

1 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 7 1  
The blur of a room seen through sore waking eyes.  
Strike gradually returning to a world that hurts. He groans, shuts his eyes again and burrows back into his sleeping bag.

2 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY 7 2  
The radio is on in the background.  
Robin is making a cup of tea. She pokes the teabag in the cup. Matthew comes in. He brings in a cereal bowl puts it in the sink and then heads out of the kitchen without a word.  
Robin squishes the teabag fiercely against the side of the mug with her spoon.  
Sound of a door slamming as Matthew leaves for work without saying a word.

3 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 7 3  
Strike now sitting head in hands on the side of his camp bed.  
The memories of the previous night before and what caused his drunken despair are kicking in.  
Ouch.  
He gets up and shuffles painfully to the door.

4 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 4  
...looks around still a bit dazed by being awake with this monstrous hangover.  
On the desk the DVDs of CCTV footage that have arrived from Wardle.  
Then he takes a few deep breaths and suddenly aware of what is going to happen next makes a grab for the bin by the desk already retching.

**TITLES**

5 INT. TUBE - DAY 7 5  
Robin is reading. She's sat next to a young man legs splayed, tinny white apple headphones, eyes glued to a game on his mobile. Woman gets on heavily pregnant. The young man closest should get up but doesn't. Robin rolls her eyes and offers her seat to the pregnant woman giving the young guy a reproachful look which he completely ignores.

6 OMITTED

6

7 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 7

7

On screen: CCTV footage. Strap - BELLAMY/ALDERBROOK 22.37 The image we saw Strike watching the night before. The unknown man in the hoodie with his back turned whom Strike identified as Lula's killer.

*Pull back to show Strike is engrossed in these images and noting the time code while brushing his teeth.*

His mobile bleeps a text from Robin. I'M OUTSIDE VASHTI WHERE ARE YOU?

He checks the time. *Bollocks.* Clicks off his screen, gets up, typing a text as he goes. ON WAY.

7A I/E. VASHTI - DAY 7

7A

Robin walks into Vashti. All around the sense of a high fashion elite and perfectly groomed assistants. One (Jenny) comes over. A tiny moment, will Robin be intimidated?

ROBIN

I'd like to try out a few dresses  
please.

8 INT. VASHTI, CHANGING ROOM - DAY 7

8

Robin getting out of her work clothes and into bra and knickers while an immaculately presented assistant who obviously spends painstaking hours on hair and makeup (Jenny) waits holding a dress.

ROBIN

Was that somebody famous I saw  
going out of here just now?

Jenny frowns. Not sure.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Terrible that isn't it, when you  
can't put a name to a face...

She starts to wriggle into the dress.

JENNY

Wow it looks great on you.

ROBIN

Just waiting on my brother he'll  
need to check it out. It's for his  
wife actually?

(Robin has started up-talking something she does not normally do.)

JENNY

Try the green one, think it would  
really suit your colouring, is  
she...

ROBIN

Dark. Stunning actually...

Jenny holds up the green dress. Robin starts to take off the dress she is wearing.

9 EXT. STREET - DAY 7

9

Strike marching towards Vashti eating a bacon roll and drinking a can of full fat coke in an attempt to restore gastric equilibrium. Reaches the entrance...

10 INT. VASHTI, CHANGING ROOM/SHOPFLOOR - DAY 7

10

Robin now getting into the green dress.

ROBIN

(casual)

It wasn't Ciara Porter was it?

JENNY

Sorry?

ROBIN

That I saw...

JENNY

Oh no I didn't see her although she does come in here sometimes...

ROBIN

And Lula Landry came in here a lot. Vashti was, like, always in her lists. Top 10 things she loved about London...

JENNY

(solemn)

Day she died?

(beat)

This. Changing. Room.

ROBIN

Oh wow...that's like totally giving me goosebumps?

Jenny nods.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

They say she was gonna meet Deeby  
Macc that night but I don't think  
Lula would have cheated on Evan.

Jenny gives a smug little smile of one who knows better.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

What? You don't think..

JENNY

She was so gonna meet Deeby trust  
me.

ROBIN

(wails)

But she loved Evan. I mean look at  
those pictures of their commitment  
ceremony.

Too much for Jenny who needs to demonstrate her superior  
understanding.

JENNY

Yeah? Well how 'bout we heard them  
talking...

ROBIN

Lula and Evan?

JENNY

No no, this skanky rude cow she  
brought in with her.

She scowls as she remembers Rochelle. Then grins...

JENNY (CONT'D)

But Mel taped them talking on her  
phone.

ROBIN

No way!

JENNY

Yeah bit naughty we were all like,  
not sure that's right really but  
she swore it wasn't for the press  
just, you know, play to her mates,  
I took a video of Craig David once  
when we were on the same plane to  
Ibiza? Though it was different 'cos  
he let me? He was really nice  
actually, recorded a little message  
for them yeah he's all right Craig  
David...

ROBIN

Wait who's Mel...?

JENNY

She's not here today, day off but  
trust me Lula Landry was doing the  
dirty on Evan and who else is it  
gonna be but Deeby Macc.. go and  
have a look in the mirror...

Robin goes out of the changing room. She looks at herself in the mirror. She does look amazing and permits herself a small Bathsheba smile of approval.

Then sees a figure coming down the stairs.

Turns and looks at Strike.

*He stops and looks at her. The air crackles slightly.*

Jenny comes out after her.

ROBIN

What do you think?

STRIKE

Yeah.

And he checks his watch as if slightly bored by the vision before him.

JENNY

Yeah?

(laughs)

She looks a-maze-ing.

Taps Robin's arm.

JENNY (CONT'D)

But fair play I guess my brother would never say that to me either ew.

Robin laughs and touches her arm back in solidarity. You got it, girl. They return to the changing room.

11 INT. VASHTI COUNTER - DAY 7

11

Strike is giving his details to a girl at the counter.

STRIKE

Yeah I think I'll need Sandra to come and look at it but I'd like to reserve it. My name's Andrew Atkinson, let me just give you my mobile...

To one side Robin and Jenny, the latter is watching Strike doubtfully.

JENNY

(to Robin)  
Doesn't look much like your brother.

ROBIN

Everybody says that.

JENNY

(even more doubtful)  
And his wife's really beautiful?

ROBIN

I know right.

Grins at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

So which would you go for, Deeby or Evan?

JENNY

Both. At the same time preferably.

Strike hears them cackle with laughter, smiles at the girl at the counter.

JUMP CUT TO:

12 EXT. STREET - DAY 7

12

Strike and Robin walking back to the office.

STRIKE

Very good.

Robin is pleased. Nods slightly.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'll go back for Mel later.

Slightly awkward as he knows he has to say something.

STRIKE (CONT'D)  
Bit of a sore head this morning.

She nods.

STRIKE (CONT'D)  
Was I...

ROBIN  
You were fine.  
(smiles)  
Funny actually.

STRIKE

Good.

ROBIN

Is it really bad?

STRIKE

Had worse.

(rueful grin)

But not recently.

They turn onto Denmark Street.

13

INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTSIDE OFFICE - DAY 7

13

They walk into the office. Robin wrinkles her nose as she hangs her coat.

ROBIN

What's that smell?

STRIKE

Bacon.

ROBIN

Apart from bacon.

STRIKE

Vomit.

