



Lethal White

Episode 4

By Tom Edge

Adapted from the novel by Robert Galbraith

Shooting Script
13th September 2019

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1 INT/EXT. MINICAB - TRAVELLING, CENTRAL LONDON - NIGHT 16 1

Across the river now, with brighter lights and taller buildings. Robin is pensive, resting her head on the window.

Her mobile RINGS. Not a number she recognises. She answers:

ROBIN

Hello?

RAFF (V.O.)

(on the phone; filtered)

Hello, Venetia. Any chance of you showing up for dinner..?

A beat. Then Robin remembers--

ROBIN

Oh God, Raff, I'm so sorry--

RAFF (V.O.)

I mean, how often does a suspect volunteer to spend time with the detective?

ROBIN

I, um-- I'm on my way now. *Sorry.*
(ends call; to Driver)
Could we head to Chelsea, please?

2 INT. BAR, NAM LONG LE SHAKER - NIGHT 16 2

The feeling of a decadent, colonial-era bar. Dimly lit, with leafy plants and prints of beautiful women, a mix of Vietnamese and European styles.

Robin leaves her suitcase with the DOOR STAFF and then walks in to find RAFF leaning against the bar, handsome in a white shirt and dark suit. He sees her arriving and grins at her.

RAFF

(to the BARTENDER)

Two "Flaming Ferraris".

(to Robin, as she joins)

In here it's the equivalent of ordering the house white. I see you haven't been at work today.

ROBIN

What?

RAFF

You're still wearing your wedding ring.

Robin stares down at her hand and at her rings.

ROBIN
You've got a good eye.

RAFF
Thanks, Susan. Or is it Juliet?
Maybe... Ramona?

ROBIN
(laughing)
My name really is Robin.

RAFF
Yeah, right!

The Bartender passes them each a straw -- then lights two martini glasses.

RAFF (CONT'D)
Okay then. In tribute to my late father's economic policies, let's have a race to the bottom. Go!

Raff sticks his straw in and begins to drink, avoiding the flames. Robin follows likewise. A race to the bottom.

ROBIN
Bloody hell.

RAFF
Now you can hear the Yorkshire!

3 INT. DINING AREA, NAM LONG LE SHAKER - NIGHT 16 (LATER) 3

Raff and Robin sit eating. Robin drinks wine and barely picks at the food. She looks glazed and woozy. Not usually a big drinker.

RAFF
My mum loved this place in the 80s.
The owner used to throw famous people out for dressing badly. They came here just to get tossed out.
(beat)
Hello? You okay?

ROBIN
Sorry. It's not you. I-- I've just left my husband.
(re: her rings)
I forgot to take these off.

RAFF
Seriously? Look, if you want to do this another time we can easily--

ROBIN

No, I'm fine. It's good to be out.
(trying to refocus)
We should talk about your father.
D'you think Kinvara would have gone
through with it? With leaving him?

RAFF

Probably not. She's all drama and
no follow-through. I didn't used to
much like her but now I just feel
sorry for her. Everything's getting
sold. Ebury Street. All of it.

ROBIN

Did you spend much time there?

RAFF

At Ebury Street? I've been there
once in my whole life. I spent a
bit more time at Chiswell House.
(beat)
You have to understand the pecking
order. Mum was the mistress until
Dad promoted her. Moved us in to
Chiswell House. But that involved
packing-off *their* mother. Can you
imagine?

ROBIN

Yeah, that sounds--

RAFF

Yeah, it was! When you're a little
kid, you do sort of think, oh, a
mum and a dad and siblings, that
all sounds quite nice! Anyway. We
lasted six months. It's a shame. It
was a cool place. Fields and horses
and places to hide.

ROBIN

Did it hurt when your dad cut you
out of his will?

RAFF

I think... you can hate someone and
still wish they gave a shit about
you. And then hate yourself for
wishing it.

Raff knocks back his drink. He looks like he's struggling
with his thoughts.

RAFF (CONT'D)

The truth is, he didn't love me. At least not like he loved Freddie, even though he was an absolute shit. D'you know about Freddie and Rhiannon Winn?

ROBIN

No.

RAFF

He poured vodka down her throat, stripped her, took photos and passed them round the whole fencing team. He *ruined* her. And all because she bumped his girlfriend off the squad. I found that out from one of Izzy's mates. Have you spoken to Geraint Winn?

ROBIN

Not yet.

RAFF

And my sisters never mentioned anything about this?

(off Robin's 'no')

That's what I'm saying! With Geraint you've got someone who actually wants to hurt us, but my sisters can't mention him in case it pisses on Saint Freddie's eternal flame! Nobody ever did that for me, I tell you that much.

(beat)

I don't know though... running someone over was pretty unforgivable. Especially when your dad's an MP. And we were slowly getting past it, so who knows?

ROBIN

Well... at least you got Izzy out of it. She obviously adores you.

RAFF

Oh, I know. She's great. It's just all been very complicated. But I'm preaching to the choir, right? What was your ex-husband like?

Robin drains her glass. Raff instantly refills it.

ROBIN

I can't think of him like that yet. I don't know. I think I spent a lot of time trying to believe he was someone different.

RAFF

Different to what?

ROBIN

Matthew the accountant who's sort
of a prick and who's been sleeping
with Sarah, who's also a prick?

Raff LAUGHS. Robin drinks. She is woozy now, tired and not
quite with it. Robin's phone RINGS.

RAFF

Is that him now?

Robin checks. Yes, it's MATTHEW. And with a few quick taps:

ROBIN

Blocked. That feels better.

Raff raises his glass to toast her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Right. Sorry, where were we?

4

INT. MAIN ROOM, EKWENSI'S FLAT - DAY 17

4

Robin wakes disoriented. Looking at an unfamiliar ceiling.
Turning to find sofa cushions in her face.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Rise and shine, party-girl.

Robin's mouth is dry. It's too bright. She's hungover. Her
suitcase is parked nearby.

Vanessa brings her a cup of tea and sets it down on the
coffee table beside Robin. Her BOYFRIEND is making toast in
the kitchenette behind them. He waves to Robin, grinning.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Took the liberty of putting two
sugars in your tea. I think it's
going to be that kind of morning
for you, darling.

ROBIN

Oh my God, Vanessa, I woke you up.
I'm so sorry.

VANESSA

Don't worry about it. D'you need to
stay a few more days?

It's a small one-bed flat. Cramped even for a couple.

ROBIN

Oh-- no, thanks but, I'm-- I'll be fine. Last night was just... Do you know what the time is?

VANESSA

Half-nine.

ROBIN

Oh shit.

Robin forces herself upright. She's late.

5

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 17

5

A pale Robin hurries towards Strike, who is smoking a cigarette with his coffee while he waits for her.

ROBIN

I'm so sorry...

STRIKE

Everything okay?

ROBIN

Yes. Yes! Good to go.

A beat as Strike searches her face, then smiles politely.

6

INT. MCMURRAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 17

6

Strike and Robin sit with DCI JUDY MCMURRAN. On a monitor they watch a live-stream of Jimmy Knight, as DI GEORGE LAYBORN enters the room to restart the interrogation.

MCMURRAN

He said Flick did the cleaning as a legitimate part-time job.

STRIKE

What about the Ebury Street note?

MCMURRAN

Said "they were worried they'd get unfairly implicated for wrongdoing." He also suggested we do Flick for theft.

STRIKE

Of what?

MCMURRAN

The sheet of notepaper. He's a cocky bastard. Declined a solicitor.

STRIKE

What's he said about the hotel?

MCMURRAN

We're about to get into that.

STRIKE

And the key for Ebury Street?

MCMURRAN

Flick says she gave it to Jimmy.
Jimmy says he chucked it away.

McMurrans watches Layborn open a folder and pull out the Le Manoir records for reference. ON SCREEN they watch--

7

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 17 (CONTINUOUS)

7

LAYBORN

We are now recommencing the
interview at ten forty am. Present
in the room are DI George Layborn,
DS Sam Taylor and James Knight--

JIMMY

(interrupting)
Call me Jimmy. We're all friends
here.

LAYBORN

Jimmy, I remind you that you are
still under caution. Do you still
wish to continue without legal
advice?

JIMMY

Just get on with it.

Jimmy affects a slouched insouciance. Layborn checks a few
details and then continues--

LAYBORN

Do you own a car?

