

STEELTOWN MURDERS

Written by

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**EPISODE TWO - SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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2002. A car pulls up and comes to a stop. We cut inside to a tense silence between the old friends and colleagues. Phil is thumbing through his file, his images of Dai and the e-fit clear to see. Finally:

PAUL

Thought this day would never come.

PHIL

He might still tell us to bugger off.

PAUL

He might.

PHIL

What's the plan then?

PAUL

We turn the other cheek.

(Phil looks across)

Tea and sympathy are the order of the day 'till we get his DNA.

2002. Dai Williams opens the door to Paul and Phil. Stares coldly at Paul; ignores Phil. Paul digs for his warrant card.

PAUL

DI Paul-

DAI WILLIAMS

I remember you perfectly well, thank you.

Dai just stares at Paul. Cutting to the chase:

PAUL

Can we come in, Dai?

It looks like Dai's going to say 'no' but then Pat appears behind, her expression grave. Mustering a smile:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello, Pat.

**INT. PORT TALBOT POLICE STATION, INCIDENT ROOM (1973) - DAY 3**

In the corner of the incident room find PAUL typing up an eyewitness report. A brown envelope drops on his desk.

PHIL  
(furtive)  
Christmas came early. To Be Opened  
Later.

Of course Paul opens it anyway - it contains a file marked Sandra Newton/NEATH.

PAUL  
How the hell did you get this?

Paul flicks through animatedly. Phil casts around, worried.

PHIL  
Can't tell you, mate.

PAUL  
(eyes flick up)  
Chris Lewis?

PHIL  
(yes)  
I said I can't tell you!

Paul devours the file. We glimpse visuals/mention of LIGATURES. A COMMANDING COUGH cuts through the incident room din.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Gentlemen.

Feeling Phil's panicked gaze, Paul stashes the file away. A buzz of activity as the detectives assemble before their weary boss.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Right. Listen up.  
(the hubbub dies)  
I urge you to remember this: the  
parents of both girls are adamant -  
absolutely adamant - they were  
sensible lasses who wouldn't have got  
in a stranger's car. So anyone with  
links to the girls - even just a  
casual acquaintance - goes to the top  
of the list.

Paul's got his hand up. With an exaggerated sigh:

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Yes, Bethell?

Phil is glaring at Paul: *don't do it.*

PAUL  
I've been speaking to our friends up  
in Neath...

DI WARREN  
Here we go. Steady the bus.

Warren's eye roll gets a few laughs.

PAUL  
I really think we should be looking at  
Sandra Newton alongside the girls...

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Did you not hear me the first time?  
Was I unclear? Did I mumble?

PAUL  
No, sir.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Did I not say we stay focused on  
Geraldine and Pauline come hell or  
high water?

PAUL  
Yes, sir.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Good. You and Philip are on tapings.

Warren chuckles at this ignominious fate. Off that:

PAUL  
Tapings...?

Allen nods to DS VIC JENKINS, a smug, 30-something, status-oriented detective.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Detective Sergeant Jenkins will show  
you the ropes.

A box of heavy-duty sellotape dispensers is passed around the room and - THUMP - lands on Paul's desk.

Off Paul - feeling Phil's *another fine fucking mess* look.

3A      **EXT. ESTABLISHER OF THE SANDFIELD'S ESTATE (1973) - DAY**      3A

High angle shot establishing the Sandfields Estate.

1973. Find Paul and Phil on a council estate with DS Jenkins. Phil clutches two rolls of sticky tape; Paul trying to stuff used tape into a bag but we don't know why yet. They are walking away from a house with a cream 1100 parked outside. Paul and Phil heading to their car when -

DS VIC JENKINS

Not so fast, lads. Got another proud  
owner round the corner

(checks notebook)

Joseph Kappen.

The trio walk round the corner to reach the Kappen house. There's an 1100 on bricks clogging the front drive.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Rinse and repeat. I'll get his  
statement, you do the car.

Paul and Phil exchange a look: Jenkins is a bit of a prick.

Paul and Phil step to the car on bricks. Paul glances over at Jenkins who is standing at the front door, talking to someone just out of Paul's line of sight.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
(throws car keys)  
Catch.

Paul fails to catch the keys. Phil and Jenkins laugh. Jenkins disappears into the house. Paul and Phil climb gingerly into the car, Paul in the front, Phil in back. They freeze as the car SHIFTS on the bricks, a faint groan of protesting metal.

PHIL  
If this lands on my foot I'm blaming  
you.

PAUL  
How's that?

PHIL  
(mimicking Paul)  
'I really think we should be looking  
at Sandra Newton, boss'.

PAUL  
We should!

PHIL  
(glances at house)  
Not even trusted to take a statement!

SCREECH. Paul extends a fat length of tape.

PAUL  
One more fucking word!

Phil's grinning - both of them still in fine fettle, enthusiasm undimmed. Even as they hunker down in this grim, confined space and start pressing adhesive tape to the footwell carpet.



Lifting hairs, fibres, cigarette papers, spilt ash, chewing gum...

2002. Pan off a framed picture of Sandra on the sideboard to find Paul and Phil sat with Dai and Pat.

PAUL

...we're reopening the investigation into Sandra's murder and we wanted you to hear it first.

Paul lets that go down. Dai puts a clumsy arm around Pat. Paul watching intently for her reaction to his touch. A hundred questions tumble through Pat's head, funnel down to:

PAT

Why?

PAUL

There's some new DNA evidence, Pat. It tells us certain things. Important things.

(as gently as he can)

Sandra was killed by the same man who killed Geraldine Hughes and Pauline Floyd.

PAT

(stunned; a whisper)

No...

PAUL

The DNA confirms it.

DAI WILLIAMS

It's John Dilwyn Morgan, isn't it? Got to be?

(turns to Pat)

Always said he was wrong in the head, didn't I? Bothering Sandra when he had a wife at home.

(back to Paul)

Have you checked his DNA yet?

PAUL

(with strained patience)

No, we haven't, Dai.

DAI WILLIAMS

Well, what're you waiting for?

PAUL  
We haven't 'checked' anyone's DNA yet.  
But we will. We'll be mounting a mass  
swabbing operation.

Paul watches Dai intently for his reaction to that news.

Beat. Then a strange, bitter smile forms on Pat's lips.

PAT  
When the police told me about Sandra  
and John Morgan... I think they  
expected me to be shocked... to think  
less of her... to grieve less for her.  
(snatches away a tear)  
Was I thrilled about her seeing a  
married man? No. Did it mean  
anything in the face of losing her...?

No. She breaks, covering her face with her hand. An  
excruciating beat, then, almost blurting:

DAI WILLIAMS  
What's a mass swabbing operation?

PHIL  
Basically taking DNA from lots of men  
to find a match with our killer.

PAUL  
And I'm afraid that'll include you,  
Dai.

DAI WILLIAMS  
Me?

PAUL  
Just for purposes of elimination.

PHIL  
As Sandra's stepfather, we have to  
clear you, that's all.

DAI WILLIAMS  
You do, do you?  
(withering)  
'Purposes of elimination'. I like  
that. That's nice-

PAT  
(cutting through)  
Is it his blood?

This strange, stark question resonates in the silence.

PAUL  
...sorry, Pat?

PAT  
You said the DNA tells you the same  
man killed Sandra and the Llandarcy  
girls? Is it his blood?

Paul struggles to hold her quietly desperate gaze.

PAUL  
No. No, the DNA profile was taken  
from his semen.

DAI WILLIAMS  
There you go. Morgan was seeing  
Sandra - we know that - it's got to be  
him, right?

Paul girds his loins to say what he must. Addressing Pat:

PAUL  
There's something else we need to  
share with you.  
(then)  
The DNA tells us there was semen from  
two different men on Sandra's clothes.

Pat just stares at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
If one was a result of Sandra and  
Morgan... being intimate, it suggests  
the other was left by her killer.

In other words that Sandra was raped. Beat, then Pat shakes her  
head emphatically.

PAT  
No. No. We were told over and over  
she wasn't raped. Over and over.  
(turns to Dai, fluttering  
with panic)  
We were, weren't we?

DAI WILLIAMS  
We were. Categorically.

PAT  
See? She wasn't raped. She wasn't.  
She had a row with Morgan and he lost  
his head and it was all over  
quick...very quick.

And Pat breaks, dissolving into bitter, wrenching tears.

PAUL  
I'm so sorry, Pat.

Watching her, Paul gets it: the belief Sandra wasn't raped has sustained her down the years but now she doesn't even have that to cling to. And he feels obliged to say something.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
DNA's like a very powerful torch. It  
lets us see into corners we couldn't  
see into before.

Tightening his protective arm around Pat.

