



SILENT WITNESS 27

**BLOCK 4
EPISODE 8**

'King's Cross'

By Ed Whitmore

Green Revisions

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73

EXT. EUSTON. TOWER BLOCK - DAY 4 - 09:43

73

Establish: a tower block behind Euston Station.

74

INT. EUSTON. PERRY FLAT - DAY 4 - 09:43

74

Back with Nikki and Tudor questioning Joanne Perry.

DI STEVE TUDOR

Sorry, Joanne... who is Terry
Bordell?

JOANNE PERRY

One of Adam's lads.

A whole world of dark subtext there.

NIKKI

And you think he's responsible for
the bodies in the station?

No response. Joanne seems to be retreating back into herself.

DI STEVE TUDOR

You said if he was guilty - Terry,
I mean - that it'd all be your
husband's fault. What makes you-

JOANNE PERRY

Like you don't know what I mean!

(then, more measured)

You don't need to tiptoe around me.
I know what Adam was. The innocent
lives he corrupted. Ruined.

DI STEVE TUDOR

Terry was one of them?

JOANNE PERRY

(nods)

Adam found him sleeping on the
station floor and 'recruited' him,
as he liked to say.

DI STEVE TUDOR

As a rent boy?

(she looks at him sharply)

In the parlance of the time?

Joanne nods. Frowns. Struggling to frame a thought.

JOANNE PERRY

Terry was different. He and Adam
were close - love/hate close but
close.

(MORE)

JOANNE PERRY (CONT'D)

Always blowing up at each other and making up five minutes later. When Terry got too old, Adam used him as an enforcer.

DI STEVE TUDOR

Suited to that, was he?

JOANNE PERRY

(nods, SNAPS fingers)

He'd turn like that - I mean proper nasty. But then he'd be charm itself, plus he was still young so the kids trusted him.

(reflects; as if it's only just striking her)

It was evil really.

NIKKI

Joanne, I have some specific questions arising from the pathology evidence if that's OK?

(Joanne nods warily)

On 2 January 2008 Adam was admitted to A&E after suffering a non-fatal stab wound to the chest by the entrance to the station. Did Terry inflict that injury?

(Joanne hesitates, then shakes her head)

Can you tell us who did?

JOANNE PERRY

Adam said it was some kid he'd never seen before.

DI STEVE TUDOR

He was trying to 'recruit' him presumably?

JOANNE PERRY

Probably. I never asked.

(then)

Adam thought Terry put the kid up to it 'cause he vanished right before it happened.

NIKKI

(clarifying)

Sorry... Adam and Terry were together, then Terry left right before Adam was stabbed?

JOANNE PERRY

(nods)

Said he was gonna buy cigarettes or something.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 Bit bloody convenient?
 (Joanne nods)
 Go on.

JOANNE PERRY
 Adam was a nightmare in hospital.
 Just raging about Terry. How he was
 gonna get even soon as he got out.

NIKKI
 And did he?

Joanne shakes her head, she doesn't know.

JOANNE PERRY
 The day Adam was discharged was the
 last time I saw him.
 (off Nikki's frown)
 He came home, stashed his stuff
 from the hospital in his office and
 went straight out to find Terry.

NIKKI
 What stuff?

Joanne struggles to hold Nikki's urgent gaze a beat.

JOANNE PERRY
 A bag... I don't know.
 (then, a quiver of fear)
 I was never allowed in Adam's
 office under pain of death - I
 don't even have a key.

Nikki and Tudor stare at her as Joanne's frightened gaze
 shifts to a closed door across the hall. And the penny drops
 for Nikki and Tudor - Joanne hasn't gone in there to this
day.

NIKKI
 You mean you've never...?

JOANNE PERRY
 (shakes head vehemently)
 Too worried he'd come back...
 (eyeing the door)
 ...too scared what I'd find in
 there.

Later. Jack and Velvy have joined them and Jack is in the
 process of removing the door to Adam Perry's office.

Nikki - watching Tudor huddle with DC Abbott in the hall.

DI STEVE TUDOR

...pull everything you can on Terry
Bordell but discreetly - if he's
our boy and the media alert him,
we're in trouble.

Nikki - lightly, slightly testing the waters:

NIKKI

Is it worth speaking to Malcolm
Jones?

(Tudor eyes her sharply)
He was station coordinator during
this period - he might remember
Perry and Bordell?

Tudor shrugs dismissively:

DI STEVE TUDOR

Local plod and Vice will be my
first ports of call.

Look between Jack and Nikki - now they know there's some kind
of bad blood between Tudor and Jones. But no time to dwell on
it now because seconds later Jack's got the office door open:

JACK

Nice one.

Go with Jack and Velvy as they enter the dark, dusty, almost
tomb-like remnants of Adam Perry's OFFICE. The bulbs are long
dead, the curtains drawn, so Jack and Velvy use flashlights
to pick their way in, carefully videoing everything before
they touch it.

The room is chaotic, mouldering newspapers piled in one
corner, an ashtray full of fossilised cigarette ends. Spooky
time capsule vibes.

Velvy opens some drawers. Softly:

VELVY

Jack...

Jack joins him to see a nasty array of cobwebbed handcuffs,
ball gags, whips and restraints, even a gas mask. Evil.

Jack stops, scans the room with his torch. The beam wobbles
over a dust-furred HOLD-ALL perched atop a filing cabinet.

Jack steps over. Examines a tatty, faded label attached to
the hold-all, reads:

JACK

Royal Free Hospital patient
property.

Jack feels his pulse quicken. Jack swabs the zip, then unzips the hold-all - and glimpses a BASEBALL JACKET with white sleeves that are streaked in OLD DRIED BLOOD.

76

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 4 -
11:44

A more bullish Joanne Perry opposite DI Tudor and DC Abbott.

JOANNE PERRY

...shame it took a serial killer
 for you to pay Adam's death a shred
 of attention.

Tudor bites down on his instinctive reply to that.

DI STEVE TUDOR

What makes you so sure Terry
 Bordell's our man, Joanne?

Joanne sits back in her chair ruminatively.

JOANNE PERRY

When Adam didn't come home I went
 looking for him. I found Terry at
 the station, out of his head on
 something - acid probably. He
 seemed really angry. Jumpy.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

Which to you, read as guilt?

JOANNE PERRY

(nods)

He kept saying 'Adam got what was
 coming to him' - that they'd all
 get what was coming to them.

Tudor mulls that over, watching Joanne steadily.

DI STEVE TUDOR

Did you understand "all" to mean
 people who exploited kids? Like
 Adam had him?

Joanne nods ominously. Grapples with her memory.

JOANNE PERRY

Next day I went to the police.
 They weren't exactly bending over
 backwards to find Adam but I told
 them my suspicions.

DI STEVE TUDOR

And?

JOANNE PERRY

(conceding nod)

They took it serious. Looked everywhere, all over King's Cross and up to Euston. No Adam, no Terry.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

And that was it?

JOANNE PERRY

I heard nothing for weeks, then a detective came round late on a Friday. Said they still couldn't find Terry. He seemed to have left the area for good - probably to avoid getting nicked.

DI STEVE TUDOR

But now you're thinking... maybe he didn't leave at all?

JOANNE PERRY

(nods, ominous)

No-one knew the station like Terry - the platforms, the passages, the exits and entrances - it was home.

Tudor - Joanne's conviction re. Terry Bordell is infectious.

77

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 4 -

77

12:32

The incident room is jumping. Gabriel and Nikki both present as Tudor briefs Court:

DI STEVE TUDOR

...we believe Terry Bordell was originally from the Wolverhampton area and we're liaising with CID up there.

Court eyes TERRY BORDELL'S MUGSHOT - black spiky hair, curled lip, lots of punky attitude - a vulnerability under the bravado, old pain converted into aggro.

DI STEVE TUDOR (CONT'D)

He goes off grid circa 2008 and never resurfaces.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

But he's got a record?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

Luck of the Devil. Nicked a fair few times but never charged.

NIKKI
No prints or DNA on file.

Court looks equal parts frustrated and sceptical.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
Anything resembling a motive?

DI STEVE TUDOR
According to Joanne, Terry was
prone to outbursts of violence and
consumed with bitterness that he'd
been caught in her husband's
clutches.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
(picturing it)
So... what... he starts hiding in
plain sight in the tavern? Picking
off victims at will?

NIKKI
He certainly knew the patch.

GABRIEL
(eyes Bordell's mugshot)
The pathology evidence suggested a
taller assailant but not to the
extent of ruling him out.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
(nods, a new concern)
We also thought he was working as a
builder.
(turns to Tudor)
Does that fit with Bordell?

Tudor shakes his head a little impatiently.

DI STEVE TUDOR
That was only ever a guess.
Motive, means and opportunity -
he's a full house.

All eyes on Court. Is she persuaded?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
Agreed.
(then, re. Bordell's
mugshot)
We put everything we've got into
finding this man.

78

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION. EMERGENCY MORTUARY - DAY 4 - 14:01

The quiet of the mortuary. Jack is processing the bloodstained baseball jacket with white sleeves retrieved from Adam Perry's office. And then he finds the holy grail on the right sleeve... a FINGERPRINT in the dried blood.

