



LITTLE MICKEY  
BY  
DAVID BENNETT

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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**Little Mickey**  
**by David Bennett**

**Second draft**  
**2019**

**Dedications and thanks.**

**This script is dedicated to a good friend, who wanted a challenge to act, so making me create the main character, just for him.**

**My Thanks go to my other good friend, Luci, whose insights and training around mental health have been invaluable. I also want to thank my Fiancee for putting up with me when I've stayed up late so many nights getting this written.**

**I'm always happy to be found online and discuss any part of this script with anyone.**

**Written in 2018 on an antique laptop, while wondering whether anyone would actually want to read about Oswestry.**

**Little Mickey**  
**By Dave Bennett**  
**A crime thriller to keep you on your toes.**

**This play is set in 2018. The story gives insight to mental health, in many of its aspects, and shows us how easy it can be to break someone already vulnerable without them even knowing they're getting worse. I can only hope, dear reader/actor, that you enjoy playing this story out as much as I've enjoyed researching and writing this.**

**Characters**

**Michael/Little Mickey** – Mentally unstable, homeless. Should be played as a manic character, twitchy, but above all every answer must seem confident and resolute. Mid 20's

**Alan Mckay** – A hungry detective who has been on this particular case for 18 months. Almost seems exasperated at every turn, but determined to get his answers. Mid to late 30s

**Grace Mckay** – Wife of Alan and experienced counsellor. She won't come into the story till later, but she's important. A woman in strong mental pain, who finds a way to deal with all her problems. Mid to late 30s

**Dr. Broom** – Psychologist. Over 40

**Supt. Martin Davies** – Alan's superior, willing to help, but very careful to cover his tracks. Over 50

**Shirley Booth** – call centre operator and all round information finder. A good friend of Alan's and an invaluable contact between various agencies. Early 40s

**Daniel Scott** – Solicitor. Impatient from traffic and has a sharp mind despite appearing burnt out. 18-50

**Elwyn Shaw** – A Young detective, determined to advance his career so long as he doesn't have to take too big a risk. Early 30s

## Act One

**(over tannoy, as radio call, Irish twang)** All available officers, please report to the Whittington roundabout for multiple RTC. Fire and ambulance services also in attendance. Cordon off area and redirect all traffic. Blues and twos.

*Alan walks into the station. Shirley is behind the desk, looking flustered while phones ring non-stop. She hits a button and the phone goes quiet. The station is dimly lit, only the emergency lights are working.*

Alan:- Did you just turn off the phones?

Shirley:- No, just diverted calls to Shrewsbury for half an hour. You wouldn't believe the people reporting that accident. It's as if they think we're unaware. *Sigh.* So, come on, what's actually happened? All I've been able to glean is that a tanker has left the road and there's a fire.

Alan:- From what we can tell, the brakes have failed on the tanker as he's approached from Whittington. He's tried to swerve, taken a couple cars out and ploughed into the power station. The power in the place has ignited the fuel he was carrying and well, if it was within quarter mile, it was on fire. We'll know more when we can check dash cams and the like. (he slumps behind the desk in the chair next to Shirley) So, if you were wondering why it's so dark, the whole town is without power, which means no computers, no mobile signal, no lights and no damn coffee. I was surprised the phones were ringing here.

Shirley:- Phone lines carry their own power, though. Our phones will work as long as the little batteries in the back hold out. For now, though, the only way someone's getting through is if they know the direct number.

Alan:- Well, get you, the fountain of knowledge.

Shirley, grabbing his hand briefly:- Those pub quiz's have their uses. I might not have the answer to your cases, but I can tell you the exact model of car used in any of the big movies.

Alan:- I'll test you on that someday. The others should start coming back soon. There wasn't much more I could do. The clean-up has started and the roads will be free in an hour or so. No idea how long we'll be waiting on power, though. It was carnage, could be a full rebuild of at least half the station.

Shirley:- I'll regret asking, but how many dead?

Alan, leaning back in his seat, sighing:- At least seven D.O.A. For certain. Maybe nine others, depending on their luck and at least a dozen with injuries. The insurance companies are going to love this. I already feel like crying at the thought of the paperwork alone. Talk about a distraction. I could have really done with focussing on that serial murder case.

Shirley:- How's that going? Been at least a year, hasn't it? Is it still the perfume that's bothering you?

