

A1 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

A1

A teenage girl, KELSEY (15), is visible in her upper storey bedroom window, fixing her hair.

1 INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE, KELSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT 1

1

Kelsey inexpertly applies lipstick. On the ageing laptop on the bed is a browser window with a map of Whitechapel.

Kelsey snaps the laptop shut, grabs her bag, and leaves.

2 EXT. SIDE ROAD NEAR DENMARK STREET - NIGHT 1

2

Robin and Strike walk towards a battered old blue Land Rover.

ROBIN

Don't say anything. It's like a family heirloom. And it still drives really well.

STRIKE

Through the bogs and marshes of central London...

ROBIN

It was free.

Robin unlocks the door. Strike clammers in.

STRIKE

I can't see Matthew driving this to work.

ROBIN

I know. He's desperate for an Audi. I painted four little circles on the bonnet but it didn't cut it...

Strike LAUGHS.

3 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

3

Kelsey slips out...

4 INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER (DRIVING, WHITECHAPEL STREETS) 4- NIGHT 1

Robin drives them East, through Whitechapel.

STRIKE

Did you ever have a pony?

ROBIN

Why...?

STRIKE

This feels like a Land Rover that's
done a lot of gymkhanas.

ROBIN

Yes, I did, actually.

STRIKE

What was the pony called?

ROBIN

Angus. He was a rowdy bugger.
Always carting me off.

STRIKE

I don't trust horses. I'd rather
eat one than sit on one.

ROBIN

Very French of you.

STRIKE

Have you tried it? It's pretty
good.

ROBIN

You can't ride something and have
it be your dinner. That's asking
too much of one animal.

STRIKE

You can drop me here, thanks.

Robin pulls over.

ROBIN

You're sure you don't want me to
come? I can be late for dinner. I'd
quite like to be late for dinner.

STRIKE

Client wants to meet me alone.
Probably doesn't want to admit his
wife's cheating in front of a
woman. Thanks for the ride.

Strike clammers out onto the pavement. With a TOOT of the
horn, Robin pulls the Land Rover back into the road.

Strike checks an address on a piece of paper -- the map a
match for the one on Kelsey's laptop -- and starts walking.

5 EXT. WHITECHAPEL MAIN STREET - NIGHT 1

5

Kelsey is nervous, walking on unfamiliar streets. The MEN on the corner leer at her. She tugs at the hem of her short skirt. Rubbish blows across paving slabs.

She gets a text message:

Be discreet.

6 EXT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT 1

6

Strike looks up at the multi-storey building.

7 INT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICE, LOBBY - NIGHT 1

7

Strike glances around him as he enters. A habitual assessment of his environment. CCTV camera trained on the doors.

The CCTV camera captures his entrance.

Strike walks to the elevators. Presses the 'up' button. The doors open and he vanishes inside.

8 INT. RESTAURANT/AFTER DRINKS BAR - NIGHT 1

8

Robin is last to arrive -- Matthew, Sarah and her boyfriend Tom are well into a bottle of wine.

ROBIN

Sorry I'm late. It's work...

SARAH

(shit-stirring)

Does he keep you out late every night?

ROBIN

We've been very busy.

She kisses Matthew briefly and takes the empty seat.

SARAH

Are you still just temping?

ROBIN

No, I've gone full-time.

TOM

Ah, well done, Robin! That's like a promotion.

MATTHEW

The salary's less than when she was there on agency fees!

ROBIN

Money's not everything.

SARAH

He's a bit beaten-up looking, but then that looks good on some men, doesn't it? Looking a bit used.

TOM

Most of us chaps are a bit second-hand at this point.

MATTHEW

I think a second leg might be higher up Cormoran's wish list.

Drunk laughter from all of them, bar Robin.

Sarah leans forward when she talks to Robin, addressing the table, cheeks wine-flushed, mischievous/innocent.

SARAH

Is it just the two of you in the office?

Robin is aware of Matthew bristling.

ROBIN

How's your work, Sarah?

9

INT./EXT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICE - NIGHT 1

9

Kelsey enters. She crosses the lobby and, like Strike before her, vanishes into the lift.

Again, the CCTV camera records this.

10

INT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICE, LOBBY/LIFT - NIGHT 1 10
(CONTINUOUS)

We travel up with her. Kelsey checks her teeth in the lift's mirror. Arranges her hair. Anxious to please.

The lift stops on Floor 2. The doors open.

10A

INT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICE, DIFFERENT FLOOR - NIGHT 10A

Strike waits outside an office door. Knocks.

After a moment, he takes out his phone to make a call. His call goes direct to the answering service for the number.

STRIKE

It's Cormoran Strike here. I've been waiting fifteen minutes. Could you call me back, please?

11 INT. WHITECHAPEL TEMP OFFICES, LIFT/2ND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT 1¹

Kelsey finds the door for room 203 ajar. Lights low...

12 INT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICES, ROOM 203 (STUNT) - NIGHT 1²
(CONTINUOUS)

Kelsey walks in, nervous... excited... hopeful. She shuffles her skirt so that it rides a little higher.

KELSEY

Hello?

She walks around an office partition wall, and finds--

The floor covered in blue plastic sheeting.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Are you in here?

A figure wearing a boiler suit, gloves, face-mask and goggles appears behind her, unseen by Kelsey.

12A EXT. WHITECHAPEL FLATS - NIGHT 1

12A

A frustrated Strike walks away, headed home.

TITLES

13 INT./EXT. DENMARK STREET, ENTRANCE TO OFFICE (ROAD CONTROL)¹³
DAY 2

Robin carries two take-out cups of coffee to the front door. Juggles her keys to turn the lock...

Robin gathers the post from the doormat.

A KNOCK on the door behind her makes Robin jump. Robin turns and reopens it, the post clasped in one hand.

A MOTORCYCLE COURIER offers her a long rectangular package to sign for. His Honda bike is parked on the curb. His helmet is on, visor down, obscuring his face.

ROBIN

Strike or Ellacott?

He shoves a clipboard towards her. Robin signs for it.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

But the rider's already going...

Robin tucks the package under her arm.

14

INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (MOMENTS LATER)

14

Robin slings the package onto her desk and begins opening the post.

STRIKE (O.S.)
Morning.

ROBIN
Hiya.

STRIKE (O.S.)
Any post?

ROBIN
Bills mostly. Have you picked up
your email? There's a new client
request. Thinks his girlfriend's
cheating.

STRIKE (O.S.)
Can we fit him in?

ROBIN
I'm not sure we've got time. She's
an LSE student and a part-time
stripper on Tottenham Court Road. I
suppose it depends how often she's
cheating.

STRIKE
(laughing)
I'll call him now and give him our
rates.

Robin hums as she opens more post. The phone RINGS.

ROBIN
(picking it up)
Cormoran Strike's office, Robin
speaking.
(beat)
Thank you very much for calling
back. So we really like the salmon
for starter and the beef for main,
but we thought maybe risotto was a
little bit boring for vegetarians?

Robin runs her letter-opener down the length of the large
box.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

There's ten in total but three are
vegan and one's paleo-vegan

Barely concentrating on what she's doing, she flips open the box flaps.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I suppose we could do with and
without cheese.

Revealing:

A woman's severed left leg.

Robin stumbles backwards away from it, crashing into the shelf behind her. In an instant Strike flies out of his office, phone in hand--

STRIKE

Robin?

He follows her gaze.

Sees it.

Strike leads Robin away, sitting her down. She's white.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You ok?

ROBIN

I'm fine.

Strike dials a number on his mobile and puts phone to ear.

STRIKE

We've been sent a leg.

WARDLE (V.O.)

A leg?

STRIKE

A human leg. And no, it's not even
in my size.

