

SERIAL KILLER  
Registration Number 1883982

by

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Based on, the book Serial Killer by Garry Johnson

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Every one loves a pretty face even if it belongs to a serial killer. Part of her was always stuck in the past, trying to live for the day, dreaming of the future, but haunted by her past.

FADE IN

1) INT. PRISON-DAY

Camera looks up and down at SHELLY TAYLOR (35) her feline face with her high cheekbones and come-to-bed eyes, framed by tinted strawberry blonde hair, she is head-turning and a dead ringer for Britain's Got Talent Judge Amanda Holden's lovechild with Kate Moss.

Shelly gives the impression of someone who has everything in life, great looks, good career and luxury lifestyle but far from normal or happy. A successful and independent female admired by women and adored by men.

Female OFFICER JENKINS, 42, matronly figure, leads her to a cold bare prison room.

CUT TO:

2) EXT. SCHOOL YARD-DAY. 22 YEARS EARLIER.

A gang of bullies lead by PAUL GREENING. 16, shaved head, classic, neo-nazi attire, battered Al combat jacket with rolled-up jeans and Doc Martens, fascist boot boy, and his gangly followers, 7 boys, PETER BROWN, TERRY REASON (insert 5 boys' names), 14-17 wearing Harrington jackets and button down shirts with two-tone trousers, loafers and brogues, surround Shelly.

Greening sniffs and jerks, wiping his nose, he is buzzed from cocaine.

SHELLY (VO)

I had been groomed and after the first gang rape, was gang property.

GREENING

Remove your clothes slut

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (VO)

Not wanting to upset them, I did .

Shelly starts removing her school uniform

It was pack mentality. From thirteen to eighteen, I was routinely stripped, humiliated, assaulted and sexually abused by Greening and his gang.

GREENING

Slag... slut....you whore

Greening slaps Shelly's face.

CUT TO:

3) INT. PRISON-DAY.

The hard faced Jenkins wipes a lone tear and regains composure.

SHELLY

I never recovered from the embarrassment, being stripped..... Teenage boys grinning....jeering.

That boy stole my childhood. Paul Greening, the Right Honorable Member of Parliament, pervert, child abuser, and a bully.

No regrets about killing him. I just wish I'd done it years ago.

Tears stream down the face of Jenkins.

CUT TO:

4) INT. NIGHT-DARK ROOM.

Shelly's silhouette and a knife in her hand.

CUT TO:

5) INT. PRISON PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE-DAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shelly is sitting in a chair a few feet away from GARTH, the prison psychologist, 40's, prim suit with disheveled white collar shirt and tie, specs and manicured beard, prepares Shelly's files.

SHELLY

Say I get a birthday card, right?  
It says, happy birthday and I'd  
have flashbacks of Greening and  
his gang so I am not happy, just  
angered and depressed.

GARTH

So you feel that you were  
traumatized, he damaged you  
deeply, you cannot get past those  
memories.

Shelly closes her eyes. Silent, she sees herself at music festivals, surrounded by mods, drinking alcohol, doing drugs.

SHELLY (VO)

Yes, I moved away and lost myself  
blocking out my past.....to  
survive....drinking ...taking  
drugs...suffering from depression,  
panic attacks, nightmares and post-  
traumatic disorders ever since I  
was a teenager. I only had control  
over my looks which is why I  
started a hair-dressing business  
while Greening became a policeman  
and then a Tory politician.

GARTH

What happened to Paul Greening?  
The night you came face to face?

CUT TO:

6) INT. STRIP CLUB-EVENING.

Greening is naked, badly beaten, covered in urine, tied-up and chained to a lap dancing pole.

SHELLY (VO)

I needed answers to twenty years  
of questions that had been eating  
away at my mind, poisoning my soul  
and scarring my heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (VO) (CONT'D)

The voices in my head were now saying to make him talk before you kill him.

Greening is weeping and scared.

SHELLY (VO)

I must have spoken a million words in my lifetime, but none sounded sweeter than what I said to Greening that day, naked and trussed like a bloody turkey.

WARWICK COURTNEY (38), a massive muscled Mike Tyson look alike stands guard above a bloody Greening

SHELLY (VO)

He looked so different from the last time I had seen him. It was poetic justice using Warwick since Greening was a life-long racist. His hair had long disappeared, as had his square jaw and muscular physique, now buried under a mountain of bloated flab.

Shelly takes a deep breath, staring at Greening.

SHELLY

(in a very quite, level voice, as one might speak to a young child who is bad.)

Why was I ever scared of you, you fat bald bastard?  
Hello Paul, it`s lovely to meet you.

Greening`s expression is cold.

SHELLY

What`s up? Don`t you recognize me with my clothes on? You`d have to be really thick not to know what I think about you. You`d also have to have no memory? The young girl you treated like shit. The teenage girl you raped and terrorized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greening widens eyes in recognition.

CUT TO:

7) INT. 22 YEARS AGO. DAY ONE. GABLE BROOK COMPREHENSIVE.

Shelly 13 but with large breasts of a 21 year old, long legs and blonde hair, walks shyly with her head down, avoiding eye contact, confrontation or unwanted conversation, completely innocent and still a child.

Burly builders wolf-whistle and older boys in hallway notice her.

SHELLY (O.S.)(VO)

I had a new bag, and a uniform I hated and butterflies in my stomach, quite nervous about my first day at a new school even though my mum told me Cockney sparrows are scared of nothing. Girls ignored me as if I was invisible. Then I noticed a group of boys hanging about in the cloakroom, their eyes boring into me as I walked along the corridor, and within seconds I was surrounded by Paul Greening and his gang.

GREENING

Look at that, hot or what?

PETER HUNTER

She`s alright , but a bit young.

GREENING

Alright, what do ya mean alright, look at those fucking legs.

Paul Greening, the sneering skinhead lifts up her skirt. Shelly freezes like a deer in the headlights while hearing the laughter. Her navy blue nickers are on show to a bunch of giggling schoolboys.

SHELLY (O.S.)(VO)

I felt a hand between my legs and heard the words I never forgot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENING

I'm Paul. Paul Greening. You've probably heard of me. Welcome to Gable Brook.

SHELLY (V.O.)

My legs went weak and I felt sick. I then made the biggest mistake of my life and one I regret. I never reported the assault. I was the new kid in town with no idea who to turn to for help. I had no friends, and knew none of the teachers. It seemed easier to say nothing, and on my first day I didn't want the label of a snitch.

CUT TO:

8) INT. STRIP CLUB-EVENING.

Greening wobbles like a jelly which drains the color from his fat face. Whimpering, crying, shaking his head, spraying sweat, wriggling his cuffed wrists like a puppy dog with a new toy. His skin is turning grey.

Camera reveals she is not acting alone, HARRY HARRIS (27) Irish, but sounding like a cockney Capone, a modern day gangster with old school morals and a career criminal. Various newspapers call him the Dillinger of Dagenham or The Capone of Canning Town

SHELLY

(to Greening)

You're on trial, a helpless victim with no human rights, no legal representation, and guess what? I have found you guilty.

Shelly paces as though she feels the power, savoring the moment. She continues pacing like a fanatical dictator. She looks for pliers from the toolbox and grabs a box cutter instead while she spits in his face.

SHELLY

Every time I am met with silence..... I'll slash you. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENING

You got the wrong Paul, it wasn't me. It was Hunter. Paul Hunter.

Shelly slashes him and she slashes him again, a deep gaping wound stretches from one ear to the other

SHELLY

No rush to put you out of your misery. I have been waiting for 22 years for this. I am the teenage girl you used and (circles him) abused for 6 years.

She slashes him again across the chest and blood pours like water from a burst pipe. Harry proceeds to piss in an empty bottle of water and tips the urine over Greening's head.

Shelly picks up her phone.

SHELLY

For the record? Go ahead, confess.

GREENING

Yes, (he pauses in pain) I raped you.

SHELLY

Why did you pick on me?

GREENING

Because I could.

SHELLY

It sounds more like a boast than an apology.

Shelly plunges the knife into his heart. Greening screams hysterically as she shreds him to pieces, and finishes him off with a baseball bat, smashing him around the body, cracking his kneecaps and breaking his hands and feet.

Harry embraces her like a character from The Godfather.

HARRY

Off you go, I'll clean up here and you get yourself cleaned up, ok love?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harry kisses Shelly on the cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -NIGHT

Shelly looks in mirror and cleans the last of blood and heads to door.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE BAR-NIGHT  
(Montage)

Shelly knocks back several glasses of wine, she makes small talk and revels in a cavalier and celebratory manner with bar patrons.

9) EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY. THREE DAYS LATER

Shelly picks up a copy of THE SUN and laughs.

HEADLINE : TORY MP FOUND DEAD, read on.....found naked with multiple knife wounds, and a black stocking stuffed in his mouth.

Shelly smiles broadly and catches her reflection in the window.

SHELLY  
(under breath to herself)  
Will I ever stop smiling?  
I had the added pleasure of  
destroying his reputation.

CUT TO:

10) INT. PRISON CELL-DAY (Present)

Shelly confides to her cell mate KATE, 30, tattooed, rough looking yet red-lipsticked about her last hours

SHELLY  
My last night of freedom? Snorting  
cocaine, drinking champagne and  
making love to Harry.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

He slipped off at dawn so around noon I took a long bath, pampering myself and then I handed myself over to Essex police. A Sun photographer and SKY News were there as I tipped them off. My last-ever taste of freedom made a statement. I had the perfect make-up and not a hair out of place, yeah, I knew the pictures would be flashed around the world.

KATE

Did you want to be famous?

SHELLY

Yes, famous and infamous. It was my chance to acquire cult status , and let's be honest , everyone loves a pretty face...even if it belongs to a serial killer.

They both smile at each other, both seeing to notice a romantic spark.

SHELLY

The cops were shocked when I confessed. Paul Greening was hard-line on law and order and the darling of The Police Federation. They couldn't believe one of there own was a pervert and a rapist.

CUT TO:

11) INT. WEST END. CENTRAL LONDON HOTEL. PLUSH SURROUNDINGS. -DAY

Shelly opens the door to tabloid journo REBEKAH WOODS (32) attractive, dark hair, long legs, high intelligence reflected in a posh accent and winning smile.

Rebekah and her minder, Titch (46) a great big muscular bloke and they walk into her hotel room, they eye each other up like a couple of boxers but within hours Rebekah and Shelly have become close. A relationship bordering on friendship and mutual sexual attraction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH (O.S.)

Shelly came across like a movie star and had an aura about her.

SHELLY (VO)

I was attracted to her Rebekah. Oh yeah, I admit to having had several flings. Rebekah was the sort of woman I could have been. She was everything I wished I was which is why I picked her to do the interview and trusted her to take down my story, it is my story and I got to tell it, my way.

CUT TO:

12) Montage - gruesome photographs. Shelly takes snapshots of Tory MP Paul Greening, Peter Brown and Terry Reason in pools of blood, dead. Photos reveal detailed information about some of the other murders that had not published in the media.

SHELLY (VO)

The net was closing in some 72 hours before my arrest. I booked into Central London Hotel and for the next two days I sung like a canary to Rebekah.

It was immediately obvious to Rebekah that I wasn't just another time-wasting fantasist. I silently accepted her minder Titch's presence and he was smart enough to keep his mouth shut.

SHELLY (TO REBEKAH EXCITED)

They say only two per cent of women are serial killers, I'm the newest member of a rare breed, I am not killing randomly, there's a reason.

SHELLY (VO)

Rebakah was excited about a best-selling book and her world exclusive interview. I was box office, a tabloid sensation, as everyone is fascinated by women who kill, aren't they?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (VO) (CONT'D)

To ensure a TV documentary followed Rebekah filmed the confession and took many of the pictures.

I wasn't just a serial killer but has slaughtered a well-known Tory politician.

REBEKAH

I want to follow up the interview Shelly, with the authorized autobiography. I know what sells and I am going to insure your face is splashed across the covers of magazines.

SHELLY

(proudly)

I am no longer a silent victim. The bible says an eye for an eye and that's exactly how I see it. My request for you is take no pictures of me crying or looking vulnerable. I refuse to fake regret or show remorse. I rather be hated than pitied.

Rebekah writes in her journal quickly and excitedly.

SHELLY

I want you to start the book with a strong opening and confession, to make sure it sets the right tone, connects with the reader and hopefully win some people over to my side.

Rebekah listens with a poker face.

SHELLY

Titch doesn't seem to have your stamina?

REBEKAH

(ignoring comment)

Why did you.... kill?

SHELLY

I wanted to show all the other people who'd been wronged in life how easy it was to get even.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REBEKAH

The murders?

SHELLY

Look, as a life-long feminist, I see myself as a modern day heroine for teenage girls, battered wives or rape victims. A pin-up for women around the world who'd been bullied, sexually abused or persecuted by men, I want to empower women.

I don't want people to love me, but to understand why I killed eight times.

CUT TO:

12) INT. COURT. TRIAL BEGINS-DAY  
(Montage)

The trial as a media circus, an international event with TV crews from around the world. Armed police and curious onlookers surrounding the Court

Shelly walks into the dock at the Old Bailey- the court is bursting with reporters and shell-shocked relatives. Rebekah is under oath speaking with officer CHARLOTTE HAWKINS(40) who is in her police uniform.

REBEKAH

I could see Shelly was a women with exceptional poise, self-control and had no intention of losing it. She said to me right at the start, you are not going to see me cry or hear me say sorry.

Of course I didn't want to make her cry. I just wanted a great headline and I have no regrets is much stronger then her saying I`m sorry.

She was front page news and I wanted to be part of it.

I knew it would give me a lot of airtime and of course earn me a fortune. That's why I got her to sign on the dotted line and make me her official spokesperson.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

I had done PR for Rock stars,  
models, soap stars and footballers  
but this was my first Serial  
Killer.

CHARLOTTE HAWKINS

How did you meet?

REBEKAH

She called me and said it was  
urgent and suggested we meet at  
the Central London Hotel in the  
west end. I knew it was going to  
be a long night, she said bring  
your pajamas!

CHARLOTTE HAWKINS

Were you nervous or scared?

