

KILLED IT!

"The Pilot"

written by

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A young Asian cashier pulls the door of the convenience store closed and locks it, taking a moment to push it back and forth a few times, making sure it's locked. He turns and looks out into the car park.

The rain has started to fall again in a steady drizzle. He sees a single car parked in the empty car park and almost ignores it when he notices that the car's interior dome light is on and can see the shape of someone in the car, slumped forward, head resting on the steering wheel. He pauses briefly and starts to walk slowly toward the car.

The store's keys jangle in his hand. He squints his eyes, trying to get a clearer look at the figure in the car but the droplets of rain on the window obscure what he can see.

A few steps from the car he reaches into his jean's pocket and pulls out his phone. He crouches down and using the sleeve of his jacket wipes at the window, the keys in his hand jangling noisily. He moves his face closer to the window and peers inside.

He taps lightly on the passenger side window, using the keys in his hand, but the person slumped over the steering wheel does not move. He taps again, this time harder, the metallic keys making a cracking sound against the glass.

CASHIER

(loud)

Hello...please, you cannot sleep here!

Hello!

He shoves the keys into his jacket pocket and uses his knuckles to knock on the window this time.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
(shouting)

Hey! You cannot sleep here...I'm going  
to have to call the police if you  
don't move.

He presses his face right up against the window and sees that the head of the person in the car is facing the drivers side door, which is slightly ajar and the reason the car's interior light is still on. He looks at his phone, slides his finger across the screen and activates the torch function.

He tries to open the passenger side door - it's locked.

He takes a deep breath and walks around the back of the car. This area of the car park is very dark, none of the light from the store reaches it and the streetlight overhead is broken. He uses the torch to light up his path, not wanting to trip over anything.

As he reaches the driver's side door he notices a large black bin, only a few feet away.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
(whispering)

That's weird...what's the bin doing  
there?

He pushes the bin, it doesn't budge. He shines the torchlight onto the wheels and using his foot he releases the brakes. He pushes the bin back and away from the car easily, re-locking its brakes. He walks back to the car, shaking his head, glancing back at the bin, confused.

He can see the top of the head of the person slumped over the steering wheel. It's covered in a hoodie, the peak of a cap sticking out beneath, the person's face still obscured.

He shines the torchlight in through the driver's side window but still can't see this person's face clearly. He notices their left arm hanging limply over the handbrake, a bottle of Prosecco gripped in their hand. He knocks again.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Hey...are you alright? Hello!

He stands upright and reaches for the driver's side door handle, pausing for a moment before pulling it open.

He crouches down and raises the torch, shining the light directly onto the face of the person, a look of recognition on his face. It' a man, eyes wide open, and staring directly at him, startling him. But the eyes don't move when the torch's light shines directly into them.

He holds his breath and shines the light over the man's face. He sees that the jacket is unzipped and the man's mouth is open, in a silent scream - blood coats the man's lips and chin - his white shirt soaked red. The cashier stares wide eyed at the man and then notices the deep, cut in the man's neck - thick red blood still oozes from it slowly.

He gasps loudly and jumps back from the car, his feet slip out from under him and he crashes down onto the wet tarmac. He scrambles backwards and away from the car - he moves until his back crashes against the bin.

His phone tumbles from his grip as he jumps back and is laying face down a few feet from where he sits, the torch's light still activated, shining up into the dark sky like a tiny spotlight.

He reaches for the phone, his hand shaking, his fingers fumbling to open the screen. He makes a call.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
(crying, scared, panicked)

Uncle! It's me uncle. Somebody is  
dead! Somebody is dead at the shop!

FADE OUT.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - FRIDAY NIGHT - HALLOWEEN

A bright spotlight shines onto a stage, the only light in a dark room. A person is onstage, it's the show's host, ANDY FRANCIS. A middle aged, balding, slightly overweight white man, in a blazer and scruffy jeans, a jaded veteran of the comedy scene. Only his back is visible, a silhouette against the bright spotlight. The room is filled with applause and cheering.

ANDY

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been an absolutely smashing audience this evening...have you had a great time on this spooky Halloween? You ready for your headline act?

The audience applauds and cheers and whistles at the host's question. He adjusts the microphone stand and slips in the corded microphone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This comic travels and performs all over the world...you're in for an absolute treat...please welcome your headline act Maggie Bishop.