Strike glances quickly over at Robin, regretting his joke.
She looks terrible. Strike hangs up.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Want a cup of tea? Something
stronger? I've got beer.

ROBIN

Tea sounds good.

STRIKE

I'll put the kettle on.

(beat)

Don't touch it.

ROBIN

Why would I touch it?!

Strike steps closer to the box. Peers into it.

Strike stares down at a thin line of scarring just below
where the leg has been severed. An old wound, encircling the
leg. Now it's Strike's turn to lose his colour.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You've gone white.

Strike keeps staring at the scar line.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Do you recognise it?

Strike straightens up. Doesn't reply.

14A EXT. DENMARK STREET - DAY 2

14A

Wardle, Detective Sergeant Ekwensi and a Forensics Officer arrive in a vehicle.

15 INT./EXT. STREET ENTRANCE NEXT TO STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 2 15

Strike, puffing somewhat, reaches the door and opens it to Wardle and Ekwensi.

WARDLE

A fucking leg?

16 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

16

A gloved Ekwensi examines the leg with the Forensics Officer, while Wardle talks to Robin, Strike perched nearby.

ROBIN

The courier was in leathers. Helmet visor was mirrored and he kept it down. He looked big but the jacket might have padded him out a bit.

STRIKE

Not a fat bastard like the boss?

Wardle grins.

WARDLE

How about the bike?

ROBIN

Black Honda. Big. 600CC at least.

Wardle notes it, looking impressed with her.

STRIKE

Robin's a petrolhead. Drives like Alonso.

WARDLE

And you signed for it?

ROBIN

Yes. It was addressed to me.

For the first time, Robin realises what that might mean.

STRIKE

Just demonstrating they've done their homework, that's all.

WARDLE

Any ideas?

STRIKE

Maybe Digger Malley? I gave evidence against him anonymously, but you know how that goes. He sends body parts, doesn't he?

WARDLE

Sent half a penis to Chief Constable Rooker.

STRIKE

So maybe take a look at him.

Over with the Forensics Officer, Ekwensi looks up.

EKWENSI

There's a note. Under it.

All heads turn to her.

EKWENSI (CONT'D)

(reading)

"A harvest of limbs, of arms and of legs, the toes that crawl--"

STRIKE

--the knees that jerk, The necks like swans that seem to turn, As if inclined to gasp or pray."

All eyes are on Strike.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Last verse of "Mistress of the Salmon Salt" by Blue Öyster Cult.

WARDLE

You a fan?

STRIKE

They were my mum's favourite band. She had that particular song title tattooed on her.

EKWENSI

Where's your mum today?

STRIKE

In Whitechapel cemetery. Her last husband killed her. Didn't go down for it though. Jeff Whittaker, with two 'T's.

WARDLE

Want us to have a look for him?

STRIKE

Yes, I think so.

The Forensics Officer bags up the leg.

17

EXT. STRIKE'S OFFICE (ROAD CONTROL) - DAY 2

17

Ekwensi, Wardle and their team close the doors on the forensics van.

18

INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

18

Strike is eating a sausage roll.

ROBIN

How can you eat?

STRIKE

I was peckish.

ROBIN

Whose leg did you think it was?

STRIKE

I don't know.

ROBIN

You mightn't know but something occurred to you. I saw it in your face. What were you thinking?

Beat.

STRIKE

There was an old scar on the leg, looked like it maybe belonged to a teenager or someone in their twenties. So that'd be the right age for a girl called Brittany Brockbank.

19

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MILITARY BARRACKS - DAY (FLASHBACK) 19

Strike -- younger, in uniform -- bright-eyed, clean-shaven, attentive -- stands behind a one-way mirror, observing the interview of BRITTANY BROCKBANK (12) by ELLEN (SIB, 20s).

ELLEN

Your friend Sophie told us that you asked her how to stop yourself having a baby.

BRITTANY

I was joking. I made it up.

The SIB woman leans in to take Brittany's hand. Brittany flinches back.

ELLEN

Can you tell me how you got the
scars around your leg?

BRITTANY

It wasn't him.

ELLEN

Sophie says you told her Niall
tried to cut it off. When you were
little.

BRITTANY

It was a joke.

ELLEN

Has Niall ever threatened to hurt
you or your baby sister? If you
spoke to anyone?

Brittany chokes, tilts forward, wipes her eyes.

BRITTANY

Daddy wouldn't do that. I didn't
mean any of it.

ELLEN

If there's something you want to
tell me, you can. We can keep you
safe, Brittany. Your whole family.

The little girl shakes her head, stiff with fear.

Behind the glass, unseen, Strike turns his gaze to a file
photo of "Major Brockbank". A granite face, hard to read.

20

INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

20

As before. Robin looks still more hollowed-out by the story.

ROBIN

What happened to him?

STRIKE

Niall Brockbank, army major, loving
husband, and stepfather to three
young girls? No charges brought.
But he's still got good reasons to
hate me. He thinks I injured him.

ROBIN

Did you?

STRIKE

His arrest went badly. So I'd like
to find Brockbank.

(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

And Brittany, too. Just to make
sure the leg's not... you know.

ROBIN

I can start on that.

STRIKE

The only other man I know who's
sick enough and hates me enough to
send me a leg--

ROBIN

You know four people who might send
you a leg?

STRIKE

It's not Digger Malley though, the
lyrics are too fancy. He's a cock-
in-an-envelope type of guy. The
other guy is a Scot called Donald
Laing.

ROBIN

I'll start searches on all of them.

21

INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

21

Robin and Matthew, bowls of pasta. Robin is googling on her laptop. Finds: a semi-nude picture of Leda Strike. The tattoo, *Mistress of the Salmon Salt* is inked above her crotch. She is beautiful. Her son has her eyes.

Matthew, irritated, reaches across and closes her laptop lid.

MATTHEW

So it was addressed to you?

ROBIN

But meant for Strike, obviously.

MATTHEW

A severed woman's leg is sent to
you, and for what? Slightly less
than minimum wage?

ROBIN

Would it be alright if I was on a
hundred grand? How many share
options make a girl's severed limb
worth me dealing with?

(standing, leaving)

I've got work to do.

22

EXT. LONDON CEMETERY - NIGHT 2

22

Strike and Shanker -- the latter with gold-capped teeth -- sit on the damp grass facing a gravestone carved with Leda Strike's salient details. Her name, dates. A dead potted plant sitting at the base of the stone. Shanker nudges it with his foot.

SHANKER

Who'd you reckon left that one?

Strike picks it up. Examines it. Rubs the dead seed-heads between his fingers.

STRIKE

Probably Uncle Ted. It's a Persicaria. At least it was before winter in Whitechapel. Ted grows them.

Shanker adds his cellophane wrapped tulips to the grave.

SHANKER

Dunno what those are. Garage had them on sale.

(beat)

How's the stump?

STRIKE

It's not like some old relative. You don't have to ask after it.

Strike pulls a bottle of Doom Bar and cracks off its cap between lighter and thumb. Shanker eyes it doubtfully.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to make you drink it.

Strike passes Shanker a can of strong continental lager. Shanker grins, the fading sunlight glinting off those teeth. The two men clink bottle and can, and toast the gravestone.

SHANKER

Top girl, your mum. The only one I ever loved.

(beat)

You up for killing Whittaker yet?

STRIKE

Still a 'no' from me. I do need you to find him though. It's why I wanted to see you.

Strike lights a cigarette.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I got sent a severed leg with this morning's post.

(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

It came with some Blue Öyster Cult lyrics. Made me think of him.

SHANKER

A human leg? By Royal Mail?

STRIKE

It wasn't just mum he killed. There was Karen Abraham a few years later. And he holds grudges. It feels like him. The police are looking for him but they won't find him.

