

1 EXT. LONDON - NIGHT 0

1

A freezing London night.

A car boot. A man stood over it, camera in hand.

Starts to click through a succession of photos. All of the same beautiful, mixed-race young woman, taken over the course of the last 24 hours in different parts of London.

The man walks over to join a bunch of paps who are already standing outside a restaurant. The windows are steamed up and mischievous fingers are writing on the steam little messages and rude pictures to the watchers outside.

2 INT. FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 0

2

...the window "artists" are among a bunch of laughing people from a crowded table full of fashionistas and bright young things drinking cocktails. At a table is the woman from the photos. LULA LANDRY is with some friends from the industry, two of whom we will later know as GUY SOMÉ and CIARA PORTER.

Lula sucks the negroni from a slice of orange and tosses it back into her glass.

She checks the time on her phone, throws it into her handbag, kisses her friend Ciara, gets up and heads towards the exit.

3 EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 0

3

Lula leaving, the paps immediately surge towards her with questions like *where you going, Lula, getting ready for Deeby Macc, Lula, where's Evan Lula*.

This is entirely routine for her and she waves them away good-naturedly as she makes short journey to a waiting car.

LULA

It's freezing. Haven't you boys got homes to go to?

Yeah wanna come with me, gonna warm me up, be round your gaff later etc.

Mood is neither particularly frenzied or hostile this particular evening, it's a daily routine for all parties, and she gets into her car as they snap her and then turn back to the restaurant.

Across the road, unseen by Lula and the paps a man stands with a wolf-head on, watching as she is driven away.

4 EXT. OUTSIDE KENTIGERN GARDENS - NIGHT 0 4

Lula's car pulls up and she gets out of it, blows a kiss to the driver, and hurries through the snow towards the block...

5 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LOBBY - NIGHT 0 5

The concierge, a black man called DERRICK WILSON holds the door open for her as she comes in.

DERRICK

Hey, angel, going out again later?

LULA

Nah, Derrick, my black brother's coming tonight...

DERRICK

I know - gonna be a lot of paps out there later on waiting for him...

She pauses momentarily as if maybe about to correct some misconception but then just laughs and waves and heads to the lift.

A couple are waiting for it too. FREDDIE and TANSY BESTIGUI.

FREDDIE

Hi, Lula. Off to Paris next week?

LULA

Dunno.

(more friendly to Tansy)

Hey, Tansy! Nice dress.

Tansy smiles. The lift doors open. Lula lets Freddie and Tansy get in. He shuffles so she can join them.

LULA (CONT'D)

Actually I'll take the stairs.

She lets the lift doors shut and pulls a face of disapprobation as they vanish.

6 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - NIGHT 0 6

Lula comes in to her home. The luxury flat is a playground for Lula and her friends. Huge TV on the wall, decks, large vinyl collection, esoteric artifacts and expensive toys scattered around.

On the wall is a blow-up photo of Lula and her friend Ciara in a fashion shoot. They are wearing angelic wings. It is Lula who really holds and dominates the shot.

It has been dedicated and autographed.

For cuckoo

And it is signed with just a surname. *Somé*.

Lula uses her phone to put some music on, picks up a bottle of vodka from beside a tiny toy monkey with a pair of cymbals, and takes a huge swig...

She crosses to the sofa. Starts to undress even as she furiously sorts through the heap of clothes on it, trying and discarding outfits as she goes.

Her phone rings. She looks at Caller ID. Answers it angrily.

LULA

I'm not seeing you. Yeah so what,
you can freeze for all I care. Just
leave me alone.

She tosses the mobile across the room so violently that it falls to the ground off the other side.

But Lula doesn't care about smartphones, she gets them given to her.

Starts pulling more clothes and discarding them even more agitatedly.

JUMP CUT TO:

7 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 0 7

Lula now in a very simple t-shirt and jeans. She looks even more beautiful than she did in her designer outfit.

She smiles at herself in the mirror.

YES.

Lula is ready.

8 OMITTED 8

8A INT. CAR - NIGHT 0 8A

A man sitting in his car - we'll know him as ERIC WARDLE. He's a cop. His radio goes.

WARDLE

Wardle.

He listens to the request, then fires the engine.

8B

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - NIGHT 0

8B

We track back through her flat and some of the stuff we have seen - the toy monkey, the bottle of vodka, the dress she was wearing tossed lightly aside.

The door to the balcony is open.

8C

EXT. KENTIGERN GARDENS - NIGHT 0

8C

We track slowly down from the open balcony to a scene below where...

9

EXT. OUTSIDE KENTIGERN GARDENS - NIGHT 0

9

Eric Wardle is arriving amidst SOCO teams setting up scene of crime. He shows his warrant card to a uniform.

A woman (Tansy Bestigui) in what appears to be a camisole or slip is standing shaking with cold/distress under a red and gold towel. Derrick on scene too.

And the click click of a camera shutter only this time it is a police photographer and not a paparazzi.

Lula Landry's broken body lies dead in the snow as she faces her final photo shoot.

Titles

10 INT. TUBE - DAY 1 10

ROBIN ELLACOTT is sitting on the tube reading a novel on her Kindle. From time to time as she swipes a page she stops reading to look at an engagement ring on her finger. A sapphire with two diamond escorts.

It's new and she loves it.

The tube pulls into Leicester Square and she jumps up. We just keep sight of her pale face moving through the crowds of a London rush hour.

11 EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE TUBE - DAY 1 11

Robin in among the London crowds.

12 EXT. STREET CENTRAL LONDON - DAY 1 12

Robin is walking up Charing Cross Road and then down Denmark Street. Past the guitar shops, past some flyers protesting corporate redevelopment, to the place where the 12-bar used to be.

Stops at an entrance and then goes in.

13 INT. DENMARK STREET, OFFICE STAIRWAY - DAY 1 13

Robin passes a doorway belonging to a graphic designer. His eyes follow her figure appreciatively up the stairs as she passes.

As she approaches the top of the stairs, a door opens on the landing above her and a voice shot through with malicious rage can be heard.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
You will regret this forever.

And she slams the door shut behind her. She comes down the stairs and *just for a moment the eyes of the two women meet as they block each other's way.*

CHARLOTTE is very beautiful and looks at Robin with glittering disdain.

Robin - half amused, half irritated - gestures for Charlotte to pass her and she does so without a word of thanks, passing swiftly down the stairs.

Robin continues on her way and arrives at the top landing.

Outside the door there is a sign that reads

C.B STRIKE: PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

And a buzzer.

Her hand reaches for the buzzer when the door flies open and a dark mass roaring with incoherent rage smashes into her knocking her back towards the stairs...

If she falls back down them, she will do herself some very serious damage.

...but then in the nick of time a hand reaches out and grabs a mixture of jumper and bra strap and hauls her back from this potentially lethal fate...

14

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

14

A very basic office with a computer on a desk.

Robin is on a chair recovering from her impact with the man who is now studying her as she rather awkwardly adjusts her undergarments. Strike we notice is also bleeding slightly from his mouth.

STRIKE

You OK now?

She nods, still a bit dazed and looks around her. There is stuff all over the place. The printer looks like it has been picked up and hurled down. It is in pieces on the floor. A broken mug lies underneath a stain on the wall. Paperwork scattered everywhere and she just has time to see that it is mostly FINAL DEMANDS.

ROBIN

I'm the new temp. From Temporary Solutions.

She takes an envelope from her bag and gives it to him.

He notices the engagement ring immediately.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Agency forms. My details...

Strike exhales. All he needs.

STRIKE

I cancelled that...I'm sure I cancelled...

His face as he realises he didn't.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
How long you here for?

ROBIN
A week to begin with.
(apologetic)
They definitely won't give a refund
so...

He exhales and rolls his eyes in annoyance, goes into his inner office and shuts the door.

