

Nancy's Story

written by

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Carruthers

Episode two

FADE IN:

1 INT. NANCY & SHANE BURROWS HOUSE - NIGHT 1

LOUNGE.

Welsh born NANCY BURROWS (30's) paces the floor and checks her iPhone for a message. She's a blue eyed pixie blond with youthful looks.

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

DOOR SLAM.

2 INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD 2

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

She spots tattooed guitarist TATT (30's) He stands at the bar with punk, leather clad JOSETTE (20's).

She squeezes through the cliques of punters and approaches him. He shows his surprise to see her when he raises an eyebrow.

TATT

(aback)

Alright, Nancy. He hasn't come back from Tiffany's yet.

NANCY

That's unlike him. I was getting worried why he hadn't text me.

TATT

I looked around for a second and he'd disappeared. I've got his wedge here.

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

NANCY

(worriedly)

Thanks. I'll give it to him.

TATT

We all got a cab back. I thought he'd made his own way.

NANCY

It's so unlike him not to Whatsapp me after he's done a gig.

TATT

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

NANCY

No thanks, Tatt. Just tell him if you see him that I came in looking for him.

TATT

Yeah. Of course.

She exits.

3 EXT. HIGH ROAD - NIGHT.

3

Headlights flash as she quickly walks along the busy high road with a frustrated expression on her face.

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

She takes in the raucous activity going on around her before she turns the corner and walks up a quiet leafy hill towards home. She feels somebody following her and quickens her step.

Sexual predator HAKAM MAHMOOD (22) sports a yellow puffer jacket. He wolf whistles as he tracks her.

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

HAKAM MAHMOOD

(ominously)

Pss. Pss.

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

HAKAM MAHMOOD /

(Patwa)

Wah gwaan.

NANCY -
 (quietly)
 Somebody help me.

Finally she plucks up the courage and spins around to confront him.

POV: His large potato shape face and bulbous nose, cleft lip. He is unshaven with devious black eyes that show his lust for excitement.

HAKAM MAHMOOD
 (chillingly)
 Nuh romp wid mi.

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 her head 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 as he pulls her along a narrow path and behind a high wall that separates the path from the road.

HAKAM MAHMOOD
 Make a sound... I'll wet you up, bitch.

He lifts her dress and uses his knife to cut her knickers away. He sniffs them before he stuffs them inside his puffer jacket pocket.

NANCY -
 (frantically)
 Just please don't hurt me, I beg you.

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

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

He then covers her mouth with his hand as his chinos fall around his ankles. But when he looses his grip, she locks her teeth deep into his hand with every ounce of determination she has inside of her.

He yelps and quickly pulls his hand away, before she sprints away from him.

He quickly pulls up his chinos then sucks his wound as he too scarpers.

4 INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

4

With her dress ripped and her mascara smudged, Nancy stumbles through the front door, and rushes up the stairs towards the BATHROOM.

She runs the shower as she rips off her clothes then kneels under the sprinkle of water.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

5

Nancy lies asleep under the warmth of the quilt.

Continuous TELEPHONE RING on the bedside table.

She opens her eyes then throws out a lazy hand to grab the phone receiver and bring it to ear.

INTERCUT:

With FEMALE DUTY OFFICER who sits behind a desk.

DUTY OFFICER

(on phone)

Am I speaking to the spouse of
Shane Burrows?

She wipes her eyes and immediately sits up.

NANCY

Yes.

DUTY OFFICER

I'm just calling to let you know
we have received some information
concerning Shane.

NANCY

What information? Where is he?

DUTY OFFICER

He's currently at Whipps Cross Hospital. Do you know where that is?

NANCY

Yes I do. But what's he doing there?

DUTY OFFICER

I've been informed that he's in the ICU ward.

NANCY

(tearfully)

But what's happened to him... can you tell me that?

DUTY OFFICER

It might be better if you speak to somebody when you get there. I'm afraid I don't have all the information concerning his injuries

NANCY

OK. Thank you.

END INTERCUT.

She places the receiver back and climbs out of bed in her nighty.

BATHROOM.

She stares at her puffy eyes in the wall mirror and winces when she feels a contusion to her jawbone.

6 INT. ICU WARD - LIT

6

She exits the lift and immediately spots Shane lying helplessly upon a hospital bed. His jaw held together by a cage whilst heavily sedated and covered in bandages.

She gasps as she races to his bedside.

NANCY /

Oh my god, Shane! Who did this to
you? Oh my god!

She covers her mouth and bursts into tears.

NANCY /

What have they done to you,
Shane?

A WARD NURSE enters in a pink stripe uniform. She looks at
Nancy vacantly and shakes her head.

NANCY /

Oh Shane, it's me, Nancy, your
wife. Can you hear me?

She stands over him and sobs.

NANCY /

Shane, I love you.

A DOCTOR in a white coat quietly enters and shows her a
sympathetic but knowing smile.

DOCTOR

Hi. You must be a relative.

NANCY

Yes. I'm his wife.

DOCTOR

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

NANCY

OK.

