

BLOOD MOON INCUBUS

written & created by

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Kicker (C) 2025

Episode 5

RECAP:

EXT. WINE BAR - SUNNY DAY

KICKER (30s) and SHELLEY PETERS (30s) share a bottle of prosecco as they sit at a bistro table. They wear shades and soak up the sunshine.

SHELLEY

This feels just like old times,
doesn't it?

KICKER

I know. I'm feeling all
nostalgic.

SHELLEY

I've missed you. I'm jealous of
you and Nancy together.

KICKER

Don't be, Shelley. I want us to
remain good friends.

SHELLEY

Me too.

KICKER

Look, I've been asked to fly to
Turkey - Kaleche. It's in
Antalya. D' you know it?

SHELLEY

No. Why?

KICKER

It's to do with this cold case
I've been assigned to, and the
shooting at Grayson Fields's
property.

SHELLEY

OK.

KICKER

Yeah. They want me to speak to
the father of Soraya Niazi - She
was the victim twenty-five years
ago.

SHELLEY

Why are they asking you to go?
Can't he be extradited?

KICKER

That's exactly what I said to my DCI. I think it's a kinda reward for closing the file. Anyway, I was wondering if you'd like to come? We can make a short break of it. It'll only be for three nights. That gives us two whole days to spend some quality time together... taking the flight times into account.

SHELLEY

What about your wife? Haven't you asked her if she wants to go?

KICKER

No. I thought I'd ask you first. I'd like to spend some time with you, you know? C'mon... it'll be fun.

SHELLEY

You don't owe me anything, Kicker. I did what I did.

KICKER

I know. Besides, Nancy thinks I'm neurotic.

SHELLEY

She doesn't!

KICKER

She does. I've been on beta blockers since I was nearly killed crossing the road.

SHELLEY

Do they even work?

KICKER

Yeah. They do actually.

Short silence as they drink.

SHELLEY

Well, I'd love to come to
Kaleche. Thanks for asking me.

KICKER

Let's drink to that, then.

A MOTORCYCLE pulls up beside them with two LEATHER CLAD
RIDERS on board.

The Pillion Rider unloads the chamber of his FIREARM at them.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Kicker and Shelley instantly slump over the table covered in
blood.

PILLION RIDER

(male voice)

GO! GO! GO!

The RIDER roars the engine and speeds off during their
getaway.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

The motorcycle reaches breakneck speeds as the Rider races
through the city, jumping red traffic signals and mounting
pavements during the get away.

INT. LOCK-UP - SUNNY DAY

MECHANIC (50s) climbs off the motorcycle. He pulls off his
helmet and quickly slips out of his leathers.

He throws them inside the back of a BLACK 4X4.

He is joined by BETHANY STEEL (30s) Her wild brown eyes
follow him as she slips out of her leather clad clothing.

BETHANY

About time they got their
comeuppance.

MECHANIC

Are we done now? Can I go and
live my life?

BETHANY

Yes. (pauses)

Are you sure you got 'em both?

MECHANIC

Yep. Two each. One up, one down.

She hands him a brown package.

He opens his car door and throws it on the passenger seat.

BETHANY

I hope dad's watching from up there. He can rest now.

MECHANIC

Yeah.

They hug before he gets in his car and drives out of the lock-up.

EXT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

A CROWD gathers while BLUE LIGHTS flash and PARAMEDICS attend to the bodies of Kicker and Shelley Peters.

PARAMEDIC#1 lifts Shelly head and feels her neck for a pulse. He shakes his head.

PARAMEDIC#2 attends to Kicker as she lies slumped over the table. Her red mane covers her bloodied face.

PARAMEDIC#2

She's got a pulse! Bring a stretcher, quickly.

An OXYGEN MASK covers Kicker's face as she is lifted into the back of an AMBO.

END RECAP.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kicker is rushed towards emergency theatre by hospital STAFF and PARAMEDICS as she lies with an oxygen mask and an intravenous tube as she undergoes a mobile blood transfusion.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

A tearful Afrikan DCI NUNN, and angry Glaswegian DS JOHNSON exchange words as the phones continuously ring around them.

NUNN

What's the latest?

JOHNSON

They've taken her to the Royal London. Shelley Peters was pronounced dead at the scene.

NUNN

Who'd you think's behind this?

JOHNSON

I really cannae say off the top of my head, but I have a hunch.

NUNN

D 'you know who's leading the investigation yet?

JOHNSON

Islington SCO were first on the scene, so...

NUNN

(chews biltong)

Did they say what her condition was?

JOHNSON

Critical, last I heard.

NUNN (ASIDE)

My God! I pray for Kicker, I really do. She's a bloody good 'un.

JOHNSON

Aye.

NUNN

What did she do to deserve that?

A short silence.

JOHNSON

I think Steve Pearson might be handed this one. He's stationed at Islington last I heard.

NUNN

Wasn't he your colleague on the Roman Steel murder investigation?

JOHNSON

Aye, he was, before he was seconded. We worked well together.

NUNN

Call him. See if he's got any crumbs to throw at us.

JOHNSON

Sure.

NUNN

I want those bastards who did this to my girl.

DS Johnson gets on the phone. DCI Nunn returns to her office.

JOHNSON

(on phone)

Hi Steve, it's James Johnson. What's the latest on Kicker's condition-? Same then-? Oh aye- That's something- Can you keep us informed if anything materialises one way or another-? If we can be of help you know where to find us- Rightyo Steve.

He ends the call. DCI Nunn returns with an expectant look upon her glum face.

JOHNSON

The motorbike has been picked up driving erratically in Hackney Wick by traffic cameras. Apparently they ignored a number of red traffic signals. Steve reckons they'll have its location within the next few hours. They're on it.

NUNN

I've just spoken to the Super. He's been given the all-clear for us to assist with the investigation. That means you're in, DS Johnson.

JOHNSON

It'll be like old times working with Steve again. Cannae wait.

NUNN

Let's get straight on it. Help them to find that motorbike and we'll find the savages who did this to my girl and her dear friend.

JOHNSON

Rightyo.

She passes him a knowing stare as he turns to walk away.

NUNN

Oh yeah. I just want to ask you one thing while you're here, DS Johnson.

JOHNSON

What's that?

NUNN

Is it true that you and Lenny Steel were more than bosom buddies?

JOHNSON

I wouldnae go that far. Who told you that?

NUNN

Kicker did, if you really must know. She said not to trust you. Why would she say that? What's going on with you two that I don't know about?

JOHNSON

(knowingly)

I wouldnae have a clue. She hasnae said anything to me about anything in the past.

NUNN

If I find out you're bent, you'll be out of here quicker than you can say Rumpelstiltskin.

JOHNSON

Fair enough.

Awkward silence.

NUNN

So what's your theory, then - that they were targeted on the orders of the late Lenny Steel, because of Roman's murder?

