

THE PEARL EARRING

written & created by

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TV Crime Drama

Pilot (c) 2025

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A packed auditorium as off duty detective KIKI 30s sits among the strings section of the ORCHESTRA. Her flame hair glistens as she smiles while plays the cello to Saint Saen's - "**THE SWAN**"

Her proud French father DOMINIC 50s watches her from the stalls, along with her colleague and lover DC SHELLEY PETERS 30.

EXT. EAST INDIA DOCK - NIGHT

A group of middle-aged MEN quickly unload BOXES from a SEA CONTAINER onto a large LORRY with the logo- BAKSHI LOGISTICS.

EXT. TIFFANY'S CLUB - NIGHT

The BLUE NEON signage above the entrance doors where a red carpet welcomes its members. Two BURLY DOORMAN dressed in long coats and yellow armbands command the door.

INT. TIFFANY'S CLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

Cocky brown haired DAVID SAVVA 28 stands rigid behind a desk, opposite shaven headed Italian Londoner JORGIO 40s.

David Savva slides back a faux panelled wall, situated behind him. He grabs FOUR BROWN PACKAGES and hands them over to Jorgio.

DAVID SAVVA

(London accent)

That's it- Four kilos. Take these to Max Delgado. He won't be back for another two hours. Hang onto 'em, and don't fuckin' lose 'em, otherwise you'll have me to answer to.

JORGIO

(flippantly)

How d' ya think I'm gonna lose four fuckin' kilos of Charlie, then? I'm not a magician.

DAVID SAVVA

Yeah, alright! But shit still happens. You never know who's watching ya. Just be careful, that's all I'm sayin'.

JORGIO

(grins)

Of course.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

In the line of duty Kiki and DC Peters stand conspicuously and with a lit cigarette as they solicit themselves.

A BLACK SALOON pulls up beside them. Jorgio pops his head out of the window. He bears a salacious grin as he eyes them up.

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

JORGIO

How much?

KIKI

What are you after?

DC PETERS

What is it you're looking for, exactly?

JORGIO

C'mom girls. A game of tiddlywinks... what'd you think? You up for it, or not?

DC PETERS

(to Kiki)

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

KIKI

(flashes her thigh)

Tell us exactly what you want and we'll decide if we're interested.

JORGIO

OK. The Big Kahuna. You know, the whole shabangabangadingdong.

DC PETERS

(chuckles)

That's a metaphor, right?

JORGIO

Everything. C'mom girls.

KIKI

I've never heard it called that before.

JORGIO

Oh, c'mon ladies, d' you want business, or what?

Kiki quickly opens his door. DC Peters flashes her badge in his face.

KIKI

(forcefully)

Right! Step out of the vehicle now!

JORGIO

(aghast)

Oh, for fuck sake! You're fuckin' Feds!

KIKI

Afraid so. And it's your unlucky day.

DC PETERS

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

Kiki drags him out and pins him up against the wall.

JORGIO

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

KIKI

Be quiet and listen to what's going to happen now.

DC Peters walks away and radios for assistance.

Beat.

Within seconds BLUE LIGHTS flash at the scene and Jorgio is frogmarched towards a squad car while plain clothed OFFICERS search the boot of his car.

OFFICER#1 holds up a BROWN PACKAGE. Jorgio despairs as he holds his head in his hands.

KIKI
(to DC Peters)
We've hit the jackpot.

They high five one another.

DC PETERS
That'll teach him to proposition
two women waiting for cab.

They share a giggle.

INT. TIFFANY'S CLUB. OFFICE - NIGHT

Capone lookalike KRIS SAVVA 50s angrily confronts a melancholic Jorgio.

Burly, flat nosed DOG 50s stands with arms folded by the exit while Colombian cartel member DEV BAKSHI 30 trims his fingernails with a ZOMBIE KNIFE.

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

JORGIO
Yeah, but I never knew they were
Feds, Kris, I swear.

KRIS SAVVA
(furiously)
How stupid can you be? I knew I
shouldn't have trusted you. You
just can't keep it in your pants
for one minute, can ya?

JORGIO
I'll make it up to ya, Kris, I
promise.

DEV BAKSHI

(interjects)

A horny guy with no dick is like
a gun with no trigger, is he,
Jorgio?

KRIS SAVVA

I wouldn't like to be in your
shoes, you bloody fool!

DEV BAKSHI

You owe us, Jorgio- big time.

JORGIO

I'm really sorry, Dev. I'll make
it up to you both, I give you my
word.

DEV BAKSHI

How you gonna do that, then? Do
you have four-hundred grand?

JORGIO

I've got something big lined up.
It's worth a fortune when it
happens, believe me.

KRIS SAVVA

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

JORGIO

(shakes head)

Not really. But I can guess.

DEV BAKSHI

You wouldn't even get close my
friend.

JORGIO

I will make it up to ya.

