

BLOOD IN THE WATER

written & created by

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Kicker E4 (c) 2025

TV Crime Drama

OVER BLACK: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS PREVIOUS

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

In the darkness and glistening of the water panicked Turkish au pair SORAYA NIAZI (18) runs for her life while being pursued.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

INT. ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS - NIGHT

Flamed haired detective inspector KICKER CARRUTHERS (32) wears a low cut black chiffon dress as she accompanies a small group of her musical companions in a classical concert.

Her long mane covers her broad shoulders, highlighted by a spotlight that beams down upon her pale face as she loses herself in the deep timber that rests between her thighs while she plays cello violin to Ennio Morricone's "**La Califfa.**"

Sitting in the third row of the stalls her proud parents DOM (50s) and AUDREY (50s) proudly watch her perform.

Audrey gazes at Kicker with utter joy on her face.

Kicker glances back at her with her smiling eyes that coruscate under the stage lights that capture her unblemished beauty.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Blonde ex cop SHELLEY PETERS (30s) is ushered out by a female WARDEN.

WARDEN

You're going home, Shelley.

SHELLEY PETERS

(smiles)

Thanks, Lesley.

WARDEN

Just stay out of trouble. I'd hate to see you back here.

SHELLEY PETERS

I'll try. But trouble finds me,
I'm afraid.

She's taken out through the iron gates.

EXT. HM PRISON - DAY

The huge door opens and leggy Shelley Peters steps out. She carries a large shoulder sack and two bags.

A VEHICLE pulls up. She throws her bags in the boot then climbs into the passenger side.

A WHITE VAN pulls up opposite.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Enforcer, MECHANIC (50s) sits behind the wheel. He observes the situation as he makes a call on his mobile phone.

MECHANIC

(on phone)

She's out. What' d ya want me to
do-? Rightyo.

He ends the call.

INT. VEHICLE - DAY

Shelley Peters pecks her elder brother ANTONY (40s) on the cheek before he drives off.

The White Van follows.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER.

INT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

Kicker grins as she wears a silk navy suit and a frilly white blouse. Her long red curls cascade over her broad shoulders as she stands next to pixie blonde NANCY BURROWS (30s), who wears a slimline cream dress and blue jacket.

A mature FEMALE REGISTRAR conducts their civil wedding in front of FAMILY and FRIENDS.

She turns to Kicker first.

REGISTRAR

Are you, Kicker Jane Carruthers
free, lawfully to marry Nancy
Lulu Burrows?

KICKER

(smiles warmly)

Yes, I am.

REGISTRAR

Then repeat after me.

(pauses)

I call upon these people here
present.

KICKER

I call upon these people here
present.

REGISTRAR

To witness that I, Kicker Jane
Carruthers.

KICKER

To witness that I, Kicker Jane
Carruthers.

REGISTRAR

Do take thee, Nancy Lulu Burrows
to be my lawful wedded wife.

KICKER

Do take thee, Nancy Lulu Burrows
to be my lawful wedded wife.

Registrar now turns to Nancy Burrows.

REGISTRAR

And are you, Nancy Lulu Burrows
free, lawfully to marry Kicker
Jane Carruthers?

NANCY BURROWS

(smiles)

Yes, I am.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

A GLOVED HAND rises from beneath the water clutching a GREY
CELLPHONE.

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Kicker Carruthers and Nancy Burrows stand upon the white steps. They clutch bouquets as a PHOTOGRAPHER flashes her camera lense at them.

STREET VIEW:

Some distance away Shelley Peters wipes a tear from her eye as she observes them.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Mechanic also observes from inside a nearby cafe window.

MECHANIC

(on phone)

What'd ya want me to do now-?

Fair enough.

He ends the call.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

Kicker Carruthers clutches a clipboard, and kicks her heels as she sits down at a table and logs on to her computer.

As she waits for her login to appear, she's joined by South Afrikan DCI MILLIE NUNN (40s).

NUNN

Morning, Kicker. I believe
congratulations are in order.

KICKER

(smiles)

Thanks.

NUNN

(pauses)

I've been asked to assign you to
a cold case, since there's not
much going on around here at the
moment.

KICKER

I thought they were for old
Moustached Pete's. But if you
can't find anyone else, I'll be
happy to take a look at it.

NUNN

Great! I'll let the Super know. I wouldn't want you getting bored looking at your wedding snaps all day.

KICKER

Just as long as he doesn't stop me half way through and tell me they're cutting back.

NUNN

I'll remind him. But you know what it's like around here... if another case takes precedence you will have to put it aside.

KICKER

I get it.

(pauses)

Oh, and do I get to choose my own partner?

NUNN

Who've you got in mind?

KICKER

DS Johnson. I know he's not happy at Loughton. I spoke to him the other day and he told me.

NUNN

OK. I'll ask the Super if they'll second him.

KICKER

Appreciated.

NUNN

The file can be located under the title Operation Reactivate. It's a twenty-five year old case involving the rape and murder of an au pair named Soraya Niazi. She was found with a plastic bag over her head. It was called in by a cyclist who discovered her body by the Regents Canal.

KICKER

(raises a brow)

Raped and murdered?

NUNN

Yes, and apart from the cyclist they never spoke to a single witness, even after DCI Grayson Fields appealed on Crimewatch. He led the case. You'll need to speak to him at some point. He's retired from the force now.

KICKER

Are there any new leads?

NUNN

There is. Her mobile phone turned up when divers were dredging the canal during a missing person's search in Hackney.

KICKER

Has it been analysed?

NUNN

Don't get too excited. I haven't heard zilch from CSI at the moment. But don't worry, I'm on it.

KICKER

How d' you know it belongs to the victim?

NUNN

It was spotted by DCI Wellman. she also worked on the case with DCI Fields.

KICKER

OK.

NUNN

Read the file and come back to me.

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY

A beautiful sunny day as Kicker and slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON (40s) stroll along the walkway towards a hump bridge where Soraya Niazi's body was discovered twenty-five years previously.

KICKER

This is it? This is where she was found with a plastic shopping bag over her head.

JOHNSON

Suffocated, then.

KICKER

Yep. According to pathology.

Johnson scratches his goatee as he spots the name written on the side of a canal boat.

His POV: THE FLYING SCOTSMAN.

JOHNSON

(accented)

Now there's a classy name that evokes time and place.

KICKER

(chuckles)

It's a train, isn't it?

JOHNSON

Aye.

KICKER

How fast do these narrow boats travel, anyway?

JOHNSON

Aww, let's see. Probably at a massive five miles an hour.

(pauses)

You can walk quicker if you take long strides

Kicker clocks the name of another pretty yellow boat decorated with hanging plants and colourful flowers.

Her POV: LUCY'S GOLD.

KICKER

I like this one- Lucy's Gold.

JOHNSON

Sounds like a name of a racehorse if I remember correctly. The Grand National.

