

LIMERENCE

written & created by

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Episode 3

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EXT. ISLA VERDE BEACH. PUERTO RICO - HOT SUNNY DAY

A congested beach full of HOLIDAYMAKERS making the most of the sunshine.

Whilst on vacation, bikini clad, off duty detective KIKI CARRUTHERS 30s and widower NANCY BURROWS 30s sunbathe under a clear blue skyline, before they get up and run into the wetness of the sea.

They splash each other playfully as they soak up the aesthetic of that much needed holiday feeling.

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed for the evening they sit at a candlelit table and share a bottle of prosecco as they enjoy the local cuisine of Mofongo and shredded shrimp.

NANCY

It's so relaxing here, I could stay here forever and not have to think about anything else.

(sighs)

I'm really not looking forward to going back.

KIKI

I'm trying not to think about it either, to be honest. It's time for a fresh start for the both of us. You still have your nice little job at the ice cream shack, and somehow I still have my job chasing criminals.

(pauses)

Too much has happened this past year.

NANCY

Don't remind me, please...

KIKI

It's hard to comprehend.

NANCY

How'd you mean?

KIKI

All that stuff that went on when we were working undercover put me and Shelley through hell.

NANCY

Yeah.

(pauses)

I'm still struggling to adjust to life without Shane. Especially at night when I feel lonely. We didn't need to talk. Just knowing he was there was enough for me. I miss him so much.

A pause as they pick up their drinks.

KIKI

Can I ask you something, Nancy?

NANCY

Of course you can.

KIKI

D' you think we have a future together?

NANCY

(grins)

I hope so.

KIKI

I really enjoy being around you. You make me feel important.

NANCY

Touche.

Silence as they eat and drink.

KIKI

Did I ever mention to you that I use to work in vice?

NANCY

(aback)

No...

KIKI

Yeah. That's why Shelley's in prison.

NANCY

Oh my God!

KIKI

God, she must hate me. It's all my fault.

NANCY

What happened?

KIKI

We were accused of a club owners son's murder. My colleague was found guilty.

NANCY

How come?

KIKI

We were working as pole dancers at some pretentious club in Soho. His son exposed himself to me, then was later found dead in a Soho car park where we all parked our vehicles. I found him lying in a pool of blood. He'd been hit over the head with a piece of concrete from a broken pavement.

NANCY

Oh no!

KIKI

Yeah but I didn't know it at the time.

NANCY

Oh no! Why did they accuse you?

KIKI

I'd previously tripped over that same broken pavement. I unwittingly put it back where it belonged when I saw it was loose, which meant my dabs were also on the murder weapon.

NANCY

That's insane.

KIKI

I know. They couldn't prove anything though. I wasn't to know it was the flipping murder weapon, was I?

NANCY

No of course not. But to be accused of something that horrible must have made you really angry.

KIKI

Yeah. I'm still on probation you know. They haven't said whether I'm still in, or not.

NANCY

Well, I'm here.

KIKI

I know. Thanks.

NANCY

And you're always welcome to stay at mine, anytime you want.

KIKI

That's nice.

NANCY

You've been really kind to me since Shane's death. I'll never be able to repay you for protecting me from those delinquent gangs in Loughton. I'll always be indebted to you for being there when I needed someone.

KIKI

Oh rubbish! You're as strong as an ox, you are.

They look into each others eyes with sincerity.

NANCY

I just want to say thank you for saving me from my miserable self. Without you-

KIKI

Stop it! You'll make me cry in a minute. Let's just enjoy the here and now, shall we?

NANCY

Carpe Diem.

KIKI

Carpe Diem.

They toast.

EXT. LONDON STREET - COLD NIGHT

It's eerily quiet, and dimly lit as Austrian hostess BEA SPENCE 20s makes her way home. She wears a long woollen coat, knee length black boots and a black beret.

She reaches the wrought iron steps to her apartment and climbs up to the front door. She searches her bag for the key, then unlocks the door and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

As she steps though the passage a gloved hand comes from behind her and grabs her around the neck. She struggles to fight off the HOODED ATTACKER as he uses his boot to slam the door shut, before he forces her into-

BEDROOM

She attempts to scream as he pushes her head face down upon the bed. her cries and muffles for help muted. Her beret falls off as she struggles to free herself from his strong grasp around her neck.

As he lifts her head back with his free hand, her long blonde hair covers his hand.

BEA

(sobs)

Please don't hurt me! I beg you!
I'll give you whatever you want,
but just please don't hurt me,
please...!

He produces a kitchen KNIFE, then slashes her throat from ear to ear, before he drags her bloodied body onto the carpeted floor where he goes completely berserk with knife in hand as he continuously slashes her about the body.

Beat.

He wipes the knife on her blouse before he quickly disappears.

Bea Spence lies in the prone position with her throat cut and covered head to toe in a blood bath.

Beat.

Curly haired DARYL 28, cautiously enters through the open door. He clutches a solid GUITAR HARDCASE and places it down just inside the door.

DARYL

Bea? Bea, you in? What's the door
doing wide open?

LOUNGE.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Bea, what's going on?

BEDROOM.

He looks in and spots her lying on the floor dead. He covers his mouth, before he kneels down beside her and cradles her in his arms and sobs.

DARYL (CONT'D)

(sobs)

Oh baby. I'm so sorry. I'm so so
sorry...

He gently lies her head down on the carpet, then spots a transparent ENVELOPE that sticks out of her hand bag.

He grabs the envelope filled with CASH and slips it inside his denim trouser pocket. He then takes off his black leather jacket and places it over her.

OPERATOR O.S (PRELAP)

Which service?

DARYL O.S

Police.

OPERATOR O.S

One moment. Putting you through.

DARYL O.S

Is that the police-?

POLICE OPERATOR O.S

Police emergency. How can I help?

DARYL O.S

I want to report a murder.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

Kiki sits at her desk when she is joined by white Afrikan DCI MILLIE NUNN.

NUNN

Welcome back, Kiki.

KIKI

Thanks.