DAI WILLIAMS  
And that's a good thing, is it?

Paul bites down on his instinctive reply.

PAUL  
That's a fair question, Dai.

DAI WILLIAMS  
(mimicking)  
'That's a fair question, Dai'. Don't  
insult my intelligence, OK? Just  
don't. I was on CID's shit list from  
Day One...

PAT  
(the swearing)  
Dai.

DAI WILLIAMS  
(steaming on)  
...and I have it on good authority you  
were the one who put me there.

Beat. Pat is looking at Paul with new, cold eyes.

PAT  
Is that true?

Paul's silence confirms it. He struggles to hold her gaze - wounded, indignant, deceived - as if his tenderness and sensitivity re: Sandra are now exposed as fraudulent.

2002. Geraint glances up at Paul and Phil as they arrive back, still discussing Dai.

PAUL  
...if you were a gambling man?

PHIL  
But I'm not.

PAUL  
That's why I said 'if', Phil?

PHIL  
He looked like a worried man.

PAUL  
Might-do-a-runner worried?

Geraint - trying to focus on his email but understandably distracted by this conversation and feeling shut out.

GERAINT  
Who might do a runner?

Paul and Phil had barely noticed Geraint was there. And Paul gets that Geraint is asking more than an isolated question - he wants to be included. With a firm, reassuring smile:

PAUL  
Sorry, Geraint.  
(then)  
Dai Williams.

Paul indicates Dai's DVLA photo pinned up on the board.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Sandra's stepfather. He was a taxi driver - perfect cover - and he had no alibi for the three murders.

GERAINT  
Did he own an 1100?

PAUL  
(shakes head 'no')  
But taxi drivers shared cabs back then. Could've accessed one easy.

Geraint nods but seems underwhelmed by the case against Dai.

PHIL

We got a new E-FIT from one of the  
rape victims.

Geraint realizes that Phil is talking about his friend Jane.  
Beat. Phil shows him the E-FIT of the bushy-haired man with a  
moustache.

PAUL

And this is a '73-era photo of Dai  
Williams.

Geraint looks from one image to the other. Goosebumps. The  
similarity is chilling.

GERAINT

We won't be taking his DNA, then?

Off Phil and Paul - warming to Geraint's understated humour. And  
clocking that Geraint - still looking from Dai to the E-FIT - is  
hooked.

1973. Phil and Paul still taping fibres from the 1100 when the front door opens and Jenkins emerges:

DS VIC JENKINS  
We're leaving.

Phil and Paul - relieved - climb out of the car taking care it doesn't topple off the bricks and butcher their feet.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Give her the keys, would you?

Paul steps to the open front door where CHRISTINE KAPPEN waits. Meets her gaze a beat, feels her tension, then hands her the key. Beyond, in the gloom, Paul just discerns a man making his way out to the back garden.

The front door closes and Paul and Phil catch up with Jenkins.



They walk back to Vic's parked car.

PAUL

Well?

DS VIC JENKINS

Been on bricks since the summer.

They pile in their car, Phil behind the wheel, Jenkins in the passenger seat, Paul in back. Leaning forward, an eager kid:

PAUL

What else? What was he like?

Jenkins stares out a beat. What was he like?

DS VIC JENKINS

Bit of an oddball.

PAUL

Worth speaking to the neighbours?  
Check the bricks story?

Jenkins - faint annoyance at Paul's suggestion - but he nods.

DS VIC JENKINS

I'll put it in my report: Uniform To  
Follow Up.

(turns to assess Paul)

And I'll make another suggestion -  
smarten up, Bethell, we're the public  
face of the constabulary and don't  
forget it.

Paul straightens his tie. Phil thinks it's hilarious.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)

Right. Who's next?

Paul flips through the already-dog-eared typed list. Scanning the endless names, addresses, registrations. And we mark Paul's nascent frustration. Finally finding the name:

PAUL

Malcolm Bell, Cricketfields Drive.

2002. A wide shot of Porthcawl. A lone runner...

CLOSER UP: Meet SITA ANWAR - 45, out for her daily morning run. Really pushing herself. Her 'me time' before the onslaught of the day. She checks her time. Powers on.

2002. Paul in his best suit, checking himself in the mirror. A sense that the day of reckoning is upon him and he isn't ready. Karina enters, catches his perturbed mood.

KARINA  
Press conference?

PAUL  
(nods)  
Won't lie - I'm bricking it.  
(off her surprise)  
Say the wrong thing... the wrong 'body  
language'... it gets seized on. That  
becomes the story. Could derail us  
before we've even got started.

KARINA  
That's not the spirit.

PAUL  
I know, I know...

We sense Karina has her own misgivings about Paul revisiting this case but she shows none of that now:

KARINA  
Just be yourself. When you talk about  
the case...the girls... the  
families... you're impressive.  
(he looks up doubtfully)  
You are. People listen... I listen.  
OK?

PAUL  
OK?

KARINA  
Just do me a favour?  
(he nods warily)  
Don't wear that bloody tie.

PAUL  
It's my best tie!

KARINA  
It was your best tie in 1982. What  
about the one I got you for Christmas?

PAUL  
(sheepish)  
Still in its box.

KARINA  
Sure about that?

Karina produces said box - ta-ra! Takes out the unworn tie,  
holds it up to his shirt.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
There you go. That is a twenty-first  
century tie.

He grins and - just as she intends - his tension levels drop.

2002. SITA again. Smart work clothes now. With husband SEB and daughter MAYA, 14. Easy, banter-ish tone between the three of them. Sita filling a bowl with corn flakes. Weaving to the fridge, taking out a two-pint plastic bottle of semi-skimmed that's completely empty.

SITA  
OK. What is this?

MAYA  
An empty milk bottle?

SITA  
Ha ha.

She means: why has someone put an empty milk bottle back in the fridge? Sita looks from Maya to Seb.

SITA (CONT'D)  
C'mon. 'Fess up.

Seb throws Maya a mock "all innocent" look.

SEB  
Why does she always think it's one of us?

Maya sniggers. A strong bond with dad. Sita upends the bottle, barely drizzling her cereal:

SITA  
Like living with a bunch of students.

But she's smiling as she says this. Shouldering her bag:

MAYA  
I'm off.

Maya heads for the door. With slightly forced casualness:

SEB  
I'll run you in if you want?

MAYA  
I'm fine.

He's going to persist. Sita meets his look, shakes head.

SITA  
Love you.

MAYA

Love you.

And she's gone. After a beat:

SITA

Bus is good for her. Socially. I  
think on some level she knows that.

Seb defers with an easy smile:

SEB

You're the expert.

SITA

I am.

We don't yet know what Seb means by 'expert" but we soon will.

2002. Pre-conference. Some REPORTERS setting up ahead of the conference. Paul pacing, readying. Feels eyes on him. Looks up into the calm gaze of Jackie Roberts.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
You OK, Paul?

PAUL  
Yeah. Just... once bitten, y'know?

Jackie's frown deepens - no, she doesn't know.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We had a shitshow with the press back  
in '73.  
(stoical smile)  
Still bear the scars.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Well, don't worry. I wasn't expecting  
you to say anything.

PAUL  
...you weren't?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
No. I mean it's important you're  
there but I'll be doing the talking.

Paul can't quite hide his crestfallen reaction.

PAUL  
Right you are, Ma'am.

Paul sits in silence as Jackie addresses the thronged media. Pick out Phil near the back, enjoying the meagre catering.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

South Wales Police are today commencing the reinvestigation of the unsolved murders of Geraldine Hughes and Pauline Floyd in 1973. A breakthrough in DNA forensics has now formally linked the murders of Geraldine and Pauline to the murder of Sandra Newton in July 1973.

(RIPPLE through the room)

In other words we're now actively trying to find and apprehend a serial killer.

Bombshell. The reporters had no idea this was coming.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

The killer is still out there - enjoying their freedom, enjoying their life - but we are committed to bringing them to justice. To do so we need the help of the public. Operation Magnum will involve an intelligence led DNA swabbing campaign so we are asking the public to cooperate, come forward and assist the investigation with any information they may have.

(then)

Someone out there knows or suspects who this man is - we only need a name.

A sober, impressed reaction from the reporters. But now the class rebel PHIL BLUNT puts his hand up, his tone both confrontational and grudging:

PHIL BLUNT

Why're you wasting time on old cases when the crime rate's through the roof?

Paul tenses - feels like saying: *why don't you fuck off?*

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Sadly, the passage of time takes nothing away from the horror and pain the families of these girls have endured.

(MORE)



DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Therefore we will do everything we can  
to bring this man to justice so they  
can experience something resembling  
closure.

Paul - watching Jackie askance, in awe at her measured calm.