JIMMY

Yeah.

LAYBORN

Could you confirm the make of that
car and its registration number?

JIMMY

It's a Suzuki Alto. Registration's
F U C K U.

(beat)

No, my mistake, that's one of my
Porsches. The Alto is BN43 LPG.

LAYBORN

Are you the only person insured to drive it?

JIMMY

Yep.

LAYBORN

Do you ever allow others to use it?

JIMMY

Nope.

LAYBORN

To the best of your knowledge, has it ever been driven, with or without your consent, by anyone other than yourself?

JIMMY

It was second-hand. So I imagine they did more than admire it on their driveway.

LAYBORN

I meant, since you bought it.

JIMMY

Since I bought it, no. And I bought it six years ago. Saved you a question there, mate.

LAYBORN

Have you ever visited *Le Manoir Au' Quat Saisons* hotel in Oxfordshire?

Jimmy LAUGHS.

JIMMY

Do I look like I dine at Michelin starred restaurants?

LAYBORN

So you've never been? Never driven there in your Suzuki?

8

INT. MCMURRAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 17

8

McMurrán and the others watch as Jimmy's expression changes.

9

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 17

9

As before.

JIMMY

I said I never ate there. Pay attention! I followed their car there. Wanted to see how my money was being spent, didn't I?

LAYBORN

Your money?

JIMMY

Yeah. Mine and my brother's.

LAYBORN

The Chiswells owed you money? Is that what you're saying?

JIMMY

That's not "what I'm saying". It's a fact.

LAYBORN

What did they owe you money for?

JIMMY

Chiswell sold off my dad's tools and the left-over stock. After Dad died. Wasn't his to sell.

LAYBORN

So you followed the Chiswells to a country house hotel to see whether their dinner cost more than what you'd get for a few old tools?

Layborn's needling works. Jimmy's anger quickens.

JIMMY

Yeah, sneer away on your fat police pension. My brother's sick and it's not like the Tories are going to look after sick people, is it? Got private healthcare, have you, mate?

LAYBORN

You've told us that you hadn't been home for a long time--

JIMMY

I know what I've told you.

LAYBORN

So how did you know Chiswell had sold your father's things?

Beat.

JIMMY

I got a tip-off. Phone call.

LAYBORN

Got a name?

JIMMY

(smirking)

They didn't give their name. You know how that is.

LAYBORN

So you get this tip-off and you stalk the Chiswells to a hotel. What were you hoping to achieve?

JIMMY

I wanted my money. I wanted to have the conversation face-to-face, somewhere he couldn't close a door on me. "Make a bit of a scene over the fish course."

LAYBORN

Nobody at the hotel mentioned anything like that to us.

JIMMY

That's 'cos he wasn't there. It was just his bird. Probably there for a facial. I didn't stay long.

LAYBORN

Were you having an affair with Kinvara Chiswell?

JIMMY

(laughing)

If that's everything, officer, you've obviously got fuck all on me. So I think I'll go home.

Jimmy smirks and waves at the CCTV camera.

LAYBORN

Is there anything further you wish to say or add? No? Then I am terminating the interview at ten forty four am.

10

INT. MCMURRAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 17

10

McMurrán turns to confer with Strike and Robin.

STRIKE

He's lying.

MCMURRAN

I agree. But we don't have enough to keep him here.

(MORE)

MCMURRAN (CONT'D)
(thinking, then--)
Look... you've brought us some very
helpful things so... I'll need you
to sign some papers. But there's
some CCTV I'd like to show you.

11 INT. PADDINGTON STATION - NIGHT 10 (CCTV IMAGES) 11

High angle of a CCTV camera as figures cross the station
forecourt. The image freezes.

MCMURRAN (V.O.)
There she is. In the long coat.

Kinvara, in a long coat worn open over the dress she wore to
the Reception, is identified by the tip of McMurran's finger.

(INTERCUTTING)

12 INT. CID OFFICES, POLICE STATION - DAY 17 12

Strike and Robin watch as the CCTV playback continues on a
sophisticated console.

ON SCREEN: Kinvara swerves to talk to a STATION STAFF MEMBER.

ROBIN
Who's she talking to there?

MCMURRAN
A member of the station staff. She
takes several minutes to check her
train is running on time.
(beat)
I'll spare you the full thing.

McMurran speeds up the recording -- and in sped-up motion
Kinvara zips from information booth... to a shop... to get a
cup of coffee from a stand... to give money to a HOMELESS
MAN... to check the boards again... and finally departs for
the train through the turnstiles. The fixed-camera image
plays on for another minute then cuts to black.

ROBIN
How long did all that take..?

MCMURRAN
Twenty minutes? She barely stood
still. And it's the same thing the
other end at Woolstone station.

STRIKE
Is this what made you suspect her?

MCMURRAN

(nodding)

Her alibi's rock-solid. It's the fact that she's *performing* it for every camera she can find...

STRIKE

Could you go back?

McMurrán rewinds the CCTV footage

STRIKE (CONT'D)

There.

McMurrán pauses the footage.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Look at the beggar there.

McMurrán replays the moment when Kinvara drops money into a beggar's cup. Strike pauses.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I don't think she's giving them change. What if she's dropping her door key into that cup?

(beat)

That'd be why she's doing so much other stuff. Talking to everyone. She's trying to bury that moment.

(beat)

When does the beggar come in?

McMurrán rewinds, all eyes on the beggar. She stops as he enters the station.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

So about five minutes before Kinvara arrived. Sits down. Cap over the face and a hood up, keeping their head down. They *don't* want their face on tape.

McMurrán lets the tape run in real-time as Kinvara approaches the beggar. That key drop moment again.

After Kinvara walks on, the beggar empties his cup into his hand, and pockets the contents.

McMurrán turns and calls to a COLLEAGUE--

MCMURRAN

Jason? We need another pass at the CCTV around Paddington. Can you get the team back?

ROBIN

So she handed over her key to Ebury Street while she was setting up her own alibi?

STRIKE

It wasn't a bad plan. She just overdid things.

OUT ON: a pixellated freeze-frame of the beggar...

13

INT. MAIN OFFICE, THE AGENCY - DAY 17

13

Robin walks to the sink and swallows back a couple of aspirin with a glass of water.

Barclay enters and hands some long-lens photographs to Strike for his evaluation. Barclay glances at Robin drinking water.

BARCLAY

(gleefully, to Robin)

Heavy night, was it? Took a few shots for the team?

ROBIN

Are you done with Dodgy Doc then?

BARCLAY

That's for the boss to say. But I got him goin' up to a patient's flat.

STRIKE

These are good. You didn't get anything... more specific?

BARCLAY

She had curtains!

Barclay exits.

Robin leans against the wall. Her head pounding. She avoids catching Strike's eye, aware that he's looking at her.

STRIKE

Let's start with the obvious things. Witnesses to Kinvara's activities at Chiswell House. Anyone who might be able to tell us who she's close to or who she might be working with.

ROBIN

We still need to talk to Henry Drummond.

STRIKE

Let's set that up.

ROBIN

And we should talk to Geraint.
Rhiannon's a strong motive and if
Kinvara managed to pass him a key.
We know he lied about his alibi.

Strike flicks through his notebook...

STRIKE

Ekwensi said... Yeah, here we go.
Kinvara had her key on her when the
police turned up at Chiswell House
at half-ten. So someone will have
had to get it back to her before
that.

(beat)

We should talk to Tegan Barrow, the
stable girl. Maybe she saw Kinvara
meeting someone?

While Strike completes making a note, Robin continues with
her train of thought--

ROBIN

We know Geraint's alibi is rubbish.
Raff said the only reason his
sisters don't want us to look at
the Winns is they're worried it'll
drag Freddie into things, because
of what he did to Rhiannon.

STRIKE

How was dinner with Raff?

ROBIN

Fine. I'll fill you in later.

Beat. Robin won't meet his eye.

STRIKE

I'll find out where Geraint's
staying.

Robin goes back to her computer work. Her eyes flit to the
suitcase out of view underneath her desk.

14

EXT. CHEAP LONDON HOTEL - DAY 17

14

Strike and Robin sit on a bench, watching and waiting.

GERAINT WINN appears from inside the building. He looks bad --
under-slept and haggard.

They begin to tail him as he walks away.

15

EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY 17

15

Geraint sits on a bench and opens a beer from a plastic carrier bag.

