

ELIZABETH

You didn't come up much, if at all.

CLIVE

Oh.

ELIZABETH

Are you jealous?

CLIVE

No, it's just...

ELIZABETH

I understand dear, but I did have a
bit of an interesting chat, with the
warden.

CLIVE

What did the warden have to say?

ELIZABETH

Scotland Yard believes that Hal may have victims. That they don't know about.

CLIVE

I knew about that idea, because I'm the one who suggested it, when I first arrested him.

ELIZABETH

Well, the warden wants...

CLIVE

I'll tell you what the warden wants. He wants you to get Hal to talk, and tell you about the unknown victims.

ELIZABETH

Yes, that's it.

CLIVE

That man is running for damn public office.

ELIZABETH

Now, see here Clive Routledge. I will gladly put up with rugby, but I refuse to listen to your blue collar cop swearing.

CLIVE

Sorry Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Now, what makes you think Warden Freeman, is running for office?

CLIVE

Why else would a warden care about any of this?

ELIZABETH

You're such a cynic Clive Routledge.

CLIVE

That might be true, but still be careful. There is nothing more dangerous than a bureaucrat, seeking higher office.

ELIZABETH

Do you think I should help the warden,
with this idea?

Clive thinks for a second.

CLIVE

Well, there is a chance you will be
able to help the victims families,
so I guess, it's worth doing.

ELIZABETH

I have another question for you now
dear.

CLIVE

I'm always glad to help.

ELIZABETH

I was reading your case file, just
before I left, for the prison, and
it said. Hal's first victim was
stabbed.

CLIVE

This is true, that's why the pressed
called him the ripper.

ELIZABETH

There is no need to be facetious
Clive.

CLIVE

I wasn't trying to be Elizabeth, now
why do you ask?

ELIZABETH

I ask because, when we were speaking
of Hal's first victim. Hal said he
strangled her.

CLIVE

Well my dear Elizabeth. You have
already stumbled on to one of those
unknown victims. We were speaking
of.

ELIZABETH

Why do you think he's already
beginning to tell me about his secret
victims?

CLIVE

Well, knowing Hal.
(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)

He probably wants to see how smart you are, and show you how smart he is.

ELIZABETH

Now Clive is a blue collar guy. Why would he care about how smart I am, or want me to know how smart he is.

CLIVE

These guys always want you to know how smart they are, serial killing is his art, it's what he does, it's the only thing he knows how to do.

ELIZABETH

I see, but I always thought serial killers stuck to an M.O.

CLIVE

First, they have to find an M.O. that suits them.

ELIZABETH

Interesting now, am I just supposed to wait until Hal tells me, everything about this victim?

CLIVE

Not necessarily, if he's testing you. He may want you to solve this little mystery to see, how smart you are.

ELIZABETH

So, my Scotland Yard detective husband, how do I begin to solve this case?

CLIVE

Did he tell you where this murder took place?

ELIZABETH

The murder took place in a cheap motel, near where he lived. The victim suggested it, but the body was dumped, into a river.

CLIVE

Okay let's take this one step at a time. Was this victim a hooker?

ELIZABETH

Yes.

CLIVE

Okay so, if you want to find out just how this poor young woman was, go to the motel, if it's still in business, and ask around, it's a long shot, but you may find somebody who knew her.

ELIZABETH

How can I find the motel?

CLIVE

You could use the internet to search motels, in the area of Hal's house.

ELIZABETH

Of course, you're right dear.

CLIVE

Enjoy your research.

Elizabeth stands up from the chair, and walks, out of the living room.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Now, back to the game.

CUT TO THE BLUE DRAGON HOTEL

Gabriella Begum is standing, behind the front desk. A Police Officer walks up to the desk.

GABRIELLEA

Did you chase off the riff raff?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes mam, they've left.

GABRIELLEA

I don't know why you can't throw those bums, and whores into jail.

POLICE OFFICER

Well, there is now law against being poor, and our laws concerning prostitution, are confusing at best.

GABRIELLEA

I wish English conservatives were more like American Republicans.

POLICE OFFICER

That's your right madame, now if you will excuse me.

The Police Officer turns and walks away from Gabriellea.

GABRIELLEA

Our tax dollars at work.

