

BLOOD MOON INCUBUS

written & created by

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A Crime Drama featuring Kiki Carruthers (E5)

(c) 2025

RECAP:

EXT. WINE BAR - SUNNY DAY

Flame haired KIKI CARRUTHERS 30s, and blonde SHELLEY PETERS 30s share a bottle of prosecco as they sit at a small table. They wear sun shades as they soak up the beautiful weather and celebrate their friendship.

Short silence as they drink.

SHELLEY

Oh yes, I'd love to come to Kaleche. It'll be just like old times for a few days.

KIKI

Yes, it will.
(they toast)
Let's drink to that.

A MOTORCYCLE stops beside them with two leather clad persons on board.

The PILLION RIDER unloads the chamber of his FIREARM at them.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Two shots each, as Kiki 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 to get away.

INT. LOCK-UP - SUNNY DAY

DOG 50s climbs off the motorcycle and pulls off his helmet, then climbs out of his leathers. He throws them inside the back of his BLACK 4X4.

The rider, Kris Savva's daughter BETHANY SAVVA 28. Her wild brown eyes follow him as she takes off her helmet and leathers and throws them in a trash can.

BETHANY

You got both of 'em!

DOG

Are we done now? Can I go and enjoy my life please?

BETHANY

Yeah, go on.

(reflects)

They are dead, aren't they?

DOG

Yes, they are.

She hands him a brown package. He opens his car door and throws it on the passenger seat.

BETHANY

No comebacks? Make sure you burn those leathers, asap.

DOG

I will. D' you want me to burn yours while I'm at it?

BETHANY

No. Scott's gonna do that when he comes to pick up the wheels.

DOG

OK. I'm off, then.

BETHANY

I hope he's watching from wherever he is. Dad can rest in peace now.

DOG

Yeah.

They hug one another before he gets in his car and drives out of the lock-up. She makes a call using a mobile phone.

BETHANY

(on phone)

It's me. The wheels are where we said, and the leathers are in a black plastic bag inside the oil drum- Just hurry up, Scott.

She ends the call and quickly exits.

EXT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

PARAMEDIC#2

This one's still got a pulse!
Stretcher!

An OXYGEN MASK is placed over her face before she is lifted into the back of a waiting AMBO.

END RECAP.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kiki is rushed towards emergency theatre by hospital STAFF and PARAMEDICS as she lies with an oxygen ask 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 Kiki, I really do. She's a bloody good 'un.

JOHNSON

Aye.

NUNN

What did she do to deserve that I wonder?

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 David Savva 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 Kiki'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 eratically 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 Kris Savva were bosom buddies?

JOHNSON

I wouldnae go that far. Who said that?

NUNN

Kiki, 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 Kris Savva, because of David?

JOHNSON

Well if history's anything to go by I'd suggest that could be a real possibility, considering the failed attempt by Dog 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 Dog. But his name is Charles William Bell. I know he worshipped Kris. Hednae stuck his head in a gas oven if Kris hadnae asked him.

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 Kris Savva 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, Kiki 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 Kiki 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. A WOMAN 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 Kiki 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 Kiki approaching. She quickly climbs under the cordon to speak to her. Kiki sees the face of Shelley Peters.

MATA

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

KIKI

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.

KIKI

Fabulous. You're a superstar.

Kiki steps over the cordon to look at his bloodied CADAVER and the gaping hole in his neck. She sees the face of DAVID SAVVA (The Pearl Earring).

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 & 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

Dog 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?

DOG

Shush. Be quiet.

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

DOG (CONT'D)

Who is it?

MALE O.S

(brightly)

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.

DOG

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.

DOG

How long is this gonna take?

MALE O.S

Usually ten to fifteen minutes, sir.

DOG

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.

DOG (CONT'D)

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.

DOG

What'd you mean?

CALL GIRL

Did you ask the doorman to call the agency?

DOG

Yeah.

CALL GIRL

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

DOG

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

CALL GIRL

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

DOG

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

CALL GIRL

What do you want?

DOG

Blow job.

She goes down on him.

Beat.

She slips on her heels.

Dog 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 a 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 Dog'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 Kiki runs naked through the long grass.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Kiki shudders and turns to the SERGEANT as he steps away from two UNIFORMED OFFICERS. She sees the face of ex detective GRAYSON FIELDS (Smear With Water)

KIKI

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 Tiffany's pub, according to witness statements taken from some of the customers who saw him drinking in there just before he was killed.

KIKI

Who found him?

Sergeant checks notes.

