

DARK INTENTIONS

Written by

Benjamin J. Anthony

Copyright (c) 2017 This script may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the playwright.

CAST

Tristian Blacksmith - an outrageously good detective, in his mid thirties, and a heavy drinker and smoker.

Ashlyn Meyer - a clever, sharp looking woman in her early thirties.

Hannah Wilson - a young police cadet.

Callie Finley - a slimy, untrustworthy looking reporter.

Megan Clarke - a young, attractive woman, and Tristian's secretary.

John Paterson - forensic scientist, in his mid forties.

Joseph Cartwrite - a middle-aged, burly bartender.

Christine Roberts - a nerdy, scrawny looking detective, with large, thick, round glasses.

Claire Meganne - a teacher.

SCENE 1 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

A small, untidy office. A desk, in the centre, on it, a photograph of TRISTIAN and his fiancé, a pot of pens and an intercom system. Two black, leather chairs sit on either side of the table. In one corner a door and a coat stand, and the other, a small drinks cabinet covered in various bottles and glasses.

TRISTIAN sits on his chair, smoking, drinking, and flicking through a pile of case files.

Enter ASHLYN, leading on CALLIE. ASHLYN shows CALLIE to the chair facing TRISTIAN, then assumes a position standing behind him.

TRISTIAN

Good morning, my name is Detective Inspector Blacksmith. You are Callie Finley, are you not?

CALLIE

Yes, sir.

TRISTIAN

I've just got a few questions for you, Miss Finley. Or Cal, can I call you Cal? I just want this to be as easy and informal as this situation can possibly be. So, can I call you Cal?

CALLIE

Sure... I guess.

TRISTIAN

Thank you, thank you very much. It's important that you feel comfortable here, Cal. It's important that we operate on a certain level of trust. That way, I can wholeheartedly believe you, when you deny the murder I'm about to accuse you of.

CALLIE

What!?

TRISTIAN

Oh dear.

CALLIE

I didn't kill any of those girls.

TRISTIAN

What girls? I never actually mentioned any girls... Can we go back to our place of trust and mutual understanding? Look, maybe if you just confess everything, I can persuade the jury to go easy on you.

TRISTIAN lights a cigarette.

CALLIE

Jury? You honestly believe I killed those girls?

ASHLYN

Miss Finley, I'm sure this has all been one big misunderstanding.

TRISTIAN

Exactly, now tell me, what was your relationship with the most recent corpse?

CALLIE

Um... I'm just a journalist. I interviewed her a few times, that's all.

TRISTIAN

About?

CALLIE

Nothing much. Just little odds and ends.

TRISTIAN

Just everyday stuff?

CALLIE

Not really. She was... Listen, it's a long story.

TRISTIAN

I don't have anywhere else in the world to be, but, if we're being entirely honest, I don't really have much of an attention span either. So, if you talk real quick, we can get through everything before I fall asleep. Now, why was she killed? Why was she assaulted first?

(MORE)

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Why is it, whenever I look at her records, your name keeps creeping up?

CALLIE

What kind of questions are these?

TRISTIAN

(getting angry)

What kind of questions do you think they are?

CALLIE

Questions that are going to incriminate me!

TRISTIAN

(shouting)

Then what kind of questions do you want?

CALLIE

I don't know! Normal bloody questions!

TRISTIAN

(suddenly calm)

Normal questions? Like what?

CALLIE

Like, I don't know, if she had any enemies I knew of?

TRISTIAN

Did Sophie have any enemies?

CALLIE

Well, as far as I know, no...

TRISTIAN

Then there really was no point in me asking, was there? Unless you want to distract me... That's quite a clever plan, act all confused and distract the police... You didn't want to distract me, did you Callie?

CALLIE

No, that's not -

TRISTIAN

Are you playing one of your dirty little games with me?

CALLIE

I don't know what you're -

TRISTIAN

Did you kill Sophie Gibson?

CALLIE

No!

TRISTIAN

It'd be OK if you did.

CALLIE

How could that possibly be OK?

TRISTIAN

Well... Maybe not entirely OK, but definitely understandable. Perhaps she really annoyed you. We've all been there Cal, haven't we?

ASHLYN

I've been there.

TRISTIAN

We've all been there! We know how it goes; you're getting along perfectly fine, she does something to set you off, and all of a sudden, she's lying dead on the floor and you're wondering; 'where did the time go?'

CALLIE

I didn't kill her!

TRISTIAN

You know what? I actually believe you. You have an honest face. So who do you think killed her?

Beat.

ASHLYN

She's hesitating.

TRISTIAN

Yes, I can see that.

CALLIE

Look, the last person I saw her with was an elderly woman named Betty Carmac. That's honestly all I know.

TRISTIAN
And you think she killed her?

CALLIE
Uh... No.

TRISTIAN
So why did you mention her?

CALLIE
I don't know, OK? I don't know anything! Like I said, she's old.

TRISTIAN
Callie...

CALLIE
Yes?

TRISTIAN
Old people can kill too.

CALLIE
What the -

TRISTIAN
You know what, thank you for your co-operation, Miss Finley, I think we have all we need. My colleague will show you out!

CALLIE gets to her feet, and ASHLYN leads her out. TRISTIAN laughs to himself, gets up, and pours himself a drink.

ASHLYN enters.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(his back to her)
Well... That went well.

ASHLYN
What the hell was that?

TRISTIAN
(turning around)
What was what?

ASHLYN
That - That -

TRISTIAN
Oh... *that*... I was questioning her.

ASHLYN

Questioning her? You think that was questioning her? Seriously? That wasn't questioning her, that was verbally assaulting her. Look at you. You're constantly drunk out of your mind, and abusing your authority without end.

TRISTIAN

Is it really that bad?

ASHLYN

You can't see it? Oh my God, you really can't see it. Tristian, you're a mess. Simple as that. And until you sort yourself out, nobody's going to want anything to do with you.

TRISTIAN

You want something to do with me.

ASHLYN

Not for much longer.

TRISTIAN

What?

ASHLYN

Goodbye Tristian.

ASHLYN turns to leave.

TRISTIAN

Ashlyn!

ASHLYN

Goodbye!

ASHLYN leaves.

SCENE 2 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

TRISTIAN and MEGAN's voices are heard offstage.

TRISTIAN (O.S.)

Good morning, Megan.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Good morning, Inspector Blacksmith. Here are the files for all the cases Miss Meyer sent down.

TRISTIAN (O.S.)

Thank you. Can I get a coffee when you're ready?