She looks around her.

15 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 1

15

Strike dabs blood from his mouth. Underneath his desk is a kit-bag with some hastily packed stuff in it.

FLASH ON: Charlotte blunts his lip with an ashtray.

He sees Robin's silhouette moving around outside the office.

He's desperate for her not to be there and it shows in a small hiss of impatience.

16 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

16

Robin has got the office back to some kind of order as a man (JOHN BRISTOW) comes into the office.

ROBIN
Hello, may I help you?

17 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 1

17

Strike sees that there are now two shadows behind the frosted glass of the door dividing the two offices. He can also hear voices belonging to...

18 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

18

...Bristow explaining himself with Robin

BRISTOW
My name is John Bristow. I would like to see Mr Strike if possible.

ROBIN
Take a seat for a moment, Mr Bristow, and I'll just see if he's finished his conference call...

19 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 1

19

Door opens and Robin comes in.

ROBIN

New client. Mr John Bristow.
Doesn't have an appointment but he
says he knows you.

Strike tosses the bloody tissue he has been holding to his
lip into the bin.

STRIKE

I don't know a John Bristow.

ROBIN

OK well he says he does.

Beat.

STRIKE

Two minutes. And make sure you shut
the door.

She exits. He grabs a crumpled shirt out of the bag and
quickly changes. He wipes his face with the old one. He takes
a tube of toothpaste and squirts some in his mouth.

20 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

20

Robin with Bristow.

ROBIN

Would you like something to drink?

BRISTOW

White coffee no sugar thank you.

Robin goes over to the fridge. There is a battered tray, one
chipped mug with a small rain forest growing in it, a
teaspoon caked in old coffee sticky like marmite and not much
else.

ROBIN

(to herself)

Okaay.

21 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 1

21

Strike now a little more presentable as Robin shows Bristow
in. He comes over and offers his hand. Strike takes it,
regarding him carefully, obviously trying to work out how he
knows him.

BRISTOW

Charley's brother. Your friend
Charley Bristow from...

Strike's face changes.

STRIKE

John. It's been...take a seat.

Bristow sits down.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

How's your mother? After Charley's
accident I never really...

BRISTOW

Not so good I'm afraid. She has
Stage Four cancer which has spread
to the lymph nodes...

STRIKE

I'm sorry to hear that. She was
always very kind to me.

BRISTOW

I've moved back in to care for her
in these last months.

Strike nods sympathetically.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Charley never wanted to let me play
football with you guys remember?

From Strike's expression he clearly doesn't.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

And you always said: "oh let him
tag along, he can be ball boy". I
remembered that when I saw your
name. Not so many Cormoran Strikes
around!

Strike smiles in polite assent and takes out a small pad and
a pen.

STRIKE

So how can I help you, John?

BRISTOW

It's about my sister.

Strike looks at him with a slight frown. Sister?

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Of course; you wouldn't have met.
Mum and dad adopted again about a
year after Charley's death...

Robin comes in with a tray. It has a plate of biscuits, a cafetiere, a sugar bowl and a little jug of milk on the side. Strike surprised and a bit impressed. Bristow continues talking.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

My sister used our mother's maiden name in her professional career.

(beat)

The world knew her as Lula Landry.

Robin pauses, tiny reaction. Strike glances at her, aware of the impact this must cause. But she carries on.

ROBIN

There we go...

STRIKE

Thanks, Sandra.

She smiles. Strike turns back to Bristow.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

The Lula Landry?

Bristow takes some photos from his file. A kind of before and after.

Lula snapped leaving the bar.

Lula's broken body lying at the foot of her apartment block wearing the clothes we saw her change into.

BRISTOW

I was with her earlier that day to discuss contracts. She was excited and happy about the forthcoming Morocco shoot.

(beat)

The inquest verdict was suicide.
But I think she was murdered.

Robin leaving the inner office also hears this before her attention is drawn to the phone ringing on her desk. She shuts the door behind her.

Robin goes to her desk and answers the ringing phone.

ROBIN

Cormoran Strike's office? I'm afraid he's with a client at the moment. Of course. Who shall I say called?

She finds a pen on desk. Tries to write. It doesn't work. Grabs her bag and finds a pen and writes on the back of a bill MR GILLESPIE. Pauses. Then COURT PROCEEDINGS.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'll make sure he calls you just as soon as he's free...OK I'll certainly tell...

Looks at the phone, the caller has clearly hung off.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

...him that.

23

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 1

23

Strike pushes the plate of biscuits over to Bristow who declines shaking his head, Strike paws a couple of them.

Bristow puts a file on the desk between them.

BRISTOW

It's all set out in here. My own analysis plus a lot of the police evidence I obtained during the inquest.

STRIKE

An inquest that returned a verdict of suicide.

BRISTOW

Because the coroner couldn't see past a girl who had a poor history of mental health.

STRIKE

To be fair, they can only consider the evidence they have.

Bristow takes two CCTV footage stills from the folder. The figure in it appears to be black and is wearing a hoodie, his facial features very indistinct.

Strike looks at him. Who's this?

BRISTOW

Chap they picked up on CCTV but have never traced. He was outside watching the flat. Looks like a black fellow not that...you know..

Strike waves a hand, of course not...

STRIKE

We haven't got the actual footage?

BRISTOW

No just these stills. My priority
is to find out who he is.

Strike continues to look at the stills while Bristow takes
something out of his pocket. It's an envelope.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Review the information in my file.
Ask some questions. Then we can
discuss your involvement again.

Waves the envelope slightly.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

It's £1,000 just to do that.

Strike's face. *It would solve so many problems.*

Bristow fixes Strike with earnest gaze.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Even if it's just to put our minds
at rest while mum's still alive, to
stop this terrible anxiety that
justice has not been done.

(beat)

You're exactly the right person.
Please don't say no. Please just
consider it.

24

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

24

Bristow comes out of the office. He nods to Robin. Turns back
to Strike following him.

BRISTOW

We'll speak later.

He exits. Strike looks at Robin.

STRIKE

Thanks for sorting the coffee,
Sandra.

ROBIN

That's OK. Why do you keep calling
me Sandra?

STRIKE

It isn't your name?

ROBIN

No.

Oh. He thinks.

STRIKE

The last girl was called Sandra...

She regards him with a half-amused steadiness that he both picks up on and responds to.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But I accept that's not a brilliant reason for calling you by the same name.

ROBIN

Works better with hamsters.

(beat)

I'm Robin. Robin Ellacott.

He nods as he puts his jacket on.

STRIKE

Popping out for a bit.

ROBIN

Where shall I say you are if anybody important calls?

STRIKE

Down the boozier.

He half-smiles at her frown.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Don't worry they won't.

ROBIN

Anything in particular you'd like me to do?

STRIKE

Look up Landry, May and Patterson and print off their partner biogs. Also dig up anything you can on Lula Landry's family background. Computer password's Hatherill23

About to exit when...

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for nearly killing you earlier, Robin.

ROBIN

That's all right.

And he's gone. She shakes her head slightly and smiles. Something about Strike and her that clicks in spite of the circumstances.

25 EXT. DENMARK STREET - DAY 1

25

Strike coming out of his office. A young girl standing in a doorway patting her pockets. CATH.

CATH

Hiya, Corm, gotta light?

He pauses to lend her his lighter.

CATH (CONT'D)

That a new girl in your office?

Strike nods.

CATH (CONT'D)

She came down to borrow our coffee stuff. Roger was all over her like a cheap suit.

STRIKE

Tell Roger she has a massive engagement ring.

CATH

Yeah 'cos that'll stop him trying.

(beat)

What happened to your...

Points to her mouth.

STRIKE

Got smacked with an ashtray.

CATH

Ouch.

STRIKE

Yeah.

He waves and walks off.