KICKER

That would suit me. I can imagine
me and Nancy cruising up and down
the canal with a glass of
prosecco in hand.

JOHNSON

Aye. Up yours!

They share a laugh when Kicker's phone rings. She dips her
hand inside her pocket and looks at the screen.

KICKER

(to Johnson)

Unknown caller.

(on phone)

Hello-?

CLICK.

KICKER

(dismayed)

They hung up.

JOHNSON

Aye. Ring back.

KICKER

No. Sod 'em.

Johnson stops in his tracks and takes off his shades when he
notices an elderly, well-kept, grey haired WOMAN dressed in a
wax jacket and Wellington boots as she climbs aboard a canal
boat up ahead.

JOHNSON

I know that woman from somewhere.

KICKER

(interestedly)

Who?

JOHNSON

That's missus Grayson Fields -
Molly. The last time I saw her, I
was just a cadet.

Kicker removes her sunglasses to catch a clearer view.

KICKER

Are you sure?

JOHNSON

Aye. I met her and DCI Fields
when he worked out of Soho with
my ol' pa.

KICKER

Are you thinking what I'm
thinking?

JOHNSON

Aye. He led the case.

KICKER

That's right.

JOHNSON

Aye.

KICKER

C'mon. Let's do some fishing.

They march towards the narrow boat.

They climb on deck. Kicker clocks the name of the boat:

Her POV: SULA BULA.

KICKER (ASIDE)

That's original.

Grey haired MOLLY 68. She appears in front of them.

MOLLY

(irked)

Can I help you?

JOHNSON

(brightly)

Awright, Molly. Remember me-
Jamie? James Johnson?

MOLLY

(confused)

I don't know you. Who are you?
What do you want?

JOHNSON

Your husband Grayson used to work
with my ol' pa... out of Soho
nick? Aww, let's see, about
thirty years or so ago now.

MOLLY

(reflects)

Oh yes! I do remember you! Jamie,
isn't it?

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Aye. Correct.

(to Carruthers)

See. I told ya she'd remember me.

MOLLY

The last time I saw you, you were
just a cadet.

JOHNSON

(coyly)

So, how's he doing these days?

MOLLY

Oh, he never changes. He's at
home watching the horse racing.
I've just popped down to water
the flowers, and tidy up a bit,
seeing it's such a nice day.

She shakes Kicker's outstretched hand.

KICKER

DI Kicker Carruthers. I love the
name of your boat. What does it
mean?

MOLLY

Oh, that was my husband's idea.
He changed it after they found
that young girls body along the
path way back when. It used to be
called.... I can't remember now.

KICKER

That's okay, Mrs Fields.

MOLLY

It means, smear with water,
apparently.

(hesitates)

Don't ask me.

KICKER

I've been thinking about buying a narrow boat myself. It's really lovely.

MOLLY

It used to belong to my father. We took it over after he passed. It holds a lot of memories. He used to bring me here at weekends for trips up and down the canal.

(reflects)

I miss him, dearly. He was a lovely man, my father. Everybody liked him.

KICKER

It must have been quite a shock for you when they discovered that au pair's body just yards away from your boat.

MOLLY

Oh, tell me about it. Grayson still hasn't quite gotten over it. He suffered terrible nightmares. That was after they closed the case. It led to his early retirement, you know.

KICKER

Did he ever discuss the investigation with you?

MOLLY

No, he wouldn't do that. He never brought his work home with him.

KICKER

I see.

MOLLY

Would you like a cold drink, since you're here?

Johnson glances at Kicker with a suggestive brow.

KICKER

Another time, maybe.

MOLLY

Are you sure? I've got a nice cold jug of Pimms in the fridge, waiting for someone to share with me.

JOHNSON

(to Kicker)

Oh c'mon. One won't hurt.

KICKER

OK. Just the one though.

They duck their heads as they enter below deck.

CABIN.

A fully furnished lounge area contains a three seater sofa. Turkish artefacts decorate the shelves, and a hookah is situated next to a piped wood burner.

Kicker picks up a late 5X8 photograph of Grayson Fields next to Molly. Johnson follows Molly towards the galley.

KICKER (ASIDE)

All things Turkish, I see.

(mumbles)

Bastard.

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - LIT

Kicker faces DCI Nunn who is seated behind her desk. she chews on biltong.

NUNN

You want some?

KICKER

Yeah. Thanks.

She hands Kicker a small piece.

NUNN

what have you deduced from the file?

KICKER

Actually, I want to talk to you about that.

NUNN

Go on, then. Give me both barrels.

KICKER

The CCTV footage from the night Soraya Niazi was murdered is missing from the file. I've searched every other file and can't find it anywhere.

NUNN

Have you gotta hunch?

KICKER

Well, I need the actual computer that Grayson Fields used when he was leading the case. And I need to speak to DCI Barbara Wellman if I can find her.

NUNN

But you do have access to all the files I take it?

KICKER

I do, but according to what's been logged, four of the six canal boats along that stretch of water were deemed to be vacant, of which two, at that time, were owned by The River Cruise Company. That leaves Sula Bula and one other unchecked.

NUNN

That's an anomaly straight off the bat.

KICKER

I know. That's what I thought.

(pauses)

The boat is registered to Molly Fields, but what I can't understand is why DCI Fields never logged it during the investigation. He chose to withhold information for some reason. There is nothing in the file to suggest his wife was the owner of a canal boat named Sula Bula.

NUNN

Maybe he thought it wasn't relevant to the investigation, since it belonged to his wife.

KICKER

To be fair it still should've been logged, Millie.

NUNN

Would you like me to speak to him?

KICKER

No-no. I'll speak to him myself.

NUNN

If that's your wish. But I must warn you he's got a reputation of being a right pig if he thinks you're disrespecting him.

KICKER

I know. Molly mentioned that when we spoke to her. It caused a few alarm bells to ring. You just feel it, don'tcha?

NUNN

You certainly do, Kicker. So do you want me to see if I can get my hands on that CPU?

KICKER

Yes, please do. There might be something incriminating that was deleted from the file.

NUNN

Leave it with me.

KICKER

I really need to get my hands on that hard drive and have it checked out.

NUNN

Well, let's hope your wrong, otherwise, there'll be an investigation involving AC20.

KICKER

Fingers crossed I am.

NUNN

Maybe it'll be best to let Johnson speak to him. He might drop him a few crumbs. I'll speak to DCI Barbara Wellman and get her to meet with you. The last I heard she was working out of Paddington. She was head of recruitment.

KICKER

OK. Great!

She gets to her feet and steps towards the door.

NUNN

Oh, I nearly forgot to mention your ex colleague was released from the clink last week.

KICKER

(gasps)
Shelley's out?

NUNN

That's right.

KICKER

Now I know who's pranking me.

NUNN

D' you want me to get a restraining order?

