

STEELTOWN MURDERS

Written by

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**EPISODE THREE - SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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**EXT. PORT TALBOT (2002) - DAY**

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2002. AERIAL SHOT drifting over Port Talbot.

The LIST OF 13 NAMES that Colin Dark gave Paul is pinned to the board. Jackie Roberts studies it, Paul, Phil and Geraint looking on.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
So... these thirteen names... none  
of them could be our killer?

PAUL  
No. But there's a very good chance  
one of them is a close male  
relative of his.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
What about the swabbing program?

PHIL  
That's on hold.

The way Phil says that subtly suggests he disapproves. With a stay-on-message glance at Phil:

PAUL  
Our thinking is: if we can't find  
the killer 'cause he's not on the  
database, let's use his DNA to see  
if his relatives are.

Jackie turns back to the list.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
And this is the fruits of your  
labour?

GERAINT  
(nods)  
They all share a rare marker in the  
killer's DNA - a double allele.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
That got you down to thirteen  
Snames?

\*

PAUL  
(shakes head)  
We screened out anyone who wasn't  
from the area.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
How are you actioning the list?

PHIL  
Slowly.

Paul shoots Phil a look - that was really near the knuckle.

Paul moves to a pinned-up photo of Willoughby sprouting the arrows and lines of a family tree. The names of Willoughby's immediate relatives, the male ones circled in red.

PAUL

We started with Willoughby...  
(nods to Willoughby's  
photo and family tree)  
...and built out his family tree.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Looking for a male relative who  
cropped up on your list?  
(Paul nods, she's fast)  
And?

GERAINT

(shakes head)  
He has two sons - neither lives  
locally or is on the DNA database -  
and no other male relatives.

Jackie - a bolt of frustration. She steps to the board.  
Eyeballs Willoughby's photo, a beat.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Shame we can't just grab his DNA.  
Save a lot of faffing about.

A hint of a question there. Paul shakes his head regretfully.

PAUL

We take it without a lawful  
pretext, the scientists won't touch  
it.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Including Colin Dark?

PAUL

Especially Colin Dark. He has big,  
maybe valid concerns about DNA's  
image. Doesn't want it seen as  
some creepy Orwellian tool.

PHIL

God forbid.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Then why's he pushing this familial  
thing?

PAUL

It's unorthodox not unlawful.  
(taps 13 names on the  
board)  
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Willoughby's still our prime suspect, but I want to focus on these 13 names.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

More family trees?

PAUL

(nods)

But working backwards 'til we hit a male relation who fits our parameters.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Age-range, living in Port Talbot in '73..?

PAUL

To name but two.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

A lot of shoe leather when there's only three of you.

(looks Paul in the eye, bluntly)

I hope you know what you're doing.

Jackie exits. Paul feels Phil's worried gaze.

PAUL

Go on, spit it out.

PHIL

She's right. There is only three of us.

(then, his frustration boils over)

There's got to be another way of getting to fucking Willoughby - there has to be.

Rare for Phil to swear. Paul is taken aback. A softer tack:

PAUL

Look... Phil... I need you to have a bit of faith. Stick to the plan. OK?

Phil sighs - OK - and crosses to Geraint.

PHIL

Let's go.

Out on Paul, the seeds of doubt well and truly sown. And his eyes fall once more on that portrait of Willoughby up on the board...

Angle through window on Willoughby coming down the street in the morning sunshine.

Reveal: Paul is watching him from the ordered sitting room of Willoughby's neighbour Jan Stiles.

JAN STILES  
Gone for his lottery ticket as usual.

PAUL  
You're very observant, Jan.

JAN STILES  
Nosy, you mean?

PAUL  
Observant. And there's nothing else you've seen that might help?

As Jan thinks about this they watch Willoughby aggressively try the door handle of a parked VW Passat.

JAN STILES  
Don't worry. His car.

Paul notes the car's registrations number.

PAUL  
Why doesn't he park it on his drive?

Jan shrugs. She doesn't know. Then:

JAN STILES  
Only uses it once a week I'd say.  
Evenings. Tuesdays or Wednesdays.  
Rest of the time he walks.

Affecting only mild curiosity:

PAUL  
Tuesdays or Wednesdays?

Paul marching in on his mobile.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
(i.e. Willoughby's reg)  
...GE32 4DX, VW Passat... yes, it's  
urgent. Registered keeper past and  
present, the works - and get it out  
to Traffic.

Paul approaches Geraint and Phil hard at work - scouring DVLA records, Birth Certificates, Council Tax records - a mixture of online and old-school documents.

PAUL

Phil. Got a minute?

Phil crosses to talk with Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Local intel - AKA Jan Stiles - says Willoughby only uses his car once a week. Tuesdays or Wednesdays.

PHIL

What? Are we gonna nick him for that?

PAUL

Sounds like a long-standing arrangement to me.

PHIL

(not getting it)  
Sorry...

PAUL

Assignations, Phil, assignations.

PHIL

Willoughby??  
(Paul nods)  
He's not exactly Brad Pitt is he?

PAUL

(ignoring that)  
If I'm right - another woman could mean another set of kids - which might tie him to our Fourteen.

Phil is getting annoyed now.

PHIL

Bloody typical.

PAUL

What...?

PHIL

One rule for us and another-  
(so annoyed he interrupts himself)  
(MORE)



PHIL (CONT'D)

What happened to sticking to the plan? Parking Willoughby and focusing on the fourteen names?

PAUL

Call it a two-pronged attack.

PHIL

I think Jackie would call it something else.

Temperature drop. They lock eyes.

PAUL

Go on. Finish that sentence.

PHIL

Forget it. What's your thinking?

PAUL

What you said. There has to be another way to Willoughby - this is it.

PHIL

You're exhausting.

But Phil's smiling - and Paul can tell he's bitten.

1973. Close on the TV as the 6 o'clock news plays. B&W footage of the crime scene on the day Pauline and Geraldine's bodies were found.

NEWSCASTER (v.o.)  
...as the weeks go by - and the case remains unsolved - frustration is setting in, both in the ranks of South Wales Constabulary and the wider community.

Wider: Warren, Paul, Phil and others watching this in the incident room.

DI WARREN  
Mr Allen, sir!

As the beleaguered Ray Allen comes in from his office, the item cuts back to the NEWSCASTER in the local newsroom.

NEWSCASTER  
And there is fear, too, that this highly dangerous individual remains at large. It speaks volumes that a local newspaper has consulted the famous psychic Croiset who has helped police in his home country of Holland.

The item cuts to CROISET a flamboyant man being interviewed in a wheat field, Dutch police in the b/g.

CROISET  
...the murderer is undoubtedly a teacher... or someone who instructs others... he's someone that keeps to a strict timetable and he will strike again very soon but somewhere completely different, in the city centre perhaps...

Three quick military strides and Allen hits the off button at the bottom of the TV.

Silence. Everyone staring at the darkening TV screen.

Allen turns to face the half-full room. Half angry, half weary:

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
That's where we are, gentlemen.  
That's what it's come to. The press think they can do our job better than us.  
(MORE)

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Think we're short a psychic. Two girls have died and this has become nothing but a bloody circus.

That has real impact, not least because Allen rarely swears.

Warren speaks up, he still has some fire in his belly.

DI WARREN

Then lets show the bastards we're still the ringmasters.

That raises a few tired smiles but not from Ray Allen who is now staring into space. Lost. Finally, nudging:

DI WARREN (CONT'D)

What's the plan, boss?

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN

We have to retrace our footsteps. Go back to the start. Re-interview all the key witnesses. See if time has honed their recollections. Jogged a memory or two.

A few groans. That doesn't sound like a plan at all.

DI WARREN

(under his breath)

Suddenly the Dutch bloke doesn't sound so bad.

A smattering of laughter. Allen looks sharply at Warren who covers seamlessly like the shit he is, turning to the team:

DI WARREN (CONT'D)

You heard the man. We're going back to the start, every statement, every report, we check and we double-check...

1973. A tidy house on a well-to-do estate. Paul pulls up in his car. Wearily checks a typed list of names and addresses before heading for the front door.