13

**EXT. OAKCROSS SCHOOL, PORT TALBOT (2002) - DAY**

13

Establish: a big, modern comprehensive school.

Sita - in the thick of the working day. Reveal: she's a head teacher and currently presiding over a staff meeting.

SITA

...the church opposite is being renovated and the stuff they use to clean the masonry is potentially dangerous to the kids. Basically we can't open any windows for a week.

(a lot of GROANING)

I know, I know - and to make matters worse it's the week of our OFSTED inspection. About which I have this to say: we may not have the highest academic results but our truancy levels are the lowest in South Wales and that says everything about the kind of place this is...

The teachers - that praise really landing - emboldened - Sita is a natural, inspiring leader.

2002. Paul and Phil returning from the press conference, heading down the corridor.

PHIL  
...you smashed it, mate, Jackie barely  
got a word in.

Paul grins, takes that on the chin. As they walk into the main office they're struck by a huge chest freezer in the middle of the floor.

GERAINT  
Freezer's arrived, boss.

Off the superfluousness of Geraint's observation.

PAUL  
Yeah. So I see.

Paul sees that Geraint is busy sifting through a box of old evidence files.

Paul steps over, lifts the lid of the empty freezer - stares thoughtfully into the clean white void.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We're in business, boys. We store DNA  
swabs here then submit them to Colin  
Dark at the lab.

PHIL  
...daily? Weekly?

PAUL  
First of every month. Before that  
we need a prioritization matrix to  
determine the first batch of 500  
men for swabbing.

PHIL  
What's that when it's at home?

GERAINT  
A way to triage our top suspects.

Phil and Paul look at Geraint in surprise. Then Phil turns to Paul:

PHIL  
See, now I understand.

GERAINT

I did a course on prioritization matrices once.

PAUL

A man of hidden talents.

GERAINT

(shrugs, making light)

Just a two-day thing. It was that or Health & Safety.

PAUL

(grins)

Speaking of which - it's incumbent on me to warn you that most of the case papers are 25 plus years old so there's a danger of paper mites and associated allergies and bronchial issues...

GERAINT

Good to know.

Geraint wipes his hands down his trousers a thoughtful beat:

GERAINT (CONT'D)

The matrix... what parameters are you scoring?

PAUL

(counts off on fingers)

Were they suspects back in the day and/or resemble the physical descriptions provided by key witnesses and/or own a white Austin or Morris 1100? Then your normal markers: prior convictions, history of sex and violence offences.

PHIL

(fretful)

That'll give us way more than five hundred suspects.

PAUL

Yes, it will.

GERAINT

We'd better get cracking, then.

Off Paul - warming to slow and steady Geraint.

Sita, laden with files, bag etc, crossing from her car to her front door. Slowing down. Through the sitting room window she sees Seb and Maya watching the local news. Something stops her dead.

The TV screen - filled with side-by-side portraits of Pauline, Geraldine and Sandra.

Sita - takes a step forward - almost in a trance - stepping over lawn and flower bed, right up to the glass. Eyes fixed on the TV that now cuts to footage from the press conference.

Sita - she has to know what they're saying.

Seconds later. Sita steps into the room. Seb glances up from the TV, Maya doesn't. Seb looks concerned:

SEB

You OK?

Sita nods. Perches on a chair. Staring at the TV as Jackie Roberts looks right into the camera, quietly commanding:

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

...a breakthrough in DNA forensics has now formally linked the murders of Geraldine and Pauline to the murder of Sandra Newton in July 1973. In other words we're now actively trying to find and apprehend a serial killer.

The report cuts to archive footage from the 1970s, showing policemen searching the woods, Detective Chief Super Ray Allen asking members of the public to come forward.

NEWSCASTER

Police are appealing for new information and the hotline number will now appear at the bottom of the screen...

Sita - aware that Seb is watching her askance. As the news cuts to another item he picks up the remote, almost respectfully turns the volume down.

SEB

You knew them, right?

Sita deliberates a beat, then:

SITA

Geraldine and Pauline, yes.

Maya's ears prick up now.

MAYA

How?

SITA

I was at school with them for a bit... then I worked with Geraldine at the factory. And her mum.

MAYA  
You worked in a factory?

Sita looks at her daughter with something like defiance - almost enjoying her surprise.

SITA  
Yeah. I did.

MAYA  
What about the other one?

SITA  
I didn't know the Neath girl.  
(that sounds dismissive so  
she clarifies, softer)  
I didn't know Sandra.

Awkward silence.

SITA (CONT'D)  
When we moved from Birmingham... it  
was tough... like landing on the  
moon. Geraldine and Pauline were  
the first people I met in the  
playground. It was Geraldine's  
birthday and she'd smuggled a cake  
in...  
(then, a far-off smile)  
...she offered me some and that  
meant everything.

Maya and Seb exchange a look - both finding this recollection a bit odd. Maya heads out into the kitchen. Finally:

SEB  
...this must be a shock.

Sita shrugs, business-like again:

SITA  
If they're looking at it again, that's  
good news, right?

SEB  
Right.

Slightly awkward moment then -

SEB (CONT'D)  
I'll get the dinner on.

SITA  
Thanks, love.



SEB  
How're those reports coming?

SITA  
Slowly.

She musters a grimacing smile which he returns - just a hint that this normality is slightly strained - on both sides.

17A INT. INCIDENT ROOM, MAGNUM HQ - NIGHT

17A

Paul, Phil and Geraint watching the news broadcast.

REPORTER

...and as Superintendent Roberts  
said, this "mass swabbing"  
operation is a huge undertaking  
unprecedented not only in the  
history of South Wales police but  
the wider UK.

As the news cuts to another item, Paul switches off the TV.

Silence and import fill the room. Finally:

PAUL

No going back now.

2002. Sita - in her study. Writing her head teacher reports old school, by hand. She stops. Hearing Maya talking to a friend upstairs on her phone. Laughing. Sita winces, refocuses on her report, pushing the press conference from her thoughts as we INTERCUT with:

18A

**INT. INCIDENT ROOM. MAGNUM HQ - NIGHT**

18A

Paul, Phil and Geraint back at the coal face - working late - diligently sifting through the old evidence, poor Geraint now wearing gloves and mask as he's dealing with heavily deteriorated artifacts and documents.



20

OMITTED

20

1973. MONTAGE our way through a typical morning. Paul and Phil take their carpet tapings and fluid samples from three 1100s. The cars are increasingly dank, filthy and disgusting. Every time they're shut out of the real investigating as Jenkins disappears inside to take the car owner's statement. One irate car owner lunges at Paul but just stops short of hitting him.

Now Phil gets a length of tape wrapped around his arm. Struggles to pluck it free. We might expect Paul to laugh. But he doesn't. He doesn't react at all. Way past that.

Jenkins exits the third house. Paul and Phil climb out of the 1100. Phil throws Jenkins the car keys and he returns them to the wary-looking owner who has a thick black beard.

Go with Jenkins, Phil and Paul as they walk silently back to their car.

Paul, Phil and DS Jenkins tuck into their egg and chips.

DS VIC JENKINS

You need to start packaging your samples. You're behind.

PHIL

Yes, sir.

PAUL

How about we add Dai Williams to the list?

DS VIC JENKINS

Who's he, dare I ask?

PAUL

Sandra Newton's stepfather.

DS VIC JENKINS

The Neath girl?

Paul nods. Stares at him expectantly. Well? Jenkins stops. Lights a cigarette, doesn't offer one to the boys.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something, Bethell.  
(smokes sagely, then)

Every station I've ever set foot in there's a bloke in the corner on his own, long face, intray up to here.  
(holds a flattened hand under his chin)

A bloke no-one wants anything to do with unless it's to dump their shit on him. You know why? 'Cause once upon a time that bloke thought he was different. Golden. Too clever to follow orders, too good to be in a team, too sharp not to chase down his own leads. He thought he was fucking special and the rules didn't apply. But guess what?

PAUL

He wasn't and they did?

Jenkins - annoyed at Paul guessing his punchline correctly.



PAUL (CONT'D)  
We're taping half the cars in South  
Wales - why not one more?

DS VIC JENKINS  
'Cause Dai Williams is not on our  
list. The End.  
(turns to Phil)  
You get it, don't you, Phil?

Phil avoids Paul's stare, nods sheepishly. To Phil:

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
(i.e. with Paul)  
Hang around with him too long you'll  
be in that corner with him.

PHIL  
Doesn't sound so bad.

Jenkins shakes his head witheringly, gulps down his tea and  
heads out. Paul and Phil exchange a grin but no doubt some of  
Jenkins' punches have landed.

1973. Paul is back at the police station. Only a strong black coffee keeping him awake. Painstakingly compiling the taping packages - laborious, detailed, stultifying work.