KRIS SAVVA

I know you will.

(to Dev Bakshi)

What shall we do with him?

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

You've got two days, then I will
cut out your tongue so you can
lick your own arse.

Kris Savva paces the floor and ruminates.

Dog quietly opens the door and exits.

JORGIO

I've kept your names out of it.
You don't have anything to worry
about on that score. I'm the one
who's going down for this.

Kris stares coldly at him and snarls.

KRIS SAVVA

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

(on phone)

Johnson, can you talk-? Good. Now
listen. Jorgio Croci got busted
last night for kerb crawling or
something- Last night in Kings
Cross- The thing is, he had four
big ones in the boot of his car-
I dunno-! Do your best, pretty
please.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

I'll have to clear out the safe.
I don't want them finding
anything, if all of a sudden I'm
raided.

DEV BAKSHI

I'll take it with me, now.

KRIS SAVVA

Nah-nah. I'll get David to store
it at his garage.

EXT. TIFFANY'S CLUB - NIGHT

Jorgio sighs a huge relief and lights a cigarette. Dog comes
behind him and smacks him across the back with a baseball
bat.

DOG

Take that!

Dog discards the baseball bat and walks back inside the lock up. Jorgio rolls around the floor crying in agony.

INT. UOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Kiki and DC Peters present themselves to the UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS COMMANDER 50s.

He stands in front of a polished desk and fiddles with his gold rimmed spectacles. He holds a stern look around his puffy cheeks.

UOC

Let me commend you both for your outstanding work. That was a fine arrest you two pulled off last week, and as a direct result from a search of the vehicle involved we have uncovered a drug trafficking ring connected to nightclub owner, Kris Savva. He is also linked to a Columbian cartel drug lord, Dev Bakshi.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly. He steps forward and looks directly into their eyes.

UOC (CONT'D)

At ease ladies.

He walks back to his desk and sits down.

UOC (CONT'D)

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

(clears throat)

the fact that you have both been selected to carry out a very important sting operation at Tiffany's Nightclub, there is a question I need to ask which applies to both of you.

(pauses)

Have you ever pole danced?

Kiki and DC Peters look knowingly and grin.

INT. TIFFANY'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Non specific dance beats ring out across the dance floor.

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

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

VFX: In the corner of the club Dev Bakshi and two broad shouldered Hispanic MEN 50s & 60s exchange packages.

DEV BAKSHI

(to Men)

The container should arrive at four-hundred hours. Same location as before. You have exactly thirty minutes to clear it out, okay?

The Hispanic Men acknowledge.

A WHITE NOISE as the camera unexpectedly shuts down.

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

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

As she struts towards the changing room, David Savva steps in front of her.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters) passes her as she exits with her trolley case. Medusa shows her an awkward sigh.

SNOW LEOPARD

(to Medusa)

Catch you later, Hun.

MEDUSA

Yeah, alright, babe. See ya.

DAVID SAVVA

(interjects)

How 'bout a private dance for me?

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 and continues towards the changing room.

He shakes his head in annoyance and follows her.

DAVID SAVVA (CONT'D)

(knowingly)

So you won't be wanting this back then, will ya?

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

MEDUSA

Give that back, now!

DAVID SAVVA

Ah-ah.

(grins)

You've gotta dance for me first.

MEDUSA

(sighs awkwardly)

Oh, c'mon then.

INT/EXT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

He sits glued to an armless chair. His expectant dark eyes fixed upon Kiki as she lap dances for him.

Snow Leopard returns to eavesdrop outside the door.

He grabs Kiki thigh and pulls her closer towards him. She angrily pulls back from his grasp.

MEDUSA (CONT'D)

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

He teases her when he wiggles the earring in front of her.

DAVID SAVVA

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

He unzips his fly and brings out his penis.

MEDUSA

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

DAVID SAVVA

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

MEDUSA

I'll dance for you and that's all.

DAVID SAVVA

Jut get your kit off. I wanna see you naked.

MEDUSA

I'm not doing that either.

DAVID SAVVA

If you want this back you're gonna need to do something.

She grabs his testicles and squeezes real hard. He yelps in pain.

Outside the door Snow Leopard makes haste.

MEDUSA

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

DAVID SAVVA

(apoplectic)

YOU FUCKING BITCH! I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU FOR THAT!

He pushes her back and quickly climbs to his feet, before he strikes her across the face, then swings an uppercut to her ribcage.

She screams and creases over in agony.

Her POV: The room spins in front of her eyes as the door slams shut.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ten year old KIKI clutches a BARBIE DOLL and chews her own hair as she cries at the top of a spiral staircase.

Her alcoholic MOTHER 35 stands over her with her jet black hair and fiery eyes looking down at her.

MOTHER

(furiously)

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(sobs)

No! I want my Daddy.