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

DOCTOR

Please, take a seat...

NANCY

Nancy. Nancy Burrows. He's my
husband Shane.

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

DOCTOR

The most important thing I should tell you is that Shane has suffered a minor, non-life threatening fracture to his skull. During his scan we diagnosed a small bleed... nothing too concerning at this stage.

NANCY

What does that mean, exactly?

DOCTOR

That means he's in a serious, but stable condition. There really isn't anything to be overly concerned about. He also has a minor fracture to his jawbone, and two fractured ribs, all of which will heal in time with strong painkillers. He should be able to leave hospital within a couple of weeks or so, all being well.

NANCY

Did anyone say who did this to him?

DOCTOR

The police has informed us that they were called to High Beech where he'd been discovered tied to a tree.

NANCY

(mortified)

Tied to a tree? Oh my God!

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

NANCY /

(holds his hand)

I love you, Shane Burrows. Please be strong for me.

(reflects)

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

7 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

7

As she exits the main entrance, she takes out her phone and makes a call.

NANCY

(on phone)

Hi Jenny. Just to let you know Shane is in the ICU ward at Whipps Cross Hospital. He was badly beaten up last night and been brought here- The doctor said he should pull through, but it won't be for another week until they know for sure- They don't know who did it, but I'm going to find out now- I will- Thanks, Jenny, that's really nice of you- Bye.

8 INT. LOUGHTON NICK - DAY

8

Nancy enters and walks up to the counter where a DESK SERGEANT stands and sifts through some files.

NANCY

I need to speak to the detective in charge of my husband's attack last night at High Beech.

DESK SERGEANT

What is your husband's name?

NANCY

Shane Burrows.

DESK SERGEANT

I'm sorry but there isn't anybody here who can help you with that at the moment.

NANCY

So who am I supposed to talk to then?

Desk Sergeant jots down a number and hands it to her.

DESK SERGEANT

This is the number to call. Ask to speak to DS Johnson. He's the detective dealing with the case.

NANCY

I'll do that. Thank you.

As she goes to pull the door open, a thought crosses her mind and she freezes momentarily, but then decides to exit.

9 EXT. LOUGHTON NICK - DAY

9

Nancy makes a call to the phone number written down.

BLEEP.

NANCY /

(on phone)

Oh. Hi. This is Nancy Burrows.
Wife of Shane Burrows. He was
assaulted in High Beech last
night and I understand that you
are the detective in charge of
the case. Can you call me back
please. I need to speak to you
about who did this to him.

10 INT. NANCY'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

10

Nancy enters when her iPhone rings inside her pocket. She grabs hold and puts it to ear.

INTERCUT:

With Glaswegian DS JOHNSON. He sits behind the wheel of his vehicle.

NANCY

Hello-?

DS JOHNSON

(Scottish accent)

Am I speaking to Shane's wife,
Nancy?

NANCY

Yes, you are.

DS JOHNSON

You left a message on my phone. I
understand you want to know who
assaulted your husband, right?

NANCY

Well, yes... He's in a terrible state. It's a wonder he's still alive.

DS JOHNSON

Aye, I know. What I can tell you is that we have arrested the person responsible.

NANCY

Who is he-?

DS JOHNSON

A local hard man.

NANCY

But I don't understand, why would he do something like that to him? What did my Shane do to him to deserve that-?

DS JOHNSON

I'm afraid I cannea answer that until I speak to your husband. We need to gather Intel before I can tell you that.

NANCY

Well, can you tell me if you've charged this person-?

DS JOHNSON

Aye, he has been charged.

NANCY

Well, what's he had to say for himself, then-? And you still haven't given me his name.

DS JOHNSON

When we know more we'll let you know, I promise.

NANCY

But what is his name-?

DS JOHNSON

Dog.

NANCY

Dog-?!

DS JOHNSON

Aye. That's all I can say at the moment.

NANCY

(disappointedly)

OK.

DS JOHNSON

We will get to the bottom of why he did this to Shane, don't worry.

NANCY

OK.

They end the call. She sits down and bursts in to tears.

SUPER: SIX WEEKS LATER

11 INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - DAY

11

LOUNGE.

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

NANCY

(looks up)

D' you need any help, Shane?

SHANE O.S

You can open the wine if you want.

She gets up and opens the bottle of wine situated on the dining table.

KITCHEN.

Rockabilly SHANE (30) applies pasta to a serving bowl before he pours over an Arrabiata sauce.

LOUNGE.

Nancy exits and runs up the stairs.

BATHROOM.

She produces a pregnancy test kit and studies it carefully.

NANCY -
 (quietly)
 Oh shit!

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

SHANE O.S
 It's ready, babe.

LOUNGE.

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

He notices her mascara smudged and furrows a brow.

SHANE /
 What's wrong?

A short silence as she serves herself the food.

SHANE /
 Have you been crying?

She looks across the table at him with suffused eyes.

NANCY
 No. I've just been taking off my
 mascara.

SHANE
 Oh. OK.

They eat and drink in silence before he looks at her with concern.

