

KICKER

written & created by

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The Pearl Earring (c) 2025

Pilot Episode.

INT. BARBICAN ART CENTRE - SUNDAY 9 P.M

A packed auditorium fills the Brutalist walls of the Barbican Art Centre, deep in the square mile of the City of London.

Flamed haired, off duty detective constable KICKER CARRUTHERS (30) is dressed in a low cut green chiffon dress and sits among the strings section of the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra as she accompanies her musical companions in a classical concert.

Her long red curls cover her broad shoulders, highlighted by a spotlight that beams down upon her pale face as she loses herself in the soft, warm, and rich sounds that creep out of the deep timber that rests gently between her strong thighs while she plays cello violin to Saint-Saens masterpiece: "The Swan."

Sitting comfortably in the third row of the stalls her proud French father DOM looks down and smiles upon her with his big brown affectionate eyes.

She glances up at him with her green eyes that coruscate under the stage lights that capture her unblemished beauty.

Dom is a clean shaven and immaculately turned out man, dressed in a light pink shirt and red tie, beneath a navy blue dress suit. He is greying and carries a French crop hairstyle.

To Dom's left, blue eyed detective constable SHELLEY PETERS (30) Her long blonde hair set into a neat bun with curls that drop down delicately over her small ears that secure white pearl drop earrings.

EXT. ALBERT DOCK - SUNDAY 9 P.M

A group of four heavily built dudes incongruously unload cartons from off a small yacht and onto a large vehicle.

These four dudes are Colombian DEV BAKSHI (40s). Ex British soldier DAVID SAVVA (28) Italian stallion JORGIO CROCI (40s) and henchman MECHANIC (50s).

When the vehicle is filled to the brim the shutter is brought down by Jorgio Croci.

DEV BAKSHI

Right! Let's go!

They bundle inside the front of the cab and drive away from the dock.

INT. BARBICAN CONCERT HALL - CONT'D

Kicker plays the outtro to the "The Swan."

A tear rolls down Dom's cheek.

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

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE NIGHTCLUB - 11 P.M

Blue neon signage sits above the entrance doors where a red carpet welcomes its members.

Two BURLY DOORMAN dressed in long coats and yellow armbands command the door.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE CLUB OFFICE - 11 P.M

David Savva flexes his muscles as he stands behind a wooden desk. He wears a tight fitting black vest that highlights his "Survival Knife" military tattoo on his bulging left forearm.

He bears all the hallmarks of a military background with his hair cropped, and fiery brown eyes.

The office is furnished with two filing cabinets; one either side. Two green leather armchairs off centre, and a black three seater sofa up against the back wall. A drinks cabinet beneath a small window, covered by a vertical blind.

There's a portrait of a younger, dark haired and bearded Kris Savva that hangs upon the wall behind his desk.

David Savva barks out his instructions to Jorgio Croci who is a shaven headed Italian courier with laughing brown eyes. He suffers a bout of nasal insufflation.

David Savva slides back a faux panelled wall behind him and grabs four brown packages. He hands them across the desk to an excited looking Jorgio.

DAVID SAVVA

That's it - four kilos. Take 'em over to Delgado's yard. He won't be back for a couple of hours, so hang onto 'em till then. And don't fuckin' lose 'em, otherwise you'll have me to deal with, you sappy cunt, right?

JORGIO

How am I gonna lose four packages, eh, David? I'm not a magician who can make things suddenly disappear, you know, eh?

Jorgio chuckles to himself.

DAVID SAVVA

Yeah, alright, Jorgio! But shit happens sometimes. You never know who's watching. Just be careful with it, that's all I'm sayin, right? I don't want my ol' man thinking I'm the cunt who gave another cunt four kilos of Charlie and then he got himself nicked with it, right?

JORGIO

So when have I ever not been careful? I'm always careful, Davey boy, eh?

Jorgio sticks the four packages into a black sports bag, then zips it up and throws it over his shoulder.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

In the line of duty Kicker and Shelley stand conspicuously with a lit cigarette as they solicit themselves on the pavement.

A Black saloon car pulls up beside them and Jorgio pops his bald head out of the window and grins at them as he eyes them up.

They glance at one another knowingly as they step towards his vehicle.

JORGIO

Do you two lovelies come as a pair? And if so how much?

KICKER

That all depends on what you want to do with us?

Kicker flashes her meaty thigh.

He grins with excitement.

Shelley expands her pert breasts as she leans over to speak to him.

SHELLEY

What are you're actually looking for?

JORGIO

Oh c'mon girls, you know the score. It's not a game of tiddlywinks, is it... what'd you think, eh?

Impatiently, he slaps his hand on the door panel.

SHELLEY

(to Kicker)

I haven't played tiddlywinks in years. Have you babe?

KICKER

No. Me neither.

(to Jorgio)

So, tell us exactly what you're after and we'll decide what we want to do about it?

JORGIO

The big kahuna. You know, the whole shabangabangadingdong.

He chuckles to himself.

KICKER

Is that a euphemism, or what?

JORGIO

That's right my lovelies. I want everything, eh? Everything you have in your repertoire, eh? C'mon girls, I'm running late. Stop messing about and get in the car will ya, eh?

KICKER

We've just never heard of a shabangabanga... what was it again?

JORGIO

Look, d' you want sex or not, eh?

Kicker quickly grabs the door handle and opens his car door, before she grabs his car keys out of the ignition.

KICKER

Right! Step out of the vehicle!

JORGIO

You what?!

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

KICKER

I said step out of the vehicle, right now!

JORGIO

Oh for fuck sake! You're Feds!

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

KICKER

Afraid so. It's your unlucky day.

Kicker spins him around then cuffs him.

JORGIO

I was only asking for directions.

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

You've just propositioned two females innocently waiting for a taxi.

JORGIO

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

They hold him while they wait for a squad car to arrive.

Jorgio stands with a deflated expression on his gaunt face.

KICKER

What's your name and address?

JORGIO

Jorgio. Jorgio Croci. 42 Cuff Point. Holborn.

Shelley takes notes.

KICKER

(to Jorgio)

Now listen to what I have to say to you.

He looks down at the ground dispiritedly.

KICKER (CONT'D)

You have just propositioned to unsuspecting females.

JORGIO

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

Kicker jumps inside his vehicle and leans over the steering wheel and opens the dashboard drawer.

KICKER

Right, before I conduct a full search of this vehicle, are you the owner?

JORGIO

Yes.

She continues to search the vehicle.

KICKER

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

JORGIO

Yes, there is.

She climbs out of the vehicle and confronts him.

KICKER

And what is that?

He shrugs and sinks within himself

JORGIO

What' d ya think, eh? Drugs.

KICKER

What sort of drugs?

JORGIO

Coke.

KICKER

You mean cocaine?

He nods his head.

JORGIO

That's what I said, eh?

KICKER

Where in the vehicle is these drugs?

He exhales a long drawn out sigh.

JORGIO

The bag inside the boot.

KICKER

Now listen to what's going to happen now.

Shelley steps away with her phone to her ear.

Blue lights from an unmarked squad car flash and screech to a stop behind Jorgio's vehicle.

Two SENIOR DETECTIVES jump out of the squad car and approach the trio.

Senior Detective#2 frogmarches Jorgio towards his vehicle and sits him in the back.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Have you searched the vehicle?

Kicker walks behind Jorgio's vehicle and opens the boot.

KICKER
I was just about to when you arrived.

She lifts up the sports bag containing the drugs.

KICKER (CONT'D)
It's here.

Shelley joins her. They high five.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Well done ladies. You've hit the jackpot.

He joins them at the boot of the car and grins at their find.

SHELLEY
This'll teach him to proposistion to respectable young women waiting for a taxi.

KICKER
Less of the respectable.

They share a burst of laughter.

WEST CENTRAL NICK. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - NIGHT

Jorgio sits dejectedly at a table, opposite the same two Senior Detectives.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Are you going to tell us who the drugs belong to?

He pauses for breath.

JORGIO
Kris Savva.

SENOIR DETECTIVE#1
Who is this Kris Savva, then?

JORGIO
He owns a nightclub in Soho.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Which nightclub?

JORGIO
The Hothouse.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#2
I know it. It's a pole dancing
venue.

Senoir Detective#1 raises a knowing brow at his colleague.

JORGIO
It is.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
And where were you supposed to
dispose of these drugs?

JORGIO
Zane Delgardo's restaurant in
Chelsea. He is cousin of Dev
Bakshi.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
Give us the names of everyone who
works for this cartel?

JORGIO
Dev Bakshi imports the coke from
Colombia to Spain, and then has
it transported to the UK, and the
Netherlands.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
And where are these drugs stored?

JORGIO
They are moved around. Smaller
amounts, sometimes The Hothouse
itself. But most of it, a place
in Hertfordshire somewhere I
dunno.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1
We want addresses.

JORGIO

They don't tell me these places.
I dunno know anything else. Only
the bosses know addresses.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1

OK. You will be released on bail.
But if I were you I'd keep out of
the way till your court
appearance. If you help us to get
a conviction, you will quailfy
for anonymity and we'll see...

JORGIO

Fine. But I can't stay here in
London. They will kill me for
sure.

SENIOR DETECTIVE#1

That's your problem mate.

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - MORNING

Jorgio walks consciously along the deserted shopping street
with an eye out for a taxi.

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

MECHANIC

Oi Jorgio! Get in!

Jorgio glances back at him and shakes his head fearfully.

JORGIO

Nah, you're alright, Mechanic,
I'm taking the tube if I can't
find a taxi. I need to get home
to the missus.

Mechanic snarls.

MECHANIC

Don't make me have to get out of
this fucking car and drag you in.
Get-in!

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

INT. 4X4 - MORNING

Jorgio sits in the passenger seat and whimpers.

JORGIO

You alright, Mechanic?

Mechanic fumes.

MECHANIC

Dontcha fucking alright me, you cunt! What happened?

JORGIO

I got nicked with the gear, didn't I?

MECHANIC

I know that you cunt! Why?

Jorgio ignores him and stares out of the window.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Big shouldered and with a receding hairline KRIS SAVVA (60s) confronts a whimpering Jorgio Croci.

Burly ex boxer Mechanic stands by the exit door with his arms locked.

Dev Bakshi trims his fingernails with a knife.

KRIS SAVVA

(ominously)

My David informs me that you lost the gear because you were arrested for propositioning a couple of Feds dressed as hookers. Is that right?

JORGIO

It is, Kris. But I never knew they were Feds, I swear to you.

Kris Savva clenches his fist and snarls.

KRIS SAVVA

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

JORGIO

I'll make it up, I swear.

DEV BAKSHI

(interjects)

A horny guy with no balls is like
a pole dancer who has no tits,
eh, Jorgio?

KRIS SAVVA

(to Jorgio)

You bloody fool!

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

You owe us, big time.

JORGIO

I'm sorry. I'll make it up to
both of you. I give you my honest
word.

DEV BAKSHI

How you gonna do that, then? Have
you got four-hundred grand to
give us?

JORGIO

I've got something big lined up.
It's worth at least two-mill,
believe me.

KRIS SAVVA

D' you know how much it hurts me
to lose four-hundred grand,
Jorgio?

JORGIO

I know-I know.

DEV BAKSHI

You wouldn't even get close, my
friend.

JORGIO

I will make it up, I swear.

KRIS SAVVA

You will.

(to Dev Bakshi)

What shall we do with him?