MOTHER

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

CARRUTHERS

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

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

Kiki breaks free from her grasp, and as her Mother spins round to grab her she trips and falls backwards down the stairs.

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

Kiki's POV: Her Mother lying twisted. A puddle of blood leaks from a severe head wound at the bottom stair.

END FLASHBACK.

PRIVATE ROOM - CONT'D

Medusa feels her fat lip before she grabs her mobile phone.

MEDUSA

(on phone)

I've blown cover- David Savva just stole my earring- It wasn't my fault. It just fell out-! I did ask him- No, he wouldn't play ball, unless I sucked his dick first- No of course I didn't-! He punched me in the face and left- Just a fat lip- I'm leaving right now.

She grabs her coat and looks at her reflection in a mirror that hangs upon the wall.

MEDUSA (ASIDE)

Shit!

INT. NCP CAR PARK - LIT

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

KRIS SAVVA V.O

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

LONG BLEEP.

He drops the phone back inside his pocket as he passes a dimly lit lift shaft, but then trips on a missing segment of pavement and falls flat on his face.

DAVID SAVVA (ASIDE)

Bollocks!

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

The tall, athletically built HOODED ASSAILANT quickly disappears from the scene.

Beat.

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

Her POV: David Savva lying in the critical prone position by the lift shaft. She kneels down beside him and has a quick look around.

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

Silence as she rummages through his pockets.

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

DAVID SAVVA
(croaks)
Help me please. I-I-

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

DAVID SAVVA
Please Medusa, help me.

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

DAVID SAVVA
I-I-I-

KIKI
The earring! Where is it?

Through her peripheral vision she spots a SHADOWY FIGURE crouching behind a large 4X4 vehicle.

She gets to her feet and cautiously approaches the Shadowy Figure. He is of a slight build and carries unkempt facial hair.

She grabs him by the shoulders and forces him up against the wall.

KIKI (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? Who are
you?

SHADOWY FIGURE
(whimpers)
No! Nothing! Go!

Her attitude quickly intensifies.

KIKI

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

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

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

She places the items down on the bonnet of the vehicle.

KIKI (CONT'D)

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

He shakes his head vigorously as she spins him back round.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Right then! You can show me some ID.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing!

KIKI

You must have something on you. Who are you? What are you even doing here?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuffing! No understand.

KIKI

What's your name?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English!

KIKI

Well, you're a big trouble.

SHADOWY FIGURE

No understand!

KIKI

You can stay here with me until
my colleagues arrive.

She takes out her mobile phone and presses some digits.

Beat.

Blue lights flash as a SQUAD CAR arrives. She flashes her
BADGE at the two UNIFORMED OFFICERS with her free hand when
they climb out of the vehicle.

KIKI (CONT'D)

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

Officer1# marches over towards David Savva.

Officer2# Handcuffs the suspect without fuss, then leads him
towards the squad car.

He sits him in the back of the squad car, then slams the door
shut before he bags up the items and performs an ID check on
the suspect.

Kiki joins Officer1# by the lift shaft as he radios through
for further assistance.

A puddle of blood leaks from David Savva's skull.

Beat.

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

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

His POV: Her fat lip.

DI PEARSON

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

She shakes his outstretched hand.

KIKI

(nods head)

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

DI PEARSON

I bet. So what can you tell me?

KIKI

(reflects)

Well, I saw the victim lying
there as I entered the car park.
Then I spotted the suspect hiding
behind that black 4X4 over there.

(points)

I did a search and found items I
believe belong to the victim.

DI PEARSON

Was the victim already dead when
you arrived?

KIKI

I believe so.

DI PEARSON

What did you do when you saw him?

KIKI

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

DI PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

And what time was that?

She checks her watch.

KIKI

Just after two.

DI PEARSON

A night out was it?

KIKI

Yeah, it was.

DI PEARSON

OK. So 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 from forensics. In the meantime if you could make out your report and send it over, that'll save us a lot of faffing around with phone calls.

KIKI

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

DI PEARSON

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

KIKI

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

DI PEARSON

Fine.

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

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

DI PEARSON (CONT'D)

Is he known?

DS Johnson raises a brow.

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

How come?

DS JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge in
Finchley.

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 exactly
how that'll go down.

DI PEARSON

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

DS JOHNSON

Aye. But he's not gonna
appreciate it, 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, Johnson?

DS JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

DI PEARSON

Correct. And don't forget it.

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

PATHOLOGIST

There's a severe laceration to the right side of his temple. It's likely that he was struck with a sharp, heavy object of some kind... can't say at the moment. I'll confirm everything once we get him on the slab. There are signs he suffered a hematoma by the look of the colour around the injury.

(pauses)

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

DI PEARSON

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

PATHOLOGIST

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

DI PEARSON

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

PATHOLOGIST

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

DI PEARSON

Appreciated.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - LIT.

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

Beat.