SHANKER

Probably squatting somewhere. He'll be in some shitty band as well.

STRIKE

Will you have a look around as well? Usual rates.

Shanker nods. Deal done.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

He addressed the leg to my partner.

SHANKER

Pretty girl.

STRIKE

Exactly. So work fast.

23

EXT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT 2

23

A man in a balaclava steps through the side-gate, testing the windows as he goes.

At the rear of the house he finds that a kitchen window has been left open. He doesn't try to enter.

As he moves further along, the rear security light triggers.

24

INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

24

The light from the rear security lamp going on bleeds in through the curtains.

Robin is asleep in bed but suffering a nightmare. Matthew, groggy, is trying to wake her. Suddenly she wakes gasping, terror-mewling.

MATTHEW

Jesus! The sound you were making!

ROBIN

What sound?

MATTHEW

You were doing what you used to do.

Robin hunches into herself defensively.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Look, we're getting married. And me seeing you in this state... This is how you used to be. It's not good for you and you know that.

ROBIN

I'm fine. Honestly.

Matthew snaps on a bedside light.

MATTHEW

I'm sure Strike's delighted.

ROBIN

What are you talking about?

MATTHEW

He's going to make a pass at you at some point. And you getting worked into this state gives him--

ROBIN

He won't. And in any case, I'd be perfectly capable of shoving him off.

MATTHEW

Of course you would.

ROBIN

What is wrong with you? Jesus!

MATTHEW

You're so naive!

ROBIN

He's my friend, like Sarah's your friend and it's not like the two of you ever-- did--

Matthew's glance away is small, but Robin's a keen observer.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Did you?

(beat)

Oh. You have. You slept with her.

MATTHEW

No. This is ridiculous.

ROBIN

When?

MATTHEW

Let's just both put down our boxing
gloves and--

ROBIN

Don't keep lying. I can see it in
your face.

MATTHEW

Robs, you're right. I was being
unfair. He's your friend and I--

ROBIN

Stop trying to distract me! I saw
it. You can't take it back. Are you
having an affair with her?

MATTHEW

No. A hundred percent no. I
promise.

ROBIN

(beat)

It wasn't... tell me it wasn't
then?

He has been caught. There's no going back.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Oh.

It hits her in the gut. She curls forward -- he moves to
support her -- and she pushes him off.

She gathers the duvet around her and walks next door into--

25

INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2 (CONTINUOUS) 25

Robin slumps onto a chair. A raw, low, GROAN. Old and new
grief together.

26

EXT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT 2

26

Balanced on a dragged-across garden table, Balaclava Man
reaches up with a rake -- and slowly crushes the security
light bulb.

He pulls the table back into place. Doing it quietly.

Returns to sweep the broken bulb glass into the palm of his
gloved hand.

27 EXT. TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD - DAY 3

27

Late afternoon. Robin is tired, red-eyed, shattered. In a daze -- the busy sounds of the world around her feel muted. As if she's stumbling through fog.

Reveal: she is following "Platinum", a platinum-blonde stripper, but she is working on autopilot.

Her phone BUZZES with an ignored call.

Robin takes a photo as Platinum enters Spearmint Rhino.

MATTHEW (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
Rob, I messed up. I messed up!

STRIKE (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
I've been trying to get hold of
you. Call me back, will you?

Blink. Blink.

People passing. Cars passing.

She is unaware of the man in beanie hat and glasses who has been following her as she goes.

28 EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY 3

28

Robin sits staring into space.

Seated inside the Japanese Canteen, Beanie Hat Man is watching Robin.

MATTHEW (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
We love each other. That's what
matters here.

STRIKE (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
Why aren't you picking up?

MATTHEW (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
Robin. Please call me.

STRIKE (V.O. - VOICEMAIL)
Ellacott, call me ASAP, you're
beginning to concern me.

Finally, only half-here, as her phone BUZZES she picks up:

ROBIN
I'm here. I was following that
stripper that Mr--

STRIKE (V.O.)
We were sent a severed leg
yesterday!
(MORE)

STRIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He even spelled your name right,
Ellacott, so keep your phone on and
pick the damn thing up when I call!

Tears roll down Robin's cheeks.

ROBIN

I'll try.

STRIKE (V.O.)

Meet me in the office at five.

29 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 3

29

Strike searches the internet for traces of Whittaker.

Gets images of Whittaker in various bands.

And archival information about Whittaker's murder trial.

Leda Strike's face stares back at him. Strike, in the privacy of his empty office, finds this painful.

30 INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - DAY 3

30

Robin puts her empty wine glass down on the bar top.

ROBIN

(to the BARMAN)

Can I have another? The same.

The Barman's look sizes Robin up. She's already worse for wear...

31 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3

31

Strike picks up the phone. Dials...

STRIKE

It's ten past five. Are you
alright?

When Robin speaks she sounds woozy. The dim sound of a Pogues record in the background (pub noise).

ROBIN

(long beat)

Cormoran, I-- I'm sorry, I'm just
not sure I can do this today.

32 INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - NIGHT 3

32

Robin drinks -- heavily. She is already woozy with booze.

A WISPY-MOUSTACHED young man, GABRIEL, hangs near her table.

GABRIEL

What are you doing?

ROBIN

Nothing.

GABRIEL

Are you alone?

ROBIN

Waiting for... someone.

GABRIEL

Can I wait with you?

STRIKE (O.S.)

No, you can't.

Gabriel takes one look at the glowering mountain of Strike and wisely elects to retreat.

As he sees Gabriel off, the Beanie Hat man in glasses gets up and leaves the pub. If Strike notices, it's fleeting. His attention is on Robin.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Right, what's going on with you?

ROBIN

How did you know I was here?

STRIKE

I'm a detective.

(beat)

I could hear the Pogues playing when I called you. They play them all the time in here.

ROBIN

What do you need?

Strike sits beside her.

STRIKE

I don't need anything. What's going on?

ROBIN

Nothing.

STRIKE

Don't give me that. You look worse than I've ever seen you.

ROBIN

Morale duly boosted...

STRIKE

And where's your engagement ring?

ROBIN

Put two and two together. You're
the detective.

STRIKE

(re: her wine glass)

How many of those have you had?

ROBIN

Matthew cheated on me.

STRIKE

Oh. Right.

(beat)

What a moron.

ROBIN

It was a long time ago, but it was
with the most annoying woman that I
know.

STRIKE

Is she still around?

ROBIN

Yes. They did it for eighteen
months. I just found out. More
drinks?

Her head hangs forward. She begins to cry.

Strike doesn't know quite what to do about this. Settles for
a hesitant, awkward rubbing of her arm.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

They started just after I left
university.

STRIKE

Right. And this was seven years
ago?

ROBIN

Yes.

STRIKE

I'm surprised he admitted it now.

ROBIN

He didn't, I just knew. He looked so ashamed of himself, because of... because of when they did it.

(beat)

I dropped out of uni because something happened to me. And afterwards I had problems. It was hard for him...

STRIKE

Right.

Robin pauses.

ROBIN

I was coming back from a friend's hall of residence. It wasn't even late. Apparently he'd tried to attack someone else and there'd been a warning out on the local news but...

On Strike, as he begins to realise what she is saying.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I don't want this to change anything. I don't want you to treat me with kid gloves.

She manages to hold his gaze.

STRIKE

I won't.

A long breath.

ROBIN

I played dead. He ran. That's how I survived.

Robin wipes at her eyes, furious to have to do it. Otherwise, made of steel.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

He had a rubber gorilla mask on but there was this white patch of skin by his ear. My evidence got him put away. Rape and attempted murder.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It was twenty bad minutes out of a whole life. I'm still the same person.

STRIKE

I know that. That's just a horrible thing to have happened to you.