SHANE /
 Can I ask you a question?

She gazes down at her half eaten meal.

NANCY
 Go on.

SHANE
 Did something happen while I was
 in hospital?

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

NANCY

Yes, but not then.

SHANE

So are you going to tell me what happened, or not?

She covers her face and begins to cry. He climbs to his feet and consoles her.

SHANE /

Tell me what happened, Nancy.

She looks into his eyes.

NANCY

Some bastard tried to rape me, that's what, if you must know!

SHANE

(mortified)

What, here... in the house?

She sobs and breaks down in his arms. He's looks over her shoulder at wall, speechless.

NANCY

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

SHANE

-Where, then?

NANCY

England's Lane.

SHANE

What were you doing in England's Lane?

NANCY

Looking for you, you bastard! I was worried when you didn't come home that night... or even bother to message me to say where you were, or what you were even doing.

(sobs)

Where were you?

SHANE

You know where I was.

She pushes him away.

NANCY

Before that?

SHANE

I was talking to Milan Birch.
(sighs heavily)
Shit! I'm so sorry, Nancy.

NANCY

No! Stop! You don't understand!
It wasn't like what you think! He
didn't actually rape me, did he?
He tried, but I managed to get
away before he could actually do
it. He ripped my knickers off
with his knife.

SHANE

Fuck sake! How did you get away?

NANCY

I bit his hand, didn't I?

SHANE

I'm really sorry.

NANCY

No! He - he just wanted to
humiliate me.

SHANE

Why didn't you go straight to the
police and report it?

NANCY

I couldn't, could I? I couldn't
go through all that. I wasn't
going to tell anyone. I still
haven't decided what to do about
it yet. You're the only one I've
told.

SHANE

You know, I do love you, Nancy.
I'll stand by you whatever you
decide to do.

NANCY

You would understand if it'd
happened to you.

SHANE

I know. I know. And I'm sorry.
You're right, it's all my fault.
I should've texted you at the
very least.

(pauses)

But I never knew I was gonna be
kidnapped and nearly killed.

NANCY

You still haven't told me why
they did that to you.

A protracted silence as he ruminates.

SHANE

I found a bag of Charlie in one
of the toilet cubicles at
Tiffany's. I just took it.

(reflective pause)

It turned out that it belonged to
the club owner, Kris Savva. He
found out I took it and
threatened to kill me if I didn't
get it back to him.

(reflects)

The problem was that I'd already
sold it to Milan Birch.

NANCY

You sold it to Milan Birch? You
fucking idiot, Shane! He's a
twat!

SHANE

I know. I know. You're right. It
was a stupid thing to do. I
wasn't thinking straight.

NANCY

How did he know you had it?

SHANE

Me bankcard fell out me pocket in
the cubicle where I found it. He
put two and two together.

NANCY

Did you tell him Milan Birch had
it?

SHANE

Yeah, I had no choice. They were going to fucking hang me from a tree.

NANCY

They? I thought you said it was this Kris Savva.

SHANE

There was someone he called Dog. He inflicted most of the damage.

NANCY

That's what the detective said on the phone.

(concerned pause)

So who found you?

SHANE

A couple spotted me from inside a parked car.

NANCY

Oh, Shane, what are we going to do?

SHANE

I don't know. I can't show my face out there at the moment... not until after the Court case.

NANCY

D' you think they'll go down?

SHANE

Kris Savva won't... he's got connections. According to my brief, Dog has total responsibility. He reckons he'll get a minimum of two years.

They gaze at one another during a moment of bitter reflection.

12 INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - DAY:

12

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

13 EXT. STREET - DAY

13

Her POV: A group of four dark pigmented DUDES (20's) They strut along the other side of the road.

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

She spots her attacker among them. He drags his leg and wears a yellow puffer jacket as he bobs and weaves.

FLASHBACK:

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

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE.

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

She observes him closely as he high-fives his buddies and laughs and jokes.

She finally gets to her feet, then shadows him as he continues to occupy the pavement.

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

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

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

She takes out her iPhone and makes a call.

NANCY

(on phone)

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

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

Beat.

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

14 INT. AUDI - NIGHT

14

SHANE

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

NANCY

I saw him.

SHANE

You saw who?

NANCY

That bastard who tried to rape me. He went inside number forty-four. I watched him open the door and go in.

SHANE

Are you sure it was him?

NANCY

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

He opens his door to climb out.

SHANE

Right. Let's sort it out right now.

NANCY

No! Not like this. Wait, Shane. I've got a better idea.

SHANE

What's that?

NANCY

We need to bide our time and think properly, otherwise we'll be the ones getting arrested.

He closes his door and restarts the engine.

SHANE

OK. C'mon, let's go home.

NANCY
 (apprehensively)
 There's something else I need to
 tell you.

He looks at her with a greater concern.

SHANE
 What's that, now?

A short silence.

NANCY
 I'm pregnant.

SHANE
 (agape)
 What?! Are you sure?

NANCY
 Yes. I'm four weeks.

SHANE
 (huge grin)
 So I'm gonna be a dad, then?