REBEKAH

I took some security with me. No  
way was I walking into a hotel  
room alone with a self-confessed  
serial killer. Shelly opened the  
door looking as if she'd just  
walked off the set of a Hollywood  
movie, truly stunning.

FADE IN:

13) INT. HOTEL ROOM-EVENING

Shelly lays on her belly on the bed and Rebekah sits in  
the armchair next to her.

SHELLY

It was Christmas Eve ... I just  
gave up ... And it worked.

REBEKAH

It obviously didn't. I don't  
understand?

SHELLY

I wrote a suicide note, my  
'Goodbye, Cruel World' letter; and  
was serious about ending it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH  
What happened then?

CUT TO:

14) INT. SHELLY'S APARTMENT. XMAS-MORNING. 6 MONTHS AGO.  
FIX THIS

SHELLY (V.O.)  
(Laughing)  
I had cried myself to sleep. I  
woke up and I wasn't dead, and no  
longer felt suicidal. I cant  
explain my change of heart, can  
only guess that while most people  
were visited by Santa on Christmas  
Eve ... I had a visit from God  
(PAUSE) Yeah, I'm a atheist, but  
some kind of divine intervention  
persuaded me to fight on...

Shelly opens her eyes and sees The bottle of vodka and  
pile of tablets are still on the bedside table next to  
her. Shelly rises and looks out the window to the snow  
falling.

CUT TO:

15) INT. HOTEL ROOM.-EVENING

SHELLY  
The bed was cold and empty, the  
house was silent, but I didn't  
feel alone.

REBEKAH  
Are you saying it was like a  
religious experience?

SHELLY  
No

REBEKAH  
It could help your defense.

SHELLY  
Saying I did not know what I was  
doing when I killed those 8  
bastards? Oh no, I knew exactly  
what I was doing (PAUSE)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

This was 6 months before the first killing ... it was no close encounter with religion (PAUSE) I didn't say a prayer ...

CUT TO:

16) INT.SHELLY APARTMENT.--DAY

Flash back. Xmas Day. Shelly goes into the lounge and puts on a Greatest Hits Christmas album, Shelley reaches for and plays Lonely This Christmas by Mud which makes her cry Shelley puts on The Fairytale Of New York by The Pogues . Shelly sings along.

SHELLY (SINGS)(O.S)

I could have been someone. It triggered a positive reaction and gave me the strength to fight on. I knew.. There was a solution, I didn't have to die.

CUT TO:

17) INT. WEST END. CENTRAL LONDON HOTEL-NIGHT

SHELLY

I am still waking due to nightmares, yeah, I wear my heart on my sleeve. Therapy is not something I thought I would do, but was out of options. I sought professional help for 6 months but it didn't give me the tools to cope at all. My use of alcohol and drugs, it just wasn't enough to erase my past. Here I am in my mid-thirties, still using cocaine to survive.

CUT TO:

19) EXT. PLAYGROUND. MONTAGE. 1979.--DAY

Shelly is smoking weed to numb herself from the constant harassment from Greening and his gang at school. Tough boys, the cool guys. She is bombarded with taunts from their mates and girlfriends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13-year-old Shelly is wearing mod clothes and part of a full scale Mod revival inspired by the band The Jam.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I was not popular teenager, an underdog and alone, so I stayed silent and tried to block out the pain by self-medicating, and fake as much dignity as I could. There was years of drug abuse, heavy drinking, promiscuity, celibacy, and lesbian flings to gain peace of mind. In all honesty I was messed up before I carried out my first murder. In a way it was my key to happiness

Modern Shelly intercut smokes a joint and looks wistfully out a window and at her reflection simultaneously.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Greening was a racist skinhead three years older than me, a school bully with a gang of 8 teenage tearaways and with two elder brothers to back him up. Greening, struck both fear and blind loyalty into his mates. Greening was also out of tune with the gang of Mods who followed him. As well as The Jam, they were into 2-tone bands like The Specials and The Selector, Tamla Motown and Prince Buster. Greening loved racist talentless bands like Screwdriver. Horrible, evil, nasty, cowardly, criminal and unforgivable, not a gang bang as Greening called it. I was't like a actress in a porn movie, it was rape, and it scarred me forever. I despise and hate them all with every fibre of my body since. Greening especially took perverse pleasure in my suffering.

Montage scenes of brutal rapes in a psychedelic flashback-blurry memory style.

I was gang raped as a juvenile and as a adult. The first attacks involved five boys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The third is worse, the boys are now men and this time there were eight attackers.

The final attack lasted over 3 hours but the constant laughing, endless threats and verbal abuse was almost as bad as the actual rapes.

Nobody but Greening could make me feel as totally worthless or helpless..

Greening ruined my life...now I would end his life. I was just a victim fighting back.

CUT TO:

20) SHELLY FAMILY MOVING. 22 YEARS AGO.-DAY  
(Montage)

Shelly's family, mom, SHARON TAYLOR (38)but weathered beyond her years and dad,GEORGE TAYLOR (43), a scruffy chain smoking skinny little runt who looks like George Roper from the UK Sit-com George And Mildred is not a happy man. Uptight and angry, and 13 yo Shelly moving from East London to Stanhope, a new town in Essex. Tree lined streets and houses with gardens, a world away from the terraced houses of East London.Family moves boxes, GEORGE inaudibly barks orders at the others.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Dad was worried about me having a black boyfriend, or worse, in his mind, a black baby.

CUT TO:

21) INT. 1979.SHELLY'S HOME.BANK HOLIDAY.-DAY

George sits over a table of empty beer cans, head bowed in prayer.

GEORGE

(Hatefully)

God, please make it rain and ruin  
The Notting Hill Carnival,

George gets up and goes to the bathroom,

INT BATHROOM-DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

George inadvertently catches a glimpse of a Bob Marley poster on Shelly's bedroom wall in the next room.

GEORGE

Sharon get over here.

His wife races to the room. She nervously stares at husband.

George hits her around head.

GEORGE

Did you know about this?

Sharon holds head silently.

GEORGE

Did you know about this fucking picture on your daughter's wall?

Sharon nods.

GEORGE

You didn't think of telling me?

Sharon bites her nails.

GEORGE

What if my friends knew about this, what if they saw it

SHARON

(instinctively)  
How often do they go into Shelly's room?

GEORGE

What the fuck is my daughter doing with a picture of a black bloke on her bedroom wall?

SHARON

It's Bob Marley, all her friends like him.

GEORGE

Well I don't.

George rips the poster from the wall then spots Bob Marley cassette on her dressing table, throws it to the floor and stamps on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

George heads downstairs into the cramped kitchen and grabs a can of lager from the fridge and inaudibly grumbles and curses under his breath.

GEORGE

When she gets in I'm gonna give her the biggest rollocking of her life. We're moving and don't you say a word. I don't want no fucking black grandchild, I am not having this.

SHARON

For god's sake, George, it's a picture, she ain't sleeping with him.

GEORGE

Are you questioning my authority?

He gulps down a second can of extra strong lager.

GEORGE

Next your be telling me you like Bob Marley.

SHARON

I Do

George slaps his wife around the face.

SHELLY O.S (V.O)

According to my mum, within hours of him ripping up the poster they were sitting in the estate agents. My Dad was very old-fashioned and a vile bigot. A self-confessed fascist who thought voting National Front was patriotic. He boasted of marching alongside East End dockers in support of Tory MP Enoch Powell. Mum said the he media calls it The White Flight.

CUT TO:

22) INT. BEDROOM. 1996. PAUL GREENING'S HOME.-EVENING

Eight-year-old Paul Greening shivers and listens as his parents argue from the next room.

DAD GREENING, 46, curvy, button up cardigan over floral dress is crying. DAD GREENING, 48, tough ex-con looking with stick and poke tattoos on knuckles is shouting and swearing.

MUM GREENING

Because you was in prison for 5 years, I lied about the dates and when you got out I was already 3 weeks pregnant with Paul. I`m sorry

DAD GREENING

So who is the fucking dad? You fucking slag.

He slaps her and pushes her to the floor.

MUM

I was lonely. It was the first time I had been out for a drink. He was buying bottles of champagne and paying me lots of attention. I had a bit too much to drink and we ended up in his hotel room. We had sex and everything was fine.

DAD

Oh of course it was a.....  
Married woman fucking a complete fucking stranger.

MUM

I meant everything was, er, er, what I expected to happen, its why I went to his room. I admit that... but then his friend, who I'd seen but hadn't spoken to in the bar entered the room. He started grabbing at me and when I asked him to stop he wouldn't. I asked John for help and he just laughed, then they both raped me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul Greening watches as his dad pulls at his mother's clothes. Mr Greening rapes his wife as Paul crouches, unseen, nearby, witnessing the event.

CUT TO:

23) INT. DAY ONE. 1996. GABLE BROOK COMPREHENSIVE.  
ASSEMBLY HALL-DAY

Shelly goes to the front trying to make eye contact with a teacher, Paul Greening, sits at the back of the hall. The girls sitting behind her laugh so loud. She turns around and CHRISSIE HUDSON, a gobby girl with the build of a ballet dancer and stare of a heavyweight boxer and is surrounded by a group of other girls, their clothes mirror Chrissie.

CHRISSIE HUDSON

We know what Paul Greening did to you.

Their eyes meet for a split second.

CHRISSIE HUDSON

Slag

She mouths silently before turning away and waving to the Greening sitting in the back row.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Maybe all new girls were treated the same. Was it just a sick form of initiation? I had given Greening, the go-ahead to continue and there was no stopping him, and the older I got the worse it got. Every day..... I was so scared, I'd let him assault me in private and humiliate me in public. Greening had two elder brothers who controlled our housing estate, and he ran the school. I was cornered.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND- DAY.

Paul Greening, runs behind two older boys, JOHN GREENING 17, white T-shirt, closely cropped hair, though shaggy on top, and KYLE GREENING, 16, wearing obvious oversized hand-me-downs from John. Paul tries to keep up with his two older brothers who slap him about.

PAul pauses and seeing a young, pretty girl playing, runs up to her to taunt her-

PAUL GREENING

That's right, call me, the skinhead Reggie Kray mate, so you better give me the dosh now or I kick your head in Kabbich.

SHELLY (V.O.)

It was either my looks that offended him or in some bizarre way turned him on.

CUT TO:

24) EXT. PLAYGROUND. 1996.

Lunchtime 16 year-old greening is holding court with all his mates.

GREENING

That new girl is my gonna be my plaything.

PETER BROWN

Leave it out , she looks nice , what's she done to you?

GREENING

She's given me a hard on.

He laughs, all his gang join in the laughter.

PETER BROWN

No leave her alone, she`s alright she's in the same class as my sister.

PETER BROWN

Another word from you Brownie and ya out the gang and I'll try it on with ya sister. Want that?

(Montage)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER BROWN (CONT'D)

Gang of boys cornering Shelly, shelly is violated in many different outfits, She is violated with different haircuts showing the passage of time.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I was the perfect victim, new kid in town and no friends. A non-person with no feelings, no rights.

Most people feared Greening, some of his gang actually liked him. He gave them status, power, easy pickings and access to girls like me. They also had cash, taking protection money from vulnerable kids.

Paul Greening and his gang get their kicks from hurting people. I spent six years being humiliated and assaulted on a almost daily basis.

He raped me at 13 on a weekly basis for the next two years before I became gang territory, he groomed and controlled me the same way muslim pedophile gangs targeted underage girls in the North of England.

I was to meet behind the school sports hall, back of the park, in garages, empty buildings, or worse, his house meant his parents were gone and brothers could turn up at any time and he always took great pleasure in freaking me out with that threat.

On one occasion his older brothers and friends did turn up.

I was a 15-year-old girl against a violent bunch of 20-year-olds.

Harrowing, hard to talk about to this day.

I was powerless to stop him, and he saw me as the perfect victim, an only child with no big brothers or a Father to protect me.

Dad was a horrible small-minded and racist bigot. A bully who treated my mum like shit. In many ways he was very similar to Paul Greening.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Chauvinistic, homophobic, selfish,  
arrogant and violent towards  
women.

As a child I thought he was big  
and powerful, but as a adult I saw  
him for what he was.  
A skinny little runt with lots to  
say behind closed doors but never  
had the guts to repeat it in  
public.

CUT TO:

25) INT. 1996. LIVING ROOM. SHELLY'S HOME EVENING

George , staggering and swearing, obviously  
drunk..stagger around the room ranting.

GEORGE

Hang all the blacks, gas all the  
jews and burn 'em.

He shouts loud at the TV which is playing Top Of The Pops  
and singers wearing make-up,

GEORGE

David Bowie ....psssshhhhh----and  
Boy George .....And all the  
queers.

He sits in his armchair, sits up like an army general,  
wearing Tesco jeans, a string vest and tatty carpet  
slippers.

GEORGE

Fucking sissies, potty freaks!  
Fuck em' all.

Montage: George drinking beer, chain smoking fags and 20  
second sex romps with his wife Sharon and it's done.

SHELLY (V.O.)

The only true love of his life was  
Adolf Hitler . The Fuhrer was his  
political guru and Bernard Manning  
his favorite comedian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

When I was a kid there were signs in Bed & Breakfast hotels, shops and pubs all over London saying NO dogs, NO Blacks and NO Irish. They were the good old days.

I hate all immigrants which why we're moving out of the East End and that is that!. It ain't London anymore.

SHELLY V.O

He didn't love me and I hated how he treated my mum and his racist view of the world. But I hated him for moving me out of East London I'm a self-confessed serial killer and I'm proud of that fact but I ain't a hypocrite, which is why I never attended his funeral, never visited his grave.

CUT TO:

26) INT. AUTUMN 2018. SHELLY'S LIVING ROOM.\_DAY

Shelly is full of depression and anger. Haunted by devastating memories of her childhood, recurring nightmares, awake or asleep, she can't escape seeing the face of Paul Greening. He's always been lurking in the back of her mind, but now he's at the forefront and on her TV.

