

The Bigger The Storm

written by

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Kiki 2

FADE IN:

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Wig and gowns furnish a packed arena.

Seated in the dock, Defendants KIKI CARRUTHERS and SHELLEY PETERS. Two WARDENS stand directly behind them.

KRIS SAVVA and his distraught, but glamorous wife HELEN are seated behind the prosecution's LEGAL TEAM.

DCI MUST, DS JAMES JOHNSON, and DI STEVE PEARSON are seated behind them.

FAMILY and FRIENDS congregate in the public gallery alongside PRESS.

The bespectacled JUDGE looks over the rim of his glasses as he turns to the Defendants.

JUDGE

Would the defendant's please stand.

They get to their feet with bated breath.

JUDGE /

Will the jury foreperson please rise.

FOREPERSON 60's gets to her feet.

JUDGE /

In the case of the Crown versus Shelley Peters have you reached your verdict?

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?

The court room quietens to the sound of a pin drop.

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

A cacophony of cheers erupt inside the public gallery.

Detectives and their teams high-five.

JUDGE

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

She wipes her eyes as she sobs.

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

JUDGE /

Take her down.

She's promptly removed from the courtroom by the warden.

He turns back to the Foreperson.

JUDGE /

In the case of the Crown versus Kiki Carruthers have you reached a verdict?

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 moment's silence.

FOREPERSON

Not guilty.

Murmurs of discontent from the public gallery as an elated Kiki Carruthers looks up at the public gallery agape.

The Prosecution shake their heads in dismay.

JUDGE

Kiki Carruthers you have been
found not guilty by the Crown.
You are now free to go.

Kris Savva snarls and bears a deathly glare towards her.

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

PAPARAZZI congregate by the exit.

Kiki Carruthers exits the building with her Legal Team.

She's encroached by a TV REPORTER while PHOTOGRAPHERS flash
their cameras and REPORTERS move in with their microphones at
the ready.

REPORTER

(rushed)

Kiki? Kiki? Do you feel
vindicated?

She looks into the camera and sighs her relief.

KIKI

Yes. I've said all along I wasn't
guilty of David Savva's murder.
The jury believed that.

REPORTER

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

KIKI

Like I've said, the only reason
my fingerprints were found to be
on that segment of pavement was
because I believed it was
obstructing the path to the lift.
I simply put it back inside the
pavement. Who wouldn't have done
the same?

REPORTER

What will you do now? Will you
ask to be reinstated in the
police service?

KIKI

Yes. Now please excuse me. I've
said all I'm going to say before
I speak to my lawyer.

She hails a passing taxi and quickly climbs in, away from the
baying press.

INT. BANQUETING SUITE - NIGHT

Kris Savva stands in a bib and tucker at the head of a solid
oak dining table. He clutches a glass of bubbly. His wife
Helen seated next to him.

At the table are a selected group of friends that consist of
his confidant - DS James Johnson and his Thai wife, RUTH 30.

His driver/henchman CHARLES WELLMAN (50's) Aka (DOG)

Opposite him his BRIEF, along with his bearded HUSBAND
(30's).

Three elderly members of the BROTHERHOOD with their WIVES.

Helen gives him a nudge, so he taps his crystal glass with a
butter knife to get their undivided attention.

The room quietens.

KRIS

(gruffly)

Thank you all for coming this
evening. As some of you know this
will be the last dinner party
that I'll be hosting. Well, in
this country anyway.

A momentary murmur as his guest's absorb his statement of
fact.

KRIS /

No, seriously, I really do appreciate you coming here tonight. To be honest I wasn't sure if most of you would turn up after everything that's been going on over the last few months.

(thoughtful pause)

As you know, you all mean the fucking world to me. But I s'pose you knew that anyway, otherwise, you wouldn't have been invited in the first place.

Murmurs.

KRIS /

As you know, I have never been disrespectful, or ashamed of where I came from. Some of you know I was actually raised in one room in an east end slum. God only knows how I ended up here.

He looks up at the crystal chandelier and smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KIKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Kiki finishes to pack a suitcase, before she picks up the phone and makes a call.

KIKI

(on phone)

I'd like a cab to City Airport, please. Postcode N10 7FD. Number Fourteen. Thank you.

BACK TO:

BANQUETING SUITE:

Kris Savva stands at the head of the table and continues his farewell speech.

KRIS

But I can tell you something for nothing, it wasn't handed to me on a plate. That you can be certain of. And I didn't win it in a raffle either. I got here through hard graft and selling things. A love of money. But also knowing where to invest has been key to building my own 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 to society in more ways than one.

(pauses)

But I never would've guessed that 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 he was. It just goes to show that you can never take anything for granted in this world. And I know 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 /

Overall, I s'pose I shouldn't complain because this country has been kind to me in other ways.

(reflects)

Many of you know me as a man who doesn't suffer fools. But me and Helen are going to put all that behind us when we take on a new way of life next month... away from the bright lights and the darkness of our recent memories here in Britain. We're going to be taking life a lot easier from now on, and hopefully do the things that what ever time we have left will let us do. But I will continue to support those charities that are close to my heart.

He raises his glass as Helen stands up.

KRIS /

That just leaves me to say thank you to you all and good luck!

They rise from their seats and raise a toast.

He acknowledges their applause as a tearful Helen proudly takes his arm.

INT. CITY AIRPORT BOARDING GATE - NIGHT

Kiki shows her boarding pass and passport to Air France SECURITY STAFF, before she boards her plane.

BACK TO:

BANQUETING SUITE.

Kris approaches Dog as they stand by a huge Georgian window. He is a big and burly type with wild eyes. He has a flat nose and short cropped hair.

He puts his arm over his shoulder as he takes him to one side.

KRIS

I want you to do me a huge favour. I'll see you're alright, don't worry.

DOG

Yeah, sure, Kris. What is it?

KRIS

That red head detective, Carruthers You know the one I mean?

DOG

Yeah. She was cleared of murdering your son, I know.

KRIS

That's right. I want justice for my David.

DOG

Leave her to me, Kris.

KRIS

Good.

INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD P.H - NIGHT

A busy night as rockabilly SHANE BURROWS 31 bangs out **The Boys Are Back In Town - by Thin Lizzy.**

Propped up against the bar bespectacled DEV BAKSHI 28. He gulps a pint then takes strides towards the-

GENT'S TOILET.

He enters the third cubicle where a BROWN PACKAGE is safely tucked behind the system. He grabs the package then checks its contents.

CU: A bundle of cash in high denominations.

He swaps the package for a smaller PACKAGE which he slides into the same place.

He washes his hands and splashes water on his face, then attempts to use the broken hand dryer, so grabs some tissue from inside the cubicle to dry himself.

Beat.

DEV BAKSHI

(on phone)

It's done.

He ends the call then returns to the-

BAR.

Shane continues to rock the mic as he bangs out his own version of **The Killers** hit song **Mr. Brightside**.

Dev Bakshi takes out a cigarette before he exits.

With his long sideburns and his guitar strapped over his shoulders Shane's applauded as he leaps off the stage and skips towards -

GENT'S TOILET.

He takes a leak using the urinal, then washes his hands. He enters the third cubicle then bends down to grab some toilet tissue.