25A EXT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - DAY 1

25A

Strike walks into the pub...

26 INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - DAY 1

26

Strike is sitting with a pint and a packet of crisps also reading the file that Bristow gave him. Notebook with him.

He's running a finger down a chronology of Lula's last day.

Some photos from the tabloids of the pictures we saw on the pap's camera at the beginning, Lula coming and going.

There's also a neatly drawn map of Lula's apartment block. Three floors with the top marked LULA, the one below marked EMPTY (Deeby Macc), and the one below marked BESTIGUI.

He shuts the folder, Takes out his phone and dials.

STRIKE

Anstis? I'm all right, mate. You?

(beat)

Who was the investigating officer
on the Lula Landry case?

Writes WARDLE on the edge of the file and hangs up.

It buzzes as soon as he does. A message from Charlotte.

REST OF YOUR STUFF IS IN A VAN

He stares at it. Then gets up and walks out.

27

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

27

Robin pads around like a little cat checking out a new environment. She peers into the inner office, opens a few drawers, looks at some client files. One contains surveillance photos of some ubiquitous cheating couple.

She goes back to her desk, puts the password in, gets the computer running.

Hesitates and then types CORMORAN STRIKE into the search engine.

The search results that come up show a few things instantly.

Lots of image thumbnails showing a rock star with a guitar.

A headline that reads ROCK STAR SON IN HELMAND with a picture of a youthful Strike in an RMP uniform

And another one showing a beautiful woman that reads LAST OF THE SUPERGROUPIES - LEDA STRIKE IN TRAGIC DRUGS DEATH.

Strike's past obviously hugely colourful.

28

EXT. SOHO STREETS - DAY 1

28

Down Old Compton and Brewer Streets with Strike as he makes his way through a Soho he knows so well.

His arrival in Mayfair signalled by cars of greater and greater extravagance, some with diplomatic plates.

29 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

29

On screen: a TV reporter. Behind him on the pavement candles and flowers and young people outside Lula's block of flats.

TV REPORTER

People have been coming all day to pay tribute to Lula Landry who fell to her death last night from one of the flats behind me. Her rock star boyfriend Evan Duffield arrived wearing the wolf mask that has become his trademark protest against the paparazzi...

Shot of a man in a wolf head laying flowers at the scene.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

While fans of the troubled supermodel have been expressing their disbelief and shock...

CUT TO:

A crying young female fan holding a flower.

FAN

She was one of us. We knew she was hurting. She was so young. So beautiful.

Pull back to show Robin watching this clip while emptying a sachet of Miso soup into a mug.

30 EXT. KENTIGERN GARDENS - DAY 1

30

Strike has arrived at his destination. Stands and gazes at the apartment block from which Lula either fell or was pushed.

Then he heads for the entrance.

He stands outside for a moment looking at the buzzers to the flats.

The door suddenly opens and DERRICK WILSON (50s) black man stands in front of him staring at him challengingly.

Yeah?

To be fair Strike looks totally out of place.

STRIKE

Hi, you the concierge?

DERRICK

What do you want?

STRIKE

My name is Cormoran Strike.
Wondered if we could have a quick
chat.

Derrick sucks his teeth.

DERRICK

Even when she's dead you lot don't
give up.

STRIKE

I'm not a journalist.

DERRICK

Well what are you then? You're not
a cop...

STRIKE

I'm not.

(smiles)

Although I was sort of once. Royal
Military Police.

Derrick looks at him: stubbly; out of condition; scruffy;
very un-royal. It is clear he still doesn't believe him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But now I'm a private
investigator...

DERRICK

Oh right. Hacking phones for a
living...

STRIKE

No.

DERRICK

Dishonourable discharge was it?

STRIKE

Medical.

Derrick stares at him for a second as if trying to work out
if he is lying and where he has been injured.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

(calm)

Leg.

Derrick's eyes move to Strike's lower half.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Wanna see?

He bends and his hand moves to his trouser leg as if to pull
it up. Derrick blinks.

DERRICK

No.

Beat.

STRIKE

Sure? It's no skin off my...

DERRICK

Don't. It's all right. I believe you.

Strike stands up again.

STRIKE

I've been hired by Lula's family to investigate the efficiency of the police investigation.

DERRICK

I'm sorry, mate, there's just been so many...they're unbelievable, stop at nothing...

Strike takes out a pack of fags, offers one to Derrick who declines.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Been three years.

STRIKE

Stick to your guns.

DERRICK

Blow some my direction though.

Strike smiles.

STRIKE

Were you working the night she died?

DERRICK

(almost proudly)
First one to the body.

STRIKE

What happened?

DERRICK

I was on the desk. Mrs Bestigui - she's on the first floor - ran down screaming. Somebody had just fallen past their window. I went outside and there was Lula.

(shakes head)
Horrible.

STRIKE

So you called the police.

But Derrick shakes his head.

DERRICK

I went straight up to Lula's flat.

STRIKE

Why did you do that?

DERRICK

'Cos of what Mrs Bestigui was saying. She thought there was somebody in there, said that she'd heard shouting.

STRIKE

But there was nobody...

Derrick shakes his head again.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You'd know if anybody had gone up presumably?

Tiny beat. Which Strike notices instantly.

DERRICK

Yeah.

Strike knows better than to push. At this point anyway, a car arrives. The driver we will know as NICO KOLOVAS-JONES. The passengers who get out are FREDDIE AND TANSY BESTIGUI whom we saw getting into the lift.

FREDDIE

Ah good, Dennis, I need to show you that lift door, come inside with me would you...

Tansy murmurs something inaudible to him. It's Derrick.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Derrick sorry.

Strike glances at them taking a quick snapshot.

DERRICK

Certainly, Mr Bestigui.

Strike glances at Tansy. So this is the witness...

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(to Strike)

Talk to Nico...he was Lula's favourite driver. Yo, Nico!

He signals for Nico to wait for Strike.

STRIKE

Speak later, I'll buy you a beer.

DERRICK

(grins ruefully)

Better let me buy you one.

31 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 1

31

Robin leaving the office as a delivery man comes in carrying two boxes.

He dumps them heavily.

ROBIN

Careful...

DELIVERY MAN

On a double yell, love.

He's gone. Robin peers at the boxes. They're taped up with Strike's name scrawled on them.

All Strike's worldly goods. One of the boxes hasn't been taped so well and is opening. Robin pulls at the tape a little so she can see what is inside at the top of a box.

A deflated football. Also some creams, ointments and pull socks.

She pushes the tape down firmly again.

32-33 OMITTED

32-33

34 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KENTIGERN GARDENS - DAY 1

34

Strike with Nico.

NICO

Yeah I drove Lula a couple places that day.

Strike pulls out little pad and pen. Shows it to Nico.

STRIKE

Mind if I...helps me keep track of names and places and stuff.

Nico nods but then his phone bleeps. He checks it.

NICO

I gotta pick up in Greek Street.

STRIKE

That's where I'm going. Half a fare?

NICO

You're OK, hop in...

35

I/E. NICO'S CAR/STREET - DAY 1

35

Nico driving through busy West End traffic. He's a buzzy, nervy, fidgety guy, talking a lot like he might be on coke, giving occasional sniffs and nose wipes. Strike has pad and pen in hand.

NICO

Lula was a good girl, we had a lot in common.

STRIKE

Such as...

NICO

Well both mixed race for one thing. My dad's a Cypriot from Swansea and my mum's a West Indian Scouser.

STRIKE

Must have been a nice quiet wedding.

Nico grins.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Where did you drive her that day?

NICO

OK, so first off we went to Vashti...

STRIKE

Vashti...?

NICO

Clothes shop in Conduit Street. They was in there for a bit and then I took 'em back to Lula's.

STRIKE

They?