JOHNSON

Well if history's anything to go by I'd suggest that could be a real possibility, considering the failed attempt by Mechanic when she was crossing the road a while back.

NUNN

I hope he's still banged up. D'you know if he is?

JOHNSON

I can find out.

NUNN

Would you like to share any other information with me while you're here?

JOHNSON

Well, colloquially, he's known as Mechanic. But his name is Charles William Bell. I know he worshipped Lenny. He'dnae stuck his head in a gas oven if Kris'd asked him to.

NUNN

I know who the fuck he is, Johnson. If he's out, pick him up. Let's see what he's got to say for himself.

JOHNSON

Okidoki. If I can find him.

NUNN

That shouldn't be too difficult if you and Lenny Steel shared loyalties, should it, DS Johnson

JOHNSON

Nope.

She stands with a knowing look at his back as he walks off.

INT. LOCK-UP - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT CARSON 20s arrives with a trailer connected to the back of his vehicle. He guides the motorbike onto the trailer and covers it with a rain sheet before he drives out again.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - LIT

Flat out, Kicker lies unconscious and intubated while a SURGEON carries out bullet removal surgery during her blood transfusion.

INCUBUS:

A colony of broad-winged BATS swirl and circle beneath a BLOOD MOON as Kicker runs naked through the long grass.

EXT. LEAFY STREET - MISTY NIGHT

A tall MAN dressed in a wax coat and peaked cap saunters along the street, before he suddenly stops in his tracks and feels his neck as his legs give way and he drops to the ground in a dead weight.

He lies supine with his head turned to the side, his eyes wide open while blood pours out of a gaping hole in his neck.

A slow passing VEHICLE pulls up beside him. KATRINA (late 20s) with long blonde hair jumps out of the driver's side and rushes to his aid.

She bends down and feels his neck for a pulse, then stares at her blood soaked hand and screams.

Half-a-dozen CUSTOMERS appear from a nearby pub and rush towards the dead Man and the hysterical Woman.

Beat.

BLUE LIGHTS flash under a blood moon as PARAMEDICS attend to the dead Man. An AMBO situated nearby while UNIFORM close off the immediate area.

A pale faced Kicker cuts an awesome figure as she appears through the mist wearing a long coat, red scarf, and knee length boots.

Slavic born pathologist MATA looks up and spots Kicker approaching. She quickly climbs under the cordon to speak to her. Kicker sees the face of Shelley Peters.

MATA

Kicker, how are you? It's so good to see you again. You won't like this one. It's pretty gruesome.

KICKER

That's an oxymoron, isn't it? What happened to him, then?

MATA

Yes. Sorry. His internal and external jugular veins have been severely punctured which I would say possibly caused the significant loss of blood, before an air embolism which probably led to a cardiac arrest. I can give you more once we get him back to the lab.

KICKER

Fabulous. You're a superstar.

Kicker steps over the cordon to look at his bloodied CADAVER and the gaping hole in his neck. She sees the face of ROMAN STEEL (Kicker).

END INCUBUS.

EXT. LOCK-UP - DAY

Johnson & Black DI STEVE PEARSON look on as a number of scene of crimes OFFICERS dust and search for clues inside trash cans and containers.

OFFICER#1 lifts out a black BIN LINER. Inside a BLACK CRASH HELMET and LEATHERS. He shows them to the Detectives.

OFFICER#1

Got something.

PEARSON

Lay them out for us.

Officer#1 does as instructed and lies the suit and helmet out as they would be worn by the rider. Johnson and Pearson stand over them.

JOHNSON

(to Pearson)

What'd ya think?

Officer#1 checks the label inside the leathers.

OFFICER#1

A woman's size 10.

PEARSON

Interesting enough.

JOHNSON

Aye. A lassie, I'd say.

PEARSON

(to Johnson)

So who would they have upset in
the female department?

Johnson picks up the crash helmet and studies it.

JOHNSON

I've got a hunch.

PEARSON

Careful how you handle that,
Johnson.

Johnson hands the helmet back to Officer#1

JOHNSON

We have a lead.

PEARSON

(to Johnson)

Can't wait to hear your hunch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mechanic lies naked on a super king bed. A dark pigmented
CALL GIRL 30s writhes on top of him as he buries his head in
her bosom.

A light tap at the door. He looks across the room in wonder.
The Call Girl rolls on her back.

CALL GIRL

Room service?

MECHANIC

Shush. Be quiet.

He climbs off the bed and slips into a hotel dressing gown,
then quietly creeps over towards the door and listens.

MECHANIC

Who is it?

MALE O.S

Sorry to bother you, sir. There will be a fire drill within the next ten minutes. We are just letting our premium guests know in advance. Once again sorry to inconvenience you.

MECHANIC

Will I have to vacate the room, or what?

MALE O.S

I'm afraid all our guests must vacate the room when you hear the sound of the fire drill. You will be able to return to your room shortly after the hotel has carried out a flash safety check.

MECHANIC

How long is this gonna take?

MALE O.S

Usually ten to fifteen minutes, sir.

MECHANIC

OK. I'll get dressed.

He turns to the Call Girl and shrugs his shoulders in dismay. Call Girl climbs off the bed and slips on her skimpy dress.

MECHANIC

What now?

CALL GIRL

They do that when they know unpaid guests are in the rooms at night. They like to have a clear out now and then.

MECHANIC

What'd you mean?

CALL GIRL

Did you ask the doorman to call the agency?

MECHANIC

Yeah.

CALL GIRL

That's why, then. He probably tipped off the management while he was at it.

MECHANIC

Bastard! I'll talk to him before I leave.

CALL GIRL

You should. And if you tipped him, you should ask for a refund.

MECHANIC

Yeah right. Now, since you've also been paid, you can finish me off, quickly.

CALL GIRL

What do you want?

MECHANIC

Blow job.

She goes down on him.

Beat.

She slips on her heels.

Mechanic quickly throws on a shirt and slips into his trousers.

She exits and leaves the door ajar. He checks himself in the mirror.

As he turns to leave, he gasps at the sight of the huge ASSAILANT dressed in a ski mask. He bears down on him.

ASSAILANT

(whispers)

Beth sends her love.

The Assailant plunges a knife several times into Mechanic's white shirt, through to his abdomen where he collapses to the floor.

The Assailant quickly disappears down the stairwell.

INCUBUS:

A colony of broad-winged BATS swirl and circle beneath a blood moon as Kicker runs naked through the long grass.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Kicker shudders and turns to the SERGEANT as he steps away from two UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

When she looks at him she sees the face of ex detective GRAYSON FIELDS (Blood in the Water)

KICKER

Do you have a name for the victim?

Sergeant turns to her, scratches his head and sighs.

