

THE PEARL EARRING

written & created by

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EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

A spotlight focuses upon a dinghy filled to the brim with MIGRANTS of all ethnicities, including women and children.

The Migrants wave their arms frantically at a large VESSEL heading towards them at speed as they bob up and down in the deep water.

Beat.

The Migrants carefully board the vessel, guided by border force OFFICIALS. They are taken ashore and assessed.

The large dinghy is dragged towards a storage facility by two BORDER FORCE OFFICERS.

INT. BARBICAN ART CENTRE - SUNDAY 9 P.M

A packed auditorium fills the Brutalist walls of the Barbican Art Centre, deep in the square mile of the City of London.

Flamed haired, off duty detective constable KICKER CARRUTHERS (30) She is dressed in a low cut green chiffon dress and sits among the strings section of the London Symphony Orchestra as she accompanies her musical companions in a classical concert.

Her long red curls cover her strong shoulders, highlighted by a spotlight that beams down upon her pale face as she loses herself in the soft, warm, and rich sounds that creep out of the deep timber that rests gently between her strong thighs while she plays cello violin to Saint-Saens masterpiece: "The Swan."

Sitting comfortably in the third row of the stalls her proud French father DOM (50s) He smiles proudly down at her.

She glances up at him. Her green eyes coruscate under the stage lights that capture her unblemished beauty.

Sitting to Dom's left, blue eyed detective constable SHELLEY PETERS (30) Her long blonde hair set into a neat bun with ringlets that drop down delicately over her small ears that secure white pear-drop earrings.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

A suspicious young DELIVERY DRIVER loads up then jumps on his motorcycle and races off.

EXT. ROOF TOP. ALBERT DOCK - SUNDAY 9 P.M

Two Male drug enforcement DETECTIVES stealthily observe five middle-aged MEN dressed in woolly hats and dark clothing as they carry brown packages from inside a storage unit to the back of a white transit van.

DETECTIVE#1 O.S

The one with the ponytail works for the cartel. He's Dev Bakshi, the main player we want banged up. We need to get inside that storage unit and see what's in there.

DETECTIVE#2 O.S

Yeah.

POV: DEV BAKSHI (40s) climbs up onto the back of the vehicle and is handed a package by ex marine ROMAN STEEL (28).

DETECTIVE#1 O.S

That's Roman Steel. His father is well--known to us - Lenny Steel. He owns a titty bar in Soho.

Italian JORGIO CROCI (40s) He climbs inside the offside of the white van.

Tall, broad shouldered thug CHARLES BELL (aka MECHANIC 50s) helps to load the vehicle with the final boxes.

When the vehicle is filled to the brim the shutter is brought down by Dev Bakshi and Colombian ZANE DELGARDO (40) jumps into the passenger side of the vehicle.

DEV BAKSHI

OK. Let's go.

The other three jump into a 4x4 parked next to the white van and follow them as they drive off.

END POV:

The two Detectives get to their feet.

DETECTIVE#1

C'mon. Let's check it out.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE - NIGHT

The same Delivery Driver clutches a pizza box and marches towards a green panelled door.

He rings the bell and waits.

A tall fair haired CUSTOMER (20s) He opens the door and immediately recognises the Delivery Driver.

He hands him cash in exchange for the pizza, and a small parcel.

The satisfied Customer closes the door as the Delivery Driver walks back to his motorcycle.

INT. BARBICAN CONCERT HALL - CONT'D

Kicker plays the outtro to the "The Swan."

A tear rolls down Dom's cheek.

And like every other person he gets to his feet and claps his hands with utter pride and joy at the sight of his talented daughter who stands under the spotlight and curtsies.

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Blue neon signage above the entrance doors where a red carpet welcomes its members.

Two BURLY DOORMAN dressed in long coats and yellow armbands command the door.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE CLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

Roman Steel flexes his muscles as he stands behind a wooden desk. He wears a tight fitting black vest that highlights his "Survival Knife" military tattoo on his bulging left forearm.

He bears all the hallmarks of a military background with his hair cropped and fiery brown eyes.

He barks out his instructions to Jorgio Croci who is a shaven headed Italian courier with laughing brown eyes. He suffers a bout of nasal insufflation.

Roman Steel slides back a faux panelled wall behind him and grabs four brown packages. He hands them across the desk to an excited looking Jorgio.

ROMAN STEEL

That's it - four kilos. Deliver 'em to Errol. He won't be back from Jamaica for another couple of hours, so hang onto 'em till then. And don't fuckin' lose 'em, otherwise you'll have me to deal with, you soppy cunt, right?

JORGIO

How am I gonna lose four packages, eh? You think I'm a magician who can suddenly make things disappear, eh?

Jorgio chuckles to himself.

ROMAN STEEL

Yeah-yeah, alright, Jorgio. But shit happens. You never know who's watching us. Just be careful, that's all I'm saying, right? I don't want my old man thinking I'm the twat who gave another twat four kilos of Charlie to get himself nicked with it, right?

JORGIO

So when have I not been careful? I'm always careful.

ROMAN STEEL

Yeah-yeah. Don't keep on.

Jorgio sticks the four packages into a black sports bag, then zips it up and throws it over his shoulder.

JORGIO

Now watch me disappear.

ROMAN STEEL

Go on then... fuck off!

He exits.

EXT. STREET - CLEAR NIGHT

Dressed in civilian clothing, Kicker and Shelley are out on duty to catch kerb crawlers.

SHELLEY

I think Kiki's a nice name. Would you prefer Kiki, then?

KICKER

You can call me anything you like... just as long as it's endearing.

SHELLEY

Kicker's not very endearing, is it? Why would you call your daughter that?

KICKER

Apparently, I kicked so much when my mum was pregnant with me, Kicker was the first thing she said when she held me in her arms for the first time. It was suppose to have been a joke. But it stuck.

SHELLEY

Is it written on your birth certificate?

KICKER

No, it isn't, actually. It's Kiki Jane Carruthers. Happy now?

SHELLEY

Yeah. I'll just stick to the status quo.

A black saloon car drives slowly towards them.

Jorgio pops his bald head out of the window and grins at them as his eyes light up.

Kicker and Shelley glance at one another knowingly as they signal for him to stop.

He stops.

Kicker quickly grabs the door handle and opens his car door, before she grabs his car keys from of the ignition.

KICKER

Right! Step out of the vehicle!

JORGIO

You what?!

Shelley flashes her badge at him as he looks up at her and gawks.

KICKER

I said step out of the vehicle.
Right now!

JORGIO

Oh, for fuck sake! You're feds!

Jorgio begrudgingly steps out of the vehicle and sighs his disbelief.

KICKER

Afraid so. And it's your unlucky
day.

Kicker spins him around and cuffs him.

JORGIO

I was only gonna to ask
directions.

KICKER

Of course you were. Tell that to
your wife and kids when you
receive a fine in the post for
kerb crawling.

JORGIO

Oh c'mon girls, give us a break,
will ya, eh? What'd ya expect?
You were showing out for fuck
sake!

They hold him while they wait for a squad unit to arrive.

Jorgio stands with a deflated expression on his gaunt face.

KICKER

What's your name and where do ypu
live?

JORGIO

I'm not saying nuffing, till I
speak to my lawyer.

Shelley takes notes.

KICKER

Fair enough. Now listen to what I
have to say.

He looks down at the ground dispiritedly.

JORGIO

Oh c'mon, give us a break will
ya, eh? You were showing out.

Kicker jumps inside his vehicle and leans over the steering
wheel. She opens the dashboard drawer.

KICKER

Are you the owner?

JORGIO

Yeah-yeah.

She continues to search the vehicle.

KICKER

Is there anything in here that we
should be aware of?

JORGIO

I know nothing about any such
thing.

She climbs out of the vehicle and confronts him.

KICKER

We'll see.

He sinks within himself

JORGIO

What' d ya think, eh?

KICKER

Drugs?

JORGIO

Drugs?

KICKER

Cocaine? Heroin? Hashes?

He shakes his head vigorously.

JORGIO
I already said, eh?

He exhales a long drawn out sigh before he confesses.

JORGIO
The bag inside the boot.

Shelley steps away with her phone to her ear.

Blue lights from an unmarked squad unit stops behind Jorgio's vehicle.

Two SENIOR DETECTIVES jump out and approach the trio.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Have you conducted a search of
the vehicle?

Kicker walks behind Jorgio's vehicle.

KICKER
I was just about to.

She lifts the bonnet and grabs the sports bag containing the drugs.

KICKER (CONT'D)
It's here.

Shelley joins her.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Well done.

He joins them at the boot of the car and carries the bag back to the squad car.

SHELLEY
This'll teach him to proposition
two respectable young women
waiting for a taxi.

KICKER
Less of the respectable.

They share a bout of laughter while Jorgio is frogmarched towards the flashing blue lights.

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - MORNING

Jorgio strolls watchfully along the deserted shopping street.

Mechanic pulls up beside him in a black 4X4. He lets the nearside window down and calls out to a fearful looking Jorgio.

MECHANIC

Oi! Get in!

Jorgio glances back at him and shakes his head fearfully.

JORGIO

Nah, you're alright, Mechanic,
I'm taking the tube if I can't
find a taxi. I need to get home
to the missus.

Mechanic snarls.

MECHANIC

Don't make me have to get out of
this fucking car and drag you in.
Get in!

Jorgio sighs his despair and reluctantly opens the door and climbs into the passenger seat.

INT. 4X4 - MORNING

Jorgio sits in the passenger seat and whimpers.

JORGIO

You alright then, Mechanic?

Mechanic fumes.

MECHANIC

Dontcha fucking alright me, you
cunt! What happened?

JORGIO

I got nicked with the gear,
didn't I?

MECHANIC

I know that you cunt! Why?

Jorgio ignores him and stares out of the window.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Big shouldered and bald headed LENNY STEEL (60s) confronts a whimpering Jorgio Croci.

Burly ex boxer Mechanic stands by the exit door with his arms locked.

Dev Bakshi trims his fingernails with a knife.

LENNY STEEL

(ominously)

My boy informs me that you were arrested for propositioning a couple of cops. Is that right?

JORGIO

I never knew they were cops, I swear to ya.

Lenny Steel clenches his fist and snarls.

LENNY STEEL

How fuckin' stupid can you be? I knew I couldn't trust you. You just can't keep it in your pants for one minute.

JORGIO

I'm really sorry. It won't happen again, I swear.

DEV BAKSHI

(ominously)

A horny guy with no testicals is as useful as a rubber nail.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah, that's right.

DEV BAKSHI

Now you owe us, Jorgio.

JORGIO

I know I do.

DEV BAKSHI

So, how are you gonna repay us? Have you got four-hundred grand?

JORGIO

No but I've got something lined up.

LENNY STEEL

D' you know how much that hurts, Jorgio?

JORGIO

I know-I know.

DEV BAKSHI

Now you've compromised us, and everything.

JORGIO

Look, I swear...

LENNY STEEL

You have, Jorgio.

(to Dev Bakshi)

What shall we do with him?

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

You've got two days to pay us the money you owe us.

Lenny Steel gets up, paces the floor anxiously.