1973. Paul looks hot and distracted.

PAUL

...had you been to the Top Rank  
before? With Geraldine and  
Pauline, I mean?

SITA

No.

Paul's taking a statement from Sita, her father Rohan looking  
on. The house is well-heeled for the era - leather  
furniture, stereo, big colour TV etc.

ROHAN

She's been asked all this before!

PAUL

I appreciate that, Mr Anwar.  
(back to Sita)  
What about other clubs?

ROHAN

She's fifteen, Mr Bethell. She  
doesn't go to clubs, or hitch lifts  
or stop out late - she's not that  
kind of girl.

PAUL

Understood.

ROHAN

That's why I fetched her home from  
the pub. And thank God I did!

PAUL

And thank God you did, Mr Anwar.

Sita winces at this insight but neither man notices.

ROHAN

So - given that - and the fact  
she's answered all these questions  
before - why'd you think she's got  
anything more to tell you? She  
never even made it to the bus stop.

PAUL

I see your point.

ROHAN

Don't get me wrong, it's terrible  
what happened. My heart bleeds for  
those girls.

(MORE)

ROHAN (CONT'D)

But I don't want my daughter  
dragged into this for no reason.

SITA

It's not about getting dragged-

ROHAN

Sita.

(Sita subsides)

If there's nothing else, Mr  
Bethell. I'm sure you're a busy  
man.

Sita - she's never felt more invisible in her life.

As if sensing that, Paul finds a reassuring smile for Sita:

PAUL

We're gonna do everything we can to  
find this man, I promise you.

Sita - as we see that pledge resonate. Glimpse the raw wound  
of losing her friends. Paul rises, offers his hand to Rohan.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time, Mr Anwar.

8	OMITTED	8
9	SCENE 9 RE-LOCATED TO 16A	9
10	SCENE 10 RE-LOCATED TO 16B	10

11

OMITTED

11



Sita - weary, straight from a late meeting at school - pulls up on the drive of Rohan's house.

Sita comes in. Listens to the silence of the house. We glean that Rohan has moved into the nursing home. Some mail on the mat. She picks it up, rifles through. Go with her into the sitting room where Paul questioned her almost thirty years ago.

She puts a lamp on, falls to a crouch. Opens the first of a series of low cupboards adjacent to the TV. She's dismayed by how full it is - Rohan obviously didn't believe in throwing anything out. She finds a big, lurid, coloured-glass bowl - too naff to keep on display, too prized in its day to chuck out. Sita exits the room, she'll deal with this later.

Now Sita is in her old bedroom. There is a purposeful look in her eye now. She is here for something specific.

She opens her closet, and from the very back, takes out a TURQUOISE DRESS. She pulls the dress to her face, inhales its scent and is transported back to -

Sita - wearing the same turquoise dress Pauline's just given her. Geraldine and Pauline looking on.

PAULINE  
D'you like it?

SITA  
I love it!

Geraldine is almost as exited as Pauline.

GERALDINE  
When did you get it?!

PAULINE  
Just now. Mrs Clarke was doing a  
stock take so I went back for it.  
(turns back to Sita who is  
adjusting straps)  
I was worried you hadn't tried it  
on...

Sita shakes her head - she didn't need to.

SITA  
Soon as I saw it in the window.

PAULINE  
It suits you.

GERALDINE  
It really does.  
(then, conceding smile)  
Wouldn't suit me. I'd look like a  
fairy cake.

They all laugh. Sita's simple delight is infectious.

SITA  
Thanks, Pauline.

PAULINE  
They let me have a discount even  
though I just started.

SITA  
Cool. What do I owe you?

And - like a spell broken - the girls vanish from the mirror and 2002 Sita is left alone in the dark with her memories, that last line hanging heavy: *What do I owe you?*

Pan off the pinned-up LIST OF THIRTEEN NAMES to find Paul, Phil and Geraint working through lists of names, cross-referencing with the electoral roll, council tax records, old phone books etc.

Phil is on his hands and knees. Painstakingly cellotaping sheets of printed paper together to form a huge family tree. Paul enters the room, i.e. Phil's raised arse:

PAUL

Is that what the scrum-half has to  
suffer every Sunday?

Phil shoots him a withering look, clamps the big roll of cellotape in his mouth as he uses both hands to flatten the strip down before it curls.

PHIL

(distorted, the cellotape  
roll in his teeth)  
Reminds me of something. Buggered  
if I know what...

He means: all the car taping in '73. They work on. Paul rolls his shoulders. Needs to take a break. But right then the phone rings. Paul picks up:

PAUL (INTO PHONE)

Paul Bethell.

PHONE VOICE

Neil Cole, Traffic. That Passat  
you asked us to keep an eye out for  
is parked on Baglan Lane right now.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)

(right now!)  
Thank you.

Paul hangs up, twists into his jacket.

PHIL

Where're you off to?

Paul chucks Phil the car keys.

PAUL

Assignations, Phil - and you're  
driving.

Angle on a Passat parked up on a quiet, tree-lined lane.

Reveal: Phil and Paul in their car on the other side of the lane.

PHIL

Shit...

Phil shrinks down in his seat as Willoughby appears in the window of an isolated cottage.

PAUL

I said this was too close.

PHIL

You said to park closer!

They watch Willoughby - talking, smiling animatedly, he looks younger. And then he vanishes from the window.

PAUL

You thinking what I'm thinking...?

PHIL

(nods)

Love nest, double life, second set of kids...

Right then the outside light comes on over the front door.

PAUL

Here we go...

Tense beat, then the front door opens - revealing Willoughby. He turns back... to a very elderly woman. A brief, filial hug and Willoughby heads for his car.

PHIL

Either he likes an older woman or we're barking up the wrong-

PAUL

(curt, annoyed)

Yeah, alright, Phil.

They watch Willoughby walk over to his car. Halfway there he stops, his head whips round to look back at the house he just left. He remains perfectly still for a moment - frozen, like a heron - then continues onto his car.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Still bloody odd though.

PHIL  
Yeah. And we still don't have his  
DNA.

Right then Paul's mobile RINGS. Off caller display:

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Geraint.

GERAINT (o.s.)  
Don't shoot the messenger, but I  
think you're outside his great  
aunt's place.

PAUL  
(puffs out his cheeks)  
Yeah. Thanks, Geraint.



A weary Paul approaches the house, lets himself. Hears VOICES from through the closed sitting room door. Frowns. Opens the door to find Jackie Roberts and Karina having a cuppa, chatting easily.

PAUL  
Jackie...

Their eyes meet. Mustering a smile:

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Thought I'd pop by.

Paul instantly intuits this can't be good.

Karina - it's like she's suddenly become invisible.

The silence grows, then -

KARINA  
I'll make some more tea.

Paul - a stab of guilt - overcompensating:

PAUL  
Thanks, luv. Thank you.

Karina exits leaving Paul and Jackie. After a beat:

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
I'm sorry, Paul - looks like they're pulling the plug. We'll know for certain by Friday.

PAUL  
What...?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
It's a shock to me, too. Everything's so bloody squeezed. Three other inquiries have gone down this week-

PAUL  
What happened to mid-January?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
No one's sorrier than I am.

PAUL  
I beg to fucking differ.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
(off that, harder)  
You've run out of money in case you  
hadn't noticed.

Paul bites down on his instinctive reply to that.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
You're all over every aspect of  
this case except the budget.

With wild, desperate hope:

PAUL  
OK - are you saying if I tighten  
the purse strings going forward-

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
No, I'm not, Paul.  
(then)  
You want a stay of execution, you  
need a result. Not a promising  
line of inquiry, a result.  
(then, with a weary sympathy  
that just makes it worse)  
And you need it now.

Paul - skewered - absolutely no wriggle room there.

PAUL  
Jackie?  
(she nods impatiently)  
You fought our corner as hard as  
you possibly could, right? I mean  
just so I know?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (v.o.)  
(after a beat, cold)  
I'm going to pretend I didn't hear  
that.