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

You've got two days. After this I cut out your tongue so you can lick your own arse when you are grovelling for your life.

Kris Savva get up, paces the floor and ruminates.

Mechanic quietly opens the door and exits.

KRIS SAVVA

Why did they let you out so quickly?

JORGIO

You don't have anything to worry about, Kris. I'm the one who's going down for this.

DEV BAKSHI

If I find out you're a pussy licking grass I wouldn't want to be in your shoes.

Kris stares ominously at Jorgio.

KRIS SAVVA

You've got two days to pay up.
Now fuck off!

Jorgio's shoulders sink as he quickly exits. Kris Savva brings his phone to ear.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Johnson, can you talk-? Good. Now listen. Jorgio Croci got himself busted last night for kerb crawling- Notting Hill- The thing is, he was carrying four big ones in the boot of his car- I don't know-! Well do your best- Pretty please.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

We'll have to clear out the safe.
I don't want the Feds coming here
and finding anything if we're
suddenly raided. I wouldn't trust
that Italian cunt as far as I can
throw him.

DEV BAKSHI

I'll take it.

KRIS SAVVA

Nah-nah. I'll get David to store
it for the time being.

DEV BAKSHI

What about the warehouse?

KRIS SAVVA

Only me, you and my David know
the address to the warehouses, so
I think there'll be safe,
otherwise Johnson would've tipped
me off.

EXT. THE HOTHOUSE CLUB - DAY

Jorgio sighs a huge relief and lights a cigarette as he
appears in the back alley to the nightclub.

Mechanic comes from behind him and smacks him across the back
of the shoulders with a baseball bat.

MECHANIC

Take that, you fuckin' grass!

Mechanic discards the baseball bat then walks back inside the
club.

Jorgio rolls around in agony.

INT. UOC'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

UOC

Firstly I'd like to commend the two of you for your outstanding work in the field. I know it can't be easy putting yourselves at risk like you have been.

(pauses)

Now, as a direct result from the search of the vehicle involved in the arrest you made last week we have uncovered a drug trafficking ring connected to a nightclub owner whose name is Kris Savva. He is also linked to a Colombian drug cartel trafficker named Dev Bakshi.

The two Detectives glance at one another knowingly as he steps forward and looks them directly in the eye.

UOC (CONT'D)

At ease.

He walks back to his desk and sits down.

UOC (CONT'D)

Now, please do not take this the wrong way, but due to your outstanding-

(clears throat)

the fact that you have both been selected to carry out a very important sting operation at The Hothouse Nightclub, there is something that I need to ask.

(pauses)

Have you ever pole danced?

Kicker and Shelley glance at each other and grin, before they shake their heads in denial.

UOC (CONT'D)

Shall I take that as an instruction to proceed with some training?

KICKER

Yes sir.

SHELLEY

Yes sir.

UOC

Then I shall. But in the meantime sharpen up your moves.

KICKER
Yes sir.

SHELLEY
Yes sir.

UOC
You're free to go.

They turn around to exit.

UOC (CONT'D)
And ladies.

They turn around.

UOC (CONT'D)
Good luck.

They smile at him as they exit.

INT. THE HOTHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Non specific dance beats ring out across the dance floor.

MEDUSA (AKA Kicker) sports a black leotard as she throws her long, shapely legs around a pole and lies upside down for a large clique of vociferous men.

Her BLACK PEARL EARRING contains a hidden surveillance camera that scans the space around her.

VFX: In the corner of the club Dev Bakshi hands a cellphone to abroad shouldered Hispanic MAN 50s.

DEV BAKSHI
(to Men)
The shipment will arrive at
approximately four-hundred hours.
Same location. You have exactly
thirty minutes to clear it out.
Message me using that cellphone
then destroy it immediately.

The Hispanic Man nods his head.

A WHITE NOISE and SHUT DOWN.

David Savva raises a surprised brow as he clocks the Pearl Earring lying discarded on the stage floor.

He bends down and picks it up, then studies it briefly. He bears a look of mischievous intent as he drops it into the top pocket of his black shirt.

The music ends and Medusa steps off the stage to a cacophony of wolf whistles and cheers.

She struts towards the changing room. David Savva steps out in front of her and blocks her path.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters) She squeezes past pulling a trolley case and wearing black baseball cap.

Medusa shows her an awkward look.

SNOW LEOPARD
Catch you later girl.

MEDUSA
Yeah, okay hun.

Snow Leopard exits.

DAVID SAVVA
How about a private dance for me,
then?

MEDUSA
Ask one of the other girls. I've
finished for the night.

DAVID SAVVA
Fuck ya then. I will.

She brushes him aside and continues towards one of the changing rooms.

He follows her.

DAVID SAVVA (CONT'D)
So you won't be wanting this back
then, will ya?

He shows her the Pearl Earring.

She feels her right ear and gasps.

MEDUSA
Give that back right now!

DAVID SAVVA

Ah-ah.

(grins)

You've gotta dance for me first.

She drops her shoulders and sighs.

MEDUSA

Oh, c'mon then, if I must.

They enter a private room

INT/EXT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

He sits glued to an armless chair. His expectant dark eyes fixed upon her as the dance beats begin and she gyrates her hips for him.

Outside Snow Leopard returns and eavesdrop outside the door.

Inside the room he grabs Kicker's thigh and forces her closer towards him.

She angrily pulls back from his grasp.

MEDUSA (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing? Stop that, or I'll stop!

He wiggles the earring in front of her.

DAVID SAVVA

If you want this back, you're gonna have to do better than that, luv.

He unzips his fly and shows her his limp penis.

MEDUSA

Oh put that away. I'm not doing anything.

DAVID SAVVA

Fair enough. You can't have this back, then.

MEDUSA

A dance you said.

DAVID SAVVA

Jut get your kit off. I wanna see
you laid bare.

MEDUSA

I'm not doing that either. I
don't do quid pro quo
harrassment.

DAVID SAVVA

If you want this back you're
gonna need to do something other
than just swing your hips.

She dives forward and grabs his testicles. She squeezes real
hard as he yelps with the pain.

Outside the door Snow Leopard grins then makes haste.

MEDUSA

Give me the fuckin' earring and
I'll let go.

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

He manages to get to his feet and strikes her across the
mouth, sending her sprawling across the room, before he
swings an uppercut to her ribs.

She screams as she buckles over and falls to her knees.

DAVID SAVVA

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

She creases over in agony and sobs as the room spins in front
of her eyes and the door slams shut.

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 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.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONT'D

Kicker gets to her feet and feels her bloodied lip then grabs her mobile phone.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

Shelley pulls her trolley case along the busy street, teeming with nightlife and night revellers with its clubs, bars, and restaurants which decorate each side of the street.

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

INTERCUT:

KICKER

I've blown my cover. That bastard, David Savva has just confiscated the earring and fucked off.

SHELLEY

Oh no, Kicker. How did you let that happen?

Kicker feels her lip as she stares at her reflection in the mirror whilst on the phone.

KICKER

It wasn't my fault, Shelley. It just fell out of my ear while I was lying upside down on that stupid, fucking pole.

SHELLEY

Did you ask him for it back?

KICKER

I asked him! He wouldn't give me it back!

SHELLEY

What did he he say to you, then?

KICKER

He said if I wanted it back I'd
have to suck his cock.

SHELLEY

What a loser.
(sighs)
Did you?

KICKER

No of course I didn't! That's why
he attacked me.

SHELLEY

He attacked you?

KICKER

Yeah. He busted my lip, and
nearly cracked my ribcage.

SHELLEY

Bastard!

KICKER

Yeah.

SHELLEY

Well, that's it then, we're off
the case, I suspect.

Shelley stands agape as she spots David Savva walking towards
the NCP.

KICKER

What am I going to tell the
undercover commander? He said
he'll kill me if he sees me at
the club again.

SHELLEY

Hold on a minute. I can see him.
He's heading towards the car
park. I'll try and speak to him
and get it back. I'll let you
know what happens and message you
later.

KICKER

OK. Be careful Shelley. He's a
fucking nut job.

END INTERCUT.

INT. NCP - LIT

David Savva saunters towards a black 4X4 parked in one of
the bays. He takes out his phone and brings it to ear.

KRIS SAVVA V.O

*I can't get to the phone right
now. Leave your name and a short
message after the bleep and I'll
get back to you as soon as I can.*

After a long bleep he drops the phone back inside his jacket
pocket and marches towards a dimly lit kiosk which houses a
lift and a staircase.

He trips and stumbles on a missing segment of pavement, then
yelps as he falls flat on his face.

DAVID SAVVA (ASIDE)

Bollox!

With his nose bloodied and his ankle twisted he attempts to
climb to his feet.

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

He screams and crashes to the ground again.

The Shadowy Figure momentarily disappears from sight before
it appears over him again and delves into his pockets,
removing his wallet, watch and jewellery.

The Shadowy Figure disappears again when the sound of
stiletto heels are heard entering the car park.

Kicker enters the car park with her car keys in hand. She
wears a black woollen hat, scarf, and a black studded bomber.

Her POV: David Savva lying in the critical prone position by
the lift shaft.

She takes a quick look around before she kneels down beside
him.

KICKER
 (seethingly)
 Where's my earring, you fuckin'
 asshole?

She rummages through his pockets.

He suddenly opens his glazed eyes. She stares down at him and snarls.

DAVID SAVVA
 (croaks)
 Medusa, help me please. I-I-

KICKER
 You can go and fuck yourself
 after what you did to me.

DAVID SAVVA
 Please Medusa, help me.

KICKER
 Where's my earring? What have you
 done with it?

DAVID SAVVA
 I-I-I-

KICKER
 The earring! Where is it,
 asshole?

Through her peripheral vision she spots the Shadowy Figure crouching behind a Range Rover Discovery.

She quickly gets to her feet and cautiously approaches the Shadowy Figure who is of slight build and has unkempt facial hair.

She creeps around the boot of the vehicle next to the Rang Rover Discovery then grabs him by the shoulders and forces him up against the wall.

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

He whimpers.

SHADOWY FIGURE
 (accented)
 No. Nothing. Go away.

Her attitude intensifies.

KICKER

Right! Turn around! I'm going to search you! And don't even try to resist, or I'll break your fucking arm!

She goes through his coat pockets in search of the earring. He fully complies as she empties his pockets:

PHONE. WALLET. ROLEX WATCH. BUNCH OF KEYS. GOLD CHAIN, and GOLD BRACELET.

She places the items down on the bonnet of the Range Rover Discovery.

KICKER

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

He shakes his head vigorously as she spins him back around to face him.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Show me some ID.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing!

KICKER

You must have something on you. Who are you?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing! No understand.

KICKER

What's your name, then?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English!

KICKER

Well you're a big trouble.

SHADOWY FIGURE

No understand!

KICKER

You can stay here until my
colleagues arrive to take you in.

She takes out her mobile phone and presses some digits.

KICKER

Did you steal these items from
the victim?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English.

KICKER

(on phone)

DC Carruthers from West Central.
I need a unit. I need a unit sent
to the NCP in Wardour Street
right away- Great.

Beat.

Blue lights flash as a squad car tears into the car park.

Kicker steps out from behind a vehicle and flashes her badge
at the two UNIFORMED OFFICERS who climb out of the vehicle.

KICKER

There's a body by the lift shaft.
I caught this one hiding behind
this vehicle. This lot belongs to
the victim.