His POV: THE PACKAGE.

With caution he closes the door, then grabs the Package. He tears it open to look inside.

CU: WHITE POWDER.

He dips his finger into the substance and wipes his gums.

SHANE -

Charlie.

He quickly wraps toilet tissue around the package, then slips it down his pants.

BAR.

He reenters and approaches ponytailed MILAN BIRCH 24, as he plays pool. He gestures to him with a nod and a wink and together they exit the pub.

EXT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD - NIGHT

As they do so they brush past the awesome figure of Kris who marches purposefully towards the-

GENT'S TOILET.

He searches each cubicle for the package.

CU: CREDIT CARD on cubicle floor.

He picks up the card and studies the name stamped across the front.

CU: SHANE BURROWS.

He storms out with gritted teeth.

INT. MILAN'S CAR - NIGHT

With the package open Milan makes a line then snorts it off his wrist.

SHANE

What'd ya think?

MILAN

Oh bruv, it's pukka. How much you asking?

SHANE

I dunno. What's the going rate?

MILAN

I'll give ya five big ones, cash.

SHANE

Five K?

MILAN

Yeah, alright bruv.

SHANE

Done.

Handshake.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kris marches towards his Bentley parked close by. He stops to make a call.

YETI

(on phone)

Are you taking the fucking piss-
?It's not there-! Where the fuck
is my Charlie-? I told you it's
not fuckin' there-! Well I'm
tellin' you-! If you're trying to
fuck me over, Bakshi, you're
making a fucking mistake- I don't
care who the fuck you are-! No
one rips me off, you cunt-
(reflects)

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Shane and Milan when they brush past him.

END FLASHBACK.

KRIS /

Hang on a sec. I think I might
have an idea who took it. I'll
call ya back later.

He ends the call then marches back towards the pub.

BACK TO:

MILAN'S CAR.

MILAN

Where'd ya get it?

SHANE

I found it in the bogs. Hidden
behind one of the toilets.

MILAN

Aw fair enough. Come to twenty-
three Audley Close in the morning
and I'll weigh you off.

SHANE

Cool.

MILAN

And bruv, don't worry. I've
gotcha back if there's any
comebacks. I've gotta take it
now, though.

SHANE

Sure.

Shane climbs out of the vehicle and walks back towards the pub.

He stops in his tracks as a thick cloud of cigar smoke wafts directly into his space, then disperses into the atmosphere.

KRIS

Alright son?

SHANE

(cautiously)

Yes thanks.

Kris sniffs the air and snarls.

KRIS

You're Shane Burrows, right?

SHANE

Yeah. That's right.

Kris shows him the bank card.

KRIS

You dropped this in the boozier.

SHANE

Oh thanks.

He goes to snatch it back. Kris grabs his hand tightly then grabs him round the throat.

SHANE /

(fearfully)

What's going on?!

KRIS

(measuredly)

Now stay there and don't fuckin' move, or I'll break your neck.

SHANE

Alright! Alright!

KRIS

No one rips me off.

The driver - Dog quickly climbs out of the Bentley and races around to punch Shane hard in the abdomen.

He buckles before he's frogmarched and thrown into the back of the vehicle.

Dog climbs behind the wheel and belts up. Kris climbs in and turns towards Shane curled up on the back seat.

INT. BENTLEY.

KRIS

Where's my Charlie?

SHANE

I haven't got it, I swear, I haven't got it.

His eyes bulge with fear.

KRIS

Now buckle up and stop panicking.
We're going for a little ride.

Beat.

A topographical view shows the Bentley leaving town.

INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD - CONT'D

Shane's wife NANCY BURROWS 30's pops her head inside the door. She's a pixie blonde with a small round face.

She looks around the busy bar for Shane when she spots tattooed guitarist TAT 30's standing at the bar with punk, leather clad JOSETTE 20's.

Nancy squeezes her way through the cliques of drinkers and approaches Tat. He shows his surprise to see her.

TAT

Alright babe. Where's Shane? I looked around and he was gone. I've got his wedge.

He hands her some cash in notes. She acknowledges Josette with a faint smile.

NANCY

Thanks. I'll give it to him.
(worriedly)
That's what I wanna know.

TAT

He must've finished his gig and left.

NANCY

It's not like him, is it?

TAT

Not really.

(sighs)

Can I get you a drink?

NANCY

No thanks, Tat. I better go.
Thanks anyway.

She exits.

EXT. HIGH BEECH WOODS - NIGHT

Shane stands shivering in just his boxers. Dog stands menacingly behind him as Kris swings a baseball bat like a pendulum.

KRIS

How dare you sell my gear to some ponce! You'll owe me fifty grand if I don't get my Charlie back.

Shane suddenly makes a run for it and darts through the woods with Dog on his heels.

KRIS /

Don't let him get away!

The chase continues as Dog closes the gap when Shane trips and falls flat on his face. Dog drags him up by the scruff.

DOG

(growls)

You cheeky fucker.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Nancy walks along the busy high road. She wears a black leather bomber, a yellow patterned summer dress and sneakers.

The place rowdy with Saturday night revellers as fancy convertibles cruise to the sound of thumping breakbeats, while groups of young drinkers sing out at the top of their voices.

She takes in the raucous activity, before she turns the corner and walks up a quiet leafy hill towards home.

She suddenly hears footsteps behind her. She quickens her step as HAKAM MAHMOOD 22 begins to wolf whistle.

BACK TO:

WOODS:

Kris brings the baseball bat down upon Shane then follows up with another to the ribcage.

Shane yelps and falls down upon the earth in a crumpled heap.

Kris then turns him over and lands a heavy punch to his jaw.

KRIS

(to Dog)

Tie him to that fuckin' tree then
let's get outta here before we
get bogged in.

BACK TO:

STREET:

Nancy continues to walk home, but her legs begin to buckle beneath her.

He's only metres behind. They walk in sync.

Moments later he breathes into the back of her neck and hisses.

HAKAM

Pss.

Tears begin to roll from her eyes. Her bottom lip trembles.

HAKAM /

(patwa)

Wah gwaan.

NANCY -

(quietly)

My God, somebody help me.

Finally she plucks up the courage and turns to confront him.

Her POV: His large face and bulbous nose. Cleft lip, unshaven, and devious black eyes that penetrate.

HAKAM

(chillingly)

Nuh romp wid mi, little piggy.

NANCY

Look, who the fuck are you?!
What'd you want from me?! And why
the fuck are you following me?!

He stares back at her brazenly, before he looks around to see if they're alone. He lunges towards her and grabs her by the throat.

She gasps and tries desperately to fight him off, but he's too strong and brutal as he drags her with his nine-inch blade stuck firmly into her abdomen.

She acquiesces as he pulls her off the pavement and along a narrow path.

HAKAM

Make one sound and I'll wet you
up, d' ya get me little piggy?

He forces her behind a high wall that separates the path from the trees, before he lifts up her dress, then rips her knickers off with his knife.

NANCY -

Oh please don't hurt me, I beg
you.

HAKAM

Mi nuh bizniz, bitch. I'll cutcha
if you make a sound.