Her face - that'd be it. He indicates the bin.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I did wash it out and everything.

ROBIN

And everything.

Picks up the bin at arm's length and takes it out of the office.

Strike settles down by the computer on which he was watching the CCTV footage.

Starts to bring up frames again.

Robin comes back in.

STRIKE

Come and look at this.

She comes round the desk and looks.

First frame: the young black man in the hoodie leaning against the wall looking at his mobile.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

So that's the watcher that  
Bristow's so desperate to find.

Couple more frames: same street, same guy walking. We can see  
his back.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

He's walking towards then away from  
the flats...kind of agitated. But,  
you know, maybe he's a Deeby Macc  
fan waiting for a glimpse of his  
hero...

Points to the time code.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

All ten minutes before Lula  
falls...

Brings up another frame with a different street name.

ROBIN

That's after Lula fell...

STRIKE

Yeah, we've got the same guy  
walking quickly away. Less  
agitated, more purposeful...

She studies it carefully.

ROBIN

It's not the same guy.

He's pleased. Wanted to see if she noticed.

STRIKE

Why do you say that?

ROBIN

The hoodie's got a...thingy a logo  
or something.

STRIKE

Right, that's what I noticed last  
night as well. Those are two  
different people. This guy, we  
can't see his face but check his  
hands.

ROBIN

Also black...

STRIKE

Or leather gloves. Guy Somé had a  
hoodie and gloves delivered to the  
Deeby Macc flat.

ROBIN

He could have used the clothes as a  
disguise.

STRIKE

I need to talk to Guy Somé, see if  
this second guy really is wearing  
his clobber.

ROBIN

Good luck with that.

STRIKE

Come along actually 'cos I may have  
to use you to get past reception.

14

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GUY SOMÉ'S STUDIO - DAY 7

14

Strike and Robin sitting by reception.

STRIKE

Feel like a woolly mammoth that's  
wandered in to the gazelle's  
enclosure.

ROBIN

Yeah I was quite happy with this  
handbag five minutes ago.

They laugh. A big party of fashion executives arrive at  
reception. They're loud, boisterous.

STRIKE

Let's go...

With Alicia distracted, Strike and Robin steal through the  
doors...

15 INT. GUY SOMÉ'S STUDIO - DAY 7

15

They're in a cutting room with fashionistas hard at work putting linings into handbags. Guy's eyes narrow at the sight of Strike.

GUY

You don't have an appointment.

STRIKE

So the mountain thought fuck it and came to Kevin.

(beat)

That is your real name right?

GUY

Get out of my...

STRIKE

All I want you to do is identify some items of clothing. I believe they may be yours and this might have a bearing on Lula's death.

(beat)

Surely you're interested in that?

Beat. Guy looks at Robin. And you are?

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I brought along my assistant. Robin Ellacott.

Guy jerks his head towards an office.

JUMP CUT TO:

16 INT. GUY SOMÉ'S OFFICE - DAY 7

16

On the wall is a version of the iconic angel shoot with Lula and Ciara. Strike has loaded the DVD into an iMac and they are looking at the first image of the watcher.

GUY

Never seen him before in my life.

STRIKE

Those definitely aren't your clothes he's wearing? Just that it looks quite similar to...

Guy folds his arms. Change your approach, buddy...

STRIKE (CONT'D)

The doorman at Lula's said he took some stuff from you for Deeby Macc. What did you send?

GUY

A hoodie and some leather gloves.

STRIKE

Do you know if he ever got them?

GUY

He didn't send a thank-you note.

(shrugs)

Standards of etiquette may be a bit different in South Chicago.

Strike moves the images on. To the SECOND guy in the hoodie. Guy looks in sharply.

STRIKE

But that is your stuff right?

GUY

Where did he get that from? It  
hadn't been released. Only a select  
few had had those...

STRIKE

You sure it's yours?

GUY

You sure that's your nose?

STRIKE

OK, can you show me the hoodie and  
a pair of the gloves.

GUY

Tricia!!!!

His assistant appears.

GUY (CONT'D)

Bring me one of the new hoodies and  
some of the new gloves.

She exits. They go over to some seats. Guy lights up.

STRIKE

What did Lula think of Deeby Macc?

GUY

Nowhere near excited enough. I kept  
saying to her, babes, if he'd  
written three tracks about me I'd  
be waiting behind the front door  
*naked* when he got in...

(beat)

GUY (CONT'D)

And what I don't get is why she chose Duffield and all his white-boy tortured-poet act when she was meant to be looking for her lost black soul.

Guy blows smoke.

STRIKE

How far did Lula get with that?

GUY

She was looking for her dad 'cos he was African, the mum was just some redneck from Canning Town. Mrs Methodone we called her. For a while Cuckoo was always in the library, got all excited 'cos apparently the old man was some kind of bigshot academic.

STRIKE

Which library?

GUY

Dunno, round Russell Square. I wasn't paying much attention, everybody switched off.

STRIKE

Apart from Rochelle...

Guy's face darkens.

GUY

Oh she always knew how to play Lula...

Tricia comes in with a black hoodie with a distinctive diamonte "GS" logo on the back, a pair of gloves. *Exactly the same kind Evan Duffield was wearing.*

STRIKE

Did you give a pair of these to Evan Duffield?

GUY

I wouldn't give the steam off my piss to Evan Duffield. Wouldn't put it past him to nick them though.

Strike is turning them round.

STRIKE

May I borrow these. I'll return them of course.

GUY

Think they'd be a bit tight on your big hairy mitts...

Gives a little laugh.

GUY (CONT'D)

Although Ciara certainly wasn't complaining about them last week!

Strike tiny sheepish glance at Robin who remains utterly inscrutable.

GUY (CONT'D)

You got quite the five star review, darling.

(exhales smoke)  
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

And she has plenty to compare you with.

(stubbing out fag)

TRICIA!!!

He looks at them. Which means we're done. Strike scoops up the hoodie and gloves.

17 OMITTED

17

17A INT. TUBE - DAY 7

17A

Strike and Robin with some flowers and a Guy Somé bag, standing on a crowded carriage...

Strike's eye lights on a passenger reading Country Life or similar. On the front an image of Charlotte wearing her engagement ring, news of her betrothal to Jago.

18 OMITTED

18

19

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - DAY 7

19

Robin is standing in the flat looking at some of Lula's stuff on a shelf. There are still invites to openings and premieres, a bunch of membership cards to clubs and private events.

Robin spots something in all of this and picks it up but before we can see what it is the doorbell goes.

She pockets the card and goes downstairs to open the door.

Looks through the peephole and sees only flowers obscuring her view.

She opens the door and Strike comes in.

STRIKE

OK, the flowers travelled upstairs so we know the struggle didn't start here. Let's assume she turns he follows her upstairs still holding them...

Shuts the door behind him.

19A

I/E. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - DAY 7

19A

The flowers now placed on the table where they were in the photo Strike took previously.

STRIKE

So now the argument starts. Voices rise...

ROBIN

How do they get out onto the balcony?

STRIKE

The door could already have been open.

ROBIN

It was snowing...

STRIKE

Lula often felt trapped and liked to open it.

ROBIN

Or maybe as things escalate, Lula turns away and goes out there to get away from him. That's what I might do if I wanted somebody to just leave.

He acknowledges this is possible.

