

THE PEARL EARRING

written & created by

John Stone

(c) 2025

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

A spotlight focuses upon a dinghy, filled to the brim with MIGRANTS of a darker pigment.

The Migrants wave their arms frantically at a large VESSEL that heads towards them at speed as the dinghy bobs up and down up in the water.

Beat.

One by one the Migrants board the vessel, guided by BORDER FORCE OFFICIALS.

The Migrants taken ashore and led towards a large building complex by Border Force Officials.

The dinghy is deflated, then dragged towards a nearby storage facility by Border Force HANDLERS.

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

Two drug enforcement DETECTIVES use binoculars to observe five middle-aged MEN as they carry packages from inside a storage unit and load them on to the back of a WHITE TRANSIT VAN.

DETECTIV#1

The one with the ponytail works for the Columbian cartel. His name is Dev Bakshi - the main player.

DETECTIVE#2

OK.

Their POV: Hispanic DEV BAKSHI (40s), climbs on the back of the vehicle. He is handed a number of packages by ex British marine ROMAN STEEL (28).

DETECTIVE#1 O.S

That's Roman Steel. His ol' man is well-known to us - Lenny Steel. He owns a night club in Soho.

Italian Londoner, JORGIO CROCI (40s), climbs behind the wheel of the white van.

Stout CHARLES BELL (aka BIG BEN 50s), helps to load the vehicle with the remaining packages.

Hispanic ZANE DELGARDO (40) brings down the shutter before he and Charles Bell climb into the passenger side of the white vehicle.

Dev Bakshi bangs his fist on the side panel of the white van.

DEV BAKSHI

OK. Go.

Roman Steel and Dev Bakshi climb into a black 4X4 parked next to the white van. They follow the white van as they drive away.

BACK TO SCENE.

The drug enforcement Detectives climb to their feet.

DETECTIVE#1

Right. Let's check out that storage unit.

They pack their equipment away, then head off.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE - NIGHT

A PIZZA DELIVERY RIDER climbs off his moped, then removes a pizza box from the heated compartment attached.

He carries the pizza box towards a green panelled door, then rings the bell and waits.

An UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE opens the door and grins.

UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE

Ah! Great!

DELIVERY RIDER

Your pizza

He hands the Undercover Detective the pizza, and then a PACKAGE.

The Undercover Detective opens the package, then steps forward as another OFFICER in uniform appears.

UNDERCOVER DETECTIVE

I think you better come with us, son. You've got some explaining to do.

The Delivery Rider lashes out as he attempts to make his escape.

He is quickly brought to the ground by the Officer and cuffed.

DETECTIVE

I'm arresting you for attempting to surply class A to a member of the public. Now get up.

The Delivery Rider is frogmarched towards an unmarked vehicle.

INT. PSYCHOANALYST OFFICE - DAY

Under a dim light pale faced, red head DC KICKER CARRUTHERS (30) sits comfortably upon a leather armchair, opposite a PSYCHOANALYST (40s)

PSYCHOANALYST

Would you say you had a good childhood?

KICKER

Up to a point.

KICKER'S FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A 10 year old freckled face KICKER clutches a Barbie close to her chest as she chews her own hair and whimpers at the top of a spiral staircase.

She looks down at her Mother AUDREY (40s), who lies on a sofa with a bare chested, dark pigmented MAN (50s)

He lies on top of her as she cackles.

Kicker begins to sob.

Her Mother looks up at her.

AUDREY

(to Man)

Give me a minute.

She climbs off the sofa and races up the staircase.

She confronts Kicker with her fiery blue eyes and red mane dishevelled.

AUDREY

Now get back to bed! Do as you're told, you little wretch!

Audrey's screams cause Kicker to cover her ears with her tiny hands as she continues to sob.

KICKER

I want my papa!

Audrey grabs her by the shoulders and forces her back to her room.

AUDREY

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 old cow.

AUDREY

Do as you're told child!

Kicker breaks free from her grasp.

KICKER

No! Get off, you old dragon!

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

The door slams as the bare chested Man quickly exits.

Audrey's shrilling screams ring out as she bangs her head upon the concrete steps, until she hits the very bottom.

Kicker covers her ears as he Mother lies in a twisted mess in a small puddle of blood that leaks from a head wound.

Kicker stands at the top of the stairs helplessly clutching her Barbi.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

KICKER (CONT'D)

After that my father brought me to England to stay with my aunt Catherine. It was supposed to be just until things settled down at home. It never did.

PSYCHOANALYST

So, you were schooled in London from that point onwards?

KICKER

Yes. I went on to study psychology at Cambridge, and then criminal law. I've always wanted to work in the justice system. My father is a prosecutor in Paris. My Mother was a liaison officer. That's how they met.

PSYCHOANALYST

You sound like you have immense respect for your father. Would that assumption be correct?

KICKER

I do. I haven't spoken to my Mother in twenty years... since the accident.

PSYCHOANALYST

Would you say your Mother is the reason for your volatile personality?

KICKER

I thought that was for you to decipher. That's why I'm here, isn't it?

PSYCHOANALYST

Actually, Kicker, you are here because you assaulted a fellow colleague.

KICKER

(dismissively)

He deserved it. He pinched my
backside in plain sight of
everyone.

PSYCHOANALYST

He's been suspended.

(ruminates)

Do you always react violently
when you're touched without your
consent?

KICKER

Not always. It depends on the
situation.

PSYCHOANALYST

You broke his nose, Kicker.

KICKER

Serves him right. He'll think
twice before he does it to
someone else.

PSYCHOANALYST

I think you're right.

KICKER

Look, am I fit to continue
working as a detective constable,
or not?

Psychoanalyst gently releases a smile in her direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

A different DELIVERY RIDER loads up his box with packages,
then jumps onto his motorcycle.

INTERCUT:

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.

Dressed in a chiffon dress Kicker 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. 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. BARBICAN CONCERT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Kicker plays the outro to the "The Swan."

A tear rolls down her father's cheek.

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

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 to 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. Take 'em to Errol The Clown at the pizza place. He won't be back from Manchester for couple of hours yet, so hang onto 'em. And don't fuckin' lose 'em, otherwise you'll have me to deal with, right?

JORGIO

How am I gonna lose them, eh? You think I'm a magician, 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 the ol' man thinking I'm the twat who gave another twat four kilos of Charlie to get himself nicked with, right?

JORGIO

So when have I ever not been careful, tell me that?

ROMAN STEEL

Don't keep on. Just make sure they get delivered to Errol The Clown when he gets back.

Jorgio sticks the four packages into a black sports bag. He throws the bag over his shoulder.

JORGIO

Now watch me disappear, asshole.

ROMAN STEEL

Fuck off, you twat!

Jorgio exits.

EXT. THE BLUE NUNN P.H - CLEAR NIGHT

Dressed in civilian clothes, Kicker and Shelley stand on the pavement and converse.

SHELLEY

I prefer Kiki? It's a nicer name.
Can I not just call you Kiki?

KICKER

Oh, call me anything you like,
Shelley. just as long as it's
endearing and sweet.

SHELLEY

Kicker isn't very endearing, is
it?

KICKER

(chuckles)

Apparently I kicked her so much
when she was pregnant with me it
was the first thing she thought
of when she held me in her arms
for the first time. It was
suppose to have been just a joke.
But it stuck.

SHELLEY

Is it written on your birth
certificate?

KICKER

Actually, it isn't. It's Kiki
Jane Carruthers.

SHELLEY

I'll just stick to the status
quo, then.

KICKER

(playfully)

Oh, shut up, you nutter.

They pause as they observe a BLACK SALOON driving slowly
towards them.

Jorgio pops his bald head out of the window and grins.

Kicker and Shelley glance at one another knowingly.

He pulls over to the side of the road.

JORGIO

Alright, girls. You wanna get in?

Kicker grabs the passenger door handle and opens it.

Shelley opens the drivers door and quickly grabs his car keys from out of the ignition.

KICKER

Step out of the vehicle, right now, you imbecile!

JORGIO

(resists)

Hey! What for? I didn't do anything.

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

SHELLEY

Get out.

JORGIO

Oh, for fuck sake! What did I do, eh?

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

KICKER

Kerb crawling is an offence in this country.

Kicker spins him around and cuffs him.

Shelly radios through to command.

JORGIO

I only wanted directions.

KICKER

Of course you did. Tell that to your wife and kids when you receive a fine in the post.

JORGIO

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

Jorgio stands with a deflated expression on his gaunt face.

KICKER

Who are you? What's your name?

JORGIO

I'm not saying a word till I speak to my lawyer.

Shelley takes notes.

KICKER

Fair enough.

He looks down at the ground dispiritedly and shrugs his shoulders.

JORGIO

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

SHELLEY

Are you saying we look like hookers, dimwit?

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

KICKER

Is this your vehicle?

JORGIO

Yeah.

She continues to search the vehicle.

KICKER

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

JORGIO

No.

She climbs out and confronts him.

KICKER

We'll see about that, shall we?

He sinks within himself.

