

ADJUSTMENT DISORDER

written & created by

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Kiki Carruthers (c) 2025

Episode 2

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT

Capone lookalike KRIS SAVVA 50s stands proudly in a bib and tucker at the head of a solid oak dining table. He clutches a glass of bubbly. His glamorous wife HELEN (50s) is seated next to him, and his two daughters BETHANY and ABIGAIL are seated next to her.

Also at the table a select group of friends consists of his confidant- Glaswegian DS JAMES JOHNSON, along with his pretty Thai wife, TUCH (31). His flat nosed henchman DOG (50s). Columbian DEV BAKSHI (30), his pretty Columbian wife AMY (18), and cousin ZANE DELGARDO (20s).

His BRIEF and bearded HUSBAND (30s). And three elderly members of the BROTHERHOOD, along with their WIVES.

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

The room quietens.

KRIS SAVVA

(gruffly)

Thank you all for coming this evening. As some of you know this will be the very last dinner party that my wife and I will be hosting here at Longmoor Manor.

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

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

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

(thoughtful pause)

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

Murmurs and sniffles.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Jokes aside. I've never been disrespectful, or ashamed of where I came from. Some of you know I was raised in a one room bedsit in the east end. God only knows how I ended up here. I do ask myself that question sometimes, particularly when I reflect on what I've achieved.

He looks up at the crystal chandelier with a tear in his eye.

Dev Bakshi whispers in the ear of Zane Delgado who grins mischievously who grins mischievously.

Back to scene.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

But I can tell you something for nothing, it wasn't handed to me on a plate... that you can be certain of. And I didn't win it in no raffle either. I got here through hard graft- selling things. A love of money. But also knowing where to invest my money has been key to building my own security. And like all of you here I've given back to society, not only through paying my taxes, but through supporting people whenever and wherever I can. I'm proud to say I've paid my dues to society in more ways than one.

(sips water)

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

Helen grabs his free arm and gently squeezes.

KRIS SAVVA (CONT'D)

Overall, I s'pose I shouldn't complain because this country has been good to me in other ways. Many of you know me as a man who doesn't suffer fools, but Helen and I are going to put all that behind us when we take on a new way of life, away from the bright lights and the darkness of our recent memories. We're going to be taking life a lot easier, and hopefully do the things that whatever time we have left will allow us to do.

(sips more water)

But I will continue to support those charities that are close to mine and Helen's hearts.

He raises his glass. Helen stands up.

KRIS SAVVA /

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

They stand and raise a toast.

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

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Kris Savva approaches Dog as he stands by a marquee that serves drinks. Dinner jazz plays in the background.

He puts his arm around Dog's shoulder and takes him to one side.

Dev Bakshi and Zane Delgado observe as they stand by the marquee.

DEV BAKSHI

(to Delgado)

The only way he's leaving is in a box. No one can just walk away from the business.

KRIS SAVVA

Dog, I need a big favour.

DOG

Yeah. Sure. What is it, Kris?

KRIS SAVVA

That fuckin' detective,
Carruthers. I'm hearing the case
against her is flimsy and she
might walk. If she gets off, I
want her ironed out.

DOG

Yeah-yeah, sure. Consider it
done.

KRIS SAVVA

I want justice for my David. I
can't have her walking away
without so much as a black mark
against her name. She's as guilty
as the other one.

DOG

Yeah-yeah. Leave it to me. I'll
make sure it's done.

KRIS SAVVA

Try and make it look like a
suicide. I don't want no weapons
used, otherwise there'll be
comebacks, and I can do without
any of that.

DOG

Yeah-yeah. I will.

KRIS SAVVA

Good man. There'll be 10K now,
and another 10K after it's done.

DOG

Yeah-yeah. No worries, Kris. I'll
see to it.

KRIS SAVVA

Thanks.

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Wig and gowns furnish a packed courthouse.

Seated in the dock are defendants, flamed haired KIKI CARRUTHERS 30s and blonde SHELLEY PETERS 30s. Two uniformed WARDENS stand directly behind them.

Kris Savva and his distraught wife Helen are seated behind the prosecutions LEGAL TEAM.

DCI MUST and DS James Johnson seated behind.

Kiki's father DOMINIC 50s congregates in the public gallery alongside the JOURNALISTS.

The bespectacled JUDGE looks over the rim of his gold rimmed specs as he turns to the defendants.

JUDGE

Would the defendants please stand up.

They get to their feet and glance at each other with bated breath.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Will the jury foreperson please rise.

FOREPERSON 60s gets to her feet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

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

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

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

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

A cacophony of gasps, cheers, and sobs erupt inside the public gallery.

The Prosecution and their teams grin at one another with high-fives.

The Judge taps his gavel for the room to quieten, and it does.

JUDGE

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

She wipes her eyes and sobs. Kiki Carruthers gazes at her empathetically.

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

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Take her down.

She's promptly removed from the courtroom by the Warden. He turns back to the Foreperson.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

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

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

A hush.

FOREPERSON

Not guilty.

Stunned gasps and murmurs of discontent as a surprised Kiki looks up at the public gallery and covers her mouth with her hand.

The Prosecution shake their heads in dismay as the Judge hits the gavel once more.

JUDGE

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

Kris Savva snarls and bears a deathly glare towards her.

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

PAPARAZZI and REPORTERS congregate by the exit.

Kiki exits the Court with her father Dominic by her side.

Kris Savva and his wife give her the evil eye as they look on in anger.

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

REPORTER

(rushed)

Kiki? Kiki, do you feel
vindicated?

She looks into the camera with her sparkling green eyes and sighs her relief.

KIKI

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

REPORTER

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

KIKI

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

REPORTER

What will you do now this is all over for you? Will you ask to be reinstated in the force?

KIKI

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

She hails a passing TAXI and they quickly climb in, away from the baying press.

INT. KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dominic stands by the large window and looks out at the panoramic view of the city, as Kiki quickly packs a suitcase.

She joins him by the window as she makes a call.

KIKI

(on phone)

Oh. Hi. We'd like a taxi to City Airport- Straight away if possible- Thanks.

She ends the call, then locks the suitcase and grabs her coat. Dominic follows her out the door.

INTERCUT:

INT. AIRPORT BOARDING GATE - DAY

Kiki and Dominic show their boarding passes to Air France security then walk towards the plane.

EXT. KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dog and one other THUG presses his thumb down on the camera ring-bell and waits a moment or two.

Kiki looks at her phone and stares at it with concern.

DOG

She's not here. We've missed her.

