

SMEAR WITH WATER

A screenplay written by

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Episode 4

Kiki Carruthers created by John Stone

FADE IN:

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

In the darkness and glistening of the water, panicked Turkish au pair SORAYA NIAZI 18 sobs as she runs for her life while being pursued by a broad shouldered MAN.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Blonde ex cop SHELLEY PETERS 30s is ushered out by a burly female WARDEN.

WARDEN

You're going home, Shelley.

SHELLEY PETERS

(smiles)

Thanks, Lesley.

WARDEN

Just stay out of trouble this time.

SHELLEY PETERS

That's a joke. Trouble finds me, Lesley.

She's taken out through the iron gates.

EXT. HM PRISON - DAY

The gates open and leggy Shelley Peters steps out. She carries a large shoulder sack.

She waits before a VEHICLE pulls up. She throws her sack in the boot and climbs into the passenger side.

A WHITE VAN also pulls up.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Flat nosed DOG 50s sits behind the wheel. He observes as he makes a call on his mobile phone.

DOG
(on phone)
She's out. What' d ya want me to
do-? Right.

He ends the call.

INT. VEHICLE - DAY

Shelley Peters pecks her younger brother TONY 40s on the
cheek before he drives off. The White Van follows.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER.

INT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

CARRUTHERS 30s wears a silk navy suit and a frilly white
blouse. Her long red curls cascade her shoulders as she
stands beside pixie blonde NANCY BURROWS 30s. She wears a
slimline cream dress and blue jacket.

A mature FEMALE REGISTRAR conducts their civil wedding in
front of FAMILY and FRIENDS.

She turns to Kiki Carruthers.

REGISTRAR
Are you, Kiki Jane Carruthers
free, lawfully to marry Nancy
Lulu Burrows?

CARRUTHERS
(smiles warmly)
Yes, I am.

REGISTRAR
Then repeat after me.
(pauses)
I call upon these people here
present.

CARRUTHERS
I call upon these people here
present.

REGISTRAR
To witness that I, Kiki Jane
Carruthers.

CARRUTHERS

To witness that I, Kiki Jane
Carruthers.

REGISTRAR

Do take thee, Nancy Lulu Burrows
to be my lawful wedded wife.

CARRUTHERS

Do take thee, Nancy Lulu Burrows
to be my lawful wedded wife.

Registrar now turns to Nancy Burrows.

REGISTRAR

And are you, Nancy Lulu Burrows
free, lawfully to marry Kiki Jane
Carruthers?

NANCY BURROWS

(smiles)

Yes, I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL - DAY

SLOW MO: A GLOVED HAND rises from beneath the water clutching
a GREY CELLPHONE.

BACK TO:

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Carruthers and Nancy Burrows stand upon the white steps. They
clutch bouquets as a PHOTOGRAPHER flashes her camera lense at
them.

STREET VIEW:

Some distance away Shelley Peters wipes a tear from her eye
as she observes them.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Dog also observes from inside a nearby cafe window.

DOG
(on phone)
What'd ya want me to do now-?
Fair enough.

He ends the call.

CUT TO:

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

Suited DI Carruthers enters. She clutches a clipboard and kicks her heels as she sits down at a table and logs on to her computer.

As she waits for her login to appear, she's joined by South Afrikan DCI MILLIE NUNN 40s.

DCI NUNN
Morning, Kiki. I believe
congratulations are in order.

CARRUTHERS
(smiles)
Thanks.

DCI NUNN
(pauses)
I've been asked to assign you to
a cold case, since there's not
much going on around here at the
moment.

CARRUTHERS
I thought they were for old
Moustached Pete's. But if you
can't find anyone else, I'll be
happy to take a look at it.

DCI NUNN
Great! I'll let the Super know. I
wouldn't want you getting bored
looking at your wedding snaps all
day.

CARRUTHERS
Just as long as he doesn't stop
me half way through and tell me
they're cutting back.

DCI NUNN

I'll remind him. But you know what it's like around here... if another case takes precedence you will have to put it aside.

CARRUTHERS

I get it.

(pauses)

Oh, and do I get to choose my own partner?

DCI NUNN

Who've you got in mind?

CARRUTHERS

DS Johnson. I know he's not happy at Loughton. I spoke to him the other day and he told me.

DCI NUNN

OK. I'll ask the Super if they'll second him.

CARRUTHERS

Appreciated.

DCI NUNN

The file can be located under the title Operation Reactivate. It's a twenty-five year old case involving the rape and murder of an au pair named Soraya Niazi. She was found with a plastic bag over her head. It was called in by a cyclist who discovered her body by the Regents Canal.

CARRUTHERS

(raises a brow)

Raped and murdered?

DCI NUNN

Yes, and apart from the cyclist they never spoke to a single witness, even after DCI Grayson Fields appealed on Crimewatch. He led the case. You'll need to speak to him at some point. He's retired from the force now.

CARRUTHERS

Are there any new leads?

DCI NUNN

There is. Her mobile phone turned up when divers were dredging the canal during a missing person's search in Hackney.

CARRUTHERS

Has it been analysed?

DCI NUNN

Don't get too excited. I haven't heard zilch from CSI at the moment. But don't worry, I'm on it.

CARRUTHERS

How d' you know it belongs to the victim?

DCI NUNN

It was spotted by DCI Wellman. she also worked on the case with DCI Fields.

CARRUTHERS

(puffs out cheeks)

OK.

DCI NUNN

Read the file and come back to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY

A beautiful sunny day as Carruthers and slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON 40s stroll along the walkway towards a hump bridge where Soraya Niazi's body was discovered twenty-five years previously.

Johnson spots the name written on the side of a canal boat.

POV: THE FLYING SCOTSMAN.

JOHNSON

(accented)

Now there's a name that evokes
time and place.

CARRUTHERS

(chuckles)

That's a train, isn't it?

JOHNSON

Aye.

CARRUTHERS

How fast do these barges travel
at, anyway?

JOHNSON

Aww, I dunno. Probably four-to-
five miles an hour at a guess.

(pauses)

You can probably walk quicker.

Carruthers clocks the name of another pretty yellow boat
decorated with hanging plants and colourful flowers.

CU: LUCY'S GOLD.

CARRUTHERS

I like this one- Lucy's Gold.

JOHNSON

Sounds like a name of a racehorse
if I remember correctly. The
Grand National.

CARRUTHERS

That would suit me. I can imagine
me and Nancy cruising up and down
the canal with a glass of
prosecco in hand.

JOHNSON

Aye. Up yours!

They share a laugh when Carruthers phone rings. She dips her
hand inside her pocket and looks at the screen.