Enter TRISTIAN, carrying a number of square-cut folders and a newspaper under his arm. He places them on the desk and pours himself a drink, lights a cigarette, then sits behind his desk and starts flicking through the folders.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Vandalism. Break in at a night club. Vandalism. More vandalism. Oh, lucky me, more vandalism. Let's see, I'll just delegate that, and that, and that. Oh look, an entire day off for me.

He reaches for his intercom.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Megan.

MEGAN (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Yes, sir?

TRISTIAN

Could you come in here?

MEGAN (O.S)

Certainly, sir.

MEGAN enters.

TRISTIAN

I need you to give these files to anybody who doesn't seem to be doing enough work.

MEGAN

Aren't these the files Miss Meyer sent down?

TRISTIAN

They are indeed.

MEGAN

They were specifically for you.

TRISTIAN

No, they're specifically for some other lucky officers. Chop chop.

MEGAN begins to leave.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Megan?

MEGAN

Yes?

TRISTIAN

Any advancements on that coffee?

MEGAN

It's on its way, sir.

MEGAN exits. TRISTIAN lights a cigarette, picks up his newspaper, puts his feet on his desk, and begins reading. He doesn't look up as ASHLYN enters.

TRISTIAN

Well, well, if it isn't the soon-to-be-chief herself. Come to wave your promotion in my face again, have you?

ASHLYN

Tristian, I didn't mean for this to happen.

TRISTIAN

Of course you did. Weren't you the one who said I was a mess and needed to sort myself out? That nobody was going to want anything to do with me?

ASHLYN

That's not relevant.

TRISTIAN

Really? I was up for that promotion, and you made sure you got it, not me.

ASHLYN

That wasn't -

TRISTIAN

What do you want, Ashlyn?

ASHLYN

Eleanor's missing. She was last seen leaving her office, early this morning.

(MORE)

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

Look, there's no body, so we can't confirm that she's dead, but I strongly suggest you prepare for the worst.

TRISTIAN gets to his feet, and makes for the door.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TRISTIAN

To find her.

ASHLYN

Tristian, I can't let you do that.

TRISTIAN

I have to -

ASHLYN

I'm sorry, but I can't. As your superior, I can't recommend you for active duty in the state you're in. You have to stay behind this desk until I see fit.

TRISTIAN

Ashlyn, it's Eleanor.

ASHLYN

I understand, and I know what she means to you. We're going to do everything we can.

TRISTIAN

Obviously it's not enough.

ASHLYN

You didn't care this much when ten other, innocent girls got murdered.

TRISTIAN

They weren't my fiancé.

ASHLYN

That shouldn't make a difference. A murders a murder. Ten families still lost someone, Tristian, sisters lost, daughters, mothers.

(MORE)

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

Now, I can not put into words what you've done for this force, and how much the people out that door look up to you, this place is genuinely safer with you around, don't throw that away. You understand the rules, you do not partake in an investigation that involves members of your family, it clouds your judgement. This is me warning you to stay out of it.

ASHLYN turns and exits.

TRISTIAN pours himself a drink, and lights a cigarette. He downs his drink in one, and pours another.

TRISTIAN

(calling)

Megan!

Beat.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(angrier)

Megan!

Beat.

He reaches for his intercom.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(shouting into the device)

Megan, will you get in here.

MEGAN enters.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Get me the file.

MEGAN

Which file, sir?

TRISTIAN

Eleanor's file.

MEGAN

I can't get that sir, it's in Miss Meyer's office.

TRISTIAN

Then go in, and get it.

MEGAN

But -

TRISTIAN

No but's! And where the hell is my coffee?

MEGAN

It's on its way, sir.

TRISTIAN

'It's on its way, sir'... You know what? Forget it, just get me the file - actually, no, I'll get it myself.

TRISTIAN exits the office. MEGAN picks up his drink.

MEGAN

(under her breath)

Asshole.

MEGAN downs the drink in one and exits the office.

SCENE 3 - TRISTIAN'S LIVING ROOM

A light, cosy room. Two sofas surrounding a TV and coffee table, with a drinks cabinet to one side, close by, a coat stand. In one corner, a door to the outside, and in the other, a door to the rest of the house.

TRISTIAN and HANNAH enter. TRISTIAN takes off his hat and coat and places them on the coat stand.

TRISTIAN heads over to the drinks cabinet, and pours himself a drink. HANNAH remains oblivious to what he's doing.

TRISTIAN

Here we are.

HANNAH

And where exactly is 'here'?

TRISTIAN

Didn't you read the file I gave you?

HANNAH

Yes. But all it gave was an address.

TRISTIAN

Then you know where we are then.

HANNAH
Technically, yes.

TRISTIAN
There we go.

HANNAH notices what TRISTIAN is doing.

HANNAH
Hang on, you can't do that!

TRISTIAN
Why not? I bought it.

HANNAH
What? Hold on...

HANNAH pulls a square-cut folder out of her bag, and opens it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(in realisation)
This is the Eleanor Kendricks
case... this is your house.

TRISTIAN
It is. Well, it used to be. Ashlyn
seems to have turned it into a
crime scene since I left this
morning. Why don't you go and have
a look around, see if you can spot
anything.

HANNAH
I am new to this, Tristian, so what
am I looking for exactly?

TRISTIAN
Seriously?

HANNAH
Yes. I literally graduated three
days ago.

TRISTIAN
Just look for... suspicious
things... the sort of thing a
suspicious looking man would leave.

HANNAH
You are unbelievable.

TRISTIAN
Wouldn't have it any other way. Off
you go then.

HANNAH turns to leave.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)
(calling)
Excuse me. Excuse me. You can't be
here. Miss, come back, please.

CHRISTINE enters.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but you can't be here.

TRISTIAN
What?

CHRISTINE
Chief Meyer ordered it sir. You're
not to come within twenty meters of
an active crime scene.

TRISTIAN
Um, this is my house, she can't
keep me from -

CHRISTINE
Technically she can. It is a crime
scene. She knew you'd come, and
told me to tell you...

CHRISTINE searches her pockets.

TRISTIAN
Hurry up, will you.

CHRISTINE pulls a scrunpled note from her pocket.

CHRISTINE
She told me to tell you - 'He can
go and drink himself to death in a
hotel room, for all I care'.

TRISTIAN
Right...

CHRISTINE
She said that, not me.

TRISTIAN
I know, and I can see where this is
going...

CHRISTINE

So you'll go? 'Cause that'll make
my job a whole lot easier.

TRISTIAN

No.

CHRISTINE

No?

TRISTIAN

No. I - we're not leaving.

HANNAH

Come on, Tristian, this is
pointless.

CHRISTINE

Sir, I'm going to have to insist
that you leave the premises
immediately.

TRISTIAN

Oh... well if that's how you're
going to play things... you...
are... fired.

CHRISTINE

(shocked)

What?