DS Johnson opens the door and climbs into the passenger seat

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

KRIS SAVVA

(soberly)

So what happened to him?

DS JOHNSON

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

He breaks down over the steering wheel and laments.

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

(blows nose)

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

(sighs)

Okidoki.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

Aye. It will be.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR LOUNGE - EARLY HOURS

Glamorous, sixty year old brunette HELEN falls into Kris Savva's arms as she faints.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

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

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INCIDENT ROOM - CONT'D

DS Johnson places the phone down and steadily approaches DI Pearson.

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

You what?

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

(concernedly)

Go on, then.

DS JOHNSON

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

DI PEARSON

(shakes head)

Right. Let's talk to him.

DS JOHNSON

Aye.

DI PEARSON

Has his interpreter arrived?

DS JOHNSON

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 Detectives enter and sit down at the table.

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

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

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

DI PEARSON

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

DS JOHNSON

(to Petrescu)

Right then, can you confirm that you are Roman Petrescu of no fixed abode?

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

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

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

DI PEARSON

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

(pauses)

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

Same action as before.

DI PEARSON (CONT'D)

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shakes head)

No comment.

Duty Solicitor makes notes.

DI PEARSON

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

Short silence.

DI PEARSON (CONT'D)

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shifts)

No comment.

DI PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

DI PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

Interpreter shrugs shoulders in dismay at the suspect.

DI PEARSON

Look, we know you murdered David Savva before you robbed him. He's got your DNA all over his clothing, as well as the blood on your shirt cuffs. And while we're at it, I will remind you that if you insist on answering each question with a no comment you'll be on the next plane back to Bulgaria to face that rape charge you're wanted in connection with in Velingrad. And from what I've heard 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

(to Detectives)

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

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Then ask him if he saw who did.

Interpreter repeats the question and Petrescu replies.

INTERPRETER

He says he saw somebody running away from the car park when he entered. He says the reason the victim's blood is on his sleeve is because he went through his pockets. He says he thought the victim was drunk when he saw him lying on the ground.

DS JOHNSON

(irked)

Aye. Pull the other one. He must have had blood pouring out of his head as you were robbing him.

The Detectives share a significant glance.

DI PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Yes. He says he thought that he'd fallen over drunk.

DS JOHNSON

(shakes head)

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

DI PEARSON

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

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He says after.

DS JOHNSON

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

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He says he doesn't know, because
the face was covered with a
scarf.

DI PEARSON

What colour was the scarf?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

Black.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Describe to us exactly what you
saw?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

The person was tall and slim. He
says the only other person inside
the car park was the woman who
arrested him. He never saw anyone
else there.

DI PEARSON

(to interpreter)

Ask him if he saw her arrive?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He says he did, and he watched her kneel down by the victim. He thought she was spoke to him. She seemed angry with him.

DS JOHNSON

What'd you mean, angry?

Same action As before.

INTERPRETER

He says she was shouting at him.

DI PEARSON

(to Petrescu)

Would this be the same woman who arrested you?

Same action, but Petrescu panics as he shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

Yes, but he says he never killed him. Speak to her. She knows he never killed him, because he was still alive when he stole his things.

The Detectives glance at one another knowingly.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

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?

He studies it carefully.

DI PEARSON

It's a pearl earring.

DCI MUST

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

He shakes his head then hands it back to her.

She unscrews it to reveal a MICRO SPY CAMERA.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

DI PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

True.

DCI MUST

(stands up)

Find that weapon quick smart.

DI PEARSON

(irked)

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

DCI MUST

It must be in there somewhere.

DI PEARSON

I know.

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

Good. And make sure your team check every vehicle inside that car park before you let them leave.

DI PEARSON

That's what they're doing now.

She shows him a satisfied look before he exits.

INT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kiki and DC Shelley Peters stand in front of the UOC.

UOC

(vexed)

How on earth did you let this happen?

KIKI

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

UOC

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

KIKI

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

UOC

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

KIKI

Yes sir.

DC PETERS

Yes sir.

KIKI

I'm sorry, sir. It was my mistake, not DC Peters.

UOC

Get out.

They exit.

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

UOC (CONT'D)

(worriedly)

Get me DCI Brooke at Soho Police
Station.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY.

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

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

DS JOHNSON

It's all there- four kilos.

Kris Savva remains silent.

DS JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I had to pull a lot strings to
get that lot back. Show some
appreciation. I'm putting my job
on the line for you, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA

Yeah, I know. Thanks.

(pauses)

What else have you got for me?

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

(shrugs shoulders)

So what?

DS JOHNSON

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

Was he at the club last night?

KRIS SAVVA

(irately)

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

Not a chance, Kris. It's with the tech guys.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

I know. But that was different.

KRIS SAVVA

Was it?

DS JOHNSON

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

A protracted silence as Kris Savva ruminates.