NANCY
 Yes, Shane, you are. And before
 you ask, it is yours.

He hugs and kisses her with glee.

SHANE
 (jubilantly)
 Get in! I'm gonna be a dad. Wait
 till I tell everyone. We'll have
 to take Jenny out for a meal and
 tell her and Jimmy the fantastic
 news.

NANCY
 (smiles at him)
 Yeah.

He sticks his foot on the gas and drives off.

Seated in the dock CHARLES BELL (aka DOG 50's) - a broad
 shouldered, stone faced dude with short cropped hair and a
 boxers nose.

In the gallery - Nancy, Shane and his brother-in law, JIMMY WARD (40's) A tall, slim flat faced fella with small facial features and slit eyes.

The JUDGE (late 60's) Gold rimmed specs and wig and gown.

JUDGE

Charles William Bell, please stand.

He gets to his feet and shifts his shoulders in a hostile manner.

JUDGE

Your plead of guilty to the charge of Greivous Bodily Harm has been taken into account, regarding the time you will spend in prison. I therefore sentence you to four years at one of His Majesty's prisons.

(pauses)

Do you have anything to say before you are taken down to the cells?

He roars with laughter and shakes his head up at the gallery.

JUDGE /

(disgusted)

Take him down.

Two CUSTODY OFFICERS grab his arms and lead him out.

DOG

(apoplectic)

Wankers... the fucking lot of ya!
And don't worry, I'll be taking care of you lot good and proper when I get out, you fuckin' loada cunts, all of ya!

16 EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

16

Outside the Grade 11 listed building the GEESE glide elegantly upon the stillness of the lake as a light breeze cools a boiling hot day .

Shane climbs into the front seat of Jimmy's Range Rover. Nancy climbs in the back.

17 INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

17

Jimmy starts the engine.

JIMMY

Let's get the fuck away from
here. These places always make me
feel uneasy.

He speeds out of the grounds then turns to Shane.

JIMMY /

So where's this Kris Savva, then?
How comes he got off and Dog
didn't?

Shane studies the geese through the passenger window, as
Nancy massages his shoulders to ease his tension.

SHANE

He's been murdered, allegedly.

JIMMY

(aback)

Murdered?

NANCY

(interposes)

Yeah. Him and his wife were
murdered as they slept.

JIMMY

Fuck me!

NANCY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Have they got anyone for it?

SHANE

Yeah, someone called Dev Bakshi.

JIMMY

(shakes head)

Bloody hell.

18 INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - EVENING

18

Hakam Mahmood enters and walks up to the counter.

Nancy immediately recognises him and disappears as her colleague serves him.

STAFF TOILET

She trembles as she makes a call using her iPhone.

NANCY

(panicked)

C'mon, c'mon, pick up, Shane.

(pauses)

Shane, he's here- In the shop
where else-? Hurry up, quick- I
will- Just hurry up.

She ends the call.

Beat.

She hears Shane's voice and sheepishly exits the toilet.

Shane stands and shakes his head in dismay at her because her attacker has left the shop.

She follows him outside.

19 EXT. ICE CREAM SHACK - EARLY EVENING

19

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

SHANE

(angrily)

Where is he, then? You said he
came in the shop.

NANCY

I don't know. He must have left
before you got here.

SHANE

OK. I'll have a look around.

NANCY

Try the computers games shop. He
might be in there.

SHANE

OK. I'll walk home. Take the car.

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 in search of her attacker.

20 INT. CAR - NIGHT

20

Nancy listens to Ibiza chill sounds as she ascends a steep leafy hill with gated houses either side.

HER POV: Her attacker struts towards her in the distance.

She leans over the steering wheel to gauge a clearer look.

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

She draws closer and sticks her foot down on the gas, then mounts the pavement directly in front of him.

CU: CAUGHT IN A HEADLIGHT.

THUMP!

CU: He flies over the bonnet, then down onto the concrete pavement.

THUD!

She gasps as she checks her rear-view mirror.

HER POV: His twisted body lies motionless.

She screams at the sight of an enormous oak tree directly in front her eyes.

BACK TO SCENE.

She spins the steering wheel.

WHOOSH!

She regains control of the vehicle then continues to race up the hill.

21 INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21

She steps inside the hallway, distraught, dishevelled and flustered. Her mascara smudged all over her tearful face.

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

SHANE
(concerned)
Nancy, what's happened now?

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

SHANE /
Nancy, please tell me what's happened?

She looks up at him with eyes flooded with tears.

NANCY
I've had an accident.

SHANE
What... in the car?

NANCY
Yes.

SHANE
Well, are you hurt?

NANCY
Not physically, no.

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

She looks guiltily into his eyes.

NANCY
I think I might have killed him.

SHANE
What, you just left somebody to die without checking to see if they were first?

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

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

He lifts her to her feet.

SHANE

C'mon. Get up.

NANCY

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

SHANE

Shit!

NANCY

My mind went blank. I just saw a red mist.

SHANE

(face touch)

Fuck! D' you know if you were spotted?

NANCY

I don't think so.