ROBIN

Then I couldn't leave my room. I had to go home to Mum and Dad and that's when they-- you know, Matthew and Sarah. Anyway.

(ignoring that)

I'm not going to lose this because you're worried about me. Just... let me work.

STRIKE

That's what we'll do, Robin. I promise.

33

EXT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - NIGHT 3 (LATER)

33

Strike and Robin emerge, both much the worse for wear.

ROBIN

See you in the morning.

STRIKE

Where are you staying?

ROBIN

(thinking)

Everyone I know in London is Matt's friend.

(beat)

I suppose maybe a YMCA. A youth hostel. Do they still have those?

STRIKE

I'll take you somewhere proper.

ROBIN

I'm totally skint.

STRIKE

Yeah, well, that's my fault, I suppose. I'll pay. We'll call it a wedding-cancellation present.

They begin walking. Strike has to partly hold Robin up, his arm around her. She holds onto him.

FROM A DISTANCE

They are observed -- holding each other like lovers, it might appear -- by the man in the beanie hat.

34 EXT. HAZLITT'S HOTEL, SOHO - NIGHT 3

34

Strike shepherds Robin inside from the street...

35 INT. CORRIDOR/ROOM, HAZLITT'S HOTEL - NIGHT 3

35

Strike sees Robin into her room. It's lovely -- old wood, oil paintings, heavy fabrics.

ROBIN

Wow. It's really nice.

(beat)

I do the books. I know you can't afford this.

STRIKE

Checkout's at eleven.

Strike's eyes follow Robin's hand as it trails across the furniture. He forces himself to shake off that thought.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Stay away from the mini-bar. And lock the door behind you.

He turns and closes the door.

36 EXT. HAZLITT'S HOTEL, SOHO (STUNT) - NIGHT 3

36

Strike comes out of the hotel and lights a cigarette. As he does so he briefly glances across at the small night club opposite. Sitting in the window is a man in a beanie hat.

Strike crosses the road and walks away from the club.

After a while he turns on his heel and -- ascertaining that he is not being followed -- he walks swiftly back towards Beanie Man.

Seeing Strike approach, Beanie Hat man walks into the club.

36A INT. CLUB CIRCA, SOHO (STUNT) - NIGHT 3

36A

Strike hurries into the club. It is crowded, with a small dance floor at the far end. He sees Beanie Hat knock into a woman carrying drinks as he pushes through the crowd.

Strike follows fast, stepping over the fallen drinks.

36B EXT. REAR DOOR OF CLUB/ALLEY (STUNT) - NIGHT 3 36B
 A very narrow alleyway, barely the width of one man, Beanie hat crashes through a door in the foreground and runs away from camera. Strike comes after him and follows, running now despite his leg.

36C EXT. BATEMAN ST/FRITH ST (STUNT) - NIGHT 3 36C
 Strike runs out of the alley to see Beanie Hat turning the corner into Frith Street. He gives chase.
 Strike runs hard down the centre of the street and then onto the pavement heading towards Shaftesbury Avenue.

36D EXT. SHAFTESBURY AVENUE (STUNT) - NIGHT 3 36D
 Beanie Hat runs across the road, knocking over a pedestrian, Strike follows -- his limp much more pronounced now. Grimacing in pain.

36E EXT. JUNCTION OF MACCLESFIELD ST & GERRARD ST - NIGHT 3 36E
 Strike, breathless and limping hard reaches Chinatown and looks around. The streets are crowded and there is no sign of the Beanie hat.
 Exhausted, Strike limps across to a shop window, sits down and pulls his prosthesis off. He throws it away and his head falls back at the momentary reprieve. Sweat pouring off him.

37 EXT. STREET ENTRANCE NEXT TO STRIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 37
 Strike limps back up the street, using a chair as a crutch. It's pub kicking-out time, West End stragglers looking into the road's neon-lit shop windows with their racks of guitars.
 There are PHOTOGRAPHERS waiting outside his door. They start snapping as he approaches.

STRIKE
 What do you want?

REPORTER
 You got sent a leg. Any idea who it's from?

Strike shoves past them, key ready for the door.

38 INT. STRIKE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 3 38
 Strike flips open his laptop.

Searches for: *Cormoran Strike leg*

The search results mostly concern the Lula Landry case, referencing Strike's own missing limb.

He returns to the search engine, adding: *Severed*

And finds today's news gossip.

He picks up his phone and dials.

WARDLE (V.O.)
Mate, it's nearly midnight.

STRIKE
Who leaked it?

WARDLE (V.O.)
(beat)
I've no idea.

STRIKE
It's not good for my business, having limbs sent to me in the post. I'm sure you appreciate that.

WARDLE (V.O.)
You know how it is.

STRIKE
Whoever sent me that leg also knows how it is. Let's not play their game, shall we?

Strike hangs up. Mutely furious.

Strike examines his red-sore stump, gingerly applying creams to the worst of last night's damage.

38A EXT. STREET ENTRANCE NEXT TO STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 4 38A

Strike opens the door -- and finds photographers waiting. Immediately closes it.

39 OMITTED 39

40 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 4 40

Strike talks to Robin on the phone.

STRIKE
There's a scrum of parasites on my doorstep. Can't work here today. I'll give you an address.
(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I know it's a Saturday but I'm
afraid this can't wait.
(listening)
Did you just throw up?

INTERCUTTING:

41

INT. HAZLITT'S HOTEL, ROBIN'S BATHROOM - DAY 4

41

Robin, in a bathrobe, flushes the toilet, phone in hand. She is horrendously hung-over.

ROBIN

I promise I'm fine to work.

STRIKE (V.O.)

Never doubted you. Have them send
you up a bacon sandwich.

ROBIN

Don't talk about food.

STRIKE (V.O.)

Get a pen. I'm giving you Nick and
Ilsa's address. And be careful
exiting the hotel. Someone followed
us last night.

Robin crawls towards the pen & paper by her bedside.

42

INT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 4

42

Strike eats breakfast with Nick and Ilsa, old friends. Nick, dry and wry, passes Strike the cafetiere.

STRIKE

Down to two clients overnight. The
rest have run screaming for the
hills. A severed leg on the front
pages will do that.

ILSA

Business will pick up again.

STRIKE

If this guy wanted to kill me it's
not difficult. I'm a big target--

NICK

We should talk about your
cholesterol.

STRIKE

But a leg, the Blue Öyster Cult lyrics, that's someone going to a lot of effort to get inside my head. And they butchered someone to use as a prop.

ILSA

You're worried about Robin.

STRIKE

Robin has -- and I quote her verbatim -- got a certificate from a three-day self-defence course. I'm sure the culprit will back off once she's shown him that.

ILSA

I like Robin.

Strike glances at Ilsa. Knows where she's tacking towards.

STRIKE

So do I. I just don't need to add her to the dead and maimed women I carry around in my head.

(beat)

And for the record, I'm seeing someone. A very pretty Swede who's mid-divorce.

NICK

I imagine this Swedish girl's not looking to remarry any time soon?

42A

INT. HAZLITT'S HOTEL, ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY 4

42A

Robin, now dressed, drinks a bottle of water shakily. She wipes the booze-sweats off her brow.

ROBIN

(muttered)

Bloody hell...

Her phone RINGS. It's Matthew. The call brings his photo up on the screen.

She lets the call ring out, and bursts into tears.

43-43A OMITTED

43-43A

44

INT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 4

44

Nick and Strike still eating. Ilsa is out of the room -- we hear the sounds of Robin being shown in via the front door.

NICK
(calling out)
Coffee?

ROBIN (V.O.)
Yes, please. I feel terrible.

Robin steps in. She looks washed-out.

STRIKE
That's because you drank every
bottle of wine in London.