KICKER

Certainly not. I'll catch up with her when she reaches out properly.

INT. GRAYSON LOUNGE - NIGHT

GRAYSON (70s), sits in an armchair and watches the TV. He has a receding greying hairline and a heavy beard, his eyes reflect a lack of sleep.

Molly brings his dinner on a tray and places it on his lap in front of him. He begins to eat.

She takes a seat opposite him.

MOLLY

I had some interesting company
today on the boat.

GRAYSON

Who was that, then?

MOLLY

Do you remember young Jamie
Johnson- Sidney's boy?

GRAYSON

Not really, but carry on.

MOLLY

Yes, you do. Detective Sergeant
Sidney Johnson's son. He brought
him here once, after he'd
graduated from the academy,
remember?

GRAYSON

Whatever.

(eats)

What did he want, then?

MOLLY

Not much. He was passing when he
spotted me watering the flowers.
I gave them a glass of Pimms. We
drunk it on deck. It was a really
lovely afternoon. We talked a lot
about the past. He's grown into a
fine detective, you know? And he
hasn't lost his accent. It was
just like listening to his father
speaking.

GRAYSON

Them.

MOLLY

What?

GRAYSON

Who was the other person? You
said them.

MOLLY

Oh, just some new female
detective inspector.

GRAYSON

Detective inspector?

MOLLY

DI Kicker Carruthers. A woman,
you know? She had beautiful red
hair and piecing green eyes. A
woman's woman she was. She told
me she was born in Paris, and
that her parents worked in the
French judiciary. I was impressed
to hear her speak very highly of
them.

GRAYSON

What did she have to say of any
importance, then?

MOLLY

Oh, she just wanted to know about
that murder on the canal path. I
told her you worked on the case,
but gave it up, due to a lack of
evidence.

GRAYSON FIELDS

What'd you tell her that for?

MOLLY

Because she was interested,
that's all. She said they're
reopening the file. They found
her mobile phone last week. It
was discovered not far from the
boat.

(reflects)

Imagine that. All the time it was
right under your nose. They say
you can't always see what's right
in front of your face, don't
they?

GRAYSON

Oh shut up woman! Leave me alone.

He coughs and splutters and almost chokes on a piece of meat.
She quickly gets up and pats his back.

MOLLY

Oh, don't worry, Grayson, I never said anything that might raise any suspicions about your poor handling of the investigation.

GRAYSON

Good, because you're complicit.

MOLLY

(aback)

How?

GRAYSON

Withholding information.

MOLLY

I didn't know anything, until you told me. And you've never explained to me what really happened to that girl, have you?

GRAYSON

I told you. She was going to make an accusation against me that was completely untrue. I offered her a place to stay till the morning when her employers got back.

MOLLY

There's always a choice, Grayson. You made yours that night. Just leave me out of it. I don't want to know what happened between you and that girl. But whatever it was, it's going to bite you on the backside sooner or later. I warned you of that twenty-five years ago.

She storms out.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - CONT'D

Kicker sits at her desk and sifts through files and images of the dead victim.

Johnson joins her as she gets up and grabs her coat.

KICKER
(to Johnson)
Ready?

JOHNSON
Aye. Where are we going?

KICKER
To see Dr Khan. He was the first
to be interviewed by Grayson
Fields. Soraya was his au pair
when she went missing.

JOHNSON
Okidoki. This should be
interesting.

KICKER
It's better than doing nothing,
Johnson. C'mon.

They exit.

INT. DR KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kicker and Johnson occupy the sofa as DR KHAN (70s) shows
them a photograph of Soraya Niazi. She has long brown hair
and brown eyes.

DR KHAN
This is her. She was studying
English at Westminster University
when she was with us.

KICKER
What was she like?

DR KHAN
(reflects)
Very quite - Shy. But she was
good with the children.

KICKER
Did she have a mobile phone?

DR KHAN
Oh yes. A Motorola flip if I
remember. She complained about it
several times when she opened it
up. A loose connection, or
something.

Johnson reveals a transparent bag containing the MOBILE PHONE lifted from the canal.

JOHNSON

Was it this one?

DR KHAN

Yes. That's the one. Where did you find it?

JOHNSON

Regents Canal.

DR KHAN

You mean you've been searching for it all these years?

JOHNSON

No-no. Our divers were searching for the body of a woman who went missing five days ago. She was thought to be in the canal when they came across this.

DR KHAN

(sighs grief)

Oh my dear God. Poor girl.

(reflects)

I remember she never left the house without it.

(pauses)

Well...

KICKER

In your statement you told the detective leading the case that you were in the Lake District the night she went missing?

DR KAHN

Yes, I did. We went camping.

(pauses)

My wife and I were with the children that weekend. We did ask Soraya if she'd like to come with us, but she declined. Said she needed to study for her exams. We learned from detectives that she had left the house to buy confectionery.

KICKER

The detective leading the case
would have been DCI Grayson
Fields.

DR KHAN

That's right. An empathetic
individual if I can remember. He
was polite and well-mannered.

KICKER

Was he?

DR KHAN

Oh yes. Well, under the
circumstances it was very
difficult to comprehend.

Kicker gets to her feet.

KICKER

Well, thank you for your time, Dr
Khan. It's been a pleasure to
meet you.

DR KHAN

Oh don't thank me. I'm only too
happy to be able to assist you in
any way I can. And I'm pleased
that you have reopened the case.
I hate the thought of thinking
her killer could still be out
there somewhere.

EXT/INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

DOOR CHIME.

Grayson opens the door. He's unshaven and dons a creased blue
shirt and jogging bottoms.

GRAYSON

(irksomely)

Yes?

JOHNSON

Awright, Mr. Fields?

GRAYSON

Who are you? What do you want?

JOHNSON

I'm James Johnson? Molly said it'll be okay to pop round for a chat.

GRAYSON

Oh, of course. I remember now. Me and your father worked on more cases than you've probably sniffed eggs.

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Aye. Very good.

GRAYSON

I do apologise. I didn't recognise you. You've grown tall.

JOHNSON

It's understandable. I could never grow a goatee either, back then.

GRAYSON

Come in-Come in son.

JOHNSON

Thanks. Did Molly tell you I bumped into her down by the canal?

GRAYSON

Yes, she did mention something about that. I'm not listening to her half the time. When you've been married as long as we have you tend to let your concentration stray. Anyway, how is the old man these days?

JOHNSON

He's in a retirement home.

GRAYSON

Give him my regards when you next see him.

JOHNSON

I will.

GRAYSON

What about your Mother - Irene?

JOHNSON

She's fine. She moved to Brighton. The sea air is good for her asthma.

GRAYSON

Well, give her my regards also.

JOHNSON

I will.

(awkwardly)

Look, the reason I came to see you is to see if I can jog your memory regarding a murder case you worked on just before you retired. Soraya Niazi? You were in charge of the investigation as I understand it.