NUNN

I've got some very good news for you, regarding the person who knocked you down the other month.

KIKI

Go on.

NUNN

Have you heard of Charles Bell?

KIKI

You mean Dog. He's connected to the late Kris Savva, I believe.

NUNN

That's right. The 4X4, he used to run you over with is still registered to Kris Savva.

KIKI

You're not joking!

NUNN

Anyway, he was sentenced to two years inside while you were abroad. He's at the Ville if you want to ask him why he did it.

KIKI

Oh, I know why he did it, Millie.

NUNN

Oh?

KIKI

Kris Savva had a hit out on me before he himself was murdered by Dev Bakshi who's doing life for his murder.

NUNN

I didn't know.

KIKI

(looks up)

Yeah.

The phone rings inside DCI Nunn's office.

NUNN

(to Kiki)

Get over to Hainult Road in Leytonstone. There's been a report of a 140. Let me know what's happening when you get there.

KIKI

Rightyo.

NUNN

Uniform are there now. SOCO are also on their way.

KIKI

Right.

Kiki climbs to her feet and grabs her coat.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

BLUE LIGHTS flash at the crime scene. Daryl stands at the bottom of the iron staircase and puffs on a cigarette.

Kiki exits from the passenger side of an unmarked vehicle then marches towards the sealed off area.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

UNIFORM wait outside the bedroom door. Kiki enters the apartment. She stares down and gasps at the blood soaked cadaver, and the amount of blood spatter that lines the walls and bedroom furniture.

KIKI
(to Uniform)
Who called it in?

UNIFORM
Daryl Grimes. He's outside,
talking to uniform.

KIKI
OK. Who is she?

UNIFORM
Bea Spence. She's an Austrian
hostess according to her partner.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

She exits and descends the wrought iron staircase.

She approaches a melancholic Daryl who stands in just his black T and chinos.

KIKI
You must be Daryl, right?

DARYL
(shivers)
Yeah, that's right.

KIKI
You found her, I understand?

DARYL
Yeah.

KIKI
What time was that, exactly?

DARYL
When I got home from work -
around 1 a.m.

KIKI

Is that the usual time you get home from work?

DARYL

Approximately, yeah.

KIKI

And where is work, Daryl?

DARYL

The Blue Nun. It's a pub in Kentish Town. I play guitar and sing.

KIKI

Is that your job then?

DARYL

Yeah, I'm a musician- In house.

KIKI

So what's your relationship to the victim?

DARYL

Partner. We live together.

KIKI

And how long have you been seeing one another?

DARYL

About eight months.

KIKI

Is there anything I should know that might help us to catch who did this to her?

DARYL

(shakes head)

I'm not sure. The door was wide open when I got home.

KIKI

Is that normal?

DARYL

No. She always keeps the door locked. She was security conscious.

KIKI

I see. Anything else you might think could be important like what her job is, for example?

DARYL

She was a hostess, uptown.

KIKI

Where, exactly?

DARYL

Harry's Club - It's a hostess club in Mayfair.

KIKI

Harry's Club? Did she ever bring clients home with her?

DARYL

(agitated)

No, no. She would never do anything like that. She was a hostess, not a prostitute.

KIKI

OK. I wasn't suggesting anything but.

(pauses)

I will have to ask you some awkward questions if you want us to find who did this to her. Now did she ever go back to a client's hotel, or residence, truthfully?

DARYL

No, not that I'm aware of, anyway.

KIKI

Daryl, is there anyone that you can think of that might have wanted to do her harm? Anyone in particular that she might have offended, or mentioned during a casual conversation?

DARYL

(ruminates)

There is a guy she mentioned a few times. His name's Ali. He works at the club. She said that he was harassing her to date some of his wealthy Arab friends.

KIKI

Did she mention his role at the club?

DARYL

She just called him an arse licker.

KIKI

Why's that?

DARYL

I dunno. She never said.

KIKI

And his name is Ali, right?

DARYL

Yeah.

KIKI

OK. Scene of crimes will be here shortly, along with a pathologist. Have you got anywhere you can stay tonight? Your apartment is a crime scene. You won't be let back inside, not until investigators have given the all clear.

DARYL

Yeah. I can stay at me mum's for a few days. How long will it take before I can go back in, d' you think?

KIKI

Maybe a week or two. No longer than that I should imagine.

DARYL

OK.

KIKI

Don't go anywhere, until I talk to you again. I'll need your contact details and where I can find you.

DARYL

Cool.

He produces his phone and hands it to her as she scans the area and points to a white vehicle parked outside the property.

KIKI

Is that your vehicle?

DARYL

The Ford? Yeah.

KIKI

OK. Let's have a look inside.

DARYL

Sure.

He key fobs his vehicle. Kiki opens the door and looks inside.

KIKI

Open the boot.

DARYL

Sure.

He opens the boot. A black guitar hardcase.

Kiki stares at the guitar case as he looks the other way.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Am I a suspect?

KIKI

Why'd you ask that?

DARYL

Because I found her.

KIKI

Were you the last person to see her alive, then?

DARYL

No. She was already dead when I
got home.

She slams the boot shut.

KIKI

You don't say.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

DCI Nunn approaches Kiki as she sits at her desk sifting
through photographs of the victim.

NUNN

Sorry to throw you straight back
into the mire, Kiki, but senior
detectives are in high demand at
the moment. We're short staffed.

KIKI

(looks up)

No problem. It's good to be back
in the thick of it, actually.

NUNN

It wasn't a pretty sight, I hear.

KIKI

No. It was ghastly. There was
blood all over the place.

Kiki picks up a glamorous photograph of the victim and
passes it to her. She studies the photo of the blonde haired
blue eyed hostess.

NUNN

She was very pretty.

(chews biltong)

Anything positive to go on, early
doors?

She hands back the image to Kiki.

KIKI

We're just waiting for Harry's Club to open. There's a person of interest who works there called Ali Bolsover. We need to speak to him. Apparently... according to Daryl, the victim's partner, he's been harassing her to sleep with other men.