STRIKE

Not knowing that Tansy Bestigui is shivering right underneath.

Robin opens the balcony door and steps out. For a moment she feels the cold wind on her face, the city a long way below her, the same view Lula saw that night, the last thing she saw.

And when she turns Strike is much closer to her than she expected and she gasps as he grabs her arms and pushes her against the balcony rail.

She half-screams in genuine fear.

And for half a second her face is close to his and he is gripping her arms tightly as if...almost as if he is leaning in to kiss her which in the aftermath of green dress moment is kind of understandable.

It's gone before we notice properly. Then she pushes free.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I think it was very sudden and brutal. Tansy heard no cries for help.

ROBIN

I hope so. That it was quick at least.

She follows him back into the flat.

STRIKE

Now I've got very little time and so I make one big mistake. I leave the flowers behind so they appear in the police shot immediately after the fall...

He gestures to her to follow him. She grabs the flowers. He looks at her. She looks back defiantly. Bollocks to that.

ROBIN

I'm not leaving them here to die.

20

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, STAIRWAY - DAY 7

20

Strike and Robin going down the stairs.

STRIKE

Tansy's seen Lula fall so she's hysterical on the balcony. Freddie's let her in again, she's shouted at him that Lula's just fallen to her death...

ROBIN

We're ruling out Freddie...

STRIKE

Yeah he's not gonna lock his wife outside, run upstairs and throw Lula off, run back down and let Tansy in again...

ROBIN

So Tansy heads downstairs closely followed by Freddie....

STRIKE

But I've got a start on them..

21 INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

21

...another man, not Derrick at the desk now...

STRIKE

I've got my head turned away and  
I'm in a hoodie but Derek sees  
nothing anyway 'cos he's  
swimming...

She follows him out of the front door.

22 EXT. KENTIGERN GARDENS - DAY 7

22

Strike and Robin walking away from the block.

STRIKE

I walk down this road here, head  
bowed, by which time Bristow's  
watcher is in retreat. There's the  
junction...

They walk up to it.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

...where I cross paths with him and  
off I go with hood up and gloved  
hands having completely got away  
with it.

They stop slightly breathless. She puts her nose into the flowers. Then looks up at him.

ROBIN

I found this by the way.

She shows him the card she pocketed in Lula's flat.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It's a library card for...

STRIKE

I know what SOAS is.

ROBIN

We could go there tomorrow. See if  
we can find out what she was  
looking up there?

A moment.

STRIKE

I have to see Bristow in the  
morning.

ROBIN

Then I could go on my own.

Strike considers.

STRIKE  
OK. Thanks for today.  
(grins)  
Keep the flowers.

23 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 7

23

Robin is unwrapping the flowers. Matthew comes in.

MATTHEW  
What are they?

ROBIN  
Skateboards.

MATTHEW  
I mean...

ROBIN  
We used them in a crime re-enactment today.

Matthew grunts disapprovingly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I was late last night. To be fair I should have called you.

MATTHEW  
That's all I was saying. I'm not a control freak, I was just worried 'cos it's not like you.

ROBIN  
I know.

She squeezes his hand.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Friends?

He nods.

MATTHEW  
Spoke to the mortgage adviser.

ROBIN  
Oh yeah?

MATTHEW  
We do need to get our joint income up if we want a proper place near a tube station and some decent schools.

He's putting on the squeeze.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You told them you're taking the job  
yet?

ROBIN

Not yet.

She stares over the flowers now.

24 OMITTED

24

25 EXT. BRISTOW HOUSE - DAY 8

25

Strike arriving at Bristow's house ducking through the  
trailing clematis holding a box with a ribbon.

26 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 8

26

Strike is with Lady Bristow who is eating the macaroons he  
brought and showing him photos of the children.

LADY BRISTOW

This is Charley playing cricket. He  
was very good...

STRIKE

I remember...

LADY BRISTOW

Alec said he would bowl for England  
one day.

(beat)

And this is Lula the day she came  
to us. She loved those red mittens,  
I still have them.

STRIKE

John told me you collected a few  
items from her flat?

LADY BRISTOW

Keepsakes.

STRIKE

Like what?

LADY BRISTOW

A charm bracelet we gave her on her  
fourteenth birthday. Some bits and  
pieces...

Marsha the care assistant comes through.

MARSHA

You want me to put a film on for  
you, Lady B?

She goes to a drawer and takes out a piece of thin blue paper with some passwords on it. Takes the remote in one hand and the paper in the other. Peers at it trying to read and input password at same time.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Can you read me the password...it's  
SquareEyes...

She passes the password list to Strike who locates it quickly among several others that include Amazon, John Lewis. They all look like dates or name/date combinations. Some are the same.

STRIKE

Leopard Underscore 1942

LADY BRISTOW

Oh yes. Leopard for dear old baby.  
1942 I was born.

Sound of front door and then John Bristow enters the room. Looks surprised to see Strike already arrived. Checks his watch.

STRIKE

Yeah I got here a bit early. Marsha  
let me in.

BRISTOW

Right.

If Bristow is momentarily discomfited by this he quickly regains his composure. Comes over and kisses his mother.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Macaroons, you are lucky.

LADY BRISTOW

Mr Bone brought them for me.

BRISTOW

(to Strike)

Thanks, that's really kind.

STRIKE

I just wanted to ask a few quick  
things. Did you know Lula was  
looking for her biological family?

Bristow glances quickly at his mother who is staring intently at the screen.

BRISTOW

Yes I knew something about it, but I steered away from the topic for obvious reasons.

STRIKE

Yeah sure. You don't know who her father is?

BRISTOW

Well I still like to think he was the man who actually brought her up but...I'm sorry no. Her biological mother popped up in a few tabloids. Ghastly woman.

STRIKE

Yes I've seen a few interviews - bit of a golddigger.

LADY BRISTOW

He was an African student. Nigerian I think...

They turn to look at her.

LADY BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Alec told me. He had to get another lawyer to do the papers because Tony refused.

STRIKE

How come?

LADY BRISTOW

Didn't want us to get her.

STRIKE

Why?

LADY BRISTOW

Because of Charley. Tony said something to Alec that made my husband very angry and there was a fearful row and Alec said Tony shouldn't come to the house again but he's my brother so...oh now hush because this is a good bit...

STRIKE

(to John Bristow)

The last time we met you told me that Tony was here on the evening Lula died...

BRISTOW

You have a good memory.

STRIKE

He was here the whole time?

BRISTOW

(trying to remember)

Not sure. I was in the flat  
upstairs while he was down with mum  
but I passed him on the stairs  
certainly.

STRIKE

Did he watch the film with you?

BRISTOW

No he left just before that.

STRIKE

OK.

BRISTOW

I'll see what I can find out  
regarding the adoption papers  
though.

STRIKE

That would be very helpful.

LADY BRISTOW

She loved those mittens.

She's looking at the photos by her side again. Bristow gives Strike a pale smile. He doesn't really feature in any of the pictures.

27

EXT. SOAS - DAY 8

27

Robin going into the building.

28

INT. SOAS LIBRARY - DAY 8

28

Robin on a computer terminal tapping in a search enquiry. The results of Lula's request history come up. Robin studies it and writes a request slip. Then she goes to the main desk.

ROBIN

Hi yeah, I need something from your  
special archives.