Alan, smiling at her:- Alright, Shirl. One question at a time. Still stuck because each time, the

evidence is always the same. *(He lifts a file out of the drawer and opens it to very well-read pages)* A single, clean, deep cut from chest to groin with something long and sharp enough to slice without dragging. Rest of the body is untouched, including the clothes which are always undamaged except for the blood. No signs of penetration or sexual assault on any of the victims. There's been twelve so far, all of them in alleys, woods or empty shops. Every scene, the clothes have a smell of the same perfume, that none of us or the lab can pinpoint as its mixed with the victim's own sprays and perfumes. It's been fifteen months since we found the first one and we're no closer now than we were then. Oh no, tell a lie. We found some hairs at one of the scenes, but they were cut, so no follicles. All we know is, it's definitely human and it was dark hair. *(He rests his head on Shirley's shoulder and she puts her arm around his shoulders)* I honestly feel like I'm missing something. It's like, it's right in front of me, but I just can't grasp it. I've lost so much sleep over it all and I've come close to throwing in the towel more than once. *Sighs heavily and lowers head*

Shirley:- Enough shop talk. It's depressing. How're things at home? You guys speaking yet, or are you still being the strong, silent type?

Alan:- It's not that simple and you know it. I just want her to accept responsibility, then we can move forward.

Shirley:- Have you thought that maybe she's struggling to accept it? You're asking her to accept responsibility for such a massive thing.

Alan:- She should have thought of that before she-

*The phone starts ringing, shattering the peace both were enjoying. Shirley sighs and picks up the receiver.*

Shirley:- Oswestry Police Station. How can I direct your call? - Hi, Karen. What's so urgent, you had to call through? - Well yeah, he's here now. I'll let him know and send him out. *She replaces the receiver* Alan, that case you've been working on *(tapping the file)*. The murders? They've found another one. The abandoned gatehouse, this time. Elwyn's already on the way and there's an armed unit waiting for you. *Alan goes to rush out of the door* Alan! Be careful, they've heard movement in there. Don't go rushing in.

*Alan nods and waves as he dashes out of the door.*

*We now open on a door in the middle of the stage, one side dark, the other with three armed officers and a young Elwyn waiting, on edge. Alan comes in from stage right, tense and ready. Elwyn nods as he approaches.*

Alan:- Is it definitely our man?

Elwyn:- No way of knowing till we go in, but it's a young woman he's taken in there, unconscious. We have him cornered. He knows it, but he hasn't made a peep except for some shuffling. Thought you'd want to be here if it is your man.

Alan:- You thought right, We've chased him for 15 months. How was he seen this time?

Elwyn:- Cyclist was stopping for a breather at the junction up the road and saw it from his shadow under the trees.

Alan:- Convenient isn't it?

Armed officer 1:- I'm sorry to interrupt, ladies, but can we have the tea and chat later and get on with this?

Alan:- Sorry, ready when you are, officer.

*Alan steps to the side of the door and nods. The armed officers burst through the door, the room lighting up, showing us, for the first time, Mickey. He is crouched, leaning over the bloodied body of a young woman. As the officers shout, so does he, their voices drowning his out.*

Mickey:- You're late! Late! Late!

Officers:- Armed police! Down on the ground! Down on the ground now!

*The officers tackle Mickey to the ground and quickly have him cuffed. He struggles against them. As he's raised to his knees, Alan crouches in front of him.*

Alan:- Finally got you, boy. Slipped up at last eh?

Mickey, panting:- Only so long you can watch a dog chase its tail, Alan. \*barks & smiles. *As he barks, he lunges forward and bites Alan on the nose, very aggressively. The armed officers throw him to the ground.*

Alan, holding his nose, trying to stop the bleeding:- Ahh, Jesus. Get him out of here, before I do something I regret. Get him in the van.(pause) This dog has a bone to pick.

*Mickey laughs maniacally as he's dragged out of the room. We hear him singing Land of our fathers outside. Two officers enter the room, being careful where they tread and looking to Alan.*

Alan:- Secure the scene, Don't touch a thing. SOCO are on the way. I want them to be completely thorough. Tell them I even want samples of the blood from each item of clothing, just to be sure. Make sure they get samples from the spatter up the walls. I want to be sure we nail him completely. (sigh) Fifteen months and I'm not about to let him get away on a technicality. Nobody in or out, except SOCO. Coffees are on me when we have power again.

Officers:- Yes, sir.

*Alan leaves the room followed by the officers. As they leave the room goes dark. A cell, containing a toilet, metal bed with mattress and an emergency light. The door is thrown open and two officers enter, carrying Mickey. He yells as they carry him to the bed, wriggling around.*

Officer 1: You've got the key, you can have the honours.

