

The Pearl Earring

written by

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Kiki

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Red head DC KIKI CARRUTHERS (30), and Blonde DC SHELLEY PETERS 30's stand and pretend to solicit themselves.

A SALOON CAR pulls up beside them and the driver GEORGE (40's) pops his bald head out of the window and grins at them.

They glance at one another, then step towards him.

GEORGE

How much for both of ya, then?

DC SHELLEY PETERS

What do you want?

GEORGE

Sex. Why else would I stop - for a chat?

DC SHELLEY PETERS

Aww. He's a bit feisty, isn't he?

DC KIKI CARRUTHERS

(flashes a thigh)

So what are you offering, exactly?

GEORGE

I dunno... Fifty each?

DC SHELLEY PETERS

Ha! Is that all we're worth?

GEORGE

Well, I dunno. How much d'ya want for the Big Kahuna?

DC KIKI CARRUTHERS

(chuckles)

What's the Big Kahuna?

GEORGE

You know - the full works.

DC Kiki Carruthers grabs the door handle and pulls it open.

DC KIKI CARRUTHERS

Right! Get out of the car! You're nicked!

GEORGE

(stunned)

You what?! But I haven't done anything.

DC SHELLEY PETERS

You've just kerb crawled then propositioned two females waiting for a cab.

They drag him out, then pin him up against the wall.

GEORGE

Oh c'mon girls!. What'd ya expect, showing out to me like that?

DC KIKI CARRUTHERS

Be quiet!

DC Shelley Peters begins a body search. DC Kiki Carruthers radios for assistance.

Beat.

Blue lights flash at the scene as UNIFORM search the boot of his car and find TWO PACKAGES wrapped in brown paper.

OFFICER#1 holds up the package for the Detectives to see.

DC KIKI CARRUTHERS

We've hit the jackpot this time, Shelley.

DC SHELLEY PETERS

About time.

INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Burley white haired Greek Cypriot club owner KRIS SAVVA (68 Aka Yeti) confronts crime colleague George.

Flat nose henchman CHARLES WELLMAN (50 aka DOG) stands arms folded by the door.

KRIS SAVVA

What happened to my gear?,  
because my David informs me that  
you lost it was because you were  
arrested for propositioning a  
couple of Feds dressed as  
hookers.

GEORGE

(cowering)

I didn't know they were Feds. I'm  
sorry, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA

(furiously)

Two kilos, you stupid cunt!

GEORGE

I know. I don't know what I was  
thinking. I saw them and felt,  
you know.

KRIS SAVVA

With my gear in the fuckin'  
boot?!

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

KRIS SAVVA

D'you know how much you've cost  
me, George?

GEORGE

(shakes head)

I know. What could I do? I never  
knew they were filth, did I?

KRIS SAVVA

(repeats angrily)

What could you do? What could you  
do, you cunt?!

GEORGE

And I'm really sorry, Kris, I  
really am. I'll make it up to ya,  
I will, I promise.

KRIS SAVVA

I know you will.

Kris paces the floor with clenched fists as he ruminates before he turns back to him.

Dog exits.

GEORGE

I've kept your name out of it, Kris. I'm the one going down for this. I'm looking at a ten stretch.

KRIS SAVVA

(facetiously)

Oh thanks.

(snarls)

Right. Fuck off. And if you mention my name to that lot, I won't be responsible for what happens.

George's shoulders sink as he exits. Kris gets on the blower.

KRIS SAVVA /

(on phone)

He's on his way out- Come and see me afterwards.

He ends the call and grits his teeth.

INT. UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS - DAY

Kiki Carruthers and Shelley Peters stand in front of the tall, grey haired UOC (50's).

He sits behind a polished desk and fiddles with a pencil. He has a stern look upon his face as he looks up at them.

UOC

Detective's, first of all let me commend you for your outstanding street work. That was a fine arrest you made last week. It is from that arrest that we discovered a drug trafficking link to nightclub owner Kris Savva, or Yeti as he is known by to his cronies.

They glance at one another knowingly.

He gets to his feet and walks around his desk, before he stands directly in front of them and looks them over.

UCO /  
At ease ladies.

He walks back to his desk and sits down again.

UCO /  
Well... now, don't take this the wrong way, but due to...  
(clears throat)  
Being a Detective Constable would normally exempt you from this particular role. However, we believe that you both have the necessary credentials to carry out a very important undercover operation about to get on the way.  
(thoughtful pause)  
There is just one question I need to ask.  
(scratches chin)  
Have you ever pole danced?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S CLUB - NIGHT

Dance beats ring out (Non Specific).

MEDUSA (Aka DC Kiki Carruthers) throws her long, shapely legs around a pole and lies upside down for a large clique of vociferous PUNTERS. Her sparkling green eyes stare back at them knowingly.

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

VFX: Two broad shouldered Mediterranean looking MEN 50's exchange packages.

MAN#  
(to Man)  
It should arrive at four-hundred hours. Same location as before.

SFX: A white noise as the camera unexpectedly shuts down.

CU: The Pearl Earring lies discarded on the dance floor.

BACK TO SCENE.

Shaven headed DAVID SAVVA (28) He raises a brow as he clocks the Pearl Earring.

He bends down and picks it up, then studies it briefly. He grins with a mischievous intent, before he drops it into his jacket pocket.

Beat.

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

David Savva blocks her path and shows her a mischievous grin.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters) passes her a knowing look as she exits.

DAVID SAVVA  
(confidently)  
How 'bout a private dance?

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

DAVID SAVVA  
(irately)  
Fuck ya then. I will.

She brushes him aside then continues towards the changing room.

He follows her.

DAVID SAVVA /  
So you won't be wanting this back then?

He shows her the Pearl Earring. She feels her right ear.

MEDUSA  
(angrily)  
Give that back to me, now.

DAVID SAVVA  
Dance for me.