KRIS SAVVA

(realises)

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

DS JOHNSON

Let me find out what's going on.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

We need to find what he did with
the murder weapon before we can
charge him.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

He cannae speak English. He's
Bulgarian.

KRIS SAVVA

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

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

Kiki kicks her heels as she walks towards her vehicle
pulling a cello case.

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

It's not that, actually. I just need a quick chat, that's all- Two minutes.

KIKI

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

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. You might end up with an infection.

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

I need a big favour.

KIKI

And what's that?

DS JOHNSON

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 defiantly.

KIKI

(knowingly)

No chance. Sorry.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

I can't. I'm a witness.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

Take no for an answer. Now is that all? 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 working undercover at his den of iniquity.

DS JOHNSON

(aback)

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

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

(defensively)

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

KIKI

I'm working as a pole dancer to gather info into a drugs trafficking ring linked to a Columbian cartel operating out of Spain.

A short silence as Ds Johnson nods his head knowingly.

DS JOHNSON

A pole dancer, eh?

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 him.

DS JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Interesting, I must say.

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

That was DI Pearson's assumption. I never said he did. Read my statement.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

He tried to force his cock in to my mouth. So I grabbed his balls so fucking hard, he lashed out.

DS JOHNSON

Aww. So what did you do?

KIKI

I fucking cried... what do you think? It fucking hurt. And if you blow my cover, you'll find yourself in a deep pile of shit. That's a fact.

DS JOHNSON

Well, just to let you know the earring is now in the possession of the tech guys.

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

You've always got the orchestra to fall back on, right?

KIKI

Ha-ha. Not funny, Johnson.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

That bad, is it?

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

Aye. That's what I thought.

KIKI

Yeah well. Alright, DS Johnson, like I said, I've gotta go. I'm busy.

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

DS JOHNSON

Ciao, musical maestro.

KIKI

Ha-ha. See ya.

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

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

His POV: An aerial view of the British landscape.

EXT. JACK'S WINE BAR - DAY

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

(gruffly)

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

Very funny- not.

DC PETERS (ASIDE)

Oh no.

He takes a seat at their table.

KRIS SAVVA

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

KIKI

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

DC PETERS

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

KIKI

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

KIKI

Who did you hear that from?

KRIS SAVVA

I've got ears to the ground. But I'm only interested in who smashed my boy's skull in at the moment.

(to Kiki)

And I know it was you, Medusa, who found him in the car park with his head smashed in.

KIKI

(nonchalantly)

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

KIKI

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

KRIS SAVVA

If anyone's leading me up the garden path, I reckon it's you?

KIKI

Anyway, who tipped you off, DS Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes as he scowls.

KIKI (CONT'D)

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

KRIS SAVVA

(ominously)

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kiki 10, clutches a BARBIE DOLL and chews her own hair as she cries at the top of a spiral staircase.

Her alcoholic Mother stands over her with her jet black hair, and fiery eyes looking down at her.

MOTHER

(furiously)

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

KIKI

(sobs)

No! I want my Daddy.

MOTHER

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

KIKI

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

Her Mother slaps her across the face and attempts to force her back inside her bedroom. Kiki breaks free from her grasp. Her Mother trips and falls backwards down the stairs.

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

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

END FLASHBACK.

DC PETERS

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

KIKI

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

He narrows his eyes upon her before he lets go and gets to his feet.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DC PETERS

Ditto!

He rolls his eyes at them.

KRIS SAVVA

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

He marches off.

KIKI

(sighs)

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

DC PETERS

He's a bully. You should report this incident to our chain of command.

KIKI

Yeah, I will.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY.

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

DI Pearson and DS Johnson enter.

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

DCI MUST
Close the door for me please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
Right. It turns out that the pearl earring is of concern to the NCA. As I understand it, it involves an undercover operation, involving DC Kiki Carruthers- the off duty detective that apprehended our suspect Roman Petrescu.

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

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

DCI MUST
So that's what blew her cover, then.

They nod their heads in agreement.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
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 wouldn't know anything about that.

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

We're making progress. It's a bit of a slow burner, but we'll get there eventually.

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

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

He's wanted back home for raping a sixteen year old. And he was supposed to have been deported after a sexual assault on a female passenger when he was working for a well-known private hire firm.

DCI MUST

I see.

DI PEARSON

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

DCI MUST

(sympathetically)

Are you perfectly sure, Steve? I need to present a solid case to the CPS before we can actually charge him with his murder. And you know what they're like. They want it written in stone.

DI PEARSON

Yep. He's an archetypal criminal. He's wanted in Bulgaria for a string of other offences as well as rape.

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

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

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

DCI MUST

What about witnesses? Has anyone come forward?

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

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image.

David Savva lies face down on the pavement with a gash to the left side of his skull.

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(expectantly)

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

They study the image.

She shakes her in dismay and sighs irritably.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(irked)

Look closer at it.