Petrified, she resists her frantic attempts to fight him off as he forces her up against the wall.

He covers her mouth to stop her screams as he drops his chinos.

When he loosens his grip she finally takes her opportunity and locks her teeth deep into his hand with every ounce of determination and strength she possesses.

He yelps his pain as she races away from him.

HAKAM /
YOU BITCH!

He pulls up his chinos and scarpers.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

With her dress ripped, Nancy stumbles through the front door, and rushes up the stairs towards the-

BATHROOM

She runs the shower as she rips off her clothes, before she kneels under the sprinkle of water and sobs.

BACK TO:

WOODS:

CU: Shane stands bound and gagged while tied to a tree.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Kiki sits at a table with a mug of coffee. Opposite her distinguished father - DOMINIC 68. He has a good head of grey hair and wears a clean white shirt.

KIKI
So, how is she?

DOMINIC
Oh, she's fine.

KIKI
Still on the wagon?

DOMINIC
Yes, she is, surprisingly.

KIKI
She'll never forgive me, will she?

DOMINIC
You should visit her.

KIKI
I can't face her.

DOMINIC

Well, maybe you should go and see her before you leave. She wants to see you. It's been too long. Old wounds do heal you know.

KIKI

I haven't got time. I've got to get back to work.

DOMINIC

Maybe next time, then?

KIKI

Yeah. Maybe. But only if we go together.

He passes her a warm smile.

DOMINIC

OK. I do love you, Kiki. Just stay out of trouble. You've always had that fire in your belly. You're very much like me you know. Just stay on the right side of the fence this time.

KIKI

I will.

She gets up and hugs him.

INT. BENTLEY. - NIGHT

Dog sits behind the wheel as Kris smokes cigar in passenger seat.

KRIS

What's happening with the detective?

DOG

She's out of the country, Kris.

KRIS

I know she is. She'll be back next week according to Johnson. You can do it then. No one kills my boy and gets away with it.

DOG

Sure.

They climb out of the car and heads towards a block of flats.

EXT/INT. 23 AUDLEY SQUARE - DAY

Kris bangs his fist hard on the door. Dog grits his teeth and stands ready to pounce.

A whistling Milan Birch carelessly opens the door.

MILAN

(eyes rolling)

Yeah. Can I help ya, bruv?

Kris snarls and lunges at him.

KRIS

Yeah! My Charlie, you cunt! Where is it?

Dog pounces as they force him back inside.

MILAN

(cowardly)

What?! What?! What you fuckin' talkin' 'bout, bruv?!

Kris grabs him around the chops to shut him down.

KRIS

I asked you nicely. Now where's my gear?

He lets go of him. Milan immediately leads them to the opened package.

MILAN

(weakly)

It's here, bruv. It's all here.

KRIS

It's been opened.

MILAN

Yeah I know. I'm sorry. I took a couple of lines. I can pay ya for-

KRIS

-Well I'm not so sorry.
(to Dog)
Bite him.

Milan screams as Dog grabs hold of him by the head and bites his ear off.

INT. DCI BROOKES OFFICE - DAY

With her hair tied back, Kiki stands to attention while DCI BROOKE studies her file on his computer.

He turns to her and bears a serious expression upon his weathered face.

DCI BROOKE

I really cannot fathom just how you have wormed your way back into the service, Carruthers. But the powers that be have decided you should be given another chance to prove yourself.

KIKI

Thank you, sir.

DCI BROOKE

You have been seconded to a station in Loughton, Essex. And you will remain there during your probationary period. Your position as a Detective Constable has been removed. And if I hear of any irregularities during your time there it will be the end for you permanently. I will make sure you never work in the police service again. Now get out of my office!

She quickly exits.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Kiki sits at a table next to South African DS MILLIE NUNN 40's. Her hair plaited, and she chews biltong as she sifts through mugshots of certain people of interest.

CU: An image of bespectacled Dev Bakshi taken from a distance shows his short cropped hair and Mediterranean appearance.

DS NUNN

Dev Bakshi. Known through his connection to Kris Savva.

She shows her an image of pale skinned Kris Savva

DS NUNN /

He's known in certain circles as Yeti, because of his size and mullet. But by all accounts he's not a person to cross.

(pauses)

We've had both of them under obs for some time, but they've been keeping a low profile so we know something big is on the horizon.

(pauses)

Bakshi has just returned from a trip to Portugal where we know he has links to a drug cartel in Lisbon.

(pauses)

He has Portuguese heritage.

KIKI

I know him personally. I was accused of murdering his son David.

DS NUNN

I know you were, and congratulations for proving them wrong.

KIKI

Thanks.

DS NUNN

He's leaving Britain for Cyprus in two weeks which should make you feel a lot easier.

KIKI

(sighs)

I didn't murder his son.

DS NUNN

From what I'm hearing, he doesn't see it that way. You might need to watch your back. Apparently, DS Johnson has it on good authority that there's a price on your head.

KIKI

Thanks for the heads up.

DS NUNN

Anyway, let's not get bogged down with that right now. You're here to help me catch these two in the act.

KIKI

Why, what's he up to now?

DS NUNN

He might have sold Tiffany's, but he's still in the Cocaine loop.

KIKI

A leopard never changes its spots, does it?

DS NUNN

This one won't.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Telephone rings on the bedside table while she sleeps

She opens her eyes and throws out a lazy hand to grab the phone.

She brings the receiver to her ear, then listens to the official voice at the other end of the line.

INTERCUT:

DUTY OFFICER and Nancy.

DUTY OFFICER

(on phone)

Am I speaking to the spouse of Shane Burrows?

NANCY
(wipes eyes)

Yes.

She sits up.

DUTY OFFICER
I'm calling to let you know he's
currently at Whipps Cross
Hospital. Do you know where that
is?

NANCY
Yes... What's he doing there?

DUTY OFFICER
I've been informed that you'll
find him in the ICU ward.

NANCY
But what's happened to him?

DUTY OFFICER
I think it might be better if you
speak to somebody when you get
over there.

NANCY
OK.

END INTERCUT.

She discards the phone, then climbs out of bed in her nighty.

BATHROOM.

She looks at her puffy reflection in the cabinet mirror and
winces when she feels the contusion to her cheekbone.

INT. ICU WARD - LIT

She immediately notices Shane lying helplessly upon the
hospital bed. His jaw held by a cage whilst heavily sedated
and covered head to toe in bandages.

She gasps and goes to his bedside.

NANCY
Oh my God, Shane. Who did this to
you?

She covers her mouth as she bursts into tears.

NANCY /
What have they done to you?

A young WARD NURSE enters.

The Ward Nurse in a striped uniform looks at her vacantly and shakes her head.

NANCY /
Oh Shane, what have they done to
you?

She stands over him and sobs.

NANCY /
Oh Shane.

A DOCTOR quietly enters and shows her a sympathetic smile.

DOCTOR
Hi. You must be a relative, yes?

NANCY
I'm his wife.

DOCTOR
If you'd like to follow me I can
explain his condition to you.

NANCY
OK.

She follows him out of the room and along a corridor to an-
OFFICE.

DOCTOR
Please, take a seat.

They sit down at a small wooden desk. He studies her
carefully.

