

STEELTOWN MURDERS

Written by

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**EPISODE FOUR - SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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OMITTED

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Jackie Roberts glances up from her computer screen as Paul walks in. She hits send on her email, turns to face him:

PAUL BETHELL

Hopefully this won't be too much of an ask, ma'am, but...

(breathes deep, here goes)

...I want to carry out an exhumation of Joseph Kappen.

Jackie sits back in her chair. Watches him a beat.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

I thought we were on the same page, Paul.

PAUL

We were.

(she waits for him)

Since then... I've seen what 75% certainty looks like to those closest to the victims.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

(anticipates)

And it's not enough?

Paul detects a coldness there, an impatience that alarms.

PAUL

No, Ma'am.

(then)

I need to go back to those three families and tell them that, after almost thirty years, we're 100% positive who the killer of their children is. The only way to do that is exhumation. We owe it to the families and the community. We owe it to the officers who worked on the original case and most of all we owe it to Sandra, Geraldine and Pauline.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

That's good material. I hope you wrote it down somewhere.

(off his look)

I have a feeling you'll be pitching it again to people way above my pay grade.

Beat as the positive subtext of that lands:

PAUL  
...you'll back me?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Probably need my head examined, but  
yes, I will.

PAUL  
Thank you, Ma'am.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Thank me when we get approval.

They lock eyes. A tiny wobble of buyer's remorse:

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
I mean this isn't 'a bit  
unorthodox', Paul, this is bloody  
unheard of. So before I go upstairs  
- anywhere near upstairs - I need  
to know the families are on board.

PAUL  
That won't be a prob-

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
(over him, firm)  
Including his.

Paul - taking that on board.

JACKIE ROBERTS  
What you said about 'owing it to  
the community'... that cuts both  
ways.  
(off his frown)  
We take one misstep with this -  
just one - and we make an awful  
situation worse. The community  
won't forgive us and nor should  
they.

Coming in halfway as Paul briefs Phil and Geraint:

PAUL  
...there'll be lots of people on  
high who we need to get on side and  
fast.

GERAINT  
How high?

PAUL  
TBC. Jackie's taking care of that  
side of things.

GERAINT  
Fucking hell.

Phil plumps down in his chair, lets out a breath. Off that:

PAUL  
Phil?

PHIL  
(a mirthless smile)  
What he said.

Paul bites down on a spike of frustration.

PAUL  
What're your concerns?

PHIL  
That we're wrong. That we exhume  
Kappen and it's not him.  
(Paul looks exasperated)  
I mean we don't know, do we?

PAUL  
That's why we're doing this -  
because we don't know and 75  
percent sure isn't good enough.

GERAINT  
We get that. We do.  
(then)  
I think Phil's worry - and it's one  
I share - is the fallout. Say we  
jump through all these hoops, the  
Top Brass, the Home Office, the  
victims' families, Kappen's  
relatives... by the time we dig him  
up this'll be huge. All over the  
press and the telly.

PAUL

Let me worry about that.

Geraint shakes his head, a flash of impatience:

GERAINT

If it's not him, boss, we're not  
just gonna walk away from this.  
Not in a month of Sundays.

PHIL

It's over - for all of us.

Paul - can't but feel the force of this argument in stereo.

Phil and Geraint pull up outside Pat and Dai's house. Go with them as they approach the front door and knock. Beat, then Dai opens up, takes in Phil sourly:

PHIL

Hello, Dai.

(no response, so)

There's been a development. Can we come in?

A dismissive glance at Geraint, then, i.e. Paul:

DAI

Too scared to come and tell me himself, is he?

Paul with Jean and Denver in the living room.

JEAN

This is good news, Paul.  
(turns to Denver)  
Isn't it?

DENVER

Yes, I suppose it is.

JEAN

Of course it is - we'll know. And  
all the people who had an inkling  
and looked the other way - 'cause  
there'll be some - will have  
nowhere to hide.

Paul is going to counter this, thinks better of it:

PAUL

As I said: me wanting this to  
happen with all my heart and it  
happening are two different things.  
(then)  
But, for official purposes, I do  
need your formal blessing?

JEAN

You have it. A thousandfold.

Paul turns to Denver. Who nods.

PAUL

Thank you.



Find Phil and Geraint with Christine. Coming in half-way:

CHRISTINE  
...you're going to dig him up?  
(then)  
Joe?

GERAINT  
Yes.

Christine - this has to be some kind of nightmare, right?

CHRISTINE  
And... what will you do with him  
then?

Phil and Geraint exchange a look - bloody good question.

PHIL  
(improvising)  
He'll be taken... his body will be  
taken to a mortuary ...where  
they'll extract his DNA.

However they frame it, it sounds bizarrely like they're  
resurrecting Kappen. They give Christine a moment.

GERAINT  
We have a favour to ask, Christine.

CHRISTINE  
(instantly alarmed)  
What...?

GERAINT  
Are you still in touch with Joe's  
family at all?

Christine gives a mirthless smile.

CHRISTINE  
I was never in touch with them.  
(then, catching herself)  
They weren't bad people but Joe  
never made much effort to introduce  
me, he liked keeping things  
separate...

Another insight into Kappen's controlling character.

PHIL  
We need their permission, that's  
all.

Christine figures for a beat, then:

CHRISTINE  
I might have Aldo's number  
somewhere.  
(off their frowns)  
Aldo Poiretti - Joe's half brother.

Christine disappears into the hall. She takes ages. It's awkward. Phil calls out to her.

PHIL  
Christine?

Christine comes back into the room.

CHRISTINE  
Here you are.

She's written Aldo's number on a piece of paper which Phil folds away. She just stands there. Radiating tension.

PHIL  
Everything OK, Christine?  
(then)  
I mean, apart from the obvious?

CHRISTINE  
(grapples, then)  
....you asking about his  
family...and saying he might've  
killed Sandra...

PHIL  
(coaxing)  
Yes...?

CHRISTINE  
The day after Sandra disappeared,  
Joe packed a bag and went to visit  
his cousins in Lincoln.

GERAINT  
That's a very... specific memory to  
recall after all these years?

Phil slides Geraint a look - easy.

CHRISTINE  
(a little defensive)  
He'd only been once before... when  
he was kid.

PHIL  
To Lincoln?

CHRISTINE

(nods)

..so him going to see them was...  
odd.

PHIL

(rescuing her)

...and now, with everything going  
on, it's made you think about that  
trip again? Anew, if you like?

Phil has expertly put Christine at her ease.

CHRISTINE

Yes. Yes, I suppose it has.

PHIL

How long was he away for,  
Christine?

CHRISTINE

About three weeks. He just came  
back on a Friday night - no  
explanation, nothing, and I knew  
better than to ask for one.

Christine hangs her head - a sense that she knows he's guilty  
- exhumation or no exhumation.

Phil and Geraint head out to their car.

PHIL

...that's why he's not in the case papers. After Sandra, he buggered off to Lincoln to avoid the knock.

GERAINT

Simple enough tactic but it worked.  
(then)  
There's no way she remembered his trip if-

PHIL

I know where you're going with this and I want you to stop.

Geraint blinks - woah.

GERAINT

Are you saying I'm wrong?

PHIL

I'm saying: look in that woman's eyes - the fear, the dread - and tell me she's not a victim, too.

With that Phil opens the car door and climbs in.

PHIL (CONT'D)

For all we know, the only thing Kappen's guilty of is being a vile human being.

Geraint - a frown at Phil voicing that caveat now.

GERAINT

Where's this coming from?

PHIL

Willoughby.  
(looks across)  
Never got his DNA, did we?

As Geraint gets the car going, Phil fishes out the scrap of paper with Aldo's phone number on it. He takes his mobile, dials:

ALDO (V.O ON PHONE)

This is Aldo, leave me a message.

PHIL

Hello Aldo, my name is Detective Constable Phil Rees...

Find Denver slowly pushing his trolley down the supermarket aisle, consulting a handwritten list from Jean. Reaching an intersection of aisles, something brings him up short.