They look at her during their dismay.

DS JOHNSON

With respect, it's just an image
of the victim 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 fool!

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

(points)

See! There!

DI Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

DI PEARSON

(aback)

So it is.

DCI MUST

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

DS Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

DI PEARSON

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

DS JOHNSON

(resentfully)

I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST

Oh, am I? Am I, Steve? Because if
that slab of broken concrete
turns out to be the murder weapon
there are only two people I can
see that are way out of line.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(to DS Johnson)

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

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

And close the flipping door.

She returns her attention to DI Pearson.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

DI PEARSON

Mistakes? What, because of that?

DCI MUST

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

DI PEARSON

You could say that.

DCI MUST

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

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

INT. KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kiki devours DC Peters inside the sheets. Her long red mane covers DC Peters genitalia before she wildly climaxes.

Beat.

They sit up in bed and share a cigarette.

DC PETERS

What'd ya think will happen to us?

KIKI

Oh, well, that's easy to answer. I'll probably be suspended, and you'll be given a desk job.

DC PETERS

But it wasn't your fault really, was it? It just fell out of your ear. It could've happened to any of us.

KIKI

No. it was my thought, Shelley. I should've checked it was properly secured. I take full responsibility. I shouldn't have got you involved. Kris Savva will walk away from this without as much as a caution. It'll be as you were at Tiffany's for the unforeseeable now he knows.

DC PETERS

Who says crime doesn't pay?

KIKI

I know. I'm an idiot.

A protracted silence.

KIKI

You know, I'm sure Johnson's on the take. Be careful what you say to him if he approaches you. He's on Kris Savva's payroll, I'm sure of it.

DC PETERS

I will, then.

KIKI

There's no other way Kris could've known that I was first on the scene in that car park, unless he told him.

DC PETERS

(knowingly)

But you wasn't, were you?

She ignores the question as she puts the cigarette out in the ashtray beside the bed.

KIKI

Did I tell you my mum's an alcoholic?

DC PETERS

No.

KIKI

And my father is a philandering sex addict?

DC PETERS

Oh, stop it, he's lovely, Kiki.
At least he came and watched you
perform.

KIKI

True. I'm just being horrible
because I feel like shit.

DC PETERS

What did she do to you?

KIKI

Slapped me once too often. I
pushed her down the stairs. Now
she's in a wheelchair because of
me.

DC PETERS

Oh my God!

KIKI

I'm just sorry she didn't die.
She was an evil bitch.

DC PETERS

Oh my God, Kiki! How old were
you?

KIKI

Nine or ten I can't remember.

DC PETERS

Were you punished?

KIKI

Oh yeah. My dad sent me to live
here with my aunty Cathy. My Mum
said I was possessed by the
devil.

DC PETERS

Oh my god!

KIKI

Cow!

DC Peters looks at her empathetically.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor of Velingrad enters and is duly welcomed by DCI Must.

DCI MUST

Take a seat and I'll explain to you where we are at with Roman Petrescu.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Of course. And thank you for taking the time to see me.

INT. DCI BROOKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kiki stands in front of DCI BROOKE 50s while he sits at his desk.

DCI BROOKE

So you screwed it up, did you, Carruthers?

KIKI

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

DCI BROOKE

Did David Savva know what you were up to?

KIKI

I doubt it. He was hardly ever there when I was there. I can vouch for DC Peters as well.

DCI BROOKE

The only thing asked of you was to protect a piece of equipment with your life. You could've blown the whole thing straight out of the water if that earring had've fallen into the wrong hands. Undercover Operations are very lucky to have it back in their possession. And I must admit I feel totally responsible for putting your names forward. I wish I'd just kept my mouth shut and kept you out of sight.

KIKI

I apologise, sir.

DCI BROOKE

You know, I hand picked you two for this assignment because I had faith in your ability to hold your nerve when push comes to shove. You really have let yourself down, Carruthers

KIKI

And I'm grateful to you for giving me that opportunity as well, sir.

Short silence whilst he sifts through his notes.

DCI BROOKE

Well it saddens me to have to tell you the powers that be have called time at Tiffany's at the behest of the NCA.

KIKI

Because of me, sir?

DCI BROOKE

Partly. Yes. Also because the drugs you and Shelley Peters established hidden inside that vehicle have now disappeared. The whole surveillance job was a shambles to begin with. In the meantime, I'm afraid your back on welfare duties. You're dismissed.

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

INT. FORENSICS LAB - LIT

A PATHOLOGIST leads DCI Must towards a broken concrete slab of pavement.

PATHOLOGIST

As I said to you on the phone we discovered blood spatter on the underpart of a small segment of the pavement.

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

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

As you can see for yourself, 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 own DNA- plus DNA from the perpetrators. There are four sets of fingerprints to suggest a grab and hold position.

DCI MUST

(aback)

Four sets of fingerprints? I don't understand what you mean.