Mechanic quietly opens the door and exits.

LENNY STEEL

Why did they let you out?

JORGIO

You don't have to worry. I'm the one who's going down for this.

DEV BAKSHI

If I find out you're a pussy licking grass I will kill you and your wife.

Lenny Steel snarls.

LENNY STEEL

You've got two days. Now fuck off!

Jorgio's shoulders sink as he quickly exits.

Lenny Steel brings his phone to ear.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Johnson, can you talk-? Good. Now listen. Jorgio Croci got himself busted last night for kerb crawling- Notting Hill- The thing is, he was carrying four big ones in the boot- I don't know-! Well do your best- Pretty please.

He ends the call and sighs his disdain as he stares awkwardly at Dev Bakshi.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

We'll have to clear out the safe. I don't want the Feds coming here and finding anything if we're suddenly raided. I wouldn't trust that Italian cunt as far as I can throw him.

DEV BAKSHI

I'll take it.

LENNY STEEL

Nah-nah. I'll get Roman to store it for the time being.

DEV BAKSHI

What about the warehouse?

LENNY STEEL

Only me, you and my Roman know the address to the warehouses, so I think there'll be safe, otherwise Johnson would've tipped me off.

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE CLUB - DAY

Jorgio lights a cigarette as he appears in the back alley to the nightclub.

Mechanic comes from behind him and throws a plastic bag over jorgio's head. Jorgio suffocates before he dragged away.

INT. UOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Kicker and Shelley present themselves to the grey haired, bespectacled UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS COMMANDER (50s).

He stands in front of a desk and fiddles with his gold rimmed spectacles.

UOC

Firstly I'd like to commend the two of you for your outstanding work in the field. I know it can't be easy putting yourselves at risk.

(pauses)

Now, as a direct result from the search of the vehicle involved in the arrest you made last week we have uncovered a drug trafficking ring connected to a nightclub owner whose name is Leonard Steel. He is also linked to a Colombian drug cartel trafficker named Dev Bakshi.

The two Detectives glance at one another knowingly as he steps forward and looks them directly in the eye.

UOC (CONT'D)

At ease.

He walks back to his desk and sits down.

UOC (CONT'D)

Now, please do not take this the wrong way, but due to your outstanding-

(clears throat)

the fact that you have both been selected to carry out a very important sting operation at The Hothouse Nightclub, there is something that I need to ask.

(pauses)

Have you ever pole danced?

Kicker and Shelley glance at each other and grin, before they shake their heads in denial.

UOC (CONT'D)

Shall I take that as an
instruction to proceed with some
training?

KICKER

Yes sir.

SHELLEY

Yes sir.

UOC

Then I shall. But in the meantime
sharpen up your moves.

KICKER

Yes sir.

SHELLEY

Yes sir.

UOC

You're free to go.

They turn around to exit.

UOC (CONT'D)

And ladies...

They turn around.

UOC (CONT'D)

Good luck.

They smile at him as they exit.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Non specific dance beats ring out across the dance floor.

MEDUSA (AKA Kicker) sports a black leotard as she throws her
long, shapely legs around a pole and lies upside down for a
large clique of vociferous men.

Her BLACK PEARL EARRING contains a hidden surveillance camera
that scans the space around her.

VFX: In the corner of the club Dev Bakshi hands a cellphone
to a broad shouldered HISPANIC (50s).

DEV BAKSHI

(to Hispanic)

Two dinghies will be delivered at
four in the morning. You have
exactly thirty minutes to rip
them open and load the gear onto
the van. Pin me when you're done.

The Hispanic nods his head.

A WHITE NOISE and SHUT DOWN.

Roman Steel raises a surprised brow as he clocks the Pearl Earring lying discarded on the stage floor.

He bends down and picks it up, then studies it briefly. He bears a look of mischievous intent as he drops it into the top pocket of his black shirt.

The music ends and Medusa steps off the stage to a cacophony of wolf whistles and cheers.

She struts towards the changing room. Roman Steel steps out in front of her and blocks her path.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters) She squeezes past pulling a trolley case and wearing black baseball cap.

Medusa shows her an awkward look.

SNOW LEOPARD
Catch you later girl.

MEDUSA
Yeah, okay hun.

Snow Leopard exits.

ROMAN STEEL
How about a private dance for me,
then?

MEDUSA
Ask one of the other girls. I've
finished for the night.

ROMAN STEEL
Fuck ya then. I will.

She brushes him aside and continues towards one of the changing rooms.

He follows her.

ROMAN STEEL (CONT'D)
So you won't be wanting this back
then, will ya?

He shows her the Pearl Earring.

She feels her right ear and gasps.

MEDUSA
Give that back right now!

ROMAN STEEL
Ah-ah.
(grins)
You've gotta dance for me first.

She drops her shoulders and sighs.

MEDUSA
Oh, c'mon then, if I must.

They enter a private room

INT/EXT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Roman Steel sits glued to an armless chair. His expectant dark eyes fixed upon her as the dance beats begin and she gyrates her hips for him.

Outside Snow Leopard returns and eavesdrop outside the door.

Inside the room he grabs Kicker's thigh and forces her closer towards him.

She angrily pulls back from his grasp.

MEDUSA (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing? Stop
that, or I'll stop!

He wiggles the earring in front of her.

ROMAN STEEL
If you want this back, you're
gonna have to do better than
that, luv.

He unzips his fly and shows her his limp penis.

MEDUSA
Oh put that away. I'm not doing
anything.

ROMAN STEEL
Fair enough. You can't have this
back, then.

MEDUSA

A dance, you said.

ROMAN STEEL

Jut get your kit off. I wanna see
you laid bare.

MEDUSA

I'm not doing that neither. I
don't do quid pro quo harassment.

ROMAN STEEL

If you want this back you're
gonna need to do something other
than just swing your hips.

She dives forward and grabs his testicles. She squeezes real
hard as he yelps with the pain.

Outside the door Snow Leopard grins then makes haste.

MEDUSA

Give me the fuckin' earring and
I'll let go.

He attempts to grab her wrist. She scratches his face.

He manages to get to his feet and strikes her across the
mouth, sending her sprawling across the room, before he
swings an uppercut to her ribs.

She screams as she buckles over and falls to her knees.

ROMAN STEEL

DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING DO THAT
AGAIN YOU FUCKING BITCH! I'LL
FUCKING KILL YOU IF I SEE YOU
HERE AGAIN!

She creases over in agony and sobs as the room spins in front
of her eyes and the door slams shut.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A 10 year old Kicker at home in Paris clutches a Barbie doll
close to her chest while she chews on her own hair and
whimpers at the top of a spiral staircase.

She looks down and spots her alcoholic MOTHER lying on the sofa with a bare chested, dark pigmented MAN (50s) lying on top of her as she cackles with a glass of wine in hand.

Kicker sobs.

Her Mother looks up and spots her crying. She climbs off the sofa and races up the staircase to confront her.

She looks down at her in torment with her fiery blue eyes and red mane.

MOTHER

Get back to bed! Do as you are
told, you little wretch!

Her Mother's screams cause her to cover her ears with her tiny hands as she cries.

KICKER

No I will not. I want my papa.

Her Mother grabs her by the shoulders.

MOTHER

You will do as I say and get back
to bed right this instant, you
little madam!

Kicker struggles in an attempt to get away from her.

KICKER

I will not. Leave me alone, you
cow.

Her Mother attempts to drag her back to her room.

MOTHER

Do as you're told child!

Kicker breaks free from her grasp.

KICKER

No! Get off me!

Her Mother spins around to grab hold of her, but loses her balance, causing her to fall backwards down the spiral staircase.

The door slams as the bare chested Man quickly exits.

Her Mother's shrilling screams ring out as she bangs her head upon each concrete step until she hits the bottom.

Her Mother lies in a twisted mess with a small puddle of blood that leaks from her head.

Kicker stands at the top of the stairs clutching her Barbi tightly whilst looking down at her Mother in pitiless wonder.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONT'D

Kicker gets to her feet and feels her bloodied lip. She grabs her mobile phone.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

Shelley pulls her trolley case along the busy street, teeming with nightlife and night revellers with its clubs, bars, and restaurants which decorate each side of the street.

Her phone rings. She stops, brings it to ear and listens.

INTERCUT:

KICKER

I've blown my cover. That bastard, Roman Steel has just confiscated the earring and fucked off.

SHELLEY

Oh no, Kicker. How did you let that happen?

Kicker feels her lip as she stares at her reflection in the mirror whilst on the phone.

KICKER

It wasn't my fault, Shelley. It just fell out of my ear while I was lying upside down on that stupid, fucking pole.

SHELLEY

Did you ask him for it back?

KICKER

I asked him! He wouldn't give me it back!

SHELLEY

What did he he say to you, then?

KICKER

He said if I wanted it back I'd have to suck his cock.

SHELLEY

What a loser.
(sighs)
Did you?

KICKER

No of course I didn't! That's why he attacked me.

SHELLEY

He attacked you?

KICKER

Yeah. He busted my lip, and nearly cracked my ribcage.

SHELLEY

Bastard!

KICKER

Yeah.

SHELLEY

Well, that's it then, we're off the case, I suspect.

Shelley stands agape as she spots Roman Steel walking towards the NCP.

KICKER

What am I going to tell the undercover commander? He said he'll kill me if he sees me at the club again.

SHELLEY

Hold on a minute. I can see him.
He's heading towards the car
park. I'll try and speak to him
and get it back. I'll let you
know what happens and message you
later.

KICKER

OK. Be careful Shelley. He's a
fucking nut job.

END INTERCUT.

INT. NCP - LIT

Roman Steel saunters towards a black 4X4 parked in one of
the bays. He takes out his phone and brings it to ear.

LENNY STEEL V.O

*I can't get to the phone right
now. Leave your name and a short
message after the bleep and I'll
get back to you as soon as I can.*

After a long bleep he drops the phone back inside his jacket
pocket and marches towards a dimly lit kiosk which houses a
lift and a staircase.

He trips and stumbles on a missing segment of pavement, then
yelps as he falls flat on his face.

ROMAN STEEL (ASIDE)

Bollox!

With his nose bloodied and his ankle twisted he attempts to
climb to his feet.

A SHADOWY FIGURE appears over him and viciously strikes him
across the temple with a heavy object in hand.

He screams and crashes to the ground again.

The Shadowy Figure momentarily disappears from sight before
it appears over him again and delves into his pockets,
removing his wallet, watch and jewellery.

The Shadowy Figure disappears again when the sound of
stiletto heels are heard entering the car park.

Kicker enters the car park with her car keys in hand. She wears a black woollen hat, scarf, and a black studded bomber.

Her POV: Roman Steel lying in the critical prone position by the lift shaft.

She takes a quick look around before she kneels down beside him.

KICKER
(scathingly)
Where's my earring, you fuckin'
arsehole?

She rummages through his pockets.

He suddenly opens his glazed eyes. She stares down at him and snarls.

ROMAN STEEL
(croaks)
Medusa, help me please. I-I-

KICKER
You can go and fuck yourself
after what you did to me.