SHANE

I'll take the car to Mustafa's garage. He'll sort it out for us. It'll look like new by the time he's finished with it. No one'll suspect anything.

He kisses her cheek and holds her tightly.

SHANE /

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

NANCY

I love you, Shane.

22 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

22

Nancy stands under the shower and washes.

INTERCUT:

23 EXT. ALDERTON HILL - EVENING

23

Blue lights flash at the crime scene with the road closed off to traffic.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS (30) stands in conversation with DS JAMES JOHNSON.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

D' you know him?

DS JOHNSON

(chews gum)

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Oh dear.

DS JOHNSON

Any witnesses come forward yet?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Not yet. All we've got is some broken glass from a headlight casement and some tyre tracks.

(looks up at CCTV)

Apparently the camera up there has been defunct for months on end, according to traffic.

DS JOHNSON

We need to find out whose toes he might've trod on, then take it from there.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

OK.

DS JOHNSON

I'll speak to his associates from the Borders Lane Estate.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Fine.

DS JOHNSON

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(irksomely)

What's brought this on all of a sudden, Johnson?

DS JOHNSON

To be honest I cannae believe they've allowed you back. They should have thrown the book at you.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Er. Excuse me! I was found not guilty. If you've gotta problem with that, Johnson I'd suggest you take it up with someone else. I didn't asked to be seconded here like you.

DS JOHNSON

I have.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

You what?

DS JOHNSON

Aye. That's why you're leading this one.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

But I thought you would be-

DS JOHNSON

I'm off on me hols for a couple of weeks. Pre-booked before you say anything.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

OK.

END INTERCUT.

Nancy steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around her tiny frame.

24 INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

24

Kiki Carruthers stands by a whiteboard and address's JUNIOR DETECTIVES who stand around and casually chat to one another.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Right listen up please.

(agitatedly)

C'mon let's have your attention.

This is important.

On the whiteboard there is an image of Hakam Mahmood. It shows a four-inch gash to his skull.

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

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS /

Right then, c'mon, let's have
your attention.

They quieten down.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /

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

She points towards the photo image of Hakam Mahmood.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS /

It's been one whole week and there's still not a great deal of activity locating the vehicle that inflicted his fatal injuries. We do know the tyre tracks belong to a small saloon, and the headlight casement is possibly from a German made vehicle, according to our traffic experts. So I want you all to look out for any vehicle that has damage to the offside wing, or a broken headlight casement.

(pauses)

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

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

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

She stops the clip.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /

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

She runs the clip again.

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

She stops the clip.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /
 From this point on we believe he
 heads towards Alderton Hill where
 he meets with the vehicle
 involved.

(pauses)
 Now watch this next clip when I
 roll it forward by one minute.

She runs the clip.

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

She pauses the clip.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /
 This person is Shane Burrows. The
 car is registered to his wife
 Nancy.

She runs the clip.

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

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

She pauses the clip.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /
 I'm of the impression that he may
 have been looking for our victim.
 Or maybe it's just a coincidence.
 If not, we need to speak to him.

25 INT. ICE CREAM SHACK - DAY

25

Nancy serves a CUSTOMER when Kiki Carruthers enters.

She waits until the Customer pays for her food then leaves,
 before she flashes her credentials.

KIKI CARRUTHERS
 Afternoon, Nancy Burrows, isn't
 it?

NANCY

(aback)

Yes. What's wrong?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry to have to call in on you unannounced, but would you mind if I ask you a few questions concerning a customer you had in your shop during the evening of last Tuesday. That'll be the eleventh at five-forty-five.

Nancy steps away from the counter and immediately puts her arms behind her back in a defensive manner.

NANCY

(timidly)

What would you like to know?

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

D' you recognise this person?

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

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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 here with a carton of yoghurt. Is the manager here?

NANCY

No. He's gone home.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Sure. Come through.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS
I take it that everything is
saved to file?

NANCY
It is, I think.

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

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

NANCY /
Can I leave it with you?

The sound of a customer entering the shop distracts her.

KIKI CARRUTHERS
(smiles pleasantly)
Appreciated.

Nancy continues serving customers as she studies the images of Hakam Mahmood purchasing a carton of yoghurt from a different female member of staff.

Beat.

She returns to the counter.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /
I noticed that you disappeared
when Hakam Mahmood entered the
premises. Can you tell me why
that?

NANCY
I needed a toilet break probably,
I don't know.

She shakes her head in dismay at the question.

KIKI CARRUTHERS
(grins)
Of course. How silly of me to ask
such a dumb question. Sorry.

NANCY
It's fine.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Nancy, why did you leave the shop when your husband arrived? Tell us what was so private that you had to take him outside?

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Why's that?

NANCY

(Abruptly)

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

Kiki Carruthers raises a brow.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Do you always leave work at 6? Is that the time you usually finish work?

NANCY

Yes, it is.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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 CARRUTHERS

Yes, he was, Nancy. But you knew that already, didn't you?