She hands him the request slip. *Operation Cold Chop: the CIA and the Overthrow of Nkrumah - Josiah Agyeman*

29

INT. VASHTI - DAY 8

29

Jenny looks up to see Strike coming in to the shop.

JENNY

Oh hi, your sister not with you  
today?

He shakes his head.

STRIKE

Is Mel about please?

JENNY

Down in the changing rooms...

Watches a little puzzled as Strike goes downstairs. Sees a  
girl who is collecting hangers.

STRIKE

You Mel?

She nods.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

My name is Cormoran Strike. I work  
for Lula Landry's family and I'm  
just going to explain to you the  
legal hazards of recording private  
conversations and sharing them with  
third parties without obtaining  
consent...

Mel's mouth opens in dismay...

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But first you're going to give me  
an audio file of the conversation  
you taped on your mobile of my  
client's sister...

30

INT. THE TOTTENHAM PUB - DAY 8

30

...Strike's mobile phone on the table. Robin and Strike with  
drinks and pub food (him) listening to an audio file on his  
phone.

LULA (V.O.)

Just sign it there...

ROCHELLE (V.O.)

You sure about this?

LULA (V.O.)

Never been surer, babe. They don't  
need it do they.

(beat)

Can't believe it. I'm gonna see him  
tonight, Roch, after all this time.

Recording ends.

## STRIKE

That was the point apparently Lula poked her head out of the changing room to see if anybody was listening.

ROBIN

So paranoid these celebrities...

She thinks...

ROBIN (CONT'D)

"I'm gonna see him tonight". Deeby  
Macc...?

STRIKE

That's the obvious conclusion. (But  
not necessarily the right one).

ROBIN

What's Rochelle signing?

STRIKE

Lula's driver told me they were  
looking at a piece of paper in the  
cab and Lula said it would piss off  
Tony.

ROBIN

Sounds like a will.

STRIKE

Yeah her uncle was obsessed she  
might leave her estate to Evan  
Duffield.

(beat)

How did you get on at SOAS?

ROBIN

OK, Lula's search record showed she  
was looking up books on Ghanaian  
history. More specifically though  
she several times requested a PhD  
thesis by a guy called Josiah  
Agyeman who was a student there.

STRIKE

Agyeman. That's not Nigerian...

She shakes her head.

ROBIN

Ghanaian.

STRIKE

...maybe all West African countries  
look the same to Lady Bristow.

ROBIN

The dedication to his PhD is  
interesting...

She shows him a shot she has taken on her mobile.

STRIKE

(reads)

*For my beloved wife Ami and our  
baby Jonah. With grateful thanks to  
Pastor Jorge Duran of the Church of  
Holy Light for teaching humility  
and faith to one who had so often  
strayed.*

Strike considers this.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

One who had so often strayed...

ROBIN

I guess he might be Lula's  
biological father.

Checks her watch and rises.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Gotta go and meet Professor  
Enright.

Strike - ?

ROBIN (CONT'D)

His PhD supervisor. Still at SOAS  
but he was teaching this morning.

Strike watches her go and despatches his last piece of steak  
and kidney pie, wipes up some sauce with his finger.

31

EXT. STREET - DAY 8

31

Tony Landry emerging from his offices, starts to walk down  
the street, sees Strike who has been lying in wait for him.

TONY

I'll add stalking to the schedule  
of harassment I am currently  
preparing with a view to a court  
order against you.

STRIKE

Your nephew says you were at your  
sister's house in Chelsea the night  
of Lula's death?

Tony says nothing. Just keeps walking.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Is that correct?

Tony still says nothing.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

That's your alibi?

TONY

What on earth would I need an alibi for?

STRIKE

You tell me.

TONY

Can you prove I wasn't?

STRIKE

I'm not in the business of proving negatives.

(beat)

Although you used your credit card to pay a bar bill at your favourite hotel around the same time you were supposed to be with your sick sister.

Tony grimaces with anger but does not let himself lose control.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Why did you not want the Bristows to adopt Lula?

Tony momentarily thrown by this.

TONY

That's not...it wasn't...

STRIKE

Yvette told me you didn't want Lula around in the first place. Didn't stop you becoming very interested in protecting her wealth.

Tony stops.

TONY

I always had Lula's interests at heart. Always. From Day One.

He hails a cab which slows for him and Strike lets him go.

32

OMITTED

32

33

INT. SOAS - DAY 8

33

Robin is with Professor Enright in SOAS library.

PROFESSOR ENRIGHT

What did you say your interest was?

ROBIN

Ghanaian political economy.  
Especially around the time of  
Nkrumah. I was very keen to talk to  
Josiah Agyeman.

PROFESSOR ENRIGHT

I'm afraid Dr Agyeman's no longer  
with us.

ROBIN

Can you tell me how to find him?

PROFESSOR ENRIGHT

He died just over a year ago.

ROBIN

(dismay)

Oh...

Studies her curiously.

PROFESSOR ENRIGHT

You're not the first young lady  
who's come asking about him.

(beat)

What's this really about?

34

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 8

34

Robin now back with Strike in the office.

STRIKE

Lula must have found out exactly  
the same thing as you.

She nods.

ROBIN

Professor Enright said she was very  
upset.

STRIKE

Didn't he know who she was?

Robin laughs.

ROBIN

He's a specialist in post-colonial  
administrative divisions in sub-  
Saharan Africa.

(beat)

The world of celebrity fashion may  
have passed him by.

STRIKE

So Agyeman's a complete dead end...

ROBIN

Nope.

He looks at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I then tracked down Pastor Duran - the Pentecostalist he mentions in his PhD dedication. The church is out in Tooting...he had a lot of photos of the Agyeman family and he let me take a picture of...

Takes out her phone. Opens the photo app. The first one is of her and Matthew celebrating their engagement.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Not that one...

She quickly swipes to a photo of a grey-haired bespectacled man standing proudly beside a striking young man in army uniform.

STRIKE

Wow.

ROBIN

Yup. That's Agyeman with his son Jonah.

STRIKE

No doubting where Lula got her looks.

Peers more closely at the picture.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

His badge.

ROBIN

What?

Strike points to it.

STRIKE

Coldstream Guards.

Strike thinks hard.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

"My black brother's coming tonight"

Robin looks at him.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Lula said it to the doorman the night of her death when she got back to the flat. He thought she was talking about Deeby Macc.

ROBIN

(excited)

And in the changing room at Vashti.  
'I'm gonna see him after all this time'

STRIKE

She was expecting him. She thought she was going to see her brother for the first time.

ROBIN

You think he might have...

STRIKE

I'll put in some calls.

Robin looks at the photo again.

ROBIN

Sad.

He looks at her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Her all excited about finding him and...

STRIKE

There's usually something quite sad at the back of it all.

He gets up.

ROBIN

Where you going?

STRIKE

Play some pool.

34A

EXT. POOLHALL - NIGHT 8

34A

Strike walks into the building.

35

INT. POOLHALL - NIGHT 8

35

A proper old-school poolhall. Scary looking characters.

Strike walks over to a heavily tattooed man playing pool. He catches sight of Strike and immediately stops playing and waves away his opponent.

SHANKER

Bunsen.

STRIKE

How's it going, Shanker?

They go and sit over at one of the small tables.

SHANKER

Put some flowers at your ma's grave  
the other day.

Strike nods.

STRIKE

Appreciated.

