

1 EXT. HELMAND PROVINCE, FORWARD OPERATING BASE - DAY X 1

A British soldier doing pull-ups on rings in a make-shift outside gym.

He is tanned, lean and golden with health.

Cormoran Strike finishes his exercise, leaps nimbly from the rings and walks back up towards the base.

2 EXT. HELMAND PROVINCE, FORWARD OPERATING BASE, CANTEEN- DAY 2X

Bunch of guys together laughing. Strike is now in uniform with a fellow SIB officer called RICHARD ANSTIS who is showing him an image of his son on his mobile.

STRIKE
(dutiful)
Amazing.

Anstis swipes through more images.

ANSTIS
You ever thought about having kids?
With that Charlotte?

Nope. STRIKE

ANSTIS
How come?

STRIKE
Just haven't.

ANSTIS
I love kids.

STRIKE
That's like saying you love
Mexicans.

ANSTIS
What's wrong with Mexicans?

STRIKE
No that's not...

Gives up. Rises from his chair.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Let's go, we're hitching a ride to
Vegas for that KIA hearing.

ANSTIS
Not exactly one for Sherlock is it?

STRIKE

That's why I'm taking you.

They exit the canteen.

3

INT. ARMY VEHICLE - DAY X

3

Moving down a yellow-dirt road under a fierce blue sky. Strike up front. Anstis and another couple of soldiers also in the vehicle laughing and joking.

Ahead of them they see one of the Afghan "jingly" trucks. It's bright pink and covered in wind chimes and decorations.

ANSTIS

Stupid jingly trucks. Bet there's a few RPGs under the firewood.

Out of the corner of his eye, Strike sees a kid.

In one of the kid's hands is a mobile phone.

Then the kid looks away as if signalling to somebody else further up the road.

A spotter

The driver - who has not seen this - puts his foot down and starts to accelerate around the painted truck.

In that instant, Strike realises.

STRIKE

NO!!!! Brake brake brake...

Anstis turns, a blur of white-faced panic.

Strike grabs him and pulls him back towards him, almost covering his body with his own on the floor.

BOOM!

White out.

4

EXT. YELLOW DIRT ROAD - DAY X

4

A strange sound. The tinkling of wind chimes from the painted truck.

Strike is outside the vehicle staring up at the truck and the wind chimes shifting in the breeze.

Black smoke from a burning vehicle drifting into a cloudless sky.

Elsewhere somebody is screaming as if through water for their mother.

The wind chimes, the still audible howls for maternal protection, the gaudily painted truck.

The boy with the phone approaches Strike - he's now holding a pistol.

Strike tries to crawl away.

And it is at this point that we realise that part of his leg has been blown away.

Strike looks at the boy with the pistol.

A second from death.

The boy looks at him, looks at the maimed leg.

He winks.

Then the kid turns and walks away.

TITLES

5A

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 4

5A

Robin has just arrived at work and is taking off her coat.
Strike comes out from the inner office, hands bandaged.

ROBIN

How are the hands?

He looks at them.

STRIKE

Bit sore.

ROBIN

Are you OK?

STRIKE

Not my first dead body.

From her expression she obviously thinks this is a bit
callous and he notices this.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I just mean it's far worse the
first time.

She nods.

ROBIN

Do you think it's a coincidence?
Rochelle dying so close to Lula?

STRIKE

It could be yeah. She had a pretty
fragile existence.

Inspects his hands.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But she had money for new designer
gear and lots of drugs. Where from?

ROBIN

Lula?

STRIKE

Lula's been dead three months and
left no will...

He pauses for a tiny fraction, then...

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Plus why did Rochelle panic so much
when she saw me? And who was she
calling?

ROBIN

Maybe the police will
(investigate)...

STRIKE

Yeah. Maybe.

He grabs his jacket.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Time to see how the rest of Lula's
gang reacts to the news.

5B

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB/*EXT. EAST LONDON - DAY 4*

5B

Rochelle Onifade's dead body on the table. A pathologist
covers her over in a sheet. DI Wardle present.

Wardle's phone rings and he takes it as we cut to an East
London street. Strike walking away on his phone. [*STRIKE SIDE
ALREADY SHOT*]

WARDLE

Wardle...

STRIKE

It's Cormoran Strike. You got a
cause of death yet?

WARDLE

Pick a card any card. Drugs.
Drowning...

STRIKE

Found her mobile phone?

WARDLE

I'll send a uniform to take a
statement from you in due course.

STRIKE

Check her phone records 'cos she called to warn somebody when I was trying to talk to her.

WARDLE

A drug-dealer maybe? On a rented number? Listen I'm quite busy with real cases so...

STRIKE

The water was still running boiling hot when I dragged her out of the bath. It's an immersion heater so that gives you a clear timeframe for how long she had been in it...

But Wardle has cut the call. Strike continues on.

6

EXT. EAST LONDON - DAY 4

6

Strike arrives at a warehouse type building that has a couple of security guards outside barring entrance.

STRIKE

Good morning, I'm Mike Dundee from the Health and Safety Executive. I'm here to carry out a Section 20 interview under the statutory provisions accorded to me by the 1974 Health and Safety at work act.

He actually does have an HSE pass which presumably comes from a collection of useful devices for gaining entrance. The bouncers look at each other. One of them gets on his walkie-talkie.

BOUNCER

Yeah, Tricia, Health and Safety are here...

7

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 4

7

Robin is at her desk on the phone.

ROBIN

I see. And when is Mr Bestigui
returning from...OK thank you I'll
call then - uh, excuse me!

A woman marches into the office. Robin puts down the phone,
gives chase and tries to stop her as Lucy heads briskly
towards the inner office.

Before Robin can get to her, Lucy has the door. Looks at all
the signs that Strike is sleeping there: the campbed, the
rolled up sleeping bag, the kitbag with clothes in it.

LUCY

I knew it.

Turns back to Robin, who's still thunderstruck at the intrusion.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where is he?

8

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4

8

He's going through to the main shoot which is busy with people engaged in different tasks which basically involve a fake canal-side.

A pale girl sits on a bench with her bike beside her, a thoroughly bored lackey is keeping the wheel spinning while the photographer works. She is surrounded by a group of youths all kitted out in Guy Somé's new urban range. Hoodies etc. But with semi-ironic designs and the GS logo in unmistakable letters.

PHOTOGRAPHER

How many times, Eva, remember you're intrigued by them as well as scared. Intrigued and scared, that's not so hard.

Strike rolls his eyes contemptuously. Intrigued.

He approaches a little group in consultation with a small middle-aged wiry black man who is looking at some photos from the shoot while standing beside a beautiful blonde woman CIARA PORTER who is being dressed as a mermaid and beside whom is an extravagant tail waiting to be fitted.

GUY

So you're an urban mermaid. You have lost your way! Swum up the canal from the sea...

TRICIA

Do canals actually flow into the sea...

GUY

No, darling, they flow into airports.

Looks up from the photos he is scrutinising to see Strike.

STRIKE

Guy Somé?

GUY

Who are you?

TRICIA

Oh wait, are you the health and safety guy?

STRIKE

No my name is Cormoran Strike and I'm a private investigator.

Looks at Guy and Ciara.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Rochelle Onifade is dead.

He watches their reactions. Guy doesn't look up from the photos he is scrutinising. Ciara looks genuinely stunned.

CIARA

Oh my God...how?

STRIKE

A lot of drugs and a hot bath.

GUY

(still without looking up)
Beginners error.

STRIKE

Exactly. And she wasn't a beginner was she?

Ciara is frowning at Strike.

CIARA

Wait. Cormoran Strike. That's an unusual name.