Suddenly he's had enough. Slings the half completed report across his desk. The report collides with his coffee mug, causing a spillage.

PAUL

Shit!

Phil is approaching, laughing, as he watches Paul mop.

PHIL

Fancy a pint?

PAUL

Fuck, yes.

Paul dries the form with his sleeve leaving a coffee stain. Hold on that stain as Paul and Phil's footsteps recede.

Paul having an early breakfast with Karina. The radio burbles in the background.

KARINA

What do you do if they refuse?

PAUL

(miles away)

What...?

KARINA

If they won't give their DNA?

PAUL

We can't compel them. Not legally.

Karina looks a bit surprised. And worried.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We won't get an easy ride. I've got history with more than a few on our list.

KARINA

Then let Phil and Geraint make those house calls, please.

Paul smiles at her, touched by her concern. Karina clears her throat. Something she wants off her chest, needs to convey.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Paul.

(he looks at her)

You have to go into this knowing you might not find him. And having some inkling as to how you'll deal with that.

We see how scared she is that Paul will not be able to cope with failure. Paul drains his coffee, eyes the dregs a beat.

PAUL

Sometimes it's the things you don't do that haunt you. I knew John Morgan was innocent but after Ray Allen tore a strip off me, I did fuck all to help him. Not a good word with Neath CID, nothing. Just kept my head down.

KARINA  
Sometimes that's the smart move.

PAUL  
(nods)  
That's what I told myself.

2002. Paul parks up outside John Morgan's house. As he takes in the house - superficially smarter but otherwise much the same - we FLASHBACK but via Paul's POV, as if he's watching his old self -

Young Paul reluctantly tagging on as Owen and Griffiths - the two Neath detectives - thump on Morgan's front door. Morgan appears and after a brief exchange they start dragging him off to their car, Paul wondering what he's got himself in to...

2002. Paul steels himself. Crosses to the front door and knocks. Beat, then MRS MORGAN opens.

PAUL

DI Paul Bethel - is John in?

She gives a small bitter laugh.

MRS MORGAN

You joking?

(off Paul's stare)

I kicked him out years ago.

(then, a hair softer)

You'll probably find him in the  
Bull.

Find Paul sitting opposite a much older and greyer John Morgan in the corner of the Bull pub. The trials, stresses and suspicions of the intervening years etched on his face.

JOHN MORGAN  
(finally)  
You want my DNA?

PAUL  
That's right, John.

JOHN MORGAN  
What's to stop you leaving it on a  
dead body? Screwed then, aren't I?

PAUL  
I told everyone and their mother you  
didn't kill Sandra.

JOHN MORGAN  
Big deal.

PAUL  
I didn't believe it then and I don't  
believe it now.

JOHN MORGAN  
I'm gonna fucking burst into tears.

PAUL  
Give me your DNA - right now - and we  
clear you once and for all.

JOHN MORGAN  
Clear me?  
(Paul nods)  
I was tried in the court of public  
opinion. And found guilty.

PAUL  
I'm well aware of that, John.

JOHN MORGAN  
Then you'll know I lost everything.  
How will a DNA test change that?  
(shakes his head bitterly)  
It's too late.

Paul holds his raw, wounded stare. Finally Paul nods, accepting Morgan's reasons for not complying. He stands, heads out.



JOHN MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Where do I spit?

2002. Phil on the front doorstep of a red-brick semi addressing an OLD ROCKER in a faded AC/DC t-shirt:

PHIL

...if you'll just let us take a DNA sample, we can eliminate you from our enquiries?

OLD ROCKER

Tell you what - I'll give you a DNA sample when you give me my fucking clothes back.

PHIL

I'm sorry, sir?

OLD ROCKER

October '73. You took my denim jacket for testing - Hawkwind and Sabbath patches on the back - never bloody saw it again!

But despite that he opens his front door for them to enter.

28A

**INT. MAGNUM INCIDENT ROOM (2002) - DAY**

28A

Phil - coming in with the morning's samples to put in the freezer. He hands them to Geraint and we witness the process of logging as they painstakingly enter them both on the computer and on a ledger book.

PHIL

15 down, 485 to go.

GERAINT

Where's the boss?

PHIL

(faintly evasive)

...there's one sample he wanted to  
get himself....

2002. Paul is back at Pat and Dai's to officially collect Dai's DNA swab. Icky and awkward. Dai has put on his best suit as if for a sombre occasion like a funeral.

PAUL

Can you open your mouth, please, Dai?

Dai and Pat exchange a look. Dai's mouth remains resolutely closed. Pat - a bolt of pure panic. Dread.

PAT

Dai...?

But Dai is rooted to the spot. Frozen. Paul feels his pulse quicken but tries not to show it. Firmer:

PAUL

Open your mouth, please, Dai.

Dai opens his mouth super wide - aggressively, provocatively wide. Beat, then Paul puts the cotton bud swab inside Dai's mouth. Moves it around until it's covered in saliva, then drops it in a labelled sterile bag and seals it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

2002. Sita - in the familiar confines of the staff room. But somehow unsettled. As she moves through she hears a knot of staff members talking about the Llandarcy murders.

TEACHER 1/MARIA

...I don't see how it took DNA for them to link the murders. It was obviously the same bloke.

TEACHER 2

(nods in agreement, mouthful of biscuits)

What're the chances of two killers living five miles apart?

The murders reduced to staff room chitchat.

Sita quickens her step, reaches the coffee point. Someone's left a copy of the *Post* - and there, of course, is a PORT TALBOT SERIAL KILLER headline - the three portraits - the hotline number.

It's Geraldine's smiling gaze, we notice, Sita feels most acutely. Sita can hear that Maria and the other teacher are still discussing the murders. Snapping:

SITA

Maria, my schedule is creaking - might need to offload some classes.

TEACHER 1/MARIA

(taken aback)

OK...

SITA

Can we go over everything later? I can do five.

And Sita's walking off before she's answered. To her back:

TEACHER 1/MARIA

Sure, no problem...

2002. Paul exits Dai's house with his sample. Feels Dai's eyes on him from behind the glass. Gets to the safety of his car, looks at the prized DNA swab bag in his hand, then is disturbed by a KNOCK on the window, he looks up to see -

- younger Dai in his dressing gown and slippers knocking on the rain-spattered window in 1973. Paul's been unofficially staking him out and has dozed off.

DAI WILLIAMS

Oi! What do you want?

Paul starts to drive away, hoping the rain blurred his face. Then - shit - he stalls. Dai runs after him.

DAI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

This is bloody harassment!

Paul pulls away, flustered, exposed. Looks in his rear view mirror as Dai gets smaller, still shouting from the kerbside as we CUT BACK TO -

2002 Paul, looking back in the rear view mirror. Feels the years of frustration being expelled with a breath. Takes another look at that DNA bag on the passenger seat, accelerates. His moment of judgement imminent...



2002. Even the lobby of the FSS lab has a white, sterile vibe, find Paul hand-delivering Dai Williams' DNA to a lab coated Colin Dark.

PAUL

Can you do me a solid on this, Colin,  
and rush it through?

COLIN DARK

We have got a system in place, Paul.

PAUL

I know, I helped design it.

Paul's smiling but that still draws a sharp look from Colin.

COLIN DARK

We're still not prepped for the first  
five hundred.

PAUL

Call it a sneak preview - the  
exception that proves the rule.

Colin Dark gives a sigh of defeat. Realises Paul is making no move to leave, expecting Colin to set to work on the sample right there. Wryly but firm with it:

COLIN DARK

I'll be in touch, Paul, fear not.

Paul remembers himself, actually feels a bit silly.

PAUL

Right... 'course - thanks, Colin.

1973. We plunge into a row between Paul and Karina. He's just got home late, it's messy, raw and loud:

KARINA  
...you said you'd be home at seven -  
it's gone ten.

PAUL  
Something came up.

KARINA  
I cooked dinner. Lamb chops.

PAUL  
I didn't ask you to.

KARINA  
You did actually. I said what d'you  
fancy to eat, you said lamb chops.

PAUL  
Well, I'm not hungry.

KARINA  
Listen to me, I sound like my bloody  
mother!

PAUL  
I'd kill for a beer, though...

KARINA  
I'm 23 years old - I don't want to  
play the bloody nagging wife!

PAUL  
Then do us both a fucking favour.

She stares at him. A dangerous moment.

KARINA  
I don't deserve this. You and me...  
we're a team or we're nothing.

Paul recognizes the truth of that. Relents. Sits down on the sofa. Lets out a sigh. The TV on quietly in the b/g.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
Where've you been?

PAUL  
Sandra Newton's stepdad. I'm keeping  
an eye on him when I can.

KARINA  
Like... off your own bat?