SERGEANT

Philip Green - a local man. He was attacked shortly after leaving The Hothouse, according to witness statements taken from some of the customers who saw him drinking in there just before he was killed.

KICKER

Who found him?

Sergeant checks notes.

SERGEANT

A motorist - Katrina Howl. I told her she could go home. Poor girl was traumatised by what she saw.

(reads notes)

She said that she was passing when she saw him suddenly collapse and fall to the ground. She thought he'd suffered a heart attack. That's it.

KICKER

Did you ask if she saw anyone else in the immediate area, prior to him falling to the ground?

SERGEANT

I did. And she didn't.

KICKER

Is that all?

SERGEANT

Just that her vision was impaired because of the fog. It's clearing a bit now.

KICKER

Did you manage to take her contact details?

SERGEANT

Of course I took her contact details.

KICKER

OK. I'd just like to speak to her again, that's all.

SERGEANT

Just to let you know, DI Carruthers, this is a peaceful little village. We don't often get this sort of thing happening around these parts.

KICKER

I should hope not. But there's a first time for everything, Sergeant, isn't there? Nobody's immune from the unexpected, I can personally vouch for that.

SERGEANT

I heard.

KICKER

What did you hear, exactly?

SERGEANT

Just that they let you back in, after you were cleared of a murder charge.

KICKER

As I expected - Very little then.

She kicks her heels as she walks off. He stands gawping at her as he shrugs his shoulders and sighs.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kicker enters, looks around, then walks up to the bar.

A few lingering PUNTERS sit at various tables. They gaze at her in unison.

KICKER
(to Barmaid)
A glass of prosecco please?

Pixie haired barmaid GAYLE late 20s approaches.

When she looks at her, Kicker sees the face of NANCY (Her wife).

GAYLE
Sure.

KICKER
I don't suppose you have any
rooms that I can rent for a night
or two, do you?

Gayle pours her a flute of fizz.

GAYLE
I'll find out for you.

KICKER
Would you?

GAYLE
Sure. Be right back.

Gayle exits through mirrored door behind her. Kicker picks up her drink and looks around the bar.

A PUNTER gets up from the table and approaches her with caution.

When she looks at him she sees the face of MARIO PETRESCU (Kicker).

PUNTER
I saw you talking to the sergeant
outside. Are you here to find the
bastard who did that to Philip?

KICKER
And who might you be?

PUNTER

David Croft. I work at the mill. I've known him for about ten years. He wouldn't have hurt a fly. He had the word placid written all the way down his spine in capital letters.

KICKER

Were you with him tonight?

PUNTER

Yeah, I was.

KICKER

How did he seem to you?

PUNTER

He was fine. He enjoyed a beer and a sing-song as much as the next man.

KICKER

D' you know anyone who would want to hurt him?

PUNTER

No.

KICKER

Was he married, family, girlfriend, partner... anyone?

PUNTER

No. He lived alone.

Gayle returns with a smile.

GAYLE

(to Kicker)

You're in luck. We do have a room. It's a double at sixty pounds a night with breakfast.

KICKER

Great! With breakfast it is, then... as long as it's a full English.

GAYLE

It is. I'll just let the manager know.

KICKER

Thanks.

Gayle exits.

PUNTER

(to Kicker)

There's something else...

KICKER

And what's that?

PUNTER

It might not seem like much, but I overheard a chap telling one of the stallholders at the market that he'd been attacked by something as he was walking home. He said he thought it was a hawk.

KICKER

How long ago was this, exactly?

PUNTER

Tuesday. Market day.

Kicker raises a brow and shakes her head disbelievingly.

KICKER

I'll bear it in mind. In the meantime if you see him again, or hear of anything let me know. I'll be sticking around for a bit.

Gayle approaches Kicker with keys to the room in hand.

GAYLE

Are you ready for me to show you to your room?

KICKER

Yeah. I'll just get my things out of the car. Back in a tick.

She exits.

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kicker key fobs her vehicle, then opens the boot. She grabs a night bag then shudders as she looks up at the night sky.

END INCUBUS:

EXT. MAYFAIR HOTEL - EARLY HOURS

Blue lights flash outside the main entrance. Inside a BODY BAG, Mechanic's cadaver is carried out on a stretcher, then loaded into the back of a blacked out AMBO.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

Petite brunette Bethany sits in an armchair and watches the unfolding news headlines, regarding the murder at the hotel.

She makes a call using her mobile phone.

BETHANY

(on phone)

Just to say thank you, Scott. See you Friday for a good old workout.

She ends the call and stares coldly at the TV, before she gets up and steps over to a wall mounted portrait of her father Lenny Steel.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

(to portrait)

We did it, Daddy. We got 'em. You and mum can rest in peace now.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker lies intubated as her father DOM (50s) stands at her bedside. He stares down at her with a worried gaze.

DOM

We all love you, Kicker. We know you can get through this. Your mother is on her way here now.

(sobs)

I know you will pull through.

(wipes eyes)

You're special. Be strong. Be strong for all of us who love you.

A tearful Nancy enters and stands beside her bed.

INCUBUS:

Kicker runs naked through the long grass, as a broad-winged Bat bears down upon her. She falls down. The Bat lands upon her naked flesh.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Kicker speaks to Katrina on the doorstep of her home. But she sees the face of Shelley Peters.

KICKER

Thanks for speaking to us again.

KATRINA

That's okay. It was horrible.

KICKER

You told the officer at the crime scene that you didn't see anything suspicious, other than the victim. Was there anything you might've missed, or forgot to mention when asked?

KATRINA

No.

KICKER

I know you were traumatised by what you saw, but are you sure?

KATRINA

Yes.

KICKER

OK.

KATRINA

I never saw anything suspicious, if that's what you're trying to suggest.

KICKER

So, what about if I suggested a broad winged bat?

A short silence as Bea Spence ruminates.

KATRINA

Oh my God! Yes I remember! I did see a bat. It flew right over my bonnet after he collapsed. It frightened the life out of me.

KICKER

How big would you say this bat was?

KATRINA

Phew... it was much bigger than a crow or something. I even ducked my head, even though I was in the car. I thought it was going to crash right into my windscreen for a minute.

(reflects)

Oh my God! D'you think he was attacked by a bat, then?

KICKER

We're not ruling it out at this moment in time.

KATRINA

That would be insane though, wouldn't it? I've never heard of anything like that before.

KICKER

There's always a first time.

(pauses)

Well thanks anyway. You've been a huge help. Now I need to find this diving missile that seems to replicate a bat of sorts.

KATRINA

No problem.

Katrina is about to close the door as Kicker goes to walk off.

Kicker recoils and suddenly turns round.

KICKER

Actually, hang on a minute before you step back inside.

KATRINA

What is it?

KICKER

Where is your vehicle right now?

KATRINA

It's the white Audi parked just across the road.