She watches as they break-in to her apartment.

KIKI (ASIDE)

Early bird catches the worm.

(pauses)

Idiots.

Dominic lends an ear as they board the plane.

DOMINIC

What was that, you say?

KIKI

Oh, nothing. Just thinking out loud, dad.

END INTERCUT.

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

With her hair tied back, Shelley Peters is ushered towards her cell dressed in prison garb.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Kris Savva sits at a desk when his phone rings. He answers.

KRIS SAVVA

(on phone)

Well find her!

He ends the call and grits his teeth.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Soft dinner music plays as Kiki and Dominic share a candlelit table.

KIKI

(smiles)

This is romantic, Dad. We should do this more often.

DOMINIC

Yes, we should.

They eat and drink.

KIKI

So, have you seen mum lately?

DOMINIC

Yes. I see her occasionally.

KIKI

Does she still hate my guts?

DOMINIC

No, she does not hate your guts,
Kiki.

KIKI

She's finally forgiven me, then,
I suppose?

DOMINIC

She forgave you a long time ago.
You just need to believe that and
get that chip off your shoulder.

(pauses)

In fact, she's very proud of what
you.

KIKI

How come?

DOMINIC

I've been keeping her up-to-date
with your situation, and
progress.

(drinks)

I told her about your concert.
She cried.

(pauses)

She wants to see you. She asked
me if you would visit her before
you fly back. Just to say hello
and goodbye, that's all. What
harm can it do?

KIKI

OK. I will. But only if you come
with...

DOMINIC
(interjects)
That goes without saying.

KIKI
OK.

INT. CHATEAU GARDEN - DAY

Confined to a wheelchair Kiki's tired looking mother AUDREY
50s reads a book whilst situated next to a table.

Kiki spots her from the conservatory window- a tear rolls
down her cheeks.

DOMINIC
(imploringly)
Come on. Don't back out. We're
here now. It'll be all right,
you'll see.

Audrey who unexpectedly spins around with a huge grateful
smile, before Kiki bends down and hugs her with affection.
They both begin to sob in to each others shoulders.

KIKI
I'm sorry, Mum.

AUDREY
Me too. It wasn't entirely your
fault, dear.

KIKI
Oh, I love you, Mum, please
forgive me.

AUDREY
I love you too, my dear. And I
want you to forgive me too.

KIKI
Yes, of course I forgive you.

They continue to hug.

INT. PRISON VISITORS HALL - DAY

Shelley Peters sits at a table dressed in prison garb. She
looks up and spots Kiki walking towards her. She gets up and
they hug.

KIKI
(tearfully)
Oh Shelley. I'm so sorry.

SHELLEY PETERS
(tearfully)
Kiki.

KIKI
How the other prisoners treating
you?

SHELLEY PETERS
Not good. I'm a pig as far as
they're concerned.

KIKI
Oh no. I'm so sorry.

SHELLEY PETERS
It's getting better. You get used
to it.

KIKI
It must be hard though.

SHELLEY PETERS
Yeah, like I said, you get used
to it.

KIKI
Are you going to appeal your
sentence?

SHELLEY PETERS
Yes, I am.

KIKI
I've just got back from Paris. I
needed to get away. I saw my mum.
It's the first time I've seen her
since I was ten.

SHELLEY PETERS
At least you've had plenty of
time to readjust to life on the
outside.

KIKI
I know. It's just so unfair.

SHELLEY PETERS

(irked)

You can say that again.

KIKI

I'm really sorry for getting you involved. I shouldn't have called you.

SHELLEY PETERS

Just be careful. You need to watch yourself. They'll come for you.

KIKI

I know. That's why I had to get away. He sent two of his thugs to my apartment just after I left for the airport. I watched them on my ring-bell as I boarded the plane.

(pauses)

Twats

SHELLEY PETERS

Have you reported it?

KIKI

No, no. I'm looking straight ahead from now on.

SHELLEY PETERS

You should.

KIKI

No. Let sleeping dogs lie.

SHELLEY PETERS

Are they going to reinstate you, then, or what?

KIKI

I'm meeting the DCI tomorrow. I'm being accessed by a police psychiatrist later today to see if I'm mentally fit enough to go back.

SHELLEY PETERS

I hope they let you back. You're
a good detective, Kiki.

(reflects)

We had a bloody laugh, didn't we?

KIKI

(chuckles)

Oh yeah!... Especially with vice.

Short silence as Shelley Peters ruminates

KIKI (CONT'D)

You know, I want to help you with
your appeal.

SHELLEY PETERS

Thanks, but no thanks.

KIKI

But I want to.

SHELLEY PETERS

That's nice... but I don't want
you to come here any more. It's
too upsetting for me.

KIKI

But we're a team, aren't we?

SHELLEY PETERS

No! Not any more. Go and live
your life, Kiki. But just
remember one thing, I did it for
you.

Kiki eyes water as she gets to her feet.

KIKI

I love you, Shelley. Never forget
it.

She walks off.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT:

Beneath a pitch black sky the newly installed night vision surveillance cameras are in action as they film four black cladded ASSAILANTS as they climb the wrought-iron gate and rush towards the property.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A signal linked to Kris Savva's phone begins to alert him as he and his wife sleep peacefully.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - CONT'D

Without success the four Assailants attempt to enter the property through a window at the front of the building, using a crowbar to wedge the window open.

In turn they make their way around the back to the rear of the house where the leading Assailant manages with brutal force to open one of the conservatory doors.

Piling inside, they make their way through the conservatory towards the kitchen, and then into the spacious hallway.

SFX: Whirring alarm increases in decibels throughout the night.

They fly up the stairs in search of the master bedroom, opening each of the eight doors along the landing, until they reach the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONT'D

Kris Savva shifts and stirs inside the sheets as a dark shadow appears over him.

When he opens his eyes. he spots the immediate danger and throws up his arms in an attempt to climb out of bed and protect himself.

The masked Assailant smashes him over the head with the crowbar and knocks him backwards as he cries out.

KRIS SAVVA

OUCH! YOU CUNT!

ASSAILANT

Dev Bakshi says fuck you.

Helen lifts her head, then switches on the lamp as the Assailant continuously plunges a long bladed knife into Kris Savva's face, neck, and chest.

Helen screams in shock and horror as she attempts to climb out of bed.

HELEN
NO! PLEASE STOP!

She is knocked to the ground where she lies unconscious.

Kris Savva continues to fight for his life as he gasps and croaks with every ounce of breath that drains from his body, until he becomes lifeless and the Assailants vanish.

