

LIMERENCE

written & created by

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Episode 3

Kicker (c) 2026

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

A congested white beach filled with HOLIDAYMAKERS and SUN WORSHIPPERS. SURFERS and expensive YACHTS occupy the Atlantic Ocean.

Bikini clad, off duty detective KICKER CARRUTHERS (30s) and widower NANCY BURROWS (30s) sunbathe under a clear blue skyline.

They grin at one another knowingly, before they get up and race into the sea.

They splash one another playfully as they soak up that holiday aesthetic.

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed for the evening Kicker and Nancy sit at a candlelit table under a moonlit sky. They share a bottle of bubbly as they enjoy the local cuisine of Mofongo and shredded shrimp.

NANCY

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

KICKER

Wouldn't it be lovely if we could just do that?

NANCY

Oh yeah.

(reflects)

I'm really not looking forward to going home tomorrow. Are you?

KICKER

I'm trying not to think about it, Nancy. I want a fresh start for when I get back. Too much has happened to us this year. I can't keep up with it.

NANCY

I know. Tell me about it.

KICKER

It's hard to comprehend.

NANCY

I know. Let's just enjoy the here  
and now while we still can.

KICKER

What's it all about?

NANCY

Don't ask.

(pauses)

It's really difficult to readjust  
to life without Shane. I get so  
lonely without him around me  
sometimes. Just knowing he was  
there was enough for me. I miss  
him so much.

A protracted silence as they eat and drink.

Kicker puts her utensils down and stares across the table at  
her.

KICKER

Can I ask you something?

NANCY

Yes, of course you can.

KICKER

D' you think we might have a  
future, together like?

NANCY

As an item, you mean?

KICKER

Well, yeah. As an item. I just  
don't want to waste time drifting  
from one relationship to another,  
you know?

NANCY

(affectionately)

I do. And I'd like to, yes.

KICKER

Excellent! I really enjoy hanging  
out with you.

NANCY

I do as well. I mean, with you.

KICKER

Sure. You know, before I met you  
I used to worked in vice.

NANCY

Sounds cool.

KICKER

(apologetically)

Yeah but my partner took the rap  
for my bad.

NANCY

Why? What happened?

KICKER

If it wasn't for me we'd still be  
together, probably.

NANCY

What happened, then?

KICKER

She murdered someone on my  
behalf.

NANCY

Shit, Kicker! You're kiddin' me!

KICKER

No. I wish I was. It was during  
an undercover operation into some  
dodgy drug dealer who owned a  
nightclub in Soho. She was found  
sentenced to fifteen years  
inside. She got the sentenced  
reduced to six on appeal. I put  
her onto a good lawyer.

NANCY

But you still haven't told me why  
it was your bad?

KICKER

I was just about to.

NANCY

Sorry. Carry on.

KICKER

I was beaten up by the club owner's son when he discovered I was part of an undercover operation into his father's drug business. If I hadn't told Shelley what he did to me, he'd still be alive, and we would still be working together.

NANCY

That's dreadful.

KICKER

The irony is that I'd previously tripped over the same piece of concrete she'd struck him with. It was the missing part of a broken piece of pavement. I unwittingly put it back inside the pavement when I saw it lying beside his body... which meant I'd left my fingerprints on the bloody murder weapon.

NANCY

My God! What happened?

KICKER

How was I to know? I just thought he'd tripped over and smashed his head on the pavement. I only discovered afterwards when she confessed to me that she did it for me.

NANCY

Oh my god.

KICKER

That's why I've been on probation. The service hasn't decided what to do with me.

NANCY

What'd you think they'll do?

KICKER

Reinstate me as a detective constable, probably, I hope.

NANCY

Well, you've been really nice to me since what happened to Shane. I'll never be able to repay you for helping me to come to terms with his murder.

KICKER

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

They search each others eyes.

NANCY

No, really. I want to thank you for saving me from my miserable self. Without you, I-

KICKER

Stop it! You'll make me cry. Let's just enjoy our time together.

NANCY

Carpe Diem.

KICKER

Carpe Diem.

They raise a heartfelt toast.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - COLD NIGHT

It's eerily quiet, and dimly lit as blonde haired 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 her 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 the heel of his boot to slam the door shut behind them.

He forces her into-

BEDROOM

He pushes her head face down upon the bed. Her cries and muffles muted.

Her beret falls off as she struggles to free herself from his strong grasp upon her skull.