MEDUSA

(sighs awkwardly)

Oh, c'mon then.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

He sits glued to an armless chair. His expectant dark eyes fixed upon her as she provocatively sucks her long hair and swings her hips in front of his face.

He grabs her by the thighs and pulls her closer. She struggles to pull away from his grasp, before she fights him off.

MEDUSA /

What the fuck! Get off!

He ignores her, instead unfastens his trouser belt and takes out his penis.

DAVID SAVVA

D'you want your earring back, or not?

MEDUSA

Yes! Give it to me!

She grabs his testicles and squeezes real hard.

DAVID SAVVA

(apoplectic)

Ouch! You fucking bitch! I'll kill you, you fucking whore!

He jumps to his feet in a fury and strikes her across the mouth, then gives her an uppercut to her abdomen. She creases over in agony.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ten year old KIKI clutches a BARBIE DOLL and chews her own hair as she stands and sulks at the top of a staircase of thirteen steps.

Her alcoholic MOTHER 35 stands over her with her jet black hair, strained misty eyes and a furrowed brow.



MOTHER

(to Kiki)

I told you to get back to bed!

KIKI

(tearfully)

No! I want my daddy.

MOTHER

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

KIKI

No! Leave me alone!

Her Mother slaps her across the face and attempts to force her back inside her room. Kiki breaks free from her clutches and pushes her.

Her Mother screams as she crashes down the steps, before she reaches the bottom.

Kiki's POV: Her Mother lies with her body twisted and a puddle of blood that leaks from a head wound.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

David Savva kicks her in the back, then slams the door shut upon a hasty exit.

A protracted silence as she attempts to move.

She feels her fat lip, then slowly get to her feet and grabs her iPhone.

MEDUSA

(stressed)

It's me, Kiki. I've blown cover-  
David Savva has got the earring -  
It wasn't my fault! It fell out  
of my bloody ear-! I asked him -  
No he wouldn't give it back,  
unless I sucked his dick- No, of  
course I didn't suck his dick-!  
He gave me a going over, then  
left- No, a few aches and pains,  
that's all... Oh, and a fat lip.

She ends the call and stares at her raspberry in the wall mirror.

MEDUSA -

Cunt!

INT. NCP - LIT

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

KRIS SAVVA V.O

(gruffly)

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

BLEEP.

He slips his the phone back inside his jacket pocket.

He passes the dimly lit lift shaft and trips over a missing segment of pavement, before he falls flat on his face.

As he attempts to climb to his feet he is viciously struck across the head. He yelps as he crashes down again.

His HOODED ASSAILANT quickly disappears.

Beat.

With her make-up removed, Kiki kicks her heels as she enters the car park with her keys in hand. She wears a black woollen hat and scarf, and a long black raincoat.

HER POV: David Savva in the critical prone position close to the lift shaft.

She stops in her tracks, then kneels down beside him.

KIKI

Where's the earring, you prick?

She scans her surroundings, before she rummages through his pockets.

CU: He opens his eyes. She stares at him aghast.

DAVID SAVVA

(croaks)

Medusa. Help me.

KIKI

After what you did? You can go  
and fuck yourself for all I care.

DAVID SAVVA

Please help...

KIKI

Where's my earring?

DAVID SAVVA

I...

KIKI

Earring... where is it?

Through her peripheral vision, she spots a SHADOWY FIGURE standing behind a vehicle.

She gets to her feet and approaches the Shadowy Figure 50's. He is of a slight build and carries a scruffy beard and moustache.

She grabs a hold of him and forces him up the wall.

KIKI /

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

SHADOWY FIGURE

(whimpers)

Go!

Her attitude quickly intensifies.

KIKI

Right! Turn around! I'm going to  
search you! And don't even try to  
resist!

She goes through his coat pockets in search of the earring.

He fully complies as she empties his pockets.

CU: iPHONE. WALLET. ROLEX WATCH. BUNCH OF KEYS. JEWELLERY.

She studies the jewellery, before she places the items down by her feet.

KIKI /

Where's the earring? And don't  
fuckin' lie to me either! I know  
he had it when he left the club.

He shakes his head vigorously as she spins him around.

KIKI /

And where's your ID?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuf-fing.

KIKI

You must have something on you.  
Who are you?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuf-fing.

KIKI

I asked your name?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English.

KIKI

So where'd you get all this  
stuff?

SHADOWY FIGURE

(melancholic)

No understanding. Please...

KIKI

In that case you can wait with me  
until my colleagues arrive to  
take you into custody.

She takes out her phone and presses some digits.

Beat.

Blue lights flash when a SQUAD CAR arrives.

She flashes her BADGE with her free hand.

TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS climb out of the vehicle and approach.

KIKI /

There's a body over there by the lift shaft. I caught this one hiding behind this vehicle.

She kicks the stolen items away from her feet.

KIKI /

I think this lot belongs to the victim.

Officer 1# marches over towards David Savva's cadaver.

Officer 2# handcuffs the suspect without fuss, then leads him towards the squad car.

She sits him in the back then slams the door shut, before she bags up the items, then performs an ID check.

Kiki joins Officer 1# as he radios through for further assistance.

CU: A puddle of blood leaks from the left side of David Savva's skull.

Beat.

UNIFORM close off the car park while a TENT is erected around David Savva's cadaver.

Burly black Detective Inspector STEVE PEARSON 50's approaches Kiki with an outstretched hand as she stands by her vehicle, a CIGARELLO in hand.

His POV: Her busted lip.

DI PEARSON

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

She grimaces as she shakes his hand.

KIKI

Detective Constable Carruthers. It's just a nick. I've taken worse in the line of duty.

DI PEARSON

I bet.

(sympathetic pause)

So, what can you tell me?

KIKI

Well, I saw the victim as I entered the car park. Then I noticed the suspect hiding behind that black Ford.

(points)

I searched him and found items I believed belonged to the victim.

DI PEARSON

Was the victim dead when you arrived?

KIKI

I believe so.

DI PEARSON

What did you do?