Elizabeth walks up to Gabriellea.

ELIZABETH

Good afternoon dear.

GABRIELLEA

Good afternoon, how may I help you Miss?

ELIZABETH

My name is Elizabeth Routledge, and I'm planning to write a book about, something that occurred, in this motel.

GABRIELLEA

Really, this could be interesting.

ELIZABETH

May I speak to the owner of this fine hotel?

GABRIELLEA

I am the owner.

ELIZABETH

You couldn't have possibly been the owner, twenty years ago.

GABRIELLEA

No. My father was running things then.

ELIZABETH

May I speak to your father?

GABRIELLEA

He's currently in a nursing home.

ELIZABETH

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

GABRIELLEA

It's okay dad is doing much better now, so what happened here, if you don't mind me asking?

ELIZABETH

I have it on good authority that a hooker was murdered in this motel, and I have a few questions.

GABRIELLEA

I'm sorry, but, I think you have the wrong hotel.

ELIZABETH

Not according to the information. I have read.

GABRIELLEA

Look, when I bought this place from my father. The first think I did at great expense, is change it from a rundown motel, into a classy hotel, in a changing more upscale neighborhood.

ELIZABETH

I understand Miss...

GABRIELLEA

Begum.

ELIZABETH

I understand what you're trying to do with the rebranding of your business, and my book will only help with that.

Gabriellea groans in frustration.

GABRIELLEA

No, madame it won't help. Your book, with all due respect will attract want to be ghost hunters, and true crime aficionados. All of which is very low class.

ELIZABETH

Fine, you have a nice day.

GABRIELLEA

I will certainly try madame.

Elizabeth turns and walks away from the front desk, and into a small bar, inside the hotel. She moves over to a barstool, and sits down. A Bartender walks over to Elizabeth.

BARTENDER

I saw you talk to our beloved owner.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I seem to have upset her.

BARTENDER

Don't worry about it, because it's not hard to piss her off, pardon my French.

ELIZABETH

It's fine, I've heard worse from my husband.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something to drink?

ELIZABETH

I'll have a club soda.

BARTENDER

Excellent choice.

The Bartender quickly makes a glass of club soda, and gives it to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

BARTENDER

You're certainly welcome.

ELIZABETH

May I ask how long you've worked here?

BARTENDER

Are you with the Department of Revenue?

ELIZABETH

No. I'm just a True Crime Author.

BARTENDER

Now, why would a True Crime Author have an interest, in this hotel?

ELIZABETH

A hooker was murdered here over twenty years ago.

BARTENDER

I was working here as a maid back then, and I remember a lot of hookers being around. Did this young woman have a name?

ELIZABETH
Her name was Maria Morrison.

The Bartender thinks for a second.

BARTENDER
Blast it, the name rings a bell, but
I just can't remember her name.

ELIZABETH
Don't worry, it has been a long time.

BARTENDER
Do you have a photograph?

ELIZABETH
Yes.

Elizabeth removes a printed picture, out of her purse, and shows it to the Bartender.

BARTENDER
Yeah, I remember her. She was a
nice girl.

Elizabeth puts the picture back into her purse.

ELIZABETH
Thanks for your help.

BARTENDER
Are you writing a book about Maria?

ELIZABETH
No. I'm writing a book about the
White Chapel Ripper.

BARTENDER
What did Maria have to do with him?

ELIZABETH
I suspect that Maria, was the Ripper's
first victim.

BARTENDER
They should have hanged that son of
a bitch.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE FOUR

EXT. THE ROUTLEDGE FRONT YARD - EVENING

Elizabeth and Clive are sitting at a small table.

ELIZABETH

(Eating)

How is your dinner dear?

CLIVE

(Eating)

Good, I've always enjoyed your bangers and mash. How was your investigation into Maria Morrison?

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't call it an investigation Clive.

CLIVE

Well, let's look at it. Did you talk to someone, who knew a murder victim?

ELIZABETH

As a matter of fact, I spoke to a bartender, who knew Maria.

CLIVE

I hate to be the one to tell you this Elizabeth, but you're conducting an investigation.

Elizabeth thinks for a second.

ELIZABETH

You just might have a point there dear.

CLIVE

Oh, I've got more than a point.