DOCTOR /
The most important thing I should
tell you is that Shane has
suffered a minor, non-life
threatening fracture to his
skull.

NANCY

What does that mean, exactly?

DOCTOR

It means, he's in a serious, but stable condition. There really isn't anything to be overly concerned about at this stage, apart from the fracture to his jawbone, and a couple of fractured ribs, all of which will heal in time with some strong painkillers. He should be able to leave hospital in a week or so, all being well.

NANCY

D' you know who did this to him?

DOCTOR

The police informed us that they were called to High Beech where he'd been found tied to a tree by a dog walker.

NANCY

Oh no. Poor Shane.

She cries. The Doctor hands her a tissue, before she runs back to the ICU ward and sits with him.

NANCY /

I love you so much, Shane
Burrows. Be strong for me.

(sobs)

If only you knew how much I need
you right now.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kiki stands and waits for the traffic to ease before she crosses the carriageway.

When she sees it is clear, she steps across the road. Half way across she drops her phone. She bends down to reach for it when a 4X4 hurls towards her.

Like a cat caught in a headlight she screams as she attempts to clear the carriageway, but the vehicle clips her shoulder and she spins and falls down onto the pavement in a heap.

She clutches her shoulder as a passing GENTLEMAN comes to assist her.

GENTLEMAN

Are you hurt?

KIKI

(grimacing)

Yes. It's my shoulder.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT:

Beneath a pitch black sky the newly installed night vision surveillance cameras film Dev Bakshi and FOUR ASSAILANTS dressed in dark clothing as they climb over the wrought-iron gates.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU: Kris's iPhone lights up and beeps as he and Helen sleep peacefully.

WHIRRING ALARM.

He begins to stir and shifts inside the sheets.

A dark SHADOW appears inside the room as he opens his eyes and quickly throws up his arms in an attempt to climb out of bed.

Dev Bakshi smashes him over the head with the crowbar which causes him to slump back as he yells and screams.

KRIS

YOU CUNT! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!

Helen lifts her head and quickly switches on the side lamp.

She watches in horror while the Assailant continuously plunges a knife into her husband's neck, chest and abdomen.

Her screams are muted as she's knocked to the floor by the force of a punch across her skull.

Kris gasps as every ounce of breath drains from his body and he lies slumped across the bloodied mattress.

DEV BAKSHI -

No one threatens me, you piss of
shit!

INT. PRISON HALL - DAY

Kiki wears a sling over her shoulder as she waits at a table inside a large noisy hall. She is soon joined by girlfriend SHELLEY PETERS.

They kiss before they sit down.

SHELLEY

What happened to you?

KIKI

Don't ask, but they failed.

SHELLEY

Kris?

KIKI

I think so.

(pauses)

Anyway, how are you coping with it in here?

SHELLEY

Not well.

KIKI

Have you heard anything from the appeal board yet?

SHELLEY

No. Nothing yet.

KIKI

I'm sure you'll hear something soon.

SHELLEY

How did you manage to pull it off?

KIKI

A plausible explanation.

SHELLEY

I always knew you were smart, Kiki.

(pauses)

So they've let you back in, then?

KIKI

Yeah. Last chance saloon.

SHELLEY

Well good luck with it. I was never cut out for it really, was I?

KIKI

You were great - Snow Leopard.

SHELLEY

Medusa. Idiotic names weren't they?

They chuckle in unison.

SHELLEY /

But we had a laugh, didn't we?

KIKI

Sliding up and down those poles, of course we did.

SHELLEY

Yeah.

A protracted silence.

SHELLEY /

I did it for you.

KIKI

I know you did, and that's why I want to help you get out of here asap.

SHELLEY

How? I'm as guilty as sin. He wasn't worth it.

KIKI

I know he wasn't. No man is.

SUPER. SIX WEEKS LATER.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Nancy sits on the sofa and reads messages on her iPhone.

NANCY

D' you need any help, Shane?

SHANE O.S

You can open the wine if you like.

KITCHEN.

He applies pasta to a serving dish, then pours over Arrabiata sauce.

LOUNGE.

She opens a bottle of red, then creeps up the stairs.

BATHROOM.

She produces a pregnancy test kit and studies it carefully.

NANCY -

Shit!

She gazes at her pale reflection in the mirror, then bursts into tears.

SHANE O.S /

It's ready babe.

LOUNGE.

He enters with the bowl of food. She joins him at the dining table.

He notices her mascara smudged and shows his concern.

SHANE /

What's wrong babe?

A protracted silence as they begin to eat.

SHANE /

Have you been crying?

She looks across the table at him. Her eyes glazed and suffused.

NANCY

No. I've been taking off my mascara.

SHANE

OK.

They continue to eat and drink in silence, before he studies her from across the table.

SHANE /
Can I ask you a question?

She gazes down at her half eaten meal.

NANCY
Go on.

SHANE
Did something happened while I
was in hospital? Did anybody come
to the house?

He focuses his eyes upon her, but she refuses to look at him.

NANCY
Yes.

SHANE
So are you going to tell me who,
then?

She covers her face and begins to sob.

He climbs to his feet and consoles her.

SHANE /
What happened? Tell me, Nancy.

She looks into his eyes and yells.

NANCY
Some bastard tried to rape me!

SHANE
What, here?!

She becomes hysterical as she breaks down in his arms.

He's speechless as he holds her tightly.

NANCY
No! I wasn't going to say
anything, but I couldn't-

SHANE
-Where, then?

NANCY

England's Lane.

SHANE

What were you doing up there?

NANCY

Looking for you! I was worried when you didn't message me.

SHANE

Shit! I'm sorry.

She pushes him away.

NANCY

No! Stop! You don't understand! It wasn't like what you think! He didn't actually rape me. He tried to but I got away before he could do it.

SHANE

I'm really sorry.

NANCY

He - he just wanted to humiliate me.

SHANE

Why didn't you go to the police?

NANCY

I couldn't. I couldn't go through all that. I wasn't going to tell anyone. I haven't decided what to do yet. You're the only one I've told. I can live with it if you can.

SHANE

Of course I can live it. I love you. Of course I can live with it.

NANCY

You would understand if it'd happened to you.

SHANE

I know. I know. And I'm so sorry.
You're right it is my fault. I
should've texted you at least.

INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - DAY:

Nancy slips out of her pink uniform, then collects her coat.
She picks up a milkshake and exits.

INT. STREET - DAY

Her POV: A group of four dark pigmented DUDES strut along the
other side of the road. They posture as they drag a leg.

She gasps and stops in her tracks then pretends to look
inside a shoe shop window while she spies them through the
reflection of the glass.

She spots Hakam among them.

FLASHBACK:

His shifty eyes, cleft lip and bulbous nose when he turns his
head in her direction.

END FLASHBACK.

Feeling faint, she sits down upon a bench and monitors his
movements.

She observes him closely as he high fives, laughs and jokes,
and bobs and weaves along the high road.

She finally gets to her feet, then shadows him as he
continues to occupy the pavement on the opposite side of the
road.

They pass shops, cafés, and bars before they step into a
computer games shop.

She stands across the road and waits until he appears again.
This time alone.