KIKI

Well, I caught the attention of the suspect, didn't I?

DI PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

And what time was this exactly?

She checks her watch.

KIKI

Just after two. I was returning to my vehicle.

DI PEARSON

A night out with the girls, was it?

KIKI

Yeah, it was.

DI PEARSON

OK. Where can I reach you?

KIKI

I work out of Soho. You can reach me there.

DI PEARSON

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

KIKI

I'll do it first thing.

DI PEARSON

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

KIKI

No thanks. I'm shattered actually. I think I'll just head off.

DI PEARSON

Fine.

She climbs inside her vehicle as he walks back to the tent.

Glaswegian DS JOHNSON 40's appears from inside the tent. Pearson turns his attention towards him.

DI PEARSON /

Is he known?

DS Johnson raises a brow.

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

How come?

DS JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge.

DI Pearson casually sticks a piece of gum into his mouth.

DI PEARSON

In that case you can do the honours.

DS JOHNSON

(dejectedly)

Oh, c'mon, chief! We're acquainted for fuck sake! You know how that's gonna go down.

DI PEARSON

I don't give a flying fuck, DS Johnson. Someone's gotta do it. And as your acquainted it should be a piece of cake.

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

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

DS JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

DI PEARSON

Correct. And don't forget it, Johnson.

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

PATHOLOGIST

So, there's a severe laceration to the right side of his temple. It's likely that he was struck with a sharp, heavy object of some sort or other. I'll confirm after we get him on the slab. There's also a contusion to the sinciput. So, time of death, I would approximate two-hundred hours, or thereabouts.

DI PEARSON

That tallies with what the off duty Detective said.

PATHOLOGIST

I'll send everything over as and when...



DI PEARSON

I'm putting in an urgent request on this one. I want this wrapped up before my old fella's funeral, if possible.

INT/EXT. ROLLS ROYCE - LIT.

Kris Savva stares vacantly through the windscreen.

A BMW nine series drives into the empty space next to him.

DS Johnson climbs out then looks up at the breaking clouds in the skyline, before he opens the passenger door and climbs in next to Kris.

Kris sits inaudible, motionless, without acknowledging his presence as a protracted silence ensues betwixt.

KRIS

So what happened to him then?

DS JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

He was attacked inside the NCP in Soho, before he was robbed. I'm really sorry for your loss, Kris. It deeply saddens me.

Kris takes long, deep breaths. His face taut. His eyes glazed. His thick head of hair dishevelled.

KRIS

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

He breaks down over the steering wheel during his lament.

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS

I just can't believe my boy is fuckin' dead. My boy's fuckin' dead! What time did this happen? I had a missed call from him just before 2 a.m.

DS JOHNSON

It was around that time... as he was walking towards his car.

KRIS

He obviously had something important to tell me. He never rings me at that time.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. The suspect had property belonging to David in his possession. He was spotted by an off duty detective walking back to her vehicle.

KRIS

Well I want answers! I don't want any fuckin' bullshit coming from you or anyone else, understood, Johnson?

DS JOHNSON

Of course not. I'll do what I can, Kris.

KRIS

And I wanna speak to that off duty detective that found him. Get me her details so I can speak to her.

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS

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

DS JOHNSON

(sighs)

Rightyo.

KRIS

And I don't want this put on the back burner either. I want this put on top of the pile, not the bottom.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - DAY

SLO-MO: Glamorous sixty year old brunette HELEN SAVVA 60's falls to the ground as a distraught Kris stands over her limp body.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

DI Pearson sits at a desk and looks down at DC Kiki Carruthers report. Across the room DS Johnson stands and talks on the blower.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST OFFICE - DAY

DCI ANTHEA MUST 50's stares down at the victim's belongings spread across her desk.

CU: WALLET. IPHONE. GOLD ROLEX. A BUNCH OF KEYS. BLACK PEARL EARRING. ST. CHRISTOPHER PENDANT. GOLD SIGNET RING. A SEALED PACK OF DUREX.

BACK TO SCENE

DS Johnson places the phone down and approaches DI Pearson.

DS JOHNSON

Turns out that our suspect is being sought for the abduction and rape of a sixteen year old lass in Velingrad, Bulgaria. According to the person I've just spoken to she was the Mayor's daughter. She later committed suicide.

(sighs)

And that's not all. There's more.

DI PEARSON

(concernedly)

Go on.

DS JOHNSON

Our suspect came to the UK to work as a private hire driver, but then lost his job after a sexual assault allegation was brought by a passenger. He was supposed to have been deported last month. He's been living as a fugitive.

DI PEARSON  
(shakes head)  
Right. Let's talk to him.

DS JOHNSON  
Aye.

DI PEARSON  
Has his interpreter arrived?

DS JOHNSON  
Aye. He's downstairs.

DCI Anthea Must appears from her office.

DCI MUST  
Steve, when you have a minute.

DI PEARSON  
Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Detective's enter and sit down at the table.

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

Suspect ROMAN PETRESCU 39 is led in by a DUTY OFFICER. He's seated opposite them.

He wears a vest, and has the flag of Bulgaria tattooed upon his right forearm.

DS JOHNSON  
(to Petrescu)  
Right then. For the benefit of  
the recording can you confirm  
that you are Roman Petrescu of no  
fixed abode?

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

DI Pearson places his huge hairy arms across the table, his white shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows.

Interpreter repeats the question in his mother tongue.

PETRESCU

(nods head)

Err. Yes.

DI PEARSON

OK. So let's get straight to it.  
Did you murder David Savva inside  
the car park at Soho Square at  
approximately two- hundred hours  
on the fourteenth of March?  
That's today's date.

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shakes head)

No comment.

Duty Solicitor makes notes.

DI PEARSON

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

Short silence.

DI PEARSON /

OK. So explain to us what you  
were doing in the car park in the  
first place? I mean, you don't  
own a vehicle as far as we're  
aware.

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(sighs)

No comment.