SHELLY V.O

When I tried to sleep? I think it's some kind of psychiatric disorder when you have more than one personality, or hear multiple voices in your head. I'd hear voices reminding me of the past, and others chastising me for not getting revenge. I wanted to forget. Amnesia would be nice, I just couldn't clear my mind. Did he rape my head, too? I couldn't contain my anger forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shelly watches, blankly as TV is blaring on about historical sex crimes being reported on TV and committed by some 70's celebs and like Weinstein, Kevin Spacey, and comparing to earlier instances like Sir Jimmy Saville, Gary Glitter and Rolf Harris that re-ignites Shellys' nightmares and then in Shellys' mind everything changed.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I wanted revenge, but convinced myself I'd left it too long. I genuinely believed they'd escaped justice.

CUT TO:

27) INT. COURT.-DAY TWO.

SHELLY

When I saw pictures of him wearing a Tory rosette and posing with famous politicians, anger kicked in. I suffered in silence for over 20 years.

SHELLY

Famous men, household names I'd grown up watching on TV, were being arrested and sent to prison for historical sex crimes. I witnessed it being reported on TV daily and then avidly reading reports in newspapers and online.

(pause)

Listen, I survived against all the odds and the power was in my hands. They called me a slag, slut, a whore, but never a victim or by my name. They never saw me as a innocent girl called Shelly.

Montage: Teenage bully boys interact with their sisters, mums and girlfriends. Boys look with respect at mothers, sisters and female teachers.

Their sisters and girlfriends had names. They were called Debbie, Anna, and Sharon. I wasn't worthy of a name. They didn't want to think of me as a real person.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

They didn't want to think of me as being just like them. They ruined the best days of my life. They stole my childhood and destroyed my teenage years. Tonka Shelly, they would sneer or Bonka Tonka, it was as if they didn't have to think of me as a real person. I wasn't worthy of such respect. I just wanted to have fun and be happy. I just wanted a fucking life. A normal childhood. Schooldays are meant to be the best days of your life. Full of happy memories, achievements and good times. Most people can look back fondly at what they call the good old days. I can't.

CUT TO:

28) INT. SALON. 2017.BEFORE THE KILLING SPREE-EVENING

Shelly sits in her Essex hairdressing salon, stalking the gang on Facebook and Google Earth. She looks at a calendar as if suddenly aware of the passage of time. The time has come to wipe them out and she has already tracked down Paul Greening, thanks to his love of self-publicity and high-profile career.

Shelly's stomach turns as she stares pictures of Paul Hunter with his teenage daughters,

SHELLY (V.O.)

They were same age as when the gang were raping and abusing me. I compared photos of me at that time, wondering if Hunter even once thought of me when his daughters left home in their school uniforms.

29) She drives into Stanhope, facing her demons to find Hunter, almost choking on her can of coke as she drives past Gable Brook Comprehensive, where it all started, the park where she was first stripped and the house where she was gang raped in.

Paul Hunter is not the happily married man or doting dad he portrays on Social Media. Shelly befriends a hooker from a local Escort Agency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY V.O

Apart from Greening on television I had not seen any of the gang since the last attack. I never returned to Stanhope. It was a mixture of fear and embarrassment that stopped me going back. I even stayed away from my Father's funeral.

I never forgot the suffering of my teenage years and the suffering of my schooldays.

After seeing the fat, ugly Greening on TV something in my head clicked.

I wanted to know what the rest of the gang looked like now.

Unluckily for John Hunter, I found him first on Facebook.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERIC STREET UNDER STREET LAMPS-NIGHT

Shelly confronts a seemingly underage prostitute in red dress, extreme stilettos and fishnets secured by a visible garter belt.

SHELLY

I'm a Private Investigator hired by Hunter's wife to obtain evidence for his divorce.

PROSTITUTE

So what's that got to do with me?

Shelly presses a \$20 in prostitute's hand.

SHELLY

I understand he has an addiction for women on the street. Give Hunter my number and tell him there is a new girl in town.

Prostitute nods.

PROSTITUTE

Gimme another 20 and I'll see what I can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTER

Hunter calls her cellphone. They meet at Premier Inn, on the outskirts of Stanhope.

Cheap and discreet, tucked away from the main road. Shelly goes to his room masquerading as Maxine.

He had no idea she was the teenage girl he'd seen naked and raped so many times.

SHELLY V.O

I felt sick and disgusted when he kissed me on the cheek and put his hand on my waist. But couldn't show it. I just smiled and pretended I wanted to be there. Time had not been kind to him. He'd lost his looks, his hair but not his arrogance.

JOHN

Take off your clothes and hurry up. I'm not paying a penny without seeing the goods.

SHELLY

It doesn't work like that. I am going.

John throws bills on the floor as if to a dog. Shelly doesn't react but smiles at him through gritted teeth.

SHELLY V.O

I have to admit I felt empowered to answer back, no longer that terrified teenage girl. Instead of handing the money over, the arrogant bastard throws a wad of notes onto the floor. I hated undressing but had to convince him I was genuine. He wanted a whore so I had to behave like one. When I removed my party dress I felt like a slut and looked like a tart in my tacky black underwear but I was playing a role, a game I had to play. I couldn't stop him looking, but no way was he going to touch me.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY V.O (CONT'D)

I smiled like a beauty contestant  
and moved like a lap dancer.  
I could tell by the movement in  
his baggy y-fronts that he was  
getting aroused.  
The fat bastard really believed he  
was moments away from fucking me.  
As I removed my bra I blurted out.

SHELLY

I'm not Maxine, I'm Shelly Taylor.

Hunter stares blankly.

HUNTER

I don't care if you're Maxine,  
Taylor or Shelley, just get your  
fucking nickers off.

SHELLY V.O

The bastard had wiped my name from  
his memory. He'd forgotten the 6  
years of hell he'd put me through.  
I felt no embarrassment as I stood  
there half-naked pretending to be  
a hooker. This is because I knew  
what was about to happen.

SHELLY

I'm Taylor Shelley.

HUNTER

So what, you've already said that

SHELLY

I'm Shelley Taylor. Paul Greening.

Hunters face expresses shock, then confusion,  
bewilderment, but no guilt.  
Hunter is lost for words.

SHELLY V.O

When I pulled out the knife I  
could smell the fear dripping from  
his pores and it turned me on.  
Not just sexually but I felt  
empowered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Without another word Shelly plunges the knife into his chest and keeps on stabbing until she is out of breath.

SHELLY V.O (CONT'D)

I had to tell someone as in my mind I'd done such a wonderful and noble thing.

I was standing over his body wearing nothing but a thong knowing that his last wish was for me to remove it.

As he was dead I removed them, it was symbolic and my way of taunting him.

When I phoned Harry I was no longer Shelley Taylor, the victim. I was an avenger who would soon become a serial killer.

Shelly dresses, she cannot stop smiling, the genie is out of the bottle and she wants to do it again.

SHELLY V.O (CONT'D)

It felt so good seeing one of the gang who'd raped me lying dead in a pool of blood.

I placed a photograph of the Stanhope football team beside the body and left the room.

I was looking forward to celebrating with Harry and becoming a serial killer.

There is blood on her finger, the blood of her first kill. She puts the finger to her lips, she smiles, it tastes sweet and feels good. The blonde beauty in sexy black underwear does not look like a typical hitman, but knows she has what it takes to become a killing machine.

The naked body of Paul Hunter is still warm and lay just feet away as she phones Harry Harris. She is extremely calm as she talks to Harry.

SHELLY

I've done it babe, it's all done. One down seven to go. I'll be honest, it was an enjoyable experience because only I knew how it would end.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

I was in control, it was my game,  
I made the rules and for the first  
time I called the shots.

(Pause)

After the first kill it wasn't  
about just revenge, it became an  
addiction. A habit to feed.  
Knowing I had the ability to kill  
made the rest so much easier  
because I knew I had it in me.  
I loved the look of fear in  
Hunters' eyes and the power I felt  
pumping through my veins.  
A mixture of adrenalin and power.

I hope people accept that I wasn't  
born evil. I was the victim of  
circumstances.

I could not silence the inner  
voices. Seeing Paul Greening on TV  
and reading about Jimmy Saville  
and celebrity sex abusers turned  
up the volume.

A year before my killing spree I  
heard voices in my head urging me  
to kill.

They convinced me.

I convinced myself that if I  
didn't get revenge I'd go mad.

The first killing was so easy and  
I never doubted that I'd get away  
with it..

CUT TO:

EXT. CATCRACKER PUB. BILLY BISHOP-MORNING

The landlord of the pub, Billy Bishop (35) burly, in  
plaid utilitarian shirt and black trousers fumbles with  
dirty glasses from a successful pub night the night  
before when he hears a knock at the door

SHELLY VO

He suggested 9am, and I agreed as  
I knew the pub would be empty.  
The pub was opposite the park  
where so many times I'd been  
stripped or raped by the gang.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY VO (CONT'D)

It brought back so many bad memories that I couldn't wait to remind him that we had met. It was hard to keep my emotions under control.

Billy opens large wooden door with a big smile on his face and gestures to Shelley to enter,

BILLY

Hello darling- applying for the barmaid position, yeah? You look like you'll do just fine- Right this way.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I followed him into the Saloon Bar and, at first I felt guilty to do something behind his back but I got over it quickly-without warning, I plunged the knife into his back.

As he fell to the ground, I stabbed him in the liver, kidney and finally the heart.

I placed a photograph of the football team behind the bar and made my exit.

This time there was no phone call to Harry. I wasn't euphoric I felt calm and collected.

It wasn't fun or exciting like my first kill, it was just something I had to do.

To make sure I killed again and didn't lose the urge I topped up my anger.

I confronted my past by taking a stroll in the park.

I walked past the bushes where I was first stripped naked by the gang and stood outside the football changing rooms where they raped me.

It had the effect I wanted and 48 hours later I claimed my third victim.

CUT TO: PRESENT DAY

EXT.TAXIS WAITING ONBUSY STREET-LATE NIGHT

Peter Brown (39), a taxi cab driver, speaks absentmindedly to his 'fare' in the backseat-

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Like Hunter and Bishop he posted on Facebook so it was easy to track him down.

I posed as a prostitute and asked to be taken to the red light district.

I'd done my research and knew it was a rundown industrial estate with no CCTV. Also a taxi would not look out of place.

So there was no record of my arrival or evidence of me plunging the knife into his back.

Killing number three lacked the excitement of number one and the savagery of number two.

It was almost boring and because there was no adrenalin rush I forgot to leave the photograph. But such was my confidence of not being caught and getting away with murder I went back and placed it behind the windscreen wiper.

I thought to myself, five more to go and came up with a plan to make sure I carried out my mission. Although bored I was still convinced I'd not be caught so I swapped the order of names on my list for fun.

Paul Greening would now be Number 8 and his fate would involve kidnap, torture and then death. This change of plan gave me the boost to carry on killing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARREN FIELD-DAY

DAVE BARRON (38) still stuffing himself into schoolboy looking sweaters and trousers, not having changed much, scruffy with bad breath and dirty hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (V.O.)

Barron was advertising a caravan for sale so I showed up as an interested buyer.

This time as I wanted more blood, so I used a knife and a hammer. I found out where Barron lived. It was over in minutes and there was no need to engage him in conversation.

The minute he turned his back I smashed him with the hammer. The first blow sent him to the floor and shattered his skull at the same time.

As he drifted into unconsciousness I stabbed him again and again, enjoying each stab as I entered his body and drained his body of blood.

I stamped on his head and placed the photograph on his bloodied face.

I came away feeling good. I'd upped the level of violence and imagined how good I'd feel when torturing Greening to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANHOPE HOUSING ESTATE, CASEY'S OFFICE.-DAY  
CASEY NEWTON (39) the Neighborhood Watch co-ordinator for a Housing estate, khaki uniform, hair combed over his balding head- he has not aged well. He sits across a large desk looking at the application Shelley has filled out as he eyes Shelley head to toe.

CASEY

What sort of apartment you looking for, miss? Are you familiar with area? Moving here for work?

SHELLY

I used to live in Stanhope and went to Gable Brooke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY

So did I.

SHELLY

Did you know a girl called Shelly Taylor?

CASEY

(smirks)

All the boys knew Taylor Shelley.

Shelly flashes an enraged glare. Without warning, she leans forward, across the desk and smoothly and efficiently stabs him in the neck. The carpet is soaked in blood. She stabs him in the chest multiple times before placing the photograph next to his body.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAXI CAB-DUSK

TERRY REASON (40), a mini cab driver wearing black cabby uniform, Terry looks greasy, like the abusive, part-time pimp he is, who has done time for living off immoral earnings. Shelly gets into his cab outside Stanhope Train Station. She wears the shortest skirt and tightest top and flirts madly with him.

SHELLY (V.O.)

I didn't need flashbacks to fire myself up for this one.

Reason, still is a coward who hates women, according to the Escort who introduced me to John Hunter.

I despised him because as well as abusing me all through school he and Greening planned the gang rape when I was 18. He drove the van I was bundled into and the opened the door of the house they raped me in. How fitting his final ride would be driving himself to his own execution.

The taxi smelled just as I remembered he smelled. The stench of his body odor made me want to vomit.

She pulls up her skirt, which seems to catch Terry off guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Where to?

SHELLY

The Stanhope Football Club, the car park. Do you know it?

TERRY

Know it, I used to play for them.

SHELLY

Then you must know Paul Greening the MP?

TERRY

Of course I do we were best mates, we played together. We did everything together and not just football, the stories I could tell you.

Shelly shuffles through her purse.

SHELLY

Oh damn, I'm short of cash. Would you be open to having a kiss and cuddle? If you know what I mean, I can't pay you for the ride.

Terry looks interested, smirks. They pull up outside the clubhouse. The car park is deserted.

TERRY

It's your lucky day, miss I know the area well and it puts me in the mood- I'll pull up outside this clubhouse.  
Whats your phone number, love?

SHELLY (LAUGHING)

You won't remember my phone number, love, where your going.

He climbs into the back next to her, he moves to undo his trousers. Before he can manage to fumble with the buttons, Shelly stabs him in the groin, then stomach and chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

I really enjoyed wiping him out. I left another photograph but no tip.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKED CAR. COUNCIL ESTATE- NIGHT

RICHARD GRIMSON (38) now a a 20-stone sloppy dressed and a Benefit fraudster with mental health problems. He is so out of condition, taking each step forward seems a chore.