NUNN

Sounds promising. What about the murder weapon, any luck with that yet?

KIKI

No luck, I'm afraid. It's likely whoever killed her took it with him when he left.

(sighs)

We may be looking for an opportunist, who knows? She might have been followed home. I've got the team looking at the CCTV in and around the immediate area.

NUNN

I'll get uniform to get knocking on doors.

KIKI

Thanks.

NUNN

What does this Daryl person have to say for himself, then?

KIKI

His story checks out. He performs at The Blue Nun in Kentish Town. He was there last night.

NUNN

Did you ask them what time he left?

KIKI

Shortly after midnight, I was told.

NUNN

And approximate time of death,
according to Gina?

KIKI

She given some time between 1.15
and 1.30.

NUNN

In that case, I wouldn't rule him
out just yet, Kiki. He still had
plenty of time to kill her before
he called emergency services at
1.35.

KIKI

I'm aware of that. Early
indications, her killer was very
meticulous.

NUNN

That leaves two possibilities
then. She either knew her killer
and let him in, or she was
followed home by an opportunist.

She goes to walk off.

KIKI

Oh Millie, I will need a vehicle
if there's one available. My
car's still in the garage.
They're still waiting for a part
apparently.

DCI Nunn turns and nods her head in approval.

NUNN

By the way, how was Puerto Rico?

KIKI

Lovely. Thanks for asking.

NUNN

You've gone a lovely bronze
colour. It suits you.

KIKI

(smiles)

Thanks.

INT. HARRY'S CLUB - DAY

The club is empty of customers when Kiki and two JUNIOR DETECTIVES enter.

They approach the bar and are promptly met by a punky young female BARTENDER.

BARTENDER
(consciously)
We're closed. We're not open yet.

KIKI
Yeah, I can see that. That's not why we're here.

BARTENDER
Can I help you, then?

Kiki produces her BADGE. The Bartender's jaw drops as she gives her a blank stare.

KIKI
Who's in charge here?

BARTENDER
Gareth, but he's not in yet. He's the manager.

KIKI
What time will he be here?

BARTENDER
Usually, not till around six. But I can call him if you like?

KIKI
Is there anyone else around that I might be able to speak to, apart from yourself?

BARTENDER
Ali's upstairs. I'll just go and fetch him.

KIKI
Thanks.

Bartender disappears. Kiki looks about the cosy looking place filled with candlelit tables, red velvet wallpaper and soft furnishings.

Beat.

Bartender returns with ALI BOLSOVER 30s He's a dark pigmented, curly haired guy with an infectious smile and laughing green eyes.

ALI

Hi. What can I do for you?

KIKI

For starters, you can tell me where you were between midnight and 1 a.m this morning?

ALI

Can I see your credentials before I answer that?

She flashes her badge at him.

ALI (CONT'D)

I was here, working. What's the problem?

KIKI

Is there anyone who can vouch for that?

ALI

Only about a half-a-dozen people. No what's going on?

KIKI

(to bartender)

What about you? Can you vouch for him?

BARTENDER

I wasn't working last night. It was my night off.

ALI

That's right. I think you better tell me what this is all about?

KIKI

It's regarding the murder of Bea Spence. I have information that she worked here as a hostess. Was she here last night?

ALI

(aback)

Murdered?

KIKI

That's right.

ALI

Yeah, she was here.

KIKI

What time did she leave?

ALI

No idea. You'll have to ask the doormen, or Gareth. They'll be able to answer that for you.

KIKI

What nights did she work here?

ALI

Thursday, Friday, Saturday... and sometimes if we are busy, Gareth might call her to come in.

KIKI

We'd like to look at your CCTV, if that's okay?

ALI

Fine. Kirsty'll show you where it is. But it's not working upstairs at the moment.

KIKI

Who mentioned anything about upstairs?

ALI

Well, if you want to know where I was, I was upstairs working last night. That's what I'm trying to explain to you.

KIKI

Doing what?

ALI

We're refurbishing the casino.

KIKI

You, and who else?

ALI

Gareth.

KIKI

Are you saying the casino doesn't have any CCTV?

ALI

It does, but it's switched off at the moment.

The Bartender shows the Detectives where the CCTV monitors are kept.

KIKI

We'll need you to come down to the station and answer some further questions.

ALI

What! Now?

KIKI

Yes. Now.

ALI

Am I being charged with her murder?

KIKI

We're not charging you with anything at the moment. We just need to speak to you in depth.

ALI

But I can't leave the barstaff on their own. Gareth'll go mad.

KIKI

Can you call someone who can fill in while you're gone?

ALI

No! Why me?

KIKI

Just getcha coat and stop
complaining, or I'll arrest you
for failing to assist us with our
inquiries.

ALI

Fuck sake, man! You people know
how to make enemies, dontcha?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Daryl lies stretched out on a single bed. He speaks on his
mobile phone.

DARYL

(soberly)

It's me, Daryl. Can you let
George know I won't be in for a
few days- No I'm not feeling very
well- Cheers Sam.

He ends the call and lies in the fetal position as he sucks
his thumb like a baby.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Seated at the table, Kiki, DCI Nunn.

Ali sits next to his dark pigmented BRIEF. DCI Nunn takes out
a packet of biltong from her pocket.

NUNN

(to Kiki)

Want some?

KIKI

(accepts)

Thanks.

She takes a piece of biltong from the packet, then slides a
photo image of Bea Spence across the table. Bea has her
throat cut.

ALI

(turns away)

Oh fuck! Jesus Christ!

NUNN

My sentiments also.

KIKI

She was murdered inside her own home.

ALI

I wouldn't hurt Bea. I liked her. I liked her a lot.

KIKI

We know you were harassing her.

ALI

Where'd ya hear that? I wasn't harassing her.

KIKI

According to her partner you were. She told him that you were trying to whore her out to friends of yours.

ALI

That's not true! If anything she approached me and asked if I could set her up with some rich clients.

KIKI

To the contrary. She said you were harassing her. She even told her partner that.