ILSA
You guys can have the living room.

ROBIN
Radford called me on the way here.
Cancelled his job with us.

STRIKE
So, down to one client.

ROBIN
He said he's really sorry but--

STRIKE
No, I get it.

45

EXT. WHITECHAPEL TEMPORARY OFFICES - DAY 4

45

Wardle and Ekwensi arrive and are greeted by an OFFICER.

OFFICER
She's missing some bits so we
thought we'd call you in case they
matched. Cleaner found her an hour
ago. It's a real mess.

WARDLE
Anything found on the scene apart
from the body?

OFFICER
There's a phone but no bag or
wallet or anything. Nothing to ID
her. Phone's gone to forensics.

EKWENSI
How about CCTV?

OFFICER
Camera in the lobby. We're doing
the tapes. Might get lucky.

46

INT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4

46

Strike and Robin sit on the sofa together.

STRIKE

A man followed us to the hotel last night. From now on I don't think you should travel after dark and I'll get you a rape alarm.

ROBIN

I've got one.

STRIKE

I'll get you a top-of-the-range one. This guy didn't follow me home. He waited for you.

(beat)

I found an old address for Brockbank's sister, Holly, up in Barrow-in-Furness. It's the only solid lead I've got, and the business is not exactly thriving, so I'm going to start there.

ROBIN

Can I come?

Nick enters with a sponge cake and tea cups.

NICK

Cake?

STRIKE

(to Robin)

You can be more use in the office.

ROBIN

That's not true. I can do the research work from anywhere. And I've got my Land Rover and you can't drive. That'll save us time and money. I need this solved before we go under and I lose my job.

(Strike trying to butt-in)

And if you're worried about my safety, I'll be better off out of London, won't I?

With nowhere else to go...

STRIKE

What will Matthew say?

ROBIN

Matthew can shove his thoughts up his own arse.

NICK

Sounds like that settles it.

Strike shoots his friend a baleful look.

ROBIN

I'll get the tube home and pack and
meet you back here in an hour.

Robin is up and out of her chair before Strike can find
another way to veto her.

As soon as she leaves the room, Nick points to his relevant
finger and whispers, with raised eyebrows:

NICK

No engagement ring.

STRIKE

Bugger off.

46AA

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 4

46AA

Wardle watches CCTV footage taken from the Whitechapel
office. It shows Strike entering.

Ekwensi fast-forwards... to show Kelsey entering ten minutes
later.

46A

INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S BATHROOM - DAY 4

46A

Robin packs her wash-kit, taking their toothpaste.

Matthew steps closer to her and lays his hand on her
shoulder. Robin turns and slaps his arm off her.

ROBIN

Don't touch me!

47

EXT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE - DAY 4

47

Robin loads her case into the back of the Land Rover.

Matthew watches from the window, stricken.

Robin SLAMS the rear door closed.

48

EXT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE - DAY 4

48

The Land Rover pulls up in the street outside. Robin exits
and rings on Nick/Ilsa's doorbell.

49 INT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE, HALL/FRONT DOOR - DAY 4 49

Nick opens the front door to Robin.

ROBIN

All set?

NICK

Oggy had to nip in to see the police. Fancy some lunch?

ROBIN

A glass of water would be great.

50 INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 4 50

Strike sits opposite Wardle and Ekwensi.

A formal interview is being conducted.

WARDLE

Have you been in Whitechapel recently?

STRIKE

Yes.

WARDLE

What took you there?

STRIKE

I was meeting a client.

WARDLE

Who was the client?

STRIKE

We never ended up meeting. His name was Valley, I think.

EKWENSI

Where did you meet?

STRIKE

We didn't meet.

EKWENSI

Where did you try to meet?

STRIKE

In a short-let office building. I probably still have the address.

WARDLE

We've just found a young woman's body at that building.

(MORE)

WARDLE (CONT'D)

There was a phone at the scene,
with her prints on it. Forensics
got it unlocked for us.

STRIKE

Right. And what did you find?

WARDLE

We found that it was you who
invited her there.

51

INT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 4

51

Robin blanching as Nick presents her with the tomato juice-based concoction.

NICK

Invented this at med school.
Vitamins, anti-inflammatories and a
raw egg to prove you're the
toughest bastard in the room.

Strike, newly arrived, stomps into the kitchen.

STRIKE

Let's go.

ROBIN

What did the police want?

STRIKE

Interviewed me under caution. Just
shy of having me arrested for
murder.

(re: the drink)

Can I have one of those?

52

EXT. NICK AND ILSA'S HOUSE - DAY 4 (MOMENTS LATER)

52

Strike loads his bags into the Land Rover's rear.

ROBIN

At least Wardle believes you.

STRIKE

That I'm not grooming teenage girls
to carve up? Yes, it's a real vote
of confidence.

(beat)

Can you send Wardle everything we
have on the client I was meant to
meet in Whitechapel.

ROBIN

How does it help frame you, sending
you her leg?

STRIKE

Depends what the killer's trying to achieve. If they want to make sure I never work again, send me a leg then involve me in the murder case. The press will take care of the rest.

53 INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER/A1 MOTORWAY APPROACH ENVIRONS 53
DAY 4

Passing under signs for: A1 - *To The North.*

Strike glances at Robin. She seems blue.

STRIKE

How are you doing?

ROBIN

A bit shit?

STRIKE

Would you like to hear about the migratory patterns of Black Marlin? We've got six more hours to go.

Beat.

ROBIN

Do you still think it's one of those three men?

STRIKE

I do, yeah. More than ever. Whittaker got away with murder twice. Laing charmed everyone around him while he kept his wife terrified. Brockbank was a child rapist but he managed to persuade everyone that he was the injured party. They know how to manipulate people. They have to plan how to hide their true natures.

(beat)

But it's not evidence, is it? It's a gut feeling.

54

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LANDROVER/NEAR BAE SYSTEMS - NIGHT 4

54

The Land Rover drives though the streets, parking near the BAE systems site on a residential street.

At the end of the street is the boundary fence for BAE Systems nuclear submarine site. Razor wire and cameras.

Strike is fast asleep in the passenger seat. Robin wraps her coat around her.

55 INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LANDROVER/NEAR BAE SYSTEMS - DAY 5 (EARLY)⁵

Robin and Strike wake as a POLICEWOMAN raps on the window. Strike winds down the window. Shivering.

POLICEWOMAN

You're parked on a double-yellow.
It's no loitering near a nuclear
facility. Can I see your license,
please?

Robin passes hers across. The Policewoman examines it.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

Where do you live?

ROBIN

We don't-- I mean, not together.

STRIKE

Denmark Street, London.

ROBIN

Ealing, in London as well.

POLICEWOMAN

You up here on holiday?

STRIKE

Has anyone ever come to Barrow-in-Furness for a holiday?

POLICEWOMAN

(icy)

The Abbey's popular. And the nature
reserve.

An OLD WOMAN has poked her head out of the door to have a look at the scene...

ROBIN

We were hoping to catch up with an old friend on our way to Scotland.

The Policewoman hands back Robin's license.

STRIKE

Where can I get a half-decent coffee?

POLICEWOMAN

(ignoring Strike)

No photography in this area,
alright?

ROBIN

Roger that.

The Policewoman walks away.

STRIKE

(to Robin)

"Roger that"?

ROBIN

You weren't exactly helpful! "Who'd holiday in Barrow?" She's obviously from here.

Robin opens the door.

STRIKE

Don't knock on Holly's door. Niall might still be living with her.

ROBIN

(re: the Old Lady)

I'm going to ask that woman if she knows them. She looks like she'd be the type to gossip.

Robin walks over to join the Old Lady and engages her in conversation. But we stay on Strike -- as he watches Robin. Watches her work. Impressed with her but also--

Eyes drawn to her legs, and the way she holds herself.