CARRUTHERS

(to Johnson)

Unknown caller.

(on phone)

Hello-?

CLICK.

CARRUTHERS /
(dismayed)
They hung up.

JOHNSON
Aye. Ring back.

CARRUTHERS
No. Sod 'em.

Johnson stops in his tracks and takes off his shades when he notices an elderly, well-kept, grey haired WOMAN dressed in a wax jacket and Wellington boots. She climbs aboard a canal boat up ahead.

JOHNSON
I know that woman from somewhere.

CARRUTHERS
(interestedly)
Who?

JOHNSON
That's missus Grayson Fields -
Molly. The last time I saw her, I
was just a cadet.

Carruthers removes her sunglasses to catch a clearer view.

CARRUTHERS
Are you sure?

JOHNSON
Aye. I met her and DCI Fields
when he worked out of Soho with
my ol' man.

CARRUTHERS
(suspiciously)
Are you thinking what I'm
thinking?

JOHNSON
Aye. He led the case we're
working on.

CARRUTHERS
That's right.

JOHNSON

Aye.

CARRUTHERS

C'mon. Let's do some fishing.

JOHNSON

Aye.

They march towards the canal boat.

They climb on deck. Carruthers clocks the name of the boat:

SULA BULA.

CARRUTHERS -

Original.

MOLLY 68 appears.

MOLLY

(irked)

Can I help you?

JOHNSON

(brightly)

Awright, Molly. It's Jamie? Jamie Johnson?

MOLLY

(confused)

I don't know you. Who are you?
What do you want?

JOHNSON

Your husband, Grayson used to be a colleague of my father's. They worked out of Soho nick thirty odd years ago, remember?

MOLLY

(reflects)

Oh yes! I remember you! Jamie, isn't it?

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Aye. That's right.

(to Carruthers)

See. I told ya.

MOLLY

The last time I saw you, you were just a boy.

JOHNSON

(coyly)

How's the ol' man doing?

MOLLY

He's at home watching the horse racing. I've just popped down to water the flowers, and tidy up a bit, seeing it's such a nice day.

She shakes Carruthers outstretched hand.

CARRUTHERS

DI Kiki Carruthers. I love the name of your boat. What does it mean- Sula Bula?

MOLLY

Oh, my husband changed it. It means, smear with water, apparently, don't ask me.

CARRUTHERS

How long have you had this? I've been thinking about buying a narrow boat. It's lovely.

MOLLY

It used to belong to my father. We took it over after he passed. It holds a lot of memories for me personally. He used to bring me here at weekends for trips up and down the canal.

(reflects)

I do miss him, dearly. He was funny.

CARRUTHERS

It must have been quite a shock for you when they discovered a body just along the path back then.

MOLLY

Oh, tell me about it. Grayson still hasn't quite gotten over it. He suffered from terrible nightmares, that was after they closed the case. It led to his early retirement, you know.

CARRUTHERS

Did he ever discuss the case with you?

MOLLY

No, he wouldn't. He never brought his work home.

CARRUTHERS

I see.

MOLLY

Would you like a cold drink, since you're here?

Johnson glances at Carruthers with a suggestive brow.

CARRUTHERS

(empathetically)

Another time, maybe.

MOLLY

Are you sure? I've got a nice cold jug of Pimms waiting for someone to enjoy a glass with me.

JOHNSON

(to Carruthers)

Oh c'mon. One won't hurt.

CARRUTHERS

OK. Just the one though.

They duck their heads as they enter below deck.

CABIN.

A fully furnished lounge area contains a three seater sofa. Turkish artefacts decorate the shelves, and a HOOKAH is situated next to a piped wood burner.

Carruthers picks up a late 5X8 photograph of Grayson next to Molly. Johnson follows Molly towards the galley.

CARRUTHERS -
(suspiciously)
All things Turkish.

She spots a pipe with burnt tobacco. Using a tissue from her pocket, she picks it up and hides it inside her bag.

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - LIT

Carruthers faces DCI Nunn who is seated behind her desk. she chews on biltong. She offers a piece to Carruthers.

DCI NUNN
You want some?

CARRUTHERS
Thanks.

She hands Carruthers a small piece.

DCI NUNN
Have you deduced anything from
the file?

CARRUTHERS
Actually, I want to talk to you
about that.

DCI NUNN
Go on, give me both barrels,
then.

CARRUTHERS
The CCTV footage from the night
Soraya Niazi was murdered is
missing. I've searched every file
and can't find it anywhere.

DCI NUNN
You've gotta hunch, I can tell.

CARRUTHERS
Well, I need the actual computer
that Grayson Fields used when he
was leading the case. And I need
to speak to DCI Barbara Wellman
as well.

DCI NUNN
But you do have access to all the
files, I take it?

CARRUTHERS

I do, but according to what's been logged, four of the six canal boats along that stretch of water were deemed vacant, of which two, at that time, were owned by The River Cruise Company. That leaves Sula Bula and one other unchecked.

DCI NUNN

That's an anomaly straight off the bat.

CARRUTHERS

I know.

(pauses)

The boat is registered to Molly Fields, but what I can't understand is why DCI Fields never stated that during the investigation. He chose to withhold that information for some reason. There is nothing in the file to suggest his wife owned Sula Bula.

DCI NUNN

Maybe he thought it wasn't relevant to the investigation, since it belonged to his wife.

CARRUTHERS

To be fair, it should've been noted.

DCI NUNN

(dismayed)

Would you like me to speak to him?

CARRUTHERS

No, I'll speak to him myself.

DCI NUNN

If that's your wish. But I must warn you he can be a right pig when he wants.

CARRUTHERS

I know. Molly told us when we spoke to her. This caused alarm bells to ring. You just feel it, don'tcha?

DCI NUNN

You certainly do, Kiki. So do you want me to see if I can get my hands on that CPU?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, I do. There might be something incriminating that was deleted from the file.

DCI NUNN

Leave it with me.

CARRUTHERS

I need to get my hands on that hard drive.

DCI NUNN

Well, let's hope your wrong, otherwise, there'll be an investigation involving AC20.

CARRUTHERS

I hope so too.

DCI NUNN

Maybe it'll be best to let Johnson speak to him. He might drop him a few crumbs. I'll speak to DCI Barbara Wellman and get her to meet you. You'll find her at Paddington nick. She's head of recruitment now.

CARRUTHERS

OK. Great!

She gets to her feet and steps towards the door.

DCI NUNN

Oh, I nearly forgot...

CARRUTHERS

What is it?

DCI NUNN

Your ex colleague was released
last week. She's out.

CARRUTHERS

(gasps)

Shelley Peters?

DCI NUNN

That's right.

