



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.

75

**INT. EUSTON. PERRY FLAT/PERRY OFFICE - DAY 4 - 10:36**

75

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 discretely - 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 -**  
**12:32**

77

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

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

Barbara translates.

CARA  
(BSL) If we wait for him I think we might starve.  
BARBARA  
If we wait for him I think we 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  
(BSL) That's a great idea. That night we will all cook. Even Jack. You can show us.  
BARBARA  
That's a great idea. That night we will all cook. Even 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.

83

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

83

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 transfixed 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 'mislaide' 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 -  
12:57

103

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  
forget 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.

128

**EXT. KING'S CROSS MUSEUM. FLORAL TRIBUTE - DAY 6 - 09:38**

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**
- 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.**