ALI

(folds arms)

Is that what this is all about? Look, she was a game girl. She appeared in porn videos for fuck sake. Just put her name in Pornhub. She was into porn for heaven's sake.

KIKI

Is that the reason you killed her, because she wouldn't do as you asked, and screw your clients?

ALI

Oh c'mon, man! That's bollocks!

KIKI

Are you a pimp, Ali? Did she burst your credibility bubble, because she kept refusing to sleep with your rich mates?

ALI

(defiantly)

OK. I'm not saying another word, until I speak to my solicitor.

KIKI

OK. But if we find your DNA in that flat, or on her person we will arrest you for her murder, understand?

A protracted silence as he mumbles in to the ear of his Brief.

ALI

I had sex with her last night. It happened before we opened up.

DCI NUNN

You what? Why have you waited to tell us that now?

ALI

I never thought about it till now.

KIKI

Tell us what happened.

ALI

OK.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HARRY'S CLUB - NIGHT

Ali smiles and signals at Bea from the staircase that leads up to the casino.

She looks up at him and smiles back, then climbs the stairs to join him.

CASINO.

ALI
(excitedly)
Quick. Come on.

He ushers her inside a small-

OFFICE.

Once inside, he grabs hold of her and begins to kiss her about the neck and face. She rejects his advances and pushes him off.

BEA
Stop! What are you doing, Ali?
Get off me! That's not why I came
up here.

ALI
(tormented)
Oh c'mon, babe, you know I fancy
you. I need you.

BEA
Stop it.

ALI
My balls are gonna fucking
explode if don't fuck you right
now. You're so fucking hot, Bea,
I want to fuck you. Oh c'mon,
please...

BEA
No! I said stop it!

ALI
Dontcha want to make some real
cash, then?

She focuses her eyes on him.

BEA
How?

ALI
I can make you fucking thousands
if you really want to know.

BEA
How are you going to do that,
then?

ALI

Are you honestly saying you don't know how I can make you rich, Bea?

BEA

Exactly.

ALI

Just ask the other girls about the Egyptian billionaire who just so happens to be a friend of mine?

BEA

(stumped)

What?

ALI

I've got rich Egyptian friends who will literally pay thousands to fuck you. You're gorgeous, babe. My dick goes hard just looking at you.

BEA

But I have a boyfriend as if you didn't know.

ALI

Look, don't be silly, Bea. It's only sex. You are a beautiful young girl. You'll make shit loads if you escort these friends of mine. They'll pay you whatever you ask, trust me.

BEA

I'll think about it. But I'm not some whore that you can pass around to your wealthy friends, right?

ALI

No I know. I'll give you hundred quid if you suck my cock right now.

She thinks about it momentarily.

BEA

Alright. Be quick.

ALI

C'mon. I might need to fuck as well if I can't cum quick enough.

BEA

Give me the money first, then I will drink you.

He pays her. She fellates him.

Beat.

She tidies herself as he zips up his chinos.

BEA

And next time get a prostitute.

ALI

OK. But think about what I said. It's no different to what you're doing with the porn videos, except you'll get richer even quicker.

She descends the stairs.

END FLASHBACK.

Back to Scene.

KIKI

But I still don't understand why you didn't mention this to us before.

ALI

Because I'll lose my job if Gareth finds out I'm banging the hostesses.

KIKI

So, how many hostesses have you banged so far?

ALI

Dozens. That's why they're hostesses. It's just a dignified way of whoring your services, plus it makes clubs like ours a lot of money.

KIKI

What is your job at Harry's,
exactly?

ALI

Customer liaison officer. It's a
bit like PR, except I get full
access to the girls when they
want something.

KIKI

When your not refurbishing the
casino, right?

ALI

Yeah.

KIKI

How many hostesses have you
supplied to clients?

ALI

I never force any of them to do
anything they don't want to. You
can ask them, but please, not in
front of Gareth.

DCI NUNN

Just answer the question.

ALI

Five-six, maybe.

KIKI

What about Bea?

ALI

I never forced her to do
anything, I swear to it.

KIKI

Did you have anything over her
that made her do something she
didn't want to do?

ALI

No!

KIKI

OK. No more questions for now.
You're free to go.

They all climb to their feet, before Ali turns to Kiki.

ALI

Look, I don't know how important this is, but I heard through one of the other girls that Bea was sacked by Gareth last night. She was working out her notice, apparently.

KIKI

What for?

ALI

It's against club policy for the hostesses to appear in sex videos, unless Gareth sanctions it first. He says it damages the club's reputation.

KIKI

In what way?

ALI

Gareth doesn't employ sex workers. It's a rule.

KIKI

So he doesn't know what goes on right under his nose, then?

ALI

Look, he's not stupid. I'm sure he's aware of certain things like-

KIKI

Getting Bea to give you a blow job, right?

NUNN

Go on. Get out of here before I change my mind and arrest you for exploitation of a foreign national.

He quickly exits.

Kiki and DCI Nunn glance at one another knowingly.

NUNN (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak to Daryl. Bring him in. Something doesn't add up. He's saying one thing, and he's saying another. Either Bea was playing her boyfriend, or Ali is playing us.

KIKI

OK.

INT. KIKI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

She sits at a table and studies CCTV footage on her tablet.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

EXT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT

COMMUTERS enter and exit the station.

Back to scene.

Nancy appears in the room with two flutes of prosecco. She sits down and stares across the table at Kiki.

Kiki switches off her tablet and smiles at her.

NANCY

(brightly)

Any luck?

KIKI

No, nothing at all. I'm not sure if she even took the tube home that night. It's just an assumption at the moment.

NANCY

You think she might have got a cab, then?

KIKI

A black cab, maybe.

(pauses for thought)

Nah. Someone would have heard or seen something. None of the neighbours reported seeing anything suspicious.

NANCY

Or an Uber. Why don't you ask the manager if she took a cab that night?

KIKI

I will. Thanks. You're a natural.

NANCY

It's a possibility.

KIKI

(chuckles)

What, you being a natural, or her taking an Uber?