As he lifts her head back with his free hand, her long hair covers his gloved hand and she utters the words:

BEA

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 KNIFE and slashes her throat from ear to ear.

He drags her limp bloodied body onto the carpeted floor where he goes completely berserk with knife and continuously slashes her about the body.

He wipes the knife on her blouse then quickly exits.

Bea Spence lies in the prone position in a blood bath.

Beat.

Curly haired DARYL (28) cautiously enters through the open door.

DARYL

Bea? Bea, you in? Why is the door  
wide open?

He immediately spots her lying in the hallway.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Bea?

He covers his mouth and kneels down beside her, then cradles her in his arms as he laments.

DARYL (CONT'D)

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

He spots a transparent ENVELOPE that sticks out of her bag.

He grabs the envelope. It is filled with CASH.

He slips it inside his pocket, then takes off his black leather jacket and places it over her blood soaked body.

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

Kicker sits at her desk staring into a computer.

She is joined by white Afrikan DCI MILLIE NUNN (50s).

NUNN

Welcome back, Kicker.

KICKER

Thanks.

NUNN

I've got some very good news for you regarding the person who ran you down last month.

KICKER

Go on?

NUNN

Have you heard of a person named Charles Bell?

KICKER

Yes. He was connected to the late Lenny Steel. Why?

NUNN

That's right. The 4X4 he attempted to knock you down with was registered to him.

KICKER

How come?

NUNN

He got eighteen months while you were away on holiday. He's at the Ville if you want to speak to him about it.

KICKER

No, Millie, I don't. I prefer to let sleeping dogs lie.

NUNN

OK then?

KICKER

That bastard put a hit out on me before he was murdered in his own bed.

NUNN

I get it.

KICKER

Good.

The phone rings inside DCI Nunn's office. She goes off to answer the call.

Beat.

DCI Nunn returns with a serious look upon her face.

NUNN

(to Kicker)

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

KICKER

Right.

NUNN

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

KICKER

Right.

Kicker 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 smokes a cigarette.

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

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

UNIFORM wait outside the bedroom door.

Kicker enters. She stares down and gasps at the blood soaked  
cadaver, and the amount of blood spatter that lines the walls  
and bedroom furniture.

KICKER

(to Uniform)

Who called it in?

UNIFORM

Daryl Grimes. He's talking to  
uniform, outside. He's the  
boyfriend.

KICKER

Who is she?

UNIFORM

Bea Spence. An Austrian hostess,  
according the boyfriend.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

She exits and descends the wrought iron staircase.

She approaches a melancholic Daryl who wears a black T and chinos.

KICKER

You must be Daryl Grimes, right?

DARYL

(trembles)

Yeah, that's right.

KICKER

You found her, so I understand?

DARYL

Yeah, that's right.

KICKER

What time was that, exactly?

DARYL

When I got home. It was after 1 a.m.

KICKER

Is that the usual time you get home?

DARYL

Yeah. Mostly.

KICKER

And where have you been tonight, Daryl?

DARYL

The Blue Nun. It's a pub in Kentish Town. I'm the resident entertainment.

KICKER

What is your job, then?

DARYL

I'm a musician.

KICKER

So what's your relationship to the victim?

DARYL

She's my partner. We lived together.

KICKER

And how long have you been living together?

DARYL

About eight months, or so.

KICKER

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 reached home.

KICKER

Is that normal?

DARYL

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

KICKER

I see. Is there anything else you can think of that might be important like what her job title is, for example?

DARYL

She was a hostess.

KICKER

Whereabouts, exactly?

DARYL

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

KICKER

Did she ever bring clients home?

DARYL

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

KICKER

OK. I wasn't suggesting she was, Daryl.

(pauses)

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

DARYL

Not that I'm aware of, no.

KICKER

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

DARYL

(ruminates)

There was a guy she mentioned a few times. His name's Ali. He works at the club. She said that he was harassing her to go out with clients.

KICKER

Really?

DARYL

Yeah. He wanted her to date his wealthy Arab friends.

KICKER

Did she ever mention his role at the club?

DARYL

She called him an arse licker.

KICKER

Why would she call him that?

DARYL

I dunno. She never explained it to me properly.

KICKER

And his name is Ali, right?

DARYL

Yeah.

KICKER

OK. A team of crime scene detectives will be along shortly, with a pathologist. Have you got anywhere you can stay tonight? Your apartment is now a crime scene. You won't be able to go back inside, at least not until crime scene investigators have given the all clear.