The volume of the audience almost drowns out the name of MARGARET "MAGGIE" BISHOP as she steps onto the stage, shakes Andy's hand and walks to the mic stand and looks out into the crowd - they are noisy but are in almost total blackness.

BISHOP

Thank you...thank you very much for  
such a warm welcome. Let's give a  
massive round of applause to the host  
and to all the other acts you saw  
tonight.

Bishop is tall, with dark, strong features. She is dressed in all black, an imposing figure on the small stage.

Bishop hasn't lifted the microphone from the stand yet, she just speaks into it and then takes a step back and joins in the rapturous applause from the audience.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Wow, this is going to be fun. My name  
is Maggie.

The audience applauds loudly. There's a lone cat whistle as the applause dies down.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Thanks, dad!

The audience roars with laughter and applause.

She looks out at the audience, taking in the cheap Halloween decorations hanging around the venue - lifts the mic out of the stand and begins her set, taking a quick glance at her watch - it's 10pm.

She walks back and forth across the stage, her body silhouetted by the blinding, bright spotlight.

She moves across the stage smoothly - a consummate professional.

Only the first few rows are visible, seeing smiling, laughing faces, the rest of the audience barely visible, all in shadow.

She continues to come back to one face in the audience over and over again.

There is no smile on this face. It's the surly face of a man, arms folded across his chest, a phone in one hand.

This man is PETE. He has messy blond hair, he's tall and slim and has a permanent scowl on his face.

Bishop thinks to herself as she continues her performance.

BISHOP (V.O.)

There's always one isn't there. 100's  
of people can be laughing and having a  
great time but who do I keep going  
back to, the same unsmiling, miserable  
piece of shit. All the time. Every  
single time.

Her eyes keep coming back to Pete's unsmiling, miserable face. Even though he's not seated in the first few rows, he seems to stand out in the shadows, his face bright, as though lit up by some unseen lighting.

Bishop shifts her gaze to a young couple in the front row, and continues her comedy set.

BISHOP

Kev and Leanne right?

The couple squirm uncomfortably in their seats, the girl giggles nervously. Bishop stares at the guy, KEV, and directs her next question to him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

So how long have you two been together  
for?

Kev folds his arms across his chest and turns his head to look at LEANNE.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Don't look at her for an answer mate!

The audience roars with laughter at Bishop's rapid observation. Kev throws his head back and laughs. Leanne glares at him and nudges him sharply in the ribs with her elbow.

Bishop laughs at her reaction and looks out into the audience.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I guess someone's going to be sleeping  
on the sofa tonight.

Another roar of laughter fills the room.

LEANNE

Three years, we've been together three  
years now.

Bishop acknowledges her answer with a nod but her eyes continue to pick out Pete, seeing the same miserable scowl carved onto his face. This time he's reading a message on his phone.

The light from the phone lighting up his miserable face even more.

Bishop returns her attention to the couple and then looks directly at Kev, leaning in towards him.

BISHOP

Three years! Engaged?

Leanne shakes her head no, glaring at Kev as she does this, a grin on her face.

KEV

Nope, not yet.

Kev squirms in his seat. He is clearly uncomfortable as a few "ooh's" from the audience fill the room.

Bishop stands upright, tilts her head and pauses briefly, raising the comedic tension in the room, a naughty grin on her face.

BISHOP

Commitment issues?



The room explodes with laughter and applause from the audience and after a brief moment the couple join in with the applause.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

And Kev thought Halloween couldn't get  
any scarier!

Bishop has throughout the exchange with the couple kept getting glimpses of Pete on his phone.

A woman, BONNIE, short blonde hair, friendly face, quite petite. She's sitting next to Pete and asks him to put his phone away. Pete turns to her and Bishop can see him say to her "Bonnie, fuck off", she can't hear it but reads his lips. Pete continues with his phone.

BISHOP (V.O.)

What the fuck is wrong with people?

Bishop grabs the microphone stand and takes a moment to glance down at her watch - it's 10:30pm.

She looks down for a moment, lets the final laughs and applause from the audience die down. Pete now has stood up and is making his way along the row. The same sour miserable look still etched onto his face. Bishop clenches her jaw and watches as Pete reaches the end of the row. All she sees is Pete, everything else is black. There is no audience anymore, Bishop can only see this man.

She takes a deep, calming breath - relaxes her jaw, smiles and acknowledges the audience.