Reveal: Sita doing her rushed weekly shop. Moving with the swift economy of a practised routine. Her energy makes Denver feel old, unworthy of interrupting her. He pushes on.

Jumpcut: Shopping done, Denver arrives at the line of tills. Looks left and right for the shortest queue. And there, two tills down like a fate he can't avoid, is Sita nimbly unloading her trolley.

She feels eyes on her. Looks up at Denver. An awkward moment then he pilots his trolley over to her.

DENVER

Hello.

SITA

Hello.

DENVER

You probably don't remember me-

SITA

(stemming him)

Of course I remember you, Denver.

She balances her brisk tone with a smile. Emboldened:

DENVER

Don't suppose... you wouldn't have time for a cup of tea, would you?

Sita - a flash of uncertainty, she really doesn't, but then reading the barely-concealed rejection in his eyes:

SITA

Sure.

Sita and Denver across from each other in a very basic cafe near the supermarket. Into the silence:

DENVER

I really just wanted to say... well  
done on all you've achieved.  
Becoming the Head, turning the  
school around...

Sita - visibly taken aback by this. He rushes on:

DENVER (CONT'D)

We've followed your progress over  
the years and... well... it's nice  
to see you doing so well and...  
making a difference.

Sita - this praise coming from him inspires a tempest of conflicted emotion. Plasters a tight smile over that and:

SITA

It's very much a team effort... but  
thank you, Denver.

DENVER

If one of us sees something in the  
paper we always read it out and  
...sounds daft, but we feel proud.

Sita - the generosity of that just floors her.

SITA

I'm very touched.  
(then)  
How is... it's Jean, isn't it?

DENVER

(nods)  
She's in good health, thank you.

SITA

I see her around sometimes. Doing  
her... campaign.

Denver studies her - does he detect disapproval? Plumps for a noncommittal:

DENVER

Yes.  
(then, a need to justify)  
It keeps her busy, y'know.

SITA

Sure.

Sita finishes her coffee, fixing to go.

DENVER

Sometimes...we've seen you in the town and... well, I thought perhaps you didn't want to speak to us.

Sita - caught in his gaze. She looks down, a flash of shame.

SITA

No. No, that wasn't it. Not at all.

(he waits for her; sudden tears stand in her eyes)

I just didn't know what to say... I thought... I worried that seeing me might remind you of Geraldine...

He gives a warm smile at that innocent misapprehension.

DENVER

We like being reminded of Geraldine.

SITA

Of course.

(then, out with it)

I think I told myself that walking on and pretending I hadn't seen you was... best for everyone. Easiest.

(drags her eyes up to his)

I think I was a bit of a coward, Denver.

He gives a small, demurring shake of the head. Moving on:

DENVER

Have the police been in touch?

(she nods cautiously)

What do you think?

SITA

I think - it'll be good to know.

DENVER

(nods, affectionate)

That's what Jean says.

A subtext there: Denver himself is not so sure.

New day. Angle through a car windscreen - on Thomas Willoughby emerging from his house with a bin bag. He's wearing yellow rubber gloves. He squashes the bin bag into the wheelie bin, planting both hands on top of the bag and pushing it down as hard as he can, really exerting himself.

Reveal: Phil watching Willoughby from his car. Phil jerks as his mobile rings loudly in his jacket. Phil fumbles for the phone as Willoughby disappears back inside his house.

PHIL (INTO PHONE)  
Detective Constable Phil Rees.



ALDO - in his cafe, busy, trying to talk to Phil whilst clearing tables.

ALDO (INTO PHONE)  
Aldo Poirretti - you left me a message.

PHIL (V.O.)  
Right... yes.  
(then)  
The first thing to say is you're not in trouble, no-one's been hurt, nothing like-

ALDO (INTO PHONE)  
What's this about?

Paul and Jackie Robert come down the corridor.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
...South Wales are basically saying  
it's not a police matter - not  
exclusively a police matter,  
anyway. I said: fine, what  
additional permissions d'you need?  
And they replied - I kid you not -  
they don't know.

PAUL  
Christ...

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Yeah. I said - is it like  
gravitas? You know it when you see  
it?  
(Paul chuckles at that)  
They pretty much said yes.

PAUL  
I'll hit the phones, carpet-bomb  
it.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Please. Anyone whose blessing we  
conceivably need, we get. In  
writing.

They've reached her office. Jackie goes to sit behind her  
desk, Jackie realizes he's lingering.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
What is it?

PAUL  
...something Geraint said.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
(impatient)  
OK?

PAUL  
If we're wrong, if the DNA doesn't  
match... we're not walking away  
from this.

Jackie stares at him in astonishment.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
And that was news to you?

Paul gives a sheepish nod.

PAUL

I get so focused in... I miss the wider context sometimes.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Well, let me offer you some. If we're wrong, South Wales Police aren't walking away from this.

Off Paul as that terrifying assessment lands.

Late afternoon. Gathering gloom already settling on the steelworks, the cemetery, as a droning RING TONE takes us -

- to Paul at his desk on the phone, door closed.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O)  
Coroner's office.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
I need to speak to Dr David  
Osbourne, please.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O)  
Can I say who's calling?

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Detective Inspector Paul Bethell.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O)  
One moment, please.

A weary Denver taking out the rubbish. Tarries to look across to the woods where Geraldine's short life ended...

In the fading light Paul is scribbling in his note pad as he listens...

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
I need an authority to undertake an  
Exhumation of human remains.

DAVID OSBOURNE (V.O)  
I see. The individual's interred  
in the Neath/Port Talbot district,  
I take it?

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
They are.

DAVID OSBOURNE (V.O)  
And - in a nutshell - what's the  
reason for this request?

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
In a nutshell? The individual is a  
suspected serial killer.

DAVID OSBOURNE (V.O)  
Goodness.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
I said it was unusual.  
(beat, off his silence)  
The purpose of the exhumation is to  
acquire a DNA sample.

DAVID OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
Right.  
(an unpromising silence)  
I don't mean to be obtuse,  
Inspector, but DNA is... well, it's  
a new playing field we're still  
very much getting to grips with.  
As such, I fear this falls outside  
my domain.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
You can't help me?

DAVID OSBOURNE (V.O.)  
I didn't say that. My advice is:  
contact the National Coroners  
Office in London - specifically the  
Chair, Professor Stella  
Chandler...

Off Paul as he hurriedly scrawls all this down.

Phil fixes his tie, climbs out of his car. Like a Western he sees a lone, still, twilight-silhouetted figure waiting down the street. Phil gets his game face on, approaches.

PHIL

Aldo?

ALDO nods and Phil extends his hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Phil Rees - I really appreciate this.

Aldo shakes his hand a little half-heartedly.

ALDO

No promises how it's gonna go.

PHIL

I understand.

(bolt of concern)

But your relatives... know why I'm here?

With a whole world of grim import:

ALDO

They do.



Go with Phil as he follows Aldo into the cafe. As he enters Phil sees twelve KAPPEN RELATIVES gathered inside, all staring at the door. Hanging back in doorway:

PHIL

Aldo... we said three or four?

ALDO

(shrugs, unapologetic)  
Angus called Margaret and she  
called David. Snowballed.

Phil breathes deep. Clears his throat, trying to ignore twelve pairs of suspicious eyes boring into him.

PHIL

My name's Detective Constable Phil  
Rees and the first thing I want to  
say is thank you all for coming.  
I've been a detective for almost  
thirty years and I've never  
attended a meeting remotely like  
this so I can only imagine how  
unsettling and upsetting this must  
be for you.

And off the Kappen relatives' stony silence cut to -

Track with Paul - on his mobile - as he crosses the lobby and walks out into the evening rain.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, Professor Chandler's  
left the office then she's away at  
a conference the rest of the  
week...

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
(shiiit!; then)  
Sorry, what's your name?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
(reluctant, then)  
Lisa.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Right. The thing is, Lisa, my  
situation, it's time-critical-

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
I don't doubt that, Inspector.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
...as in: the three victims have  
been waiting almost thirty years.  
Sandra, Pauline and Geraldine. All  
sixteen, all now dead longer than  
they were alive.

