

STEELTOWN MURDERS

Written by

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EPISODE ONE - SHOOTING SCRIPT

26/09/2022

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Find DR COLIN DARK in his lab. Sealing microscope slides in packages. Exact, precise. An end of the day calm. Follow him across the lab to his computer. He settles in his chair. Rolls his shoulders, clicks Windows off sleep mode and opens an email from DNA Analysis in Birmingham.

Colin - staring at the screen in silent disbelief. A set of results that he now compares with a hard copy folder.

Off Colin - Sitting back of his chair, a sense that this comparison confirms something momentous.

After hours, loosened tie vibes. Colin Dark with DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS and ACC TIM BAILEY. Coming in halfway:

COLIN DARK

...look...it's not for me to tell you
what I think you should do but...

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

But this is what you think we should
do?

Jackie underscores that with a smile which Dark returns.

COLIN DARK

(conceding nod)

I do, Jackie.

(then, the smile vanishes)

We have the killer's DNA and a decent
amount of it...

ACC TIM BAILEY

But he's not on the database.

COLIN DARK

...which is disappointing but not, I'd
suggest, cause to throw up our hands
and go home.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

(turns to TIM BAILEY)

I have to say, sir, I agree with
Colin.

ACC TIM BAILEY

But... how significant - how useful is
having his DNA without a match. I
mean... what are we supposed to do
with it?

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

Perhaps it's more a question of who?

(off the men's frowns)

In the right hands...someone patient
and meticulous with cold case
experience.

ACC TIM BAILEY

C'mon, this is a poisoned chalice and
any DCI worth their salts will see it
as such.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
Well, you know, sir, one man's meat
and all that...

Dark watches Jackie steadily, picking up on something there.

COLIN DARK
You have someone in mind, Jackie?

DET.SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
Not right now, but let me think on it.
(to TIM BAILEY)
With your blessing, of course.

Bailey broods, weighing this anxiously.

ACC TIM BAILEY
The public basically think DNA is
magic. If we come clean about having
the killer's DNA, they'll expect a
result and if we can't deliver one...

He upturns his palms. They're fucked.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
I hear you, sir, I do. But if it gets
out we had his DNA and did nothing,
how does that look?

ACC TIM BAILEY stares at her, deliberating furiously.

ACC TIM BAILEY
Patient and meticulous?
(Jackie nods)
Can we add discreet to that list?

2002. LIGHTS. ROCK MUSIC. DCI PAUL BETHELL - 50, Aviator glasses, 70's horse-shoe 'tache - fills the frame. SINGING along to a Badfinger cover band perform *Day After Day*. Wider: we're in a hot sweaty club. Others of Paul's vintage there. Group outing. They're singing along, but not giving it their all like Paul.

Giving it all, we'll soon learn, is Paul's defining trait.

Paul and DC NIGEL PARKE, 52, are stood at the bar. The sound of music spilling through from the other room.

DC NIGEL PARKE
Still got it, haven't they?

PAUL
Who?

DC NIGEL PARKE
Badfinger.

PAUL
You do know that's a cover band,
right?

DC NIGEL PARKE
Wondered why they looked so fucking
young.

They laugh about that. Paul tries to catch the barmaid's eye.

DC NIGEL PARKE (CONT'D)
Ran into Micky Potts the other day.

PAUL
Oh, yeah?

DC NIGEL PARKE
He says CID are looking at Llandarcy
again.

Now Paul gives him his full attention.

PAUL
Who at CID?

DC NIGEL PARKE
New boss. Jackie Roberts.
(grins)
As in short for Jackelyn.

PAUL
They got new evidence or something?

DC NIGEL PARKE
Pass.

PAUL
Is it assigned?

DC NIGEL PARKE
(rueful chuckle)
Should've kept my mouth shut,
shouldn't I?

The conversation comes to an end as the barmaid comes over to take Paul's order.

A tidy clifftop semi. Surfboards in the garden, the remnants of a busy family life. We CUT INSIDE that semi to find -

Paul - waking up blearily. The SQUAWKING seagulls mock his hangover from hell.

Paul's wife KARINA comes into the room. She hands him a mug of tea and two paracetamol.

KARINA

Thought these might come in handy.

PAUL

(sheepish grin)

Lifesaver.

He wolfs the pills down.

6A

INT. BETHELL HOUSE, BATHROOM (2002) - DAY

6A

Go with Paul into the bathroom. Gazes in the mirror a beat. God, he looks old. Can't afford to cane it like that anymore. He jerks. Seeing something in the smeared glass, recessed, almost hidden -

- YOUNG PAUL - 26- shaving, applying aftershave in the bathroom mirror. Cocky, 70's fashions and swagger, a bit rock 'n' roll. A CAPTION pops up -

SATURDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER 1973

- as we absorb this is Paul back in the day. Badfinger's *Day After Day* plays on his transistor and he sings along:

YOUNG PAUL

*I remember finding about you, Everyday
my mind is all around you...*

Paul kisses his young wife KARINA goodbye:

PAUL
Wish me luck in the Wild West.
(corrects himself)
Wild North-West.

Karina is leafing through a home furnishings catalogue.

KARINA
(distracted)
What...?

PAUL
Thought you'd forgotten. The match.
Neath Rugby Club?

Now she looks up, chuckling:

KARINA
You hate rugby!

Paul waves a solemn finger, mock offended.

PAUL
That is not true. That is an untruth.

KARINA
Name three members of the national
team.

PAUL
Barry John.

KARINA
Two to go.

PAUL
(figures, then)
Alright, it's a schmooze. A long,
boring but essential schmooze if I'm
gonna climb the greasy pole.

A proper kiss and Paul heads out. After him:

KARINA
What time's it start tonight?

PAUL
Be ready by seven.
(takes wallet, leaves a
tenner on counter)
Why don't you get yourself something?

An appreciative smile for that, then:

KARINA
Don't be late!

PAUL
Don't be late yourself!

And Paul's gone.

Shades on, Paul drives away - he enters the smokey town of Port Talbot and drives under the newly erected concrete struts of the new elevated section of the M4. A temporary set of traffic lights pull him to a stop. He looks at the building work until the sound a HORN alerts him to the lights changing and he drives on Paul through a high street, busy, industrial. He passes a sedate but trendy clothing shop.

Through the glass, catch a GLIMPSE of PAULINE FLOYD - 16, a petite, shy, young looking red head. She's dressing the window - adjusting a stylish TURQUOISE DRESS over a mannequin.

As Paul drives on he switches the radio on. *Dancing with Mr D* blares out, the lead single from the Rolling Stones' new album *Goat's Head Soup*. And it's Jagger's coiled, sinister vocal that leads us into -

- where the same radio station plays and we meet GERALDINE HUGHES - a boisterous 16 - and her friend SITA ANWAR, sardonic, working in the sewing factory. The cacophony of the canned Rolling Stones duelling with a hundred MACHINES stitching and buttoning. GERALDINE's mother JEAN passes:

JEAN HUGHES

What d'you want for tea, Geraldine?

GERALDINE

Something quick - we're going out.

JEAN HUGHES

Quick's not a food I've ever heard of.
Have you, Sita?

SITA

No, Mrs H, can't say I have.

JEAN HUGHES

What about your favourite? Fish
fingers?

GERALDINE

(rolls eyes, embarrassed)
Mum!

MUM

Can't go out on an empty stomach.

SITA

(stifling giggles)
You tell her, Mrs H, you tell her.

11

INT/EXT. CAR/ROAD (1973) - DAY

11

With young Paul as he leaves Port Talbot behind him as he drives
onwards towards the valleys -

13

EXT/INT. CAR PARK CID/CAR (2002) - DAY

13

Paul pulls into the CID car park. His car is one of the first in. Isolated.

Paul gobbles mints, straightens his tie in the mirror.

Paul with Jackie Roberts. Coming in half-way:

PAUL

...what I'm saying is: if you're looking at the Llandarcy Murders... well... ...no-one knows the case like me, plus I'm not exactly overworked - my boss'll second me in a heartbeat.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

That's not much of a recommendation, is it?

Paul blinks at her, gives a disarmed laugh.

PAUL

No, seriously, to boil it down... I want in. Ma'am.

Paul pauses. Watching the expressionless Jackie. Fretting that last night's beer and whiskey are still on his breath, that his eyes betray his obsession. Finally, carefully:

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

Look... I don't deny we're looking at it again and so far it hasn't been assigned. Truth is: it's the scientists who are pushing it.