JORGIO
What'd ya think, eh?

KICKER
Drugs?

JORGIO
(aback)
Drugs?

KICKER
Cocaine? Heroin? Hashes? Ket?

He shakes his head vigorously.

She stares at him disbelievingly.

JORGIO
Alright-alright-alright. There is something inside the boot. But it's not mine. It doesn't belong to me. I'm just looking after it for a friend.

Shelley steps away with her phone to ear.

BLUE LIGHTS of an unmarked squad unit stops behind Jorgio's vehicle.

Two SENIOR DETECTIVES jump out and approach the trio.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
(to Shelley)
Have you conducted a search of the vehicle?

Kicker steps behind the vehicle.

KICKER
We were just about to.

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

KICKER (CONT'D)
Bingo! It's here.

Shelley joins her.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1

Well-well.

Senoir Detective joins them, then carries the sports bag back to the squad car.

SHELLEY

That'll teach him to proposition
two respectable young women
minding their own business.

KICKER

Less of the respectable, you.

They share a bout of laughter.

Jorgio is frogmarched towards the flashing blue lights protesting his innocence.

SHELLEY

Fancy coming back to mine?

KICKER

I thought you'd never ask.

They chuckle as they walk off.

CUT TO:

INT. SOHO NICK INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Jorgio sits despondently at a small table, opposite TWO DETECTIVES.

DETECTIVE#1

Wwho are you working for, Jorgio?

JORGIO

No comment.

DETECTIVE#2

Do yourself a favour and tell us
who you were taking the packages
to?

Short silence.

JORGIO

If I tell you, will I get
protection for me and my family?

DETECTIVE#2

You give us names and addresses,
and tell us everything concerning
the people you work for and you
will get immunity from
prosecution.

Short silence as Jorgio ruminates.

JORGIO

OK. But I want my lawyer here
before I say anything else.

DETECTIVE#2

OK. No problem. The quicker you
spill your guts, the quicker we
can make arrests.

JORGIO

OK.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - EARLY MORNING

Jorgio strolls watchfully along the deserted shopping street.

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

BIG BEN

Oi! Get in!

Jorgio glances back at him and shakes his head fearfully.

JORGIO

Nah, you're alright. I'm gonna
take the tube. I need to get home
to the missus.

Big Ben scowls.

BIG BEN

Don't make me have to get out of
this fucking car, Jorgio. I said
get in!

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

INT. 4X4 - EARLY MORNING

Jorgio sits silently in the passenger seat.

BIG BEN

What happened in the nick? What'd
ya tell 'em?

JORGIO

(quietly)

Nuffink.

BIG BEN

Don't fuckin' lie to me, Jorgio!
What'd ya tell 'em?

JORGIO

None of your business.

BIG BEN

Yeah?

Jorgio just stares silently out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Rugged club owner LENNY STEEL (60s) confronts Jorgio.

Big Ben stands by the exit door, arms folded.

Dev Bakshi trims his fingernails with a cut-throat.

LENNY STEEL

(ominously)

Roman informs me that you were
arrested for propositioning a
couple of female detectives. Is
that right, or not?

JORGIO

I never knew they were feds, Len,
I swear.

Lenny Steel clenches his fist and scowls.

LENNY STEEL

How fuckin' stupid can you be?
You just can't keep it in your
fuckin' pants for one minute, can
ya?

JORGIO

I apologise, Len.

LENNY STEEL

There's a time and a place for
that sort of thing.

DEV BAKSHI

(ominously)

A horny guy with no testicle is
no use to anyone, Jorgio. Now you
owe us.

JORGIO

I know-I know.

DEV BAKSHI

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

JORGIO

You know I don't have that kinda
money, Dev.

LENNY STEEL

How much have you got, Jorgio?

JORGIO

I've got a hundred grand I can
give you right now.

LENNY STEEL

BACS it to my account, then.

Without further ado, Jorgio produces his phone and makes the
payment.

PING:

Lenny Steel checks the payment on his phone.

DEV BAKSHI

You've compromised everything.
The feds are probably watching us
right now, all because of your
stupidity.

JORGIO

Look, I swear...

LENNY STEEL

He's right.

(to Dev Bakshi)

What shall we do with him?

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

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

Lenny Steel gets up, paces the floor anxiously.

Big Ben quietly opens the door and exits.

LENNY STEEL

Why did they let you out so early
after you were arrested? What did
you tell them?

JORGIO

Nuffink, I swear.

DEV BAKSHI

(to Lenny Steel)

I can smell a grass a mile away.
And I don't mean weed.

LENNY STEEL

(to Jorgio)

Fuck off, g'rn! And I want the
rest by the end of the week.

Jorgio's shoulders sink as he exits.

Lenny Steel brings his phone to ear.

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Alright, Johnson. Can you talk or what-? Good. My driver, Jorgio got himself busted last night for kerb crawling- Notting Hill somewhere, I dunno- The thing is, he was carrying four kilos in the boot of his car- I dunno-! D' you reckon you could get it back for me-? Well, do your best- Pretty please, Johnson.

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

LENNY STEEL (CONT'D)

We'll just have to clear out the safe for the time being. I don't want the feds finding anything in the club if we're raided.

DEV BAKSHI

I'll take what's in there to my lock-up.

LENNY STEEL

Nah-nah. Let Roman deal with it, since he hired that shit for brains, Jorgio.

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE CLUB - MORNING

Jorgio stands on the pavement and lights a cigarette.

Big Ben comes from behind him and whacks him across the shoulders with a baseball bat.

Jorgio hits the ground. Big Ben drags him away.

CUT TO:

INT. UOC'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

UOC

Firstly, I'd like to commend the two of you for your outstanding work catching criminals. It's not easy when you put yourself at risk.

(ruminates)

So, as a direct result from that search of the vehicle you stopped last week, we've uncovered a layer cake of drug traffickers connected this side of the border to Lenny Steel - a Soho nightclub owner. We know he has links to a drug cartel operating in France and across the Channel. We have had these Channel crossings under surveillance for sometime, and we know they are trafficking drugs, using migrants as their cover. Unbeknown to the migrants the drugs are stored inside the dinghies sold to get them across.

(pauses)

Our aim is to gather as much intel before we smash their operations altogether and lock them up. So we are going to begin with an undercover operation at its source.

Kicker and Shelley glance at one another as he steps forward and looks them directly in the eye.

UOC (CONT'D)

At ease, ladies.

He walks back to his desk and methodically sits down, before he looks over the rim of his specs.

UOC (CONT'D)

Now, do not take this the wrong way - But due to your professional attitude towards the job-

(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 I need to ask. This applies to both.

(embarrassed pause)

Have you ever pole danced?

They glance at one another bearing a wide grin.

UOC (CONT'D)

Shall I take that as an instruction to proceed?

KICKER

Yes, sir.

SHELLEY

Yes, sir.

UOC

Good. Then I shall. 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)

These people do not take prisoners, so good luck.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOTHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Dance beats ring out across a dimly lit 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 POV:: In the corner of the club Dev Bakshi hands a cellphone to a broad shouldered border Force HANDLER.

DEV BAKSHI

(to Hispanic)

We've got two dinghies arriving tomorrow morning. You've got exactly thirty minutes to rip them open and load up the van. Ping me when you're done.

The handler nods his head.

SFX: A WHITE NOISE THEN VFX SHUTS DOWN.

BACK TO SCENE.

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 break beats come to a close.

Medusa steps off the stage to a cacophony of wolf whistles.

She struts towards the changing room.

Roman Steel steps out in front of her and blocks her path.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters), squeezes past. She pulls a trolley case and wears black baseball cap, and black leather bomber.

Medusa shows her a surprised look.

MEDUSA

You're off early.

SNOW LEOPARD

Yeah. Catch you later, babe.

MEDUSA

Yeah.

Snow Leopard exits as Roman Steel steps forward.

ROMAN STEEL

How about a private dance, 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 wiggles the Pearl Earring in her face.

She feels her right ear and gasps.

MEDUSA

Give that back, right now!

ROMAN STEEL

(refrains)

Ah-ah.

(grins)

You've gotta dance for me first.

She drops her shoulders and sighs her despair.

MEDUSA

C'mon then.

He follows her into a private room.

INT/EXT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

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

Outside, Snow Leopard returns to eavesdrop.

Inside the room Roman grabs Kicker's thighs and steers her closer towards him.

She angrily pulls back.

MEDUSA (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing? Stop that!

He wiggles the earring in front of her again.

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 little earring back, then.

MEDUSA

A dance, you said.

ROMAN STEEL

Just get your kit off. I want you laid bare.

MEDUSA

No! I'm not doing that. I don't do quid pro quo harassment.

ROMAN STEEL

Well, if you want your earring back you're gonna need to do more than just swing your hips for me. Give me a blow job, then.

MEDUSA

No!

He holds the pearl earring between his thumb and forefinger, rotating it in the light.

Kicker stands back and stares at it in deep thought.

ROMAN STEEL (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Found a little treasure here,
haven't I?