CARRUTHERS

Now I know who's been pranking
me.

DCI NUNN

D' you want me to get a
restraining order?

CARRUTHERS

No... I'll catch up with her when
she's willing to show herself.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON LOUNGE - NIGHT

GRAYSON 60s sits in an armchair and watches the TV. His
greying hair and beard dishevelled, his tired eyes reflect a
lack of sleep.

Molly brings his dinner on a tray and places it on his lap in
front of him. He begins to eat.

She takes a seat opposite him.

MOLLY

I had some interesting company
today on the barge.

GRAYSON

Oh yeah? Who was that, then?

MOLLY

Remember young Jamie Johnson-
Sidney's boy?

GRAYSON

Not really, but carry on.

MOLLY

Yes you do. Detective Sidney Johnson's lad. He brought him here once, after he'd graduated from the academy.

GRAYSON

(dispassionately)

Whatever.

(eats)

What did he want, then?

MOLLY

Not much. He was passing when he spotted me. We shared a glass of Pimms on deck. It was a lovely afternoon. We talked a lot about you. We chatted for ages. He's grown into a fine detective, you know? And he hasn't lost his accent. It was just like listening to his father.

GRAYSON

(blank gaze)

Them.

MOLLY

What?

GRAYSON

Who was the other person? You said them.

MOLLY

A female detective inspector.

GRAYSON

Detective inspector, you say?

MOLLY

DI Carruthers. A woman... you know. She had beautiful red hair and piecing green eyes. A real lady, she was. She told me that she was born in Paris.

GRAYSON

(knowingly)

What did she want, then?

MOLLY

She just wanted to know about the murder twenty-five years ago down by the canal. I told her you worked on the case, but had to give it up due to a lack of witnesses.

GRAYSON FIELDS

(angrily)

What'd you tell her that for?

MOLLY

Because she was interested, that's all. She said they've reopened the file. They found the poor girl's mobile phone not far from the boat. Imagine that. All the time it was right under your nose. They say you can't always see what is right in front of you, don't they?

He coughs and splutters as he nearly chokes on a piece of meat. She quickly gets up and pats his back.

BACK TO:

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Phones ring while Carruthers sits at her desk. She sifts through PHOTOS of the dead victim and previous notes before she is joined by Johnson.

She gets to her feet and grabs her coat.

CARRUTHERS

(to Johnson)

Ready?

JOHNSON

Aye. Where are we going?

CARRUTHERS

Dr Khan's house. He was the first to be interviewed by Grayson Fields. The victim was his au pair.

JOHNSON

This should be interesting.

CARRUTHERS

It's better than nothing,
Johnson. C'mon.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. DR KHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Carruthers and Johnson occupy the sofa as DR KHAN 70s shows them a photograph of brown haired, brown eyed Soraya Niazi.

DR KHAN

This is she. She was studying
English at Westminster University
when she was here.

CARRUTHERS

What was she like?

DR KHAN

(reflects)

Very professional nanny. She had
a way with the children.

CARRUTHERS

Did you ever see her mobile
phone?

DR KHAN

Oh yes, several times. A Motorola
flip, if I remember. She kept
complaining about its dodgy
connection every time she opened
it up.

Johnson reveals a transparent bag containing the MOBILE PHONE
lifted from the canal.

JOHNSON

Was it similar to this one?

DR KHAN

Yes. Exactly. Is that the one?
Where did you find it?

JOHNSON

It was thrown in the canal the
night she was murdered.

DR KHAN

You mean it had been in the water
all that time?

JOHNSON

Aye. That's correct, Dr Khan.

DR KHAN

(sighs grief)

Oh my dear God. Poor girl.

(reflects)

She never left the house without
it... or her door keys.

CARRUTHERS

In your statement at the time,
you told the detective leading
the case that you were in the
Lake District that night she was
murdered.

DR KAHN

Yes, of course.

(pauses)

My wife and I were away with the
children that weekend. We asked
Soraya if she wanted to come
along, but she declined. She said
she needed to study. We learned
from detectives that she'd popped
out to buy some confectionery.

CARRUTHERS

That would have been DCI Grayson
Fields.

DR KHAN

That's right. An empathetic
individual. I remember, he was
polite.

CARRUTHERS

(surprised)

Was he?

DR KHAN

Oh yes, he was, under the
circumstances.

CARRUTHERS

Well, thank you for your help, Dr
Khan.

DR KHAN

Oh, don't thank me. I'm only too glad to be able to assist in any way I can. I'm just pleased you've reopened the case. I hate the thought of knowing her killer could still be out there somewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. GRAYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

DOOR CHIME.

Grayson opens the door. He dons a creased blue shirt and jogging bottoms.

GRAYSON

(irksomely)

Yes?

JOHNSON

(grins)

Awright, Grayson?

GRAYSON

Who are you?

JOHNSON

Sidney Johnson? I've come for a little chat.

GRAYSON

Oh, of course, I know who you are. Me and your father worked on more cases than you've eaten beans on toast.

JOHNSON

I'm Jamie.

GRAYSON

I know. I didn't recognise you at first.

JOHNSON

It's understandable. I never had a goatee back then.

GRAYSON

Come in-Come in, son.

JOHNSON

Thanks. Did Molly tell you I bumped into her down by the canal the other day?

GRAYSON

Yes, she did mention something about that, but I cocked a deafen. I'm not listening to her half the time. When you've been married as long as we have you tend to let your concentration stray. Anyway, how is the old bugger these days?

JOHNSON

He's in a home.

GRAYSON

That's a damn shame. Give him my regards when you next visit him.

JOHNSON

I will.

GRAYSON

What about Irene?

JOHNSON

Oh, she's okay. She moved to the coast.

GRAYSON

Well, give her my regards.

JOHNSON

I will.

(awkwardly)

Look, the reason I came here is to see if I can jog your memory concerning a murder case you worked on before you retired. Soraya Niazi? You were in charge of the investigation as I understand it.

GRAYSON

I was, to my despair. We had to stand it down. We drew a blank, unfortunately.

JOHNSON

Why didnae you document Molly's canal boat? It's just a stones throw from where the body was found? Only hundred yards from the boat.

GRAYSON

(furrowed brow)

I didn't think it was relevant to the investigation. Molly wasn't there that night. She was here with me.

JOHNSON

I'm sorry, Grayson, I have to beg to differ. It was paramount to the investigation. Molly's barge was the only boat along that stretch of water not mentioned in your report.

GRAYSON

Yes, but I couldn't have my wife dragged into a murder inquiry, simply because one the boats belonged to her. It might have compromised my investigation. A conflict of interest. I would have been taken off the case.

JOHNSON

May I ask, did you have access to the boat yourself?