Paul - is she trying to distance herself or just wary of him?

PAUL

On the strength of new evidence?

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS

Yes. DNA.

Paul - as DNA lands. Jesus Christ, what've they found?!

PAUL

He's not in the system, is he?

A hesitation then Roberts shakes her head. Paul knew that would be too good to be true, but still. Trying and failing to hit a note of mild, casual interest:

PAUL (CONT'D)

And... does the DNA prove Sandra was killed by the same man as the other two?

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
I can't divulge that.

PAUL
Ma'am, trust me-

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
Nor will I until I assign the case.

Subtext: if Paul carries on hassling she will be assigning the case to anyone but him. Then, a hair softer:

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
And it's 'Boss' or 'Jackie', not
Ma'am.

Paul nods. Watches him thoughtfully, then:

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
You were CID here at the time?

Paul risks a big shit-eating grin.

PAUL
Very junior...I was one of the good
guys.

Beat, then Jackie returns that grin, relaxing a little.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
Look...
(she's forgotten his name)

PAUL
Paul.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
Paul - I'm still getting my feet under
the table and I'll be frank: I'm more
into fresh starts than raking over
past mistakes.

Paul - she's not decided she is reopening the case yet!

PAUL
(a bolt of alarm)
Sure, sure... but DNA's DNA, right?

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS
I hadn't finished. I did not get
where I am by taking the easy path. So
if there's a snowflake's chance we can
bring this man to justice, rest
assured, I'll give it my best shot.

Paul can only nod. Jackie stands, offers her hand.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming in and staking your
claim so fulsomely.

PAUL
Thank you, Ma'am. Boss. For your
time.

Paul shakes her hand. Go with her as he walks out, kicking
himself for overplaying his hand.

PAUL pulls in and parks up. We track with him as he passes the sweaty, muddy maelstrom of a RUGBY MATCH. Port Talbot Coppers vs Neath Coppers. Pick out the plucky Port Talbot hooker who'll soon become important to us: DC PHIL BACH (Little Phil) fearlessly facing off with the HUGE opposition pack.

Pick up Paul on the touchline, laughing affectionately at this mismatch.

PAUL

Go on, Phil! Size isn't everything!

Phil returns his grin, flicks him a 'V'. And Phil's pulled back into the game which gravitates to the far end of the pitch. Beat. Paul glances at the club bar: warm, inviting.

Paul enters and sees DI TONY WARREN - Essex accent, sheepskin coat - watching the match from the window.

Warren turns to Paul as he approaches.

DI TONY WARREN
Fucking boring, innit? Rugby?

Paul agrees but something won't let him say so publicly.

PAUL
Not sure this is the game at its
finest, boss.

DI TONY WARREN
You can't fool me, Paul.

Warren chuckles, heads to the bar to get another pint where two Neath detectives - DS JACK GRIFFITHS and his brooding underling DC SI OWEN are stood downing pints.

Pinned behind the bar a poster bearing the legend 'MURDER'. Under that dread word the smiling face of a girl identified as SANDRA NEWTON.

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
...poor Sandra, if only she'd been
killed in Port Talbot she'd have a
real detective investigating her case
with a chance of a result.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
Not fucking funny, Tony.

DI TONY WARREN
The truth hurts.

DC SI OWEN
Look, we know who it was - and we're
gonna nail the bastard.

DI TONY WARREN
Oh. Biding your time, are you?
Waiting for the optimum moment?

Warren sees a young guy sitting with two pretty girls across the bar. He swipes his pint off the bar, crosses over:

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
Let me even the odds!

They watch Warren sit down uninvited, ask the girls' names etc.

DC SI OWEN

Your boss is a prick, you know that?

Paul's gaze has drifted back to Sandra Newton's face.
Snapping out of it with a slightly forced smile:

PAUL

How about I don't answer that... but I
buy you both a drink instead?

Later. Paul still with Owen and Griffiths, Warren still chatting
up the girls across the bar. Owen's commandeered a bottle of
whisky from the bar and they are downing shots.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...think you might have someone for
Sandra, then?

Griffiths turns to Owen.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

Oh, he's good, isn't he?

DC SI OWEN

He's very good. Silky.

PAUL

Well? Do you?

Under his laddish exterior, Paul's a natural born detective and
an unsolved murder is catnip.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

(nods darkly)

Sandra's boyfriend. He's married, he's
got form and he was this close -

(narrows thumb & forefinger)

- to cracking when we sweated him.

PAUL

What happened?

DC SI OWEN

Fucking solicitor pulled the plug.

PAUL

OK.... this bloke was seeing her. You
must have more than that?

Owen refills Griffith's glass then his own. Griffiths is eyeing
Paul thoughtfully.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
Know what I'm thinking, Si?
(Owen shakes his head)
Solicitors don't work Saturdays.

DC Owen grins as the penny drops, nods slowly.

DC SI OWEN
Even the ones that do are tough to get
hold of...

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
What d'you say, Paul? Wanna meet our
prime suspect?

Paul glances across the bar - DI Tony Warren's still chatting up
the two girls while outside the teams slug it out in the mud. A
bolt of trepidation, then:

PAUL
Sure. Why not?

DC SI OWEN
(slurring)
Price of admission.

Owen snatches up Paul's car keys from atop his *Silk Cut* and
dangles them meaningfully: he will be their chauffeur.

Paul enters the park. Picks out Phil - older, greyer but still in shape - overseeing the over-16's rugby training.

PAUL

Phil!

Phil - turns, sees Paul. Just a flicker of misgiving and he crosses over. Paul nods to the young players:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Doing your bit for the community?

PHIL

(ignoring that, then)

How are you, Paul?

PAUL

Can't complain. You?

PHIL

Still trucking, you know.

A sense Paul and Phil haven't seen each other recently.

PAUL

(breathes deep, then)

I've been asked to take a look at the Llandarcy murders.

(Phil just stares at him)

Yeah, I know.

Phil turns away, lets out a breath. Paul gives him a beat.

PHIL

Why?

PAUL

New evidence. Including DNA.

Phil sees a couple of his lads getting into a tussle.

PHIL

Hey! Fucking break it up!

The lads stare at him - that expletive very out of character. A metric of how much Paul's news has impacted on him.

PAUL

You know what I'm gonna ask.

Phil looks torn, then shakes his head.

PHIL
Sorry, mate. Too many ghosts, too painful... plus DNA's not all it's cracked up to be.

PAUL
Says who?

PHIL
They had DNA on the Lambert murder. Couldn't solve it, could they?

Paul gives him a moment, then rips the plaster off.

PAUL
It's Jane, isn't it?

Phil looks at him sharply. On and on. Almost defiant:

PHIL
She's finally got her life together. Digging up the past could...
(struggles to name it)
...pull her under again.

PAUL
But ghosts need to be laid to rest, right? This is our chance to do that. Go back to the start.

PHIL
Paul...

PAUL
(warming to his own theme)
Sandra should've been linked to the Llandarcy killings from Day One. You know better than anyone the rot started there.

PHIL
Flattery will get you nowhere.

But he underscores that with a firm, sad smile.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Where are you basing yourself?

PAUL
Well... we've not had the official green light yet.

Phil shakes his head, equal parts weary and affectionate:

PHIL

Getting ahead of yourself as usual?

PAUL

I need this, Phil. We both do. And Jane? I'm pleased she's moved on, I am. But how real is it?

PHIL

A husband-and-two-kids real.

PAUL

OK. Good.

(then)

But when she's in *Tesco* buying their tea... bloke in front of her could be him. Bloke behind the till. How can she be free of anything while he's still out there? Unpunished?

PHIL

(a sigh then)

Unless he's dead.

PAUL

He's not dead.

Said softly, with quiet certainty.

Phil - clearly bitten now despite grave misgivings.

PHIL

I've got to go.

Paul watches Phil jog off and rejoin the practice session. We see a smile of tentative victory tugging at Paul's lips as he heads back to his car.

Young Paul driving. DS Griffiths up next to him, Owen sprawled drunk in the back.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

Slow down.

(Paul slows his car)

Coming up on Sandra's house...