DI PEARSON

Why did you have David's personal  
belongings in your possession?  
Did you rob him, after you hit  
him over the head and killed him?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(leans forward)

No comment.

DI PEARSON

Well, just for your information we've done our homework on you, Mister Roman Petrescu. The international database comes in very handy for people like you. And we know exactly what you're capable of. Tell us where the murder weapon is, so we can move on and get you extradited?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

Interpreter shrugs shoulders in dismay at the suspect.

DI PEARSON

Look, stop playing games. We know you murdered David Savva before you robbed him, you've got his DNA all over you.

(deep sigh)

And while I'm at it, I should remind you that if you insist on answering each question with a no comment, you'll be on the next plane back to Bulgaria to face a rape charge that you're wanted in connection with in Velingrad. And from what I'm hearing the authorities over there aren't as pleasant as us lot over here.

(to interpreter)

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

Petrescu leans to his left and whispers in the ear of the interpreter.

INTERPRETER

He says he only stole from the victim... and that he never killed him.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Ask him if he saw who did kill him, then.

Interpreter repeats the question and the suspect replies.

INTERPRETER

He says he saw somebody leaving the car park as he entered. And that the victim's blood got on his clothes because he was going through his pockets. He says he's sure that he wasn't dead at the time he robbed him. He was alive.

DS JOHNSON

(irked)

Aye. Pull the other one. It's got bells on.

The Detective's share a significant glance.

DI PEARSON

So, in that case what condition did you believe him to be in?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He says he thought he was drunk.

DS JOHNSON

And what about the person that you saw leaving the car park? Was it a male, or a lass? Was he or she tall or short?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

He says their face was covered with a scarf.

DI PEARSON

What colour was the scarf?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Black, he thinks.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Describe this person to us.

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Tall, slim. Dressed in black clothing.

(pauses)

The only other person he says he saw was the Detective who arrested him. He never saw anyone else.

DI PEARSON

(to interpreter)

Ask him if he saw her arrive?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Yes. He says he saw her kneeling over the victim. He thought she was speaking to him.

DS JOHNSON

What'd you mean... speaking?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

He says that he could clearly see her doing this.

DI PEARSON

(directly to  
Petrescu?)

Why did you assault her?

Same action, but Petrescu shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

He says he never touched her.

DI Pearson scratches his chin as he ruminates.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST OFFICE

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

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

DCI MUST

What'd you make of this?



DI PEARSON

A pearl earring.

DCI MUST

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

He hands it back to her and she unscrews it to reveal a spy camera.

DCI MUST /

Look... a camera. Take it over to tech. I want to know what's on it. It may lead us to what actually happened.

DI PEARSON

Just so that you know, I read DC Carruthers's statement. She's states that David Savva was dead when she entered the car park. But the suspect is contradicting that. He's saying that he saw her talking to him.

DCI MUST

(stands up)

Find that weapon.

DI PEARSON

(irked)

We're looking.

DCI MUST

Speak to her again.

DI PEARSON

I'll get Johnson to speak to her. He has a way with words.

DCI MUST

OK. Good.

She shows him a satisfied smile before he exits.

INT. SOHO POLICE STATION - DAY

Kiki and Shelley Peters are up in front of the UOC.

UOC

How on earth did this happen?

KIKI

It was totally my fault, sir. It fell out of my ear while I was positioned upside down at the pole.

UOC

We'll have to shut it down. I just hope that earring has fallen into the wrong hands, Carruthers.

KIKI

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

UOC

OK. Report back to your stations until further notice.

KIKI

I'm sorry, sir. It was my mistake, not Shelley's.

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

UOC

(worriedly)

I need to speak to DCI Must, urgently.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY.

DS Johnson sits in the passenger seat. Kris Savva sits with his hands on the steering wheel. He turns to Johnson.

KRIS

What have you got for me?

DS JOHNSON

It turns out that David had a pearl earring in his possession.

KRIS

(shrugs shoulders)

So what?

DS JOHNSON

Well, it turns out that it's a piece of surveillance equipment like the ones undercover operations use.

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

KRIS

What the fuck was he doing with a surveillance camera?

DS JOHNSON

He must have been at Tiffany's last night? That's the only explanation I can think of. I reckon he wanted to tell you something before someone got to him.

KRIS

He was.

(ruminates)

Can you get your hands on this piece of equipment?

DS JOHNSON

Not a chance, Kris. It's with tech. But if your club is under surveillance, then that earring will go straight back to whoever is conducting an operation to shut you down.

A protracted silence.

KRIS

(realises)

That's why he called me. He came across something going on at my club. You're right. Someone is trying to fuck me over!

DS JOHNSON

I'll find out and fill you in.

KRIS

What about the suspect? What's he saying?

DS JOHNSON

He says he never laid a hand on David. He said he thought he was drunk so took the opportunity to go through his pockets.

KRIS

That's bollocks! If you believe that you'll believe anything.

DS JOHNSON

Aye, I know. We're still talking to him.

KRIS

I need answers, Johnson. That's what I'm paying you for.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. I know that, and I'm doing my best for ya.

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

Kiki kicks her heels as she walks towards her vehicle.

DS Johnson pulls up beside her. He leans his head out of the drivers window.

DS JOHNSON

Just the lassie I need to speak to. Got a minute?

KIKI

If it's regarding my report, I've already faxed it over to DI Pearson.

DS JOHNSON

It's not actually. Just a quick chat, that's all.

KIKI

OK.

He parks up and climbs out of his vehicle. He winces at her fat lip.

DS JOHNSON

Aw. Nasty that. You should get that stitched.

KIKI

It's fine. So what do you want?

DS JOHNSON

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

She shakes her head definitely.

KIKI

(knowingly)

No chance. Sorry. Anyway, who are you?

DS JOHNSON

I'm DS Johnson. I'm working on the case.

She shakes his outstretched hand.

DS JOHNSON /

Look, he's a broken man. He just wants closure, that's all.