Officer1# rushes over towards David Savva.

Officer2# Handcuffs the suspect without fuss then leads him
towards the back of the squad car and sits him in the back.

Kicker bags up the items while he performs an ID check on
the suspect.

Kicker hands him the items in the bag, then joins Officer1#
by the lift shaft.

He turns around and radios through for further assistance.

With his back turned she searches David Savva's top pocket
for the earring without success.

Beat.

More squad cars arrive and close off the car park.

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

He notices her cut lip.

PEARSON

Alright?

She shakes his hand as she nods her head.

KICKER

Yeah.

PEARSON

I'm Detective Inspector Steve Pearson from the Murder investigation team over at Paddington. Are you okay? Did he do that to your lip?

KICKER

DC Kicker Carruthers. Oh, it's just a nick. I've taken a lot worse in the line of duty.

PEARSON

I bet. So what can you tell me?

KICKER

I saw the victim lying there as I entered the car park. Then I spotted the suspect hiding behind that black Discovery over there.

(points)

I searched him and found items that I believe belong to the victim.

PEARSON

Do you know if the victim was dead when you arrived?

KICKER

I believe he was.

PEARSON

What did you do when you saw him?

KICKER

I spotted the attention I was receiving from the suspect before I had a chance to do anything, really.

PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

And what time was that?

She checks her watch.

KICKER

Just after two.

PEARSON

A good night out, was it?

KICKER

Yeah, it was actually.

PEARSON

OK. So where can I reach you, then?

KICKER

West Central. You can reach me there.

PEARSON

OK. We'll talk properly once I get all the details in from forensics. In the meantime if you could make out your report and send it over, that'll save us a lot of faffing around with phone calls.

KICKER

OK. I'll do it first thing while it's still fresh in my memory.

PEARSON

Right then, you can go, unless you want to hang around and hear what forensics have to say.

KICKER

No. I'm shattered, actually. I'll just head off.

PEARSON

Fine.

He walks back towards the squad car to speak to the suspect who sits in the back.

She climbs inside her vehicle and starts the engine.

Uniform wave her out of the car park.

INT CAR - NIGHT

Kicker turns left out of the car park and immediately pulls over.

She takes out her phone and makes a call. She listens momentarily then ends the call.

INT. NCP - CONT'D

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

PEARSON

What's your name?

The Supect shakes his head.

SUSPECT

No English.

Pearson turns to the uniformed officer who stands by.

PEARSON

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

Slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON (40s) joins Pearson as a tent is erected around the victim.

PEARSON

Is he known?

Johnson raises a brow.

JOHNSON

Aye. David Savva. I know his ol' man.

PEARSON

How come?

JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge.

Pearson casually sticks a piece of gum into his mouth.

PEARSON

In that case you can do the honours.

JOHNSON

(dejectedly)

Oh, c'mon chief! We're acquainted for fuck sake! You know exactly how that'll go down in certain circles.

PEARSON

I don't give a flying fuck, Johnson. Someone's gotta do it, and that person is you. It should be a piece of cake, as you're acquainted.

JOHNSON

Aye. But he's not gonna appreciate hearing that his son's been murdered from a fellow brother, is he?

PEARSON

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

JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

PEARSON

Correct. And don't forget it.

A mature PATHOLOGIST appears from inside the tent. She holds a clipboard when she joins them in conversation.

PATHOLOGIST

There's a severe laceration to the right side of his temple. It's likely that he was struck with a sharp, heavy object of some kind... can't say what that is at the moment. I'll confirm everything once we get him back to the mortuary. There are signs of a hematoma by the look of the colour around the injury. There is also swelling to his ankle which probably occurred when he was attacked.

(pauses)

Time of death, I would approximate two-hundred hours, or thereabouts.

PEARSON

That tallies with what the off duty detective said to me.

PATHOLOGIST

He's got a nasty fingernail scratch on the side of his face. It's fresh, so could have happened when he was attacked. I'm presuming his attacker may be female.

PEARSON

I want to get this wrapped up before my ol' fella's funeral, if possible.

PATHOLOGIST

I'll do my best, Steve, but we are a bit snowed under at the moment.

PEARSON

Appreciated.

INT. PADDINGTON NICK - NIGHT

The Suspect signs in at the Duty Sergeants desk and read his rights by the DUTY SERGEANT.

He is then taken to a small room where he is body searched, fingerprinted, swabbed and photographed.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - LIT.

Kris Savva stares vacantly through the windscreen. A blue BMW nine series drives into the empty bay next to him.

Beat.

Johnson opens the door and climbs into the passenger seat

Kris Savva sits inaudible, motionless as an awkward silence ensues.

KRIS SAVVA

(soberly)

So what happened to him?

JOHNSON

All we know is that he was attacked inside the NCP before being robbed. I'm really sorry for your loss, Kris. It deeply saddens me to have to be the one to give you this shit news.

Kris Savva takes long, deep breaths. His face taut. His eyes suffused, and his lower lip trembles.

KRIS SAVVA

How am I s'posed to tell his Mother this? It'll kill her stone dead.

He breaks down over the steering wheel and laments.

JOHNSON

I donnae what to say, Kris. I cannae believe it. I'm in total shock as well.

KRIS SAVVA

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

(blows nose)

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

JOHNSON

Around 2 a.m. He was walking to his car.

KRIS SAVVA

He had something important to tell me. He never rings me at that hour, unless he knows I'm awake. There was something he wanted me to know.

JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

I want answers. And I don't want any bullshit, right?

JOHNSON

Aye, of course. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure his killer is behind bars, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA

And I wanna speak to that off duty detective. She might know something useful. Get me her details so I can speak to her in person.

JOHNSON

I'm not sure that'll be possible, Kris. She works out of another nick.

KRIS SAVVA

Well fuckin' find out which one. I need to speak to her.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

KRIS SAVVA

And I don't want this put on the back burner either. I know you lot.

JOHNSON

Aye.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR BEDROOM - EARLY HOURS

The sound of the front door slamming shut causes HELEN SAVVA (40s) to wake from sleep.

KITCHEN.

Highly distraught Kris Savva enters the large space.

BEDROOM - CONT'D

She climbs out of bed and slips on her dressing gown, then exits.

KITCHEN - CONT'D

She quietly appears in the door frame and watches him as he stands at the sink basin and stares into space, then opens the oven door and quickly closes it shut again.

He finally sits himself down at the breakfast island with his head in his hands.

He looks up and spots her as she stands inaudibly watching him.

He quickly jumps to his feet and places his hands upon her shoulders as she stares up at him in anticipation.

He pulls her closer.

KRIS SAVVA

It's David.

HELEN

What's happened to him?

KRIS SAVVA

He's dead.

Her eyes immediately well up as she gazes at him and gasps. Her legs buckle beneath her and she falls into his arms.

The tears roll down his cheeks as he lifts her up and carries her out of the kitchen.

LOUNGE:

He lies her down on the sofa and makes her comfortable by placing a soft cushion under her head.

He steps over to the marble mantle and stares at his ageing reflection in the ornate mantle mirror where he breaks down on his knees and cries like a baby.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Kicker opens her weary eyes and sits up in bed.

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

BATHROOM.

She throws her head into the toilet basin and violently throws up, before she gets to her feet and wipes her mouth with tissue paper.

She stares at her tired reflection in the mirror above the sink unit and feels the abrasion to her top lip.

KICKER

Shit!

She winces and turns away in horror.

She hears the sound of her mobile phone vibrating.

BEDROOM CONT'D.

She grabs her phone and answers the call.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Shelley. Did you get it?

SHELLEY O.S

No I did not.

Kicker sighs her disdain.

KICKER

Why not? And why didn't you call me back after I messaged you?

SHELLEY O.S

I'm sorry, I got sidetracked. I bumped into someone I knew.

KICKER

He's dead, Shelley!

The line goes quiet.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Shelley, are you still there?

SHELLEY O.S

I'm still here.

KICKER

Did you hear what I just said?

SHELLEY O.S

Yes I heard you, Kicker.

KICKER

Well, you know what that means,
dontcha?

SHELLEY O.S

Yes. We're probably off the case.

KICKER

I thought you were going to ask
him for it back. What happened?

SHELLEY O.S

*I told you, I got sidetracked.
I'm really sorry, Kicker, but
it's not all about you, is it?*

KICKER

Maybe not. But I saw him lying
there on the ground inside the
NCP. Somebody attacked him. I
thought it might have been you.

SHELLEY O.S

Me! Why?

KICKER

I just did. I let him die,
because I was too sodding busy
searching his pockets for that
fuckin' earring. I thought you
had it. I'm so angry with myself.
I feel so guilty now, because I
could've actually done something
to help him. And now they're
asking me to make a statement
because I arrested a homeless guy
who had all his belongings on him
when I searched him. He must have
attacked him before he robbed
him, then.

SHELLEY O.S

So you think the suspect killed him?

KICKER

Well, he must have. He had David's wallet and everything when I apprehended him. But I should've called an ambulance for him, shouldn't I?

SHELLEY O.S

He attacked you, remember?

KICKER

I know-I know. But then I remembered it was in the top pocket of his shirt. The only pocket I forgot to check before our lot turned up.

SHELLEY O.S

Oh no.

KICKER

I think we need to talk, Shelley. We need to get our stories straight. If they find the earring on him, it's not going to look good for us, is it? Plus I think I might have handled the murder weapon now.

SHELLEY O.S

How?

KICKER

There was a piece of fuckin' concrete lying by his side. It came out of the pavement slab, so I put it back, didn't I?

SHELLEY O.S

I don't know, Kicker. I wasn't there, was I?

KICKER

Yeah but I only did that because I thought you attacked him with it.

SHELLEY O.S

Make your mind up. I thought you just said the homeless guy did it?

KICKER

I know I did. But he never had the earring either.

SHELLEY O.S

Look, d' you want me to come over?

KICKER

Can you? I've just woken up. I feel like shit.

SHELLEY O.S

Have a shower and put the kettle on. It'll be about forty minutes though, I've got some stuff to do first.

KICKER

OK. But I need to call the commander to let him know what has happened. It's a right shit show. I'm toast whichever way you look at it, Shelley. Let me call you back.

SHELLEY O.S

We'll work something out. Don't worry, Kicker.

KICKER

OK. I'll call you back.

She ends the call and runs back to the bathroom and throws up again.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Pearson sits at a desk and looks down at a report. Across the room Johnson looks over as he speaks on the phone.

INT. DCI ANTHERA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INCIDENT ROOM - CONT'D

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

JOHNSON

Turns out our suspect is wanted for the abduction and rape of a sixteen year old lass over in Velingrad, Bulgaria. Zara Souicek is her name.

Pearson spins around and looks up at him.

PEARSON

You what?

JOHNSON

According to the person I've just spoken to she was the local mayor's daughter. She later committed suicide. And that's not all... there's more.

PEARSON

Go on.

JOHNSON

The suspect came here to work as a private hire driver, but lost his job after a sexual assault allegation was brought against him by a female passenger. By all accounts he should've been deported last month. Immigration called at an address where he was supposed to be living, but he wasnae there. He's been living as a fugitive, I guess.

PEARSON

Right. Let's talk to him.

JOHNSON

Aye.

PEARSON

Has the interpreter arrived?

JOHNSON

Aye. He's waiting downstairs.

DCI Anthea Must appears from her office.

DCI MUST
Steve, when you have a minute...