Paul has retreated to his makeshift 'study' to lick his wounds. Idly flicking through case files, when Karina enters with a couple of bottles of beer.

KARINA

I'm sorry.

Paul nods. Takes his beer. She settles with him. They drink in companionable silence a beat.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Seems mad to stop now. When you're up and running.

PAUL

Tell me about it.

(a flash of bitterness)

I knew it'd end like this. Knew we'd never get him.

(it hits him all over again)

All that work. All that time...

It all came to naught. And hearing him talk like this, Karina suddenly feels a surge of emotion. Paul catches it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Karina...?

KARINA

I'm OK.

Paul watches her askance. Steadily.

PAUL

Talk to me.

KARINA

I'm fine.

PAUL

(i.e. I'm fine)

Well, that's not gonna cut it.

That's not much better than 'no comment'.

That raises the ghost of a smile from her. But it quickly fades.

KARINA

Like you say... it's hard to take.  
That it was all for nothing.

And in this moment Paul's reminded of the huge, unsung sacrifices she made, too. She won't meet his gaze, doesn't want to make this about her. Finally, clumsily:

PAUL

I know I wasn't always as vocal in my appreciation as-

KARINA

(stemming him)

I didn't want appreciation, Paul. You never got that. I wanted... partnership.

(shakes her head, remembering herself)

Look...this isn't the time.

PAUL

(with quiet certainty)

I respectfully disagree. It's the perfect time.

(risks a dark smile)

For One Night Only.

(but she's staring out of the darkened window)

You were talking about partnership?

KARINA

No, I wasn't.

Paul fixes her with a firm, compassionate gaze. He wants to hear what she has to say. Katrina sips her beer thoughtfully, casting around for where to begin. Finally:

KARINA (CONT'D)

I knew the job came first. I got that.

(then)

And I knew when we had Kelly, it wouldn't really make a difference. I mean, all we ever talked about at home was 'jobs' and 'villains' and 'the boys'...

PAUL

There you go - I was involving you!

KARINA

(sad smile)

But you weren't, Paul. I was just... there. In the room.

And as he reflects back Paul can't deny the truth of this.

KARINA (CONT'D)

On the few occasions we'd go out,  
you'd suddenly break away and cross  
the street and I had to walk on and  
"act natural". 'Cause it meant  
you'd seen a villain or a nark and  
didn't want them to see me.

PAUL

Did I do that? Really?  
(then, softly)  
Christ...

KARINA

And I accepted it - it was just the  
way things were.

PAUL

(gently, i.e. accept it)  
Only you didn't really? Deep down?

Karina thinks about this; then, by way of answer:

KARINA

When the boys came round on your  
'days off'... putting the kettle on  
was the extent of my involvement.  
You'd go in the kitchen, close the  
door, and whisper. For hours. I  
knew I could never be part of those  
conversations - 'course I couldn't -  
but that wasn't it, that wasn't  
what got to me. It was the way you  
excluded me, the...the cold manner,  
like I didn't exist.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

Karina shakes her head, she's not after an apology.

KARINA

You didn't even know you were doing  
it. I was just... disappointed.  
'Cause we were always so tight,  
such a duo, such a unit...

She trails off. Finally their eyes meet. And she sees how  
mortified he is at her testimony. Offering a bleak smile:

KARINA (CONT'D)

You asked.

PAUL

(nods stoically, then)  
I did.

Paul drains his beer. Karina musters a tired smile.

KARINA  
Looks like you need another one,  
partner.

Paul appraises her, his gratitude, his wonder at her  
fortitude is palpable:

PAUL  
My round.

He heads for the door.

KARINA  
(after him)  
You gonna call Phil and Geraint?

PAUL  
(figures, shakes his head)  
No sense spoiling their night.

Linger on Karina alone in the room. She eyes a photograph of  
her daughters smiling on a beach, young Karina and Paul  
looking proudly on.

And as Karina fights back sudden tears we cut to -

2002. AERIAL SHOT floating over Swansea.

Denver's car pulls up at the edge of the pedestrian precinct. Jean in the passenger seat. A nervous energy as she gets ready to climb out. Posters and a clip board at the ready.

DENVER  
(a little weary)  
Once more into the breach?

JEAN  
If I can just get to 500... looks better. A round number.

Denver nods loyally and Jean climbs out.

DENVER  
Don't forget your sandwiches.

He hands her a bag containing a Thermos and neatly wrapped sandwiches. The briefest of smiles from Jean and she's off, almost marching into action. Denver watches her go, a deep sadness on his face.



2002. Tracking with a beleaguered Paul as he heads inside. Steeling himself to tell the boys the bad news. He stops...seeing Geraint and Phil in a huddle.

PAUL

You two in before me... that's a first.

Said with an incongruous melancholy Phil entirely misses.

PHIL

It's nowhere near a first.

(then)

We might have something.

Phil looks at Geraint to kick off.

GERAINT

We had a good look at Colin's list. Ran down close male relatives just like we did with Willoughby.

PAUL

And...?

GERAINT

Paul Kappen, 26. On the DNA database after a conviction for petty theft.

PHIL

Paul is the son of Joseph Kappen who appears on our long list.

PAUL

(intuiting)

We haven't taken his DNA yet?

PHIL

No.

Phil picks up a file.

PHIL (CONT'D)

But I've dug out the file. Joe was interviewed in '73 and his car was taped by South Wales' finest.

Phil shows him the file with an expectant smile.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Look at the tosser who signed off the hairs and fibres report.

Paul looks down and - to his amazement - sees his own signature, a coffee stain on the top sheet we saw him make back in 1973.

PAUL  
(softly)  
Jesus Christ...

GERAINT  
The interview with Kappen was  
carried out by a DS Vic Jenkins.

PAUL  
(nods slowly)  
I remember Jenkins...

GERAINT  
Cover sheet says Kappen's car was  
up on bricks on the night of the  
murder. Ring any bells?

Paul thinks, shakes his head. Glances at Phil.

PHIL  
Me neither.

Paul's mind is racing. He turns to Geraint.

PAUL  
...cover sheet? What about the  
interview with Kappen?

PHIL  
If it was typed up, it's missing  
from the file.  
(checks cover sheet)  
Just says Kappen was alibi'd by his  
wife Christine...

Paul absorbs this, feeling their impatient looks.

PAUL  
Is Jenkins still with us?

2002. The squinting face of former DS Vic Jenkins - now late 60s - fills the frame.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Look what the bloody cat dragged  
in.

Wider. Jenkins stands in the door of his caravan, assessing Paul and Phil.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Still can't knot your tie, Bethell.

PAUL  
Hello, sir. Vic.  
(then, a smile for 'sir')  
Old habits...

DS VIC JENKINS  
(darkening)  
This isn't a social call, is it?

Moments later. Jenkins, Paul and Phil. Into the silence:

DS VIC JENKINS

One of the first, wasn't he? Joe  
Kappen?

Paul and Phil exchange slightly sheepish looks, then:

PAUL

To be honest... we don't remember  
him.

DS VIC JENKINS

I do.

Paul and Phil feel their pulse quicken.

1973. Back at the Kappen house with Paul, Phil and Jenkins - i.e. The same scene we saw play out at the top of Episode 2.

Except now - when Jenkins throws Paul the car keys - we go with Jenkins into the house. Christine Kappen shuts the door behind Jenkins. The hall is gloomy.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Joe's in the garden.

Christine leads Jenkins into the living room ..

DS VIC JENKINS  
Can you fetch him in, Mrs Kappen?

Christine doesn't move. A flash of fear.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Everything alright?

Christine musters a tight smile.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Yes, yes. He doesn't like to be disturbed, that's all.

Jenkins is going to insist when Kappen enters.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Detective Sergeant Jenkins.

Kappen just stares at him. Not surprised. Expression like a still pool of water.

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Need to have a quick chat, Joe.  
(then)  
It's about the two lasses who were killed on Saturday night.

Kappen holds his gaze a beat, his eyes flick to Christine.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Put the kettle on, Christine.

Kappen steps forward into the living room, forcing Jenkins to back up against the wall as he passes. Marking his territory.