Jump cut: Jack magnifies the print, studies it, something odd about it. Go CLOSE to see a near-horizontal line/groove across the fingerprint left in the dried blood.

Jack - pulse quickening. He steps to the corner of the room where the portable freezers stand. He pulls out the heavy drawer containing Body Two. He checks the hands - all four fingertips of the right hand bear the distinctive horizontal groove of a healed scar...

...and Jack is reaching for his mobile.

79

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 4 - 14:07

Joanne Perry - as Tudor bursts in, fixing Joanne in his stare:

DI STEVE TUDOR
Terry Bordell. Was there anything unusual about his hands?

Joanne figures for a moment - pressured - then nods:

JOANNE PERRY
Got in a fight by the taxi rank once. Grabbed the wrong end of a knife and almost lost his fingers.

Tudor - as this unwanted-but-compelling confirmation lands.

80

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 4 - 14:38

80

Coming in halfway as Jack breaks the crushing news to the detectives.

JACK
...Terry Bordell is not our killer, he's Body Two.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
You're certain?

JACK
Not certain, no. We don't have Bordell's dental records or DNA to make a definitive comparison-

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (over him)
 You just said you found Bordell's
 fingerprint in Perry's blood?

JACK
 (nods)
 We knew from Joanne that Bordell
 was there but disappeared to buy
 cigarettes.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 Maybe he came back, tried to help
 Perry? That's how the print got
 there?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 He did.
 (all eyes on Abbott
 who's just entered)
 It tallies with the police report
 I've finally unearthed...

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Better late than never.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Sorry - CID never took the case
 up and it wasn't digitalised.

Abbott opens a tatty, old-school box file, scans the top sheet:

DC CHLOE ABBOTT (CONT'D)
 Bordell gave a statement and was
 described as being 'very upset'
 by Perry's stabbing...

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 He protests too much?
 (off Abbott's frown)
 Perry reckoned he'd put the kid up
 to it, right?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Yes, he did, but we know their
 relationship was combustible.

JACK
 (to Abbott)
 What else did Bordell have to
 say?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 He came back from buying
 cigarettes to find Perry lying in
 his own blood...
 (scans sheet)
 (MORE)

DC CHLOE ABBOTT (CONT'D)
 CID dropped the case when Perry
 refused to say who stabbed him or
 why.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 (nods sympathetically)
 On a hiding to nothing.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (i.e. in file; sighs)
 Not much in there we couldn't
 surmise for ourselves, then?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Well... there is this.

Abbott hoists an unlabelled VHS tape. Court stares at it:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Have you viewed it?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Need a VHS to play it, Ma'am.

JACK
 (smiles)
 You need a VCR, VHS is the tape.

Court turns to Jack expectantly.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Sounds like you're our man, Jack.

JACK
 (pah!)
 VCR? I've got a Betamax player
 somewhere!

Jump cut. Later - Jack's VCR has been delivered and they all stare fixedly at the TV screen which shows:

GRAINY, OLD-SCHOOL CCTV. Timestamp: 1.08 AM 2.1.08. Raised fixed angle on a back passage in King's Cross station. Adam Perry - white-sleeved baseball jacket - lurches into frame and collapses, bleeding from a stab wound to the chest. A tall, HOODED FIGURE wearing a dark puffa coat enters frame and stands over the prone Perry. Then the hooded figure reacts to something offscreen, turns abruptly and disappears from the same direction they came. Five seconds later, Terry Bordell races into frame from the other direction.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (nods to screen)
 Terry Bordell.

Bordell crashes to his knees, trying to revive the bleeding Perry, the packet of cigarettes he just bought tumbling from his pocket onto the bloody floor.

The tape ends.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
Go back. When the assailant turns
away.

Jack replays the footage. Pauses it at the moment the hooded figure suddenly turns.

JACK
I think he saw Bordell coming
from the opposite direction.
(indicates blurred shape
in left hand)
You can just see the knife in his
left hand - consistent with the
right-to-left wound trajectory.

They stare into the darkness of the hood - we just make out
the flash of a pale cheek, the tip of a nose - but no more.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
I know this stabbing could be
unrelated to Perry and Bordell's
murders. But I don't believe it.

Beat. No-one else does either. You could hear a pin drop.

DI STEVE TUDOR
(nods thoughtfully)
So Perry returns to King's Cross
after being discharged. Finds his
assailant and attacks him with
fatal results...

Jack lets the footage play.

JACK
As for Bordell -

Bordell runs into frame, stares after the fleeing attacker
before kneeling by the stricken Perry.

JACK (CONT'D)
- looks like he may well have
seen that assailant's face.

DI STEVE TUDOR
(nods, finishes thought)
When Perry disappears he goes after
him, like a loyal dog...

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Can you clean this up, Jack?
 Enhance it?

She nods to the grainy, dark, VHS footage.

JACK
 Best endeavours but you can't
 enhance what's not there.
 (freezes as the assailant
 turns; studies image)
 He's Caucasian, six-one, six-two
 minimum. Beyond that...

Jack shakes his head grimly - don't hold your breath.

81

INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY 4 - 15:46

81

Find Velvy, Cara and Barbara at the Lyell.

CARA BARBARA
 (BSL) I think it's my turn to cook.
 I think it's my turn to cook.

VELVY
 (SSE)
 I think it's Jack's turn.

Barbara translates.

CARA BARBARA
 (BSL) If we wait for him I think we
 If we wait for him I think we might starve.
 might starve.

I.e. the amount of time he's spending at Nikki's.

They share a smile about that, then:

VELVY
 (apprehensive)
 I was thinking perhaps we could do
 Shabbat dinner this week?

Cara knows this is important to him.

CARA BARBARA
 (BSL) That's a great idea. That
 That's a great idea. That night we will all cook. Even
 night we will all cook. Even Jack. You can show us.
 Jack. You can show us.

Velvy can't help but be touched by that.

VELVY
 (SSE)
 Sounds good.

Velvy peers down the microscope.

Angle down microscope - ORANGE-RED PARTICLES mixed in with a few BLACK PARTICLES.

Velvy looks up from the microscope, puzzled. Carefully he begins to separate out the black particles. Adjusts microscope to examine them more closely. Softly:

VELVY (CONT'D)
You're kidding...

He realises Cara is watching him, frowning a question:

VELVY (CONT'D)
Turns out all bricks aren't created
equally.

CARA (BSL) Body 8?	BARBARA Body 8?
--------------------------	--------------------

VELVY
(SSE)
Body 8.

82

EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION. EMERGENCY MORTUARY - DAY 4 - 16:07

Nikki sits on a bench. Decompressing.

JACK
There you are.

Nikki looks up to see Jack approaching. Finds a smile for him. He sits down. Hold on them a beat, then:

JACK (CONT'D)
It's a blow isn't it?

I.e. Bordell is not their killer. She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
You OK?

NIKKI
Just... tired.

JACK
You were the one wanted to do eight
post-mortems.

NIKKI
I was...

JACK
And you wouldn't be told.

She returns his smile good-humouredly. Then, fixes him with a serious, appreciative look:

NIKKI
Thanks, Jack.

JACK
It's what I'm here for...

NIKKI
Not like you've ben sitting around
watching YouTube yourself...

JACK
Sounds good though doesn't it?
(off her frown)
Sitting around watching YouTube.
Or just... sitting around.

NIKKI
One day...

JACK
I'll hold you to that.

He studies her a beat - is that all? Then his phone rings.

JACK (CONT'D)
(of caller display,
frowns; to Nikki)
Malcolm Jones - you ready for the
lecture?

And Nikki rises from the bench before, we sense, she's good and ready to.

IMAGES of King's Cross of the 80's and 90's - frightened-but-tough runaways; abandoned sleeping bags; headlines about the arrest of DPP Allan Green in 1991 for kerb-crawling. Over this we HEAR:

MALCOLM JONES (O.S.)
...I used to say King's Cross was
like a frontier town. All the
madness of London in one spot.
One hit. Too much for some
people, never enough for
others...

Wider: in the museum, find Jack and Nikki having a coffee with Malcolm Jones. Historic images of King's Cross are spread out on Malcolm's desk.

NIKKI

You and DI Tudor have crossed paths before, haven't you?

Jones cracks a wary smile.

MALCOLM JONES

That obvious?

They wait for him to expand.

MALCOLM JONES (CONT'D)

When I was station coordinator, I was often at loggerheads with King's Cross nick.

NIKKI

Why was that?

MALCOLM JONES

They thought I was a bloody do-gooding busy-body. Back then King's Cross was still a magnet for runaways, pimps, addicts, and the hostel-averse long-term homeless. My philosophy was: ignoring the problem didn't make it go away. Ultimately these were human beings who genuinely viewed the station as their home.

NIKKI

Good for you.

(then, watching him)

How did the redevelopment fit with that philosophy?

He returns her pointed smile - good question.

MALCOLM JONES

There was a plan for every aspect of King's Cross - the works were painstakingly streamlined to minimise disruption for the paying customers. But there was no plan for the people who, in their own way, depended on the station most. Drove me nuts and - along with the smear campaign - it probably led to the early termination of my contract.

JACK

Smear campaign...?

MALCOLM JONES

The police said I was too close to the runaways. Inappropriately so.