ROMAN STEEL
Please Medusa, help me.

KICKER
Where's my earring? What have you
done with it?

ROMAN STEEL
I-I-I-

KICKER
The earring! Where is it,
arsehole?

Through her peripheral vision she spots the Shadowy Figure crouching behind a Range Rover Discovery.

She quickly gets to her feet and cautiously approaches the Shadowy Figure who is of slight build and has unkempt facial hair.

She creeps around the boot of the vehicle next to the Range Rover Discovery then grabs him by the shoulders and forces him up against the wall.

KICKER

Who the fuck are you? What are you doing here?

He whimpers.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(accented)

No. Nothing. Go away.

Her attitude intensifies.

KICKER

Right! Turn around! I'm going to search you! And don't even try to resist, or I'll break your fucking arm!

She goes through his coat pockets in search of the earring. He fully complies as she empties his pockets:

PHONE. WALLET. ROLEX WATCH. BUNCH OF KEYS. GOLD CHAIN, and GOLD BRACELET.

She places the items down on the bonnet of the Range Rover Discovery.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Where's the fucking earring? And don't lie to me either. I know he had it when he left the club. Where is it? What have you done with it?

He shakes his head vigorously as she spins him back around to face him.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Show me some ID.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing!

KICKER

You must have something on you. Who are you?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing! No understand.

KICKER

What's your name, then?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English!

KICKER

Well, you're in big trouble.

SHADOWY FIGURE

No understand!

KICKER

You can stay here with me until
my colleagues arrive.

She takes out her mobile phone and presses some digits, then
turns back to him.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Did you steal these items from
the victim?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English.

KICKER

(on phone)

DC Carruthers from West Central.
I need a unit sent to the NCP in
Wardour Street right away. Good.

Beat.

Blue lights flash as a squad car tears into the car park.

Kicker steps out from behind a vehicle and flashes her badge
at the two UNIFORMED OFFICERS who climb out of the vehicle.

OFFICER#1

What's the problem?

KICKER

There's a body lying by the lift
shaft. I caught this one hiding
behind this vehicle. This lot
belongs to the victim.

Officer1# rushes over towards Roman Steel.

Officer2# Handcuffs the Suspect without fuss and leads him
towards the back of the squad car.

He sits him in the back.

Kicker bags up the items while he performs an ID check on the Suspect.

Kicker hands him the bag, then joins Officer1# by the Victim.

He turns his back and radios through for further assistance.

With his back turned Kicker slips her hand into the Victim's top pocket in search of the earring.

Beat.

More squad cars arrive and close off the car park.

Burly black Detective Inspector PEARSON (50s) joins Kicker with an outstretched hand as she stands by her vehicle and smokes a cigarillo.

He notices her cut lip.

PEARSON

Alright?

She shakes his hand as she nods her head.

KICKER

Yeah.

PEARSON

I'm Detective Inspector Steve Pearson from the Murder investigation team over at Paddington. Are you okay? Did he do that to your lip?

KICKER

DC Kicker Carruthers. Oh, it's just a nick. I've taken a lot worse in the line of duty.

PEARSON

I bet. So what can you tell me?

KICKER

I saw the victim lying there as I entered the car park. Then I spotted the suspect hiding behind that black Discovery over there.

(points)

I searched him and found items that I believe belong to the victim.

PEARSON

Do you know if the victim was
dead when you arrived?

KICKER

I believe he was.

PEARSON

What did you do when you saw him?

KICKER

I spotted the attention I was
receiving from the suspect before
I had a chance to do anything,
really.

PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

And what time was that?

She checks her watch.

KICKER

Just after two.

PEARSON

A good night out, was it?

KICKER

Yeah, it was actually.

PEARSON

OK. So where can I reach you,
then?

KICKER

West Central. You can reach me
there.

PEARSON

OK. We'll talk properly once I
get all the details in from
forensics. In the meantime if you
could make out your report and
send it over, that'll save us a
lot of faffing around with phone
calls.

KICKER

OK. I'll do it first thing while
it's still fresh in my memory.

PEARSON

Right then, you can go, unless
you want to hang around and hear
what forensics have to say.

KICKER

No. I'm shattered, actually. I'll
just head off.

PEARSON

Fine.

He walks back towards the squad car to speak to the suspect
who sits in the back.

She climbs inside her vehicle and starts the engine.

Uniform wave her out of the car park.

INT CAR - NIGHT

Kicker turns left out of the car park and immediately pulls
over.

She takes out her phone and makes a call. She listens
momentarily then ends the call.

INT. NCP - CONT'D

Pearson speaks to the scrawny Suspect with the squad car door
wide open.

PEARSON

What's your name?

The Suspect shakes his head.

SUSPECT

No English.

Pearson turns to the uniformed officer who stands by.

PEARSON

OK. Get him booked in. We'll
speak to him later when we get
back.

Slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON (40s) joins Pearson as a tent is
erected around the victim.

PEARSON

Is he known?

Johnson raises a brow.

JOHNSON

Aye. Roman Steel. I know his ol' man, Leonardo.

PEARSON

How come?

JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge.

Pearson casually sticks a piece of gum into his mouth.

PEARSON

In that case you can do the honours.

JOHNSON

(dejectedly)

Oh, c'mon chief! We're acquainted for fuck sake! You know exactly how that'll go down in certain circles.

PEARSON

I don't give a flying fuck, Johnson. Someone's gotta do it, and that person is you. It should be a piece of cake, as you're acquainted.

JOHNSON

Aye. But he's not gonna appreciate hearing that his son's been murdered from a fellow brother, is he?

PEARSON

Well, there's not a lot he can do about it, is there?

JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

PEARSON

Correct. And don't forget it.

A mature PATHOLOGIST appears from inside the tent. She holds a clipboard when she joins them in conversation.

PATHOLOGIST

There's a severe laceration to the right side of his temple. It's likely that he was struck with a sharp, heavy object of some kind... can't say what that is at the moment. I'll confirm everything once we get him back to the mortuary. There are signs of a hematoma by the look of the colour around the injury. There is also swelling to his ankle which probably occurred when he was attacked.

(pauses)

Time of death, I would approximate two-hundred hours, or thereabouts.

PEARSON

That tallies with what the off duty detective said to me.

PATHOLOGIST

He's got a nasty fingernail scratch on the side of his face. It's fresh, so could have happened when he was attacked. I'm presuming his attacker may be female.

PEARSON

I want to get this wrapped up before my ol' fella's funeral, if possible.

PATHOLOGIST

I'll do my best, Steve, but we are a bit snowed under at the moment.

PEARSON

Appreciated.

EXT. ALBERT DOCK - NIGHT

Three broad shouldered TRAFFICKERS unload packages onto a white van from inside a storage facility.

Blue lights flash when serious crime squad units show up and surround their vehicle.

They immediately cuff the Traffickers and arrest them.

INT. BENTLEY - LIT.

Lenny Steel stares vacantly through the windscreen. A blue BMW nine series drives into the empty bay next to him.

Beat.

Johnson opens the door and climbs into the passenger seat

Lenny Steel sits inaudible, motionless as an awkward silence ensues.

LENNY STEEL

(soberly)

So what happened to him?

JOHNSON

All we know is that he was
attacked inside the NCP before
being robbed. I'm really sorry
for your loss, Leonardo. It
deeply saddens me to have to be
the one to give you this shit
news.

Lenny Steel takes long, deep breaths. His face taut. His eyes suffused, and his lower lip trembles.

LENNY STEEL

How am I s'posed to tell his
Mother this? It'll kill her stone
dead.

He breaks down over the steering wheel and laments.

JOHNSON

I donnae what to say. I cannae
believe it. I'm in total shock as
well.

LENNY STEEL

I just can't believe my boy is fuckin' dead. My Roman's fuckin' dead!

(blows nose)

What time did this happen, did you say? Cos I had a missed call from him after I went to bed.

JOHNSON

Around 2 a.m. He was walking to his car.

LENNY STEEL

He had something important to tell me. He never rings me at that hour, unless he knows I'm awake. There was something he wanted me to know.

JOHNSON

Aye. The suspect had property belonging to him in his possession when he was apprehended. He was spotted by an off duty detective. She was walking to her vehicle when she saw him acting suspiciously.

LENNY STEEL

I want answers. And I don't want any bullshit, right?

JOHNSON

Aye, of course. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure his killer is behind bars.

LENNY STEEL

And I wanna speak to that off duty detective. She might know something useful. Get me her details so I can speak to her in person.

JOHNSON

I'm not sure that'll be possible. She works out of another nick.

LENNY STEEL

Well fuckin' find out which one. I need to speak to her.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

LENNY STEEL

And I don't want this put on the back burner either. I know you lot. You've got your priorities wrong.

JOHNSON

Aye.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The sound of the front door slamming shut causes HELENA STEEL (40s) to wake from sleep.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR. KITCHEN - DAY

A disconsolate Lenny Steel enters. He walks towards the sink unit where he turns on the tap and pours himself a glass of water.

BEDROOM - CONT'D

Helena climbs out of bed and quickly slips on her dressing gown.

KITCHEN - CONT'D

She quietly appears in the door frame and watches Lenny as he stands at the sink and stares at the wall, before he opens the fridge door and quickly closes it shut again.

He finally sits himself down at the breakfast island, then places his head in his hands.

When he looks up, he spots Helen who stands inaudibly watching him from inside the door frame.

He quickly jumps to his feet and places his hands upon her shoulders.

She stares up at him in anticipation of what he is about to say.

LENNY STEEL

It's Roman.

HELENA

What's happened?

LENNY STEEL

He's dead.

Her eyes immediately well up as she gazes up at him and gasps and her legs buckle beneath her. She falls into his arms.

The tears roll down his cheeks as he lifts her up and carries her out of the kitchen.

LOUNGE:

He lies her down on the sofa and makes her comfortable by placing a soft cushion under her head.

He steps over to the mantle and stares at his ageing reflection in the ornate mantle mirror where he breaks down on his knees and cries like a baby.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Kicker opens her weary eyes and sits up in bed.

She grabs her phone and checks messages, then gasps, before she quickly jumps out of bed.

BATHROOM.

She throws her head into the toilet basin and violently throws up, before she gets to her feet and wipes her mouth with tissue paper.

She stares at her tired reflection in the mirror above the sink unit and feels the abrasion to her top lip.

KICKER

Shit!

She winces and turns away in horror.

She hears the sound of her mobile phone vibrating.

BEDROOM CONT'D.

She grabs her phone and answers the call.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Shelley. Did you get it?

SHELLEY V.O

No, I didn't.

Kicker sighs her disdain.

KICKER

Why not? And why didn't you call me back after I messaged you?

SHELLEY V.O

I'm sorry. I got sidetracked. I bumped into one of the girls from the club.

KICKER

He's dead, Shelley.

The line goes quiet.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Shelley, are you still there?

SHELLEY V.O

I'm still here.

KICKER

Did you hear what I just said?

SHELLEY V.O

Yes I heard you, Kicker.

KICKER

Well, you know what that means I take it?

SHELLEY V.O

Yes. We're probably off the case.