DARYL

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

KICKER

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

DARYL

OK.

KICKER

Don't go anywhere. I will need to take your statement. I'll also need your contact details and where I can find you.

DARYL

Cool.

She scans the area and points to a white vehicle parked outside the property.

KICKER

Is that your vehicle - the white one?

DARYL

Yeah.

KICKER

OK. I will need to have a quick over it.

DARYL

Sure.

He key fobs the vehicle.

Kicker opens the door and looks inside.

KICKER

Can you open the boot for me?

DARYL

Sure.

He releases the boot catch.

Kicker stares down at his guitar hardcase as he stands by her side.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Am I a suspect?

KICKER

Why'd you ask that?

DARYL

Because I found her, I s'pose.

KICKER

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

DARYL

No.

She slams the boot shut.

KICKER

Well...

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

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

NUNN

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

KICKER

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

NUNN

It wasn't a pretty sight, I hear.

KICKER

No. It wasn't. There was blood  
all over the walls.

Kicker picks up a glamorous photograph of the victim and  
passes it to her.

DCI Nunn studies the photo of the blonde haired blue eyed  
hostess.

NUNN

She was pretty.  
(chews biltong)  
Anything positive to go on, early  
doors?

She hands back the image to Kicker.

KICKER

We're just waiting for Harry's  
Club to open. There's a person of  
interest who works there. His  
name is Ali Bolsover. We need to  
speak to him. Apparently...  
according to the victim's partner  
he was harassing her to sleep  
with his pals.

NUNN

Sounds promising. What about the  
murder weapon. Any luck there?

KICKER

Not yet, I'm afraid. It's likely  
whoever killed her took it with  
them when they left.

(sighs)

She might have been followed  
home. I've got the team looking  
at the CCTV in and around the  
immediate area.

NUNN

OK. I'll get uniform knocking on  
doors.

KICKER

Thanks.

NUNN

What did her partner have to say for himself when you spoke to him?

KICKER

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

NUNN

Did you ask them what time he left?

KICKER

Yeah. I was told he left around 12.30 a.m.

NUNN

And approximate time of death, according to Gina?

KICKER

She's given between 1.00 and 1.30 a.m.

NUNN

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

KICKER

I'm aware of that. Early indications are that 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 some opportunist.

DCI Nunn turns to walk off.

KICKER

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 spins around and nods her head in approval.

NUNN

By the way, how was Puerto Rico?

KICKER

Lovely. Thanks for asking.

NUNN

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

KICKER

Thanks.

INT. HARRY'S CLUB - DAY

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

They approach the bar and are promptly met by a punky young female BARTENDER (20s).

BARTENDER

We're not open yet.

KICKER

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

BARTENDER

Can I help you, then?

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

KICKER

Who's in charge here?

BARTENDER

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

KICKER

What time will he be here?

BARTENDER

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

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Thanks.

Bartender disappears.

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

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?

KICKER

For starters, you can tell me where you were between midnight and 1.30 a.m this morning?

ALI

Can I see your credentials before I answer any questions?

She flashes her badge at him.

ALI (CONT'D)

I was here working. What's the problem?

KICKER

Is there anyone who can vouch for that?

ALI

Only about a half-a-dozen people.  
What's going on?

KICKER

(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?

KICKER

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?

KICKER

That's right.

ALI

Yeah, she was here last night.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

What nights did she work here?

ALI

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

KICKER

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.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Doing what?

ALI

We're refurbishing the casino. I'm helping out.

KICKER

You, and who else?

ALI

Gareth.

KICKER

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

ALI

It does, but it's switched off until it's up and running.

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

KICKER

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

ALI

What! Now?

KICKER

Yes.

ALI

Am I being charged with her murder?

KICKER

We're not charging you with anything at the moment. We just need to speak to you in depth, and I'm not sure if we can do that standing here.

ALI

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

KICKER

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

ALI

No! Why should I?

KICKER

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, Kicker and DCI Nunn.

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

NUNN  
(to Kicker)  
Want some?

KICKER  
(accepts)  
Thanks.

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

ALI  
(turns away)  
Oh fuck! Jesus Christ!

NUNN  
My sentiments.

KICKER  
She was murdered inside her own home.

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

KICKER  
Why were you harassing her.

ALI  
Where'd ya hear that bollox? I wasn't harassing her at all.

KICKER  
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.

KICKER

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

ALI

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 into Pornhub. She was pornstar for heaven's sake.