CU: Kris Savva sprawled across the Egyptian cotton sheet. He is covered in his own blood, as his wife Helen lies at the foot of the bed unconscious.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT

In the darkness, a lone POLICE UNIT sits parked at the gate with its BLUE LIGHT flashing. The OFFICER inside speaks on the radio as he looks through the gates from his position behind the wheel.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

A relaxed Kiki sits opposite a bespectacled police female PSYCHOLOGIST 40s.

PSYCHOLOGIST
How would you say you have been affected by your time in custody, Kiki?

Short silence.

KIKI
It's difficult to say, really, particularly when you know you're innocent of any wrongdoing.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Do you think it might have been worse because you're a guardian of the peace?

KIKI
Yes, absolutely. It was horrible.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Would you say you are ready for a return to work?

KIKI

Oh, one-hundred per cent. That's exactly what I need, to get back in the flow of it all.

PSYCHOLOGIST

OK. But how would you feel if you were put under that same pressure? How would you react?

KIKI

I'm immune to it, I think.

(pauses)

I just can't stop thinking about Shelley. I really want to help her. It's not fair.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What isn't fair, Kiki?

KIKI

That she was found guilty by that jury. He probably nobbled them.

PSYCHOLOGIST

But you know she did it, don't you?

KIKI

I don't know anything about it really. I don't even know what I'm doing here to be honest. Can I just go now, please?

PSYCHOLOGIST

You can leave anytime you like, kiki. You're free to do as you please.

KIKI

Will it affect your report?

PSYCHOLOGIST

(smiles warmly)

No. Go on, go.

KIKI

Thank you.

She gets up and grabs her coat, before she exits.

INT. DCI BROOKES OFFICE - DAY

Kiki wears a long coat and knee-length suede boots as she stands in front bespectacled DCI BROOKE.

DCI BROOKE

Relax, Kiki, you're not in front of the judge now.

KIKI

Sorry sir.

She drops her shoulders.

DCI BROOKE

The psychiatric report says that you may be suffering from an adjustment disorder, due to your time spent in custody. What do think of that?

KIKI

I can't say I agree with that, but then I'm not a psychiatrist, am I, sir?

DCI BROOKE

Well, your assessment with her also says that your reinstatement would be uplifting for your state of mind.

KIKI

Thank you, sir.

DCI BROOKE

So, welcome back, Carruthers. Believe it or not, I've missed seeing your face around the place.

KIKI

Thank you, sir.

DCI BROOKE

Unfortunately your duties here have been suspended- Not my doing, I must say. You'll have to look further up the chain.

KIKI

Oh.

DCI BROOKE

You are being transferred with immediate effect to Loughton in Essex. You won't be a complete stranger there. DS Johnson, who I know, you know, is with the serious crime unit.

(pauses)

You will be on probation, so please keep your nose clean. I don't want to hear any stories about you taking the law into your own hands.

KIKI

You won't, sir.

DCI BROOKE

You're free to go.

She walks towards the door.

DCI BROOKE (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't know if you've heard anything yet, but Kris Savva has been found dead at his home.

She stops and gasps.

KIKI

No, I didn't know that, sir. When did this happen?

DCI BROOKE

Saturday, early hours. DCI Must is leading the investigation.

KIKI

(casually)

Let's hope she doesn't think I did it. I only got back from Paris on Monday.

DCI BROOKE

I'm sure she knows that, Carruthers.

(pauses)

On your way. And close the door behind you, if you would be so kind.

She exits.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Dark pigmented DI PEARSON 50s sits at a desk and studies CCTV footage from the night of the murder.

DCI MUST appears behind him.

DCI MUST
Steve. A word please.

He gets up and lethargically walks towards her office.

INT. DCI MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
Sit down a minute.

He takes a seat.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)
I actually think we're getting
somewhere.

DI PEARSON
Are we?

DCI MUST
I just received a call from DS
Johnson.

DI PEARSON
Oh yeah?

DCI MUST
He's working out of Loughton
nick. He said that we should take
a look at Dev Bakshi. Apparently
they had a falling out over Kris
relocating to Cyprus.

DI PEARSON
Well, he should know, shouldn't
he?

DCI MUST
Why' d you say that, Steve?

DI PEARSON

They were best of buddies before he got seconded. The funny handshakes and all that. They shared the same the lodge.

DCI MUST

How long have you known that?

DI PEARSON

Since he told me, during the investigation into David Savva's murder.

DCI MUST

Why wasn't I told about this at the time?

DI PEARSON

I never thought much about it at the time.

DCI MUST

I would've taken him of the case, had you told me that.

DI PEARSON

Apologies then.

Awkward silence.

DCI MUST

Anyway, forensics have found the crowbar that was used to break in to his mansion. They discovered a fingerprint match to Zane Delgado.

DI PEARSON

Who's Zane Delgado?

DCI MUST

Keep up, Steve. He's Dev Bakshi's relation- cousin, I believe.

DI PEARSON

Dev Bakshi. Now that name rings a bell.

DCI MUST

(sighs)

Linked to Kris Savva, and
Tiffany's.

DI PEARSON

Right.

DCI MUST

Remember the black pearl earring
I showed you?

DI PEARSON

Yeah, I remember.

DCI MUST

(rolls eyes)

Well, we had it sent to the data
forensic team, didn't we?

DI PEARSON

Yeah, I know. So what?

DCI MUST

Delgado and Bakshi were at
Tiffany's the night of his son's
murder. DC Carruthers filmed a
drugs exchange between them.

DI PEARSON

So what'd you want me to do now,
then?

DCI MUST

We need a bit more before we go
in.

(pauses)

What about the CCTV from Longmoor
Manor... anything revealing
there?

DI PEARSON

I've got two facial images that I
was about to send for facial
recognition.

DCI MUST

Super. Go with that, and we'll
wait to see what they come back
with.

DI PEARSON

Fine.

He gets to his feet and exits.

EXT. ALDERTON HILL - EVENING

Blue lights flash with the road closed off to traffic.

SOCO scan the area for clues to the fatal hit-and-run to Mitchell Bodley.

With her long dreadlocks, white Afrikan DI NUNN stands in conversation with Kiki who wears a long coat and knee length suede boots.

KIKI

(to DI Nunn)

Is he known to us?

DI NUNN

(nods)

Yes. He's twenty-nine year old Mitchell Bodley from the Borders Lane Estate. A known dealer and misanthrope. He did some time at Belmarsh for the attempted murder of his ex wife. He was out on licence.