56

INT. BARROW CLOTHING SHOP - DAY 5

56

Strike sits outside the changing cubicle. Robin is inside. Strike sees her top fall onto the carpet.

ROBIN (O.S.)

It has to be me. If Holly recognises you, she'll tell Niall that you're after him. Anyway, this will work.

STRIKE

I don't like it.

ROBIN (O.S.)

You don't have to like it. It's still a good idea.

Robin draws back the cubicle curtain. Her new outfit is a 'smart woman's business suit'.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Venetia Hall. Pleased to meet you. What do you think? I'm going to need business cards.

57

INT. BARROW STATIONERY SHOP - DAY 5

57

Robin inputs her preferred card design into the card-printing machine and feeds in a £5 note. It begins to whirr.

ROBIN

On the upside, I think my hangover's finally lifting.

STRIKE

Just in time for some drinks at The Crow's Nest.

Robin's phone RINGS.

ROBIN

It's Mum. I'll just...
(picking up)
Hi Mum.

INTERCUTTING:

57A

EXT. MASHAM GREEN SPACE - DAY 5

57A

Linda is out walking Rowntree, their chocolate Labrador.

LINDA

Matt called me. He said the two of you had broken up. He said you've left him.

Robin walks a few paces away for some privacy.

ROBIN

Did he tell you why? Look, Mum, I can't really talk right now. I've gone away with Strike.

LINDA

Oh. I see.

ROBIN

Not like that! It's for work.
Somebody sent him a leg and we're--
anyway, it's work.

It's possible that Strike overheard that... Robin moves further away.

LINDA

Are you alright?

ROBIN

I don't know. Mum, I can't really talk about Matt. I just--

Robin has to work to control herself.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
It's all really new.

LINDA
I'm going to come and see you as
soon as you're back in London.

ROBIN
That'd be nice. Thank you.

Strike busies himself with the new Venetia Hall business
cards.

57B INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER - OUTSIDE CROWN'S NEST - DAY 57B

The Land Rover draws up just outside the pub.

58 INT. CROW'S NEST PUB, BARROW - DAY 5

58

Robin, dressed in her new outfit, steps into the pub and
appraises the place. At the cheap end of unlovely; strictly
for locals.

Robin heads to the bar and waits to be served.

The BARMAID approaches Robin. Asks for her order with a tilt
of her chin alone.

ROBIN
I'm looking for a Holly Brockbank.
I was told she might be here.

BARMAID
Oh aye?

ROBIN
(beat)
Is she here?

The Barmaid eyes Robin a long moment.

BARMAID
She's in playing pool.

ROBIN
Thank you.

Robin joins Holly Brockbank in the pool room next to the bar.
HOLLY sports a mess of tattoos that cover her arms from
knuckle to neck.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Holly Brockbank?

HOLLY BROCKBANK
Whee're thoo?

ROBIN

Sorry?

HOLLY BROCKBANK

(faux London posh)

Who - are - yew?

ROBIN

My name's Venetia Hall. I'm a
lawyer. I'm trying to find Niall.

Holly's scowl is instant.

HOLLY BROCKBANK

Don't know, don't care.

ROBIN

Only... I think he's owed money.
Him and his family.

That snares her, but she's wary...

HOLLY BROCKBANK

'is family?

ROBIN

His close family. Parents and
siblings. Anyone who's lived with
him.

HOLLY BROCKBANK

Why's that then?

ROBIN

Well, my company specialises in
gaining reparations for servicemen
injured outside of combat
operations.

"Venetia" hands over a crisp business card.

HOLLY BROCKBANK

(beat)

Right.

ROBIN

I'd like to help you make a lot of
money off the government, Holly.
All you have to do is tell me your
side of things.

(beat)

Can I buy you a drink?

59 INT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER, OUTSIDE CROW'S NEST PUB - DAY 5 59

Strike is doing a crossword to try and pass the time, but he is evidently unable to focus, his eyes flicking to the pub frontage, worrying about Robin.

He dials a number on his phone.

STRIKE

It's me. Look, did you find Whittaker yet?

WARDLE (V.O.)

No, not yet.

STRIKE

I'd like you to look for two other men. I don't think it's Malley. He's not devious enough. I think you need to look for Donald Laing and Niall Brockbank as well.

WARDLE (V.O.)

Send me anything you've got.

STRIKE

I will.

Strike bites his nails, then catches himself doing it and forces himself to re-focus on the crossword.

60 INT. CROW'S NEST PUB, POOL ROOM, BARROW - DAY 5 60

Robin and Holly sit with drinks at a table.

ROBIN

So obviously we know that Niall suffered some problems during his time in the army.

HOLLY BROCKBANK

Problems? Some fuckin' police copper smashed is head in! Damaged 'im for life.

ROBIN

You don't happen to remember the copper's name?

HOLLY BROCKBANK

Course I do. Cameron Strike. Fookin' gadgee! Ruined 'im. Niall started having fits. Couldn't work anywhere after that, not properly. 'Ee'd come back to ours and smash the place up, smash me up. Have you seen this nose?

Holly leans in close to Robin.

HOLLY BROCKBANK (CONT'D)
You fookin' seen that? That is a
nose that's got hit hard. That
wants paying for by the army!

ROBIN
I'm sorry you've suffered.

HOLLY BROCKBANK
I have.

ROBIN
We'll try to secure a solid pay-out
for you.

HOLLY BROCKBANK
The truth is, Miss Hall, I have had
a properly shit life. Me and Niall
both did when we were kids, but
then at least he got all the way to
being a Major in the army. That's
good money and good respect. And
all of that went after Cameron
Strike bashed his head in.

ROBIN
How has Niall coped since then?

HOLLY BROCKBANK
Works shit jobs in strip joints.
They'll have him for a bouncer.
It's not what it was though. And it
don't last. I've not spoke to him
in awhile. He's in London now.
There's more work for him.

ROBIN
Do you have a number I could reach
him on? Or an address? Or email?
Anything, really...

61 INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER/OUTSIDE CROW'S NEST PUB - DAY⁶¹⁵

Robin steps into the driver's seat.

Strike has been doing a crossword to pass the time.

STRIKE
Author of "The Affluent Society".
Nine letters?

Robin puts the keys in the ignition.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
You alright to drive?

ROBIN

Half a glass of wine. I'm fine.
He's not here. But I've got a phone
number for him.

STRIKE

Well bloody done! Shall we call it?

ROBIN

Apparently he's in London now.
Maybe we should give it a day or so
in case Holly rings him? Let the
story bed in?

(beat)

If we lose the business I might try
personal injury claims. I think
I've got a knack for it.

STRIKE

What could you get me for my
missing leg?

ROBIN

Packet of crisps and a pint?

STRIKE

I'll take it.

Robin starts the Land Rover engine.

61A INT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER - DRIVING - DAY 5

61A

Robin drives...

ROBIN

Brittany's mum left Niall. Years
ago. Reverted to her maiden name. I
did some quick googling in the loo.
I think I've found Brittany. It's
probably not her leg.

STRIKE

Thank you. I appreciate it.

(beat)

Let's find somewhere for dinner.
I'm starving.

61B INT. COUNTRY PUB - NIGHT 5

61B

Strike collects more drinks from the bar (beer for him,
lemonade for Robin). He asks the BARMAN:

STRIKE

Anywhere cheap to stay around here?

BARMAN

Yes, just down the road.

STRIKE

Alright Thanks.

Strike carries the drinks back over. They're a good way through a substantial pub meal.

ROBIN

Holly said you smashed Niall's head in. Is that true?

A long beat.

STRIKE

Arguably the interview I'd seen with Brittany... framed my response to him...