SHANKER

Least I can do after what she done  
for me. Something you want?

Strike takes out an envelope.

STRIKE

This is a car registration and its  
normal location.

SHANKER

You want us to nick it?

STRIKE

No.

SHANKER

Can we...

STRIKE

Leave the car where it is. Don't  
nick anything. But if you were to  
find a way of checking something  
inside for me...

SHANKER

Checking what?

STRIKE

In the envelope are also two  
addresses...

Bends in to explain. What's his game?

36 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT - NIGHT 8 36

Robin is outside. She looks at her mobile for a second. Dials.

ROBIN

Hi, this is Robin Ellacott. I came for the...yes, Human Resources that's right.

(beat)

I am just calling to say my circumstances have changed and I won't be able to accept the offer. Please pass on my appreciation for...thanks.

37 INT. ROBIN AND MATTHEW'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 8 37

Matt staring at her.

MATTHEW

You didn't even discuss it.

ROBIN

We did discuss it.

MATTHEW

OK, but we didn't decide anything. This affects us both.

ROBIN

But primarily me.

(beat)

I like the work I'm doing now... I'd always thought about a career like this ...

MATTHEW

Like this! As I recall it was psychology, not doing the filing for a one-legged "investigator" in Soho.

She half-laughs and shakes her head.

ROBIN

Loving the way you've made it all sound equally sleazy there.

(beat)

He lost his leg fighting a war...

MATTHEW

And what a bloody waste of time and effort that was.

She stares at him.

ROBIN

What an awful thing to say.

MATTHEW

Well.

Beat.

ROBIN

Maybe if you met him...

MATTHEW

Met him?

ROBIN

Yeah we could have a drink after  
work or something.

He looks at her as if she has just offered a pint with Jihadi John.

MATTHEW

And would I go home on my own while  
you tuck him up in bed?

ROBIN

Forget it then.

She exits with a look of contempt which obviously unsettles him a bit.

MATTHEW

I was joking!

He looks far from mirthful though.

38

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 8

38

Strike is on the phone.

STRIKE

...that's fantastic, mate, I'll go  
tomorrow morning. Ping me over what  
you've got on Agyeman...we should  
most definitely have a drink soon  
I'll tell Dickie Anstis...

(laughs)

OK I won't tell Anstis.

Looks at computer.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Yup just arrived. Thanks, buddy.

He opens an e-mail file. Photos and details of Jonah Agyeman.  
Strike grunts with satisfaction.

He's at the beginning of the end-game.

38A EXT. STREET - DAY 9

38A

Strike at the entrance to a regimental building in London.

38B INT. REGIMENTAL BUILDING - DAY 9

38B

Few soldiers - men and women - in uniform as Strike walks down a long corridor. The military institutionalism that was once a home from home to him.

39-41 OMITTED

39-41

42 INT. OFFICE - DAY 9

42

Strike and Jonah sitting facing each other, the latter in uniform. He has startling high cheekbones and almond eyes.

JONAH

They told me you were once a suit.

He glances at Strike's leg.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Helmand right?

Strike nods and there is a moment as they take stock of each other.

JONAH (CONT'D)

It's my fault she killed herself.  
All of this is my fault.

STRIKE

How's that?

JONAH

She wanted to see me the night she died. But in the end...I couldn't.

Strike takes out a picture with an image of the watcher in the ordinary (non-Guy) hoodie standing outside the flats.

STRIKE

That's you right?

Jonah nods.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You went to see her that night?

Jonah nods again.

STRIKE (CONT'D)  
Tell me what happened?

JONAH  
It was too much for me, doing my  
head in. Lula, all them posh cars  
and flats, and mum...

He breaks off.

STRIKE  
I understand.

JONAH  
Do you?

Beat.

JONAH (CONT'D)  
Dad told me about it when he was  
dying. Said he never knew if she'd  
had the baby. He was a student at  
the time and mum was in Accra. Some  
woman he was lodging with...

STRIKE  
Then Lula calls you out of the  
blue.

JONAH  
She didn't want the press to find  
out...

STRIKE  
She used a mate's phone.

JONAH  
Some Rochelle bird yeah.

STRIKE  
So suddenly you find out you've got  
a half-sister who's a world famous  
supermodel.

JONAH  
Would have broken my mum's heart.  
Her health's not so good. I said no  
at first but Lula kept on, kept  
on...did you know her?

STRIKE  
No.

JONAH

She was, you know, full on, one point she was going: 'you can have all my money', I said 'I don't care about your money', she was even going on about leaving everything to me in her will to piss her uncle off...

On Strike processing confirmation of what he knows.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Afterwards I felt so guilty. If I'd gone in she might still be alive.

STRIKE

I don't think you would have been in time.

JONAH

I haven't got any brothers or sisters.

Strike regards him compassionately.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I messed up the chance I had...

STRIKE

Wanting to protect your mum was a good instinct.

JONAH

Lula was a bit crazy. I could tell that talking to her. All hyped up one minute...

STRIKE

She had had some mental health issues but I also don't think she liked her world so much...

JONAH

Thassit. She was looking for something you know? I felt sorry for her too. And she said she understood about mum, that she didn't want to hurt anyone.

(beat)

She sounded all right.

STRIKE

I think she was.

(beat)

You look very alike.

And Jonah turns his face way from him to hide what are possibly tears.

43 EXT. STREET - DAY 9

43

Strike with John Bristow.

BRISTOW  
A brother?

Shakes his head.

BRISTOW (CONT'D)  
...you know that makes me feel  
really strange.

STRIKE  
Of course it does.

BRISTOW  
I hate the term real brother or  
real parents. My real parents were  
the ones who raised me.

STRIKE  
Definitely go along with that.

BRISTOW  
Your own father...

STRIKE  
I wouldn't even refer to him in  
that way. Far as Jonny Rokeby was  
ever concerned I was just a shudder  
in the loins...

Bristow shakes his head sympathetically.

BRISTOW  
So this brother, this soldier is  
the one in the CCTV footage?

STRIKE  
He says he didn't go into the flat.

BRISTOW  
Well he's not going to say he did I  
suppose. Do you believe him?

STRIKE  
Keeping an open mind for the time  
being.

Then blindsides him with a sudden jab.

STRIKE (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't have given Tony an  
alibi, John.

Beat. Bristow avoids his eye.

BRISTOW

Do you understand why I did?

STRIKE

I think so yeah but you still  
shouldn't have done it.

BRISTOW

The scandal...Tansy's a  
client...he's got kids and...

STRIKE

And you're a bit scared of him too  
right?

Beat.

BRISTOW

Do you think we should tell the  
police about Agyeman?

STRIKE

Probably yeah but...

His phone bleeps a text message. Shanker. GOT IT. He looks at Bristow.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, John, I have to  
go and meet somebody fairly  
urgently.

BRISTOW

Sure don't worry...

And Strike's off.

44

INT. POOLHALL - DAY 9

44

Strike back with Shanker again. He hands him some photographs. Strike looks at them for a moment and IT IS IN THIS MOMENT THAT HE KNOWS WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY WHO THE KILLER IS.

STRIKE

Right.

SHANKER

You look disappointed.

STRIKE

I am a bit. Long shot but did you  
check the glove compartment for  
that...

SHANKER

Nothing, just the usual crap, sweet  
wrappers and that...

Strike nods.