KICKER

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

ALI

Oh c'mon, man! That's bollox and you know it!

KICKER

Are you a pimp, Ali? Did she burst your credibility bubble, because she refused to sleep around?

ALI

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

KICKER

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

A protracted silence as he mumbles to his Brief.

ALI

OK. I had sex with her last night, before we opened.

NUNN

You what? Why have you waited this long to tell us that?

ALI

I never thought about it, till now.

KICKER

So, tell us how that happened?

ALI

Sure.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HARRY'S CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

MEZZANINE.

ALI

Quickly. Come on.

He ushers her inside a small room that has a table situated along the near wall.

ROOM.

Once inside, he grabs hold of her and begins to kiss her about the neck and face.

She rejects his advances and attempts to push him off.

BEA

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

ALI

Oh c'mon babe. You know I fancy you. I want you right now.

BEA

No! Stop it.

ALI

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

BEA

No! I said stop it!

ALI

I thought you wanted to make some  
real money?

She focuses her eyes on him.

BEA

How?

ALI

I can make you fucking thousands  
if you really want to?

BEA

How are you going to do that,  
then?

ALI

Are you honestly saying I can't  
make you super rich?

BEA

Exactly.

ALI

Just ask the other girls about  
the Egyptian billionaire who  
comes here. He just so happens to  
be a friend of a friend of mine.

BEA

Really?

ALI

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

BEA

But I have a boyfriend.

ALI

Look, don't be ridiculous, Bea.  
It's only sex. You are a  
beautiful young babe. 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 just pass  
around to your wealthy friends,  
right?

ALI

I know. I'll give you a hundred  
quid if you suck my cock right  
now.

She thinks about it momentarily.

BEA

Alright. But be quick.

ALI

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

She holds out her hand for the money.

BEA

Give me the money first and I  
will drink you.

He pays her the money.

She kneels down and fellates him.

Beat.

She tidies herself as he zips up his chinos.

BEA

And next time get a prostitute.  
I'm not a whore.

ALI

OK. But think about what I said.  
It's no different to what you do  
in those porn videos, except  
you'll get richer, quicker.

She ignores him and descends the stairs.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE.

KICKER

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

ALI

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

KICKER

So, how many hostesses have you banged so far?

ALI

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

KICKER

What is your job at Harry's Club, exactly?

ALI

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

KICKER

When your not refurbishing the casino, right?

ALI

Yeah, right.

KICKER

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.

NUNN

Just answer the question.

ALI

Five-six, maybe.

KICKER

And Bea?

ALI

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

KICKER

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

ALI

No!

KICKER

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

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

ALI

Look, I don't know how relevant this is, but I heard that Bea was sacked by Gareth. She was working out her notice.

KICKER

What was she sacked for?

ALI

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

KICKER

In what way?

ALI

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

KICKER

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

ALI

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

KICKER

Like forcing Bea to give you a blow job, right?

ALI

I never forced her. I paid for it.

NUNN

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

He quickly exits.

Kicker 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.

KICKER

OK.

INT. KICKER'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.

BACK TO SCENE.

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

Kicker switches off her tablet and smiles at her.

NANCY

Any luck?

KICKER

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?

KICKER

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?

KICKER

I will. Thanks. You're a natural.

NANCY

It's a possibility.

KICKER

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

NANCY

Both, of course...

KICKER

I'm going to speak to the manager.

NANCY

I can drive you over there now,  
if you like?

KICKER

Would you?

NANCY

Yeah. I've got nothing else to  
do.

KICKER

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

NANCY

OK.

Nancy exits with the flutes of prosecco.

KICKER

I'll treat you to a nice curry at  
Dishoom afterwards.

NANCY O.S

*Fantastic. I haven't had a  
Dishoom in months.*

KICKER

That makes two of us. C'mon.

Nancy reenters and they grab their coats.

INT. HARRY'S CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Kicker is met by a dapper GARETH (50s). He is tall and has  
thick wavy grey hair.

GARETH

I heard.

KICKER

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

GARETH

Yes, it is true. She left me no  
choice. She broke the golden rule  
of my club.

KICKER

How did you find out?

GARETH

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

KICKER

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

GARETH

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

KICKER

Since when?

GARETH

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

KICKER

Did you see him last night, between 1 and 2 a.m?

GARETH

Yes, I did actually. He was working 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.

KICKER

Are you aware that he supplies girls to personal clients?

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.