62

INT. BROCKBANK'S BARRACKS HOME - DAY (STUNT) (FLASHBACK)

62

Strike and HARDACRE, in uniform, stand near the entrance door facing Brockbank -- drunk and hazy, in boxer shorts and robe.

Brockbank sucks the last vodka out of a bottle.

Turns with a stagger -- knocks the bottle end against the wall, smashing it -- and runs at Strike with the jagged end held like a blade.

Strike, sober and a good boxer, has plenty of time to evade Brockbank -- and smashes a vicious right hook into Brockbank's jaw, sending the man unconscious to the tiles, the broken bottle shattering further.

On the ground at Strike's feet... Brockbank begins to fit.

The pugilist in Strike drops away. He and Hardacre share a glance. Then look down again at Brockbank's convulsing body.

62A

INT. COUNTRY PUB - NIGHT 5

62A

As before.

STRIKE

He had a preexisting concussion from playing rugby that week. He started having epileptic fits, got invalidated out. And in between fits, he'd tell anyone who'd listen that he was going to destroy me.

(beat)

Perks of the job.

ROBIN

What happened to Brittany?

STRIKE

I spoke to the wife. She wouldn't hear a word of it. Brittany was telling tales, a naughty little liar. Niall was a good man and a good father. And off they went. She was twelve. I mean, after that he knew that she'd told on him. And she knew that help wasn't coming. I'm sure he made her pay.

(beat)

She's the one I find hard to live with.

ROBIN

We have to find him and put him away.

STRIKE

If he did it.

ROBIN

He's a child rapist.

STRIKE

The army did its job properly. There wasn't enough to make a case.

(beat)

I know it must be hard--

ROBIN

Don't. You promised.

STRIKE

It's hard for anyone to hear.

ROBIN

Right. Sorry.

STRIKE

But what can we do about it? Hunt them all down?

ROBIN

Yes.

STRIKE

All that, and pay off the utilities bill?

ROBIN

I'll let British Gas know that's what we've decided.

63 OMITTED 63

64 EXT. TRAVELODGE CARPARK - NIGHT 5 64

Robin's Land Rover draws in.

65 INT. TRAVELODGE, RECEPTION - NIGHT 5 65

The MANAGER looks up to greet his latest guests.

MANAGER
Good evening. Are you looking for--

STRIKE
Two singles, please.

MANAGER
Is that one room with two single beds or--

STRIKE
Two rooms. One bed in each of them.

MANAGER
Not trying to pry. I have to check.

STRIKE
It's fine.

66 OMITTED 66

67 INT. TRAVELODGE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5 67

Strike and Robin carry their cases. She notices he's limping.

ROBIN
Is your leg okay?

STRIKE
No. It's been blown-off.

ROBIN
You're limping.

STRIKE
Are you offering me a piggy-back?
It could be the last thing you ever do. Think carefully.

ROBIN
I'm stronger than I look. It's all those gymkhanas I did.

STRIKE

Did you carry the horse?

He half-stumbles and she reaches to steady him instinctively. He's not at all at ease with the help, but not ungracious.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm alright. Thanks.

Robin keycards her room open. Strike beside her. The moment hangs there. Until--

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm just next door. If you hear anything.

(beat)

Alright then.

They part. Robin enters--

68

INT. TRAVELODGE, ROBIN'S ROOM - NIGHT 5 (CONTINUOUS)

68

Robin steps into her room. Lies down on the bed.

A KNOCK at her door.

Robin sits up sharply. Considers the meaning of the knock.

Walks over to the door.

ROBIN

Hello?

STRIKE (O.S.)

It's me.

A beat, then Robin opens the door. Strike is grinning at her, holding his phone up.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

We're not going home just yet.

Wardle's found an old address for Laing. He was living with someone in Corby.

ROBIN

Oh. Great.

(beat)

Well, goodnight then.

STRIKE

I thought you'd want to know now in case you were making other plans for tomorrow.

ROBIN

Okay. Sleep well.

68A EXT. TRAVELODGE - NIGHT 5

68A

Robin and Strike can be seen silhouetted in their respective hotel rooms.

69 INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER, CORBY STREETS - DAY 6

69

Robin at the wheel. Strike beside her.

Signposts announce Corby.

Strike unwraps a toffee eclair sweet. Nudges Robin, who opens her palm. He puts the sweet in the middle, and she pops it into her mouth. An easy rhythm to it, like old lovers.

Corby is cheerless -- the streets are grim and broken. Robin and Strike drive past identikit cheerless brick-box houses.

70 INT./EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR, CORBY - DAY 6

70

Lorraine opens the door to Strike -- but before they can exchange words, her terrier has shot past her and clamped its jaws on Strike's leg.

His metal leg. It yelps. Robin grabs it by the scruff of its neck and picks it up.

ROBIN

No biting.

Startled, the dog attempts to lick her hand.

LORRAINE

Sorry! He was my mother's!

Nightmare dog. He likes you though!

STRIKE

Are you Lorraine MacNaughton?

LORRAINE

Who are you?

STRIKE

I'm a detective. I'm looking for information on Donald Laing. I heard he lived here a few years ago?

LORRAINE

What's Donnie done now?

STRIKE

Is he still here?

LORRAINE

No, thank Christ.

STRIKE

Would it be alright if my partner
and I asked you a few questions?

Lorraine steps back and opens the door for them.

71

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 6

71

A frowzy front room -- an old lady's house inherited.
Lorraine sets mugs of tea down for them.

LORRAINE

Was it a robbery he's done?

STRIKE

Why do you say that?

LORRAINE

He robbed me when he left. Took my
jewellery. Took Mum's ring.

ROBIN

I'm sorry. That's terrible.

STRIKE

How did you meet Donald?

LORRAINE

Pub. He was very charming. I know
that sounds stupid... He'd had his
own company in Scotland but he got
ill.

STRIKE

What did he get ill with?

LORRAINE

Oh, it was nasty. Psoriatic
arthritis. Had to take steroids.
Some days he couldn't move.

ROBIN

Were you together long?

LORRAINE

Not even a year. It was after Mum
died and... Donnie did some work
for Mrs Williams next door. Eighty-
seven with a lawn to cut and her
kids are all gone abroad, you know?
And he was nice to me. And he did
raise money for charity.

STRIKE

He was never violent?

LORRAINE

No. And I told the police that.

ROBIN

When you reported your jewellery?

LORRAINE

No, this is when Mrs Williams got robbed and attacked. But Donnie'd been gone a month by then. It would have been some junkies. A lot of heroin in Corby now.

ROBIN

Is she okay?

LORRAINE

She's passed since then.

STRIKE

Do you have any contact details for him? Phone or email?

LORRAINE

I tried calling him. Line was dead.

STRIKE

Is there anything else you can tell us about him? Anything at all?

LORRAINE

I don't know. He was kind to me for awhile. Despite it all I...

She's too embarrassed to finish the sentence aloud.

72

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE, CORBY - DAY 6

72

As Strike and Robin walk back to the Land Rover, Strike glances at the darkened empty house next door -- Mrs Williams' place.

STRIKE

Poor old thing. Beaten shitless for a couple of quid.

ROBIN

You think that was Laing?

STRIKE

Cased it while he mowed her lawn, didn't he? Men like Laing -- and Brockbank, and Whittaker -- women are things to be used. For their money, or for their bodies, or for their children.

(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

For a roof over their head. And she still misses him.

72A INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER - DRIVING - DAY 6

72A

Driving back...

72B INT. TRUCKSTOP - DAY 6

72B

Strike and Robin have stopped for a break.

ROBIN

How did you meet Laing?

