

"MAGSMAN"

By

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ANGELICA and CHARLES are sat in a stark room, at a table, clad in party clothes and dishevelled. Blood stains their clothes and skin. TIM sits opposite them. We see his back.

A recording device is on the table in between them.

TIM

So-! We find you two, armed in a high-crime area. And if that wasn't enough, you're both covered in blood.

CHARLES

Astute observations Officer.

ANGELICA

(To CHARLES)

Don't do that.

CHARLES

Well nobody here seems to care that blood doesn't make one a criminal, or that we've said a million times we're on a covert mission for the government.

TIM

The government? Well, you didn't say that last time now, did you?

CHARLES

Oh like that would've made a difference.

TIM

(Patronisingly)

Well maybe if you gave me the name of your handler, we could sort this out.

CHARLES

"Handler"?

ANGELICA

If we do that, then they'll know our cover is blown. It just causes problems they won't wanna deal with.

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Convenient eh?

CHARLES
For who? We're still here.

TIM
You're still here because you're
wasting police time.

ANGELICA
You might as well let us go then
Sir. We're only here on suspicion.
With all due respect, it isn't us
wasting police time.

CHARLES
(Muttering)
Or government resources.

TIM
But it is though, isn't it, because
rather than tell me the truth, you
want to sit here and tell
fairytales like you're on the piss.

ANGELICA
Okay... quite unprofessional of you
Sir.

CHARLES
(To ANGELICA)
See that's what I hate about these
guys.

TIM
Well I certainly didn't become a
copper in the hopes that you'd like
me mate. And frankly, if you don't
cooperate, you can spend the night
in a cell.

CHARLES
(Outraged)
On what char-?

ANGELICA
C'mon Charlie. Let's just tell him
the truth.

CHARLES
Charlie?!

ANGELICA
Yeah. Geoff isn't gonna be
impressed if we're not home soon.

The two exchange a look of mutual understanding.

TIM
And who's Geoff?

ANGELICA
My brother.

FLASHBACK.

INT. OFFICE

Two envelopes are being pushed across a table to ANGELICA and CHARLES. The two are a lot neater, clad in bloodless outfits with neat hairstyles to match.

ANGELICA (V.O)
He wanted us to run an errand for
him.

ANGELICA and CHARLES take the envelopes and nod, effectively accepting the mission.

TIM (V.O)
And what exactly was this errand?

A hand reaches out - presumably from GEOFF and gives CHARLES a light, playful slap on the face.

CHARLES (V.O)
Well, Geoff's a cretin.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

ANGELICA and CHARLES stand outside, looking up at a hotel in a busy city area. They're wearing their party clothes. ANGELICA has a bag in her hand.

CHARLES (V.O)
He can't do anything himself, so he
always has us out and about.

TIM (V.O)
He has the both of you do things?

CHARLES (V.O)
Well I can't let her do it alone.
She's my partner.

ANGELICA and CHARLES walk towards the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELICA (V.O)
Aw sweetie.

INT. HOTEL

A lift door opens. ANGELICA and CHARLES walk out and down a hallway.

CHARLES (V.O)
Geoff's obsessed with this guy.
Aaron. Always talking about him
like he's a god or something.

They stop outside a door and put on gloves. ANGELICA produces a keycard from her bag and opens the door.

ANGELICA (V.O)
Geoff's just too shy to do anything
about it.

CHARLES (V.O)
So he wanted us to send Aaron a
message.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TIM
What?

ANGELICA
(Not missing a beat)
You know - like those love-notes.
Apparently Aaron's birthday was
yesterday, and Geoff bought him a
gift card and handwritten poem.

TIM nods, unconvinced.

FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL

ANGELICA and CHARLES walk through a very minimalistic hotel room.

ANGELICA (V.O)
The door was wide open. Aaron was
having some kind of house party.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

ANGELICA

You know how it is Officer. If we just posted it through the letterbox, anything could've happened to it.

CHARLES

Can't let a good Debenhams gift card go to waste.

TIM

Oh, Debenhams?

CHARLES

Debenhams.

FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL

A shot of a drawer. ANGELICA's hand reaches in and grabs a kitchen knife. She puts it in her bag.

AARON'S BEDROOM. A man sits at a desk with his back to us, typing on a PC. He appears to be a journalist: the computer screen shows an article he is typing. The desk is covered in articles and letters with omitted sections.

CHARLES (V.O)

But like most drunks, he was on the bog, crying. He didn't seem to care that we walked in on him. Just complaining about his birthday beatings being taken too far.

ANGELICA (V.O)

Someone must've hit his nose. Blood was everywhere. We tried to comfort him and calm him down.

ANGELICA and CHARLES stand behind AARON, who doesn't seem to notice them. ANGELICA pulls the knife and a rag from her bag.

CHARLES (V.O)

Then we gave him his gift.

ANGELICA and CHARLES approach the chair. CHARLES gags AARON while ANGELICA stabs him several times.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TIM
(Invested)
Did it cheer him up?

ANGELICA and CHARLES chuckle, exchanging another glance.

CHARLES
You know the kind of laugh where
you snort?

TIM
(Squeamish)
Ooh. Unlucky.

ANGELICA
He was happy though, and it was
nice to be part of the highlight of
his day.

FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL

AARON lies limp on the floor. ANGELICA speeds past him. CHARLES takes a phone from his pocket. Blood is all over their gloves and the murder weapon.

CHARLES (V.O)
You weren't like that at the time.
You should've been there Officer.
I've never seen her run so fast
before.

CHARLES scrolls through AARON's PC. We see a USB stick in the port. ANGELICA takes photographs of the paperwork. CHARLES takes the USB out of the port.

ANGELICA (V.O)
C'mon Sir, how would you feel if
someone snorted blood all over you?

TIM (V.O)
(Chuckling)
Yeah, probably not too impressed.

CHARLES looks at the table and produces a lighter. He presses it.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TIM
And the knife?

ANGELICA looks at CHARLES.

EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

ANGELICA puts the USB and the phone inside a plastic bag and hands it to CHARLES. CHARLES looks visibly frustrated but is stared down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

CHARLES
We saw it on the side, and Ange got a little worried.

ANGELICA
Yeah, he was drunk, in pain, and really sad. I took it and hid it in my bag so he couldn't use it after we'd left.

TIM
I'd say you two were quite the saints.

CHARLES
And I'd say you haven't met Geoff. He's gonna lose his mind when he finds out what's been taking us so long.

TIM
(Still a hint of scepticism)
Well, it seems this has all been one big misunderstanding folks. All I can do is apologise, and hope that everything works out for your brother.

ANGELICA
(Smiling)
I think it will.

CHARLES
Not that the prick deserves it.

TIM turns off the recording device. They all stand. TIM wrings his hands and gestures to the door.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

An officer will show you out. If you need to make a call, just let them know at the reception.

ANGELICA

Thank you for understanding Sir.

ANGELICA and CHARLES leave. TIM frowns to himself, picks up his phone and scrolls through it: WhatsApp IM. After a moment, he presses a button.

Voice message:

AARON (O.S)

(On the phone; desperately)
C'mon Tim, I know it sounds insane, but it's me. You know me, I'm not crazy enough to make this up. I could be the next Snowden, and it won't be long before they find out. And they're not gonna believe it was an accident. They're gonna put me in a hole mate. I need you to believe me.

(Tries to compose self)
I'm back in town, in the City Centre. I'll text you the hotel where I'm staying. Just come and hear what I have to say. See the stuff I've found out. You're the only one I can trust.

Voice message ends.

After a moment, TIM dials a number.

TIM

(Into phone)
Is he dead?
(Pauses; disturbed by answer; rubs face)
Poor bastard. Dunno what the hell he got himself into.
(Brief pause)
They're just leaving now. Didn't trust them the second I laid eyes on them. I want you to follow them to this "rendezvous point" and report back your findings. If anything transpires, we're standing by.

TIM hangs up and stares into space for a moment. He sniffs.

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CUT TO BLACK.

END.