Strike and Robin are in front of him before he notices their approach. After his surprise fades, anger flares. Geraint stands unsteadily. Staring at Robin.

STRIKE

We have some questions for you, Mr Winn.

GERAINT

(to Robin)

What I want is to call you a treacherous little bitch.

ROBIN

I was just doing my job.

GERAINT

Oh! On the side of the angels!

STRIKE

We'd like to ask you about Kinvara Chiswell.

Ignoring Strike, Geraint goes to -- shove Robin? Hit her? Robin stands her ground. Robin tenses. Her hands clenching. Trying to hide the swell of panic. Strike steps closer.

Geraint thinks twice and instead elects to walk away.

ROBIN

We know what happened to Rhiannon. At Freddie Chiswell's 18th.

That stays Geraint. He falters. Unsure. Then hardens.

GERAINT

You'll say anything, won't you? You sly bastards.

ROBIN

(to Strike, quietly)

Can I show him the photos?

Strike nods.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(to Geraint)

These might be hard for you to see. Will you sit next to me?

Geraint sits. Robin forces herself to join him; asserting some control despite her discomfort. Strike remains watchful.

Robin gets her phone out and flicks through a folder, bringing up high-res images of the Rhiannon photos that she found in Freddie Chiswell's room.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

We came across these in the course of our investigation.

She shows the photos to Geraint. His shock is deep.

GERAINT

Oh. Oh, my girl...

Geraint CRIES as he takes Robin's phone -- his tears falling onto the screen.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

Oh, but I *knew*...

Geraint drinks from his beer. Stares at the images again.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

She bought that dress with her own money. She saved up for months. This is from the party, isn't it?
(beat)

She was so happy they invited her. Della said, he's asked the whole team, he could hardly leave her out, but I said, no, they're getting to know you now, love. They're seeing who you are.

Geraint shakes, gripping Robin's phone, convulsed with grief. Strike and Robin share a glance over his lowered head. It's painful to witness someone in such agony.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

I *knew* something had happened, but nobody would tell me the truth. They closed ranks.

ROBIN

What did you think had happened?

Geraint straightens up. Looks again at the photographs.

GERAINT

I dropped her off. Drove all the way from Wales! And I booked us a B&B so I said, I am I'll pick you up, but she said, "no, no, that's far too early". She didn't want to miss anything, you know?

(beat)

I had a mobile phone but that was new for me. She didn't have one. None of *her* mates did.

(MORE)

GERAINT (CONT'D)

So I said, okay, just borrow somebody's and you call me and I'll come and collect you. Only I'd forgotten my charger. And in the morning I woke up and I thought, oh, bloody hell, I'd better drive over there. And I found her on the grass. She'd been sick. And they'd left her out there all night. So I rang the door and I said to Chiswell, how is that acceptable, leaving a young girl that way, and all he said was: she'll have killed my grass where she's been sick!

A long beat. Robin and Strike both moved.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

Anyway, I drove us home. She was very quiet. And when I got my phone charged up again there was a message that she'd left at midnight saying, "Daddy, please come and get me. They're so mean. They're so cruel." And so I asked her, what happened? What did they do? And she said, nothing. And after that, school and exams, all that... it was like it stopped mattering. She'd given everything to fencing, she was going to be an Olympian, I honestly believe it, but... she wouldn't touch it. Wouldn't train. Wouldn't talk. She just went down and down.

(beat)

If I'd fetched her. When she rang. Like I promised.

STRIKE

That wasn't your fault, Geraint.

Beat.

GERAINT

She killed herself a month later. And they said, "oh, well, she was highly-strung". This girl who'd made the British fencing squad! But I kept on asking questions, even when they were like a wall against me. And someone told me, ask about Freddie. So I took that to Chiswell and I said, look here, I only want the truth. "Sorry for your loss. Nothing to do with Freddie." He didn't want to hear it.

A beat.

ROBIN

I'm really sorry for what happened to her. I hope you believe me.

(beat)

And I'm sorry for lying to you.

Geraint hands Robin back her phone.

GERAINT

Will you send me those? It's not too late for his friends to pay.

Robin is affected by Geraint's pain, and by her own complex feelings about Rhiannon. Strike sees this, and so gently leads Geraint back to the business they've come for:

STRIKE

We all have something in common. We want to discover the truth. Will you help us?

Off a faint nod, Strike takes out his notebook and pen.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Do you know Kinvara Chiswell?

GERAINT

I've run into her. The odd event.

STRIKE

Did you ever speak to her about her husband?

GERAINT

We've never had a conversation.

STRIKE

(changing tack)

Can you tell us where you were on the morning Chiswell died?

GERAINT

I was waiting for Aamir to come back from Barrowclough-Burns' flat. I know you've spoken to Aamir.

(guilty)

He wanted to help me.

STRIKE

And who approached you about trying to find files labelled "Murape"? Was Kinvara involved?

GERAINT

No, that was Jimmy Knight. He never told me what the photos were of, just that the Foreign Office had them. And they'd finish Chiswell off. That was good enough for me.

(beat)

I wanted him sat out on his *perfect lawn*, reading about his disgrace in the Sunday papers. Then remembering Rhiannon. Not everything grows back like grass will. Not your reputation. Not your child.

Out on Geraint, a mess of anger and sadness.

16

EXT. DRUMMOND'S GALLERY - DAY 17

16

Strike and Robin approach the gallery. They are subdued after seeing Geraint.

ROBIN

Do you think it'll help Geraint?
What we've done?

STRIKE

I don't know. I'm not sure what he'd have left if he let Rhiannon go.

(beat)

I think he was telling us the truth though. If he wanted to shame Chiswell, he needed him alive.

Drummond's richly-stocked gallery window comes into view. Strike considers it.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

If Drummond's sleeping with Kinvara, he can certainly afford to keep her in horses.

ROBIN

But why *kill* Chiswell? Why not divorce him?

STRIKE

I don't know. They ran in the same circles. Stealing your friend's wife is *poor form*. But comforting his grieving widow... who could fault you for that?

17 INT. DRUMMOND'S GALLERY - DAY 17

17

Strike and Robin enter a cool, marble-lined palace of old-money treasures. Oil paintings (horse and hounds dominating), ceramics, silk carpets. Offerings from a hundred struggling stately homes.

HENRY DRUMMOND (45) approaches them.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Hello, hello.

STRIKE

Thanks for seeing us.

HENRY DRUMMOND

I've been in Italy again. Afraid it probably shows around my midriff! Would you like a little tour?

Strike catches sight of CHARLOTTE as she moves into view from behind a display of paintings. She is talking in an intimate, informal way with Drummond's assistant, LUCINDA (34).

Strike is thrown. Robin sees it, so picks up with Drummond:

ROBIN

Thanks, we'd love that.

Drummond squires them towards the other side of the gallery, passing Charlotte and Lucinda as they go.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Jasper Chiswell came to see you the day before he died, didn't he? I was at his office when he got back.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Oh, that... yes, that was embarrassing for all parties but I really felt I had to say something. Raff dropped into the gallery while I was out and -- I'd employed a rather pretty girl as an assistant. Francesca. I'd caught her and Raphael canoodling and told them in no uncertain terms-- but I got back and clients had heard noises.

(off Robin's distaste)

Well, *quite*. The girl climbed out of the bathroom window and they both denied it, but I felt she had to go and I told him not to come here again. And then on top of all *that* I had to have a very difficult conversation with Jasper about his sale.

ROBIN

You rang him the next morning.

Drummond looks at Robin rather sharply.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Do you have a record of *all* my calls?

ROBIN

Only the ones relevant to the case.

Robin's PHONE starts ringing. She checks the screen briefly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(to Strike)

I'll just be a second...

Robin hurries out of the gallery. Strike forces himself to forget Charlotte's presence and re-focus on the job.

STRIKE

Sorry. You were saying..?

Strike takes out a notebook and begins to make notes.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Jasper's sale was only ever organised out of *fondness* for him. I deal in Old Masters. I do not buy paintings of spotted horses by unknown Australian folk artists! The only thing of any value was a John Frederick Herring painting of a piebald mare and foal.

STRIKE

Yes, I think I've seen that one.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Even that was only worth a few thousand. The conversation didn't end well so I called him to, you know... try to... offer support.

STRIKE

Have you seen Kinvara since?