He turns it upside down and shows her.

PATHOLOGIST

So, on the under side here there are two different thumb prints. It looks to me like there were two perpetrators involved in the victim's murder.

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?

PATHOLOGIST

Exactly. We have two separate sets of fingerprints.

DCI MUST

Do any belong to our suspect, Roman Petrescu?

PATHOLOGIST

No match, I'm afraid.

DCI MUST

Ingenuity at work. I am very impressed.

PATHOLOGIST

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

DCI MUST

They couldn't have both been holding that at the same time, surely?

PATHOLOGIST

No, not possible. He was only struck once. My guess is that the second perpetrator handled this piece when they slotted it back in the pavement, after he was struck by the first perpetrator. There is only one laceration wound to his skull which ultimately caused his death, after he must have fallen and banged his head, hence the contusion to his sinciput.

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

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

So we also extracted a minute trace of red nail varnish on the upper side which I can show you more clearly on the computer.

DCI MUST

Nail polish?

She takes out her phone and makes a call.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

(to Lab Assistant)

Excuse me, just a moment.

PATHOLOGIST

Of course.

She walks across the room.

DCI MUST

Johnson, have Roman Petrescu
charged with robbery, and for
assaulting a police officer, then
get him checked in at the Hendon
Immigration facility. He can stew
there until his court appearance-
(angrily)
Just do it for heaven's sake!

She ends the call and retruns to the conversation.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - DAY

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

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

ABIGAIL

Hi Daddy.

KRIS SAVVA

Alright babe.

BETHANY

Hello dad.

KRIS SAVVA

Hello sweetheart.

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

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

The conversation mutes when they are joined by Helen.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

(solemnly)

To David. We all miss you son.

They clink glasses.

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

BETHANY

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

HELEN

(tearfully)

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

ABIGAIL

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

BETHANY

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

KRIS SAVVA

They've banged up some Bulgarian immigrant. But they can't find the murder weapon, so the CPS won't give the go-ahead to charge him.

They begin to tuck in to the food.

Beat.

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

EXT. SOHO NICK - DAY

Kiki and DC Peters stroll along the street when they're confronted by an unperturbed DCI Must and DS Johnson.

KIKI
(brightly)
Morning.

They stop and join in a conversation.

DCI MUST
Morning, DC Kiki Carruthers, and
DC Shelley Peters, isn't it?

DC PETERS
Yes. Morning.

DCI Must spots DC Peters red nail polish.

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

KIKI
(irked)
You've found it!

DCI MUST
Yes, we did. It was discovered on
David Savva, after he was struck
over the head with a piece of
concrete slab from inside the NCP
where he was murdered.

KIKI
I know. I found him there.

DCI MUST
So, then, maybe you can tell
me why he stormed out of
Tiffany's that night, that was
after you performed a private
dance for him?

KIKI

(eyes Johnson)

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

DCI MUST

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

KIKI

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

DCI MUST

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

KIKI

(concerned)

No! I don't understand, what are you getting at?

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

DCI MUST

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

DC PETERS

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

DCI MUST

Oh shut up!

KIKI

I was the one who found him for god's sake.

DCI MUST

Then explain how your dabs happen to be on the slab of concrete that he was murdered with? And yours too DC Shelley Peters?

DC Peters gasps.

KIKI

(aback)

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

DC PETERS

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 as we're all in one place.

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.

DC PETERS

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

KIKI

Yeah alright, Johnson. I know the drill.

He ushers Kiki back inside the police station, as DCI Must grabs DC Peters by the arm and follows.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

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

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

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

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

PRIEST

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

HELEN SAVVA

(hysterically)

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

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

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

PRIEST

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

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LIT

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

DCI Must switches on a TABLET then turns it to face DC Carruthers as she sits with a worried expression upon her face and her arms folded.

CCTV FOOTAGE:

David Savva, with his phone to ear 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 and smashes his head down on the concrete.

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

His nimble ASSAILANT dressed in dark clothing with face covered quickly disappears from view, as he lies in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

KIKI

(dismissively)

No idea.

DCI MUST

Is it your girlfriend Shelley Peters?

KIKI

(shakes head)

No.

DCI MUST

You seem sure, Kiki.

KIKI

I know it's not her.

DCI MUST

What makes you so sure?

KIKI

She left Tiffany's thirty minutes before me. You should know that if you've looked at the CCTV from that night inside the club.

DCI MUST

Then how did her nail polish come to be on the segment of pavement that was used strike him?

Kiki drops her arms in frustration.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

That doesn't exclude your fingerprints either. They were also found on the same segment of pavement.

DCI Must runs the footage once more.

VIDEO:

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

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

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

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

DCI Must looks across the table with a raised brow.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

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

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

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

It was Shelley who struck him, wasn't it? Before you put it back. Isn't that what happened?

KIKI

I'll tell you exactly what happened.