She follows him, then hides behind a large tree as he closes
the door to a mid-terrace house.

She takes out her iPhone and makes a call.

NANCY

(on phone)

Shane, can you pick me up please.
I'm at Deepdale Square- I'll tell
you that when you get here-
Hurry.

She drops the phone into her pocket and stares at the house.

Beat.

A WHITE AUDI pulls up alongside her and she climbs into the
passenger seat.

INT AUDI.

SHANE

What are you doing here? What's
going on?

NANCY

I saw him. He went in number
forty-four. I watched him open
the door and go in.

SHANE

Are you sure it was him?

NANCY

Yes. He's got a distinctive walk.
And I recognised his orange
puffer jacket.

SHANE

OK. Let's go home.

NANCY

(apprehensively)

There's something else.

He looks at her with concern.

SHANE

What?

NANCY

I'm pregnant.

SHANE

(agape)

What? Are you sure?

NANCY

Yes. I'm eight weeks.

SHANE

(huge grin)

So I'm gonna be a dad?

NANCY

Yes, you are, Shane.

He hugs and kisses her with glee.

SHANE

(jubilantly)

Get in!

He sticks his foot on the gas and drives off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy sits behind the wheel as she ascends a steep leafy hill.

Her POV: Hakam walking towards her in the distance.

She squints as she moves closer to the windscreen to gauge a better look.

Her POV: He pulls his hooded jacket over his head to hide his face.

She draws closer, before she sticks her foot down on the gas and mounts the pavement.

THUMP!

CU: He hits her offside wing and bounces over the bonnet, then down onto the concrete pavement.

THUD!

In her panic she checks her rear-view mirror:

Her POV: His twisted body lies motionless as blood seeps from a head wound.

The sight of an enormous tree startles her as she struggles to find the brakes and control the steering wheel.

In time she regains control of the vehicle and continues to race up the hill without stopping, narrowly swerving the tree.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

She opens the door and steps inside the hallway. She's distraught, dishevelled and flustered. Her mascara smudged all over her face.

She sighs her relief, then falls to her knees as Shane approaches from the kitchen.

SHANE
(concerned)
What's happened?

She covers her face and bursts into tears.

He steps towards her and puts a consoling arm around her shoulders.

SHANE /
Nancy, what's happened?

She looks up at him pitifully, eyes flooded with tears.

NANCY
I've had an accident.

She buries her head in his chest.

SHANE
What... in the car?

NANCY
Yes.

SHANE
Well, are you hurt?

NANCY
Not physically, no.

SHANE
(sighs relief)
Thank God. What about the other driver?

She looks guiltily into his eyes.

NANCY

I think he's dead.

SHANE

What, you just left somebody to die without checking to see if they were okay, or phoning an ambulance?

NANCY

No, no, no. You don't understand. It's not like that. It was him, the bastard who tried to rape me. I think I've killed him. I mounted the pavement.

She looks at him pathetically. Her eyes glisten under the crystal light shade that hangs above their heads.

He lifts her to her feet.

NANCY/

There's a dent in the wing... the headlight's broken.

He helps her to her feet.

SHANE

Shit! What have you done, Nancy?

NANCY

My mind went blank. I just saw red.

SHANE

(face touch)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What if you were seen?

NANCY

I know. I'm sorry. I didn't know what to do.

SHANE

Shit! Don't worry. It is what is. I'll take it to Mustafa's garage. He'll sort it out. It'll look like new by the time he's finished with it. No one'll suspect a thing.

He kisses her cheek and holds her tightly.

SHANE /

Just as long as you're okay,
that's all that matters.

NANCY

I love you, Shane.

INTERCUT:

Nancy takes a shower.

Shane tapes up the broken headlight.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

BLUE LIGHTS flash with the road closed to traffic.

POLICE TRAFFIC COLLISION INVESTIGATORS scan the area for
clues to the fatal hit-and-run of Hakam Mahmood.

Kiki stands in conversation with DS Millie Nunn.

KIKI

Is he known?

DS NUNN

(chews biltong)

Yeah. Hakam Mahmood. He's from
the Borders Lane Estate. A known
sex offender. He did time at
Belmarsh for the attempted murder
of his ex wife.

KIKI

Oh dear.

DS NUNN

Any witnesses yet?

KIKI

Not yet. All we've got is some
broken glass from a headlight
casement and tyre tracks.
Apparently the CCTV camera up
there has been defunct for
months.

DS NUNN

You'll need to find out whose
toes he might've been treading
on, and take it from there.

KIKI

OK.

DS NUNN

Speak to his associates from the
Borders Lane estate.

KIKI

I will.

DS NUNN

And I hope you're going to follow
the letter of the law this time.
No shenanigans like your last
assignment, right?

KIKI

(irked)

Of course. But what's brought
this on all of a sudden?

DS NUNN

Honestly?

(pauses)

I can't believe they allowed you
back in. I would've thrown the
book at you if I'd been sitting
on that jury.

KIKI

Er. Excuse me if you will, but I
was found not guilty. If you've
gotta problem I'd suggest that
you take it up with the Super.

DS NUNN

I have. That's why he's giving
this one to you. I've been
assigned to the Kris Savva
murder.

KIKI

I thought?

DS NUNN

DS James Johnson?

KIKI

Well, yeah.

DS NUNN

He's been taken off the case.
They knew each other.

KIKI

Well, I could've told you that.
They're Masons. They attended the
same lodge.

She marches off. Kiki sighs and sinks within herself.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Kiki stands by a whiteboard and address's JUNIOR DETECTIVES
who stand around casually chatting.

KIKI

Right everyone, listen up please,
c'mon.

On the whiteboard there's an image of Hakam. It shows a large
gash to his forehead.

A twenty-four inch screen is rolled in on a stand and
positioned to the left of where she stands.

She proceeds to plug the TV into the wall socket behind her,
before she switches it on using a remote control.

KIKI /

Right then, let's have your
attention please.

They quieten.

KIKI /

So, what we are going to look at
today is the hit-and-run of Hakam
Mahmood.

She points towards the photo image.

CU: His blotchy skin and bulbous nose. His cleft lip shows a
deep abrasion. His eye sockets swollen.

KIKI /

It's been one whole week and there's still not a great deal of activity locating the vehicle that inflicted his fatal injuries.

(side eyes)

We do know the tyre tracks belong to a small saloon, and the headlight casement is possibly from a German made vehicle. So I want you to look out for any vehicle that has damage to the offside wing or a broken headlight casement.

(pauses)

Now, going back over the CCTV from the day he was mown down, we've come up with this revealing piece of footage. So watch carefully as these images were obtained from Tesco CCTV. Most of you will know that it's situated opposite the Ice Cream Shack where we know he'd purchased a yoghurt before his death.

She runs the clip as they shuffle about to sit down.

CU: Hakam enters the Ice Cream Shack, then minutes later exits and crosses the road. He walks towards the computer games shop and sticks his head inside the door.

She stops the clip.

KIKI /

So, after speaking to the proprietor, he tells me he would sometimes hang out there with his associates from the Borders Lane Estate.

She runs the clip again.

Hakam spoon feeds himself from a carton as he disappears behind a number twenty-nine bus as it passes. He then crosses back over the road and turns left into Shakespeare Drive.