BISHOP

Ladies and gentlemen...that is my  
time. You've been lovely.  
(beat)

I have hated some of you though.

The audience laughs and glance around to where Pete was seated.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

To Kev and Leanne, you've both been  
brilliant...and remember I'm also  
available for weddings!

The audience and the couple all laugh loudly and the sound of  
applause ripples through the room.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I've got a train to catch. Happy  
Halloween. See you soon. Goodnight!

She slides the microphone into the stand, steps back and  
gives a slight bow and walks off the stage, pausing briefly  
to shake hands with Andy as he walks back onto the stage to  
close the night.

INT: COMEDY CLUB BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop walks past the bar, audience members shout out "great  
job" as she walks past. She gives them all a friendly smile  
and mouths "thank you" and heads away from the crowded room.

The room fills with the sound of applause and cheering as  
Andy says goodnight.

ANDY (O.S.)

Drive home safe and see you all soon.  
Remember to follow all your favorite  
comics on Instagram and don't forget  
to buy me that drink.

Bishop walks towards the ladies toilets.

The men's room door opens and the miserable prick, Pete,  
steps out, his face still buried in his phone.

She steps back into Pete's path. He's oblivious that anyone  
is nearby and walks directly into Bishop, his phone jarring  
loose from his grip and falling onto the floor.

PETE  
(shouting)

Fucks sakes!

Pete bends down and retrieves his phone, turning it over in his hands, checking for cracks and damage.

BISHOP

Your phone ok?

Pete notices Bishop for the first time and steps up threateningly to her, their noses only inches apart. Pete is as tall as Bishop - they are eye to eye.

PETE  
(intimidating)

Yeah...you're lucky it's fine.

Otherwise!

BISHOP  
(slow, menacing)

Otherwise? Otherwise what?

Bishop stares directly into Pete's eyes, she doesn't blink, a small grin on her lips. Her eyes black, emotionless.

Pete stares back, but only briefly before turning away and walking off.

PETE  
(mumbling and chuckling)

Funniest thing you said all night.  
(beat)

Bitch.

Bishop watches him walk away. She's no longer grinning.

She pulls her hand out of her pocket, she's gripping a cutthroat razor. She stares at it for a moment and slips it into the inside pocket of her jacket.

She stands for a moment and then steps into the ladies room.

INT. GREEN ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Bishop steps into the green room, it's a typical comedy club green room.

Two other people are in the room, both open-mic comedians, NATHAN and JACK

NATHAN

Great set.

Nathan is 22, a scruffy beard and even scruffier clothing.

JACK

Yea, that was quality.

BISHOP

Cheers.

She smiles at both of them and sits on a sofa.

JACK

I'm happy to give you a lift to the station, if you don't want to walk alone? It was also pissing down earlier.

Bishop looks up at Jack. He's a little older than Nathan, but dressed in a suit with a neat haircut.

BISHOP

I'll be okay, thanks. And I don't mind walking, the station's not too far and I could use the cool air.

Bishop checks the train timetable on her phone - the next train is at 11:15pm, it's also the last train. She pulls on her dark thick coat and slings the satchel over her shoulder.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm going to be late if I don't run.

Cheers.

NATHAN

Cheers.

JACK

Would you mind if I used you as a reference to try and get onto some other lineups? It could really help having you as a reference.

Bishop pauses at the door and pulls out a business card and passes it to Jack.

BISHOP

This is for Covent Garden and Camden Comedy Clubs, tell the bookers that I saw you play and they should at least give you a try out.

JACK

Brilliant. Thank you.

Bishop smiles, and walks away, the door shutting behind her.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

She walks towards the exit. The comedy club has emptied. Staff tidy up empty pint and wine glasses, rearranging tables and pulling down the Halloween decor.

The show's host, Andy, is still on the stage talking to a straggler, a middle aged man - dressed as a Nun. She tries to avoid Andy but unintentionally makes eye contact. Andy waves her over. The "Nun" also tries to entice her, and he shouts across to her.

MAN NUN

(slurring)

C'mon love. Come have a drink with us,  
it's still early.

She smiles and shakes her head no, points to her watch and mouths the words "train" and "late" and shrugs her shoulders in a "I have no choice" manner.

Andy gives him 2 thumbs up. The "Nun" still stares at Bishop. He licks his lips and blows a kiss at Bishop, a sneer on his face.