Jenkins, Kappen and Christine in the sitting room. Kappen glances through the window at the bizarre sight of Paul and Phil collecting fibres in the 1100 up on bricks. The car SHUDDERS visibly.

JOSEPH KAPPEN (CONT'D)  
That falls off, you're footing the bill.

DS VIC JENKINS  
They know what they're doing.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Doesn't look like it.

Kappen looks away from the window, shaking his head disdainfully.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Why's it up on bricks, then?

KAPPEN  
Carburetor.

Trying to deliver the million dollar question casually:

DS VIC JENKINS  
And how long's it been like that?  
(Kappen looks blank)  
Up on the bricks?

Kappen purses his lips, inhales thoughtfully.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Oh... I'd say over a month. Six weeks.  
(makes a play of turning to Christine)  
Sound about right, Christine? Six weeks?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Yes. Yes, sounds about right.

Now Kappen fixes Jenkins with a low, assessing stare.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
What's the big interest in 1100s, then?

As if he's caught him out:

DS VIC JENKINS  
Who says we're interested in 1100s, Joe?

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Dave Hoag. Says you were crawling all over his Austin first thing.

Jenkins - feeling the ground shift, his agency weaken.

JOSEPH KAPPEN (CONT'D)  
Got a witness or something?

DS VIC JENKINS  
That's a strange question.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Stands to reason. Next door drives  
a Capri. Next-door-but-one:  
Cortina. Not bothering them, are  
you?

Jenkins makes a clumsy attempt to reassert control.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Where were you on the night of  
Saturday 15th September?

The question hangs in the air; then, turning to Christine:

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Had a quiet one, didn't we?

CHRISTINE  
(recollects, then)  
Yeah. That's right.

Kappen pats her knee and - for the first time - he smiles.  
And it's a handsome smile, a disarmingly normal smile, all  
that edge suddenly gone.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Sat on this very settee, weren't  
we?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
We were.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Doing what, if you don't mind me  
asking?

Kappen gives an easy, friendly shrug - what else?

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Watching telly.

DS VIC JENKINS  
I see. Any programs in particular?

Again Kappen turns almost deferentially to Christine.

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
She's the one with the memory.

All eyes on Christine. Silence. From outside just discern:

PAUL (o.s.)  
One more fucking word!

Jenkins - wincing at Paul's unprofessional language which seems to diminish his own status in the room. Finally:

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
*The Generation Game*, then *Columbo*,  
then highlights on *Match of the Day*.  
(a rictus grin)  
But don't ask me who was playing!

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
Man United beat Everton but I  
couldn't tell you the score - I'd  
had a couple, truth be told.

Jenkins - disarmed to find himself returning Kappen's smile.

JOSEPH KAPPEN (CONT'D)  
D'you follow football, Mr Jenkins.

DS VIC JENKINS  
(almost apologetic)  
More of a rugby man.

Jenkins makes a final note. Puts his notebook away.

Kappen watches Jenkins, assessing him, then, grudgingly helpful:

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
If you need... what is it? - Not an  
alibi... corroboration on the car,  
speak to Dale at number 9.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Who's he, then?

JOSEPH KAPPEN  
He leant us the bricks.

Jenkins stands, disconcerted by how much his view of Kappen has shifted in a short space of time.

DS VIC JENKINS  
Thank you both for your time.

He shakes their hands. Go with Jenkins out through the front door. He calls over to Phil and Paul:

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
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)  
(to Paul)  
Give her the key, would you?

Paul steps to the open front door where Christine waits.  
Meets her gaze a beat, feels her tension, then hands her the  
key. Beyond, in the gloom, Paul just discerns Kappen making  
his way across the garden.

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

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.

2002. Back with Jenkins, Paul and Phil.

DS VIC JENKINS

It was odd. My first impression was: wrong 'un. By the time I left...I thought he was OK. Like the normal way of sizing a bloke up didn't work on him, didn't apply.

PHIL

(intuiting)

Is that why he stuck in your memory, you think?

Jenkins looks off to the sea, never really considered it.

DS VIC JENKINS

...maybe.

PAUL

Your request that uniform follow up on the bricks is in the file.

Jenkins nods. OK...?

PHIL

But if they did, there's no record of it.

DS VIC JENKINS

(frowns, dismayed)

...really?

Phil shakes his head 'no'.

PAUL

You never thought to check? I mean first impressions count and you had a bad feeling about him, right?

DS VIC JENKINS

Now hang on. Hang on a bloody minute.

PHIL

(wincing)

Paul...

DS VIC JENKINS

We had two hundred suspects to process in case you've forgotten!

PHIL

We haven't, we really haven't.

DS VIC JENKINS  
I actioned a follow-up, didn't I?

PAUL  
(conciliatory nod)  
You did, Vic.

DS VIC JENKINS  
You action a follow-up, you assume  
it's happened. And if you hear  
nothing back, no news is good news,  
nothing to see here.

PAUL  
(nods his agreement)  
Right on all counts. I apologise.

Jenkins eyeballs Paul a beat longer. Nods his acceptance.  
Then, a strange smile plays on his lips:

DS VIC JENKINS  
Detective Inspector, eh?  
(Paul frowns, nods)  
You were always a pain in the arse,  
Bethell, but the kind who seemed  
destined for great things. What  
happened?

PAUL  
(thin smile.)  
Ask me an easy one.

Life happened. Phil wants to get back to the case.

PHIL  
What about his wife? Any lingering  
impressions?

DS VIC JENKINS  
(searches memory, then)  
Just her reluctance to fetch him in  
from the garden.

PAUL  
She was scared of him?  
(Jenkins gives a  
noncommittal shrug)  
And - surprise, surprise - she gave  
him an alibi?

Jenkins bristles - his defensive tone returning:

DS VIC JENKINS  
Things were different then, as you  
well know. A wife's word was  
enough.

They lock eyes, then Paul nods thoughtfully.

PAUL  
We're hearing that a lot.  
(off Jenkins's frown)  
'Things were different then'. 'They  
were different times'.

Jenkins scents a dig in there somewhere.

DS VIC JENKINS  
They were. Better times, too.

A flash of bitterness. He stands abruptly, walks away:

DS VIC JENKINS (CONT'D)  
Let me know what Kappen has to say.  
A phone call will do.

They stare at Jenkins' receding back. Mutters:

PAUL  
Once a prick, always a prick, eh?

And Phil can't suppress a chuckle.

Geraint - diligently trawling files and records, compiling information on Joseph Kappen. Now unearthing a mugshot of Kappen - gazing into his flinty eyes a beat.

Now Geraint's on the computer. Scrolling through Kappen's on the electoral roll. A fair few of them.

And suddenly something stops Geraint in his tracks:

GERAINT  
(softly, to himself)  
Bastard...

And Geraint's reaching for his phone...

2002. Paul and Phil pull up outside the Kappen house. The street and the house have changed little. Tense silence as they scope out the house, then:

CLUNK. Paul curtails further debate by opening the car door and climbing out. Go with Paul - Phil a few paces behind - as he walks up to the Kappen front door and KNOCKS.

And right then Paul's mobile RINGS. Off caller display:

PAUL  
Not now Ger.

Look between Paul and Phil about that. Just as they're sure no-one's in, footsteps, and the door opens a few wary inches. Framing the face of Christine Kappen.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Christine Kappen?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Who wants to know?

Now Phil's phone rings - Geraint again! - he switches it off.

PAUL  
(thrown)  
Sorry... DI Paul Bethell.  
(shows warrant card)  
Is Joseph in?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Joseph...?

PAUL  
Yeah. We want a word if that's  
alright.

Christine just stares at him. On and on. Finally:

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Joe's dead.

Paul and Phil - as the world stops turning for a moment. Phil recovers first:

PHIL  
...when?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
June '91.  
(corrects herself)  
No, sorry, '90.  
(MORE)

CHRISTINE KAPPEN (CONT'D)  
(off their frowns)  
We weren't together by then.