SHELLY V.O

Richard had grown up to accomplish becoming a Benefit fraudster with mental health problems. He was so out of condition, he could not run away.

The only thing he could run was a bath, and judging by his stench, not well. I waited outside and when I spotted him shuffling towards me I jumped out of my car and followed.

Richard stand at his front door out of breath and wheezing. Shelly, a shadow, plunges a knife into his heart.

SHELLY

One blow and his life was over in seconds. I couldn't have become a serial killer without the help of Social Media and Google Earth. I knew what every victim looked like in their 20-years-later glory. I knew all their movements and I knew when to pounce.

CUT TO:

30) INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM. -NIGHT

SHELLY V.O

I picked the perfect moment to involve Harry. The timing was perfect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY V.O (CONT'D)

We'd just had sex and Harry was  
Charlie'd up to the eyeballs.

Shelly sits on the bed naked talking casually, Harry  
cannot resist her.

Shelly lights a large spliff and taking a deep breath,  
begins to tell him all about her past-

SHELLY

Well.....There is life on  
mars...ha ha. Here it is then.  
That fucking pervert Tory MP, Paul  
Greening, you see on TV, he was  
the racist bigot who gang raped me  
all through school.

The words run out of her mouth like a stream, never  
stopping, emotionless and cold.

Harry listens as Shelley's monologue continues.... Harry  
is straining to keep his emotions harnessed, afraid to  
stop her, loathing what he is hearing and longing to hush  
her flow of bad memories.

\*\*\*\*\*INSERT MORE STORY HERE

Harry paces the floor while listening, like a caged  
leopard, he puts his hands to his head and violently  
shakes his head 'no'.....

SHELLY

The veins in your neck are  
standing to attention Harry, your  
eyes bulging out of their sockets.  
If looks could kill Paul Greening  
would already be dead.

HARRY

This is personal.

Shelly closes her mouth and breathes heavily through her  
nose, a deep cleansing yoga breath to compose herself.

Harry pulled on his boxers and chops out another line of  
charlie.

HARRY

The pervert is dead. The bastard  
better have a health policy, cos  
he's in for a world of pain. You  
have my word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (VO)

Harry could never show his feelings. He can do rage but compassion is not in his repertoire. He saw himself as a modern day knight in shining armour who can rescue his damsel in distress.

HARRY

I am not happy, I am not fucking happy. I can't wait to introduce myself to the bastard and I won't be shaking hands. I'll be blowing his fucking balls off.

SHELLY

It happened to me 22 years ago...I don't want you to get in trouble or kill him, just snatch him for me.

HARRY

Consider me hired. I'm just the man for the job. I'm gonna fuck his life. I can't wait.

Shelly kisses him.

SHELLY (VO)

Harry always supports the underdog... AND he is attracted to rebels. He has a lifelong hatred of perverts and child abusers.

CUT TO:

31) INT. 1999. BOXING CLUB. MONTAGE.

Jimmy an older professional criminal spots Harry's potential and takes him under his wing.

Harry hanging out with older boys, learning his trade creating an image, building a reputation for violence.

The teenager with a man's body supplementing his youthful energy with vast amounts of fast drugs, steroids and cans of coke.

CUT TO:

32) INT. STRIP CLUB. HARRY'S OFFICE-EVENING

Harry is a 27 year-old "face of the manor", with a loyal gang and code of honor. Harry Harris is obsessed with the underworld exploits of The Kray Twins and the Great Train Robbers. MAD MARTIN SMITH (33), Scottish, a bulky, athletic physique with a grimy smile. Both Mad and Harry would spend the majority of their time together watching classic gangster films like Get Carter, Performance etc.

MAD MARTIN

What goes round comes around, eh  
gov? Gonna go The Long Good Friday  
on 'im?

Harry stares at Mad Martin with a look that can kill.

HARRY

That's right, Mad, loyalty is most  
important but be nice to your mum,  
little old ladies and young  
children and most of all your  
women.

MAD MARTIN

Yea, Guv, you got it, Greening is  
a dead man walking.

HARRY

Shelly will kill the pervert and  
strike the final blow. It will be  
so much fun. Bloody, dramatic,  
chilling and like a real-life  
horror movie.

MAD MARTIN SMITH

Yeah, like an honor killing, true  
torture.

HARRY

Let me tell you, most women who  
have had sexual abuse or maybe  
domestic violence.....will support  
the slaughter. He's a dead fucker  
of a fucking... ugh.....serial sex  
offender, bastard. We're doing the  
right thing. Payback time for  
stealing Shelly's young adulthood.

CUT TO:

33) EXT. 24 HOURS LATER. PAUL GREENING'S MOCK TUDOR MANSION.

Greening pulls up in the new BMW. Harry and his gang are ready to pounce. Greening is slightly drunk and staggers towards the house but his path is blocked by a grinning and coked up Harry Harris.

Greening's manner is stiff-upper lip yet scared, a typical politician, a good actor and professional liar, but he is rattled. Harry thinks it is a mugging and does not realize he is being kidnapped.

Mad Martin Smith and Warwick Courtney sneer loudly as Greening whimpers.

GREENING

Take my wallet..... my car...but please don't hurt me.

HARRY

(insulted)

Well, this will teach for you for mistaking me for a common thief!

Harry and Mad throw Greening into the back of a white industrial van.

CUT TO:

34) INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE. 6 MONTHS EARLIER-DAY

Shelly is talking to her therapist, MARTINA PALINCE, British Nigerian, Oxford Educated, 40ish yet dignified to reveal a more mature age.

SHELLY

I regret it, not reporting Greening to the police. That bastard changed the course of my life. Only once did I ask him why me?

They never saw me as a innocent victim or Shelley. I wasn't good enough for a name.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY

Their gang was all about beating up weaker boys and subjecting girls like me, Janice Lamb and Tina Thompson to humiliating, degrading sexual acts. They just saw us as slags and willing participants in-group sex.

She sheds a tear.

SHELLY

Some of the other girls at school ignored us or were jealous of us as they were not been invited to go hang out underneath the school-huts at lunchtime. I justified it by pretending it was because we were pretty but no-one knew the true horrifying details. At the time I didn't know it happened on council estates and inner-city neighborhoods up and down the country. Nowadays there are stories every week about gang culture where gang rapes are a form of initiation but back in the 90's it was unknown.

Shelly hangs her head in dramatic pause.

SHELLY

I have suffered from PTSD ever since. Panic attacks, I feel like a ghost.

CUT TO:

35) INT. 1998. GREENING'S BEDROOM.

Shelly [15], is sitting half-naked on Paul Greening's bed, trapped in his bedroom, waiting for permission to get dressed and leave.

SHELLY V.O

He had sex with me...We never shared a conversation, we were alone, for the first and last time. I plucked up the courage...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY.

Why me....Why do you always pick  
on me.... What is it about me?

GREENING

(Grinning, mumbling)

Because I can.

SHELLY V.O

We weren't on a date or even  
friends, I had hundreds of  
questions, but this was not a  
normal situation. . Neither of us  
had any feelings for the other.  
That's not true. We both had  
feelings but they were a million  
miles apart. I hated him and he  
thought of me as nothing more then  
a worthless sex slave.

GREENING

(pissed)

All you got to do.... Slag is open  
your legs and keep ya mouth shut.

Shelly shakes in fear.

GREENING

Now shut the fuck up or I'll keep  
you here until my brothers get  
home.

Shelly trembles, bites her tongue and bottom lip so hard  
that her lip bleeds.

CUT TO:

36) INT. HOTEL ROOM. 10 HOURS LATER.--NIGHT

Shelly still talking with Rebekah

SHELLY

Danny was my common-law husband of  
six years, I was so ashamed, I  
kept it all a big secret, he never  
knew nothing about my past. I  
loved him to bits, but the ghost  
and shadow of Paul Greening was  
always on my mind and on TV. It  
came between us and eventually led  
to us splitting up. Danny knew I'd  
been promiscuous, but so had he.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

We shared a love of fast drugs, but I couldn't share my past with him. We rowed. I cheated. He was the perfect partner. I trusted him one hundred per cent, but I could never trust myself. I didn't trust life. I couldn't accept that he truly loved me.....he was a man, and men had always hurt me, when I let them even get close or against my will. When things were going well, I would think something would happen to spoil everything.

I always walked away from a relationship, rather than walking on eggshells and so I always the one to leave, a form of protection.

Danny is a kind, peaceful, chilled out guy, a bit of a new age hippy. I left him for Harry Harris. A East End gangster who was dangerous and thrived on violence.

INT. HARRY'S STRIP CLUB. NIGHT  
(Montage)

Flashback scenes of Shelly and Harry. Harry shoots and stabs people in East London.

SHELLY

He got high on physical combat but I just knew from the minute we met that he would never hurt me. I felt safe in his arms, in his company, in his bed. Harry was eight years younger than me but I'd never been so attracted to anyone in my life.

REBEKAH

What are your feelings towards Danny... Your partner of seven years?

SHELLY

He was one of the nicest and sweetest people I've ever met in my life. Have you spoken to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH

I've tried, but so far he's not said a word to anyone.

SHELLY

Ring him ... Tell him Shelly said only talk to Rebekah. (PAUSE) Mention knowing about our little secret ... tell him you know all about me twice being pregnant ... and that my favorite name was Max ... only Danny and I know that ... So he'll know I trust you.

REBEKAH

What Are your feelings for him now?

SHELLY

Well, it was love at first sight ... He'll say it was lust, but for me it was like wow this is the one. My mum was a Catholic and my dad was a devout bastard, a very mixed marriage. A selfish man who hated the world. Like Paul Greening he was narcissistic and needed his worshipped reflection in the mirror. Growing up my ambition was always to be the opposite I wanted to be artistic, liberal, kind and loving. Loving!!! How could I be loving or loved after what Paul Greening and his gang did to me? I was fucked up.

Shelly shakes her head and scratches her arms with shame.

SHELLY

Greening, made me wary of ever trusting. It was hard to love or accept me, scared of being hurt and never believed people who said they loved me. Especially men. I analyzed myself on a daily basis.

CUT TO:

37) INT. TABLOID TV SHOW TAPING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY BRENNAN (36) is a PR dream, well spoken, handsome and media friendly.

They want him to dish the dirt on his former lover but Danny is not stupid. He insists on a live interview as this way his words can not be twisted or edited.

The interview is broadcast live at peak-time viewing. At 8pm the nation gathers in front of TV screens in bars, homes and on their iPhones, on the subways.

Danny is demure, calculating and careful.

Danny knows he cannot change Shelly's Serial Killer media persona but he can give an insight into the personality behind the lurid headlines.

(Montage)

The broadcast starts with various pictures of Shelly looking more like a celebrity than a mass murderer, but followed by tabloid headlines branding her Public Enemy Number One, Deadly Blonde and Pure Evil.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS (49) interviewer, is an oily, smarmy public schoolboy type with a David Cameron haircut and accent.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

Where did you meet?

DANNY

I was at a Wedding, she walked into the room, I was wow, she is drop-dead gorgeous, easy to talk to and she laughed at all my jokes.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

How would you describe that first meeting now?

DANNY

Fate, it was meant to be.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

Explain?

DANNY

I was recently divorced and she had just split from her boyfriend. Fate. How often do single people meet and go to the same wedding?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY (CONT'D)

We turned up alone and left together.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

Are you saying you ended up in bed within hours of meeting?

DANNY

No I'm not. I meant we arrived separately but left in the same taxi. I dropped her off at her place...and no I didn't go in for a coffee.

DUDLEY MATTHEW

Really?

DANNY

Yes really.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

There has been a lot of talk in the papers about her having a wild lifestyle and string of lovers. Now you're telling me you didn't go in for...how can I say a nightcap?

DANNY

No I didn't and it's 2018, not 1950. Our first few months together were without doubt the happiest times of my life. Being with her felt better than any amount of drugs, alcohol, fancy food or exotic holidays. She gave me a natural high.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

(interrupting)

She took drugs?

DANNY

Yes she did and so did I. So what?

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

You tell me.

DANNY

Look I have not come here to whitewash her character. Unlike you, I'm only interested in the truth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANNY (CONT'D)

You've already implied she was a loose woman, whatever that is. Yes, she had a long list of lovers, so did I. Yes, she had a few flings during our relationship, well so did I. Welcome to the Modern World.

Rebekah gestures off camera to "reel it in a little" to Danny!

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

Are you telling me Shelly Taylor shouldn't be treated with contempt?

DANNY

You can mock, but at heart she was a very nice person.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

She killed 8 people, she was promiscuous, she took drugs?

DANNY

She was a victim.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

We've all been victims at some time in our lives, but we don't all go on a killing spree.

DANNY

She was a genuine victim, she had been gang raped and abused throughout her teens.

DUDLEY MATTHEWS

Shelly is a mass murderer who has admitted killing 8 people, including a conservative politician and you claim she is a nice person.

DANNY

Believe me your Conservative politician was not a nice man. He was a rapist, a pervert, a fucking pedophile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PRODUCERS AND DIRECTOR (O.S)

(Yell)

'CUT'

Dudley Matthews gulps, stands and exits adjusting his tie-  
in a panic that the planned 30 minute broadcast is over  
in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

CU of newspapers, the interview is front page news in  
every copy.

38) DANNY AND REBEKAH INTERVIEW-DAY

Rebekah is attempting to persuade her editor to publish a  
sympathetic interview with Danny.

REBEKAH

(on Phone)

Trust me Nick, Danny Brennan is a  
very cohesive part of the Shelly  
story and an educated, presentable  
human. I'll speak to you about it  
later but trust me on this one,  
yeah ...I'm recording now...speak  
soon...

REBEKAH hangs up and turns to Danny

REBEKAH

(to Danny)

So what was she really like?

DANNY

She didn't have a split  
personality, she was three people.

Part of her always stuck in the  
past, trying to live for the day,  
dreaming of the future, but  
haunted by her past.