HENRY DRUMMOND

No. Really, it was Jasper that I was close with. I actually found Kinvara somewhat... how should I put it? Well, perhaps I oughtn't put it at all. But you understand.

Charlotte arrives to join them, Lucinda peeling away.

CHARLOTTE

Bye, Lucinda. I'll call you.

(beat)

Hello, Corm.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Ah -- you two know each other?

CHARLOTTE

Henry, thank you for your time
today but I'm going to head off.
I'm not feeling terribly...

(to Strike)

Would you mind walking me up the
road? I'm meeting my sister for
early supper. It's not far. I'm in
heels again. I never learn.

Strike glances at Drummond. Hard to refuse a simple-sounding
request in this context.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Please, by all means go ahead. I
really don't have anything to add.

STRIKE

Not sure I'm the best person for
the job.

Charlotte takes Strike's arm.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not asking you to deliver the
babies. I just don't feel well.

18 EXT. DRUMMOND'S GALLERY - DAY 17

18

Standing a discrete distance from the gallery entrance, Robin
is talking on the phone:

ROBIN

Sorry, when did Matthew ring you?

LINDA ELLACOTT (V.O.)

(on phone)

He says you've blocked him! He says
he doesn't know how to reach you!

ROBIN

But I don't *want* to speak to him,
Mum! That's the whole point!

Robin sees Charlotte and Strike emerge from the gallery,
Charlotte on Strike's arm.

LINDA ELLACOTT (V.O.)
He sounded very upset. You've not
gone off with someone else..?

Strike and Charlotte walk away, with their backs to Robin...

LINDA ELLACOTT (V.O.)
You haven't, have you, love?

ROBIN
No, Mum. I'm not with anyone else.

19 EXT. ROAD NEAR FRANCO'S - DAY 17

19

Charlotte clings tight to Strike's arm as they head up the
pavement. Strike is stone-faced.

CHARLOTTE
You think I arranged this.

He says nothing. Just walks them onwards.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Ow. Stop.

She swerves away from him, cradling her belly, frowning.

STRIKE
Sit on those steps.

CHARLOTTE
No. Just get me to Franco's then
you can go.

20 INT. RECEPTION AREA, FRANCO'S RESTAURANT - DAY 17

20

Strike ushers Charlotte through the door. The MAITRE D'
smiles at her.

MAITRE D'
Welcome back, Mrs Ross. Your table
is waiting for you.

CHARLOTTE
Actually, I'm eating with my
sister. Cormoran's just helped me
along.
(to Strike)
Would you sit with me? Just for a
minute, 'til she gets here? I don't
want to be left when I feel like...

The Maitre D' looks with concern to Strike.

21 INT. FRANCO'S RESTAURANT - DAY 17 (MOMENTS LATER)

21

A thunderous Strike sits opposite Charlotte, who nibbles at bread. Strike texts Robin: SORRY CATCH UP LATER. Strike sends the text, then cranes around, looking towards the entrance.

CHARLOTTE

I hate being pregnant.

(beat)

I know what you're thinking, but I didn't get rid of ours. I didn't. I lost it after--

STRIKE

Don't start.

CHARLOTTE

I swear, I took a test at my mother's and then--

STRIKE

It doesn't *matter* to me. If it was real, if it was another lie, either way I don't care.

CHARLOTTE

(re: her stomach)

I wish they were yours.

STRIKE

Fuck's sake, Charlotte...

CHARLOTTE

It's true. Then I'd be happy about it.

STRIKE

You didn't want kids any more than I did. Give me Amelia's number. I'm going to call her.

Charlotte instead picks up another piece of bread.

CHARLOTTE

I was wrong about your agency.

STRIKE

I'm still poor. Living above the office. No money for jewellery--

CHARLOTTE

I never cared about--

STRIKE

Yes, you did. But you've got those things now.

CHARLOTTE

Corm--

STRIKE

You're married. You're having his children. We're finished.

CHARLOTTE

But I love you. And I know you'll say I'm a liar, and I am, but not on the big things, Bluey.

STRIKE

Don't call me that.

CHARLOTTE

And I wasn't with Jago while we were together.

STRIKE

You got engaged *two weeks* after we finished!

CHARLOTTE

Yes, because of you. You said I was lying about the baby. You walked out. You deliberately sabotaged--

STRIKE

Don't you dare talk to me about fucking sabotage! You wanted me to give up everything. The army, my friends, the agency. Everything and everyone, except for you. You wanted to break me, because that's what you do. Break it, before it can fade away.

CHARLOTTE

You were broken when I found you, darling. We had that in common.

A WAITER materialises.

WAITER

Hello! We have a couple of very tempting specials today that--

STRIKE

Do we look like we want to hear about the fucking specials?

WAITER

(beat)

I'll bring you some more bread.

The Waiter, wounded, clears off. Strike is annoyed that he has lost his cool and his manners. Exposing himself.

STRIKE

I gave you sixteen years and nothing was ever enough. There just... comes a point when you have to stop trying to save a person who's determined to drag you down with them.

CHARLOTTE

You didn't want to save me. You wanted to solve me. Big difference.

She has skewered something. Strike gets to his feet.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Look me in the eye and tell me you've loved anyone since like you loved me.

STRIKE

I haven't. And thank fuck for that.
(beat)
I'm off.

CHARLOTTE

Amelia's not coming. I lied. I knew you were going to the gallery. Lucinda told me.

(beat)

I want you back. I thought it only fair to tell you in person.

STRIKE

But I don't want you.

CHARLOTTE

Don't kid a kidder, Bluey.

Strike turns and heads out of the restaurant, past the Waiter -- no love lost there -- heading for the doors, like they're the last open hatch on a sinking ship.

22

INT. MAIN OFFICE, THE AGENCY - NIGHT 17

22

Strike enters, carrying a bottle of Arran whisky. Somewhat pint-glazed, he is not expecting to find Robin at her desk. She clocks that he is a bit pissed.

A moment passes between them.

ROBIN

I can pick you up from here tomorrow, if you like? Tegan's been working at a riding school since Kinvara let her go. We're meeting her there.

STRIKE

Okay.

(beat)

I've been to the pub.

ROBIN

How was it?

STRIKE

Good.

(beat)

Drink?

ROBIN

Okay.

Strike pours Robin a glass. She takes it, gauging his mood.

STRIKE

How's life, Robin?

ROBIN

It's okay.

STRIKE

Things alright with you?

ROBIN

(stiff)

Everything's fine.

Strike takes a chair and slumps himself into it.

STRIKE

I'm not working now.

(beat)

I didn't want you to think you had to sit here and think about work.

ROBIN

I'm happy to just sit here.

STRIKE

(beat)

Okay.

He raises his glass in a weary toast, one that she returns while leaving her whisky untouched.

23

EXT. BACKPACKERS HOSTEL - NIGHT 17

23

Rock-bottom prices-per-night are advertised. Robin fishes out a key card from her pocket. She swipes for entry.

24 INT. DORM, BACKPACKERS HOSTEL - NIGHT 17 (LATER) 24

A NOISE startles Robin awake. Someone in the bunk above her is SNORING. A nearby room sounds like it is throwing a PARTY.

A door opens and two young women, LINNEA & FREYA stumble in. Linnea peers down in the half-dark to see if Robin's asleep.

LINNEA

Robin, d'you want to smoke a joint?

ROBIN

Thanks but I've got to be up...
really soon.

25 INT/EXT. LAND ROVER - TRAVELLING, OXFORDSHIRE - DAY 18 25

Robin is shattered. Dark circles under her eyes. Travelling along a busy road. Strike is tired, too.

Robin's phone, with a navigation app running, is tethered to a heating vent. It starts RINGING -- "caller withheld".

STRIKE

D'you want me to--?

ROBIN

Thanks.

Strike swipes to answer it -- the call now on SPEAKERPHONE.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Hello, Robin speaking.

JIMMY (V.O.)

(on phone)

Next time I'll catch you.

ROBIN

(beat)

Sorry--?

JIMMY (V.O.)

I nearly had you, didn't I, Robin?
That tight little arse of yours
just out of reach. You got lucky.

Robin -- already exhausted -- feels a rush of anxiety overwhelm her. Dizzy. Her vision dimming.

FLASHES--

Of her ATTACKER slashing at her arm in Catford...

THEN-- her hands on the wheel, gripping tight.

Running from Jimmy...