KICKER

I thought you were going to ask him for it back. What happened?

SHELLEY V.O

I told you, I got sidetracked. I'm really sorry, Kicker, but it's not all about you, is it?

KICKER

Maybe not. But I saw him lying there on the ground inside the NCP. Somebody attacked him. I thought it might have been you.

SHELLEY V.O

Me! Why?

KICKER

I just did. I let him die, because I was too sodding busy searching his pockets for the earring. I thought you had it. I'm so angry with myself. I feel so guilty, because I could've actually done something to help him. I had to make a statement because I arrested a homeless guy who had all his belongings on him when I searched him. He must have attacked him when he robbed him, then.

SHELLEY V.O

So you believe the suspect killed him?

KICKER

Well, he must have. He had Roman's wallet and everything when I apprehended him. But I should've called him an ambulance.

SHELLEY V.O

He attacked you, remember?

KICKER

I know-I know. But then I remembered it was in the top pocket of his shirt. The only pocket I forgot to check before Crime Scene turned up.

SHELLEY V.O

Oh no.

KICKER

I think we need to talk, Shelley. If they find the earring, it's not going to look good for us, is it? Plus I think I might have handled the murder weapon.

SHELLEY V.O

How come?

KICKER

There was a piece of fuckin' concrete lying next to him. It came out of the pavement slab, so I put it back, didn't I?

SHELLEY V.O

I don't know, Kicker. I wasn't there, was I?

KICKER

Yeah but I only did that because I thought you used it to attack him.

SHELLEY V.O

Make your mind up. I thought you just said the homeless guy did it? You're just confused, that's all.

KICKER

I know I did. But he never had the earring.

SHELLEY V.O

Look, d' you want me to come over?

KICKER

I've just woken up. I feel like shit.

SHELLEY V.O

Have a shower and put the kettle on. It'll be about forty minutes though. I've got some stuff to do first.

KICKER

OK. But I need to call the commander to let him know what has happened. It's a right shit show now. I'm toast whichever way you look at it, Shelley. Let me call you back.

SHELLEY V.O

We'll work something out. Don't worry, Kicker, I've got your back.

KICKER

OK. I'll call you back, after I
speak with the UOC.

She ends the call and runs back to the bathroom and throws up
again.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Pearson sits at a desk and looks down at a report. Across the
room Johnson looks over as he speaks on the phone.

INT. DCI ANTHERA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DCI ANTHERA MUST (50s) stares down at the black pearl earring
that sits on her desk.

INCIDENT ROOM - CONT'D

Johnson places the phone down and steadily approaches a
preoccupied Pearson.

JOHNSON

Turns out Mario Petrescu is
wanted for the abduction and rape
of a sixteen year old lass over
in Velingrad, Bulgaria. Zara
Souicek is her name.

Pearson spins around and looks up at him.

PEARSON

You what?

JOHNSON

According to the person I've just
spoken to she was the mayor's
daughter. She later committed
suicide. And that's not all...
there's more.

PEARSON

Go on.

JOHNSON

He came here to work as a private hire driver, but lost his job after a sexual assault allegation was brought against him by a female passenger. By all accounts he should've been deported last month. Immigration called at an address where he was supposed to be living, but he wasn't there. He's been living as a fugitive, I guess.

PEARSON

Right. Let's talk to him.

JOHNSON

Aye.

PEARSON

Has the interpreter arrived?

JOHNSON

Aye. He's waiting downstairs.

DCI Anthea Must appears from her office.

DCI MUST

Steve, when you have a minute...

PEARSON

Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Detectives enter and sit down at the table.

They are soon joined by a DUTY SOLICITOR and a bespectacled, overweight INTERPRETER.

Suspect MARIO PETRESCU (39) He is led in by a DUTY OFFICER and seated opposite.

He wears a string vest under a prescribed blue jacket. He has the flag of Bulgaria tattooed upon his right forearm.

PEARSON

Right. So, I'm Detective
Inspector Steve Pearson, and this
is my colleague, Detective
Sergeant James Johnson. We're
leading the investigation into
the murder of Roman Steel which
took place at approximately two-
hundred hours on the 14th March,
which is today's date. Let's
begin.

JOHNSON

(to Petrescu)

Right then, can you confirm that
you are Mario Petrescu of no
fixed abode?

Petrescu's dark, devious eyes shift from side to side as he
sits awkwardly in his seat.

Pearson places his huge hairy arms across the table, his
white shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows as he stares at him
intently.

Interpreter repeats the question in his mother tongue.
Petrescu nods his head.

PEARSON

OK. So let's get straight to it,
shall we?

(pauses)

What were you doing inside that
NCP in Soho with the victim's
property in your possession?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

PEARSON

In that case, did you murder
Roman Steel inside that car park?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shakes head)

No comment.

Duty Solicitor makes notes.

PEARSON

We're not going down that route,
are we?

Short silence.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

OK. We know that you do not own a
vehicle parked inside that NCP,
do you?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shifts)

No comment.

PEARSON

Did you rob him, after you killed
him? Was it a mugging that went
horribly wrong? Maybe it was an
accident and you didn't mean to
kill him. Which one was it?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

PEARSON

Well for your information, we've
done our homework, Mr Roman
Petrescu. The international
database comes in very handy for
people like you. So we know
exactly who you are and what
you're capable of. Now tell us
where you hid the murder weapon
so we can all move on?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

Interpreter shrugs shoulders in dismay at the suspect.

PEARSON

Look, we know you murdered the victim before you robbed him. He's got your DNA all over his clothing, as well as his blood on your shirt cuffs. And while we're at it I'd like to remind you that if you insist on answering each question with a no comment you'll be on the next plane back to Bulgaria to face that rape charge you're wanted in connection with in Velinograd. And from what I'm hearing the authorities over there aren't as pleasant as us lot over here.

(to interpreter)

Now tell him that. See if you can jog his memory.

Petrescu leans to his left and whispers in the ear of the Interpreter who now speaks for him.

INTERPRETER

I only stole from the victim. I never touched him.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Ask him if he saw who did, then?

Interpreter repeats the question and continues to reply for Petrescu.

INTERPRETER

I saw somebody running away from the car park when I entered. The reason his blood is on my sleeve is because I went through his pockets. I thought the victim was drunk when I saw him lying on the ground.

JOHNSON

Aye. Pull the other one, big man. You must have seen blood pouring out of his head as you were robbing him.

The Detectives share a significant glance.

PEARSON

Did I hear correctly that you saw him lying on the ground before you decided to rob him?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

I thought that he'd fallen over while drunk.

JOHNSON

What, even though you saw someone legging it from the crime scene?

PEARSON

Ask him if that was before he saw someone running away, or afterwards?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

After.

JOHNSON

The person you saw running away was he Male, or female? Tall, or short? Did this person have anything in their hand?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

His face was covered, and his baseball cap was pulled over his eyes.

PEARSON

What colour was his baseball cap?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Black.

JOHNSON

Describe to us exactly what you saw?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He was tall and slim. The only other person I saw was the woman who arrested me. I never saw anyone else.

PEARSON

Ask him if he saw her arrive?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Yes. I watched her speak to him. She looked angry.

JOHNSON

What'd you mean, angry?

Same action As before.

INTERPRETER

She was shouting at him.

PEARSON

Would this be the same woman who arrested you?

Petrescu panics as he shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

Yes, but I never killed him. Speak to the woman. She knows I never killed him. He was alive when I robbed him.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

JOHNSON

You said the person you saw when you entered the car park was a he. How can you possibly know that if you couldn't see this person's face?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

I just thought that.

DUTY SOLICITOR

I'd like to speak to the suspect if I may?

PEARSON

OK. We'll take a short break. And take his statement while you're at it. And I want it in English.

They get to their feet.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

Pearson stares down at the victim's possessions spread across her desk.

She picks up the pearl earring and hands it to him.

DCI MUST

What'd you make of this?

He studies it carefully.

PEARSON

A pearl earring.

DCI MUST

Yes, I know what it is, Steve. I'm not daft. I just want to know what you make of it, that's all.

He shakes his head then hands it back to her.

She unscrews it to reveal a micro spy camera.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look, a video camera. Take it to the tech guys. I want to know exactly what's on it. It may lead us to what actually happened in that car park.

PEARSON

I read Carruthers statement. She's states that Roman Steel was dead when she entered the car park. But the suspect contradicts her statement. He's saying he saw her talking to him beforehand.

DCI MUST

That's not unusual. She might have been attempting to see if he was lucid.

PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

(stands up)

We need to find that weapon.

PEARSON

(irked)

We're looking, Anthea. We've had that NCP closed off all morning.

DCI MUST

It must be in there somewhere.

PEARSON

I know.

DCI MUST

Speak to DC Carruthers again. She might have seen what he done with it.

PEARSON

There's no mention of a weapon in her report. I'll get Johnson onto it. He has a way with women.

DCI MUST

Good. And make sure you get the guys to check every vehicle inside that car park before you let them leave.

PEARSON

That's what they're doing.

She shows him a satisfied look before he exits.

INT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kicker stands in front of the UOC.

UOC

(vexed)

How on earth did this happen, DC Carruthers?

KICKER

It fell out of my ear while I was positioned upside down on the pole.

UOC

We'll just have to shut it down. I hope that earring hasn't fallen into the wrong hands, Carruthers, or you'll be dismissed.

KICKER

It was definitely in Roman Steel's possession when he left the club, sir. I searched him myself. He didn't have it on him.

UOC

OK. Report back to your station until further notice. In the meantime do not speak to anyone about this, do you understand?

KICKER

Yes sir.

UOC

Get out.

She exits.

He sits down at his desk and picks up the phone.

UOC (CONT'D)

Get me DCI Anthea Must at Soho Police Station.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY.

Lenny Steel sits behind the wheel. Mechanic sits in the back when Johnson opens the passenger door and climbs in.

Mechanic is handed a black sports bag before he climbs out and shuts the door behind him.

JOHNSON

It's all there- four kilos.

Lenny Steel remains silent.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I had to pull a lot strings to get that lot back. Show some appreciation. I'm putting my neck on the line for you.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah I know. Thanks.

(pauses)

What else have you got for me?

JOHNSON

Well, as it happens, it turns out your Roman had a pearl earring in his possession.

LENNY STEEL

So what?

JOHNSON

Well it's not just an earring. It's actually a piece of surveillance equipment, the same ones undercover operations use.

Lenny Steel stares out the window and shakes his head in dismay.

LENNY STEEL

What the fuck was my Roman doing with a surveillance camera?

JOHNSON

Was he at the club last night?

LENNY STEEL

Yeah, otherwise he wouldn't have been in the soddin' car park, would he? I mean, it ain't rocket science, is it? Even I can work that out, and I never went to university and studied criminal psychology!

JOHNSON

Awright-awright. But I reckon he was ringing you to warn you about that earring and where it came from before someone got to him.

LENNY STEEL

D' you reckon you can you get
your hands on it?

JOHNSON

Not a chance.

LENNY STEEL

Well you managed to get my
Charlie back, and that was in the
hands of the drug squad, weren't
it?

JOHNSON

I know. But that was different. I
had someone on the inside who
owed me a favour.