She ignores his remark.

ROMAN STEEL (CONT'D)

Funny thing is... it's quite
heavy. Too heavy for a bit of
cheap plastic, I'd say.

KICKER

It's an heirloom. Give it back
and I'll make it worth your
while.

ROMAN STEEL

I'm sure you will. But I'm
wondering... who's watching the
feed? Is it the feds? Or are you
just a pervert who likes to film
herself on the pole?

Roman gets up. He looms over her, then drops the earring into his top pocket.

KICKER

(voice dropping)

You have no idea what you're
doing.

ROMAN STEEL

I know exactly what I'm doing.
It's you that doesn't know what
she's doing.

KICKER

OK. I'll suck you off if you give
me it back, and say nothing more
about it.

ROMAN STEEL

Nah. I've changed my mind.

She lunges forward and grabs his testicles real hard.

He yelps in pain.

Outside the door Snow Leopard grins to herself and makes haste.

MEDUSA

I'll let go when you give me that
fuckin' earring!

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

In retaliation he strikes her across the mouth, sending her sprawling across the room.

He grabs her by the hair, then swings his fist into her ribcage.

She screams and falls down on her knees.

ROMAN STEEL

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

She sobs as the room spins in front of her eyes.

The door slams shut upon his exit.

Kicker holds her ribcage as she attempts to get to her feet.

KICKER'S FLASHBACK:

END KICKER'S
FLASHBACK

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONT'D

Kicker stares into the mirror as she feels her bloodied lip. She grabs her mobile phone and makes a call.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

Shelley pulls her trolley case along the busy street teeming with nightlife.

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

INTERCUT:

KICKER

(distracted on phone)
I've blown my cover. Roman
confiscated the earring.

SHELLEY

How did that happen?

Kicker feels her lip.

KICKER

It wasn't my fault, Shelley. It
fell out when I was hanging
upside down on the pole.

SHELLY

Did you ask him for it back?

KICKER

Of course I did. He wouldn't hand
it over. He knows we're
undercover.

SHELLEY

How?

KICKER

He spotted the hidden camera.

SHELLEY

What a tosser.
(sighs)
Did you do anything?

KICKER

No, of course not! That's why he
still has it. He busted my lip,
and almost cracked my ribcage.

SHELLEY

Bastard!

KICKER

Yeah.

SHELLEY

Well, that's it then, we're off
the case. You've fucked up,
Kicker. All our hard work now
down the drain.

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

KICKER

What shall we tell the UOC?

SHELLEY

The truth.

(focuses eyes)

Hold on, Kicker. I see him. He's heading into the NCP. I'll try and speak to him and get it back. I'll let you know what happens after.

KICKER

Be careful, Shelley. He's a fuckin' nut job.

SHELLEY

Tell me something I don't already know.

END INTERCUT.

INT. NCP CAR PARK - LIT

Roman marches towards his vehicle parked in one of the bays.

He takes out his phone and brings it to ear.

After a long bleep he marches past a dimly lit kiosk which houses a lift and a staircase.

As he stares into his phone, he loses his step and trips over a missing segment of pavement.

He yelps and falls flat on his face.

ROMAN STEEL (ASIDE)

OH BOLLOX!

With a bloodied nose, he feels his damaged ankle.

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

He yelps again and lies motionless on the ground.

Beat

CU: A BONY HAND delves into his jacket pockets and removes his wallet and keys. His Rolex watch is taken from his wrist and his gold pendent ripped from his neck.

Beat.

The sound of heels can be heard entering the car park.

Kicker appears under the dim lights, dressed in a black woollen hat, red scarf and long overcoat.

Her POV: Roman Steel lies in the critical prone position near to the lift shaft. A broken segment from the pavement situated close to his body.

She stops in her tracks and glances around the empty car park, then quickly marches towards him.

She stumbles on the broken segment of pavement, making the same mistake that Roman made just minutes earlier.

Feeling her ankle, she kneels down beside him and grabs him by the shoulder.

KICKER

(scathingly)

Where's my earring, you fucking
bastard?

No answer as blood trickles from his nose.

She rummages through his pockets in search of the earring.

He opens his glazed eyes and stares up at her, almost frozen.

She lifts his head and places the broken segment of pavement back into the pavement slab.

KICKER (CONT'D)

You should be more mindful.

ROMAN STEEL

(croaks)

Medusa, help me. I-I...

KICKER

Fuck yourself.

ROMAN STEEL

Medusa, please...

KICKER

What have you done with it?

ROMAN STEEL

I-I...

KICKER

Where's the earring?

Through her peripheral vision she spots the same Shadowy Figure crouching behind a black 4X4.

KICKER (CONT'D)

I'll be back shortly.

He breathes his last breath as his eyes roll back in his head.

KICKER (CONT'D)

(sighs frustration)

Oh shit.

She quickly gets to her feet, then cautiously approaches the black 4X4.

She creeps behind the back end of the black 4x4, then grabs the slightly built Shadowy Figure by the scruff. She pins him up against the wall.

KICKER (CONT'D)

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

He whimpers and remains silent.

Her frustration intensifies as she spins him around to face her.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Right! I'm going to search you!
Do not even try to resist, or
I'll break your fucking arm!

She searches him and empties out his pockets onto the bonnet of the black 4X4:

CU: IPHONE. WALLET. ROLEX WATCH. GOLD PENDENT.

KICKER (CONT'D)

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

He shakes his head vigorously in denial.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Right! OK. Show me some ID.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(accented)

Nuffing. I got nuffing.

KICKER

You must have something on you.
Who are you, then?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing! No understand English.

KICKER

OK. What-is-your-name?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No-no English!

KICKER

You're in big trouble. Now where
is the pearl earring? I know he
had it!

SHADOWY FIGURE

Sorry. No understand...

KICKER

Right then! You can stay here
until my colleagues arrive and
charge you with attempted murder.

She takes out her mobile phone and presses some digits.

KICKER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I'm detective sergeant Kicker Carruthers. I need an ambulance, and a unit at the NCP in Wardour Street, urgently. I'm holding a suspect I believe is responsible for a serious attack on IC1 male. He has a very serious head injury.

Beat.

BLUE LIGHTS flash as a squad car tears into the car park and screeches to a stop.

Kicker shows herself and flashes her badge at the two UNIFORMED OFFICERS as they quickly climb out of the vehicle.

OFFICER#1

Where is the victim?

KICKER

He's lying by the lift shaft. I caught this one hiding behind this vehicle.

(highlights stolen goods)

This lot belongs to the victim, I believe. He had them on him when I searched him.

Officer#1 rushes over towards Roman's Steals cadaver.

Officer#2 handcuffs the Shadowy Figure 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 containing the items.

She joins Officer#1 who kneels down by Roman Steel's cadaver and feels for a pulse.

He shakes his head at her.

OFFICER#1

He's dead.

He climbs to his feet and radios for further assistance.

Beat.

More unmarked squad cars arrive.

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

PEARSON

Are you okay?

She shakes his hand.

KICKER

Yeah, I think so.

PEARSON

I'm Detective Inspector Steve Pearson from the Murder investigation team at Paddington.
(points at her lip)
Did the suspect do that?

KICKER

DC Kicker Carruthers - West Central. I've taken a lot worse than this in the line of duty.

PEARSON

I bet. So what can you tell me?

KICKER

I spotted the victim lying on the ground as I entered the car park. Then I noticed the suspect hiding behind that black vehicle over there. I performed a body search and discovered items I believed belonging to the victim.

PEARSON

Was he dead when you arrived?

KICKER

(nods head)

Yes.

PEARSON

What did you do?

KICKER

Well, I spotted the attention I was receiving from the suspect, so I immediately apprehended him.

PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

What time was that?

She checks her watch.

KICKER

Just after 2 a.m.

PEARSON

A night out was it?

KICKER

Yeah.

PEARSON

OK. So where can I reach you for your statement?

KICKER

West Central.

PEARSON

OK. We'll talk properly once we've got all the details. In the meantime, if you could make out your report and send it over to the crime desk at paddington, that'll save us a lot of faffing around.

KICKER

I'll do that 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. I'll just head off.

PEARSON

Fine.

He walks back towards the squad car where the Shadowy Figure quietly sits in the back.

Kicker climbs inside her vehicle and starts the engine.

Uniform assists her as she drives out of the car park.

EXT. NCP - NIGHT

Kicker turns out of the car park and immediately pulls over to the side of the road.

She takes out her phone and makes a call.

She tuts her annoyance and ends the call.

INT. NCP - CONT'D

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

PEARSON

What's your name, buddy?

The Shadowy Figure shakes his head.

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English.

Pearson turns to a uniformed officer who stands by.

PEARSON

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

Slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON (40s), joins Pearson as a tent is erected around Roman's cadaver.

PEARSON

Is the victim known to us?

Johnson raises a brow.

JOHNSON

Aye. Roman Steel. I know his ol' fella - Lenny Steel.

PEARSON

Oh yeah? How come?

JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge.

Pearson casually sticks a piece of gum into his mouth as he walks off.