GRAYSON

That's right, I was to my despair. We had to stand it down. We drew a blank, unfortunately.

JOHNSON

What I cannae understand, Mr Fields is why you didnae document your canal boat when you listed how many boats were moored along that stretch of water? Your boat sits just a stones throw from where the girl's body was found? A hundred yards to be exact.

GRAYSON

(furrowed brow)

I didn't think it was relevant to the investigation. We wasn't on the boat that night. We were here. So I felt there was no need to list it along with the others.

JOHNSON

I'm sorry, Grayson, but I have to beg to differ. It was paramount to the investigation.

GRAYSON

Yes, but I couldn't have my wife dragged into a murder inquiry, simply because Sula Bula was owned by her. There might have been a conflict of interest that compromised my investigation. I would have been taken off the case, and I couldn't have that, could I?

JOHNSON

May I ask, then, did you have access to the boat, yourself?

GRAYSON

Of course I had access! Now get out, before I lose my temper with your daft questions! You know, you've got a bloody nerve coming here with your impertinence about something that happened twenty-five years ago! Who do you think you are?! Get Out!

Johnson throws up his hands and retreats.

JOHNSON

Well, it might come as a shock to you that we've reopened the investigation. I've been assigned to the case. My job is to investigate all avenues that should have been properly investigated at the time, Mr Fields.

GRAYSON

Your father would be spinning if he knew you were here laying judgement upon my professionalism. You should be ashamed of yourself coming into my home and suggesting a cover up!

JOHNSON

Aye. I didnae mean to cause you any stress, Mr Fields. I just need to get to the bottom of why this lassie was murdered just a hundred yards from Molly's canal boat. I'm not pointing the finger at anybody just yet. But consider for a moment- Soraya Niazi's phone was lifted from the canal, just a hundred yards from a boat that belongs to you and Molly. Doesnae set alarm bells ringing for you personally?

GRAYSON

Oh yes... loud and clear. But do not think I don't know all about your relationship to a murdering gangster named Kris Savva. How many cover-ups have you been involved with since your time in the service? Answer me that, Jamie?

JOHNSON

There were no cover-ups. We were bonded by the brotherhood, that's all.

GRAYSON

So are we. I'd watch my back if I were you.

JOHNSON

Are you asking me to turn a blind eye regarding a murder investigation, based on the principles I had with the late Kris Savva?

GRAYSON

You just do the right thing for the family. And never throw stones at glass houses.

JOHNSON

I cannae do that... not when it comes to the murder of a wee lass. Anything else and I might lose sight, but not this I'm afraid, Mr Fields.

GRAYSON

(furiously)

Then get out of my house!

JOHNSON

Fine.

Johnson opens the front door to leave.

GRAYSON

And don't you come back here
unless you have something
substantial to say, you imbecile!

(rages)

You're finished... you hear me?!

Johnson shakes his head as he key fobs his car then jumps in
and starts the engine.

EXT/INT. COFFEE BAR - NIGHT

Kicker and DCI WELLMAN late (50s) take a window seat with a
coffee in hand.

From across the street Shelley Peters observes them.

KICKER

So what was he like to work for,
then?

DCI WELLMAN

Oh, he wasn't too bad. He played
by the book most of the time
which was unusual back then. Half
the force was on the take.

KICKER

Did you know his wife owned one
of the canal boats close to where
Soraya Niazi was murdered?

DCI WELLMAN

(aghast)

No! I did not! In fact, I'm
flabbergasted to hear that. He
kept that quiet.

KICKER

Did you know he's a Turkophile?

DCI WELLMAN

No!

KICKER

The canal boat is named Sula Bula. It's Turkish for smear with water.

DCI WELLMAN

The victim was Turkish, I remember.

KICKER

She was Turkish. Soraya Niazi was an au pair studying English at a London university.

DCI WELLMAN

That's right. I remember now. I trusted him. We all did.

KICKER

We need to look at the hard drive from the CPU on the computer he was using at the time. D 'you know if they were updated during your time spent there?

DCI WELLMAN

They were usually updated yearly. Why'd you ask that?

KICKER

Can you remember which desk DCI Fields sat at?

DCI WELLMAN

The one in front of the round window next to the staircase.

KICKER

Good.

DCI WELLMAN

I can't believe he withheld evidence. Are you going to speak to him about it?

KICKER

My colleague is doing that now.
It's going to cause tremors,
particularly if AC 12 get a whiff
there was a cover-up. There will
be an internal investigation into
his actions.

DCI WELLMAN

They were all over it back then,
because she was an au pair, and a
foreign student.

KICKER

I bet. Couldn't have look good
for the safety and welfare of
foreign students living here.

DCI WELLMAN

I remember him saying something
about the CCTV being unusable. I
never got to look at it myself.
Like a fool I just took his word
for it, and thought no more of
it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LOCAL GROCERY SHOP - DAY

A younger DS BARBARA WELLMAN early (20s) enters. She flashes
her badge as she approaches the bearded Sikh PROPRIETOR
(50s). He stands behind the counter. She shows him an image
of Soraya Niazi.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Have you seen this girl before?

PROPRIETOR

Yes, many times. She comes here
often.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

When was the last time you saw
her?

PROPRIETOR

(recollects)

She came Saturday night to buy a
can of drink and a chocolate bar.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
What time was that?

PROPRIETOR
It was very late. I was just
about to close.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
What time do you close?

PROPRIETOR
Eleven p.m.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
Did you see where she went after
she left your shop?

PROPRIETOR
Yes, I can, because she was very
upset. She forgot to bring her
purse with her. She was upset.
She had no money to pay for
anything.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
What did she do?

PROPRIETOR
She ran out of the shop, after
asked me if I could stay open
until she came back. But she
never came back.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
Thanks for your help.

She exits the shop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She looks up at the CCTV CAMERA.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

A younger DCI GRAYSON FIELDS (Late 40s) studies CCTV footage
from the night in question. It shows Soraya Niazi walking
south of the shop.

DS Barbara Wellman looks across the room, before she picks up
a folder and marches towards his desk.

His eyes follow her and he quickly deletes the CCTV footage.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(sighs)

What have you got?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Toxicology results.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

And?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

The victim was clean. No alcohol, or stimulants found in her bloodstream, except for traces of caffeine.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

I see.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

There's DNA, but no matches on the database for the fingerprints on the plastic bag.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Right.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

On top that, the CCTV camera covering the canal path has been out of action for the past year. However, there's a traffic camera that points in the direction of the grocery shop that she used that night. I've requested for it to be looked at.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Ah, I've seen it. I couldn't make head nor tail of it. It's unusable.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

(aback)

Oh no! I was hoping for something significant with that line of inquiry.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

What about fibres?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
There are woollen fibres on her
sweater, but nothing to match
them with at the moment.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
(tuts)
I get the feeling this is going
to be a slow burner.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
Worrying, especially for the
parents.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
OK. Let's see if we can jog
someone's memory. Tell uniform to
get the boards out. And get on to
Crimewatch UK. Ask if they'll run
it for us. We need to solve this
case, otherwise we're going to
look like idiots.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
What about the canal boats? Shall
I talk to the owners and see if
they heard anything?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
No-no. I'm popping down there
myself this afternoon. I'll give
them knock and see what I can
find out.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
OK.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
Did you get that cyclist's
statement?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN
He came in this morning. His
story matches what he told us
when he called it in. And he has
a very strong alibi.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
Well, unless we get something
concrete, we're heading up Creek
Street.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Yes.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT/INT. CAFE - CONT'D

Shelley Peters continues to observe the cafe from across the road.