STRIKE

(mock-puzzled)
Nobody's ever mentioned it before...

CIARA

You're not Al Rokeby's brother?

STRIKE

Half brother.

CIARA

He talked about a war-hero brother called Cormoran...

She glances quickly at his leg but is too delicate to speak what she probably also knows about him.

CIARA (CONT'D)

...he really admires you. I met your dad a couple of times too.

STRIKE

Lucky you.

Guy now lets out a little whistle of surprise and admiration.

GUY

And why is Jonny Rokeby's son working as a private detective?

STRIKE

Because it's his job. I'd like to ask you a couple of questions if that's OK.

GUY

I'm busy right now. Make an appointment with Tricia.

STRIKE

Yeah I've tried that...

From the "canal" some kind of dispute appears to have broken out between the photographer and the model. The former signals angrily to Guy.

GUY

OK I've had enough of those two.

He walks off to sort out the problem. Ciara looks curiously at Strike.

CIARA

We've got a bit of time before makeup, I need a coffee...

It's an invitation so Strike follows her while Guy deals briskly with the canal dispute.

9

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 4

9

Robin making tea for Lucy. Things have come on a bit since her first day.

LUCY

So what's my brother investigating now?

ROBIN

Well...

Bit uncomfortable. Lucy fixes her with the kind of look that brooks no resistance.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It's somebody who killed herself. Only one of her relatives thinks she didn't.

LUCY

What does Cormoran think?

ROBIN

I think he's keeping an open mind.

Lucy ponders this.

LUCY

Did he tell you who our mother was?

ROBIN

No.

LUCY

Do you know?

ROBIN

Yes.

LUCY

Verdict was suicide but Cormoran
always thought her death was
suspicious.

ROBIN

Ah.

LUCY

Yeah.

(beat)

He took her death very badly. Left
Oxford and joined the army.

ROBIN

(surprised)

He went to...

LUCY

I know right! Some clever
admissions tutor saw through the
grumpy philistine act.

Robin puts the tea in front of her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So how long's he been sleeping in
his office?

10

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4

10

Strike and Ciara arrive at a catering stand to get coffees.

CIARA

So what are you actually
investigating?

STRIKE

Lula Landry's brother wants me to review the police enquiry into her death and make sure they carried it out properly.

CIARA

The accountant?

STRIKE

No he's a lawyer.

CIARA

We always called John the accountant.

STRIKE

Why?

CIARA

Just a nickname.
(to caterer)
Triple espresso. You?

STRIKE

Same.

CIARA

How about "mommie dearest"? Met her yet?

STRIKE

Not recently.

Ciara mock-shivers.

CIARA

That's why Guy called her Cuckoo. Such a fucked-up family. Lula was in the wrong nest.

They get their coffees and start walking slowly back towards the shoot.

STRIKE

Guy didn't seem too upset about Rochelle.

CIARA

To be fair, he only cares about one thing when he's working.

(beat)

Poor Roch. I mean truth be told she was full on legit mental not, like, fashion mental. Always scared me a bit.

STRIKE

Can you tell me a little about her relationship with Lula?

CIARA

Oh well she was helping Lools with her issues...

Strike - ?

CIARA (CONT'D)

Identity. Authenticity. Etcetera. Lula was obsessed with exploring her real family by which she meant black - her dad's side.

STRIKE

And Rochelle was supportive of that.

Ciara nods.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

The day of her death Lula spent a lot of time with Rochelle.

CIARA

Yeah they were always thick as thieves when Rochelle wasn't having one of her "episodes".

STRIKE

Lula gave her money too.

CIARA

Oh well Lula would give money to anybody. But yeah, Rochelle did well enough out of her.

Before she can go further, Tricia appears.

TRICIA

Hey, love, Guy's getting fidgety. Just sacked Eva.

STRIKE

Not enough intrigue at being knocked off her bike and sexually assaulted?

Ciara chuckles appreciatively.

CIARA

That's Guy, he likes to provoke...

STRIKE

I'd quite like to continue the conversation...

CIARA

Won't be done here until late and
then I'm going to see Catalina's
band at Uzi...

STRIKE

OK, tomor...

CIARA

...but come along if you want? Get
the ginger line to Dalston Junction
an' I'll meet you at the station at
10.30.

He watches her walk back to the "canal", a vision of self-
assurance and elegance.

11

INT. DENMARK STREET, STAIRWAY - DAY 4

11

Strike coming up stairs can hear the sound of the two women
chatting.

ROBIN (O.S.)

...at the church in Masham - I was
christened there too.

LUCY (O.S.)

I don't know Masham but the Dales
are lovely. We took the kids
camping near Bolton Abbey...

He pauses as he realises what's going on. Big breath. He goes
on and into...

12

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

12

...there's Lucy and Robin getting on like a house on fire.

ROBIN

...and Matt's going all red in the
face and blaming me every time the
tent collapses...then it starts
raining...

LUCY

Of course...

They see Strike come in.

LUCY (CONT'D)

At last. Robin's told me everything
so get your stuff 'cos I've got the
car in the John Lewis car park and
you're coming to stay with us.

Robin opens mouth in protest. Then closes it again.

STRIKE

I'm not.

LUCY

You cannot stay in there on that campbed.

STRIKE

It's just short-term while I sort something out.

LUCY

(to Robin)

Tell him, Robin...

STRIKE

It's got nothing to do with Robin.

Robin flushes a little - she hates the misleading impression of having been gossiping about him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not stopping anyway, just picking something up.

LUCY

Where you going?

STRIKE

Chelsea.

LUCY

Let me go and get the car and I'll run you down there. See you downstairs in ten.

She exits.

LUCY (CONT'D)

'Bye, Robin, nice to meet you...

12A

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 4

12A

Strike in his office opens a drawer and puts the HSE pass with a batch of other useful IDs. Robin comes in holding some papers. An awkward moment.

ROBIN

You just need to sign these...

He does. Hands them back to her. She wants to say something but she's also proud and doesn't want to appear to be offering excuses.

Takes them silently and exits.

12B EXT. STREET - DAY 4

12B

Establisher Lucy's car.

13 INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY 4

13

Lucy driving. Strike squashed in among family detritus, footballs, sport kit, kid books...

LUCY

She's great.

STRIKE

Who?

LUCY

Ridiculous a girl with her figure on a diet, wedding or no wedding.

STRIKE

None of my business really.

A copy of *A dog so small* in among the bumpf. Strike looks at it for a moment. Loss, longing, imagination and desire all wrapped up in this simple story of a little boy who wants a dog.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Loved this when I was a kid.

Beat.

LUCY

So please tell me it's final this time.

STRIKE

It's final this time.

LUCY

I'm sorry it's happened obviously but it's much better for you that she's finally gone...

He realises the assumption she is making and half laughs.

STRIKE

I left her.

She fights to disguise her surprise which he of course notices.

LUCY

Well good...

STRIKE

Just here's fine.

LUCY

You sure?

Lucy pulls over and checks her watch.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Better dash 'cos Jack's got football. Poor little sausage can't get in the A team. I said 'you're in my A team, poppet' but I'm not sure that was...

STRIKE

You're a good mum.

It is completely genuine. She is touched by it.

LUCY

Thanks, Stick.

(beat)

I wanted my kids to...

STRIKE

I know.

He takes off his seat belt, leans across and kisses her.

LUCY

Anything you need. Just ask.

She watches him get out and head off. Sighs.

14

EXT. STREET - DAY 4

14

Strike walking and checking map on phone for the Bristow's street.