PEARSON

In that case you can do the honours.

JOHNSON

(aback)

Oh what? 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 on this occasion that person happens to be you. It should be a piece of cake.

JOHNSON

Aye. But he's not gonna appreciate hearing that his son has been murdered from a fellow brother, is he? Cannae get uniform to do that?

PEARSON

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

JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

PEARSON

Correct.

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... can't say what that is at this moment in time. I'll confirm everything once we get him back to the mortuary. There are signs of a hematoma by 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 just said to me.

PATHOLOGIST

He's got a nasty scratch to the side of his cheek. It's fresh, so may have happened during the attack. If that is anything to go by, early presumptions, is his attacker could be female.

PEARSON

Female, you say?

PATHOLOGIST

The scratch was made by a fingernail at a guess.

PEARSON

Appreciated.

EXT. ALBERT DOCK - NIGHT

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

BLUE LIGHTS and SIRENS when serious crime squad units shows up and surround them.

They quickly handcuff the Traffickers and arrest them.

INT. BENTLEY - 5 A.M.

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 next to him.

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

LENNY STEEL

(soberly)

So what happened?

JOHNSON

Sorry for your loss, Len. All we've got so far is that he was attacked and robbed inside the NCP.

A short silence as Lenny absorbs his words.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Len. It deeply saddens me to be the one to have to give you this shitty news.

Lenny takes long, deep breaths. His face taut. His eyes suffused. 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 sobs.

JOHNSON

I donnae what else to say. I cannae believe it m'self, Len. I'm in total shock. We all are.

LENNY STEEL

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

(blows nose)

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

JOHNSON

Around 2 a.m.

LENNY STEEL

I reckon he had something important to tell me. He never rings me at that hour... unless he knows I need to hear something. There was something he wanted me to know.

JOHNSON

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

LENNY STEEL

I need answers, right?

JOHNSON

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

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, Len.

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. My Roman served his country. The least you can do is find who did this to him.

JOHNSON

Aye. We will-we will.

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

Oh no. Has been nicked?

LENNY STEEL

He's dead. He's been murdered.

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 sleepy eyes, then sits up in bed.

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

BATHROOM.

She throws her head into the toilet basin and violently vomits.

She gets to her feet and wipes her mouth with tissue.

She stares at her reflection in the cabinet mirror above the sink unit as she feels the abrasion to her lip.

KICKER

Fuck!

She winces with pain, then turns away in horror.

She hears the sound of her mobile phone vibrating and runs back to the bedroom to answer the call.

BEDROOM CONT'D.

She grabs the phone and brings it to ear.

KICKER (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

Have you got it?

SHELLEY V.O

No. He said he never had it.

Kicker sighs her disdain.

KICKER

Why didn't you call me back? I messaged you half-a-dozen times.

SHELLEY V.O

I know, I'm sorry, I got sidetracked.

KICKER

He's fucking dead. He's been murdered.

Protracted silence.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Shelley, are you still there?

SHELLEY V.O

Yes, I'm still here.

KICKER

Did you hear what I just said to you?

SHELLEY V.O

Yes, I heard you clearly, Kicker.

KICKER

Well?

SHELLEY V.O

Well, what?

KICKER

What happened when you spoke to him?

SHELLEY V.O

I told you, I got sidetracked.

KICKER

He was fucking killed.

SHELLEY V.O

No shit?

KICKER

I just let him die, because I was too busy searching him for the earring. He didn't have it. I thought you had it. I'm so fucking angry with myself now. I could've saved him. Now I've had to make a full statement and send it over to the SCU at Paddington.

SHELLEY V.O

Why?

KICKER

Because I was there. I arrested his killer. He was robbed.

SHELLEY V.O

Oh dear.

KICKER

But I should've called him an ambulance quicker. I'm just as guilty now.

SHELLEY V.O

How come? You said he was dead when you arrived in the car park.

KICKER

I know-I know, I did. But he spoke to me before that.

SHELLEY V.O

What are you going to do, then?

KICKER

If they find that earring, I'm toast, Shelley. Plus, now I think about it, I might have handled the murder weapon.

SHELLEY V.O

How?

KICKER

There was a broken piece of pavement beside his body. I put it back in the pavement without thinking, didn't I?

SHELLEY V.O

I don't know. I wasn't there, was I? Anyway, why would you do that, Kicker if you knew that?

KICKER

(scratches head)

I don't know. I didn't know he'd been robbed at the time, did I?

SHELLEY V.O

You really sound confused, Kicker. You need to sort out your shit.

KICKER

I do.

SHELLEY V.O

Look, d' you want me to come over?

KICKER

No. I've just woken up. I feel like crap.

SHELLEY V.O

Take a shower. You'll feel better.

KICKER

I should call the commander and let him know what's happened. This is a right shit show now. I'm toast, no matter how you look at it.

SHELLEY V.O

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

KICKER

OK. Speak later.

SHELLEY O.S

Yeah. Meet me for coffee.

KICKER

OK.

She ends the call, then runs back to the bathroom.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Pearson sits at a desk and stares down at Kicker's statement. Across the room Johnson speaks on the phone.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INCIDENT ROOM - CONT'D

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

JOHNSON

Mario Petrescu is wanted for the abduction of a sixteen year old lass in Velingrad, Bulgaria. The victim's name was Zara Souicek.

Pearson spins his chair around and stares up at him.

PEARSON

Is he?

JOHNSON

According to the person I've just spoken to she was the mayor of Velingrad's only daughter. She committed suicide. But that's not all... there's more.

PEARSON

Go on then.

JOHNSON

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

Pearson climbs out of his seat.

PEARSON

Right then. Let's talk to him.

JOHNSON

Aye.

PEARSON

Has the interpreter arrived yet?

JOHNSON

Aye. He's downstairs.

DCI Anthea Must appears from her office.

DCI MUST

(brightly)

Steve, when you have a minute...

PEARSON

Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Detectives sit down at the table.

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

Suspect MARIO PETRESCU (39) is led in by a DUTY OFFICER. He is seated at the table.

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

PEARSON

Right then. So, I'm Detective Inspector Steve Pearson. We met at the NCP earlier this morning. Seated next to me is my colleague, DS 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. Shall we begin?

A nod of heads.

JOHNSON

(to Petrescu)

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 intently at the suspect.

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

INTERPRETER

Yes.

PEARSON

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

(pauses)

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(quietly)

No comment.

PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU
(shakes head)
No comment.

Duty Solicitor takes notes.

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

Short silence.

PEARSON (CONT'D)
OK. Do you own a vehicle that is
parked inside the NCP?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU
(shifts)
No comment.

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU
No comment.

PEARSON
Well, for your information, we've
done our homework, Mr. 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
doing. 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.

PEARSON

Look, we know you murdered the victim, before you robbed him. His DNA is all over your clothing, as well as the blood on your cuffs. And while we're at it, I'd like to remind you that if you insist 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 Velingrad. 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 quotes him.

INTERPRETER

I stole from the victim. I never killed him.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Ask him if he saw who did, then?

Interpreter repeats the question and continues to reply for Petrescu.

INTERPRETER

I saw a person leave the car park as I entered. The blood on my sleeve must've got there when I went through his pockets. I thought he was drunk when I saw him.

JOHNSON

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

The Detectives share a significant glance.

PEARSON

So you knew he had a head injury before you decided to rob him, then?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

I thought that he'd fallen over, drunk.

JOHNSON

What, even though you past someone leaving the crime scene?

Short silence as Petrescu stares at the floor.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

The person you saw leaving, was he male, or female? Tall, or short? Did this person have anything in their hand?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

They wore a baseball cap, pulled over their eyes.

PEARSON

What colour was this baseball cap?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Black with gold writing.

JOHNSON

Describe exactly what you saw?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

The person was tall and slim. The only other person I saw was the police woman who arrested me. I never saw anyone else in the car park before that.

PEARSON

Ask him if he saw the police woman arrive?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Yes. I watched her speak to the victim. She was angry. She was shouting at him.

Detectives glance at one another showing concern.

JOHNSON

What'd you mean, shouting at him?

Same action As before.

INTERPRETER

She was shouting at him.

PEARSON

Would this be the same police woman who arrested you?

Petrescu panics as he shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

Yes. I never killed him. Speak to the police woman. She knows the truth. She knows I never killed him. He was alive when I stole from him.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

DUTY SOLICITOR

(to Pearson)

I'd like to speak to the suspect in private, if I may?

PEARSON

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

They get to their feet and exit.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

Pearson stares down at Roman Steel'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

It's 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 and hands it back to her.

She unscrews it to reveal a micro spy camera.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look, it's a surveillance camera.
Give it to tech. I want to know
exactly what's on it. It may lead
us to what actually happened
inside that car park, or leading
up to his death.

PEARSON

I read DC Carruthers statement.
She's states that Roman Steel was
dead when she entered the car
park. The suspect contradicts her
statement. He's saying he saw her
shouting at him, before he died.