KICKER

Would you mind if I take a quick look over it?

KATRINA

No, not at all. I'll fetch the keys and come with you.

Katrina grabs her keys and follows Kicker towards the white Audi.

Kicker looks at the vehicle and notices RED BLOTCHES that extend over the bonnet, roof, and back of the vehicle.

KICKER

Is that blood?

KATRINA

Oh! It looks like blood.

KICKER

I think it is blood.

(pauses)

Would you mind if I call forensics and get a sample for the investigation?

KATRINA

They won't take my car away will they?

KICKER

I'll ask them not to. But it looks like we have something of significance here.

KATRINA

Yes, it does.

KICKER

I'll ask them to carry out their swabs tests here as not to inconvenience you.

KATRINA

Thank you. I need my vehicle for work.

Katrina walks back and closes the door.

Kicker steps towards her own vehicle and puffs out her cheeks.

INT. LABORATORY - LIT

Mata stands beside the naked cadaver of the Victim as he lies on a slab. Kicker stares down at him in reverie.

A colony of broad-winged Bats swirl and circle beneath a blood moon as Kicker runs naked through the long grass.

MATA O.S PRELAP

Kicker, are you still with us?

Kicker snaps out of her malaise and looks across the slab at her.

KICKER

Sorry. I can't help thinking this is me lying here cut wide open.

MATA

Why do you say that? You're here. Kicker.

KICKER

I know. But I've been shot.

MATA

(aback)
Oh no! What? Where?

KICKER

(ignores question)
What makes it worse is that whoever did this is still out there.

MATA

Oh, that's horrible. Are you okay?

KICKER

I think so. My girlfriend was killed right in front of my eyes. She was shot too.

A short silence,

MATA

What about this one? We can leave it for now if you want?

KICKER

No, no. Go on.

MATA

Well, like I said to you at the crime scene, he died of a cardiac arrest, due to an air embolism. However, the wound is quite unique... a large part of his outer jugular has been gouged and is missing.

KICKER

Missing?

MATA

Yes. The wound shows he'd suffered a bite of great force. It's almost as if he was struck down by a depraved animal.

KICKER

Are you suggesting something like a vampire bat?

MATA

Not vampire no... a bat maybe. They fly in the dark, don't they? Maybe he came into contact with one.

KICKER

A large bat, then?

MATA

Could be. The wound is rare. But with some positivity I can tell you he has been severely bitten, not stabbed with any sort of weapon that I can find a positive match for anyway.

KICKER

A bat?

MATA

I'm sorry if I can't be any clearer than that, but I will investigate further to see if I can find a more accurate description for his injuries.

KICKER

Maybe we need to call a vet to work this one out. That'll be just my luck if it turns out to be a bloody bat and not the human kind.

EXT. LEAFY STREET - NIGHT

Kicker sits behind the wheel of her car. She stares up at the flicker of the blood moon that appears intermittently through the trees.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kicker sits on a stall at the bar and stares into a glass of prosecco.

Gayle joins her.

GAYLE

A penny for 'em?

KICKER

Oh, I just feel so stupid, that's all.

GAYLE

Why?

KICKER

I sat in my flipping car for two hours trying to locate a giant bat.

(chuckles)

What the hell am I doing?

GAYLE

I bet you've never had to arrest a bat before?

KICKER

Be careful. An old bat is a colloquial term that the masculine sex use to describe some women, and I've arrested plenty of them in the line of duty.

GAYLE

What, women, or bats?

KICKER

Men.

GAYLE

Oh.

KICKER

Did David definitely leave here on his own that night? You didn't see anyone follow him out the door?

GAYLE

I think you mean Philip. Who's David?

KICKER

Of course. That's right.

GAYLE

He always left around ten-thirty. He had a routine. No one left before, or immediately after. You get to know the faces around here.

A short silence.

KICKER

I don't mean to be previous, but say no if you want, I won't be offended.

GAYLE

Go on?

KICKER

Would you like to share a night cap with me later?

GAYLE

Yeah, I'd love to, Kicker.

KICKER

Excellent! I'll see you upstairs in about half-an-hour then. Oh, and bring a bottle of prosecco and two flutes. Put it on my tab.

GAYLE

OK. Great.

Kicker climbs off the stall and exits the bar.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Kicker sits at the foot of the bed. She wears satin purple pyjamas.

Gayle sits on a comfy chair to the right of the door. She wears a low-cut frilly blouse, and a blue chequered kilt. They each have a flute of fizz.

KICKER

I bet you hear all the gossip around here, don't you?

GAYLE

Yeah, most of it.

KICKER

I wanted to forget about work tonight, but I keep thinking about David's injury. I've never seen anything quite like it in my career. He suffered before he died.

GAYLE

I heard. The rumour doing the rounds is that he was attacked by a bat.

KICKER

I don't know.

GAYLE

Oh. What then?

KICKER

A hawk maybe? Who knows?

GAYLE

A hawk? I wouldn't even know what one of those looked like if it sat on my window ledge.

KICKER

Apparently there is one that frequents the area. It's been spotted by a few people I've spoken to.

GAYLE

Really? I don't think a hawk is the perpetrator, do you?

KICKER

Not really, no. Donald- he's a local farmer that I bumped into at the village. He told me that his livestock have been attacked on several occasions by a night hawk. I'm going to see him tomorrow. He's going to show me his sheep.

GAYLE

Oh no! That sounds horrific.

KICKER

Yeah.

Kicker pours more wine for herself and Gayle.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something, Gayle?

GAYLE

Of course. What do you want to know?

KICKER

Tell me to mind my own business if you like. But I was wondering if you were involved in a relationship with anyone.

GAYLE

No, not really. I see someone now and then, but it's nothing serious.

(pauses)

Why'd you ask?

KICKER

You're very attractive.

GAYLE

Oh. Thanks.

(grins)

You are too?

KICKER

No, I'm a mess. Look at me.

GAYLE

Oh. What happened to you?

KICKER

I got married six months ago. But I can't even remember if I'm still married, or not.

GAYLE

Oh really?

KICKER

Yeah.

GAYLE

Oh.

Gayle gets to her feet, then sits down next to her and puts a consoling arm around Kicker's shoulder.

The sound of a GUNSHOT in the distance causes Kicker to flinch.

KICKER

What the fuck was that?

GAYLE

A local farmer probably scaring off the foxes. You sometimes hear them going off late at night.

Kicker gazes into Gayle's eyes, but sees the face of Nancy before they kiss.

KICKER

Will you stay with me tonight?
I'm frightened.

GAYLE

Yes, I want to.

KICKER

Thank you.

END INCUBUS.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

Heavily tattooed Scott Carson assists Bethany Savva with her strenuous sit-up exercises.

When she stops, she gets to her feet and wipes the sweat away from her face and neck.