15

INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, HALL - DAY 4

15

Strike standing alone in the hall for a second. The house is restrained, moneyed. There are old maps of Norfolk, Japanese-y prints and the books carefully placed on a small Georgian table are the kind you might see casually adorning an upmarket country hotel.

John Bristow emerges.

BRISTOW (O.S.)

Come through, sorry, I was just sorting mum's...

Strike goes into a room where a pale, wan woman is lying on a chaise. There are oriental vases and freshly cut flowers.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)
We mustn't be too long. The
medicines make her very confused.

Lady Bristow looks at Strike.

LADY BRISTOW
Tony?

BRISTOW
No it's not Tony, mumsie, it's Mr
Strike.

STRIKE
We met before. A long time ago. I
was a friend of your son Charley.

LADY BRISTOW
Charley's dead. Rode his bicycle
into a quarry.

STRIKE
Yes.

LADY BRISTOW
And now Lula too.
(beat)
It's a terrible thing when all your
children die.

STRIKE
Of course...but not...(all)

He glances at Bristow who shakes his head. It doesn't matter.

LADY BRISTOW
Everybody said Lula was so
beautiful but I never saw her like
that. Charley was the handsome one.
She was the clever one, always had
an answer to everything.
(beat)
Such a shame she was always
fighting with Tony about that
lovely boy.

Strike - ????

BRISTOW
(murmurs)
Evan Duffield came to visit her.
After she died.

LADY BRISTOW
He was so sad, he held my hand. And
such exquisite cheekbones.

STRIKE

Took his wolf head off then.

She smiles and then it turns into a grimace of pain.

LADY BRISTOW

He said he wished he could have
been there to stop her.

BRISTOW

Hmm.

LADY BRISTOW

But I think that too, Johnny! Lula
was up in her flat that night in
such a terrible state. All alone
while we were here watching silly
old movies.

BRISTOW

(to Strike)

Mum's a big fan of Cary Grant. We
watched "Bringing Up Baby" the
night Lula died and now of course
she associates it with...

The care assistant Marsha comes in.

MARSHA

Time for your medicine.

Comes over and administers the pain relief. Lady Bristow's
face relaxes and softens as the opiates enters her blood
stream. Bristow indicates to Strike to follow him outside.

BRISTOW

That was her morphine so...

LADY BRISTOW

(murmurs)

She told me she was frightened of
him...

Strike turns abruptly.

STRIKE

Who? Who was Lula frightened of?

BRISTOW

What did she say to you, mother?
Frightened of Evan?

But Lady Bristow is drifting away.

LADY BRISTOW

(murmurs)

Bring some macaroons next time you
come, Mr Bone.

(MORE)

LADY BRISTOW (CONT'D)
(slowly)
A leopard never changes its spots.

16 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 4

16

Strike standing at the front door, handing over the paperwork to Bristow.

STRIKE
In spite of your uncle, I still
want to find out why Tansy Bestigui
is lying about that night.

Beat.

BRISTOW
And the chap on the CCTV?

STRIKE
I'd certainly like to see the rest
of the footage but that might take
a little time.

BRISTOW
That's where the answer lies I'm
sure of it.

He opens the door.

STRIKE
Do you know much about your uncle's
movements on the day Lula died...

BRISTOW
He was in the office all day. Then
he went to Oxford for a conference,
dropped in here on the way out to
see mum...

Looks at Strike sharply.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)
Why?

STRIKE
Just making sure we know who Lula
actually saw on that last day.

BRISTOW
Tony didn't see her, he didn't
visit Kentigern Gardens that day
I'm sure of it.

STRIKE
OK.

And he leaves.

17 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - EVENING 4 17

Strike retrieving a shirt from one of his boxes. It is crumpled but obviously the best he has.

He shakes it vigorously and then starts to get dressed to go out.

18 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT 4 18

Strike's riding the overground through East London.

19 EXT. LONDON, DALSTON JUNCTION - NIGHT 4 19

Strike is standing outside the station but Ciara is not there. He checks the time and looks as if he is about to give up when a loud whistle gets his attention.

Sees Nico in a car.

20 INT. CAR - NIGHT 4 20

Strike gets into the back of the car. Our old friend Nico is driving and Ciara is in the back.

STRIKE

Hey, Nico.

NICO

Good evening.

He seems determined to be a little more "professional" tonight.

JUMP CUT TO:

21 INT. CAR - NIGHT 4 21

Heading towards hipsterville. Strike leans forward between the seats.

STRIKE

You drive Tansy Bestigui round a lot?

NICO

Quite a bit yes.

STRIKE

Because she's disqualified I understand.

NICO

I wouldn't know.

STRIKE

I would 'cos I checked.

CIARA

Have you got another woman you're
hiding from me, Nico?

Nico smiles at her.

STRIKE

So you must know her regular
hangouts?

NICO

Yeah but there's such a thing as
driver-client confidentiality.

CIARA

I certainly hope so!

STRIKE

Yeah especially with some of the
late-night errands drivers have to
make...

Nico glances at him sharply.

CIARA

(playful)

I don't know what you could be
talking about!

Her phone beeps a text message and she laughs and starts
texting back. Strike takes advantage of the distraction and
holds Nico's gaze in the mirror.

22

INT. CAR - NIGHT 4

22

The car approaching the nightclub.

NICO

Here they come...

Suddenly the car is surrounded and flashes like gunfire as
the photographers descend on them running alongside the car,
long lenses like guns and Strike is transported back in time
to another far more dangerous assault and the sound of
explosions and a voice - his own - screaming.

STRIKE (V.O.)

Brake brake brake...

And then the sound of gunshots and soldiers screaming in pain
and confusion.

And then the passenger door beside Ciara is opened and lights
blaze against his retina.

NICO

Just go, mate, you just have to run
the gauntlet, it'll be worse than
this later.

And Strike lunges out of the vehicle and grabs hold of Ciara
and propels her grimly through the paps and the waiting queue
and into the entrance of the club which is...

23

INT. UZI CLUB - NIGHT 4

23

...it's full of a fashionable knowing crowd. Ciara nods to a
couple of people.

She leads Strike expertly through to an area at the back of
the club - as soon as a bouncer sees her, he stands aside to
let her pass.

CIARA

What was all that about with Nico?

STRIKE

Oh nothing really.

Before she can push it further, the crowd seem to open up for
a figure in a familiar wolf head and a couple of pretty girls
in tow.

Evan Duffield approaches them and removes his "disguise". He
and Ciara embrace.

CIARA

God did you hear about poor
Rochelle?

EVAN

'Course I did. Every time somebody
dies who's ever met me the cops are
on my case.

Strike notes this.

STRIKE

They spoke to you?

EVAN

Yeah who are you?

High cheek bones, snake hips, magpie accents. He looks at
Strike.

CIARA

Evan, this is Cormoran Strike.

EVAN

I like that name. If you were better looking I'd let you play maracas in the band.

CIARA

He's Jonny Rokeby's son.

Evan nods a little more respectfully.

EVAN

I know your old man a bit as it goes. Still got it hasn't he?

STRIKE

Oh yeah full of it. Don't think he'll ever lose it.

Obviously Strike's "it" is a little different from Evan. They take some seats on a banquette. One of the girls tries to sit next to Evan.

EVAN

Not there.

She moves away. Ciara sits next to him.

CIARA

So Cormoran's a private investigator...

EVAN

Thought you said he was Rokeby's son.

STRIKE

The two aren't incompatible.

EVAN

Sound pretty far apart to me. What are you investigating?

Beat.

STRIKE

I've been employed by Lula Landry's family to review the circumstances of her death.

Evan's face transforms.

EVAN

Well being a size zero it was easy enough for me to get her out the window...

CIARA

Stop it, Evan, honestly I don't like...