THEN-- Robin's eyes blinking, traffic swimming. And Strike's voice, as if from under-water--

STRIKE (O.S.)

Robin?

JIMMY (V.O.)

I'll find out where you live.

ROBIN

(breathless)

Shut up! Shut up!

A GORILLA MASK with human eyes behind it, looming over Robin's own face as she is pinned down--

STRIKE

Robin! Pull over!

The Land Rover drifts out of lane -- near misses with oncoming traffic--

Robin can't breathe. Strike cuts the call. Grabs the wheel.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

PULL OVER!

ROBIN'S POV: as oncoming traffic dissolves into whiteness.

Strike pulls them onto the hard shoulder. Robin brakes to a halt. She is clawing at her own chest.

Strike is also suffering. Sweat pouring down him. He leans across Robin and turns off the engine.

Robin can't bear to look at Strike. She has failed to hide her damage and everything is lost now. She unclips her seatbelt, stumbles out of the Land Rover, cars whizzing by.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Robin...

Strike clambers out of his side and hurries round -- and finds Robin curled on her knees by the tailgate, her wrenching breaths turning into SOBS of anger and despair.

Strike's hand hovers -- then rests gently on her back.

ROBIN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

26

EXT. VERGE OF THE ROAD - DAY 18 (MOMENTS LATER)

26

Strike and Robin sit high on a steep-banked grass verge near the parked Land Rover, its hazard lights flashing. Robin is washed out but calm now.

STRIKE

How long have you been having panic attacks?

ROBIN

About a year.

STRIKE

Been getting help for them?

ROBIN

I've got some CBT exercises I'm meant to do.

STRIKE

I had some vegetarian bacon I was meant to try. It's not made me any healthier sitting in the fridge, staring at me.

Robin small-laughs.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

ROBIN

Like what?

Beat.

STRIKE

When I rang you the other night. It's none of my business, but--

ROBIN

Matthew and I split up. You called me in the middle of it.

STRIKE

Oh.

(beat)

Shit, I'm sorry.

ROBIN

It got quite... Anyway. That doesn't matter.

Strike quietly draws his own conclusions...

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I didn't want to fall apart. I just-- I want to do my job. I don't want you thinking...

Strike puts his arm around her.

STRIKE

What I think about you and this job is: you're brilliant at it. I had a decade of training. I did hundreds of cases with SIB but you've had none of that. And you're still every bit as good as me. I mean, it's almost annoying.

Robin LAUGHS. Finally looks at him. They're very close.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You have to stop worrying that I'll fire you.

Strike lets his arm drop back. He reaches for a cigarette and lights it.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

After I got blown up, I couldn't get in a car without... doing what you've just done. Panicking and breaking out in sweats. Feeling like I was suffocating.

(beat)

You have to let the business pay for some proper therapy. Not out of kindness. It's self-interest. I need you in good shape.

ROBIN

Okay.

(beat)

We should probably go.

STRIKE

Are you alright to drive?

ROBIN

Are you alright for me to drive you?

Strike LAUGHS.

STRIKE

Alright, we'll walk then. It's only thirty miles from here.

They smile at each other. Robin stands first and offers her hand to Strike -- who takes it. She helps him up.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Where are you staying?

ROBIN

Oh... that's all a bit...

STRIKE

You can stay with Nick and Ilsa.
I'll give them a call later.

He steadies himself on her shoulder as they step down the steep slope. And it feels like the shedding of pride in favour of a new kind of intimacy.

At the bottom of the slope she turns to him.

ROBIN

Thank you.

They hug. And as they part, he goes to kiss her cheek -- but she turns her head to say--

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I thought--

--and their mouths meet, as Strike's kiss lands there by accident instead.

STRIKE

Oh. Shit. Sorry.

ROBIN

Don't be silly.

STRIKE

I meant to--

ROBIN

I know.

She's touched by how embarrassed he is. She smiles and gives him another hug.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

We're going to be really late.

And clearly he doesn't mind that at all. As Robin releases him and walks to the driver's seat, he allows himself a quick, sheepish, hidden smile.

27

EXT. RIDING SCHOOL STABLES, OXFORDSHIRE - DAY 18

27

Strike and Robin walk beside TEGAN (19) as she leads a horse back to its stable. A YOUNG RIDER mucks out nearby.

STRIKE

I suppose you went over things in detail with the police?

TEGAN

Yeah, I did. Kinvara never left the house that night. Didn't leave her bedroom.

(MORE)

TEGAN (CONT'D)

The floorboards in that place are really loud. I'd have heard. That's mostly what they wanted to know.

ROBIN

How about the next morning? Did you see her meet anyone?

TEGAN

The farrier came over. Then she went out riding for about an hour. When she got back the police were there.

Strike and Robin exchange a glance.

ROBIN

Do you know where she went on her ride?

TEGAN

No. She goes all over.

Strike makes a note in his notebook.

STRIKE

Do you have a sense of who Kinvara's friends are?

TEGAN

She doesn't like people. She likes horses. Here, hold these?

Tegan hands Strike the reins while she opens the doors to the stable block. The horse noses Strike. Robin strokes its neck.

ROBIN

(to Strike)

Not a fan of horses?

STRIKE

I'm with the French. I like them best when they're served rare with chips.

(Robin looks horrified)

Kidding.

The horse turns to Robin. She huffs small breaths up its nose. The horse responds in kind.

Tegan returns to take the reins and lead the horse onwards into its stable.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

(to Robin)

Your pony was called Angus, wasn't he?

ROBIN

How did you remember that?!

STRIKE

I don't know. Just stuck.

TEGAN

What kind was he?

ROBIN

A grey Highland pony. He was lovely.

(to Strike)

Greys look white, but they've got black skin under their hair.

STRIKE

It's all just jargon to confuse the non-riding plebs, isn't it?

Robin LAUGHS. Tegan smiles. Robin turns back to Tegan as they follow her into--

28

INT. RIDING SCHOOL STABLES, OXFORDSHIRE - DAY 18
(CONTINUOUS)

28

Tegan stables the horse as Strike and Robin watch.

ROBIN

Did you ever see, or even just hear gossip about anything bad happening between Kinvara and Jasper?

TEGAN

I saw her smack him over the head with a hammer.

Beat.

STRIKE

With a *hammer*?

TEGAN

He had Lady put down while she were away for the night. She comes back and finds out and she goes for him. Smacked him over the head. I called the GP, he was bleeding that much.

ROBIN

Did you call the police?

TEGAN

No, he wouldn't have that. He couldn't smell anything afterwards. Mucked up a nerve.

(MORE)

TEGAN (CONT'D)

And she got sent off somewhere posh
for depression but even when she
got back I kept finding her in
Lady's stall crying.

(beat)

I've got to take some kids out for
their lesson in a minute and I
don't want to take the piss. Sorry,
but I really need the work now.

STRIKE

You've been very helpful. Thank
you. Will you call us if you think
of anything else?

Tegan takes his card. As Tegan leaves, Robin turns to Strike.

ROBIN

I'd say that's something we could
ask Kinvara about. Attacking her
husband with a hammer.

29 EXT. CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18

29

The Land Rover's headlights catch the driveway's potholes.

A few scattered lights are on in the house, both upstairs and
downstairs. Dogs BARK at their approach. As Robin parks the
Land Rover and steps out, the front door opens.

Kinvara appears in a nightgown -- carrying a revolver.

Strike walks swiftly to her and, to her surprise, takes the
gun from her hand. He examines it.

STRIKE

Harrington & Richardson 7-shot.
This is illegal, Mrs Chiswell.

KINVARA

It was Jasper's. And it's late and
I'm here on my own.

(beat)

You're not expecting to come in?

STRIKE

We are, thank you.

After a beat, she turns back inside and they follow her in.

30 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18

30

Kinvara enters with Robin. Kinvara doesn't hide her
displeasure at their visit.

Robin looks around the room. Most of the paintings have been taken off the walls, and are now propped up on the floor, some with bubble-wrap around their frames.

Robin nods towards the empty space above the chimneypiece.

ROBIN

I thought you liked that one?

Kinvara hasn't noticed its absence until now. But she doesn't appear to mind. Strike now enters the room to join them.

KINVARA

It'll have gone into the sale. I never realised how badly off we were. Everything's going on debt. We'd sell the roof if we could. Are you interested in buying a roof, Mr Strike? I'll offer you a discount.