NICO

She met a mate in there.
(slightly contemptuous)
Rochelle.

STRIKE

Another model?

Nico laughs.

NICO

Lula met her in the nuthouse. I used to pick her up from her hostel and bring her out to play.

Strike writes the word ROCHELLE in his notepad and underlines it. Then: HOSTEL?

STRIKE

Remember what they talked about?

NICO

Like what?

STRIKE

Like anything.

NICO

They was looking at something for a bit. Some piece of paper.

STRIKE

You don't know what it was?

NICO

All I remember is Lula laughing and saying it was gonna piss people off big time.

STRIKE

That was the last time you saw her?

NICO

No, later I took her to the restaurant opening.

STRIKE

But you didn't bring her home again?

NICO

Nah, think that was one of the Polish boys 'cos I was sent to the airport to get Deeby Macc which to be honest I didn't mind 'cos I like his stuff even if he did have the proper horn for Lula.

Strike writes down: Deeby Macc???

NICO (CONT'D)

You might wanna get out here 'cos it's chocka all the way up...

He pulls over.

NICO (CONT'D)

Lula was all right you know, she
had a big heart.

(beat)

Lived in a world that was really
fucking hard though.

36 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER/OUTER OFFICE - EVENING 1 36

Robin puts the last of the boxes in Strike's inner office.
Then she shuts down the computer and finds her bag and coat.Takes one last look around the strange office that she has
ended up in, switches off the light and heads home.

37 EXT. OXFORD STREET, SHOP - NIGHT 1 37

Strike is exiting a Mountain Warehouse type store. He's got a
camp-bed and sleeping bag in bags while he makes a call on
his mobile.

STRIKE

Anstis? Any joy with the Lula
Landry investigator, mate? DI
Wardle was it?

Strike continues down the street with his purchases.

JUMP CUT TO:

38 OMITTED 38

39 EXT. DENMARK STREET - NIGHT 1 39

Strike tramps back towards the office, his leg in pain.

40 INT. DENMARK STREET, STAIRWAY - NIGHT 1 40

Strike struggling on the stairs as carries his new
bed/sleeping bag, as well as a takeaway and a few cans of
beer.

41 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 1 41

Robin is swiping through different photos of Lula Landry on
an I-Pad. A handsome man in a suit taking off his tie comes
in to the room. It is her fiancé MATTHEW.

MATTHEW

How'd it go today then?

ROBIN

When I arrived the boss had
obviously been in a massive fight
with some woman...

MATTHEW

What woman?

ROBIN

Dunno but she's clearly lamped him
and the office is all smashed up.
And he doesn't want me there at
all...

MATTHEW

Not really surprising...

ROBIN

...and then he buggers off to the
pub leaving me on my own with this
really rude guy phoning every half
an hour demanding money.

MATTHEW

So it's just him then?

She's still idly flicking images as they speak. Lula on red
carpets, Lula outside nightclubs, Lula messing about with
friends.

ROBIN

(nods)

He's a private detective.

Matthew snorts. She looks at him. What?

MATTHEW

Private detective. 'Sbit...Roger
Rabbit.

But she frowns.

ROBIN

It isn't actually, it's...
...his dad is Jonny Rokeby.

MATTHEW

(impressed to the point of
scepticism)

What...as in the Deadbeats Jonny
Rokeby?

She nods.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Then how come he owes money?

ROBIN

From what I read online they don't have a relationship.

MATTHEW

Still though, if my dad was Jonny Rokeby we wouldn't be living in West Ealing.

He peers at the screen where she's paused at Evan Duffield in his wolf head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at pictures of that idiot?

She either doesn't hear or doesn't want to hear this question because she takes professional discretion seriously even with her fiancé. Flicks to another picture of Lula standing with an impish black man we will later know as GUY SOMÉ.

ROBIN

(murmurs)

She was so young and beautiful.

MATTHEW

Girls always get other girls wrong. You're miles fitter. She's way too skinny.

He pats her reassuringly on the shoulder and wanders off pleased with this spontaneous gallantry and oblivious to her tiny frown at the kind of "compliment" you should probably never pay a woman.

42

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 1

42

Strike comes in, straining with the various bags.

Stops when he sees what has arrived.

He goes over to inspect them. Pulls back the top of one and takes out an old red cap.

Then a Birthday Invitation to *Jack's 7th birthday party*. Strike shuts his eyes and groans to himself.

Also in the box is a small TV.

In spite of what has obviously been a stressful day to say the least, Strike is resilient and neither maudlin nor self-pitying by nature.

He puts the TV on and gets to work on the camp-bed.

43 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 1 43

Robin in bed. Still on her I-Pad. Matthew gets into bed and takes her I-Pad and chuck's it onto a pile of clothes.

ROBIN

Matt!

MATTHEW

They destroy intimacy.

And she's laughing as he pulls her to him.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And communication...

She shuts her eyes as his hands move under her t-shirt. Interrupting her like this will be bloody annoying in the future but for now these two appear to be an enviably happy and healthy engaged couple....

44 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 1 44

Strike is lying on the camp bed, couple of beers to the good, takeaway dinner finished, watching TV.

STRIKE

Come on, Wenger, seventy minutes,
time for a substitution...

Winces as he shifts.

Then he fumbles with his trousers, undoes his belt and slides them off.

And now we finally see what Derrick didn't...

Strike carefully removes his artificial limb and puts it on the floor beside the camp bed.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

'Night.

Shuts his eyes as the TV images flicker in the darkening room.

45 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 2 45

The sound of a mobile phone ringing. Strike's eyes only half-open as he tries to find the phone in the tangle of his sleeping bag.

STRIKE

(sleepy)

Yeah.

WARDLE (V.O.)
Mystic Bob?

STRIKE
What? Oh you've been speaking to Anstis. Is that...

WARDLE (V.O.)
DI Eric Wardle. Just come off shift, you can have half an hour if you get your arse in gear...

46 INT. ITALIAN CAFE - DAY 2

46

The pair of shoes under the table belong to DI ERIC WARDLE. He and Strike are drinking tea and eating bacon rolls.

WARDLE
So you think Lula Landry was murdered and we messed up the investigation?

STRIKE
No that's not actually...

Wardle is one of those orators, however, who is indifferent to the actual opinions of his interlocutor when the opportunity arises for a rhetorical flourish. Holds up a condescending hand.

WARDLE
I'm gonna tell you why you're wrong in under a minute.

Strike a bit amused, a bit irritated. Go on then.

WARDLE (CONT'D)
Lula Landry was marked up as a high suicide risk by the shrinks. That proves nothing but it's a decent indicator. Means and opportunity - a killer didn't have 'em because they would have been seen by the doorman, especially if it was that twat of a boyfriend who was very well known with or without his wolf head. Would I like to throw Evan Duffield's silly arse in the 'ville? Course I would. Has he got a cast-iron alibi? Yes he has. So maybe it was the doorman himself then? No because there would have been forensics and anyway he was downstairs when that cokehead MILF arrives screaming in the lobby and plus he just didn't do it, call it copper's instinct.
(MORE)

WARDLE (CONT'D)

Somebody else from the building maybe? Freddie B's on a conference call to LA discussing his latest movie and has four Shermans backing him up on that, Deeby Macc hasn't even arrived yet 'cos he's poppin' Cristal with his shorties in the back of a double R Discovery.

Checks his watch with a smug 'QED' smile, a big wedding ring on his finger. *Imagine being MARRIED to this dickhead.* Strike persists with mild-mannered courtesy.

STRIKE

The doorman says Tansy Bestigui...

WARDLE

...but she then reverted to the FACTS after a couple of on-point questions from yours fucking truly.

Takes a big self-satisfied bite of his bacon roll. Strike waits for him to swallow.

WARDLE (CONT'D)

It was snowing, the windows were shut, the flats are all sound-proofed and Tansy was off her tits.