(MORE)

MALCOLM JONES (CONT'D)
 What they really wanted was for me
 to look the other way. Stop caring
 that they treated those kids like
vermin. Powerful forces were
 telling them to clean up the
 station by any means necessary and,
 believe me, they didn't need to be
 asked twice.

A slightly awkward silence follows that revelation.

NIKKI
 You're positive you can't help us
 ID Body Three?

MALCOLM JONES
 Which one's he again?

NIKKI
 50-60 years old, red-grey beard?
 Likely sleeping in the tavern?

Jones scowls, searches his memory.

MALCOLM JONES
 Including the tramps and the sex
 workers, there were north of one
 hundred people illicitly staying
 on the plot at any one time.
 Forty-odd squatters in the old
 carriage building alone.

JACK
 (encouraged)
 So maybe someone else might
 remember him?

Jones feels their joint, now slightly impatient gaze.

MALCOLM JONES
 ...there was a social worker
 called Alan Fry who made regular
 sweeps of the station. Always
 trying to build a rapport with
 the runaways, log any new
 faces...

JACK
He might remember?

MALCOLM JONES
 If he's still with us.

NIKKI
 Sounds like Alan might be a useful
 resource?
 (Malcolm nods guardedly)
 (MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 If you don't mind me saying, I'm
 surprised you haven't tried to
 contact him already?

Jones looks both caught out and put out - he does mind her saying. Then, stiffly:

MALCOLM JONES
 There just hasn't been a moment.

Slight temperature drop. Awkward silence. Right then Jack's phone rings: Velvy. Jack steps away to answer it.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
 Velvy.

INTERCUT:

83A **INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY 4 - 16:21**

83A

VELVY
 I examined the red dust from Kacper Tadych's head wound. Regular brick dust.

JACK
 And common as muck.

VELVY
 Mixed in were black particles I assumed were either just dirt or stained red particles...

JACK
 Never assume.

VELVY
 I didn't - I mean I did but then-

JACK
 (stemming him)
 The black particles?

VELVY
Also brick dust.

Reveal: Velvy has a BRICK in a window sack - a red brick with artful patches of blackened finish.

VELVY (CONT'D)
 Red with a charred finish.

JACK
Not just Another Brick In The Wall. Nice one.

83B

INT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM - DAY 4 - 16:21

83B

Jack heads back over to Malcom and Nikki.

JACK

You were talking about the careful scheduling of works?

(Jones nods)

So if I wanted to focus on works taking place in the week we think Kacper Tadych was killed, somewhere there'd be a record of that?

And off Jones' slightly wary nod we cut to -

84

INT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - 16:29

Jack, Nikki and Malcolm Jones consulting the records:

MALCOLM JONES

...that week there were fourteen active building projects across the station.

JACK

...we're looking at the smaller end. Possibly a two man job?

MALCOLM JONES

Only one on that scale - a wall used to screen a generator house.

85

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION PLOT - DAY 4 - 16:37

85

Jack, Nikki and Jones staring at something - we clock their reactions before we REVEAL: a wall of red bricks with a blackened finish.

JACK

That's it.

Jack sets Velvy's bagged-up brick against the wall. Jack's unfolding a map of the station plot.

JACK (CONT'D)

Only a stone's throw from the tavern. Not far to wheel Kacper's body...

86

INT. KING'S CROSS CONSTRUCTION AREA (FLASHBACK) - DAY C - 11:27

86

The KILLER - hard hat, high-vis jacket - pulls the handcart with its bulky, covered cargo towards the tavern.

87

EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION PLOT - DAY 4 - 16:37

87

NIKKI

Who was the building company?

MALCOLM JONES

(checks notes)

Keeler Construction... oversaw a host of small-to-medium projects across the station...

88

EXT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM. FLORAL TRIBUTE - DUSK 4 - 18:46

Establish the museum in the gathering gloom - a growing pile of FLORAL TRIBUTES near the entrance, an impromptu CANDLELIT VIGIL - as we hear Court solemnly intone:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (V.O.)

Adam Perry, Terry Bordell, Judy Holmes, Simon Daniels...

89

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DUSK 4 - 18:46

Nikki and the task force are grouped around the TV at one end of a hushed incident room.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (V.O.)

...Elseid Broja, Faisal Hosseini and Kacper Tadych.

Go closer on the screen to see a stressed-looking Court and Gabriel facing down a belligerent media.

GABRIEL

I can confirm that post-mortems have now been completed on all eight bodies.

JOURNALIST 1 (O.S.)

Can you rule out the possibility there are more bodies lying undiscovered?

Biting down on a spike of impatience:

GABRIEL

I can't rule it out, no, but at this point there's nothing to suggest that's the case.

JOURNALIST 2 (O.S.)

Chief Superintendent Court, we're hearing reports you have a strong suspect? Would you care to elaborate?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

No, I would not care to elaborate.

JOURNALIST 2 (O.S.)
Is an arrest imminent?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
Next question.

Nikki - she's seen enough. Peels off across the room. Taking in the eight boards - seven with names and faces/photographs. She gazes into those faces in life. Body Three remains unidentified. On the board for Body One (Adam Perry) a tacked-up screengrab of the suspect in the dark puffer coat standing over a bleeding Perry.

Nikki stares at the screengrab thoughtfully, something gnawing at her. She activates her phone light, blasts the image with light. Now she can make out a faint, greenish, halo-like tinge around the contours of the coat...

...Nikki switches off the phone light, dials Velvy...

INTERCUT:

90

INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DUSK 4 - 18:47

90

Velvy - at his desk as he takes Nikki's call.

VELVY
...I have the footage up, it's very
low-res.

His screen - footage of the suspect in the dark puffer coat.

NIKKI
Just need you to boost the colours.
Right when he's turning...

Velvy hits keys, studies screen.

VELVY
OK... sure.
(he PAUSES footage as
suspect turns)
I'll add a saturation filter.

The screen - as the saturation filter is applied.

NIKKI
What colour does his coat look like
to you?

VELVY
Green. Dark green.

NIKKI
Some dark green material was draped
over Terry Bordell...

Velvy's eyes dart to a bank of yet-to-be-processed evidence.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
 ...could it be from that coat?

VELVY
 I haven't processed it yet...
 (off Nikki's silence)
 ...I'll fix that now.

Velvy hangs up, roots through the evidence and fishes out the BAGGED-UP SQUARE OF GREEN MATERIAL, studies it anew.

91

EXT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM - DUSK 4 - 20:06

91

Gabriel escorts Esther Daniels as she arrives with flowers to the area dedicated to tributes beside the museum. So many flowers she's unsure where to place hers. Gabriel spies a spot, points, Esther nods and sets her flowers down there, a picture of Simon attached and a handwritten dedication.

They stand there in the King's Cross night, reading the other tributes. Finally:

ESTHER
 Thank you.
 (Gabriel shakes his head, it's nothing)
 I wanted to come when everyone'd gone...
 (then, almost inaudible)
 ...but I couldn't face coming alone.

Esther lights a candle by her flowers. The flickering light lends Simon's smiling face a cruel carapace of life.

GABRIEL
 How're things at home?

Subtext: why is her husband not accompanying her?

Esther - a grappling, anguished beat, then:

ESTHER
 I can't accept...
 (struggles to name it)
 ...comfort from him.

GABRIEL
 Your husband?

ESTHER
 (nods)
 Or my son.

Gabriel waits for her to expand. When she doesn't:

GABRIEL

Why not?

ESTHER

They remind me what Simon never had. A calm, stable home life. Two parents who loved him.

Gabriel wants to gainsay that, to reassure her, but can't.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

When me and Neil got together he encouraged me to 'focus on our future'...

She shakes her head bitterly, crucifying herself.

GABRIEL

(intuiting, gently)

At the expense of Simon?

ESTHER

(nods)

But the truth was, I was tired of chasing after him, of apologising to his teachers, of worrying where he was at 4 am. Tired in my bones. I blame my husband but he didn't make me do anything I didn't want to. And I hate myself for it.

GABRIEL

Esther-

ESTHER

When the police told me they'd found his backpack in Holloway Woods, I didn't even question it, didn't even challenge their assumptions that dealing got him killed...

She breaks off, overcome. Gabriel holds her gently. Dips his head to meet her stricken gaze. Looking her in the eye with quiet urgency.

GABRIEL

One day... not today, but soon, you're going to have to forgive yourself...

(she's going to protest, he forges on, nodding)

...forgive yourself and recognise that what happened to Simon was the result of one very bad man and no-one else.

Esther so desperately wants to believe this. Finally, she nods, accepting this truth, and lets Gabriel guide her away.

PAN AWAY to find a solitary, crouched figure in the darkness. Reveal: Kacper's on/off partner Anna Górska. She's inscribing something on the first page of the book she's carefully balancing on her knee: ***To Kacper. I'm so sorry. All my love always, Anna.***

And with that Anna carefully sets the copy of the *Da Vinci Code* down among the flowers.

92

EXT. KEELER CONSTRUCTION - DAY 5 - 09:18

92

New day. Keeler Construction is a sprawling site way out beyond Heathrow. The camera lingers on huge pallets of bricks before alighting on a tiny, ant-like car weaving through in the distance.