GRAYSON

Of course I bloody well had access! Now get out, before I lose my rag! Bloody nerve coming here with your impertinent questions about something that happened twenty-five years ago! Who do you think you are?! Bloody upstart! Get Out!

Johnson retreats.

JOHNSON

It might come as a shock to you but we've reopened the investigation. I've been assigned to the case. My job is to investigate all avenues that should have been investigated at the time.

GRAYSON

Your father'll be spinning if he knew you were here laying judgement upon me. You should be ashamed of yourself coming into my home and suggesting a cover up!

JOHNSON

Aye. I didnae mean to cause you any stress, Grayson. I just want to get to the bottom of why this girl was murdered just a hundred yards from Molly's boat. I'm not pointing the finger at anybody just yet. Just consider this for a moment- Sorays Niazi's phone was lifted from the canal, just fifty yards away. Now does that set alarm bells ringing for you?

GRAYSON

Oh yes, loud and clear. But don't think I don't know all about you and your relationship to that murdering gangster Kris Savva. How many cover-ups have you been involved with, since your time in the force? Answer me that, Jamie?

JOHNSON

There were no cover-ups. We were bonded by the brotherhood, that's all.

GRAYSON

Then so are we. So I'd watch my back if I were you.

JOHNSON

Are you asking me to walk away from a murder investigation, based on the same principles I had with Kris Savva?

GRAYSON

You just do the right thing for the family. And never throw stones at glass houses.

JOHNSON

I cannae do that... not when it comes to the murder of a wee lass. Anything else and I might lose sight, but not this.

GRAYSON

(furiously)

Then get out of my house!

Johnson opens the front door to leave.

GRAYSON /

And don't come back here unless you have something substantial to put to me, you imbecile!

(rages)

You're finished!

Johnson shakes his head as he key fobs his car then jumps in and starts the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. COFFEE BAR - NIGHT

Carruthers and DCI WELLMAN late 50s take a window seat with their coffee.

Across the street Shelley Peters observes them closely.

CARRUTHERS

So what was he like to work for?

DCI WELLMAN

Oh, he wasn't so bad. He played by the book which was unusual back then. Half the force was on the take.

CARRUTHERS

Did you know his wife owned one of the canal boats close to where Soraya Niazi was murdered?

DCI WELLMAN

(aghast)

No! I did not! In fact, I'm flabbergasted. He kept that quiet.

CARRUTHERS

Did you know he was a Turkophile?

DCI WELLMAN

No!

CARRUTHERS

His wife's boat is called Sula Bula. It's Turkish for smear with water.

DCI WELLMAN

I do remember the victim being Turkish.

CARRUTHERS

She was indeed Turkish. Soraya Niazi was an au pair studying English at a London university.

DCI WELLMAN

That's right. I remember.
(stirs coffee)
I trusted him. We all did.

CARRUTHERS

We need to look at that hard drive from the CPU he was using at the time. Do you know if they were updated during your time there?

DCI WELLMAN

They were serviced once a year. Why'd you ask?

CARRUTHERS

Can you remember which desk he used?

DCI WELLMAN

The one in front of the round window next to the kitchen.

CARRUTHERS

Thanks.

DCI WELLMAN

I can't believe he would withhold evidence. Are you going to arrest him?

CARRUTHERS

No, not yet. But when, and if we do, it's going to cause a few tremors, particularly if the media get a whiff of a cover-up.

DCI WELLMAN

They were all over it back then. Because she was an au pair... a foreign student.

CARRUTHERS

I bet.

DCI WELLMAN

He said the CCTV was unusable. I never got to see it myself. And like a fool I just took his word for it. I thought no more of it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LOCAL GROCERY SHOP - DAY

A younger DS BARBARA WELLMAN early 30s enters. She flashes her badge as she approaches the bearded Sikh PROPRIETOR 50s. He stands behind the counter. She shows him an image of Soraya Niazi.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Have you seen this girl before?

PROPRIETOR

Yes, many times. She comes here often.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

When was the last time you saw her?

PROPRIETOR

(recollects)

She came Saturday night to buy a can of drink and a chocolate bar.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

What time was that?

PROPRIETOR

It was very late. I was just about to close.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

What time do you close?

PROPRIETOR

Eleven p.m.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Did you see where she went after she left your shop?

PROPRIETOR

Yes, I can, because she was very upset. She forgot to bring her purse with her. She was upset. She had no money to pay for anything.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

What did she do?

PROPRIETOR

She ran out of the shop, after asked me if I could stay open until she came back. But she never came back.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Thanks for your help.

She exits the shop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She looks up at the CCTV CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - LIT

A younger DCI GRAYSON FIELDS 40s studies CCTV footage from the night in question. It shows Soraya Niazi walking south of the shop.

DS Barbara Wellman looks across the room, before she picks up a folder and marches towards his desk.

His eyes follow her and he quickly deletes the CCTV footage.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(sighs)

What have you got?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Toxicology results.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

And?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

The victim was clean. No alcohol, or stimulants found in her bloodstream, except for traces of caffeine.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

I see.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

There's DNA, but no matches on the database for the fingerprints on the plastic bag.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Right.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

On top that, the CCTV camera covering the canal path has been out of action for the past year. However, there's a traffic camera that points in the direction of the grocery shop that she used that night. I've requested for it to be looked at.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Ah, I've seen it. I couldn't make head nor tail of it. It's unusable.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

(aback)

Oh no! I was hoping for something significant with that line of inquiry.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

What about fibres?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

There are woollen fibres on her sweater, but nothing to match them with at the moment.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(tuts)

I get the feeling this is going to be a slow burner.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Worrying, especially for the parents.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

OK. Let's see if we can jog someone's memory. Tell uniform to get the boards out. And get on to Crimewatch UK. Ask if they'll run it for us. We need to solve this case, otherwise we're going to look like idiots.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

What about the canal boats? Shall I talk to the owners and see if they heard anything?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

No-no. I'm popping down there myself this afternoon. I'll give them knock and see what I can find out.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

OK.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Did you get that cyclist's statement?

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

He came in this morning. His story matches what he told us when he called it in. And he has a very strong alibi.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Well, unless we get something concrete, we're heading up Creek Street.

DS BARBARA WELLMAN

Yes.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT/ INT. CAFE - CONT'D

Shelley Peters continues to observe the cafe.

CARRUTHERS

That's because he deleted the file.

DCI WELLMAN

When she left the grocery shop that night, she completely disappeared off radar. There were no sightings of her.

CARRUTHERS

She was raped. The pathologist report states she had light contusions to her inner thigh, and traces of semen inside her vagina and underwear.