He rounds on her.

EVAN

It's what they say on the internet isn't it? Every two-bob Colombo. Must have been Evan...

Like many an enfant terrible he is ratcheting up on self-pitying indignation.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Nah nah nah. This is breaking my buzz completely...

He almost starts to rock with displeasure.

STRIKE

(mildly)

I don't wanna break your buzz, Evan.

EVAN

You are though. Ambushing me, asking questions about Lula...

STRIKE

I haven't asked anything...

CIARA

He didn't even know you were gonna be here...

But Evan isn't about to abort his take-off because of common-sense or logic.

EVAN

GET HIM AWAY FROM ME. GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME.

He rises spilling a drink over one of his entourage who jumps up shrieking. The bouncers start to come over.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I want him out. Get him out. He's harassing me.

STRIKE

(to approaching bouncers)

OK, OK, I'm going. It's OK.

He backs off and the bouncers follow him towards the entrance to make sure he does just that.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 4

24

Strike is looking rather helplessly for a cab when Nico's car pulls up beside him. Nico indicates to get in which Strike does.

25 INT. CAR - NIGHT 4

25

NICO

Ciara called me. She's coming out in a sec.

Beat.

NICO (CONT'D)

I'm not a drug-dealer.

STRIKE

Never said you were.

Beat.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying I can probably help you out if the subject of Tansy's drug use comes up again.

NICO

Comes up?

STRIKE

Yeah well I talk a lot to the cops and they've mentioned her being quite wasted that night...

Ciara gets into the car.

CIARA

Sorry 'bout that. Evan always gets a bit fretty when he's off the gear...

NICO

Where do you wanna go now?

Ciara looks at Strike.

CIARA

Would you mind terribly if we just had a nightcap at mine I've got an early start tomorrow so...

Nico catches Strike's eye in the mirror. *Would he mind terribly?*

26 EXT. KING'S CROSS - NIGHT 4

26

Ciara lives in a far more fashionable building than Lula, in a discreet backstreet off the Gray's Inn Road but still with a faint industrial vibe to the exterior. As they get out of the car they step past a rough sleeper at the entrance and get into a lift.

27 INT. CIARA PORTER'S FLAT - NIGHT 4

27

The flat is stylish, both more chic and simultaneously more ordered and relaxed than Lula's. Strike looking at the bookshelf which is perhaps unexpectedly highbrow.

She comes in from the kitchen with drinks.

STRIKE
(unable to conceal a bit
of astonishment)
You've actually read Proust?

She laughs at his face of surprise.

CIARA
In French too. He's often quite
funny. And I bloody love Odette.
The slag!

STRIKE
Sorry didn't mean to...

CIARA
I've got a deferred place at
Cambridge to read modern languages
I'll have you know.

STRIKE
How many do you speak?

CIARA
Four if you count Spanish which is
decent but not fluent.
(gestures to sofa)
Sientate.

He goes and sits on the sofa, she comes and perches next to him. On the coffee table a book of fashion through the decades, she taps it with her toe.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Your mum's in there. Wearing the
most fabulous Ossie Clark crepe
buttermilk dress.

Strike casts a cursory glance at the book, makes a vague noise of acknowledgement, and then looks around.

STRIKE

This is more the kind of place I'd expect a supermodel to live.

(beat)

Than Kentigern Gardens...

CIARA

Yeah it was a bit of a luxury prison. But Lula could shut herself away from everybody there.

(beat)

Sometimes she'd open the window though just so she could hear the city. She'd face-time me and we'd pretend to bark at each other across the city like in 101 dalmatians.

Laughs at Strike's face.

CIARA (CONT'D)

It was funny at the time.

STRIKE

Evan came here the night she died. Via his drug-dealer.

CIARA

Yeah Looly wouldn't let him in. The tabloids obviously tried to make out he came here for a revenge shag.

STRIKE

Did he?

CIARA

We listened to some demos for his album, smoked a bit of weed and went to sleep.

(gentle reproach)

Lula was my friend.

STRIKE

Yeah sorry.

He watches as Ciara looks in her Guy Somé handbag, shakes the contents onto the sofa and fiddles with the lining.

CIARA

Guy's marvellous detachable linings, very handy for models in clubs...

She takes out a little plastic capsule from behind the lining. Opens it, takes out a pill, bites it delicately, offers the other half to Strike.

STRIKE

No thanks.

She shrugs and pops the rest in her mouth, washes it down with some gin.

CIARA

Besides Evan's not really my type.

STRIKE

No?

CIARA

Don't usually go for pretty boys.

Her foot is touching his shin.

STRIKE

That's a shame I thought I might be in with a chance.

She laughs.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

The other leg is the one with nerve endings by the way.

CIARA

I know about your leg, Al told me. I'm quite amputee curious actually.

STRIKE

You'll be disappointed. Literally nothing to see.

She touches his face lightly. Kisses him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You know you said you knew my dad and brother...

CIARA

I haven't.

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

28

INT. CIARA'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 4

28

Strike and Ciara in bed together. She is on top of him, his hands on her waist, her long blonde hair almost covering his face.

The infamous French bulldog Beulah in its basket, ears pricking slightly at the noises of pleasure coming from the bedroom...

29 EXT. CHARING CROSS ROAD/DENMARK STREET - DAY 5 29
Robin on her way into work.

30 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 5 30
Robin comes in.

ROBIN
Hello?

She goes into the inner office and sees Strike's camp-bed has not been slept in.

Turns back into her own office and sees a man in a wolfhead standing in the doorway.

SCREAMS.

31 INT. CIARA'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY 5 31
Strike wakes up. The bed next to him empty. A note.

HAD TO GO FOR EARLY SHOOT. THAT WAS FUN. JUST LET YOURSELF OUT. Cx

Sits up and rubs his face. Looks at his prosthetic leg propped against the wall.

STRIKE
What?

The leg, as usual, does not answer.

32 INT. CIARA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 5 32
Strike now with leg attached sitting on the sofa. He opens the book of fashion through the decades. Pauses at a photo of a woman wearing an Ossie Clark crepe buttermilk dress. Lemur-eyed, innocent-faced, utterly beautiful, Leda Strike looks a bit like a young Linda Ronstadt.

Stares at his dead mother for a moment and then his mobile rings and he takes it.

STRIKE
Robin?

ROBIN (V.O.)
Evan Duffield is in the office.

He rises quickly.

JUMP CUT TO:

33

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 5

33

Evan is lying on the sofa with his eyes closed and hands folded on his stomach. Robin is at the printer.

EVAN

Went and sat by William Blake's grave last night.

ROBIN

OK. Any particular reason?

EVAN

Like to check in with him from time to time.

He opens one eye and appraises her figure appreciatively.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Blake was into free love, don't restrict your desires, act on your impulses.

ROBIN

Was he?

He closes his eye again and murmurs.

EVAN

Has anybody ever told you you are totally fucking gorgeous, Robin?

Luckily Robin is saved from answering this by Strike's appearance in the doorway. Evan senses his presence and turns with a lithe feline twist.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Here he is. Enjoy yourself with Ciara did you?

(approvingly)

That girl is pure filth.

Strike does not meet Robin's eye and jerks his head towards his office.

34

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 5

34

Strike with Evan who is sprawled in a chair. So?

EVAN

Does the family think it was me?

STRIKE

No I don't think so.

EVAN

Do you?

STRIKE

Well you've got a nasty little temper. But your alibi is strong.

Evan shrugs.

EVAN

My dealer's not much of an alibi, lucky that old hag also saw me on the stairs, she's been trying to get my man evicted from time. And the Old Bill would love to get me sent down.