Paul and Phil sat at the kitchen table with Christine.  
Tension coming off her in waves. If these walls could talk.  
Paul looks her in the eye:

PAUL  
Back in '73, you gave Joe an alibi  
for the night of the girls'  
murders. Do you stand by that,  
Christine?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
(flicker of hesitation)  
Yes. Yes, I do.

PAUL  
You won't be in trouble if you want  
to retract it.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
I don't.

PAUL  
Sure?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
(nods, flustered)  
Joe and I were watching telly next  
door.

PAUL  
OK.

Beat. They watch her flap and fidget like a trapped bird.

PHIL  
You said you and Joe split up.  
When was that, Christine?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
1980.  
(grapples, then)  
He left me for another woman and I  
divorced him.

Phil offers her a compassionate smile, before:

PHIL  
How old were your children then?

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
(figures)  
Deborah was sixteen... so Paul  
must've been fourteen.



PHIL  
And were there any custody  
arrangements or disputes?

At that suggestion she snaps, a different Christine glimpsed:

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
You must be joking.  
(then, more measured)  
The children stayed with me.

Christine - feeling the detectives' gaze, aware her mask of  
composure is cracking.

Christine frowns as a new question gnaws at her.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN (CONT'D)  
This DNA evidence. I thought you  
had to...  
(interrupts herself;  
starts again)  
Don't you need someone's blood or  
hair or something?

PAUL  
That's right.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
How did you get hold of Joe's?

PAUL  
We didn't. It's your son Paul's  
DNA that led us here.  
(her frown only deepens)  
It's very similar to the killer's.

Christine takes a moment to digest all this.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
You mean... if Paul hadn't been  
bloody stupid and taken what wasn't  
his... this wouldn't be happening?

PAUL  
That's about the size of it.

Christine is desperately seeking a way out of this nightmare.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
'Very similar?'  
(Paul nods)  
Does anyone else... I mean do other  
people have DNA that's 'very  
similar' to this man?

She stares at Paul, eyes bright with wild hope:

PAUL

They do. But not many.

Christine - still possessed of a hardwired loyalty to Kappen  
born of fear.

2002. We now reveal what Jean is up to. She stands at the corner of the street with a variety of PRO-DEATH PENALTY POSTERS. One features Geraldine's smiling face. A man in his 60s lingers, mildly curious.

JEAN

I'm petitioning to bring back the death penalty. For murder. If you're of the same mind, just your signature would very much help our cause...

The man eyes her posters boredly. School's out and some kids are walking by, among them Sita's daughter Maya.

2002. Paul, Phil and Geraint are spitballing -

PHIL

...the alibi and the-car-on-bricks  
story are bullshit -

PAUL

Proving it's another matter.

GERAINT

I called Colin Dark. Told him to  
focus on Paul Kappen's DNA - he's  
gonna run a direct comparison with  
the killer.

PAUL

Good. What about the file?  
Anything in there?

GERAINT

Maybe. Kappen's name was first  
introduced 'cause he had an Austin  
but also 'cause a local Constable  
said he was worth a look...

30A

**EXT. BOXING CLUB (2002) - DAY**

30A

Geraint pulls up in outside an old church. A sign tells us this church has been re-purposed as a boxing gym.

Find Geraint with the long-retired Constable ELWYN WHEADON in a boxing club where the latter works as a trainer.

DC ELWYN WHEADON

I was always finding kids picking their teeth out of the gutter. I'd say "what happened, lad?" but I already knew the answer.

GERAINT

Joe had clocked 'em?

DC ELWYN WHEADON

He was a bouncer. First at *Dusty's*, then at the *Roxy*.

GERAINT

When you say 'kids'... you mean lads?

(Elwyn nods)

So why did you think of him for Pauline and Geraldine?

DC ELWYN WHEADON

The queue at the *Roxy* went round the block. Joe'd be out chatting up girls like it was his job. The younger the better.

GERAINT

Give us a kiss and you can jump the line?

DC ELWYN WHEADON

Yeah, but he'd want more than a kiss.



DC ELWYN WHEADON  
(frowns, confused)  
Could've sworn Kappen was ruled  
out?

GERAINT  
He was.  
(then)  
When you say 'picking their teeth  
out of the gutter'... you're  
exaggerating, right?

Elwyn gives a conceding grin.

DC ELWYN WHEADON  
A bit. Maybe tooth singular.  
(then, slo-mo gestures  
punching Geraint)  
His speciality was a right-fist  
uppercut to the jaw...

Geraint's eyes widen as something slots into place.

GERAINT  
(softly)  
Yes, it was...





Phil - tie off, surrounded by index cards. Slurping cold Nescafe as he jabs a finger at a hand-written card:

PHIL

Traffic stop on Ferry Road, 1st  
September 1973. Austin 1100, cream  
finish, LD54 9PT, driver and  
registered keeper: Joseph Kappen.

PAUL

You're kidding...?

PHIL

Two weeks to the day before the  
murders.

PAUL

So much for being up on bricks.  
(then)  
He's coming into focus. The  
parents of both girls said they'd  
never get into a car with a  
stranger. Maybe they were right.

PHIL

They knew him?

PAUL

Knew of him, I reckon. Kappen  
worked part-time as a bus driver  
for Green-line Transport...

PHIL

(seeing it)  
Familiar face, respectable job - he  
offers them a lift, they're not  
saying no.

Geraint bustles in clutching a file, the most animated we've  
seen him:

PAUL

How was former Constable Elwyn?

GERAINT

Alive and kicking. Says Kappen  
used to beat up the kids he chucked  
out the Roxy. Learned to spot his  
handiwork - a right uppercut to the  
jaw...

Geraint takes out post-mortem photos that show the bruises on  
the left side of Geraldine and Pauline's jaws -

GERAINT (CONT'D)

(points)

Just where a right uppercut would  
leave its mark.

A chilling beat as they all digest this - Kappen subdued the girls by punching them in the face. Then, softly:

PAUL

He really was a monster.

On Paul as he studies the images as the sound of wind drifts over the scene.

The continuing sound of WIND RUSTLING THE TREES as we PAN to the incongruous sight of a smart car deep in the woods. Paul climbs out from the driver seat, opens the back door for Croiset who climbs out in a cloud of cigar smoke. Paul leads Croiset through the trees.

PAUL

Where are you from, Mr Croiset?

CROISET

(Dutch accent)

Holland. I'm something of a household name there.

PAUL

Really?

CROISET

(nods, warms to his theme)

I've astounded doctors and patients alike with my psychic powers of diagnosis and healing.

PAUL

Not forgetting policemen?

CROISET

Indeed.

PAUL

There's no beginning to your talents.

Croiset takes a beat to clock that was a dig.

CROISET

You're sceptical, Detective Bethel? And you resent being my chauffeur for the day?

(Paul meets his steady gaze in the mirror)

It's OK. It's a free country.

(then)

You must meet some bad people doing what you do?

PAUL

Only my share.

CROISET

And sometimes - often I expect - you don't have the evidence to prove they're bad, you just know.

(MORE)

CROISET (CONT'D)  
(Paul nods a little  
reluctantly)  
You call it a hunch - I call it  
spiritual intuition.

Now they see the welcome party up ahead in the clearing. Ray Allen, Jenkins, Warren, a TV news crew etc.

Paul hangs back as Allen - not quite hiding his reluctance - steps forward and shakes Croiset's hand.

Warren sidles up to Paul, nods to Croiset.

DI WARREN  
Well? Did he say if I'm gonna make  
Chief Inspector?  
(grins)  
Or you're getting laid again this  
year?

Paul smiles thinly - he's had it up to here with Warren, had up to here with everything. Nods through trees to car:

DI WARREN (CONT'D)  
You can run me home later if you  
want?

And just as we think Paul might swing for Warren, cut to -

New angle - later - a strange, sombre procession moves through the woods led by Croiset who has his eyes closed. Flanking him: Paul, Phil, Ray Allen, Jenkins; a TV news crew filming away; assorted reporters and a fair few curious rubbernecks. The fact that Croiset has his eyes closed only adds to the tension - surely any moment he will trip up or walk into a tree?