Griffiths jabs a finger at the house of the victim Sandra Newton. Paul looks. Sees Sandra's mother PAT and stepfather DAI WILLIAMS climbing out of their car - taxi livery on the side/roof - with shopping. Pat looks pale and blank, drained by grief.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS (CONT'D)

That's her Mum, Pat.

PAUL

(faint frown, then)

...and her Dad?

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

(shakes head)

Stepdad. Dai Williams.

Paul watches Dai - a thoughtful beat. Something about him.

PAUL

You look at him?

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

(shakes head)

Alibi. Out driving his taxi that night.

Paul thinks that's a terrible alibi but says nothing.

Geraldine and Sita have just emerged from the factory to find Pauline waiting for them.

SITA

...you miss working here, Pauline?

GERALDINE

Don't be daft. What is there to miss?

SITA

Let her answer!

PAULINE

Not really.

GERALDINE

There you go. She always wanted to work in a clothes shop.

Pauline - she did, too - a stab of guilt about that.

PAULINE

I mean I miss you two. Having a laugh.

GERALDINE

Bit up themselves at the shop, are they?

PAULINE

Not really...

GERALDINE

I bet they are...

PAULINE

Just... different, y'know.

SITA

What about that dress in the window?

PAULINE

The turquoise one?

SITA

(nods)

You said you'd get me a discount.

GERALDINE

She said maybe she'd get you a discount.

SITA

(brandishes pay packet)
I got the cash - coulda worn it tonight!

PAULINE

Thought you weren't allowed out?

SITA

(defiant grin)
I'll sneak off when *Generation Game* starts, face the music tomorrow.

Pauline gives a sweet half-admiring half-scandalized chuckle.

SITA (CONT'D)

It's that girl from Neath. Sandra Something.

PAULINE

What girl?

SITA

The one who was murdered. Dad won't shut up about it.

Pauline tries and fails to hide her shock.

PAULINE

Murdered?
(then)
I... never heard about that.

GERALDINE

You probably just forgot. It was ages ago and people are always getting murdered in Neath.

PAULINE

They are not, Geraldine...

And they're laughing again as we lose them around the corner.

The fraught face of JOHN DILWYN MORGAN framed by his open front door.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
What is this?

Wider. Griffiths and Owen have just roused Morgan, Paul looking on uneasily. With menacing fake cheer:

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
John - meet our colleague from Port
Talbot. He wanted to make your
acquaintance, didn't you Paul?

Paul feels the ground shift beneath his feet, can only nod.

DC SI OWEN
Hop in the car, John. Don't make us
cuff you in front of the street.

Owen grabs Morgan, starts hauling him towards the car.

Off Paul - regretting this whole escapade already.

Paul - as he parks up amidst the desolate, wind-swept remains of Garth Colliery. He watches DC Owen in the rear-view mirror as he turns to Morgan in the back seat.

DC SI OWEN
You been here before, John?
(Morgan shakes his head)
Well, you have now!

Griffiths is out of the car. Opening the back door for Morgan in a sinister parody of a chauffeur.

Paul climbs out. What the hell are they doing here? He watches Morgan take in the yard, the penny dropping.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
This is...

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
Save it, John. Just point out where
for our guest.
(i.e. Paul)
The very spot if you please.

Morgan looks helplessly from Owen to Paul.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
No... This is bullshit!

Owen slugs him hard in the stomach. Winding him horribly.

PAUL
Hey! Easy!

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
(RASPING, winded)
...not... confessing... something
...didn't... do.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
(softer, coaxing)
We're not after a confession, John.
Just need you to confirm the facts.
You had glass on your jeans, Sandra
had glass on her skirt and tights-

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
(overlapping)
We did it in the scrap yard - an old
van with broken windows...

DI SI OWEN
(low mumble)
...dirty bastard...

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
(steams implacably on)
And then there's the blood-

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
It was glass from the window - she had
her period! How many times?!

DC SI OWEN
At least once more.

Paul sees Owen's about to hit Morgan again. Distracting:

PAUL
Where- where was she left? Sandra?

Owen glares at Morgan - he should be answering that - then
ambles across the yard. Splayed rusted gates like broken teeth
frame the brick arch of an old storehouse.

Owen lingers by the arch, nods into the shadows.

DC SI OWEN
Down there.

Paul frowns - down there? Beat of trepidation then Paul crosses
to Owen and peers down into the deep culvert. Coal dust making
everything feel tainted and oppressed.

Paul falls to a crouch, eyes scanning this grim space as if for
some invisible clue or psychic trace.

And then Paul snaps out of it, pulled back into the present by
RAISED VOICES outside. As Paul exits to join them:

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
...fucking middle of nowhere.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS
(nods)
By design. You could take your time.

DC SI OWEN
And no one could hear her scream.

Morgan casts furiously around the yard like a drowning man
looking for driftwood.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN

I don't own a car... I can't drive a car. So how did I get her here? Magic carpet?

Owen balls his fists but Griffiths shakes his head firmly.

DS JACK GRIFFITHS

And there we were about to offer you a lift home. To the door.

(heads for the car)

Let's go, Paul.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN

What...?

PAUL

We're just gonna leave him here?

Owen gets in Paul's face.

DC SI OWEN

Got a problem with that?

Paul does have a problem. But Owen is genuinely intimidating and, selfishly, Paul just wants to get the hell away now.

Paul - guiltily driving off with Owen and Griffiths - the lonely figure of John Morgan shrinking in the rear-view.

Paul lets himself in. The house is quiet and still. Result - he's got it to himself. He walks through the house - pictures of his girls everywhere - palpable sense of being an empty nester.

24A

INT. BETHELL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (2002) - DAY

24A

Paul's settled on the sofa when he hears Karina open the front door. She enters with her shopping. Surprised but pleased to see him:

KARINA

What's this? Good behaviour?

I.e. Why's he home so early? Paul returns her smile.

PAUL

Wouldn't go that far.

Karina's smile fades. She actually wants an answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Slow day, y'know.

Karina nods - not quite satisfied with that.

25

EXT. BETHELL HOUSE (2002) - DUSK

25

The house in darkness bar a small light in the dormer window.

Paul is sitting in his daughter Kate's still and silent bedroom. Not super girly but strewn with things that she's left behind before heading to University.

Now we see what's drawn him in here - Kate's computer.

Paul is working at the computer. With faint uncertainty typing things into the Google search bar: **Llandarcy Murders 1973; the Saturday Night Strangler...**

Pauline - sat at a dressing table concentrating on drawing the perfect cat flick on her eye lid. The dressing table is small, neat and tidy, like Pauline.

Sita - all dressed up stands back and checks her reflection in the dressing table mirror. A slight frown - that turquoise dress would've been perfect. She steps to the door. Listens. Distant TV sounds. She creeps out...

29

INT. JEAN & DENVER'S HOUSE, GERALDINE'S BEDROOM (1973) - NIGHT

Another girl and another dressing table and bedroom mirror.
Geraldine is finishing applying lipstick - a cheeky smile as she
wolfs down the remainder of her fish finger sandwich.

29A

EXT. PAUL BETHELL'S HOUSE (1973) - NIGHT

29A

The house, stark against the horizon, a light on inside.

A taxi waits at the end of the drive.

Paul - struggling to tie his bow tie in the mirror. Karina steps in and ties it for him.

KARINA

(teasingly)

You're the one who said be ready for seven.

PAUL

Couldn't get Warren out of the bar.

The sound of a taxi beeping outside. Paul flashes Karina a grin -

PAUL (CONT'D)

You ready Mrs Bethell...

30A

EXT. PAUL BETHELL'S HOUSE (1973) - NIGHT

30A

Paul and Karina run out to the waiting taxi.

Paul and Karina - in the back of the taxi. Laughing as Paul struggles to do the clasp of Karina's necklace.

They pull up outside the club as their taxi joins the rank. They climb out, take in a shoal of young people queuing to get into see *The Exorcist* in the Plaza cinema. As Paul pays the taxi driver he looks up the line of waiting taxis to see:

Dai standing there, smoking a cigarette, chatting to a group of young girls. Karina follows Paul's gaze:

KARINA
Everything OK?

PAUL
Yeah...

KARINA
You're a bloody awful liar.

Paul - a smile for that even as he recalls that Dai was out the night Sandra was killed and now he's cruising the streets again.

KARINA (CONT'D)
C'mon.

And Paul follows her over to the club.