PEARSON
Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Detectives enter and sit down at the table.

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

Suspect ROMAN PETRESCU (39) is led in by a DUTY OFFICER and seated opposite.

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

PEARSON
Right. So, I'm Detective
Inspector Steve Pearson, and this
is my colleague, Detective
Sergeant James Johnson. We're
leading the investigation into
the murder of David Savva which
took place at approximately two-
hundred hours on the 14th March,
which is today's date. Let's
begin.

JOHNSON
(to Petrescu)
Right then, can you confirm that
you are Roman Petrescu of no
fixed abode?

Petrescu's dark, devious eyes shift from side to side as he sits awkwardly in his seat.

Pearson places his huge hairy arms across the table, his white shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows as he stares at him intently.

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

PEARSON

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

(pauses)

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

Same action as before.

ROMAN PETRESCU

No comment.

PEARSON

In that case, did you murder
David Savva inside that car park?

Same action as before.

ROMAN PETRESCU

(shakes head)

No comment.

Duty Solicitor makes notes.

PEARSON

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

Short silence.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

OK. We know that you do not own a
vehicle parked inside that NCP,
do you?

Same action as before.

ROMAN PETRESCU

(shifts)

No comment.

PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

ROMAN PETRESCU

No comment.

PEARSON

Well for your information, we've done our homework, Mr Roman Petrescu. The international database comes in very handy for people like you. So we know exactly who you are and what you're capable of. Now tell us where you hid the murder weapon so we can all move on?

Same action as before.

ROMAN PETRESCU

No comment.

Interpreter shrugs shoulders in dismay at the suspect.

PEARSON

Look, we know you murdered the victim before you robbed him. He's got your DNA all over his clothing, as well as his blood on your shirt cuffs. And while we're at it I'd like to remind you that if you insist on answering each question with a no comment you'll be on the next plane back to Bulgaria to face that rape charge you're wanted in connection with in Velingrad. And from what I'm hearing the authorities over there aren't as pleasant as us lot over here.

(to interpreter)

Now tell him that. See if you can jog his memory.

Roman Petrescu leans to his left and whispers in the ear of the Interpreter who now speaks for him.

INTERPRETER

I only stole from the victim. I never touched him.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Ask him if he saw who did, then?

Interpreter repeats the question and continues to reply for Petrescu.

INTERPRETER

I saw somebody running away from the car park when I entered. The reason his blood is on my sleeve is because I went through his pockets. I thought the victim was drunk when I saw him lying on the ground.

JOHNSON

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

The Detectives share a significant glance.

PEARSON

Did I hear correctly that you saw him lying on the ground before you decided to rob him?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

I thought that he'd fallen over while drunk.

JOHNSON

What, even though you saw someone legging it from the crime scene?

PEARSON

Ask him if that was before he saw someone running away, or afterwards?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

After.

JOHNSON

The person you saw running away was he Male, or female? Tall, or short? Did this person have anything in their hand?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

His face was covered, and his
baseball cap was pulled over his
eyes.

PEARSON

What colour was his baseball cap?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Black.

JOHNSON

Describe to us exactly what you
saw?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He was tall and slim. The only
other person I saw was the woman
who arrested me. I never saw
anyone else.

PEARSON

Ask him if he saw her arrive?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Yes. I watched her speak to him.
She looked angry.

JOHNSON

What'd you mean, angry?

Same action As before.

INTERPRETER

She was shouting at him.

PEARSON

Would this be the same woman who
arrested you?

Roman Petrescu panics as he shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

Yes, but I never killed him.
Speak to the woman. She knows I
never killed him. He was alive
when I robbed him.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

JOHNSON

You said the person you saw when
you entered the car park was a
he. How can you possibly know
that if you couldn't see this
person's face?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

I just thought that.

DUTY SOLICITOR

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

PEARSON

OK. Let's take a short break. And
get his statement while you're at
it. And I want it in English.

They get to their feet.

INT. DCI ANTHERA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

Pearson stares down at the victim's possessions spread
across her desk.

She picks up the pearl earring and hands it to him.

DCI MUST

What'd you make of this?

He studies it carefully.

PEARSON

A pearl earring.

DCI MUST

Yes I know what it is, Steve. I'm
not daft. I just want to know
what you make of it, that's all.

He shakes his head then hands it back to her.

She unscrews it to reveal a micro spy camera.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look, a camera. Take it to the tech guys. I want to know exactly what's on it. It may lead us to what actually happened in that car park.

PEARSON

I read Carruthers statement. She's states that David Savva was dead when she entered the car park. But the suspect contradicts her statement. He's saying he saw her talking to him beforehand.

DCI MUST

That's not unusual. She might have been attempting to see if he was lucid.

PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

(stands up)

We need to find that weapon.

PEARSON

(irked)

We're looking, Anthea. We've had that NCP closed off all morning.

DCI MUST

It must be in there somewhere.

PEARSON

I know.

DCI MUST

Speak to Carruthers again. She might have seen what he done with it.

PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

Good. And make sure you get the guys to check every vehicle inside that car park before you let them leave.

PEARSON

That's what they're doing.

She shows him a satisfied look before he exits.

INT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kicker stands in front of the UOC.

UOC

(vexed)

How on earth did you let this happen, Carruthers?

KICKER

It just fell out of my ear while I was positioned upside down on the pole.

UOC

We'll just have to shut it down. I hope that earring hasn't fallen into the wrong hands, Carruthers, or you'll be dismissed.

KICKER

It was definitely in David Savva's possession when he left the club, sir. I searched him myself. He didn't have it on him.

UOC

OK. Report back to your station until further notice. In the mean time do not speak to anyone about this, do you understand?

KICKER

Yes sir.

UOC

Get out.

She exits.

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

UOC (CONT'D)
Get me DCI Anthea Must at Soho
Police Station.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY.

Kris savva sits behind the wheel. Mechanic sits in the back when Johnson opens the passenger door and climbs in.

Mechanic is handed a black sports bag before he climbs out and shuts the door behind him.

JOHNSON
It's all there- four kilos.

Kris Savva remains silent.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I had to pull a lot strings to
get that lot back. Show some
appreciation. I'm putting my neck
on the line for you, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA
Yeah I know. Thanks.
(pauses)
What else have you got for me?

JOHNSON
Well, as it happens, it turns out
your David had a pearl earring in
his possession.

KRIS SAVVA
So what?

JOHNSON
Well it's not just an earring.
It's actually a piece of
surveillance equipment, the same
ones undercover operations use.

Kris Savva stares out the window and shakes his head in
dismay.

KRIS SAVVA
What the fuck was my David doing
with a surveillance camera?

JOHNSON

Was he at the club last night?

KRIS SAVVA

Yeah, otherwise he wouldn't have been in the soddin' car park, would he? I mean, it ain't rocket science, is it? Even I can work that out, and I never went to university and studied criminal psychology!

JOHNSON

Awright-awright. But I reckon he was ringing you to warn you about that earring and where it came from before someone got to him.

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

Not a chance, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA

Well you managed to get my Charlie back and that was with the drug squad, weren't it?

JOHNSON

I know. But that was different.

KRIS SAVVA

Was it?

JOHNSON

Aye. And if your club is under surveillance, that earring will go to whoever is conducting the operation to shut you down.

A protracted silence as Kris Savva ruminates.

KRIS SAVVA

(realises)

He must've stumbled across something. You're right. Your lot are trying to fuck me over!

JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

He's saying he never laid a hand
on him. He's saying that he
thought he was drunk and that's
why he took the opportunity to go
through his pockets.

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

He cannae speak English. He's
Bulgarian.

KRIS SAVVA

Well in that case, I'll hire an
interpretor, wonni?!

INT. CAFE - DAY

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

Before she sits down Kicker slides off her black leather
bomber then makes herself comfortable in a seat as she
searches her partner's eyes for clarity.

KICKER

So, are you going to tell me the
truth, or not?

Shelley sighs as her eyes wander around the empty coffee
shop.

SHELLEY

Yes I am. Ok. Guilty.

She throws up her hands.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

There. Now you know. It was me.

Kicker gawks in shock and almost spills her coffee all over nice white denims.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

I never meant to kill him, did I?
I just wanted to hurt him, badly,
to let him know he cannot fuck
with us. I wanted to disable him
for when you got there, so you
could get it back off him.

KICKER

No shit.

Kicker leans forward, deeply taken aback by Shelley's sudden confession.

KICKER (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know what to say,
Shelley. I'm distraught.

Shelley sits back in her seat and casually crosses her long legs and smiles pleasingly.

Kicker stares at her completely shocked.

SHELLEY

When I saw him I felt angry
because of what he did to you.

KICKER

Oh Shelley. Not in some ad hoc
scenario, surely? What you did to
him was totally uncalled for.

SHELLEY

I had your back, remember?

KICKER

Were you seen?

SHELLEY

No. I was completely alone. There wasn't a soul down there but me. I made sure of that before I attacked him.

KICKER

What about the homeless guy?

SHELLEY

Oh yeah. I saw him as I was leaving. But I had my scarf pulled over my face. He wouldn't be able to identify me. Plus I was wearing my baseball cap.

Kicker's pale face paints a different picture entirely as she stares across the table at her.

KICKER

Did you know there's a camera down there?

SHELLEY

It doesn't matter... they'll never connect us to his murder, will they?

KICKER

Says you.

SHELLEY

Stop panicking. I did it for you. We had to get even with that bastard. He would've blown the whole operation.

KICKER

What did you use?

SHELLEY

A piece of broken concrete that he tripped over with. Why?

KICKER

Oh my god! Why did you leave it there? For fuck sake, Shelley.

SHELLEY

Because he tripped over it. I told you I never meant to kill him. I just wanted to make it look like he smashed his head when he fell - An accident.

Kicker sits quietly aghast.

KICKER

I put it back inside the pavement, didn't I? Why didn't you let me know that before I got there? If they discover my dabs on that piece of concrete I'm fucking toast...

She takes long, deep breaths.

SHELLEY

I told you, I never meant to kill him.

KICKER

Shit! Did you wear gloves?

SHELLEY

Yes, I did.

Kicker blows out her cheeks, during her mini panic.

KICKER

You'll just have to go and get it. My fucking dabs are all over it.

SHELLEY

I know. And I will.

KICKER

That was really stupid to intervene in that way, Shelley. I'll be up on a murder charge when they realise what he was attacked with. I'm complicit now. I'm so angry. I never had you down for being vicious.

SHELLEY

Well, you shouldn't have touched it, should you?

(sighs)

You must have known. I know you, and I know you're not stupid, Kicker. Please, don't play the innocent with me. You knew, and that was the reason you consciously put it back. Tell the truth.

KICKER

I don't know, Shelley. You're probably right. You always are. But we have to get it before Crime Scene do.

SHELLEY

I said I would. I'll do it, don't worry.

Kicker stares at Shelley with a worried look on her face.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

You see, we do have each other's backs.

KICKER

We do. But we've crossed the line now. I might end up being arrested for murder.

SHELLEY

You need to get your story straight, in case you're questioned.

KICKER

Yeah, I know.

SHELLEY

I'll get it, I promise.

KICKER

I'm going to have to give evidence against that homeless guy who robbed him. He's been charged with David's murder, apparently.

She climbs out of her seat and grabs her jacket.

KICKER

I'm going. I've got to get back.

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

Kicker walks towards her vehicle pulling a trolley case.