DCI MUST

That's not unusual, Steve, is it?
She might have been attempting to
see if he was lucid or not.

PEARSON

True. I never thought of that.

DCI MUST

(stands up)
Find that weapon.

PEARSON

(irked)

We're looking, Anthea. We've got the NCP closed off.

DCI MUST

It must be in there somewhere.

PEARSON

I agree.

DCI MUST

Speak to DC Carruthers in person. She might have seen what Petrescu did with the weapon without realising.

PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

Good. And make sure you check every vehicle inside that car park before you let them drive out.

PEARSON

That's what we're doing, Anthea.

She shows him a satisfied look as he exits.

INT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kicker stands in front of the UOC.

UOC

(vexed)

How on earth did this happen?

KICKER

It fell out of my ear while I was positioned on the pole, sir.

UOC

I just hope it hasn't fallen into the wrong hands, Carruthers, or you'll be dismissed from duty.

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 his person.

UOC

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

KICKER

Yes, sir.

UOC

Now get out.

She exits.

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

UOC (CONT'D)

Get me DCI Anthea Must.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY.

Lenny Steel sits behind the wheel.

Big Ben sits in the back.

Johnson opens the passenger door and climbs in.

Big Ben 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 hell of a lot strings to get that lot back. Show some appreciation. I'm putting my neck on the line for you, Len.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah, I know. Thanks.

JOHNSON

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 car park, would he? I mean, it ain't rocket science, is it? Even I can work that one out, and I never went to university, or studied criminal psychology.

JOHNSON

Awright-awright. But I reckon he was ringing you to warn you about that something going down at your club, before someone got to him.

LENNY STEEL

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

JOHNSON

Not a chance. It's with the data department.

LENNY STEEL

You managed to get my Charlie back.

JOHNSON

I know. But that was different.
Someone owed me a favour.

LENNY STEEL

That was handy, then, wasn't it?

JOHNSON

Aye. But if the club is under
surveillance, Len, that earring
will be sent straight back to
whoever is conducting the
operation to shut you down.

A protracted silence as Lenny Steel ruminates.

LENNY STEEL

(realises)

You're right. Your mob are trying
to fuck me over!

JOHNSON

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

LENNY STEEL

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

JOHNSON

Just that he never laid a hand on
your boy. He's saying he thought
he was blind drunk - that's why
he took the opportunity to rob
him.

LENNY STEEL

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

JOHNSON

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

LENNY STEEL

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

JOHNSON

He cannae speak English, Len.
He's Bulgarian.

LENNY STEEL

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

A short silence.

JOHNSON

Oh... that's not all. I almost forgot...

LENNY STEEL

What?

JOHNSON

Four traffickers were picked up on the docks during the early hours of this morning. Your cross-channel operation is over, Len. Serious Crimes have got Dev Bakshi in custody, so do yourself a favour and stay away from him.

LENNY STEEL

That's the first I've heard. He hasn't said anything to me.

JOHNSON

When was the last time you spoke to Jorgio Croci?

LENNY STEEL

The morning after he got nicked with that four kilos.

JOHNSON

Well, he's been blabbering his mouth off to detectives at the serious crimes unit.

LENNY STEEL

I knew it! I knew I couldn't trust him. I'll fucking kill him if he set me up.

JOHNSON

You need to get rid of everything that connects you to Dev Bakshi.

LENNY STEEL

I will.

JOHNSON

Asap, Len.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah-yeah. Yeah-yeah. I will.

INT. CAFE - DAY

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

KICKER

So, are you going to tell me where you were that night, or not?

Shelley's eyes wander around the busy coffee shop.

SHELLEY

OK. Guilty. I met a friend from uni.

KICKER

Who?

SHELLEY

David Kent. We got chatting and went for a coffee. There. Now you know.

KICKER

(fracturedly)

Did you have sex with him?

SHELLEY

No! Don't be insane! We just got chatting, that's all.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know what to say. I thought you were going to talk to Roman and ask him for the earring.

SHELLEY

(irked)

I'm sorry. I meant to. I got distracted.

KICKER

But I thought we had each others
backs.

SHELLEY

We do have...

KICKER

(facetiously)

It feels like it.

SHELLEY

Look, I've never told, but Roman
Steel tried to rape me two days
ago.

KICKER

(aback)

What?! Oh my god, Shelley! Why
didn't you tell me? You watched
him follow me into that private
room?

SHELLEY

I know. I did. I'm sorry.

(reflects)

He made me strip for him. He said
he needed to make sure I didn't
have any visible scars, or
tattoos.

KICKER

He said to me too. I told him
where to get off.

(empathetically)

How could you keep something like
that to yourself? Christ,
Shelley.

SHELLEY

Well, you did. Besides, I didn't
want to screw everything up.

Short silence.

KICKER

(deep sigh)

I'm shocked.

SHELLEY

(sympathetically)

I'm sorry.

Short silence as they drink.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

He made me swear not to tell anyone, or I'd be kicked out.

KICKER

Oh, Shelley. You really should've told me. I would've killed him myself if I'd known.

SHELLEY

That's why I didn't say anything to you.

KICKER

How could he do that and expect to get away with it?

SHELLEY

I know.

KICKER

Bastard.

(sighs)

I'm going to have to give evidence against the suspect. I think they've charged him with murder.

Kicker gets to her feet.

KICKER (CONT'D)

I've gotta go.

SHELLEY

OK.

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

Kicker walks towards her vehicle. She drags a trolley case behind her.

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

He parks up and climbs out of his vehicle.

She loads the trolley into the boot of her car.

He notices her fat lip.

JOHNSON

Aww. Nasty that. You should get that stitched. You might catch an infection.

KICKER

(intolerantly)

Look, what do you want to ask?

JOHNSON

I need a favour.

KICKER

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.

JOHNSON

What if I get him to give you a 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

(aback)

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

I'm a pole dancer. We're gathering intel into a drugs trafficking ring.

A short silence as Johnson nods his head in wonder.

JOHNSON

A pole dancer, uh?

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

What are you laughing at? It's not funny. I had to perform a private dance to get it back. But he assaulted me instead.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

That was DI Pearson's assumption. I never said the suspect attacked me. Read my statement.

JOHNSON

Tell me why Roman attacked you again? I wanna make sure I heard you right the first time.

KICKER

He tried to force his cock in my mouth. I grabbed his testicles so fucking hard he lashed out.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

Yes... 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.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

Well, you've always got the orchestra, 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, rape, money laundering etc-etc.

JOHNSON

That bad, is it?

KICKER

Yes. And your suspect was the last person to see him alive.

JOHNSON

Aye. That's what I thought.

KICKER

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

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

She catches his smirk and shakes her head as she climbs into her vehicle.

JOHNSON

Ciao, music maestro.

She shows him the finger, then drives off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The distinguished bespectacled MAYOR OF VELINGRAD (60s) stares out of the window as he sips from a glass of red wine.

His POV: An aerial view over the British landscape.

EXT. JACK'S WINE BAR - DAY

The sun shines brightly down upon off Kicker and Shelley.

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 added 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 at his unwanted remarks and presence.

KICKER

Not funny.

SHELLEY (ASIDE)

Oh dear.

He plunks himself down next to Kicker.

LENNY STEEL

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

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

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

KICKER

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

LENNY STEEL

Why didn't you tell me you were undercover 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

Besides, who did you hear that from?

LENNY STEEL

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

KICKER

That's right, I was. But he was dead when I found him.

LENNY STEEL

The thing is, Medusa, the noises I'm hearing, is that you spoke to him.

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

So, who tipped you off, DS James Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes.

KICKER (CONT'D)

(squirms)

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

He squeezes harder.

KICKER (CONT'D)

I mean it, Lenny. Get your
fucking let go of me!

LENNY STEEL

(grits teeth)

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

KICKER'S FLASHBACK:

END KICKER'S
FLASHBACK.

SHELLEY

Please, let her go, Lenny! She
said she doesn't know anything.
She'd tell you if she did.

KICKER

(furiously)

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,
you fucking bully!

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

Kicker holds her sore wrist.

LENNY STEEL

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

KICKER

Like father, like son. Violence
won't get you anywhere.

SHELLEY

Ditto!

He rolls his eyes and grits his teeth in anger.

LENNY STEEL

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

He marches off.

KICKER

Fucking hell. That was scary. I thought he was going to break my fucking wrist.

SHELLEY

You should report this incident to the UOC.

KICKER

I'm going to.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY.

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

Pearson and Johnson enter like to naughty school boys.

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

DCI MUST

(to Johnson)

Close the door for me please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Right. It turns out the pearl earring is of importance to the NCA. I understand DC Carruthers, the detective who apprehended Mario Petrescu dropped the earring during an undercover operation into The Hothouse nightclub in Soho. It was confiscated by Roman Steel.

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

JOHNSON

(interjects)

I've spoken to her. She said the same thing. Roman Steel picked it up, and when she asked for it back he wouldn't play ball with her, unless she did him a sexual turn which turned quite nasty. He split her lip, after she scratched his face; hence the scar to his left cheek.

