

Charged with Murder

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INT. NIGHT - INTERROGATION ROOM

A man, Gregory Nolan, sits nervously in the spot light of a dark room. The only light coming from a small lamp sat on the table. Gregory looks up suddenly as the door opens. Two men walk in, faces shadowed by the low light. One man pulls out a seat and sits down. His face falls out of shadow to reveal a tired, balding man, DETECTIVE TRAVIS. He rubs his eyes and sighs. Gregory isn't paying attention as he is staring worryingly at the man he cant see still stood up.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS

So what happened tonight Mr Nolan?

Gregory looks down at the table missing the detectives stare.

GREGORY

I got home from work and found her at the bottom of the stairs. Blood everywhere.

He pauses to turn away from the thought or maybe to hide away a tear, Detective Travis can't see the truth.

GREGORY (CONT)

I called the police straight away.

The other man steps forward to join in the conversation, Gregory can just make out the square jaw of DETECTIVE REED.

DETECTIVE REED

Now here's the thing Mr Nolan, I don't believe that fine tale much.

Gregory starts to get a little upset.

GREGORY

But it's true, I would never touch my sweet Lucy.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS

Now Mr Nolan, Gregory. Tell us the truth and we can all go home. It's late.

GREGORY

Home to your wife!? What have I got now?

Detective Travis gets out some cigarettes. He puts one in his mouth and holds the rest towards Gregory. Gregory takes one

and the Detective strikes a match. The first puff helps calm Gregory down.

GREGORY

I know what it looks like Detectives.

DETECTIVE REED

And what does it looks like?

He goes to reply but stops in his tracks. Detective Reed smirks and puts a piece of paper on the table.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT)

Now word is you have some gambling dept. Did your Lucy know?

Gregory keeps his eyes on the numbers now laid out in front of him. His nerves are still present.

GREGORY

I told Lucy about this weeks ago. We said we would work it out together. That's why she started some shifts again at Mr Greyson's shop.

DETECTIVE REED

The woman of the house paying for your mistakes. How did that make you feel, Mr Nolan?

GREGORY

I didn't - I didn't kill my wife Detective!

Detective Reed pulls out the second chair and sits down out of the shadow. His sharp eyes just visible through the light cast smoke.

DETECTIVE REED

I didn't say anything about murder. Anything you want to tell us?

DETECTIVE TRAVIS

Now lets not get too hasty Reed. Gregory, what time do you normally get home from work?

GREGORY

About half past six.

DETECTIVE REED

Well then, walk us through what happened when you got home tonight.

Gregory rubs his eyes before trying to remember.

GREGORY

Well I got home as I do. As soon as I walked through the door I saw her lying there. I ran over to help her but she wasn't with us no more. My hands were covered in blood, I didn't know what to do. The carpet on the stairs was turned up and so she must have fallen. I went straight to the phone and called the station.

His final words sounded flustered.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS

It's alright Gregory. We can sort this one through.

DETECTIVE REED

Looks like you have this all thought out don't ya? Now lets say I tell you what I'm thinking.

(beat)

You get home as you say but a little earlier than the time you just gave us. Your wife having had a drink confronts you about the gambling. You grab something heavy, hit her over the head till she ain't moving no more. Make it look like she fell down the stairs. How does that sound?

Gregory doesn't know where to look. He twiddles his thumbs from the thought of being accused.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS

A word outside Reed.

Detective Reed gives Detective Travis a nod and both detectives get up and leave the room. Gregory watches there shadows as they talk. Each recognisable from the other by their difference in height and weight. He notices Detective Reed pointing aggressively at Detective Travis. Detective Travis shrugs his shoulders. Detective Reed turns away in

frustration but turns back. His voice can now be heard by Gregory.

DETECTIVE REED (MUFFLED)  
How do you *not* think he did it?

There is a pause as Detective Travis talks softly.

DETECTIVE REED (MUFFLED)  
So what his muddy footprints don't  
lead further than the stairs or the  
phone.

Gregory notices another man walk up behind them and hand Detective Reed something. He looks at it and slaps the paper on Detective Travis chest. Detective Reed's head falls. The door opens and Gregory quickly turns away. Only Detective Travis is stood in the doorway.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS  
Your free to go.

Gregory stands up slightly too quick. He stops at the door.

DETECTIVE TRAVIS  
Your story checks out her blood was  
only in one place and time of death is  
inconclusive from the alcohol in her  
system.

Gregory nods and half smiles before it quickly falls from his face. He looks up and takes a deep breath and steps out the door.

INT. NIGHT - POLICE CORRIDOR

Gregory turns back to Detective Travis. Detective Reed is sat down on a bench next to them looking at the paper.

GREGORY  
Life won't be the same detective, now  
she's gone.

Detective Reed gets up and puts his hand on his shoulder.

DETECTIVE REED  
You just have to keep going boy. Come  
on, let me walk you to the door.

They both walk down the corridor together. Gregory's face is sullen and tired. He doesn't look like he's ready to go home

to an empty house yet. As he walks he starts to hear a voice.

LUCY (V.O)

What do you mean you have gambled our  
savings away?!

Gregory's face changes slightly to more of a neutral  
expression. No emotion showing on his face. His eyes now cold  
and dispassionate.

LUCY (V.O)

What are you doing?! Help!

Gregory turns away from Detective Reed as they walk. He can  
now hear the sounds of Lucy screaming and he remembers the  
sounds of him bludgeoning her to death. Gregory smirks to  
himself as he leaves the police station.

A free man.