LENNY STEEL

Did he?

JOHNSON

Aye. And if your club is under
surveillance the earring will be
sent to whoever is conducting an
operation to shut you down.

A protracted silence as Lenny Steel ruminates.

LENNY STEEL

(realises)

He must've stumbled across
something. You're right. Your lot
are trying to fuck me over!

JOHNSON

Let me find out what's going on
before you start getting all
paranoid, Len.

LENNY STEEL

What about this suspect of yours?
What's he been saying?

JOHNSON

He's saying he never laid a hand
on him. He's saying that he
thought he was drunk and that's
why he took the opportunity to go
through his pockets.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah alright. If you believe that you'll believe anything.

JOHNSON

We need to find the murder weapon before we can charge him.

LENNY STEEL

Hand him over to me for five minutes, I'll get it out of him.

JOHNSON

He cannae speak any English. He's Bulgarian.

LENNY STEEL

Well in that case, I'll hire a fuckin' interpretor, wonni?!

INT. CAFE - DAY

Kicker and Shelley step over to a quiet table seat by the window clutching their cappuccinos.

Before she sits down Kicker slides off her black leather bomber then makes herself comfortable in a seat as she searches her partner's eyes for clarity.

KICKER

So, are you going to tell me the truth, or not?

Shelley sighs as her eyes wander around the empty coffee shop.

SHELLEY

Yes I am. Ok. Guilty.

She throws up her hands.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

There. Now you know. It was me.

Kicker gawks in shock and almost spills her coffee all over nice white denims.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I never meant to kill him, did I?
I just wanted to hurt him, badly,
to let him know he cannot fuck
with us. I wanted to disable him
for when you got there, so you
could get it back off him.

KICKER

No shit.

Kicker leans forward, deeply taken aback by Shelley's sudden confession.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know what to say,
Shelley. I'm distraught.

Shelley sits back in her seat and casually crosses her long legs and smiles pleasingly.

Kicker stares at her completely shocked.

SHELLEY

When I saw him I felt angry
because of what he did to you.

KICKER

Oh Shelley. Not in some
ridiculous ad hoc scenario,
surely? What you did to him was
totally uncalled for.

SHELLEY

I had your back, remember?

KICKER

Were you seen?

SHELLEY

No. I was completely alone. There
wasn't a soul down there but me.
I made sure of that before I
attacked him.

KICKER

What about the homeless guy?

SHELLEY

Oh yeah. I saw him as I was leaving. But I had my scarf pulled over my face. He wouldn't be able to identify me. Plus I was wearing my baseball cap.

Kicker's pale face paints a different picture entirely as she stares across the table at her.

KICKER

Did you know there's a camera down there?

SHELLEY

It doesn't matter... they'll never connect us to his murder, will they?

KICKER

Says you.

SHELLEY

Stop panicking. I did it for you. We had to get even with that bastard. He would've blown the whole operation.

KICKER

What did you use?

SHELLEY

A piece of broken concrete that he tripped over with. Why?

KICKER

Oh my god! Why did you leave it there? For fuck sake, Shelley.

SHELLEY

Because he tripped over it. I told you I never meant to kill him. I just wanted to make it look like he smashed his head when he fell - An accident.

Kicker sits quietly aghast.

KICKER

I put it back inside the pavement, didn't I? Why didn't you let me know that before I got there? If they discover my dabs on that piece of concrete I'm fucking toast...

She takes long, deep breaths.

SHELLEY

I told you, I never meant to kill him.

KICKER

Shit! Did you wear gloves?

SHELLEY

Yes, I did.

Kicker blows out her cheeks, during her mini panic.

KICKER

You'll just have to go and get it. My fucking dabs are all over it.

SHELLEY

I know. And I will.

KICKER

That was really stupid to intervene in that way, Shelley. I'll be up on a murder charge when they realise what he was attacked with. I'm complicit now. I'm so angry. I never had you down for being vicious.

SHELLEY

Well, you shouldn't have touched it, should you?

(sighs)

You must have known. I know you, and I know you're not stupid, Kicker. Please, don't play the innocent with me. You knew, and that was the reason you consciously put it back. Tell the truth.

KICKER

I don't know, Shelley. You're probably right. You always are. But we have to get it before Crime Scene do.

SHELLEY

I said I would. I'll do it, don't worry.

Kicker stares at Shelley with a worried look on her face.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

You see, we do have each other's backs.

KICKER

We do. But we've crossed the line now. I might end up being arrested for murder.

SHELLEY

You need to get your story straight, in case you're questioned.

KICKER

Yeah, I know.

SHELLEY

I'll get it, I promise.

KICKER

I'm going to have to give evidence against that homeless guy who robbed him. He's been charged with Roman's murder, apparently.

She climbs out of her seat and grabs her jacket.

KICKER

I'm going. I've got to get back.

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

Kicker walks towards her vehicle pulling a trolley case.

Johnson pulls up beside her in his BMW. He leans his head out of the window and grins at her.

JOHNSON

Just the lassie I need to speak to. Gotta spare minute?

KICKER

If it's regarding my report, I faxed it over this morning like DI Pearson asked me to.

JOHNSON

It's not that, actually. I just need a quick chat. Two minutes of your time.

KICKER

OK. Make it quick, I've got a rehearsal at the Barbican.

He parks up and climbs out of his vehicle, then winces at her cut lip.

She opens the boot of her car.

JOHNSON

Aww. Nasty that. You should get that stitched. You might end up with an infection.

KICKER

It's fine. Look, what do you want?

JOHNSON

I need a favour.

KICKER

And what's that?

JOHNSON

The victim's father. He's devastated by the loss of his son. He asked me if he could speak to you... off the record like?

She shakes her head defiantly.

KICKER

No chance.

JOHNSON

Look, he's a broken man. He just wants closure, that's all. What harm cannae do?

KICKER

I said I can't. I'm a witness to his murder.

JOHNSON

What if I get him to give you a quick call, then?

KICKER

Take no for an answer. Now is that all? I'm busy.

JOHNSON

Oh c'mon. What harm cannae do? Just tell the poor fella what you saw, that's all.

KICKER

Look, if you really must know, I'm working undercover at his den of iniquity.

JOHNSON

Oh, well. Why didnae say that in the first place? I would have totally understood. No problemo, then. I get it-I get it.

KICKER

And if you breathe one word of this I'll have your fucking balls for breakfast.

JOHNSON

Cool-cool. In what capacity, if you don't mind me asking?

KICKER

I'm working as a dancer. We're gathering info into a drugs trafficking ring linked to a Columbian cartel operating out of Spain and the Netherlands.

A short silence as Johnson nods his head knowingly.

JOHNSON

A pole dancer, eh?

KICKER

That's right. And if you happen to discover a black pearl earring, it belongs the NCA. It fell out of my ear while I was at the pole. It was in Roman Steel's possession before the suspect robbed him.

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Interesting.

KICKER

Why are you laughing? It's not funny, Johnson. I had to give him a private dance to get it back. But he took it too far and busted my lip.

JOHNSON

Ah! So that's how you got the raspberry. It wasnae Petrescu that attacked you, then?

KICKER

That was DI Pearson's assumption. I never said he attacked me. Read my statement if you want to know what happened.

JOHNSON

Why did Roman Steel attack you, again? I just wanna make sure I heard you right the first time.

KICKER

He tried to force his cock into my mouth, so I grabbed his balls so fucking hard, he lashed out at me.

JOHNSON

Aww. So it was you who gave him that nasty scratch down his face, then?

KICKER

Yes, it was... what d' you think?
It fucking hurt. And if you blow
my cover you'll find yourself in
a deep pile of shit with the NCA.
That's a fact.

JOHNSON

Well, just to let you know the
earring is now in our safe
possession.

KICKER

My head's on the chopping block.
I'll most likely be suspended
over this.

JOHNSON

Well, you've always got the
orchestra to fall back on, I
suppose.

KICKER

Ha-ha. Not funny.

JOHNSON

So what's going on at The
Hothouse that shouldnae be, then?

KICKER

Oh, just the usual, you know...
drug dealing, money laundering
etc-etc.

JOHNSON

That bad is it?

KICKER

Yes, it is. And your prime
suspect was the last person to
see Roman alive.

JOHNSON

Aye. That's what I thought.

KICKER

Yeah, well. Alright, like I said,
I've gotta go. I'm late enough.

He lobs his car keys into the air jubilantly and catches
them in his grasp as he grins at her.

She catches his smirk as she climbs into her vehicle.

JOHNSON

Ciao, musical maestro.

KICKER

Oh, fuck off.

EXT. JACK'S WINE BAR - DAY

The sun shines brightly upon off duty detectives Kicker and Shelley Peters. They share a bottle of bubbly from an ice bucket as they absorb the warm aesthetics that surround them.

Lenny Steel pulls up in his Bentley and climbs out. He approaches them with a purpose.

LENNY STEEL

If it ain't the terrible twins.
Shouldn't you two be sliding up
and down my pole?

They look over their shades in question at his unwanted remarks and presence.

KICKER

Very funny- not.

SHELLEY (ASIDE)

Oh no.

He plonks himself down at their table next to Kicker.

LENNY STEEL

So how long have you two been
conspiring to shut me down?

KICKER

We don't know what you're talking
about.

SHELLEY

Yeah... we're just having a quiet
drink. That's hardly conspiring,
is it?

KICKER

It all depends on what he means
by conspiring, Shelley.

LENNY STEEL

Why didn't you tell me you were
Feds before you came marching
into my club pretending to be
pole dancers? Mind you, you're
good at it according to the
punters.

KICKER

Who d' you hear that from?

LENNY STEEL

I've got ears to the ground. But
I'm only interested in who
smashed my boy's skull in at the
moment. And I know it was you,
Medusa, who found him in the car
park with his head smashed in.

KICKER

That's right. But he was already
dead when I got to him.

LENNY STEEL

The thing is, Medusa the noises
I'm hearing is that you spoke to
him before he popped his clogs.

KICKER

I don't know who's been feeding
you that bollocks, but you need
to change your source. You're
being lied to.

LENNY STEEL

If anyone's leading me on I
reckon it's you, Medusa?

KICKER

Who tipped you off, DS Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes hard.

KICKER

(squirms)

Ouch! Get your fucking hands off
me right now, or you'll be facing
an assault charge. I fucking mean
it, Leonardo. Get your hand off
me!

LENNY STEEL

If I find out you're holding out
on me, Medusa trust me, you'll
regret it. Do we understand one
another?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kicker clutches a Barbie and chews her own hair as she cries
at the top of a spiral staircase.

Her alcoholic Mother stands over her.

MOTHER

Get back to bed! Do as you're
told you little wretch!

KICKER

(sobs)

No! I want my Daddy.

MOTHER

You will do as you're told and
get back to bed!

KICKER

I will not! Leave me alone, you
old cow!

Her Mother slaps her across the face and attempts to force
her back inside her bedroom.

Kicker breaks free from her grasp. Her Mother trips and falls
backwards down the stairs.

She screams as she continuously bangs her head on her way to
the bottom.