Cut closer - to find Jack and DC Abbott pulling up by a couple of men loading a truck.

JACK

We're looking for Mike Jarvis?

One workman points in the direction of a distant Portakabin.

93

INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY 5 - 09:19

93

Palpable urgency as Nikki and Velvy brief Gabriel and Tudor.

VELVY

(with a glance at Nikki)

We DNA'd the remnants of what we believe is the green puffer coat the suspect was wearing when they stabbed Adam Perry...

Velvy indicates the bagged-up green material, nods to his screen showing their suspect standing over Adam Perry, 2 January 2008 time-stamped in the corner.

GABRIEL

(nods to green material, recalling)

It was draped over the two bodies at the rear?

NIKKI

(nods)

Terry Bordell and Adam Perry.

Tudor eyes the rotten square of green material dubiously.

DI STEVE TUDOR
Who says that's from his coat?

VELVY
Couple of things. It's a green dyed cotton, which is pretty common, but fibre analysis shows a fluoropolymer coating - AKA waterproofing - which is often used in outdoor wear. Plus DNA evidence.

Velvy glances at Nikki who picks up the baton.

NIKKI
The outer side of the coat that was in contact with Bordell and Perry's bodies is covered with their DNA.

GABRIEL
Unsurprisingly.

NIKKI
(nods)
Unsurprisingly. But there's blood on the inner lining that's not a match with Perry or Bordell but someone else.

Velvy shows them a mugshot of DEAN LANE, 42, hard case.

VELVY
A drug dealer called Dean Lane, who was found stabbed to death in Sheffield on New Year's Day 2008, one day before Perry was stabbed non-fatally in King's Cross.

DI STEVE TUDOR
Sheffield?

VELVY
(nods)
Lane was 42 and had a long record for assault, dealing, you name it. Reading between the lines CID believed he was killed by a rival dealer.

DI STEVE TUDOR
It was never solved?

NIKKI
No.
(then)
(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

The timing of Lane's murder seems highly significant - there must be a good chance our killer murdered Lane then fled to London either that day or the next.

A charged moment. Gabriel slowly nods his agreement.

GABRIEL

The timing, Lane's blood on the coat and the fact he was stabbed are cumulatively compelling to say the least.

NIKKI

I want to head to Sheffield and view the PM report which is hard copy only.

GABRIEL

(frowns)

Sure they'll courier it down if you tell them why.

NIKKI

(shakes her head)

I want to view the crime scene first hand. If this is where... how the killer got started...

DI STEVE TUDOR

Agreed. Good to get a handle on the whole case and suspects they pulled in at the time. I'll call Sheffield CID, tell them to expect us...

94

INT. KEELER CONSTRUCTION - DAY 5 - 09:22

94

Jack has just entered the construction building, is finishing a call to Nikki.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

...call me when you get to Sheffield.

NIKKI (V.O.)

I will.

(then)

Love you.

JACK

Love you. Good luck.

Jack hangs up, crosses over to DC Abbott who is halfway up a scaffolding staircase.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Jack - Jarvis is waiting for us
 up here.

95

INT. KEELER CONSTRUCTION. PORTAKABIN - DAY 5 - 09:24

95

Moments later. Jack shows a nonplussed Jarvis pictures of the red-and-black brick generator wall, DC Abbott looking on:

MIKE JARVIS
 King's Cross...?

JACK
 (nods; i.e. wall)
 It shields a generator and was
 built by your company in August
 2009.

And suddenly they have Jarvis' full attention.

MIKE JARVIS
 Is this... it's not something to
 do with those bodies...?

His alarmed gaze travels from Jack to DC Abbott.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 We won't insult your intelligence
 - it might be.

Jarvis studies the photo of the wall with new focus.

MIKE JARVIS
 I oversaw all our projects at
 King's Cross. This was definitely
 at the smaller end - two day's
 work for a couple of lads.

JACK
 Sounds about right.

Off Jarvis' frown, Jack takes out his sample blackened brick - near identical to the bricks comprising the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Forensic evidence suggests the
 last victim, Kacper Tadych, was
 involved in the construction of
 this wall. He was bludgeoned with
 a brick, possibly by a co-worker.

Jarvis - just staring at Jack as he absorbs all this.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 This is Kacper.

DC Abbott shows Jarvis Kacper's photograph. Jarvis studies it gravely, finally shakes his head. Jack figures furiously - what might jog Jarvis' memory?

JACK

We believe the killer used a handcart to move Kacper's body to the tavern. Trace evidence suggests the cart was used to transport bricks...

Jarvis - some kind of distant memory stirring in his eyes.

MIKE JARVIS

...handcart?

Jack nods, gives him a moment. Finally, grappling:

MIKE JARVIS (CONT'D)

There was a young casual - that's what we call day labourers - who was very strange. Barely spoke to the other lads but he was a real grafter, I mean...

(struggles to name it)
...almost like a robot. We knew he kipped somewhere on the station but I didn't care - not with that work ethic, plus he never complained about anything.

Jack and DC Abbott - just riveted. Finally:

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

What was his name?

MIKE JARVIS

Don't know. Don't know that I ever knew it.

(searches memory)
We used to call him 'vessel' or 'shadow'... something like that... 'cause he was just... unknowable, like you had to check he was really there.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

What sort of age?

MIKE JARVIS

Eighteen or nineteen. Northern accent, not that he ever said much.

Jack and Abbott react to eighteen or nineteen.

JACK

Why did the handcart jog your memory, Mike?

MIKE JARVIS

He changed... the kid, I mean.
Started blowing up over the
smallest thing. Less reliable, too.
One day I had to really tear a
strip off him.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

What about?

MIKE JARVIS

(figures, then)

Whatever task I'd set him, he
hadn't done it... plus he'd lost
one of our handcarts and my foreman
Steve said he'd seen him pinching
lumber and sand.

JACK

(glances at Abbott)
Shoring up the hatch in the tavern.

A dark look crosses Jarvis' face.

MIKE JARVIS

The kid just erupted. Came at me
with a four by two. I ducked but
Steve took it right in the face and
then he just started battering him.
Took four or five of us to restrain
him and we wound up tying him to a
pipe and calling the police which
was a first.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

How d'you mean?

MIKE JARVIS

My job, you're always resolving
fights and disputes but I never
bothered you lot - before or since.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

This was different?

MIKE JARVIS

(nods darkly, then)

There was a patrol car nearby and
in a few minutes he was taken away.

A transfixated Jack clarifies:

JACK

He was arrested?

MIKE JARVIS

(nods)

What he did to Steve...

(MORE)

MIKE JARVIS (CONT'D)
 it was bad, he was never the same
 after. I expected charges to be
 brought but I never heard any
 more...

And DC Abbott's reaching for her mobile...

96

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 5 -
10:56

The incident room is thrumming. Court intercepts Jack and DC Abbott as they arrive, walking and talking -

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 ...we followed up on what Jarvis
 told you. Good news and bad: the
 999 call and arrest details are
 retrievable from the database.

JACK

But?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 But the arresting officers - a
 sergeant and a PC - lost control
 of the suspect and he did a
 runner without any details being
 logged...

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

What...?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (nods, similarly aghast)
 ...including his name. Both
 officers have left the force but
 the sergeant's coming in now and
 we're tracking down the PC.

His frustration boiling over:

JACK

They didn't get his name? How is
 that possible?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Hopefully we're about to find
 out.

(Jack's not placated)
 It's your lead, Jack, you're
 welcome to stay, hear what he has
 to say.

Off Jack - he's staying alright.

97

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM -
DAY 5 - 12:06

Court stands impatiently outside the interview room as we hear approaching FOOTSTEPS and REVEAL: Keith Pryor, last seen on the phone to Russell Drake in EP07.

KEITH PRYOR
Keith Pryor.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
Chief Superintendent Sheila Court.

They shake hands a little stiffly and we cut to:

98

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5 -
12:09

Court, opposite a calm and unruffled Pryor. Muttering:

KEITH PRYOR
...King's Cross station...?
(shakes head)
...no... sorry, nothing's coming.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
So... what, it was no big deal
for you to let a prisoner escape?
(incredulous)
Daily occurrence?

Pryor - a flicker of indignation he quickly masks with an earnest frown as he continues to search his memory.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (CONT'D)
It was August 2009 when the station was being redeveloped.
The suspect and the victim were both part of a construction crew.

INTERCUT:

99

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. ROOM - DAY 5 - 12:09

99

Jack and DC Abbott watching the Court/Pryor interview on a closed-circuit TV feed.

100

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5 -
12:10

Pryor - something coming to him through the mists of time.

KEITH PRYOR

...yes, yes... young lad. They'd tied him up when we arrived and paramedics were treating the bloke he clobbered.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

(nods, impatient)

Can we start at the end? When you let him go?

Pryor's not reacting to a second attempt to goad him. Easy:

KEITH PRYOR

We were getting him out the car and he surprised us. I chased him for a few blocks but he outran me.

Court frowns her confusion:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

Hadn't you cuffed him? I mean it took five builders to restrain him?

KEITH PRYOR

(shrugs)

Maybe I slipped 'em off in the car?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

Why on earth would you do that?