STRIKE

You're probably right about that.

Evan looks down at his feet.

EVAN

I miss Lules you know. We had some fights but we also had a laugh together.

STRIKE

But you've come here to tell me more than that.

Beat.

EVAN

Freddie Bestigui.

STRIKE

What about him?

EVAN

He was always pestering Lula to be in his films.

STRIKE

Could she act?

Evan laughs.

EVAN

You seen his films?

STRIKE

No.

EVAN

Let's just say talent ain't the number one requirement. But Lula's box office.

STRIKE

Lula turned him down?

EVAN

(nods)

She hated him. Then he wanted to do a biopic with me in it but it never came to nothing 'cos the Bristow family went full cease and desist. We had lunch and I got friendly with his assistant...

STRIKE

I'm guessing she's female.

EVAN

Georgia told me a few interesting things. One, he's a total beast, always trying it on, especially with runners. Didn't take no for an answer once and it caused a big stink.

STRIKE

Did he ever face charges?

Evan mimes cash passing hands.

EVAN

Eighteen year old kid versus big shot film producer who can destroy her reputation and career?
(shakes his head)
She took the money and ran.

Beat.

STRIKE

Bestigui's wife was with him the night Lula died.

EVAN

Was she though?

Strike frowns.

EVAN (CONT'D)

This Georgia told me he's like a massive control freak, obsessed with his wife's coke habit. Like it's personal. In restaurants if Tansy doesn't order three courses plus cheese he takes her pulse to check she ain't using. Anyway, this one time, Georgia says, the worm turns. Even Tansy's had enough, and she goes to him: stop it Freddie, let go of my wrist *unless you want me to tell the police where I really was the night Lula died.*

Strike stares at him.

STRIKE

OK, that is very useful
information.

35

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 5

35

Strike seeing Evan out, the latter turns to Robin.

EVAN

Bye, Robin, sorry I gave you a
fright.

ROBIN

That's OK.

EVAN

Doing a secret gig next month.
You're on the guest list with a
minus one.

Winks.

ROBIN

Thanks very much.

STRIKE

That a Guy Somé glove?

Evan looks at the leather gloves he is putting on which do
indeed have a tiny GS logo on them.

EVAN

God yeah, ugh, must have picked
them up...(somewhere).

STRIKE

You and Guy...

EVAN

He was trying to split me and Lula
up obviously. Don't be fooled
either, man's from the ghetto. One
time he thought she was pregnant...
(shakes head)
...wasn't pretty.

Strike sees him out. Turns back to Robin. They look at each
other for a moment. She shrugs. Well I liked him.

STRIKE

Can you check the times of trains
to Iver Heath please.

ROBIN

You thinking of going to Freddie's
office in Pinewood?

STRIKE

Yeah I'm just gonna blag my way in somehow.

ROBIN

Not much point.

He looks at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

He left for the Toronto film festival this morning. From there he's going to LA for a few days.

(shrugs)

I finally got hold of his PA.

Strike puffs impatiently but almost simultaneously his mobile bleeps a text.

It's from Nico and it has a drop-off time and address in Mayfair.

STRIKE

I'm going out. Don't worry about my sandwich I won't be here for lunch.

ROBIN

I'm not around early afternoon anyway.

STRIKE

Why not?

ROBIN

Job interview. I did write it in the...

STRIKE

Fine.

He exits. Robin opens a pack that has come for her interview. Stares dispassionately at the corporate bumpf and the person specification. Stares straight at an imaginary panel.

ROBIN

Oh yes I'm definitely a people person.

Then she laughs and looks around the cramped and quirky office with its singular occupant that has become so quickly familiar to her.

JUMP CUT TO:

36 EXT. MAYFAIR STREET - DAY 5

36

Strike is across the road from a luxury day spa on the pavement obviously waiting.

Presently, the door to the spa opens and Tansy comes out. Strike half-starts to go and intercept her but then pauses as she is followed out by another woman with whom she is in earnest conversation.

The two of them head across the road. Strike follows.

He hears trails of conversation from Tansy's mate (we'll call her Roberta) about the new house in the Cotswolds, how Charles has just sealed a massive deal with his hedge fund and how they're going to have the tennis court resurfaced.

JUMP CUT TO:

37 EXT. MARYLEBONE STREET - DAY 5

37

Tansy and Roberta are now walking slowly up through the streets towards Marylebone, followed by Strike from a safe distance.

They pause in the street and Roberta hails a passing cab. Some air kissing and then the obstacle is gone.

But before Strike can approach her, Tansy has skipped up the stairs to one of the tall Georgian buildings and pressed a buzzer.

When she has gone inside, Strike goes over and sees that there are several brass name plates - mainly medical-looking. He takes a photo of them with his mobile phone.

38 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 5

38

Robin walking. She stops outside a big insurance building all chrome and glass. She swallows and heads inside.

39 EXT. MARYLEBONE STREET - DAY 5

39

Tansy comes out of the building. Strike alert again. She walks off down the street and he folds his paper and follows her.

Tansy turns the corner.

Strike goes after her and then darts into a house entrance because he has nearly just come face to face with...

TONY LANDRY.

Strike watches from behind some railings.

They embrace.

They embrace as lovers.

Strike immediately takes some photos of them embracing.

Then he follows them. They reach the entrance of a building, a discreet boutique hotel a bit like the Zetter.

Then they go inside.

Well! There's a turn up for the books.

Strike takes out a notebook and notes the time.

40

INT. CITY OFFICES - DAY 5

40

Robin is in a board room facing an interview panel of three suits - two men and a woman.

INTERVIEWER
...so you didn't finish your
university degree...

ROBIN
No.

INTERVIEWER
You were studying psychology?

ROBIN
That's right.

INTERVIEWER
Why did you leave?

ROBIN
Sorry?

INTERVIEWER
Why did you leave university? Just
before your finals.

Beat.

ROBIN
I had...well it was a personal
reason actually...

INTERVIEWER
OK that's fine, you don't need
to... not academic though...?

ROBIN
No not academic. I loved my course
and was hoping for a First.

INTERVIEWER

Well psychology is a big part of
Human Resources.

Robin smiles assent even though it was not how she saw her
degree being used...

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

So Robin, just to kick us off here,
could you tell us three people you
consider inspirational?

40A OMITTED

40A

41 OMITTED

41

42 EXT. DENMARK STREET - DAY 5

42

Robin is walking slowly back to base eating a doughnut and
savouring every mouthful. Sees Cath smoking a proper fag
outside who laughs at the rare sight of Robin in a full-
blooded one on one with a cake.

ROBIN

You didn't see me. This never
happened.

Cath holds up her fag and laughs. Likewise.

43 OMITTED

43

44 EXT. STREET - DAY 5

44

Tony and Tansy emerge from the hotel, hail a black cab and
get into it. Strike watching them notes the time.

45 EXT. ITALIAN CAFE - DAY 5

45

Robin's mid-phone call as she enters...

ROBIN

Thank you very much. That's very
kind of you to say so...

46

INT. ITALIAN CAFE - CONTINUOUS

46

Robin sees Strike reading the paper and comes across.

ROBIN
(sitting by him)
...Yes I'll certainly do that.

She kills the call.

STRIKE
So how did your interview go?

ROBIN
That was them just calling to say I
got the job.

STRIKE
Ah. That was quick you must have
really impressed them.

ROBIN
I said I was passionate about
people.

STRIKE
Well, you know, we all have to jump
through hoops from time to time.

She nods unhappily.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
They'll be lucky to have you.

ROBIN
I don't gossip.

He looks startled by the non-sequitur.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
When your sister was in the
office...she said I told her
everything and...