1973. Tracking with Paul and Karina as they walk into the crowded dance hall hosting the Police Social Club. Taking in the easy listening trio on stage.

A brief almost movie star entrance for Paul and Karina. Definitely the best-looking couple here and Paul knows it.

WIVES

KARINA!

Karina finds a smile for the WIVES in one corner. In Paul's ear:

KARINA

Don't leave me with them all night.

PAUL

Promise. Let me speak to Phil and I'll mount a daring rescue.

Karina smiles - and what a smile - he kisses her impulsively.

Find Geraldine, Pauline and Sita in the pub.

Sita's changed - she's now wearing the turquoise dress we last saw on a mannequin in the shop where Pauline works - the dress Sita had her heart set on.

GERALDINE

Barman's got his eye on you, Pauline.

PAULINE

No, he doesn't.

But when Pauline glances over she sees the handsome mid-20s barman is looking her way. Calling over:

GERALDINE

She's young enough to be your daughter, mate!

PAULINE

Geraldine!

Sita is half laughing, half annoyed:

SITA

You trying to get us thrown out?

Pauline sees the barman took that on the chin and is smiling.

GERALDINE

...we'll have one more in here then get the bus to Swansea.

SITA

If we're not *drinking* drinking let's get the bus now.

GERALDINE

You wanna get sloshed don't let us stop you.

Pauline risks a look at the barman who is smiling over. Nice smile, too.

PAULINE

How about we stop here for the night and forget Swansea?

Sita and Geraldine crack up approvingly at this very un-Pauline like suggestion.

SITA

Oh, shit...

And then Pauline's view of the barman is obscured by the irate figure of Sita's father ROHAN. A curt nod for Sita:

ROHAN

You. Out.

(she gets her bag, jeans)

What've I said about hanging 'round in
pubs?

Sita gets miserably to her feet.

GERALDINE

We're not drinking or anything...

ROHAN

I'm not talking to you!

(to Sita, i.e. the turquoise
dress)

What the hell are you wearing?

The whole pub is staring now. Hold on Geraldine and Pauline feeling the eyes of the room as SITA is herded out by her father.

And then there were two.

Geraldine and Pauline - waiting for the bus into Swansea. A Sandra Newton MURDER poster stuck to the side of the bus stop. Pauline's meet Sandra's smiling gaze a beat, then -

WALTER WATKINS (o.s.)
Hullo, girls.

Geraldine and Pauline look round to see WALTER WATKINS, 70's, walking his dog.

GERALDINE
Evening, Mr Watkins.

Pauline's processing the Sita drama, nods a distracted hello.

WALTER WATKINS
You heading into Swansea?

Geraldine nods. Watkins cranes to view the darkening sky.

WALTER WATKINS (CONT'D)
I was saying to my wife: warm for
September but the nights'll draw in
just the same...

The girls aren't listening - their bus is lurching into view.

GERALDINE
Bye, Mr Watkins.

WALTER WATKINS
Have a good night.
(then, he's got to add)
I know you're sensible girls but mind
yourselves.

Pauline - just a flicker of a reaction to 'mind yourselves' then she follows Geraldine onto the bus.

Watkins watches them a beat - eyes picking out Geraldine's white boots, Pauline's borrowed handbag, their vulnerability somehow accentuated through the glass. Geraldine checks her make up in a compact, re-applying lipstick, chatting away to Pauline who stares out through the smeared pane, meeting Watkins' gaze briefly before the bus shudders away.

Paul has printed out a raft of articles about the Llandarcy murders. Fully absorbed, he doesn't hear Karina enter. She clocks the articles - the whiff of his obsession already palpable - and we see something like dread in her eyes.

KARINA
(pointed)
Busy?

She looks at him with a potent mixture of expectation and disappointment.

PAUL
Look... I didn't want to jinx it, OK?
By telling you.

KARINA
Jinx what?

PAUL
They might reopen the case. They might ask me to do it. Lot of 'mights'.

KARINA
And you honestly thought I'd be averse to the idea?

Paul - as he realizes he underestimated her.

KARINA (CONT'D)
We share everything. That's the Rules, OK?

PAUL
If they give it to me...

KARINA
Of course they'll bloody give it to you.

A big vote of confidence from Karina there. They lock eyes. And - finally, beyond grateful - he nods.

Paul is stood at the bar, trying to order a drink when Warren barrels towards him.

DI TONY WARREN (o.s.)
Where the fuck did you get to?

Paul is caught in Warren's angry, wounded stare.

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
Had to get a lift with Phil!

Warren nods to Phil dancing badly in the sweaty throng.

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
Me in a fucking Reliant Robin,
Neath CID pissing themselves.

PAUL
Sorry, boss, I just-

The barmaid crosses to take orders and Warren's straight in there, ignoring the fact that Paul's been waiting.

DI TONY WARREN
(a big grin for the barmaid)
Double whisky and get one for yourself
luv.

And Warren swings back to his group of lackeys.

Go with Paul as he finds Phil on the dance-floor. Sees Phil's sporting a fresh black eye from the match.

PHIL
Thanks for cheering us on!

PAUL
You win, then?

PHIL
Don't pretend you care.

PAUL
Alright, I won't!
(laughs, then, lowers his
voice)
I did something stupid, Phil. Really
fucking stupid...

Pauline and Geraldine step off the bus. As it pulls away, we REVEAL the Top Rank Club illuminated on the opposite side of the street. A queue of young people dressed to the nines outside.

Geraldine rushes across the road, then stops to call back:

GERALDINE (o.s.)

Pauline! C'mon!

Pauline catches Geraldine up and they approach the blazing lights of the Top Rank.

Back with Paul and Phil huddled at the bar, all talking over the LOUD ROCK MUSIC.

PAUL

...they're not looking at local sex offenders, they're not looking at her stepfather who was out in his taxi the night she was killed-

PHIL

(under him)

And they're not looking at a DC from Port Talbot to solve it, either.

PAUL

They wanted my opinion this afternoon, let me tell you.

PHIL

Or just an unpaid driver who'd keep his mouth shut?

Paul gives a frustrated sigh, then, moving on:

PAUL

Point being: if they're focused on this Morgan bloke, the killer's got a free pass.

PHIL

So what?

PAUL

So plenty of time to find a new victim!

And off that dire prophecy cut to -

- Geraldine and Pauline on the packed dance floor under the PULSING LIGHTS. Strobos dazzling the camera as T Rex's *Telegram Sam* engulfs the soundtrack. The girls are getting looks from boys, returning a few of them. Happy, carefree. Neither noticing another man watching them - the silhouetted figure of a bushy-haired man...

Back with Phil and Paul shouting over the music:

PHIL
It's not our case, Paul!

PAUL
Look, you know me...

PHIL
(overlapping)
I do know you...

PAUL
(overlapping)
...I don't care about the messenger
long as the message gets delivered.
Morgan can't drive - how does he dump
Sandra at the colliery without a car?

PHIL
(struck)
Fair question.

Phil - something in Paul's urgent thesis resonating now.

PAUL
What?

PHIL
You should talk to Chris Lewis maybe.

He nods over to where DS CHRIS LEWIS, a lonely, seasoned 45, is
watching the band, sipping his pint thoughtfully.

PAUL
Why?

PHIL
He was seconded to Neath a while back -
could be your messenger.

Paul looks over at the wives in the corner - guiltily meets the
stranded Karina's gaze, then heads off in the other direction to
speak to DS Lewis.

Paul in his sitting room, reading his print-outs. As he studies them, we go close on B&W IMAGES of Swansea in the 70s: the sci-fi concrete bunker of the Top Rank, coppers in tall helmets milling around a rural crime scene and - again - those iconic portraits of Geraldine and Pauline.

The night has reached that heady tipping point. Sweat streaming down the walls. Everyone drunk and into it.

Everyone but Paul who's cornered poor DS Chris Lewis at the back. Phil hovers - also bitten by the Sandra case now.

PAUL

...what about Sandra Newton?

DC CHRIS LEWIS

Can't help you. I was back here by then.

PAUL

You know Griffiths and -
(struggles to recall, he's
had a few)
- Griffiths and Owen? DS and a DC?

DS CHRIS LEWIS

Yeah, I know them.

PAUL

And?

DS CHRIS LEWIS

And what? What're you driving at, mate?

Phil - can't miss how Paul unwittingly puts his colleagues' backs up. A winsome, reasonable smile:

PHIL

What d'you make of them? As people?

