

SPADE
EPISODE 6: THE HANGMAN

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INT. BILL'S BEDROOM

We slowly FADE IN to a bright, warm, morning. BIRDS are cheeping in the background. We hear a faint sound of child laughter in the distance. We hear soft violin music.

BILL stirs gently. Smiling to himself. He slept great.

He acknowledges the violin sound and then opens his eyes - confused. He turns to see his housemate - dressed only in his white boxer shorts, practising his violin.

BILL
(confused)
Umm, Francis?... Francis?..
FRANCIS!!

FRANCIS stops playing the violin.

BILL (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?!

FRANCIS
Oh, you just looked so peaceful
laying there, I couldn't help but
play something.

BILL
Do I look peaceful now?

FRANCIS
No... You don't.

BILL
Right, so I suggest you fuck off
before I shove that cuntin'g violin
somewhere you'll likely lose it.

FRANCIS
Did you not like my music?

BILL
No, I loved it. It was terrific.
Serene. Majestic. Heavenly.

FRANCIS
Aw, thanks Bill, that really means
the-

BILL
But not when I'm trying to fucking
sleep! Now piss off.

FRANCIS drops his shoulders and walks out of the room.

BILL throws himself back down onto his bed - calming himself down. He looks over at his phone. No calls. He picks it up, but nothing. No one has called.

He puts it back down and thinks for a second. Suddenly, he picks it up again. It seems to be working fine.

BILL (CONT'D)
(calling)
Francis?

His door immediately swings open.

FRANCIS
Yes, Bill?

BILL
Could you, umm- try ringing my phone? I'm not sure if it's working.

FRANCIS pulls a phone out of his boxer shorts.

FRANCIS
Sure thing, Bill. Anything you want!

FRANCIS rings BILL's number. Moments later, BILL's phone starts ringing.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
It's ringing.

BILL
Thanks, got it.

BILL hangs up the phone.

FRANCIS
It's gone to answer phone.

BILL
I know, I just rejected the call.

FRANCIS
Do you want me to leave a message?

BILL
No, it's fine, I just wanted to-

He hear a beep on FRANCIS' phone.

FRANCIS
Hi Bill, it's Francis. Your housemate.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm just leaving you a message to
umm- err. Actually I'm not sure
why. Talk to you soon. Bye.

FRANCIS hangs up the phone.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(to BILL)

I left a message.

BILL

Thanks. You can leave now.

FRANCIS

Sure.

FRANCIS quickly disappears. BILL's phone beeps - he's received an answer phone message. He rolls his eyes in frustration. He decides to get rid of it.

[You have one new message, and one saved message. Here are your new messages. Hi Bill, it's Francis. Your house- you have deleted your message. Next saved message. Received three days ago - or the 17th @ 1.07am and BILL looks at a calendar]

[(panic) Hi, I'm looking for Stacey Spade. My name is Amanda, Amanda Tierman. And umm- I'm sure it's just nothing, but... I'm scared. I think he's going to-]

Suddenly the phone messages breaks up and BILL cannot hear the rest of the sentence

[-and umm... He's been following me for weeks now and I don't know what to do. I don't want to go to the police, they'll only make it worse. But maybe you could help? I live at Parkway Crescent. And my number is-]

More phone interference.

[Please call me as soon as you get this message. I need your help Bill.]

BILL is now listening intently - it sounds like a genuine mystery.

[To listen to your saved messaged, press 1. To call the number back, press 2-]

BILL presses 2. He waits for it to connect. We hear a disconnected dialling tone.

BILL

(to himself)

Shit.

FRANCIS (O.S.)
Do you want some music for this
bit? Something mysterious?

FRANCIS begins to play something on the violin.

EXT. PARKWAY CRESCENT - SOON AFTER

BILL pulls his car up and steps out - there is police tape
all round the house. A POLICE OFFICE stands outside.

BILL tentatively walk towards him. The POLICE OFFICER
immediately recognises BILL.

POLICE OFFICER
(pleasant)
Hey Bill, what you doing here?

BILL
(to himself)
Damn, I'm too late!

POLICE OFFICER
What makes you say that?

BILL nods towards the house.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Oh right, yeah.

BILL
So, what happened?

POLICE OFFICER
I turned up and did the tape.

BILL waits for a second.

BILL
Is that it?

POLICE OFFICER
I don't know what else to tell you.

BILL
Try explaining what actually
happened in there!

POLICE OFFICER
Oh, I can't do that.

BILL
I thought we had an *understanding*?

POLICE OFFICER
(confused)
Did we?

BILL
Yes! You scratch my back, I scratch
yours.

POLICE OFFICER
But I've never scratched your back.

BILL
It's a figure of speech.

POLICE OFFICER
What is?

BILL
What I just said.

POLICE OFFICER
Oh... right.

BILL gently shakes his head in disbelief.

BILL
Anyway, is there anyone else-
Suddenly, DCI SUSAN HOLE appears in the doorway.

DCI HOLE
Constable? I thought I told you to
keep the crime-scene clear of any
disturbances.

The POLICE OFFICER turns and faces DCI HOLE.

POLICE OFFICER
(confused)
I don't remember you saying that.

DCI HOLE walks past the POLICE OFFICER and towards BILL.

DCI HOLE
What are you doing here STACEY?
This scene requires some actual *in-*
vesti-gative work. Something best
left to the professionals.