Silence for a long beat. Paul thinks he's blown it but -

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
(a grudging sigh, then)  
Give me your number - I'll see if  
she can call you on her way home.

Phil - in mid-flow as he addresses the Kappen family:

PHIL

...we have DNA samples from Joe's ex-wife, his son and his daughter. This has allowed us to approximate Joe's DNA and it's a close match to our killer's profile.

Aldo interrupts.

ALDO

Close but no cigar?

PHIL

Well... as it's only an approximation we wouldn't expect a full match.

ALDO

But 'approximate's' just a fancy word for 'guess', right?

Aldo looks around his relatives who nod in agreement.

PHIL

More like an educated guess.

ALDO

But even that's only a close match to your killer? It's not a match?

PHIL

We're going round in circles.

MARGARET puts her hand up.

MARGARET

I'm Margaret, Joe's half sister.

PHIL

Nice to meet you, Margaret.

MARGARET

If you don't know who the killer is... how've you got his DNA?

Phil makes a decision to deploy the unvarnished truth.

PHIL

From semen deposits he left at the scene.

(lets that go down, then)

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

That's how we were able to  
determine that one man killed all  
three girls.

MARGARET

Joe couldn't do a thing like that.  
Never.

(then, more measured)

He was a quiet soul. Not always  
easy to read but he wasn't mean, he  
wasn't cruel.

PHIL

I'm glad you said that, Margaret.  
Because this process is as much  
about proving Joe's innocence as  
his guilt.

ALDO

All of that assumes we can trust  
you.

(almost spits the word)

Your 'process'.

Phil - fleetingly silenced, this is very near the knuckle.  
Scans the room, a little desperately, meets Margaret's gaze.

PHIL

...are you a parent, Margaret?

Margaret nods, a little disarmed.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Imagine you were the mother of one  
of these girls. Imagine standing  
in their shoes. They've had to  
live with their loss for almost  
thirty years. They need answers.

(looks around the room)

And I think you all need answers,  
too.

Gradually all eyes fall deferentially on Margaret.

MARGARET

Joseph's buried in a family plot  
which includes my father.

PHIL

I'm aware of that.

Grapples for the words, then:

MARGARET

I want to be with my father when  
you take him from the grave.

Silence. Phil knows that permission has been granted.

PHIL  
You can be there from start to  
finish, Margaret.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

With a glance at Aldo, Phil gets up. The room is in complete  
silence as he exits.

Paul is hurrying up to his front door when his mobile rings.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Paul Bethell.

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
This is Stella Chandler.

Paul reacts - shit! - drops his keys, picks them up and opens the front door.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Thanks... thanks for calling back,  
Professor...

Paul stumbles into the hall - signals at Karina to grab him some pen and paper.

PAUL (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
OK to put you on speakerphone?

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
Whatever you need.

Paul moves into the sitting room sits down on the sofa, the phone on the coffee table. Karina still rifling furiously for pen and paper - it's almost comical.

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
OK. Due to the unique nature of this case, you need to submit a report outlining the circumstances, rationale and justification for this request.

Karina brings Paul pen and paper.

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER  
Permissions from the families of the victims and the suspect are desirable but not essential.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
(scribbling away)  
That's all in hand...

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
Good.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
This report... can you give me some steers?

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
Basically set down everything you  
can that helps meet the Home  
Office's 'In the Public Interest'  
threshold. Because that will  
supersede any and all objections  
and refusals.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Got it.

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
Meantime - in anticipation of your  
report - I'll table this for  
discussion at the appropriate  
level.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Right. Thank you, Professor.  
(then)  
D'you mind me asking what that  
level's likely to be?

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER (V.O.)  
The current Home Secretary's very  
hands-on. Keen to be consulted on  
all high-profile cases.  
(then)  
I'd be surprised if he didn't weigh  
in on this.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Right.  
(then)  
Better make this report count,  
then?

PROFESSOR STELLA CHANDLER  
You persuaded Lisa, I'm sure you  
can persuade Mr Blunkett. Have a  
good evening, Inspector.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
You too and thank you very-

But she's already hung up. Look between Paul and Karina.

KARINA  
No pressure.

A stoical smile about that, then, checking her watch:

KARINA (CONT'D)  
I expect a first draft by 9 pm -  
I'm going to go find a red pen.

Phil working late into the night at Magnum HQ. A touch furtive. We GLIMPSE the paperwork that's absorbing him: he's looking into Willoughby's employment records.



Paul slurping coffee as he scribbles away with a biro, puts a line through something, scribbles on... and stops, his eye catching something on the muted TV.

Reveal: David Blunkett in the Commons on the midnight *BBC News* - exuding his customary no-nonsense authority.

Paul - just staring at Blunkett a rattled moment, then down at his scribbled pages. Bloody hell. He reaches for the remote and switches the TV off.

Port Talbot comes awake in the dawn sunshine.

With Karina as she enters Kate's room where a knackered-looking Paul sits surrounded by scrawled sheets of A4.

KARINA

I said 9 pm not 9 am.

Paul just about musters a smile.

PAUL

Don't want to leave them in any doubt. No room for second thoughts.

Karina picks up a pile of handwritten sheets. Glimpse the heading CIRCUMSTANCES written atop the first page. Karina leafs through seven handwritten sheets. Frowns as she recalls the headings Professor Chandler gave Paul last night:

KARINA

What happened to Rationale and Justification?

PAUL

Haven't got to those yet.

KARINA

The Home Secretary's a busy man.

PAUL

(a sharp look, then)  
What're you saying...?

KARINA

Maybe less is more. Lean and mean.  
The facts speak for themselves,  
right?

Paul stares at her. His expression slides from affronted to grudging acceptance.

PAUL

Weren't you gonna find a red pen?

Establisher of Whitehall. The sedate-but-quietly-busy part  
the tourists don't trouble.

Through an open door we see DAVID BLUNKETT's GUIDE DOG resting in a corner. Conferring VOICES then Blunkett's PERMANENT UNDER SECRETARY comes into view, shuts the door behind him. Track with him into an outer office - five people sitting at desks.

PUS

Can you get me the Chief Constable  
of South Wales on the line?

And as we hear the RINGING PHONE we cut to...

The phone RINGS ON over images of the steelworks, the sea,  
the cemetery...

Track with Paul as he heads in down the corridor, answers his RINGING mobile.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Jackie?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (V.O.)  
The man from the Home Office says  
yes.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Christ. That's, that's... fuck.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
Yeah, that was pretty much my  
reaction. Got to run.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
OK. Thank you. Speak later.

Paul hangs up. Walks into the main office with palpable vigour and purpose. He finds Geraint and Phil.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
It's happening. We're exhuming.

GERAINT  
Fucking hell...

Phil stays conspicuously silent.

GERAINT (CONT'D)  
Well done, boss.

PAUL  
Team effort.

By now Phil's silence is impossible to ignore.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Right, Phil?

PHIL  
Right.

PAUL  
Two orders of busy. Practical and presentational. Geraint, we need the best forensic anthropologist money can buy - I have a shortlist but they won't all be available.

GERAINT  
OK. On it.

PAUL

Phil - I need you to arrange a  
press conference, soon as.

Phil blinks like he must've heard this wrong.

PHIL

Before we've got a DNA result?

PAUL

Yeah. Soon as.

PHIL

Isn't it better...

PAUL

...to wait 'till we get  
confirmation it is Kappen before we  
go public?

(Phil nods)

That was my instinct, too, but I  
did some research.

PHIL

(faintly sardonic)

OK?

PAUL

High profile exhumation in Dublin  
last year. Basically the SIO's  
message was: don't make the mistake  
we did.

PHIL

Which was?

PAUL

Keeping the whole process under  
wraps. No press release, nothing.

GERAINT

Backfired?