SERGEANT

A motorist - Bea Spence. 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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

Is that all?

SERGEANT

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

KIKI

Did you manage to take her contact details?

SERGEANT

Of course I took her contact details.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

What did you hear, exactly?

SERGEANT

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

KIKI

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. TIFFANY'S P.H - NIGHT

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

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

KIKI
(to Barmaid)
A glass of prosecco please?

Pixie haired barmaid GAYLE late 20s approaches. Kiki sees the face of NANCY (Her wife).

GAYLE
Sure.

KIKI
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.

KIKI
Would you?

GAYLE
Sure. Be right back.

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

A PUNTER gets up from the table and approaches her with caution. She sees the face of ROMAN PETRESCU (The Pearl Earring)

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

KIKI
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.

KIKI

Were you with him tonight?

PUNTER

Yeah, I was.

KIKI

How did he seem to you?

PUNTER

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

KIKI

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

PUNTER

No.

KIKI

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

PUNTER

No. He lived alone.

Gayle returns with a smile.

GAYLE

(to Kiki)

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

KIKI

(grins)

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

GAYLE

(chuckles)

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

KIKI

Thanks.

Gayle exits.

PUNTER

(to Kiki Carruthers)

There's something else...

KIKI

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.

KIKI

How long ago was this, exactly?

PUNTER

Tuesday. Market day.

Kiki raises a brow and shakes her head disbelievingly.

KIKI

I'll bear it in mind.

(drinks prosecco)

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 Kiki with keys to the room in hand.

GAYLE

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

KIKI

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

She exits.

EXT. TIFFANY'S P.H - NIGHT

Kiki 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, Dog'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 work-out.

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 KRIS SAVVA.

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

Kiki lies intubated as her father DOMINIC 50s stands at her bedside. He stares down at her with a worried gaze.

DOMINIC

We all love you, Kiki. 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:

Kiki 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

Kiki speaks to blonde haired witness BEA SPENCE on the doorstep of her home.

KIKI

Thanks for speaking to us again.

BEA SPENCE

That's okay. It was horrible.

KIKI

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?

BEA SPENCE

No.

KIKI

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

BEA SPENCE

Yes.

KIKI

OK.

BEA SPENCE

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

KIKI

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

A short silence as Bea Spence ruminates.

BEA SPENCE

(excitedly)

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.

KIKI

How big would you say this bat was?

BEA SPENCE

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?

KIKI

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

BEA SPENCE

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

KIKI

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.

BEA SPENCE

No problem.

Bea Spence is about to close the door as Kiki goes to walk off.

Kiki clicks her fingers and suddenly turns round.

KIKI

Actually, hang on a minute before you go in.

BEA SPENCE

What is it?

KIKI

Where is your vehicle right now?

BEA SPENCE

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

KIKI

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

BEA SPENCE

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

Bea Spence grabs her keys and follows Kiki towards the white Audi.

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

KIKI

Is that blood?

BEA SPENCE

Oh! It looks like blood.

KIKI

I think it is blood.

(pauses)

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

BEA SPENCE

They won't take my car away will they?

KIKI

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

BEA SPENCE

Yes, it does.

KIKI

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

BEA SPENCE

Thank you. I need my vehicle for work.

Bea Spence walks back and closes the door. Kiki 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. Kiki stares down at him in reverie.

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

MATA O.S PRELAP

Kiki, are you still with us?

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

KIKI

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

MATA

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

KIKI

I know. But I've been shot.

MATA

(aback)

Oh no! What? Where?

KIKI

(ignores question)

What makes it worse is that whoever did this is still out there.

MATA

Oh, that's horrible. Are you okay?

KIKI

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?

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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

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

INT. TIFFANY'S P.H - NIGHT

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

Gayle joins her.

GAYLE

A penny for 'em?

KIKI

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

GAYLE

Why?

KIKI

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?

KIKI

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?

KIKI

Men.

GAYLE

Oh.

KIKI

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?

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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

GAYLE

Go on?

KIKI

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

GAYLE
(knowingly)
Yeah, I'd love to, Kiki.

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

GAYLE
(knowingly)
OK. Great.

Kiki climbs off the stall and exits the bar with a grin.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Kiki 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.

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

GAYLE
Yeah, most of it.

KIKI
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.

KIKI
I don't know.

GAYLE

Oh. What then?

KIKI

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.

KIKI

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?

KIKI

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.

KIKI

Yeah.

Kiki pours more wine for herself and Gayle.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something, Gayle?

GAYLE

Of course. What do you want to know?