HANNAH

Don't you think this is a little
bit brash?

CHRISTINE

Please tell me you're joking.

HANNAH

I don't think he is...

TRISTIAN

I'm not. Pack your things, and get
out of here. You're fired.

CHRISTINE

You can't do this!

TRISTIAN pulls his detective badge from his coat.

TRISTIAN

Do you have one of these - whatever
your name is?

CHRISTINE

It's Christine, and no.

TRISTIAN

I see. Do you know what this badge means? It means that I'm more important than you, and that means that I can fire you if I so desire. Now, run along, there's a good girl.

CHRISTINE freezes.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to insist that you...

(imitating Christine)

'Leave the premises immediately'.

CHRISTINE turns and leaves.

HANNAH

Was that really necessary?

TRISTIAN

You do realise I don't actually have the power to fire her, don't you?

HANNAH

What?

TRISTIAN

I can't fire people, Ashlyn took that away from me, something about me doing it too often, and abusing my position. I just needed her to get out of the way... Hannah, she'll be OK. Carol, or whatever her name is -

HANNAH

I think it was Christine.

TRISTIAN

Christine then. Christine will go crying to Ashlyn, realise she wasn't actually fired, then come back here to continue her absolutely riveting career. By that time, we'll be long gone.

HANNAH

Are you sure she'll be OK?

TRISTIAN

Scouts honour! Now, be a darling
and search the upstairs bedrooms,
like I asked you to.

HANNAH

For what?

TRISTIAN

What do you think? Jesus? 'Cause
I'm pretty sure he's hiding
upstairs, under my bed.

HANNAH exits.

TRISTIAN lights a cigarette.

JOHN enters.

JOHN

Well, well, D.I Blacksmith, fancy
seeing you here.

TRISTIAN and JOHN shake hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, how are you... coping?

TRISTIAN

I'm not too sure, John.

JOHN

How so?

TRISTIAN

She was everything to me, you know?
I guess - I guess I just never knew
how much I needed her, until she's
gone. Enough about that, have you
got anything?

JOHN

Are you working this case?

TRISTIAN

Trying to.

JOHN

I don't think that's entirely -

TRISTIAN

Don't you start too!

JOHN

Ashlyn?

TRISTIAN

Yep.

JOHN

Well, she has got a point, Tristian... Look, it's none of my business, if you're going to ignore Ashlyn, you're probably going to ignore me... Nothing you hear here came from me, understand?

TRISTIAN

I -

JOHN

I don't want to lose my job.

TRISTIAN

You won't, don't worry. What have you got?

JOHN

Honestly? Nothing much. They were thorough. No weapon, no sign of a struggle and no DNA from the killer, just yours and Eleanor's, and that's to be expected, 'cause it's your house.

TRISTIAN

So this guy's good?

JOHN

Extremely, from what I can gather.

TRISTIAN

And -

JOHN

Before you say it, yes I think it's the same man.

TRISTIAN

So why didn't he leave the body then, just like the other ten girls?

JOHN

You're the detective, Tristian, you figure it out.

TRISTIAN

The only explanation I can think of is that she's still alive... Although he's got no motive to keep her that way.

JOHN

That's true.

TRISTIAN

A ransom maybe?

JOHN

Possibly, but wouldn't he have asked for one by now? And, no offence, but wouldn't she have to be important?

TRISTIAN

I don't know, not necessarily. I'd give anything to have her back, so if he -

JOHN

Or she -

TRISTIAN

Knows that, they'd probably ask for something big.

JOHN

So you're saying that they could be doing this to hurt you?

TRISTIAN

Possibly... Hold on...

TRISTIAN walks over to the doorway.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

(calling)

Hannah! Could you come downstairs for a moment?

HANNAH enters.

HANNAH

Yes?

TRISTIAN

John, this is Hannah Wilson, my new partner.

HANNAH
(shocked but delighted)
I'm your partner?

TRISTIAN
(ignoring her)
Hannah, this is Dr John Paterson,
he's a forensic scientist.

JOHN and HANNAH shake hands.

JOHN
Nice to meet you, I've worked with
Tristian on quite a few cases now.

TRISTIAN
Yes. Hannah, did you happen to find
anything upstairs?

HANNAH
I didn't find anything.

TRISTIAN
I see.

HANNAH
No, I mean 'I didn't find
anything'...

TRISTIAN
Go on...

HANNAH
There's no blood. I checked all the
rooms, only quickly, but not enough
to notice that there's no blood.
None at all.

TRISTIAN
Interesting.

JOHN
So there's no blood? Doesn't that
just mean that the killer didn't
use a weapon?

HANNAH
Yes, but that's what's interesting
about it. Going through the files,
I read that every victim was killed
with a knife. Seven stabbed, three
had their throats slit. Every crime
scene was covered in blood,
naturally.

TRISTIAN

What are you getting at, Hannah?

HANNAH

Why would a murderer, after ten successful and undetected murders, suddenly change their style?

JOHN

So you think this isn't the same killer?

HANNAH

Exactly.

TRISTIAN

That's a big conclusion, Hannah.

HANNAH

I know it is, but it just doesn't make sense, and this is the only explanation for it.

TRISTIAN

Very well, we'll run with that. John, it's been a pleasure working with you again.

JOHN

Indeed. Let's just hope we don't see each other for a while now.

TRISTIAN

Here's to hoping.

TRISTIAN and JOHN shake hands.

JOHN

Miss Wilson, it was a pleasure meeting you.

HANNAH

You too.

JOHN and HANNAH shake hands. JOHN exits.

TRISTIAN takes his coat and hat off the stand, and begins to out them on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Where are we going? Assuming that it is a we?

TRISTIAN

Sarcasm doesn't become you, kid. We are going back to the office. We're going to take a look through the files of those girls, see if can get your theory to add up.

TRISTIAN exits, followed by HANNAH.

SCENE 4 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

HANNAH sits on the floor, surrounded by a large stack of square-cut case files, flicking through them and casting each one aside. TRISTIAN sits by his desk, feet up, reading the newspaper, smoking and drinking.

HANNAH

Tristian, this is ridiculous, I'm never going to find anything here, looking on my own.

TRISTIAN

Oh, sorry, do you want some help?

TRISTIAN reaches for his intercom.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Megan, get in here, I've got a job for you.

Enter MEGAN.

MEGAN

Yes?

TRISTIAN points to the case files.

TRISTIAN

Have fun.

HANNAH

You're joking?

TRISTIAN

Not at all.

TRISTIAN picks up his paper and continues reading.

MEGAN sits with HANNAH and begins flicking through the files, confused. HANNAH picks up one more file, quickly skims it, then throws it down in disgust. MEGAN continues to read the files, only looking up to interject her opinion.