Paul meets her worried look. Nods.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
Is that a good idea?

PAUL  
Probably not.

Karina just stares at him - doesn't have to say 'so why the fuck  
are you doing it?'

PAUL (CONT'D)  
But it's keeping me sane.

KARINA  
I suppose... every job has its bad  
days.

PAUL  
I'm not doing my job, Karina, that's  
the fucking point! We're still on the  
tapings. Clambering under car seats.  
When I close my eyes I see carpet  
fibres, dog hairs, fag ash, chewing  
gum stuck in the pile. I'm coughing  
up fur-balls like a fucking cat.

Before she can respond, Paul hikes up the volume on the TV -  
where Ray Allen is giving yet another press conference.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
It's come to this. Watching the  
bloody news to find out what's going  
on!

KARINA  
I'm going to bed.

Paul doesn't spare her a second glance, his angry, frustrated  
gaze stays fixed on the TV. Karina exits and the CAMERA pans  
away to the white wall -

- PAN off to find 2002 Paul and Karina - couch, TV etc have changed but we're recognizably in the same room, furniture almost in the same configuration. Paul's preoccupied.

KARINA  
Remember your promise.

He looks up at her, startled from his reverie.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
I'm here.

She means: not to shut her out this time. But said lightly, supportively. Paul nods, articulates what's on his mind:

PAUL  
Don't know what I'll do if Dai isn't a match. Always had such a strong feeling about him...

KARINA  
But DNA trumps strong feelings.

PAUL  
Apparently.

KARINA  
No doubts on that score?

PAUL  
Phil has. Always asking if DNA's everything it's cracked up to be...  
(then)  
Did I tell you he came forward as a witness? Dai, not Phil?

A sad smile touches her lips.

KARINA  
You never told me anything back then.

Paul takes that on the chin, then:

PAUL  
He walked right into the station saying he wanted to help...

KARINA  
Is that so weird? I mean he'd lost his daughter...

PAUL  
Step-daughter.

KARINA  
That's not an indicator of guilt.  
(he looks at her)  
Just sayin'.

Karina subsides - sees Paul is questioning his own instincts, perhaps for the first time. Then Paul dismisses the doubt with a firm shake of his head.

PAUL  
When you get a feeling about someone,  
there's a reason...

1973. Paul sleepwalks into the HQ. Comes awake when he sees Dai Williams in the corridor talking to a Constable. Paul - a moment of deliberation - fight or flee? Fight!

PAUL  
(to Constable)  
I'll take care of this, George.  
(Dai turns to face Paul)  
Can I help you, sir?

Paul - feeling Dai's gaze, praying he doesn't recognize him from last night. A preemptive, all innocent smile:

PAUL (CONT'D)  
DC Paul Bethell, can I help you, sir?

DAI WILLIAMS  
I'm Sandra Newton's stepfather.

PAUL  
Sandra...

Paul affects to take a moment to place the name.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Sandra... from Neath?  
(Dai nods)  
I'm very sorry for your loss, sir.

Dai pulls a stoical face, still unsure about Paul.

DI WARREN (o.s.)  
Bethell.

Paul turns. Warren is watching them from the doorway to the incident room. Impossible to know for how long. Paul curses inwardly, finds a strained polite smile for Dai.

PAUL  
One moment, please.  
(crosses reluctantly to Warren)  
Yes, sir.

DI WARREN  
That's our man according to you, right? The stepdad?

PAUL  
Yes, sir.

DI WARREN  
Leave him to me.

Paul sits at his desk. Furiously trying to eavesdrop as Warren grills Dai Williams in a side office across the corridor. Paul's reaction and the reaction of the office will play over scene.



DAI WILLIAMS

...when I drove back he was still in the layby but like...

(grapples to name it)

...hunkered down behind the wheel.

DI WARREN

Like he didn't want you to see him?

DAI WILLIAMS

Exactly.

DI WARREN

And what colour was his car?

DAI WILLIAMS

Navy. Maybe purple. Or black.

DI WARREN

I see. All the colours of the fucking rainbow.

DAI WILLIAMS

What? No. I'm telling you the-

DI WARREN

(over him)

Three weeks, Dai. Three weeks it's taken you to come in and tell us about Layby Man. Why?

DAI WILLIAMS

You know why.

(Warren stares him out)

I'm Sandra Newton's stepdad. You've got a bloke parked outside my house every night...

DI WARREN

We certainly have not. More likely a gentleman of the press.

Paul winces at how close he came to getting caught.

DI WARREN (CONT'D)

Know what my old Dad used to say, God rest his soul?

(Dai shakes his head)

Anytime anyone does you a turn, always ask why? What's in it for them?

Beat as Dai catches the subtext there:

DAI WILLIAMS

Now, hang on - hang on - I came in here in good faith-

DI WARREN

Don't interrupt me, Dai. I have some questions about Sandra and it's very important you answer them truthfully, do you understand?

(Dai nods fearfully)

Did Sandra look upon you as a father?

DAI WILLIAMS

I certainly like to think so.

DI WARREN

And would you say you got along? The two of you?

DAI WILLIAMS

Yes.

(off Warren's cold stare)

We had our ups and downs.

DI WARREN

Let's focus on the downs if we may. Did it ever become physical?

DAI WILLIAMS

What?

DI WARREN

Did you ever slap her? Punch her?

DAI WILLIAMS

No!

DI WARREN

Bet she drove you mad though. Pretty girl like that. Under your roof. In your bathroom. Passing on the stairs...

DAI WILLIAMS

That's disgusting!

DI WARREN

I get it. You cloth her, rear her - sweets and pocket money, all that. You expect something back, right? A return on your investment?

DAI WILLIAMS

I don't know what you're on about.

DI WARREN

You lost it and did a silly thing.  
Heat-of-the-moment. But then two  
things happened. You got away with it  
and you got a taste for it. Suddenly  
you've got two live girls in the back  
of your cab and one thing on your  
mind...

DAI WILLIAMS

Stop it.

DI WARREN

You stop it, Dai. Right now. Tell me  
what happened and save everyone the  
grief. I'll write it down - all you  
have to do is sign it. Make it easy on  
yourself, make it easy on Pat.

Paul steals a glance at Dai - visibly on the ropes now, looking  
up at Warren imploringly.

DAI WILLIAMS

Look... I... Pat doesn't know I'm  
here, you see?

DI WARREN

I think I do see, yes, Dai. There was  
no car in the layby was there?

Dai shakes his head miserably.

Right then DC Lewis hurries past Paul's desk, steps to the open  
door of the office and gestures for Warren to step out. A low,  
urgent whisper Paul just discerns:

DC CHRIS LEWIS

Mr Allen wants to know what's going  
on. Says - I quote - "if this has  
anything to do with the bloody Neath  
girl there'll be hell to pay".

Warren - frustrated, fuming - rounds on Dai. Planting two meaty  
hands on the table, looming over him:

DI WARREN

To Be Continued, Mr Williams.  
(to DC Lewis, savagely)  
Take his clothes, Chris. For full  
forensic examination.

Paul watches Dai - who seems to grasp that Warren has been stymied from above. A faint, self-satisfied smile on Dai's face as he stands and obediently removes his jacket.

Warren turns and meets Paul's askance gaze - they were so bloody close.

38B

**INT. MAGNUM HQ, LOBBY (2002) - DAY**

38B

Phil greets Sita in the lobby and leads her into the main incident room.

Paul's at his desk when Phil comes in.

PHIL

We've got a visitor. Sita Anwar.  
(Paul frowns, who she?)  
Friend of Pauline and Geraldine's.  
Says she was with them on the night  
they were taken. Sounded worthy of the  
boss's time.

Paul does indeed look intrigued. Go with him out into the corridor where he can see Sita waiting by the entrance, perched on their newly-installed but distinctly second-hand sofa.

Paul - just staring at Sita a beat, the years falling away. And now Phil is watching Paul, wondering what it is about this woman that's spooked him?

Sita - eyes drawn to Paul and Phil in conference. Paul in three-quarter profile - and then he moves behind the pillar. She frowns briefly, dismissing a thought.

Back with Paul and Phil.

PAUL

Shit... I'm supposed to update Jackie.  
(then, calls over)  
Geraint?

Geraint has just finished a call. Looks up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sita Anwar. Can you see what she  
wants? Best china, please.

Geraint nods, bit confused, rises from his desk. Paul turns to Phil, making sure he's screened from Sita by a pillar:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can we get on top of the next batch of  
samples? Can't have Colin twiddling  
his thumbs and I know Jackie's going  
to ask.

PHIL

Sure.

As Phil heads off to action that, Paul goes back into his office and shuts the door. Hold on Paul a moment, his heart thumping in his chest, Sita clearly the cause.