DCI MUST

Well-well. That changes the perspective immeasurably. So that's what blew her cover, I take it?

JOHNSON

Aye.

DCI MUST

Besides that, it's been brought to my attention that she was threatened by Lenny Steel while she was having 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

It's a slow burner.

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?

PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

He's wanted back home for the rape and abducting Zara Souicek, a sixteen year old girl from Velingrad. He should 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

As I said, it's just a case of locating the weapon he used to attack the victim. Everything else fits. He murdered Roman Steel before he robbed him, of that I'm in no doubt. He's got the victim's DNA and fibres on his clothes.

DCI MUST

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

PEARSON

He has a motive, Anthea. He was apprehended at the scene of the crime with the victim's possessions on his person. What more do you want?

DCI MUST

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

PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

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

PEARSON

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

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Well, we can't charge him with assaulting DC Carruthers, Steve. Not now we know who busted her lip.

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

What about witness's?

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

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image of Roman Steel 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, taken by Crime Scene?

They study the image and shake their head in dismay.

She sighs irritably.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look closer.

They look closer.

JOHNSON

With respect, it's just an image of Roman lying on the ground with a fatal head wound. It tells us nothing.

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

DCI MUST

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 in three parts.

(points at photo)

There!

Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

PEARSON

You're right. It is.

DCI MUST

I want somebody down there quick smart. Dig it up and take it straight over to forensics, before somebody repairs it... if it hasn't been already.

Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

JOHNSON

I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST

You pair of cretins.

PEARSON

(angrily)

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

DCI MUST

Oh, am I? Am I, Steve? If 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 that club. After all, he had a valuable piece of equipment in his pocket which Mario Petrescu never blinked an eyelid at. There may be another angle we should be looking at.

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And close the 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.

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

INT. THE HOTHOUSE RECEPTION - DAY

Two smartly dressed DETECTIVES enter.

Lenny Steel exits his office followed by Big Ben.

LENNY STEEL

What's going on here? Who the fuck are you? And more to the point what are you doing in my club?

The two unphased Detectives glance at one another and wait for one another to speak.

DETECTIVE#1

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

LENNY STEEL

Oh. Right. Big Ben here 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.

DETECTIVE#2

Did you look to see if he was followed out when he left?

LENNY STEEL

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

DETECTIVE#2

Thanks. We'll check that.

Big Ben leads them up the carpeted steps.

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

INT. KICKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kicker and Shelley share a cigarette as they lie next to each other in bed.

KICKER

D' you think they will call me in to question me further?

SHELLEY

Possibly.

KICKER

I think they will.

SHELLEY

Just tell them what you wrote in your report.

KICKER

Yeah.

A protracted silence as Shelley stubs out the cigarette in the ashtray.

SHELLEY

I think there's something you should know before we go any further.

Kicker turns her head to show her a look of concern.

KICKER

What's that?

Shelley pauses and takes a breath.

SHELLEY

It was me.

(pauses)

It was me who murdered Roman.

Kicker jumps out of bed in a fury.

KICKER

Don't you tell me that now,
Shelley, after all I've fucking
been through over this.

SHELLEY

I know.

(despairingly)

Oh, I'm so sorry, Kicker. I've
been wanting to tell you, but
haven't been able to strike up
the courage. The timing had to be
right.

KICKER

But why?

SHELLEY

After you called me... when I
spotted him I was so angry, I
just couldn't bring myself to
speak to him. I just went for
him.

A protracted silence as Kicker absorbs her words.

KICKER

Why didn't you get the earring? I
told you he had the fucking
earring, Shelley.

SHELLEY

I know you did. I panicked. I
heard footsteps.

Kicker ruminates.

KICKER

What id you use to hit him with?

SHELLEY

(cooly)

The broken slab of pavement that he tripped on when he fell over.

KICKER

You need to remove that piece of concrete immediately. I put it back inside the pavement.

SHELLEY

I know. I will. But will you come with me?

KICKER

No fucking way! I'm in enough shit as it is. My dabs are on it.

INT. NCP - NIGHT

Shelley with face covered, dressed in black enters the NCP.

She creeps down the dimly lit stairwell that leads to the kiosk.

She slowly pushes the glass panelled door open, then stealthily makes her way towards the crime scene.

To their horror the pavement containing the broken slab has been removed.

SHELLEY

(aside)

Shit.

She immediately exits the car park.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DCI Anthea Must welcomes the Mayor of Velingrad into her office.

He shakes her outstretched hand.

She offers him a seat facing her.

He makes himself comfortable, after he removes his hat and coat and places them on his lap.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Thank you for seeing me. I know you must be very busy, so I will not take up too much of your time.

She smiles pleasantly at him.

DCI MUST

I can assure you, you are not wasting anyone's time. In fact, I wrote it in my diary, so we have as long as it takes for you to leave here feeling satisfied that you have achieved some credible information by coming here.

He acknowledges her reply with a polite nod of the head.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I am grateful.

DCI MUST

I will explain to you where we are with the investigation so far. At this moment in time, Roman Petrescu is our prime suspect.

He sits attentively and stares back with his saddened eyes.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Of course. And thank you for explaining this to me, because I wasn't absolutely sure if he was going to be released, or not.

DCI MUST

In light of his criminal past we think you have every right to come and speak to us about the case. We know all about his misandry, though you wouldn't believe it to look at him, would you?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Yes, I agree. My daughter never stood a chance against him. He attacked her from behind, then dragged her into the back of his vehicle, before he did what he did to her, and left her to die.

She shows him a sympathetic look.

DCI MUST

Character I know. I had the file emailed over to me. It was very sad to read through it. You have our full condolences, Mr Souichek.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Tell me, what is the chance of him being released on bail?

DCI MUST

I can guarantee you, there is no chance of that at all.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

But do you have enough evidence to get a conviction?

DCI MUST

What I can tell you is that we have enough on Petrescu to obtain a conviction for robbery with intent to harm. But we are trying to secure a charge of murder by locating the murder weapon. This will be crucial to the investigation, before I decide to go back to the Crown Prosecution Service.

He shakes his head in dismay.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

You have no murder weapon?

DCI MUST

No, but what they have said to us is that they will support a murder charge with or without a murder weapon, if we can produce just one more crucial part of the puzzle. They have given us until the end of the month. This doesn't mean he will walk if we fail to locate the weapon. We still have the victim's DNA on his clothing. And he was also found in possession of valuable items belonging to the victim. So, if it comes down to the wire and we cannot secure a murder charge, he will ultimately be extradited.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Is it possible to know where you are holding him, so I can speak with him?

DCI MUST

I can't see why not. We have him at a holding centre in Hendon.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Where is that place exactly?

DCI MUST

I will get one of my colleagues to show you where it is on the map.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

That is very kind of you.

DCI MUST

It is a holding centre for illegals whilst they await a trial date, usually before they are sentenced and repatriated.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Thank you.

DCI MUST

So, what would you like to see happen to him, may I ask?

She raises a brow in wonder.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

If I answer that, you might have
to lock me up too, DCI Must.

DCI MUST

Oh. I see. Well, let's hope it
doesn't come to that for
everybody's sake.

INT. CRIME LAB - LIT

A FORENSICS ASSISTANT leads DCI Must towards a broken slab of
pavement.

ASSISTANT

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

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

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

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

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

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

The edge is rough and quite
sharp. We matched this segment
with the laceration wound to the
victim's temporal bone.

DCI MUST

And?

ASSISTANT

Good news! Uncontestable, since
it contains a positive match to
the victim's DNA. We also
discovered DNA for his possible
assailant.

DCI Must gasps and punches the air jubilantly.

DCI MUST
Finally! Something positive.

ASSISTANT
In all, there are four separate fingerprints on this segment to suggest a grab and hold position which I will show you.

She raises a discombobulated brow this time.

DCI MUST
Right.

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, a set of four prints that presumably belong to the assailant.

He picks up a different segment of concrete from the slab. He demonstrates to her how it may have been used to strike the victim.

She looks on with interest.

DCI MUST
But can we definitely say the perpetrator handled this piece of concrete, or not?

He places the sample segment back into the slab.

ASSISTANT
As I explained, 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
Mario Petrescu's?

He shakes his head.

ASSISTANT
We found nothing to link Mario Petrescu to the segment that struck the victim.

DCI MUST

Oh god! No of his DNA at all?

ASSISTANT

Nothing at all.

She sighs her despair.

DCI MUST

I see. Did you find any other matches?

ASSISTANT

Whoever handled this piece of concrete is not in the database. I couldn't find a match.

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

DCI MUST

Bugger.

ASSISTANT

This will be of interest to you though. We also have black acrylic fibres. I would suggest a knitted glove, maybe.

DCI MUST

Doesn't that just contradict what you just said about the fingerprints?

ASSISTANT

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

DCI MUST

Crime Scene wear forensic gloves when they handle evidence.

ASSISTANT

Remember, he was only struck once as his injuries suggest. My prognosis suggests 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, but only if nobody else handled the slab before it was brought here. Remember, only one strike, one laceration wound which ultimately caused the bleed. The contusion to his mandible and sinciput most likely occurred when he tripped and fell to the ground.