POV: Her Mother lies twisted. A puddle of blood leaks from a
severe head wound at the bottom.

END FLASHBACK.

SHELLEY

Let her go, Leonardo! She doesn't
know anything. She'd tell you if
she did.

KICKER

I swear if you don't take your
fucking hands off me right now,
you'll be the one regretting it,
I promise you. Now let go of me!

He narrows his eyes upon her as he lets go and climbs to his feet.

LENNY STEEL

I don't wanna see either of you
at my club again. You're barred.

SHELLEY

Ditto!

He grits his teeth and rolls his eyes at them.

LENNY STEEL

I'm watching you, Medusa. That
goes for the pair of you.

He marches off.

KICKER

Fuck. That was scary. For a
second there I thought he was
going to break my wrist.

SHELLEY

Like father, like son. You should
report this.

KICKER

I am.

INT. DCI ANTREA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY.

DCI Anthea Must sits at her desk. She stares down at a file
on her computer.

Pearson and Johnson enter.

She looks up at them in question with her intelligent blue
eyes and soft gaze.

DCI MUST

Close the door for me please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Right. It turns out that the pearl earring is of concern to the NCA. As I understand it, it involves an undercover operation, involving DC Kicker Carruthers, the off duty detective that apprehended our suspect Roman Petrescu.

Pearson turns his attention to his colleague with a raised brow.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

I've spoken to her. She told me that she dropped the earring during her act. Roman Steel picked it up, and when she asked for it back he wouldn't play ball, unless she did him a sexual turn which turned nasty. He split her lip, and she put the claw mark on his face.

DCI MUST

Well-well. That changes our perspective immeasurably. So that's what blew her cover then?

JOHNSON

Aye.

They nod their heads in agreement.

DCI MUST

Besides that, it's been brought to my attention that she was threatened by Lenny Steel while she was having a lunch with a colleague at a bar in Soho this afternoon.

Johnson shifts uncomfortably.

PEARSON

I wouldn't know anything about that.

DCI MUST

Now, before I get sidetracked, remind me where we are with the investigation, Steve, if you would be so kind?

PEARSON

We're making progress. It's a bit of a slow burner, but we are getting there.

He leans back on his heels, his hand sifts the loose change inside his trouser pocket.

DCI MUST

In that case give me a rundown of everything you have on Roman Petrescu?

PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

He's wanted back home for raping Zara Souicek, a sixteen year old girl from Velingrad. And he was supposed to have been deported after a sexual assault on a female passenger when he was working for a well-known private hire firm under another name.

DCI MUST

I see.

PEARSON

It's just a case of locating the weapon he attacked him with. Everything else fits into place. He murdered Roman Steel before he robbed him, of that I'm in no doubt. He's got Roman's DNA all over him, and vice versa.

DCI MUST

Are you perfectly sure, Steve? What if he is innocent?

PEARSON

He has a motive, Anthea - Robbery.

DCI MUST

DC Kicker Carruthers has a better one by all accounts. Look, I need to present a solid case to the CPS before we can actually charge him with murder. And you know what they're like, Steve. They want the evidence etched in stone.

PEARSON

Yep. I know. But he's your archetypal criminal. He's wanted in Bulgaria for a string of other offences as well.

DCI MUST

So what have you actually charged him with at this moment in time?

PEARSON

Robbery with intent to harm, plus assaulting a police officer which he vehemently denies. We're still analysing the CCTV images from inside the NCP.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Well, we can't charge him with that, Steve. Not now we know who busted Kicker's lip.

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

What about witnesses? Has anyone come forward at all?

Pearson shrugs his shoulders and looks up at the ceiling in wonder.

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image of Roman Steel face lying down on the broken pavement with a gash to the left side of his skull.

She slides the image across her desk. Pearson picks up the image and stares at it.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Now, can either of you blind sods
tell me what's going on in this
image that was taken by Crime
Scene?

They study the image and puff out their cheeks in dismay.

She shakes her head at them and sighs irritably.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look closer.

They look at her during their dismay.

JOHNSON

With respect, it's just an image
of the victim lying on the ground
with a fatal head wound.

Pearson steps back and sniggers at Johnson's off-the-cuff
remark.

DCI MUST

I know that, you fool!

She leaps out of her chair and marches around her desk.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look at the pavement for heaven's
sake. It's cracked.

(points)

See! There!

Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

PEARSON

So it is.

DCI MUST

I want somebody down there quick
smart. Take it up and get it
straight over to forensics,
before it's repaired, if it
hasn't been already.

Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

PEARSON

Woah! Hold on a minute, Anthea.
You're way out of line there.

JOHNSON

I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST

Oh, am I? Am I, Steve? Because if a piece of that slab of broken concrete turns out to be the murder weapon there are only two people I can see that are way out of line, and I'm not one of them.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(to DS Johnson)

And you, get somebody over to The Hothouse. Take a look at the CCTV and see if anything unusual went on before the victim left the club. After all, he had a valuable piece of equipment in his pocket which Roman Petrescu never blinked an eyelid at. There may be another angle we should be taking.

Johnson shakes his head and puffs out his cheeks, before he opens the door and leaves.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And close the flipping door this time.

She returns her attention to Pearson.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Steve, but you're off the case. I'm not sure if you're completely on top of your game at the moment. I sense your head is in other places which may lead to mistakes.

PEARSON

Mistakes? that's a laugh. What, because of that oversight?

DCI MUST

I know your father has just passed away, so it must be difficult for you right now.

PEARSON

You could say that.

DCI MUST

I'm arranging for your secondment. You're a bloody decent detective, Steve. I think your talents are wasted on this one. Your expertise will be greatly appreciated over at Camberwell. There's a gang war going on involving local drug lords. You'll be working with Trident. It shouldn't be for too long. They have a number of suspects under obs. When this is over I'd like to have you back here with me.

He storms out of her office and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE RECEPTION - DAY

Two smartly dressed DETECTIVES; one female, the other a dark pigmented male who looks like he just graduated from university enter

Lenny Steel exits his office followed by his enforcer, Mechanic.

LENNY STEEL

What's going on? Who the fuck are you?

The two unphased Detectives look at one another and wait for one another to speak, before the female Detective takes the lead.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

We need to look at the CCTV from the night of your son's murder.

LENNY STEEL

Oh. Right. Mechanic will show you where it is. If you ask him nicely he'll even play it back for you. But just to let you know in advance, I've already looked at the footage from that night, and my boy definitely did follow that Medusa when she came off the floor. He left the club fifteen minutes after that holding his face.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Did you look to see if he was followed out of the club?

LENNY STEEL

Snow Leopard left two minutes before my Roman, then she left ten minutes after.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Thanks. We'll check that out.

Mechanic leads them up the flight of carpeted steps.

Lenny Steel walks back inside his office and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. NCP - LIT

Shelley enters the reopened NCP dressed in a hoodie and black lycra, disguising her identity from cameras.

She creeps down the dimly lit stairwell that leads down to the dimly lit kiosk, then pushes the glass panelled door open and stealthily makes her way towards the crime scene.

To her horror the pavement containing the broken slab has been removed and replaced with a new one.

She gasps and puts her hand to her mouth, then immediately exits the car park through the kiosk, and out onto the street.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

Kicker sits behind the wheel of her vehicle dressed in a red hoodie sweater and baseball cap.

The door opens and Shelley climbs onto the passenger seat.

Kicker stares at her in wonder and shakes her head.

KICKER

Where is it?

Shelley shakes her head and takes a deep breath.

SHELLEY

It's not there. It's been
replaced.

Kicker bangs her fist on the steering wheel and refrains from
screaming.

KICKER

That's it then, we're going to be
nicked, Shelley.

SHELLEY

Might not be. Maybe it was
reported and then replaced by the
NCP.

KICKER

I don't believe this. We're going
to find out soon enough, aren't
we?

Shelley puts a hand lightly on Kicker's shoulder to pacify
her.

SHELLEY

I'm so sorry.

The tears roll down Kicker's cheeks.

KICKER

I'm not going down for this,
Shelley. I'm innocent. If it
turns out we get arrested you'll
have to tell them the truth about
what happened and say that you
never meant to kill him.

SHELLEY

I said I will. I would never
throw you under the bus, Kicker.
I love you too much to let that
happen.

Kicker turns to face her as she wipes the tears from her eyes.

KICKER

D' you mean that?

SHELLEY

Yes.

Kicker restarts the engine.

KICKER

C'mon, let's go back to my flat.
I need a stiff drink.

SHELLEY

Good idea. Me too.

INT. CRIME LAB - LIT

A balding police forensics ASSISTANT dressed in a white jacket leads DCI Must towards the broken concrete slab of pavement.

ASSISTANT

So, as I said to you on the
phone, we have traced minute
specs of blood spatter on the
jagged edge, and the inner part
of one of the segments of
interest to you.

He casually picks up his tongs and clasps the broken segment of pavement.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

As you can see it's around the
size of an adults hand.

He then turns it to show her the gritted jagged edge.

ASSISTANT

The edge is rough and quite sharp. We also matched this piece with the laceration wound to the victim's temporal bone. The good news is that this is uncontestable, since this piece of the slab contains a positive outcome regarding the victim's DNA. We have also discovered DNA for his potential assailant.

DCI Must gasps and punches the air jubilantly as she smiles pleasantly.

DCI MUST (ASIDE)

Finally, we have something positive.

He gazes at her, taken aback by her sudden burst of joy.

ASSISTANT

So in all, there are four separate prints on this segment to suggest a grab and hold position which I will show you.

She raises a discombobulated brow this time.

DCI MUST

Excellent.

He turns over the segment to show her the underside that is covered with a thin layer of sandy earth and grit that has four horizontal smudged fingerprints.

ASSISTANT

So here is the set of four prints that presumably are the assailant's.

He demonstrates this by picking up another segment of the concrete slab, then showing her how it may be used as a weapon.

She observes with interest.

DCI MUST

But can we definitely say the perpetrator handled this piece of concrete?

He places the sample segment back in the slab.

ASSISTANT

As I just explained to you we have a set of prints to prove the assailant handled this segment on at least one occasion, before and after the victim was struck.

DCI MUST

Do these fingerprints belong to our prime suspect, Mario Petrescu?

He shakes his head.

ASSISTANT

We found nothing to link your prime suspect to this segment of the pavement.

DCI MUST

What, no DNA?

ASSISTANT

Nothing at all.

She sighs her despair.

DCI MUST

I see. Have you found a match?

ASSISTANT

Whoever handled this piece of concrete is not yet in our database.

He picks up the tongs and show her the segment again.

DCI MUST

That's a bugger.

ASSISTANT

This will be of interest to you. We also found black acrylic fibres. I would suggest a knitted glove.

DCI MUST

But doesn't that contradict how many perpetrators were at the crime scene, then?

ASSISTANT

It could be that when the pavement was dug up and brought here it was handled by someone wearing black woollen gloves? That would propose a slight problem because of cross contamination.

DCI MUST

But Crime Scene always wear forensic gloves when they handle anything that might be used for evidence.