DCI WELLMAN

I never got to see the pathologist's report. It went straight to DCI Fields.

Carruthers finishes her coffee and gets to her feet.

CARRUTHERS

What a bastard.

DCI WELLMAN

I'm really sorry. I should've realised.

CARRUTHERS

It's fine.

(pauses)

Well, it's been great meeting up with you. You've been a massive help. Let's keep in touch in case you think of anything else that we can pin on him.

DCI WELLMAN

Of course. I want that bastard nailed to the cross if he is involved.

CARRUTHERS

Me too. And I'm so glad we had a chance to talk.

DCI WELLMAN

I can't believe I let him pull the wool over my eyes like that.

CARRUTHERS

It happens to the best of us.

Beat.

Shelley Peters crosses the busy road and taps Carruthers on the shoulder. She gasps when she sees her standing in front of her.

SHELLEY PETERS

(smiles)

Hello Kiki.

CARRUTHERS

(aback)

Shelley! When did you get out?

They hug.

SHELLEY PETERS

Last week. They cut my sentence by two thirds.

CARRUTHERS

That's fantastic! Brilliant! Have you been ringing me?

SHELLEY PETERS

Yes. I was afraid you might not want to talk me.

CARRUTHERS

Why not? Of course I want to speak to you. Besides, what are you doing now?

SHELLEY PETERS

Just what I'm good at.

CARRUTHERS

They reinstated you?

SHELLEY PETERS

No, if only. Pole dancing again.

CARRUTHERS

I'll come and have a celebration drink with you.

SHELLEY PETERS

It's The White Leopard Club in Denmark Street.

CARRUTHERS

Where are you staying?

SHELLEY PETERS

In the roof terrace, above the club.

CARRUTHERS

OK. I'll text you soon as I'm free.

SHELLEY PETERS

Fantastic!

CARRUTHERS

By the way, I got married.

SHELLEY PETERS

I know. I saw you. I was there.

CARRUTHERS

Oh, Shelley, no! Why didn't you let me know you were out?

SHELLEY PETERS

I wasn't sure if it would be a good idea, particularly after everything, you know?

CARRUTHERS

I'm leading a cold case.

SHELLEY PETERS

How's it going?

CARRUTHERS

Oh, you know... getting there.

SHELLEY PETERS

Yeah, I know.

CARRUTHERS

Look, I'm really sorry, but I have to dash. I'm needed back at the yard.

SHELLEY PETERS

No yeah, I get it.

CARRUTHERS

I'll text you soon as. We'll definitely catch up.

SHELLEY PETERS

I look forward to it. You can have a go on the pole.

CARRUTHERS

(chuckles)

You'll be lucky. Those days are well and truly over for me. I can barely jog around the lawn these days.

SHELLEY PETERS

You haven't lost your humour, I see.

CARRUTHERS

(chuckles)

Bye, Shelley. We'll catch up real soon.

They go their separate ways.

Some distance away Dog observes them with a keen eye.

DOG

(on phone)

I can take them both right now-
Rightyo, I'll wait.

He ends the call.

CUT TO:

INT. UNUSED ROOM - LIT

Carruthers leads Police Data Technicians to a table with a desktop computer situated by a round window.

CARRUTHERS

This is the one. I'm only interested in what's on the hard drive regarding the files for Operation Activate.

They immediately begin uninstalling the CPU.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURKISH VILLA - PATIO - DAY

A six bedroom dwelling, surrounded by landscaped gardens, could easily replicate an English country garden.

The victim's father, unshaven EMVA NIAZI 70s reads a newspaper while he drinks coffee at a table.

His iPhone rings. He grabs it from off the table and brings it to ear.

EMVA

(on phone)

Selam- I am sitting- What is it-?

(angrily)

Oruspu cocugu-!

He throws his coffee down his throat and ends the call, then gets to his feet and marches inside the villa.

INT. TURKISH VILLA - DAY

EMVA /

Seville? Seville? I'm going to London immediately.

Dyed black haired SEVILLE late 60s descends the stairs with a bellyful of laundry.

SEVILLE

(panicked)

Why? What has happened?

EMVA

I just had a call from Dr Khan. He says the police came to his house. They have reopened the case, and the detective who was in charge of Soraya's murder is now the prime suspect.

SEVILLE

What? Oh my God!

EMVA

I will kill him with my bare hands!

She drops the laundry and rushes towards him.

SEVILLE

Emva, no! Please, just wait until we have all the facts. Speak to the police first.

EMVA

No! I must do this myself.

CUT TO:

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT

Carruthers sits behind a desk and carefully studies the CCTV FOOTAGE from the night of the murder.

VIDEO FOOTAGE:

A red saloon CAR parked on a side road. Long haired SORAYA NIAZI 18 appears troubled as she heads towards the Car. She looks distressed and gesticulates her frustration with the DRIVER, before she opens the passenger door and climbs inside.

CARRUTHERS -

(mumbles)

Bastard!

BACK TO SCENE

She enhances the footage.

CU: Vehicle Registration GMSB 101T.

She jots down the registration then feeds it into the computer. Moments later she gasps as the registration details are revealed.

CU: VEHICLE OWNER: GRAYSON FIELDS.

BACK TO SCENE

She stares at the footage once again, before she picks up the phone.

INTERCUT: With Johnson who sits behind the wheel of his car.

CARRUTHERS

(on phone)

We've got him!

JOHNSON

Who?

CARRUTHERS

It was his vehicle that picked her up that night- A red BMW.

JOHNSON

(grimaces)

I knew he was hiding something. I could see it in his eyes.

CARRUTHERS

Let me speak to DCI Nunn. I need to get the go-ahead to bring him in.

JOHNSON

Keep me posted. I wanna be there when it happens.

CARRUTHERS

I will.

She ends the call then punches the air jubilantly.

CARRUTHERS

Gotcha!

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. GRAYSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in darkness. The curtains twitch as Grayson covertly spies the street.

His POV: A BLACK FOUR WHEEL DRIVE parked across the road. The DRIVER cannot be seen behind the tinted glass.

BACK TO SCENE.

INT/EXT. FOUR WHEEL DRIVE - NIGHT

Emva Niazi fixes a SILENCER to a HANDGUN then exits the vehicle and quickly skips towards the rear of the house.

EXT. HOUSE REAR GARDEN - NIGHT

He sets off a sensor light as he stumbles and trips over a loose piece of concrete.

By the time he looks up, Grayson stands by the patio door frame. He points a SHOTGUN at him.

GRAYSON
(aims barrel)
DON'T FUCKING MOVE UNLESS I SAY
SO!

Emva Niazi quickly rolls over.

BANG!!

He misses the target.