BISHOP  
(whispering and smiling)

My god! What a catch you are.

She zips up her coat and speed walks towards the exit and steps out into the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE COMEDY CLUB ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The rain has stopped. Puddles on the street reflect the street lights.

Bishop checks her watch - 10:50pm.

She hears a loud voice - a woman's voice.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
(shouting, angry, upset)

You're such a wanker Pete...a  
miserable fucking wanker.

A man shouts back.

PETE (O.S.)  
(angry, raised)

Fuck you Bonnie. I told you tonight  
would be shit and I was right...I'm  
always fucking right...and that's why  
you're so pissed off with me.

Bishop turns and sees it's the same miserable prick from the comedy club, leaning on the open door of his car, a Ford Focus. The argument is with the woman he had told to "fuck off" earlier that night.

BONNIE

You're rude and you're miserable and  
you spent all night on your fucking  
phone...probably messaging that whore  
Beth.

Bonnie turns her back on Pete. He pulls roughly on her  
shoulder turning her around to face him.

She jerks away from his grip.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Don't you ever pull on me like that  
again you abusive prick!

She moves up close to him, inches from his nose. Bishop sees  
the spittle shoot from Bonnie's mouth into Pete's face as she  
shouts at him. Pete clench his fists.

Bishop stares at Bonnie closely, her sharp eyes picking up  
the faint outline of a bruise on her neck, the unmistakable  
shape of fingers, a man's fingers, beneath a poorly applied  
coat of makeup.

She removes her hands from her coat's pockets, both already  
balled into tight fists and starts to move towards the  
arguing couple.

BISHOP (V.O.)

This abusive asshole needs a lesson  
in manners!

She's barely taken a step when another voice shouts out and  
she stops abruptly.

BOUNCER (O.S.)  
(loud, commanding)

Oy! You two...take your domestic shit  
somewhere else! It's been a good night  
and you're pissing all over it.

(MORE)

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

Now you, mate, leave the lady be and  
fuck off!

A huge doorman stands at the entrance of the venue, thick arms folded across his chest.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You heard me mate...FUCK OFF!

The BOUNCER strides towards Bonnie. He places a giant hand gently on her arm.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You alright love? Want me to call you  
a taxi?

She shakes her head no. The bouncer plants himself between Pete's car and Bonnie, a human shield.

Pete glares at the huge man and climbs into his car, slams the door shut, rolls his window down and leans out.

PETE

(loud)

Bonnie...hey Bonnie! Really? So now  
you're not getting in? C'mon  
love...I'm sorry. Just get in will  
ya...we'll talk about this at home.

Bonnie walks away crying, ignoring Pete.

She continues towards a group of girls who hug her as she arrives.

The bouncer jerks a thumb at Pete, telling him to leave without actually saying it.

Pete starts his car and revs it loudly - angry, face red.

Bonnie turns and looks at Pete as he revs his car.

She glares at him, angry, and flips him the bird, mouthing "fuck off" at him. She rejoins her friends and they climb into a waiting taxi.



Pete speeds off, tyres throwing up wet gravel, his music blaring and he shouts out the window as he drives away.

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

CUUUUUUUUUNT!

Bishop watches Pete's car disappear into the night. When she no longer sees its lights she relaxes and flexes her fingers.

BISHOP  
(whispering)

What a fucking asshole.

She checks her watch - 10:54pm.

EXT. THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop tucks her hands deep into the pockets of her dark coat and walks away from the venue, rounds a corner and spots the lights of a convenience store. The sign for the train station only a little further on.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The light from inside is warm and inviting and reflects in the puddles in the car park. From where she stands she sees the beers in the fridge and that the store is empty except for the cashier.

She scans the car park. It's empty except for a large metallic bin on wheels.

She opens the door and hears the sound of a door buzzer. Loud, Indian style music floods out through the open door. She steps inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

At the sound of the door buzzer, the young Asian cashier, RAFIQ, (17-20s) turns down the stereo's volume. He greets Bishop, the only customer, with a smile.

RAFIQ

Welcome madam. Let me know if there's anything I can help you with? We close at 11pm...3 minutes from now.

Bishop smiles back, nods her head in greeting and makes her way to the fridges at the back of the store and picks up a four pack of Lager. She grabs 2 packets of crisps and a chocolate bar from a nearby display.