Strike hands Kinvara back the revolver.

STRIKE

You need to hand that in tomorrow.

KINVARA

(terse, tense)

Why are you here?

STRIKE

We were in the area and we have a few questions we'd like to ask you.
(beat)

You're aware that your husband was being blackmailed?

KINVARA

Of course I was aware.

STRIKE

Jimmy Knight's story is he simply wanted your husband to pay him what was rightfully his.

Beat.

KINVARA

Jasper thought the Knight boys were a pair of oiks, but you can almost see why people fall for socialism, when Jimmy makes his case.

STRIKE

I didn't think you knew him that well?

KINVARA

I don't. He rang the house a couple of times, that's all. I thought he had a point, actually. Jasper should have split the proceeds with Jack Knight's sons.

ROBIN

The proceeds from what, exactly?

Beat.

KINVARA

Oh, what does it matter, now? Jimmy and Billy's father used to build gallows. The estate gave him timber and a workshop and they split the profits. You'd be surprised what they fetch on the export market. Forty thousand pounds for one full set-up.

STRIKE

Slightly more than the value of some old chisels, then.

KINVARA

Well, quite. After old Mr Knight died there were two gallows finished but not yet sold. And then the EU changed the law. Bloody Europe! Made it illegal to sell torture and execution equipment. Jasper sold them anyway. And why shouldn't he? Hanging's not illegal everywhere.

STRIKE

Did he sell them to Zimbabwe?

KINVARA

(beat)

Yes. Well, one set didn't quite arrive. It got hijacked by rebels.

STRIKE

And they used his gallows to hang Samuel Murape. Is that right?

KINVARA

Someone took photos and sent them on to the Foreign Office. Christopher tipped us off. He said you could see Jack Knight's trademark carved into them.

ROBIN

The white horse.

KINVARA

It made them traceable back here.
And that's not good PR, is it? You
can imagine what The Guardian would
have done with the story.

(Beat)

I told Jasper right from the
beginning, "Give the Knight boys
their cut." But he never listened
to me. And then they went for him.
The blackmail. And it got too much
for him. As we know.

STRIKE

We don't believe your husband
killed himself, Mrs Chiswell. Nor
do the police.

(beat)

Why did you attack him with a
hammer?

A beat.

KINVARA

He waited until I'd gone out, then
he put down my horse. It was like
murdering my child.

Kinvara blinks back tears. They seem sincere.

KINVARA (CONT'D)

Nobody knows what really goes on in
a marriage except the two people
inside it. I don't care whether you
believe me, but I loved Jasper and
he hurt me. He hurt me terribly.

Her PHONE BUZZES in her gown pocket. She takes it out,
irritated, and reads a message. A beat.

KINVARA (CONT'D)

One of the neighbours thinks I've
got a dog loose. Would you mind
coming with me to have a quick
look? I don't like wandering about
on my own. Both of you?

Beat.

STRIKE

Of course.

Strike and Robin follow Kinvara out.

ROBIN

Actually, I really need the loo.

Kinvara stares at her.

KINVARA

Can't it wait?

ROBIN

It really can't.

KINVARA

Second right down the hall. Then
hurry and catch us up.

ROBIN

Will do.

31 EXT. CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 31

Strike and Kinvara head out into the night. Kinvara glances behind her at the house. Strike smiles at her reassuringly.

32 INT. LAVATORY, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 32

Robin turns on the light. The walls are covered in old family photos.

Her eye is caught by a big group-shot taken at Freddie's 18th. She scans it... and finds Rhiannon's face in the mix. A mournful ghost.

Robin takes out her phone and photographs it -- along with a few general shots of the other family photos (including one of a young child with long hair riding on a miniature pony.)

CREAK.

The sound came from upstairs, directly above her. Floorboards moving. Robin freezes.

She listens intently. DULL FOOTSTEPS.

33 INT. STAIRCASE, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 (MOMENTS LATER) 33

Robin creeps up the staircase.

These floorboards CREAK too. She winces at the sound.

She reaches the upper landing.

34 INT. UPPER LANDING, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 (CONTINUOUS) 34

Only one room is lit -- its door closed, leaking a slit of light across the upper hallway.

Robin peers into the darkness beyond it. Holding her breath.

She creeps to the door and pushes it open, stepping into--

35 INT. KINVARA'S BEDROOM, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 35

A messy, disordered bed. There is nowhere to hide in this room and the wardrobe doors are open. Robin quickly checks under the bed.

ANOTHER CREAK, again from one floor above Robin -- this one quickly curtailed; someone trying not to make any noise.

Robin is gripped with dread -- but unable to let it go. She scans around for something she might use as a weapon -- and picks up an ugly bronze frog ornament.

36 INT. UPPER LANDING, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 36

Moving into darkness, Robin steps down the corridor, looking for a flight of stairs to take her upwards.

She tries a door -- and finds a narrow flight leading to the attic. A draught catching her.

She creeps up, testing the boards for noises as best she can -- but still some of the treads SQUEAK. It is agonising.

37 INT. ATTIC ROOMS, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 37

Moonlight cuts through a window. The attic rooms are extensive, bare boarded flooring divided by chimney stacks and partitions and piles of junk that spill out of boxes.

Robin moves through the space as quietly as she can, the bronze frog held high, ready to swing at someone.

38 INT. FARTHEST ATTIC SPACE, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 38

Robin finds a single painting propped against the wall. It is 'Mare Mourning', the painting of a brown-and-white mare nosing her dead, pure-white foal.

Robin steps back and photographs the painting several times. The flash on her camera-phone strobes the space.

A SQUEAKING BOARD nearby stops her. She tenses, moving softly. Turning off her phone. Poised for fight or flight through the darkness--

She peers beyond her. A sickening sense of being watched.

From outside the house she hears the GRAVEL-CRUNCH sounds of Strike and Kinvara returning.

Robin suddenly moves quickly, running for the stairs, sprinting back down into the light.

39 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 39

Kinvara and Strike are waiting for Robin at the foot of the staircase. Kinvara now very cross.

KINVARA
(to Robin)
Have you *quite* finished?

STRIKE
False alarm. Dogs are fine.

40 INT/EXT. LAND ROVER, CHISWELL HOUSE - NIGHT 18 40

Kinvara SLAMS the front door closed. Robin glances back up at the upper windows before she climbs back into the Land Rover. Does a curtain move ever so slightly?

STRIKE
Any idea why she wanted us out?

Robin starts the engine and they drive off.

ROBIN
There was someone else there.
Upstairs. They were moving around.
They tried to hide once they knew I
was still there.

STRIKE
I hope you didn't--

ROBIN
There was a picture up in the
attic. It's the only one that's
been moved up there. I took a photo
of it.

Robin passes Strike her phone.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
1875.

Strike taps in her phone's security code.

Strike takes a long look at the image on her phone screen -- the photo of "Mare Mourning", propped up against the wall.

STRIKE
Is that a piebald?

ROBIN
Seriously? More horse colours?
(beat)
Piebalds are black-and-white. That
horse is brown-and-white.

Strike takes out his notebook and flicks back through the pages. Scans the page that he has marked Henry Drummond.

STRIKE

I think I know who killed Chiswell.
But we need to be sure. If we get
it wrong they'll have time to fix
their story.

41 EXT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - DAY 19 41

Robin and Strike enter the building from the street.

42 INT. SARAH SHADLOCK'S OFFICE, CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE 42
- DAY 19

SARAH SHADLOCK opens her door -- and is surprised to find Robin and Strike standing next to a CHRISTIE'S ASSISTANT.

ROBIN

Hello, Sarah.

CHRISTIE'S ASSISTANT

I asked them to wait in reception--

SARAH

It's fine. Um. Come in?

Sarah ushers Robin and Strike in, worrying about a public scene and disconcerted by Strike's presence.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(quietly, to Robin)

Matt's desperate to make things--

ROBIN

Did he give you back your earring?

SARAH

Sorry?

ROBIN

The one you left for me. By my bed.

SARAH

I don't, um--

ROBIN

I don't care. You and Matthew can
have each other now. We don't have
to pretend to like each other. I'm
here for work.

The affair is news to Strike, but he barely betrays it.

Robin places the photo that she took at Chiswell House on Sarah's desk.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You work in Old Masters, don't you?

Sarah examines the image.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
We think this painting might be worth quite a lot of money.