KICKER

He deleted the file.

DCI WELLMAN

When she left the grocery shop, she completely disappeared off radar. There were no sightings of her after that.

KICKER

She was raped. The pathologist report states she had contusions to her inner thigh, and traces of semen on her, and her underwear.

DCI WELLMAN

I never got to look at the pathologist's report, I'm afraid. Everything went straight on the DCI's desk, before we got to look at any of the files.

Kicker gets to her feet.

KICKER

He's a bastard.

DCI WELLMAN

I should've realised at the time. But you just don't think, do you?

KICKER

It's fine.

(pauses)

Well, it's been a pleasure meeting up with you, DCI Wellman. You've been a great help. Let's keep in touch, just in case you think of anything else that we can talk to him about.

DCI WELLMAN

Of course. I want him nailed to the cross if he is involved in a cover up.

KICKER

Me too. And I'm so glad we had a chance to talk.

DCI WELLMAN

I can't believe I let him pull the wool over our eyes like that.

KICKER

It happens to the best of us.

They exit the cafe and go their separate ways.

Shelley Peters crosses the busy road and taps Kicker on the shoulder.

Kicker gasps with shock when she sees Shelley standing in front of her.

SHELLEY

Kicker.

KICKER

(aback)

Shelley! Oh my god! How long have you been out?

They hug.

SHELLEY

Since last week. They cut my sentence.

KICKER

That's fantastic news! Brilliant! Have you been trying to call me?

SHELLEY

Yes I have. I was afraid you might not want to talk me again.

KICKER

Why ever not? Of course I want to speak to you, silly. Besides, what are you doing now?

SHELLEY

What I'm good at.

KICKER

They reinstated you?

SHELLEY

No. If only. I'm pole dancing.

KICKER

Oh my god! I'll have a
celebration drink with you, then.
Where are you working?

SHELLEY

The White Leopard in Denmark
Street.

KICKER

Where are you staying?

SHELLEY

I'm renting the flat above the
club. It's a roof terrace.

KICKER

OK-OK. I'll text you and we'll
meet up.

SHELLEY

Yeah, do that. It's so good to
see you, Kicker.

KICKER

I got married.

SHELLEY

I know. I saw you. I was there.

KICKER

You what?! Oh, Shelley no! Why
didn't you let me know you were
out? I would have invited you to
my wedding.

SHELLEY

I wasn't sure if that would be a
good idea, particularly after
everything, you know?

KICKER

I'm leading a cold case at the moment.

SHELLEY

How's it going, then?

KICKER

Oh, you know... slow burner.

SHELLEY

Yeah.

KICKER

Look, I'm really sorry, but I have to dash. I'm needed back at the yard.

SHELLEY

No yeah. I get it.

KICKER

I'll text you soon. We'll definitely catch up. And it's so good to see you, Shelley. You look amazing.

SHELLEY

Thanks. Look forward to it. You can have a go on the pole if you like?

KICKER

(chuckles)

You must be joking. Those days are well and truly over for me. I can barely jog around the garden these days.

SHELLEY

You still have your funny sense of humour, I see.

KICKER

(chuckles)

Yeah. Bye then, Shelley. We'll catch up real soon, I promise.

SHELLEY

Sure. Bye.

They go their separate ways.

A short distance away Mechanic observes them with a keen eye.

MECHANIC

(on phone)

I can take both right now-
Rightyo.

He ends the call.

INT. UNUSED ROOM - LIT

Kicker leads Police Data Technicians to a table with a desktop computer situated by a round window.

KICKER

This is the one. I'm only
interested in what's on the hard
drive regarding the files for
Operation Activate.

They immediately begin uninstalling the CPU.

SUPER: ISTANBUL.

EXT. TURKISH VILLA - PATIO - DAY

A six bedroom dwelling, surrounded by landscaped gardens,
could easily replicate an English country garden.

The victim's father, clean shaven EMVA NIAZI (70s) reads a
newspaper while he drinks coffee at a bistro table.

His iPhone rings. He grabs it from off the table and brings
it to ear.

EMVA

(on phone)

Selam- I am sitting down- What is
it-?

(angrily)

Oruspu cocugu-!

He throws his coffee down his throat and ends the call as he
gets to his feet and marches back inside the villa.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

EMVA (CONT'D)

Seville? Seville? I need to go to London immediately.

Dyed black haired SEVILLE late (60s) descends the stairs with a bellyful of laundry.

SEVILLE

Why? What is it?

EMVA

I just had a call from the embassy in London. They say the police have reopened the investigation into Soraya's murder. He said they are looking into the detective inspector who was in charge of our daughter's murder. He is a possible suspect.

SEVILLE

What? Oh my God!

EMVA

I knew something was wrong with him! I will kill him with my bare hands if he murdered our daughter!

She drops the laundry and rushes towards him.

SEVILLE

Emva, no! Please, just wait until we have all the facts. Speak to the police before you do something stupid.

EMVA

No! I must do this myself. I will speak to him personally.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

Kicker sits behind a desk and carefully studies the CCTV FOOTAGE from the night of the murder.

VIDEO FOOTAGE:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDE STREET - NIGHT

A RED BMW is situated opposite a small GROCERY STORE.

Soraya Niazi appears rushed and troubled as she quickly walks down the street.

She gesticulates her frustration at the DRIVER when she spots him sitting behind the wheel. She taps on his nearside window, then opens the door and climbs in next to him.

BACK TO SCENE.

KICKER (ASIDE)

Bastard!

She enhances the footage.

CU: Vehicle Registration GMSB 101T.

She feeds the registration into the computer.

Moments later she gasps as the registration details are revealed.

CU: VEHICLE OWNER: GRAYSON FIELDS.

BACK TO SCENE

She stares at the footage once again, before she picks up the phone.

INTERCUT:

Johnson sits behind the wheel of his car and drinks a coffee.

KICKER

(on phone)

We've got him!

JOHNSON

Fields?

KICKER

It was his vehicle that picked her up that night- A red BMW.

JOHNSON

I knew he was hiding something. I could see it in his eyes.

KICKER

I'm going to speak to DCI Nunn.
We need to bring him in.