KEITH PRYOR

He was just a kid and he was very agitated.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

Poor lad.

KEITH PRYOR

I was seeking to de-escalate the situation, Sheila, as per my training.

Using her first name to remind her he doesn't work for her. Court just eyeballs him a beat, then:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

Where was your partner while this chase was going on?

KEITH PRYOR

(derisive chuckle)

Russell Drake couldn't run for the bus without coughing up a lung.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 If you'd secured the suspect no-
 one would've had to run anywhere.

Pryor just sits there. Infuriatingly relaxed.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (CONT'D)
 We'll be speaking to Russell to
 get his version of events. No
 danger of your accounts not
 tallying?

KEITH PRYOR
 (shrugs)
 Can't see why they wouldn't.

Court sees a flicker of something. Anxiety. It prompts:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Did you and Russell stay in
 touch?

Beat, then Pryor shakes his head.

KEITH PRYOR
 Didn't stay in touch with anyone
 from the Job. Clean break.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (then, casually)
 Your file says you were in the
 army before you were a copper?

KEITH PRYOR
 The Paras.
 (their eyes meet)
 Saw service in the Gulf War and
 was decorated for it.

Court gives a curt nod of acknowledgement for that.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 What're you doing now?

KEITH PRYOR
 I got out in 2010, just shy of my
 fortieth. Inherited a little nest
 egg and used it to start a
 security business, overseas work
 mainly.

Court takes that in, smiles coldly:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Bet your old army contacts come
 in handy? You stayed in touch
 with them?

Pryor grins affably - can't deny it. Court leans across.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (CONT'D)

Couple of reprimands in your file
which share a theme. In 2005 you
tried to bully a duty sergeant
into releasing a suspected
joyrider. Then, more seriously,
you 'mislaid' a hammer found on a
nineteen-year-old housebreaker in
2007.

Pryor looks her dead in the eye.

KEITH PRYOR

In both instances the substance
of the charges were dismissed.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

You were still reprimanded.

KEITH PRYOR

(shrugs reasonably)

I always believed in giving kids
a second chance. 'Cause if an old
Sergeant from Peckham Rye hadn't
given me a second chance at
sixteen I wouldn't've joined the
army, or the police, or the human
race, come to that.

(then)

But if you're insinuating I
uncuffed that kid so he could
escape and chasing after him was
just for show, the answer's no -
I was fair, but I was firm. He
just got the better of me.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

'The kid'.

(nods grimly)

You never even got his name,
Keith. Talk about a wash-out.

KEITH PRYOR

He wasn't talking, OK? The
builders only knew him by a
nickname and he had no ID - what
was I supposed to do? Torture
him?

Court studies Pryor. On and on. Sees her criticisms sting
just as she intends.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Here you are, being interviewed
 by a Chief Super in King's Cross
 nick about an arrest you botched
 fifteen years ago. And you
 haven't even asked if it's
 anything to do with the bodies in
 the station.

He holds her piercing gaze, gives a self-deprecating shrug:

KEITH PRYOR
 Don't have a curious nature. It's
 why I never became a detective.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Thank God for small mercies.

101 **INT/EXT. PRYOR'S SUV/KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION - DAY 5 -**
12:32

Pryor gets in his SUV. Sits there a beat. Decompressing.
 Not quite as cool and collected as he made out in the
 station.

102 **OMITTED** 102

102A **INT/EXT. KEITH PRYOR'S SUV/KING'S CROSS MUSEUM - DAY 5 -**
12:44

Pryor pulls to a stop. We don't reveal where until he climbs
 out and approaches the floral tributes.

Pryor takes it all in: the cards, flowers, mementos. The
 photos of the dead. Especially the photos of the dead. He
 swallows down a spike of guilt.

Now Pryor feels eyes on him. Looks up to see Malcolm Jones
 carefully, reverentially, arranging the tributes.

Their eyes meet for a moment, a vague, mutual recognition,
 then Pryor gives a tight, sympathetic nod and heads back to
 his SUV, Malcolm Jones watching him go.

103 **INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 5 -** 103
12:57

A sleek logo:

HIGH FORT: SECURITY FOR A CHANGED WORLD.

Wider. Court at her desk. Riveted. Another mouse click
 brings up an image of High Fort founder Keith Pryor in
 khakis standing on a rock somewhere hot and flyblown.

Court - eyeballing Pryor another beat, as DC Abbott enters:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Had the right idea getting out.
 Fourteen years and he's built a
 bloody empire.
 (catches Abbott's
 urgency)
 What?

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Been trying to get hold of
 Pryor's former partner, Russell
 Drake, without success. Now I
 know why: he was fished out of
 Euston Canal this morning.

Court just absorbing that a beat.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT (CONT'D)
 Bit of a coincidence.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (nods, resolved)
 That's our case. I'll pull rank
 if I have to.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Want me to get Pryor back in?

Court considers. Her thoughtful gaze shifting to the picture of Keith Pryor on her screen. And Court shakes her head decisively.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 This needs a careful tread. Get me
 everything you can on Drake's
 death...

104

EXT. SHEFFIELD - DAY 5 - 13:33

104

The Sheffield skyline framed by long dormant chimneys.

105

INT/EXT. CAR/SHEFFIELD. ARCHES - DAY 5 - 13:33

105

Nikki and Tudor have just parked up in the shadow of old, graffiti-ridden arches. Tudor checks his watch.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 We're early.

The silence grows. Nikki is building up to something:

DI STEVE TUDOR (CONT'D)
 Let me guess -
 (off her disarmed look)
 (MORE)

DI STEVE TUDOR (CONT'D)
 - what's my problem with Malcolm
 Jones?

Nikki gives a brief, conceding smile.

NIKKI
 You're not a detective for
 nothing.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 What did he tell you?

NIKKI
 King's Cross police weren't overly
 fond of him because he made
 complaints. PCs hassling the
 runaways, kicking the homeless off
 their pitches-

DI STEVE TUDOR
 All at the behest of some higher
 authority?
 (Nikki nods)
 Load of bollocks.

NIKKI
 So you didn't mount a smear
 campaign? Wilfully misrepresent his
 concern for the runaways?

DI STEVE TUDOR
 'Smear campaign'...

NIKKI
 Worked, too, he lost his job.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 That was all him. He had half-a-
 dozen kids kipping on his floor...

NIKKI
 I see - no smoke without fire?

DI STEVE TUDOR
 (ignoring her sarcasm)
 ...plus he had a station to run, so
 what was he doing playing good
 samaritan-cum-social worker to
 every kid who got off the train
 with a single ticket and a sob
 story?

NIKKI
 I don't know. Being a decent human
 being?

Nikki can tell Tudor doesn't think much to that summation as he opens the car door.

106

EXT. SHEFFIELD. ARCHES - DAY 5 - 13:34

106

Tudor climbs out of the car, then Nikki. They shiver in the northerly breeze, Tudor rolling his shoulders.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 Look, I'm not being callous.
 When I was in uniform, the
 station was on my beat. If I
 could help those kids, I did.
 Always. But there's boundaries.
 Inviting runaways to his place
 was crossing a line. Having a go
 at uniform just for following
 orders and keeping the station
 safe was crossing a line.

NIKKI
 That's it?

DI STEVE TUDOR
 That, and I just don't like the
 bloke.

NIKKI
 Don't think he likes you either
 if it's any consolation.

Tudor returns her smile, friends again. Figures, then:

DI STEVE TUDOR
 It's the holier-than-thou thing.
 And his attachment to the
 station... it's weird. I mean
 look at him, clinging on by re-
 inventing himself as 'museum
 curator'.

NIKKI
 (then, lightly)
 Has it crossed your mind he has
 anything to do with the murders?

Tudor stares at her intently.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 Between us?
 (Nikki nods)
 Crossed my mind, yeah. Mainly
 'cause they happened on his watch
 and he's a weirdo.

NIKKI
 (intuiting)
 But you can't really see it?

DI STEVE TUDOR
 (conceding)
 No. You?

NIKKI

(shakes her head, then)
He did reference a social worker
called Alan Fry who did a lot of
work around the station when the
killer was active.

(off Tudor's frown)
News to you?

DI STEVE TUDOR

(nods thoughtfully, then)
Maybe he mentioned it to someone
else on the team.
(frown deepening)
Alan Fry?

NIKKI

Alan Fry.

107

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION. EMERGENCY MORTUARY - DAY 5 -

13:35

107

Gabriel carries out the PM on Russell Drake with Jack
handling forensics, Court and DC Abbott looking on.

GABRIEL

The deceased, Russell Drake, was
found in the canal and some trace
evidence will've been lost.

JACK

First responders noted a strong
smell of whiskey coming from the
body.

(shows photo of empty
bottle in canal weeds)
A whiskey bottle was found in weeds
on the bank and the only prints on
it are Drake's.

Beat as that goes down. Gabriel examines the champignon de
mousse - froth at the mouth.

GABRIEL

There's a champignon de mousse -
pinkish tinge - consistent with
drowning.

JACK

Lack of oxygen, myocardial and
cerebral anoxia, death...

Gabriel nods - that all tracks. Jump cut: now Gabriel
examines the side of Drake's head.