43 INT. OFFICE, NHS PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY 19

43

Billy sits with Strike and Robin. Dr Muhammad is visible through the glass window of the door, waiting.

ROBIN
It's good to see you, Billy. How are you feeling?

BILLY
Mmmn. Okay. I'm taking everything and... I just feel more calm.
(beat)
I don't know about seeing people.

STRIKE
I'm not going to ask you a lot of questions today. There's just one photo I'd like you to take a look at. Could you do that for me?

Strike shows Billy a photo. Billy stares hard at it...

STRIKE (CONT'D)
I know it's not the best photo--

BILLY
No, it's her.
(beat)
That's who I saw.

Billy's eyes fill with tears.

BILLY (CONT'D)
How did you--?

STRIKE
I have some good news. She was strangled, but she didn't die. And she wasn't what you saw buried. That was something else.

BILLY
She didn't die?

ROBIN

They lived.

STRIKE

We need to see some people about the case. But if it's okay, we'd like to come back and see you another time. To explain things.

Billy nods, grateful.

44 INT. UPPER BEDROOM, EBURY STREET TOWNHOUSE - DAY 19 44

Kinvara is with an ESTATE AGENT, who is valuing the property.

KINVARA

This room gets morning light. Put that in the particulars.

From downstairs the DOORBELL RINGS.

45 INT. FRONT RECEPTION, EBURY STREET TOWNHOUSE - DAY 19 45

Kinvara sits opposite Strike and Robin.

ROBIN

Have you ever seen this painting hung at Chiswell House?

Robin hands over printed-out photo of a John Frederick Herring painting. It is of a piebald (black and white) mare standing in a field next to its foal. Kinvara looks at it.

KINVARA

Never seen it before. Definitely not. Why are you showing me..?

STRIKE

This is a painting by John Frederick Herring, which Henry Drummond valued as part of your sale. He mentioned it to me. A piebald mare with her foal.

KINVARA

Well, it isn't ours.

ROBIN

Somebody substituted this painting for "Mare Mourning" at the valuation. An expert has now reviewed a photograph of "Mare Mourning". She thinks it could be a lost Stubbs. Which would make it worth a lot of money.

Kinvara's face... as a quiet devastation dawns.

STRIKE

You really didn't know about any of this, did you?

(beat)

He recognised Mare Mourning's value during one of his visits to the house. I know you think he loves you, but I'm not sure he even likes you. He was going to marry you to get his hands on twenty million quid.

KINVARA

No. No, I don't think--

ROBIN

Did he tell you that he'd uncovered a Stubbs? Or did he leave that bit out when he said killing Jasper was the only way to be together?

STRIKE

Think about why he'd do that.

Kinvara starts crying.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You were planning a new life with him and your horses. He was wondering how long he'd have to stay with you before killing you. Two murders, a few years apart, and then he'd own it legally. You'd have left it to him in your will.

KINVARA

He-- no. I didn't... Oh God.

(beat)

Where is he? Oh God...

46

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY 19

46

Strike and Robin are with McMurran. A jubilant and co-operative mood, the satisfaction of a puzzle solved.

MCMURRAN

The painting's disappeared. He must have it. We haven't got him yet, but we're watching his flat. It won't be long.

STRIKE

Put someone outside Izzy's place as well. She loves him. She'll want to believe him and he's a good liar.

Robin's phone BUZZES. She checks the message. Grimaces and puts it away again.

MCMURRAN

Will you stay to watch Kinvara's interview? It might be helpful.

STRIKE

Happy to.

They stand to follow McMurran out. Robin's phone BUZZES again. She catches Strike's arm to stay him a moment.

ROBIN

I have to take off for a couple of hours.

STRIKE

Everything alright?

ROBIN

It's... Matt wants to meet me.

STRIKE

Ignore him.

ROBIN

I've tried! I blocked his phone but now he's gone and bought one just to... And, well, look.

Robin hands her phone for Strike to read the messages.

STRIKE

(to McMurran)

Can you give us a second?

(reading)

"Robin, you're being a child. I'm at a client's today. If you--"

ROBIN

Further down.

Strike reads on.

STRIKE

(reading, then--)

He's going to tell the papers that you and me were..?

Robin takes her phone back.

ROBIN

He's always thought that about us. It's pathetic, isn't it? I think I just need to... Talk to him...

(opening Maps app)

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

He's with a client over in Little Venice, so... I can be there and back--

STRIKE

I'll come with you.

ROBIN

Thanks, but I really don't think *that'd* help, given...

(beat)

I'll be alright. I've got to see him at some point. We've got a whole divorce to organise.

A gloomy and frustrated Robin heads away down the corridor. Strike reluctantly follows McMurrans in the other direction.

47 EXT. STREET - DAY 19

47

As Robin walks towards the tube station, she pulls the wedding rings off her finger.

48 INT. MCMURRAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 19

48

The same set-up as Jimmy's earlier interview. Strike and McMurrans watch the camera feed for Kinvara's interview. There is not much talking at present -- Kinvara is doubled-over, sobbing, as her SOLICITOR talks quietly to DI Layborn.

MCMURRAN

Any thoughts on where he might go if he needed to lie low for a bit?

STRIKE

There have been a lot of girlfriends. He's good at manipulating women.

MCMURRAN

We've tracked down two of them. A musician and a peer's daughter. But I'm sure you're right, there'll be more out there.

Strike grasps at the thin thread of a memory...

STRIKE

There's another one Izzy mentioned. A girl who owns a houseboat.

MCMURRAN

You don't know where it's moored, do you?

An unpleasant thought crosses Strike's mind. He takes out his phone. Dials a number.

ACCOUNTANCY RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
(on phone filtered)
Overton Hinks. How can I help?

STRIKE
(on phone)
Is Matthew Cunliffe at his desk,
please?

49 EXT. TOWPATH, LITTLE VENICE - DAY 19

49

Robin walks down the quiet towpath, following signs to a cafe. Her phone RINGS. She glances at the screen -- it's Cormoran. She picks up, ready to reassure him--

ROBIN
I'll honestly be--

STRIKE
It's not Matt! Robin don't--

--and then a figure steps from behind overgrown shrubbery and smashes a fist into Robin's stomach, knocking her phone CLATTERING to the pavement. Robin keels over, unable to breathe. Raff picks up her phone and kills the call.

Raff drags Robin to her feet. She starts to struggle -- until Raff produces his father's revolver and grinds it into the skin beneath her chin.

RAFF
Don't. Just don't.

Raff marches her at gunpoint up a gang plank onto a houseboat moored there.

He viciously shoves Robin inside the houseboat's cabin.

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY 19 (CONTINUOUS)

51

Raff jumps down after Robin, closing and bolting the wooden hatch doors behind him.

Lying sprawled on the floor where she has fallen, Robin finally manages to get some air back into her lungs.

Raff stands over her and points the barrel to her temples, one of his shoes pinning her chest down.

RAFF

When a guest says that they need to take a quick piss, it's fucking bad manners if they go off wandering around your house instead. Now, what's your passcode?

Raff takes Robin's phone out of his pocket.

ROBIN

1875.

Raff taps it in. He goes straight to her photos and finds the shots of "Mare Mourning" in the attic. He deletes them all, then drops her phone out of the window, into the canal.

RAFF

The family had that hanging in a damp spare room for twenty years. Never looked twice at it, until Kinvara took a liking to it and stuck it over the fireplace.

ROBIN

It's a Stubbs, isn't it?

Raff looks surprised. But then shrugs it off.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You should give yourself up, Raff.

RAFF

No thanks.

ROBIN

What do you think the family will do when you try to sell it?

RAFF

Won't matter. It'll be mine by then.

(beat)

I'll say I did drop off the one Dad asked me to. Then it's his word against mine, and he's dead. In a few years time, when Kinvara has a riding accident, I'll find "Mare Mourning" up in the attic and I'll inherit it. A consolation prize for her grieving but still very-eligible husband.

A WAIL of police sirens rises nearby -- Raff tensing -- but then it fades. Raff leans down and presses the barrel into Robin's forehead.

52 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY 19

52

Strike and McMurran ride in the back seat as, blue lights strobing, they speed along the road scanning the canal in Little Venice, a POLICE DRIVER at the wheel.

Strike is on the phone to Izzy.

STRIKE

Anything you can remember about this girl. It's important, Izzy.