KIKI

I can't. I'm a witness.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

Take no for an answer, DS Johnson. Now is that it? I'm busy.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

(aback)

Oh. Why didnae say that in the first place? I would've totally got it. No problem.

KIKI

Well I'm saying it now. And if you breathe one word of this I'll have your balls for breakfast.

DS JOHNSON

(defensively)

Cool. Cool. I get it.

(backs off)

In what capacity, d' you mind me asking?

KIKI

I'm a dancer.

DS JOHNSON

A pole dancer?

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

(sniggers)

That's interesting.

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

How come?

KIKI

He got his cock out and went to shove it in my face. Is that a good enough reason?

DS JOHNSON

Aw. So what did you do?

KIKI

I told him to fuck off. And if you blow my cover you'll find yourself in a deep pile of shit... that's a fact, I don't mind reminding you of.

DS JOHNSON

It's with the tech guys.

KIKI

My head's on the chopping block as it is. I'll most likely be directing traffic tomorrow morning.

DS JOHNSON

So what's on it, then? What's going on at Tiffany's that shouldnae be?

KIKI

Oh, just the usual. You know, drug dealing, money laundering. Besides that, your prime suspect was the last person to see his son alive. He's as guilty as sin as far as I'm concerned.

DS JOHNSON

(knowingly)

I thought so.

KIKI

Yeah, well. Alright, DS Johnson, I've gotta go.

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

DS JOHNSON

Ciao for now.

KIKI

Yeah.

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

The distinguished, bespectacled MAYOR OF VELINGRAD 60's looks out of the window as he sips a glass of red wine.

HIS POV: An aerial view of the British countryside.

EXT. HARRY'S WINE BAR - DAY

The sun shines brightly upon Kiki and Shelley Peters. They share a bottle of bubbly from an ice bucket.

Kris Savva pulls up in his Roller, then climbs out and approaches them.

KRIS

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

They look over their shades in question at his presence.

KIKI (ASIDE)

Ha ha. Very funny, not.

SHELLEY PETERS

Oh dear, trouble.

He casually takes a seat at the table.

KRIS

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

KIKI

Don't know whatcha talking about.

SHELLEY PETERS

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

KIKI

I s'pose it depends what he means  
by conspiring.

KRIS

Why didn't you tell me you were  
Feds before you came marching  
into my club pretending to be  
pole dancers?



KIKI

Where'd you hear that rubbish,  
from DS Johnson?

KRIS

I've got ears to the ground. But  
I'm only interested in my boy at  
the moment. I know it was you,  
Medusa who found him dying in the  
car park.

KIKI

(nonchalantly)

That's right. He was dead when I  
got to him.

KRIS SAVVA

That's not what I'm hearing.

KIKI

Like I said, he was dead.

KRIS

You wouldn't be lying to me by  
any chance, would you?

KIKI

No. so who tipped you off, DS  
Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes as he grits his teeth.

KIKI /

Ouch! Get your fuckin' hands off  
me right now.

KRIS

(ominously)

If I find out you're holding out  
on me, Medusa, you'll regret it,  
d'you understand?

SHELLEY PETERS

Leave her, Kris. She doesn't know  
anything.

KIKI

If you don't take your fuckin'  
hands off me right now, you'll be  
the one regretting it, I promise.

He narrows his eyes upon her before he lets go.

KRIS

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

SHELLEY PETERS

Oh, you won't be.

He gets to his feet and rolls his eyes at them.

KRIS

I'm watching you. That goes for  
both of ya.

He marches off.

KIKI

(aghast)

Fuck. That was scary. I thought  
he was going to break my arm.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST OFFICE - DAY.

DCI Anthea Must sits at her desk sifting through notes.

DI Pearson and DS Johnson enter.

She looks up at them questionably with her intelligent blue  
eyes.

DCI MUST

Close the door please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST /

Right, it turns out that the  
pearl earring is a concern for  
the NCA. As I understand it, it  
involves an undercover operation  
involving DC Kiki Carruthers -  
the off duty Detective that  
apprehended our suspect Roman  
Petrescu.

DI Pearson turns his attention to his colleague.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

I've spoken to her, and she told me that she dropped the earring during her act. David Savva picked it up, and when she asked for it back he wouldn't play ball, unless she did him a sexual favour.

DCI MUST

And that's what blew her cover, isn't it?

They nod in agreement.

DCI MUST /

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

DS Johnson shifts uncomfortably.

DI PEARSON

I don't know anything about that.

DCI MUST /

I'll carry on before I get sidetracked. Remind me where we are with this investigation, Steve?

DI PEARSON

We're making progress.

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

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

It's just a case of locating the murder weapon. Everything else fits into place. He murdered David Savva before he robbed him. Of that, I'm in no doubt. He's got David Savva's blood and fibres all over his clobber.

DCI MUST

(sympathetically)

And are you perfectly sure, Steve? I need to present a solid case to the CPS before we can actually charge him.

DI PEARSON

Yep. He's your archetypal criminal. He's wanted in Bulgaria for a string of offences, including rape of the Mayor's daughter.

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

Robbery, plus assaulting a police officer, to which he denies. We're looking at the CCTV from inside the NCP. But it's poor quality from what the boys are telling me.

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

DCI MUST

What about witnesses?

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

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image.

CU: David Savva lying face down on the pavement with a gash to his head.

She slides the image across her desk.

DCI MUST /  
 (expectantly)  
 Now, can either of you blind sods  
 tell me what's going on in this  
 photograph?

They study the image. She shakes her in dismay.

DCI MUST /  
 Oh c'mon! Look closer at it  
 closely.

They shake their heads.

DS JOHNSON  
 With respect, it's an image of  
 David Savva lying on the ground  
 with a fatal head wound.

DI Pearson steps back and sniggers at his off-the-cuff  
 remark.

DCI MUST  
 I know that, you pair of fools!

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

DCI MUST /  
 Look at the pavement for heaven's  
 sake. It's cracked in three  
 parts!