GABRIEL

There's grit and fine particles
of masonry embedded in the left
side of his head.

Jack shows side-by-side comparative slides.

JACK

The particles - and the presence of algae - are consistent with samples taken from the wall of the canal.

Jack punches up a shot of Drake's corpse in the canal.

GABRIEL

Fell, pushed or jumped - striking his head could've knocked him out, preventing him swimming to the side and saving himself.

Now Gabriel examines healed scars on Drake's wrists.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Lateral scarring on the wrists.
Looks like an attempt at suicide.

Beat as they absorb that. Now Gabriel examines Drake's palms thoughtfully.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

There are several small lumps - or nodules - on the palms.

(presses lumps)

These have produced thick bands of tissue with the contracted fingers causing compressed pits and grooves.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

What does all that add up to?

GABRIEL

Dupuytren's contracture - can be hereditary but often associated with alcoholism.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT

More likely the latter? Given the whiskey?

GABRIEL

(nods)

Plus the scan showed his liver's hardened suggesting advanced cirrhosis.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

(nods)

Tallies with what little we know of his life after leaving the Force - he lost his license for drink driving a year ago.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 So... given these self-
 destructive traits, we could be
 looking at suicide?

GABRIEL
 (carefully, nods)
 Certainly no firm evidence of
 foul play at this point.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 If it was suicide, could speak to a
 guilty conscience...

GABRIEL
 (nods)
 Timing's certainly suspicious...
 the bodies are discovered, the next
 day he's dead.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 But guilty of what?

108

INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY 5 - 13:44

108

Quiet back street. Keith climbs back into his car, holding a briefcase. He opens it a crack - but wide enough to discern the Glock pistol and silencer neatly packed inside. He takes a burner phone from the case and makes a call.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (faint Northern accent)
 Hello?

KEITH PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
 I need you to come in. Nowish.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 What's this number you're calling
 from?

Pryor scowls - what a weird question. Impatient:

KEITH PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
 Phone died. Did you hear what I
 said?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 I'm here now, in the gym.

KEITH PRYOR (INTO PHONE)
 Right. OK. See you when I get
 there.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 OK.

Pryor hangs up. A beat of paralysing trepidation, then he heads back to his car.

109

EXT. SHEFFIELD. ARCHES - DAY 5 - 14:00

109

Back with Nikki and Tudor as Sheffield CID's DI MEL GRANGER, 60, climbs out of her car and approaches them.

DI STEVE TUDOR
DI Steve Tudor - this is Dr Nikki Alexander.

DI MEL GRANGER
DI Mel Granger.
(awkward pause, then)
So what brings you to Sheffield?

NIKKI
How much do you know?

DI MEL GRANGER
Only that I was told in no uncertain terms to assist you in any way possible.
(hands Nikki the PM file)
And that you wanted a copy of Dean Lane's PM report.

NIKKI
(taking file)
Thank you.
(clarifying)
You worked on the case?

DI MEL GRANGER
I did.

Granger leads them towards the railway arches.

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)
Dog walker found Lane stabbed to death under here on January 1 2008.

DI STEVE TUDOR
Wasn't a happy New Year for him.

Granger returns Tudor's bleak smile, ice breaking a little. They step into the rubbish-strewn gloom under the arches.

DI MEL GRANGER
(gazing around)
This place was a magnet for dealers back then - still get the odd one or two.

Nikki has the file open, studying crime scene pictures. Locates the spot where Lane was found in the shadow of an arch. Go CLOSE on the photo of Dean Lane as Nikki indicates:

NIKKI

Lane was only wearing a T-shirt and there's light snow on the ground...

DI MEL GRANGER

And?

NIKKI

Well... the way his body's twisted, arms out-flung... could be from the killer yanking a coat off him?

DI MEL GRANGER

Yeah, that was my thinking, too.

Nikki and Tudor exchange frowns as Granger consults her own file. Plucks a CCTV screengrab of Lane walking through Sheffield just after midnight - he is wearing a long dark green puffer coat with the hood down.

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)

That's Lane just after midnight in the town centre, wearing some sort of puffer coat...

Nikki and Tudor react to the green coat, pulses quickening.

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)

Figured the killer probably nicked it along with his wallet.

DI STEVE TUDOR

And you thought the assailant was another dealer...?

Subtext: why did Granger think that?

DI MEL GRANGER

Multiple witnesses saw Lane get into a fight with a rival dealer outside a pub just before midnight.

Nikki's studying photos showing the purple bruise under Lane's right eye from his post-mortem photographs.

NIKKI

The black eye...?

Granger nods. I.e Lane's murder:

DI MEL GRANGER
 It just felt like an all-too-familiar escalation of a drug feud.
 Round Two if you like...

110

INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION - DAY 5 - 14:02

110

Gabriel hurries into the incident room to find Court.

GABRIEL
 Tox is back on Russell Drake.
 Interesting results.
 (off her impatient stare)
 No alcohol - whiskey or otherwise - in his blood.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Couldn't he've drowned before it entered his bloodstream?

GABRIEL
 (shakes his head)
 Still expect to find some alcohol.
 There was some in his urine but that had been metabolised away - the blood was clear.

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 What does that tell you?

GABRIEL
 (carefully)
 It suggests the whiskey was tipped down his throat after he lost consciousness.

Court stares at him, then summarises:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 So. Someone tried very hard to make Russell look like the author of his own demise?

GABRIEL
 I think so - maybe someone who knew he had a taste for whiskey...

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 (nods, finishes his thought)
 ...and/or that he'd tried to take his own life in the past.

A dark look between them, then DC Abbott's approaching:

DC CHLOE ABBOTT
 Just been over Drake's phone
 records and the last call he made
 was to Keith Pryor.
 (raises eyebrow, pointed)
 Didn't Keith say they weren't in
 touch...?

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT
 Yes, he bloody did.
 (then, hard)
 Bring him in - mob-handed as you
 like.

111

EXT. SHEFFIELD. ARCHES - DAY 5 - 14:03

111

DI Granger - something building in her face as she watches Nikki and Tudor confer urgently under the arches. Curt:

DI MEL GRANGER
My turn.
 (Nikki and Tudor look up
 as Granger approaches)
 What's your interest in the
 fifteen-year-old murder of a no-
 mark drug dealer?

Tudor and Nikki exchange a look - a silent agreement - then Tudor opens his file, whips out a screengrab of their suspect wearing the green puffer coat, a stabbed and bleeding Adam Perry lying at his feet.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 This was taken in King's Cross
 station one day after Dean Lane's
 murder.

DI MEL GRANGER
 OK. Coat looks similar...

NIKKI
 (shakes head, firm)
 Blood and DNA evidence tells us
 he is wearing Lane's coat.

DI STEVE TUDOR
 We believe this man went on to
 become the King's Cross serial
 killer.

Granger blinks at them, equal parts astonished and chilled.

DI STEVE TUDOR (CONT'D)
 Did the dealer you suspected of
 killing Lane disappear or leave
 town?

DI MEL GRANGER
No, sadly not.

DI STEVE TUDOR
Did you have any other lines of inquiry? Any other suspects?

Granger - frozen. She nods vaguely, consults her file again.

DI MEL GRANGER
...Lane was in a relationship with a local woman at the time of his murder.
(nods to a path running past the arches)
Her teenage son was seen in the vicinity.

NIKKI
OK - and?

DI MEL GRANGER
And he was just a kid and the witness was an addict so...
(a lurch of panic, wipes her face with her hand)
...so I dismissed it as a serious possibility...

Granger - realising the enormity of that mistake. She consults her file as Nikki and Tudor watch her intently.

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)
Not much in here...
(flicks through)
...hang on... got Lane's girlfriend's address, assuming she still lives there...

And Tudor's already steaming back to the car.

112

EXT. HIGH FORT SECURITY HQ - DAY 5 - 14:25

112

High angle - as POLICE VEHICLES stream into the gravel drive of the impressive pile that houses HIGH FORT SECURITY.

Closer - as Jack and DC Abbott and other detectives and uniforms pile out of their vehicles, take in the imposing house...

113

INT. HIGH FORT SECURITY HQ - DAY 5 - 14:26

113

Moments later. DC Abbott is questioning Pryor's PA - a flinty, posh woman who isn't talking.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

...you're his PA, I find it hard
to believe you don't know where
he is.

CARL STREETING (V.O)

Have you tried his home?

Jack and DC Abbott take in a MAN - CARL STREETING, not that we know it yet, 33, tall, lean, strong, dark hair swept back from a blank, ageless face that, if it had some animation, would be handsome. He's sweaty from an evidently punishing work out. Sharp-eyed viewers may recall him as the INSTRUCTOR we glimpsed briefly in EP07.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

We're trying his home right now,
rest assured. And if you're
minded to alert him or warn him
off, think again.

CARL STREETING

I'd like to see a warrant,
please.

DC Abbott takes out the warrant, hands it to him, impatiently summarises:

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

Search and seize. Every room,
every computer. But if you have
any questions we'll be happy to
answer them.

JACK

I'd like to see Keith Pryor's
office and anywhere else we'll
find computers.

(off the man's stare)

Jack Hodgson, forensic scientist.

CARL STREETING

Follow me.