STRIKE
Half-sister.
(beat)
Don't worry I know what Lucy can be
like.

ROBIN
I understand about confidentiality.
Especially in this job. I told Matt
a tiny bit about Lula Landry but
nothing...

STRIKE

Robin it's fine. You're very
discreet I can see that.

She nods so pleased to have got it off her chest.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

So when do you start?

ROBIN

Next week.

A small beat. He nods.

STRIKE

Want to see something interesting?

He clicks to the video clip on his phone that he took of
Tansy and Tony.

ROBIN

Bloody hell. That's...

STRIKE

John Bristow's uncle. With his hand
on Tansy Bestigui's arse.

ROBIN

Ugh, I hate men who do that in
public.

She frowns at it.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What does it mean for...

STRIKE

Don't fully know yet.

They look at the image of the two lovers frozen on the
screen. Then Strike screen-grabs the most incriminating
picture, angles it towards Robin.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Print this off for me back at the
office would you.

ROBIN

What are you going to do with it?

STRIKE

Use it for a bit of shock and awe.

Tosses her the newspaper.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Take that back with you and leave
it on my desk would you?

JUMP CUT TO:

47

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, TANSY'S LANDING - DAY 5

47

Strike ringing the door of Tansy's flat. The spyhole goes opaque. Tansy opens the door with the slider/chain on.

TANSY

Go away or I'll call....

STRIKE

Tony Landry again? Get him to meet me in a restaurant?

TANSY

I've got nothing to say to you.

She tries to push the door shut. but his foot is in it.

STRIKE

Or maybe a hotel?

And he slides the still print of Tony and Tansy through the gap in the door. She takes it.

A moment while she obviously contemplates it.

TANSY

Move your foot.

He does. The door shuts...

...then the click of the slider coming off and she stares him in the face.

48

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, TANSY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 5

48

The Bestiguis' flat is expensive, chic, and utterly without charm or warmth. Expensive furniture and stylised artefacts. Macs and SONOS and plasma TVs. Loads of books that appear never to have been read.

Strike takes it all in.

TANSY

I can tell you straight away that my husband will both see and query any money I give you so...

STRIKE

I don't want money.

She looks at him. Then what?

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Information.

TANSY

And unless you get it...

He shakes his head.

STRIKE

Only paying clients get to see
evidence of their cheating
partners.

TANSY

How very moral of you.

He smiles.

STRIKE

Well, not everybody in my
profession would be as scrupulous,
Tansy. Especially as you are
perverting the course of justice.

She stands and paces around arms folded in a defensive
posture.

TANSY

You have no idea...

STRIKE

About what?

TANSY

Anything.

STRIKE

Where were you the night Lula died?

TANSY

I was here. I was here with my
husband. I told the truth.

But Strike shakes his head.

STRIKE

You may have been here but the only
person to whom you told the truth
was the doorman when you were
shaking with cold.

TANSY

I'd just seen Lula fall. Derrick
came running. It was shock...

Beat.

STRIKE

Did Freddie find something in your
handbag that night? Catch you doing
a cheeky line in the bathroom? Take
your pulse as you were getting
ready for bed?

She avoids his eye.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

He likes punishments doesn't he?

He glances at the balcony.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Confining people in uncomfortable spaces - first weapon in the torturer's handbook.

TANSY

My husband isn't a torturer!

STRIKE

No? He locked you out on that balcony in your underwear on a freezing night and got into his nice warm bed to make a conference call. That's where you were when Lula fell.

She shakes her head.

TANSY

No.

STRIKE

Yes. You heard something and that's the only place you could have heard it from. And the only reason you would have been out there in your underwear *is because he put you there*.

She sits down almost hunching into herself, her hair covering her face. Then she gets up and goes to the sink. Fills a glass with some water and sips it. He watches her patiently, giving her a little time now. She comes and sits down again.

TANSY

Do you have children?

STRIKE

No.

TANSY

Ever wanted to have children?

Beat.

STRIKE

Not really.

TANSY

I have.

(beat)

(MORE)

TANSY (CONT'D)

A little girl I could sing to at night and brush her hair. And later when I got old we could have tea together and talk about our lives.

She half-laughs at the idealised fantasy of a relationship she will never have. Strike's face. He feels sorry for her but he also wants his information.

TANSY (CONT'D)

He didn't want me to have a job. He didn't want us to have kids.

(beat)

So this is all I have.

STRIKE

Tony...

She shakes her head with a bitter laugh.

TANSY

Family image is everything to him. He'd never leave them.

He looks at her. This unhappy woman trapped in her gilded cage.

STRIKE

Just tell me what you heard out here, Tansy. Tell me what you heard because by protecting a sadist you might also be letting a murderer walk free.

He takes out his notepad and pen.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Talk to me Tansy.

49

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 5

49

Strike with his notepad to Robin.

STRIKE

She heard some general shouting. The one thing she clearly remembers hearing is: *"It's too late I've already done it"*.

ROBIN

Lula?

He nods.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Done what?

He shrugs. We don't know.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

She didn't recognise the voice?

STRIKE

No.

ROBIN

It can't have been Freddie. You wouldn't lock your wife out on the balcony and then run upstairs and push another woman from the one straight overhead.

STRIKE

Agreed.

ROBIN

So Evan...

STRIKE

Was pointing a finger. For whatever reason.

ROBIN

What do you make of the glove?

STRIKE

I'm giving that some thought as well.

Beat.

ROBIN

God, her life sounds awful.

He nods.

STRIKE

Yeah she should leave him.

She looks at him.

ROBIN

You think she will?

STRIKE

No.

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT - NIGHT 5

51

Robin is in the kitchen spiralising courgette as mournful penance for the earlier doughnut. Matthew comes in.

MATTHEW

I can't believe you're even
thinking about not taking it.

ROBIN

It was just so...bland and
corporate.

MATTHEW

Like where I work you mean?

ROBIN

I didn't mean that. You love your
job.

MATTHEW

When I was a kid I wanted to be an
astronaut. But, you know, Robin...

She doesn't reply.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Look, obviously I can't make you
take a job you don't want.

ROBIN

That's good to know.

He shakes his head at her inexplicable refusal to make the mortgage application a bit easier.

MATTHEW

I'm not eating courgettini by the
way.

ROBIN

Fine you can have pasta.

MATTHEW

Fine.

He exits.

52

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 5

52

Strike is destroying a pork pie and reading a tabloid story from the paper which is headed DID TRAGIC LULA HAVE SECRET DATE WITH DEEBY MACC?

His mobile bleeps an incoming text. COME NOW.

It's from Charlotte.

He carries on reading.

Another message. COME NOW OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.

He switches his mobile off.

53

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 6

53

Morning. A banging at the outer office door. Strike's eyes open. He rubs them.

STRIKE

Robin?

The banging continues apace...

JUMP CUT TO:

54

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 6

54

Strike opening the door, his leg on but bleary-eyed.

DI Eric Wardle stares back at him.

STRIKE

What time is it?

WARDLE

Early.

Wardle looks around him.

WARDLE (CONT'D)

I've got a man cave too but it's attached to a house.

STRIKE

Let's go and get some breakfast.

54A INT. AFGHAN CAFE - DAY 6

54A

Strike nods to the owner who brings them food and strong coffees.

STRIKE

What do you want?

WARDLE

Well I know I'm supposed to be DI Plum who doesn't care about justice but annoyingly some of your questions about Rochelle Onifade got stuck in my head.

STRIKE

Thought so.

WARDLE

That point about the immersion heater...you were right, that was a good call, that was smart.

STRIKE

The water still running hot...

He nods.

