

THE WORM THAT TURNED

Written by

James Shearer

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shearerja@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON. CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Lady Justice, atop the Old Bailey, glistens in the sun.

Outside the main door the PRESS lurk, waiting to pounce.

The door opens. Targets emerge: the BROWN's, mid 30s, humble in demeanour, insignificant in appearance. An average couple. With them, a CPS SPOKESWOMAN, 30s, and a DETECTIVE, 40s.

Jostling journalists and TV crews clamour; questions SHOUTED, answers demanded. Cameras FLASH. Microphones thrust.

JOURNALIST #1

Are you pleased with today's
sentence, Mr. and Mrs. Brown?

JOURNALIST #2

Do you have any words for the
man who raped and murdered
your daughter?

JOURNALIST #3

Is a 30 year prison sentence
too lenient for such an evil
man?

The CPS spokeswoman raises her hands. Above the barrage of questions she SHOUTS to be heard.

CPS SPOKESWOMAN

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been
through a horrendous past three
weeks listening to the evidence and
circumstances surrounding the death
of their daughter. They will not be
making any comment today...

The statement is met with a salvo of QUESTIONS from the press. Meek Mr. Brown steps forward and raises his hands. The frenzied journalists and support staff slowly hush.

MR. BROWN

Actually, there is something I'd
like to say. My wife and I offer a
£10,000 reward to the family of the
prison inmate who castrates Ed
Christie, the killer of our
precious baby, Holly. That is all.

GASPS from the crowd! The press go into overdrive. The spokeswoman frowns. The detective looks aghast...

DETECTIVE

You can't say that!

MR. BROWN

I just have...

FADE OUT.