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

He parks up and climbs out of his vehicle, then winces at her cut lip.

She opens the boot of her car.

JOHNSON

Aww. Nasty that. You should get that stitched. You might end up with an infection.

KICKER

It's fine. Look, what do you want?

JOHNSON

I need a favour.

KICKER

And what's that?

JOHNSON

The victim's father. He's devastated by the loss of his son. He asked me if he could speak to you... off the record like?

She shakes her head defiantly.

KICKER

No chance.

JOHNSON

Look, he's a broken man. He just wants closure, that's all. What harm cannae do?

KICKER

I said I can't. I'm a witness to his murder.

JOHNSON

What if I get him to give you a quick call, then?

KICKER

Take no for an answer. Now is that all? I'm busy.

JOHNSON

Oh c'mon. What harm cannae do? Just tell the poor fella what you saw, that's all.

KICKER

Look, if you really must know, I'm working undercover at his den of iniquity.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

I'm working as a dancer. We're gathering info into a drugs trafficking ring linked to a Columbian cartel operating out of Spain and the Netherlands.

A short silence as Johnson nods his head knowingly.

JOHNSON

A pole dancer, eh?

KICKER

That's right. And if you happen to discover a black pearl earring, it belongs the NCA. It fell out of my ear while I was at the pole. It was in David Savva's possession before the suspect robbed him.

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Interesting.

KICKER

Why are you laughing? It's not funny, Johnson. I had to give him a private dance to get it back. But he took it too far and busted my lip.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

That was DI Pearson's assumption. I never said he attacked me. Read my statement if you want to know what happened.

JOHNSON

Why did David Savva attack you, again? I just wanna make sure I heard you right the first time.

KICKER

He tried to force his cock into my mouth, so I grabbed his balls so fucking hard, he lashed out at me.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

Yes, it was... what d' you think? It fucking hurt. And if you blow my cover you'll find yourself in a deep pile of shit with the NCA. That's a fact.

JOHNSON

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

KICKER

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

JOHNSON

Well, you've always got the orchestra to fall back on, I suppose.

KICKER

Ha-ha. Not funny.

JOHNSON

So what's going on at The Hothouse that shouldnae be, then?

KICKER

Oh, just the usual, you know... drug dealing, money laundering etc-etc.

JOHNSON

That bad is it?

KICKER

Yes, it is. And your prime suspect was the last person to see David alive.

JOHNSON

Aye. That's what I thought.

KICKER

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

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

She catches his smirk as she climbs into her vehicle.

JOHNSON

Ciao, musical maestro.

KICKER

Oh, fuck off.

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

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

His POV: An aerial view of the British landscape.

EXT. JACK'S WINE BAR - DAY

The sun shines brightly upon off duty detectives Kicker and Shelley Peters. They share a bottle of bubbly from an ice bucket as they absorb the warm aesthetics that surround them.

Kris Savva pulls up in his Bentley and climbs out. He approaches them with a purpose.

KRIS SAVVA

If it ain't the terrible twins.
Shouldn't you two be sliding down
my pole?

They look over their shades in question at his unwanted presence.

KICKER

Very funny- not.

SHELLEY (ASIDE)

Oh no.

He plonks himself down at their table next to Kicker.

KRIS SAVVA

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

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

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

KICKER

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

KRIS SAVVA

Why didn't you tell me you were
Feds before you came marching
into my club pretending to be
pole dancers? Mind you, you're
good at it according to the
punters.

KICKER

Who d' you hear that from?

KRIS SAVVA

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

KICKER

That's right. But he was already
dead when I got to him.

KRIS SAVVA

The thing is, Medusa the noises
I'm hearing is that you spoke to
him before he popped his clogs.

KICKER

I don't know who's been feeding
you that bollocks, but you need
to change your source. You're
being lied to.

KRIS SAVVA

If anyone's leading me on I
reckon it's you, Medusa?

KICKER

Who tipped you off, DS Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes hard.

KICKER

(squirms)

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kicker clutches a Barbie and chews her own hair as she cries
at the top of a spiral staircase.

Her alcoholic Mother stands over her.

MOTHER

Get back to bed! Do as you're
told you little wretch!

KICKER

(sobs)

No! I want my Daddy.

MOTHER

You will do as you're told and
get back to bed!

KICKER

I will not! Leave me alone, you
old cow!

Her Mother slaps her across the face and attempts to force
her back inside her bedroom.

Kicker breaks free from her grasp. Her Mother trips and falls backwards down the stairs.

She screams as she continuously bangs her head on her way to the bottom.

POV: Her Mother lies twisted. A puddle of blood leaks from a severe head wound at the bottom.

END FLASHBACK.

SHELLEY

Let her go, Kris! She doesn't know anything. She'd tell you if she did.

KICKER

I swear if you don't take your fucking hands off me right now, you'll be the one regretting it, I promise you. Now let go of me!

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

SHELLEY

Ditto!

He grits his teeth and rolls his eyes at them.

KRIS SAVVA

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

He marches off.

KICKER

Fuck. That was scary. For a second there I thought he was going to break my wrist.

SHELLEY

Like father, like son. You should report this.

KICKER

I am.

INT. DCI ANTHERA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY.

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

Pearson and Johnson enter.

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

DCI MUST

Close the door for me please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Right. It turns out that the pearl earring is of concern to the NCA. As I understand it, it involves an undercover operation, involving DC Kicker Carruthers, the off duty detective that apprehended our suspect Roman Petrescu.

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

JOHNSON

(interjects)

I've spoken to her. She told me that she dropped the earring during her act. David Savva picked it up, and when she asked for it back he wouldn't play ball, unless she did him a sexual turn which turned nasty. He split her lip, and she put the claw mark on his face.

DCI MUST

Well-well. That changes our perspective immeasurably. So that's what blew her cover then?

JOHNSON

Aye.

They nod their heads in agreement.

DCI MUST

Besides that, it's been brought to my attention that she was threatened by Kris Savva while she was having a lunch with a colleague at a bar in Soho this afternoon.

Johnson shifts uncomfortably.

PEARSON

I wouldn't know anything about that.

DCI MUST

Now, before I get sidetracked, remind me where we are with the investigation, Steve, if you would be so kind?

PEARSON

We're making progress. It's a bit of a slow burner, but we are getting there.

He leans back on his heels, his hand sifts the loose change inside his trouser pocket.

DCI MUST

In that case give me a rundown of everything you have on Roman Petrescu?

PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

He's wanted back home for raping Zara Souicek, a sixteen year old girl from Velingrad. And he was supposed to have been deported after a sexual assault on a female passenger when he was working for a well-known private hire firm under another name.

DCI MUST

I see.

PEARSON

It's just a case of locating the weapon he attacked him with. Everything else fits into place. He murdered David Savva before he robbed him, of that I'm in no doubt. He's got David's DNA all over him, and vice versa.

DCI MUST

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

PEARSON

He has a motive, Anthea - Robbery.

DCI MUST

So does DC Kicker Carruthers by all accounts. Look, I need to present a solid case to the CPS before we can actually charge him with murder. And you know what they're like, Steve. They want the evidence etched in stone.

PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

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

PEARSON

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

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Well, we can't charge him with that, Steve. Not now we know who busted Kicker's lip.

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

What about witnesses? Has anyone
come forward at all?

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

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image of David Savva face lying down on the broken pavement with a gash to the left side of his skull.

She slides the image across her desk. Pearson picks up the image and stares at it.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Now, can either of you blind sods
tell me what's going on in this
image that was taken by Crime
Scene?

They study the image and puff out their cheeks in dismay.

She shakes her head at them and sighs irritably.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look closer.

They look at her during their dismay.

JOHNSON

With respect, it's just an image
of the victim lying on the ground
with a fatal head wound.

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

DCI MUST

I know that, you fool!

She leaps out of her chair and marches around her desk.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Look at the pavement for heaven's
sake. It's cracked.

(points)

See! There!

Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

PEARSON

So it is.

DCI MUST

I want somebody down there quick smart. Take it up and get it straight over to forensics, before it's repaired, if it hasn't been already.

Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

PEARSON

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

JOHNSON

I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST

Oh, am I? Am I, Steve? Because if a piece of that slab of broken concrete turns out to be the murder weapon there are only two people I can see that are way out of line, and I'm not one of them.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(to DS Johnson)

And you, get somebody over to The Hothouse. Take a look at the CCTV and see if anything unusual went on before the victim left the club. After all, he had a valuable piece of equipment in his pocket which Roman Petrescu never blinked an eyelid at. There may be another angle we should be taking.

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And close the flipping door this time.

She returns her attention to Pearson.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Steve, but you're off the case. I'm not sure if you're completely on top of your game at the moment. I sense your head is in other places which may lead to mistakes.

PEARSON

Mistakes? that's a laugh. What, because of that oversight?

DCI MUST

I know your father has just passed away, so it must be difficult for you right now.

PEARSON

You could say that.

DCI MUST

I'm arranging for your secondment. You're a bloody decent detective, Steve. I think your talents are wasted on this one. Your expertise will be greatly appreciated over at Camberwell. There's a gang war going on involving local drug lords. You'll be working with Trident. It shouldn't be for too long. They have a number of suspects under obs. When this is over I'd like to have you back here with me.

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

INT. THE HOTHOUSE RECEPTION - DAY

Two smartly dressed DETECTIVES; one female, the other a dark pigmented male who looks like he just graduated from university enter

Kris Savva exits his office followed by his enforcer, Mechanic.

KRIS SAVVA

What's going on? Who the fuck are you?

The two unphased Detectives look at one another and wait for one another to speak, before the female Detective takes the lead.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

We have been sent to look at your CCTV from the night of your son's murder.

KRIS SAVVA

Oh. Right. Mechanic will show you where it is. If you ask him nicely he'll even play it back for you. But just to let you know in advance, I've already looked at the footage from that night, and my boy definitely did follow that Medusa when she came off the floor. He left the club fifteen minutes after that holding his face.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Did you look to see if he was followed out of the club?

KRIS SAVVA

Medusa's pale, Snow Leopard left two minutes before my David, then she left ten minutes after him.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Thanks. We'll check that out.

Mechanic leads them up the flight of carpeted steps.

Kris walks back inside his office and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. NCP - LIT

Shelley enters the reopened NCP dressed in a hoodie and black lycra, disguising her identity from cameras.

She creeps down the dimly lit stairwell that leads down to the dimly lit kiosk, then pushes the glass panelled door open and stealthily makes her way towards the crime scene.

To her horror the pavement containing the broken slab has been removed and replaced with a new one.

She gasps and puts her hand to her mouth, then immediately exits the car park through the kiosk, and out onto the street.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

Kicker sits behind the wheel of her vehicle dressed in a red hoodie sweater and baseball cap.

The door opens and Shelley climbs onto the passenger seat.

Kicker stares at her in wonder and shakes her head.

KICKER

Where is it?

Shelley shakes her head and takes a deep breath.

SHELLEY

It's been replaced.

Kicker bangs her fist on the steering wheel and refrains from screaming.

KICKER

That's it then, we're going to be nicked, Shelley.

SHELLEY

Might not be. Maybe it was reported and then replaced by the NCP.

KICKER

I don't believe this. We're going to find out soon enough, aren't we?

Shelley puts a hand lightly on Kicker's shoulder to pacify her.

SHELLEY

I'm so sorry.

The tears roll down Kicker's cheeks.