DI Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

DI PEARSON  
 So it is.

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

DS Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

DS JOHNSON  
 (resentfully)  
 I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST

And get somebody over to Tiffany's. I want them to take a look at the CCTV and see if anything unusual went on that night. After all, he had a valuable piece of equipment in his pocket which Roman Petrescu never blinked an eyelid at. There may be another angle we should be looking at.

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

DCI MUST /

And close the door behind you, Ds Johnson.

She returns her attention to DI Pearson.

DCI MUST /

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

DI PEARSON

Mistakes? That's a bloody joke!

DCI MUST

I know your father just passed away. It must be difficult for you right now.

PEARSON

You could say that, I suppose.

DCI MUST

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

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

INT. KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kiki devours Shelley Peters inside the sheets. Her long red mane covers Shelley's crotch before she makes her climax.

Beat.

They sit up in bed and share a cigarette.

SHELLEY PETERS

What'd ya think will happen now?

KIKI

Oh, well that's easy. I'll probably be directing traffic, and you'll be given a desk job, no doubt.

SHELLEY PETERS

But it wasn't anybody's fault really, was it? It fell out. That could've happened to anyone.

KIKI

No. it was mine. I should've checked it was clipped on properly. I take full responsibility. I shouldn't have got you involved. I've blown it. Kris Savva will walk away from this without as much as a fuckin' caution.

SHELLEY PETERS

Who says crime doesn't pay?

A protracted silence

KIKI

My father used to be a prosecutor in the French judiciary. The amount of times he was approached to take a bung was incredible.

SHELLEY PETERS

D'you miss seeing your parents?

KIKI

I don't miss the arguments if that's what you mean.

(cigarette drag)

Mum was a alcoholic. He was a philanderer. Work it out.

SHELLEY PETERS

Did they get divorced?

KIKI

They did. She wasn't a very nice person.

SHELLEY PETERS

What did she do to you?

KIKI

She slapped me once too often. I pushed her down the stairs. She's in a wheelchair because of me.

SHELLEY PETERS

Oh my God!

KIKI

Yeah.

SHELLEY PETERS

How old were you?

KIKI

About ten. We don't speak.

SHELLEY PETERS

What happened afterwards? Did you get into trouble?



KIKI

Yeah... My dad sent me here to live with my aunty.

SHELLEY PETERS

Have you been back?

KIKI

I visit him occasionally. They wanted to put me in a home for wayward kids. My mum told everyone that I was possessed by the devil.

SHELLEY PETERS

That's awful, Kiki.

KIKI

I know it is. Now you know why I don't speak to her.

Shelley looks at her empathetically.

INT. DCI BROOKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kiki stands in front of DCI BROOKE while he sits at his desk.

DCI BROOKE

So you messed up, Carruthers.

KIKI

It wasn't entirely my fault, as I explained to the Commander.

DCI BROOKE

Did David Savva find out what you were up to?

KIKI

I doubt it. He was hardly ever at the there.

DCI BROOKE

The only job you were required to do, Carruthers was to protect that piece of equipment with your life. You could've blown the whole operation straight out of the water if that earring had've fallen into the wrong hands. Undercover Operations are very lucky to have it back. I feel totally responsible for putting your name forward. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut.

KIKI

I know. And I apologise.

DCI BROOKE

You know I hand picked you for this assignment, because I had faith in your ability to hold your nerve.

KIKI

I know, and I'm grateful to you for giving me the opportunity.

Short silence whilst he sifts through her file.

DCI BROOKE

Well it saddens me to have to tell you that it's over. It's out of my hands. The authorities have called time at Tiffany's at the behest of the NCA.

KIKI

Is that because of me?

DCI BROOKE

Partly. The whole surveillance job was a shambles. Now that'll be all, Carruthers. In the meantime your back on welfare duties. You're dismissed.

She rolls her eyes at him, then exits without further ado.

INT. FORENSICS DEPT - LIT

A LAB ASSISTANT leads DCI Must towards a broken concrete slab.

LAB ASSISTANT

As I said to you on the phone we discovered dried blood spatter on the underpart of this smaller segment.

Using tongs, he picks up a broken segment of the slab and shows her the jagged edge.

LAB ASSISTANT /

As you can see, the edge is jagged and sharp. It's a positive match with the laceration wound to the victim's skull, causing the bleed to his brain. This is uncontestable since it contains the victim's DNA- plus DNA from the perpetrator's. There are four sets of fingerprints to suggest a grab and hold position.

DCI MUST

(aback)

Four sets of fingerprints? I don't understand.

He turns it upside down and shows her.

LAB ASSISTANT /

Yes. On the underside there are two separate thumb prints. It looks to me like there were two perpetrators involved with the victim's death.

He demonstrates this action by clamping the concrete slab with his hand, as DCI Must shakes her head in dismay.

DCI MUST

Sorry, but you've lost me. Are you saying that more than one assailant has handled this segment?

LAB ASSISTANT

Exactly. We have two separate sets of prints.

DCI MUST

But neither belong to Roman Petrescu, right?

LAB ASSISTANT

Most definitely not.

DCI MUST

Ingenuity at work. I'm very impressed.

LAB ASSISTANT

This segment was slotted back into place like you'd see with a jigsaw puzzle. As you can see for yourself it's approximately the size of your own hand. It would fit like a glove inside the perpetrator's hands.

DCI MUST

But the victim was struck once, right?

LAB ASSISTANT

Yes, he was. There was only one laceration wound to his skull, which caused an immediate bleed to his brain, resulting in his death.

He slots the piece back inside the slab.

DCI MUST

This has fooled my entire team. If I hadn't spotted the fractures in the pavement slab, we'd still be barking up the wrong tree.

LAB ASSISTANT

We also extracted a minute trace of red nail varnish on the upper side of this segment.

DCI MUST

Nail polish?

She takes out her phone and makes a call.

DCI MUST

(to lab assistant)

Excuse me, just a moment.