PAUL

(nods)

And they thought they were being  
clever. Started digging on the  
stroke of midnight but it was  
chaos. Uniforms chasing cameramen  
through the graveyard, reporters  
hiding behind gravestones and a  
chopper rented by the tabloids  
buzzing them all night.

PHIL

(laughs, then)

Better to have 'em in the tent  
pissing out.



PAUL  
They used that very phrase.

PHIL  
Won't we just be putting a massive  
target on our backs?

Paul is no mood to further make his case.

PAUL  
Full press conference, please,  
Phil. Kitchen sink and both taps.

PHIL  
Right you are.

Paul - snapping at Phil's slightly pass-agg tone.

PAUL  
And there was me thinking this was  
a good day.

Off poor Geraint - the kid caught between warring parents.

Paul - in his best suit, staring right at us with bullish resolve as an OMINOUS HUBBUB builds. Wider: Paul is sat alongside Jackie Roberts staring into a sea of inquisitive faces, most present holding microphones or dictaphones.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
...we'll take some questions now.

Paul looks grimly unsurprised as Phil Blunt gets to his feet.

PHIL BLUNT  
Phil Blunt, *South Wales Evening Post*. No doubt you agree that exhuming someone from their grave is a pretty drastic measure?

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
We certainly do.

PHIL BLUNT  
As you're going down this road - can I assume everyone you've visited has given a DNA sample and been eliminated?

Jackie subtly turns to Paul to field this one. Carefully:

PAUL  
There are still individuals who require further investigation. We are actively pursuing multiple lines of enquiry to that end.

PHIL BLUNT  
I understand there's a local man who's refused to provide a sample. Are you treating him as a suspect?

Paul - somehow Blunt knows about Willoughby!

PAUL BETHELL  
I can only repeat: we are still pursuing multiple lines of enquiry - I'm sure you understand why I can't say more.

Paul and Jackie look away from Blunt, keen to move on, but -

PHIL BLUNT  
Shouldn't you eliminate this man before you go any further? Specifically before you ruin the lives of an entire family by exhuming their loved one?

Paul's about to lose it and, sensing that, Jackie steps in:

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
You'll appreciate this decision has  
not been taken lightly. Beyond  
that, we do not intend to discuss  
details of a live investigation.  
Next question, please.

Paul catches Phil and Geraint's eyes at the back of the room.

Silence after the press conference. Paul, Phil and Geraint back in the office. Quiet but with barely-contained anger:

PAUL

How? How does he know about Willoughby?

GERAINT BALE

Calm down, boss.

PAUL

Who fucking told him?

*Whoa.* Temperature drop. Phil and Geraint blinking at him.

GERAINT

He's fishing, that's all.

PAUL BETHELL

Well he's definitely fucking caught something.

GERAINT

What're you saying? One of us shot our mouth off?

(with incredulous disdain)

To Phil Blunt?

PAUL

I'm saying I want an explanation.

GERAINT

Anyone could've tipped him off...

PAUL

Actually, they couldn't...

GERAINT

...even Willoughby himself.

PAUL

No way - paranoid loners don't do publicity.

GERAINT

What about getting us to park on the green? Half the street watching. That was pretty public!

Paul - a conceding sigh - Geraint has a point there.

PAUL

You're quiet, Phil.

Phil grapples a beat, then, simply:

PHIL  
Willoughby.  
(then)  
Why won't he give us a sample?  
What's he got to hide?

PAUL  
We've been over this.

PHIL  
And we still don't have an answer.

PAUL  
People refuse for all sorts of  
reasons - fear of the police, fear  
of what we'll do with their DNA...

PHIL  
(under him)  
Fear that they're guilty.

PAUL  
...or just 'cause they're awkward  
bastards which I'm certain is the  
case with Willoughby.  
(Phil looks unconvinced)  
You've let Blunt inside your head.

PHIL  
And you haven't? All but accusing  
us of leaking to the bastard?

PAUL  
(digs deep, then)  
OK. I was out of order.  
(Phil nods; then)  
Why don't you tell us what you  
think we should do, Phil?

Phil - a bit on the spot but here goes...

PHIL  
Way I see it, if it's not Kappen,  
it's Willoughby - has to be.

PAUL  
(impatient)  
OK...?

PHIL  
So we need a Plan B ready to go if  
Kappen's not a match - we need  
Willoughby's DNA.

PAUL  
Not gonna happen. We've got a To Do  
list a mile long to get through  
between now and exhumation and I  
don't want a whiff of split-focus,  
OK?

Phil - resentful at this dressing down in front of Geraint.

PHIL  
OK.

Paul nods - good - heads into his office and closes the door.  
We stay on Phil and Geraint. Into the silence:

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Split focus vs. tunnel vision,  
gimme split focus every time.

Phil turns to Geraint - does he agree? Geraint's gaze shifts  
from Phil to Paul's closed office door. He nods reluctantly:

GERAINT  
We've got to save him from himself.

Find Dai and Pat on their sofa watching Paul and Jackie Roberts giving the press conference on TV.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS (ON TV)  
...and whatever the results of the  
exhumation, rest assured we will be  
communicating them to the victim's  
families and the public as soon as  
possible. Thank you.

As the press conference ends, Pat picks up the remote, mutes the TV. Quietly, savagely:

PAT  
'Rest assured'. Who's she bloody  
kidding?

Dai turns in his seat, frowns at this aggression.

DAI WILLIAMS  
How d'you mean?

PAT  
What's it gonna achieve, digging  
this man up? Won't bring Sandra  
back, won't change anything.  
(shakes head contemptuous)  
Just drag it out for a few more  
years so they can look busy and the  
press can sell their papers...

As she talks, we see an awful tension building in Dai's face. Becoming unbearable. He stands abruptly and walks out.

Pat - bemused and faintly annoyed by his exit. Go with Pat as she follows him through to the kitchen. He's staring out into the back garden, face suffused with emotion. Softer:

PAT (CONT'D)  
What is it?

DAI WILLIAMS  
I need this, Pat. I need this.  
(she frowns - need what?)  
Everyone who gets in my cab...  
first thing I do is eyeball them in  
the mirror. I'm looking for a  
clue. A tell-tale sign they know  
who I am and have heard the  
stories. The rumours. About the  
cabbie from Neath who murdered his  
step-daughter.

PAT  
Who cares about rumours? The DNA  
proved you were innoc-

DAI WILLIAMS  
(over her)  
The DNA proved nothing.

PAT  
What d'you mean?

DAI WILLIAMS  
Nothing's changed. I can't carry  
that letter around for the rest of  
my life - "Look here, I didn't do  
it and so say South Wales  
Constabulary..."

She frowns, still not getting it.

DAI WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
I need to be free of this, Pat.  
And so do you.  
(she looks unpersuaded)  
You said it'll make everything drag  
on but the opposite's true. If we  
know, maybe we can draw a line  
under things...  
(she flinches)  
...and it's not about forgetting  
Sandra, or pretending it didn't  
happen, it's about making the most  
of the time we have left.

Pat - just staring at him.

PAT  
What you said about your  
customers... checking them in the  
mirror... is that true?

Dai can only nod. She hugs him, long and loving and  
chronically overdue.





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...

1973. Geraldine and Pauline look up as Sita comes back in. A beat as Sita and Geraldine just look at each other.

SITA

I'm sorry.

GERALDINE

Me too.

(then, moving on)

Barman's got his eye on you,  
Pauline.

PAULINE

No, he doesn't.

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

GERALDINE

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

PAULINE

Geraldine!

Sita is half laughing, half annoyed:

SITA

You trying to get us thrown out?

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

PAULINE

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

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

SITA

Oh, shit...

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

ROHAN

You. Out.

(she gets her bag, jeans)

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

Sita gets miserably to her feet.

GERALDINE

We're not drinking or anything...

ROHAN

I'm not talking to you!

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

What the hell are you wearing?

The whole pub is staring now as Sita is herded out by her father. Stay with Sita - Rohan half-dragging her away from the pub, looking back at her shocked friends through the window and then they slide out of view - forever.