(beat)

Such as they are.

He pushes his plate away with his bacon roll unfinished and gets up.

WARDLE (CONT'D)

There is literally nothing to see here. Lula Landry topped herself. Take whatever that arseache brother's already given you and count yourself lucky.

STRIKE

(cool)

I'll give that some thought.

WARDLE

Good, 'cos try and mug me off, pal, and I'll have your investigator's licence.

(grins)

We can close you down like a nightclub remember.

He's gone. Strike looks at the bacon roll he has left unfinished, shrugs, picks it up and tucks in.

47 EXT. BLOOMSBURY STREET - DAY 2

47

Strike is walking through the university area, beneath the almost Soviet-style facade of Senate House until he arrives at ULU.

48 EXT. STUDENT UNION BUILDING - DAY 2

48

Strike trots confidently towards reception with a store loyalty card in a big paw.

49 INT. STUDENT UNION BUILDING, SHOWERS - DAY 2

49

Strike under the running water, his leg propped by the side of the cubicle. He washes and dries himself before reattaching his leg and dressing within the cubicle.

And all the time he is thinking.

50-51 OMITTED

50-51

51A EXT. STREET CENTRAL LONDON - DAY 2

51A

Strike walking back to Denmark Street.

52 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 2

52

Robin at her desk looks up as Strike comes in. She's printed off a lot of photos, neatly arranged and organised.

STRIKE

I need you to prepare some terms and conditions for John Bristow and create a client account please.

ROBIN

You're taking the case then?

STRIKE

The woman who first raised the alarm said she heard a fight upstairs. Then she changed her statement.

ROBIN

Why would she do that?

STRIKE

Good question and one DI Wardle seemed all too happy to ignore.

(beat)

I suspect he suffers from acute confirmation bias which means...

ROBIN

...preferring evidence that supports a pre-existing theory and ignoring that which doesn't.

He looks at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I did it at university.

STRIKE

You've got a degree?

ROBIN

No I dropped out.

STRIKE

Oh. Me too.

A moment. Strike looks at the photo pile.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

What's all this?

ROBIN

Last photos of Lula.

He studies a photo of Lula leaving the restaurant. *Critically she is wearing a Guy Somé handbag.*

ROBIN (CONT'D)

And all of these are from the
funeral. That's the family.

An older woman we will later know as Lady Yvette Bristow
leaning on the arm of her brother Tony Landry.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Lady Yvette Bristow with her
brother Tony Landry.

STRIKE

So John and Lula's uncle...

ROBIN

He's also a partner at the law
firm, I've printed off his biog for
you as well.

(here's more...)

Industry people and friends. Guy
Somé the designer with Lula's best
mate Ciara Porter...Evan
Duffield...

ROBIN (CONT'D)
(passes last photo)
This guy here is the big film
producer who lives on the first
floor in Lula's building. Guess
that's his wife.

This time Strike pauses and stares hard at the woman beside Freddie Bestigui.

STRIKE
Tansy.

Robin looks at him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
The witness who changed her story.

52A OMITTED

52A

53 EXT. STREET - DAY 2

53

Strike and Robin are near the flat now.

STRIKE
Ever heard of Deebey Macc?

She looks at him and laughs. Of course.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Well I hadn't...

ROBIN
He had a big thing for Lula Landry.
Wrote a couple of boastful tracks
about how he was gonna take her off
Evan Duffield.

STRIKE
Did she get any say in this?

ROBIN
No obviously it was a matter to be
sorted out between the boys. Why?

STRIKE
He was going to rent one of the
flats under Lula for his UK tour.

They turn into Kentigern Gardens. A million miles from the
lives of so many working Londoners like Robin.

ROBIN
Funny.

He knows immediately what she is talking about.

STRIKE

More arms-dealer than supermodel
right?

She nods, staring up at the balconies.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

That one.

They both stare at it for a moment. The last place Lula Landry stood before her untimely death...

54 EXT. OUTSIDE KENTIGERN GARDENS - DAY 2

54

Robin and Strike at the entrance. Strike puts his finger to the buzzer but before he can do so the door opens automatically.

55 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LOBBY - DAY 2

55

Derrick is behind the counter.

STRIKE

Did John Bristow call you about the
key?

Derrick nods giving Robin a quick appreciative glance.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

This is where you were the night
Lula died?

DERRICK

Yes.

STRIKE

So you saw Lula when she came home
that evening. What was her mood
like?

DERRICK

Normal. She was happy because she
said her black brother was coming.

(laughs)

Don't think brotherly love was what
Deeby Macc had in mind.

STRIKE

Nobody can come in or out without
you seeing though?

DERRICK

No.

STRIKE

People report to you...

DERRICK

I tell them what flat to go to.
Unless Lula's told me not to let
them up.

STRIKE

She do that often?

DERRICK
Coupla times.

STRIKE
Who?

DERRICK
Evan Duffield mostly. Her uncle if they'd had one of their rows.

STRIKE
OK.

56 I/E. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - DAY 2 56

They enter and the mood and atmosphere change immediately.

Dominating everything is a huge photo of Lula and Ciara. They go and look at it. Strike reads the inscription and writes Cuckoo in his notepad.

ROBIN
That picture's famous. It was the Guy Somé shoot.

Strike walks over to a wooden table. There are a few dead flower leaves on it and a ring-mark where a vase once stood.

He starts to take a few photos with his smartphone.

Robin looks at a dress - the one Lula discarded - lying across a coffee table.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Why do you think she changed clothes when she got home?

STRIKE
Comfort?

ROBIN
Funny thing to do if you're about to kill yourself?

But Strike's unimpressed by this.

STRIKE
In the army, I knew a Lieutenant who was the life and soul of his own birthday party but shot himself two hours later.

He lifts the dress and reveals a book: "The Political History of Ghana" an odd note that they both observe in their glance first at it, then at each other.

Then they both look over towards the balcony.

57 OMITTED

57

58 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Strike pulls open the sliding door.

They both go onto the balcony and look down at the same vertiginous drop that Lula last saw.

He palms the balcony door shut so it clicks. Then tries to open it from outside.

He can't so he taps on the window for Derrick to do so.

They come back in. While Strike and Derrick talk, Robin wanders looking at stuff.

STRIKE

You can't hear a single thing from these flats with the door shut.

DERRICK

Nah they could have a Trenchtown sound system downstairs and you'd never know.

STRIKE

What's Tansy Bestigui like?

DERRICK

Better than her husband.

(grins)

Least she remembers my name.

STRIKE

You believed her when she said she thought there was somebody up here with Lula?

DERRICK

(nods)

She was scared.

STRIKE

OK.

(checks his notebook)

What about Rochelle Onifade? Nico said he brought them both back here during the day...

Derrick frowns.

DERRICK

I told Lula 'bout her.

STRIKE

What did you tell her?

DERRICK

She was trash. Only after her
money.

STRIKE

And what did Lula say?

DERRICK

Just laughed and told me not to be
horrible and she didn't care about
money.

STRIKE

Only people who have lots of it
ever say that.

Derrick half-chuckles in agreement.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Do you mind just showing me the
rest of the building?

DERRICK

Just the swimming pool really...

They head out.

59

OMITTED

59

60

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, SWIMMING POOL - DAY 2

60

...Strike, Robin and Derrick enter the pool area.

There is a woman swimming it with an efficient front crawl.
She gets to the end and in one swift movement is out of the
pool and into flip-flops.

Walks back towards them. It's Tansy.

STRIKE

Mrs Bestigui?

She stops.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

My name is Cormoran Strike, I'm an
investigator.

TANSY

A what?

STRIKE

A private investigator.

She makes a small impatient gesture. And?

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'd like to ask you a few questions
about the night of Lula's death.