NANCY

Both, of course...

KIKI

I need to speak to the manager.

NANCY

I can drive you over there if you like?

KIKI

Would you?

NANCY

Yeah. I've got nothing else to do.

KIKI

Pour these drinks back in the bottle then and we'll go.

NANCY

Right.

Nancy exits with the flutes of prosecco.

KIKI

I'll treat you to a nice curry afterwards.

NANCY O.S

Fantastic. I haven't had a curry in weeks.

KIKI

That makes two of us. C'mon.

Nancy reenters and they grab their coats.

INT. HARRY'S CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Kiki is met by GARETH 50s. He is tall and dressed dapper.

GARETH

I heard.

KIKI

Is it true that you fired her for appearing in a porn video?

GARETH

Yes, it's true. She left me no choice. She broke the golden rule.

KIKI

How did you find out?

GARETH

Ali was hosting a personal viewing of her acting talents when I arrived early for work one evening.

KIKI

Shouldn't you have sacked him as well, then?

GARETH

He's been suspended. He's working his notice.

KIKI

Since when?

GARETH

Since this evening, after I heard what happened to Bea.

KIKI

Did you see him last night, between midnight and 1 a.m?

GARETH

Yes, I did. He was upstairs in the casino. That was around 12-15. And then I saw him again at around half one. He's helping out with the installation of our new tables.

KIKI

Are you aware that he supplies girls to clients of his?

GARETH

I've heard a rumour to that effect. But I've never witnessed him doing that myself, otherwise he would have been toast. I won't have that sort of activity going on at my club. We have clear rules here. I do my best to keep it clean.

KIKI

Were you ever made aware that Bea had concerns about him?

GARETH

How'd you mean?

KIKI

For instance, she told her boyfriend that she was being pressured by him to sleep with other men, particularly Arab men.

GARETH

Actually, come to think of it there was something she wanted to say to me, but I wasn't interested at the time. I thought it was regarding some trivial matter to do with one or two of the girls. A girlie spat. It goes on all the time here.

KIKI

That helps us considerably. Thank you for your time, Gareth.

GARETH

No problem. And I am very sorry to hear of her untimely death. She was a very sweet girl.

KIKI

Actually, what was she like, in a personal sense?

GARETH

Like I said, she was a sweet, bubbly, polite young lady from Austria. Her English was good, and she had a lovely nature about her. She knew a lot about the world for her age. The regulars loved chatting to her over a bottle of bubbly. They found her quite interesting. She had good feedback.

KIKI

That's great. Thanks.

INT. NANCY'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

She returns to Nancy and climbs inside her vehicle.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Right. Let's go to Dishoom. I could really eat a chicken ruby with gunpowder potatoes. My treat.

NANCY

Yum yum.

They share a chuckle.

INT. DISHOOM INDIAN STREET FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kiki and Nancy are led towards a window seat.

Beat.

KIKI

Actually, there's something I've been meaning to ask you.

NANCY

What is it?

KIKI

I was thinking that once we get closure with this case I'm on, how would you like to pop over the channel with me and visit my dad. It's his birthday in a couple of weeks. I'd just like to be there to celebrate it with him.

NANCY

Wow! That's a big ask, Kiki.

KIKI

I know, but as you can see I have a job that dictates when I can get away. It's all hands to the pump when a murder case is sprung upon us.

Nancy pours a glass of water and drinks.

KIKI (CONT'D)

I was going to ask you earlier, but got sidetracked with everything.

NANCY

I'd love to, Kiki. And thanks for inviting me along.

KIKI

(grins)

Brilliant.

They clink glasses of water.

NANCY

I'll see if I can get someone to cover for me at The Shack.

KIKI

I'll give you plenty of notice.

A protracted silence as they look at the menu.

NANCY

You must be made of steel to do your job. I couldn't do it-

KIKI

says the woman who can devour a chicken ruby in two minutes flat, and not flinch an eyelid.

They laugh out loud.

NANCY

No I've just got a very strong digestive system, that's all.

KIKI

You can say that again.

Further laughter.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

Daryl sits opposite Kiki and DCI Millie Nunn. He taps his foot uncontrollably and clenches his fist tightly.

NUNN

Daryl, tell us the first thing that you saw when you entered your flat on the night of the murder?

DARYL

(dismayed)

I don't understand. What'd you mean? I told the detective sitting there what I saw. She knows.

NUNN

Well, now I want you to tell me. For example, did you notice anything strange when you initially entered your flat?

DARYL

Yeah, the door was wide open, and the lights were off.

NUNN

What happened when you switched on the light?

DARYL

I can't remember. I was too concerned about Bea to notice anything in particular.

NUNN

OK. So how did you first react upon seeing her lying there soaked in her own blood?

DARYL

(sighs heavily)

I can't remember. I just blacked out. All I do remember is holding her in my arms.

NUNN

Weren't you scared that her killer might've still been hiding inside the flat somewhere?

DARYL

No. I blacked out. The sight of Bea lying there like that just made me feel sick.

NUNN

How long would you say it was between lying with her and making the call to 999?

DARYL

I don't know. I was still in deep shock.

NUNN

The landlord at The Blue Nun says he remembers you leaving the pub shortly after midnight. Is that correct?

DARYL

That's right. That's the usual time I leave if it's quiet.

NUNN

But you don't always go straight home, do you?

DARYL

How'd you mean?

NUNN

The landlord there told one of my detectives that you sometimes pull a bit of skirt - as he put it.

DARYL

It goes with the territory, dunnit? It's just a bit of fun, that's all.

KIKI

(interjects)

How would've Bea reacted if she had've known you were playing around?

DARYL

It wouldn't have bothered her. She was at it herself. She worked as a hostess. She was paid to chat up men. She'd wouldn't get home till the early hours of the morning sometimes. I never used to questioned her about it, because I knew it was her job. It was what it was.

A short silence.

NUNN

So, how long would you say it takes you to drive from Kentish Town to your flat in Leytonstone?