As two SOCOs sweep in and begin impounding the PA's computer, Carl Streeting leads Jack and DC Abbott down a long, gloomy corridor.

JACK

Thank you.

Nothing from Streeting. Staring dead ahead. When they reach a door at the end, he turns in the dingy hallway.

CARL STREETING

Can I see the warrant again?

JACK

You've just seen it.

CARL STREETING

I want to check some details.

(then, calmly
implacable)

If you want me to let you into Mr
Pryor's office, I need to see the
warrant.

Jack - something about this robotic man signals it's not worth arguing - gives Abbott a tiny nod and she impatiently thrusts her warrant at him. A tiny micro aggression but for a second we see the Instructor suppress his reaction to it.

Beat. Streeting takes the warrant over to a window, begins to read it while surreptitiously slipping his mobile out of his pocket to check his messages. One new text:

Police there? If yes, go to the clearing.

114

INT/EXT. SHEFFIELD. CAR/STREETING HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14:28

114

Grim estate. Tudor, Nikki and Granger pull up. CLUNK. Tudor is the first to open his door.

DI MEL GRANGER

Hang on.

Said with surprising authority. Granger is looking over at Nikki thoughtfully.

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)

You did the lot? All eight
bodies?

NIKKI

With my colleague, Gabriel, yes.

DI MEL GRANGER

Then you must have a sense who he
is? From his handiwork, I mean?

Nikki thinks about this question for a beat.

NIKKI

An exceptionally aggressive and
predatory killer. They killed for
pragmatic reasons and then for
sport, all the time getting
better. More expert, more
controlled, more deadly.

DI STEVE TUDOR

(nods, building)

More in thrall to killing for
killing's sake.

DI MEL GRANGER
 And after August 2009... what...?
 He just stopped?

DI STEVE TUDOR
 He stopped killing in King's
Cross.

Beat as his ominous subtext lands - i.e. Tudor has no doubt
 he went on to kill elsewhere.

115

EXT. SHEFFIELD. STREETING HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14:29

115

Seconds later. Granger knocks on the front door, Tudor and Nikki looking on. Just as they think no-one's home the door opens and MARY STREETING, 55, appears - a lonely, blade-thin soul. And she has eyes only for DI Granger.

MARY STREETING
 I remember you.
 (nods reproachfully)
 You were supposed to find Dean's
 killer.

DI MEL GRANGER
 I was.
 (looks her in the eye)
 I still am.

The force with which Granger pledges that disarms Mary.

116

INT. SHEFFIELD. STREETING HOUSE - DAY 5 - 14:31

116

Tudor, Nikki and Granger sitting with Mary Streeting.
 Coming in halfway, politely enquiring:

DI MEL GRANGER
 ...how's your son doing, Mary? I
 forgot his name...?

MARY STREETING
 Carl.

DI MEL GRANGER
 How's Carl doing?

MARY STREETING
 Fine.
 (then)
 He was in the army. The Paras.
 He won medals for bravery...

NIKKI
 You must be proud?
 (Mary nods)
 Could we see a photograph?

Beat, then Mary takes down a framed photograph of CARL STREETING - in this moment we learn he is the instructor at High Fort Security who Jack and DC Abbott just met. Staring dead ahead in his flawless uniform as a General pins a medal on him. (N.B. The type of medal is not identifiable.)

Nikki and Tudor react to the picture. The anonymous face of their killer.

Tudor tries for casual but his voice is pricked with tension:

DI STEVE TUDOR
See much of him?

MARY STREETING
Just a couple of days at Christmas.
(then)

MARY STREETING (CONT'D)
He's in private security now. Earns
a fortune all over the world.

Affecting a mild interest:

DI STEVE TUDOR
Is that working for one company...
or freelance?

MARY STREETING
Works for the same man who got him
into the army. He's been like a dad
to him.

DI STEVE TUDOR
What's that man's name, Mary?

Mary stares at him with a sudden wariness bordering on hostility:

MARY STREETING
Why're you asking all these
questions about Carl?

A tell-tale keening in her voice - as if she's been expecting these questions for years. And finally Granger, who's been studying Mary intently, re-enters the conversation:

DI MEL GRANGER
Did it ever cross your mind it was
Carl and not a rival dealer who
killed Dean?
(right in her eye)
And that's why he fled to London?

Mary goes very quiet. With a stab of anger:

DI MEL GRANGER (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a yes.

Tudor slides Granger a firm look - easy.

DI STEVE TUDOR

How would you say Carl and Dean got on, Mary?

Mary darkens. Swallows.

MARY STREETING

Not great.

(then)

Right from when he was small, Carl had a hatred of anything to do with drugs or alcohol. Thought it showed... weakness.

DI STEVE TUDOR

Bad news for Dean?

MARY STREETING

(nods)

Once Carl knew he did a bit of dealing, he never spoke to him again. As in: not a word. He'd leave the room soon as he walked in. Leave the house usually.

Nikki turns to Tudor - he gets the hint, they stand, huddle by the door and speak in lowered tones.

NIKKI

Might explain the overkill with Body three.

DI STEVE TUDOR

The rough sleeper?

NIKKI

(nods, more to the point)

And alcoholic. Stabbed thirty-plus times despite offering no resistance.

Tudor nods, looks over at Mary.

DI STEVE TUDOR

I need to make a call - and I need to borrow your photo.

Without asking twice, Tudor takes the photograph of Carl, exits. Then, into the stunned silence:

NIKKI

Mary, I'd like to see if I can get a DNA sample from Carl's bedroom. Is that OK?

Mary stares at her, her world collapsing around her ears.

117 **INT. HIGH FORT SECURITY HQ. PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 14:34**

Carl Streeting unlocks the door of Keith Pryor's big, swanky office. Jack and DC Abbott file past him. Jack takes in the computers and state-of-the-art monitors. Settles at Pryor's broad desk provoking a flicker of a disapproving frown from Streeting.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

Thank you.

Said curtly, a clear dismissal. But Streeting just stands there like Abbott hasn't said a word. And just as she's about to ask him again, he turns and exits.

Look between Jack and Abbott. Weird guy.

Right then, Abbott's mobile rings. Caller display: Court.

DC CHLOE ABBOTT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Boss?

INTERCUT:

118 **INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 5 - 14:35**

Find a frantic Court on the other end of this call:

CHIEF SUPER. SHEILA COURT (INTO PHONE)
We have a suspect and he may be on site with you now. Name's Carl Streeting, 33, photo coming. Do not engage with him. Firearms are en route...

119 **INT. HIGH FORT SECURITY HQ. PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 14:35**

With DC Abbott - just staring at her phone.

An uneasy glance at the half-open door then, a whisper:

DC CHLOE ABBOTT

Jack...

Jack catches Abbott's quiet urgency, steps to her, joins her looking at the phone screen which we now see:

The photo of Carl Streeting getting his medal from the General fills the frame.

Jack and Abbott exchange an '*it's-fucking-him!*' look. Move quietly and cautiously to the half-open door. Peer out. Carl Streeting has gone, the hallway is dark and empty.

120

INT. SHEFFIELD. STREETING HOUSE. CARL'S BEDROOM - DAY 5 -
14:36

Mary lets Nikki into Carl's spartan room. Motes of dust in the air. A curled Sheffield United poster on the wall, the 2004 line-up, and nothing else. Blurting apologetically:

MARY STREETING
(I.e. the poster)
My brother put that up. Took Carl
to a few home games. You know, just
to get him into something...

She trails off. Subtext: it didn't take. Mary's agitated gaze fixes on Nikki.

MARY STREETING (CONT'D)
Do you have children?

Nikki - a little disarmed by that question:

NIKKI
No, I don't.

Mary grapples with what she wants to say, needs to say.

MARY STREETING
They come from you... but they're
not you. When Carl was small I was
always waiting for a smile... a
look... a cry... something I could
react to. Respond to. A sign he was
OK and I wasn't doing a shit job
raising him 'cause it was just the
two of us...

She breaks off and all her fears and anxieties boil down to one dread-filled question:

MARY STREETING (CONT'D)
What's he done? Has he hurt
someone?

NIKKI
I'm sorry, Mary, I can't answer
that.

But the grave compassion in Nikki's voice gives Mary her answer. Processing that, Mary retreats meekly from the room.

121

EXT. WOOD - DAY 5 - 14:38

121

Carl Streeting - running fast through a wood, making good his escape. Something he spies through the trees makes him slow down, relief in his face: Keith Pryor climbing out of his SUV in the clearing up ahead.

Now Streeting and Pryor come face to face, appraise each other a beat.

KEITH PRYOR

The bodies in the station? Was that you?

(Streeting nods)

Why?

CARL STREETING

Can't remember.

(shrugs, hazarding a guess)

Practise?

KEITH PRYOR

Practise?!

Pryor stares at him, then shakes his head indulgently:

KEITH PRYOR (CONT'D)

You're a monster, but you're my monster.

Which elicits a faint, fleeting smile from Streeting.

122

INT. SHEFFIELD. STREETING HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 5 - 14:39

122

Nikki gives a tiny, involuntary shiver. Whether it's the chill air or being alone in Carl Streeting's bedroom she can't tell.

She begins searching the room, opening drawers. And in a bedside cabinet she finds a HAIRBRUSH. Bags it.