Sita - parked on the drive, cheeks streaked with tears. Her eyes flick to the lighted sitting room window. Maya sits on the sofa on her phone. She looks vulnerable, unaware she's being watched.

Hold on Sita: more trapped in the tomb of the past than ever.

Moving angle - on a line of news crew trucks and vans, cameras being set up on tripods etc. All their attention trained on the activity beyond a police cordon lining the edge of the cemetery.

Reveal - Paul driving slowly down the road leading to the cemetery. Past the assembled media - the eyes of the world are watching. A couple of photographers rattle off photos as Paul slows at the gates, guarded by two uniforms.

The uniforms clock him, get the gates open. It takes forever. Paul DRUMMING his fingers on the dash. Finally he drives inside. Parks up in a small car park dominated by the hulking silhouette of a big MOBILE POLICE UNIT.

Paul climbs out, approaches the dark silhouette of the Chapel. He starts as the door CREAKS open and Phil steps out. Look between the old friends, just a sense they're still not quite on the same page.

PHIL  
Rain coming?

PAUL  
Nothing forecast far as I know.

PHIL  
Like you haven't checked.

PAUL  
(conceding smile)  
First-name terms with the Met  
Office, mate.

PHIL  
That'd be funny if it wasn't true.

Phil leads Paul inside. Margaret and Aldo sit on a pew in the otherwise empty chapel. Ominous.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Margaret, Aldo, this is the boss Mr  
Bethell.  
(to Paul)  
Margaret and Aldo - Joe's half  
brother and sister.

Paul shakes hands with Margaret and Aldo.

PAUL  
Nice to meet you both. I'm just so  
sorry about the circumstances.

Margaret bites down on a spike of anger, nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Your father will be reburied within  
36 hours, you have my word.

Paul turns away to speak to Phil but -

MARGARET  
Joe was so shy and gentle. A real  
deep-thinker, y'know?  
(Paul musters a nod)  
I keep saying to myself - 'I'm in a  
nightmare, I'm in a nightmare and  
in a moment someone will wake me'.  
(she stays Paul's arm)  
I knew Geraldine's mum a bit. She  
organised a trip to Downing Street  
to deliver her petition on the  
death penalty and I went with her.

Paul - the grim ironies and contortions of this case have no  
end. Paul nods his goodbye, huddles with Phil by the door.

PAUL  
Where's Geraint got to?

PHIL  
Do we need him?

PAUL  
Yeah. I want him here.

PHIL  
I'll send him over.

Paul nods - good - exits. Linger on Phil. Watching the  
backs of Margaret and Aldo. Phil's mobile BEEPS in receipt  
of a text. He takes it out, reads, tension rises in his face.

Paul exits the Chapel of Rest and we track with him as he weaves up through the gravestones towards the blazing FLOODLIGHTS. As he nears, he sees the huge blue and white tent that's been erected over the grave, hears the sound of SHOVELS slicing through soil.

Beat of trepidation, then Paul lifts the door of the tent, steps in.

Strange, cathedral-like space in here. Colin Dark and a woman we'll soon know as SYLVIA KAMBRAY look on as TWO GRAVEDIGGERS do their work lit by ghostly HALOGEN LAMPS.

COLIN DARK  
Hello, Paul.

PAUL  
(nods)  
Colin.

A sense of the momentous amplified by this low-key greeting.

COLIN DARK  
Thought I'd get here early. Quiet  
before the storm.  
(then, turns to woman)  
This is forensic anthropologist  
Sylvia Kambray.

PAUL  
DI Paul Bethell.

Kambray is perma-cheerful, 40.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
It's you we have to blame for all  
this, is it?

PAUL  
'Fraid so.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
(grins; points)  
Bit of a challenge here. Kappen's  
in the middle - above him  
stepfather Clement Poretti and  
below him, grandfather Herbert.  
The graves either side are close  
but not worryingly so.

Kambray points to a big plastic remedial coffin.



SYLVIA KAMBRAY (CONT'D)  
Gonna put Clement straight in there  
to avoid contamination.

PAUL  
(contamination!)  
From what...?

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
(nods)  
If Clement's coffin and body are...  
(carefully chooses her  
words)  
...ill-preserved, his remains could  
contaminate Kappen's coffin. Bang.  
Your DNA's fatally compromised.

Paul absorbs this as Kambray returns to the grave. To Paul:

COLIN DARK  
You making a night of it?

Paul nods. Colin Dark points to a camera on a tripod.

COLIN DARK (CONT'D)  
That'll be wired to your unit in  
the car park. Warmer in there.

PAUL  
What's this? Paul management?

COLIN DARK  
All part of the service.

Smile between them. Almost friends now. VOICES from outside,  
getting closer. Paul steps to the flap, lifts it. Across  
the graveyard an eerie spectacle - FOURTEEN FIGURES in white  
forensic suits making their way up the slope towards them.

COLIN DARK (CONT'D)  
They're not all Health and Safety?

PAUL  
Health & Safety and Environmental  
Health if you please.  
(off Colin's look)  
You know me, belt and braces.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
Gentlemen.

Paul and Colin look down. One of the gravediggers is  
crouched down in the pit. Wiping a film of dirt off a coffin  
lid revealing a plaque bearing the name: CLEMENT PORETTI.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY (CONT'D)

The task is to excavate down the  
sides without damaging the coffin,  
then slip the lifting straps  
underneath.

Off Paul - the moment is almost upon them.

Phil - still sitting with Margaret and Aldo. Deliberating.  
Face riven with tension. Reaching a decision, he stands:

PHIL  
I'll just be a moment.

Neither Margaret nor Aldo turn as he slips out. Go with Phil  
out into the chilly night air. He fishes for his mobile...

Geraint answers his phone as he hurries out.

GERAINT (INTO PHONE)  
I'm coming, I'm coming...

INTERCUT:

PHIL (INTO PHONE)  
... I've done a bit of digging and  
I need you to make a pitstop.

GERAINT (V.O.)  
(wary)  
What?

PHIL (INTO PHONE)  
Willoughby's last job was caretaker  
at the golf course. Left under a  
cloud and they're still waiting for  
him to empty his locker.

GERAINT (V.O.)  
(seeing it)  
DNA...?

PHIL (INTO PHONE)  
DNA. Got it up our sleeve if it's  
not Kappen and the best bit is we  
don't need a warrant.

With Geraint as he piles into his car, flustered.

GERAINT (INTO PHONE)  
What about Paul?

PHIL (V.O.)  
I'll worry about Paul. They're  
waiting for you, OK?

GERAINT (INTO PHONE)  
(uneasy)  
OK.

Geraint hangs up, slings his phone on the passenger seat.  
Throws the car in gear and drives off at speed.

Colin Dark and Kambray supervise the final preparations before they and their team haul Clement's coffin from the ground.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
Think we're ready for lift-off.

The mobile police unit in the car park, a uniform heading in.



Paul - watching unfolding events on a MONITOR in the mobile unit. Jackie Roberts and several uniforms also present.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS  
If he is our man... we're showing  
him a damn sight more respect than  
he showed his victims.

PAUL  
Yeah.

On the monitor they hear Sylvia Kambray addressing her team:

SYLVIA KAMBRAY (ON MONITOR)  
OK, folks, important we get him in  
the remedial coffin quickly and  
cleanly. Breakage and gravity are  
our enemies. On three.

Right then the camera pans to the ground - Paul goes nuts!

PAUL  
Stop filming your fucking feet!

SYLVIA KAMBRAY (ON MONITOR)  
One, two, three...

Paul squints as Clement Poretti's coffin is quickly hoisted from the ground and lifted into the plastic remedial coffin.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY (CONT'D)  
OK. Stop. STOP.

PAUL  
What is it? What's happened?

Colin Dark looks into the camera, addressing Paul directly:

COLIN DARK (ON MONITOR)  
The compacted soil under the coffin  
- it's producing a suction effect.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
Let's try again. Slowly.