HANNAH

This is pointless, I can't find a motive at all.

MEGAN

To be honest, I don't even know what it is I'm looking for.

HANNAH

Come on, Tristian, we've been at this for hours. Maybe there just isn't anything. Or maybe there is no actual obvious motive. Maybe it was just a crime of passion?

TRISTIAN

Are you saying that Eleanor was having an affair?

HANNAH

Of course not. But perhaps some guy was in love with her -

MEGAN

Oh... and pulled a kind of 'Misery' stunt...

HANNAH

Misery?

MEGAN

Y'know, the film?

HANNAH

I don't -

TRISTIAN

Actually, that's a good point. What if there is no motive? What if he just kidnapped her?

HANNAH

Can I just put one thing out there? How do we actually know it's a he?

TRISTIAN

We don't. I'm assuming.

Beat.

MEGAN

Hey, wait a second... Every girl I've read, so far, had gone to the same comprehensive school. Could that mean something?

TRISTIAN

Megan, I think we're going to make a detective of you yet! Do we know who the head teacher is?

MEGAN

Miss Claire Meganne.

TRISTIAN

Hannah, bring her in.

HANNAH

Rightio, boss.

Exit HANNAH.

TRISTIAN

Did she just say; 'Rightio, boss'?

MEGAN

Yes, yes she did.

SCENE 5 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

TRISTIAN sits, smoking and drinking.

Enter CLAIRE, led by HANNAH. She is handcuffed.

TRISTIAN

Oh Jesus, what are you doing? I said bring her in, not arrest her! Jesus, take them off!

HANNAH removes the handcuffs.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm so terribly sorry about that, Miss Meganne. My name is D.I Tristian Blacksmith.

TRISTIAN and CLAIRE shake hands.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

This is my... partner, Hannah Wilson, but I guess you've already met.

TRISTIAN sits behinds his desk, wit HANNAH standing behind him, similar to the first scene. CLAIRE sits, facing TRISTIAN.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Now, I can assure you, you are in no trouble. I purely just want to ask you some questions... After looking through the case files for the most recent string of murders, Hannah and I noticed that all the girls had studied at your comprehensive school, at the same time.

CLAIRE

Yes, I remember them all. I - They were - Around - I - I -

HANNAH

Take your time.

CLAIRE

Around ten years ago, I was a chemistry teacher, before I became the head.

TRISTIAN

You taught them?

CLAIRE

Yes. But - I don't know if this is a coincidence, but during their last year in the school, they were all in my tutor group. Well, they had been in the same group through the five years, but it was the first time I'd taught that group.

HANNAH

Interesting...

TRISTIAN

Yes, it is. So, tell me, is there anything, that you would say... links them? Apart from their shared tutor group.

CLAIRE

Thinking about it, they were quite friendly, part of a much larger group of friends.

TRISTIAN

And was this group confined to your tutor?

CLAIRE

No.

TRISTIAN

So, it's specifically the girls from your group?

CLAIRE

Yes... Hold on... There was a girl, quite unpopular, always slinking after the group, as if she was following them.

HANNAH

Do you have a name?

CLAIRE

It does escape me, sorry. I think it might have been Finley... No, it was definitely Finley, something Finley. Slimy little thing, not well liked.

TRISTIAN

Finley... Finley... I've heard that name before...

CLAIRE

Might have been in the media. Last I heard of her, she was working for the Sun. Reporter, perfect job for her, getting paid to follow young girls around.

HANNAH

Didn't you bring a reporter in, not so long ago?

TRISTIAN

Yes, yes we did. Callie Finley!

CLAIRE

That's the one!

TRISTIAN

So she *is* connected with it...

TRISTIAN stands and stretches out his hand.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Miss Meganne, you've been a great help. My secretary Megan will show you the way out.

CLAIRE stands and shakes TRISTIAN's hand. She exits. TRISTIAN pours himself a drink and lights a cigarette.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

That lying bitch...

HANNAH

So, what now?

TRISTIAN

We're going to bring her in. I think it's time I had another chat with that rat!

HANNAH

Hey, that rhymed!

TRISTIAN

I know... My geniusness literally knows no bounds!

SCENE 6 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

TRISTIAN paces the room, a drink in his hand. HANNAH sits in TRISTIAN's chair, looking through a square-cut case file.

TRISTIAN's intercom buzzes.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Inspector Blacksmith, Miss Finley -

TRISTIAN

(cutting her off)
Coming.

TRISTIAN motions for HANNAH to go.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Go and get her.

HANNAH

Aren't you the - OK...

HANNAH exits, and enters, moments later, with CALLIE, handcuffed. HANNAH goes to take them off.

TRISTIAN

No! Leave them on.

CALLIE
You can't do that!

TRISTIAN
Says who? Huh? Nobody! It's just
common courtesy to take them off.
Now, sit down!

*HANNAH leads CALLIE to the chair around TRISTIAN's desk.
HANNAH, behind CALLIE, motions to the chair opposite her,
TRISTIAN's chair. TRISTIAN subtly nods.*

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Now, Cal, I thoroughly enjoyed our
last little chat, but I'm going to
let Hannah take the lead on this.

CALLIE
Who the hell is Hannah?

HANNAH sits in TRISTIAN's chair.

TRISTIAN
Now, that's quite rude, Cal...
She's the girl sitting in front of
you, ready to ask you some
questions.

CALLIE
Why is *she* asking me questions?

TRISTIAN
Because I told her to..

CALLIE
Where's Ashlyn? Shouldn't she be
here? Why is this little girl here?

TRISTIAN
OK, for a start, you don't want to
offend little Hannah before we even
start now, do you? Ashlyn's not
coming, you should know that, being
the sleazy reporter you are -

CALLIE
How the hell would I know that?

TRISTIAN
- And Hannah?... She's here on work
experience.

CALLIE

Work experience? You're about to re-accuse me of murder -

TRISTIAN

I never actually I was bringing you in for that -

CALLIE

You're about to re-accuse me of murder, and you bring a student in with you? Do you make a habit of bringing little schoolgirls into interviews with murder suspects?

TRISTIAN

Well, it wouldn't be the first time.

CALLIE

No. I want a real detective in here.

TRISTIAN

Here I am.

CALLIE

But you're not interviewing me!

TRISTIAN

Well spotted - She is though, and she's a great detective.

CALLIE

You just said she was in on work experience.

TRISTIAN

She's a detective-in-training.

CALLIE

But she's not a real detective!

TRISTIAN

Look, Cal, you're not really in a position to argue right now. I'm going to give you a little ultimatum; Shut up, and answer Hannah's questions, or I'm going to get a big stick and beat the seven shades into you. Which one would you rather?