The door buzzer sounds again from a speaker right above the fridge. An unseen man's loud voice fills the store, talking like they have no volume control and "want the world to hear everything they say".

PETE (O.S.)

Yea mate, it was a total fucking waste  
of money...

Curious, Bishop looks into the curved security mirror and hears the cashier's voice.

RAFIQ

We are about to close sir, please  
hurry to make your purchases.

She sees a man, on his phone, standing just inside the entrance of the store. The man raises his middle finger in the direction of the cashier.

BISHOP  
(muttering)

Why does the world have to hear your  
conversation you inconsiderate prick!

The man pulls down his hoodie, take off his cap and pull his fingers through his hair. He's still talking loudly - it's Pete.

PETE

Ended up having a right old shouting  
match with Bonnie...only good thing  
about tonight was the beers and a sexy  
waitress...

Bishop watches Pete. She rolls her eyes.

BISHOP  
(whispering)

Of course. It had to be him!

Pete continues, even louder.

PETE

Mate...and those people call  
themselves comedians! Fuck's sake! The  
shit I had this evening before coming  
out was funnier than all of them  
combined.

(beat)

I would've shagged the comedian chick  
that was on at the end though.

Pete laughs.

PETE (CONT'D)

A total waste of money and me and  
Bonnie are probably over too...FUCK!

Pete heads to the fridges in the back of the store.

PETE (CONT'D)

She called me an abusive  
prick...stupid bitch. Silly slag don't  
know what abuse is.

Bishop bites down on her jaw. Her hand holding the crisps  
curl into a tight fist. She stops herself when she hears them  
start to crunch.

PETE (CONT'D)

Mate, here's a joke for ya, what does  
a man say to his woman that has two  
black eyes?

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Nothing...he's already spoken twice!

Pete roars with laughter.

PETE (CONT'D)

Speak to ya in the morning mate...now

that Bonnie's fucked off I've gotta

try get my end away with Beth now

don't I?

Pete ends the call.

Bishop glares at Pete in the mirror - eyes narrow slits, jaw clenched.

She takes a deep breath and walks to the counter, seeing the top of Pete's head disappear behind the shelves near the beer fridges. Pete is on another call.

She places her purchases on the counter. Rafiq starts to ring them up. She can't see Pete any longer but can hear him.

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

Hey Beth...yea it's Pete. You alright

love?

RAFIQ

That'll be £7.50 please madam.

Bishop looks up and sees a name badge on the cashier's chest. It says RAFIQ. She drops a £5 note and some coins onto the counter.

BISHOP

Pop the change into one of those

charity jars please Rafiq. Thank you!

She picks up her purchases, nods her head in thanks and heads to the exit - catching the end of Pete's phone call.

PETE (O.S.)

Brilliant...I'll be at yours in 10, 15  
minutes tops...and yea...I'll bring  
some Prosecco.

Pete laughs sleazily.

Bishop glances one more time in Pete's direction. He's headed to the cashier.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The door buzzes again as Bishop steps outside where she pauses for a moment, her warm breath billowing out into the cold night air. She checks her watch - 11:05pm.

The car park is no longer empty. A single car is parked at the furthest end, the bin a few feet in front of it. It's Pete's Ford Focus. A street lamp, near the car, is broken and shrouds the car and the entire area in darkness.

She looks back into the store's window - Pete chucks cash at the young cashier and grabs his packet of purchases and a bottle of Prosecco by its neck. Pete pulls on his cap then his coat's hood over the cap and walks out the store, his attention once again on his phone.

BISHOP

That phone is going to be your  
downfall Pete.

Bishop moves into the blackness surrounding the car, her dark clothing making her completely invisible as she's swallowed by the shadows. She rolls the bin closer to the driver's side door, narrowing the space Pete would have to be able to get in. She engages the bin's brake with her foot. She tries to push it, it doesn't budge.

She slips into the darkness and stands motionless, waiting - the only movement her hand sliding into the pocket of her coat. She pulls it out, her movement slow, a brief metallic glint flashes in the darkness.

The sound of the store's door buzzer seems distant. Bishop's heart beats loudly in her ears.

There's a sudden loud bleep and a quick flash of dull red as the car's alarm is deactivated. Pete is still focussed on his phone, staring down into its bright screen.