JOHNSON

Okidoki. Keep me posted. I wanna
be there when that happens.

KICKER

I will.

She ends the call and punches the air jubilantly.

KICKER (ASIDE)

Gotcha! Bastard!

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. GRAYSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The house lies in darkness. The curtains twitch as Grayson
covertly spies the street.

His POV: A BLACK FOUR WHEEL DRIVE parked across the road. The
DRIVER cannot be seen behind the tinted glass.

INT/EXT. FOUR WHEEL DRIVE - NIGHT

Emva Niazi fixes a SILENCER to a HANDGUN then exits the
vehicle and quickly skips towards the rear of the house.

EXT. HOUSE REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

He sets off a sensor light as he stumbles and trips over a
loose piece of concrete.

He looks up with Grayson standing by the patio door. He
points the barrel of a SHOTGUN at him.

GRAYSON

(quietly)

Don't fucking move a muscle, or
I'll take your knee caps off.

Emva Niazi quickly rolls over.

Grayson lets rip.

BANG!

He misses the target then turns to run back inside the house.

PFF! PFF!

Emva Niazi shatters the patio glass when he also misses.

Grayson disappears. Emva Niazi gets to his feet and chases after him.

ABOVE BEDROOM: Molly stands at the window with a look of horror upon her face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grayson locks the kitchen door behind him.

Emva Niazi attempts to open the locked door, then races back through the garden.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Grayson quickly key fobs his NEW VEHICLE then drives off.

Emva Niazi appears and jumps back inside his vehicle and continues the chase.

A protracted CAR CHASE ensues through the streets of London, before Grayson finally loses his tail.

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

Grayson appears on the walkway and quickly enters Sula Bula.

INT. FOUR WHEEL DRIVE - NIGHT

Emva Niazi cruises the area in search of Grayson.

INT. KICKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kicker and Nancy make love inside the sheets as they kiss and caress one another.

CU: iPhone vibrates on side cabinet.

Kicker ignores it, until she reaches a conclusion to her love making.

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DCI Nunn sits behind her desk with the phone to ear. She sighs and tuts as she makes another call.

NUNN

(on phone)

Am I the only one awake in this city-? There's been a shooting incident at Grayson Fields's property- TFU are attending as we speak. Get yourself over there and let Kicker know if you can reach her, cos I bloody well can't- Right- And let me know what's happening when you get there.

She ends call and stares at the wall in annoyance.

INT. KICKER'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

Kicker and Nancy sit up against the pillows.

NANCY

Are you not going to look at who called you? It might be someone important.

KICKER

(aback)

Oh shit! Fuck! I forgot.

She grabs her phone and looks at the missed calls log and messages. She gasps in horror.

NANCY

(concerned)

What is it?

KIKI

Shit! There's been a shooting at Grayson Fields's house. Oh shit! I'm toast if I don't get over there immediately!

She quickly jumps out of bed naked and throws on her clothes.

Beat.

INTERCUT:

Phone conversation between Johnson and Kicker.

INT. VEHICLE - LIT

She uses her hands free system whilst she drives.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Blue lights flash as he leans up against his vehicle outside Grayson Fields's house while neighbouring houses remain lit up and residents stand on the street to engage with the furore.

KICKER

What's happening? Where is he?

JOHNSON

I can hazard a guess if you want me to? Molly's in deep shock over here. She was awoken by the shots fired between Grayson and his attacker, inside the house. The whole street is well and truly alive.

KICKER

How is she? Is she okay?

JOHNSON

Traumatised.

KICKER

OK. Meet me at Sula Bula. I'll be there in five minutes.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

KICKER

And bring a couple of uniform with you.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. SULA BULA - NIGHT

Kicker races along the canal path towards the canal boat with Johnson following. UNIFORM bring up the rear.

She climbs aboard the boat and bangs her fist hard on the door.

KICKER

C'mon! Open up, Grayson! I know
you're in there! Open the door,
or I'll get uniform to kick it
in!

He finally opens the door and stands facing her with a despairing look upon his face.

KICKER

I'm arresting you for the murder
of Soraya Niazi in October of
1999. You do not have to say
anything. But it may harm your
defence if you do not mention
now, something which you later
rely on in court. And anything
you do say may be given in
evidence.

GRAYSON

You're making a mistake!

KICKER

Yeah, sure. Is that why somebody
just tried to murder you in your
own home?

Beat.

Uniform lead him towards an unmarked vehicle.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Grayson sits at a table next to his SOLICITOR.

Kicker and Johnson sit opposite them.

KICKER

(to Grayson)

So, what have you got to say for yourself, then?

GRAYSON

(shrugs)

Nothing.

KICKER

Oh c'mon, Grayson. You can do better than that. Who was it that tried to shoot you tonight? You must have some idea who hates your guts so much they wanted to murder you in your own bed.

GRAYSON

No idea.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

We have a DNA match that proves you murdered Soraya Niazi. What have you got to say in response to that, Mr Fields? And just to remind you that this interview is being recorded.

GRAYSON

I know-I know. I'm being fitted up. It wasn't me who murdered the girl.

JOHNSON

Who then? Tell us who did murder her?

KICKER

Besides, why would someone fit you up, Grayson? Who have you upset?

GRAYSON

You'll have to ask them. But I never touched her.

KICKER

Then tell us what happened from the very beginning.

GRAYSON

I'm innocent!

Johnson slides a photo image across the table.

Grayson POV: The photo image of a red BMW parked beneath a street lamp. Date and time, top right shows 4/10/1999. 2300 Hours.

JOHNSON

D' you recognise this vehicle, Grayson? Cos I do. It belonged to you, didn't it?

GRAYSON

It was mine. Granted.

JOHNSON

So we're finally getting somewhere.

KICKER

Soraya Niazi came to you that night for help, didn't she?

GRAYSON

I can't remember. It was too long ago. My memory is not as sharp as it once was.

KICKER

Her employer was away that weekend with his family. But you know that anyway, don'tcha? You deliberately misled your team and drove them down a blind alley. You had no intention of finding her killer, because you are the perpetrator, aren't you?

He vigorously shakes head.

JOHNSON

She trusted you. But you raped, and then suffocated her with that plastic bag that was found at the scene of the crime. You left her to die on that canal path just meters away from Molly's barge.

GRAYSON
(shrugs shoulders)
Prove it.

KICKER
Oh, we can prove it, Grayson. You
left semen inside her.
(eyes him closely)
The DNA is a match to you. You
tried to hide the fact when you
deleted those files, didn't you?

GRAYSON
That doesn't mean I killed her.
All that means is that I had
consensual sex with her.

KICKER
That maybe so. But how do you
explain your dabs on the plastic
bag that you used to suffocate
her with?

GRAYSON
I mistakenly handled it during
the investigation.

A short silence as he shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

KICKER
So, where did you have consensual
sex with her, on the boat was it?