KICKER

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

GARETH

How'd you mean?

KICKER

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 other girls. A girlie spat. It goes on all the time here.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

That's great. Thanks.

INT. NANCY'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

She returns to Nancy and climbs inside her vehicle.

KICKER (CONT'D)

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

NANCY

Yummy.

They share a chuckle.

INT. DISHOOM INDIAN STREET FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kicker and Nancy are led towards a window seat.

KICKER

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

NANCY

What is it?

KICKER

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

NANCY

Wow! That's a big, Kicker.

KICKER

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 suddenly sprung upon us.

Nancy pours a glass of water and drinks.

KICKER (CONT'D)

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

NANCY

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

KICKER

Brilliant.

They clink glasses of water.

NANCY

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

KICKER

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-

KICKER

-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.

KICKER

You can say that again.

Further laughter.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

Daryl sits opposite Kicker 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

I don't understand. What'd you mean? I've already said what I saw.

NUNN

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

DARYL

The lights were switched off which freaked me out a bit.

NUNN

What happened when you switched on the light?

DARYL

I felt cold. Then I saw Bea on the floor, lying in a pool of blood.

NUNN

OK. So how did you react upon seeing her lying there?

DARYL

I just blacked out. All I remember is holding her in my arms and sobbing.

NUNN

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

DARYL

No. Like I said, I just blacked out. The sight of seeing Bea was traumatic. I just felt cold - really cold.

NUNN

How long would you say it took between lying beside her, and then making the call to 999?

DARYL

I dunno.

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 normal time I leave.

NUNN

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

DARYL

How'd you mean?

NUNN

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

DARYL

It goes with the territory. It's just a bit of fun.

KICKER

(interjects)

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

DARYL

It wouldn't have bothered her one bit. She was at it herself. She worked as a hostess remember. She was paid to chat up men. She'd didn't get home till all hours sometimes. I never ever questioned her about it, because I knew it was part and parcel of what she did for a living. It was what it was.

A short silence.

NUNN

So, how long would you say it takes you to drive from The Blue Nun to Leytonstone?

DARYL

I dunno. I've never timed it.

NUNN

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

DARYL

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

NUNN

And you're certain of that, are you, Daryl?

DARYL

Yeah, because the one-o'clock news had just finished when I finished changing the tyre.

NUNN

So if I looked inside your boot, I'll find 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 slumps back in his seat and folds his arms.

DARYL

I want to go.

NUNN

Not yet. I've got a few more questions for you to answer.

(pauses)

Scene of crimes have only established one set of treads, and they are the tread taken from your boots. Why do think that is?

DARYL

I dunno. Ask them, not me.

NUNN

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

DARYL

Well, I dunno about that.

KICKER

I've got a question for you, Daryl.

DARYL

What's that?

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Well, she was saturated. Did you change your clothes before we got there?

DARYL

No. The leather jacket you saw covering her is mine. I put it over her to keep her warm.

KICKER

Did you and Bea ever fight over anything?

DARYL

Not really. Ee had a pretty amicable relationship.

KICKER

That's not what your next door neighbour tells us. He says that he heard you and Bea yelling at one another that same afternoon. What was that over?

DARYL

I dunno. I can't remember.

(pauses)

Something trivial probably. She was trivial.

KICKER

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, then you can go.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Bea Spence's cadaver lies on the slab.

Kicker wears a white coat and surgical gloves as she approaches GINA - the mature female pathologist.

KICKER

Morning, Gina. How are you?

GINA

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

She leads Kicker towards the body.

KICKER

Unfortunately not.

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 to the neck. Her attacker also used her blouse to wipe the blade. Possibly a kitchen knife was used - Thin and flat bladed, like a bread knife.

KICKER

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 bruising or 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 to sex.

KICKER

Excellent work, Gina. Thank you.

GINA

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

KICKER

At least it gives us something to work with.

GINA

Regarding the pubic hair I  
mentioned it belongs to an IC4  
Male.

KICKER

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.

Kicker 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.

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

ALI

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

KICKER

Bullshit. You cost yourself your  
job, and you know why, so stop  
acring like a twat.

ALI

Oh fuck off! Leave me alone!

He climbs off the stall in an ominous manner.

Kicker steps towards him.

KICKER

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  
fucking mistake, you stupid  
fuckin' bitch!

KICKER

(to colleagues)

Cuff him!

ALI

Fuck you bitch!

She steps back as her Colleagues move in and attempt to cuff him.