Geraint ushers Sita into a side office. They sit down.

SITA

I just wanted to give you my contacts  
in case I can be helpful in any shape  
or form.

GERAINT

OK. Well that's appreciated.

She hands him handwritten contacts. He watches her a beat.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

Want a tea or coffee, Sita?

SITA

No, thank you, I've got to get back to  
work. Busy day.

Geraint smells a feed line. He decides to play along.

GERAINT

And what do you do for work, if you  
don't mind me asking?

SITA

I work at Oakcross school.  
(then)  
I'm the head teacher.

GERAINT

Right. Wow. You must be busy.

Geraint can see her relax a little now she's unfurled the safety  
blanket of her status.

SITA

Sounds like you've had a breakthrough?  
With the DNA?

GERAINT

Yeah. Hope so. Don't want to tempt  
fate.

SITA

Of course not.

The conversation has almost run dry. Very obvious to both of  
them that Sita hasn't really justified her visit.

GERAINT  
You want to tell me anything, Sita?

SITA  
Such as?

GERAINT  
I don't know.  
(then)  
About that night, maybe?

Sita opens and closes her mouth. Considering and dismissing a hundred thoughts. But when she finally speaks, she's measured and calm, her voice lightly flecked with regret:

SITA  
I was supposed to go to the Top Rank with them. But my Dad put a stop to it...

She trails off. So now we have no doubt about who Sita is.

SITA (CONT'D)  
It's great that you're... doing this.  
Fresh eyes is what it needs.

GERAINT  
What makes you say that?  
(off her frown)  
About fresh eyes?

SITA  
Nothing. Just... no disrespect to you, but the CID of '73 were a winning combination of useless, arrogant and drunk.

GERAINT  
(taken aback)  
Right.

SITA  
No big surprise they never solved it.

GERAINT  
Tell us what you really think.

Sita returns his smile. Then, a bolt of panic:

SITA  
You weren't... you're too young to have worked on it, right?



GERAINT  
Much too young.

Then, after a beat:

SITA  
I know there's going to be a lot of  
press interest... there already is. I  
have a semi-public position and I'd  
appreciate it if my involvement was  
kept out of the media.

Geraint studies her. Nods slowly.

GERAINT  
Far as I'm concerned, you're not  
involved. But there's no guarantee  
the press will agree.

Sita nods, reluctantly accepting the truth of this. Geraint  
watches her a beat.

GERAINT (CONT'D)  
Is there anything else I can do for  
you, Sita?

She gathers her bag, stands up.

SITA  
No, I don't think so.

GERAINT  
No other reason you came in?

She looks at him sharply, then frowns, affecting that's a  
strange question:

SITA  
No. Why would there be?

Geraint ignores that, stands and offers his hand.

GERAINT  
Nice to meet you, Sita.

2002. Paul is driving home through Port Talbot streets. His mobile rings. Caller display: Colin Dark. Fuck. Paul swerves into a parking space, ignores the driver behind HONKING in protest.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Is it him?

COLIN DARK (v.o.)  
If you mean 'is it Dai Williams?' I'm afraid to tell you that, no, his DNA doesn't match the control profile of our killer.

Paul - he must've heard him wrong.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Sorry... it doesn't match?

COLIN DARK (v.o.)  
No.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Colin. Are you sure, did you-

COLIN DARK (v.o.)  
(stemming him)  
Dai Williams is not our man, Paul.

A firmness there. Paul is silenced. Drowning in this impossible moment as the certainty of two decades crumbles away leaving him reeling and lost. He stares out at the people passing by. His focus - inevitably, instinctively - on the men over 50, all suspects now, every last one.

2002. Paul has just broken the bad news to Phil in the cafe.  
Then, into the silence:

PAUL  
It's not just Dai Williams - the first  
batch of 50 swabs have all come back  
negative.

PHIL  
...shit.

PAUL  
Yeah.

PHIL  
A fair few healthy candidates in  
there.

PAUL  
All our candidates were in there. All  
our favorites anyway...

Phil takes a sip of his drink, shrugs philosophically.

PHIL  
'Spose we need to manage our  
expectations. And our hopes.

PAUL  
(shoots him a look)  
What d'you mean?

PHIL  
I mean... we're settling in for the  
long haul, aren't we?

PAUL  
Yeah. Yeah, we are.  
(then)  
Can you get me in front of the Chief  
Officer Group.

PHIL  
Sure.  
(then, frowns)  
Getting the begging bowl out already?

PAUL  
On testing alone we're gonna blow our  
budget in four months, maybe three.

Phil meets his look. Nods.

PHIL  
I'll call them first thing.

The two friends sit in silence a beat - this first setback  
throwing into relief the enormity of the task ahead.

Pat and Dai Williams washing and drying up respectively. Heavy silence. Dai's just put a mug away when he sees something out of the window - something impossible, like an apparition. Softly:

DAI WILLIAMS

Bastard...

Reveal - Paul's car parked in exactly the same spot across the street where he parked when staking out the house in '73.

Dai bolts out of the front door. Stay inside with Pat as she watches a furious Dai race into the road - where Paul is now climbing out of his car.

Pat watches intently as her husband and the detective speak. She can't, of course, hear what they're saying, but she sees Dai wilt visibly, then Paul step forward and steady him so he doesn't fall into the road.

And Dai recoils from Paul's aid - like he's been scalded - pushing him away.

43A      **ESTABLISHER OF THE CARDIFF POLICE BUILDING (2002) - DAY**      43A

2002. Paul and Jackie Roberts sit before the Chief Officer Group.

CHIEF OFFICER GROUP MEMBER

...as per your request, we've expedited your application - no easy task, I might add. But I have to inform you that we see no grounds to increase your budget or extend the lifespan of Operation Magnum.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

With respect, I think the grounds are self-evident. We haven't caught this man yet because we haven't matched his DNA. But the swabbing program is in full swing so now's the time to hold our nerve.

CHIEF OFFICER GROUP MEMBER

I'm sorry, Jackie. We'd like to help but we're stretched and, frankly, this was always a bit of a punt.

PAUL

(a punt??)

Sorry - Jackie's right. This is the time to hold our nerve. He's out there. And we're close. I can feel it. But if an old copper talking about his gut doesn't cut it, lets not forget why we reopened this case in the first place.

With that Paul takes out some very graphic and shocking pictures of Pauline and Geraldine's bodies from the crime scene. Lays them out like playing cards and pushes them across the table.

Hold on the faces of the Officer Group - grudgingly shamed.

1973. Paul sits at his desk blankly compiling his carpet taping packages. DC Chris Lewis approaches.

DC CHRIS LEWIS  
Boss wants to see you.

Paul's face falls. Oh, shit. Lewis gives him a rather-you-than-me look and moves off. Go with Paul as he rises heavily and - forcing one foot in front of the other - weaves through the desks to reach Ray Allen's office.

He knocks. Allen barks for him to enter. Ray Allen is writing an instruction at his desk. His office is at once ordered and cluttered. Terse, without looking up:

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Sit down.

Paul sits. Now sure he's in trouble. Paul eyes charts, stacks of files, labelled treasury boxes - all about 1100 cars. An ominous, obsessive focus. No sound but Allen's pen scratching on the pad. Finally Allen sets his pen down, looks up.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Detective Inspector Warren informed me  
of your sensitivity at the scene.

PAUL  
...he did?

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Some imbecilic Constable allowed  
Hughes into the wood...

PAUL  
Yes, sir.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
But then you drove him home, poor man.

PAUL  
(nods, awkward)  
The least I could do, sir.

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Well, in that light, I think you're  
the man to go and update Mr Hughes and  
his wife. Important that they feel...  
kept abreast.



PAUL  
What am I telling them exactly?

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Keep it vague. Talk about our general  
progress; the dedication of the team;  
the thorough nature of the  
investigation.

PAUL  
Right, sir.  
(then)  
And if they ask for... examples of  
this progress?

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
(faint impatience)  
Tell them to divulge more would be to  
jeopardize our inquiry.

Allen picks up his pen. Dismissing him. Paul heads out.  
Without looking up from his desk:

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
If you so much as drive past Dai  
Williams' house one more time consider  
yourself back in Uniform.

Paul spins. But Allen just continues writing his report.

2002. Phil and Geraint knocking on the door of a shabby house.  
No answer so they head back to their car:

NEIGHBOUR (o.s.)

He's in, you know. Willoughby.

They take in the approaching figure of JAN STILES.

JAN STILES

Police?

PHIL

Good guess.

JAN STILES

Jan Stiles.

She offers her hand. Beat, then the detectives shake it.

PHIL

What makes you think he's in, Jan?

JAN STILES

Never answers the door, does he?