She stops the clip.

KIKI /

From this point on, I believe he heads towards Alderton Hill where he meets his death.

(pauses)

Now watch this next piece of tape when I roll it forward by one minute.

She runs the clip.

A white Audi pulls up directly outside the Ice Cream Shack. Out pops Shane Burrows.

She pauses the clip.

KIKI /

Now, we know this person is Shane Burrows. The car is registered to his wife Nancy.

She runs the clip.

Shane rushes into the shop. Moments later she follows him outside onto the pavement where he hands her the keys to the Audi.

She goes back inside the shop as he marches off in the same direction as Hakam Mahmood and crosses the road, then looks inside the computer shop, before he crosses back over and turns left into Shakespeare Drive.

She pauses the clip.

KIKI /

I'm of the impression that he was looking for Hakam. Or maybe it's a coincidence. If not, we need to know the reason why Shane Burrows went looking for Hakam Mahmood, after dropping the car off to his wife.

INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - DAY

Nancy serves a CUSTOMER when Kiki and a JUNIOR COLLEAGUE enters.

They wait until the Customer pays for her food and leaves, before they flash their credentials.

KIKI /

Afternoon. Sorry to call in on you unannounced, but would you mind if I ask you a few questions concerning a customer you had in your shop during the evening of last Tuesday the eleventh? That would have been five-forty-five.

Nancy steps away from the counter and immediately puts her arms behind her back.

NANCY

(timidly)

What would you like to know?

Kiki produces a photo image of Hakam Mahmood and shoves it under her nose.

KIKI

D' you recognise this person?

Nancy suddenly suffers a burst of blinking as she shakes her head in denial.

NANCY

No. Sorry, I've never seen him before.

KIKI

Are you sure? Because we have footage of him purchasing a yoghurt from here that same evening. We've obtained CCTV footage and it clearly shows Hakam Mahmood entering this shop and leaving with a carton of yoghurt. Is the manager available to speak to?

NANCY

He's gone home.

KIKI

Well then, is it possible to take a look at your CCTV?

NANCY

Sure. Come through.

She opens the latch at the far end of the counter and shows them through.

KIKI

I take it everything is saved to
file?

NANCY

Yes, it is... I think.

She shows them to a small office where a 14 inch monitor
shows four different angles from inside the premises.

She rewinds the digital surveillance system back to last
Tuesday evening.

NANCY /

I'll leave it with you, shall I?

The sound of a customer entering the shop distracts her.

KIKI

Yes. Appreciated.

Nancy continues serving customers as the detectives study the
images of Hakam purchasing a yoghurt from a different female
member of staff.

Beat.

They return to the counter.

KIKI /

May I ask why you disappeared
when Hakam Mahmood entered the
premises?

NANCY

I was taking a toilet break.

She shakes her head in dismay at the question.

KIKI

(grins)

Of course you were. Sorry. How
silly of me to ask such a dumb
question.

NANCY

That's OK.

KIKI

It's Nancy, isn't it?

NANCY

Yes it is.

KIKI

May I ask you, Nancy, why did you leave the shop when your husband arrived? What was so private that you had to take him outside?

NANCY

Nothing really. He was just dropping the car keys off to me, that's all. I don't like speaking in front of the staff. I don't want them knowing my business.

KIKI

Why's that?

NANCY

(Abruptly)

Would you like your work colleagues to know about your private life?

Kiki raises a brow.

KIKI

I noticed that you collected your coat and left work dead on six that evening. Is that the time you usually finish?

NANCY

Yes. Why?

KIKI

Because the person in the photograph I showed you was the victim of a hit-and-run on Alderton Hill at approximately the same time as you finished your shift.

NANCY

Was he?

KIKI

Yes.

NANCY

I wouldn't know anything about that, sorry.

She begins to wipe down the work surfaces.

KIKI

What route did you take home that evening? Presuming you went straight home, that is.

NANCY

I do go that way sometimes, but I turn off at Borders Lane.

KIKI

So you didn't see anything out of the ordinary then?

NANCY

No I didn't.

KIKI

Are you absolutely positive, Nancy? It's very important that you remember what you saw.

NANCY

Yes. I never saw anything suspicious if that's what you mean.

KIKI

I take it that's your vehicle, parked out back... the white Audi?

NANCY

Yes it is.

KIKI

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

NANCY

No, not at all.

KIKI

Thanks. That'll be all then. And thanks for your help.

NANCY

You're welcome.

Kiki passes her a faint smile as they exit.

Nancy rushes to the washroom and bursts into tears.

INTERCUT:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Shane lies sprawled out on the sofa with a beer when the house phone rings. He sighs his irritation and pauses the television before he gets up and answers the call.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

JAMAL KHAN (24) gets fellated by a drug crazed WOMAN as he lies back in his seat behind the wheel.

He wears a baseball cap with the word CREW stamped across the brim as he speaks into a hands free microphone and smokes a spliff.

JAMAL KHAN

Wah gwaan, Bluhd.

Shane immediately becomes suspicious of the ominous tone in his voice.

SHANE

Who is this? Where'd you get this number?

He stares blankly at the television

Jamal grimaces and jerks back in his seat as her head bobs up and down on his genitalia.

JAMAL KHAN

Ouch! Bitch! Wot's wrong wit you?
I said not too rough!

Shane hears his rage at the other end of the line and shows a look of dismay.

SHANE

Look, who the fuck is this?

JAMAL KHAN
 (groans pleasurably)
 It's the Ministry of Justice,
 Bluhd.

SHANE
 Ministry of what?

JAMAL KHAN
 Justice, Bluhd. And I'm talkin'
 into your ears, innit?

SHANE
 Where'd you get this number?

JAMAL KHAN
 Never mind that, Bluhd. Just
 don't fink for one minute that I
 don't know it was you that
 bounced mi bro, innit?

Shane falls silent and digests his words.

SHANE
 I don't know whatcha talkin'
 about. Pal.

JAMAL KHAN
 And I also know your woman works
 at the Ice Cream Shack, innit? So
 I'll be seeing ya both soon,
 Bluhd... and it ain't gonna be
 pretty, d' ya get me?

SHANE
 Who is this?

JAMAL KHAN
 I know mi bro boned your missus.
 That's why you ironed him out,
 innit, Bluhd? I've been finkin'
 'bout it real hard, Bluhd. Two
 weeks now, innit?

Shane's left holding the receiver with just a dialling tone
 for company.

END INTERCUT.

INT. CAR /

Jamal closes his eyes and grins inwardly as he pushes her head down. She gains a rhythm as a message comes through on his iPhone.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Shane opens the door and grits his teeth at the sight of Kiki.

SHANE

What's it about this time?

KIKI

Hello, Shane. How are you getting on?

SHANE

Look, if you've come to view the house, you're too late, it's been sold.

KIKI

Selling up are we?

SHANE

That's right.

KIKI

Going somewhere nice?

SHANE

Look, what'd you want? I'm late for work.

KIKI

I'd just like to ask you some questions. I won't keep you too long, I promise.

SHANE

Questions about what?

KIKI

The hit-and-run of Hakam Mahmood?