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

DCI MUST

Incredible. I'm bloody confused.

ASSISTANT

Then wait for it.

DCI MUST

Go on.

ASSISTANT

The evidence that is most damning is the green nail polish we traced on the topside of the segment which I will show you.

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

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Follow me.

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

DCI MUST

Nail polish?

He sits down at the desktop computer.

ASSISTANT

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 as she speaks on the phone.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Johnson-? Read Petrescu his rights and charge him with robbery, then take him back to Hendon. He can stew there, 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)

Carry on.

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.

Lenny Steel stands at the barbecue, spatula in hand and cooks. His apron shows a map of Cyprus.

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

ABIGAIL

Hi, Daddy. You okay?

LENNY STEEL

Alright babe. I'm fine.

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)

(soberly)

To Roman. We all miss you son.

They toast.

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 when they're going to release his body?

LENNY STEEL

Not yet. They keep telling me we have to wait until everything's been cleared up.

BETHANY

What's that s'posed to mean?

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 too long now.

BETHANY

What's happening with the investigation, dad? Have they charged anyone yet?

LENNY STEEL

They've got a Bulgarian banged up. They can't find the murder weapon, so the CPS won't give 'em the go-ahead to charge the ponce with Roman's murder.

They eat.

Beat.

The sun disappears over the horizon.

Lenny Steel's phone bleeps.

He leaves the table.

LENNY STEEL

(on phone)

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

He looks up at the sky bearing a worried expression.

EXT. SOHO NICK - CAR PARK - DAY

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

KICKER

(brightly)

Morning.

They stop and join in a conversation.

DCI MUST

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

SHELLEY

Yes, it is.

CU: Kicker's painted lime green nail polish.

DCI MUST

I'd like to apologise for the undercover shenanigans at The Hothouse night club. I understand you lost a vital piece of surveillance equipment whilst posing as pole dancers?

KICKER

That's right. But I don't understand why you need to apologise. It has nothing to do with you. It was my bad that screwed up the operation. I've taken full responsibility for that.

DCI MUST

The earring was discovered when we moved Roman Steel's body.

KICKER

(guiltily)

I knoe it was.

DCI MUST

What was the fight over?

KICKER

(eyes Johnson)

Hasn't he told you? Roman physically assaulted me.

DCI MUST

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

KICKER

I was. He left the club with it after he assaulted me.

DCI MUST

It's a bit strange that he just so happened to be struck over the head inside the same car park that you park your vehicle, dontcha think?

KICKER

Not really. Where else was I supposed to park my vehicle?

Short silence as DCI Must looks deeply into her eyes.

DCI MUST

Did you murder Roman Steel, DC Carruthers?

KICKER

(aback)

No, I did not! What are you getting at? We all used that car park. It's the nearest one to the club. You must know that.

DCI Must steps closer.

DCI MUST

I think you know exactly what I'm getting at, dontcha, DC Carruthers? You murdered him to retrieve the pearl earring. But when you realised you were not alone in that car park, you tried to frame Mario Petrescu, because he'd robbed him. You thought you had the perfect alibi, didn't you?

SHELLEY

(interjects)

That's not true. Kicker wouldn't do that.

DCI MUST

(angrily)

Oh shut up, you silly girl! I haven't even started with you yet.

KICKER

I called it in.

DCI MUST

Then explain to us how your nail varnish happens to be on the slab of concrete that he was struck with?

DCI Must side-eyes Shelley as she turns away guiltily.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
And fibres belonging DC Shelley
Peters?

Shelley gasps and steps back.

SHELLEY
Me?! What's this got to do with
me? I had no reason-

KICKER
-I don't know who you've been
talking to, but we have nothing
to do with his murder.

SHELLEY
Ridiculous insinuation. We're
detectives, not murderers.

DCI MUST
We'll see if it's ridiculous, DC
Shelley Peters. I'm arresting
both of you in connection with
the murder of Roman Steel.

(to Johnson)
Read them their rights, DS
Johnson. We'll take them in for
questioning now as we're all
here.

JOHNSON
(to Kicker & Shelley)
I'm sorry, but you donnae have to
say anything. But it may harm
your defence if you donnae
mention when questioned something
which you later rely on in court.
Anything you do say may be given
in evidence.

SHELLEY
This isn't true! We didn't do
anything!

KICKER
Yeah, alright, Johnson. I know
the drill, you fuckin' flub!

JOHNSON
(chuckles)
Flub?

KICKER

Look it up, Flub.

He ushers Kicker back inside the police station.

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

EXT. CEMETERY - DARK 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 STEEL

(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, 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 SHADOW appears over him
and strikes him across the skull.

He lies bleeding in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE.

DCI Must pauses the frame then turns back to Kicker.

DCI MUST

So, who is that in the footage?

KICKER

(shrugs)

No idea.

DCI MUST

Is it you, or DC Shelley Peters?

KICKER

(shakes head)

No. I don't know who that is.

DCI MUST

What makes you so sure it's not Shelley Peters?

KICKER

I just know it's not her, that's all. She wasn't even there that night.

DCI MUST

How would you know that?

KICKER

Beacuse she left the club before me. But you would know that if you had looked at the CCTV from the club.

JOHNSON

We have looked at it. She left twelve minutes before you.

DCI MUST

Explain to us how your nail polish came to be on that segment of pavement that was used strike Roman Steel and fatally wound him?

Kicker drops her arms in frustration.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And that doesn't exclude your fingerprints. Your dabs were also found on that same segment of pavement, DC Carruthers.

JOHNSON

You cannae have one without the other, Kicker.

Kicker passes him a death stare.

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 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 the pavement beneath his head.

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

Back to scene.

DCI Must looks across the table with a raised brow.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

It was obviously Shelley who struck him first, wasn't it? That was before you slipped that piece of concrete back inside the slab. Isn't that what happened? The CCTV doesn't lie, DC Carruthers.

A protracted silence.

KICKER

I'll tell you exactly what happened.

DCI MUST

Let's hear it.

KICKER

I almost tripped over that segment of pavement. I was already aware that it was loose. 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 doesn't show any evidence of that.

DCI MUST

Besides, if that is to be believed, DC Carruthers, then why did you readjust his head to conceal the fact that it was broken? You could've just left it where it was, instead of interfering with a crime scene?

A protracted silence as Kicker ruminates.

KICKER

I didn't know he was dead at the time, did I? I just thought he'd fallen over and smashed his head open. Anyway, I wasn't going to leave it there, was I? How was I to know he'd been struck over the head before I got there?

DCI MUST

That's not true, is it? You attempted to conceal the murder weapon. You knew darn well that he was struck across the head. He was lying in a pool of his own blood for heaven's sake. Did you do that out of rage, or to protect your girlfriend, DC Shelley Peters?

A protracted silence.

KICKER

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

DCI MUST

Fair enough. But I must ask you - what on earth inspired you to cover up a murder? If he had 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 your cover.

KICKER

I'm not saying another word.

DCI MUST

Fair enough.

DCI Must and Johnson get to their feet.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have lied to us, DC Carruthers. You're a silly girl. We have enough evidence to put you away for at least fifteen years for interfering with a crime scene.

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

EXT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

A two-storey, flat roof establishment with large panelled windows, decorated with vertical blinds.

The perimeter surrounded by high-voltage fencing and digital surveillance cameras.

The barrier at the main entrance is manned by a SECURITY GUARD.

A BLACK RANGE ROVER contains the Mayor of Velingrad and three other BURLY BULGARIAN MEN. They sit watchful whilst parked in a lay by.

INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

With his head shaven and the removal of his facial hair, Mario Petrescu is being prepared for his court appearance.

With a MALE WARDEN present, he slips on a clean white shirt as he stands in front of a mirrored wardrobe.

INT/EXT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

Lenny Steel sits in the passenger seat.

CU: NW SECURITY written on the side panel.

Behind the wheel a DRIVER with a moustache is dressed in full security garb.

Two other MEN sit inside the back of the vehicle, also dressed as security guards.

Lenny Steel passes the Driver a set of HANDCUFFS.

LENNY STEEL

Right, you all know the drill.
Just stay calm and collected at
all times. And act
professionally, particularly when
you're speaking directly to the
warden.

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

LENNY STEEL

And don't forget, when you've got
him safely inside the vehicle,
bring him straight here. If
anything doesn't feel right,
drive in the opposite direction,
until you see a railway bridge.
Turn off using the slip road,
then abandon the vehicle. Big Ben
will pick you up at the
rendezvous we all agreed upon
earlier. Have you got that?

DRIVER

Yeah.

LENNY STEEL

Good luck.

He hops out of the van, then slides the door shut, before he bangs his fist on the side panel.

LENNY STEEL

Go!

He stands and watches as they drive off, then disappear from view.

He lights a cigar and looks up at the clear blue skyline.

His phone rings inside his jacket pocket. He brings it to ear.