KIKI

Where is she now?

DI NUNN

In a women's refuge the last I heard.

(chews biltong)

Anyway, any witnesses yet?

KIKI

Nothing. All we've got is some broken headlight glass and tyre tracks. According to traffic-

(looks up)

that CCTV camera up there has never been activated.

DI NUNN

If this is a gangland killing, then we need to ascertain whose toes he might've trodden on.

KIKI

Yeah. Right.

DI NUNN

Inform next-to-kin.

(knowingly)

And I hope you're going to follow
the letter of the law this time.

No shenanigans like your last
assignment, right?

The victim's brother Ross 20s breaks through the cordon and gesticulates his anger towards the Kiki and DI Nunn.

DI NUNN

Forget that.

KIKI

(flippantly)

Which part?

DI Nunn shows her a knowing stare.

ROSS

(angrily)

This is all to do with you lot!
It's your faults- all you fuckin'
lot here! It's obvious who did
this to him, and you lot know it!

DI NUNN

(to Uniform)

Get him out of here. It's a crime
scene.

Ross continues to shout and holler his fury at them as he's dragged away.

KIKI

(aback)

What's that all about?

DI NUNN

That was Ross Bodley- another
thug we can do without around
here.

KIKI

He said we know who did it.

DI NUNN

I'd take that with a pinch of salt. He just hates law and order.

KIKI

Oh.

She walks off.

Kiki sighs and sinks within herself, before she looks over and spots-

Her POV: WHITE PAINT on a leafy BRANCH that hangs from the oak tree near to the victim's body.

Back to scene.

She closes in on the branch, then rips it away from the tree.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A dark cloud covers the congregation down below where Helen Savva dressed in black sobs into a tissue, as her two daughters, twins BETHANY 27 and ABIGAIL 27, stand either side of her.

DS James Johnson, along with lodge members group together while other family and friends stand around the grave as Kris Savva's solid wood coffin is lowered down.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

DI Nunn and Kiki stand by a whiteboard and address JUNIOR DETECTIVES.

DI NUNN

Right, listen up.

An image on the board shows Mitchell Bodley with a large gash to his forehead, beside a small puddle of blood.

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

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

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

Right, pay attention.

They quieten down.

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

So what we're looking at today is the hit-and-run of this known felon- Mitchell Bodley. Some of you might have had some dealings with him. or his brother Ross, in the past, since he spent four years away for the attempted murder of his wife. He's also known to the drug unit as a local dealer.

She points towards his mugshot.

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

It's been one week since his murder, and there's still not a great deal of activity in regards to who mowed him down. We know the tyre tracks belong to a small white saloon... thanks to Kiki's eagle eye, and the headlight casement possibly from a German made vehicle. So keep an eye out for any white vehicle with damage to the wing, or a broken headlight casement.

(pauses)

Now, going back over the CCTV clip of the day he was run down, we've come up with this revealing piece of footage. So pay attention as these images were obtained from Tesco's CCTV opposite the Ice Cream Shack where we know he'd purchased a yoghurt leading up to his death.

Runs clip.

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

This is him entering the Ice Cream Shack, then minutes later he exits and crosses to the other side of the road.

(pauses)

He then walks towards the video games shop and sticks his head inside the door. We've learned, after speaking to the proprietor that he sometimes hung out there with his associates.

KIKI

(interjects)

D' you want me to speak to them?

DI NUNN

Yes, I do. But for now just watch as he disappears for a moment behind the number twenty-nine bus as it passes, and then crosses back over before he turns left into Shakespeare Drive.

She stops the clip.

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

From this point on we lose sight of him, but I believe he heads towards Alderton Hill.

(pauses)

But watch what happens when I forward the footage by one minute.

She rolls the footage forward.

DI NUNN (CONT'D)

The white Audi pulls up, directly outside the Ice Cream Shack. Out pops this person we know to be Shane Burrows. The car is registered to his wife Nancy. He climbs out and rushes into the shop where he confronts his wife before she follows him back outside onto the pavement where he hands her the keys to the Audi.

(introspectively)

She then goes back inside the shop as he marches off in the same direction as- you've guessed it, our victim. Just watch as he crosses the road and looks inside the games shop, before he crosses back over and turns left into Shakespeare Drive, just as the victim did one minute earlier. I am of the impression that he was looking for him. Or maybe it's just a coincidence. If not, we need to know why Shane Burrows was looking for Hakam Mahmood.

(pauses)

So get out there and start talking to his associates. Kiki, I want you to visit the Ice Cream Shack and speak to Nancy Burrows. I'll speak to Ross and see if he knows who killed his brother, because he seems to think we do.

KIKI

Sure.

INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - DAY

Petite, pixie haired NANCY 28, serves a CUSTOMER when Kiki Carruthers enters, followed by a JUNIOR COLLEAGUE.

She waits until the Customer pays for her ice cream and leaves before she flashes her credentials.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Nancy Burrows?

NANCY

(aback)

Yeah.

KIKI

Sorry to call on you unannounced, but would you mind if I ask you a few questions concerning a customer who visited your shop during the evening of last Tuesday? That'll be the eleventh at five-forty-five, or a quarter to six if that sounds easier.

Nancy steps away from the counter and immediately takes up a defensive position when she puts her arms behind her back.

NANCY

(timidly)

So what would you like to know, then?

Kiki produces a photo image of Mitchell Bodley and places it down on the counter.

KIKI

Recognise him?

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

NANCY

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

KIKI

That's funny, because we have CCTV footage of him purchasing a yoghurt from here that same evening. It clearly shows him entering, then leaving with a carton of yoghurt. Is your manager here?

NANCY

No. Sorry. He's gone home.

KIKI

OK. So is it possible to take a quick look at your CCTV?

NANCY

Yeah. Sure. Come through.

She opens the latch at the far end of the counter and shows them through to a room at the back.

KIKI

I take it everything is saved to file?

NANCY

I think so. I'm not sure.

OFFICE.

A 32" monitor shows four different angles from inside the premises.

She clicks a file and the system reverts to Tuesday 11th at the relevant time.

The sound of a customer entering the shop distracts Nancy.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Can I leave it with you?

KIKI

(smiles pleasantly)

Yes.

Nancy returns to the front of the shop and serves the CUSTOMER.

OFFICE- CONT'D

Kiki studies images of the victim being served from a different female member of staff.

Beat.

She returns to the counter.