SHANKER (CONT'D)

Apart from this.

STRIKE

I told you not to...

He stops. *An old bicycle bell.* Strike stares at it. He knows immediately what its significance is although we won't remember.

SHANKER

That's free.

Strike takes out his wallet.

SHANKER (CONT'D)

My boy was heartbroken not to take  
the car once he was in.

STRIKE

Hopefully this will help soothe the  
pain.

Takes out his phone. Dials.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Wardle?

JUMP CUT TO:

45 OMITTED

45

46 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 9

46

Strike with Wardle.

STRIKE

Lula made a will. Day she died.  
Witnessed by Rochelle Onifade.

WARDLE

Where is it?

STRIKE

I don't know.

WARDLE

You think she was killed because  
she made a will?

STRIKE

No I don't. But Rochelle definitely  
was.

WARDLE

I'm not with you.

STRIKE

I think Rochelle was blackmailing  
Lula's killer because she was the  
only other person who knew about  
the will.

Strike looks again at Wardle.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

He'll kill again if he thinks he  
has to.

47

EXT. CHELSEA STREET - DAY 9

47

Strike walking back towards the Bristow residence. He's on  
the phone to Robin.

STRIKE

Did you make that call?

ROBIN (V.O.)

Disputed estate in Richmond...

STRIKE

That's it.

ROBIN (V.O.)

Yeah it's all booked in.

STRIKE

Great.

48

INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 9

48

Strike is with Lady Bristow. Marsha is in the kitchen making  
lunch.

STRIKE

Do you remember Tony being here the  
night Lula died?

LADY BRISTOW

Oh it's all so blurry now. My long-  
term memory is good enough but the  
drugs make everything so muddled.

STRIKE

I understand.

LADY BRISTOW

I do remember you and Charley thick  
as thieves. Your mother was a model  
or something...

STRIKE

That's right.

LADY BRISTOW

Such a glamourpuss.

Peers at Strike.

LADY BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Nothing like her.

Strike laughs easily.

LADY BRISTOW (CONT'D)

Johnny's not much to look at  
either. My husband Alec had a lot  
of homosexual friends.

Strike frowns at the non-sequitur.

LADY BRISTOW (CONT'D)

House of Lords. But he always said  
that he didn't mind them being  
around Johnny. "Just because  
they're queer, Yvette, doesn't mean  
they have poor taste."

She cackles. Strike doesn't.

Marsha comes out with a bowl of soup for Lady Bristow on a  
tray.

STRIKE

May I just use the bathroom?

She nods, her eyes glued to the screen.

Strike heads towards the hall and stairs.

49

INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LANDING - DAY 9

49

Strike is moving quietly about. He goes into...

50

INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LULA'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY 9

50

The bedroom used to belong to a young girl. Old stuff from  
childhood like a rocking sheep. The transition into teenage  
years and pictures of favourite bands and actors.

A photo of Lula with her brother John. LULA is spelled out in coloured beads above a single bed.

Strike moves out of the room.

51 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY 9 51

Marsha is on her phone.

MARSHA

Yeah he said he was going to the toilet. Well, he's been ages...of course, Mr Landry...

52 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LADY BRISTOW'S BEDROOM - DAY 9 52

A different atmosphere entirely, the bedroom of the old dying woman downstairs. Strike pauses at the dressing table. *There are some flowers in a glass vase.* He moves on towards a large walk-in wardrobe.

He opens the door to the wardrobe. He sees furs, the glass eyes of a vintage fox stole staring at him.

And he sees a safe at the back of a wardrobe.

He bends down, fur swishing in his face, takes out his notebook, opens it to a page quickly that has a whole bunch of dates relating to dates that he has jotted down.

He starts to try and open the safe.

53 EXT. BRISTOW HOUSE - DAY 9 53

A taxi pulls in and Tony gets out...

54 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LADY BRISTOW'S BEDROOM - DAY 9 54

Strike working the safe combinations. Tries another sequence. No luck.

55 EXT. BRISTOW HOUSE - DAY 9 55

Tony Landry putting his key in the front door.

56 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LADY BRISTOW'S BEDROOM - DAY 9 56

Strike has got the safe open!

But he almost hisses with disappointment because what he is looking for isn't there. Just share certificates and property deeds.

Then he freezes as he hears voices downstairs and footsteps on the landing. He stands up quickly and as he does so he sees something else.

A red mitten dangling. He reaches up to the shelf and his hand settles on something else. A charm bracelet. He continues his hand sweep. A handbag. The one from the fashion shoot. The one she wore on her last day. Lula's favourite. Almost agonised with hope and anticipation he opens it and looks inside.

It's empty. Nothing. He's failed to find the will.

Then he remembers something. He fiddles with the lining of the bag which is one of the detachable ones that Ciara showed him earlier.

*And there is an envelope tucked inside the lining.*

57 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE - DAY 9

57

Tony Landry is impatiently checking the bathroom and finding it's empty. He hurries straight out and across the landing towards his mother's room and throws the door open. He sees the open wardrobe door. Heads over it to it and pushes it open.

EMPTY.

He turns and leaves the room and sees Strike on the landing.

STRIKE

I got a bit lost looking for the bog.

Tony stares at him. Strike walks past the open toilet door. Shuts it.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Oof, sorry, wouldn't go in there for a bit if I were you...

He heads down the stairs followed by Tony's gaze. Then Tony heads back into...

58 INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 9

58

Tony goes back into the walk-in wardrobe where Strike was looking.

Does he see perhaps that the red mittens have fallen to the floor in front of the safe?

His face darkens.

59 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTSIDE OFFICE - EVENING 9

59

Strike is sitting with something in his hand. It is the bicycle bell that Shanker gave him. Robin comes over with the tea.

ROBIN

You heard anything?

He shakes his head.

STRIKE

Go home.

ROBIN

What if he comes here?

STRIKE

I can look after myself. Honestly,  
I'm not expecting anybody now.

She hesitates.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Go on. Nothing's gonna happen  
tonight.

She nods and picks up her coat and bag. Then turns.

ROBIN

I didn't take the job in HR.

STRIKE

Oh.

(beat)

I'm not gonna be able to afford you  
much longer once this case...

ROBIN

I know.

She exits.

JUMP CUT TO:

60 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9

60

Strike is on his camp-bed finishing a pizza and listening to something like Bonnie Prince Billy "agnes, queen of sorrow". His leg is obviously hurting so he lifts his trouser leg and loosens his prosthesis.

*Every time I think you say, it's time for us to go our way, I say wait another day...*

Strike lost in reverie to the haunting imperatives.

Then suddenly he hears a noise outside.

He stops adjusting his leg, switches off the music, and listens.

BRISTOW (O.S.)

Hello?

Strike exhales softly. With relief?

STRIKE

Ah it's only you, John.

Bristow steps into the room.

BRISTOW

Were you expecting somebody else?

STRIKE

Well maybe yeah but I'm glad...you want some pizza? There's a slice left although I picked the pepperoni off.

Bristow laughs and shakes his head. He takes something out of his bag. It's a bottle of whisky.

BRISTOW

Just for all the hard work.  
Tracking down Jonah Agyeman was quite a result.

STRIKE

That's really generous.

BRISTOW

Marsha told me you visited today. I was a little surprised to be honest.

STRIKE

Oh?