CALLIE
I don't think you can -

TRISTIAN
Which one would you rather?

Beat.

CALLIE
OK. OK. OK... I'll answer any questions she has.

TRISTIAN
I'm not the one you should be talking to.

CALLIE
(to Hannah)
I'm sorry, I'll answer any questions that you have.

HANNAH
Thank you. Now, what connection do you have with the ten killings?

CALLIE
I told you before, I don't know any of them.

TRISTIAN
Why are you lying?

HANNAH
Aren't I supposed to be asking the questions?

TRISTIAN
Sorry.

HANNAH
So, why are you lying, Callie?

CALLIE
I'm not.

HANNAH
It says here, you went to the same school as them. All of them.

CALLIE
No I didn't.

HANNAH throws the file across the table.

HANNAH

Read it.

CALLIE reads the file.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(sympathetically)

Why did you lie, Callie?

CALLIE

Because...

TRISTIAN

Because?

HANNAH

Leave her alone, Tristian.

CALLIE

Thank you - I'm sorry, I don't really know what to call you...

HANNAH

Inspector Wilson will do.

CALLIE

But you're not an ins-

TRISTIAN

Miss Finley, can we please drop that subject?

CALLIE

Yes. Fine.

HANNAH

So, back to your lie...

CALLIE

What about it?

HANNAH

Why did you?

CALLIE

I didn't.

HANNAH

But we just decided that you did.

CALLIE

But -

TRISTIAN

Miss Finley, if you do not start being truthful, I am going to throw you in jail for contempt!

CALLIE

But -

TRISTIAN

But what? Is it true you murdered ten young women, just because you were an outsider?

CALLIE

No - I -

TRISTIAN

Give me an honest answer, woman! Did you, or did you not murder those women?

Enter ASHLYN.

CALLIE

(simultaneously with Ashlyn)
I killed them!

ASHLYN

(simultaneously with Callie)
What the hell is going on?

The room falls silent.

TRISTIAN

(gleeful)
Excellent, job done.

CALLIE

Whilst I was at school, I coveted them. They were so popular, and I was... well, I was me. As we grew up, I began to fantasise - fantasise about us being together.

TRISTIAN

Oh, no, that's grim.

ASHLYN

Shut up, Tristian! You're lucky I don't have you suspended! Go on, Miss Finley...

CALLIE

So, I began to fantasise about us - never at the same time, before you start getting ideas. Carol was my favourite, I was fond of her. As we got older, I began to fall more and more in love with her, and honestly, with all of them.

ASHLYN

So, why did you kill them?

CALLIE

I don't know, I'm sorry, but I don't.

HANNAH

How did it happen?

CALLIE

They saw me, began to notice me. I was stalking them, trying my best to keep to the shadows, but they found out... Stacy, the first one, was kind. She invited me into her house. I met her kids. Shared a dinner table. She said she was going to the bathroom, I followed her, and...

ASHLYN

You stabbed her.

CALLIE

Yes. To this day, I don't know what came over me. It's like you said, Mr Blacksmith, one moment you're getting along perfectly fine, next thing you know, she's lying dead on the floor and you're wondering; 'where did the time go?'... I couldn't stop there though, now that I'd started. The others got easier then, I got used to the blood. But, after all this, I promise you, on God himself, I did not kill your Fiancé.

TRISTIAN

Y'know, I actually believe you.

ASHLYN

That may be so, but I still have to do this.

CALLIE nods in agreement.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

Callie Finley, I am arresting you for multiple cases of harassment and murder. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you say may be given in evidence.

ASHLYN leads CALLIE out.

TRISTIAN

(lighting a cigarette)

Well... at least she didn't have to cuff her.

HANNAH

(disgusted)

You really are something else!

SCENE 7 - TRISTIAN'S LIVING ROOM

TRISTIAN and HANNAH sit on TRISTIAN's sofa. TRISTIAN smokes, but both are drinking.

HANNAH

I thought it would feel different...

TRISTIAN

What would?

HANNAH

Cracking the case.

TRISTIAN

Yeah, it usually does. It's probably because we haven't actually broken it completely, yet.

HANNAH

Broken what?

TRISTIAN

The case.

HANNAH

Isn't it supposed to be cracked?

TRISTIAN

Not me, I'm a broken kind of guy.

HANNAH

If I didn't know you, I'd say that's a metaphor for something.

TRISTIAN

But you do know me. To be honest, you're probably right.

Beat.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Why are you here, Hannah?

HANNAH

What? Here, in your house?

TRISTIAN

No. Why are you *here*... why did you want to become what you are, an 'officer of the law'?

HANNAH

Oh, I see... Well, I didn't always want to be a detective, I wanted to be an engineer, work in a car garage or something?

TRISTIAN

(laughing)

Really? I can't see it...

HANNAH

I'm serious! I used to watch formula one every Sunday, with my dad. Loved it. I suppose it's weird for a girl to be into cars and engines and stuff, but the thought never really entered my head. Did all the A-levels for it, wanted to go to Bristol. I had everything all meticulously planned out... It was a Saturday. Before Christmas. I was seventeen and at a party... well, I say party, it was just drinking a bottle of cheap red at a friend of a friend's, never really talking to anyone cause I knew hardly anyone there. I was talking to a girl I knew, didn't know her that well, she was in my year, and I knew her to talk to... Tara, her name was.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Tall. Pretty. She found me later on, about quarter to one, told me she was going home. She was walking, literally lived two streets away. I offered her a lift, but my dad wasn't coming for another half hour, and she needed to be home by one. She hugged me and left. Monday morning, there was a knock on my front door. A policeman. I invited him in, of course. "Do sit down, Miss Wilson." On her way home, she was pushed to the ground, by a man she had never seen before, and raped. The case was acquitted, lack of evidence or some bollocks. What scared me most wasn't the fact that it could've been me, or anyone at that party. What scared me was that I had to think 'it could've been me', and I didn't want anybody to ever think 'It might've been me' ever again.

Beat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You miss her, don't you?

TRISTIAN

I just wish there was something I could do...

HANNAH

There must be something...

TRISTIAN

There isn't. I can't actively work on the case, Hannah. Everything I've been able to get hold of under the radar has no leads. All I know right now is that she's missing.

HANNAH

Well, to be honest, it doesn't take a detective to figure that out...

TRISTIAN

True.

HANNAH

So, what are you going to do about it?

TRISTIAN
Nothing.

HANNAH
Nothing?

TRISTIAN
Nothing.

HANNAH
Nothing?

TRISTIAN
Nothing.

HANNAH
Noth -

TRISTIAN
I swear, I'll hit you if you say
nothing...