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 Kicker to the floor as he brushes past her and legs it with the two Detectives hard on his heels.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

Uniform quickly exit their vehicle and pursue the suspect along with the two Detectives.

INT. PLAYBOY CASINO

Kicker winces as she looks up at the spinning ceiling.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

She looks down and spots her alcoholic MOTHER (30s) lying on the sofa with a bare chested, dark pigmented MAN (50s) lying on top of her as she cackles with a glass of wine in hand.

Kicker sobs.

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

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

MOTHER

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

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

KICKER

No I will not. I want my papa.

Her Mother grabs her by the shoulders.

MOTHER

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

Kicker struggles in an attempt to get away from her.

KICKER

I will not. Leave me alone, you cow.

Her Mother attempts to drag her back to her room.

MOTHER

Do as you're told child!

Kicker breaks free from her grasp.

KICKER

No! Get off me!

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

The door slams as the bare chested Man quickly exits.

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

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

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

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. PLAYBOY CASINO

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

KICKER  
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.

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

Uniform reach the platform, only to look on in despair as the tube train closes it doors and pulls out of teh station.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

Kicker 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.

Kicker waves over to a junior COLLEAGUE. He approaches.

KICKER

Go 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.

KICKER

Now. I want his name and where we  
can find him.

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

NUNN

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

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Which nick is he at?

NUNN

Chiswick.

KICKER

Bastard.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Kicker sits opposite Ali Bolsover and his bespectacled  
LAWYER.

KICKER

OK. So what have you go for us?

ALI

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

KICKER

Why'd you say that?

ALI

I set her up with the Egyptian.  
He's 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.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

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

ALI

I was drunk. I apologize.

KICKER

So who is this Egyptian, then?

ALI

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

KICKER

Did he kill her?

ALI

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

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Why would he threaten you?

ALI

I recommended her to my client.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

Good.

INT. PRINCES COURT - EARLY HOURS

Kicker and SERIOUS FIREARMS OFFICERS prepare to pounce.

KICKER

GO! GO! GO!

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

KICKER (CONT'D)

NOBODY BLOODY MOVE!

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

KICKER (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.

KICKER (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  
 No! You relax!

Beat.

Kicker 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.

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.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Omar Fayin sits at a table. Kicker 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.

KICKER

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.

KICKER

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 Kicker.

LAURA

Yes, can I help you?

KICKER

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.

KICKER

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

LAURA

You better come in.

KICKER

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 in here.

KICKER

How?

LAURA

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

Her POV: His guitar hardcase.

KICKER

Is that his guitar case?

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.

KICKER

May I take a quick look at it?

LAURA

Of course.

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

Kicker grabs the beautiful left handed Gibson semi-acoustic guitar.

KICKER

Wow! It so light.

LAURA

Yes it is.

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

KICKER

Was Daryl left handed?

LAURA

Yes he was.

She puts the guitar down, then looks inside the hardcase where she spots a pair of BLACK LEATHER GLOVES.

She unzips a side pocket.

POV: Flat bladed knife.

KICKER

Holy shit!

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

KICKER (CONT'D)

No! Don't you touch that! It's evidence!

LAURA

But he was my son!

Laura turns away and sobs.

KICKER

Did you know?

LAURA

Yes. He told me the night before he took his own life.

(sobs)

I was going to call you and tell you everything he told me. I just needed to bury him first. I would've told you afterwards.

KICKER

Yeah, I bet. Right! Don't touch anything in this room! I'm calling crime scene. You will need to come to the station with me. Get your coat.

LAURA

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

KICKER

Did he mention anything about twenty-five grand?

LAURA

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

KICKER

Well, I'm afraid you can't do that. 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.

KICKER

Where is it?

LAURA

I'll fetch it.

KICKER

I'm coming with you.

LAURA

Fine.

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

KICKER

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 her lying anymore.

KICKER

Lying?

LAURA

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

She breaks down. Kicker cuffs her.

KICKER

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...

KICKER

Go on.

NANCY

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

(pauses)

Will you?

Kicker gets to her feet and walks around the table with a wide grin on her face.

KICKER

Stand up.

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

KICKER (CONT'D)

Yes.

They hug and kiss passionately.

NANCY

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

KICKER

You don't get anywhere by thinking, Nancy.

NANCY

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

KICKER

Paris first, right?

NANCY

Paris first.

They share an infectious grin then begin to eat.

FADE OUT.

LIMERENCE