WARDLE

Doesn't stack up at all with the breakdown of the drugs in her body.
(MORE)

WARDLE (CONT'D)

Plus the uppers didn't go in through any of the usual routes like nose, mouth or even arse. And looks like they were injected after the opiates which is also a bit weird.

STRIKE

So...

WARDLE

That doesn't mean anything for Lula Landry. Could be some dealer she pissed off.

STRIKE

Could be although it's a lot of trouble to go to when a knife would do the job.

WARDLE

Yup.

Beat.

STRIKE

Anstis said you were a decent copper...

WARDLE

Yeah? He told me you saved his life and support the Arse...not sure which is the bigger error of judgement.

STRIKE

He exaggerates about the former.

(beat)

Look, I don't wanna make anybody look...you know. But you made a mistake with Tansy Bestigui 'cos she was on the balcony and she did hear somebody else upstairs.

Wardle scratches his nose.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'd like to see the full CCTV from around Kentigern Gardens.

WARDLE

Would you now. And what do I get?

STRIKE

Credit. Shared information. I can do stuff you can't. And it's not too late to be on the right side on this one.

Wardle grunts and gets up from the table.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Mind the gap on the way out.

The detective laughs.

WARDLE
Get back to Woolwich where you
belong, gooner.

55

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 6

55

Strike has photos spread on his desk. They include one of Lula's flat with a bunch of white roses. There is also a photo of the scene after the body has been found. Tansy Bestigui is standing with a red-and-gold towel around her shoulders. Derrick the doorman is in the background.

Strike scoops up the photos and heads out of his office.

Sees Robin coming in.

STRIKE
Going to Kentigern Gardens now.

ROBIN
OK.

STRIKE
And tomorrow morning we're going to
Vashti to try on some frocks.

She grins.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
You'll be the one trying the frocks
on obviously. I'll be your brother
trying to find a suitable gift for
my wedding anniversary.

ROBIN
How come?

STRIKE
Somebody there has been talking to
the press about Lula. I wanna find
out who it is, what they know and
how they know it.

The phone rings. She takes it.

ROBIN
Cormoran Strike's office...

Strike frowns as she shifts into a Scouse accent.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
...no, she's not here any more.
Sorry I don't. My name? I'm Ashlee
Jones his new assistant and that's
double e not i-g-h. You're welcome.

She puts the phone down.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
I can do a pretty good Geordie as
well.

STRIKE
As well as what?

ROBIN
Temporary Solutions are on my case.
Not sure they believe me.

STRIKE
Suppose it doesn't matter if they
blacklist you now you've got a
permanent job.

She hesitates but he doesn't notice.

STRIKE (CONT'D)
Picking up some lunch on my way
back, you want anything?

She shakes her head.

ROBIN
Miso soup day.

STRIKE
Bad luck.

He exits.

56

EXT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LOBBY/POOL AREA - DAY 6

56

Strike rings on the buzzer. The door opens and he goes into
the lobby where Derrick is behind the desk. Tansy Bestigui
sails past nodding to Derrick but ignoring Strike completely.

DERRICK
Want me to let you into Lula's
flat?

STRIKE
Actually I wouldn't mind a quick
look at the pool area again.

Derrick comes out from behind the desk a little puzzled.
Strike starts to walk down towards the pool area.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Tansy told me you came running the
night Lula died.

DERRICK

Yeah...

STRIKE

You wouldn't "come running" from
behind your desk. This is the only
point you could come running from.

DERRICK

I might have been checking the pool
for a sec but...

They go into...

57

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

57

...Strike looks at the empty pool.

STRIKE

Inviting isn't it. Bloody annoying to think how underused it is.

Beat.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

That night, you also gave Tansy a towel because she was cold. Handy there was one just lying about at your desk.

He looks at the towels - red with a distinctive gold braid - neatly folded on a bench. And Derrick knows he's busted.

DERRICK

I travel in from East Croydon every day. Never have time for just relax an'...sometimes I can't sleep 'cos of the hours and all the stuff in my head. But swimming really helps...y'know?

STRIKE

'Course.

DERRICK

I can't lose this job. I've got a criminal record...not anything that bad...you know I was a bit wild as a kid but I changed. An' I owe a lot of money on the credit cards and my kids have a lot of birthdays...

STRIKE

You were in here what? Twenty minutes? Half an hour?

DERRICK

'Bout that. Fifty laps.

Strike gives a small exhalation of satisfaction. He knows how a killer could have got in/out of the building now.

STRIKE

Well I won't tell Freddie Bestigui I promise.

DERRICK

Thanks.

STRIKE

Anybody in the Deeby Macc flat right now?

DERRICK

Empty. Some Ukrainians bought it as
an investment.

STRIKE

Can we take a quick look?

Beat. Derrick doesn't want to but...

DERRICK

Come on then. But we gotta be
quick.

58 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 6

58

Robin is working as the phone rings.

ROBIN

Hello?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

May I speak to Cormoran Strike please.

ROBIN

He's not in the office just now.
May I take a message?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

You may say that Charlotte Campbell called. Soon to be Mrs Jago Ross.

Beat.

ROBIN

I'll pass that on.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

Please make sure you do. It's very important.

Robin puts the phone down, a feeling of unease clearly apparent on her face.

59 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, DEEBY MACC FLAT - DAY 6

59

Strike is walking around the flat beneath Lula's recording on his phone. It's largely empty but there are some white chairs and sofas and a Noguchi dining table - a strange atmosphere of dim abandon.

He arrives at a marble table. Looks beneath the table where he sees to his great satisfaction a petal, curling and old but definitely from a rose.

Turns round to Derrick who is watching him.

STRIKE

Were there any deliveries that day?

DERRICK

Yeah. Freddie Bestigui sent Deeby some flowers.

STRIKE

Did Lula get any flowers as well?

DERRICK

Not that I know of.

STRIKE

You definitely didn't take any roses up to her flat.

DERRICK

No.

Strike grunts. Takes a photo of the petal on the floor.

STRIKE

Any other deliveries here?

DERRICK

Some clothes from a fashion designer. A hoodie, a hat, some leather gloves.

STRIKE

Which one?

DERRICK

Dunno. Yes I do actually. 'Cos I said (*English pronunciation*) Guy Some and they laughed and said it wasn't pronounced that way.

STRIKE

(pronouncing it French way)

Guy Somé.

DERRICK

Yes.

STRIKE

Where are the clothes now?

Derrick shakes his head again.

DERRICK

Also somebody from Nighthawk Security came to fix the alarm pad during the day. Lechsinka the cleaner was in for a bit.

STRIKE

So there was a bit of coming and going...

DERRICK

Yeah until the early evening then it all died off and it was jus' pretty quiet.

STRIKE

Good. We're done here for now.

DERRICK

Yeah no offence but I hope 'now'
means 'ever'.

He can't wait to get out.

60

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - EVENING 6

60

Robin is working as Strike comes in holding a bag of Chinese food.

ROBIN

This came for you.

She hands him a jiffy bag. He opens it. DVDs.

There's also a postcard with the Tottenham Hotspur logo on it.

Strike grins as he turns it over.

YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING, GOONER.

He puts it down on the desk and half sits on the edge of it.

STRIKE

Lula Landry was murdered, Robin. By
somebody she knew. Look at this...

He shows her the photo of Lula's flat after the fall.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

There they are look. White roses
just like the ones Freddie sent to
Deeby Macc that day. But this photo
was taken in Lula's flat. How did
they get there? My guess is the
killer took them from the flat
downstairs.

ROBIN

What was he doing in there?

STRIKE

Slipped in with all the comings and
goings that day - deliveries,
cleaners and the like.

ROBIN

And stayed there...