LAB ASSISTANT

Of course.

She walks across the room.

DCI MUST

Ah! Johnson, have Petrescu charged with robbery and assaulting a police officer, then get him checked in at the Hendon Immigration facility. He can stew there until his court appearance.

(listens)

Just do it for heaven's sake, DS Johnson!

She puffs out her cheeks as she ends the call.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - DAY

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

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

ABIGAIL

Hi Daddy.

KRIS

Alright, love.

BETHANY

Hello.

KRIS

Hello babe.

He kisses their cheek, then picks up the grandchildren and gives them a big cuddly hug, before he lets them run off towards the swing.

And as young Benny chases his cousin Julietta around the swing at the far end of the garden, Kris and his daughters sit themselves down at the table with a glass of wine.

The conversation muted when they're joined by Kris and Helen as they tuck into the barbecue.

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

KRIS

(solemnly)

To our David. We miss you, son.

They clink glasses.

Helen's eyes quickly well up as he walks around the table and puts his arm around her shoulder to comfort her.

BETHANY

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

KRIS

(gritted teeth)

Not yet, babe. It shouldn't be too long now. They're taking the piss if you ask me. They keep saying it's to do with the investigation.

HELEN

(tearfully)

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

ABIGAIL

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

BETHANY

And how's the investigation going, d'you know?

KRIS

They've got someone banged up for it. They need to find the weapon before the CPS give the go ahead to charge him properly.

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

EXT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kiki and Shelley Peters walk along the street chatting when they're approached by DCI Must and DS Johnson.

KIKI  
Morning, Johnson

They stop and join in conversation.

DCI MUST  
Morning, Carruthers, and Shelley  
Peters, isn't it? We haven't met.

SHELLEY PETERS  
That's right.

KIKI  
We haven't.

CU: Shelley Peters red nail polish.

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

KIKI  
(irked)  
Bloody hell. News travels fast.

DCI MUST  
Yes. It was found on David  
Savva's cadaver, after he was  
struck over the head and murdered  
with a piece of concrete slab.

KIKI  
So I heard.

DCI MUST  
Well, then can you tell me why he  
stormed out of Tiffany's that  
night, after you privately  
performed for him?

KIKI

(eyes Johnson)

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

DCI MUST

Were you aware he had the earring?

KIKI

Yes, I was. That's why I gave him a private dance. He said he'd let me have it back if I danced for him.

DCI MUST

I see. It's a bit strange, dontcha think that he just so happened to be struck over the head in the same NCP that you also use to park your car?

KIKI

(concerned)

So what are you getting at?

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

DCI MUST

I think you both murdered him to retrieve the pearl earring. But when you realised you were not alone in that car park, you tried to blame Roman Petrescu.

SHELLEY PETERS

That's a lie.

KIKI

Ha! Don't make me laugh. I was the one who found him.

DCI MUST

Then explain how your dabs happen to be on the slab of concrete that he was murdered with, Carruthers, and DC Shelley Peters?

Shelley steps back with guilt written on her face.



KIKI

(aback)

I don't understand...

SHELLEY PETERS

That's ridiculous!

DCI MUST

I'm arresting you both in connection with the murder of David Savva.

(to Johnson)

Read them their rights, DS Johnson. We'll take them in for questioning right now.

DS JOHNSON

I'm sorry ladies, but you do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

SHELLEY PETERS

But this isn't true! Somebody's lying to you! We didn't do anything!

KIKI

Yeah alright, Johnson. I know the drill.

He ushers her back inside the police station, as DCI Must grabs Shelley's arm and follows them.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Storm clouds gather as FAMILY MOURNERS stand around David Savva's grave.

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

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

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

## PRIEST

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

## HELEN SAVVA

(hysterically)

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

She attempts to jump into the open grave, as a watchful Kris takes hold of her and steadies her.

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

## PRIEST

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

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

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

DCI Must switches on a TABLET, then turns it to face Kiki as she sits with arms folded.

CU: CCTV footage from the NCP on the night of David Savva's murder.

David Savva has his iPhone to ear as he swaggers towards his vehicle.

The dim light from the lift shaft shows him dropping the phone inside his jacket pocket, before he trips on the broken pavement beneath his feet.

As he attempts to climb to his feet, he is struck across the skull.

His nimble ASSAILANT, dressed in dark clothing and hooded, quickly disappears from view, as he lies still in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE

DCI Must pauses the frame.

DCI MUST /  
So, who is that in the footage? I  
can see it's not you.

KIKI  
(dismissively)  
Your guess is as good as mine. I  
have no idea.

DCI MUST  
Is it DC Shelley Peters?

KIKI  
(shakes head)  
No. It's not her.

DCI MUST  
You seem sure of that. How come?

KIKI  
I just know.

DCI MUST  
Well, for your information we  
discovered her fingerprints on  
the slab of concrete he was  
murdered with.

Kiki shakes head and drops her arms in disgust at the accusation.

DCI MUST /  
OK.

DCI Must runs the footage once more. Roman Petrescu comes into view.

He looks around him, before he kneels down and slides off the victim's watch and gold ring. He then rips off his chain and pendant attached, before he dips his hand through his pockets, taking everything inside.

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

Moments later Kiki comes into view. She kneels down beside the victim and stealthily slides the missing segment of pavement back into place.

She then searches his pockets, before she adjusts his head positioning to cover the broken pavement.

DCI Must turns off the footage, then looks across the table at Kiki with a raised brow.

DCI MUST

Well then, what have you got to say for yourself now, Carruthers?

Despairingly, Kiki puts her head in her hands.

DCI MUST /

Shelley killed him, then you replaced the broken piece of concrete to cover it up. Isn't that what happened?

KIKI

No. I'll tell you what happened.

DCI MUST

Let's hear it then.

KIKI

(sighs)

I was walking to my car when I nearly tripped over a piece of loose concrete from the pavement. I picked it up and put it back inside the pavement where it belonged. I knew it belonged there, because I was already aware that the pavement was broken in three parts. I was intending to report it to the attendant, but I hadn't gotten around to it, that's all.