He doesn't see Bishop's face, which for only the briefest of moments is painted in the dark red of the car's lights - ominous.

Pete finally looks up from his phone, the night again black - Bishop hidden - invisible within the darkness.

Pete walks around the back of his car - the dark bin unnoticed. He opens the door and it bangs loudly with a metallic clang against the bin and Pete cries out in surprise and anger.

PETE

What? What the fuck...a bin? What twat  
put that there?

He shoves the bin aggressively - it doesn't move.

PETE (CONT'D)

FUUUUUCK!

He opens his door again - it knocks against the metal bin with a grating metallic thud. He kicks the bin.

PETE (CONT'D)  
(muttering)

Fuck, fuck, fuckit!

He leans half way into the car and flings the packet onto the passenger seat. He still holds the Prosecco as he slides awkwardly into the driver's seat. The door knocks against the bin a few more times as he does this.

From behind, unseen, Bishop moves, her body shrouded by the darkness. She reaches out when Pete's at his most vulnerable and grabs a handful of the hoodie, the cap as well as his hair and jerks hard backwards.

Pete lets out a confused questioning shout.

PETE (CONT'D)

What the...?

Bishop pulls down sharply, her grip firm on his hoodie, cap and hair, revealing Pete's exposed white neck. Pete's vision is blocked by the hoodie and peak of his cap and can't see Bishop.

There's a sudden, violent flash - Bishop releases her grip - steps back into the darkness and disappears. A menacing glint disappears back into her coat's pocket - the cutthroat razor. The only sound is the sound of her soft footsteps retreating into the night.

Pete is confused as he sits down into his seat - door still open - light from the roof light filling the interior.

Blood seeps onto his shirt - soaks it. It flows down to his crotch.

He looks down, confused by the wetness - he touches himself between his legs and lifts his hand to look at it - his fingers are coated with red, sticky blood.

He attempts a deep breath, but there's only the sound of a wet gurgle. His eyes dart around - panicked - his face fills with fear.

He tries to talk - no sound comes out - only a cough - blood sprays from his mouth.

His hands drop to his sides, his head tilts backwards - a wide, deep, ear to ear cut across his throat is exposed - it resembles a grotesque, mocking smile.

His eyes roll back and his head drops forward and comes to rest on the steering wheel with a dull thud - he still grips the bottle of Prosecco in his hand - it's now a death grip. Pete is dead.

The time on the car's dashboard flashes 11:13pm.

INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

There's a loud beeping and the sound of the train's doors sliding shut.

Bishop sits in an empty seat. There's a few other people in the carriage, but there's plenty of space between her and the other passengers.

She folds her coat neatly into the overhead compartment and pulls off her beanie and straightens out her hair. She sits back and listens to the train announcement.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is the 11:15pm service to London,  
Charing Cross...our next stop will  
be...

The end of the announcement is immediately cut off as music fills her headphones.

She pops open one of the beers - a loud hiss fills the carriage and she takes a long sip from the can. She closes her eyes. Her face peaceful.

She's roused by her phone buzzing on her lap. A message. She opens it and reads "Terry - Agent" on the screen, it's a voice message from her comedy agent, THERESA "TERRY" WHITE.

She presses play and the voice of her agent replaces the music. She listens with interest as she sips her beer.

TERRY (V.O.)

Hello darling. Just checking up on how tonight's gig went? It's a new room so wanted to make sure they got it right...but mainly that you did what you're so bloody good at...killing it. Chat tomorrow, might have something in the pipeline.

The voice message ends - her finger hovers over the screen as she thinks for a moment. She smiles, presses the voice record option and leaves a voice message.

BISHOP

Hello Terry. Gig was lovely. And to answer your question...yeah...I killed it tonight!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 1



ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION. - LATER THAT NIGHT

A police constable sits behind a desk in an empty police station. His feet are raised and resting on a seat opposite him.

A small speaker plays music in the background - classic 80s.

The constable plays Candy Crush on his mobile phone.

His name badge says CONSTABLE ANDREWS. He's in his 30's, slightly overweight, with a military style haircut.

The phone on the constable's desk rings shrilly and he almost drops his mobile in fright.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS

Damnit! Shitting phone's going to give  
me a bloody heart attack.

He looks at the clock on the wall - 11:52pm.

He pauses his game, places the mobile onto the desk and lifts the phone's receiver from the cradle.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Constable Andrews speaking, how can I  
be of assistance?