ELIZABETH

Will I get into any legal trouble for conducting an investigation, without some sort of license?

CLIVE

I think you will be okay.

ELIZABETH

When will I be ready to take my evidence to the police?

CLIVE

You don't take evidence to the police, in real life. You take it to The Crown Prosecution Service.

ELIZABETH

Fine, Clive have it your way. Am I ready to take my evidence to the C.P.S.?

CLIVE

No. All you have is the identity of a possible murder victim, and that's hardly a case.

ELIZABETH

What about Mr. Barrett's confession, during our interview?

CLIVE

Well, Hal could be lying to you, about all of this.

ELIZABETH

So, what exactly should I do next?

CLIVE

Tell Hal, what you have found out, and see how he reacts, now that being said. You should be very careful with this man. He's a very dangerous psychopath.

ELIZABETH

Oh I know that dear.

CLIVE

Do you remember the self defense techniques I taught you?

ELIZABETH

Yes, I still practice the self defense both you, and my father taught me.

CLIVE

Well, things have changed a lot since your S.A.S. father taught you anything.

ELIZABETH

Do men still have groins?

CLIVE

Yes, I believe they still do.

ELIZABETH

Well, I should still be okay.

FADE OUT

Hal is chained to the same chair, and seated at the same table, inside the Prison Visitor's Center. Elizabeth walks into the room, and over to the table. She is carrying a file folder.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Good morning Mr. Barrett.

Elizabeth sits down at the table, in front of Hal.

HAL

You know, I'm not used to being greeted, so politely. Hell I'm lucky, if I get a fuck you, in the morning.

ELIZABETH

Does being greeted like that upset you?

HAL

Not really, so what would you like to talk about today?

ELIZABETH

Actually, I have something to show you.

HAL

I knew today was going to be a good day.

Elizabeth passes the file folder, over to the table to Hal. Hal picks up the folder, opens it, and begins to read the file.

HAL (CONT'D)

Who's this?

ELIZABETH

It's your first victim.

HAL

Yeah, this bird looks familiar.

ELIZABETH

Her name was Maria Morrison.

HAL

Good to know.

ELIZABETH

You're welcome, I guess.

HAL

You know, all of these chains, are really beginning to hurt.

ELIZABETH

Well, I can talk to the warden about that for you.

HAL

Maybe I should wait, and help you with your book, when the warden takes some, of these chains off of me.

ELIZABETH

I can't do anything about the chains right now Mr. Barrett.

HAL

Do you have anything on you right now?

ELIZABETH

All I've got is a couple of Nestle Lion Bars.

HAL

Oh really.

ELIZABETH

Would you like them?

HAL

Hell yeah.

ELIZABETH

Will you tell me more about the murder of Maria Morrison?

HAL

Where's the damn chocolate?

Elizabeth removes two candy bars, from her pants pocket, and gives them to Hal.

HAL (CONT'D)

How did you get these past the fucking guards?

Hal rips open one of the candy bars.

ELIZABETH

I legitimately forgot I had them.

HAL

(Eating)

So, where were we?

ELIZABETH

You had just straggled Maria, and
you both were, inside a hotel.

CUT TO THE HOTEL ROOM TWENTY YEARS BEFORE

A younger Hal is standing over a dead Maria, who is lying on
the bed.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Were you still feeling your post
murder release?

HAL

(V.O.)

No, because I've now realized that.
I'm in a motel room with a dead body.
At this point, I'm thinking okay
dumb ass. What are you going to do
now?

Hal wraps Maria up in the bed sheets. He then walks over to
the motel room door, and opens it.

HAL (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I looked around to see if anyone was
outside, in the parking lot. Luckily
it was still early in the morning,
so no one was around.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

You didn't sleep after the murder.

HAL

(V.O.)

Fuck no, what kind of sick bastard,
is going to sleep with a dead whore?

Hal closes the motel room door, walks over to Maria's body,
and picks her up, from the bed.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Now have you decided what to do with
the body, or are you just trying to
get away from the motel?

HAL

(V.O.)

I'm just trying to get the fuck out
of the room.

Hal walks out of the motel room, still carrying Maria.

HAL (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Mission fucking accomplished.

Hal carries Maria over to his truck, and puts her in the
back.