The cameraman obligingly points the camera into the pit. Paul sees the coffin being hoisted out of the ground with lifting straps and placed into the remedial coffin.

And there - under a thin dusting of earth - the shape of another coffin lid.

PAUL  
Kappen...?

Sylvia Kambray clears away the dirt to reveal the nameplate.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY

Yes.

(figures, then)

We need to proceed with extreme caution. I want to shore up the sides with planks. This will take hours not minutes should anyone wish to go home and grab some kip.

Jackie turns to Paul.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

That's an offer I can't refuse.

PAUL

I'll update you first thing.

Jackie nods her goodbye, turns in the doorway.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

Paul?

(he looks round)

None of this'd be happening if you weren't such a stubborn bastard.

PAUL

Thanks. I'd prefer 'single-minded' but I'll take it.

DET.SUPER.JACKIE ROBERTS

(easy smile)

Single-minded's not a compliment in my book.

Jackie exits, Paul watching her go. Weighing her last remark a beat before taking out his mobile.

Geraint pulls up in the deserted and isolated golf club car park. His mobile rings. Caller: PAUL BETHELL. As the phone rings off we see he's had six missed calls from Paul. Rain glistening on tarmac. It all looks shut up. Geraint climbs out, crosses to the clubhouse. Spies a figure behind the bar. Geraint BANGS on the glass.

RHYS WEBBER (V.O.)  
Alright, alright.

Geraint waits. The man weaves over and unlocks the door.

GERAINT  
DC Geraint Bale.

RHYS WEBBER  
Your colleague said you'd be here  
hours ago.

RHYS WEBBER, 55, carefully examines Geraint's warrant card.

GERAINT  
Can I come in please Mr...?

RHYS WEBBER  
Webber. Rhys Webber.

Geraint follows Webber through to the bar. Geraint peers around - it's like stepping back to the 70's. B&W framed pics of golfers with sideburns on the clubhouse veranda.

RHYS WEBBER

It was your big night tonight? Up at the cemetery?

GERAINT

That's right.

RHYS WEBBER

Waste of taxpayers' money if you ask me. Man's dead.

Webber moves behind the bar. A tension about him. He starts to slowly polish glasses.

RHYS WEBBER (CONT'D)

Drink?

GERAINT

A glass of water if that's OK.

Webber sniffs at that request but pours him his water.

GERAINT (CONT'D)

So what was Willoughby like?

RHYS WEBBER

Just wasn't suited to a place like this. The kind of clientele we attract.

(dismayed smile)

Sure, he's just the caretaker, but once in a while you'll interface with the members, right? Maybe they want directions, maybe the wheel on their club bag's squeaking.

Geraint can't help smiling as he imagines those scenarios.

RHYS WEBBER (CONT'D)

Something funny?

GERAINT

Having met Mr Willoughby I can imagine customer relations weren't his strong suit.

RHYS WEBBER

(shakes head grimly)

That's an understatement.

GERAINT  
(downing his water)  
Let's see his locker, then.

Phil - as headlights wash over him. A private ambulance - essentially a blacked-out people carrier - sweeps into the car park. Two men in undertaker garb spring out, unpack a trolley and slide the big plastic coffin out on to it.

UNDERTAKER

Inside?

PHIL

(this is so weird)

...let me tell 'em first.

Go with Phil back into the chapel, Margaret and Aldo turning to him expectantly.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Your father's here.

Margaret and Aldo stand. Phil turns to the undertakers, nods. Phil stands aside as the undertakers roll the trolley and coffin in, wheels SQUEAKING on the stones.

Off Phil - watching the stricken siblings with compassion.

Geraint and Webber come down a long spooky corridor lit by frail emergency lighting. Exposed pipes snake overhead. A grim, dusty corner of the club the members don't see.

RHYS WEBBER  
If your man Collins is guilty...

GERAINT  
Kappen.

RHYS WEBBER  
...think he did those rapes as well?

Geraint - a flicker of a reaction, then calm and easy:

GERAINT  
Can't comment on that, Mr Webber.

RHYS WEBBER  
My boss was hauled in after Sandra Newton.  
(Geraint looks across)  
Had a bit of a reputation.

Geraint stops. Studies Webber.

GERAINT  
Your boss... here?

RHYS WEBBER  
(nods)  
Randy Richards we called him.  
Inveterate bum-pincher.  
(Geraint's still staring)  
He didn't do it!

They walk on, FOOTSTEPS echoing in the silent building.

GERAINT  
You've worked here a long time.

RHYS WEBBER  
First job I ever had. Assistant caddy, worked my way up.

Webber pushes through a door marked CARETAKER into a small, dank room. Nods to a locker in the corner. Fishes out an evidence bag from his coat pocket. Dismissing Webber:

GERAINT  
Thank you, I'll stop by on my way out.

Webber holds his gaze as Geraint pulls on gloves.

RHYS WEBBER  
You never told me your interest in  
Willoughby?

GERAINT  
No, I didn't.

RHYS WEBBER  
Never showed me a warrant either.

GERAINT  
Don't need a warrant - you've  
invited me in.

They lock eyes for a beat longer, Webber's face hangs pale and disembodied under the glare of the striplight. Webber gives a face-saving shake of the head and exits.

Geraint listens to his receding footsteps, lets out a breath. He turns to the locker, opens it. Almost empty - a t-shirt, an old paper, a library book. And then he sees it. A comb. He picks it up, holds it to the light - a few of Willoughby's frizzy white hairs caught in the teeth of the comb. Bingo.



Paul - rheumy gaze still fixed on the monitor where the painstaking excavation continues. He rubs his eyes, yawns, rolls his shoulders. The door opens and Geraint enters.

GERAINT

Alright, boss.

Paul glances at his watch, is about to ask Geraint where the hell he's been? But then a loud CLUNKING on the audio feed from the tent draws his attention back to the screen.

Off Geraint - his relief at Paul's timely distraction.

Jean stands at the living room window, curtains drawn. Staring out into the night as if she could see something we can't.

JEAN

They must've got him up by now.

Denver's sat in his chair. The room in silence. In exhausted solidarity:

DENVER

Must have.

He stares at the wall as Jean stares into the darkness.

Christine sitting rigidly on the sofa - not doing anything - just sitting there, staring dead ahead. PAN AWAY into the shadows -

...and out of the darkness to find Phil watching Margaret and Aldo's vigil over their father. Aldo takes out a handkerchief and wipes away a tear.

Karina walks past the REPORTERS. Stops as a CAMERAMAN rudely crosses her path, distracted by the lens he's changing.

Karina sees Paul standing with a uniform, waiting for her.

Paul and Karina in Paul's car.

Beat. Karina hands him a sandwich, pours him a coffee from a flask, passes it to him. Paul smiles his appreciation, takes a slurp, reacts.

PAUL

Just coffee in here, right?

Karina pulls a mock-shocked face.

KARINA

Of course, Inspector.

Paul returns her smile, takes another sip. Their eyes meet:

PAUL

Thanks, Karina.

(then, qualifying)

For everything... not just this.

He gestures to the coffee and the sandwich.

KARINA

That's what I thought you meant.

Paul chuckles. Fixes her with a look of complete adoration and appreciation - and Karina gives a tiny nod of acknowledgement for that. Finally, into the silence:

KARINA (CONT'D)

Kate called. She said she might-

(catches herself as two

UNIFORMS walk past)

Sorry, it can wait.

PAUL

No, what...?

(slides Karina a look)

What did she say?

KARINA

She said she's seeing someone from work and she might bring him over on Sunday.

PAUL

Right.

(that feels insufficient)

Great.

An old tension between them suddenly.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I know you always thought you came  
second, 'least I know I made you  
feel that-

KARINA  
Paul.  
(he looks at her, responds  
to her firmness)  
It's fine.

She means it, too. They hold each other's gaze.

PAUL  
So does he have a name? This  
someone from work?

KARINA  
Brian.

PAUL  
(chuckles)  
Brian?! Who calls their kid Brian  
these days...?