STRIKE

I was working a drugs case in Cyprus undercover, buying grass off a local guy who dealt to a lot of soldiers. He started telling me about a squaddie he sold dope to who said he'd chained his wife up for threatening to leave him. Sounded like grandstanding, but...

73 OMITTED

73

74 EXT. LAING'S BARRACKS HOME, CYPRUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

74

Strike knocks on the door. Rings the bell. Hears nothing. Pushes the door. Locked. Crouches and opens the letter flaps.

STRIKE

Mrs Laing?

75 EXT. REAR OF LAING'S BARRACKS HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

75

Strike shoulders the back door in. It splinters off its hinges.

Strike moves through the house until he finds--

76

INT. BEDROOM, LAING'S BARRACKS HOME, CYPRUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)⁷⁶

Tracking over the floor to see up on to the bed with bloody sheets. Move left to see an apparently naked woman, RHONA LAING, with her back to us, taped to the end of the iron bed opposite a backlit window.

MRS LAING
(terrified)
Go away! Get out!

77

INT. TRUCKSTOP - DAY 6

77

Robin and Strike.

STRIKE

She thought he'd find me with her and then he'd kill us both. He told the court she was kinky. That she liked to be tied up. Blamed me for interfering in their marriage.

ROBIN
Tell me he didn't get off?

STRIKE

He went down for sixteen years. Probably did eight. He'll have been out awhile now.

78

INT./EXT. ROBIN'S LAND ROVER - DRIVING - DAY 6

78

The road back. Strike scrolls through the search engine results on his phone while Robin drives. He finds something.

STRIKE
Here we are. Donald Laing's great charity efforts. Forty pounds raised for psoriatic arthritis.

ROBIN
It's not nothing...

STRIKE
He set it up so he can show it to anyone who's starting to think he's a leech.

Strike studies the photo. A low-res shot, the sun into the lens. It's hard to see the man clearly. He's clean shaven. Fat. An unusual building in the photo's background.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Where are you going to stay?

ROBIN
 At the flat, I think. At least for
 tonight.
 (beat)
 Matthew's away.

Strike lapses back into silence. Lights another cigarette.

79-80 OMITTED

79-80

81 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE/INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT 6 81

Lying back, exhausted, in his chair, Strike takes a call.

SHANKER (V.O.)
 Alright, Bunsen? Where are you?

STRIKE
 Home.

SHANKER (V.O.)
 I found Whittaker.

82 INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 82

Robin sits, laptop open, with her notebook at the page where she has Niall Brockbank's mobile phone number written on her notepad.

Robin takes a breath. Picks up her phone -- and dials...

TWO-YEAR-OLD GIRL (V.O.)
 Hello?

BROCKBANK (V.O.)
 Zahara, give that here.

A fumble and the phone is taken by another person. The shock registers on Robin. Robin writes "Zahara" down.

BROCKBANK (V.O.)
 Who's this?

ROBIN
 Is that Mr Brockbank?

BROCKBANK (V.O.)
 Aye.

ROBIN
 This is, uh... Venetia Hall. I'm a personal injuries claims lawyer. I spoke to your sister, Holly, about getting compensation from the army for the injuries they caused you.

BROCKBANK (V.O.)

(beat)

How's that?

ROBIN

I would be happy to go over it with
you if you're able to meet? Where
might be convenient.

A long beat.

BROCKBANK (V.O.)

How's Shoreditch? You in London?

ROBIN

Shoreditch is wonderful. Could I
maybe have a home address for you?
I'll send you our paperwork.

A long silence.

BROCKBANK (V.O.)

Do I know you, little girl?

ROBIN

(beat)

I'm fairly sure we've never met.

Brockbank hangs up. Robin writes "Shoreditch, London" on the scrap of paper. Finds that she's shaking.

83

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT 6 (STUNT)

83

Shanker is playing pool with a GROUP OF MEN. Next to their table, SOME GUY has been gagged and gaffer taped to a plastic chair. Strike sees Shanker and walks to join him.

Pays Shanker with an envelope. A brief, hushed conversation.

Strike leaves.

Shanker lines up his next shot, making sure to give the taped-up guy a sharp bang on the nose with the back end of his cue.

84

INT./EXT. CAB ON THE A201 - NIGHT 6

84

Strike is in a shattered daze, head leaning against the glass as London rolls past.

Then-- something grabs his attention.

A tall building in view to the west. The Strata tower.

Strike smiles. The pleasure of a quicksilver connection...

85 EXT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6

85

It's late when Strike arrives back at the office. The press are mostly gone. A few half-hearted photographs taken of him.

With a plastic bag of beers and a takeaway dangling off his wrist, Strike opens the door. He looks worn, older.

86 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

86

Robin eases herself into bed. Matthew's half of the bed feels prominently empty.

87 INT. STRIKE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 6

87

Strike takes off his prosthesis. Peels away the prosthetic sock. Examines the stump with a hand mirror, wipes it down and pats it dry and applies a cream.

Then swings himself into bed. Lies there. Closes his eyes.

88 INT. LEDA'S WHITECHAPEL SQUAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

88

LEDA STRIKE, Madonna like body lying on the mattress beneath window light streaming through. Whittaker bent over her body, her face blue, a dropped and bloodied hypodermic syringe on the sheet beside her tourniquet-bound arm.

89 INT. LAING'S BARRACKS HOME, CYPRUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

89

RHONA LAING, bound to her bed.

90 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MILITARY BARRACKS - DAY (FLASHBACK) 90

BRITTANY BROCKBANK, being interviewed, shaking.

91 INT. STRIKE'S BEDSIT - NIGHT 6

91

Strike swings himself back off the bed and grabs his standby crutches, manoeuvring himself over to the humming fridge. He takes out a four-pack of beers and opens one.

He lowers himself into a tatty armchair. Exhausted. Strike lights a cigarette. The lighter flame picks out the twin tracks of tears running down his cheeks.

92 INT. ROBIN/MATTHEW'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

92

Robin lies awake, alone. Dwelling on:

93 INT. ANONYMOUS LONDON FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 93
 A two-year-old girl, sitting on the floor, looking up in fear at a giant man wearing nothing but a rubber gorilla mask.

BROCKBANK (V.O.)
 Zahara...

94 INT. STRIKE'S BEDSIT - DAY 7 94
 The downstairs BUZZER insists. Again.
 Strike wakes bloodshot and bleary-eyed. He instinctively tries to push himself up and out of his armchair, falling at his missing stride.
 He pulls himself up and hop-lurches to the buzzer. Presses the intercom button.

STRIKE
 Who's it?
 WARDLE (V.O.)
 Wardle.

STRIKE
 Hang on. I've got to put a leg on.

95 EXT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 7 95
 Strike opens the door -- to an assault of photographers' flash bulbs. There's a real crowd of them out there.
 Wardle and Ekwensi push inside without waiting to be asked.

WARDLE
 Upstairs.

96 INT. STRIKE'S OFFICE - DAY 7 96
 Strike sits opposite Wardle and Ekwensi.

STRIKE
 Tea before the interrogation?

WARDLE
 Have you ever met this girl?

Wardle hands Strike a photo of Kelsey Platt.

STRIKE
 No.

WARDLE
 Have a good look.

STRIKE

I haven't met her. Who is she?

WARDLE

She's the girl we found in
Whitechapel.

Wardle hands Strike another photo -- Kelsey's dead face.

STRIKE

I can see it's the same girl.

EKWENSI

Never met her? Kelsey Platt?

STRIKE

No.

(beat)

So you've identified the body..?

EKWENSI

Well, I'm not sure we can claim all
the credit. It took the morning
papers for us to piece it together.

Wardle slaps down the morning papers. The main photo: Strike
and Kelsey sharing a table in a coffee house. A headline
speculating about their inappropriate relationship.

END OF PART ONE.