HAL (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

That was also the day I discovered
how heavy a dead bitch could be.

Hal gets into his truck, and backs out, of the motel parking
lot.

HAL (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I'm so damn worried that I fucked
something up.

Hal begins driving his truck down a dark street.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

What exactly are you worried about
Hal?

HAL

(V.O.)

I'm worried that I left a damn clue,
or something, in the motel room.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Why do you think you felt that way
Hal?

HAL

(V.O.)

I'll tell you why, because I had
never straggled a whore before, and
I don't have a fucking plan what to
do.

Hal pulls into the parking lot of an off license. He gets
out of the truck, and walks into the building. An Employee
is standing behind a counter.

EMPLOYEE
How's it going mate?

HAL
What's the strongest liquor, you
have?

The Employee thinks for a second.

EMPLOYEE
There's some Maker's Marker, in the
back.

HAL
Thanks.

Hal walks to the back of the store, picks up a bottle of
Maker's Mark, and walks back to the Employee. He puts the
bottle of liquor, on the counter.

EMPLOYEE
That will be fifteen pounds.

HAL
Will this fuck me up quick?

EMPLOYEE
Oh yeah, it will do the job.

HAL
Good.

EMPLOYEE
Did you have a bad night?

HAL
Yeah.

EMPLOYEE
Did you wake up on the wrong side,
of an ugly woman?

HAL
I just came here for the fucking
booze man.

EMPLOYEE
Fine.

Hal removes the fifty pound note, from his pants pocket, and
puts it on the counter.

HAL

(V.O.)

Yeah, not only did I choke the bitch to death. I got my fucking money back from her.

The Employee picks up the money, puts it into the cash register, makes the change, and gives it back to Hal.

EMPLOYEE

Well, try to have a good morning.

Hal puts the money back into his pants pocket, and picks up the liquor bottle, from the counter, and out of the building.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

So, the stress caused you to drink.

Hal walks over to his truck, and gets into the driver's seat.

HAL

(V.O.)

Fuck yeah.

Hal starts his truck, backs out of the parking lot, and begins driving down another dark street. He begins to drink the liquor, directly from the bottle.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

So, is the drinking relaxing you?

HAL

(V.O.)

I guess so.

Hal continues to drive down the dark road. The sun is beginning to rise.

HAL (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The fucking sun is about to come up, and I knew I had to get rid of this bitch right now.

Hal stops his truck on a bridge over a river, pulls over to the side, of the bridge.

ELIZABETH

(V.O.)

Why did feel the need to get rid of Maria at sunrise?

Hal gets out of his truck, and walks to the back, of the truck.

HAL

(V.O.)

I didn't want to loose the damn cover
of darkness.

Hal picks up Maria's body, carries her over to the bridge, and throws her body, into the river. He watches as Maria's body sinks, to the bottom, of the river.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

SCENE FIVE

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Roger is sitting behind his desk. Falkner Jones is sitting, on a small sofa, along the east wall.

ROGER

I can't believe that you couldn't
get me tickets to Boris Johnson's
campaign fundraiser.

FALKNER

I called all of the contacts. I
have left, and the event is just
sold out.

ROGER

They don't have tickets for
dignitaries?

FALKNER

Who's the dignitary in question Roger?

ROGER

It's me Falkner, I'm the warden of
one of the best prisons, in the United
Kingdom.

FALKNER

I'm sure my connections told the
powers that be, who you are.

ROGER

Did your contacts also tell these
powers that be, that I am a major
party contributor?

FALKNER

I didn't know you're a major contributor.

ROGER

I've been giving a thousand pounds a year to the Conservative Party, since I've been an adult.

FALKNER

With all due respect Roger. That's not a major contribution.

ROGER

Maybe I would have more money to give by dismissing you.

FALKNER

You barely pay me anything, and you wouldn't be as far a long in your political career as you are without me.

ROGER

Okay fine, what the hell should we do?

FALKNER

We just have to wait for an opportunity to get your name, in the public forum.

There is a knock on Roger's office door.

ROGER

Who is it?

ELIZABETH

(On the other side of the closed door)

It's Elizabeth Routledge. I have some news regarding Hal Barrett.

ROGER

I knew this was going to pay off.

FALKNER

I didn't disagree Roger.