BETHANY

What did you do with the leathers? Did you burn 'em like I asked?

SCOTT

What leathers?

BETHANY

My leathers. The ones I told you I stuffed into the oil drum at the lock-up.

SCOTT

(knowingly)

Oh. Those.

BETHANY

You did burn 'em, didn'tcha?

SCOTT

No. I forgot. I have a lot on my mind, Beth.

BETHANY

Right! Get out! We're done! I don't want to see your face around here again, you fucking doorknob! I specifically told you to burn 'em.

SCOTT

Oh, don't worry, Beth. I'm already gone.

BETHANY

You fucking imbecile!

He picks up his kit bag and slams the door shut as he exits.

EXT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Bethany slowly rides up on the same motorbike. She dons a red crash helmet and leathers.

Her POV: The lock-up cordoned off with blue and white police tape. She rides away.

INCUBUS:

Kicker runs naked through the long grass as a colony of bats circle above her head.

EXT. FARM - DAY

White whiskered farmer DONALD leads Kicker towards his flock of SHEEP. She sees the face of LENNY STEEL (Kicker).

DONALD

There was another one last night.
Ripped out her throat.

KICKER

Did you see it happen?

DONALD

I saw it all right. I tried to
shoot the bugger out of the sky.
I missed this time, but I'll get
it next time, you just wait and
see.

KICKER

Was that gunshot you that I heard
from my room around 11.30?

DONALD

Probably.

KICKER

Did you see it?

DONALD

Yeah, I saw it. It was a bat. The
biggest bat I've ever seen in my
life. It must've had a wing span
of at least sixty inches, I'd
say, probably more.

They reach the carcass of the dead ewe. Kicker bends down and studies the hole in its neck.

KICKER

I'm going to call somebody to take a look at her, and possibly take her away for analysis. Will that all right with you?

DONALD

It's fine by me. But do it quickly. I don't want this to get out of hand and frighten my animals.

KICKER

Of course not.

Kicker turns her back and pulls out her phone. She makes a call as she walks back towards her vehicle.

END INCUBUS.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

Johnson drives up to the entrance of the Georgian dwelling. he exits his vehicle and pushes his thumb down on the doorbell then waits.

Bethany's twin ABIGAIL opens the door and smiles as she immediately recognises him.

ABIGAIL

James! How are you? Good to see you again.

JOHNSON

I'm good - Yourself.

ABIGAIL

Yea, good. What are you doing here?

JOHNSON

I was in the area and thought why not? Why not pop in and see how the girls are doing?

ABIGAIL

Come in, come in.

He enters. She closes the door behind him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Go through to the kitchen.
Bethany's in there. She baking
bread.

KITCHEN.

Bethany immediately hugs him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(to Johnson)
Would you like a coffee, James?

JOHNSON
Aye. Thanks. I'd love one.

Abigail prepares coffee. Bethany stands back and grins.

BETHANY
(to Johnson)
Sit down, James.

JOHNSON
Awright, I will, then.

BETHANY
So, what brings you here?

JOHNSON
Like I just said to Abbey, I was
en passe. I thought I'd call in
and see how things are going
without the old man about the
place to keep you two in check.

ABIGAIL
You're not wrong there, James. We
miss him. The kids miss him.

JOHNSON
Where are the little 'uns?

BETHANY
At infants school now.

JOHNSON
Christ! Time flies.

ABIGAIL
It does.

JOHNSON

So, how's life treating you two, then?

BETHANY

Yeah. We're all right. We're happy enough, all considered.

JOHNSON

I was sorry to hear about Helen.

BETHANY

It was sudden.

JOHNSON

What happened?

ABIGAIL

She had a massive stroke. She collapsed in the supermarket, not long after the funeral.

JOHNSON

Such is the brevity of life, eh?

ABIGAIL

Yeah.

Abigail brings him a mug of coffee and joins him at the table.

JOHNSON

Thanks.

BETHANY

Are you still a detective?

JOHNSON

Aye. For my sins, I am. Did you hear about what happened to Mechanic? He was murdered at a Mayfair hotel last week.

BETHANY

Yeah, I know. I watched it on the news. He probably deserved it.

ABIGAIL

I never saw that. What happened?

BETHANY

He was stabbed apparently... so
it said on the news.

ABIGAIL

Oh my God! D' you think it was
anything to do with our dad?

JOHNSON

Possibly, Abbey. Things can come
back to bite you on the backside
if you're not careful. Your dad
used to say that.

BETHANY

It's true.

JOHNSON

Scotland Yard are looking into it
from what I'm hearing, so don't
be too alarmed if you get a knock
at the door.

ABIGAIL

What? That's so shit.

JOHNSON

Between us, we think he might
have been responsible for the
shooting of two detectives
outside an Islington bar.

BETHANY

(irately)

You mean those two bitches who
murdered our brother?

JOHNSON

Well, one of them may have, Beth.
The other one was cleared if you
recall?

BETHANY

She was just clever. She was
involved in my book.

A protracted silence as Johnson drinks.

JOHNSON

(to Bethany)

You've lost weight since I last
saw you. Are you working out at?

BETHANY

Does it show? Can you tell?

JOHNSON

Aye.

BETHANY

We had a multigym installed in the basement.

JOHNSON

Very nice. How the other half live, eh?

She shows him her biceps.

BETHANY

Feel these guns.

He feels her biceps.

JOHNSON

Aww. Solid. You always were the tough one if I remember.

BETHANY

Yeah. Four hours a week on the weights for my sins.

ABIGAIL

(interjects)

She's even got herself a personal trainer.

Bethany glances at her knowingly.

BETHANY

(to Abigail)

Not anymore, Abbey. I got rid of him.

ABIGAIL

What was his name?

BETHANY

Scott.

ABIGAIL

That's right - Scott Carson. A proper hunk. I could do with some toning myself. You'll have to give me his number.

BETHANY

(irked)

It's not happening. He's bad news.

Johnson gets to his feet.

JOHNSON

Well, I better love you and leave you, I'm afraid. Thanks for the delicious coffee and hospitality, but I must be going. I'll let myself out.

ABIGAIL

OK. It's been really nice to see you, James. Feel free to call in whenever you're passing the house.

JOHNSON

Aye, I'll do that. Thanks.

BETHANY

Yeah. Good to see you, James. Dad would have appreciated you popping in on us.

JOHNSON

Ciao then.

ABIGAIL

Bye.

BETHANY

See you, James.

On his way to the front door, he turns round.

JOHNSON

Oh, I almost forgot - What was the name of that personal trainer again? The missus has been looking for one herself.

ABIGAIL

Scott Carson.

JOHNSON

That's the one.

He exits. Bethany scowls at her sister.

BETHANY

What'd you tell him that for?

ABIGAIL

Because he asked. What's wrong?

BETHANY

I just don't want the likes of him sniffing around here, that's all.