He snatches the phone away from his ear - a loud, terrified voice screams deafeningly from the phone's earpiece.

He holds the phone away from his ear, waiting for the voice from the other side to stop screaming. It finally stops.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Hello...okay, please slow down...I  
won't be able to help you if you don't  
slow down, and don't stop shouting.  
(beat)

Understand?

He moves the phone closer to his ear.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Good...now please repeat what you just  
said. But keep it slow and keep it  
calm, okay?

He listens closely, ready to pull the phone away from his ear should he need to. Slow, deep breaths come through the receiver and then finally a voice, a heavily accented voice.

MR KHAN (V.O.)

Constable...Constable Andrews it's Mr  
Khan, from the off-license...there's a  
problem Constable...there's a problem.

The Constable rolls his eyes at hearing it's Mr Khan.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS

Mr Khan, good evening sir!

The constable cradles the phone between his shoulder and ear and picks up the mobile, unpauses his game, turns the phone to silent and continues playing his game.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically, annoyed)

What seems to be the problem this time  
Mr Khan? Noisy kids? People parking in  
your car park? Aliens?

There is a brief pause before Mr Khan's voice comes shouting through the receiver.

MR KHAN

There's a dead man Constable Andrews!

Somebody has been murdered!

Constable Andrews sits bolt upright at Mr Khan's words, he drops his phone as he fumbles frantically with the receiver.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. SATURDAY MORNING

The sound of an alarm from a mobile phone buzzes loudly in the room. A small sliver of sunlight sneaks in through a small gap in the curtains.

The room is basic, a double bed, with clean crisp bedding. Two bed side tables with lamps both. A classic vintage movie poster hangs above the bed. Mirrored built in cupboards line one of the walls, a chest of drawers stands against the wall opposite the foot of the bed, a plasma screen television perched on top. The bedroom door is slightly ajar. A dark blood red wingback leather wingback sits in the corner of the room, clothes draped casually over it.

A hand reaches out from beneath the covers of the bed and fumbles around for the buzzing alarm, knocking the phone off the bedside table in the process.

BISHOP

Shit!

Bishop pulls the covers off her head and rolls to the edge of the bed, reaching her arm over the side, fingers searching around the floor trying to find the phone.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
(mumbling)

Where the f...

Her fingers finally find the phone. She deactivates the alarm.

She sits upright, reaches for the light switch on the bedside lamp and turns it on.

She looks at the phone and sees two unread messages. She considers opening the messages but the need to urinate overpowers her need to read them.

She slides her legs off the bed, stands up and stretches, her back clicks loudly - she walks out of the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

The bathroom light flickers into life and Bishop sits on the toilet and pees.

The bathroom is spotless. A shower in a corner, the glass sliding doors immaculately clean and clear, the walls, the sink, mirror and toilet also perfect - cleaning products stacked neatly behind the toilet bowl.

She washes her hands, dries them off on a small hand towel hanging neatly next to the sink and then wipes off the sink with a bit of toilet paper, dropping it into the toilet bowl before flushing it away.

She looks at her reflection briefly before walking out.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

She fills the reservoir of the coffee machine with water, grabs a coffee pod and places it into the machine.

She pulls a clean coffee mug from the dishwasher, drops in some natural sweetener and some coconut milk. The coffee machine rumbles into life, the smell of freshly brewing coffee filling the small kitchen.

She picks up the steaming mug and heads back to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

She places the mug onto the coaster on the bedside table and opens the curtains, flooding the room with bright sunlight and climbs back into bed. She takes a long sip of the coffee and picks up her phone.

One of the messages is a text from another comedian offering a lift to an upcoming gig. She scrolls to the next message, and reads the words "Terry - Agent" on the screen - it's another voice note from her agent. She presses play.

TERRY (V.O.)

Hey love, call me as soon as you get this please. Possible gig tonight. I know it's last minute, but it's a goodie. Call me. Cheers.

She opens the news app on the phone and starts to read.

She half heartedly reads all the latest weather, sports and world news headlines before dropping her phone onto the bed and turns on the TV.

The channel is on Sky News but it's muted. From what she sees on the screen, between sips of coffee, most of the news is the same as what she'd just read on her phone.

The screen then fills with images of police cars, an ambulance and a forensic tent with uniformed forensic officers in the background. The words "Breaking News" flashes across the screen.