Looking back it must have been  
true love and not lust because I  
asked her to marry me before I had  
even seen her naked.

She said NO, and I admit, I was  
upset. I thought maybe I'd jumped  
the gun and backed off because I  
didn't want to scare her away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DANNY (CONT'D)

She thought my declaration of undying love was down to my recent divorce. You know on the rebound.

Now I know what I know now, its obvious she was scared of commitment as she had been so badly hurt in the past.

By her father, previous boyfriend and that bastard Greening.

REBEKAH

Tell me more?

DAN

I proposed within 48 hours of us meeting, and when we finally had sex. Then it was just sex, sex, and more sex. Though for me it quickly went from having sex to making love.

We became a couple of hermits shut away in my apartment overlooking the River Thames. For the next few months it was no nightclubbing, no pubs, no fancy restaurants, nobody and nothing else mattered.

We gave ourselves the pet name of Duracell Bunnies. It was just lots of sex and loads of laughs. Filling up on love I called it.

When we weren't at it like a couple of rabbits we were laughing at my jokes or making plans for the future.

REBEKAH

Was she ever violent in your relationship?

DANNY

Never, not once. she was kind and sensitive - she loved animals, children and...

REBEKAH

I must jump in...loved children...tell me more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DANNY

I have 2 children from my marriage who were 6 and 8 when I met Shelly. She adored them and they loved her. No way, was she a wicked stepmother or anything like that.

REBEKAH

Did she ever look after them?

DANNY

Yes they'd stay with us at least one weekend every month and I have nothing but happy memories of us all going to the Zoo, movies, McDonalds, day-trips to the seaside and family visits to Euro Disney and Alton Towers.

REBEKAH

Was your wife happy with this?

DANNY

Yes she was fine. It helped that I didn't leave her for Shelly. We were already divorced, plus it was my ex-wife who cheated on me, so there was never any bad blood between them.

REBEKAH

What do you miss about Shelly?

DANNY

I miss everything. Her smell, her laughter, the warmth of her body, her long legs, pert breasts, everything. She was smart and successful.

The truth is I never got over her leaving. Her accent, her laugh, the sound of her voice.

However daft it sounds, Shelly was like a female version of me, we shared the same taste in everything from music to films, to drugs, to food.

The hugs and cuddles, I lost my best friend and soul mate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

REBEKAH

A lot of people reading this will be outraged by the sympathetic picture you paint of a serial killer.

DANNY

You asked me to describe Shelly and our relationship and all I can do is tell the truth.

It's not as if were ever going to get back together is it? She is facing a life sentence or at least 20 years behind bars. Why would I falsely praise her? She walked out on me, remember.

It would be so easy for me to get revenge and crucify her. I could make myself a lot of money by playing the victim, a lover scorned and all that.

For me it's important to tell the truth, others will slag her off , but not me, I'll always be able to look myself in the mirror.

Despite what she's done I would happily fall in love with her all over again.

CUT TO:

39) HEADLINES. MONTAGE: The Media circus is in full throttle.

Newspapers are not happy with Danny singing the praises of a serial killer in The Daily Star.

A well known magazine reads: The British Establishment wants Blood - ....other's read---- Tory MP Dead, Her Head on a Plate. - Crucify and Hang her out to Dry.

Check books are being splashed around all over London and Essex to tempt former friends and ex-lovers to dish the dirt on Shelly.

Lurid headlines appear in the Daily Mail. She was SEX MAD ... A FORMER PORN STAR ... A DRUG ADDICT ... BISEXUAL ... HOOKED ON VIOLENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Men claim to be ex-boyfriends saying she is insatiable with a love of all things kinky.

Drug dealers claim she has a massive coke habit.

One man claims she is so violent that he lives in fear and only feels safe because she is locked-up and should stay that way.

Another tabloid: a pimp claims she once worked as a Escort.

None of these allegations are true and cannot be proved but the Establishment is pulling out all the stops to crucify her character.

A magazine publishes pornographic pictures from 20 years ago, they were not porn, but the truth shouldn't spoil a good headline. Top-less pictures taken on a beach and a few full frontal nude shots taken by a boyfriend in what Shelly thought was the privacy of her bedroom.

When the "powers that be" and British Establishment want to destroy you, they will.

Rebekah Woods is determined to help her friend and asks her many contacts for help.

CUT TO:

40) INT.COFFEE SHOP. PATIO. JOOLZ INTERVIEW-DAY

Rebekah contacts "Celeb Madam" to the stars, JOOLZ ST. JOHN (real name Julie Smith) and arranges a meeting. Once a teenage prostitute Jools St John formerly was a doppelganger for Pop singer Wendy James from Transvision Vamp but now Joolz St John now, 28, stilettos and body - conscious suit looks like a WAG, who wouldn't look out of place on the pages of a Lads Magazine.

REBEKAH

How long had Paul Greening been a client?

JOOLZ

Eight years.

REBEKAH

No offence, but that is a long time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

JOOLZ

It wasn't through choice, I hated him, couldn't stand the bastard.

REBEKAH

So why was he a regular? Was he a regular or was it just once or twice a month?

JOOLZ

I wish.

REBEKAH

So what was the arrangement?

JOOLZ

How long have you got?

REBEKAH

All night, I want every detail, tell me everything.

JOOLZ

I hadn't been in London long and was still a Teenager. I'd run away from home after falling out with my parents and rowing with my boyfriend. Only planned to stay a week or two, but ten years later I'm still here. I soon run out of money, met a guy in a pub and was soon working the streets in Kings Cross. It wasn't planned, but this guy made the decision for me. I'd been staying in his flat and he said I owed him.

REBEKAH

Did he introduce you to Greening?

JOOLZ

God no, you're joking.

REBEKAH

Why do you say that?

JOOLZ

My pimp was black and Greening didn't like black people.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

JOOLZ (CONT'D)

At first I hated being "on the game", but after a few months it got better and sort of, became a way of life.

REBEKAH

Did you try to stop?

JOOLZ

I couldn't just quit.

REBEKAH

Were you afraid of your pimp?

JOOLZ

(mocking)

No I loved him like crazy because of it. Of course I was scared, but couldn't quit because I loved the money, even after he'd taken his share, I still had enough for nice clothes and drugs.

REBEKAH

Were you an addict?

JOOLZ

No, just a heavy user.

REBEKAH

Of what?

JOOLZ

Weed, speed, coke.

REBEKAH

So how did you meet Greening?

JOOLZ

I'm trying to tell you, I thought you wanted the whole story.

REBEKAH

Sorry, I do, in your own time.

JOOLZ

Most of my punters were ordinary blokes, tourists or young guys on Stag Nights. At the time, I was just a street prostitute and not the High Class Hooker I am today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

Joolz laughs and Rebekah isn't sure if she is proud or being sarcastic.

JOOLZ

Then I met Paul Greening. It was a few weeks before my 20th Birthday, but without make-up, I could still pass for sixteen, and that's what attracted him. That is why he picked me up, he was into young girls, and he became a regular.

REBEKAH

Did you know he was an MP?

JOOLZ

Not at first, I just thought he was a rich guy looking for a bit of rough, and at the time I was certainly a "bit of rough".(Laughs) We met outside Kings Cross Station.

I was wearing high heels, a skirt that was more of a belt, and more make-up than Marilyn Manson so I can understand why he was attracted.(She laughs)

REBEKAH

So, you've not changed much then?

JOOLZ

(banTERS)

Like you, if you ever fancy spending the night with a sexy, stunning female, give me a call. Back then I had an arrangement with a local hotel, but he wasn't keen.

Instead he offered me three times my normal charge if I'd go to his flat.

It was only a five minute walk so I said yes but he made me walk behind him, he didn't want to be seen with me.

(Pauses, pensive)

That decision changed my whole life as it got me off the streets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

JOOLZ (CONT'D)

I ended up as a High Class Escort  
fucking pop stars, MPs and  
Diplomats rather than builders ,  
postman and taxi drivers.

(laughs) )

I became a bit of a snob but at a  
price.

It meant he became a regular  
punter. Sometimes seeing me 2 or 3  
times a week.

REBEKAH

So how did you get away from  
working on the streets?

JOOLZ

(ignoring comment)

I could tell he was different, a  
wrong one and strange. He told me  
to remove all my make-up, tie back  
my hair before telling me to  
undress and with my boyish figure  
I looked like a 15 year-old.  
That's what he wanted.

REBEKAH

And this continued?

JOOLZ

Yes, for eight years, the bastard  
always had trouble getting it up  
unless I pretended to be a  
schoolgirl, a fucking pervert.

REBEKAH

So how did he get you away from  
your pimp?

JOOLZ

Well after I'd been to his flat a  
few times he started to get very  
possessive. He didn't want me to  
have other punters and wanted to  
know if I went with Black or Asian  
guys.

REBEKAH

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

JOO LZ

Well at first I thought he was just being nosey or racist, but then realized it was more than that.

REBEKAH

What do you mean?

JOO LZ

Well it was weird at first, one minute he didn't like me going with foreigners as he called them, then it seemed to turn him on, you know, the thought that I was fucking black guys.

Like I said he was a pervert. After a while he wanted to know if I'd ever been gang raped or gang banged.

You meet all sorts in my game, but now I know all about his past it makes more sense. He was fascinated by gang rape and young girls.

REBEKAH

Sorry, but what about my original question?

JOO LZ

What?

REBEKAH

Well, he didn't pay a transfer fee?

JOO LZ

I hadn't told him I had a black pimp because I knew he was a racist, plus it was none of his bloody business.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Joolz gets out of a big flash car. Watching from a distance, Greening spots her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENING

Oh, I'm not your only wealthy punter, I thought your sort only went with low-lives.

JOO LZ

You bastard, at least he don't pay to fuck me.

Greening gets angry.

GREENING

You fucking black-owned Slut.

JOO LZ

That's because he's my fucking pimp.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUNSLOW HIGH STREET-A WEEK LATER-NIGHT

Joolz' pimp, SERGE, 35, long leather trench and fedora hat, is arrested and banged up. An investigator, MARTIN Pierson, 42, weathered looking, interrogates him.

MARTIN

Let's go over this again, I got all night.

A large quantity of drugs are found in your car. YOU're going to tell me you know nothin of this then?

SERGE:

I'm tellin ya- they was planted! - planted! I been set up.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COFFEE SHOP.

Rebekah interviews Joolz

REBEKAH

What you're doing is very brave.

JOO LZ

Brave, hmmm. Greening is dead, he can't hurt me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEKAH

Between you and I, don't be so sure- Greening was a paid-up member of the government, the establishment, the ruling elite. They will not be happy about you talking about sex parties and naming names. One way or another they will try to silence you. Either by character assassination or if that fails to kill you, you will become a target and have a very large price on your head.

JOO LZ

They can't touch me.

REBEKAH

You are too young to know about the MP Jeremy Thorpe. He was the leader of the Liberal Party who hired a hitman to kill his former lover, Norman Scott. And for years the establishment covered it up.

Joolz looks shaken but not scared, instead cold and defiant. Rebekah looks impressed by Joolz' attitude.

REBEKAH

The British establishment have ruled for centuries and are more powerful than the Mafia. They lie, they cheat and they wipe-out the opposition. Again, you are too young to know about Lord Lucan, but he murdered his children's nanny and beat his wife to a pulp. He left her for dead and got away with murder. The British establishment closed ranks and a private plane flew him to safety. Lord Lucan got a new identity in South Africa and lived the rest of his life in luxury.

JOO LZ (UNDISTURBED)

I don't know what charm school Paul Greening went to, but it must have been run by ex-members of the SAS or KKK. You know, Greening is the most racist person I've ever met

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBEKAH

So if you hated him why did you become so close and his personal escort?

JOO LZ

Because I was a prostitute and he had lots of money and he was offering an escape route from the streets.

REBEKAH

But your pimp was in prison... What was to stop you?

JOO LZ

Do you mean, what was to stop me getting a proper job?

REBEKAH

Yes.

JOO LZ

When unlike you I didn't go to University and had no qualifications...all I had was my good looks and of course I liked the easy money all while developing a liking for cocaine.

REBEKAH

So you weren't in love with him?

JOO LZ

Good, God, no!

REBEKAH

He's your sugar daddy?

JOO LZ

Sugar Daddy, God you've been watching too many movies. No. He wasn't my sugar Daddy, remember I was barely 20 and anything was better the being on the street, doing ten or more blokes every night.

REBEKAH

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOOLZ

Well at first, for a few weeks I stayed at his flat and, if you like, satisfied his needs.

REBEKAH

Was he in love with you?

JOOLZ

Oh yeah.(laughs) No, the only person that bastard loved was himself.

REBEKAH

You are very beautiful. Was he obsessed? Did he have an insatiable sex drive?

JOOLZ (LAUGHS)

Insatiable sex drive, the fat bastard could hardly get it up, and when he did it was over in seconds. Believe me he was no stud and to be honest he weren't that interested in sex.

REBEKAH

I don't want to be offensive, but if he wasn't that interested in sex, why did he want you living in his flat?

JOOLZ

What a common prostitute you mean?

Rebekah is silent

JOOLZ

Because he was a kinky bastard, a pervert and a fucking control freak. He wanted me all to his self...it was months before he started offering me to his friends.

Without knowing I didn't know I was playing a role in his perverted fantasies.

REBEKAH

Come on you're a clever woman, surely you can see, he was re-living his past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOOLZ

When I was with him he wouldn't let me wear make-up and liked me to dress like a teenage girl, now I know about his past it was obvious he was re-living his youth.

A lot of my regulars like role playing and ask me to dress up as a nurse, police woman, a St Trinian's schoolgirl or even a Sexy Santa.

But with Greening it was different, dark and at times really scary.

I was a prostitute, but didn't enjoy his role playing as it was perverted and violent.

REBEKAH

Violent?

JOOLZ

Yes, not so much actual violence, but mentally it was vile, degrading and perverted. I would dress as a schoolgirl and he would pretend to be a rapist. All my other punters wanted me pretending to be a schoolgirl, but with Greening it was sick. He wanted me to really be a teenage girl, in 1980's fashion. And he wanted it to be convincing. He wasn't interested in gym slips, white shirts, ties and blazer.