PFF! PFF!

Emva Niazi also misses.

Grayson disappears back inside the house. Emva Niazi gets to his feet and follows him inside.

ABOVE: Molly looks through the window.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emva Niazi attempts to open the locked door, then exits and races back through the garden.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Grayson quickly key fobs his new BLACK BMW then drives off.

Emva Niazi appears and jumps back inside his vehicle to give chase.

A protracted CAR CHASE ensues through the streets of London, before Grayson finally loses his tail.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

Grayson appears on the walkway and quickly enters the barge-Sula Bula.

INT. FOUR WHEEL DRIVE - NIGHT

Emva Niazi cruises the area as he searches for the BMW.

CUT TO:

INT. CARRUTHERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carruthers and Nancy make-out inside the sheets as they kiss and caress one another.

CU: iPhone vibrates on side cabinet.

Carruthers ignores it, until after she reaches a conclusion to her love making.

CUT TO:

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DCI Nunn sits behind her desk with the phone to ear. She sighs and tuts as she makes another call.

DCI NUNN

(on phone)

Am I the only one awake-? There's been a shooting incident at Grayson Fields's property- TFU are attending as we speak. Get yourself over there and let Kiki know if you can reach her, cos I bloody well can't- Right- And let me know what's happening when you get there.

She ends call and stares at the wall in annoyance.

BACK TO:

INT. CARRUTHERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carruthers and Nancy sit up against the pillows.

NANCY

Are you not going to look at who called you? It might be something important.

CARRUTHERS

(aback)

Oh shit! Fuck! I forgot.

She grabs her phone and looks at the missed calls log and messages. She gasps in horror.

NANCY

(concerned)

What is it?

CARRUTHERS

Fuck! There's been a fucking shooting at Grayson Fields house. Oh shit! I'm toast!

She quickly jumps out of bed naked and throws on her clothes.

Beat.

INTERCUT: Phone conversation between Johnson and Carruthers.

She uses her hands free system whilst behind the wheel. He leans up against his vehicle outside Grayson's house.

CARRUTHERS

Where is he?

JOHNSON

I can hazard a guess. Molly's in deep shock. She was awoken by a shoot out between Grayson and his attacker outside in the garden.

CARRUTHERS

Is she okay?

JOHNSON

No. She's traumatised.

CARRUTHERS

Meet me at Sula Bula. I'll be there in five minutes.

JOHNSON

Okidoki.

CARRUTHERS

Bring uniform with you.

JOHNSON

Sure.

END INTERCUT.

EXT/INT. SULA BULA - NIGHT

Carruthers races along the canal path towards the boat with Johnson following behind. UNIFORM bring up the rear.

She climbs aboard the boat and bangs her fist on the door.

CARRUTHERS

Open up, Grayson! I know you're in there! Open the fucking door, or I'll get uniform to break it down!

He finally opens the door and stands facing her with a defeated look upon his face.

CARRUTHERS /

I'm arresting you for the murder of Soraya Niazi in October of 1999. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention now, something which you later rely on in court. And anything you do say may be given in evidence.

GRAYSON

(aback)

You're making a mistake!

CARRUTHERS

Yeah, sure. Is that why somebody just tried to murder you in your own home? How could you?

Beat.

Uniform lead him towards an unmarked vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Grayson sits at a table next to his overweight SOLICITOR 50s. Carruthers and Johnson sit opposite.

CARRUTHERS

(to Grayson)

So, what have you got to say for yourself?

GRAYSON

(dispassionately)

Nothing.

CARRUTHERS

Oh c'mon. Who was it that tried to shoot you tonight? You must have some idea.

GRAYSON

I have no idea.

JOHNSON

(interjects)

Well, we have the DNA that proves you murdered the au pair, Soraya Niazi. What have you got to say in response to that? And let me remind you this interview is being recorded.

GRAYSON

(irksomely)

I know-I know. I'm being fitted up. It wasn't me.

CARRUTHERS

Why would someone fit you up, Grayson?

GRAYSON

You'll have to ask them. But I never killed her, I swear.

CARRUTHERS

Tell us what happened, then, from the beginning.

GRAYSON

I'm innocent!

Johnson slides a photo image across the table.

Grayson POV: The photo image of a red saloon parked beneath a street lamp. Date and time, top right shows 4/10/1999. 2300 Hours.

JOHNSON

D' you recognise this vehicle, Grayson? Cos I do. It belonged to you, right?

GRAYSON

It was mine. Granted.

CARRUTHERS

Soraya Niazi came to you for help, didn't she?

GRAYSON

I can't remember. It was too long ago.

CARRUTHERS

Her employer was away that weekend with his family. But you know that anyway, don'tcha? You deliberately misled your team and drove them down a blind alley. You had no intention of finding her killer, because you are her killer, aren't you?

He vigorously shakes head.

JOHNSON

She trusted you before you raped, and then suffocated her with that plastic bag. You left her to die on that canal path.

GRAYSON

(shrugs shoulders)

Prove it.

CARRUTHERS

Oh, I can prove it, Grayson. You left your semen inside her.

(eyes him closely)

The DNA belongs to you. You tried to hide it when you deleted those files, didn't you?

GRAYSON

It doesn't mean I killed her. All that means is that I had consensual sex with her.

CARRUTHERS

That maybe so. But how do you explain your dabs on the plastic bag that you used to suffocate her?

GRAYSON

I handled it during the investigation.

A short silence as he shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

CARRUTHERS

So, where then, did you have consensual sex with her?

GRAYSON

That's my business.

CARRUTHERS

In your car?

GRAYSON

No.

CARRUTHERS

Where then?

GRAYSON

On the barge.

JOHNSON

You scumbag.

CARRUTHERS

Well, I've got some more bad news, Grayson.

GRAYSON

What's that?

CARRUTHERS

The CCTV footage of her climbing into your vehicle. How d' you think a jury will see that?

(pauses)

Recognise this?

Johnson reveals a grey mobile phone that shows a photograph of his vehicle.

JOHNSON

She had the insight to take a photo of your vehicle, before she climbed in. She wanted to protect herself from you.

Grayson's eyes roll back in his head as he realises he's dilemma.

Carruthers switches on a small monitor which shows Soraya Niazi climbing into the passenger seat of his vehicle.

Grayson folds his arms in a defensive manner.

GRAYSON

Fair enough. I'll give you a statement.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Soraya Niazi exits the food store. She stands lost and panics as she turns one way and then the other.

Her clothing - Black leather bomber jacket, pink sweater and denims. Black and white sneakers.

Parked across the street DCI Grayson Fields sits inside his red BMW and checks messages on his phone.