NANCY

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

She begins to wipe down the work surfaces.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

I do go that way, but I turn off at Borders Lane and cross over Rangers Lane. It's a short cut to where I live.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Why?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Are you absolutely positive, Nancy?

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Yes it is. Why?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

(flippantly)

No. D' you want the keys?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Don't get shirty, Nancy. I know you're holding back. It's written all over your pretty face.

NANCY

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

Kiki Carruthers passes her a faint smile as she exits. Nancy rushes to the washroom and bursts into tears.

Beat.

JADE enters. She is eighteen and of biracial heritage. She steps behind the counter and throws on a pinafore, before she is joined by Nancy.

JADE

Hi Nancy. Has it been busy?

NANCY

Slow actually.

JADE

Really? That won't please Mario.

NANCY

I just had a detective in here asking questions. They wanted to speak to the person who sold a yogurt to some guy who got himself run over on Alderton Hill last week.

JADE

That was me. You was skiving off inside the toilets.

NANCY

She said she'll come back later to talk to you.

JADE

I knew him. His brother lives on my estate.

The door opens and JAMAL (24) bobs and weaves as he enters. He carries a small, tight ponytail and has skeletal facial structure and a pointed nose.

He rudely gestures with a tongue as Nancy stands ready to serve him.

JADE -

Talk of the devil and he appears.

JAMAL

(Patwa)

Wah Gwaan, Chickpea. And you, Jade.

He passes her a cheeky grin. His suspicious black eyes watch her reaction to his rudeness.

NANCY
(restrained)
Chickpea?

JAMAL
Yeh. Bless up witcha. So wot time
d'yah finish your shift? Cos mi
wanna show yah mi ting, innit?

HE grabs his crotch and wiggles his tongue at her in tribal fashion.

Nancy stands flabbergasted at his infantile behaviour, until she hears the voice of her work colleague approaching from behind her.

JADE
Hey, Jamal, stop being silly.

JAMAL
Tarass.

JADE
Take no notice of him, Nancy.
He's always acting like this
around girls.

NANCY -
Yeah well... in his dreams.

JAMAL
(vexed)
Tarass! Bluhd! In yah dreams
y'self, bitch!

Feeling threatened Nancy steps back from the counter as she stares coldly at him.

JADE
(firmly)
Stop it, Jamal! She's married.
Now just leave.

JAMAL
Tarass!

NANCY
Get out.

JAMAL

Tarass! Give mi a straw'bry
milkshake. And 'urry up.

NANCY

We're not serving you. You're
rude. Just get out.

He bounces towards the door and opens its wide.

JAMAL

Be seein' yah 'round, bitch. So
make sure yah pussy's nice and
warm for when I come for mi
supper, innit?

He exits the shop as he drags a fake leg wound.

Nancy puffs out her cheeks and lets out a huge sigh of
relief.

NANCY

What the hell was that about?

JADE

He lives on the Borders Lane
Estate. He's my neighbour. One of
the Debden Crew. That guy who was
killed in the hit-and run was his
brother.

NANCY

(knowingly)

What?

JADE

Yeah, he was. He's a proper
psycho.

NANCY

I think I'd move away if I had to
live next door to someone like
him.

She watches as he climbs inside a BMW Z4 and wheel spins away
from the shop.

JADE

He's not that bad really, once
you get to know him. It's just
all bravado.

NANCY

I don't know why he has to speak like that? He's not even West Indian is he?

JADE

No but they all speak like that on the estate. It's a gang culture thing. And it makes them look tough. But they're just stupid little boys who think they're tough.

NANCY

Tell me more, in case I bump into him again.

JADE

Well I overheard him telling someone that he was looking for the person who'd killed his bro.

NANCY

(knowingly)

Oh really?

JADE

Just ignore him in future if he comes in again.

NANCY

I'm not frightened of the likes of him.

26 INT NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

26

Nancy cruises through a housing estate and scans the area for Jamal's BMW Z4.

POV: Four decrepit, red clad tower blocks. A row of maisonettes that surround a large green space that contains a children's play area. Perpendicular a tarmacked cage. Inside the cage, a group of teenagers of all ages and ethnicities yell play basketball.

She spots Jamal's car parked in one of the bays designed for resident parking only. She parks her Audi next to his BMW, then taps his registration number into her phone.

BACK TO SCENE

She climbs out of her car and looks around to see if she is being watched, before she crouches down and lets down all four tyres, using a hair clip from her bag.

NANCY -
(quietly)
You can't polish a turd.

27 INT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

27

LOUNGE.

Nancy enters with a flustered look upon her face. Shane immediately confronts her.

SHANE
(irately)
Where've you been this time? 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
Well, a detective came into the
shop, for starters.

SHANE
Oh no.

NANCY
Yeah. They know he came in to the
shop that night.

SHANE
They must have CCTV of me, then.

NANCY
Yeah, you and me both.

SHANE /
Did you stay calm?

NANCY

I think so. It was a female detective. She looked at our CCTV and then the car before she left.

SHANE

What did she say?

NANCY

She just wanted to know who served him.

SHANE

They must suspect you. You have to stick to our story.