TRISTIAN and HANNAH laugh.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(holding up his glass)
I'm getting another, do you want
one?

HANNAH
I'm OK, but thank you.

TRISTIAN gets up and pours himself a drink.

Beat.

TRISTIAN
What if she's not dead?

HANNAH
I thought we ruled that out? It's
been two weeks...

TRISTIAN
I know, I know. I just can't stop
thinking...

HANNAH
Sometimes you just have to accept
the inevitability...

TRISTIAN

I just - I - I - I just miss her,
you know? I just wish there was
something I could do.

HANNAH

Look, Tristian, pull yourself
together... Now, you're not going
to find her, moping around here,
are you?

TRISTIAN

What?

HANNAH

Stop moping around.

TRISTIAN

That's the bit I understood...

HANNAH

It's time to find your fiancé.

SCENE 8 - TRISTIAN'S LIVING ROOM

*TRISTIAN lies on his sofa, smoking and drinking. HANNAH paces
the room, holding a clipboard, as if she's interrogating him.*

HANNAH

So, what do you recall from the
night she went missing?

TRISTIAN

Nothing. That's my biggest problem.
I remember going out with a friend,
going to , but nothing past ten-
ish.

Beat.

HANNAH

So you don't remember anything?

TRISTIAN

No, I just said. I must've drunk
one hell of a lot that night.

HANNAH

What if you were drugged?

TRISTIAN

'What if you were drugged?' What if you stopped trying to accuse me of murdering my fiancé?

HANNAH

I'm sorry, I'm just trying to cover all bases.

TRISTIAN

It's fine, don't worry about it - But can you stop the pacing? It's really annoying.

HANNAH sits down next to TRISTIAN.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I never went home that night. I woke up on my friends sofa, two hours late for work. Then I rushed in, only to be told that my fiancé was dead.

HANNAH

Wow. That's pretty bad.

TRISTIAN

Yes, it is. I was hungover, I'd just been demoted to practically a secretary and my former partner was slowly phasing me out of the force all together.

HANNAH

Bad day then.

TRISTIAN

Yes, and you wonder why it's tough between me and Ashlyn...

Beat.

HANNAH

The only thing I'm struggling with is why she didn't reprimand you...

TRISTIAN

Why would she?

HANNAH

Well, weren't you removed from the case?

TRISTIAN

Yes.

HANNAH

So, when she walked in on you
interrogating -

TRISTIAN

Questioning -

HANNAH

Really?... When she walked in on
you *interrogating* Callie, why
didn't she say anything to you?

TRISTIAN

Callie confessed. I may have been a
little harsh, but you have to
understand, she was never going to
reprimand me while she was getting
exactly what she wanted.

HANNAH

Is that why you're trying so hard
now? To get back in her good books?

TRISTIAN

No. I'm trying this hard because
it's Eleanor.

HANNAH

That's the first time you've said
her name...

TRISTIAN

What?

HANNAH

That's the first time you've said
Eleanor. You usually just call her
your fiancé.

TRISTIAN

I guess I've never noticed that
before... Come on, I think we need
to talk to the owner of that bar I
was in.

SCENE 9 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

*HANNAH sits, feet up on TRISTIAN's desk, asleep. The desk
littered with square-cut case files, bits of paper and
photographs.*

MEGAN enters. HANNAH wakes at the sound of her entering.

MEGAN

Ah, Miss Wilson, I didn't know anyone was in here.

HANNAH

No, don't worry, I've been here for most of the night.

MEGAN

Looks like it. Is Tristian around?

HANNAH

No, he went out for some more alcohol and cigarettes. He should be back soon.

Beat.

MEGAN

How's the case coming? If you don't mind me asking...

HANNAH

It's alright, there's nothing wrong with being curious. It's coming on quite well, we're bringing in a man today, Tristian thinks he might have something that could help us.

MEGAN

When will he be here?

HANNAH

Tristian said nine-thirty... so half an hour ago.

Enter TRISTIAN, carrying a bottle of whiskey.

TRISTIAN

Good morning Hannah... Megan...

HANNAH

You're late.

Enter JOSEPH, clearly in a hurry.

TRISTIAN

So's he!

JOSEPH

I do apologise, I got caught up in traffic.

HANNAH

And who exactly is this?

TRISTIAN

This is Joseph Cartwrite, he's the bartender at the club we were talking about.

HANNAH

Pleased to meet you Mr Cartwrite.

HANNAH and JOSEPH shake hands.

JOSEPH

Please, call me Joe.

HANNAH

OK then. Pleased to meet you...
Joe. Have a seat.

MEGAN

I'll be outside if any of you need me.

TRISTIAN

Thank you, Megan.

Exit MEGAN.

*HANNAH sits behind TRISTIAN's desk, JOSEPH on the other side.
TRISTIAN perches on the corner of the desk.*

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Joe, I believe you have some information for us?

JOSEPH

Well, I think it could be useful to you, after the conversation we had over the phone, yesterday.

HANNAH

What can you tell us?

JOSEPH

Well, Tristian rang yesterday, asking if I knew anything that could aid him. I didn't remember at the time, so I just told him no, but now I do...

TRISTIAN

Go on...

JOSEPH

The night your fiancé was taken,
you were in my bar...

TRISTIAN

Yes, I know... Do you have anything
a bit more useful?

HANNAH

(warning)
Tristian!

JOSEPH

Yes, I do. Towards the end of the
evening, you started crying. You
said you had some sort of argument,
and you needed to figure it out.
Then you left, looking for some
girl... Elise, I think.

TRISTIAN

Elise?

JOSEPH

I thinks. Definitely began with an
E. Could've been Emily, Ellen,
Ella...

TRISTIAN

Eleanor?

JOSEPH

Yes, that's the one!

TRISTIAN

Thank you. I don't think there's
anything else we need.

JOSEPH gets up, shakes TRISTIAN's hand then exits.

HANNAH

So you were looking for her.

TRISTIAN

I guess so... We have no other
leads though, we don't know where I
went then.

HANNAH

It's obvious, you went looking,
couldn't find her, felt guilty that
you weren't there for her, then
went back to your friends house...

TRISTIAN

Yeah, that sounds about right. So it all adds up.

HANNAH

There we are then... You're not a psychopathic murderer then...

TRISTIAN

Guess not.

TRISTIAN's intercom buzzes.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Inspector Blacksmith, D.I Varner is asking for you.

TRISTIAN

(into the intercom)
I'll be right out.

TRISTIAN leaves.

ASHLYN enters.

ASHLYN

Is he in?

HANNAH

He's just -

ASHLYN

Never mind.

ASHLYN goes to leave.

HANNAH

Miss Meyer.

ASHLYN stops.