KIKI (CONT'D)

I noticed that you left the shop when Mitchell Bodley entered the premises. Can you tell me why that was?

NANCY

I took a toilet break, probably, I don't know. I can't remember every time I take a toilet break.

She shakes her head in dismay at the question.

KIKI

(grins)

Of course not. It was a dumb question. I apologise.

NANCY

It's fine.

KIKI

So, can you tell us why you left the shop when your husband arrived? What was so private that you had to take him outside to talk?

NANCY

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

KIKI

Why's that?

NANCY

(abruptly)

Well, would you like your work colleagues to know about your private life?

KIKI

Do you always leave work at six? Is that the time you usually finish your shift?

NANCY

Normally, it is.

KIKI

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

NANCY

Was he?

KIKI

He was, Nancy. But you knew that,
didn't you?

NANCY

I wouldn't know anything about
that, I'm afraid.

She begins to wipe down the work surfaces.

KIKI

So what route do you take home,
then? Presuming you went straight
home, that is.

NANCY

I do usually go the way of
Alderton Hill, but I turn off at
Borders Lane and cross over
Rangers Lane. It's a shortcut to
where I live.

KIKI

I'm amazed you didn't see
anything out of the ordinary.

NANCY

Why would I?

KIKI

Are you absolutely positive you
didn't see anything suspicious,
Nancy?

NANCY

Yeah.

KIKI

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

NANCY

Yes. Why?

KIKI

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

NANCY

(flippantly)

D' you want the keys as well?

KIKI

Don't get shirty, Nancy. I know you're holding back on me. It's written all over you.

NANCY

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

Kiki passes her a faint, knowing smile as she exits.

Nancy bursts into tears and rushes out back.

Beat.

Biracial staff member JADE 18 enters. She steps behind the counter and throws on a pinafore, before she is joined by Nancy.

JADE

Hi Nancy. Has it been busy today?

NANCY

Not really.

JADE

Aww. That won't please the boss, will it?

NANCY

I just had a detective in here asking questions. They want to speak to the person who sold a yoghurt to some guy who got run over on Alderton Hill last Tuesday evening.

JADE

That was me, obviously. You were skiving.

NANCY

She'll be back later.

JADE

I know his brother Ross. He lives on my estate.

The door opens and ponytailed Ross enters.

JADE (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Nancy disappears out back.

INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Nancy enters all flustered. Rockabilly SHANE 29, immediately confronts her.

SHANE

(irately)

Where've you been? I've been worried sick.

NANCY

Something happened at work.

SHANE

What?

She ignores him momentarily as she slips off her coat and throws it over the sofa, then sits down and unties her sneakers.

NANCY

Detectives came into the shop juts before I was about to end my shift.

SHANE

Oh what? You never said anything, did you?

NANCY

No, but they know he came in that night.

(pauses)

They've got CCTV of me and you talking outside.

SHANE

Have they?

NANCY

Yes.

SHANE

What did you tell 'em? You stayed calm, I hope?

NANCY

I think I did. They wanted to look at the CCTV... and the car.

SHANE

What did they say, then?

NANCY

Nothing much. They just wanted to know who served him.

SHANE

Right. Keep to the story.

NANCY

I know. I am.

SHANE

They won't find anything. Mustafa did a great job with the wing damage.

NANCY

I know-I know. You said.

(pauses)

Then, on top of that his brother came in, just as I was about to leave. He looked and acted just like him. He made me feel sick. It just brought everything back.

SHANE

Maybe we should move.

NANCY

Where to?

SHANE

I dunno. Further away from here.

(pauses)

Anyway, you can't go back now. They might be onto us. I've gotta bad feeling about this. It's probably only a matter of time before they start to question us.

NANCY

(disappointedly)

But I like working there. I'm happy. It's the first time I've been happy in a long time. And I get on really well with everyone.

SHANE

I know you do. But you're pregnant. We can't be looking over our shoulders, can we?

NANCY

(tearfully)

I know.

SHANE

We can't go on like this, Nancy.

NANCY

I know-I know.

EXT/INT. HOUSE - EARLY HOURS

Armed DCI Must and DI Pearson, assisted by SFO quietly approach a wooden door when a BATTERING RAM is produced and used to smash the door in before the rush.

Loud screams and shouting can be heard from all over the house.

Upon entry DCI Must and a number of SFO take the ground floor.

They open a door and burst into a room where Dev Bakshi stands naked whilst pointing a sawn off shotgun at them. His GIRLFRIEND stands in the corner, naked and trembling with fear.

DCI MUST

PUT IT DOWN, SLOWLY! I WILL NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT YOU.

He bends down and drops the sawn off to the floor.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Right! Cuff him, and get him out of here!

They cuff him as DCI Must grabs the quilt off the bed and hands it to his Girlfriend.

DCI MUST (CONT'D)

Get dressed.

They exit the room.

Beat.

Dev Bakshi, Zane Delgado, and four HISPANICSS are led in handcuffs to various police vehicles.

DCI Must and DI Pearson look pleased with themselves as a KNIFE is brought out inside a transparent bag.

EXT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Nancy pulls up on the driveway, then exits her vehicle when she is confronted once again by Kiki Carruthers.

KIKI
(brightly)
Nancy?

She sighs her disdain at the sight of the Detective, purposefully marching towards her in her usual dress code.

NANCY
(irked)
What is it this time?

KIKI
I'm sorry to bother you again,
but I need a quick word?

NANCY
I've told you all I know.

She puts her key in the front door lock and steps inside.

KIKI
Actually, it's more to do with
your vehicle.

NANCY
(aback)
My car? I thought you already
looked over it when you came to
the shop.

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

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

KIKI

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

NANCY

(tuts)

What for?!

KIKI

In case I missed anything.

Nancy stands and watches as Kiki closely inspects the offside wing and headlight casement, before she kneels down and scrutinises the tyres, then takes a few snaps with a digital camera.

NANCY

Finished?

Kiki looks back at her and smiles.

KIKI

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

NANCY

Whatever.

KIKI

So may I ask, apart from you and your husband- Shane is it?

NANCY

Yeah, it is.

KIKI

Good. Is anyone else insured to drive this vehicle?

NANCY

No.

KIKI

How often does Shane use your car?

Nancy takes a deep breath as she shows her frustration.

NANCY

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

KIKI

I didn't actually. But thanks for telling me.

NANCY

Look, can I go into my house now? I need to take a shower.

KIKI

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

NANCY

Shane takes care of all that stuff. You'll have to ask him.