DARYL

Half-an-hour or so, I dunno. I've never actually timed it

NUNN

Well, for your information, I had one of my colleagues drive that route at the same time that you left the pub that night. It took him twenty minutes. That means that you must have reached home before 1 a.m that night.

DARYL

I never drove straight home that night. I had a flat tyre when I left the pub. It took me at least half-an-hour to change it. I got home after 1 a.m.

NUNN

And you know that for sure, do you, Daryl?

DARYL

I do... because the one-o'clock news had just finished.

NUNN

So if I looked inside your boot, I'll see a punctured tyre, will I?

DARYL

Yeah.

NUNN

OK. I'll get one of my officers to take a look at it before I let you go.

He sits back in his seat and folds his arms.

DARYL

I want to go now?

NUNN

I've got a few more questions to ask you first.

(pauses)

Scene of crimes could only establish tread marks from your boots and no one else's. Why do you think that is?

DARYL

Ask them, not me.

NUNN

But surely, Daryl if her killer had entered the flat he would have left a small clue, don'tcha think? They found nothing to suggest that anyone entered your flat, apart from you and Bea.

DARYL

I dunno.

KIKI

(interjects)

I've got a question for you,
Daryl.

DARYL

What?

KIKI

When I spoke to you outside your flat that night, I couldn't help noticing how immaculate your clothes were. But you just told DCI Nunn- quote: I remember holding her in my arms for what seemed like an eternity; unquote.

DARYL

Yeah, that's right.

KIKI

Well, when I saw her she was saturated in blood. Did you change your clothes before we got there?

DARYL

No. The leather jacket you saw over her was mine. I put it over her.

KIKI

Did you and Bea ever fight and argue over anything?

DARYL

Not really. We had a good relationship.

KIKI

That's not what your next door neighbour tell us. He said that he heard you and Bea yelling at one another that very afternoon. What was that all about, then?

DARYL

I dunno. I can't remember now.

(pauses)

Something trivial probably. She was a bit trivial.

KIKI

Explain to us how she was trivial?

DARYL

She could make an argument out of nothing, like leaving a light on, or not cleaning the sink after I'd brushed my teeth.

DCI Nunn shakes her head and gets to her feet.

NUNN

I'll get that tyre checked out before you can go.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Bea Spence's cadaver lies on the slab. Kiki wears a white coat and surgical gloves as she approaches GINA - the mature female pathologist.

KIKI

Morning Gina. How are you?

GINA

Morning Kiki. I'm good. Have you located the murder weapon yet?

She leads Kiki towards the body.

KIKI

No, we haven't, unfortunately.

GINA

Well, we know she was attacked from behind by a left handed person who wore black leather gloves. We found a couple of cotton fibres on her blouse, and bruising to the nape.

(lifts sheet)

Her stab wounds are approximately nine inches in length, and acute. As you can see, she also has lacerations to her face, arms, legs, and abdomen, as well as the one that did for her, the neck. Her attacker also used her blouse to wipe the blade. Possibly a kitchen knife was used on her - Thin and flat bladed like a bread knife.

KIKI

DNA?

GINA

We found traces of semen inside her vagina cavity, but not a match to her partner. Also a strand of pubic hair was picked up inside her underwear. Her assailant also left synthetic fibres on her coat. But there are no signs of rape. I couldn't find any contusions to suggest a sexual attack of any kind. I'm of the opinion that she must have consented.

KIKI

Excellent work, Gina. Thank you.

GINA

I'm afraid we haven't found any matches in the system, but we'll keep searching.

KIKI

At least it gives us something to work with.

GINA

Regarding the pubic hair I mentioned. I would hazard a guess it belongs to an IC4 Male.

KIKI

Thanks.

She takes off the gloves, then exits.

INT. LAURA'S SPARE ROOM - DAY

Daryl's eyes role around his head as he sits on the bed with a bottle of VODKA in one hand, a CUT-THROAT RAZOR in the other.

He unsteadily gulps the remaining liquid down his throat, before he lies back on the bed.

He drops the bottle to the floor. Then using his left hand he cuts his right wrist. The blood drips onto the carpet as he lies back and closes his eyes.

Outside the room a door slams shut.

Daryl's mum LAURA 55, carries a bag of groceries. She calls out as she enters-

LAURA

Daryl, you in?

KITCHEN

She empties the bag of groceries and stacks them into the cupboard.

Beat.

BEDROOM

She opens the door and gasps. She stands in deep shock at her son, rolled over on his side as blood drips like a leaking tap from his slashed wrists to form a puddle on the carpet.

The empty bottle of Vodka and a Razor lies discarded on the floor.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Oh Daryl, you silly, silly boy!
What have you done to yourself,
oh my God? Oh good god, Daryl!

She exits and runs back to-

KITCHEN

She sobs as she searches inside her bag for her phone.

INT. PLAYBOY CASINO - NIGHT

Two unmarked POLICE CARS race to a stop as they pull up outside the main entrance.

Kiki and two SENIOR DETECTIVES rush towards the entrance.

Two more UNIFORMED OFFICERS remain inside the second vehicle.

Beat.

Ali sits disconcerted at the bar. He stares blankly into a glass of scotch.

Kiki appears and taps him lightly on the shoulder. He turns to face her as her colleagues stand beside her.

ALI

(irked)

What the fuck? You've already cost me my job, you fuckin' bitch!

KIKI

Bullshit. You cost yourself your job and you know why.

ALI

Oh fuck off and leave me alone!

He climbs off the stall in an ominous manner, as Kiki steps towards him.

KIKI

Ali Bolsover, I am arresting you for the murder of Bea Spence on the night of the 2nd of February. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in Court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

ALI

Oh what! You're making a serious
mistake, you stupid fuckin'
bitch!

KIKI

(to colleagues)

Right! Cuff him!

ALI

Fuck you!

She steps back as her Colleagues move in.

He headbutts DETECTIVE#1 which causes him to retreat. He then smashes DETECTIVE#2 over the head with his whiskey glass, knocking him to the floor.