Officer 2:- Screw you. You uncuff him. He already bit someone.

Mickey:- You boys don't interest me. I'll do you a deal. Grrrr, shut up and let me speak. Thank you. Okay, boys. You uncuff me and I swear I won't try to fight or even move until I've counted to ten. Sound fair?

Officer 1:- And how do we know you can be trusted?

Mickey:- Oh, that's easy. Each of you boys is twice my size and you're expecting something so I wouldn't stand a chance, even if I tried.

Officer 2:- *Nods to other officer and leans in with a key to the cuffs.* Alright, start counting. *They both start retreating as soon as the cuffs are off. Mickey doesn't move, but starts counting out loud.*

Mickey, slowly:- One, two, three, four, Five..... *Door shuts, Mickey stands and takes a running kick at the door, screaming. He hits the door a few times before running to the bed, attempting to throw it before realising its bolted down. He then throws the mattress at the door, screaming. Finally, he stares at the mattress on the floor, laughs a little and sits on the edge of the bed frame.*

*Station office*

Alan, walking in:- We got him, Shirl. All this time and we finally got the bastard.

Shirley, worried:- Hate to burst your bubble but we can't do anything for a few hours. I've done the paperwork, as a John Doe, but until we have power for the recording machine or a solicitor, we can't risk even moving him from his cell.

Alan, stunned:- How long till we can get a solicitor, then? Power won't be back until at least morning.

Shirley:- A few hours, at least. The nearest one is in Telford with another client, so waiting on him, really. Wait. Alan, what the hell have you done to your nose? Are those teeth marks?

Alan:- Great, just great. All this work, all this time and I can't get answers because of a bastard crash! And, yes, they're teeth marks. Our man decided to give me a memento of our meeting at last.

Shirley:- At least let me clean it up a bit. I'll get the kit just wait here and calm down. He's going nowhere.*(She retrieves a first aid box from under the desk)* You'll get your answers, you just need to wait a little longer.

Alan:- There has to be something. Fifteen months and now we can't do anything at all until a solicitor arrives?

Shirley:-*She is leaning onto the desk, cleaning his nose with wipes and cream.* Keep still, I don't want to get this in your eyes. I'm just telling you what I've read of procedure. Have a word with the chief. He might be able to authorise something.

Alan, wincing:- Martin isn't what you'd call my biggest fan since I had his lad up for drink

driving. *Sigh* Worth a try, though. Thanks, Shirl.

*She smiles and nods, signalling she's done. He walks out and up to another office. This one has a solid door and is a darker wood than the others. He pauses by the door, steeling himself. He knocks twice, sharply.*

Martin, sorting through paperwork, by torchlight:- Come! This better be urgent! *Alan enters* What is it, Mckay? Was my mother late paying her taxes? Perhaps my father posted a blacklisted item without declaring it to the post office staff.

Alan:- *sigh* Martin, please, this is important, Sir. We got him. The one who's been killing the young mothers. He's here in the cells now, in scrubs and awaiting questioning.

Martin:- Erm, well done. I'm glad to hear it, but we're hardly best friends so I have to ask, why did you have to come and tell me?

Alan:- Well, without power, we can't record an interview and without a solicitor present, we can't even speak to him. Before you ask, the solicitor is going to be at least 2 hours before he gets here.

Martin:- So, wait it out. I don't know if you were expecting a different answer, but, you know procedure as well as me. *Pause* There's more to this, isn't there? What haven't you told me, Alan?

Alan:- Look, on the way here, in the van, he was acting erratic. Maybe that's not the right word. As soon as his brief gets here, it's going to be pretty obvious that he's not stable. They'll have him carted away and we won't be able to get any answers except that he was unstable at the time and so can't be held responsible. Come on, Martin. If you won't listen as my superior, then listen as a friend of twelve years. I know I messed up last year, but you also know I was in a bad place after what happened.

Martin:- You've got some brass balls coming in here, asking me to bend the rules. I could have your warrant card for this. I could destroy your career, just for asking. *They stand staring at one another for a few seconds.* You get caught, I know nothing and will come down on you harder than a ton of bricks, do you understand me? If you can persuade anyone else to go along with your idea, good for you, just be prepared to take the flak for them. I'd like to think you've more sense than to let people take the fall for your ideas.

Alan:- Thanks, Martin. All goes well, I'll give you a full report later. Well, either way, you get a full report.