KIKI

No problem. But just before I let you go inside, may I ask you something quite personal?

NANCY

What is it?

KIKI

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

Nancy's eyes begin to well-up as she stands agape and in deep shock at the question.

NANCY

I wasn't raped, actually.

KIKI

That's funny, because my colleague was told by the victim's brother that he raped you.

NANCY

(aghast)

That's not true. He's lying. I wasn't raped.

KIKI

It seems to me like you deliberately kept it to yourself, because you wanted your husband to deal with it, didn't you?

NANCY

That's not true either.

KIKI

So why have you given up work at the Ice Cream Shack, then?

NANCY

That's none of your business.

KIKI

I mean, who could blame you? I'd do the same if I saw the guy who'd raped me. I'd want to rip his balls off and stuff them down his throat.

NANCY

I don't know who attempted to rape me. He ran off before I could see his face.

KIKI

Ah! So it is true, then. You were involved in a sexual assault of some kind, or other.

NANCY

(knowingly)

I told you, he didn't rape me. He tried, but I got away before he could do anything.

KIKI

In that case, did you get Shane to follow him when he came in to your shop that night? I bet you knew exactly who he was when he came in to buy a yoghurt, didn't you?

NANCY

No! That's not true.

KIKI

OK. If you say so, Nancy. But if I find evidence to suggest otherwise, or your husband was responsible for the hit-and-run, I will be back with a warrant for your arrests, d' you understand me?

NANCY

(shirks question)

Can I go in now, please?

Kiki notices Nancy's little pot belly.

KIKI

When's it due?

NANCY

(irksomely)

None of your business.

KIKI

You know what they say, dontcha?

NANCY

No. What?

KIKI

The bigger the storm, the brighter the rainbow.

NANCY

What's that supposed to mean?

KIKI

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

NANCY

Whatever.

KIKI

Believe it, Nancy. I've been there myself... I should know.

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

In the distance Ross grits his teeth as he observes Nancy closing the door behind her.

INT. BLACK 4X4 - DAY

Parked at the corner with the high road, Dog sits behind the wheel with the engine running.

His POV: With phone in hand Kiki waits to cross the busy road. When the traffic has finally passed she steps into the road. Half way across she drops her phone.

BACK TO SCENE.

Dog pulls out of the turning and races towards her as she kneels down to retrieve her phone.

Like a cat caught in a headlight she screams and attempts to avoid the 4X4 which causes her to crash to the ground hurt.

A female WITNESS looks on in horror as the 4X4 speeds away and out of sight. She rushes to assist Kiki who holds her shoulder and sobs.

WITNESS

Are you okay? Bloody maniac. I saw what happened. Shouldn't be on the road. Bloody lunatic.

KIKI

It's my shoulder.

WITNESS

Shall I call an ambulance?

KIKI

Yes please. I think it's dislocated.

The Witness takes out her phone and makes the call.

Kiki remains on the ground clutching her shoulder and grimacing with the pain.

Beat.

Wearing a sling, Kiki is carefully ushered by paramedics into a waiting AMBO.

EXT/INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A tow truck, along with an unmarked police vehicle pull up. DS Johnson climbs out of the vehicle and presses his thumb on-

DOORBELL.

After some time Shane opens the door in his dressing gown. DS Johnson gleefully hands him a warrant.

SHANE
(hostile tone)
What's this?

DS JOHNSON
A warrant to seize you lassie's
vehicle.

Shane carefully reads the small print.

SHANE
It says here that we can reclaim
the vehicle after seven days of
seizure, providing you're
satisfied with your findings.

DS JOHNSON
Aye. That's right big man. Or we
can bring it back. It's your
choice.

SHANE
Hang on, I'll get the keys.

DS JOHNSON
Appreciated.

Shane closes the door shut.

Nancy creeps down the stairs in her pyjamas as he opens a sideboard drawer.

NANCY
Shane, who was it? What's going
on?

SHANE
The police. They're seizing your
car.

NANCY
What for?

SHANE
You know what for.

He grabs the spare set of keys and closes the drawer.

NANCY

Bastards! I can't take much more of this crap. Why won't they leave us alone?

She storms into the kitchen.

Shane opens the door and hands the keys to the waiting DS Johnson.

SHANE

And if there's any damage to that car when we get it back, we'll be claiming damages from your insurers.

DS JOHNSON

Awright.

DS Johnson marches over towards the vehicle as the tow truck prepares the hook up.

Shane closes the door.

KITCHEN

He gives Nancy a hug as she cries into his shoulder.

SHANE

Don't worry, babe. They won't find anything. You need to have some faith. We have to go along with everything, or we're toast.

NANCY

I'm just worried they'll find out it was me who did it.

SHANE

They won't.

NANCY

What if they know more than they're letting on? That detective Carruthers woman was only here the other day. I hope your mechanic replaced the parts with the proper ones.

SHANE

Stop worrying. Mustafa's a professional panel beater. He wouldn't just use any old parts. It'll be okay, I promise.

NANCY

I love you so much, Shane.

SHANE

Come on, let's go back to bed.

NANCY

That won't make everything all right, will it?

SHANE

(grins)
No, but it'll help.

EXT. HOUSE - CONT'D

Ross sits in his vehicle and watches the house.

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

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

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

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

Beat.

They walk home along the pavement with a bag of hot food.

NANCY

I fancied you on that stage
tonight. You looked so sexy I
wanted to jump up there and
ravage you.

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

His expression changes and he quickly lets go of her arm.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Shane, what's wrong?

He remains silent as he focuses his eyes upon Ross who
clutches a BLADE in his right hand with his eyes fixed upon
him.

SHANE

(to Nancy)

Run, Nancy! Quickly, run!

NANCY

(distracted)

Shane, But what's going on?!

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

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

SHANE

Who are you? What'd ya want?

ROSS

It's an eye for an eye, bluhd.

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

Within the blink of an eye Ross lunges forward.

Swipes Shane's thigh. Draws blood.

SHANE

ARGH!!

Shane swings a loose right hook in the direction of Ross's jaw, before another swipe of the sharp steel blade that cuts into his abdomen.

SHANE (CONT'D)

ARGH!!

Shane stumbles and falls to the ground and rolls around in the fetal position as Nancy stands back and sobs hysterically.

Another plunge of the knife, this time into his groin, before another scream from Shane.

Ross quickly makes off.

Shane lies sobbing and gasping for breath in a pool of his own blood.

His POV: The moon and stars spin above his head as the tears roll down his cheeks while he shivers from the coldness of the soiled pavement and the midnight air.