SHANE

(shakes head)
Never heard of him.

KIKI

I'm sure you must've heard something.

SHANE

No.

KIKI

He was killed practically on your doorstep. We think he might've been connected your wife somehow.

SHANE

How'd you work that out?

KIKI

We think Nancy might've been raped by him some time ago. Did she tell you I've spoken to her?

SHANE

Yeah, she did, as it happens.

KIKI

And did she tell you we've seen the CCTV footage from inside the Ice Cream Shack from that same evening in question.

SHANE

Yeah.

KIKI

I know you followed him, before he was involved in that hit-and-run.

SHANE

That's bollocks. I don't even know the guy.

KIKI

It was after you dropped her car off to her that you went looking for him. And after she'd finished her shift, which was precisely fifteen minutes later, I imagine she spotted Hakam walking down Alderton Hill.

SHANE

Prove it.

KIKI

I know he raped her? You don't have to lie to me. Hakam told his colleague Jamal Khan exactly what he did to her.

SHANE

I've got no idea whatcha talking about. If you think I had anything to do with his murder, then you better arrest me.

KIKI

Did he rape her, Shane?

SHANE

No. It's all bollocks as far as I'm concerned.

He bears a gormless look as he places his hands upon his hips.

KIKI

So what about Kris Savva? He was murdered in his own bed, next to his sleeping wife.

SHANE

D'you mean Yeti, the cunt who nearly kill me?

KIKI

Yes.

SHANE

People who live by the sword, die by the sword as far as I'm concerned.

KIKI

Anyway, we know you didn't murder him. His killers were captured on his surveillance system. Dev Bakshi thought he was grassing him over a drugs deal.

SHANE

Who's Dev Bakshi?

KIKI

Look, Shane, I can't prove anything one way or another. But I will get to the bottom of who murdered Hakam Mahmood.

SHANE

My conscience is clear.
(scratches head)
And next time you pay me a visit, I want prior warning, so I can call me brief beforehand.

She kicks her heels as she makes her way back towards her vehicle.

EXT/INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

DS Millie Nunn and her team of SFO OFFICERS bust open the front door and rush through the hallway.

DS NUNN

POLICE! POLICE! NOBODY MOVE!

She races up the stairs towards the bedroom where Dev Bakshi stands naked and with a FIREARM placed in his open hand.

DS NUNN /

DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW!

He drops the weapon.

DS NUNN /

GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

He complies and lies down on the floor.

DS NUNN /

ARMS BEHIND YOU BACK!

He complies.

DS NUNN /

Dev Bakshi, I'm arresting you for the murder of Kris Savva, also known as Yeti.

(She cuffs him)

You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence. Now on your feet!

She helps him to his feet.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Nancy pulls onto the driveway.

Kiki climbs out of her vehicle and approaches. Her red mane blows across her face due to a strong gust of wind.

Nancy key fobs her car then walks towards the front door with a bag of groceries.

KIKI

Nancy?

She turns and sighs her disdain at the sight of the plain clothed detective purposefully marching towards her in a knee length, suede boots and black rain mac.

NANCY

Oh, it's you.

KIKI

Sorry to bother you again, but may I have a quick word with you?

NANCY

What about?

She puts the key in the door lock and steps inside the opened door.

KIKI

Actually, it's more to do with your car this time.

NANCY

(aback)

My car?

KIKI

Well, it's just that we think it may have been involved in an accident. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

NANCY

No. Not to my knowledge it hasn't been.

KIKI

Would you mind if I take another look over it? And possibly a few snaps with my phone?

NANCY

(tuts)

Oh what?

She stands and watches as Kiki closely inspects the offside wing and headlight casement, before she scrutinises the tyres. She takes photos using her iPhone.

NANCY /

Find anything different this time?

Kiki looks back at her and smiles.

KIKI

Just because there's no visible damage, Nancy, that doesn't mean this car wasn't involved in an accident, you do understand, I hope?

NANCY

Yeah. Whatever.

KIKI

So may I ask... apart from you and your husband, is anyone else insured to drive this vehicle?

NANCY

No.

KIKI

How often would you say he drives your car?

Nancy takes a deep breath in her frustration with the questions.

NANCY

He doesn't. He drives his brother-in-law's car. He's a chauffeur, as if you didn't already know

(pauses)

Look, can I go in now? I've just finished work. I need to take a shower.

KIKI

When did you last have the tyres changed? I can see by the tread they're practically new.

NANCY

Shane takes care of all the maintenance. You'll have to ask him.

KIKI

No problem. But just before you go in, may I ask you something very personal?

NANCY

What?

KIKI

(abrasively)

I'm curious why you didn't report that you were raped to the police.

Nancy's eyes begin to well as she stands deeply shocked by Kiki insinuation.

NANCY

Because I wasn't raped?

KIKI

That's funny, because I was informed by a colleague of Hakam Mahmood that you were.

NANCY

It's not true. He's lying to you.

KIKI

It seems to me that you deliberately kept it to yourself because you wanted to deal with it in yourself, didn't you?

NANCY

That's not true either.

KIKI

I mean... who could blame you? I'd do the same thing if I knew the guy who'd raped me.

NANCY

I didn't see the person who tried to rape me. He ran off before I could see his face.

KIKI

Ah! So it is true, then.

NANCY

(knowingly)

He didn't rape me. I got away from him.

KIKI

You even got your husband to follow him when he came into the ice cream shack the night of the hit-and-run. You knew exactly who he was, didn't you?

NANCY

No! That's not true.

KIKI

If you say so, Nancy. But remember if I find evidence to suggest otherwise. Or your husband was responsible for his murder, I will be back with a warrant for both of your arrests, d' you understand?

NANCY

Can I go in now?

Kiki notices her pot belly.

KIKI

Certainly. When's it due?

NANCY

(irksomely)

None of your business.

KIKI

Well you know what they say,
donta?

NANCY

No. What?

KIKI

The bigger the storm the brighter
the rainbow.

NANCY

What's that supposed to mean?

KIKI

I'm sure you're bright enough to
work it out, Nancy.

NANCY

Whatever.

KIKI

Believe it. I've been there
myself.

Kiki walks back towards her car with a look of satisfaction
on her pale face.

INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD P.H - NIGHT:

Shane finishes his stint at the mic, then jumps off the stage
and joins his wife at the bar.

She holds a permanent grin and a pink gin and tonic. Josette
sports a studded leather bomber and a half pint of cider to
which she flings down her throat as though it's water.

The rest of the band finish with a crescendo before they turn
off their equipment and join their partners at the bar.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Arm in arm Shane and Nancy make their way towards the new Indian takeaway.

Beat.

Walking along with a bag of hot food she smiles at him.

NANCY

I really fancied you on that stage. You looked so sexy.

He grins as he clocks a tall, long faced, wiry looking DUDE with a goatee and a black baseball cap.

He lets go of her arm.

NANCY

(concerned)

Shane, what's wrong?

He remains silent as he focuses his eyes upon Jamal Khan. He clutches a KNIFE in his right hand. He sees his eyes fixed upon him.

SHANE

(to Nancy)

Get away! Quick! Run, Nancy!