ASHLYN

Yes?

HANNAH

You and Tristian, what -

ASHLYN

I don't think that's a question you should be asking me.

HANNAH

But I've tried speaking to Tristian about it.

ASHLYN

It's too personal, he'd never tell
you - neither will I.

ASHLYN goes to leave.

HANNAH

He's caught up about it, y'know.

ASHLYN stops.

ASHLYN

I think you'd find, he's caught up
about his fiancé.

HANNAH

He misses you. He won't admit it,
but he does.

ASHLYN

I know he does... I'm going to
regret telling you this, I can see
it...

ASHLYN sits.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

He wasn't always like this - the
drinking and the aggressive
sarcasm. He used to be quite a
decent guy... We had a 'thing',
years back, started in college, or
around that time.

HANNAH

Is that why you go easy on him?

ASHLYN

Easy on him? No, that I've never
been guilty of.

HANNAH

You don't reprimand him, or -

ASHLYN

Do you want the story, or not?... I
don't reprimand him because he
needs to be allowed to just - just
be... He works best that way.

HANNAH

I see...

ASHLYN

There was a case, not that long ago, we were assigned... 'suicide watch', they called us. It started off as a suicide case, some kid hung himself. Tristian was convinced there was something more to the story, turns out he was right. The force kept batting him down, called him inexperienced. Thirteen deaths later, Tristian manages to catch the killer. The thought that he could have prevented their deaths tore him apart, he took to the bottle, twisted himself into what you see before you. He's still the best, but he's not the same man... I'm sorry, I - I have to go...

SCENE 10 - TRISTIAN'S LIVING ROOM

TRISTIAN sits on his sofa, holding a framed picture of Eleanor.

TRISTIAN

I'm sorry. I trying, I really am, but I never seem to get any closer to finding you... It makes you think, doesn't it? What am I doing? Why am I doing this? How can I go into work every day - how can I sit behind that desk every day, when I couldn't even protect the people closest to me? It was about a dog... How could we argue that badly over something so petty? I don't know, but I'd happily adopt a thousand puppies, if that meant I could see your face again, hold you in my arms. But that's all gone now - you're gone - and I'm left, picking up the pieces, having to live with the guilt of walking out that night. What can I do, Leanie? What can I do? You're my world... You were going to be my wife, and I ruined it. I'm sorry, I just miss you, Leanie, I really do -

Tristian is interrupted by a knock on the door. He gets up and goes to the door.

TRISTIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ashlyn, what are you doing here?

ASHLYN (O.S.)
Good evening, Tristian. May I come
in?

TRISTIAN (O.S.)
Quickly...

Enter TRISTIAN followed by ASHLYN.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Right, what do you want?

ASHLYN
I just wanted to talk to you.

TRISTIAN
I've got nothing for you, Ashlyn. I
suggest you start talking quickly.

ASHLYN
Tristian, I -

TRISTIAN
Hurry up, Ashlyn.

ASHLYN
Look, I know you're upset about
Eleanor.

TRISTIAN
(sarcastically)
Just a little.

ASHLYN
I'm sorry. I need to talk to you
about her.

TRISTIAN
What about her?

ASHLYN
We've got some news concerning the
investigation.

TRISTIAN
Oh, so now you've decided to
include me?

ASHLYN
What?

TRISTIAN

Well, for the past few weeks,
you've made it your mission to keep
me as far away from the
investigation as possible.

ASHLYN

Tristian, I -

TRISTIAN

No, Ashlyn. I'm the best detective
you've got. Without me, Callie
Finley wouldn't be behind bars.

ASHLYN

What are you trying to get that?

TRISTIAN

If you'd let me head the
investigation from the start, this
could all be over by now.

ASHLYN

I let you investigate it, Tristian.
Can't you see that?

TRISTIAN

What? You let me investigate the
murder of my fiancé? When? 'Cause
all I've seen is you batting me
away.

ASHLYN

You've been doing it behind my
back, Tristian. Do you think I
wouldn't notice?

TRISTIAN

So, let's put this into
perspective. You call, letting me
in on this, restraining me from
every crime scene, lowering my
security clearance - therefore
clearing my authority to work on
high end cases - and leaving me
scrape the barrel attempting to
find some scraps of evidence, that
I had to sneak around at night to
get my hands on, helping me?

ASHLYN

Well...

TRISTIAN

No, Ashlyn. You've done a lot worse than that.

ASHLYN

Look, Tristian, I'm sorry.

TRISTIAN

Sorry won't cut it this time, Ashlyn.

ASHLYN

No, it won't.

Beat.

TRISTIAN

Look, do you want a drink?

ASHLYN

Yeah, go on then.

TRISTIAN pours two glasses, then sits down on the sofa, accompanied by ASHLYN.

TRISTIAN

I never thought things would get this bad, Ash.

ASHLYN

No. What happened, Huh?

TRISTIAN

We grew up.

ASHLYN

Do you remember those summers? The ones in the woods?

TRISTIAN

How could I forget? My father built us a small wooden cabin, deep in the woods.

ASHLYN

We used to go there, it was our escape.

TRISTIAN

Yeah, we spent our first time there. What happened, Ash? Why did we decide to end it?

ASHLYN

Because it was the right thing to do. Look, you've met Eleanor now, you're happy for the first time in years... Well, you were happy.

Beat.

TRISTIAN

I miss her, Ash. I know I keep saying it, but I do.

ASHLYN

I know, I know. If you ever need to... lash out at anybody, you can come to me.

TRISTIAN

Thank you, Ashlyn... I'm getting another, do you want one?

ASHLYN

No, no. I'm still on my first.

TRISTIAN gets up and walks over to the drinks cabinet.

TRISTIAN

(pouring a drink)

Didn't you say you had something important to tell me?

Beat.

ASHLYN

We've found him.

TRISTIAN

Who?

ASHLYN

The killer, we've found Eleanor's killer.

TRISTIAN

Are you sure.

ASHLYN

I've never been more sure in my life. We found the body, and enough evidence to create a firm case against the suspect.

TRISTIAN collapses into the sofa.

TRISTIAN

Oh God.

ASHLYN

I understand this was a big thing for you.

TRISTIAN

Who is it?

ASHLYN

I'm sorry, but I can't release that information yet. You understand how this goes.

TRISTIAN

Yes. Of course. Sorry.

ASHLYN

It's OK.

TRISTIAN

Can I see her?

ASHLYN

As far as I'm aware, forensics are still cleaning her up, but I can try and pull some strings.

TRISTIAN

But if you caught the killer, why are forensics still working on her?

ASHLYN

Post-mortem, Tristian. It still needs to be done.

TRISTIAN

Oh. Right.