Postman, Jehovahs, Cancer Research...

(shakes head emphatically)

Phil and Geraint look back at the silent house anew. Computing that Willoughby is likely lurking behind the threadbare curtains. Warming to her own theme:

JAN STILES (CONT'D)

He rarely comes out in the day. And  
you won't see a light on ever - not  
from January to December.

PHIL

(frowns at that)

...does he live alone?

JAN STILES

(shakes head)

Got a wife and two sons would you  
believe. Home schooled his kids.  
Doesn't trust the state. Doesn't  
trust anyone. I've lived two doors  
down from him for 25 years and never  
had a conversation.

GERAINT  
He's missing out.

Geraint and Phil exchange a look - *time to go round the back.*

Go with Phil and Geraint as they snake through to the rear of the dilapidated house. A tension building that Geraint now undercuts:

GERAINT (CONT'D)  
You know I'm famous for my 'heavy knock', right?

PHIL  
Not that famous.

GERAINT  
Took the door off a *Securicor* once.

PHIL  
Let's hear it, then.

And - again - we sense a bond forging between these two.

They reach the back door. Geraint's knock is indeed heavy - rather than merely loud - the whole house seems to shake.

Footsteps inside then the back door opens a few inches. Enough for them to see a slither of WILLOUGHBY's wide crazy eyes and bushy white hair. Showing his warrant card:

GERAINT  
Mr Willoughby? South Wales CID.

WILLOUGHBY  
Fuck off.

And the door slams in their face.

1973. PAN OFF - marker pens, stiff cardboard and glue strewn on the coffee table to find Paul with Jean and Denver in their lounge. Jean has broken off from making her placards in support of the death penalty.

PAUL

...what I'd like to emphasize is the thorough nature of our investigation and, er, the dedication of the team.

DENVER

Well, we appreciate you taking the time to come and tell us, I'm sure.

Paul drains his tea, glances at the door - desperate to go.

JEAN

I'm not sure Constable Bethell's told us anything.

DENVER

Jean...

JEAN

(right in Paul's eye)  
Are you any nearer catching him?

PAUL

We have... several active leads, Mrs Hughes. To say more would jeopardize our inquiry.

DENVER

We understand.

PAUL

Thank you. I'll leave you in peace.

In peace. Paul winces inwardly at his poor choice of words. Makes his way out as quickly as he can.

JEAN

Tell Mr Allen he needn't worry.

Paul turns to face her. Worry...?

JEAN (CONT'D)

We're not going to run our mouths in public. Vent our frustration to the papers.

Paul can't think of a thing to say in response to that.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That's why you're here, isn't it?

Paul sees emotion welling up in Jean like bile.

PAUL

We just want to... keep you abreast of  
our progress.

JEAN

Well, next time you come let's hope  
you've made some.

(bitter smile)

Not that it'll make a blind bit of  
difference.

Paul - caught in her unblinking, grief-stricken gaze.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You catch this man and what happens?  
You clothe and house him forever.  
Communal lounge with a colour telly  
and three square meals a day. That's  
not punishment, is it? That's a joke.

Off Paul as she exits and he meets Denver's sad, defeated gaze.

2002. Hold on Paul - figuring furiously - absorbing what Phil and Geraint have just told him. Finally:

PAUL  
(to Geraint)  
So much for your heavy knock -  
we've got our first refusal?

PHIL  
That's about the size of it.

PAUL  
Anything in the files about him in  
'73?

GERAINT  
Not a lot but what we have fits.

PAUL  
Fits how?

Phil scans his notes.

PHIL  
Fredrick Thomas Willoughby, 33 at the  
time of the murders. Came into the  
system as an identified owner of a  
white 1100 which he kept around the  
corner from his house even though he  
had a driveway.

Paul's eyes are out on stalks. Geraint continues:

GERAINT  
There's an old intelligence report in  
the file. Complaints from neighbours  
that he'd approach kids. That's a  
lovely dress you're wearing' etc..

PAUL  
Maybe he's just a friendly bloke?

PHIL  
Maybe - but his resemblance to the  
witness description was noted at the  
time: bushy hair, thick moustache,  
well-built.

GERAINT

He'd apparently leave his house of an evening but, when questioned, his wife said she had no idea where he went.

PHIL

(reads)

The officer who spoke to Mrs Willoughby recorded that she appears very timid and nervous. She seems to be afraid of her husband.

Paul's on his feet now. Pacing. Utterly focused.

PAUL

You look in the 'Stop Check' Log?

GERAINT

(nods)

He crops up a few times. Always driving his white 1100 late at night. Stopped locally in Port Talbot, Swansea and on two occasions the Jersey Marine to Llandarcy Road.

PAUL

Christ, boys, we need to swab him before we do anything else.

GERAINT

How? He's told us to fuck off.

PAUL

He's told you to fuck off. Set up a meeting and I'll work my magic.

PHIL

This I have to see.

Paul - taking that on the chin with good humour.

Sita, Seb and Maya having dinner. Seb has done the cooking. Sita seems distracted.

MAYA

I've got some work to finish.

Maya takes her plate to the side. Without turning around:

SEB

Dishwasher.

Maya half-smiles, half-sighs. Stacks her plate, exits. Seb is looking at Sita for a reaction. Nothing. Into the silence:

SEB (CONT'D)

I ran into Maria in the supermarket.  
(off Sita's stare)  
She mentioned you'd dropped your  
teaching.

SITA

Right.  
(then)  
What else did she say?

SEB

Nothing.  
(then)  
But I had the sense she was worried  
about you.

SITA

Well - one - she needn't be. And - two  
- she had no business conveying that  
to you.

SEB

(back-peddling)  
Like I said... it was just my  
impression...

Sita takes her plate to the side. Watching her rigid back as she stands at the counter:

SEB (CONT'D)

What is it, Sita?

SITA

Nothing.  
(turns to him;  
(MORE)



SITA (CONT'D)  
attempts a reassuring smile)  
Just the usual. Too much work, not  
enough hours in the day.

SEB  
Sure?

SITA  
Sure.

SEB  
Look, I don't want Maria to get it in  
the neck-

SITA  
Don't be silly. I overreacted. It's  
fine.  
(kisses him impulsively)  
OK?

Returning her smile but a little disarmed:

SEB  
OK.

2002. Paul is carefully arranging their latest DNA swabs in the freezer - we see his painstaking nature. He turns as Geraint and Phil enter. Phil breathes deep, then:

PHIL

The good news is he'll meet you.

PAUL

And the bad?

GERAINT

He has conditions.

Paul and Phil - tension in their faces. Wider to reveal they're driving up a scrappy residential street. Paul is sitting in the back seat, Phil behind the wheel like a chauffeur. Up ahead a roundabout with small circle of grass in its centre.

PAUL

Here we go.

PHIL

Are we bloody mad or what?

Paul slides him an I-know-what-you-mean look.

PAUL

Just following orders.

That raises a dark smile from Phil. Who then drives the car onto the grass in the middle of the roundabout. He turns the engine off, climbs out. Scans around the streets. Two kids on bikes watching them, wondering why they're parked in the middle of the roundabout. Then one-by-one Phil opens all four car doors wide and finally opens the boot.

This done, Phil gets back in the car.

Paul sees they're attracting more attention from the locals. Some chatting in their driveways, including Jan Stiles. A puzzled little girl starts across the street to ask what they're doing but is yanked back by her mother.

PHIL

(a whisper)

Bizarre.

Paul gives a small, tense smile of demurral:

PAUL

Clever. In full view of as many people as possible so we don't try anything.

Right then - Willoughby appears from a side alleyway and approaches the car. He climbs in the front passenger seat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr Willoughby. I'm Detective Inspector Paul Bethell.

(nothing from Willoughby)

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I believe we've followed your instructions to the letter, please say if we haven't.

Willoughby says nothing, half-turns to face Paul, his arms folded. Paul clears his throat and begins.

PAUL (CONT'D)

To cut a long story short, we're trying to solve the murders of three young girls in 1973. Through DNA testing we're hoping to bring the man responsible to justice.

Willoughby places his hand on the top ridge of the car seat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Above all we're trying to bring a degree of peace and closure to the parents and families the girls left behind. They've waited a long time for answers - they can't wait anymore.

Beat. Then Willoughby refolds his arms and Paul notices a small perspiration mark left by his hand on the seat.

Willoughby catches his brief glance, sees the perspiration mark and a sickly grin spreads across his face.

Paul tries to seal the deal:

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well, Mr Willoughby, I hope I've put your mind at rest. Can I arrange for my officers to return at a convenient time to collect a mouth swab from you?

Willoughby turns to Paul, arms still folded, right in his eyes.

WILLOUGHBY

No chance.