DS CHRIS LEWIS

Not the sharpest tools in the shed, 'though Griffiths thinks he is.

PAUL

Saw them in action, then?

DS CHRIS LEWIS

(nods)
They had an ongoing case while I was up in Neath. Three or four rapes as I recall...

PAUL

They catch the bloke?

DS CHRIS LEWIS
No. And with Griffiths in charge, I
wasn't surprised.

Paul - as this revelation lands like a ten tonne weight.

PAUL
So... potentially the rapist could be
Sandra's killer? Moving up through the
gears so to speak?

DS CHRIS LEWIS
(nods guardedly)
Potentially.

PAUL
You minded to - share that thought
with the Neath boys?

DS CHRIS LEWIS
(laughs, pigs-might-fly)
How would I even begin that
conversation, Paul?

DI Warren crashes the party - one hefty arm around Karina:

DI TONY WARREN (o.s.)
Is he fucking talking shop again?
Can't take him anywhere!
(pulling Karina closer)
Sabrina says you're neglecting her.

KARINA
Karina.

DI TONY WARREN
(sings)
Karina. Sabrina. Katrina.
(then)
Tell you what I do know.

Warren crushes Paul's head between two huge hands. Gripping so
hard Paul's face is comically, cartoonishly distorted.

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
Look upon that face. Those eyes.
Clever. Miss nothing. Chief Super at
forty I reckon.

Warren releases Paul. Turns to Karina. Softly, intimately:

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
But you gotta watch him, Karina. You
gotta watch him.

Off Karina - her strained smile tinged with disquiet because
somehow - albeit obscurely - she knows what Warren means.

Drunken kids collide with oncoming cars, snogging couples in doorways... city centre mayhem as clubbers stream out of the Top Rank and disperse throughout the city, heading home.

Angle on - Pauline and Geraldine as they pick their way through the revellers, heading away from the town centre...

Paul glances up as Karina enters, picks up a B&W portrait of Sandra Newton - the same image as used on the MISSING poster.

KARINA (o.s.)

Sandra didn't know them, did she?

PAUL

(without looking up)

Geraldine and Pauline? No.

(then)

I mean we looked and looked for a link, a bar or a club they all frequented...

(shakes head defeatedly)

KARINA

And you're still sure there was a link?

PAUL

(nods firmly)

They were killed by the same man, no question.

That came out a little too emphatic. More measured:

PAUL (CONT'D)

They're running another comparison using this new low copy DNA technique...

KARINA

(carefully)

When will you hear?

PAUL

Next week.

Right then, Paul's mobile rings. Caller: UNKNOWN.

PAUL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Paul Bethell.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (v.o.)

Paul - Jackie Roberts. Late for a bloody dinner so I'll be brief.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)

Yes, boss.

Karina - immediately guessing what this call pertains to.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (v.o.)
The Llandarcy job is yours. In answer
to your earlier question, attempts to
link Sandra Newton to Geraldine and
Pauline via DNA are inconclusive but
ongoing.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
I understand.

DET. SUPER. JACKIE ROBERTS (v.o.)
Good. I need to go.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Thank you. Thank you for trusting me
with this.

Karina sets her hand on his - she'll be there for him whatever
this new chapter brings.

Pauline and Geraldine walking home on Fabian Way. Swansea quickly merging into industrial sprawl, already quieter. Along with a few others, our girls are hitching home.

Jean and Denver are sat on the sofa clutching cups of tea.

'Close down' begins on the B&W TV. The BBC globe spins, 'God Save The Queen' starts up. Jean stands, heads out for bed:

JEAN

See you upstairs.

DENVER switches the TV off. The ensuing silence is palpable.

He moves to the window, something bothering him. He looks out into the darkness of the trees swaying beyond the house. A moment before he closes the curtains and heads out of the room to follow Jean upstairs.

Inside a Green Ford Cortina - *Communication Breakdown* blasting from the radio - to find young, good-looking PHILIP O'CONNOR at the wheel, buzzing on Saturday night vibes.

He reluctantly pulls up at a set of lights. He glances into the adjacent white car. Sees Geraldine and Pauline on the bench seat through windows frosted with condensation. Geraldine chatting with the driver, Pauline laughing at whatever she's saying.

O'Conner can't see the driver's face - just his frizzy-haired silhouette, cigarette glowing in his mouth - but he can tell he's an older guy.

Irritation contorts O'Conner's face - why aren't the girls in his car? As the lights change, O'Conner accelerates petulantly into the night and the white car vanishes from his rear-view.

Hymnal hum plays over -

Top shot of graveyard with the half built M4 in the distance.

Various CHURCHES, the sound of SINGING emanating from within.

The hymnal HUM floats over as Watkins - who stopped to chat to the girls last night - walks his dog, moving down a strip of grass between two rugby pitches to reach the copse beyond.

As Watkins enters the trees, his dog starts tugging on his leash, pulling him a little way off the path until something brings him up short.

Hold on Watkins - as he discovers the body of Pauline Hughes. We do not see what he sees. Just a flash of Pauline's boots glimpsed through the undergrowth.

Empty hallway. Incessant RINGING of a phone. Paul - woken by the shrill sound staggers into shot, snatches up the receiver:

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Bethell house.

DI TONY WARREN (v.o.)
Hands off cocks, feet in socks.

Paul can't miss the defeated melancholy in Warren's voice.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Boss...?

DI TONY WARREN (v.o.)
It's a bad one, Paul. All hands on
deck.

Paul stares at his hung-over reflection in the hall mirror -

51

OMITTED

51

52A **INT. JEAN & DENVER'S HOUSE, GERALDINE'S BEDROOM (1973) - DAY** ~~52A~~

Daylight streams through the curtains. The room is empty. The bed still made.

DENVER comes out of his house with a bin bag. He notices a police helmet deep in the woods beyond the bramble-covered waste ground across the road. DENVER gives a slight frown. An upstairs window opens and JEAN looks out.

JEAN

Denver?

DENVER peers up at her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

She's not here.

Flicker of alarm, then, confidently:

DENVER

They must've stopped at Pauline's.

Jean nods. Shuts the window. DENVER looks back into the trees - Now he can see three police helmets - they are multiplying - ominous.

DENVER places the bin bag in the dustbin. And - dread welling up inside him - he makes his way across the road into a patch of wasteland, a makeshift path cut through brambles that leads to the woods where he glimpsed the uniformed Constables.

Young Paul pulls up in a layby, POLICE VEHICLES everywhere. He takes in the strange sight, a young PC nods towards the woods.

Paul follows that nod. Sees it: the CORDON flashing through the trees. A glimpse of Warren presiding, a few plain clothes and uniforms milling in stiff silence.

A threshold moment for Paul - then he heads into the trees, ducks under the cordon and arrives at the secluded spot where Pauline's body was left.

Hold on Paul as he sees the young girl's body. Lying face down with her black platform boots beside her. Someone's lashed a rope around her neck several times and strangled her. Her clothing is heavily bloodstained and she's been battered about the head.

Paul - a life-changing moment that will haunt and galvanize him equally for decades to come.

DI TONY WARREN (O.S.)
Local farmer made the discovery.
Walter Watkins.

Paul snaps out of it as Warren comes over. And Warren - tough and seasoned as he is - looks shaken. Warren nods to Watkins perched on a fallen tree, his dog at his feet, a uniform taking his statement.

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
(i.e. Watkins, low)
Admits to knowing the girls. Saw them
last night at the bus stop.

Paul meets Warren's meaningful gaze as the penny drops.

PAUL
Girls?

I.e. plural. Warren wordlessly leads Paul through the trees. Now Paul can see vehicles parked up on the road beyond.

Twenty yards shy of that road, Warren stops by the body of Geraldine, face-down in the undergrowth. With admiration:

DI TONY WARREN
Looks like she ran for the road.
Almost made it, too.
(MORE)

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
(crouches, nods to one of
Geraldine's boots entwined
by a bramble)
Tripped on a bramble.

FOOTSTEPS. Paul and Warren turn to see the PC who showed Paul the way, now approaching from the road with Denver Hughes. Warren and Paul exchange looks of horror; then, BARKING at the PC:

DI TONY WARREN (CONT'D)
Whoah! What're you doing, son?!