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
We're about to-

CROISET  
- reach the spot where the girls  
were attacked. I know. Their  
suffering has left a trace - a  
residue - that's as real to me as  
the toothpick in your fist.

Ray Allen instinctively opens his right fist. And there indeed is a toothpick. And suddenly the assembled, Paul included, are watching Croiset with a hair more respect.

Croiset stops. He sinks to his knees, sniffing the undergrowth. Very slowly he extends his upper body forward spreading his arms, like someone demonstrating the breaststroke technique. He becomes perfectly still. As if absorbing the vapors rising up from the earth.

Suddenly his head whips round, eyes flying open, staring accusingly at a distinct point beyond his entourage. Everyone turns to see what he's seen, but there's no one there, just the trees.

Croiset gets to his feet. The crowd parts for him. He walks right over to the point he was staring at from his prone position. With sudden, grim urgency:

CROISET (CONT'D)

He is aged 39 or 40. He is just under 6 feet tall, heavily built, with a broad mouth, brown hair and a greying moustache.

(scowls in concentration;  
a break in transmission)

He is... a member of the local yacht club... an exhibitionist who shows off by driving too fast. He lives alone but employs a housekeeper. His home is 15 miles north of here. An isolated building surrounded by trees and arrived at through two iron gates.

He slumps against a tree, exhausted by his hard-won insights.

Off Paul - transfixed by Croiset but hating himself for it.

37	SCENE RE-LOCATED TO 39A	37
38	SCENE RE-LOCATED TO 39B	38

A sullen Paul eating dinner with Karina. Except Paul's barely touching his. No sound but the CLINK of cutlery on china.

KARINA  
(finally)  
Are you gonna tell me or am I  
supposed to guess?

Paul looks at her sharply. Sighs.

PAUL  
I spent the day driving this so-  
called psychic around.  
(almost spits)  
From Holland. Everyone treating him  
like some fucking VIP. A psychic!

KARINA  
Some people think there's something  
in it.

PAUL  
Yeah, gullible people, desperate  
people - and he exploits them! He  
sees them coming from a 1000 yards -  
Ray Allen included! Made me feel  
grubby watching him do his thing,  
his party piece, right where they  
died...  
(a grim, conceding smile)  
Made me feel daft, too. 'Cause the  
old fraud had me for a moment.  
(then, savagely)  
I'm putting in for a transfer.  
Nothing can be worse than this.

KARINA  
I think that's a bad idea.

PAUL  
What would you know about it?

KARINA  
Quite a lot.  
(off his frown)  
All we ever talk about is the Job  
or am I not supposed to listen?

Paul is silenced by that insight. A hair more conciliatory:

KARINA (CONT'D)  
You jump ship now, your card'll be  
marked. It'll read as disloyalty.

PAUL  
I'll take my chances.

KARINA  
What about the murders? Geraldine  
and Pauline?

PAUL  
Is that supposed to make me feel  
bad? Saying their names out loud?

KARINA  
Man's still out there is all I'm  
saying...

PAUL  
Yes, he is. But they won't let me  
near it. Not the real work, not  
the real case - and they never  
will.

Karina lets it go. They eat. Clink, clink, clink. Hold.



39A

**INT/EXT. CAR/KAPPEN HOUSE (2002) - DUSK**

39A

2002. Paul and Phil pull up outside the Kappen house. Night is falling, the end of a long day. They eye the house. A silent, heavy beat.

Paul and Phil opposite Christine in the sitting room. Coming in half-way, a photocopy of the traffic stop index card in her faintly trembling grip.

PHIL

What that tells us is that Joe was driving his 1100 only two weeks before the murders.

Christine sets the photocopy down on the coffee table.

PAUL

He put the car up on the bricks after the girls were killed, didn't he? Right after. Next day or the day after that.

Christine knots her fingers, in Hell.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It was a good prop. It worked. But he needed you to back him up. To lie for him.

(then)

And you did.

Christine stands impulsively. Steps to the window.

PHIL

You're not in trouble Christine. You just need to tell us the truth.

(then)

He can't hurt you now.

At that Christine's head whips round, her tone scathing, wounded, antagonistic:

CHRISTINE

What, because he's dead? You think that makes a difference after what we went through? What he did to us?

(shakes her head)

When I turn out the lights, he's there. When I come in from the shops, he's waiting for me. Same for my kids. We'll never be free.

Silence. A sense of a huge, cathartic unburdening. A hundred questions the boys now want to ask her, but -

PHIL

I'm sorry, Christine. If you want us to come back later, we can.

She's tempted by that offer... but she shakes her head.

PAUL

I hate to be so...pedantic and  
matter-of-fact at a time like this.  
But there are things we need clear  
answers to.

CHRISTINE

(softly)

OK.

PAUL

Did Joe ask you to lie about the  
car being up on bricks on Saturday  
September 15th 1973?

CHRISTINE

Yes.

PAUL

You told us you and Joe spent that  
night watching television together.  
Was that true?

CHRISTINE

No.

PAUL

Did he ask you to provide a false  
alibi?

CHRISTINE

Yes.

Paul casts around for how to frame his next question.

PAUL

Did he ever tell you why he needed  
a false alibi?

(she shakes her head)

Did you ever ask?

She shakes her head more vehemently, buries her face in her  
hands. An awful KEENING SOUND escapes her. The beginnings  
of a raw, cathartic journey of acknowledgment if not  
acceptance.

After a long, excruciating beat -

PAUL (CONT'D)

We'll need to take your DNA,  
Christine.

(off her stare)

We need to... subtract it from your  
son Paul's.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
I don't understand.

PAUL  
It'll give us a closer  
approximation of Joe's DNA.  
(then, he's got to say it)  
And that - in turn - will give us a  
better idea as to whether he's our  
killer.  
(she flinches; he nods  
regretfully)  
I'm sorry to talk in such a cold,  
scientific way about something so  
personal.  
(then)  
Will that be OK, Christine? To  
take your DNA?

Christine - something breaking inside her. Defeated:

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Yes. Yes, of course.

PHIL  
We'll also need your daughter's  
DNA.

Her eyes fly open: fierce, protective, an imposition too far.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Why?

PHIL  
For the same reason - to narrow  
down her father's profile.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Deborah's not...  
(starts again)  
...she's never been in any trouble.

PHIL  
We know that, Christine, we know  
that.

Christine - her face holds a riot of anger, fear and grief.  
But then - finally - she gives a bitter, defeated nod - OK.

New day. 2002. Sita out for her morning run. Pushing herself harder than ever. Moving beyond the usual local streets. She passes a businessman's hotel on the edge of town, her eyes finding a particular window, a glimpse of movement within, and we cut to -

1973. Sita being interviewed for a job as chambermaid by the head of housekeeping, the sour-faced HODGES.

HODGES  
...why did you leave your job at  
Wade & Bede?

Sita - thrown by this question. Buying time:

SITA  
At...at the factory?

HODGES  
(impatient)  
Yes, why did you leave your job at  
the factory?

Sita - thinks a moment.

SITA  
I just... I wanted to try something  
new.

HODGES  
I see.  
(studies Sita's c.v.; the  
wall clock TICKS)  
Can I be honest, Miss Anwar?  
(Sita nods warily)  
You have nine o'levels, five of  
them A's. I'm surprised factory  
work - or, indeed, hotel work - is  
of interest to you.

SITA  
You sound like my dad. He wanted  
me to do A levels like him.

Hodges returns her smile. The ice breaking a bit.

HODGES  
And why didn't you?

SITA  
(a sigh escapes her)  
I dunno.

HODGES  
That's not much of an answer.

SITA  
I just want to do a normal job...  
be with my mates... not have to  
think too much about everything.

HODGES

And by 'everything'... you mean the future?

Suddenly Sita's had enough of these questions:

SITA

Are you gonna give me this job or what?

Hodges blinks at her - his expression oscillating through shock, offence and finally disarmed amusement:

HODGES

Can you make a bed? Empty a bin?

SITA

Of course I can.