Nancy sprints towards him as she screams into her phone for help.

She kneels down beside him and holds him in her arms as the tears cascade like a flash flood upon him.

NANCY

Shane, please don't leave me! I
beg you! Please don't die, Shane!
(hysterically)
FOR FUCK SAKE SOMEBODY HELP US!

Shane vacant eyes bulge and his body jerks and twitches while she cradles him in her arms.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(imploringly)
Shane, please stay with me, I beg
you, don't leave me, not now,
please...

She stares up at the clear night sky and the cluster of stars that wink back at her as the light in his eyes fade to black.

NANCY (CONT'D)

NO!!! OH PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP ME!

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

He shakes his head at her to confirm no life left in the victim as she crumbles to her knees and laments.

Beat.

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

Nancy crouches whilst comforted by a uniformed POLICE OFFICER.

The WPC covers her shoulders with a blanket and usher her towards the warmth of a marked police vehicle.

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

A withdrawn and mournful Kiki enters the scene. She immediately spots Nancy in the passenger seat of a police vehicle while she sobs into a handful of tissues.

Kiki opens the door and looks at her and kneels down beside her.

KIKI

Nancy, did you see who did this to your husband?

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

KIKI (CONT'D)

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

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

KIKI (CONT'D)

(vehemently)
Don't worry, Nancy, we'll catch this bastard.

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

NANCY

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

Kiki Carruthers waves her arms frantically at the paramedic standing by the waiting ambulance. She quickly takes hold of the situation.

PARAMEDIC

She's haemorrhaging. We need to get her to hospital.

She's helped onto the waiting ambo.

A tent is erected around Shane's cadaver.

INT/EXT. AMBO.

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

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

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

KIKI

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

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

INT. MATERNITY WARD - NIGHT:

Nancy lies sedated and surrounded by NURSES and a MIDWIFE who delivers her DEAD BABY before it is taken away.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Ross quickly walks along the pavement with the hood of his jacket pulled over his head.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - NIGHT

DS Johnson sits behind the wheel, his PARTNER sits in the passenger seat. They scan the pavement for the suspect.

POV: Ross keeps his head down and walks quickly along the pavement, before he's spotted.

DS JOHNSON

That's him! Let's go!

DS Johnson quickly stops the vehicle and jumps out, along with his Partner. They struggle to pin him up against the wall as the KNIFE drops to the ground.

DS JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(forcibly)

Keep still!

They gain control and cuff him.

DS JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Ross Bodley, you are under arrest for the murder of Shane Burrows. 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. Get in the car.

The Detective picks up the knife, before they shove him into the rear of the car.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A washed out Nancy packs boxes with household goods when she hears the-

DOORBELL.

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

Nancy remains silent during an exchange of glances.

KIKI

May I come in please, Nancy? I have something to talk to you about.

NANCY

(dispassionately)

Come in.

She leads her through to a lounge stacked with cardboard boxes.

KIKI

Preparing for your big move, I see.

NANCY

Yes.

A protracted silence as Kiki scans the room while Nancy looks on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It won't be the same without my Shane though, will it?

KIKI

No. I doubt it will.

NANCY

He was really looking forward to moving away from here. We should've done it a long time ago. He'd still be alive.

KIKI

(sighs)

Look, if you need a hand with anything, I'm due some time off. I can help with your move.

NANCY

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

KIKI

I know. I did. But that's all behind us now, isn't it?.

NANCY

Is it?

KIKI

Look, I want to offer my sincere condolences. I know this can't be easy. I'm here if you need me—woman to woman.

NANCY

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

KIKI

Actually, that's why I'm here, to tell you that my colleague has just picked him up. But I do need to ask you something beforehand.

NANCY

What's that?

KIKI

Did Shane ever mention that Ross threatened him in the street, previous to the attack?

Nancy ruminates, then shakes her head.

NANCY

No. He never mentioned that to me.

(pauses)

Now I know why he wanted me to give up my job.

KIKI

OK. But I need you to level with me.

(pauses)

Did Shane have anything to do with it? And before you say anything I want you to really think about your answer, because it's too late for me to do anything about that now. I think the reason Shane may have been murdered was in revenge.

Nancy bears a cold stare at her.

NANCY

No, he didn't murder him.

She holds out her arms to be cuffed.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It was me if you really must know. You were right all along. I did run him over because of what he did to me. He tried to fucking rape me at knifepoint.

(pauses)

Arrest me, then, c'mon. I don't even care anymore. Charge me, c'mon. Actually, I don't give a flying fuck! He deserved it! My Shane didn't! Fuckin' arrest me, go on!

Nancy lashes out at Kiki who struggles to contain her as an arm wrestle ensues, until Nancy has nothing more to resist the strength of the Detective.

Beat.

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

KIKI

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

Nancy pushes her away dispirited and distraught.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Show me where the kettle is. I'll make us both a nice cup of tea and you can tell me everything that happened?

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

NANCY

I'm sorry.

KIKI

It's fine. It's gonna be fine. We all need to let off a bit of steam sometimes. I completely get it.

NANCY

(splutters)

I lost my baby. It was a boy. I was going to call him after Shane.

KIKI

I know. And I'm really sorry for that too.

NANCY

They said it was due to the trauma. I don't know how I'm gonna cope without him. I'm so scared. I don't know what to do.

KIKI

You're going to be strong, that's how, Nancy. Besides, you've got me here now. I won't let anything happen to you.

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

NANCY

Why?

KIKI

(faint smile)

Because I'd like to, that's why.

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

KIKI (CONT'D)

Come on.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NANCY & SHANE HOUSE - NIGHT

Pixie blond haired, Welsh born Nancy paces the floor and repeatedly checks her phone for a message.

She shakes her head in annoyance before she grabs her black leather bomber and hurriedly exits.

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD - LIT

Nancy pops her head inside the busy pub. She scans the bar for her husband Shane.

She spots heavily tattooed, welsh guitarist TATTS 30s. He stands at the bar with leather clad, Irish lass JOSETTE 20s.

She squeezes through the cliques and approaches him. He shows his surprise to see her and raises his brow.

TATTS

Alright, Nancy.

NANCY

Alright, Tatts. You haven't you seen Shane, have you? He hasn't come home, or even messaged to say he's on his way, or anything.

TATTS

No, I haven't. He just disappeared, straight after we finished. I've got his wedge for him, here.

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

NANCY

Thanks. I'll give it to him.

TATTS

I thought he'd gone home to be honest.