He shoves Kiki to the floor as he brushes past her and legs it with the two bloodied Detectives on his heels.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ali crashes through the glass doors and spins to his left during his attempts to get away.

Uniform quickly exit their vehicle and give chase, along with the two Detectives.

INT. PLAYBOY CASINO

Kiki winces as she looks up at the spinning ceiling.

EXT. PLAYBOY CASINO

She exits and look both ways along the busy street as the flash of headlights blind her vision. She throws up her arms in total despair.

KIKI

Shit! Shit! Shit! Fuck!

EXT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Ali flies down the steps with Uniform on his tail. The two bloodied Detectives bring up the rear and give up the chase.

Beat.

Ali jumps onto a packed TUBE TRAIN before it pulls out of the station.

Uniform reach the platform, only to look on as the tube train closes it doors and pulls away.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

Kiki sits at a table and studies CCTV footage from inside Harry's Club from the night of the murder.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

An Espanic HOSTESS 20s sits at a table with a tall, broad shouldered ARAB. He has an arm around her like he owns her. There's a Champagne bottle and two flutes on the table.

Moments later they get up and exit the club.

Back to scene.

She switches the CCTV to street vision.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

The Espanic Hostess is ushered into the back of a Rolls Royce. The Arab climbs in next to her. The Rolls Royce drives off.

Back to scene.

Kiki waves over to a junior COLLEAGUE. He approaches.

KIKI

Get down to Harry's Club and see
if you can identify who this
piece of shit is.

She hands him an image of the Arab.

COLLEAGUE

Sure.

KIKI

Now! I want a name and address.

DCI Millie Nunn approaches. She chews a piece of biltong.

NUNN

Kiki, have you had a chance to look at the CCTV from the tube station yet?

KIKI

Hours and hours of it. She doesn't take the tube home. I think she may have been driven by a client, or taken a cab.

NUNN

Well, Ali Bolsover has just walked into a police station in West London with his lawyer. He's asking for you. So you better get over there quick smart.

She quickly grabs her coat.

KIKI

Which nick is he at?

NUNN

Chiswick.

KIKI

Bastard.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Kiki sits opposite Ali Bolsover and his bespectacled LAWYER.

KIKI

OK. What have you go for me?

ALI

I never murdered Bea. But you're right, it is all my fault she's dead.

KIKI

Why'd you say that?

ALI

I set her up with the Egyptian. He's just a friend of a friend.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HARRY'S CLUB - NIGHT

Bea sits at a table with the ARAB all over her like a rash.

ARAB

You come back with me to my
apartment, uh?

BEA

I can't.

ARAB

I will make it worth your while.
I pay my girls very well.

BEA

But I can't tonight.

ARAB

Why not? You are a hostess, no?

BEA

I am, but I have a boyfriend
waiting for me at home.

ARAB

So you think I can spend three
thousand pounds on two bottles of
Champagne in this dump and not
get you to my bed?

BEA

I'm sorry. That's not my fault.
You need to speak to Gareth. He
sets the prices here, not me.

ARAB

And the girls also?

BEA

I'm sorry, but I'm not for sale
tonight.

ARAB

What if I offer you two-thousand
pounds to spend the night with
me?

She thinks about it.

BEA

OK. As long as you get me a taxi home. I'll get my coat.

She gets up to collect her coat. The Arab settles his bill.

END FLASHBACK.

Back to scene.

KIKI

A fiend of a fiend, I'd say.

ALI

Look, all I am trying to do is help you catch the person who killed Bea.

KIKI

Is that why you assaulted me and my colleagues at the casino?

ALI

I was drunk. I apologize.

KIKI

So who is this Egyptian, then?

ALI

Omar Fayin. He owns an apartment in Knightsbridge - Princes Court.

KIKI

Did he kill her?

ALI

I don't know. But he said she stole money from him.

KIKI

How much, exactly?

ALI

Twenty-five K. He threatened to kill me if I didn't get it back by the time he flies back to Dubai.

KIKI

Why would he threaten you?

ALI

I recommended her to my client.

KIKI

You better not be bullshitting me, Ali. I'll come down on you like a tone of bricks, I promise you.

ALI

I'm not bullshitting anyone.

KIKI

Good.

INT. PRINCES COURT - EARLY HOURS

Kiki and SERIOUS FIREARMS OFFICERS prepare to pounce.

KIKI

GO! GO! GO!

They smash the door in with a BATTERING RAM, then enter with their firearm's at the ready.

KIKI (CONT'D)

NOBODY BLOODY MOVE!

They search each room. It's empty. She screams out her frustration.

KIKI (CONT'D)

BOLLOCKS! Somebody must've tipped him off before we got here. Shit!

(on phone)

He's not here. Check with Emirates airline, then get back to me if you find him.

She looks around the plush apartment for clues. Her phone rings.

KIKI (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I'm on my way! Do-not-let-that-plane-take-off.

She flies out of the door.

INT. ARAB EMIRATES AIRCRAFT - DAY

OMAR FAYIN 50s sits comfortably in his seat as the plane sits on the runway with its engine running whilst preparing for take off.

OMAR FAYIN

(to stewardess)

What is the problem? Why are we waiting to take off?

STEWARDESS

The pilot is just waiting for clearance. Please relax, sir.

OMAR FAYIN

(angrily)

No! You relax!

Beat.

Kiki and her team board the aircraft and march straight towards him as PASSENGERS look on in dismay.

He spots them and attempts to fight them off. They drag him off the plane.

OMAR FAYIN (CONT'D)

I AM INNOCENT! I AM INNOCENT YOU
STUPID PEOPLE!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PRINCES COURT - NIGHT

Inside the sheets Bea rides Omar Fayin to his conclusion, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.

He sits up and lights a fat cigar.

She reenters and gets dressed. He watches her with a keen eye.

BEA

I have to go now.

OMAR FAYIN

But the night is still very young
my pretty angel. There is much
more sex for us to do. Plus my
brother wants to fuck you up the
arse while I watch him do it.

BEA

I must go home.