The PC blinks at Warren, not getting it, then at Denver who has slowed but is still approaching Geraldine's body.

PC
Bloke says his daughter's missing,
sir...

PAUL
Hang on!
(addressing Denver)
Stop there please, sir!

Paul's in motion. Tearing through the trees to block Denver's path. But - like Geraldine - Paul stumbles in the undergrowth and then it's too late. A deep, primal cry of anguish as Denver sees his daughter lying face-down in the undergrowth. Softly, an almost tender mantra of denial mingling with the far-off hymnal dirge:

DENVER
No, no, no...

But even as Denver says this, his eyes are fixing on hard, undeniable clues it is his daughter - those bright white boots... brown and yellow coat...St Christopher necklace. A sum with one awful, incontrovertible total - his beloved Geraldine lies before him.

Paul - watching this man in this airless moment of abject shock and horror. Then, incongruously, Paul sees browned bracken leaves adhered to his trousers. Somehow it seems wrong, disrespectful, so he reaches down, brushes them off.

Paul pulls himself together. Looks at Denver, the shock consuming him.

PAUL
C'mon, I'll run you home.

A wide shot of Jean and Denver's house as Paul's car pulls up and we cut inside -

Paul, watching Denver in the rear-view, his head bowed. Slowly, mechanically, Denver opens the back door and climbs out. Paul - a temptation to drive away from this agonizing moment - but he climbs out, looks Denver in the eye:

PAUL

Want me to come in with you, sir?

DENVER

No. No thanks.

Paul watches Denver open the garden gate. Denver stops, turns.

DENVER (CONT'D)

What's your name?

PAUL

DC Bethell.

(then)

Paul.

DENVER

Thank you, Paul.

Paul stands rooted as he watches Denver's slow journey up the path, knowing he's about to break the awful news to his wife.

Elegiac wide: Paul and Phil clutching styrofoam coffees, stand outside the OLD POLICE STATION. The two friends slow up, contemplate the imposing edifice of the building.

PHIL

Of all the places.

PAUL

Tell me about it.

A bleak, askance smile between them. A lot of memories here, not all of them good. As they walk towards the entrance cut to -

56A

INT. OLD POLICE STATION (2002) - DAY

56A

Paul and Phil come through. The place is abandoned. Bleak.

PHIL

We've got his DNA. That's it?

Paul takes a pull on his coffee, then:

PAUL

More or less.

PHIL

And he's not on the database? They're sure about that?

Paul shakes his head.

PAUL

We'll be building our own database.
Swabbing men living locally in '73
between the ages of sixteen and fifty.

PHIL

Sixteen and fifty?
(Paul nods)
That's a lot of shoe leather.

PAUL

Yeah, it is.

PHIL

How big's our team?

56B

INT. INCIDENT ROOM, OLD POLICE STATION (2002)

56B

Track with Paul and Phil as they enter the main incident room, Paul turns and gives his most winsomely indomitable smile.

PAUL

Just the three of us for now.

Phil stares at him, almost betrayed.

PHIL

You said low double figures!

PAUL

What can I tell you?

PHIL

I don't know, Paul, but three is seven short of double figures.

PAUL

(whatdoyawantfromme shrug)

I asked for twelve, I got two.

Phil - gripped by a familiar frustration with Paul.

PHIL

No - sorry - you assured me this'd be staffed properly and I signed on on that basis.

Right then a deep voice calls out -

GERAINT (V.O.)

Hello?

PAUL

(shouting)

Up here!

DC GERAINT BALE enters the room - industrious, sometimes dour, built like a brick shithouse and intimidating when required.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Geraint - Phil. Phil - Geraint.

GERAINT

Good to meet you, Phil.

PHIL

Yeah. Likewise.

Geraint reacts to Phil's coolness. Senses it's directed at Paul, not him. Nods around the building:

GERAINT
Thought this place shut years ago?

PAUL
It's an evidence store now.
(conceding smile)
With an empty office at the back.

GERAINT
I see. Rolling out the red carpet, are they?

Geraint gives a sardonic chuckle but Phil sees nothing amusing in the cut-price nature of the inquiry he's joined. Geraint turns to Paul:

GERAINT (CONT'D)
OK if I grab a coffee, boss?

Paul thrusts his own coffee into Geraint's fist:

PAUL
Later. Wanna get started first.

Geraint looks down at his newly-acquired, second-hand coffee.

GERAINT
You serious?

PAUL
I've only had a sip.

Paul heads off to explore the old cop shop and their new home, Phil and Geraint staring after him.

Paul, Phil and Geraint pick their way into the dusty former evidence room - pull out old evidence bags, mouse-bitten Rolodexes. The enormity of the task at hand hitting home.

Young Paul and Phil among the officers swarming into the very same cop shop back in 1973. Up the front stairs and across the lobby. From where they are almost propelled by surrounding bodies into -

58A

INT. PORT TALBOT POLICE STATION, INCIDENT ROOM (1973) - DAY

- the centrifugal force of the INCIDENT ROOM. A frenzy of activity - desks and chairs hoisted into place, lines and wires criss-crossing the floor, phones RINGING off the hook.

PHIL

Wow. Proper incident room...

PAUL

(relishing this prospect)
And we're not going home till we get him.

A sense that responsibility is both onerous and exciting.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Warren said the post-mortem was interesting...

PHIL

Yeah? Have we got the bastard's dabs?

Paul and Phil clearly have a different idea of interesting.

PAUL

They found mud and grass on their feet. Under their tights.

PHIL

So?

PAUL

So they got dressed after he raped them. He let them get dressed.

Phil - the penny still not really dropping.

PHIL

What does that prove?

PAUL

PAUL (CONT'D)

I dunno. Maybe he didn't plan to kill them but then he changed his mind or lost control and Geraldine ran for it...

Now Paul's eyes fix on DS Chris Lewis tacking up side-by-side portraits of Pauline and Geraldine on the memo board.

Paul - reaching a decision. He turns on his heel, walks out.
Phil reacts, follows Paul out into the bustling corridor.

PHIL
Where d'you think you're going?

PAUL
Scratching an itch.

PHIL
Scratch it later. Team briefing at
two. Big boss is coming down.
(pauses for effect)
Ray Allen.

Paul - as that name lands with the impact Phil intends.

PAUL
Back in half an hour.

PHIL
Paul! For fuck's sake!

But he's vanished in the throng, headed for the exit.

58B **INT. PORT TALBOT POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL (1973) - DAY** 58B

Paul runs down the stairs against a further group of cops entering.

And here comes 2002 Paul - lugging a computer into that same incident room. But now it's just a room: threadbare carpet, little natural light. Phil and Geraint setting up their desks, a sense they're 'camping' in this once-hallowed space.

PHIL

Modem?

PAUL

All I know is we've got one.

PHIL

Great.

Paul holds his stare, getting weary of Phil's testiness now.

GERAINT

Modem's over here. Want me to set it up?

PAUL

Thanks, Geraint.

Geraint crouches by the modem, unplugs and plugs in wires. The dial-up TONE sounds. Paul and Phil watch Geraint settle at his desk, click his mouse. The TONE steadies and holds.

GERAINT

(studies his screen, then)
We're connected.

PAUL

I'd say that makes Operation Magnum live. Phil?

Paul makes a point of turning to Phil who can't suppress a smile of agreement.

PHIL

And as there's no bloody kettle, I'd say the coffees are on you.

And off Paul's infectious start-of-a-great-adventure grin -

- cut to young Paul knocking hard on a door. It opens a crack and Morgan peers out. Beat as he recalls Paul, then:

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN

What d'you want?

PAUL

Just a minute of your time, John.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN

No thanks. Took me an hour to walk home last time.

PAUL

That was Owen and Griffiths...

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN

You were driving the fucking car!

PAUL

You gonna let me in or what?

Moments later. Paul opposite John in the living room. Coming in half-way:

PAUL
What time did the film start?

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
Nine-thirty.

MRS MORGAN (o.s.)
Ten. It started at ten.

Reveal: MRS MORGAN - arms folded, standing rigidly against the doorframe.

PAUL
That's late.

MRS MORGAN
(nods)
It was like a...special showing. You can check with the cinema.

PAUL
What was the film?

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
The Exorcist.

PAUL
Any good?

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
Yeah. Bit slow to begin with but-
(catches himself)
Sorry. What're these questions in aid of?