INTERCUT WITH JOHNSON:

JOHNSON

Len-?

LENNY STEEL

What'd you want-?

JOHNSON

Everything aweright-?

LENNY STEEL

Yeah, so far, unless they get themselves arrested, in which case I won't be.

JOHNSON

Did you give them the code-?

LENNY STEEL

What-? Of course I fuckin' gave 'em the right code. I'm not an idiot-?

JOHNSON

Aweright! I'm just making sure you've kept to the plan.

LENNY STEEL

I trust my team to deliver this thieving ponce to me. Even if he didn't murder my boy, I want my justice.

JOHNSON

Well, you might have a change of heart on that score.

LENNY STEEL

Why's that?

JOHNSON

I've got some news.

LENNY STEEL

G'rn.

JOHNSON

Roman's killers have been charged
and remanded in custody.

LENNY STEEL

(awed)

You what-?

JOHNSON

I thought I'd give you the good
news, before you heard from other
sources.

LENNY STEEL

Who are they-?

JOHNSON

Your dancing detectives - Medusa
and Snow Leopard did the deed
between them.

LENNY STEEL

Those fucking undercover feds-?

JOHNSON

Aye. DC Kicker Carruthers, and
Shelley Peters.

LENNY STEEL

Keep me informed.

JOHNSON

Will do.

LENNY STEEL

Good.

JOHNSON

Ciao, for now.

LENNY STEEL

Yeah.

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

The Mercedes Vito pulls up at the barrier.

Surveillance cameras scan the vehicle registration, and the
faces of the two men sitting in the front compartment.

The SECURITY GUARD leaves his hut and approaches the barrier.

The Driver flashes his fake ID and winks knowingly at the guard, who then lethargically walks back to the hut to raise the barrier.

The barrier lifts and the vehicle is driven up to the main reception area.

The vehicle stops directly outside the glass panelled doors.

The three man crew climb out of the vehicle in unison and stand at the entrance doors, before the Driver enters the code and the door opens.

HDC RECEPTION.

The Men inside the reception and are quickly met by a well spoken and smartly dressed WARDEN (50s).

WARDEN
(diligently)
Can I help you gentlemen?

DRIVER
(tentatively)
Err. Yeah. We're here to collect
Mario Petrescu for his court
appearance.

WARDEN
Do you have the one-time code?

She stares blankly into his confused, brown eyes.

During his discomfort, he shrugs his shoulders, then glances gormlessly at his colleagues in search of an answer.

DRIVER
They didn't give us a one-time
code, luv. Just the one I entered
the reception with.

His big brown eyes shift from side to side during his panic. She shakes her head and passes him a faint grin.

WARDEN
That'll be the one.

He hands her the code.

DRIVER

Oh. Sorry, luv. I'm a bit slow off the mark this morning. Sorry luv.

WARDEN

Oh, don't worry. You're earlier than expected, that's all. He's not quite ready for you. Not much traffic today, is there?

DRIVER

Not really.

WARDEN

Are you new?

DRIVER

Fairly, yeah.

WARDEN

I see none of you are wearing name tags either.

DRIVER

We're not the police, luv. We're just here to pick up the defendant and take him to court.

WARDEN

Very well. I'll see if he's ready for you.

DRIVER

(anxiously)

Much appreciated.

They watch as she walks through a security door and disappears.

They check their watches.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fuck me. She's a bit previous, ain't she?

Beat.

Wearing a suit and tie Mario Petrescu is brought in by the Warden. She hands him over to the Driver. He cuffs him.

Beat.

They secure him inside the Mercedes Vito, then drive out of the detention centre without fuss.

The Range Rover parked in the lay-by tailgate them.

TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW.

A1 MOTORWAY - DAY

The Range Rover continues to tailgate the Mercedes Vito ferrying Petrescu when it takes the opportunity to pass on the outside.

The Range Rover indicates and swerves in front of the Mercedes Vito, before it slams on the brakes, causing the Mercedes Vito into an emergency stop.

FOUR MEN wearing SKI MASKS jump out of the Range Rover and rush towards the Mercedes Vito. Their firearms directed at the Driver and passengers.

The Driver hits the gas and wheel-spins away at speed from the Range Rover.

The four Masked Men rush back to the Range Rover and climb in to give chase.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Lenny Steel stands by his vehicle as the Mercedes Vito races to a stop in front of him.

He quickly stamps out his cigar, then marches purposefully towards the sliding door of the van.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VITO.

A Crew member sits either side of Petrescu as he sits with his head between his legs.

The door slides open and the melancholic figure of Petrescu nervously looks up.

LENNY STEEL

Out, you!

The Driver jumps out in a panic.

DRIVER

We were fucking chased, Len. And they were armed to the teeth. We lost 'em somehow.

LENNY STEEL

What' d ya mean, followed?

DRIVER

Followed - chased. They forced us to a stop on the A1. I don't know how I managed to get away from them. They were gonna fucking shoot us all.

LENNY STEEL

Feds?

DRIVER

Definitely not. They were masked. Army types, I'd say.

LENNY STEEL

OK. Well done for shaking 'em off.

He drags Petrescu out of the vehicle and towards the Volvo.

He shoves him into the back, before he is sandwiched by two of the Men.

The Driver climbs back inside the Mercedes Vito and drives away.

The Range Rover races onto the wasteland and blocks the path of the Volvo.

LENNY STEEL O.S

What the fuck?

He climbs out of the vehicle and confronts the unmasked MEN sitting inside the vehicle.

The grey haired Mayor of Velingrad slowly climbs out of the passenger side, followed by two of his Men.

LENNY STEEL

Get outta my fucking way!

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I've come to take Mario Petrescu home. I know who you are. I don't want any trouble.

LENNY STEEL

Who the fuck are you, then? Get outta my way.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Look, we don't want trouble. Just the man you have in your car.

LENNY STEEL

He's coming with me.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Hand him over and there will be no trouble from me. He will be dealt with. You have my word.

LENNY STEEL

Well, it didn't show back there on the motorway, did it? Anyway, who are you?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I'm the Mayor of Velingrad in Bulgaria. The man you have in your vehicle raped and beat my little girl, before she cut her own wrists. He absconded from my country and came to England.

LENNY STEEL

(sniffs the air)

Well, h also robbed my boy while he lay bleeding to death inside a car park.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

So where does that leave us, then, Mr Steel? What can be worse than the worst? My little girl who took her own life because of that savage, or your dying son?

An protracted silence as Lenny Steel ruminates.

LENNY STEEL

Who told you I had him?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

We've been keeping a close eye on him since we were contacted by detectives over here.

LENNY STEEL

You can have your pennyworth when I'm finished with him.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

He will be punished, severely. My daughter was my world.

LENNY STEEL

So was my son.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

But he never murdered your son. He only stole possessions.

LENNY STEEL

(disappointedly)

Yeah. Alright. Fair enough.

Petrescu is dragged out of the Volvo and handed over to the Mayor of Velingrad.

Petrescu falls to his knees in fear.

He looks mercifully up at the Mayor who stands over him.

Blood leaks from a gash to his head. His smart black suit soiled with the mud in which he lies like a wounded animal.

He puts his hands together and pleads with the Mayor.

PETRESCU

Please, don't kill me.

He is brought back to his feet by the Mayor's men.

PETRESCU (CONT'D)

I don't want to die. Please, I beg you. Please don't kill me.

The Mayor of Velingrad grabs his jawbone and squeezes hard.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

You need to know something.

PETRESCU

Please...

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

My little girl took her own life
after what you did to her. You've
brought shame upon your country.
Now the only person who deserves
to be punished is you.

Petrescu's attempts to speak are thwarted by his inability to move his tongue.

The Mayor of Velingrad is handed a FIREARM by one of his men. He steps back and takes aim at Petrescu's head.

Petrescu squirms as he tries to cover himself.

Mayor of Velingrad slides his finger around the trigger and squeezes.

BANG!

The birds nesting in the trees scatter over their heads as a cacophony of fluttering wings fill the air with uncertainty and mischief.

CU: Mario Petrescu lies muddied, bloodied and dead.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go home.

He shakes Lenny Steel's hand, then climbs back inside his vehicle before he is drives off.

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. Big Ben, 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 Big Ben standing alone by the conservatory doors, so he joins him and pulls him to one side.

He puts his arm around Big Ben's shoulder. Dev Bakshi and Zane Delgado 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 into Big Ben's ear.

LENNY STEEL

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

Big Ben nods his head to confirm he is listening.

BIG BEN

Yeah. Sure. What is it, Lenny?

LENNY STEEL

That fuckin' detective Medusa.

BIG BEN

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.

BIG BEN

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.

BIG BEN

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.

BIG BEN

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

LENNY STEEL

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

BIG BEN

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 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 Big Ben presses his thumb down on the camera ring-bell situated on Kickers apartment door and waits.

BIG BEN

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

Big Ben bemoans to the bearded giant standing next to him.

BIG BEN (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 (CONT'D)

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.

They continue to cry into each other's arms.

FADE OUT.

THE END