KIKI

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

GAYLE

(giggles)

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

(pauses)

Why'd you ask?

KIKI

You're very attractive.

GAYLE

(coyly)

Oh. Thanks.

(grins)

You are too?

KIKI

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

GAYLE

Oh. What happened to you?

KIKI

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

GAYLE

Oh really?

KIKI

Yeah.

GAYLE

Oh.

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

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

KIKI

(deep sigh)

What the fuck was that?

GAYLE

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

Kiki gazes into Gayle's eyes. She sees the face of Nancy before they gently kiss.

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

GAYLE
Yes, I want to.

KIKI
Thank you.

END INCUBUS.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

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 you to?

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, I hope?

SCOTT
I forgot. I have a lot on mind to
be honest... what with the Dog
episode and everything.

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 get my leathers and burn 'em.

SCOTT

I'm gone, don't worry.

BETHANY

You fucking idiot!

He picks up his kit bag and quickly 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:

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

EXT. FARM - DAY

White whiskered farmer DONALD leads Kiki towards his flock of SHEEP. She sees the face of KRIS SAVVA (The Pearl Earring)

DONALD

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

KIKI

Did you see it happen?

DONALD

I saw it all right. I tried to shoot the bugger out of the sky.

(snarls)

I missed this time, but I'll get it next time, you just wait and see.

KIKI

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

DONALD

Probably.

KIKI

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. Kiki bends down and
studies the hole in its neck.

KIKI

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.

KIKI

Of course not.

Kiki 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 28 opens the door and smiles as she
immediately recognises him.

ABIGAIL

James! How are you?

JOHNSON

Good.

ABIGAIL

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 stops what she is doing and 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.

BETHANY

So, what brings you over here, then?

JOHNSON

Like I said to Abbey, I was passing. 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

They're at infants school now.

JOHNSON

Time flies.

ABIGAIL

It does.

JOHNSON

So, how's life treating you, then?

BETHANY

Yeah. We're alright. We're happy enough all considered.

JOHNSON

Sorry to hear about Helen - your mother.

BETHANY

It was sudden.

JOHNSON

What happened?

ABIGAIL

A massive stroke. She collapsed in the supermarket, not long after dad's 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, James?

JOHNSON

Aye. For my sins, I am.

(drinks)

Did you hear about Dog? He was ironed out at a Mayfair hotel last week.

BETHANY

I saw it. It was on the news. He was a piece of shit anyway. He probably deserved it, knowing Dog.

ABIGAIL

What happened to him?

BETHANY

Stabbed to death they said on the news.

ABIGAIL

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

JOHNSON

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

BETHANY

True.

JOHNSON

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

ABIGAIL

What? That's awful.

JOHNSON

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

BETHANY

(irately)

You mean those two bitches who murdered our brother?

JOHNSON

(aback)

Well, one of them did, Beth... the other was cleared of murder at the Old Bailey.

BETHANY

She was just cleverer than the blonde haired one. She was complicit in my book.

A protracted silence as Johnson looks at her and ruminates.

JOHNSON

(to Bethany)

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

BETHANY

Yeah, can you tell?

JOHNSON

Aye.

BETHANY

I've had a multigym installed down in the basement.

JOHNSON

Very nice.

She shows him her biceps.

BETHANY

Feel that, go on.

He feels her biceps.

JOHNSON

Solid as a rock. You always were the toughest one of the two of you if I remember correctly

BETHANY

Yeah. Four hours a week I do on the weights.

ABIGAIL

(interjects)

She's even got herself a personal trainer.

Bethany glances at her knowingly.

BETHANY

(to Abigail)

Not anymore. I got rid of him yesterday.

ABIGAIL

What was his name again?

BETHANY

Scott.

ABIGAIL

Scott Carson, that's right. A hunk. I could do with some toning up meself. You'll have to give me his number so I can give him a call.

BETHANY

(irked)

Not happening, Abbey.

Johnson gets to his feet, and in turn kisses their cheek.

JOHNSON

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

ABIGAIL

(aback)

Oh. OK. It was really nice to see you, James. Feel free to call on us whenever you're passing.

JOHNSON

Aye, I will.

BETHANY

Yeah. Good to see you James. Dad would've really appreciated that.

JOHNSON
Ciao for now, then.

ABIGAIL
Bye James.

BETHANY
See ya.

On his way out, he turns around.

JOHNSON
Oh, what was the name of that
personal trainer again? The
missus is looking for one
herself.

ABIGAIL
Scott Carson.