A tearful Soraya Niazi gains his attention when she approaches his vehicle and taps lightly on his offside window. He lets the window down to speak to her.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

What's the problem?

SORAYA NIAZI

(geticulates)

Can you help, please, I left my door keys at home. I can't get in.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Where do you live?

SORAYA NIAZI

Just around the corner. But the house is all locked up. I left my door keys inside by accident.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(deliberates)

Get in and I'll see what I can do for you.

SORAYA NIAZI

Thank you so much.

She climbs into the passenger seat. He starts the engine.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Right then, so where would you like me to take you?

SORAYA NIAZI

I don't know. I have no money. I left my purse at home as well.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Oh dear. You are in a situation,
aren't you?

SORAYA NIAZI

(tries to smile)

Yes.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

So what should we do with you,
then? Have you got anywhere you
can stay tonight?

SORAYA NIAZI

I don't know anybody else here in
London.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

You don't know anybody at all?

SORAYA NIAZI

No. I'm an au pair. The people I
work for are away for the
weekend.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Can't you ring them and let them
know your situation? I see you've
got a phone.

SORAYA NIAZI

I can't. They will be very angry
with me for leaving home without
my keys.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Is there a window you can climb
through, or a back door left
open?

SORAYA NIAZI

No. They are all locked from
inside.

He stops the car at the side of the road.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

You can stay at my house if you
like?

SORAYA NIAZI

Are you married?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Yes, I am married, but I suppose I'll be able to explain to my wife why I brought you home with me.

SORAYA NIAZI

But I don't want you to get into any trouble with your wife.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Well, I really don't know what else to do with you, unless you want me to take you to a police station, and you can sleep in a cell for the night.

SORAYA NIAZI

What about hotel? I will pay you back tomorrow when my employers arrive home.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

(deliberates)

OK. You can stay on the barge.

SORAYA NIAZI

Oh, thank you so much. You are so kind.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

I'll explain everything to my wife tomorrow.

SORAYA NIAZI

Will it be okay with her? She won't mind?

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

She'll understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

He ushers along the walkway and onto the boat.

INT. SULA BULA - NIGHT

He switches on a lamp and Soraya Niazi throws herself down on a three seater sofa as he stands over her.

SORAYA NIAZI

This is cosy. I like it.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

OK. I've got to go. Don't open the door. Make yourself at home, and my wife will be down in the morning. You can explain everything to her when she gets here.

SORAYA NIAZI

Please, stay. Stay with me. I'm afraid someone will come and do something.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

You'll be fine. No one will come if you don't open the door.

She grabs his arm and pulls him down next to her. He begins to kiss her lips. She attempts to push him away.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS /

(forcefully)

C'mon then, if this is what you want.

SORAYA NIAZI

(resists)

No! Please! Stop! I don't want this!

He undoes his flies and pulls down her denims, before he pins her down and inserts himself inside her.

SORAYA NIAZI /

(fearfully)

Oh, please stop! This is not what I want! I don't want this. Get off me!

After a while she manages to wriggle out from under him, then quickly exits the boat.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS

Shit! Fuck!

He quickly pulls up his trousers and goes after her.

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

He catches up with her beneath a hump bridge. She screams as he grabs her by the shoulder and puts his hand over her mouth.

DCI GRAYSON FIELDS /
(ominously)
What are you doing?!

POV: A discarded plastic shopping bag.

He drags her down to the ground and grabs the bag, then sticks it over her head until she loses consciousness and becomes unresponsive.

He spots her discarded phone as he looks around himself. He lobs the phone into the canal.

SPLASH!

CU: Beneath the canal the phone sinks to the bottom.

BACK TO SCENE.

POV: Soraya Niazi lies still. Her head covered with the plastic bag

END FLASHBACK.

GRAYSON /
(guiltily)
How did you find it?

CARRUTHERS
I had a data search carried out
of the hard drive that you used.
Everything was on your hard disk.

JOHNSON
What have you got to say?

A protracted silence as he rocks back and forth in his seat.

CARRUTHERS
Why did you have to kill the poor
girl?

GRAYSON

(caves in)

Because she just wouldn't shut up!

JOHNSON -

(shakes head)

Bad.

GRAYSON

Look, I love my wife! If she ever found out what I did she'd never speak to me again.

CARRUTHERS

Why did you have to leave her there like that? That was a stupid thing to do for a high ranking detective.

GRAYSON

It happened all too quickly. I just wanted to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen. And then I saw the mist. I couldn't stop myself. She drove me to it.

The solicitor taps his confession on his iPad.

CARRUTHERS

(to Johnson)

OK. Charge him and get him out of here.

GRAYSON

(pleads)

No-no-no-no! You can't let me go, somebody is trying to kill me.

CARRUTHERS

Who?

GRAYSON

Turkish. They came to my house tonight. They want to finish me off. Someone is leaking information to whoever they are.

JOHNSON

Are you sure that's what you want?

GRAYSON

Yes. I'm a dead man once I leave here.

CARRUTHERS

Are you going to plead guilty to Soraya Niazi's murder, then?

GRAYSON

Yes! Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!

CARRUTHERS

You disgusting, depraved human being! You absolute bastard!

EXT. CANAL PATH - NIGHT

Emva Niazi walks along the path. He spots Molly stepping off the boat. He observes her closely, then begins to follow her towards her vehicle.

She key fobs her vehicle and opens the door. He grabs her from behind.

EMVA NIAZI

Where is he? Your husband.

MOLLY

Who are you?! They've arrested him.

EMVA NIAZI

Where did they take him?

MOLLY

They haven't told me.

EMVA NIAZI

Tell me where they have taken him, or I will kill you.

MOLLY

I don't know!

He lets her go, then rushes back towards his vehicle and drives off.

She shakes violently as she stumbles back to canal path and fills her pockets with stones, before she falls into the water and doesn't reappear.

Beat.

Blue lights flash at the scene where Molly's dead body is dragged out of the water by DIVERS.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Johnson is ushered towards a cell where Grayson lies upon the bed.

JOHNSON
(solemnly)
Grayson.

GRAYSON
Go away. I've nothing more to say.

JOHNSON
I'm not here to question you.

Grayson climbs off the bed and stares at him in dismay.

GRAYSON
What is it? Have you caught the Turk who tried to kill me?

JOHNSON
No, we havenae.

GRAYSON
What is it then?

JOHNSON
It's your wife- Molly.

GRAYSON
You leave her out of this! She's done nothing wrong!

JOHNSON
I'm afraid her body was pulled out of the canal this morning. Uniform thinks she must have taken her own life.

GRAYSON
(mortified)
What? What did you say?

He breaks down and sobs.