ASHLYN

I guess I can let off some information. I can't tell you who killed her, but she was found in the cabin, the one in the woods.

TRISTIAN

She's there? Why is she there?

ASHLYN

I don't know, Tristian. Look, I'll leave you to head up there, pay your respects.

ASHLYN goes to leave.

TRISTIAN
Ashlyn. Thank you.

ASHLYN smiles and exits.

SCENE 11 - TRISTIAN'S OFFICE

TRISTIAN sits, his head on the desk, sleeping. An empty bottle in one hand, a lit cigarette in the other.

There is a knock on the door.

Beat.

MEGAN (O.S.)
Inspector Blacksmith, are you in there?

MEGAN knocks again.

MEGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tristian?

Enter MEGAN.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus.

MEGAN shakes TRISTIAN awake.

TRISTIAN
Wha - what time is it?

MEGAN
It's nearly nine-thirty.

TRISTIAN
Shit.

MEGAN
Are you OK?

TRISTIAN
Yes... yes... yes. It's just been a long night, that's all.

MEGAN
Looks like it.

MEGAN turns to leave.

TRISTIAN

Meg, what do you think of me?

MEGAN

What do I think of you? That's quite an odd question, sir... Honestly? I think you're the best man the in the business. Ever since I've started here, I've looked up to you.

TRISTIAN

Really?

MEGAN

Yes, of course. You've inspired me to become an inspector. I start University in September.

TRISTIAN

Well, I'm glad I've helped somebody.

Beat.

MEGAN

What's gotten into you, sir?

TRISTIAN

Everything finally makes sense, after everything, it finally makes sense.

MEGAN

Well, I'm glad it does... Can I leave now? I've got quite a stack of paperwork to get through.

TRISTIAN

Yes, of course. Of course.

Exit MEGAN.

TRISTIAN picks up a new bottle, opens it, and simply drinks it over the top.

ASHLYN enters.

ASHLYN

(looking around)
Looks like you had a fun night...

TRISTIAN

When were you going to tell me?

ASHLYN
Tell you what?

TRISTIAN
You know what.

ASHLYN
Ah. You figured it out then...

TRISTIAN
I went to the cabin. Everything
came back to me.

ASHLYN
I'm so sorry.

TRISTIAN
Just one thing.

ASHLYN
Yes?

TRISTIAN
I know why you're here now, but why
didn't you do it yesterday?

ASHLYN
Yesterday?

TRISTIAN
Yes. In the house. Why did you wait
until now?

ASHLYN
We actually had no hard evidence.

TRISTIAN
But you -

ASHLYN
If you remember, I said we had
enough evidence to create a firm
case, I didn't say we had hard
evidence.

A long pause.

TRISTIAN
(deliberate)
I have to confess.

ASHLYN
Yes.

TRISTIAN

And if I refuse?

ASHLYN

You won't. I know you too well.

TRISTIAN

I guess you do.

ASHLYN

You understand what has to happen now?

TRISTIAN

I do. I understand.

ASHLYN

(handcuffing him)

Tristian Blacksmith, I am arresting you for multiple cases of harassment and murder. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention -

Enter HANNAH

HANNAH

What the hell is going on?

TRISTIAN

Hannah, please!

HANNAH

You bitch, you've been after him from the start.

ASHLYN

Excuse me?

HANNAH

You've been trying to get rid of him for weeks, just because he's better than you!

TRISTIAN

Neck it, Hannah!

HANNAH

No!

TRISTIAN

Hannah!

Beat.

HANNAH
I can't be seeing this...

TRISTIAN
Hannah, it's over. Go home, forget
about all of this.

HANNAH
I can't...

ASHLYN
Tristian, we have to go.

TRISTIAN
Ashlyn, let me explain it to her. I
owe her that - I owe you both an
explanation.

Beat.

ASHLYN nods and takes off the handcuffs.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

TRISTIAN motions to the bottle on his desk.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
May I?

ASHLYN nods again.

*TRISTIAN pours three glasses and hands them out. Then he
perches on his desk, lighting a cigarette.*

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)
The night Eleanor was - That night -
That night, we had a fight. Eleanor
wanted a dog, thinking it was a
step further into our relationship.
I thought it was a ridiculous idea,
neither of us were home enough to
look after it. She didn't like
that. We argued, and I left. She
must've been out looking for me,
because she was in her office...
well, last seen leaving it. Anyway,
I met a friend, and we went for a
few drinks to calm down.

Beat.

HANNAH

But we already know this much...

TRISTIAN

Yes, I know. Anyway, something happened when I was at the club. Somebody must've slipped me something.

HANNAH

Like drugs?

TRISTIAN

More than likely. A few hours later, I went looking for her. I found her, wandering the streets, looking for me. She noticed I was drunk, but tried to talk to me anyway... We ended up arguing again, but this time it was serious. It had come away from the dog now, we were just arguing for arguments sake... We were in the middle of the street, shouting at each other. She dragged me into an alleyway, in an attempt to quieten everything down...

Beat.

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I said we should go somewhere quiet, iron out all our problems. She suggested the cabin, the one in the woods. I actually have no idea why... She drove us down there and we went in, calmer now... I don't actually remember what happened then, there's still gaps in my memory... Anyway, the next thing I remember, she's dead on the floor. I had stabbed her with a bread knife, through the heart...

ASHLYN

My God.

HANNAH

What then?

TRISTIAN

Well... I ran... Drove actually. I went back to my friends apartment, cried myself to sleep on his sofa.

(MORE)

TRISTIAN (CONT'D)

When I woke up the next day, I was hungover, with no recollection of the night that had passed. I just assumed she'd stayed home, so I came in, and that's when Ashlyn told me she was missing...

Beat.

HANNAH

So, you killed her?

TRISTIAN

Yes. And every moment since I found out, I've wished I could swap places with her.

HANNAH

No. You shouldn't wish this guilt on anybody, but yourself.

TRISTIAN

I see...

HANNAH

Look, Tristian, I don't see you as a different person now. I look at you, and I see the same man I looked up to all those weeks ago. The man I've always looked up to, ever since I decided to join the force.

TRISTIAN

Don't say that, Hannah. You're supposed to hate me. Do whatever you want, but don't say you're going to forgive me.

HANNAH

I'm sorry, but I do.

ASHLYN

Come on, Tristian, we have to go.

Beat.

HANNAH

So this is it?

TRISTIAN

I guess so...

HANNAH runs and hugs TRISTIAN.

HANNAH
Goodbye, Tristian.

TRISTIAN
Goodbye... Inspector Wilson.

Exit ASHLYN and TRISTIAN.

*HANNAH pours herself a drink and sits in TRISTIAN's chair,
crying.*