ABIGAIL

Why not? We've got nothing to hide. Or have we?

BETHANY

No, but think about it. He's a cop. Dad never trusted him. He couldn't stand being around him.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

Johnson climbs inside his vehicle and drives out through the open gate.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker remains in a critical condition as she lies attached to an ECG Holter monitor.

INCUBUS:

A colony of broad-winged Bats swirl and circle beneath a clear blue skyline as Kicker runs naked through the long grass.

END INCUBUS.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

DS Johnson sits at his computer and brings up a facial image of fair haired Scott Carson.

He scrolls down and reads through Scott Carson's criminal history of violent disorder offences.

He climbs out of his seat and steps over to DCI Nunn's office where he taps on the partition window. She waves him in.

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

He steps in and closes the door behind him.

NUNN

What have you got?

JOHNSON

Scott Carson is a person of interest.

NUNN

Why?

JOHNSON

He was Bethany Steel's personal trainer up until a while back.

NUNN

And?

JOHNSON

He's a Hells Angel with a propensity for extreme violence. I just brought up his file and bingo! Sentenced five years ago for causing an affray on Clapham Common. He kicked some blokes head in and was sentenced to four years for GBH. He served two-thirds of his sentence.

NUNN

You've lost me.

JOHNSON

I paid a little visit to Longmoor Manor earlier today and spoke to the twins.

NUNN

And?

JOHNSON

I cannae put my finger on it. But I detected a certain awkwardness between them. I sensed an attitude with Beth. She seemed a bit uptight. She might know more than she's letting on.

NUNN

Oh?

JOHNSON

It was just her bitterness that shone through when I mentioned the shooting, and the murder of Mechanic. She seemed particularly unreceptive towards Kicker.

NUNN

So where does Scott Carson fit in to all this?

JOHNSON

The leathers discovered at the lock-up were a size 10, right?

NUNN

Yeah?

JOHNSON

They would fit Beth. And she's just got rid of a biker with a propensity for violence.

NUNN

Hmm. Is she a biker too?

JOHNSON

I dunno. But I would hazard a guess that those leathers belong to her. She's certainly no angel, I'd say.

NUNN

What about her twin?

JOHNSON

No. She'd never fit into them. But Bethany would.

NUNN

OK. Speak to this Scott Carson. If you have any reservations regarding his whereabouts during the evening of the attack, bring him in for questioning.

JOHNSON

What should we do about Beth?

NUNN

I'll put a tag on her. We'll see who she's linking up with.

JOHNSON

I'll see if she owns a motorbike.

NUNN

I can do that.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

He exits. She picks up the phone.

EXT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

Johnson sits inside his vehicle. He watches the door and waits until leather clad Scott carson exits with his kit bag.

Johnson jumps out of his vehicle and quickly confronts him.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Scott Carson?

Scott Carson stares back at him suspiciously.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Scott Carson?

SCOTT

Who wants to know?

JOHNSON

Cannae just have a quick word with you, please?

SCOTT

What's it about?

JOHNSON

Your association with Bethany Steel for starters.

SCOTT

Who the fuck are you to ask me that?

Johnson flashes his badge at him.

JOHNSON

DS Johnson. I'm investigating the murder, and attempted murder of a colleague of mine outside an Islington wine bar two weeks ago. You've shown up as a person of interest, due to your relationship with Bethany Steel.

SCOTT

I had nothing to do with that.

JOHNSON

Did she pay you to be the rider? We know you're a Hells Angel. You're MCC badge says 49 Club.

SCOTT

So what. I never had anything to do with that.

JOHNSON

Tell us who did, then? I know Beth ordered the hit on behalf of her late father. He put a contract out on those two women when he was alive, because he blamed them for his son's murder.

SCOTT

You'll just have to ask her that. I had nothing to do with it, I swear on my Mother's life.

JOHNSON

What about Charles William Bell- AKA Mechanic?

SCOTT

I've never heard of him.

JOHNSON

You've never heard of him?

SCOTT

No.

JOHNSON

Well, that strikes me as a bit odd, Scott.

SCOTT

Why?

JOHNSON

Because we have-

BANG! BANG!

Scott Carson's head flies back as a red leather clad MOTORBIKE RIDER quickly races away from the scene.

Johnson hesitates, before he jumps inside his vehicle and gives chase.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON - NIGHT

Through the flash of headlights the Motorbike Rider weaves in and out of the traffic whilst intensely pursued by Johnson in his BMW Series Nine.

Near misses and head-on collisions as Johnson swerves to avoid contact with other road users and street furniture.

Over Putney Bridge where the Motorbike Rider manages to slip down a cycle route along the Embankment.

Johnson skids to a stop on the bridge, before he is immediately joined by a number of pursuing TRAFFIC POLICE.

He angrily exits his vehicle and flashes his badge at them as they attempt to grab hold of him.

JOHNSON

Awright! Awright! Awright! I'm well within my rights!

OFFICER#1

Maniac! I'm reporting this littel episode to your Super.

JOHNSON

Aye-aye. Do what you have to. Just fuck off and leave us alone.

Traffic cops climb back inside their vehicles and drive off.

Johnson looks over the bridge and down at the River Thames.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Bollox! Shit! Shit! Fuck!

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

DI Pearson approaches Johnson as he sits at his desk and stares into his computer screen.

PEARSON

We have a match for Charles
William Bell.

Johnson spins in his seat and stares at him in wonder.

JOHNSON

What?

PEARSON

You were right - Scott Carson was
the knife man. He dropped the
knife and a ski mask in the
stairwell of the hotel. He was
filmed entering, and then leaving
shortly afterwards.

JOHNSON

I almost had him.

PEARSON

It'll save the tax payer a few
quid, wonnit?

JOHNSON

Aye, but I literally had him in
my grasp.

DCI Nunn appears from her office.

NUNN

DS Johnson, you've accumulated
more points on your licence,
enough to have you suspended. The
Super wants to see you in his
office first thing to explain
your reasons for breaking every
traffic law in the book.

JOHNSON

(head in hands)

Oh no, please...

PEARSON

We need to find that motorbike.
I'll visit Longmoor Manor myself.

JOHNSON

Aye. Keep me informed.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker lies with her eyes closed. Dominic and her mother AUDREY stand by her bedside and gaze down at her.

The tall Surgeon enters the room and checks her readings.

SURGEON

Ah! She is showing signs of some improvement, you'll be glad to hear.

AUDREY

How long do you think it will be before she's lucid?

SURGEON

Aww, I don't know... maybe in a few days she'll be responsive. She's taken well to the treatment. Fingers crossed you'll be able to have a conversation with her by the end of the week.

DOMINIC

God willing.

AUDREY

Please God.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - EARLY HOURS

DI Steve Pearson bangs on the front door as half a dozen uniformed CONSTABLES stand behind him.