Sita enters the house in her running kit. Goes into the kitchen. Seb looks at his watch. A pervasive tension. Sita pours herself a glass of water as Seb and Maya are getting their separate breakfasts. Just like the earlier scene in Episode 2. Except now no-one is speaking and everything has - subtly - changed.

SEB

Seems like you're going further  
every morning?

Sita bites down on her irritation that she's being monitored.

SITA

Am I?

SEB

Ninety minutes today.

MAYA

Where do you go?

SITA

I don't know.

MAYA

What d'you mean 'you don't know'?

SITA

I just... run. I'm not trying to  
get somewhere specific, I...

She trails off - is that really true? Covering:

SITA (CONT'D)

I'm late.

She exits, father and daughter staring after her, concerned.

2002. A strange, sombre scene as Christine ushers Paul and Phil into the kitchen where her daughter DEBORAH, 30's, sits nervously at the kitchen table.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
This is Deborah.

PAUL  
Hello, Deborah.

DEBORAH  
Hi.

PHIL  
Nice to meet you.

They shake hands. Deborah responds to Phil's warm manner.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
D'you want a cup of tea?

PAUL  
Maybe...maybe afterwards.

Afterwards. A grim portent there. They sit down at the kitchen table. Paul pulls on latex gloves. It's bizarre. Then, from his bag, Paul takes out two wrapped swab sticks.

No sound but the tearing of paper as Paul unwraps the swab.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Can you open your mouth, please,  
Deborah?

Deborah - a beat - then she opens her mouth.

We stay with Christine as the swab is taken - a flash of anger at seeing her daughter have to endure this.

CHRISTINE KAPPEN  
Something better bloody come of  
this.

Paul and Phil - that charge really landing - they need to deliver resolution.

An establishing shot of the Police HQ in 1973. The rain is hammering it down. A cop runs in, a newspaper over his head for cover.

Paul, Phil and Jenkins are working away. Papers and files everywhere - the wet cop enters the room and puts his newspaper down - we glimpse a newspaper headline about a psychic. The vibe is low, defeated, the skies outside leaden

In the background, we see Ray Allen listening gravely, putting the phone down. Clearly bad news.

Beat then Allen appears in the doorway, to VIC:

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
Can you gather the team together?

1973. Camera prowls around the tired and expectant faces of Paul, Phil, Warren, Jenkins, Lewis as Ray Allen clears his throat and -

DET.CHIEF.SUPER.RAY ALLEN  
...I have some bad news. I can  
only imagine how disappointing, how  
crushing, this will be after all  
your hard work... but nine months  
in, with no new active leads, we  
have no option but to wind down the  
inquiry as of now.

Shuffling silence, everyone trying to keep a lid on it -

HARD CUT TO

- Warren arms aloft, a pint in each fist -

DI WARREN  
C'mon on my son! C'MON MY SON!!

Warren envelops Paul in a bearhug. Wider: to find a scene of wholesale, drunken jubilation - it's over, thank fuck. A mass CID celebration.

And by now sharp-eyed viewers might notice Phil's absence.

DI WARREN (CONT'D)  
(arm over his shoulder)  
Where's Phil?

Paul - a twinge of conscience - then.

PAUL  
Wasn't feeling well. Migraine.

DI WARREN  
Migraine?! What is he, a bird?

And as Warren unleashes a gale of laughter, *Badfinger's Day After Day* crashes in on the stereo and we cut to -

Ray Allen alone at his desk, surrounded by files. Heavy silence. The enormity of his failure overwhelming.

1973. Sita, chambermaid uniform, changing a bed with the speed and ease of a practised routine. A transistor radio plays as she works.

RADIO VOICE

...South Wales constabulary have today announced that after almost a year the investigation into the murders of Pauline Floyd and Geraldine Hughes is being wound down. Despite mounting an inquiry of unprecedented scale, a police spokesman admitted they are no nearer catching the perpetrator and have reached the difficult decision that resources must now be distributed elsewhere.

Sita. Frozen by this devastating news. As some inane pop song comes on she reaches over and turns the radio off.

But silence is not the result. Muffled but distinct - *Day After Day* emanates from somewhere. The song's bravado sounds thin and unconvincing from this distance.

Sita snatches away an angry tear and - mechanically - resumes making the bed. The door opens and Hodges appears.

HODGES

Need you to collect some glasses,  
Sita. Got a function in.

Sita nods blankly. Hodges pulls a disapproving face at the loud rock music.

HODGES (CONT'D)

A party of South Wales Constabulary  
would you believe. Some big  
celebration...

Off Sita - he has her full attention now.



1973. Billowing clouds of cigarette smoke. Through the yellow fog steps Sita. Nimbly filling a tray with empty glasses. Feeling the warm, beery breath of the CID officers cramming the room.

Sita stops - seeing something. A frown of recognition.

Sita's POV - Paul, Warren, Jenkins and others in a loud, boisterous huddle. If they were drunk before, they're slaughtered now.

But it's Paul she's staring at. His unbridled laughter as Warren clowns around, applying the famous 1966 World Cup final commentary to their case:

DI WARREN  
...they think it's all over - IT IS  
NOW!

LAUGHTER and BOOS in equal measure from his Welsh audience.

Paul - as he sees Sita. Recognizes her. Feels her stunned, disbelieving stare as the penny drops re: why they're there - and what they're celebrating.

Paul - tuning out Warren and co, fixed in Sita's raw gaze. He's caught on the horns of a dilemma, feeling a sharp surge of peer group pressure now and -

Paul turns away from Sita as Warren's story crashes back in on the soundtrack, takes a long fortifying slurp of beer...

Sita - staring fixedly at Paul's back as he convulses with laughter, hating him in this moment. She dumps her tray of glasses and storms out.

Off Paul - looking back at the empty doorway - a flicker of shame and then he shrugs it off and we hear a RINGING PHONE taking us into -

Paul - Kappen materials spread out on his desk, bit between his teeth - answers his RINGING mobile.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Hi Colin.

COLIN DARK (v.o.)  
This chap Joseph Kappen, Paul, he's interesting.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
OK...?

COLIN DARK (v.o.)  
Perhaps I should rephrase that - he's very interesting.

Off Paul - gripping the phone.

New day. Find Paul mid-briefing with Jackie Roberts:

PAUL

...I pushed Colin for a number. He grumbled - and then he said "75 percent" - as in there's a 75 percent DNA match between our killer and our 'approximation' of Kappen's DNA.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Which you've arrived at via his kids?

PAUL

(nods)

It's not definitive.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Seventy-five percent?

PAUL

And that's before we factor in him owning an 1100, living in the area...

Jackie studies him, catches his downbeat mood.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Seventy-five percent is bloody good, Paul. Seventy-five percent is a win.

(then)

C'mon. You know he did it, I know he did it.

PAUL

But we don't know, Jackie. It's an approximation. On top of the fact he escaped justice-

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

(stemming him)

When we send someone away, how often do we know? I mean for sure, a hundred percent?

(shakes head)

Almost never.

Paul thinks about this. Lets out a sigh:

PAUL

You're right. It's a result.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

It's a win.

He meets her firm gaze and cracks a smile. OK.



Sita pulls up. Steels herself and climbs out.

Reveal - she's on the edge of the wood where Geraldine and Pauline were killed.

Go with her deep into the trees. Where it happened. But this time she keeps walking, something drawing her on. She reaches the edge of the wood. As the trees thin out she can see the back of a house.

And in the window she can see Geraldine's parents Denver and Jean pottering about in the living room.

And we realize how close Geraldine was to home that night.

Now Denver crosses to the window, staring out, hearing something.

The sound of an approaching engine. Sita waits. A car pulls up and a man gets out.

It's Paul.

Sita - staring at him, she knows this man from somewhere.

And then, as Denver opens the front door and greets Paul with a half-sad half-dread-filled smile - we see Sita's face close like a trap.

Recognizing Paul.

Paul sits on a chair opposite Jean and Denver. Finally, into the silence, trying the name on for size:

DENVER  
Joseph Kappen...

PAUL  
I think most people called him Joe.

DENVER  
A local man?

PAUL  
Yes.