She starts to walk towards the stacks of towels.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Can you tell me where you were when
Lula fell?

TANSY

In my flat.

STRIKE

With all the windows closed?

TANSY

Yes.

STRIKE

How did you know Lula had fallen?

TANSY

I saw her.

STRIKE

You saw her?

TANSY

That's what I said.

STRIKE

So, you were close to the window. I
mean you must have been to...

TANSY

Yes I was right by the window. I
was looking at the snow.

STRIKE

In your underwear admiring the
snow...

(beat)

Where was your husband?

TANSY

I'm sorry but this really isn't a
great time for this kind of
conversation.

He takes out a card and gives it to her.

STRIKE

Please call my office to fix a
meeting. I just want to ensure I
have all the facts.

TANSY

Who's paying you?

STRIKE

John Bristow, Lula's brother.

She looks at the card and then considers Strike again for a
moment.

TANSY

OK.

(beat)

I'll call you.

61

EXT. STREET CENTRAL LONDON - DAY 2

61

Robin and Strike walking away from Mayfair.

STRIKE

She's lying.

ROBIN

Why?

Shakes his head. Dunno yet.

STRIKE

When you start an investigation
it's like looking in an aquarium
for the first time. You walk around
checking how many fish there are,
what they do when you tap the
glass...

ROBIN

Tansy's the most interesting fish
right now?

STRIKE

And Rochelle. I just need to find
her.

Beat.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

How come you're temping?

She looks at him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You seem very competent.

ROBIN

Thanks.

STRIKE

Would have thought you could pull
down a serious salary as some fat
cat's PA.

He might mean this as a compliment but she frowns a little at
this.

ROBIN

That's not the kind of job I want.

STRIKE

Fair enough.

ROBIN

I've got some interviews next week
for permanent jobs actually.

He glances at her. Then checks his watch and sighs.

STRIKE

Oh God.

She looks at him what?

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You go on. Try and track down some
of the fashion crowd for me -
they're gonna be more difficult to
get access to.

ROBIN

You coming back...

STRIKE

Dunno, I've gotta get a present and
go to a kid's bloody birthday
party.

ROBIN

Sure it won't be that bad.

CUT TO:

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. BUS - DAY 2

63

Strike now on the top of a bus heading out towards Lucy's house reading a free newspaper.

64 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/LUCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

64

Strike walking along to Lucy's house, knocks on the front door outside which there are helium balloons. PARTY TIME!

She opens it - this diminutive good egg who is the life and soul of the school governor meetings - and looks at her brother.

LUCY

Where's Charlotte?

STRIKE

Scotland. Family emergency. One of her relatives choked on a grouse.

LUCY

You two OK?

STRIKE

Never better.

They embrace. These two are actually very fond of each other.

A whole bunch of kids arrive behind her yelling and screaming. Strike takes the plunge and goes inside.

65 OMITTED

65

66 EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY 2

66

A barbecue in full swing. Kids running around in a chaos of noise.

Mums in running gear and orange/pink trainers. The low hum of conversation about the critical difference between good and outstanding, the school fund-raiser, SATs, an odd segue into house prices, then back to the inexhaustible topic of education.

Strike is eating a handful of twiglets while good-naturedly allowing the kids to kick his fake leg which they do with enthusiastic zeal.

KID

Can we kick the real one too?

STRIKE

Long as you don't mind it kicking you back.

Lucy arrives and shoos them away.

LUCY

Leave Uncle Corm's leg alone now.

(to Strike)

My friend Kate over there, she's Ava and Milo's mum? Been dying to meet you.

STRIKE

Wait, the one in lycra talking
about schools...?

Lucy looks and laughs. They're all in lycra talking about
schools.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

One of them already asked me if I'm
really Jonny Rokeyby's son.

LUCY

And?

STRIKE

I said: fucked if I know why don't
you call and ask him.

LUCY

I hope you didn't.

Her face as she realises he probably did.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I phoned the flat in Holland Park
about six times...

STRIKE

Please, Luce...

LUCY

Charlotte's not in Scotland is she?

His phone rings. Saved by the bell. It's Robin. He moves away
to take it.

STRIKE

Robin?

ROBIN (V.O.)

Having a good time?

STRIKE

(looking at Lucy)
Of my life. What's happening?

ROBIN (V.O.)

Tansy Bestigui just called. She'll
meet you tonight. I'll text you the
address.

STRIKE

(startled)

That's surprising. In a good way
obviously.

LUCY
(calls out)
Time for the cake!

67 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET/LUCY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

67

Strike leaving, waving goodbye with a piece of birthday cake wrapped in tissue in his paw.

Lucy at the door.

LUCY
I'm on your case, Stick!

He flees.

68 EXT. SMITH & WOLLENSKY - NIGHT 2

68

Strike arrives at the upmarket restaurant and goes in.

69 INT. SMITH & WOLLENSKY - NIGHT 2

69

Strike approaches the maitre d'.

STRIKE
I'm meeting Tansy Bestigui...

MAITRE D'
This way, Sir.

Strike follows him to a table. Frowns. Tansy has turned from a sporty lady of leisure into a middle-aged man in a smart suit applying tabasco to a plump oyster. TONY LANDRY.

STRIKE
No, this isn't...

TONY LANDRY
My name is Tony Landry. I am Lula and John's uncle. Please sit down.

Strike sits.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)
Coincidentally, our law firm also represents Mr and Mrs Bestigui.
Would you like some oysters?

STRIKE
No thanks, I've just had rather a lot of twiglets.

Landry smiles.

TONY LANDRY

So now. I've been looking you up.
All very interesting. Afghanistan.
Jonny Rokeby. And your mother. Leda
Strike was it? They don't make them
like her any more unfortunately.

Said with slight sneering innuendo. Strike's face motionless.
Not a flicker. Landry slips another oyster into his mouth.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)

And now my delusional nephew has
hired you to cause more pain to the
family.

STRIKE

My aim is to lessen his pain by
providing him with the truth.

Landry picks up and studies the Tabasco bottle in the way
that Shere Khan flicks a claw.

TONY LANDRY

How very laudable. And with no
consideration to your own
advantage...

Strike looks at him and nods slowly. Then he leans over,
picks up an oyster from Landry's plate and knocks it back in
a single gulp.

STRIKE

Cheers, Tansy.

Landry smiles. All right point taken. Then he leans forward.

TONY LANDRY

You are right and the clock is
running...
(beat)
I cannot interfere with my nephew's
madness...

STRIKE

...or love for his sister...

TONY LANDRY

Both might be true. Family is a
complex thing, you of all people
are surely aware of that?

This time Strike blinks. Landry keeps hitting him in a weak
spot. Tony's eyes harden.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)

But I must advise you to stay away
from the Bestiguis.

Signals to the waiter.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)
Delicious thank you. I would like a
bottle of Puligny Montrachet to go
with the halibut but please not too
cold.

To Strike.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)
Nothing worse than a good wine at
the wrong temperature.

Strike regards him levelly.

STRIKE
I'm afraid I take my instructions
from your nephew so...

TONY LANDRY
They say we are all just two
mistakes from being homeless? And I
know that currently my nephew's
money is all that prevents you
displaying that stump for loose
change on Waterloo Bridge.

Dabs his mouth with a napkin.

TONY LANDRY (CONT'D)
Put John's mind at rest, ease his
pain if you like, take your money
and we'll all be happy.

(beat)
Don't be greedy though and take
advantage of his grief by
prolonging this tragedy or I will
tie you up in so many legal knots
you won't be able to get out of bed
in the morning.

A moment. Then Strike rises.

STRIKE
I'll definitely give that some
thought. I'll just give you a
little word of advice.