KICKER

I'm not going down for this, Shelley. I'm innocent. If it turns out we get arrested you'll have to tell them the truth about what happened and say that you never meant to kill him.

SHELLEY

I said I will. I would never throw you under the bus, Kicker. I love you too much to let that happen.

Kicker turns to face her as she wipes the tears from her eyes.

KICKER

D' you mean that?

SHELLEY

Yes.

Kicker restarts the engine.

KICKER

C'mon, let's go back to my flat. I need a stiff drink.

SHELLEY

Good idea. Me too.

INT. DCI ANTHERA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DCI Must welcomes the Mayor of Velingrad into her office. He shakes her outstretched hand.

She offers him a seat before she walks around her desk and sits down.

The Mayor makes himself comfortable as he removes his hat and coat, then lies them on his lap before he sits down.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

She smiles pleasingly at him.

DCI MUST

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

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Thank you. I am very grateful to you.

DCI MUST

At this moment in time, Roman Petrescu is our prime suspect.

He sits attentively and stares back at her with hope in his eyes.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Of course. Thank you for explaining this to me, because I wasn't absolutely sure if he was going to be released before his trial.

DCI MUST

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I agree. But my daughter never stood a chance. He attacked her from behind, then dragged her into the back of his vehicle, before he did what he did to her, and then left her to die. She was very lucky to have been discovered by a dog walker who called the police.

She shows him a sympathetic look.

DCI MUST

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

So what is the chance of him being released on bail?

DCI MUST

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Do you have enough evidence for a conviction?

DCI MUST

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

He shakes his head in dismay.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

You have no murder weapon?

DCI MUST

Not yet. But what the CPS have said to us is that they will support a murder charge with or without a murder weapon if we can produce just one more crucial part of the puzzle. They have given us until the end of the month. This doesn't mean he will walk if we fail to locate the weapon. We still have the victim's DNA on his clothing. And he was also found in possession of valuable items belonging to the victim. So, if it comes down to the wire and we cannot secure a murder charge, he will ultimately be extradited.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

DCI MUST

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Where is that place, exactly?

DCI MUST

I will get one of my colleagues to show you.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

That's very kind of you.

DCI MUST

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

She raises her brow at his frankness.

DCI MUST

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

INT. KICKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kicker lies in bed on her back and stares blankly up at the ceiling. Shelley lies next to her with her eyes resting.

Kicker turns towards her and smiles at her in adoration, before she cuddles up to her naked body under the sheet that covers them.

Shelley opens her soft blue eyes and warmly smiles back at her.

Kicker's deep affection is quickly displayed as she slides her long leg over Shelley's warm torso.

Shelley responds and brings her head forward to kiss her passionately upon the lips which quickly progresses into a fully fledged snog.

Kicker then begins to grind herself up against Shelley's silky thigh as they become entwined in a sensual, loving and wanting tangle of flesh.

Kicker gently strokes and squeezes Shelley's firm, ample breast while she fully indulges her sexuality.

Her long red mane covers Shelley's bare breasts, before she slowly works her way down her silky torso, towards her soft bush, and then on towards her genitalia.

Once there, Kicker works her magic with a prolonged cunnilingus that sends Shelley into sheer ecstasy. And within a matter of sensual moments of Shelley's pleasurable twitches and groans, she twists and jerks as she releases a heavenly gasp upon her much needed orgasm.

Kicker watches her as she looks up with her sparkling green eyes and knowing grin, before she rolls over on her back and awaits Shelley's reciprocation.

Kicker parts her long, muscular legs and welcomes the warmth of Shelley's soft pout lips to cosset her smoothly, shaven vagina.

KICKER

Oh, I need to cum.

INT. CRIME LAB - LIT

A balding police forensics ASSISTANT dressed in a white jacket leads DCI Must towards the broken concrete slab of pavement.

ASSISTANT

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

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

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

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

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

ASSISTANT

The edge is rough and quite sharp. We also matched this piece with the laceration wound to the victim's temporal bone. The good news is that this is uncontestable, since this piece of the slab contains a positive outcome regarding the victim's DNA. We have also discovered DNA for his potential assailant.

DCI Must gasps and punches the air jubilantly as she smiles pleasantly.

DCI MUST (ASIDE)

Finally, we have something positive.

He gazes at her, taken aback by her sudden burst of joy.

ASSISTANT

So in all, there are four separate prints on this segment to suggest a grab and hold position which I will show you.

She raises a discombobulated brow this time.

DCI MUST

Excellent.

He turns over the segment to show her the underside that is covered with a thin layer of sandy earth and grit that has four horizontal smudged fingerprints.

ASSISTANT

So here is the set of four prints that presumably are the assailant's.

He demonstrates this by picking up another segment of the concrete slab, then showing her how it may be used as a weapon.

She observes with interest.

DCI MUST

But can we definitely say the perpetrator handled this piece of concrete?

He places the sample segment back in the slab.

ASSISTANT

As I just explained to you we have a set of prints to prove the assailant handled this segment on at least one occasion, before and after the victim was struck.

DCI MUST

Do these fingerprints belong to our prime suspect, Roman Petrescu?

He shakes his head.

ASSISTANT

We found nothing to link your prime suspect to this segment of the pavement.

DCI MUST

What, no DNA?

ASSISTANT

Nothing at all.

She sighs her despair.

DCI MUST

I see. Have you found a match?

ASSISTANT

Whoever handled this piece of concrete is not yet in our database.

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

DCI MUST

That's a bugger.

ASSISTANT

This will be of interest to you. We also found black acrylic fibres. I would suggest a knitted glove.

DCI MUST

But doesn't that contradict how many perpetrators were at the crime scene, then?

ASSISTANT

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

DCI MUST

But Crime Scene always wear forensic gloves when they handle anything that might be used for evidence.

ASSISTANT

Remember, he was only struck once as his injuries suggest. My prognosis is that the assailant handled this segment of pavement. It is possible that a second assailant then slotted it back inside the pavement, after he was struck by the first assailant. Remember, only one strike, one laceration wound which ultimately caused his death. The contusion to his mandible and sinciput most likely occurred when he fell to the ground.

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

DCI MUST

Incredible.

ASSISTANT

But wait for it. The damning piece of evidence that I think will produce a guilty verdict from a jury is the green nail polish we traced on the topside of the segment which I am going to show you on the computer.

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

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Follow me.

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

DCI MUST

Nail polish? Did I hear you correctly?

He sits down at the desktop computer.

ASSISTANT

Yes, you did. Lime green nail polish to be exact.

She immediately takes out her phone and makes a call.

DCI MUST

Just give me for a moment.

He brings up the images of a three-dimensional segment, and the highlighted lime green nail varnish on the topside of the diagram.

She steps away and speaks on the phone.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Ah, Johnson. Read Roman Petrescu his rights and charged him with robbery, then get somebody to take him back to the Hendon.

(listens to reply)

Well, he can stew there a bit longer, can't he-? Until his court appearance.

(sighs)

Just do it, for heaven's sake!

She ends the call and turns back to the forensic assistant.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(aside)

Imbecile.

(pauses)

Now, where were we?

She stands over him as he moves the mouse around the computer screen.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - DAY

A glorious sunshine beams down upon the beautifully landscaped garden as Kris Savva stands at the barbecue, spatula in hand. His apron shows a map of Cyprus, and he sports a red baseball cap turned backwards.

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

ABIGAIL

Hi, Daddy.

KRIS SAVVA

Alright babe.

BETHANY

Hello, dad.

KRIS SAVVA

Hello, sweetheart.

He kisses them, then picks up the grandchildren and gives them a big cuddly hug, before he lets them run off towards the swing at the end of the garden.

And as young Benny chases his cousin Julietta around the swing his daughters sit themselves down at the table with a glass of wine.

The conversation mutes when they are joined by Helen.

Kris Savva picks up a magnum of champagne from the ice bucket and pours it into the empty flutes, before he raises a toast.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

(solemnly)

To David. We all miss you son.

They clink glasses.

Helen's eyes quickly well up. He walks around the table and puts an arm around her shoulder and comforts her.

BETHANY

Have you heard anything yet, when they're going to release his body?

KRIS SAVVA

Not yet. It shouldn't be too long now. They keep saying we have to wait until everything has been cleared up.

HELEN

(tearfully)

I just want my son home, so he can have a decent burial like he deserves.

ABIGAIL

It's alright, Mum, don't worry, he will. It won't be long now.

BETHANY

How's the investigation going, did they tell you, dad?

KRIS SAVVA

They've banged up a Bulgarian.
But they still can't find the
murder weapon, so the CPS won't
give 'em the go-ahead to charge
the ponce.

Side-eyes a plenty as they begin to tuck in to the food.

Beat.

The sun disappears over the horizon as Kris Savva's phone
bleeps. He leaves the table to answer the call.

EXT. SOHO NICK - DAY

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

KICKER

(brightly)

Morning, ma'am.

They stop and join in a conversation.

DCI MUST

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

SHELLEY

Yes.

DCI Must looks down and spots Kicker's painted lime green nail
polish.

DCI MUST

I'd like to apologise for blowing
your cover with regards to the
undercover shenanigans at The
Hothouse. I understand you lost a
vital piece of surveillance
equipment whilst on the job.

KICKER

That's right. But you have it
now.

DCI MUST

Yes, we do. It was discovered after David Savva was struck across the head with a piece of concrete slab taken from the pavement inside the NCP where he was murdered.

KICKER

I know. I discovered his body.

DCI MUST

So, then, maybe you can you tell me why he stormed out of The Hothouse after you scratched his face?

KICKER

(eyes Johnson)

Hasn't he told you? He tried to take liberties with me. I told him where to get off.

DCI MUST

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

KICKER

Yes, of course I was. That's why I gave him a private dance in the first place. He said he'd give it back if I performed for him.

DCI MUST

I see. It's a bit strange that he just so happened to be struck over the head in the same NCP that you use to park your vehicle. Did you play a part in his murder, Kicker?

KICKER

(concerned)

No! I don't understand. What are you getting at?

DCI Must steps closer and looks her straight in the eye.

DCI MUST

I think you know exactly what I'm getting at, don't you? You murdered him to retrieve the pearl earring. But when you realised you were not alone in that car park, you tried to blame Roman Petrescu.

SHELLEY

(interjects)

That's not true. Kicker was with me all night.

DCI MUST

Oh shut up, you silly woman!

KICKER

I was the one who found him for godsake!

DCI MUST

Then explain to us how your dabs and your nail varnish so happen to be on the slab of concrete that he was struck with? And black fibres too, DC Shelley Peters?

Shelley gasps.

KICKER

I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't murder him if that's what you think.

SHELLEY

Ridiculous assumption.

DCI MUST

That maybe so. But I'm arresting you both in connection with the murder of David Savva.

(to Johnson)

Read them their rights, DS Johnson. We'll take them in for questioning as we're all in one place now.

JOHNSON

I'm sorry lassies, but 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.

SHELLEY

But it isn't true! We didn't do it!

KICKER

Yeah, alright, Johnson. I know the drill, you fucking flub!

JOHNSON

Flub?

KICKER

Yeah. Flub. Look it up.

He ushers Kicker back inside the police station.

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

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Storm clouds gather as FAMILY MOURNERS stand around a open grave.

The PRIEST stands with the Great Book in the palms of his open hands.

One-thousand RED ROSES decorate the scene as they are released from a light aircraft above as the casket is carefully lowered into the ditch.