OMAR FAYIN

What do you mean? It's still
early. I paid you for the night.

BEA

OK. I'll get the tube, then.

OMAR FAYIN

OK. OK. You win. Let me get
washed and I will drive you to
the tube station.

He stubs out his cigar, then climbs out of bed and enters the
bathroom.

She opens a side cabinet draw and spots a transparent
envelope filled with cash.

She takes the envelope and quietly exits.

Beat.

He returns from the bathroom and spots the cabinet drawer
opened. He looks inside and snarls in fury.

OMAR FAYIN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Ali, you will pay for this if I
don't get my money back-! The
whore stole my money-! Twenty-
five fucking K-! You have until
tomorrow to get it back, or you
will be mincemeat, I swear to
you, you fuckin' shit sucker!

He angrily discards the phone.

OMAR FAYIN (CONT'D)

BITCH!

END FLASHBACK.

Back to scene.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Omar Fayin sits at a table. Kiki and DCI Nunn sit opposite.

NUNN

(to Omar)

I'm Detective Chief Inspector Nunn. To my left is Detective Sergeant Carruthers.

OMAR FAYIN

I never killed the girl.

KIKI

Why did you try to leave the country in a hurry, then?

OMAR FAYIN

Ali called me. He said you were going to arrest me for her murder.

KIKI

So if you didn't kill her, who did? You must know. You were the last person to see her alive as far as we know.

OMAR FAYIN

The person who killed your girl will be the same person that you can prove killed your girl.

NUNN

Very good. But we have your DNA and video footage from Harry's Club to suggest that you were with her that night.

OMAR FAYIN

I slept with her. Check the CCTV at Princes Court. When she left, I stayed. I immediately called Ali Bolsover and told him that she had stolen money from me. He called me back. He said that he would find her and deal with it, and that he would return the money to me. Check my phone data if you don't believe me.

NUNN

Ho much did she steal from you?

OMAR FAYIN

Twenty-five grand.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

INT. LAURA'S SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

A distraught Laura bags up her son's belongings.

DOORBELL.

She goes to the door and opens it to Kiki.

LAURA

Yes, can I help you?

KIKI

Is Daryl here? I'd like to speak to him concerning twenty-five-thousand pounds sterling.

LAURA

He is no longer with us. He took his own life yesterday. They took his body away this morning.

KIKI

Oh no! I am so sorry to hear that. I truly am. What did he do?

LAURA

You better come in.

KIKI

Thank you.

LAURA

I was just gathering up his belongings. We're going to lay him to rest next week. I want to bury his guitar with him. He took it everywhere with him.

She leads her to-

BEDROOM.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He took his life here.

KIKI

How did he do it?

LAURA

He cut his own wrists. I got home too late. He was already dead when I got here.

Her POV: A black guitar hardcase.

KIKI

Is that his guitar?

LAURA

Yes. He was a very good musician. He wrote all his own music. His dream was to get signed to a record label. It just never happened for him.

KIKI

May I take a look at it?

LAURA

Of course.

She picks up the guitar case and lies it on the bed, then unclips the latches.

Kiki picks up the beautiful left handed Gibson semi-acoustic guitar.

KIKI

Wow! It's heavier than it looks.

LAURA

Yes it is.

She places it upon her lap and realises the strings are the opposite way around.

KIKI
Was he left handed?

LAURA
Yes he was. Like me.

She quickly puts it down then looks inside the guitar case where she spots a pair of BLACK LEATHER GLOVES.

She unzips a side pocket where a KITCHEN KNIFE is situated.

KIKI
(awestruck)
Holy shit!

Laura goes to grab the knife. Kiki blocks her hand.

KIKI (CONT'D)
No! Don't touch it! It's
evidence!

LAURA
But he was my son!

Kiki gets to her feet. Laura turns away and sobs.

KIKI
Did you know he killed Bea?

LAURA
Yes. He told me the night before
he took his own life.
(sobs)
I was going to call you and tell
you. I just needed to bury him
first. I would've told you,
eventually.

KIKI
(disbelievingly)
I bet. Right! Don't touch
anything in this room! I'm
calling Scene of Crimes. You will
need to come to the station. Get
your coat.

LAURA

Any loving Mother would have done the same. You would too if you had a child who was in trouble.

KIKI

Did he mention anything about twenty-five grand?

LAURA

Yes. I was going to use it towards his funeral costs.

KIKI

Well, I'm afraid you can't, It's stolen money. It belongs to somebody else.

LAURA

I didn't know. He said he'd been saving up for his wedding to Bea.

KIKI

Where is it?

LAURA

I'll fetch it.

KIKI

I'm coming with you.

LAURA

Fine.

She leads her to a drawer where the money is kept.

KIKI

Bea was somebody's daughter too. Tell me, did he confess as to why he killed her?

LAURA

Yes he did. He said he just couldn't take it anymore.

KIKI

Take what?

LAURA

Her, and the filthy porn. The disgusting videos she was appearing in. The sleeping around and getting in at all hours. Her constant lies. He couldn't deal with it any longer. She destroyed him, and now he's dead.

She breaks down as Kiki cuffs her.

KIKI

I'm arresting you for withholding evidence in the murder of Bea Spence. You do not have to say anything...

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A candlelit dining table, set with a bottle of red and two plates. They sit opposite one another, beneath a soothing backlight.

NANCY

I know this might sound a bit premature...

KIKI

Go on.

NANCY

I was wondering if you would like to move in with me, permanently.

(pauses)

Will you?

Kiki gets to her feet and walks around the table with a massive grin on her face.

KIKI

Stand up.

Nancy gets to her feet and faces her with an embarrassed look.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Yes!

They hug and kiss passionately.

NANCY

Oh my God. I didn't think you'd agree that quickly.

KIKI

You don't get anywhere by thinking, Nancy.

NANCY

(chuckles)

I know. It makes sense seeing we're both on our own.

KIKI

Paris first, right?

NANCY

Paris first.

They share an infectious grin then begin to eat.

LIMERENCE