He leans into Tony Landry, his head lowered like a bull, his
hand just touching his shoulder, his voice dropping into a
slightly hoarse whisper.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
You can insult my financial status,
my disability, anything you like.
(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Mention my mother again though and I'll introduce you to a much worse experience than an overchilled burgundy.

Steps back.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Got it?

Landry nods.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Enjoy the rest of your dinner.

He walks away.

70

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 2

70

Strike comes into the office. He is really shattered by the day of walking.

He starts to remove his leg and leans it up against the desk.

He takes out some pain-killers, cracks open a can of beer and washes about six of them down.

STRIKE

Bollocks.

Looks at his leg.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Why do I always take you off before I remember to have a piss?

The leg doesn't answer this great mystery. He half-rises, grunts with the effort. Then sits down again. Grabs the empty noodle carton and holds it under the desk.

From the next noise we know that he is having a sneaky piss to avoid having to walk to the toilet.

Puts the full noodle carton carefully down under his desk and reaches for Bristow's folder.

Strike studying the file. He's looking at photos of Lula's flat obviously taken straight after the incident. Takes out his phone and clicks on some of the photos he took comparing the two...

His mobile bleeps a message from Charlotte. CALL ME URGENTLY. He switches it off.

71

INT. DENMARK STREET/INNER OFFICE - DAY 3

71

Morning. Strike wakes in his camp-bed. His meagre means starkly apparent...

72

INT. DENMARK STREET/TOILET - DAY 3

72

Strike washes his face clean.

73

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 3

73

Strike is at work making notes on index cards as Robin comes in to his office. Gives him a couple of documents.

ROBIN

The stuff for John Bristow you asked for.

(beat)

Want me to get rid of that...

What? He looks down and to his horror sees the instant noodle carton half full of his piss which luckily she can't. She's already moving towards it.

STRIKE

NO!

(beat)

No. You're not a cleaner.

His anxiety makes him snippy.

She exits. Strike picks up the pot and carries it carefully towards the window.

74

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 3

74

On screen: Lula Landry is fussing over a little white French bulldog.

LULA

*We can call it Beulah. Tell me
you're gonna call it Beulah.*

CIARA (O.S.)

*It's a he, Lules, and I'm not
calling him Beulah.*

Pull back to show Robin watching as Strike comes out of his office putting on a jacket to go out. She gestures to him to come and watch and he comes and stands behind her.

ROBIN

(murmurs)

Ciara Porter has a YouTube channel of video clips she made with Lula and their mates. Ciara's just got a new dog...

STRIKE

With stupid ears...

ROBIN

Expensive ears.

(beat)

They shouldn't breed them flatfaced like that either, poor things suffer from breathing problems...

Strike snorts.

STRIKE

Noses are probably in better shape than most of Lula's mates.

On screen Lula calls to somebody out of shot.

LULA

*Rochelle, tell her, Roch, tell her
she gotta call it Beulah.*

CIARA (O.S.)

(laughing)

It's a HE, you muppet.

A different kind of figure from the two beautiful models comes into shot holding a bottle. Rochelle has cropped hair and tattoos. Lula puts her arm drunkenly around Rochelle in a tight embrace.

LULA

Rochelle, Rochelle. It means Little Rock.

(points to Rochelle's head and straight to camera)

My little rock knows things about me you lot never will...

STRIKE

Pause it there.

Robin freeze-frames on Rochelle. Strike studies her closely.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Where's those funeral pictures you showed me?

Robin produces a folder. They scan quickly through the photos.

ROBIN

Is that her?

Points to a little group of mourners. Rochelle is a small figure among them.

Strike goes into his office and comes back with the two CCTV stills from Bristow's file.

Takes out the CCTV freezeframes and shows them to Robin.

STRIKE

Think that could also be Rochelle?

ROBIN

Dunno, skin tone seems similar but the picture quality... the gender is unclear...

STRIKE

Yup hard to say...

He stares at the different images for a moment.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But it could be right?

Strike now leaving the office. Cath is outside vaping.

CATH

Morning.

STRIKE

Traitor.

She looks at the vape and laughs.

76

INT. AFGHAN CAFE - DAY 3

76

Strike mutters thanks as a waiter sets down a bowl of meatballs in a yoghurty sauce. Strike begins wolfing it down. Bristow comes in and takes a seat.

BRISTOW

Sorry I'm a bit late, couldn't find anywhere to park, had to use the Chinatown car park.

Strike nods finishing chewing.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

I'm so relieved you've agreed to take this on.

Strike hands him some papers.

STRIKE

Here are my terms of business. Daily rate includes money for informants and other incidentals...a few issues and questions.

Bristow studies the page of issues and questions.

BRISTOW

Lula did have a computer but we wiped it and gave it to charity once the police returned it.

STRIKE

Was anything else taken from the flat?

BRISTOW

Tony took mum round there - she wanted to pick up a few personal things even though, strictly, without probate...

STRIKE

Tony Landry your uncle?

BRISTOW

Yes why?

STRIKE

I bumped into him. Or rather he
bumped into me.

Beat.

BRISTOW

Ah.

(little laugh)
Tony's a little...yes...

STRIKE

How do you get on with him?

Bristow knits his fingers anxiously.

BRISTOW

Well he's a senior partner in our
firm so...

STRIKE

What about Lula?

BRISTOW

(cautiously)
They sometimes clashed.

STRIKE

Doorman told me she asked him not
to let Tony up.

BRISTOW

Yes I can believe that.

STRIKE

What did they clash over?

BRISTOW

Evan Duffield mainly. Tony was
anxious that Lula might be letting
him take advantage of her.

(beat)

With good reason.

Strike nods.

STRIKE

Did Lula ever mention anybody
called Rochelle Onifade?

BRISTOW

Rochelle...is she a model?

STRIKE

No.

BRISTOW

Then I'm afraid...no I can't put a face to her. Is she important?

STRIKE

Not sure yet.

JUMP CUT TO:

77 INT. BUS - DAY 3

77

Strike standing, wedged between Londoners of various stripes, as the bus crawls towards Hammersmith. Armed with Bristow's cash, he puts in a call to Gillespie on his mobile.

78 EXT. HOSTEL - DAY 3

78

Strike is walking up to the entrance to a homeless hostel. There's a girl outside smoking. CARIANNE. She looks Strike up and down as if measuring him up.

CARIANNE

Fiver for a hand job.

STRIKE

Don't undersell yourself, you're worth more than that.

She laughs as he heads into the hostel.

JUMP CUT TO:

79 INT. HOSTEL, OFFICE - DAY 3

79

Strike is facing Sarah - the hard-pressed hostel manager.

SARAH

Rochelle's not here any more. She was asked to leave actually.

STRIKE

Any idea where she's gone?

SARAH

No, sorry.

STRIKE

You don't have any contact details?

SARAH

Yes but I can't just give them out to strangers obviously.

Her phone rings and she takes it.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We haven't got any places. You have to be resident in the borough for B and B.

(beat)

Yes it is a disgrace, welcome to London.

She is tired, stressed and fed up with issues beyond her control drinking tea from her KEEP CALM AND BUILD SOCIAL HOUSING mug. Strike looks at her with some sympathy.

STRIKE

OK, thanks, sorry to bother you.

JUMP CUT TO:

80

EXT. HOSTEL - DAY 3

80

Strike is standing outside smoking. He looks at CARIANNE and an idea comes to him. Beckons her over.

STRIKE

Could you do me a big favour?

CARIANNE

No.

STRIKE

Could you do me a big favour for £50?

CARIANNE

Thought you wouldn't be able to resist. You got a car?

STRIKE

Not that kind of favour.

81

INT. HOSTEL, OFFICE - DAY 3

81

Sarah working when a really dreadful ear-piercing scream rings through the hostel. Then another one. She gets up and runs out of the office down the corridor leaving the door open...