The Priest looks up at the sight of the petals raining down, before he begins to recite a passage from 5 John 14:1-3:

PRIEST

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me so that you also may be where I am.

HELEN SAVVA

(hysterically)

Oh no! David, please don't leave me! My son! Oh no, David!

She attempts to jump into the open grave as a watchful Kris Savva steadies her.

The Priest drops earth onto the coffin, during Committal as the lamenting drowns out his voice.

PRIEST

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

DCI Must, DS Johnson and Kicker sit at a table.

DCI Must switches on a tablet then turns it to face Kicker as she sits with a worried expression and her arms folded.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

David Savva has his phone to ear and swaggers through the NCP.

The dim light from the lift shaft shows him dropping the phone inside his jacket pocket, before he trips and stumbles on the broken pavement, then smashes his head down on the concrete.

As he attempts to climb to his feet a dark Shadow appears over him and strikes him across the skull, before the Shadow disappears.

He lies in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE.

DCI Must pauses the CCTV frame and turns back to Kicker.

DCI MUST

So, who is that? I can see it's not you.

KICKER

No idea.

DCI MUST

Is it Shelley Peters?

KICKER

(shakes head)

No.

DCI MUST

Whar makes you so sure, Kicker?

KICKER

I know it's not her, that's all.

DCI MUST

Explain how, though?

KICKER

Because she left the club thirty minutes before me. You would know that if you had looked at the CCTV from that night.

JOHNSON

We have. She left twelve minutes before you, Kicker.

DCI MUST

Explain to us how your nail
polish came to be on that segment
of pavement used strike the
victim?

Kicker drops her arms in frustration.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And that doesn't exclude your
fingerprints either. Your dabs
were also found on the same
segment of pavement.

JOHNSON

You cannae have one without the
other.

DCI Must runs the footage once more.

CCTV:

Roma Petrescu comes into view. He looks around, before he
kneels down and slides off the victim's watch and gold ring.
He then rips off his chain and pendant attached, before he
dips his hand through his pockets and takes everything
inside.

He then stops and looks around like a cat caught in a
headlight, before he disappears out of sight.

Moments later Kicker comes into view. She kneels down beside
the victim and stealthily slides the missing segment of
pavement back into place, beneath his head.

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

DCI Must looks across the table with a raised brow.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

It was Shelley who struck him,
wasn't it? Before you slipped it
back inside the slab. Isn't that
what happened, Kicker?

KICKER

I'll tell you exactly what happened.

DCI MUST

Let's hear it, then.

KICKER

I was walking towards my vehicle when I almost tripped over the pavement. So I picked it up and placed it back where I knew it'd come from, because I was already aware the pavement was cracked. I was intending to report it to the car park attendant, but I just hadn't got around to it.

JOHNSON

Aye, that may be the case. But the video doesnae show any evidence of you tripping over it.

DCI MUST

Besides, if that is to be believed as you say, Carruthers, then why did you adjust David's head to conceal the fact that it was broken? Why didn't you just leave his head where it was, instead of interfering with a crime scene?

A protracted silence as she ruminates.

KICKER

I didn't know if he was dead at that time, did I? I just thought he'd fallen over. Anyway, I wasn't going to leave it right there, was I? How was I to know if he'd been struck over the head, or not?

DCI MUST

Oh c'mon. That's not true, is it? You attempted to conceal the murder weapon. You knew darn well that he was struck with it. He was lying in a pool of his own blood for heaven's sake.

A protracted silence.

KICKER

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

DCI MUST

Fair enough. But I must ask you this - what on earth inspired you to cover up his murder? If he attacked you, as you say he did, you could have had him arrested for assaulting a police officer?

KICKER

I was undercover, or have you forgotten?

DCI MUST

You needed to reclaim that pearl earring before your commander found out that you'd blown cover. Am I right?

KICKER

I'm not saying another word.

DCI MUST

Right then.

DCI Must and Johnson get to their feet.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have lied to us, Carruthers. You're a silly woman. We have enough evidence to have you locked up for at least fifteen years.

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

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

A two-storey, flat roof establishment with large panelled windows, decorated with vertical blinds. A long outer corridor leads to an annex building set to the rear.

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

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

A black Range Rover containing the Mayor of Velingrad and three other beefy looking MEN sit watchful whilst parked in a lay by opposite.

With his head shaven and the removal of his facial hair, Roman Petrescu is ready for his court appearance.

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

INT/EXT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

Kris Savva sits in the passenger seat and scowls.

NW SECURITY written on the side panel.

Behind the wheel a curly haired DRIVER wears a moustache while dressed in full security garb.

Two other MEN sit inside the back of the vehicle. Kris Savva passes a set of HANDCUFFS to the Driver.

KRIS SAVVA

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

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

And don't forget, when you've got him safely inside the vehicle, bring him straight here. If anything should go pear shaped, drive in the opposite direction, until you see a railway bridge. Turn off, then abandon the vehicle. Jack will pick you up at the rendezvous we agreed upon earlier. Have you all got that?

DRIVER

Yeah.

KRIS SAVVA

Good luck.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go!

He stands and watches as they drive off and disappear from view. He lights a cigar as he looks up at the clear blue skyline.

His iPhone begins to vibrate inside his jacket pocket. He brings it to ear.

INTERCUT:

Phone conversation between Kris Savva & Johnson.

KRIS SAVVA

What'd you want-?

JOHNSON

Everything all right-?

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

You gave them the correct code, right-?

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

I'm just making sure everything's okay your end.

KRIS SAVVA

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

JOHNSON

I've got some good news.

KRIS SAVVA

G'rn.

JOHNSON

David's killers have been formally charged and remanded in custody.

KRIS SAVVA

You what-?

JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

Who are they, then-?

JOHNSON

Your dancing detectives: Medusa and White Leopard.

KRIS SAVVA

The Feds-?

JOHNSON

Aye. DC's Kicker Carruthers and Shelley Peters.

KRIS SAVVA

I had a feeling about that. Your lot haven't heard the last of this, I can tell ya.

JOHNSON

You'll be first to know what happens next.

KRIS SAVVA

Good.

JOHNSON

Ciao for now. And good luck.

KRIS SAVVA

Yeah. Cheers.

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD wearing a high vis jacket stares down at a girlie mag as he sits inside a small cabin.

The Mercedes Vito pulls up at the barrier.

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

The Security Guard leaves his hut then approaches the barrier.

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

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

The vehicle stops directly outside the glass panelled doors.

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

RECEPTION.

They file inside the reception and are quickly met by a well spoken and smartly dressed Female WARDEN (Late fifties).

WARDEN

(diligently)

Can I help you gentlemen?

DRIVER

Err. Yeah. We're here to collect
Roman Petrescu for his court
appearance.

WARDEN

Do you have the one-time code?

She stares blankly into his confused eyes.

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

DRIVER

They didn't give us a one-time
code, love. Only the one I
entered with.

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

WARDEN

That'll be the one.

He hands her the code.

DRIVER

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

WARDEN

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

DRIVER

Not really.

WARDEN

Are you new to the company?

DRIVER

Fairly new, yeah.

WARDEN

I see none of you are wearing
name tags.

DRIVER

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

WARDEN

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

DRIVER

(anxiously)

Much appreciated.

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

They check their watches.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fuck me. She's a bit previous.

Beat.

Wearing a black suit and tie Roman Petrescu is brought in by the Warden.

She hands him over to the Driver. He cuffs him.

Beat.

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

The Range Rover parked in the lay-by tail gates their vehicle.

TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW. A1 MOTORWAY - DAY

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

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

The beefy Men wearing ski masks jump out of the Range Rover and rush towards the Mercedes Vito with their firearms directed at the windscreen.

The Driver of the Mercedes hits the gas and wheel-spins away at speed as shots are fired.

The four masked Men rush back to the Range Rover and climb back inside before they give chase.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Kris Savva stands by the Volvo as the Mercedes Vito races to a stop beside him.

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

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VITO.

A Crew member sits either side of Petrescu as he sits quietly with his head down.

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

KRIS SAVVA

Out!

The Driver jumps out in a panic.

DRIVER

We were followed, Kris. They were armed and wore masks. We lost 'em back on the A1.

KRIS SAVVA

Followed?

DRIVER

Yeah.

KRIS SAVVA

Old bill, d' ya think?

DRIVER

Definitely not.

KRIS SAVVA

OK. Well done for losing them.

Petrescu is dragged towards the Volvo by two of the Crew.

They shove him into the back then sandwich him in, before Kris climbs in the driver's seat and switches on the engine.

The Mercedes Vito is driven away.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D O.S)

Who the fuck are this lot?

Fuming, he climbs out of the vehicle and confronts the unmasked MEN still sitting inside the vehicle.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Get outta my way!

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Apologies for springing upon you like this, but I've come to take Roman Petrescu off your hands. I know who you are, and I don't want trouble.

KRIS SAVVA

Get outta my way, then.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Look, we don't want trouble. Just Petrescu.

KRIS SAVVA

You can't have him. He's mine.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Hand him over and there will be no trouble, you have my word.

KRIS SAVVA

Who the fuck are you, threatening my men up the fuckin' motorway?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

The Mayor of Velingrad, which happens to be in Bulgaria. The man you have in custody raped and beat my little girl, before she cut her wrists. He absconded and came to England before he could be arrested.

KRIS SAVVA

(aback)

He also robbed my boy while he lay bleeding to death inside a car park.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

So where does that leave us, then, Mr Savva? What can be worse than worst? My little girl, or your dying son?

An awkward silence as they eye one another with a look of distrust.

KRIS SAVVA

Who told you I had him?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

You can have your pennyworth after I've finished with him.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

He will be punished, severely. My daughter meant the world to me.

KRIS SAVVA

So did my son.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

Yeah. All right. Fair enough.

They climb back inside their vehicles and head deeper into the woods, before they exit.

Petrescu is dragged out by the two man Crew as the Mayor of Velingrad stands and watches with interest.

Petrescu yelps and falls to his knees.

He looks mercifully up at Kris Savva standing over him.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

D' you know what you've done? Do you know what you've fuckin' done?!

Petrescu sobs pathetically, before he puts his hands together and pleads for mercy.

PETRESCU

Please, I beg you, don't kill me.

KRIS SAVVA

Why not?

PETRESCU

Please, just don't kill me.

Petrescu kneels down at his feet while tears stream down his muddied cheekbones.

KRIS SAVVA
Get him up on his feet.

He is brought back to his feet and held by his limp arms, but his legs give way beneath him.

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

KRIS SAVVA
Don't worry, I'm not going to kill you.

PETRESCU
Oh, thank you-thank you-thank you.

Kris Savva signals to the Mayor of Velingrad who approaches with his men.

KRIS SAVVA
But this man might.

Petrescu spots them and attempts to run towards the trees, but he stumbles and staggers. Each time he picks himself up.

He's brought back screaming by the Mayor's men as Kris Savva and his Crew drive off.

Beat.

The Mayor of Velingrad kneels down beside him and grabs his jawbone.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD
You need to know something before I kill you.

PETRESCU
Please...

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

My little girl took her own life
after what you did to her. And
then you came to this country and
disrespect their hospitality too.
You have brought shame upon my
country. Now the only person who
deserves to die is you.

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

The Mayor of Velingrad is handed a firearm by one of his men, before he steps back and takes aim.

Petrescu squirms as he tries to cover his head.

Without mercy the Mayor of Velingrad slides his finger around the trigger and lets rip.