BILL
That's why I'm here.

DCI HOLE

The last time I checked, you were busy helping old ladies get their cats down from small trees.

BILL

I wouldn't never do that.

DCI HOLE

Oh, yeah that's right! It was a little stretch too far for you, wasn't it?

DCI HOLE starts laughing uncontrollably - she turns and faces the POLICE OFFICER.

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)

You're meant to laugh along with me!

POLICE OFFICER

(confused)

But I didn't hear anything funny.

DCI HOLE

(to BILL)

Anyway, clear off, *Stacey*. This is an open and shut case. The boyfriend did it. The boyfriends *always* do it.

BILL

Was her name Amanda Tierman by any chance?

DCI HOLE

(to the POLICE OFFICER)

What did you tell him that for?!

POLICE OFFICER

I didn't, I swear! I don't know nothing, do I?! He must be psychic!

BILL

Amanda left a message on my phone claiming that she was in trouble, that someone was stalking her.

DCI HOLE opens her hands and shows BILL.

DCI HOLE

This is the case...

She shuts her hands.

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)
We just need to find the body and-

BILL
Wait- there's *no* body?!

DCI HOLE
(sheepish)
Not yet, no. But it's only a matter
of time-

BILL
So why the fuck have you taped this
whole place up to look like a
Christmas tree then?

POLICE OFFICER
It makes everything look legit.

BILL
(to DCI HOLE)
So what have you found so far?

DCI HOLE
Not much. A smashed back window and
this envelope addressed to: *Read
Me.*

DCI HOLE holds up the note. BILL snatches it.

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)
Hey! That may have vital forensic
evidence key to solving this case.

BILL
You wouldn't know what *vital
evidence* was if it leapt up and
smacked you across the face.

BILL looks at the note - carefully holding it by the sides.
He reads it for a second.

DCI HOLE
...Well?

BILL
It's nothing. Just a shopping list.

DCI HOLE
See, told you! I knew it wasn't
anything-

BILL turns the letter to face DCI HOLE who begins to read it -
it's a confession, signed *The Hangman.*

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)
...Hold on, I haven't got my
readers on.

EXT. WOODLAND AREA - SOMETIME LATER

BILL and DCI HOLE are walking through the woodland area.

DCI HOLE
You know, I could arrest you for
wasting valuable police time!

BILL
Valuable?

DCI HOLE
We all know why you gave up the
police force, *Stacey*. You couldn't
hack it anymore, could you? Too
many unsolved cases.

BILL
I just got sick and tired of
listening to people who didn't know
how to do their job properly.

DCI HOLE
You lost your *bottle* more like!

BILL
If that helps you to sleep at
night.

DCI HOLE
Thinking about your bottle? You
wish! I've never even so much as-

Suddenly there is a female scream - loud, and some distance
away.

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)
That was someone screaming!

BILL
(sarcastic)
What makes you say that?

We hear the scream again.

DCI HOLE
See! That's definitely someone
screaming!

Followed by a muffled: *help me!*

BILL and DCI HOLE chase through the woodland area until eventually they find the source of who it came from.

In the distance BILL can see a MAN attempting to hang a WOMAN from a tree. BILL looks at DCI HOLE - she can see what is going on but looks too panicked to do anything.

DCI HOLE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Bloody hell's bells! We should call
the police!

BILL
...It'll be too late by then. We've
got to do something *now*!

We hear the groans and struggles of the woman as the man manages to get the noose around her neck.

BILL (CONT'D)
Isn't it about time the taxpaying
public got their monies worth out
of you?

DCI HOLE looks rankly at BILL - she doesn't have a clue what to do. BILL huffs and abruptly stands up.

DCI HOLE
Where are you going?!

BILL
(calling out, pleasant)
Good afternoon!

THE HANGMAN immediately stops what he's doing.

BILL (CONT'D)
(calling out)
I couldn't help but notice that
you're using the wrong knot!

BILL slowly walks towards THE HANGMAN and AMANDA.

BILL (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Also, if you want to properly hang
someone, you're going to need a
stronger-grade rope. Get her up
there like that and it'll just snap-

THE HANGMAN
Err- I know what I'm doing!

BILL is now stood almost directly in front of THE HANGMAN - who watches in disbelief.

BILL

See, that's where you're wrong. You clearly don't have a clue what you're doing at all, look-

BILL pulls the noose off AMANDA's neck and then throws it over THE HANGMAN - immediately choking him. BILL struggles to get him under control but eventually manages to wrestle him to the ground.

BILL (CONT'D)

(to AMANDA)

Get help! Quick. Go!

AMANDA runs away.

BILL (CONT'D)

(calling)

But ignore the police officer hiding behind the tree, she's useless!

INT. CAFE

BILL is sat in a cafe - staring out of the window. He smiles to himself.

Moments later, AMANDA sits down and places a cup of coffee in front of him. They smile at each other - she places a hand on his.

VIOLIN MUSIC begins to play in the background.

He takes a sip of coffee but immediately notices something is wrong.

BILL

(concerned)

...Is this *definitely* decaf?

AMANDA

Err- oh, sorry Bill! I forgot.

BILL

(to himself)

F-fuck sake! God! If you want something done properly, you've got to do it your fucking self! Unbelievable...

BILL slams the cup down and abruptly stands up from the table - disappearing from view.

THE END OF SEASON 1