Martin:- Just tread carefully, Detective. You know, those two specials you've been training can be pretty naïve about correct procedure. You might want to check up on that.

Alan:- Thank you, sir. I will do.

Martin:- Oh, and Alan? *Alan stops by the door and turns.* This doesn't make us square, okay? I'm curious about the answers as much as you. Don't expect us to be best buddies again. *Alan nods and exits.*

**Main office**

***Jemma Carson – PCSO Trainee, looks the pretty girl type but has a brain that outmatches her looks.***

***Kieran Thomas – PCSO Trainee, nice young man with a strong interest in what's right. Easily distracted by social media and dating apps.***

Kieran:- *Holding his phone towards Jemma.* What am I supposed to do with no signal? Can't even see if one of those girls has replied.

Jemma:- You could try meeting a girl in the real world, like normal people do. I'm sure you can survive a while without the internet. All you're going to see is statuses about the lack of power anyway.

Kieran:- Coming from the woman who lives online when she's off duty. How will you cope when you get home? You don't strike me as the candles and book type.

Jemma:- Wrong again, pretty boy. I haven't got this far in training by being a brain-dead bimbo.

*Alans enters, carefully shutting the door behind him and looking around the room.*

Kieran:- Everything okay, sir? You look a bit lost.

Alan:- What do you two have planned now that your shifts over? Any plans?

Kieran:- Try and find signal somewhere, but that's about it.

Jemma:- Get the cooker going boiling water and a hot coffee, sir. Why do you ask?

Alan:- Strange request I know, but could you two take my car and go find signal somewhere. The computer and what have you is already internet ready. I need you both to look for some information on this bloke we just brought in. Shirley has his picture and I'm led to believe you two are quite the tech wizards. I need you to find out as much as you can about him and call through to my desk and tell me as much as you can find out from online. Medical records, criminal history, all that sort of stuff.

Jemma:- Sir, correct me if I'm wrong, but don't we need permission from a judge, solicitor or himself to access all that. Isn't it, you know, illegal?

Alan:- So is hacking education sites to change exam results for cash, but I won't tell if you don't.

Kieran:- You cheeky cow. You kept that quiet.

Alan:- So is buying drinks for under eighteens in the nightclubs, Kieran. I know more than you think.

Kieran:- But why us, sir? You could have asked anyone else here.

Alan:- I'll be straight with you. If we get caught this could end careers. You two haven't been training long, so can plead ignorance and say you were just following orders. Worst case, you get a slap on the wrist and suspended. I just need to get the answers to this case before he gets carted off to a mental hospital and we lose any chance of answers.

Jemma:- *sigh* We can take the back roads toward Shrewsbury. There's a pylon in Baschurch, not sure if it's on a different power grid, but it's worth a try. So much for a hot coffee.

Kieran:- If all goes well, will we get credit? I mean, it's risky, but we can't exactly put it down on paper.

Alan:- I can assure you, all goes well, there's no way you'll fail the training. As for the coffee, Jemma, take my card. *He produces his wallet and passes her the card.* Don't go mad, obviously, but if you find somewhere with a working coffee machine, get some. If you could pick me up something fizzy, that would be great, too.

Kieran:- *standing with hand out.* Keys, then.

Alan:- You dent that car, it's a huge cake fine. I've only had it a few months.

*Elwyn emerges from behind his computer, where he's been sat quietly listening.*

Elwyn:- Are you bloody mad? This isn't just your career you're risking. You could get a lot of people in trouble just for being aware of what you've got planned.

Alan:- Elwyn, you weren't meant to know about any of this. I need to interrogate him and get the answers we've been after for so long. Come on, mate. You gotta back me on this.

Elwyn:- You're taking him from his cell?

Alan:- No, that's too risky. I'm going in there with him.

Elwyn:- You really are mad. He already took a bite of your nose and you want to give him the chance to bite more? *Pause* I'll cuff him. At least he can't get a hold of you.

Alan:- You'll help?

Elwyn:- Don't call it help. Someone has to make sure you don't go too far and I'm not about to stand by and let you put yourself at risk. I've shadowed you for the last three years. Just don't expect me to cover for you if it all goes tits up.

Alan:- I'll take that. Thanks.

Elwyn:- Don't thank me. Covering my own arse as much as yours. Are you two going out in the car for info or not?

Jemma, slapping kieran's leg:- Leaving now, Sir. Come on, pretty boy. *Jemma and Kieran exit together.*

Alan:- I'm thanking you, anyway. I hadn't thought that far ahead.