MARY STREETING (V.O.)

He never gave me any trouble...

Nikki jerks - she didn't hear Mary come back in. They lock eyes, then, Nikki tries to offer this broken woman something:

NIKKI

I can believe that, Mary.

(then)

I need to take your DNA as well. Is that alright?

Beat, then Mary nods blankly. Nikki unwraps a swab. Mary just stares at her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Open your mouth, please, Mary.

Beat. A single tear snakes down Mary's cheek. And she opens her mouth.

123

EXT. WOOD - DAY 5 - 14:40

123

Keith sets a paternal hand on Carl's shoulder, looks him right in the eye.

KEITH PRYOR

That day I loosened the cuffs in
the car and you got away.
(shakes head, nostalgic
smile)

You did great things. Mad, brave,
unprecedented things. Gallantry
Cross, Military Cross, Iraq and
NATO Medals, General and
Operational Service. You scaled the
heights like I knew you would. When
the Americans call, they only want
you...

Pryor breaks off, shakes his head regretfully. In the distance we hear SIRENS.

KEITH PRYOR (CONT'D)

But you never really got away...
never really escaped 'cause...
well, I slipped the cuffs, didn't
I? Me. I put you on a leash and
watched you explode from a safe
distance. Go off like a rocket from
here to Fallujah... Talk about
deluded. Talk about the last to
know. I had no clue, did I? No idea
who I was setting free?

124

OMITTED

124

125

EXT. WOOD - DAY 5 - 14:41

125

Keith Pryor - as he takes out the Glock and points it at Streeting's head.

Streeting doesn't blink, doesn't react, statue-still.

Beat. Pryor sees flashes of BLACK-CLAD figures flitting through the trees towards them.

Streeting never takes his eyes off Pryor:

KEITH PRYOR

God, you made me run that day...

Pryor cracks a sad smile and shoots Streeting in the head.

Streeting drops like a stone. And then the inevitable:

FIREARMS LEADER
 POLICE! PUT THE GUN DOWN OR WE WILL
 SHOOT!

Pryor knows the drill, tosses the gun, falls to his knees with his hands in the air. Firearms swarm around him like black wraiths, forcing him face first on the forest floor as they search him, kicking his legs apart.

Keith Pryor - head pressed in the dirt, his eyes fixed on the blank, dead face of Carl Streeting just a few feet away. Despite a massive wound to the forehead, Streeting's face is largely intact - he looks oddly peaceful.

It's over.

126

EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION - DAY 6 - 09:33

126

Establish: King's Cross station in the morning sunshine.

127

INT. KING'S CROSS STATION. EMERGENCY MORTUARY - DAY 6 - 09:33

127

Subdued atmosphere. A TRAIN rumbles out of the station, distant tannoy noise. Jack, Nikki and Gabriel are packing up the already half-dismantled emergency mortuary when Nikki reacts to something:

NIKKI
 Malcolm...?

Reveal: Malcolm Jones entering cautiously, a seventy-something woman in a tweed suit (GILLIAN KERR) hanging back in the doorway.

MALCOLM JONES
 Remember that social worker I told
 you about...?

NIKKI
 (nods)
 Alan Fry.

MALCOLM JONES
 I tracked him down to a hospice in
 Finchley.
 (off Nikki's concerned look)
 Pancreatic cancer.

NIKKI
 I'm sorry to hear that.

MALCOLM JONES
 He's still sharp as a tack and he
 gave me everything he could
 remember...

Malcolm turns to Gillian Kerr, lingering in the entrance, beckons for her to join them as he continues:

MALCOLM JONES (CONT'D)
...and that almost certainly
includes the identity of the man
you believe was sleeping in the
basement.

At this the woman introduces herself, soft Scottish accent:

GILLIAN KERR
Gillian Kerr.

NIKKI
Nikki - this is Jack and Gabriel.

Nikki shakes her hand and Gillian smiles 'hello' at Jack and Gabriel. Gillian digs deep for where to begin. Finally:

GILLIAN KERR
My twin brother Angus lived in
and around King's Cross for
years.
(sad smile)
Of course you'll be wanting to
take my DNA for comparison - I'm
a retired biology teacher, I have
some understanding there - but...
(shakes head, swallowing
tears)
...I know the man you've found is
my brother.

Deep anguish there but, movingly, there is acceptance, too.

Gillian digs in her handbag and shows them a photograph of her and Angus in happier times - Jack, Nikki and Gabriel all recognising the grey-red beard and the Russian greatcoat of Body 3.

GILLIAN KERR (CONT'D)
Every winter, he'd come and stay
with me and my husband in our
house in Epsom. Year after year
it was the same story...
(fond smile)
...come March he was as desperate
to leave as we were to see the
back of him. Then, winter 2008,
he didn't come and I knew
something was wrong. I went to
the police and I went up to the
station but nobody knew anything,
nobody could help me...

Gillian trails off guiltily. Then, gently:

GABRIEL

March would tally with the rough date we believe the third victim died.

NIKKI

We think they based themselves in the old tavern. It's possible they returned there to find the killer had moved in with tragic consequences.

Gillian gives a tight nod. She's heard enough. They give her a moment.

GILLIAN KERR

I always went through the motions of telling Angus he could stay past March... could stay all year round if he wanted... but I never said it with much conviction. Perhaps if I had, if I'd meant it...

Gillian breaks off. Overcome. Then she gathers herself, looks from Nikki to Gabriel to Jack.

GILLIAN KERR (CONT'D)

I don't know what roles you played... but I know you helped me find my brother and now I can say goodbye.

(quietly heartfelt)

I want to see him.

GABRIEL

We would advise against that, Gillian...

GILLIAN KERR

I understand.

(then, with calm conviction)

I want to see him.

And now as *Alibis* by Annina Melissa bleeds in on the soundtrack, we enter a MONTAGE - beginning with Esther staring at the picture of Simon she left at the floral tribute, looking up to see her husband watching her with concern. And Esther finally gives herself up to his comfort and embrace, clinging to him for dear life as her grief pours out of her...

129 **EXT. STREET - DAY 6 - 09:40**

129

And here is Anna Górska coming along the street - stops when she sees a lone day labourer on a street corner. As a truck pulls level, he jumps on, and smiles at her, briefly wearing the face of Kacper Tadych, before reverting to his real face - he is not, of course, Kacper...

130 **INT. KING'S CROSS STATION. EMERGENCY MORTUARY - DAY 6 - 09:41**

130

And here is Gabriel in the emergency mortuary, stepping away from the body of Angus Kerr, giving his sister Gillian the space to say goodbye to her twin...

131 **EXT. SHEFFIELD. STREETING HOUSE - DAY 6 - 09:45**

131

And here is a grim-faced DI Granger giving Mary Streeting the news of her son's death. She sags visibly against the door frame as Granger reaches to stop her falling...

132 **INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. BOOKING DESK - DAY 6 - 09:42**

132

And here is Keith Pryor at the booking desk, all his bullish hubris has now abandoned him. He shakes his head slowly, what has he done?

133 **INT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM - DAY 6 - 09:50**

133

And here are Jack and Nikki, seen from below, peering down one last time through the hatch into the darkness of the basement...

134 **INT. KING'S CROSS POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 6 - 10:00**

134

And here we are in the Incident Room - Court, Tudor, Abbott and the team slowly stripping the eight boards and we say goodbye to the faces of the victims in life, focusing on Adam Perry, Terry Bordell, Judy Holmes, Elseid Broja and Faisal Hosseini...

135 **EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION - DAY 6 - 10:02**

135

Malcolm Jones - walking away from King's Cross - he turns, looks back at the station one last time, and goes on his way, like a man shaking off a ghost...

136

INT. NIKKI'S FLAT - DAY 6 - 10:02

136

Nikki - as she comes home to her house. Almost delirious with exhaustion. She kicks off her shoes and walks through to the sunlit sitting room. She steps to the backdoors overlooking the back garden, opens them to let the fresh air in.

Beat on Nikki. A stillness - creeping over her like a shawl, something in her eyes like realisation.

Impulsively, she takes out her mobile and calls Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

Nikki.

(off her silence)

You OK?

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, just got home.

(then)

I was so happy to be home for about ten seconds... maybe twenty.

JACK (V.O.)

Then what happened?

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

Then I wondered where you were.

JACK (V.O.)

(she's exaggerating)

Shut up.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

You alright?

JACK (V.O.)

Knackered - gonna get an early one.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

OK. I thought we said... Don't worry.

The doorbell RINGS.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hang on.

Go with Nikki into the hall where she opens the front door - to a grinning Jack.

JACK

When I was a kid the Jehovah's Witnesses would avoid our house 'cause I'd embroil them in long, protracted conversations.

NIKKI

Am I about to suffer the same fate?

No - he kisses her, slides off his big backpack.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
That's a big bag.

JACK
Presumptuously big?

NIKKI
Depends on how long you're planning
on staying?

JACK
Love Cara and Velvy but they do
spread out...

I.e. He had to remove himself from his place.

NIKKI
Make me feel special.

JACK
Had to get out, escape to the
Chateau.

And we lose them as they head inside, on the front door as it
closes.

END OF EPISODE.