Denver looks at Jean who is staring at the table top.

DENVER  
Never heard the name.  
(then)  
I suppose if the scientists are saying 75 percent... they must know what they're talking about?

Denver's rambling provokes a flash of irritation from Jean.

PAUL  
They do. They most certainly do.

Jean's silence is becoming conspicuous. Ominous. Clearly not impressed by the fact Paul is only 75 percent certain.

JEAN  
(finally)  
A week after Geraldine died two of your colleagues came round. "Put the kettle on, Mrs Hughes, we need to speak to your husband". Only Denver wasn't here. So they came in, sat right where you are now.  
(nods to Paul)  
One of them had a plastic bag. He pushed it across the table. "Can you just confirm these are Geraldine's clothes?" I put my hand inside...  
(a spasm of horror at the recollection)  
I didn't know what I was looking at... they didn't look like clothes. They were muddy and torn, covered in twigs and grass...  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

Then I saw her top with the musical note over the pocket, what d'you call it... a clef.

(beats)

It was covered in stains. Purple stains. I was shaking. I could barely get the words out. I said: 'is that her blood? Is that my Geraldine's blood?' And they said: 'yes, I'm afraid it is'. Matter-of-fact. Like it was just some unfortunate thing and there was nothing to be done.

Jean's voice catches. She's a proud woman and she doesn't want to cry in front of Paul. With cold formality:

JEAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for your visit, Mr Bethell.

PAUL

Of course.

She stands and walks unsteadily out. After a beat:

PAUL (CONT'D)

You should go be with her, Denver.

DENVER

(shakes head sadly)

Times like these she likes to be alone. With her photos and so on.

Silence for a long moment. Then they hear Jean moving around upstairs. Paul becomes aware that Denver is watching him.

DENVER (CONT'D)

You were kind to me that day.  
Running me home and... just the way  
you talked to me.

Paul looks awkward with these compliments. Says nothing.

DENVER (CONT'D)

I mean... I'd seen something no  
father should see. The world  
stopped for me in that wood... just  
stopped.

(shudders at the memory)

And then I had to tell her Mum.

Denver is clearly building up to something, fumbling for a thought, or at least how to articulate it.

PAUL

Something you want to ask me,  
Denver?



DENVER

No. Yes... I don't know.

An old exasperation there. Paul waits for him.

DENVER (CONT'D)

The girls were fully dressed but  
100 yards apart.

(grapples, then)

Someone said Geraldine probably  
escaped... broke free... and she  
almost made it home.

(this kills him)

But she tripped... a branch or a  
root or just lost her footing...

He stops. The cruelty of happenstance. He steps to the  
window. Eyes the dark ribbon of trees.

DENVER (CONT'D)

That image... it's flashed through  
my mind so many times... the hope  
in her eyes as she ran.

(turns back to Paul)

Or...or have I got it wrong? Tell  
me. You were there next morning.  
You know how to read these  
things... is that what happened?

Paul meets his intense, addled gaze levelly.

PAUL

I can't tell you, Denver. Not with  
certainty. And even if I could...  
what would it achieve?

DENVER

I'd know, Paul, I'd know.

(a terrible disclosure)

The truth can't be worse than my  
own fears.

Paul watches him steadily. On and on. Clears his throat:

PAUL

Looking at where she was found, I  
think Geraldine probably did get  
away from him but-

DENVER

Stop. Stop.

(plaintive, desperate)

Please.

Denver - gripped by a terror Paul's theories are worse than  
his imaginings. They lock eyes. A moment of understanding.

Denver sees Paul out to his car.

DENVER

What about Pauline's parents?  
They moved away...?

PAUL

They did, but we're keeping them  
in close contact.

They reach Paul's car. Beat.

DENVER

Thank you for all you've done for  
us over the years.

PAUL

Go in and find Jean. Please.

At that Denver glances back at the house.

DENVER

She won't like it. Not knowing  
for sure about Kappen.

(then)

Nor do I if I'm honest.

Off Paul - caught in Denver's stricken stare.

Paul parks up. Sits there a beat in the darkness. Jean and Denver still with him.

Corridor. Paul enters to see Sita waiting with Phil who is dressed to leave, clearly intercepted him on the way out.

But Sita isn't looking at Phil. She's looking at Paul with something like recognition.

SITA (o.s.)  
Mr Bethell.  
(Paul)  
Sita Anwar.

PAUL  
Hello, Sita.  
(then, softly)  
You get off Phil.

A little uneasily Phil goes leaving Paul and Sita alone in the lobby.

SITA  
D'you remember me?

PAUL  
Yes.

SITA  
But not fondly?  
(small bitter smile)  
You hid behind a pillar the other  
day to avoid me.

Paul holds her wild stare. He did look away. But no more.

PAUL  
D'you want a coffee?

SITA  
It wasn't the first time you turned  
your back on me.

PAUL  
No.

Filling in his own charge sheet:

PAUL (CONT'D)  
At the Swan. The CID drink-up.

SITA  
Celebration, you mean. Fucking  
party.  
(she comes closer)  
And what was there to celebrate?  
You hadn't found the bloke!  
(MORE)

SITA (CONT'D)

The one thing you were supposed to  
do you hadn't done!

Paul is grimly silent. Guilty as charged.

She starts to cry. Paul waits another beat, then:

PAUL

You sure about that coffee?

Paul hands Sita a coffee. Just the two of them in the dark, empty office.

SITA

Thank you.

(then)

I didn't come here to berate you or give you a hard time...

Paul sips his coffee. Watching her.

PAUL

So why did you come?

SITA

I don't know.

(then)

I can't talk to my husband, can't talk to my daughter...

PAUL

Why not?

(no response)

Why can't you talk to them, Sita?

Sita - a long, wrestling beat, then:

SITA

Because Pauline and Geraldine never had that. Family, children... They missed out. On everything.

PAUL

And you feel... guilt about that?

SITA

I feel guilt that I left them, yes.

Paul - taken aback. Waits for her to expand.

SITA (CONT'D)

If there'd been three of us maybe he'd've driven on. He couldn't have handled three...

PAUL

Or maybe it would've made no difference.

A valiant effort but Paul can see she won't be consoled.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can I tell you something in confidence, Sita?

And instantly Sita the headteacher resurfaces.

SITA

Of course.

PAUL

We have a strong suspect for the murders who passed away in 1990.

(waits a beat for her to absorb that)

I can't tell you his name but his DNA is a 75% match to the killer's.

Paul's expecting her to be pleased or at least relived. But she isn't. Some of her deep-seated anger reigniting -

SITA

75 percent?

(he nods)

That's a big margin of error. A 25 percent chance the killer's still out there?

PAUL

I wouldn't put it like-

SITA

(over him)

Are you happy with that? Is that good enough? Or was this just a seen-to-be-done thing from the off? 'Best endeavours' so everyone can sleep at night...?

She breaks off, snatching away an angry tear. And then - by act of will - she's gathering herself.

SITA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Sounds like you've made a real breakthrough-

PAUL

(under her)

You were right the first time.

Meets her look. Quietly, but with utter conviction:

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's not good enough.

Colin Dark is working late when the phone rings. His mood and his work are, as ever, serious, ominous even. He unhurriedly finishes what he's doing and picks up.

PAUL (v.o.)

(urgent)

What do I need, Colin? To be a hundred percent it's him?

COLIN DARK (INTO PHONE)

And a good evening to you, Paul.

(then)

A femur bone. Or a tooth. Or soft tissue.



Paul is heading out as he talks.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
I need Kappen?

COLIN DARK (V.O.)  
Some of him, certainly.

Off Paul as that heavy confirmation goes down...

2002. Wide angle on the cemetery at night. A car pulls up.

Closer angle on Paul as he climbs out. We follow him through the cemetery to reach the Kappen gravestone. A family plot with multiple bodies interred beneath his feet. Off Paul - resolve in his face - he is going to excavate Kappen come hell or high water.

Cut back to a wide shot of the cemetery, the THUNDERING sound of vehicles on the M4.

**END OF EPISODE THREE**