Willoughby removes a handkerchief and begins to wipe the top ridge area of the car seat, dashboard, interior door handle.

Without a parting word or glance, Willoughby climbs out of the car and walks away towards his house.

Phil climbs out, slams all the doors in frustration. Stands there venting a beat on this island of withered grass.

2002. A slightly manic Paul follows Colin Dark to his car:

PAUL

...how do we get his DNA?

COLIN DARK

Surreptitiously, you mean?

(Paul nods)

The very idea is fraught with problems.

PAUL

I'm all ears.

COLIN DARK

If you follow Willoughby into a pub and nab his glass, say, there'll be scores of DNA traces on that vessel and no way to tell which is his. And lets say he hadn't wiped the sweat stain from your car and I'd been able to get DNA - I'd have taken it without consent.

PAUL

So?

COLIN DARK

So it'll very likely prove inadmissible. DNA's our new shiny toy - we have to protect it scientifically and reputationally.

Paul - venting - boxed in with no obvious way out.

COLIN DARK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Paul.

PAUL

With respect, that won't fly.

(Colin blinks at him)

You started this. You came to us. But now it's getting a bit choppy, you want to-

COLIN DARK

-play it by the book? Yes, I do. I have to.

PAUL  
All I'm asking for is you test his  
DNA.

COLIN DARK  
And when I send that DNA to the lab  
- to any lab - they will ask to see  
a warrant...

PAUL  
Don't give me that.

COLIN DARK  
(steaming)  
...or other supportive legal  
documentation which we will not be  
able to furnish them with.

PAUL  
Where there's a will there's a way.  
(no response, so)  
I know it's Willoughby, I just need  
to prove it.

COLIN DARK  
You knew it was Dai Williams, too.

They lock eyes. Dark is not intimidated. Softly:

PAUL  
OK, you stubborn bastard. Find  
another way that doesn't sully  
DNA's good name - or yours.

COLIN DARK  
Such as?

PAUL  
I've no idea, Colin - I got a D in  
Biology O level - but I bet you  
didn't.

They look at each other a beat longer, decompressing, then:

COLIN DARK  
Goodnight, Paul.

Colin climbs in his car and drives away. As Paul watches his  
taillight swim in the gloom, his mobile rings: Geraint.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Geraint?

GERAINT  
You've been summoned, boss.

2002. Paul and Jackie Roberts have been hauled before the Senior Officers' panel, headed up by ACC TIM BAILEY.

ACC TIM BAILEY

Before we start, I heard about the stunt you pulled with the crime scene photos last time Magnum's budget was under review. It won't work with me so please don't waste your time.

Paul fumes. Jackie gives a conciliatory nod.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Understood, sir.

ACC TIM BAILEY

Where are we? Briefly?

PAUL

(digs deep, then)

Well, sir, we've had no positive results from the swabs but we do have a strong suspect - a man who was living in the area in '73 who resembles our e-fit and -  
(pauses for effect)  
- is refusing to provide a DNA sample.

To Paul's astonishment, this barely registers with Bailey.

ACC TIM BAILEY

How many men have you swabbed to date?

PAUL

Did you hear what I said, sir?

ACC TIM BAILEY

(steely)

Yes - did you hear what I said?

PAUL

265, sir.

ACC TIM BAILEY

I'm afraid we have to talk about a cut-off point. As in: a date. Mid-Jan seems sensible to me.

Beat. You could hear a pin drop.



PAUL  
'Sensible'? I've got a suspect who's  
REFUSING to give his DNA-

ACC TIM BAILEY  
And I've got to consider the drain on  
our day-to-day resources in the light  
of historically harsh budget cuts.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
We completely understand, sir. And  
we'll do everything we can to bring a  
charge by mid-January if not before.

Off Paul - looking at Jackie askance - what the fuck?

Paul returns from his dressing down to see Colin Dark stood outside Magnum HQ.

Colin intercepts Paul as he comes in.

COLIN DARK

I got a 'B' in Biology 'O' level  
actually.

PAUL

Oh. Commiserations.

COLIN DARK

I think we need to throw the dice,  
Paul. Think laterally.

PAUL

I told you that...

Paul is listening intently to Colin Dark.

COLIN DARK

...50% of the killer's DNA will exist  
in any children he may have had.  
Moreover, he has a distinctive genetic  
marker which will also be passed to  
his children.

PAUL

Marker...?

COLIN DARK

(nods)  
A double allele.

PAUL

It's rare?

COLIN DARK

Rare-ish. I can search for individuals  
with the same feature.

PAUL

Sounds like a big pool...?

COLIN DARK

Vast. So initially I'd focus on Port  
Talbot and Neath.

PAUL

OK. I'm interested.

COLIN DARK

I should hope so - if we're successful  
we'll be making history.

(off Paul's frown)

Familial DNA has never been used to  
identify a suspect.

PAUL

(underwhelmed)  
Right.

COLIN DARK

We'll be going where no man's gone  
before.

Paul takes that on board, cracks a sardonic grin.

PAUL

Not to strike a mundane note, but what about my suspect? Willoughby?

COLIN DARK

If his male relatives are on the database - then yes - we might well get him.

(then)

If I load the two alleles on the database with geographic parameters...

PAUL

Those parameters worry me. They're guesses.

COLIN DARK

Harsh - they're based on the statistic that 80% of killers live in a four mile radius of murder scenes.

PAUL

Still guesses.

COLIN DARK

I did say we're rolling the dice here.

PAUL

Go on.

COLIN DARK

My search could yield a shortlist of under fifty, say. What d'you think? Achievable?

PAUL

Very fucking achievable.

Sita driving past the Ship. She spies a solitary figure outside - her younger self but now she's wearing a turquoise dress, smoking, a pair of jeans balled in her free hand.

Sita slows. Close enough to see her younger self is upset. Wiping away a tear with the back of her hand as she flings her cigarette away, heading back into the pub...

Off present day Sita - this memory hitting her like a train.

55A

**INT. SITA'S DAD'S HOUSE (2002) - DUSK**

55A

2002. Sita is visiting her father ROHAN at his home. Rohan clearly has dementia, a carer comes and goes in the b/g. Sita is friendly and brisk rather than loving with him.

SITA

You've got physio on Friday as normal,  
but it's not with Gemma because she's  
on holiday, OK?

Rohan mechanically returns her smile but it's a smile that never touches his eyes.

SITA (CONT'D)

We need to talk about the house, Dad.

(no response)

You know I said... when you go into  
the retirement home... we'd need to  
clear things out? Here, I mean?

(nothing from Rohan)

Well, I was thinking of making a  
start next week.

(no response)

OK?

ROHAN

Yes...

SITA

We need to work out what to keep and  
what to throw away.

(realizes the absurdity of  
the idea he'll partake)

Don't worry, I'll sort it all out.

She breaks off. Gripped by a terrible thought. Such a strong reaction even Rohan notices.

ROHAN

Sita...?

She just stares at him. Her eyes pricked with sudden tears.

SITA

Why did you always think you knew  
best, Dad? Always. You never asked  
me what I wanted. You thought you  
could control me like you controlled  
Mum...

He opens and closes his mouth.

SITA (CONT'D)

Why did you have to come that night?

Why?

(then)

Why did you make me leave them?

Rohan is staring at her with uncomprehending eyes. But somewhere he feels her intensity, her rage, because there are tears welling up in his blank eyes. It breaks the spell. And Sita realizes the carer staring. She's gripping her father's wrists so tight her knuckles have turned white. She releases him -

SITA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Dad.

And she stumbles out, overcome, the carer watching her go, as we see Rohan's eyes are glazed with tears.

Creeping through the shadows. Suddenly the FAX MACHINE comes to life - startling us - lights blinking, cogs WHIRRING.

New angle - on Paul asleep on his couch in the office, stirring at the sound of the fax machine down the hall.

Close on - the fax. We read:

DEAR PAUL, I DID RATHER BETTER THAN 50 - WHITTLED THE LIST OF POSSIBLE MALE RELATIVES DOWN TO A SLIMLINE THIRTEEN.

Paul - getting groggily to his feet.

The fax - as the paper inches out, each time another name is revealed in CAPS: SIMON DAVIS, KEVIN THOMAS, JACK FIELD etc.

Paul - coming down the hall a little unsteadily. Go with him over to the fax machine just as the single, fully-printed sheet comes to rest on the fax machine tray.

Paul snatches the sheet off the tray. His eyes scan the THIRTEEN NAMES - and we read the names with him - the sheet now taking on a talismanic weight and frisson.

Paul's eyes flick to the darkened window - the lights of the rain-flickering town spread out before him - then he looks back down to THE LIST.

Off Paul - scanning those names - he's back in the game.

**END OF EPISODE TWO**