IZZY (V.O.)

(on phone, filtered)

She's an artist, I think? The houseboat has a name. It's-- um, oh, come on...

53 INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY 19

53

Robin shakes. Unable to control it.

RAFF

Okay. Here's a deal. Convince me that I'm truly fucked, and I'll let you go, because why make things worse for myself? Maybe I'll shoot myself instead. I'm not spending another day in prison, I promise you that. But... if I think I've got the *slightest chance* of getting out of this, I'll put you overboard after dark. And take my chances.

(beat)

Go on then. Convince me.

Raff eases the hammer off the pistol. Robin nods.

ROBIN

They know about your affair with Kinvara.

RAFF

With what proof?

ROBIN

I think you could seduce anyone if--

RAFF

Don't do flattery. Won't work. What have they actually got?

ROBIN

Kinvara was in the gallery with you that day Drummond got back early. You stayed to take the rap, she went out of the window.

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Henry Drummond thought you were with the assistant again and you let her get sacked for it. You thought you'd got away with it, but your father arrived to talk about his sale. Drummond told him what you'd done. And we think your father spotted Kinvara's Lachesis pills lying on the floor. She dropped them while she was escaping.

(beat)

When Kinvara saw them on his desk, she realised he'd found her out.

RAFF

Everyone knows we hated each other. The whole family will back me up.

ROBIN

We think it was you who tipped off Jimmy about your father selling the gallows. Kinvara told you about it. She told you about the Murape photos. You wanted to put pressure on your father, to make suicide look plausible.

RAFF

Good luck proving that. I used a burner phone with Jimmy. He's got no idea who rang him. He didn't give a shit either. Next?

ROBIN

You know art. You recognised "Mare Mourning" as a Stubbs. Everything you've done has been about getting your hands on it. We told Kinvara that this morning.

(beat)

It broke her heart, Raff. She's started talking to the police.

Raff's confidence slips.

RAFF

No... No, Kinvara thinks I love her. I basically had her repeating it 'They'll say anything to break us' while I screwed her. She won't talk.

(beat)

I think it's a hung jury, Venetia.

Raff pulls the hammer back on the revolver.

ROBIN

There are other things.

54 EXT. TOWPATH, LITTLE VENICE - DAY 19

54

POLICE run along the towpath, looking into houseboats. But they are nowhere near the houseboat Raff has borrowed.

55 INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY 19

55

Robin is now playing for every minute she can, aware that she is running out of road.

ROBIN

The key to Ebury Street.

RAFF

Sorry, but that was *perfect*. I stuck my car under a CCTV camera and borrowed a VW off the girl who owns this place.

(gestures to the houseboat)

Whipped up the motorway, Kinvara goes out for a ride. We met well away from the estate, no witnesses, she trots home and I'm back in London in time for Izzy to come over *bearing tragic news*. I even left my phone at the flat so Kinvara could ring me in front of the cops. "He must be asleep, he's not picking up." It put me in West London when I was still driving down the M40.

(beat)

The key is not going to be a problem. And I think you've run out of things to say, haven't you?

Raff throws a cushion to Robin.

RAFF (CONT'D)

Pop that over your face.

ROBIN

I wasn't talking about how you got the key back to her. I'm talking about when she handed it to you. In Paddington station.

Raff freezes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(lying)

Your face is on CCTV there. A camera caught you on your way out.

Raff's expression turns ugly. He kicks Robin, hard.

RAFF

You can shut your mouth now. Fuck! Fuck!

(beat)

Have you ever been inside a prison? They're animals. They *stink*.

(beat)

I was going to buy a villa in Capri and a nice little pad in London. I was going to be free. No more Chiswells.

ROBIN

I know how Freddie treated you when you were little. He strangled you. He shot your pet pony dead.

RAFF

With me sitting on it at the time. Did you know that? Happy days.

(beat)

You know what might cheer me up, Venetia? I think I'd like to see your head explode.

The wooden hatch doors SHATTER as Strike shoulders his way through them. He collides with Raff, who is knocked further into the boat -- but manages to keep hold of the pistol.

Raff scrambles to his feet. Sees--

POLICE arriving (including McMurran), hurrying down onto the towpath. Strike gets painfully back onto his feet.

Raff puts the gun's barrel under his own chin. A beat.

STRIKE

Go on then. Do it, you cowardly little fuck.

Raff squeezes the trigger -- a METALLIC CLICK.

Strike hobbles forward, swats the gun from Raff's hand, and punches him hard in the face. Raff goes down in agony.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I took the bullets out at Chiswell House.

POLICE climb into the boat behind Strike. Strike turns and helps Robin up off the floor as Raff is cuffed, SCREAMING obscenities in Italian...

56 EXT. TOWPATH - DAY 19 (LATER)

56

Strike and Robin watch as Raff is led away.

STRIKE

How did Raff manage to get Matt's name out of you? Because you should never, ever give a suspect--

ROBIN

Can I have two minutes to enjoy not being dead before you start?

Strike pulls her into a clumsy one-armed hug.

STRIKE

Fair enough.

They watch as two FORENSICS OFFICERS lift "Mare Mourning" out of the houseboat, sunlight gleaming off the lethal white.

FADE TO:

57 EXT. GROUNDS OF PLUSH PRIVATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -
DAY 20

57

(Several days later)

Billy is medicated, and much calmer. Strike, Robin and Izzy Chiswell are also present.

IZZY

Raff's mother liked his hair long.
He always got mistaken for a girl.

BILLY

But I saw them carrying..?

STRIKE

The body in the pink blanket was a pet pony. Freddie shot it. Your dad helped him get rid of it.

(beat)

Freddie's the same person you saw strangling Raphael. That's probably why you made the connection.

BILLY

I swear I thought it was a girl.

STRIKE

You were a bloody good witness,
Billy. For a six-year-old kid you
did very well.

BILLY

(to Izzy)

So it was your two brothers I saw?

Izzy nods, upset.

IZZY

Freddie was just a bit... It was a
difficult time. I know it doesn't
excuse anything.

BILLY

I know a bit how that is. After my
mum died and my dad was drinking...

IZZY

I saw him kick you once. I tried to
say something... I really did...

BILLY

It's not easy, is it, any of it?
People don't know how to live.

(beat)

You putting me up here's been kind.
You didn't have to do nothing for
me.

IZZY

We're going to pay for you to get
long-term treatment. My family owes
you that. Cormoran suggested it and
I just thought, yes, that can be
the one good thing.

BILLY

I don't want to be--

IZZY

You're not. Honestly.

Strike and Robin look at Izzy. She can still scarcely
comprehend the tragedies that have befallen her family.

IZZY (CONT'D)

The papers keep saying, "A lost
Stubbs, what good fortune!"

(beat)

But all of our men are gone. Papa.
Freddie. And Raff too, in a way.
All of them are gone.

Billy rests a hand on Izzy's arm. A quiet, humane attempt to
offer consolation.

58

EXT. CHELSEA EMBANKMENT, LONDON - DAY 20

58

Strike and Robin walk together in the direction of Albert Bridge. The grey Thames ebbing beside them.

STRIKE

D'you ever think about where we're going?

ROBIN

(beat)

I suppose... try and get the bank balance a bit healthier so we're less hand-to-mouth. Then make the agency the best in London.

Strike smiles.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I think we should keep Sam on.

STRIKE

Me too.

Strike slows to a stop, in order to light a cigarette.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

How's the CBT going?

ROBIN

I'm doing my exercises. How's your leg?

STRIKE

Yeah, doing my exercises.

ROBIN

Do you want to come for a curry with me, Nick and Isla later?

STRIKE

Sounds good. Count me in.

(indicating a turn)

Well, this is me. Meeting Mr Harris. Could be a nice job.

ROBIN

I've got to go to Finsbury Park. Sam's babysitter fell through so I said I'd take over on surveillance.

They pause, facing each other. They are standing in front of a grand, river-facing mansion, whose front doors are decorated with a pair of swans.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'll see you tonight then.

STRIKE

I'll bring beer.

ROBIN

I know.

A beat, and then they part. Each concealing from the other a small smile that spreads.

Robin's phone RINGS in her pocket. She glances at the screen: *OFFICE (ACTIVE DIVERT)*. Contented, she picks up:

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Strike agency, Robin Ellacott speaking. How can we help?

THE END.