And we cut outside the car as we leave them laugh about that,  
muffled through the rain-streaked windows.

Dai - parked up under a narrow railway bridge. Taxi light on. He's pulled in to listen to a local radio bulletin about the exhumation. A train passes overhead.

A MAN RAPS on the window. He doesn't start. It's like he doesn't even hear it.

                                  MAN  
          You free, mate?  
                  (RAPS louder)  
          Hello?

Dai turns the light out. Stares out. The man curses him, his FOOTSTEPS fading in the night. Hold on Dai in darkness.



Paul emerges from the mobile police unit. Impatient now. Still dark but we discern a little more of the graveyard and its steep grassy slope. Paul glances over at the assembled media like some patient, waiting army, then winds his way up through the stones to the tent where Colin Dark is finishing a call on his mobile. Look between them, then:

COLIN DARK  
Still prepping the coffin.

Paul checks his watch.

COLIN DARK (CONT'D)  
We only get one shot at this.

PAUL  
I'm not rushing you, Colin, believe me.

COLIN DARK  
Why don't you pop home? Grab a couple of hours?

PAUL BETHELL  
(instantly shakes head)  
Can't sleep. Can't relax. Not till this is done.

A beat. They stand there in the darkened cemetery.

COLIN DARK  
Any future plans?

PAUL BETHELL  
...about what?

COLIN DARK  
This case.

Paul frowns a little irritably:

PAUL BETHELL  
Not with you, Colin.

COLIN DARK  
What if it's not him?

Paul's blood turns cold. Stares at Colin, aghast:

PAUL BETHELL  
You as good as told me it is him.

COLIN DARK  
(wry smile)  
Well, you never know...

PAUL BETHELL  
I'm definitely not going home now.

Right then Sylvia Kambray emerges from the tent.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
I think we're ready.

Paul and Colin follow Adams into the tent. Paul looks down into the pit. A brass name plate on a coffin. Just make out some of the engraving: Joseph William KAPPEN.

PAUL BETHELL  
That's him.

A sudden crash of THUNDER and the heavens open. Rain coming down on the tent like nails. An incessant, furious DRUMBEAT.

Beat. No-one moves. The timing of this sudden storm is uncanny. Chilling. Even the ever-cheerful Adams is silenced.

Paul's eyes fix on the coffin - the nameplate: KAPPEN. And he senses something evil emanating from within. A CLAP of thunder makes everyone start. Paul and Colin exchange looks:

COLIN DARK  
Didn't arrange that as well, did you?

PAUL BETHELL  
Not me, Colin...  
(lifts eyes to the canopy)  
...but maybe someone did.

CATHERINE ADAMS  
On three.

All eyes on Kambray. Her team ready themselves.

SYLVIA KAMBRAY  
One, two, three.

Paul can barely look as Kappen's coffin is hoisted from the earth. Some loose wood falls from its base into the soil.

PAUL  
It's falling apart!

But in seconds Kambray and co have placed the coffin in another out-sized, plastic coffin and secured the lid.

Paul - now part of a shoal of figures around the coffin - as they move through the rain-lashed cemetery. The rain pelts his face, runs down his shirt. He doesn't care.

Reveal - the waiting blacked-out people carrier, engine idling like a getaway car.

Sita - watching from the hillside with Seb, part of a rapidly dwindling crowd. Seb giving her a little space. Below we see the huge tent over the Kappen grave tremble in the breeze blowing down Goytre Cemetery.

Sita glances at Seb then they walk to their car, climb in. Seb's about to start the engine, looks across deferentially:

SEB

Home?

Sita just stares at the dashboard. On and on.

SEB (CONT'D)

Sita?

Sita turns. Looks at him. A haunted, desperate look.



Paul - his eyes, their almost preternatural focus. He nods.

Wider. Kappen's coffin stands on a steel table. Adams and Colin Dark go to work prising off the lid.

Paul steps forward. Looks down. We do not see what he sees, but more tight glimpses of Kappen - of his suit, of his shoes bushy brown hair, long fingernails etc.

Paul takes in his blue suit, a set of darts protruding from his top pocket.

COLIN DARK

Suit's lasted pretty well. That  
M&S quality.

This isn't facetious, it's a necessary pressure release. Even Paul cracks a brief smile. Paul moves to the feet of the corpse, peers at the soles of his shoes.

PAUL

Size 9.

Paul and Colin exchange a meaningful gaze. Adams is, understandably, frowning. Explaining:

PAUL (CONT'D)

We found a size 9 shoeprint on  
Pauline's handbag.

Another damning detail. Beat.

COLIN DARK

We'll set about the DNA extraction.

PAUL

(breathes deep, then)  
You know what I'm going to ask?

COLIN DARK

A week. Maybe less.

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**EXT. THE SHIP (2002) - DAY**

61

Sita and Seb walk across the sand dunes to The Ship.

Sita - in close-up. PUB HUBBUB in the background. Wider. Seb watches her from across the table. Finally:

SITA  
...we sat over there.

She glances over at the corner table where a youngish family are eating their gastro pub lunch. The oldest child is a 15-year-old girl, semi-involved with the family conversation but checking her mobile, eyes lighting up as she gets a text. Sita watches the girl a thoughtful beat, then:

SITA (CONT'D)  
Friendships are so intense at that age... we were still so young and innocent. Never had more than a shandy or a Babycham, couldn't afford it apart from anything...  
(then)  
But we loved the clubbing, the flirting, the attention on the dance floor...

Seb tentatively returns her nostalgic smile.

SITA (CONT'D)  
'Course I get now why dad was worried.  
(grapples for a thought)  
To be safe and to be free...

SEB  
He thought you couldn't have it both ways?

SITA  
(nods)  
And I railed against that with every bone in my body. Still do. I try to empower the girls at school, try to empower Maya, I tell them not to be scared, to enjoy their freedom, to fucking relish it but at the same time I know better than anyone it's not that simple...

She trails off, suddenly overcome, but her subtext is clear: the world is an unforgivingly dangerous place. They sip their drinks for a beat and as Sita's gaze's travels to the door leading to the rear of the pub, we slip inside her memories...

SITA (CONT'D)  
I wanted that dress for weeks...



1973. Sita wearing the TURQUOISE DRESS Pauline's just given her. Geraldine and Pauline looking on.

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 staff discount even though I just started.

Sita reaches for her jeans, digs in the pockets, just a bit of shrapnel.

SITA

Sorry... is next weekend OK? Had to pay my brother back...

\*

Pauline - not really - but she smiles gamely as ever.

PAULINE

Sure.

GERALDINE

C'mon, Sita, she's out of pocket now.

SITA

I said I'll pay her next weekend!

PAULINE

It's fine...

GERALDINE

(to Sita)

Just ask your Dad - he's loaded.

SITA

He's not loaded.

GERALDINE

My Mum says he is - he's management.

SITA  
I get my wage, same as you, OK?  
Nothing on top.

GERALDINE  
Just seems wrong. You bang on  
about that dress for days...

PAULINE  
Geraldine, please...

GERALDINE  
...she gets it for you half-price  
and you don't cough up.

SITA  
Fuck off, Geraldine. Just fuck off.

Sita turns to a mortified, visibly upset Pauline.

SITA (CONT'D)  
Pay you Monday, alright?

Pauline can only nod. Sita grabs her jeans and marches out.  
Hold on Geraldine and Pauline - *shit* - what just happened?

1973. Sita outside the pub, upset, smoking furiously. Feels ridiculous in the dress, clutching her jeans. She casts a look inside, sees Geraldine talking to Pauline at the table they were sat at before. No doubt discussing her.

Sita - a moment of decision and she flicks her fag into the gutter and heads back into the pub as we PAN TO - a passing car as it slows and we see Rohan at the wheel.

Sita - weaving through the tables back to Geraldine and Pauline, who now look up at her. A beat of tension, then -

SITA

I'm sorry.

GERALDINE

Me too.

(then, moving on)

Barman's got his eye on you,  
Pauline.