ROGER

Please come in Mrs. Routledge.

Elizabeth opens the door, and walks into the office.

ELIZABETH
Good afternoon, Warden Freeman.

ROGER
Good afternoon.

Roger turns to Falkner.

ROGER (CONT'D)
This is my political advisor Falkner Jones.

FALKNER
Good afternoon Mrs. Routledge.

ELIZABETH
Good afternoon sir.

ROGER
Please have a seat.

Elizabeth walks over to a chair in front of Roger's desk, and sits down.

ROGER (CONT'D)
So, what can I do for you?

ELIZABETH
It seems Mr. Barrett has confessed to the murder, of an unknown victim.

FALKNER
Did this young woman have a name?

ELIZABETH
Yes, her name was Maria Morrison.

ROGER
When did this happen?

ELIZABETH
The murder took place about twenty years ago.

FALKNER
Did he tell you where the woman's body was buried?

ELIZABETH
Well, he told me he threw her strangled body, into a river.

FALKNER
(Under his breath)
Damn.

ELIZABETH
Is something wrong Mr. Jones?

FALKNER
Good luck finding the body, after
all of these years. This young
woman's body is fish food.

ELIZABETH
Well, couldn't the police search the
river for something.

FALKNER
They could, but they won't waste all
of that tax money, and find nothing.

ELIZABETH
So, gentlemen what should I do?

ROGER
I would just keep Mr. Barrett talking,
and hope that he confesses to a
murder, in which we can find some
more substantial evidence.

ELIZABETH
That's sad.

FALKNER
What's so sad about it?

ELIZABETH
It's sad because Miss Morrison's
family never receive closure.

ROGER
Oh yes, of course.

FADE OUT

Clive is doing pushups, in the middle, of the living room.
Elizabeth walks into the living room, and sees Clive.

ELIZABETH
What are you doing now Clive?

CLIVE
I'm working out.

ELIZABETH
When did this start?

CLIVE
I've been working out for years.

ELIZABETH

I don't remember this.

CLIVE

That's because, I mostly worked out in the gym, at work.

ELIZABETH

Must you exercise, in the living room?

CLIVE

I like to listen to the television as I exercise.

ELIZABETH

Why don't you set up a small gym, inside the garage?

CLIVE

Why can't I just continue to work out here, in the living room?

ELIZABETH

I don't want you to sweat on the carpet, because it will make the living room smell like a sweat sock.

CLIVE

All I smell is the god awful potpourri. You buy from I don't know where.

Elizabeth walks over to an empty chair, and sits down.

ELIZABETH

I buy that potpourri from a sweet gentleman, who hasn't had an easy life.

Clive stops doing pushups, and stands up from the floor.

CLIVE

Well, if this sweet gentleman would make a better product. His life may become easier.

Clive walks over to the couch, and sits down.

ELIZABETH

You can be so heartless sometimes Clive.

CLIVE

I know, you're a saint for living with me for all of these years.

ELIZABETH

Please sheathe that wit of yours. I have something more important to talk to you about dear.

CLIVE

What can I do for you?

ELIZABETH

I told the warden about Maria Morrison.

CLIVE

Okay so, when's the press conference?

ELIZABETH

He's not having a press conference. He's not doing anything.

CLIVE

Why ever not?

ELIZABETH

Mr. Freeman says that it would be hard to find a body, in the river, after twenty years, now I know you don't have to have a body to prove a murder.

CLIVE

Yes, but it's hard for our politician in training to produce a photo opp, without the body.

ELIZABETH

Oh.

CLIVE

I told you to be careful with this bloke.

ELIZABETH

I just thought of something.

CLIVE

What is it?

ELIZABETH

Didn't you tell me once. That dead bodies fill with air, and rise out of the water.

CLIVE

I'll be damned Elizabeth. You actually listen to me.

ELIZABETH

Could you please be serious Clive?

CLIVE

Sorry, but yes you're right, but sometimes an undertow can drag a body down, and keep it there, or the river's current could have just carried the body, into the Atlantic.

ELIZABETH

Wouldn't you have to prepare a body for all of that to occur.

CLIVE

Not necessarily, he could have just had dumb evil, violent luck.

ELIZABETH

I just wish I could do more for Maria Morrison's family.