NANCY

I know. I will.

SHANE

They won't find anything. Mustafa's done a pukka job with the wing.

NANCY

I know.

(pauses)

Also, then his brother came in. He acted just like him. The way he was playing up to me made me feel sick.

SHANE

Fuck sake. This sounds really ominous. I think we should sell up and move away from here.

NANCY

Me too.

SHANE

You can't go back there. It's over, Nancy. I reckon they're onto us. I've gotta bad feeling about this. You'll have to quit. It's only a matter of time before they come knocking at our door.

NANCY

(disappointedly)

But I like working there, Shane.
It's the first time that I've
been happy in years. And I get on
really well with the other girls
as well.

SHANE

Look, we're going to have a baby
soon, Nancy. Ring them tomorrow
and tell them you're leaving.
Tell them you've got morning
sickness or something... just
until we work out what to do. We
can't be looking over our
shoulders every time we go out
the fucking door, can we?

NANCY

(wipes eyes)

No, I suppose not.

SHANE

We can't go on like this.

NANCY

I know. I know.

28 EXT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

28

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Nancy?

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

NANCY

Oh, not you again. What is it
this time?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

What's it about? I've told you
all I know.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

(aback)

My car? I thought you already
looked at it.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

No. Not to my knowledge it
hasn't.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

(tuts)

Oh what!

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

NANCY /

Find anything this time?

Kiki Carruthers looks back at her and smiles.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Whatever.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Yes. My husband.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

How often does he drive the car?

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

NANCY

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

(sighs)

Look, can I go in now? I need to take a shower

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

What?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(abrasively)

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

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

NANCY

That's because I wasn't raped.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

That's funny, because I've been informed by a colleague of the hit-and-run victim that you were raped by him.

NANCY

Well, it's not true. Whoever said that is lying to you.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

That's not true either.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Why have you given up working there, then?

NANCY

None of your business.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Ah! So it's true then?

NANCY

(knowingly)

He didn't rape me. I got away before he had a chance to.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

No! That's not true.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Can I go in now?

Kiki Carruthers notices her pot belly.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

When's it due?

NANCY

(irksomely)

None of your business.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Well you know what they say, dontcha?

NANCY

No. What?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

The bigger the storm, the brighter the rainbow.

NANCY

What's that supposed to mean?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Whatever.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

She walks back towards her car with a look of satisfaction on her pale face and climbs in.

29 EXT. NANCY & SHANE'S GARDEN - SUNNY DAY 29

It's another boiling hot day as Shane and Nancy sunbathe as they chill to Ibiza classics, with a jug of Pimms.

DOOR CHIME.

Nancy glances over towards Shane from her sunbed and shows him a concerned look. He shrugs his shoulders, before she climbs to her feet in a skimpy white bikini. She ties a colourful sarong around her waist, then exits.

30 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 30

Her chin drops and she gasps as Kiki Carruthers stands gawping at her like she's catching flies.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(smiles)

Good. You're in.

NANCY

(sighs)

Oh, not again. Are you stalking me or something?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Can I come in? It's about your car.

NANCY

I suppose so. Come in.

She leads her through to the garden at the rear of the house.

GARDEN

Shane lies on a deckchair in a pair of Raybans and white tennis shorts. His bony ribs bursts through his naked flesh as he stretches his arms out wide.

He immediately notices the worried look upon Nancy's face which causes him to throw his arms down in anger.

SHANE

God sake! Cantcha leave us alone
for one day?

Kiki Carruthers squints back at him through the brightness of
the sunshine.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Hello, Shane. How are you getting
on?

SHANE

Fine.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

I'm really sorry to call in on
you, but I need to clear up a few
loose ends my end, if that's okay
with you? Then I'll be out of
your hair, I promise.

He lifts his shades over his head.

SHANE

What is it?

Nancy climbs back onto her sunbed and slips on her Dolce &
Gabbana shades, then proceeds to cover herself in suntan
lotion.

She looks gorgeous lying there with her little bump on show
and Kiki Carruthers cannot take her eyes off of her.

SHANE

Would you like a glass of Pimms?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(coyly)

No but thanks for asking.

(wipes brow)

I have a bit of a conundrum to
solve and I wondered if you could
help me.

SHANE

And what's that?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Whose Bentley is that parked on
your driveway?

SHANE

My brother-in-law's.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Are you looking after it for him?

SHANE

No. I'm his chauffeur.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Nice.

SHANE

Yeah.

Kiki Carruthers flicks back her hair and focuses her attention upon Nancy.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Did you know the offside
headlight unit on your car has
been changed?

Shane looks over his shades knowingly.

NANCY

No, I did not. Has it?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Yes. I checked with the
manufacturer and it's not the
original part. It's a copy part.

NANCY

Well, that's how I bought it.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

I still say it's been in an
accident somewhere along the
line. Did you buy it from the
main dealer, or privately?

NANCY

The Audi dealers in Cambridge. I
can show you the receipt if you
like?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(knowing smile)

Would you? That'll be a great
help. It would save me a trip up
the M11.