...for Strike to come in. He moves quickly over to the filing cabinets. Opens it and flicks through client files to the Os.

Pulls out Rochelle Onifade's file.

There's a contract sheet at the front which he photographs quickly on his phone and returns the file.

Exits the office just as an exasperated Sarah returns with Carianne.

CARIANNE

Might not be a big deal to you, but
I'm proper phobic. It was an
enormous big hairy monster...
(grins at Strike)
...nearly as bad as him.

STRIKE

Everything OK? I heard screaming
outside and came back...

SARAH

A bloody spider in her room.

Goes into the office and slams the door impatiently.

82 OMITTED MOVED INTO SCENE 83.

82

83 INT. BURGER BAR - DAY 3

83

Strike giving Carianne some cash.

STRIKE

Now I want you to call Rochelle and
tell her a friend of Lula's has to
meet her to give her an important
message.

CARIANNE

You ain't gonna hurt her are you?

STRIKE

No.

CARIANNE

Why don't you call?

STRIKE

It'll come better from you. Tell
her Lula said that I needed to
speak to "Little Rock".

Carianne takes the number from him.

JUMP CUT TO:

83A INT. BURGER BAR - DAY 3

83A

Strike is lacking into a burger and chips and reading a
tabloid newspaper.

There is a story on the gossip pages about Evan Duffield who
has been spotted around town with a young American actress.

He looks up and sees somebody come into the burger bar.
Recognises Rochelle Onifade.

STRIKE
Rochelle?

She starts to back away.

ROCHELLE

You ain't no friend of Lula.

STRIKE

Wait...wait...just sit down.

ROCHELLE

Whaddya want with me?

STRIKE

Sit down. I just want to ask you a few questions. I'm not police. OK? I'm really not the police.

Reluctantly she sits. He takes in a few things. An Isabel Marant coat. A Marc Jacobs bag. Prada shades pushed back on head. As well as the marks and scars of her old street self that she cannot fully obliterate.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You want something to eat?

ROCHELLE

Yeah get me a burger and chips.

He goes up to the counter.

STRIKE

(to server)

Burger and chips...

(turns back)

...you want... OH BOLLOCKS.

She's scarpered.

He exits quickly after her.

Strike looking for Rochelle among the stalls and shoppers. He's half-jogging but his leg is making it difficult and he is in agony.

STRIKE

Bastard bastard bastard leg.

He stops and leans on some railings. Kicks one in frustration.

But then sees through the railings that Rochelle is skulking in a corner and calling somebody.

He now moves far more stealthily towards her...

Coming up behind her back he hears...

ROCHELLE

I dunno he said he was a mate. Yeah
well Lula never had any mates who
looked like him so I bounced.

(beat)

'Course not but you need to sort me
out again...

At this point she turns and sees Strike and shrieks.

STRIKE

Rochelle...

ROCHELLE

LEAVE ME ALONE. THIS MAN IS
BOTHERING ME. PLEASE SOMEBODY...

A woman nearby pauses to watch.

STRIKE

Who were you phoning? Who were you
telling about me, Rochelle?

The woman pointedly takes out a mobile phone. Strike clocks
it, gives up and reluctantly lets Rochelle leave.

85

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 3

85

Strike comes back in.

ROBIN

How did it go?

STRIKE

Badly.

He goes into...

86

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 3

86

Sits down and looks at his phone with the information he retrieved from the hostel office. Focuses on Rochelle's date of birth. Then on the name of the referring agency which is a mental health unit.

STRIKE
(calls out)
Robin...

JUMP CUT TO:

87

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER/OUTER OFFICE - DAY 3

87

Strike at his desk. Robin on the phone out of his line of vision although the door's open.

ROBIN
Don't come in while I'm doing it or
I'll be embarrassed.

Sound of phone ringing and then picked up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Yeah it's Rochelle Onifade, I've
lost my appointment card. Whaddya
wanna know that for if it's on my
records?

She sucks her teeth and looks down at a DOB written in front of her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
It's the 13th November 1996. You
want the time as well?

Strike grins.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Two weeks....

Strike rolls his eyes in disappointment.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Can't I...all right all right...

Then Robin improvises quickly.

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Right well can you send me a card
so's I don't forget again? What
address you got for me there...

Strike perks up. This could be even better...

ROBIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...'cos I've been movin' about a
bit since I left you...I can't hear
you...yeah but I was back in the
hostel for a bit...
(angry)
just tell me what's the most
recent...yeah yeah
(address)...that's right...

Puts phone down as Strike comes in. Holds up a piece of paper with the address on it.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
How was that?

STRIKE
Yeah not bad.

She doesn't know this is high praise. He takes the scrap of paper.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
I'll head down there.

ROBIN
You need to do my time sheet in
case you're not back before I
leave.

STRIKE
I'll do it tomorrow.

ROBIN
No it's my last day.

STRIKE
Oh.

He has adapted so easily to her presence that he has forgotten its short term status.

He nods. Great.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Well good luck with your job
hunting.

He takes her time sheet and initials it. She chews her lower lip slightly. He heads for the door.

ROBIN
Mr Strike?

He turns. She is slightly flushed.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
I could come back next week and we
could cut the agency out.

STRIKE
Yeah we could do that I suppose.

She nods. He nods. He exits.

With a small smile on his face.

Strike gets off a bus and heads into a huge estate. It's a bit like the de Beauvoir in Hackney. Right to Buy has kicked in hard and there's an uneasy mixture of gangs, Generation Y private renters, recently arrived immigrants doing multiple jobs.

The yout' dem circling on bikes looking for easily grabbable smartphones. London's cheek by jowl wealth and poverty...

89 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LIFTS - NIGHT 3

89

Strike by the lifts. A couple of passing young men with skinny jeans and beards who probably live in the flat that once might have been given to the hostel occupants. A RESIDENT comes down the stairs.

RESIDENT

Lift's out of order...

Strike rolls his eyes.

90 INT. TOWER BLOCK, STAIRS - NIGHT 3

90

Strike climbing the stairs pauses to touch his aching leg.

STRIKE

You idiot, never bloody learn.

Starts walking again using the hand rail for support.

91 INT. TOWER BLOCK, STAIRS, LANDING - NIGHT 3

91

Strike emerges onto a long landing. At this point we should be slightly anxious, the mood changing significantly from the lobby. The place appears dark and forbidding.

92 INT. TOWER BLOCK, CORRIDOR/FLAT - NIGHT 3

92

Strike walking down to the flat.

He arrives at the door.

Knocks and gets no answer.

Then he looks down at his feet and the gap between the bottom of the door and the floor.

A tiny dribble of water is escaping and growing.

Strike takes out a skeleton key/lock pick.

The Yale gives easily.

As he opens the door he is assailed by thick hot steam that is billowing out now through the small flat.

He goes in.

STRIKE

Rochelle!

Strike runs in through the steam, skids on the water now coming from the still-running tap, stumbles and twists his knee with a howl of pain. Tries to rise but it's agony and he drags himself into the bathroom.

Can only dimly see the bath through the steam.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
ROCHELLE!

He crawls to the bath.

Rochelle's face is under the water.

He barely hesitates for a second and then yells with more pain as he plunges his hands into the scalding water and hauls the body out of the bath.

Her face which has been under the scalding water.

He starts to desperately try CPR. No response. Fumbles for his phone. Dials.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Ambulance...come on Rochelle....

But Rochelle will never now tell him what exactly she knew about Lula Landry because her lungs are full of scalding water and the burns to her body combined with a ton of cocaine have probably stopped her heart anyway..

And Strike sits on his knees in front of her dead body, his own hands turning a bright red from their immersion in the scalding bathwater.

Whatever Rochelle knew has died with her. And the question taking hold in Strike's mind is obvious.

Did somebody kill her and could that person have also killed Lula...?

END OF EPISODE