NANCY

It's just not like him, not to Whatsapp me when he's on his way home, that's all.

TATTS

Let me buy you a drink. What'd ya want?

NANCY

No thanks, Tatts.

(looks around)

If he comes back in, can you let him know I've been in looking for him?

TATTS

Yeah, sure. I'll tell him.

NANCY

Thanks.

EXT. HIGH ROAD - NIGHT.

Headlights flash as Nancy marches along the busy high road. She bears a frustrated expression upon her face.

Rowdy Saturday night revellers and fancy convertible cars cruise past to the sound of thumping breakbeats.

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

Sexual predator Mitchell Bodley 22 sports a black puffer jacket. He wolf whistles as he tracks her movements.

Her legs begin to buckle beneath her. He's only metres behind as they now walk in sync.

MITCHELL BODLEY

(ominously)

Pss. Pss.

Tears roll down her cheeks as her bottom lip trembles with fear.

MITCHELL BODLEY (CONT'D)

Wah gwaan.

NANCY (ASIDE)

(quietly)

Somebody please help me.

Finally she plucks up the courage and confronts him.

Her POV: His unshaven face and and devilish blue eyes that show a lust for excitement.

MITCHELL BODLEY

(chillingly)

Come with me.

NANCY

Look, why the fuck are you following me? What'd ya want?

He stares at her brazenly like a stubborn fox, before he looks around to make sure they are alone.

As she turns to walk on he lunges and grabs her by the hair.

She screams and tries desperately to fight him off, but he drags her with his nine-inch blade stuck firmly into her abdomen while he pulls her along a narrow path, behind a high wall that separates the path from the road.

MITCHELL BODLEY

Make a sound pussy cat and I'll
hurt ya.

He lifts her dress.

NANCY (ASIDE)

(frantically)

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

MITCHELL BODLEY

Make a sound and I will.

She trembles as she resists any attempt to fight him off when he forces her to face the wall.

He covers her mouth with his hand as his chinos fall around his ankles.

She locks her teeth deep into his fingers with every ounce of determination.

MITCHELL BODLEY (CONT'D)

Bitch!

He yelps and quickly pulls his hand away, before she sprints away from him. He quickly pulls up his chinos and legs it in the opposite direction.

INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

BATHROOM.

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

END FLASHBACK.

KITCHEN.

Nancy and Kiki sit at the table with a hot drink.

KIKI

That's terrible. You poor thing.
No one deserves that to happen to
them.

NANCY

I know. I couldn't cope, that's
all.

KIKI

And where was Shane during this?

NANCY

He went to buy a guitar off
someone in the pub.

KIKI

Can you tell me what happened the
evening when you ran him over.

NANCY

OK.

BEGIN 2ND FLASHBACK:

INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - EVENING

Mitchell Bodley walks up to the counter. Nancy immediately
recognises him and disappears out back, as her colleague
serves him.

STAFF TOILET.

She trembles as she makes a call.

NANCY

(on phone)

C'mon-c'mon. Answer Shane.

(nervously)

Shane, he's here- In the shop
where'd you think-? Hurry up-
Quickly- I will. Just hurry up.

She ends the call and stays there, until she hears Shane's
voice in the front of the shop.

When she appears, he silently shakes his head at her in dismay, before she follows him outside.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHACK - CONT'D

The white Audi is parked directly outside the shop with the drivers door left wide open and its engine purring.

SHANE

(angrily)

Where is he, then? I thought you said he came in?

NANCY

He must have left before you got here.

SHANE

OK. I'll have a quick look around for him.

NANCY

Try the games shop. He might be there.

SHANE

OK. Take the car, I'll walk.

He hands her the car keys. She switches off the engine and key fobs the car, before she re-enters the shop and he walks off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nancy drives and listens to chill-out sounds as she ascends a steep leafy hill with gated houses on either side.

Her POV: Her attacker struts towards her in the distance. She leans over the steering wheel to gauge a closer look.

He pulls his hood over his head as she draws closer, then sticks her foot down on the gas.

She mounts the pavement directly in front of him as he looks directly at her and grins.

THUMP!

He flies over the bonnet and spins like a gymnast, then down onto the concrete pavement with a- THUD!

She checks her rear-view mirror and gasps.

Her POV: His twisted body lies motionless, before the sight of an enormous oak tree directly in front her eyes.

She spins the steering wheel.

WHOOSH!

A BRANCH from the tree scrapes the wing, before she regains control of the vehicle and races up the hill.

INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She opens the door and steps inside the hallway, distraught, dishevelled and flustered. Her mascara smudged all over her tearful face as she falls to her knees.

Shane races towards her from the kitchen.

SHANE

(concerned)

Nancy, what happened?

She covers her face and sobs in to his chest as he puts a consoling arm around her tiny frame.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Nancy, please tell me what happened?

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

NANCY

I've had an accident.

SHANE

What... in the car?

NANCY

Yes.

SHANE

Well, are you hurt, what?

NANCY

Not physically, no.

SHANE

(sighs relief)

Thank God. What about the other driver?

She looks guiltily into his eyes.

NANCY

I think I might have killed him.

SHANE

You what? You mean, you just left somebody injured without checking to see if they were all right?

NANCY

No-no-no. You don't understand. It wasn't like that. It was him, the bastard who tried to rape me at knife point. I think I've killed him. I mounted the pavement and hit him flush on.

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

He gasps as he gently lifts her to her feet.

SHANE

C'mon. Get up.

NANCY

There's a huge dent in the wing, and the headlight is smashed.

SHANE

Oh shit! This is just what I didn't want to happen. What have you done?

NANCY

My mind just went blank. I just saw the mist. I couldn't control myself when I saw him coming towards me.

(cries)

He shouldn't have laughed at me. I just wanted to scare him, that's all.

SHANE

Did anyone see what happened?

NANCY

No, I don't think so.

SHANE

I'll take the car to Mustafa
right away. It'll look like new
when he's finished with it. No
one'll suspect anything. But
you've got to keep your nerve,
Nancy, if anyone ask questions,
right?

NANCY

Yes.

He kisses her on the cheek and holds her tightly in his arms.

SHANE

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

NANCY

I love you, Shane.

END 2ND FLASHBACK.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Kiki sits among the string section of the orchestra and plays
cello to *Sant Saens "The Swan."*

From the stalls her mother and father; Audrey & Dominic look
down while Nancy wipes the tears from her eyes with a tissue
as she tries to smile.

ADJUSTMENT DISORDER