Sleepy eyed Bethany opens the door in her dressing gown and appears shocked.

PEARSON

Bethany Steel?

BETHANY

Yes?

PEARSON

I'm DI Steve Pearson from the serious crimes unit at Islington nick. I have a warrant to search these premises.

BETHANY

By order of who?

PEARSON

The local magistrate, who else.

He hands her the warrant and barges past her to gain access.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

(to Bethany)

Is there anyone else in the property we should be aware of?

BETHANY

No. Just me.

PEARSON

(to Constables)

Right. Three of you upstairs, the rest stay down here.

He turns to Bethany.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

Where are the keys to the garage?

She grabs them off a hook next to the door and lobs them at him.

BETHANY

There you go. But you won't find anything of use in there. It's empty.

PEARSON

We'll be the judge of that.

BETHANY

I'm going up stairs to get dressed. Tell your dummies to stay out of my room while I do so.

PEARSON

You've got two minutes.

He exits. She turns her back and climbs the stairs.

INT. GARAGE - EARLY HOURS

DI Pearson scans the area inside. He looks inside toolboxes then searches the parked 4X4.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Bethany enters and closes the door shut. She slips off her dressing gown and slides into a skirt, then puts on a blouse.

EXT/INT. GARDEN SHED - EARLY HOURS

DI Pearson opens the shed door and enters.

Once inside, he opens drawers and claws his way through a pile of garden junk.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - CONT'D

Uniform continue to search the house for clues as Bethany reappears fully clothed.

Pearson enters the kitchen through the rear patio doors. Bethany enters. She looks at him with a deep frown upon her face.

BETHANY

Can I ask what this is all about?
My dad's dead. There's nothing
here belonging to him.

PEARSON

It's not about your old man this
time, Bethany.

BETHANY

Who then?

PEARSON

It's about the cold blooded
shooting of two innocent women.
Also the murder of Scott Carson
who we know you were in contact
with at the time.

BETHANY

That happened before I told him I didn't need him anymore.

PEARSON

It's no good lying to us, Bethany. We know he was your personal trainer.

BETHANY

Where'd ya hear that from, DS Johnson?

PEARSON

Exactly.

Her shoulders sink as she snarls at the thought.

BETHANY

Once a cop, always a cop.

PEARSON

That's right. And he believes you carried out your father's wishes and had those two women shot.

BETHANY

You know he's a bent cop, dontcha?

PEARSON

How'd you mean?

BETHANY

He helped my dad with Mario Petrescu's escape. Ask him about that.

PEARSON

And how would you know that, then?

BETHANY

I overheard my dad telling my mum he supplied the passes. He's as crooked as his teeth.

PEARSON

If you knew that why haven't you reported it to us?

BETHANY

I will now... after this.

PEARSON

Where's the motorbike?

BETHANY

I don't own a motorbike, you fool.

PEARSON

That's another lie. We found your leathers. You should've been more careful where you hid the evidence.

BETHANY

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

PEARSON

What did you do with the firearm?

BETHANY

I'm not saying another word until I speak to my lawyer.

PEARSON

In that case- Bethany Steel, I am arresting you for the murder of Shelley Peters and Scott Carson. I am further arresting you for the attempted murder of Kicker Carruthers. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention something you may rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence. Get up!

She gets to her feet. He cuffs her and leads her out of the house.

Behind him a CONSTABLE carries a transparent bag containing red motorcycle leathers and crash helmet.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker lies in a coma with her eyes closed. Her wife Nancy holds her hand as she sits at her bedside.

A FEMALE NURSE enters. Nancy turns to her.

NANCY

Excuse me?

NURSE

Yes?

NANCY

It might not work, but I have an idea.

NURSE

Oh yeah?

NANCY

Well, Kicker's a cellist. If I brought her some cello music d' you think it might help?

NURSE

There's no harm in trying, is there?

NANCY

No, there isn't. Thanks.

INCUBUS:

Beneath a blood moon Kicker runs naked through the long grass as Camille Saint Seans: "**The Swan**" CD plays out inside the room.

END INCUBUS.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

DI Pearson and DCI Nunn sit at a table opposite Bethany Steel and her Lawyer.

PEARSON

For the benefit of the recording. In the room we have DI Pearson, DCI Nunn, Bethany Steel, and her lawyer. The time is 11.30 and the date is Tuesday the 12th of July.

Bethany Steel shifts in her seat. She has a blanket covering her shoulders.

NUNN

Bethany, can you explain where you were during the afternoon of 11th of June between one and two p.m?

BETHANY

No comment.

DI Pearson slides a photograph across the table towards Bethany. It shows a black motorcycle with two people on board.

NUNN

In that case are you able to recognise any of the people on this motorcycle seen in the Islington area at the time of the shooting?

BETHANY

No comment.

DI Pearson slides another photo image across the table. It shows a black motorcycle helmet and black leathers.

NUNN

Do you recognise any of these motorcycle items?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

Well, it's a shame you say that because a strand of your hair was discovered inside the cycle helmet. The hair matches your colour and your DNA.

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

Who's the pillion rider? Was it Scott Carson?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

Why did you have Scott murder
Charle William bell at the hotel?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

Was it Charles that sat on the
back of your motorbike and pulled
the trigger? If it's not him, it
must have been Scott Carson,
right?

Bethany shrugs her shoulders without care for the question.

NUNN (CONT'D)

Is that why you had him killed,
to save yourself from being
captured?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

For your information, DS Johnson
spoke to your twin this morning
while DI Pearson conducted a
search of Longmoor Manor.

BETHANY

Who cares?

NUNN

Well, when he asked her where you
were that afternoon of the
shooting, you told her that you
were going to meet Mechanic
outside the gates of Longmoor
Manor. You also told her that you
had some business you wanted to
discuss with him.

BETHANY

I don't believe you. She wouldn't
have said that, especially to
him. She knows he's a bent cop.

NUNN

I'm afraid it's all true. He even recorded the conversation for our benefit.

(to DI Pearson)

Play the recording.

DI Pearson presses a button and the recording begins.

JOHNSON V.O

Abbey, do you know where Bethany was, leading up to the double shooting of the detective and her friend?

ABIGAIL V.O

Yeah. I know exactly where she went.

JOHNSON V.O

Where did she go?

ABIGAIL V.O

She was dressed in her black motorcycle leathers. She said she was meeting Mechanic outside the gates. She had some business to put his way on behalf of dad.

JOHNSON V.O

So she does rides a motorbike, then?

ABIGAIL V.O

She doesn't own one. It was Roman's actually. He was a member of the 49 Club. It was still in the garage after he was murdered. Beth has a licence to ride a motorcycle and she used his bike. She's always been obsessed with the Hells Angels. She said she was a prospect. She was going to join them and ride off into no man's land. That's where she met Scott. He was one.