REBEKAH

What, Mod style, you mean?

JOOLZ

Yes. He would go to shops in Carnaby Street and Camden Market and buy clothes with Fred Perry labels, Prince Of Wales mini-skirts, fishnet style tights and loafers. I couldn't understand why at the time, I was puzzled because they were hardly sexy outfits, but of course, now I know why.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOOLZ (CONT'D)

He was re-living the rapes of his teenage years and unbeknownst to me I was playing the part of Shelly. I'm so glad that perverted bastard is dead.

REBEKAH

Did he ever call you Shelly?

JOOLZ

I wish I could say he did, but no he didn't, it was always babe, never Joolz, Julie or J, it was always babe.

REBEKAH

So he was more interested in you dressing up than actually having sex?

JOOLZ

We had a routine that I had to stick too. No make-up, hair scrapped back and always open the door wearing a baby doll nightie. He then liked to watch me get dressed, then undressed and depending on his mood have oral sex or attempt sexual intercourse.

REBEKAH

So, it wasn't a highly sexual relationship?

JOOLZ

It certainly wasn't. But in a way it gave me the night off, at most it was always over in less than a minute. It took me longer to put the gear on than it did to have sex.

It was kinky, well now I know the truth it was sick, but it was easy money with him, and it all makes sense now. It was all about power and being in control.

Giving orders turned him on more than sex, He thought sex was something you did to a women, rather than with a women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

REBEKAH

Was getting you to scrub off your make-up and pretend to be 16 his only perversion?

JOO LZ

No.

REBEKAH

The more you tell me, the bigger the fee, and the more you'll destroy his reputation

JOO LZ

Ok. His thing was watching me having sex with other blokes. It started with him bringing a friend and then it would be a group of friends. All posh boys with la-di-dah accents and no respect for women. He would encourage them to rip off my clothes and be rough.

REBEKAH

....as if he was role playing with you as Shelly .

JOO LZ

It was the only thing that got him going. I put up with it for a few months, but one night he turned up with six other men and I lost it I remember screaming at him that I'm not a fucking performing animal, if I wanted to do group sex I'd be a porn star. I was like, oh no, I`m gonna get it now, but his posh mates freaked out by a women screaming at them, left with their tails between there legs.

REBEKAH

What happened next?

JOO LZ

It was weird, for the one and only time Greening treated me like a real woman. He seemed impressed by the fact that I'd stood up for myself , and when we had sex...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JOOLZ (CONT'D)

he behaved like a normal bloke rather than a pervert. What would a psychiatrist make of that reaction?

REBEKAH

Is there anything else you would like to say?

JOOLZ

I am so fucking pleased he`s dead and I admire Shelley. Greening was a rapist, a drug taking pervert who deserves to rot in hell.  
-A racist and vain bastard who hated me having wealthy black footballers and singers as clients. He was also jealous of my younger punters. There is a funny side to his character though, not funny ha ha, but it shows what a tosser he was. Narcissistic and delusional.  
Remember he was no great performer in the bedroom, the worst I've ever had, and I've had a few (LAUGHS), but he was always asking if he was the best in bed and when I lied and said yes, he believed me.

REBEKAH

(Smiles)

Well it seems that tory MP Paul Greening will be known in history as a racist rapist pervert.

CUT TO:

41) INT. PRISON CELL.-DAY

Shelly is visited by the prison therapist, TINA SMYTHE (38), neat and formal appearance, khaki blazer over a black skirt, her eyes seem understanding and sad, having seen many cases. Tina is writing a report for her upcoming trial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY

I escaped, neat rows of white powder lined the mirror, I snorted them, and began to feel fantastic, but I wasn't out partying and I was not alone, Paul Greening was in my head.

TINA

When was this?

SHELLY

He was always on my mind. I was only free of him when I was high on Coke, chilled on weed or muddled by booze. I first took drugs when I was 16. Back then I was a Mod and my drug of choice was speed.

I tried weed but to be honest it was fast drugs that helped me to cope.

It was coke when I followed The Style Council and Ecstasy when I got into The Stone Roses and the rave scene.

TINA

Do you consider yourself an addict?

SHELLY

No. I was never a drug addict. I was a functioning cocaine user.

TINA

Without the sexual abuse would there be no drugs?

SHELLY

I cant answer that, we'll never know but to be honest, yes, I am sure I'd have tried drugs in my teens but not been a drug user for my entire life, like now. I am lucky that I don't look like a drug user. Let alone a addict. Coke kept me slim and I loved the way it suppressed my appetite. I never looked awful as I balanced fast drugs with a lot of fruit and vegetables.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA

Are your looks important?

SHELLY

Yes...and I`m not ashamed to say that. My looks were all I had Greening had control of my body and as teenager, he decided when and where I had sex. I had to grapple with my identity by.

(She searches for words to describe the memories)

.... I slept around in my 20's  
..... For the first time in my life I was in control of when I had sex.

TINA

Many experts say cocaine kills your sex drive.

SHELLY

I've heard that about men, but with me it was the opposite thank God.

TINA

Thank God?

SHELLY

As a teenager I wanted a boyfriend but I had no choice, growing up, I was raped again and again. In a way I was, if you like a 20-year-old virgin, when I finally met my boyfriend, Danny, making love was not something I was used to. I needed to turn the clock back for all the time I had lost.

TINA

Are you saying sex and cocaine were like a crutch?

SHELLY

Yes I used both to help me forget about Greening and my abusers.

TINA

You look good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHELLY

I always do , you know me.

TINA

How did the killings affect you?

SHELLY

That old saying about slaying your dragons and defeating your demons is true. I feel liberated...I'm locked up , but I feel free.

TINA

Tell me about the killings?

SHELLY

Well there is nothing to say about the first seven, they meant nothing to me but killing Greening was the biggest buzz of my life and I have no regrets, not a flicker of remorse.

TINA

What did you do after the killing?

SHELLY

A few lines of Coke and mind-blowing sex with my boyfriend. It really was a game changer, and to be honest I woke up the next morning with no need or desire for any mind altering substance. I've given up all drugs, coffee...and because I'm here (she laughs) I've given up sex, though I do have a pretty cellmate.

TINA

Considering your circumstances, amazingly, you do sound in pretty good spirits.

SHELLY

I've made friends and discovered I can have a good time without sex, drugs or alcohol. I've been Mary Poppins for 6 months now and I'm proud of myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Life is so much better drug-free...and even better because thanks to me Paul Greening is no longer on this earth or in my mind.

TINA

I can understand your relief that Paul Greening is no longer controlling your life.... But your high spirits concern me. Is it just a coping measure?

SHELLY

It's because for the first time in my life I am genuinely happy. I tried to beat my demons and shake off my past with everything from cannabis, fast drugs, one-night-stands, interracial sex, lesbian flings, and Yoga and Buddhism but so far nothing had worked til now.

CUT TO:

42) INT. HARRY'S BATHROOM.-AFTERNOON

SHELLY

They called me a slag, slut, a whore, but never a victim or by my name.

Harry gets dressed, chops out another massive line of coke.

HARRY

I'm a modern man but old school when it comes to crime. I'm like a fucking vicar I believe in right and wrong, I got standards. I believe in a eye for a eye, and street justice, the law of the jungle rather than the law of the land! Real villains like me don't like nonces full stop, scum like Paul Greening. The lowest in the criminal food chain are pimps, rapists and fucking child abusers. It's always been the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wraps his fist tight with knuckledusters

HARRY

Poxy fucking perverts. When it comes to crime I`m a bit of a snob. I love gangsters like top-drawer villains, but myself, I despise nasty fucks like Greening which make me ashamed to be a geezer. Bastards like him give us blokes a bad name. I aint doing it for the glory. (LAUGHING) I don't want no fucking glory coz I don't plan to get caught. I'm doing it because I love you. Fuck me. I just said that, but I do.

Harry reaches and slaps Shelly's ass.

HARRY

And not just because you've got a heart of gold and a bum that most women would die for.

This comment has brings a smile to Shelly's face, so Like so many Eastenders who cope with all kinds of misery by using humor, Harry cracks on. The Cheeky Cockney is on a roll. He has a wicked sense of humor even in the most serious of situations.

HARRY

And lets not forget you're a animal in the bedroom with the sex drive of a high-class call girl.

Harry shoots Shelly a look of genuine love behind a socially awkward schoolboy's glance.

HARRY (SERIOUS)

Men like him should never be husbands, fathers or in positions of power. I might sound old fashioned but women are the weaker sex and all children are born innocent and it's men like him who hurt and harm them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY (SERIOUS) (CONT'D)

And it's men like me who fucking  
iron them out.

CUT TO:

43) EXT. BALCONY. UPSCALE MENS CLUB.-NIGHT  
The Tory MP, Greening boasts to friends during a drunken  
conversation sounding like the Donald Trump of British  
politics.

GREENING

Women are only good for one thing.

SIR HUMPHREY

Ya-eh!

GREENING

I can't say I'm impressed with  
Theresa May, I mean do we really  
need another woman leading the  
party? She looks like a man in  
drag! She's no Maggie Thatcher.

(Revealing) I always fancied  
Margaret. I used to say to people  
if her daughter, Carol, hadn't  
looked like a horse I would have  
married her just to get close to  
Mrs. T.

I met my wife in Ibiza and wasn't  
impressed, I can tell you. She had  
footballers legs, no chest and two  
chins. I fancied her friend, a  
gorgeous blonde who was a dead  
ringer for Countdown's Rachel  
Riley

MAX

But the friend didn't fancy you?

GREENING

I fell in love, or lets say I  
became attracted to my wife when I  
found out she was the daughter of  
a Peer and would one day inherit a  
fortune. My entry into high  
society. Rise to the top and get  
stinking rich without having to  
work for it.

A Right-wing Tory, - Enoch Powell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIR HUMPHREY

I see your destined for the House  
Of Lords..

Hiccup.... Takes another drink.

SIR HUMPHREY

But, members don't get titles.  
Hanging out with shady characters  
that have links to the French  
National Front, the KKK and  
Holocaust deniers from all over  
Europe. A leopard doesn't change  
his spots, my good fellow.

GREENING

(boasting)

And most of all, I love going to  
high-class brothels where the  
hookers dress up in SS uniforms.

MAX

You know, there are rumors doing  
the rounds in Fleet Street, you  
know what say don't you? Eh?  
Greening has links to pedophile  
groups and indulges in sex with  
under-age girls.

The more Greening drinks the more his mask slips as he  
brags to this sinister group of right-wing fanatics.

GREENING

This country started going wrong  
when it gave women the vote. It  
went to the dogs when Labor let in  
all the blacks and got even worse  
when Cameron allowed Gay marriage  
(bragging) If it was up to me I'd  
bring back National Service,  
public hanging and outlaw  
Abortion.

SIR HUMPHREY

(points at Greening)

Yes, you can con voters and play  
the harmless buffoon on TV shows  
like Have I Got News For  
You.(laughs)

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

44) MONTAGE: Images of Paul Greening re-inventing himself as a respectable Tory politician.

CUT TO:

HOTEL

SHELLY

He felt no guilt and had no concern for my suffering or my feelings. That is why he had to die.

If I'd spoken up at the start I would have saved myself 6 years of physical abuse and a lifetime of mental torture.

It would also have meant that Paul Greening would not have become a MP. British politics is dirty and corrupt. The House of Commons is full of liars with massive egos but even they would not have permitted a known rapist in their ranks. I could have prevented Greening from becoming a member of the establishment.

The list of disgraced MPs is long and shocking. But not one in it's 200-year-old history has come close to the depravity of Paul Greening. Instead of Greening swaggering around Parliament and appearing on Question Time, he would have been placed on the Sex Offenders List. Banged up in Bell Marsh prison or resident in Broadmoor top security hospital.

TINA

Why, Shelly, in your mind, did Paul Greening deserve to die and what were his major crimes?

SHELLY

There were so many incidents, too many to recall but some stand out more than most.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

The gang rapes were the worst, but I'll never forget the humiliation and embarrassment of being stripped naked in a room full of grinning teenage boys...and knowing that without Paul Greening it would not have happened.

TINA

What was it like becoming a serial killer?

SHELLY

Well think about it. I could say anything because how many of you are serial killers? How many of you have ever killed? (Pause) I am a proud member of a very exclusive club as only 2% of serial killers that are female. Do you really want to know how it feels? When I realized I'd killed Paul Hunter it felt good. He was my first victim and I knew immediately he wouldn't be my last.

It was just the beginning. I watched his eyes stop moving, his body go limp and couldn't wait to do it again. I was in my element. Killing was more addictive than cocaine, sex, smoking and exercise put together.

I genuinely believed I'd struck a blow for womankind. I made a difference. I righted a wrong. I felt elated like a athlete who'd just won Olympic Gold or a singer at Number One in the charts. I can't explain my road to Damascus moment, or when I decided to become a serial killer. Just some kind of divine intervention persuaded me to fight back. I could hear my inner voices cheering, for the first time in my life I was going to take control.

CUT:

45) INT. BATHROOM.

Shelly talks to herself in the mirror.

SHELLY

I am proud of myself and can look myself in the eyes without feeling weak or worthless. I found a inner strength that I didn't know. It's difficult to remember everything when your mind is racing, but I knew I was going to do things that would turn me into a anti-hero.

Shelly sighs in relief.

SHELLY V.O

I went for long walks and relived past events, but instead of getting down and depressed they inspired me to come up with a plan. In my mind I wrote a script that I could turn into a real-life murder mystery.

I would fake being happy. I always tried my best to pretend everything was normal. It didn't work. I never even fooled myself, as I couldn't cope without drink or drugs. At different times I lived both promiscuous and celibate lifestyles looking for salvation. But never found a cure. I would pretend to be someone else, or something else. As a teenager I just wanted to be like all the other girls, a young woman a mother and a wife. To put it bluntly I was just so fucked up.

CUT TO:

46) INT. WHITE VAN PULLS UP OUTSIDE GREENING'S MOCK MANSION.

GREENING

(whimpers)

You can't do anything to me I have immunity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAD MARTIN SMITH

(jeering)

You ain't got a fucking clue mate.