CLIVE

Not true, there is one thing you can do.

CUT TO AN APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Elizabeth and Clive both walk into the hallway, and over to an apartment door.

ELIZABETH

Are you sure this will help the Morrison family cope?

CLIVE

Yes, I've done this before it's hard, but it does indeed help the family receive closure.

Elizabeth knocks on the apartment door. Lacy Morrison opens the door.

LACY

Hello.

ELIZABETH

Are you Lacy Morrison?

LACY

Yes, how may I help you folks?

ELIZABETH

My name is Elizabeth Routledge, and I'm writing a book about the White Chapel Ripper.

LACY

I don't know what you've heard, but I have nothing to do with that asshole. I mean hell White Chapel, is three blocks from here.

ELIZABETH

I don't know how exactly to put this.

CLIVE

We suspect that your granddaughter was one of the early victims, of the White Chapel Ripper.

Lacy hangs her head.

ELIZABETH

Now, we're not here to cause you anymore pain. I just want to be able to tell Maria's story, in my book.

Lacy raises her head.

LACY

Please come in.

Lacy moves out of the doorway. Elizabeth and Clive walk into the apartment. Clive closes the door.

ELIZABETH

Oh, I almost forgot. This is my husband Clive.

LACY

How do you do sir?

CLIVE

I'm fine, thank you for allowing us, into your home.

LACY

You're both certainly welcome, would either of you like a cup of tea?

ELIZABETH

I'm fine, thank you.

CLIVE

As am I.

LACY

Good, let's go into the living room,
and have a seat.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

Lacy leads Elizabeth and Clive into the living room.
Elizabeth and Clive walk over to a couch, and sit down.
Lacy walks over to a recliner, and sits down, as well.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I record this interview
for the book?

LACY

Sure.

ELIZABETH

Thanks once again.

LACY

Once again you're welcome. May I
ask you a question?

ELIZABETH

Certainly.

Elizabeth removes her mobile phone from her purse, and starts
recording.

LACY

How do you know Maria was a victim,
of the White Chapel Ripper?

ELIZABETH

He all but confessed to it, during
an interview. I conducted with him.

LACY

Did he tell you where her body is?

ELIZABETH

He said that he threw the body in a
river, and unfortunately I suspect
that it's too late to retrieve Maria's
body.

LACY

I understand.

CLIVE

We're both sorry to be the ones, who
have to tell you this.

LACY

It's okay, I'm just glad to be able to put an end to the shit feeling. I've had for all of these years, pardon my French.

ELIZABETH

Don't worry, I hear worse from him.

Clive groans in playful frustration. Lacy laughs a little.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Tell me about Maria.

LACY

She was such a smart young lady, and it is one of the greatest regrets, of my life. That I let Maria rejoin her mother.

ELIZABETH

Why is that, if I may ask?

LACY

I raised Maria for most of her childhood, because her mother had problems with drugs and alcohol.

ELIZABETH

Did Maria's mother always struggle with drugs and alcohol?

Lacy nods her head.

LACY

That's another great regret, of my life.

CLIVE

What made you give Maria back to her mother?

LACY

There was a short time in my daughter's life, where she had her damn head on straight, but it didn't last long and Alice destroyed both her, and Maria's life.

CLIVE

Is Alice your daughter?

LACY

Yes.

ELIZABETH

May I ask where Alice is now?

LACY

She died of an overdose, shortly after Maria disappeared.

Lacy's eyes begins to fill with tears.

ELIZABETH

I would be more than happy to come back, and finish this with you, if this is becoming too hard for you.

LACY

I would certainly appreciate it Mrs. Routledge.

ELIZABETH

Okay Clive, let's go.

Elizabeth and Clive both stand up, from the couch.

LACY

(Slightly crying)

I want to thank you for giving me a chance to tell Maria's story.

ELIZABETH

You're most certainly welcome, call me when you're ready to talk again. My phone number is in the book, or you can get in touch with me through the internet, if you prefer.

LACY

Fine.

Elizabeth and Clive walk out of the living room, and out of Lacy's apartment

CLIVE

I think you have the chance to make a difference with this.

ELIZABETH

I know dear.

Clive groans in slight frustration.

FADE TO BLACK