JOHNSON
That's the one. Cheers.

He exits. Bethany scowls at her sister.

BETHANY
What' d ya tell him that for?

ABIGAIL
Because he asked. What's wrong?

BETHANY
I just don't want him sniffing
around, that's all.

ABIGAIL
Why not?

BETHANY
Think about it...

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

Johnson climbs inside his vehicle and drives out.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kiki 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 Kiki 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. He's a person of interest.

NUNN

Why?

JOHNSON

He was Bethany Savva's personal trainer up until last week.

NUNN

So what?

JOHNSON

He's got a propensity for violence. I just brought up his file, and bingo!

NUNN

I'm sorry Johnson, but you've lost me.

JOHNSON

I paid a little visit to Longmoor Manor earlier.

NUNN

Yeah?

JOHNSON

I couldnae put my finger on it completely, but I detected an awkwardness between the two lasses, Beth and her twin, Abbey. I think Bethany might be complicit.

NUNN

Oh?

JOHNSON

There was a bitterness that shone through when I mentioned the shooting, and the murder of Dog. She was cold and unreceptive, regarding any empathy.

NUNN

So where does this Scott Carson fit in to all this?

JOHNSON

The leathers we found at the lock-up.

NUNN

Yeah.

JOHNSON

Are a women's size 10. She's about that size.

NUNN

And?

JOHNSON

I would hazard a guess they belong to her.

NUNN

Why not the other one- Abigail, is it?

JOHNSON

No. She's plump. She'd never fit into those leathers. But on the other hand Bethany definitely would.

NUNN

OK. Speak to Scott Carson, and if you've any reservations regarding his whereabouts for the murders, bring him in for questioning.

JOHNSON

And what about Beth?

NUNN

I'll put a tab on her and see who she's linking up with.

JOHNSON

I'd like to see if she rides a motorbike.

NUNN

I'll let you know.

JOHNSON

Rightyo.

He exits. She picks up the phone.

EXT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

Johnson sits inside his vehicle. He watches the door and waits until SCOTT CARSON exits with his kit bag.

Johnson jumps out of his vehicle and quickly confronts him.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Scott?

Scott Carson turns his head to look at him.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Scott Carson?

SCOTT

Who wants to know?

JOHNSON

Cannae have a quick word?

SCOTT

What about?

JOHNSON

Well, your relationship with
Bethany Savva for starters.

SCOTT

(antagonised)

Who the fuck are you?

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're a person of interest to
us, due to your relationship with
Bethany Savva.

SCOTT

I had nothing to do with that.

JOHNSON

Did she pay you to be the
shooter?

SCOTT

I told you, I never had anything
to do with that.

JOHNSON

Who did, then? I know she ordered
the hit on behalf of her late
father. He put a contract out on
Kiki Carruthers and Shelley
Peters.

SCOTT

You'll have to ask Bethany that.
I had nothing to do with it.

JOHNSON

What about Charles Bell- Dog?

SCOTT

Never heard of him.

JOHNSON

You've never heard of Dog?

SCOTT

That's right.

JOHNSON

Well, that strikes me as rather odd.

SCOTT

Why's that?

BANG!

JOHNSON

SHIT!

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

Johnson hesitates and stands agape, 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 when Johnson swerves to avoid contact with other road users.

Over Putney Bridge 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! I'm well within my rights!

OFFICER#1

You're a maniac! I'm reporting this to your Super.

JOHNSON

Aye, aye. Do what you have to. Just leave me alone.

Traffic cops climb back inside their vehicles and drive off.

Johnson looks over the bridge and down at the River Thames where he curses his luck.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Bollox! Shit! Shit!

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 Bell.

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

JOHNSON

Who?

PEARSON

You were right - your man Scott Carson was the knife man. He dropped the knife and his ski mask in the stairwell at the hotel. He was also spotted entering, and then leaving the hotel shortly afterwards.

JOHNSON

That just infuriates me. I had him.

PEARSON

It'll save the tax payer a few quid.

JOHNSON

Aye, but I literally had him in my grasp, before he was shot dead.

DCI Nunn appears from her office.

NUNN

DS Johnson, you've accumulated more points, enough to have your licence 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 bike. I'll
start with Longmoor Manor.

JOHNSON
Aye.

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - LIT

Kiki 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 Savva?

BETHANY

Yes, that's me.

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's 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.

BETHANY

That was 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, 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 bent, dontcha?

PEARSON

How'd you mean?

BETHANY

He helped my dad with Roman Petrescu's escape.