She takes another long sip of coffee, unmutes the TV and the voice of the news reader fills the room.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Local police are asking for anyone  
that might have any information on the  
brutal murder that occurred last night  
outside this off-license in...

The news reader's voice is abruptly cut off as she mutes the TV and just stares at the images on the screen. She sees the young cashier, Rafiq, standing next to an elderly Asian man - both talking to a uniformed police officer.

She places the coffee mug back onto the bedside table and picks up the phone - scrolls through the contacts list and clicks on "Terry - Agent".

BISHOP

Terry, good morning...what have you  
got for me?

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT 2**

ACT 3

FADE IN:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT. MONDAY MORNING

A tall woman, dark hair, wearing minimal makeup, in a disheveled suit and with bloodshot eyes steps out of an elevator and walks into an open plan office.

The open plan area is a hive of activity. Admin officers and police officers, some in uniform, seated behind desks, hard at work - on phone calls, typing out reports.

Some stop and stare at her as she walks past. A man, in a neat, tailored suit, stands up, arms folded across his chest - blocking her path.

BARNES

(whispering)

If you don't mind me saying, you look

like shit...and smell like shit too!

(beat)

Did you get locked in a distillery

over the weekend?

DS CLARE BARROW, 55, stares at the man. DC ANDREW BARNES, 32, with dark, neatly cropped hair and stylish beard stubble. He's tall and athletically built. He is not impressed by the appearance of Clare Barrow.

BARROW

Andrew...good morning to you! I'm

pretty sure I was the senior officer

here.

(beat)

(MORE)

BARROW (CONT'D)

The last time I looked at my badge it  
did say Detective Sergeant on it.

She swerves around him and heads to a small cubicle office in the corner of the larger open plan office. She walks in and pushes the door closed with her foot.

Barnes watches her through the glass door as she takes off her jacket, throws it over the back of a chair and plops down behind her desk, rubbing her temples. He shakes his head, disappointed.

He waits a moment before following Barrow, stopping at the coffee machine to fill a paper coffee cup with dark, black coffee. He fills a second cup with water from a water cooler.

He pushes Barrow's office door open with his foot and walks in before getting permission to enter.

Barrow looks up.

BARROW (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)

DC Barnes...come in, please.

Barnes places the paper cups onto the desk and sits down, again without invitation.

BARROW (CONT'D)

And please sit down won't you.

He watches his boss closely, not saying a word and then leans forward and slides the cup with the water to her.

BARNES

Drink that. You'll feel better.

Barrow looks at the water and then back at Barnes.

BARROW

Why? Is it hair of the dog?

She forces a smile, lifts the cup and empties it in one gulp. She drops the empty into the waste basket and picks up the coffee and takes a sip.

BARROW (CONT'D)

Thank you.

BARNES

Boss, you've seriously got to slow  
down, you're drinking yourself into an  
early grave.

BARROW

Early grave? I'm already 55...I'm way  
past an early grave.  
(beat)

I know I'm not elderly...but I am  
decaying.

She laughs at her own joke and reaches into her desk drawer and pulls out a full box of Paracetamol pain pills. She pops out two capsules from the blister pack and swallows them down with another sip of coffee.

BARROW (CONT'D)

What's on the agenda for today?

Barnes grabs a file and flips it open before sliding it in front of her.

BARNES

This!

He points to the open file. Barrow takes a moment before looking down at it.

BARROW

When did this come in?

She lifts the file and flips through its contents. Barnes watches as she absorbs the info inside - he sees her eyes go wide, her jaw clench, her lips pressing tightly together.

BARNES

On Saturday.



BARROW

Saturday? Why wasn't I bloody called  
when it came in?

She hasn't looked up yet, still fully focussed on the file in  
her hands.

Barnes says nothing, he just continues to watch Barrow  
closely. She raises her gaze and stares at Barnes. Neither  
move. Barnes watches as the realization dawns on her - he  
waits.

BARROW (CONT'D)

Ah...you did try call me, but I never  
answered.  
(beat)

Sorry Andrew.

He slides his chair closer to the desk.

BARNES

This is the third one boss.  
(beat)

We have a serial.

They both stare at each other as Barrow places the file,  
still open, onto the desk. Inside a post-mortem photo of  
Pete, the miserable prick from the comedy club, staring up at  
them.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END