JOHNSON

I'm very sorry to be bearer of bad news, Grayson. She was a lovely woman.

GRAYSON

Just leave me alone! This is all your fault! You caused all of this, you bastards! Go away! Leave me alone!

JOHNSON

I just want you to know how sorry we all are. She certainly didn't deserve this, or you.

Johnson deliberately drops a RAZOR BLADE inside the cell as Grayson laments.

JOHNSON /

Just do the right thing.

He walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. DCI NUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Carruthers sits and shares biltong with the DCI.

DCI NUNN

Congratulations are in order, again. That was an efficient investigation. Well done.

CARRUTHERS

Thanks. But it wasn't difficult once I established those missing files.

DCI NUNN

You and Johnson make a good team. I'll let the Super know my thoughts on that score.

CARRUTHERS

To be honest, I don't know how it wasn't spotted by one of the detectives on the case back then. It was staring right at me. A completely blank folder. Then when I spoke to his wife.

(pauses)

You just get that feeling. It comes over you like a great white wave and feels you with hope.

DCI NUNN

(agape)

Wow! Where did that come from, Kiki? I never had you down as a philosopher. You've been reading Niche.

CARRUTHERS

(grins)

No, it's the biltong, cos I don't read anything, except witness statements.

DCI NUNN

Well, I wish it had the same effect on me.

They share a chuckle.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE LEOPARD CLUB - NIGHT

Carruthers and Nancy sit at a table with a bottle of bubbly as they watch Shelley Peters caress the pole.

NANCY

She's amazing, isn't she?

CARRUTHERS

Yeah, she is. She's hot.

NANCY

(angrily)

Alright! Calm down. I know you still fancy her, I can tell.

Shelley Peters looks over and smiles as she positions herself upside down.

CARRUTHERS

(irked)

Don't be silly. We were partners. we go back a long way. We worked together undercover as pole dancers at Tiffany's night club.

NANCY

(aback)

You've never told me that before.

CARRUTHERS

I know. It makes my stomach churn, that's why. The thought of Kris Savva. He put a hit out on me before he was murdered.

A protracted silence as they drink and watch Shelley Peters performance at the pole.

NANCY

Do you still like her, then?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, but not like that. She had my back.

NANCY

(chuckles)

I bet she did.

CARRUTHERS

Oh, stop it.

NANCY

Are you still indebted to her?

CARRUTHERS

I am, actually. She did time for me.

NANCY

Are you going to let her come between us, then?

CARRUTHERS

No... we're unbreakable.

NANCY

D' you mean that, Kiki?

CARRUTHERS

One-hundred percent. I love you,
Nancy Burrows.

Nancy raises her glass.

NANCY

Touche!

CARRUTHERS

(flippantly)

What are you like?

They kiss as Shelley Peters swings her legs around the pole and smiles over at them.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Grayson lies on the bed. His eyes rolled back inside his head as blood drips like a leaking tap from his sliced wrists.

INT. WINE BAR - DAY

Carruthers and Shelley Peters sit outside in the sunshine with a bottle of prosecco. They wear shades as they soak up the beautiful weather.

SHELLEY PETERS

This is just like old times,
isn't it?

CARRUTHERS

I know. It is. I can feel the
nostalgia creeping up.

SHELLEY PETERS

I miss those times.

A protracted silence as they drink and take in the aesthetic.

CARRUTHERS

Look, I've been asked to go to
Turkey- Kaleche. it's in Antalya.
D' you know it?

SHELLEY PETERS

No. Why?

CARRUTHERS

It's to do with the case, and the shooting at Grayson Fields property before we arrested him.

SHELLEY PETERS

Oh really?

CARRUTHERS

Yeah. I have to speak to the father of Soraya Niazi, the au pair who was murdered.

SHELLEY PETERS

Why are they asking you? Can't he be extradite?

CARRUTHERS

I know. I think it's my reward for closing the file. Anyway, I was wondering if you'd like to come? We can make a short break of it. It'll only be for three days- two whole days with the flight times, I reckon.

SHELLEY PETERS

(aback)

What about Nancy? She's your wife. Doesn't she want to go?

CARRUTHERS

(tuts)

I know. But I'd like to pay you back for standing by me, you know? C'mon... it'll be fun.

SHELLEY PETERS

You don't owe me anything, Kiki. We did what we had to do. Besides, the evidence they had for you wasn't as strong as the case against me.

(pauses)

I still feel myself looking over my shoulder, even though they're-

CARRUTHERS

-They're never all dead, Shelley.
I'm the same. I'm a paranoid
wreck sometimes. I wake up in the
middle of night sweating
occasionally. Nancy must think
I'm a neurotic, or something.

SHELLEY PETERS

Oh no!

CARRUTHERS

My doctor has prescribed me beta
blockers for my nerves.

SHELLEY PETERS

Do they work?

CARRUTHERS

Yeah, sometimes.

Short silence as they drink.

SHELLEY PETERS

OK. Yes, I'd love to come to
Kaleche with you. It'll be like
old times for a bit, won't it?

CARRUTHERS

Yes, it will.
(raised glass)
I'll drink to that.

They clink glasses when a MOTORCYCLE stops beside them.

SLO-MO: The black leather clad PILLION RIDER unloads the
chamber of his FIREARM and points towards them.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

CU: Carruthers and Shelley Peters takes two hits each and
slump over the table covered in blood.

The RIDER roars his engine as the motorcycle does a wheelie
during their getaway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Dog climbs off the motorcycle, pulls off his helmet and climbs out of his leathers. He throws them inside the back of his BLACK 4X4.

He is joined by Kris Savva's daughter BETHANY 30s. Her wild brown eyes follow him as she takes off her leather clad clothing.

BETHANY

About time.

DOG

Are we done now? Can I go?

BETHANY

Yes.

(pauses)

We got both of 'em?

DOG

Yep.

She hands him a brown package. He opens his car door and throws it on the passenger seat.

BETHANY

I don't want any comebacks? Make sure you burn those suits.

DOG

I will, don't worry.

BETHANY

I hope dad's watching from wherever he is. He can rest in peace now.

DOG

Yeah.

They hug one another before he gets in his car and drives out of the lock-up.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

A CROWD gathers as BLUE LIGHTS flash while PARAMEDICS attend to the bodies of Carruthers and Shelley Peters.

PARAMEDIC#1 lifts Shelly Peters head and feels her neck for a pulse. He shakes his head.

PARAMEDIC#2 attends to Carruthers as she lies slumped over the table. Her red mane covers her face.

PARAMEDIC#2

This one's still got a pulse!
Bring a stretcher.

An OXYGEN MASK covers her face as she is lifted into the back of the AMBO.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END