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 report this before?

BETHANY

I will now, after this.

PEARSON

Where's the motorbike?

BETHANY

I don't own one.

PEARSON

That's another lie. We found your leathers. You should've been more careful where you tried to hide them.

BETHANY

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

PEARSON

What did you do with it?

BETHANY

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

PEARSON

In that case- Bethany Savva, I am arresting you for the murder of Shelley Peters and Scott Carson. I am further arresting you for the attempted murder of Kiki 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

Kiki lies in a coma with her eyes closed. Her wife NANCY 30s 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've got an idea.

NURSE

Oh yeah?

NANCY

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

NURSE

There's no harm in trying, is there?

NANCY

No there isn't. Thanks.

INCUBUS:

Beneath a blood moon Kiki runs naked through the long grass as French composer, Camille Saint Seans: "The Swan" plays out.

END INCUBUS.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

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

PEARSON

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

Bethany Savva 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? Is it Dog?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

I think its Dog. If it's not it must be Scott Carson, right?

Bethany shrugs her shoulders without care for the question.

NUNN (CONT'D)

Did Dog fire the gun at Kiki Carruthers and Shelley Peters? Is that why you had him killed, to save yourself from being captured?

BETHANY

No comment.

NUNN

One of our colleagues, DS Johnson, spoke to your twin this morning while DI Pearson was conducting a search of your property.

BETHANY

So what.

NUNN

Well, when he asked her where you were on the afternoon of the shooting, you told her that you were going to meet Dog outside the gates to Longmoor Manor. You had some business you wanted to put his way.

BETHANY

I don't believe you. She wouldn't have said that, especially to him. He's bent.

NUNN

It's true. Johnson even recorded the conversation.

(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 on the afternoon of the double shooting in Islington?

ABIGAIL V.O

Yes, I know exactly where she was.

JOHNSON V.O

Go on.

ABIGAIL V.O

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

JOHNSON V.O

So she does rides a motorbike, then?

ABIGAIL V.O

She doesn't own it. It was David's. It was still in the garage. She has a licence to ride it.

DI Pearson turns off the recording. Bethany holds her head in her hands. DCI Nunn grins knowingly.

NUNN

We know Dog was the shooter. We searched his home and found the firearm, and gun residue on his leathers.

(pauses)

Why did you have him followed and then murdered? Was it Scott Carson you got to kill him? In fact, you don't have to answer that. We know he murdered Dog at the Mayfair Hotel. He left his fingerprints at the scene. But you knew that anyway, Bethany. 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 think 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 BROTHER!

NUNN

Aww... hit a nerve?

BETHANY

I wanna speak to my lawyer in private! 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

What's the huge grin for, Steve?
Are we celebrating something?

PEARSON

We certainly are.

NUNN

Explain then?

PEARSON

They dragged a motorbike out of
the canal by Hackney Wick.

NUNN

Really?

PEARSON

Yep.

NUNN

Is it?

PEARSON

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

NUNN

Excellent news Steve. 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 before she got
away.

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

NUNN

Are you 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 is her brother's.

NUNN

Right then. Let's get on with it.

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 formally charge you?

BETHANY

No.

CUSTODY OFFICER

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

BETHANY

Not guilty, what else?

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 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 there to oversee everything. My dad will be spinning in his grave!

CUSTODY OFFICER

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

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

Kiki lies in coma as 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 Kiki runs freely whilst naked through the long grass. A broad-winged Bat bears down upon her.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Kiki 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.

Kiki 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

Kiki lies peacefully, then suddenly gasps, before she opens her eyes. She looks up at the florescence of the light bulb above her head and imagines the swan, a beautiful swan as saint Seans "The Swan" fills her ears with joy.

Nancy looks up, then jumps out of her seat and bursts into tears as she sobs with thunderous joy.

Kiki turns her head to look at her painfully, as she attempts to smile, and eventually does smile as the tears run down her rosy red cheeks, and 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! Kiki awake! She's smiling! She's alive! Oh Kiki, you're alive! I love you! Oh Kiki I love you! Thank god you're alive! Thank god you're alive! Kiki's alive!

Kiki's parents - Dominic and Audrey come rushing into the room with elation, and then DCI Nunn with a handful of biltong, and DS Johnson, and all the Nurses and the Doctors on duty as they surround her bed.

Kiki's smile morphs into a huge grin as one by one they hug and kiss her cheek.

FADE OUT.

BLOOD MOON INCUBUS

Blood Moon Incubus (c) 2025 John Stone.