DCI MUST

Let's hear it, then.

KIKI

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

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

The video doesn't show any evidence of you nearly tripping over.

DCI MUST

Besides, if that's to be believed, as you say, Carruthers, then why did you adjust David's head to conceal that it was broken? Why didn't you just leave his head where it was lying?

A protracted silence as she ruminates.

KIKI

I didn't know he was dead at that time, did I? I just thought he was drunk and had fallen over. Anyway, I wasn't going to leave it by his head, was I? How was I to know he'd been struck over the head with it?

DCI MUST

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

A protracted silence.

KIKI

I want to execute my right to a solicitor. I'm not saying anything else until then.

DCI MUST

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

KIKI

No comment.

DCI MUST

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

KIKI

I'm not saying another word.

DCI MUST

Fair enough.

DCI Must and DS Johnson get to their feet.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have lied, Carruthers. You're a silly girl.

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

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

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

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

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

A BLACK RANGE ROVER containing the Mayor of Velingrad and three other MEN sit watchful whilst 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.

NW SECURITY written on the side panel.

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

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

DRIVER

Yeah.

KRIS SAVVA

Good luck.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go!

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

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

INTERCUT:

Phone conversation between Kris Savva & DS Johnson.

DS JOHNSON

Kris-?

KRIS SAVVA

What'd you want-?

DS JOHNSON

Everything all right-?

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

D' you give them the correct code-?

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

I'm just making sure everything's okay.

KRIS SAVVA

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

DS JOHNSON

I've got some news.

KRIS SAVVA

G'rn.

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

KRIS SAVVA
(awed)
You what-?

DS JOHNSON
I thought I'd tell you the good
news myself, before you heard
from other sources.

KRIS SAVVA
Who are they-?

DS JOHNSON
Your dancing detectives - Medusa
and White Leopard.

KRIS SAVVA
Feds-?

DS JOHNSON
Aye. DC's Kiki Carruthers and
Shelley Peters.

KRIS SAVVA
I had a feeling they were
involved. Keep me informed.

DS JOHNSON
You'll be first to know what
happens next, Kris.

KRIS SAVVA
Good.

DS JOHNSON
Ciao for now then. And good luck.

KRIS SAVVA
Yeah. Cheers.

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

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

The Mercedes Vito pulls up at the barrier.

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

The Security Guard leaves his hut then approaches the barrier.

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

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

The vehicle stops directly outside the glass panelled doors.

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

RECEPTION.

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

WARDEN

(diligently)

Can I help you gentlemen?

DRIVER

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

WARDEN

Do you have the one-time code?

She stares blankly into his confused eyes.

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

DRIVER

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

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

WARDEN

That'll be the one.

He hands her the code.

DRIVER

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

WARDEN

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

DRIVER

Not really.

WARDEN

Are you new to the company?

DRIVER

Fairly new, yeah.

WARDEN

I see none of you are wearing
name tags.

DRIVER

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

WARDEN

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

DRIVER

(anxiously)

Much appreciated.

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

They check their watches.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fuck me. She's a bit previous.

Beat.

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

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

Beat.

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

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

TOPOGRAPHICAL VIEW. A1 MOTORWAY - DAY

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

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

FOUR MEN wearing SKI MASKS jump out of the Range Rover and rush towards the Mercedes Vito with their firearms directed at the Driver.

The Driver of the Mercedes hits the gas and wheel-spins away at speed from the Range Rover. The four masked Men rush back to the Range Rover and climb in before they give chase.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

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

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

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VITO.

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

Out!

The Driver jumps out in a panic.

DRIVER

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

KRIS SAVVA

Followed?

DRIVER

Yeah.

KRIS SAVVA

Old bill, d' ya think?

DRIVER

Definitely not.

KRIS SAVVA

OK. Well done for losing them.

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

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

The Mercedes Vito is driven away.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D O.S)

Who the fuck are this lot?

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

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Get outta my way!

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

Get outta my way, then.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

(aback)

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

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

KRIS SAVVA

Who told you I had him?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

So did my son.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

KRIS SAVVA

Yeah. All right. Fair enough.

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

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

Petrescu yelps and falls to his knees.

He looks mercifully up at Kris Savva standing over him.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

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

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

PETRESCU

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

KRIS SAVVA

Why not?

PETRESCU

Please, just don't kill me.

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

KRIS SAVVA

Get him up on his feet.

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

PETRESCU

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

KRIS SAVVA

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

PETRESCU

Oh, thank you-thank you-thank you.

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

KRIS SAVVA

But this man might.

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

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

Beat.

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

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

You need to know something you little scoundrel.

PETRESCU

Please...

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

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

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

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

Petrescu squirms as he tries to cover his head.

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

BANG!

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

Roman Petrescu lies muddied, bloodied and dead.

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

FADE OUT.

THE PEARL EARRING