ASSISTANT

Remember, he was only struck once as his injuries suggest. My prognosis is that the assailant handled this segment of pavement. It is possible that a second assailant then slotted it back inside the pavement, after he was struck by the first assailant. Remember, only one strike, one laceration wound which ultimately caused his death. The contusion to his mandible and sinciput most likely occurred when he fell to the ground.

He prepares to slot the segment of pavement back inside the slab.

DCI MUST

Incredible.

ASSISTANT

But wait for it. The damning piece of evidence that I think will produce a guilty verdict from a jury is the green nail polish we traced on the topside of the segment which I am going to show you on the computer.

He walks over to a table with a desktop computer switched on.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Follow me.

She puffs out her cheeks and ruminates as she follows him towards the flashing computer screen.

DCI MUST
Nail polish? Did I hear you
correctly?

He sits down at the desktop computer.

ASSISTANT
Yes, you did. Lime green nail
polish to be exact.

She immediately takes out her phone and makes a call.

DCI MUST
Just give me for a moment.

He brings up the images of a three-dimensional segment, and the highlighted lime green nail varnish on the topside of the diagram.

She steps away and speaks on the phone.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Ah, Johnson. Read Petrescu his
rights and charge him with
robbery, then get somebody to
take him back to Hendon. He can
stew there for a bit, before we
deport him.
(listens)
Just do it, for heaven's sake!

She ends the call and turns back to the forensic assistant.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
(aside)
Imbecile.
(pauses)
Now, where were we?

She stands over him as he moves the mouse around the computer screen.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - DAY

A glorious sunshine beams down upon the beautifully landscaped garden as Lenny Steel stands at the barbecue, spatula in hand.

His apron shows a map of Cyprus. He sports a red baseball cap turned backwards.

He turns over fillet steaks as his twin daughters ABIGAIL and BETHANY 26 approach with the overactive grandchildren, BENNY 3 and JULIETTA 4.

ABIGAIL

Hi, Daddy.

LENNY STEEL

Alright babe.

BETHANY

Hello, dad.

LENNY STEEL

Hello, sweetheart.

He kisses them, then picks up the grandchildren and gives them a big cuddly hug, before he lets them run off towards the swing at the end of the garden.

And as young Benny chases his cousin Julietta around the swing his daughters sit themselves down at the table with a glass of wine.

The conversation mutes when they are joined by Helena.

Lenny Steel picks up a magnum of champagne from the ice bucket and pours it into the empty flutes, before he raises a toast.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

(solemnly)

To Roman. We all miss you son.

They clink glasses.

Helena's eyes quickly well up. He walks around the table and puts an arm around her shoulder and comforts her.

BETHANY

Have you heard anything yet, when they're going to release Roman's body?

LENNY STEEL

Not yet. It shouldn't be too long now. They keep saying we have to wait until everything has been cleared up.

HELENA

(tearfully)

I just want my son home, so he can have a decent burial like he deserves.

ABIGAIL

It's alright, Mum, don't worry, he will. It won't be long now.

BETHANY

How's the investigation going, did they tell you, dad?

LENNY STEEL

They've banged up a Bulgarian. But they still can't find the murder weapon, so the CPS won't give 'em the go-ahead to charge the ponce.

They tuck in to the food.

Beat.

The sun disappears over the horizon.

Lenny Steel's phone bleeps. He leaves the table to answer the call.

LENNY STEEL

(on phone)

When did this happen-? OK. Thanks for getting in touch- I will.

He looks at the sky bearing a worried expression on his face.

EXT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kicker and Shelley stroll along the street when they're confronted by an unperturbed DCI Must and Johnson.

KICKER

(brightly)

Morning, ma'am.

They stop and join in a conversation.

DCI MUST

Morning, DC Kicker Carruthers, and DC Shelley Peters, isn't it?

SHELLEY

Yes.

DCI Must looks down and spots Kicker's painted lime green nail polish.

DCI MUST

I'd like to apologise for blowing your cover with regards to the undercover shenanigans at The Hothouse. I understand you lost a vital piece of surveillance equipment whilst on the job.

KICKER

That's right. But you have it now.

DCI MUST

Yes, we do. It was discovered after Roman Steel was struck across the head with a piece of concrete slab taken from the pavement inside the NCP where he was murdered.

KICKER

I know. I discovered his body.

DCI MUST

So, then, maybe you can you tell me why he stormed out of The Hothouse after you scratched his face?

KICKER

(eyes Johnson)

Hasn't he told you? He tried to take liberties with me. I told him where to get off.

DCI MUST

Were you aware that he had the earring in his possession at the time?

KICKER

Yes, of course I was. That's why I gave him a private dance in the first place. He said he'd give it back if I performed for him.

DCI MUST

I see. It's a bit strange that he just so happened to be struck over the head in the same NCP that you use to park your vehicle. Did you play a part in his murder, Kicker?

KICKER

(concerned)

No! I don't understand. What are you getting at?

DCI Must steps closer and looks her straight in the eye.

DCI MUST

I think you know exactly what I'm getting at, don't you? You murdered him to retrieve the pearl earring. But when you realised you were not alone in that car park, you tried to blame Roman Petrescu.

SHELLEY

(interjects)

That's not true. Kicker was with me all night.

DCI MUST

Oh shut up, you silly woman!

KICKER

I was the one who found him!

DCI MUST

Then explain to us how your dabs and your nail varnish so happen to be on the slab of concrete that he was struck with? And black fibres too, DC Shelley Peters?

Shelley gasps.

KICKER

I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't murder him if that's what you think.

SHELLEY

Ridiculous assumption.

DCI MUST

That maybe so. But I'm arresting you both in connection with the murder of Roman Steel.

(to Johnson)

Read them their rights, DS Johnson. We'll take them in for questioning as we're all in one place now.

JOHNSON

I'm sorry lassies, but you do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

SHELLEY

But it isn't true! We didn't do it!

KICKER

Yeah, alright, Johnson. I know the drill, you fucking flub!

JOHNSON

Flub?

KICKER

Yeah. Flub. Look it up.

He ushers Kicker back inside the police station.

DCI Must grabs Shelley by the arm and leads her towards the nick.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Storm clouds gather as FAMILY MOURNERS stand around a open grave.

The PRIEST stands with the Great Book in the palms of his open hands.

One-thousand RED ROSES decorate the scene as they are released from a light aircraft above as the casket is carefully lowered into the ditch.

The Priest looks up at the sight of the petals raining down, before he begins to recite a passage from 5 John 14:1-3:

PRIEST

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me so that you also may be where I am.

HELENA SAVVA

(hysterically)

Oh no! Roman, please don't leave me! My son! Oh no, Roman!

She attempts to jump into the open grave as a watchful Lenny Steel steadies her.

The Priest drops earth onto the coffin, during Committal as the lamenting drowns out his voice.

PRIEST

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

DCI Must, DS Johnson and Kicker sit at a table.

DCI Must switches on a tablet then turns it to face Kicker as she sits with a worried expression and her arms folded.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

Roman Steel has his phone to ear and swaggers through the NCP.

The dim light from the lift shaft shows him dropping the phone inside his jacket pocket, before he trips and stumbles on the broken pavement, then smashes his head down on the concrete.

As he attempts to climb to his feet a dark shadow appears over him and strikes him across the skull, before the Shadow disappears.

He lies in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE.

DCI Must pauses the CCTV frame and turns back to Kicker.

DCI MUST

So, who is that? I can see it's not you.

KICKER

No idea.

DCI MUST

Is it Shelley Peters?

KICKER

(shakes head)

No.

DCI MUST

What makes you so sure, Kicker?

KICKER

I know it's not her, that's all.

DCI MUST

Explain how, though?

KICKER

Because she left the club thirty minutes before me. You would know that if you had looked at the CCTV from that night.

JOHNSON

We have. She left twelve minutes before you, Kicker.

DCI MUST

Explain to us how your nail
polish came to be on that segment
of pavement used strike the
victim?

Kicker drops her arms in frustration.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And that doesn't exclude your
fingerprints either. Your dabs
were also found on the same
segment of pavement.

JOHNSON

You cannae have one without the
other.

DCI Must runs the footage once more.

CCTV:

Mario Petrescu comes into view. He looks around, before he
kneels down and slides off the victim's watch and gold ring.
He then rips off his chain and pendant attached, before he
dips his hand through his pockets and takes everything
inside.

He then stops and looks around like a cat caught in a
headlight, before he disappears out of sight.

Moments later Kicker comes into view. She kneels down beside
the victim and stealthily slides the missing segment of
pavement back into place, beneath his head.

She then adjusts his head to cover the broken slab, before
she goes through his pockets.

DCI Must looks across the table with a raised brow.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

What have you got to say for
yourself now, Carruthers?

Kicker throws her head in her hands and runs her fingers
through her hair.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

It was Shelley who struck him,
wasn't it? Before you slipped it
back inside the slab. Isn't that
what happened, Kicker?

KICKER

I'll tell you exactly what happened.

DCI MUST

Let's hear it, then.

KICKER

I was walking towards my vehicle when I almost tripped over the pavement. So I picked it up and placed it back where I knew it'd come from, because I was already aware the pavement was cracked. I was intending to report it to the car park attendant, but I just hadn't got around to it.

JOHNSON

Aye, that may be the case. But the video doesnae show any evidence of you tripping over it.

DCI MUST

Besides, if that is to be believed as you say, Carruthers, then why did you adjust Roman's head to conceal the fact that it was broken? Why didn't you just leave his head where it was, instead of interfering with a crime scene?

A protracted silence as she ruminates.

KICKER

I didn't know if he was dead at that time, did I? I just thought he'd fallen over. Anyway, I wasn't going to leave it right there, was I? How was I to know if he'd been struck over the head, or not?

DCI MUST

Oh c'mon. That's not true, is it?
You attempted to conceal the
murder weapon. You knew darn well
that he was struck with it. He
was lying in a pool of his own
blood for heaven's sake. Did you
do it out of shame, or was it
rage?

A protracted silence.

KICKER

OK. I want to execute my right to
a solicitor. I'm not saying
another word.

DCI MUST

Fair enough. But I must ask you
this - what on earth inspired you
to cover up his murder? If he
attacked you, as you say he did,
you could have had him arrested
for assaulting a police officer?

KICKER

I was undercover, or have you
forgotten?

DCI MUST

You needed to reclaim that pearl
earring before your commander
found out that you'd blown cover.
Am I right?

KICKER

I'm not saying another word.

DCI MUST

Right then.

DCI Must and Johnson get to their feet.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have lied to
us, Carruthers. You're a silly
woman. We have enough evidence to
have you locked up for at least
fifteen years.

Kicker sits with her head in her hands as they exit.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT

Lenny Steel stands proudly in bib and tucker at the head of a solid oak dining table as he clutches a flute of champagne.

Also seated at the table a hand-picked group of guests that consist of his confidant, James Johnson and his beautiful Thai wife. Mechanic, Dev Bakshi and his pretty Colombian wife, and Zane Delgado. Lenny's bearded brief, and three highly respected brothers.

Helena gives him a quick nudge and he taps his crystal glass with a butter knife to gain their attention.

The room quietens before he clears his throat to speak.