STRIKE

Fuming? Plotting? Bit of both?

(shrugs)

(MORE)

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm still not sure but I think he used the flowers that had been delivered there to conceal his face when he rang on Lula's door. Which means he didn't want her to recognise him through the peephole 'cos he knew she wouldn't let him in. His one big mistake was to leave them in her flat because he fled in such a hurry. He got very lucky because Derrick wasn't on the desk for the reasons I thought...

ROBIN

Swimming.

STRIKE

Yup. Anyway, our man scarppers.
Freddie lets Tansy back in to stop
her screaming and she runs
downstairs in her underwear. Killer
gets out just before Tansy hits the
lobby and Derrick arrives back from
the pool.

ROBIN

But...who?

STRIKE

That's still a work in progress.
But the same person killed Rochelle
and I have to find out why.

He's excited, moving at speed now. Holds up the bag of food.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Crispy duck with extra pancakes day
for me. You quite sure...

She shakes her head.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

What's up?

ROBIN

Charlotte Campbell rang.

He stops.

STRIKE

What did she say?

ROBIN

She just said. 'Tell him Charlotte
Campbell called. Soon to be Mrs
Jago Ross.'

The air vibrates.

STRIKE

OK thanks.

He goes into his office.

61

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 6

61

All very quiet. Robin at her desk. She goes and taps lightly
on Strike's door. Opens it.

He's sitting with the bag of food untouched on the desk
staring at the CCTV footage that Wardle has given him which
shows a black man in a hoodie standing on a street.

But he's not paying much attention as he scrolls through some different cameras and angles.

ROBIN

Would you like a cup of tea?

STRIKE

No thanks, Robin.

She hesitates and then withdraws again. He looks at the CCTV footage and then slaps the space bar impatiently.

62

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 6

62

Robin working as Strike comes out of his office.

STRIKE

Probably won't be back before close
of play so just drop the key in its
normal place...

She wants to say something but can't think of the right thing and he's gone.

63

OMITTED

63

64

INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - NIGHT 6

64

Strike approaching the bar. The barman immediately starts to pull a pint of Doom Bar.

STRIKE

Give me a large whisky first.

The barman pours and gives him a whisky. Strike downs it in one.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Give me another one with the beer.

BARMAN

One of those days is it?

But Strike does not answer. He just stares in front of him gripping the bar so hard his knuckles are white.

JUMP CUT TO:

65

INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - NIGHT 6

65

Strike now sitting on a stool at the bar with a large amount of glasses around him.

He is very drunk.

Stares through bleary-eyes at the door to the pub opening and a familiar figure approaching.

ROBIN

Hi.

STRIKE

Ah, Robin, s'late why you here?

ROBIN

I was looking for you.

He studies her.

STRIKE

You are a very nice person.

ROBIN

(to barman)

Glass of white wine please.

BARMAN

Small, medium or large.

STRIKE

Extra large.

ROBIN

Small please.

STRIKE

Lightweight.

(to barman)

Stick it on my tab.

She pulls up a bar stool.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Know what I like most about you,
Robin?

She shakes her head as the barman hands her the glass of wine and she smiles thanks at him. He makes a quick eye-gesture at Strike - keep an eye on him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You are a very decent person. An'
you have very good skills. A skill-
set.

ROBIN

Thanks.

STRIKE

You have to know when to ask questions and when not to ask questions. Give people time.

ROBIN

Yes, you eaten anything?

STRIKE

Not hungry.

ROBIN

Oh come on, it can't be THAT bad.

He studies her. The joke tracks its way slowly through his brain and bumps the buffers lightly. He laughs.

He takes out a crumpled fag from his pocket.

STRIKE

Gotta light?

ROBIN

You can't smoke in here.

STRIKE

They're ruined pubs. Pubs used to be bloody brilliant. I remember...

He stretches out an arm.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

...when this were ALL PUBS. Nothing but pubs. Even the buses, Robin... they were mobile pubs.

ROBIN

Happy days.

STRIKE

They were happy. An' you know what's ruined everything? Digil-sation.

ROBIN

What?

STRIKE

Digil-isation. Letters. Gone. What happened to love letters?

ROBIN

Oh digital...

STRIKE

'Swhat I said. You're not gonna write a love-mail are you?

ROBIN

Well...

STRIKE

No you're not. Internet groceries.
What? How hard is it to go a
supermarket, you lazy fuckers. Now
you can't even have a fag in a pub
and there aren't any council houses
or love letters any more WHAT ARE
YOU LAUGHING AT?

Somebody on the neighbouring table has smirked at Strike's
mal-du-siecle rant. Big mistake. Strike jumps up.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You think it's funny that people
can't afford to live near their
place of work any more, beardy?

He stumbles and Robin leaps up and grabs his flailing arm.

ROBIN

It's OK. Come on, Cormoran, it's
OK, everything will be OK, sorry,
sorry, he's just a bit...

She steers him to the entrance as if she is leading a big
bear to safety.

STRIKE

'Mabit sad, Robin.

ROBIN

I know.

66	OMITTED	66
66A	EXT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB/GOODGE STREET - NIGHT 6	66A
	Strike and Robin come out of the pub, stumbling along Goodge Street.	
67	EXT. DENMARK STREET - NIGHT 6	67
	Robin helps an inebriated Strike stagger in...	
68	INT. DENMARK STREET, STAIRWAY - NIGHT 6	68
	They take the stairs together - Strike with the remains of a kebab; Robin with a bag that has a big bottle of water and some anti-acids and painkillers ...	

69

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 6

69

They've made it upstairs. Robin puts the bag on the desk.

STRIKE

Won't need those.

ROBIN

Well just in case. You gonna be OK for Vashti in the morning?

STRIKE

Course I am. I am a very lucky person, Robin. First, I've got the kind of metabolism where I can eat what I want and stay pencil thin...

ROBIN

Right...

STRIKE

And second, I don't really get hangovers.

ROBIN

That is lucky.

He thumps down on the chair in the office.

STRIKE

Bastard leg is killing me, standing outside that bloody hotel.

And he pulls up his trouser leg.

And she stares at it for the first time.

He sees her looking at it.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Cruelty or mercy...

She looks at him not understanding.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Kid with a gun. Could have shot me after the explosion but looked at my leg and then didn't...just winked.

Looks at her with a kind of drunken urgency as if she might have the answer to a question that's always bothered him.

ROBIN

Maybe a bit of both.

STRIKE

Yeah. Maybe so.

He focuses on the girl who is beautiful, good, and a pleasure to work with. Luckily in his brain, a tiny sentry of common sense is giving him a very clear message about the importance of the latter in his life right now.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You go home, Robin. I'm all right now.

She waits and watches him go into his office.

ROBIN

I'm switching the lights off.

He does not answer. So she does.

69A

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 6

69A

As Strike goes into his office, he rests for a moment on his desk. He jolts his computer which wakes from sleep and shows him the moment he paused the CCTV footage.

He stares at it for a second and then clomps the space bar again.

Sits down in his chair and rests his head in his hand with a low moan.

Looks at the footage again and suddenly drunkenness allows him a moment of clarity that perhaps his earlier despair might not have done.

He's focused on the image of a man in a hoodie (a hoodie we will later discover contains a vital clue) walking away from the camera back turned, nothing else visible of him.

He goes back and looks at it again.

STRIKE

Fuck.

Once again he returns to the image, repeatedly rewinding him down the road and then letting him walk again.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell.

He puts his finger tip on the screen as if tapping the man on the back to make him turn around.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Turn around, you bastard.

But the figure doesn't of course.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

It was you.

(beat)

You killed Lula.

END OF EPISODE