NANCY

(distracted)

Shane, what's going on?!

She cries and drops the bag of food when she recognises what's happening between her husband and Jamal Khan. She runs towards a safe distance.

Shane holds his ground and confronts the knife wielding dude as they square up.

SHANE

Who are you? What'd ya want from me?

JAMAL KHAN

I said I'd come for ya, Bluhd. So here I am.

Shane holds up his hands to protect himself from the eighteen-inch hunting knife that glistens under the street light.

Within the blink of an eye, Jamal Khan lunges forward.

CU: Swipes his thigh. Draws blood.

Shane yelps and moves back. He swings a right hook in the direction of Jamal's jaw, before another swipe of the sharp steel blade that cuts deep into his abdomen.

He screams as he stumbles and falls to the ground holding his stomach.

CU: Another plunge of the knife into his groyne.

Another scream from Shane as he rolls over in agony.

Jamal quickly makes off in the direction he came from.

Shane lies croaking in a pool of his own blood.

His POV: The moon and stars spin as he shivers from the coldness of the soiled pavement and midnight air.

Nancy sprints back, screaming into her phone as she yells for the emergency services to attend the scene.

She kneels down beside him and sobs before she holds him in her arms.

NANCY

Oh Shane, please don't leave me!
I beg you, please don't die on
me, Shane! Somebody help us!

His eyes begin to bulge and his body jerks and twitches as she cradles him in her arms and her tears fall like a flash flood.

NANCY /

Shane, please stay with me, I beg
you, don't leave me.

He passes in her arms as she stares up at the clear night sky and the cluster of stars that wink back at her.

NANCY /

NO!!! OH PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP US!

A motorcycle PARAMEDIC stops at the scene and quickly dismounts, before he rushes over and checks Shane's pulse.

He shakes his head to confirm no life left in the victim.

Nancy laments.

Beat.

BLUE LIGHTS FLASH as a FULL MOON illuminates the crime scene.

Nancy crouches over Shane's cadaver, her hysterical lament comforted by uniformed police officers.

They cover her shoulders with a blanket and usher her towards the warmth of a marked police vehicle.

CU: A brown food paper bag contains various dishes spattered across the pavement.

A withdrawn and mournful Kiki approaches, along with SOCO.

She immediately spots Nancy sitting in the passenger seat of a police vehicle. She sobs into a handful of tissues.

Kiki opens the door and looks her in the eye, but all she recognises is heartbreak as she kneels down beside her.

KIKI

Nancy, I am so sorry for what has happened. Did you see who did this to your husband?

Nancy doesn't speak for the trauma suffered. Instead she stares silently into the ether.

KIKI /

Nancy, this is really important. Did you see this person's face? We need to find whoever did this.

She gently holds her hand, before she climbs to her feet and studies the scene with a keen eye.

KIKI /

(vehemently)

Don't worry, we'll catch the bastard who did this.

Nancy crouches over and screams in agony as she places her fingers between her legs.

NANCY

Help me, please! I'm losing my baby! Oh God, somebody help me, please!

Kiki waves her arm frantically at the paramedic standing by the waiting ambulance. She quickly approaches and takes hold of the situation.

PARAMEDIC

She's haemorrhaging.

She helped onto the waiting ambulance. The paramedic lies her down upon a trolley bed and checks her over.

CU: A tent is erected around Shane's cadaver.

INT/EXT. AMBO.

The Paramedic places an oxygen mask over her face, then steps out of the vehicle. She shakes her head in hopelessness.

PARAMEDIC /

We need to get her to maternity right away. She's losing too much blood.

KIKI

OK. You won't be needed here by the looks of things.

The Paramedic jumps back inside the vehicle and slams the door shut, before it drives off with its blue lights flashing.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - NIGHT:

Nancy lies sedated and surrounded by NURSES and a MIDWIFE who delivers her dead baby. The DEAD BABY is taken away.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A washed out Nancy packs boxes with household goods when she hears the chime of the doorbell.

She gets to her feet and opens the door to Kiki who shows her a concerned expression.

Nancy remains silent during a vacant expression.

KIKI

May I come in, Nancy? I need to talk to you.

NANCY
(dispassionately)
Sure. Come in.

She leads her through to the lounge, stacked with cardboard boxes.

KIKI
Preparing for your big move, I see.

NANCY
I am.

A protracted silence.

NANCY/
It won't be the same without him though, will it?

KIKI
No, I doubt it will.

NANCY
He was really looking forward to getting away from this dump. We should've done it a long time ago.

KIKI
Look, if you need a hand with anything. I'm due some time off anyway.

NANCY
Why would you want to help me? I thought you wanted to arrest me.

KIKI
I know. And I did. But that's all behind us.

NANCY
Is it?

KIKI
Look, you have my sincere condolences. I know this can't be easy for you, but I'm here if you need me - woman to woman.

NANCY

Aren't you supposed to be out there looking for my husband's killer?

KIKI

Actually, that's why I'm here, to tell you that were doing just that. In fact, my colleague is following a lead as we speak. But I need to ask you something.

NANCY

What's that?

KIKI

Did Shane ever mention a person named Jamal Khan?

Nancy thinks briefly, then shakes her head.

NANCY

He never mentioned that name to me.

KIKI

OK. But I need you to level with me, Nancy. Did Shane have anything to do with Hakam Mahmood's death? And before you say anything I want you to really think about your answer, because it's too late for me to do anything about that now. I think the reason Shane may have been murdered was in retribution for Hakam's murder.

Nancy bears a cold gaze.

NANCY

No.

She holds out her arms to be cuffed.

NANCY/

It was me if you really must know. You were right. I did run him over because of what he did to me. He fucking almost raped me at knifepoint. Arrest me, c'mon then. I don't even fucking care anymore. Charge me, c'mon. I don't give a flying fuck! He deserved to die! My Shane didn't! Fuckin' well arrest me, go on!

She begins to lash out at Kiki who struggles to contain her as an arm wrestle ensues with them pushing one another, until Nancy has nothing more to resist the strength of Kiki.

Beat.

Kiki stands for a moment to register her thoughts and regain her breath, before she pulls Nancy towards her and consoles her.

KIKI

It's OK. It's OK. You don't know what you're saying. Everything's going to be okay, I promise you. No one needs to know anything. That's all in the past. It can stay our little secret.

Nancy pushes her away dispirited and distraught.

KIKI /

Just show me where the kettle is and I'll make us both a nice cup of tea.

Nancy nods her head and wipes the tears from her eyes.

NANCY

I'm sorry. I don't know what just happened.

KIKI

Its fine. It's gonna be alright. We all need to let off a bit of steam now and then. I completely understand.

NANCY

(splutters)

I lost my baby.

KIKI

I know. I heard. And I'm really
sorry.

NANCY

He'd stopped breathing. They said
it was due to what I saw. I don't
know how I'm gonna cope without
Shane. I'm so scared.

KIKI

You'll be strong, that's how.
Anyway, you've got me to take
care of you now.

Nancy looks into her comforting green eyes as she searches
for clarity.

NANCY

Why?

KIKI

(faint smile)
Because I'd like to.

She takes Nancy by the hand and leads her towards the
kitchen.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END