BRISTOW

I was called out to visit a potential client in Richmond but they turned out not to exist.

Shakes his head.

STRIKE

Yeah I got my secretary to do that.

Bristow puzzled.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry, John, I needed you out of the way for a bit.

(beat)

I'm afraid I have some distressing news regarding Tony Landry.

He indicates to his chair that Bristow might want to sit down which he does, bottle of whisky still beside him, and Strike studies him carefully for a moment.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

He knows you killed Lula.

The air freezes.

BRISTOW

I'm sorry?

STRIKE

He might not admit it to himself  
but deep down he knows.

Bristow's eyes like hard marbles.

BRISTOW

It's impossible to know something  
that isn't true.

STRIKE

On the day of Lula's death, you  
visited her flat...

61 INT. LULA'S APARTMENT (FLASHBACK) - DAY 0

61

STRIKE (V.O.)

...on two occasions...

*John with Lula arguing furiously.*

STRIKE (V.O.)

I don't know if you already knew  
about it from Tony or if, in her  
excitement, she made the fatal  
misjudgement of telling you. Anyway  
you were furious about her finding  
Jonah...*John storming out and Lula slamming door behind him.*

STRIKE (V.O.)

...you left after the first row.  
You went downstairs, hid in the  
empty flat...

62 INT. DEEBY MACC FLAT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 0

62

*A hoodie, some gloves, a vase of flowers.*

STRIKE (V.O.)

... and then you went back...

63 INT. LULA'S APARTMENT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 0

63

*Lula opens the door to John Bristow who lowers the flowers  
from in front of his face. He looks truly terrifying in  
hoodie and leather gloves.*

64 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9 64

Bristow staring at Strike.

BRISTOW

I'm very sorry but I'm not awfully  
good at the kind of scornful denial  
which I assume is my job here.  
(shakes head)  
I'm just really disappointed.

He half rises but pauses as Strike takes out the envelope and  
hands it to him.

STRIKE

Open it.

Bristow does. He reads.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF LULA LANDRY.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

It's what you've been looking for,  
isn't it?

Bristow chews his upper lip.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

It was in Somé handbag that your

mother took from her flat.

(laughs)

Been under your nose all this time.

BRISTOW

The handbag was empty.

STRIKE

You didn't know about the  
detachable linings though did you?

Bristow says nothing.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Rochelle knew of its existence  
obviously. That's why you killed  
her.

BRISTOW

I've never met her.

STRIKE

Then why did your satnav prompt her  
address when we entered it?

65 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 9

65

SOCO teams all over Bristow's car.

66 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTSIDE OFFICE - NIGHT 9

66

Bristow touches the knot of his tie, only sign that he is in any way discomfited. Looks at Strike again, utterly calm.

STRIKE

Lula told you all about the will in the second argument.

*A quick flash of Lula going upstairs in the penthouse followed by John.*

LULA (V.O.)

It's too late I've already done it.

Bristow smiles thinly.

BRISTOW

Lula died intestate, I inherited nothing...

STRIKE

Yeah, but you will when your mother dies which won't be long. Rochelle wasn't such a good friend to Lula. She decided to blackmail you over the will. Of course she had no idea what you were capable of. What you'd already done.

(beat)

But I think money was always a secondary motive to envy.

And now he takes out the bicycle bell that Shanker retrieved from Bristow's car and puts it in front of them.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Another of your little souvenirs.

Bristow stares at it.

67 EXT. LADY BRISTOW HOUSE GARDEN (FLASHBACK) DAY

67

*Two boys playing football, Charley and Strike, best mates, as Charley rounds Strike and scores.*

CHARLEY

(Ecstatic)

Arsenal lose and Cormoran Strike beaten again.

*Charley celebrates, he's a crazy kid and young Strike laughs with a great friend, but someone isn't getting a game.*

*Young John Bristow watching on, left out again.*

STRIKE (V.O.)

First Charley, then Lula. I have some sympathy for you here with your mother's endless categorising. The handsome one, the clever one, the funny one - you were always just the second one, weren't you?

*A young Lady Bristow brings out the lemonade, but her first smile is for Charley. Young Strike is a smart kid and he notices John's painful exclusion.*

68

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9

68

BRISTOW

Oh please anything but the cod psychology...

STRIKE

No sure, fine, I'm not a big one for motive actually, although juries are suckers for it. Let's stick with what we actually know...

BRISTOW

It would certainly save an awful lot of time.

STRIKE

Tony always suspected you of involvement in Charley's death. He tried to stop your parents adopting again because he was frightened for Lula...

BRISTOW

And he told you that did he?

STRIKE

He was nowhere near your house that night and at first that made me suspicious. Then I realised that you giving him an alibi meant that he was effectively giving one back to you. Tony Landry is a weak-willed coward but he's not a murderer.

He picks up the bicycle bell.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

You are.

69

EXT. QUARRY (FLASHBACK) - DAY

69

*And we see bell, bike and boy cartwheeling down the side of a quarry towards a horrible impact.*

*Young John Bristow stares emotionlessly after it.*

70

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9

70

A long silence.

STRIKE

Which just leaves one huge question.

BRISTOW

One that rather blows your entire theory out of the water I'd say.

STRIKE

Well I've thought hard about it.

Beat.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Getting away with murder wasn't enough for you. You wanted to put Jonah in the frame especially when you couldn't find the will. He'd look mighty suspicious coming forward claiming he was her sole heir.

(beat)

Funny thing is I don't think he cared for one moment about Lula's money.

Bristow says nothing.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

But even without the will and even if it was only trial by internet, you would become the tireless pursuer of justice. Your mother would have to notice you now.

Bristow stares at him. Strike smiles almost compassionately.

## BRISTOW

We're done here. Your mother's a dead junkie, your father doesn't even want to know you exist, you're in debt up to your eyeballs, and you live in your office eating junk food. Good luck taking that to the police.

He rises.

## STRIKE

I already have. You should know by the way that leather gloves do not prevent the transmission of forensic evidence. It's a common mistake but actually they cause criminals to sweat especially when they're hyped up as you were that night...

71

INT. BRISTOW HOUSE, LADY BRISTOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

71

SOCO teams carefully remove the vase from Lady Bristow's table

72

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9

72

STRIKE

You're going to prison for two murders, John. It should be three of course.

Bristow gets to his feet grabs his whisky and turns to go.

Up from his desk Strike isn't letting him get away.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Wait, John...

But just as Strike gets a hand on Bristow's shoulder, he spins fast and blindsides Strike with a CRUNCHING blow from the whisky bottle.

Strike glances the blow, but just as quick comes another and another.

Strike stumbles backwards to avoid the swinging bottle and finally parries Bristow and gets in a punch.

Bristow is up fast jabbing violently with the broken bottle, a quick dodge from Strike, but he loses his balance, off the desk and onto the floor covered in GLASS.

Strike in agony glass EVERYWHERE, Strike tries to get up, but his HANDS only find shards of glass.

Bristow comes down at Strike with the bottle, but Strike manages to catch the attacking arm, avoiding the jagged edge to send Bristow and the bottle flying.

Strike is scrambling back on his feet, when a new pain screams out as Bristow has grabbed his prosthetic left leg and is dragging him across the glass covered floor.

Strike in agony as the leg eventually detaches sending Bristow flying backwards as Strike's hands reach for the burning stump.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Cormoran!