DI Pearson turns off the recording.

Bethany holds her head in her hands.

DCI Nunn grins at her knowingly.

NUNN

We know Mechanic was the shooter. We searched his home. We have the firearm. Also there is a small amount of residue on his leathers.

(pauses)

Why did you have him followed and murdered? Was it Scott Carson you got to kill him? In fact, you don't have to answer that. We know he murdered Mechanic at the Mayfair Hotel. His fingerprints were left at the scene. But you knew that anyway. That's why you shot him dead while he spilling his heart out to DS Johnson, isn't it?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

Oh come on, Bethany. You did your dad proud by shooting the very women that you believe killed your brother.

Bethany jumps out of her seat in a fit of rage.

BETHANY

THEY DID KILL MY BROTHER! THEY DESERVED TO DIE! AN EYE FOR AN EYE! MY PARENTS LOST THEIR SON TO THOSE BITCHES! AND I LOST A GREAT BROTHER WHO FOUGHT FOR THIS COUNTRY!

NUNN

Aww... hit a nerve, have we?

BETHANY

I wanna speak to my lawyer in private! Now get out!

She slumps back down in her seat, then folds her arms as she begins to sob.

NUNN

Very well. We'll come back later,
after you've written your guilty
statement.

(to Pearson)

Turn it off.

They get up and exit.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

Johnson stands on the path. He flashes his iPhone camera app at the black motorbike as it is loaded onto the back of a police trailer. Using his phone, he sends a text message.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

DI Pearson enters with a huge grin on his face.

DCI Nunn exits her office clutching a nugget of biltong. She confronts him as he sticks a piece of gum in his mouth.

NUNN

Why the wide grin, Steve? Are we
celebrating something?

PEARSON

We certainly are.

NUNN

Explain?

PEARSON

They've just dragged the
motorbike out of the canal in
Hackney Wick.

NUNN

Really?

PEARSON

Yep.

NUNN

Is it?

PEARSON

It is. The registration matches
the one we've been looking for.

NUNN

Bloody brilliant!

PEARSON

Johnson is down there with the boys now. He text me to say it's the same motorbike he pursued over Putney Bridge.

Pearson shows her a photo image of the black motorbike sent by DS Johnson.

NUNN

Are we going to charge her now, or wait until the CPS gets back to us?

PEARSON

I'll do it now. We've got her.

NUNN

What about the firearm that she used to kill Scott Carson?

PEARSON

We don't need it.

Pearson's phone bleeps. He reads DS Johnson's Message.

MESSAGE

Abigail has just confirmed the motorbike is her brother's.

PEARSON

(repeats message)

Her twin has just confirmed the bike was her brother's.

NUNN

Right then. Let's get on with it and charge her.

INT/ EXT. POLICE CELL - DAY

Bethany lies on the bed in the fetal position when the station SERGEANT opens the cell door and DI Pearson stands outside.

PEARSON

Bethany, get up.

She lethargically gets to her feet and stands gawping at the Detective Inspector.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

You are now going to be cautioned by the custody officer. Come with me.

He leads her out, and towards the CUSTODY OFFICER at the front desk, then walks off.

CUSTODY OFFICER

Hello, Bethany. Is there anything you would like to say before I charge you?

BETHANY

No.

CUSTODY OFFICER

OK. Bethany Steel, You are now going to be charged with the murders of Shelley Peters, Scott Carson, Charles William Gold, and the attempted murder of Kicker Carruthers. How do you plead?

BETHANY

Not guilty.

CUSTODY OFFICER

In that case, you do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mentioned when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

BETHANY

Not guilty! Not guilty, you fucking imbecile!

CUSTODY OFFICER

OK. So you will remain on remand while we await a date for your trial.

BETHANY

What? I need to see people. I have things to do. My sister can't run Longmoor Manor without me to oversee everything. My dad will be spinning in his fucking grave, you cunt!

CUSTODY OFFICER

You can call her briefly to arrange for her to bring you whatever you need to see you over this period.

BETHANY

You're wrong! Wrong! Wrong! Wrong, you complete knob!

CUSTODY OFFICER

Take her back to her cell.

The station Sergeant leads her back to her cell screaming and shouting abuse at him.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker lies in coma.

Nancy sits on a chair close to the bed and gently holds her hand.

Saint Seans, "The Swan" rings out inside the room to disturb her silence.

INCUBUS:

Beneath a blood moon Kicker runs freely whilst naked through the long grass. A broad-winged Bat bears down upon her.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Kicker and Donald lie in wait for the culprit that attacks his flock. His shotgun aimed towards the trees, until there is movement, and like a bat out of hell itself a HUGE BAT with sharp FANGS nosedives towards his flock.

BANG!

He lets rip, but misses and rushes towards his flock of sheep, only to be attacked and bitten about the neck, until he collapses in a heap among his frightened flock.

Kicker rushes towards the farmer as the Bat flies towards her, and a cacophony of chirps and squeaks intrude when a colony of Bats encircle her.

Her run becomes a sprint as she heads towards her vehicle. But the Bats commandeer her path.

She turns this way and that as the blood moon spins above her head.

The pursuing Bats force her towards the cliff edge that suddenly appears in front of her.

She becomes ever closer to the precipice, then falls down in the long grass.

The colony of Bats land upon her naked flesh. They keep her face down and use their breasts and wings to keep her warm.

She climbs back to her feet, then rushes towards the cliff edge where she stumbles and descends at great speed like a ton of weight as she travels towards the long grass.

A huge WHITE SWAN appears and wraps its wings around her, then slowly, very slowly lies her down upon the softness of the lake where she floats back to the safety of Terra firma.

END INCUBUS.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kicker lies peacefully before she gasps and opens her eyes.

She looks up at the florescence of the light bulb above her head and imagines a beautiful swan as saint Seans "The Swan" fills her ears with joy.

Nancy gasps then jumps out of her seat. She bursts into tears with thunderous joy.

Kicker turns her head to look at her as she attempts to smile, and eventually does smile while tears run down her rosy red cheeks.

Suddenly everything is WHITE like a huge white wave of the ocean that rises and carries her back to her bed.

NANCY

(ecstatically)

She's awake! Kicker's awake!
She's smiling! She's alive! Oh
Kicker, you're alive! Oh I love
you so much! Oh Kicker, I love
you! Thank god you're alive!
Thank god! Kicker's alive!

Kicker's parents - Dom and Audrey come rushing into the room
with elation.

Then DCI Nunn with a handful of biltong.

And DS Johnson, and all the Nurses and the Doctors on duty.
They surround her bed with wide grins on their faces.

One by one they hug and kiss her wet cheeks.

FADE OUT.

BLOOD MOON INCUBUS

Blood Moon Incubus (c) 2025 John Stone.