DCI MUST

Then why did you carefully adjust  
the victim's head to cover it up?

A protracted silence.

KIKI

I want to execute my right to a  
solicitor, before I say anything  
else.

DCI MUST

Of course. We'll give you time to  
do that. But I must ask, what on  
earth inspired you to do such a  
awful thing? You held a perfectly  
good position within the police  
service.

KIKI

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

DCI Must absorbs her words.

DCI MUST

I think you wanted that pearl  
earring back before your  
commander found out you'd blown  
your cover, didn't you?

KIKI

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

DCI MUST

Right.

DCI Must and DS Johnson gets to their feet.

DCI MUST /

You shouldn't have lied to us.  
You silly cow.

They exit before the Duty Sergeant enters.

Kiki sits with her head in her hands.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

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

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

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

CU: A black Range Rover containing three MEN parked in a lay-by.

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

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

INT/EXT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

Kris Savva sits in the passenger seat and scowls.

CU: NW SECURITY written on the side panel.

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

Two other MEN sit inside the back of the vehicle.

Kris passes a set of HANDCUFFS to the Driver.

KRIS

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

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

KRIS /

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

GEORGE

Yeah.

KRIS

Good luck.

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

KRIS /

Go! Go! Go!

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

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

INTERCUT: KRIS & DS JOHNSON.

DS Johnson stands with phone to ear.

DS JOHNSON

Kris-?

KRIS

What'd you want-?

DS JOHNSON

Everything alright your end-?

KRIS

So far, unless they get themselves arrested... in which case it won't be.

DS JOHNSON

D'ya give 'em the code-?

KRIS

Of course I fuckin' gave 'em the code. D' ya think I'm a cunt or summink-?

DS JOHNSON

No. I'm just making sure everything's okay with you.

KRIS

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

DS JOHNSON

Well, I have some good news for ya.

KRIS

G'rn-

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS

(awed)

You what-?

DS JOHNSON

That's right. I thought I'd deliver the good news personally, before you found out from other sources.

KRIS

Who are they-?

DS JOHNSON

Your two dancing detectives - Medusa and White Leopard.

KRIS

Those Feds-?

DS JOHNSON

Aye. Carruthers and Peters.



KRIS

I fuckin' knew it! I knew she was involved somehow. I wanna know immediately what happens.

DS JOHNSON

You'll be first to know, Kris.

KRIS

Good.

DS JOHNSON

Ciao for now then. And good luck.

KRIS

Yeah. Cheers.

They end the call in sync.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

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

The Mercedes Vito pulls up at the barrier.

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

The Security Guard leaves his hut then approaches the barrier.

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

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

The vehicle stops directly outside the glass panelled doors.

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

RECEPTION.

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

WARDEN  
(diligently)  
Can I help you gentlemen?

GEORGE  
Er. Yeah. We're here to collect  
Roman Petrescu for his court  
hearing.

WARDEN  
Do you have the one time code?

She stares blankly into his confused eyes.

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

GEORGE  
They didn't give us any other  
passcode, love. Only the one I  
entered with.

His big brown eyes shift from side to side during his panic.

She shakes her head and passes him a faint grin.

WARDEN  
That'll be the one, then.

He hands her the code.

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

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

GEORGE  
Not really.

WARDEN  
Are you new to the company?

GEORGE  
Fairly new, yeah.

WARDEN

I see none of you are wearing  
name tags.

GEORGE

We're not the police, love. We're  
just here to pick up the  
defendant and take him to court.  
So if you wouldn't mind.

WARDEN

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

GEORGE

(anxiously)

Much appreciated.

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

They check their watches.

GEORGE/

Fuck me. She was a bit previous.

Beat.

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

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

Beat.

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

The Range Rover parked in the lay-by follows them.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Kris stands by the Volvo as the Mercedes Vito pulls up beside  
him.

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

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VITO.

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

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

KRIS

Out you!

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

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

The Mercedes Vito is driven away.

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

KRIS / O.S

Who the fuck are they?

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

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

KRIS /

Get outta my way!

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I apologise for springing upon you like this. I've come to collect Roman Petrescu. I know who you are and we don't want any trouble.

KRIS

Are you fuck! Get outta my way.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Look, we don't want any trouble.

KRIS

He's mine.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

If you hand him over there'll be no trouble from us, you have my word.

KRIS

Who the fuck are you?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I'm the Mayor of Velingrad in Bulgaria. The man you have in your car raped my little girl before she took her own life. He absconded before he could be arrested.

KRIS

(aback)

Well... for your information, he robbed my son while he was being murdered.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

So where does that leave us, Mister Savva?

An awkward silence.

KRIS

Who told you he was with me?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

We've been keeping a close eye on him since his arrest.

KRIS

You can have your pennyworth, but not till after I've finished with him.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS

So did my son.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS

Fair enough.

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

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

Petrescu yelps and falls to his knees.

He looks mercifully up at Kris standing over him.

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

KRIS /

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

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

PETRESCU

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

KRIS

Why Not?

PETRESCU

Please don't kill me.

He kneels down at his feet as the tears stream down his muddied cheekbones.

KRIS

Get him up.

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

PETRESCU

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

KRIS

I'm not going to kill you.

PETRESCU

Oh thank you. Thank you. Thank  
you.

He waves the Mayor of Velingrad over.

He approaches with his men.

KRIS

But this man might.

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

He's brought back screaming by the Mayor's men.

Kris and his Crew drive off.

Beat.

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

After you raped my little girl,  
she took her own life. So you  
came to this country and  
disrespected their hospitality  
too. You've brought shame upon my  
country. Now the only person who  
deserves to die is you.

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

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

Petrescu squirms as he tries to cover his head.

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

BANG!

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

CU: Roman Petrescu lies muddied, bloodied and dead.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD /  
Come on men. Let's go home.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END