Nancy gets up and goes back inside. She returns with a sale of receipt for the car and hands it the detective who promptly takes a photo of the receipt with her camera app.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /
Thank you. That'll be all. Enjoy
the rest of your day.

Kiki Carruthers exits.

31 EXT. NANCY & SHANE'S HOUSE - DAY

31

A tow truck and an unmarked police vehicle pull up outside the house. Glaswegian DS JOHNSON (40's) climbs out of the vehicle and presses his thumb down on the.

DOORBELL.

Shane opens the door to him dressed in a dressing gown. DS Johnson gleefully hands him a warrant.

SHANE
(hostile tone)
What's this?

DS JOHNSON
(smugly)
It's a warrant to seize you
lassie's vehicle.

Shane reads the small print carefully

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

DS JOHNSON
That's right, big man. She can
collect it after we've gone over
it with a toothcomb. Or we can
bring it back. It's your choice.

SHANE
I'll get the keys.

DS JOHNSON
Appreciated. Thanks.

He closes the door shut.

32 INT. HOUSE - DAY

32

Nancy creeps down the stairs in her dressing gown as he searches for the spare set of car keys when he opens a sideboard drawer.

NANCY

What's going on?

SHANE

They're seizing your car.

NANCY

What for?

SHANE

(quietly)

Oh don't be silly, Nancy. You know what for.

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

NANCY

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

She storms into the kitchen.

33 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

33

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

Aweright big man.

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

Shane closes the door.

34 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

34

She enters and gives Nancy a hug as she despairs at the sink unit.

SHANE

Don't worry, babe. They won't find anything. And you need to calm down. We have to go along with it, or we're done for.

NANCY

I'm just worried, that's all.

SHANE

We've still got the Bentley. That'll get up right up their nose, won't it?

NANCY

It's not that what's bothering me. What if they know more than they're letting on? That Carruthers woman was only here the other day. I hope your mechanic replaced the parts with the right ones. I hope he used specified parts?

SHANE

Stop worrying, babe. Mustafa's a professional panel beater. He wouldn't just put any old parts on the car. It's gonna be okay, I promise.

NANCY

That's the whole point. I do trust you. Oh, I love you so much. I wouldn't be carrying your baby, otherwise, would I?

SHANE

I know you do. Come on, let's go back to bed.

NANCY

That won't make everything right, will it?

He gives her another hug as she squeezes his crown jewels.

SHANE

(grins)

No but it'll help with the good
feel factor.

35 INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD P.H - NIGHT: 35

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

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

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

36 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 36

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

Beat.

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

NANCY

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

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

He lets go of her arm.

NANCY /

(concerned)

Shane, what's wrong?

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

SHANE

(to Nancy)

Run, Nancy! Go!

NANCY
(distraught)
Shane, what's going on?!

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

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

SHANE
Who are you mate? What'd ya want?

JAMAL
An eye for an eye, Bluhd.

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

Within the blink of an eye, Jamal lunges forward.

CU: Swipes Shane's thigh. Draws blood.

SHANE
OUCH!

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

SHANE /
ARGH!

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

CU: Another plunge of the knife, this time into his groyne before another scream from Shane as he rolls over in agony.

Jamal quickly makes off in the same direction from whence he came.

Shane lies 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 midnight air.

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

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

NANCY

Oh, Shane, please don't leave me!
I beg you, please don't die,
Shane!

(pauses)

FOR FUCK SAKE SOMEBODY HELP US!

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

NANCY /

(imploringly)

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

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

NANCY /

NO!!! OH PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP US!

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

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

Nancy laments.

Beat.

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

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

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

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

A withdrawn and mournful Kiki approaches, along with SOCO.

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

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Nancy, I am so sorry for what has happened. 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 CARRUTHERS /

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 CARRUTHERS /

(vehemently)

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

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

NANCY

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

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

PARAMEDIC

She's haemorrhaging.

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

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

37 INT/EXT. AMBO.

37

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

PARAMEDIC /

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

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

38 INT. MATERNITY WARD - NIGHT: 38

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

39 INT. HOUSE - DAY 39

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

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

Nancy remains silent during a vacant expression.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

(dispassionately)
Sure. Come in.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Preparing for your big move, I
see.

NANCY

I am.

A protracted silence.

NANCY/

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

No, I doubt it will.

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Is it?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

Aren't you supposed to be out there looking for Jamal?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

What's that?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

Did Shane ever mention that Jamal threatened him during a phone call?

Nancy thinks briefly, then shakes her head.

NANCY

No. He never mentioned that to me. It was me he threatened in the shop. That's why I had to leave.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

Nancy bears a cold gaze.

NANCY

No.

She holds out her arms to be cuffed.

NANCY/

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

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

Beat.

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

Nancy pushes her away dispirited and distraught.

KIKI CARRUTHERS /

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

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

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

(splutters)

I lost my baby.

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

NANCY

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

KIKI CARRUTHERS

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

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

NANCY

Why?

KIKI CARRUTHERS

(faint smile)

Because I'd like to.

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

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END