BANG!

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

Roman Petrescu lies muddled, bloodied and dead.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go home.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT

Kris stands proudly in bib and tucker at the head of a solid oak dining table as he clutches a flute of champagne.

Also seated at the table a handpicked group of guests that consist of his confidant, James Johnson and his beautiful Thai wife. Mechanic, Dev Bakshi and his pretty Colombian wife, and Zane Delgado. Kris's bearded brief, and three highly respected brothers.

Helen gives him a quick nudge and he taps his crystal glass with a butter knife to gain their attention.

The room quietens before he clears his throat to speak.

KRIS SAVVA

First of all, thank you all for coming this evening. It means a lot. As some of you already know this will be the very last dinner party that my wife and I will be hosting here at Longmoor Manor.

A momentary murmur as his guests absorb his statement of fact.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

No but seriously, I really do appreciate you all being here. To be honest I wasn't sure if some of you would actually turn up, particularly after everything that's been going on over the last few months.

(hesitates)

You know you all mean the world to me. But then I s'pose you knew that anyway, otherwise you wouldn't be here.

Murmurs and sniffles.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

No, but all jokes aside, you all know I've never been ashamed of where I came from. Some of you might know that I was raised in a one room bedsit in the east end of London. God only knows how I ended up here. I do have to ask myself that question sometimes, particularly when I reflect on what I've achieved in life.

He looks up at the crystal chandelier with watery eyes.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

My ol' man used to be a docker down at the east London docks.

Dev Bakshi leans over and whispers into the ear of Zane Delgado who grins mischievously.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

But I can tell you all something for nothing, it wasn't handed to me on a silver plate, you can be certain of that. And I didn't win it in no raffle neither. I got here through hard graft and selling things... a love of money. But also knowing where to invest that money has been key to building my family's security. And like all of you here I've given back to society, not only through paying my taxes, but through supporting people whenever and wherever I can. I'm proud to say I've paid my dues in more ways than one.

He pauses again as he looks at everyone around the table.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

But I never would've guessed all that hard work and philanthropy would've been repaid to me, and my wife Helen; God bless her, by taking our son from us in the manner that he was. It just goes to show that you can never take anything for granted in this world. And I will never make the mistake of doing that again, because when it comes to your flesh and blood there's nothing that can destroy you more than losing a child.

Helen grabs his free arm and gently squeezes.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Overall, I s'pose I shouldn't really complain, because this country has been good to me in other ways. Many of you know me as a man who doesn't suffer fools, but Helen and I are going to put all that behind us when we take on our new way of life, away from the bright lights and darkness of our recent memories here in the UK. We're leaving for an easier life, and hopefully do the things that whatever time we have left will allow us to do together. But I will continue to support those charities that are close to mine and Helen's hearts.

He raises his glass as Helen stands beside him with a tear in her eye.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

That just leaves me to say a warm thank you to you all. And good luck!

They rise to toast Kris and his wife.

Kris acknowledges their applause as a tearful Helen proudly squeezes his arm.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - NIGHT

A marquee and bar is situated perpendicular to a jazz quartet.

Kris Savva spots Mechanic standing alone by the conservatory doors, so he joins him and pulls him to one side.

He puts his arm around Mechanic's shoulder. Dev Bakshi and Zane Delgado observe from inside the marquee.

DEV BAKSHI

The only way he's leaving this country is in a box, I tell ya, bro. No one walks away from the cartels where we come from.

Kris speaks quietly in Mechanic's ear.

KRIS SAVVA

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

Mechanic nods his head to confirm he is listening.

MECHANIC

Yeah. Sure. What is it, Kris?

KRIS SAVVA

That fuckin' detective Medusa.

MECHANIC

Oh yeah?

KRIS SAVVA

I'm hearing the case against her
is too weak. There's a chance she
might walk. I want her ironed out
if she does.

MECHANIC

Yeah-yeah. Sure.

KRIS SAVVA

I need justice for my boy. I
can't have anyone walking away
without so much as a black mark
against their name, can I? She's
just as guilty as the other one
in my book.

MECHANIC

Just leave it with me.

KRIS SAVVA

But try and make it look like
suicide or something. I don't
want any weapons used, otherwise
they'll just come back at us, and
I can do without any of that
where I'm going.

MECHANIC

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

MECHANIC

Yeah-yeah. No worries, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA

Good man. You're the only one I
can trust to get it done.

INT. CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Wig and gowns furnish a packed courtroom.

Seated in the dock, defendants Kicker Carruthers and Shelley Peters await their fate.

Two stone faced looking female WARDENS of Court stand directly behind them with their arms folded.

Kris Savva and his tearful wife Helen are seated behind the prosecution while DCI Must and James Johnson sit close to them.

Kicker's father, Dom and Shelley's family congregate in the public gallery, alongside journalists and reporters.

The ageing JUDGE looks over the rim of his bifocals and turns towards the defendants.

JUDGE

Would the defendants please stand
up.

Kicker and Shelley get to their feet and side-eye each other with bated breath.

The Judge turns his attention to the jury, made up of eight women and four men of all creeds and cultures.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Will the jury foreperson please
stand.

A fuzzy haired male foreperson gets to his feet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In the case of the Crown versus
Shelley Peters on indictment 2,
have you reached a verdict?

The foreperson nods his head.

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict on indictment 2?

The courtroom quietens to the sound of a pin drop.

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

A cacophony of gasps, cheers, and sobs erupt from the public gallery, as the prosecution and their teams celebrate with handshakes and wide grins.

The Judge taps his gavel for the courtroom to quieten.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict on indictment 1?

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

The judge taps his gavel to more gasps that echo inside the courtroom.

Shelley breaks down.

JUDGE

Shelley Peters, you have been found guilty on indictments 1 & 2, of the wilful murder of David Savva. You will remain in custody, until such time you'll be sentenced.

Shelley sobs into her hands. Kicker glances at her aghast.

The Judge focuses his eyes on the Warden standing behind her and nods his head.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Take her down.

Shelley is promptly ushered out of the courtroom by one of the Wardens.

He turns back to the foreperson.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

In the case of the Crown versus
Kicker Jane Carruthers on
indictment 2, have you reached
your verdict?

Kicker stares at the foreperson in anticipation of his utterance.

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you
all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

A sudden hush inside the courtroom for a second time.

FOREPERSON

Not guilty.

The courtroom erupts.

Stunned gasps and murmurs of discontent as a surprised Kicker lets out a huge gasp and then sobs into her hands.

She looks up at the public gallery and covers her mouth as she does so.

The Prosecution shake their heads in shock and dismay.

The Judge hits the gavel once more.

JUDGE

Kicker Jane Carruthers you have
been found not guilty by the
Crown. You are now free to leave
the courtroom.

Kris Savva stares across the courtroom at her and snarls a deathly glare.

EXT. CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Paparazzi and TV reporters congregate by the exit as Kicker, bearing a huge grin appears with her father Dom at her side

Kris Savva appears behind her with his wife who gives Kicker the evil eye, before they climb into a waiting taxi.

A flurry of reporters quickly encroach and flash their expensive cameras at her, causing her to squint and shy away.

A TV reporter stuffs a microphone under her nose.

REPORTER#1

Kicker? Kicker, do you feel vindicated?

Kicker stares into the camera with her sparkling green eyes and smiles.

KICKER

Yes I do, as a matter of fact. I've maintained my innocence from day one. I wasn't involved in the murder of David Savva. The jury believed that.

REPORTER#2

Why'd you think the jury reached that decision in your case, but not with your colleague, Shelley Peters?

KICKER

Like I've said all along, the only reason my fingerprints were on that segment of the pavement was because it was causing an obstruction. I simply put it back where it came out of. Who wouldn't have done the same as me?

REPORTER#3

What will you do now this is all over, Kicker? Will you ask to be reinstated?

KICKER

Yes, I most certainly will. Now, please, will you excuse us?

She throws up her hand and hails a passing taxi, then rushes to climb in and away from the baying press.

INT. KICKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dom stands with his hands inside his trouser pockets as he looks out of the window at the Shard.

Kicker quickly packs a suitcase in the bedroom.

When she's finished, she joins him by the window and makes a call using her mobile phone.

KICKER

(on phone)

Hi. We'd like a taxi from Butlers Wharf to City Airport please- Straight away if possible-? Yes, we'll be waiting downstairs- Thanks.

She ends the call, then grabs her coat.

KICKER (CONT'D)

C'mon, papa, let's go.

He moves away from the window and follows her out the door with a suitcase packed.

Moments later Mechanic presses his thumb down on the camera ring-bell situated on Kickers apartment door and waits.

MECHANIC

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

Mechanic bemoans to the bearded giant standing next to him.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

I better ring Kris and let him know.

INT. SACRE BLEU BISTRO - DAY

Kicker and Dom share a candlelit table as an accordion plays "Sous Les Ciel De Paris."

Kicker looks at her father and smiles pleasantly.

KICKER

This is romantic. We should have done this more often.

Kicker tucks into her l'escargot.

DOM

True, we should do this from now on.

He sips from a bowl of consomme.

Kicker watches him.

KICKER

Have you seen her lately?

DOM

Yes. I see her occasionally.

KICKER

Does she still hate my guts?

DOM

No, she does not hate your guts, Kicker. In fact, she wants to see you this time.

KICKER

Has she's finally forgiven me, then?

DOM

She forgave you a long time ago, Kicker. You just need to believe that. It's about time you got rid of that chip on your shoulder.

(sips consomme)

She is very proud to hear of what you have achieved in England.

KICKER

Has she?

DOM

Yes she has, and she is. So please, cut her some slack. You only have one mother. I've been keeping her informed of your career choices, like your wonderful concert at the Barbican.

He places his spoon down on the table as he finishes his soup.

DOM

She sobbed into my shoulder when I told her how proud I was to watch you perform with your cello. She begged me not to let you go back to England without saying goodbye. She misses you deeply, Kicker. Please visit before you fly back. Just to say hello and then goodbye. What harm can it do?

Kicker swallows a mouthful of Beaujolais nouveau.

KICKER

OK. I will. But only if you come with me.

Dom is taken aback and gasps his approval.

DOM

That goes without saying. Of course I will come with you, my dear.

Kicker smiles at him gratefully.

KICKER

I love you, Papa.

She toasts him.

EXT. CHATEAU GARDEN - DAY

Audrey sits confined to a wheelchair in a pretty garden with many flowers and high bushes of her a blue and white painted chateau

Her curly red hair, well lacquered and her thick mascara hides the weariness.

Behind her, Kicker appears in the conservatory and stares through the window at the back of her Mother's head as a single tear drops down her cheek, before she wipes her eyes with the cuff of her green blouse.

Dom appears behind Kicker and quietly ushers her into the garden.

DOM

Come on. Don't be worried, it'll
be fine, you'll see.

Audrey spins her wheelchair around and gazes at Kicker with her mouth wide open, before Kicker throws herself down and hugs her with affection and empathy, before they sob uncontrollably into each other's shoulders.

Dom sits down at the garden table and wipes a tear from his eye.

KICKER

I'm sorry. I am so sorry.

MOTHER

Oh, me too, Kicker.

KICKER

I do love you, Mama.

MOTHER

I love you too, my dear. And I
want you to forgive me.

KICKER

Yes, of course I forgive you.

They continue to hug and cry into each other's arms.

DISSOLVE TO
BLACK:

THE PEARL EARRING