LENNY STEEL

First of all, thank you all for coming this evening. It means a lot. As some of you already know this will be the very last dinner party that my wife and I will be hosting here at Longmoor Manor.

A momentary murmur as his guests absorb his statement of fact.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

No but seriously, I really do appreciate you all being here. To be honest I wasn't sure if some of you would actually turn up, particularly after everything that's been going on over the last few months.

(hesitates)

You know you all mean the world to me. But then I s'pose you knew that anyway, otherwise you wouldn't be here.

Murmurs and sniffles.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

No, but all jokes aside, you all know I've never been ashamed of where I came from. Some of you might know that I was raised in a one room bedsit in the east end of London. God only knows how I ended up here. I do have to ask myself that question sometimes, particularly when I reflect on what I've achieved in life.

He looks up at the crystal chandelier with watery eyes.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

My ol' man used to be a docker down at the east London docks.

Dev Bakshi leans over and whispers into the ear of Zane Delgado who grins mischievously.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

But I can tell you all something for nothing, it wasn't handed to me on a silver plate, you can be certain of that. And I didn't win it in no raffle neither. I got here through hard graft and selling things... a love of money. But also knowing where to invest that money has been key to building my family's security. And like all of you here I've given back to society, not only through paying my taxes, but through supporting people whenever and wherever I can. I'm proud to say I've paid my dues in more ways than one.

He pauses again as he looks at everyone around the table.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

But I never would've guessed all that hard work and philanthropy would've been repaid to me, and my wife Helen; God bless her, by taking our son from us in the manner that he was. It just goes to show that you can never take anything for granted in this world. And I will never make the mistake of doing that again, because when it comes to your flesh and blood there's nothing that can destroy you more than losing a child.

Helena grabs his free arm and gently squeezes.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

Overall, I s'pose I shouldn't really complain, because this country has been good to me in other ways. Many of you know me as a man who doesn't suffer fools, but Helena and I are going to put all that behind us when we take on our new way of life, away from the bright lights and darkness of our recent memories here in the UK. We're leaving for an easier life, and hopefully do the things that whatever time we have left will allow us to do together. But I will continue to support those charities that are close to mine and Helen's hearts.

He raises his glass as Helena stands beside him with a tear in her eye.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

That just leaves me to say a warm thank you to you all. And good luck!

They raise a toast.

Lenny Steel acknowledges their applause as a tearful Helen proudly squeezes his arm.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - NIGHT

A marquee and bar is situated perpendicular to a jazz quartet.

Lenny Steel spots Mechanic standing alone by the conservatory doors, so he joins him and pulls him to one side.

He puts his arm around Mechanic's shoulder. Dev Bakshi and Zane Delgardo observe from inside the marquee.

DEV BAKSHI

The only way he's leaving this country is in a box, I tell ya, bro. No one turns their back on the cartels where we come from.

Lenny Steel speaks quietly in Mechanic's ear.

LENNY STEEL

I need you to do me a huge favour, after I leave for Cyprus.

Mechanic nods his head to confirm he is listening.

MECHANIC

Yeah. Sure. What is it, Lenny?

LENNY STEEL

That fuckin' detective Medusa.

MECHANIC

Oh yeah?

LENNY STEEL

I'm hearing the case against her is too weak. There's a chance she might walk. I want her ironed out if she does.

MECHANIC

Yeah-yeah. Sure.

LENNY STEEL

I need justice for my boy. I can't have anyone walking away without so much as a black mark against their name, can I? She's just as guilty as the other one in my book.

MECHANIC

Just leave it with me.

LENNY STEEL

But try and make it look like suicide or something. I don't want any weapons used, otherwise they'll just come back at us, and I can do without any of that where I'm going.

MECHANIC

Yeah-yeah. I'll see to it. No weapons.

LENNY STEEL

100K now, and another 100K after it's done.

MECHANIC

Yeah-yeah. No worries, Lenny.

LENNY STEEL

Good man. You're the only one I can trust to get it done.

INT. CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Wig and gowns furnish a packed courtroom.

Seated in the dock, defendants Kicker Carruthers and Shelley Peters await their fate.

Two stone faced looking female WARDENS of Court stand directly behind them with their arms folded.

Lenny Steel and his tearful wife Helena are seated behind the prosecution while DCI Must and James Johnson sit close to them.

Kicker's father, Dom and Shelley's family congregate in the public gallery, alongside journalists and reporters.

The ageing JUDGE looks over the rim of his bifocals and turns towards the defendants.

JUDGE

Would the defendants please stand up.

Kicker and Shelley get to their feet and side-eye each other with bated breath.

The Judge turns his attention to the jury, made up of eight women and four men of all creeds and cultures.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Will the jury foreperson please stand.

A fuzzy haired male foreperson gets to his feet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In the case of the Crown versus Shelley Peters on indictment 2, have you reached a verdict?

The foreperson nods his head.

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict on indictment 2?

The courtroom quietens to the sound of a pin drop.

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

A cacophony of gasps, cheers, and sobs erupt from the public gallery, as the prosecution and their teams celebrate with handshakes and wide grins.

Lenny steel punches the air in jubilation.

The Judge taps his gavel for the courtroom to quieten.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict on indictment 1?

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

The judge continues to tap his gavel as more gasps echo inside the courtroom.

Shelley breaks down and sobs.

JUDGE

Shelley Peters, you have been found guilty on indictments 1 & 2, of the wilful murder of Roman Steel. You will remain in custody, until such time you'll be sentenced.

Kicker glances her agape.

The Judge focuses his eyes on the Warden standing behind her and quietly nods his head.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Take her down.

Shelley is promptly ushered out of the courtroom by one of the Wardens.

He turns back to the Foreperson.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In the case of the Crown versus Kiki Jane Carruthers on indictment 2, have you reached your verdict?

Kicker stares at the foreperson in anticipation of his utterance.

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

A sudden hush inside the courtroom for a second time.

FOREPERSON

Not guilty.

The courtroom erupts.

Stunned gasps and murmurs of discontent as a surprised Kicker lets out a huge gasp and then sobs into her hands.

She looks up at the public gallery and covers her mouth in surprise as she does so.

The Prosecution shake their heads in shock and dismay.

Lenny steel snarls and scowls.

The Judge hits the gavel.

JUDGE

Kiki Jane Carruthers you have
been found not guilty by the
Crown. You are now free to leave
the courtroom.

Lenny Steel glares across the courtroom at her with a deathly glare.

EXT. CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Paparazzi and TV reporters congregate by the exit as Kicker, bearing a huge grin appears with her father Dom at her side

Lenny Steel appears behind her with his wife who gives her the evil eye, before they climb into a waiting taxi.

A flurry of reporters quickly encroach and flash their expensive cameras at her, causing her to squint and shy away.

A TV reporter stuffs a microphone under her nose.

REPORTER#1

Kiki? Kicker, do you feel
vindicated?

Kicker stares into the camera with her sparkling green eyes and smiles.

KICKER

Yes I do, as a matter of fact.
I've maintained my innocence from
day one. I wasn't involved in the
murder of Roman Steel. The jury
believed that.

REPORTER#2

Why'd you think the jury reached that decision in your case, but not with your colleague, Shelley Peters?

KICKER

Like I've said all along, the only reason my fingerprints were on that segment of the pavement was because it was causing an obstruction. I simply put it back where it came out of. Who wouldn't have done the same as me?

REPORTER#3

What will you do now this is all over, Kicker? Will you ask to be reinstated?

KICKER

Yes, I most certainly will. Now, please, will you excuse us?

She throws up her hand and hails a passing taxi, then rushes to climb in and away from the baying press.

INT. KICKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dom stands with his hands inside his trouser pockets as he looks out of the window at the Shard.

Kicker quickly packs a suitcase in the bedroom.

When she's finished, she joins him by the window and makes a call using her mobile phone.

KICKER

(on phone)

Hi. We'd like a taxi from Butlers Wharf to City Airport please-
Straight away if possible-? Yes,
we'll be waiting downstairs-
Thanks.

She ends the call, then grabs her coat.

KICKER (CONT'D)

C'mon, papa, let's go.

He moves away from the window and follows her out the door with a suitcase packed.

Moments later Mechanic presses his thumb down on the camera ring-bell situated on Kickers apartment door and waits.

MECHANIC

We're too late. We've missed her.

Mechanic bemoans to the bearded giant standing next to him.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

I better ring Lenny and let him know.

INT. SACRE BLEU BISTRO - DAY

Kicker and Dom share a candlelit table as an accordion plays "Sous Les Ciel De Paris."

Kicker looks at her father and smiles pleasantly.

KICKER

This is romantic. We should have done this more often.

Kicker tucks into her l'escargot.

DOM

True, we should do this from now on.

He sips from a bowl of consomme.

Kicker watches him.

KICKER

Have you seen her lately?

DOM

Yes. I see her occasionally.

KICKER

Does she still hate my guts?

DOM

No, she does not hate your guts, Kicker. In fact, she wants to see you this time.

KICKER

Has she's finally forgiven me,
then?

DOM

She forgave you a long time ago,
Kicker. You just need to believe
that. It's about time you got rid
of that chip on your shoulder.

(sips consomme)

She is very proud to hear of what
you have achieved in England.

KICKER

Has she?

DOM

Yes she has, and she is. So
please, cut her some slack. You
only have one mother. I've been
keeping her informed of your
career choices, like your
wonderful concert at the
Barbican.

He places his spoon down on the table as he finishes his
soup.

DOM

She sobbed into my shoulder when
I told her how proud I was to
watch you perform with your
cello. She begged me not to let
you go back to England without
saying goodbye. She misses you
deeply, Kicker. Please visit
before you fly back. Just to say
hello and then goodbye. What harm
can it do?

Kicker swallows a mouthful of Beaujolais nouveau.

KICKER

OK. I will. But only if you come
with me.

Dom is taken aback and gasps his approval.

DOM

That goes without saying. Of
course I will come with you, my
dear.

Kicker smiles at him gratefully.

KICKER

I love you, Papa.

She toasts him.

EXT. CHATEAU GARDEN - DAY

Audrey sits confined to a wheelchair in a pretty garden with many flowers and high bushes of her a blue and white painted chateau

Her curly red hair, well lacquered and her thick mascara hides the weariness.

Behind her, Kicker appears in the conservatory and stares through the window at the back of her Mother's head as a single tear drops down her cheek, before she wipes her eyes with the cuff of her green blouse.

Dom appears behind Kicker and quietly ushers her into the garden.

DOM

Come on. Don't be worried, it'll be fine, you'll see.

Audrey spins her wheelchair around and gazes at Kicker with her mouth wide open, before Kicker throws herself down and hugs her with affection and empathy, before they sob uncontrollably into each other's shoulders.

Dom sits down at the garden table and wipes a tear from his eye.

KICKER

I'm sorry. I am so sorry.

MOTHER

Oh, me too, Kicker.

KICKER

I do love you, Mama.

MOTHER

I love you too, my dear. And I want you to forgive me.

KICKER

Yes, of course I forgive you.

97.

They continue to cry into each other's arms.

FADE OUT.

KICKER & THE PEARL EARRING