And off Geraldine's big, warm, infectious smile cut back to

Seb and Sita are outside the Ship now, leaving.

SEB  
(i.e. with Geraldine)  
You went back in. You made up with  
her.

SITA  
(fluttering, overwhelmed)  
But if we hadn't rowed I wouldn't  
have been outside and Dad  
wouldn't've seen me and there  
would've been three of us, Seb,  
there would've been three of us...

SEB  
Stop. Just stop, OK?

Sita - caught in his steady, adoring gaze.

SEB (CONT'D)  
I'm not even gonna say it wasn't  
your fault - not even gonna say it.  
It's nuts, OK?  
(she nods tentatively)  
Say it.

SITA  
Seb...

SEB  
It's nuts. I want you to say it.

Sita - Seb's love and wisdom bolstering her right when she  
needs it. And finally she nods, accepting the truth of his  
advice. A whisper, a half-stifled smile:

SITA  
It's nuts.  
(they hug for a long,  
heartfelt beat, then  
looking him in the eye)  
Let's go home.

And as they clear frame we linger on the empty street and  
FADE DOWN.

CAPTION: ONE WEEK LATER.

Fag end of the day. Paul coming in from the street, he looks tired and testy. Entering the main office, he finds Phil and Geraint conferring by a standard box file marked **EXHUMATION DOCS KAPPEN**. Paul looks at them expectantly and they shake their heads - no news.

PAUL

Can I have a word, Phil.

Not a question. Paul steams on into his office. Phil and Geraint exchange a look - what's up with the boss? - and we go with Phil into Paul's office.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Shut the door.

Phil does so. Stays on his feet as Paul sits behind his desk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I hear Geraint was up at the golf club, bagging Willoughby's stuff. Reason I'm asking you and not him is I'm guessing you sent him. 'Course if I'm wrong about that-

PHIL

(stemming him)

Yes, I sent him.

PAUL

On the night of the exhumation?

(Phil nods; savagely)

Well, least now I know why I couldn't get hold of him all night.

PHIL

If you want an apology, you're wasting your breath.

Paul blinks at him - he was expecting an apology.

PAUL

Is that right?

PHIL

How many 1100s did we look at back in the day? North of ten thousand...

PAUL

It's not that you disobeyed an order and went behind my back...

PHIL  
(overlapping)  
...ten thousand cars - tunnel  
vision sunk us...

PAUL  
(overlapping)  
...but you chose that night to do  
it...

PHIL  
(overlapping)  
...tell me that wasn't lost on  
you...

PAUL  
(overlapping)  
...and then you fucking roped  
Geraint into it.

Paul's landline starts RINGING but he doesn't pick up.

PHIL  
The 1100 wasn't a lead it was a ten  
ton ball-and-chain but by the time  
we twigged it was too late. Morale  
was gone, the money was gone and  
there was no Plan B. Willoughby's  
our Plan B and we need one, Paul,  
we really bloody need one.

Paul stares at him. Sees how much Phil has been fretting  
about this. His landline falls silent.

PAUL  
Finished?

PHIL  
No. You're not an easy man to like  
- nevermind work for - but give me  
bloody points for trying. You call  
it going behind your back, I call  
it having your back but if you  
can't see that, well, we'll just  
have to agree to disagree.

KNOCK at the door then Geraint comes in.

GERAINT  
Colin Dark's on hold for you.

Colin Dark. He could be calling for any number of reasons  
but all three immediately know why. Paul picks up the  
flashing landline, hits speakerphone.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Colin, you're on speakerphone.

COLIN DARK (V.O.)  
OK. The DNA profile taken from  
Joseph Kappen's corpse is a 100%  
match to the Crime Scene Samples  
taken from your victims.  
(then)  
Joe Kappen is - was - your killer.

Time stands still. Paul - Phil - Geraint - just absorbing  
this news and suddenly their dispute of a minute ago means  
less than nothing.

COLIN DARK (V.O.)  
Someone say something for God's  
sake.

The three detectives are all grinning now - beyond elated -  
and all Paul can muster is:

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
Thank you.  
(then)  
Thank you for all your brilliant  
work, Colin.

COLIN DARK (V.O.)  
Sincere congratulations to you and  
the team. Speak later, no doubt.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)  
No doubt.

Colin hangs up. Paul flashes Phil a look.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Saved by the bell, eh?

PHIL  
You or me?

Paul takes that on the chin. Grinning from ear to ear.



Next morning. The sun is shining. Paul and Phil climb out of their car and approach Jean and Denver's front door. Before they get there, a sound draws Paul's eye to a flowerbed where Denver is turning the soil with a spade. Paul and Denver just look at each other a beat, then Paul offers a smile and Denver wipes his brow with the back of his hand.

Paul and Phil sit with Jean and Denver in the living room.

PAUL

We have some good news and of course we wanted you to hear it before it's announced publicly.

(Jean and Denver just stare at him)

The DNA confirms that Joseph Kappen did kill Geraldine, Pauline, and Sandra. There is absolutely no doubt.

(then)

I hope this news can bring you... I won't say closure... but some form of peace of mind.

Paul watches them, expects them to be heartened by this news.

Jean drops her head and says nothing. Beat. Then Denver grabs Paul's right wrist and clenches his hand. Denver begins to sob, calling out:

DENVER

Geraldine, Geraldine, Geraldine...

Paul - speechless - trying to slowly pull away but he can't release Denver's grip on him. Phil leans across and gently holds Denver's arm:

PHIL

It's ok, Denver. Geraldine's at rest now.

Jean begins to sob. Paul still can't take his eyes off Denver - almost intimidated by the man's emotional outpouring - how did he misjudge the couple's reaction so badly?

Hold on this unflinching portrait of grief.

Paul and Phil walk back to their car. Paul looks shellshocked, like he's aged 20 years in 20 minutes. They climb in, sit there a beat. Softly, into the silence, really giving himself a kicking:

PAUL

Christ...

(Phil looks dead ahead)

Woke up this morning and it was so clear in my head. I'd tell 'em about the match and they'd be pleased. Grateful all our efforts had come to fruition. Denver would shake my hand. I might even get a hug from Jean. They'd be relieved it was all over...

He trails off. Just devastated. Phil clears his throat, then, simply:

PHIL

You did your best. You did your best and no one can ask for more.

Paul looks across, gives a tiny nod, grateful for these crumbs of comfort and to the man who's offering them.

Paul, Phil, Geraint have started the gargantuan task of packing up Magnum HQ. Phil peers out of the window briefly.

PHIL

Wonder if anyone will sort 'em out  
after we've gone?

PAUL

What?

PHIL

The weeds in the car park...

GERAINT

What a weird thing to worry  
about...

PAUL

That is pretty weird, Phil...

GERAINT

I spent the last three months in a  
car with him. Should get a  
commendation just for that...

Laughter. Geraint exits lugging two bin bags.

Paul and Phil work on in companionable silence a beat. Then Geraint reappears, his smile gone -

GERAINT (CONT'D)

Someone to see you, boss.

Geraint ushers in Dai Williams. Paul crosses to him. The two men appraise each other a beat. Dai looks past him - clocks the piled boxfiles, the palpable hugeness of this case - then meets Paul's gaze.

DAI WILLIAMS

You were just doing your job. I  
can see that now.

Paul nods, appreciating how much it took for Dai to say that.

PAUL

I'm sure I could've done it better,  
but thank you.

Paul holds out his hand. Beat. Then Dai shakes it firmly.

71

OMITTED

71

Glorious afternoon. Paul driving home through the sunshine.  
Hold on his tired, worn face.

Paul climbs out of his car. Beat of faint trepidation as he takes in the wood where Geraldine and Pauline died.

Go with Paul into the trees. Right into the heart of the wood.

Where it happened.

Close on Paul - a final, cathartic moment of peace. So much of his life flows to and from this place.

And then he's done what he came for.

He clears frame leaving us alone in the empty, silent wood.

Hold. A breeze ripples through the trees and we

SNAP TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**