PAUL
(carefully)
Let's say... it's in your interest to provide an alibi for your movements last night.

Morgan stares at him and the penny drops.

JOHN DILWYN MORGAN
The two girls in Port Talbot...?
(Paul nods)
Fuck off.

MRS MORGAN
He's trying to help, John.
(then to Paul)
You think the man who killed 'em is
the same one who killed...
(not easy saying her name)
...Sandra.

PAUL
I think there's a good chance, yeah.

Mrs Morgan's brighter than John and her mind's now racing.

MRS MORGAN
Julie Stone. She's an usherette at the
cinema. I know her a bit. Used to be
in a typing pool together.

PAUL
And she saw you last night?

MRS MORGAN
Talked to us. On the way in and out.

Paul nods approvingly, makes a note, glances up at John.

PAUL
You're a lucky man, John.

Paul slips in at the back of the packed and attentive incident room. DET. CHIEF. SUPER RAY ALLEN - an imposing war veteran nearing retirement - is leading the team briefing.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
...some of you may have heard we're being aided and abetted by Scotland Yard. Like all the best stories, it's half-true. The Yard did offer to send someone down to show us how it's done but that offer was robustly if politely declined.

A wave of approving noises and nods from across the room.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)
Right. Eyewitnesses, eyewitnesses, eyewitnesses - and did I say eyewitnesses?

DI TONY WARREN
House-to-house is ongoing, we're working through local taxi drivers and the hotline's up and running.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Good. What else?

PHIL
Fair few sightings of the girls leaving the Top Rank on Kingsway. Two more sightings of them on Fabian Way, heading East to Port Talbot...

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Any local sex pests standing out from the crowd?

PAUL
(raises his hand, then)
I think we should consider a Neath connection, sir.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Neath?

PAUL
A John Morgan's in the frame for the murder of a young girl up there-

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Sandra Newton.

Paul nods, visibly disarmed. Under his breath:

DI TONY WARREN
Stymied again.

That provokes a few derisive chuckles from the assembled.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Someone mentioned her at the start of
the meeting and I warned against
getting sidetracked. If you'd been
here on time, you'd know that.

Paul - *shit*, he thought he'd slipped in undetected.

PAUL
I'm sorry, sir. Point is: Morgan's
alibi checks out for last night-

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Point is, it's not our case, Bethel.

PAUL
But if one bloke killed all three, he
could well come from Neath.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Key word there being 'if'. This is a
double murder and there is no room for
idle speculation. All our focus - and
I mean all - stays on Geraldine and
Pauline. Clear?

PAUL
Yes, sir.

Phil - wincing at Paul's dressing down. During this exchange DS
Chris Lewis has taken a call and now addresses Allen:

DS CHRIS LEWIS
A taxi driver saw two girls in a light
coloured Austin - 1100 or 1300...

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
Where?

DS Lewis crosses to a map of the Swansea area, points:

DS CHRIS LEWIS
Parked in a lay-by roughly here
between 1.45 and 02.15 am.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
(claps his hands)
Now that's a lead.

Paul, Geraint and Phil sip styrofoam coffees from *Conti's* as they consider the enormity of the task before them.

PAUL

In the end it comes down to money.
Limited resources means limited DNA
swabbing. We need to be selective.

GERAINT

(seeing it)

No point swabbing blokes not living
locally at the time of the murders?

PAUL

(nods)

Or too young to have committed them.
We have to get our man in focus. What
kind of bloke was he? What age?
Possible job? Did he live in Neath?

PHIL

It'd fit with Sandra being his first
kill - he took what he saw every day.

GERAINT

(nods, building)

Then he moves further afield - 'don't-
shit-where-you-eat'?

Paul nods approvingly - Geraint's a fast learner.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

Why wasn't Sandra linked to the
Llandarcy killings at the time? Given
the proximity?

Paul glances at Phil to fill in the blanks.

PHIL

The sexual nature of Sandra's murder
was dismissed because there was no
evidence of rape.

GERAINT

But - they found semen on her?

PAUL

Explained away by Morgan having sex
with her on the night she died.

PHIL

There was no forensics to prove more than one source of semen and no vaginal injuries.

GERAINT

So... 'cause this girl was sexually active they took rape off the table. Basically?

Paul returns Geraint's sad, knowing look.

PAUL

Basically. Which was problematic as Geraldine and Pauline's murders were treated as sexually-motivated from Day One.

GERAINT

A link should've been made right there?

PHIL

(nods)

They were looking for a serial killer, they just didn't know it.

PAUL

Or didn't want to know. Depends how charitable you wanna be.

Subtext: Paul is not minded to be very charitable at all.

GERAINT

You said our budget will limit how many men we can swab?

Paul holds Geraint's look. Nods.

PAUL

Five hundred max.

Paul gazes out at the street outside. Sees various MEN going about their business - pushing a grandson in a stroller, exiting a car, carrying their shopping home, waiting at a bus stop.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So everyone on our list - everyone - has to be a contender.

GERAINT

I'll make a start on the database.

PAUL
Thanks, Geraint.

Off Paul - the bit between his teeth now.

INT. PAUL'S CAR/EXT. ABERAFAN BEACH, PORT TALBOT (2002) - DAY

And we're back in 2002 as Paul and Phil sit quietly in Paul's car, looking out at the grey sea. Rain against the windscreen.

PAUL

...if we're tracking back to when he got started - how he got started - we need to be asking-

PHIL

(over him)

- if he raped those girls in Neath before he became a killer?

PAUL

(nods, careful)

Lot of evidence suggests he did.

PHIL

And a lot says he didn't.

PAUL

True.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But if he did, we have potential witnesses -

PHIL

(overlapping)

- victims, Paul, they're victims...

PAUL

(overlapping)

- I know, but at the very least it could yield an E-FIT.

They lapse into tense, unresolved silence. Phil wipes a hand down his face, scans the empty horizon.

PHIL

Question I'm asking is: why are we doing this? Honestly?

Paul scowls at him - isn't it obvious?

PAUL

To find the truth. To get...not closure, but the next best thing.

PHIL
For us or the victims?

PAUL
The victims!

PHIL
And if we fail? If all we do is...
upend their lives? Rip off the scabs
that've let them carry on? Where's
your closure, then?

Paul takes a moment to absorb that pertinent question.

PAUL
We're taking a risk. A big one.

Phil holds his gaze, on and on. A small climb-down:

PHIL
Good to hear you acknowledge it.

Paul gives him another moment, then:

PAUL
Look... Phil... we have to look at the
rapes. We have to. If you want first
dibs... fine... if not I understand.

Beat. Phil nods his appreciation - Paul's being as fair as he
can. Phil breathes deep, then:

PHIL
I'll order down the evidence as a
first step. Anything actionable, we
move to step two. Fair?

Beat of hesitation, then Paul nods:

PAUL
Fair.

Off Paul - we sense he'll move to step two regardless.

In the main room find Phil signing for four cardboard EVIDENCE BOXES. The courier nods his goodbye, exits.

Phil stands there a beat. Staring at the four piled boxes.

Then - from nowhere - Geraint strides over, lifts the top two boxes.

GERAINT

Where to, boss?

Phil - a little disarmed by this friendly ambush - then he grabs the bottom two boxes.

PHIL

This way.

They carry their boxes in silence a moment. Geraint eyes the yellowed, handwritten label atop his box: NEATH SEXUAL ASSAULTS 1972/73.

GERAINT

These assaults... they predated
Sandra's murder, then?

PHIL

That's right.

GERAINT

(i.e. the boxes)
Want a hand going through 'em?

PHIL

(shakes head, tight smile)
I'm OK, thanks, Geraint.

GERAINT

Suit yourself.
(off Phil's tension)
Do I know everything there is to know
here?

PHIL

Far from it.

GERAINT

OK. Fair enough.
(then)
But if we're gonna be any kind of team-

PHIL
(over him)
Late '72, early 73, there was a series
of rapes in and around Neath. One of
the victims, Jane, grew up in my
street. She was sixteen but she didn't
come forward for five years.

GERAINT
That explains a few things.

It's Geraint's unsentimental way of showing his compassion.

PHIL
Neath's a small place. When Sandra was
killed you might think it'd be linked
to the rapes right away...

GERAINT
But prevailing wisdom said she was
killed by her boyfriend?
(Phil nods)
And now?