Paul Greening is now the property of gun-toting Harry Harris. His prison-on-wheels speeds away the sex fiend who is lying face down on a filthy mattress with fear in his heart and a gun at his head.

Warwick, Turbo and Dave Diamond (24), the youngest member of the gang wearing a black balaclava for dramatic effect, go through his pockets looking for a cell phone.

HARRY

Stop your fucking crying or I'll cut your balls off.

Harry is sitting in the front with getaway driver Mad Martin. Laughs all round.

HARRY

Why do you think we snatched you?

There is silence except for Greening's whimpering.

HARRY

When I ask a fucking question you answer. I repeat why do you think we've snatched you?

Greening fights back tears and mumbles.

GREENING

Is it political?

HARRY

Try again.

GREENING

You want money?

HARRY

Nah, not even close, we want your body, you ugly bastard. We're the Gay Mafia and we want your fat arse for the night and we're fucking having it.

More laughter as the Tory MP and former rapist bursts into tears. Harry is enjoying himself and continues to mess with his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

The thing is darling we're a bunch of militant homosexuals, we think you're cute and we're gonna fuck you.

Roars of laughter from all those in the van. The kidnapped politician is crying, sweating and shitting himself.

HARRY

Turbo take his fucking trousers down.

Greening trembles like a tub of lard.

GREENING

I am begging you...stop.

Scared stiff and like Shelly in the past unable to defend himself.

Mad Martin and Diamond hold him down as Turbo unzips and pulls down his pin-stripe trousers. Greening wets himself.

TURBO

You fucking, dirty, fucking bastard (in disgust) the slag has pissed all over my fucking hand.

Turbo punches him in the mouth, and kicks him in the balls.

The Tory MP spends rest of the journey wearing soggy Y-fronts and a terrified expression.

The white van pulls up in the alley next to The Ritzy, Harry's East London pole dancing club.

Pinned to the entrance at the front of the building is a sign saying Closed For Private Party, Greening is dragged out to the van and bundled into the club.

47) STRIP CLUB

Blindfolded and beaten. Paul Greening has no idea what is happening, or why. Unlike Shelly he's forgotten his past and what happened all those years ago in Stanhope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greening sobs and wobbles like a giant pink jelly. He is stone cold sober, now a victim, but unlike his victims he is not young, sweet or innocent.

HARRY

Untie him and take off the blinkers.

Greening stands frozen to the spot, as three Cockney cowboys point guns at every part of his body. One either side, with Diamond, still wearing his balaclava to install extra fear standing right in front of him.

HARRY (BARKING)

Get your fucking clothes off.  
Strip you slag.

Harry is sounding just like the Michael Caine character in the iconic gangster movie Get Carter.

GREENING

Please don't, please. If you get caught for this they will put you away forever, I am a politician, I have immunity.  
Stop please, here is my bank deposit number at the home, I promise you take the money, I say nothing.

HARRY

I'll count to three and then I'll start shooting.

Tory boy is as white as a sheet and begins to throw up.

HARRY

One, two.

Huge laughter all round. Greening trembles and starts to undress in front of three jeering men and a silent female standing in the wings. The pervert is soon stark bollock naked as the gunslingers make sick jokes at his expense.

HARRY

Martin pick up his clothes and throw them in a bin, he won't be needing them anymore, not where he's going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Greening looks at Harry even more scared.

HARRY (ROARS)

Down on all fours you fucking  
muppet.

Greening drops to the floor whimpering like a stray dog  
as Chloe and the gang top up with refreshments. A few  
lines of Colombian marching powder.

Shelly arrives and is met at the door by Mad Martin  
Smith. Inside Harry greets Shelly with a cheeky wink and  
Mafia style kiss on both cheeks.

HARRY (BOASTING)

The pervert is in there babe, and  
he's all ready for you.

48) SHELLY WAITS

Shelly chooses to wait in the wings. She wants to witness  
his humiliation in private.

Blood drains from Greening`s fat face.

HARRY (SHOUTING AND BARKING)

Gay gang bang. Gay gang bang.  
Stand up you slag!

Turbo points a video camera at him.

HARRY

I hope your photogenic you ugly  
bastard!

Much merriment all round and Chloe breaks her silence and  
laughs at that one.

Harry is sounding like the host of a Saturday night TV  
show.

HARRY

On the decks is my mate Mad Micky  
Martin and when you hear the intro  
to YMCA you start fucking dancing  
or I`ll stick this microphone  
right up your fat arse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The song starts and Greening starts swaying more through fear than natural rhythm.

HARRY

Call that fucking dancing? Do you want my shooter up your fucking arse? Now start fucking dancing, entertain us you fucking bastard.

Such is Harry's heavy Cockney and dramatic delivery it's obvious he's a big fan of both Ray Winstone and Danny Dyer.

For the next three minutes the red-faced rapist Greening prances around the stage like an embarrassing dad-dancer on acid.

Loyal Lieutenant Turbo (35) captures every moment on camera to be uploaded onto YouTube. The Tory MP will soon be dead but never forgotten as his reputation is destroyed on TV shows like Have I Got News For You and Mock The Week. Music stops there is no applause.

HARRY (JOKES)

You ain't passed the audition, you aint got the X Factor, but the job is yours. Your perfect for the role of a corpse.

Paul Greening is a broken unable to resist in any form or fashion.

Greening's hands are tied behind his back, secured to a shiny pole, he has a look of fear. Rod Stewarts song Do You Think I'm Sexy.....booms out of the sound system as Chloe joins the party. Emerging from the shadows dressed in tacky underwear, Chloe struts her stuff inches from his shaking beer belly, limp penis and bad breath.

CHLOE ANDERSON

Are you begging us personally, the females of the species..... for mercy, yes?

Chloe pulls the rope around his neck tight so it's impossible for him to look away.

Removes a piece of clothing and spits in his face. Chloe sexily gets close to the limp, tied-up, terrified Greening who fails to be aroused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HARRY

You can look fat boy but you cant touch.

Chloe, dances dirty, East London style and removes her bra, pulls down her G-string and wraps her legs around Greening's fat sweaty body. She drops to her knees and puts her mouth inches from his manhood, teasing but not touching.

The Tory MP is about to explode!

Chloe, Lies on her back, gyrating in front of him, spreading her legs and touches his penis with her stockinged foot. Over-excited he cannot contain himself, embarrassed he ejaculates over her foot.

HARRY

Got it. All on tape, great stuff, the papers will love that. (He mocks) You aint gonna be Prime Minister, but you will be a Internet sensation.

Naked chloe cannot resist one more punch, spits in his face and kicking him in the balls which was for Shelly.

HARRY

Thanks Chloe, now put your knickers on, get yourself a drink and help yourself to some coke.

Greening's complexion is gone from deathly white to bright purple, squirming with embarrassment as everyone revels in his humiliation. The sexy stripper still topless sits in front of Greening determined to make him feel as uncomfortable as possible.

Harry knew Greening was a teenage National Front supporter before becoming a right-wing Tory. The media often refer to him as A modern day Enoch Powell.

It was no secret the life-long white supremacist didn't believe in interracial relationships.

HARRY

Hey Warwick give Chloe a kiss that will really piss him off.

Chloe and Warwick embrace inches from his face while Chloe holds a lighter close to Greening's penis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHLOE ANDERSON

I am gonna to burn it off for  
cumming your whack all over my  
foot.

There are seven people in the room but only eight are  
laughing. Harry gives Chloe a peck on the cheek.

HARRY

Nice one babe, now go get yourself  
dressed and order a cab.

CHLOE ANDERSON

I am having fun, I want to stay.

HARRY

No, things are going to get heavy,  
so best you leave. Enjoy a week  
off on and here's your full  
paycheck.

Impressed by her performance the grinning gangster gives  
The rest of the gang a gesture that they will soon be  
leaving the building, as the main event is just moments  
away.

Only the main players remain. A fired-up Harry, a  
terrified Greening and star of the show Shelley. This is  
her moment. Harry hands her a baseball bat.

HARRY

Just enjoy it babe, enjoy your  
revenge. I thought before beating  
the shit out of him get the  
answers you need. Ask why did he  
do all those horrible things.

#### 49) SHELLY KILLING GREENING

Greening, the prisoner trussed up like a turkey in a East  
End strip club. He is stark bollock naked and tied to a  
pole in the middle of a strip club. How the mighty fall.  
His big hero Enoch Powell once famously said All  
political careers end in failure.

The racist Tory Icon is wrong with his infamous rivers of  
blood quote but got it right about all-political careers  
ending in failure. Maggie Thatcher. Tony Blair. Paul  
Greening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SHELLY V.O

I felt good as he looked terrified. After introducing myself I spat in his face. I wanted to and could have killed him right there and then.

HARRY `

You don't want him dead yet, have a little chat with the perverted pond life.

SHELLY V.O

I'd already witnessed his humiliation and the night was young. My heart was pounding, my mouth was dry, but he wasn't going anywhere so no rush to put him out of his misery just yet. I'd waited years for this moment so what difference would another hour make?

It is turning into a East End version of the Nuremberg Trials that unknown to Greening would end in a Saddam style execution.

Shelly reaches for her phone, as she wants his confession recorded and on-the-record. He'd had enough death by a 1000 cuts and for the next hour admitted all the charges.

SHELLY V.O

Those were the last words to come from his mouth followed by hysterical screams as I plunged my knife into his heart.

GREENING VO

Yes I raped Shelly for 6yrs of her school-life, bullied, and sexually abused her, humiliated, terrified her including gang rape, stripping her naked at school, behind the youth club, in the local park and forcing her to steal. You wasn't a slag and I'm sorry. Shelly was never a willing participant and it was not her fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

HARRY (WHISPERS IN HER EAR)  
The fucking pervert won't be  
bothering you again.

CUT TO:

50) EXT. COURTROOM. DAY.

Women hold signs of Shelly like a poster child for female victims of sexual abuse and domestic violence. Posters call for Shelly's release.

Shelly loves appearing at the Old Bailey to securing her place in British criminal history.

Women are chanting Fight Back and holding household items in their hands as a statement. The fight back movement is gaining momentum nationwide.

CUT TO:

51) INT. COURTROOM. DAY TWO.

Shelly enters the Witness Box wearing designer shoes, Victoria Beckham dress and a little too much make-up. All the tabloids were fixated on her. Rebekah is in the Press Box, Harry is in the gallery and D.I Charlotte Hawkins in front of the court

SHELLY (PROUDLY)  
Guilty. I am exposing the vile and  
perverted past of Paul Greening  
MP. The naming and shaming of his  
gang.

JUDGE  
Order!!!

Shelly smiles more than she cries in the Witness Box.

SHELLY V.O  
It wasn't just my day in court. It  
was much more. I knew I was going  
to have the last laugh.

CHARLOTTE HAWKINS  
Where did you murder the Tory MP?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY

I am not going divulge that information, I have already admitted to all eight murders and I acted alone.

CHARLOTTE HAWKINS

Why did you hand yourself in?

Shelly swears on the bible at the old bailey.

SHELLY

I want the world to know the truth and explain why I had to become a serial killer. I already confessed to journalist Rebekah Woods but I want my day in Court.

It is reported on every TV news bulletin and for weeks, on the front page of every tabloid.

JUDGE

Is it true? You stated you wanted to destroy the reputation of a Tory MP and at the same time maybe become a martyr for the cause of battered and bullied women. Did you say this to Rebekah woods?

Shelly knew she'd never be punished for everything and in a way would get away with murder.

The police and the authorities didn't know her secret. When the old Estonian Judge sentenced her to life imprisonment, he didn't know what Shelly knew.

CUT TO:

52) EXT. CENTRAL LONDON. MIDDAY. RAINING.  
Rebekah drives from Fleet Street to Holloway Prison to visit Shelly in prison. Writes in her journal.

REBEKAH V.O

I was worried about my hair. Does that sound vain and shallow? After all I wasn't going on a date or attending a photo-shoot, I was making a prison visit.

53) EXT. 30 FOOT HIGH WALL SURROUNDING HOLLOWAY.  
Imposing guards greet her at the gate, looking like  
female bodybuilders.

REBEKAH

My NUJ card and media profile  
counted for nothing, as I was  
virtually strip-searched before  
entering. It is very  
claustrophobic and extremely  
noisy.

The security was high-tech but the surroundings were  
Dickensian. Rebecca gags at the smell of rotting  
vegetables and bleach.

At the entrance of the visiting room she empties her  
belongings into a tray, then passes through a security  
screen with gifts for Shelly, books, CDs and toiletries.  
The guard follows her into the visiting hall, Rebekah  
clutches Mars Bars, Pringles crisps and cans of coke in  
her hands.

Rebekah is called to the door by a stern-looking,  
overweight official, who looks like a concentration camp  
guard.

JOHNSON (SHOUTING)

Visitor for Shelly Taylor

Rebekah walks in with both excitement and apprehension.

REBEKAH

Texting her Mom.

I know I am here to work! It`s not  
politically correct I know, but  
during those intense and long  
hours in the hotel, I grew to like  
Shelly. She is a victim of  
circumstances. The world could  
have been her oyster.

Rebekah looks up. Shelly stood 10 foot away. Rebekah  
feels a tingle of excitement.

REBEKAH

I feel like I`m in a movie.

Shelly you look amazing, you look  
as if you spent the past week  
staying in a upmarket spa hotel  
rather than locked-up in a top  
security prison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They hug, exchange kisses then just smile and stare at each other for what seems like forever. Rebekah in awe of her, regains her composure Shelly is the center of attention and enjoying every moment as she opens a can of coke.

SHELLY

I'm OK believe me, I'm in here with some nice people who look after me. A few of the screws are bolshie bitches, most of them look at me in disgust, a cause celeb, or star attraction. Thanks for bringing these for me.

REBEKAH

Lets talk about the crimes or your prison conditions.

Shelly (focused)

What were the papers writing saying about me? What are they saying on TV? What is the word on the street? That is what I want to talk about.

There was no change in Shelly's appearance, but there was a major difference in her character and personality, it was more like talking to a actress in a TV drama then a real-life person.