GRAYSON
That's my business.

KICKER
In your car, then?

GRAYSON
No.

KICKER
Where?

GRAYSON
Actually, you were right the
first time. It was on the boat.

JOHNSON (ASIDE)
(quietly)
Scumbag.

KICKER

Well, I've got some more bad news for you, Grayson.

GRAYSON

And what's that?

KICKER

The CCTV footage of her climbing into your vehicle. How d' you think a jury will see that?

(pauses)

Recognise this?

Johnson reveals a grey mobile phone that shows a photograph of his vehicle.

JOHNSON

She had the insight to take a photo of your vehicle, before she got in. She wanted to protect herself.

Grayson's eyes roll back in his head as he realises he's dilemma.

GRAYSON

Like I said. It was consensual. She got in of her own volition. You don't see me dragging her in the car, do you?

KICKER

Just watch.

Kicker switches on a small monitor which shows Soraya Niazi climbing into the passenger seat of his vehicle.

Grayson sits back and folds his arms.

JOHNSON

You were the last person to see her alive. We have enough to get a conviction, Mr Fields.

GRAYSON

I'll make a statement if you just fuck off and leave us alone for ten minutes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Soraya Niazi exits the grocery store. She stands lost and panicked as she turns one way and then the other.

Her clothing - Black leather bomber jacket, pink sweater and denims. Black and white sneakers.

Parked across the street DCI Grayson Fields sits inside his red BMW and checks messages on his phone.

A tearful Soraya Niazi gains his attention when she approaches his vehicle and taps lightly on his offside window. He lets the window down to speak to her.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

What's the problem?

SORAYA NIAZI

(gesticulates)

Can you help me, please, I've left my door keys at home. I'm locked out. I can't get back in.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Where do you live?

SORAYA NIAZI

Around the corner. But the house is all locked up. I left my door keys inside by accident.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Get in and I'll see what I can do for you.

SORAYA NIAZI

Thank you so much.

She climbs into the passenger seat. He starts the engine.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Right then. So where would you like me to take you?

SORAYA NIAZI

I don't know. I have no money. I left my purse at home as well.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Oh dear. You are in a right
pickle, aren't you?

SORAYA NIAZI

(tries to smile)

Yes.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

So what should we do with you,
then? Have you got anywhere you
can stay tonight?

SORAYA NIAZI

I don't know anybody here in
London.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Nobody at all?

SORAYA NIAZI

Nobody. I'm an au pair. The
people I work for are away for
the weekend.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Can't you ring them and let them
know your situation? I see you
have a phone.

SORAYA NIAZI

No I can't. They will be very
angry with me for leaving home
without my keys.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Is there a window you can climb
through, or a back door you can
open?

SORAYA NIAZI

No. They are all locked from the
inside.

He stops the car at the side of the road.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

You can stay at my house if you
like?

SORAYA NIAZI

Are you married?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Yes, I am married actually. But I suppose I'll be able to explain to my wife why I brought you home with me tonight.

SORAYA NIAZI

But I don't want you to get into any trouble with your wife if she sees me.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Well, I really don't know what else to do with you, unless you want me to take you to a police station. You can sleep in a cell for the night.

SORAYA NIAZI

What about hotel? I will pay you back tomorrow when my employers arrive home.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(deliberates)

Actually, you can stay on our barge.

SORAYA NIAZI

Oh, thank you so much. You are so kind.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

I'll explain everything to my wife tomorrow.

SORAYA NIAZI

Will it be okay? She won't mind?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

She'll understand.

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

He ushers along and onto the boat.

INT. SULA BULA - NIGHT

He switches on a lamp.

Soraya Niazi throws herself down on a three seater sofa as he stands over her.

SORAYA NIAZI

This is so cosy. I like it. It's nice.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

OK. I've got to go now. Just don't open the door. Make yourself at home. My wife will be down in the morning. You can explain everything to her when she gets here.

SORAYA NIAZI

No. Please stay with me. I'm afraid someone will come and do something to me. I don't want to be alone on a strange boat.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

You'll be fine. No one will bother you. Just don't open the door if they do.

She gets up and grabs his arm, then pulls him down next to her. He begins to kiss her face and her lips.

She attempts to push him away as he becomes more excited.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS (CONT'D)

(forcefully)

C'mon then if this is what you really want me to do. I'll give it to you, no problem.

SORAYA NIAZI

(resists)

No! Please! Stop! I don't want this! I didn't mean like this!

He undoes his flies and pulls down her slacks, then pins her down on the sofa and inserts himself inside her.

SORAYA NIAZI (CONT'D)

(fearfully)

Oh please, please stop! This is not what I meant! I don't want this! Please get off me! I'm sorry. Please stop!

He finishes.

She manages to wriggle her way out from underneath his weight on top of her. She quickly exits the boat.

DCI Grayson Fields opens his eyes and quickly jumps to his feet and pulls up his trousers.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS
Shit! Fuck! Come back here!

He goes after her.

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

He finally catches up with her beneath a hump bridge.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS (CONT'D)
Hey-hey! Come back to the boat. I
won't hurt you anymore. Please
come back. It's fine. It's over
now.

She sobs as he pulls her back by the shoulder, then puts his hand over her mouth as she attempts to scream.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS (CONT'D)
Stop doing that!

His POV: A discarded plastic shopping bag.

He drags her down to the ground, then grabs the bag and sticks it over her head until she loses consciousness and becomes unresponsive.

He spots her discarded phone, then lobs it into the canal.

SPLASH!

CU: The phone sinks to the bottom.

BACK TO SCENE.

POV: Soraya Niazi lies unconscious. Her head covered with the plastic bag

END FLASHBACK.

Kicker and Johnson take their seats again.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

How did you find out it was me?

KICKER

I had a data search carried out of your hard drive. the one that you used to delete certain files. Everything we needed was on there.

JOHNSON

What have you got to say for yourself, Mr Fields?

A protracted silence as he rocks back and forth in his seat.

KICKER

Why did you have to kill her?

GRAYSON

Because she just wouldn't shut up! I begged her to be quiet, but she wouldn't.

JOHNSON (ASIDE)

(mutters)

Sure.

GRAYSON

Look, I love my wife! If she ever found out what I did to that girl she'd never speak to me again.

JOHNSON

I'm not surprised. You're a monster.

KICKER

Why did you have to leave her body lying there like that? That was a very stupid thing to do for a high ranking detective such as yourself.

GRAYSON

It all happened so quickly. I just wanted to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen. And then I just saw the mist. I couldn't stop myself from what I did to her. She drove me to it.

The solicitor taps his confession out on his iPad.

KICKER

(to Johnson)

OK. Take him to the duty sergeant
and charge him.

GRAYSON

(pleads)

No-no-no-no! You can't let me go,
somebody is trying to kill me.

JOHNSON

No one is letting you go.