Bristow and Strike hear the voice at the same time.

STRIKE

Stay out!

Strike hauls himself up reenergised, but Bristow is also back on his feet swinging the prosthetic leg at Strike, who blocks the blow and makes a grab for Bristow.

73 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 9 73

Robin is deciding what to do when the two bodies hit the other side of the glass door. She jumps in shock, but then the glass SMASHES with the prosthesis barely missing Robin.

Through the broken door Robin witnesses the fight for the first time, Strike and Bristow locked in struggle blood everywhere.

STRIKE

Get out of here, Robin, get out...

Robin runs, but only as far as the prosthetic leg, which she grabs and SMASHES Bristow square in the face, knocking him to the ground.

74 INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - NIGHT 9 74

Bristow lands on his back beside his broken bottle, he makes a lunge for it, but Strike uses this new advantage to pull Bristow away from the weapon and starts pummelling him without mercy or pity.

Bristow is unconscious and yet Strike keeps hitting.

ROBIN

Cormoran stop, stop...

Robin is stood in the doorway.

Blood, sweat, panting it's over, Bristow unconscious, halfway dead.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You're bleeding.

Strike looks down at his arm which is indeed pouring with blood. Shit, even Strike knows that's not good and he pulls off his belt and makes a tourniquet.

STRIKE

Call an ambulance. And a taxi 'cos  
I'm not going to hospital with this  
arsehole.

FADE TO BLACK.

On screen: three weeks later...

75

INT. AFGHAN CAFE - NIGHT 10

75

Strike eating meatballs as Wardle enters and takes a seat opposite him. Signals to waiter.

WARDLE

Same as him...

Turns to Strike.

WARDLE (CONT'D)

Good news...

STRIKE

Tottenham have gone bust.

WARDLE

Been through the finances. John Bristow had Power of Attorney over Lady B and used it to cash in some of her assets shortly after Lula died.

STRIKE

To pay Rochelle?

Wardle nods.

WARDLE

He's claiming he used it for extra healthcare even though the assistant was paid for from a separate account.

Strike nods.

STRIKE

They checked the film streaming service?

WARDLE

Yup, looks like he gets back, drags her out of the arms of Sister Morphine and persuades her it's earlier than it really is so she'll remember being with him. Log-in time for *Bringing Up Baby* says otherwise.

STRIKE

And the vase?

WARDLE

Saving the best 'til last. It's definitely the one that Freddie Bestigui sent to that rubbish rapper and we've isolated traces of both the glove fabric and Bristow's DNA.

Beat.

STRIKE

He's going down.

Wardle nods.

WARDLE

Still working on the car for Rochelle's DNA.

(beat)

But I'm hoping for a confession.

They shake hands. Strike checks his watch and signals for bill.

76

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - DAY 11

76

Tony Landry is watching as clearance men are in finally emptying the property.

He turns to see Strike come in with Derrick Wilson the doorman. Derrick holds back but Strike approaches Tony. The two old adversaries take each other in for a second.

STRIKE

I was sorry to hear about Lady Bristow.

TONY

It was time. And it was very peaceful.

Strike moves to let a packer with a box go past as Lula's presence slowly evaporates.

TONY (CONT'D)

Before she died, my sister and I agreed that we would respect Lula's wishes with regard to Jonah Agyeman.

STRIKE

OK.

TONY

I will also pay any outstanding fees or expenses to you.

STRIKE

Thank you.

But you could have phoned for this. Tony reads the thought bubble.

TONY

You were wrong about one thing though. It wasn't just self-interest.

Strike looks at him. No?

TONY (CONT'D)

I never knew for certain what had happened with Charley and John when they were at the quarry that day.

STRIKE

You suspected though. You were anxious enough to try and stop them adopting Lula.

TONY

So imagine if I had told Yvette that he might have also killed Lula with no proof. Imagine what that would do to her.

Tony shakes his head. Then he looks at Strike again.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Families.

STRIKE  
Yup.

And they turn and walk out of the flat together.

JUMP CUT TO:

77

INT. KENTIGERN GARDENS, LULA'S FLAT - DAY 11

77

The work is now nearly done of removing all trace of Lula. Derrick Wilson is the last one there waiting for the packers to finish.

One of the last things to go is the picture of Lula in her angel wings with Ciara Porter.

They put it on the floor and get ready with bubble wrap and tape.

And just before the image of Lula - so beautiful and ultimately lost - disappears, Derrick gives it a rueful smile and touches the frame.

DERRICK  
Bye bye, angel.

And she's gone.

78 EXT. DENMARK STREET - DAY 11

78

Cath, Strike's smoker friend, is in her doorway having a fag when she sees Strike arriving holding a bag and pursued by journalists. Shouting *why did he do it, will you be seeing Ciara again etc etc.*

She grins, tosses her fag away and pirouettes in front of them, blocking them from Strike momentarily.

CATH

Me, I, Me, I. A celebrity I am.  
Don't bother with him, take  
pictures of me, I am famous, I am  
beautiful, LOOK AT ME, YOU  
BASTARDS.

They try and get past her but Strike with a grateful smile at Cath has pushed his way into his building.

79 INT. DENMARK STREET, OUTER OFFICE - DAY 11

79

Strike goes inside. Robin at her desk.

ROBIN

Phone hasn't stopped ringing.

The phone rings again. He picks it up and takes it off the hook and sets it down again.

Hands her something from the bag wrapped in soft paper. She cautiously opens it.

STRIKE

Thank you.

She takes out the green dress from Vashti. Looks at him.

ROBIN

I know what it costs remember.

STRIKE

Call it a bonus.

A moment.

STRIKE (CONT'D)

Wanna stay on here for a bit longer then? We can make it permanent if you want.

ROBIN

But you can't...(afford it). You need the last of Bristow's advance to pay the arrears to Gillespie...

## STRIKE

Oh more work's coming in with all  
the attention.  
(smiles)  
I am become a name.

She frowns.

## STRIKE (CONT'D)

Tennyson.

## ROBIN

Ah right.

## STRIKE

I can't pay a lot to start with but  
I can't listen to any more of your  
rubbish accents when Temporary  
Solutions call.

## ROBIN

They're not rubbish.

He smiles. She smiles. Nothing more needs to be said.

The phone rings. He goes into his office, she takes the phone.

## ROBIN (CONT'D)

Cormoran Strike's office.

Her fingers caress the soft green silk of the dress.

80

INT. DENMARK STREET, INNER OFFICE - DAY 11

80

Strike sits down and shuts his eyes for a second.

## STRIKE (V.O.)

All times I have enjoy'd Greatly,  
have suffer'd greatly, both with  
those, That loved me and alone on  
shore...

The words of the poem fade into the images in his minds eye:

The black and white photo of a glamorous model in a crepe buttermilk dress.

A beautiful woman staring at him in rage and hostility while he looks almost in wonder at the blood on his fingers.

And a young Afghan boy with a gun pointing at him. Who winks and walks away leaving him bleeding on the yellow-dirt road.

He opens his eyes just as Robin puts a cup of tea beside him, smiles, and exits without a word.

He hears her low murmur as she answers the ringing phone again.

And Strike bends down to unfasten his prosthetic leg releasing himself from it for the remainder of the day.

STRIKE (V.O.)  
I am become a name.

**END OF SERIES**