SHELLY

I am being treated like Public Enemy Number One, surrounded by cops and medical staff from the Criminal Mental Health Service. I thought to myself do they think I'm mad? They inform me I'm a danger to society. They see me as a cold-blooded killer rather than a victim. Apparently I have mental problems which is news to me.

REBEKAH

It hasn't dented your sense of humor, on the contrary, if anything you seem to be in a good frame of mind but aren't you bothered by the prospect of a Life Sentence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY

Let me tell the story!!! I was interviewed for about 90 minutes by the white coat brigade and then banged up in a freezing cold underground cell. A few hours later I`m taken from my windowless cave by half a dozen burly cops for a cozy little chat in another tomb of a room. I`m thinking it aint like this in the films. Where is my brief and what about my phone call? They are treating me more like a political prisoner then a women with a genuine grievance.

REBEKAH

Have the authorities got you sedated? What is going on? You achieved your life-long ambition? The slaughter of Paul Greening and his gang. Are you having some kind of nervous breakdown or genuinely happy?

Rebekah makes notes on her laptop as Shelly seems like she has lost touch with reality or maybe a coping skill.

CUT TO:

54) INT. DAY. JAIL CELL.

Enter Two plain-clothed detectives and Lady Cop models herself on Prime Suspects Jane Tennyson.

SHELLY

(Amusing herself)

I am face to face with a caveman cop and a wannabe Charlie`s Angel.

They try to engage Shelly in conversation for over a hour

SHELLY

No comment.....I amuse myself by imagining the male cop in a Tutu. Fred Flintstone lacked the wit and charm of a waxwork dummy and she didn`t have the brains.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

We are talking Dumber and Dumber. I am not impressed with their performances. To be honest he was more B movie extra and she was nothing more than a pretty face. God help us if they are ever asked to investigate a proper crime.

SHELLY

I am surrounded by women who had suffered domestic violence and young girls who'd been forced into prostitution by violent pimps. Many had also been sexually abused as children. I am being treated with respect maybe becoming a serial killer is the cure for my life-long depression.

REBEKAH

Did the officers force you into saying anything before the trial?

SHELLY

I got bored with all their questions and saying no comment, to everything, I decided to piss them off by saying I only talk to the press. They genuinely thought I was bonkers and I found myself handcuffed, bundled into a meat wagon bound for Holloway Prison. And three weeks later here I still am. Yes, committing mass murder genuinely cleansed my soul!

REBEKAH

Have you seen the papers?

SHELLY

Yes, the girls in here think it's hilarious and pull my leg.

REBEKAH

How do you feel?

SHELLY

It's not true ... but what can I say... I'm a serial killer ... Who is interested in protecting my reputation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBEKAH

That's not true?

SHELLY

Well I never made porn movies or posed for Polaroid pictures (PAUSE) Have any of these so-called former boyfriend produced any?

REBEKAH

No

SHELLY

Well that says it all, if they had any they'd be priceless ... but let's be honest ... and no offence ... you know the tabloid world better than me ... They ain't gonna let the facts get in the way of a good story.

They both laugh

SHELLY

I can assure you, and sorry to disappoint my fans but there are no naked pictures or porno movies starring Shelley. I never dressed up as a naughty nurse or St Trinian schoolgirl

REBEKAH

Fans ... You think you have fans?

SHELLY

I know I do. (PAUSE) All the women in here look up to me, even some of the screws for wiping out a gang of sexual perverts. I get letters from women who've been raped, victims of domestic violence who thank me for what I did. I also get letters from blokes wanting pictures of me without my kit on...so yes, I do have a fan base. I admit it helps that I look like a movie star!

Flicking her hair back along her shoulders.

55) INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT. DAY.  
Rebekah is interviewing Harry Harris for the  
autobiography.

REBEKAH

Did you love her Harry?

HARRY

I don't want to sound like a wimp  
or a sappy character from a Mills  
& Boon novel. Look I ain't into  
hearts and flowers and all that  
... But, yes I love her. You happy  
now?

REBEKAH

I didn't know her as well as you,  
but I understand...she is a very  
beautiful woman.

Rebekah softens.

REBEKAH

Look I'm not ashamed or  
embarrassed to say I found her  
attractive, there was something  
about her, not just her looks, but  
her vulnerability (Pause) If we'd  
met in different circumstances I'm  
sure I would have fallen for her,  
or at least wanted to have spent  
the night with her. So don't hold  
back, this is your chance to  
explain why she was more than a  
cold-blooded killer.

HARRY

She had a thing about her bum and  
so did I... Loved her blonde hair,  
long legs and tiny waist, but it  
was her bum that got me every  
time, I'm not going to reveal our  
bedroom secrets or betray the  
woman.... PAUSE ....The woman I  
love. PAUSE Look if I open up you  
ain't gonna make me sound like a  
fucking wimp?

REBEKAH

You can trust me ... Shelly does  
... You know that

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY:

I don't just miss the sex, I miss her, and I miss her friendship. Believe me she had a heart of gold and despite all she'd been through a wicked sense of humor... I miss mundane things like sharing a pizza with her, watching her get dressed, yes I did say getting dressed, she got dressed in a very sexy way. I miss looking at her in the bath and watching her toweling herself dry and putting on her make-up.

REBEKAH

This is good stuff.

HARRY

What do you mean good stuff, I aint fucking lying, this aint a show.

REBEKAH

I mean it really shows what a lovely person she is ... Yes she killed 8 times, but the truth is she was a victim. She wasn't born evil, she was a victim of circumstances. I want to paint as nice a picture as possible. What was she like when you first met?

HARRY

I'd only known her a few hours, I was pretty high, but I was only half-joking. I aint the marrying type, but had I been, I would have wanted her as my wife. Don't print this ... I have my reputation to think of.....but we didn't consummate our relationship until our third date.

I first met Shelly in 2011 when I was running The Buzz Bar in Canning Town. She came one with a group of friends on a girl's night out, from memory they were celebrating a birthday. She was one of the sexiest, most stunning women I'd ever met.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

(CONT'D)

I've been in club land all my life, mixed with models, strippers, lap dancers so I know what I'm talking about. I'm a bit of an expert when it comes to a pretty face. She was a bit older than my usual type, but she had film star looks. I knew I just had to get her into bed. And a week later I did! We were together on and off for the next seven years.

Harry starts to tear up, ineffectively wipes away a tear, then sobs.

CUT TO:

56) SHELLY' JOURNEY TO HOLLOWAY PRISON.

SHELLY V.O (TO REBEKAH)

The cell inside the prison van was half the size of a phone box, felt like a upfront coffin. Going to a Maximum-security prison I couldn't wait. Being banged up for two days in a police station was torture, boring, 48 hours, no TV, radio, newspapers, or knowing what the media were saying about me. Two days without make-up or a change of clothes.

Shelly gets out of a van, there are helicopters buzzing around overhead and Shelly is surrounded by paramilitary with guns and barking dogs.

SHELLY (V.O)

Arriving at Holloway was like being in a film and I mentally transformed myself.....don't let the bastards grind you down.

57) INT. RECEPTION AREA. DAUNTING. GREY.-DAY

Giant big Officers are surrounding her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLY V.O

I was being guarded by big burly brutes, dog ugly tubs of lard with bulging beer guts, flat noses, cauliflower ears and bad breath.

A myriad of prison officers, open and close doors.

SHELLY V.O

All giving it large. I'm talking about both male and female officers.

SHELLY V.O

They looked like a combination of pit bull terriers and bar-room bullies

In Gestapo style uniforms. Intimidation was the name of the game.

SHELLY V.O

Unlike Harry they weren't experts in the art of menace but like Paul Greening they just had strength in numbers.

Cowards by nature and in reality the sort of horrible kids who were school bullies, an adult playground and they loved the power of the uniform. Paul Greening could have been one. It was the uniform that gave them swagger.. I wasn't impressed.

A nun in the Mary Poppins type of costume and a sympathetic screw take down all the details and book Shelly in.

SHELLY (V.O)

A year ago I'd a been a nervous wreck, but 12 months ago I wasn't a Serial Killer. I was placed in a see through cage and felt like one of the Monkeys at London Zoo. After 15 minutes of pacing up and down and singing to myself Sex and Drugs And Rock And Roll to lift my spirits, I was given a bottle of orange and a apple, what no banana?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The door opens and Shelly is surrounded by three burly screws and taken down a endless maize of corridors. They stop at another set of security doors where she is handed over to three more officers.

SHELLY(V.O.)

Was this the Elite Squad? I felt like one of those Jewish freedom fighter activists I had seen on TV in the 80s being handed over to the Americans by the KGB.

Another stretch of corridors and locks and more steel doors, the top security block was escape proof and they transferred Shelly to the Special Unit Medical Wing. A prison within a prison and home to mass murderers, loonies and psychopaths.

SHELLY

I felt like a political prisoner and was being treated like Public Enemy Number One. It was pretty obvious that the authorities didn't think of me as a victim, vigilante, or seeker of truth or justice.

(Montage)

The media circus begins all over again. Glamorizing Murder. TV talk shows. Shelly on T shirts everywhere. Joolz St John apparently retired in the Caribbean after selling her story.

CUT TO:

58) CBS Newsflash. Present Day.

BROADCASTER ONE

They are calling it Shelly-izing. Women across the nation are fighting back. This CCTV caught this perpetrator on camera pinching a waitresses in a lurid way. Witnesses say that without flinching the waitress, fought back and knocked him out with a restaurant bar tray, all seen here on camera. She then called the police.....

BROADCASTER TWO

Now that's What I call News aired a talk show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOST ONE

Women are fighting back and it is a epidemic.

HOST TWO

Look, the poor girl Shelly was doomed from the very beginning. After all those years of abuse, and no outlet for it, she turned her emotions of shame into her body which in turn creates the conditions for.....

HOST ONE

She could have sought help...

HOST TWO

There was no support mechanism in place and that is why Fight Back is so prevalent.....

(Montage)

Instagram pictures of Shelly and women who became shelly-ized with weapons such as BBQ forks, golf clubs, baseball bats, ready to rumble. #Fight Back.

COULD END HERE .....

OR

Kate Chambers, a fellow con, who shared her final hours, passed the last thoughts of Shelley onto the world.

Released just weeks after her cellmate's death Kate was wanted by every media outlet in the UK. Her story was sold.

News of Shelly's death spreads through the prison and quickly makes it to the outside world. A sympathetic screw is soon on the phone to the newspaper of Rebekah Woods.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Something is not right, they are saying she hung herself but my colleague found her lying on the floor. This was no hanging, not a suicide.

REBEKAH (DISTRAUGHT)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

I assure you, I will get to the truth. What is your cell phone number, I will call in a bit.

The prison, the Home office and Ministry of Justice are all over the media spinning it as suicide. Death by hanging.

Sneering off-the-record that she took the cowards way out and couldn't face life behind bars.

This was Fake News and Rebekah knew it.

REBEKAH

I want to interview Miss Cameron.

At first a wall of silence.

GOVERNER

Nobody of that name works or has ever worked at this prison.

Rebekah phones Officer Johnson.

REBEKAH

Tell me about Miss Cameron?

OFFICER JOHNSON

Oh her, that posh cow.

REBEKAH

What was she like?

OFFICER JOHNSON

Didn't know her that well, she was new, but I didn't like her.

REBEKAH

So she did exist?

OFFICER JOHNSON

What do you mean? Of course she existed, her locker was next to mine.

They meet in a wine bar close to the prison. Rebekah arrives on time at 8pm exactly but no sign of Officer Johnson. After 30 minutes of waiting and leaving numerous messages on her contacts mobile she is approached by a Gent in a Saville Row suit.

Smirking from ear to ear he informs Rebekah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JEREMY KLINE

Your date will not be coming. No more questions about Miss Cameron, there's a good girl. You know it makes sense.

REBEKAH

Fuck off.

Straight on the phone to Officer Johnson.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Who is it?

REBEKAH

I have been calling and waiting and a gentleman came by and threatened....

OFFICER JOHNSON

Who are you? Look I don't know you or anyone called Miss Cameron.

Rebekah goes back to conversations with Shelley and checks her tapes. It is bone chilling.

REBEKAH

Since talking to me and handing yourself in have you received any threats?

SHELLY

What from Tory voters?

REBEKAH

I wish I had your sense of humor. It says so much about your character and personality that you can still smile and see the funny side of life.

SHELLY

As I said previously, I don't want pity or seek sympathy. I'm not ashamed of my past anymore and certainly not ashamed of being a serial killer. My only regret is why I waited so long to get revenge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

The cops gave me a hard time at first, before they knew my story, but nothing bad has happened to me. Well not yet. (laughs)

REBEKAH

Every time we speak I'm more and more impressed by your attitude and the way you are coping with life in prison. What is it like knowing you'll never be released?

SHELLY

Well it means I'll never have to worry about paying the mortgage or my electric bill.

REBEKAH

No seriously, have you had any threats?

SHELLY

No, all the other girls seem to like me. It's the first time in my life where I've had a group of females who seem to genuinely like me.

REBEKAH

What about the Prison Officers?

SHELLY

God what about them? Robots in uniform but I get on with most of them.

REBEKAH

Do they treat you differently from the rest?

SHELLY

Well, I can sense some are scared of me and that a few fancy me, but there not my type, though there is one officer, a Miss Cameron who intrigues me.

REBEKAH

In what way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SHELLY

She has lovely legs and nice hair. No seriously she's different from the rest. Always in my cell or following me to the shower room. It's not sexual, well not on her part (laughs). She is confusing, hard to make out.

REBEKAH

What do you mean?

SHELLY

We'll be talking about life in general, my crimes or something banal like the weather. I mean what interest do I have in the weather? I'm never going to need a umbrella or a winter coat am I? Then she'll say something about me watching my back and suggest people in high places are out to get me. It's hard to explain, if she's trying to warn or scare me. Let's put it this way I'd love us to spend a night together in The Ritz but wouldn't want her sharing my cell. She's very good-looking but has the eyes of a killer. Perhaps she's a government killer. (Laughs)

This is probably the end.....

Dead women can't talk. Victims can be silenced but one day their voices will be heard.