KICKER

Who?

GRAYSON

They came to my house tonight to
kill me. They want to finish me
off. Someone is leaking
information to them. I'm a dead
man.

KICKER

Best you plead guilty to Soraya
Niazi's murder, then?

GRAYSON

Yes! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

KICKER

You disgusting, depraved human
being.

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

Emva Niazi walks along the path.

He spots Molly stepping off Sula Bula. He observes her, then
follows her towards her vehicle.

He grabs her from behind.

EMVA

Where is your husband.

MOLLY

Who are you? They've taken him.

EMVA

Who?

MOLLY

The police.

EMVA

Where they have taken him?

MOLLY

I don't know!

He lets her go, then rushes back towards his vehicle and drives off.

She stumbles back to the canal path and fills her pockets with stones, before she lowers herself into the water and doesn't reappear.

Beat.

Blue lights flash at the scene where Molly's dead body has resurfaced. She is dragged out of the water by uniformed police OFFICERS.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Johnson is led towards a cell where Grayson lies upon the bed.

JOHNSON

(soberly)

Grayson.

GRAYSON

Oh, go away. I've nothing more to say to you.

JOHNSON

I'm not here to question you, Mr Fields.

Grayson climbs off the bed and stares at him in dismay.

GRAYSON

Have you caught the person who tried to kill me?

JOHNSON

No we havenae.

GRAYSON

What is it, then?

JOHNSON

It's Molly.

GRAYSON

You leave my wife out of this!
She's done nothing!

JOHNSON

I'm afraid her body was pulled
out of the canal early this
morning. We believe she must have
taken her own life. She was found
with stones in her pockets.

GRAYSON

(mortified)

What?

He breaks down and sobs.

JOHNSON

I'm really very sorry to be
bearer of such bad news. She was
a lovely person. You didn't
deserve her.

GRAYSON

Leave me alone! This is all your
fault! You've caused all of this,
you bastards! Just go away! Leave
me alone to grieve!

JOHNSON

We are all very sorry.

Johnson deliberately drops a RAZOR BLADE inside the cell as
Grayson laments.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Do the right thing.

Johnson walks off. Grayson holds his head in his hands and
continues to sob.

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kicker shares biltong with DCI Nunn.

NUNN

Congratulations are in order.
That was very efficient. Well
done.

KICKER

Thanks. But it wasn't that
difficult once we established the
missing files.

NUNN

You and Johnson make a good team.
I'll let the Super know my
thoughts.

KICKER

I don't know how it wasn't
spotted by one of the team
working on the case. It was
staring right at me. A blank
file. The CCTV footage, and the
semen. How on earth did he get
away with it for so long, I
wonder?

(pauses)

You just get that feeling
don'tcha? It comes over you like
a great white wave.

NUNN

(agape)

Wow! Where did that come from,
Kicker? I never had you down as
being philosophical. Have you
been reading Aristotle, or
someone?

KIKI

(grins)

It's the biltong. I don't read
anything, except witness
statements.

NUNN

I wish it had that effect on me.

They share a chuckle.

INT. WHITE LEOPARD CLUB - NIGHT

Kicker and Nancy sit at a table with a bottle of bubbly as they watch Shelley Peters slide down the pole.

NANCY

She's amazing, isn't she?

KICKER

She's hot.

NANCY

Alright! Calm down! I know you still fancy her.

Shelley Peters looks over and smiles as she positions herself upside down.

KICKER

Don't be silly. We go back a long way. We worked undercover as pole dancers at some dodgy club owned by a drug dealer.

NANCY

You've never told me that.

KICKER

I know I haven't. It makes my stomach churn when I think about it. The thought of that man. He put a price on my head, before he was murdered.

NANCY

You're kidding?

KICKER

No, I'm not. It was scary.

They drink and watch Shelley Peters performance at the pole.

NANCY

Do you still like her, then?

KIKI

Yes. But not like that. We had each others backs.

NANCY

She was fried liver, then.

KICKER

I never threw her under the bus
if that's what you're getting at,
Nancy.

NANCY

Are you indebted to her, then?

KICKER

I am. She did time on my behalf.

NANCY

You're not going to let her come
between us, are you?

KICKER

No, of course not. We're going to
be just good friends now, though.
And I want her to be your friend
too.

NANCY

I hope you mean that, Kicker.

KICKER

I do. One-hundred percent. I love
you, Nancy Burrows.

Nancy raises her glass and grins.

NANCY

Touche!

KICKER

What are you like?

They kiss as Shelley Peters swings her legs around the pole
and smiles at them.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Grayson lies on the bed with his eyes wide open as blood
drips from his sliced wrists to create a small puddle on the
floor.

EXT. WINE BAR - SUNNY DAY

Kicker and Shelley share a bottle of prosecco as they sit at
a bistro table. They wear shades and soak up the sunshine.

SHELLEY

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

KICKER

I know. I'm feeling nostalgic.

SHELLEY

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

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

Me too.

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

No. Why?

KICKER

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

SHELLEY

Oh really?

KICKER

Yeah. They want me to speak to
the father of the victim- Soraya
Niazi.

SHELLEY

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

KICKER

I know. I think it's a kinda reward for closing the file. Anyway, I was wondering if you'd like to come with me? We can make a short break of it. It'll only be for three nights- two whole days with the flight times, I guess.

SHELLEY

(aback)

What about Nancy? She's your wife. Haven't you asked her?

KICKER

No, I haven't. I'm not going to either. I'd like to spend some time with you for standing by me, you know? C'mon... it'll be fun.

SHELLEY

You don't owe me anything, Kicker. We did what we did. Besides, I did the deed, right?

(pauses)

I still feel myself looking over my shoulder.

KICKER

I'm the same. I'm a fucking paranoid wreck. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of night sweating profusely. Nancy thinks I'm a neurotic.

SHELLEY

Oh no she doesn't!

KICKER

She does. I'm on beta blockers.

SHELLEY

Do they even work?

KICKER

Not all the time.

Short silence as they drink.

SHELLEY

I'd love to come to Kaleche with
you. It'll be just like old
times. For a few days at least.

KICKER

It will.
(toast)
Let's drink to that.

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

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

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

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

PILLION RIDER

(male voice)

GO! GO! GO!

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

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

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

INT. LOCK-UP - SUNNY DAY

Mechanic climbs off the motorcycle. He pulls off his helmet
and quickly slips out of his leathers.

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

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

BETHANY

About time they got their
comeuppance.

MECHANIC

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

BETHANY

Yes.

(pauses)

Are you sure you got 'em both?

MECHANIC

Yep. Two each. One up, one down.

She hands him a brown package.

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

BETHANY

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

MECHANIC

Yeah.

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

EXT. WINE BAR - SUNNY DAY

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

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

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

PARAMEDIC#2

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

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

FADE OUT.

BLOOD IN THE WATER