PHIL
(carefully)
Now I'm keeping an open mind.

I.e. Phil's not discounted that Morgan might've been guilty.

GERAINT
(beat, then)
I'm sorry about your friend.

Phil gives a curt nod for that, pushes on through double doors
that swing shut behind then.

Flanked by Warren and Lewis, Ray Allen - looking decidedly less cocksure - addresses a roomful of journalists. Hot in here, as in shirts-sticking-to-backs stifling.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN
...we're pretty certain he's being
shielded by someone. Could be a
woman, could be a relative or someone
close to him.

(wipes his brow with a
handkerchief)
That Sunday morning, his shoes must
have been muddy, his clothing could
have been bloodstained...

Angle on Paul and Phil at the back of the room, watching the boss, willing him on but feeling Allen's strain.

DET. CHIEF. SUPER. RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)
This man is sick and needs medical
attention. He could kill again unless
we can get him to a doctor. Let the
police know about him before he kills
again. We will look after him, you
have my word...

Off Paul - weighing Allen's softly-softly approach.

The hulking shape of the police station. Transformed by darkness and the passing years. Menacing and inscrutable in the night. One lamp burns on the second floor.

Paul comes down the ill-lit corridor. Somewhere an old pipe CLANKS. Now he cranks a turn into an OFFICE where Phil - sleeves rolled-up, caffeine-d to the eyeballs - stands hands-on-hips amidst the spread-out evidence from the Neath rapes.

Long look between the two of them, then:

PHIL

I called Jane. She's expecting us tomorrow morning.

Paul just stares at him an uncomprehending beat. And the penny drops:

PAUL

...you found something.

PHIL

December '72: hitch-hiker Susan Ferry was picked up outside Neath by a man who tied her up and raped her.

(checks file)

Said her attacker had bushy hair and stunk of tobacco. That's exactly how Jane described the man who attacked her.

Phil shows him a B&W image of a bowline knot lying in grass.

PAUL

Susan's hands were bound with a rope using a granny knot.

Phil shows Paul another granny knot lying in undergrowth, this one heavily bloodstained.

PHIL

A granny knot was used to bind Pauline's wrists.

Paul takes all this in, something not adding up.

PAUL

We tried to link the murders to the Neath rapes before...

PHIL

(nods)

Jurisdictional screw-up.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Susan was picked up in Neath but
assaulted in a park in Llangyfelach so
Swansea got the case...

PAUL

It wasn't linked to the Neath rapes?

PHIL

Not at the time, no.

PAUL

(lets out a breath, then)
Maybe... we should talk to Susan Ferry
before we speak to Jane?

PHIL

I wish we could.
(off Paul's stare)
She died in a car crash in 1979.

The joint funerals of Pauline and Geraldine.

The town has come to a stand-still. Quiet mourners lining the streets, an awful tension somehow accentuated by the sunny Autumnal day.

We pick out Pauline and Geraldine's parents. United in grief, a shared stoicism in the face of unimaginable loss.

And poor Sita the survivor - sobbing her eyes out in the pale turquoise dress from the clothing shop where Pauline worked. Just paralyzed by this thunderbolt that has devastated her world.

The factory machine room where Geraldine and Pauline worked is eerily quiet. Rows of women stand, heads bowed as a service is conducted in tandem with the funeral.

Paul and Phil climb out of their car. Take in the children's toys in the front garden, then exchange a look - here goes.

Paul and Phil sit across from JANE MARCHANT, 50.

JANE

...people say 'oh, I remember my wedding or my first day at school like it was yesterday'...

(shakes her head)

...well, I really do remember that night like it was yesterday.

She trails off into silence. Phil feels compelled to fill it, setting his hand on hers.

PHIL

Like I say, Jane: as much as you're comfortable with and no more.

Phil glances at Paul to make sure he got the memo there. Finally:

JANE

He must've lain in wait for me. In the trees.

(beat)

First thing I felt was my hair being pulled. I mean hard, like he was going to pull it out. Then he was grabbing me and punching me. '*Don't scream or I'll kill you. Don't struggle*'. He got me down on the ground and tied my hands with rope. He was quiet while he did that - like he was concentrating. Then he asked me: '*are you a virgin?*'

(beat)

I was, but I didn't tell him. I didn't say anything. I was too scared.

(then, flatly)

Then he raped me.

(beat)

It sounds weird but my strongest memory is his smell. He stank of tobacco, I mean reeked of it. For years that smell would set me off...I'd walk into a smokey pub and start bawling. Got so bad my mum gave up smoking. We used to joke that at least some good had come of it...

A bleak smile for that which - cautiously - Paul and Phil return. And then:

JANE (CONT'D)

Afterwards... afterwards he
masturbated while I just lay there.
Shivering. He said: 'don't open your
eyes, girl. I'm gonna have a cigarette
and think about whether to kill you.'

Paul and Phil - looking at Jane with something like awe. That
she survived this horrific ordeal and lived to rebuild her life.

PAUL

Was that the last thing he said to
you?

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

He told me to get dressed.

Paul - as that 'getting dressed' echo from Pauline and
Geraldine's case resonates.

JANE (CONT'D)

That's when I knew he wasn't going to
kill me.

After a further beat - and it feels so appallingly inadequate:

PHIL

Thank you.

PAUL

Jane.

(she looks at him)

You said you remember it like it was
yesterday?

Jane nods guardedly, as if Paul's doubting that.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Would you be up for sitting down with
a police artist and telling them
everything you can about the man who
attacked you?

Jane balls her fists on the table before her.

PHIL

Jane, if there's-

JANE

Of course I would.

Said firmly, looking Paul dead in the eye.

73A

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE (2002) - DAY

73A

Phil and Paul return to the car, they see Jane's daughter walking home from school with her friend.

Evening. Paul stands alone in Magnum HQ. Letting his eyes run over a map of the greater Port Talbot/Swansea area marked with coloured pins denoting the murders and the Neath rapes. He crosses to a whiteboard where he's drawing up a list:

SUSPECT GROUPS.

STEEL WORKERS

DOCK WORKERS

M4 CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

To which Paul now adds:

TRAVELING FAIR?

Off Paul - He really is at the foot of Mount Everest.

His computer emits a soft BEEP. He glances at the screen.

YOU'VE GOT MAIL.

Paul steps over, clicks open the email. There is an attachment. He opens it and stares at the screen for a moment before we see what he sees:

An E-FIT FACE - a bushy-haired man with a moustache stares out from his screen.

Paul - as this face chimes with something.

Jumpcut. Paul - possessed by new, urgent energy - at a teetering, old school filing cabinet. Hunting through. It's not there. *Shit*. He slams the drawer in, drags out the one below. Fingers flicking ever faster until, *Hallelujah* -

- he digs out a '73-era photo of DAI WILLIAMS, Sandra Newton's stepfather.

Paul - as the hairs on the back of his neck stand up: Dai Williams looks remarkably like his brand new E-FIT of the Neath Rapist and - by extension - their killer.

75

OMITTED

75

2002 Paul - sunk in thought as he drives into Neath. He parks in a patch of shadow across from Pat and Dai's house. He slinks down in his chair as a TAXI pulls up across the street.

PAUL's POV: The taxi parks up. Ignition off. The driver turns off his meter, takes out a cigarette, lights it.

The driver gets out of the taxi. As the light from the streetlamp catches his face, we see DAI WILLIAMS' distinctive features for the first time.

Paul stares at Dai Williams, haloed by blue cigarette smoke that - fleetingly - resembles his thick-cut '73 hair.

As Paul watches Dai cross to his house his mobile RINGS. Paul hastily answers it in case Dai is alerted. Off caller display:

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Hello, Colin.

2002. Find Colin Dark in the pristine calm of the lab.

COLIN DARK (INTO PHONE)
Sorry to call so late but we've had
results back on the DNA and I thought
you'd want to hear as soon as
possible.

PAUL (o.s.)
You thought right.

Back with Paul in his car.

COLIN DARK (v.o.)
Comparative mitochondrial testing
shows a compelling link between Sandra
Newton and Geraldine and Pauline.
(then)
All three were killed by the same man.

Paul grips the phone. Speechless - stunned - as this long-and-deeply-held article of faith is confirmed.

COLIN DARK (v.o.)
Which means you're dealing with a
serial killer and all that comes with
that.
(no response)
Paul?

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
I'm still here.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE