



**SILENT WITNESS 27**  
**BLOCK 1**  
**EPISODE 1**

**EFFECTIVE RANGE**

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**Yellow Revisions**

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1 **INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK** 1  
**2004 - DAY 0 - 13:00**

A MAN facing camera. CALVIN DUNN, 35, engaging, open.

A CIGARETTE PACK on the table.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE is unseen opposite him.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Interview with Calvin Dunn of 64  
Elderwood Close, Ealing. Mr Dunn is  
here voluntarily, he is free to  
leave the interview at any time.

The DETECTIVE'S HAND holds up a newspaper. 11th February,  
2004. The HEADLINE: 'FOURTH FOUND STRANGLED!'

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

The date for the recording is  
February 11th, 2004.

CALVIN DUNN

You're actually filming this?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Home Office pilot scheme. Filming  
and recording, belt and braces. You  
don't mind?

CALVIN DUNN

I don't mind.

(eyes the cigarettes)

Do you mind?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Don't tell my S.I.O.

FORD'S HAND offers him a cigarette. A distinctive RING on  
FORD'S FINGER, bright red nails.

The shoulder of another POLICE OFFICER alongside her.

DUNN leans across, his FACE lit up by the LIGHTER FLAME.

CALVIN DUNN

Now we're all comfortable, how can  
I help?

Intercut DUNN'S interview with:

2 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1 - 06:20** 2

MOVING VIDEO through woods, pre-dawn. A FIGURE ahead, TORCH-LIGHT between the trees.

This is POLICE BODY CAM FOOTAGE, the date stamp: 22.1.2024.

CRACKLE of POLICE RADIO. The FIGURE ahead is another COP, P.C. SPENCER. He STARTS, as BIRDS fly up from the trees.

3 **INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK** 3  
**2004 - DAY 0 - 13:05**

CALVIN smoking in the interview room.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

We were discussing your whereabouts on the night of Tuesday, January 22nd, 2004, Mr Dunn...

CALVIN DUNN

Tuesday, Lynn has book group. So my night to stay home.

(smiles)

You're not technically allowed to call it babysitting if they're yours, are you?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

How many kids have you got, Mr Dunn?

CALVIN DUNN

Calvin, please. Lee's eight and Mia's four. My little Sweet Pea.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Can anyone confirm that you were at home that night?

CALVIN DUNN

Ask Lee if you want, he'll tell you. Talk your legs off, that lad.

CALVIN takes a drag on the cigarette.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Do you know St. Margaret's Church on Pond Lane, Mr Dunn? It's barely a mile from your house.

CALVIN DUNN

St. Mag's? By High End Woods?

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1 - 06:25**

4

The POLICE BODY CAM. The two POLICE OFFICERS moving through the woods. P.C. PATEL on her radio.

P.C. PATEL

So, just screams, Control? Did the caller happen to say exactly where in the woods they heard these screams?

On the BODY CAM we see SOMETHING hanging from a tree. But PATEL hasn't spotted it, and is moving on.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
No specifics, 1021. Apparently you and Probationer 1322 are to 'investigate and report back'.

P.C. PATEL  
Report what? Some Karen heard kids pissing around in the woods, wanted to spoil their fun...

P.C. SPENCER (O.S.)  
What the hell is that?

BODY CAM swings round.

P.C. PATEL  
Shit!

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Do you need assistance?

P.C. PATEL  
Are you seeing this, Control?

But all we can see are the woods.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Seeing what, 1021?

BODY CAM moving in and in on...

... a DEAD BIRD hanging by its feet on wire from a tree. Then another BIRD (see Editorial Policy notes).

5

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK

5

The CALVIN DUNN interview.

CALVIN DUNN  
Is it a sex thing, you think? He's killing boys as well as girls, right?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
We're keeping an open mind as to any motive behind the killings.  
We're interviewing anyone who was in the vicinity of St. Margaret's and asking for voluntary DNA.

CALVIN DUNN  
But he leaves them in a church?  
(off her silence)  
Do you go to church?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
(ignoring his question)  
We found dead birds hanging from  
the trees outside St. Margaret's.  
(he SMILES)  
Is that funny?

CALVIN DUNN  
It is to me, love.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
Detective Constable actually. D.C.  
Ford. What's funny about it?

CALVIN DUNN  
Well, some mad bastard's killed  
four people and you're worried  
about a few birds?  
(drags on cigarette)  
Whole world's gone mad. They're  
cutting off heads in Iraq, you see  
that, D.C. Ford? They're cutting  
them off, sticking them on spikes.  
(looks at her)  
Kind of quaint to be worried about  
the little birdies, isn't it?

6 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 1 - 06:30

6

POLICE BODY CAM: a light through the winter trees.

Shape of an abandoned CHURCH. Flickering light from inside.  
The peeling ancient sign: ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.

OFFICER PATEL takes out her TASER.

Tentatively, SPENCER pushes open the door.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
So you're not a churchgoer, Mr  
Dunn?

7 INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK  
2004 - DAY 0 - 13:11 7

CALVIN DUNN being interviewed.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
It's just your car was noted by the  
verger at St. Margaret's on four  
occasions this last month.

CALVIN DUNN  
(laughs)  
I saw that bald git giving me the  
evils.  
(MORE)

CALVIN DUNN (CONT'D)

I park there when I'm going to Blockbuster for the kids, the Parade's no stopping now. The church parking's always empty.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

So you didn't go into the church?

CALVIN DUNN

I did once. I was feeling a bit low. I was looking for God, I suppose.

(looks at her)

But God wasn't there.

8

INT. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - NIGHT 1 - 06:31

8

POLICE BODY CAM: the derelict church. Flickering candles in jam jars send twisted shadows up the walls.

In front of the altar is a MAN, kneeling, his back to us.

P.C. SPENCER

Sir?

The MAN'S head bowed in prayer.

P.C. SPENCER (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Sir?

The MAN doesn't answer, still facing the altar. SPENCER glances at PATEL. She takes out her TASER.

P.C. PATEL

Sir? I need you to turn around.

PATEL goes to touch the MAN'S shoulder, then stops. Around the MAN'S neck is a LIGATURE.

P.C. PATEL (CONT'D)

Oh God.

PATEL feels for a neck pulse. He's dead.

P.C. PATEL (CONT'D)

(to SPENCER)

This is a crime scene. Don't touch anything.

SPENCER looks like he's going to throw up.

P.C. PATEL (CONT'D)

Wait outside.

(into radio)

Are you seeing this, Control?

SPENCER runs from the church.

P.C. PATEL (CONT'D)  
1021 to Control. We're at St.  
Margaret's Church, Pond Lane.  
Possible homicide. Deceased male,  
ligature round his neck. Request  
attendance of duty officer, CID and  
SOCO.

The flickering candles. PATEL staring at the MAN bowed low.

TITLES.

9 **INT. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2 - 07:30**

9

NIKKI enters the Lyell Centre. JACK looks up.

JACK  
You were up early.

NIKKI  
Busy day. The verdict came in on  
the Harrison case. I heard at the  
coroner's office.

JACK  
And...?

NIKKI  
Guilty. Both of them.

JACK  
You did a good job.

NIKKI  
Really? Fifteen and sixteen years  
old. The victim was fourteen.

JACK  
It's awful, Nikki...

NIKKI  
(putting down her bag)  
I had a call last week about a  
stabbing in Acton. I asked 'which  
one?' They said the drug dealer. I  
asked 'which one?'

JACK  
Why don't we take a long lunch,  
skive off this afternoon? A bucket  
of wine, that over-priced place by  
the river...

NIKKI sits at her desk. A moment. JACK behind her, he puts  
his arms around her. She leans her head back against him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Or, we hop on a plane, forget about  
work for a week or three?

Off NIKKI'S SMILE into:

10

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 2 -  
07:32

10

An open-plan office. A SILVER BANNER on the wall: HAPPY  
RETIREMENT JANE! 30 YEARS SERVICE!

D.C. LEO NAZIRI, 30s, putting up some balloons. He takes out  
a cake-box, carefully.

A sign on a door beyond: D.C.I. JANE FORD.

In the smaller office is D.C.I. JANE FORD, now 50s. The  
distinctive ring on her finger, the red nail polish.

A beat as she looks out at the RETIREMENT BANNER. Then her  
PHONE RINGS. She answers.

D.C.I. FORD  
Ford.  
(listens)  
Yeah, not my concern. Today's my...

Then she stops, listening. Her FACE anxious, energised. She  
hangs up, grabs her coat, heads into the main office.

NAZIRI  
Where are you going boss?

D.C.I. FORD  
Homicide. Just in.

NAZIRI  
Everyone's coming, it's your send  
off.

D.C.I. FORD  
Man found at St. Margaret's Church  
in Pond Lane.

NAZIRI  
So what, it's not our...  
(then)  
St. Margaret's? That St.  
Margaret's?

FORD exits. NAZIRI puts the cake on the table, hurries to get  
his coat, following her out.

11

INT. BECK'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 07:45

11

A row of different plant species in pots on a shelf, all  
carefully labelled.

CHARLES BECK, 60s, granite, enters. He clicks on the kettle.

On the windowsill, beside the kettle, a photo of a WOMAN, 30s. BECK lingers on it.

CHARLES BECK  
Good morning, Zoe.

He takes tea from an equally well-labelled tin, puts two spoons of tea leaves into a pot. As the kettle boils there's a BEEP from his phone.

The NOTIFICATION:

BBC NEWS: BODY FOUND IN EALING CHURCH.

Off BECK'S FACE, jaw tight, into:

12 **EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 2 - 08:05**

12

A LONE PARAMEDIC, LEE DUNN, 28, stands by his motorbike restocking his kit. A FEMALE NURSE, AYSHA, 26, exits. She's pregnant. She approaches LEE.

AYSHA  
Lee... I'm not here to fight with  
you.  
(hands up)  
Have you seen this?

AYSHA shows him her phone. The BBC NEWS about the BODY.

AYSHA (CONT'D)  
There are police all round St.  
Mag's.

LEE DUNN  
No.  
(staring at the phone)  
No. No. No...

Off LEE'S anguished face into:

13 **INT. LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2 - 08:10**

13

NIKKI working at her desk. Then, suddenly, VELVY is standing in front of her. She looks up, startled.

NIKKI  
Sorry, Velvy. I didn't hear you  
come in.

JACK  
I think he beams himself up.

VELVY  
Beam myself? How would I do that?  
(off NIKKI'S smile)  
(MORE)

VELVY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Dr Alexander, is it you on-call this week..?

JACK

Not now, Velvy.

NIKKI

It's all right, Jack.

VELVY

Suspected homicide. Male, thirty to forty years old. He's in a church in Ealing.

NIKKI

Where am I going?

VELVY

(checks)

St. Margaret's. They think he was strangled, ligature is still in place.

NIKKI putting on her coat.

VELVY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Red PVC clothesline. Knotted. The body was placed in a kneeling position.

NIKKI turns.

NIKKI

Kneeling?

VELVY

What is it?

NIKKI

That guy, right? Dunn or something? But that must be twenty years ago...

JACK

Calvin Dunn. Can't be.

NIKKI taking her stuff, exits.

VELVY

Who's Calvin Dunn?

But JACK has grabbed his things, follows her out of the door.

Dark shadows in the woods. GVS of BIRDS flying up from winter trees.

Moving over the dark woods. And now we see POLICE CARS and the church against the black trees, grey sky.

JACK and NIKKI pass the BIRDS hanging from the trees.

JACK

The birds. That was a thing back then, right?

NIKKI

Let's just see what we see.

JACK'S unease as he walks past the dead birds.

15

**INT. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - DAY 2 - 08:37**

15

The church interior, lit by police lights. STEPPING PLATES laid out on the floor. The MAN still kneeling by the crumbling altar.

VELVY enters (in SOCO overshoes), seeing him. He stops, feeling chilled.

VELVY

(In Yiddish, to himself) Blessed by the true Judge.

VELVY

(Yiddish, to himself) *Borekh dayen emes.*

NIKKI (in SOCO overshoes) by the BODY. The MAN'S HANDS bound with cable tie behind his back. His feet bare.

VELVY (CONT'D)

The first officers on scene thought he was stiff. Does that help us narrow down when he died?

NIKKI

Sadly not. Too many variables for rigor mortis to give a post-mortem interval.

JACK (in SOCO overshoes) approaches her.

JACK

No signs of struggle, no scrapes on the floor. Police found no ID on him.

NIKKI

The ligature is knotted at the neck.

NIKKI photographs the VICTIM. JACK looking at the KNOT in the LIGATURE.

JACK

Distinctive knot. We can check on the database, see if anything similar comes up.

D.C.I. FORD (O.S.)  
It's not similar. It's the same.

D.C.I. FORD is there in SOCO suit, overshoes, gloves.

D.C.I. FORD (CONT'D)  
Same knot, same supplication pose.  
Even the same bloody church.

She takes out a BINDER, shows them a photo.

The PHOTO: A DIFFERENT MAN in exactly the same kneeling position in front of the same altar.

Beyond: the PRESENT BODY in the same place.

VELVY, staring at the PHOTO, is shaken.

JACK  
(to FORD)  
You know this case?

D.C.I. FORD  
I took these pictures myself twenty years ago. Right here. I was a junior D.C. on the killings.  
(off their looks)  
I'm D.C.I. now. Jane Ford.

NIKKI  
(shows her ID)  
Dr Alexander, Pathologist.

JACK  
Jack Hodgson, Forensics. You investigated Calvin Dunn?

D.C.I. FORD  
Four victims, two male, two female, were found strangled and placed in churches in the West London area, 2003-2004. A fifth woman was presumed abducted, her body was never found.

JACK  
What about Dunn? Didn't he disappear as well?

D.C.I. FORD  
He was interviewed four times by different teams, never arrested. By the time we matched his DNA to the crime scenes - pfffff! Without a trace.

NIKKI

So he was never charged, never tried?

D.C.I. FORD

You can't charge them if you don't have them.

NIKKI

And now he's back?

JACK

Could be some sort of copycat?

D.C.I. FORD

A tribute act?

(off JACK'S look)

We never released details of the ligature. The type or the knot.

NIKKI

I get why you're connecting this to another case, but I can't. I can only examine what I see here, now.

D.C.I. FORD

I know what I see. You find me the evidence, I'll do the rest.

FORD exits.

VELVY looking around at the church, the BODY. He seems shaken.

VELVY

In a holy house.

JACK

(sees VELVY'S discomfort)

Velvy, someone needs to start the forensic gather outside.

VELVY

They do, yes.

(realises, excited)

You mean me?

JACK

Gabriel keeps talking about how much your forensic course is costing us. Let's show him what good value he's getting.

VELVY

(eager, nervous)

Yeah. Sure. Right. I can do that.

VELVY exits.

JACK and NIKKI turn back. The BODY kneeling there.

16

EXT. WOODS NEAR ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY 2 - 08:45

16

BLACK EYES staring at us. One of the DEAD BIRDS hanging from a branch. A CAMERA FLASH.

VELVY PHOTOGRAPHS the bird and the knot. Then, he carefully places tape at two places on the string, then cuts between the tape. He places the bird into an evidence bag.

Beyond, white-suited SOCOs PHOTOGRAPHING the woods around the church.

17

INT. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - DAY 2 - 08:50

17

NIKKI at the body. She PHOTOGRAPHS then CUTS the cable tie, bagging the MAN'S hands.

NIKKI

No obvious defence wounds to the hands or forearms. Nothing around the site of the ligature either.

JACK

Broken nails?

(she shakes her head)

Maybe his hands were bound before the ligature was applied. And no struggle, so likely killed elsewhere and brought here?

JACK at the door, looks to the floor, then back at the BODY.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's like, what, 70 kilos? You'd take him under the arms, drag him backwards.

(looking at the floor)

No drag marks. And nothing on the threshold.

NIKKI

(bagging the feet)

And no marks to his heels.

JACK

Or you'd have him over your shoulder.

JACK goes to the main door, shining his torch. One of the double-doors is stuck fast. Years of dirt and debris around it.

JACK (CONT'D)

You'd expect some sort of scuff mark on the wood or the stone. A hair maybe.

JACK looking. He can't imagine the scene.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I can't see him.

NIKKI  
What do you mean?

JACK doesn't answer, looking around. He looks towards the side door. SOMEONE is trying it, pushing on it.

As JACK walks towards the side door, it SWINGS open. A THUD as a BODY is placed onto the threshold.

We realise we're in JACK'S VISUALISATION, as he approaches the BODY, slumped and lifeless.

Then a FIGURE comes through the door. It turns, lifts the BODY back onto its shoulder, carrying the BODY past JACK towards the altar. JACK at the door. He looks closer.

Snagged on the door threshold is a tiny fragment of WOOL. The same dark yellow as the victim's jumper.

JACK  
He brought him through here.

JACK looks out of the door into the dark woods.

NIKKI  
They're by the road casting for  
tyre marks. Maybe they're-

JACK  
They're looking in the wrong place.  
He brought him here through those  
woods.

The darkened woods. The shadows of the dead birds hanging from the trees.

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. LYELL CENTRE. CHANGING AREA - DAY 2 - 09:45 20

NIKKI getting changed for the PM. JACK enters.

JACK  
You've been on-shift since six. You  
barely slept.

NIKKI  
I'm fine.

JACK  
(tentative)  
I already talked to Gabriel. He's happy to do the PM.

NIKKI looking at JACK. GABRIEL appears behind him.

GABRIEL  
Really, Nikki, I've a light schedule.  
(genuine concern)  
You've had a tough run lately.

NIKKI  
(beat, then)  
Thanks, Gabriel. It's really considerate of you both.

She sits down a moment. The TWO MEN looking at her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
And since you've both got so little on, you're more than welcome to observe. See how the expert does it.

NIKKI walks past them into the mortuary. GABRIEL shrugs at JACK.

21

INT. LYELL CENTRE. MORTUARY - DAY 2 - 10:00

21

The MALE BODY on the slab is covered with a modesty cover. There is some CPR bruising on the chest.

NIKKI  
There's parchmentation around the ligature mark...  
(photographs)  
Here and here.

GABRIEL, in scrubs, watching.

GABRIEL  
Generally, that suggests a peri-mortem injury. Histology may exclude evidence of a vital reaction.

NIKKI  
(indicating for camera)  
The ligature abrasions follow a predictable pattern of horizontal circumscriptio about the neck, distinguishable from the marks left by - say - hanging, where a suspension point causes the ligature furrow to rise towards one ear.

GABRIEL  
(looking)  
No discoid bruising.

NIKKI  
The hands were bound with a cable tie. Presumably prior to the ligature being applied.  
(looking at the eyes)  
There are petechial haemorrhages in the eyes, consistent with an asphyxial death.

She PHOTOGRAPHS it, then moves on.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Moving to the chest and the upper torso. There's bruising consistent with assault. Perhaps restrained from behind.

NIKKI looks at the arms, taking the bags off the hands and swabbing the fingers, taking samples from the fingernails.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Fingernails are uneven, bitten to the core in places. Palms are hardened, the dirt is ingrained.  
Any ID yet?

GABRIEL looking at her.

GABRIEL  
Fingerprints came back negative.

NIKKI  
Somewhere out there are people who are missing him. At least I hope so.

The 'JOHN DOE' lying on the slab.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Family, friends... It's like an echo. It goes down through time, on and on.

GABRIEL  
We'll find out who he was.

NIKKI  
We don't always.

NIKKI takes the ligature from an evidence bag on the side. She examines the knot.

GABRIEL  
That's a bowline...

NIKKI

Didn't have you down as a boy  
scout.

GABRIEL

I'm not. I sail.  
(her surprise)  
An old girlfriend from  
Littlehampton, she got me into it  
one summer.  
(off her look)  
That look. That's the look everyone  
at the Yacht Club gave me.  
(she smiles)  
I sailed all through college, got  
onto the national team.

NIKKI

So, you've always been this  
competitive?

GABRIEL

No. I've calmed down a great deal.  
(off her smile)  
The bowline, king of knots. Never  
fails you.  
(looks at her)  
Was Calvin Dunn ex-Navy?

NIKKI

I don't know.  
(bags the ligature)  
Right now, I don't know, or care,  
about Calvin Dunn.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(off GABRIEL'S look)  
I don't need him in my head.

GABRIEL looking on, concerned about her.

D.C.I. FORD (V.O.)

Calvin Dunn, 35 years old in 2004.  
Degree in computer sciences from  
Bracknell University...

22

INT. LYELL CENTRE. VIEWING AREA - DAY 2 - 10:03

22

CALVIN DUNN'S FACE on the screen in the viewing area.

D.C.I. FORD

...married Lynn, a nursery school  
teacher. Two kids, Lee and Mia.  
Calvin had been working for an  
American weapons tech company since  
1998...

JACK  
Weapons Tech? Doing what?

D.C.I. FORD  
We never got a clear answer.  
'Technology research' was all  
they'd say.

JACK  
So they're not saying.

D.C.I. FORD  
The security services said they  
approached the Americans but they  
got nowhere.

(a beat)  
There's a theory going that  
whatever Calvin was doing was so  
sensitive that someone made him  
disappear. With or without his  
consent.

JACK  
You said he was interviewed four  
times...

D.C.I. FORD  
One of those interviews was with  
me.  
(off JACK'S look)  
They interviewed the Yorkshire  
Ripper nine times before they  
finally caught onto him.

JACK  
It wasn't a dig.

D.C.I. FORD  
Calvin had an alibi. A strong one.

JACK  
His wife?

D.C.I. FORD  
An eight-year-old boy. His son,  
Lee. Lee Dunn swore blind his dad  
was at home looking after him. Even  
told us the plot of the TV shows  
they were watching...

NIKKI enters. FORD looks up.

NIKKI  
There's bruising in the strap  
muscles. It's limited but that's  
not unusual with a ligature. The  
larynx was fractured, consistent  
with strangulation.

D.C.I. FORD  
Strangled to death?

NIKKI

It's consistent, so far. No other signs of disease that would account for death. No signs of sexual assault, no obvious traces of alcohol or drugs in his stomach or nasal passages. I've sent blood for toxicology.

(beat)

Are you any closer to finding out who he was?

D.C.I. FORD

(shakes her head)

Dunn didn't have a type. Men, women, young, old. Didn't seem to care who or what they were. He seemed to select them for their availability - alone, isolated locations, late at night.

JACK

Then nothing for twenty years? He just stopped?

D.C.I. FORD

His last target was a young sex worker, Dominic Johnson, under Hammersmith Bridge. But Dominic got away. And Calvin went to ground.

JACK

And then he just starts up again? After this long?

D.C.I. FORD

They talk about 'Cooling-off periods'. 'Inter-murder intervals'.

NIKKI

Who talks about it?

D.C.I. FORD

The Americans, of course. There's one over there who killed seven times, stopped for 14 years, then killed three more before they caught him.

NIKKI

I'm sorry, I've got to go...

D.C.I. FORD

Did I say something to upset you?

NIKKI

You have to make assumptions so you can investigate. If I make assumptions, I can't help your investigation.

NIKKI exits. FORD looking at JACK.

JACK

If you're right and this is Calvin Dunn, what can we expect?

D.C.I. FORD

Last time there was barely a month between the first and fourth attack. I don't have much time.

JACK

So, where do you start?

D.C.I. FORD

The things Calvin left behind. The abducted woman, Zoe Beck. The survivor, Dominic...

JACK

What about his son? Wasn't he covering for him then?

D.C.I. FORD

Lee?

JACK

Could he be doing the same now?

D.C.I. FORD

You don't know Lee Dunn.

23

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK

23

2004 - DAY B - 09:10

A BOY'S FACE. A police interview with LEE DUNN, 8. His mother, LYNN, sits alongside him (we only see her torso).

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

You know the difference between telling the truth and telling lies, Lee?

The BOY nods, big eyes.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Why is it important to tell the truth?

YOUNG LEE

You have to tell the truth, Miss. God wants you to be good.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
Did you learn that at school?

YOUNG LEE  
My dad says God sees everything.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
Do you go to church?

YOUNG LEE  
(shakes his head)  
Dad says it's between me and him.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
Him? You mean God?

YOUNG LEE  
(nods)  
You don't need a church to know  
what's right.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
You were telling me about what you  
and your dad were watching...

YOUNG LEE  
Millionaire. First three of them  
didn't even get the easy question.  
'What's the 'N' in NHS?' 'What  
animal is Disney's Donald?' 'Who  
picked a peck of pickled Pepper?'  
(off her look)  
Is Daddy in trouble?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
Why do you say that?  
(off LEE'S silence)  
He's helping us.

YOUNG LEE  
To find that lady? I saw her on the  
news.

YOUNG LEE, his big eyes, staring at the camera.

24

EXT. WOODS NEAR ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - DAY 2 - 10:30

24

Police tape between trees. SOCO OFFICERS in white suits  
searching a section of the woods. VELVY in another area,  
crouched by some crushed foliage, on the phone to JACK.

JACK (ON PHONE)  
Do it like I taught you, right?

VELVY  
Consider everything.

JACK (ON PHONE)  
But test little.

VELVY  
Yeah, yeah.

JACK (ON PHONE)  
Good man, let me know how it goes.

Velvy hangs up the phone.

VELVY talks to himself quietly through each step as JACK taught him.

VELVY  
Consider everything...

VELVY gently moves the foliage, shining a high-intensity torch.

VELVY (CONT'D)  
(to himself, quiet)  
Public space is a complex environment, vulnerable to multiple incursions. But often in densely planted areas, footwear marks are impossible to distinguish.

SOCOs glance at him, this weirdo. He doesn't notice them.

VELVY (CONT'D)  
(to himself, quiet)  
Evidence versus intelligence. Any object can be intelligence, not everything can be evidence.

He looks up. More crushed foliage beyond. Has someone been this way? VELVY goes to follow the crushed plants.

25

EXT. RUN-DOWN FLATS - DAY 2 - 11:30

25

D.C.I. FORD outside a run-down flat. LEE DUNN opens the door.

D.C.I. FORD  
Hello, Lee.

LEE DUNN  
What took you so long?

D.C.I. FORD  
I went to the house. Aysha said you moved out.

LEE doesn't respond. She follows him inside.

26

INT. RUN-DOWN FLAT - DAY 2 - 11:31

26

FORD in the living room of the sparse bedsit. Paramedic's fluorescent jacket on the door.

LEE DUNN

What else did she say? Aysha?

D.C.I. FORD

She didn't have to. She's showing.  
Six months, right?

LEE DUNN

She knew I didn't want kids.  
(looks at her)  
That body they found at St.  
Margaret's. He did it, didn't he?

D.C.I. FORD

We don't know who's responsible.

LEE DUNN

Was the body left there... you  
know, like the others?  
(off her look)  
So it is him. Calvin.

D.C.I. FORD

Has anything else happened to  
suggest your father might be back?  
(off his silence)  
Lee?

LEE DUNN

Back? He never went away. I've been  
telling you that for-

D.C.I. FORD

All right, Lee...

LEE DUNN

It's not all right. You haven't  
returned my calls for months.

D.C.I. FORD

I told you. I'm retiring.

LEE DUNN

From what? You gave up years ago.

A beat. She takes it on the chin.

D.C.I. FORD

How's it going? The ambulances?

LEE DUNN

Not doing crew anymore. I'm M.R.U.

D.C.I. FORD  
Motorcycle Response? On your own?

LEE DUNN  
Prefer it that way. Once people  
know who I am...

D.C.I. FORD  
It's not easy being you, Lee. You  
used to be able to talk to Aysha...

LEE DUNN  
I never wanted a kid. I told her  
that from the off.

D.C.I. FORD  
You're not your dad. You prove that  
every day, Lee. Every life you  
save.

LEE DUNN  
So, it'll be you looking for him?  
What about retirement?

D.C.I. FORD  
It'll have to wait.

LEE DUNN  
And the Doc? Have you told him?

D.C.I. FORD  
Not yet.

LEE DUNN  
The poor bastard's been waiting for  
twenty years. He has a right to  
know if Calvin's back.  
(off her silence)  
The Doc's the least of your  
worries, isn't he?

D.C.I. FORD doesn't answer. LEE looking at her.

LEE DUNN (CONT'D)  
You know my dad as well as anyone.  
You know what happens next.

Off FORD'S worried face into:

A YOUNG WOMAN, MIA, 23, pushing a BUGGY along a street. MIA  
is immaculately dressed, made-up. Even the BABY is in  
designer clothes in the expensive buggy.

And we realise this is a POV.

SOMEONE is following MIA, WATCHING her as she crosses the road...

MIA disappears down a lane between buildings. The POV tracks her from the other side of the fence.

28 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 2 - 11:36**

28

MIA is alone on the path, pushing the buggy. The POV gets closer to her. Then, as the fence meets the path, where she's vulnerable...

... a MAN appears from the other side.

The POV ducks into the shadows as the MAN, MIA'S husband ANTON, 30s, hugs her, KISSES the BABY.

MIA and ANTON walking off together. The POV watching them go.

29 **EXT. WOODS NEAR ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - DAY 2 - 11:37**

29

VELVY is deeper in the woods now. More crushed plants. He PHOTOGRAPHS them, then stops.

A moment. SILENCE. VELVY looking around, is SOMEONE watching him? His unease.

But he can't see anything but trees. Wind in the branches.

Then something catches his eye. A shape in the foliage. He bends down. It's a LEATHER GLOVE.

VELVY

Hello.

He photographs it. A RUSTLE in the trees, VELVY starts - but there's no one there.

He quickly pulls out his phone and calls Jack.

JACK (ON PHONE)

Hello?

VELVY

Jack, I've found something.

VELVY picks up the glove.

D.C.I. FORD (V.O.)

The surviving witness mentioned leather gloves. Is it his?

30 **INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY 2 - 13:00**

30

The GLOVE on JACK'S desk. It's been cut open, the smooth lining (as per research) lying flat on a light box.

JACK

We don't know yet.

D.C.I. FORD

And it hasn't been lying there for years?

JACK

There are no signs of the disintegration you'd expect from being on the woodland floor for a long period of time. We also found small seed pods in the lining from a silver birch tree.

VELVY

The Woodland Conservation Trust says that section of the wood was planted with Silver Birches in 2017.

D.C.I. FORD

So? The suspense is killing me.

JACK

It's been there two weeks max, I reckon. There was no trace of the Sahara dust from the rain we had on New Year's Eve.

D.C.I. FORD

You can get DNA from that lining, right?

JACK

Mini taped and sent. The sample from back then is SGM+ and we're working off DNA 17. So it's taking a while. We'll let you know what we find.

D.C.I. FORD

Okay. And what about that thing?

The RED PLASTIC LIGATURE in an evidence bag.

JACK

The PVC ligature found on the current victim matches the clothesline that was used on the victim's back then.

D.C.I. FORD

I could have told you that. In fact, I did.

JACK

No. I mean an actual match. The forensics from back then noted that the PVC was discoloured. A mixture of kerosene and dye from a plastic bag. The assumption was it was kept in a shopping bag with a camping stove. The current ligature has exactly the same discolouration.

He holds the ligature up to the light. The stain.

JACK (CONT'D)

Not only that...

On his SCREEN, is a microscope image.

JACK (CONT'D)

The PVC coating on the clothesline was marked with an indent at regular intervals.

He shows her cross sections on the screen of the two pieces of clothesline. One marked 2004. The other marked 2024.

JACK (CONT'D)

The shape of the groove on this ligature is identical.

D.C.I. FORD

Oh God.

JACK

I thought this was what you'd been waiting for?

D.C.I. FORD

It's not that.

Off FORD'S worried FACE into:

31

INT. LYELL CENTRE. CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 13:05

31

NIKKI in the corridor. D.C.I. FORD appears.

D.C.I. FORD

I understand you want to stay out of it, but I need your help. I have to go and speak to a man called Charles Beck. He used to be a pathologist.

NIKKI

I know who he is. We read Beck at medical school. He did a lot of the big stuff in the nineties, the Worcester Road killings, the bombing in Leeds.

D.C.I. FORD  
He examined the first four victims  
on the Dunn case.

NIKKI  
And wasn't his wife the fifth?

D.C.I. FORD  
It certainly seems that way. Beck  
did a lot of media for us in the  
course of the investigation. Then  
his wife went missing.

NIKKI  
She was never found?

D.C.I. FORD  
I can see why you'd want to stay  
out of it. I need to tell Beck  
about the new body at the church.  
He'll have questions. Questions you  
can answer better than me.

NIKKI  
And that's why you need me there?

D.C.I. FORD  
That. And the fact that Charles  
Beck hates my guts.

Off NIKKI'S look into:

32

**EXT. BECK'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 13:40**

32

FORD and NIKKI getting out of the car. The house beyond. They  
walk up the private lane.

D.C.I. FORD  
Beck came home one night, Zoe was  
gone. Broken window, red PVC  
garrote here on the driveway.

NIKKI  
Did you find Dunn's DNA?

D.C.I. FORD  
Not a thing. And we never found a  
body.

NIKKI  
No wonder he hates you.

FORD approaches the front door. Her frustration.

D.C.I. FORD  
Still no bloody bell.

FORD KNOCKS loudly. She KNOCKS again. Still no answer. FORD looks relieved.

NIKKI

Strange garden. What is this?

She kneels down. The neat rows of strange weeds and shrubs. Everything immaculately labelled in Latin.

D.C.I. FORD

Beck convinced himself he could find Zoe where we couldn't. Pollen tracking and hedgerow analysis...

NIKKI

Forensic botany?

D.C.I. FORD

He's considered quite the expert these days, gets calls from forces all over the world. He doesn't do dead bodies anymore.

(off NIKKI'S look)

I mean, would you?

The empty garden. A path leads to the back garden beyond.

NIKKI

He's not here. We should go.

D.C.I. FORD

I know where he'll be.

33

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 2 - 14:00

33

Dark water. Skeletal trees.

CHARLES BECK stands by the water's edge, looking out.

D.C.I. FORD

Hello, Dr Beck.

BECK turns, looking at FORD. A beat.

D.C.I. FORD (CONT'D)

This is Dr Alexander, she's from the Lyell Centre.

CHARLES BECK

Thomas Lyell's house of horrors.

D.C.I. FORD

I was hoping we could-

CHARLES BECK

(to NIKKI)

I heard about the body at St. Margaret's. You did the PM?

NIKKI  
That's right.

CHARLES BECK  
Ligature strangulation? Red  
clothesline? Found posed kneeling  
towards the altar?  
(off their silence)  
Who was he?

D.C.I. FORD  
DNA doesn't match anyone on the  
missing persons register or the  
NDNAD. Dental hasn't come up with  
any matches yet.

CHARLES BECK  
I wasn't asking you. I was talking  
to a professional. You think it was  
his work? Calvin Andrew Dunn?

NIKKI  
I don't know.

CHARLES BECK  
It wasn't. Dunn is dead.

D.C.I. FORD  
You seem very sure.

CHARLES BECK  
Why did he do it that way, Dr  
Alexander? The churches, the  
supplication pose?  
(off her silence)  
He wants to desecrate and defile a  
Holy Place. So why go back to St.  
Margaret's, he'd already profaned  
it? Even the Church thought so,  
they closed it down.

D.C.I. FORD  
Dr Beck has been very generous with  
his theories.

But NIKKI is clearly interested now

CHARLES BECK  
(turns to FORD)  
How many murders have you attended  
in your career, D.I. Ford?

D.C.I. FORD  
D.C.I. Ford these days, Doctor.

CHARLES BECK  
Still failing upwards? I was doing  
twelve a week back in the day.  
(MORE)

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)  
Three thousand, five hundred and  
four is my rough count.  
(off their looks)  
Cops know crooks. But pathologists  
know killers. Isn't that right, Dr  
Alexander?

NIKKI  
I'm so sorry about your wife, Dr  
Beck.

CHARLES BECK  
You can call me Charles. She can't,  
but you can.  
(off FORD'S smile)  
This valley was flooded in 1973 to  
create a reservoir for west London.  
At its centre, Fordham is a hundred  
feet deep, you could hide a  
Chieftain Tank in there. And we're  
barely a mile from my house.  
Deprive, defile, desecrate.

NIKKI  
You believe Calvin Dunn put your  
wife's body into the water, here?

CHARLES BECK  
A pathologist without a body - it's  
quite the irony, isn't it?  
(looks at NIKKI)  
It was all about power with Dunn.  
Depriving me of Zoe made him feel  
powerful.

D.C.I. FORD  
We dredged the reservoir several  
times.

CHARLES BECK  
I knew the Assistant Commissioner.  
So they sent a couple of hobbyist  
frogmen to humour me.

NIKKI  
I can't imagine how it must feel.  
To live with that.

CHARLES BECK  
Oh, I think you can.  
(looks at her)  
You're like me, you live with a  
lot. I think you know just how I  
feel.

NIKKI looking at him. BECK looks back at the water.

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)  
If you want my once-expert advice,  
you'll stop looking for Calvin  
Dunn. He's dead.  
(off their looks)  
I'd know if he wasn't.

Off BECK staring out at the dark reservoir into:

34

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR. CAR PARK - DAY 2 - 14:05

34

NIKKI following FORD back to the car. FORD stops.

NIKKI  
Why the birds? What's that about?

D.C.I. FORD  
Lee says his dad used to take him  
camping. They'd trap sparrows, just  
for the fun of it.

NIKKI  
Power, like Beck says?

D.C.I. FORD  
Killers often start with animals,  
don't they? It's text-book.

NIKKI  
But birds? Seems to mean something  
to him.

D.C.I. FORD  
The little birdies? I thought you  
weren't interested in Calvin Dunn?

As FORD gets into her car, NIKKI'S phone BEEPS. She looks at  
the message.

NIKKI  
Beck's wrong about one thing.

D.C.I. FORD  
What is it?

NIKKI  
That glove...

She shows FORD the phone. FORD reading the PDF.

D.C.I. FORD  
Calvin Dunn's DNA was on the glove.  
And his fingerprints in the lining.

NIKKI  
Maybe he's not so dead.

D.C.I FORD  
(looking at her)  
You're interested now, aren't you?

35 **INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK** 35  
**2004 - DAY 0 - 14:20**

CALVIN DUNN sitting in the chair, the interview continuing.

CALVIN DUNN  
Oh, my mum loved the church, always  
polishing something, the floor, the  
brass... the vicar?  
(smiles at her reaction)  
"God's eyes are always on you." God  
and The Queen. Always looking down  
on you.

D.C. FORD (V.O.)  
My mum still stands for the  
national anthem.

CALVIN DUNN  
Is that why you do this? God and  
the Queen.

D.C FORD (V.O.)  
I never thought of that, Mr Dunn.  
(refocusing)  
What work do you do at Clearable  
Systems, Mr Dunn?

CALVIN DUNN  
You'll have to talk to them about  
that. I'm not allowed to. They made  
me sign an N.D.A.

D.C FORD (V.O.)  
Clearable do a lot of work for the  
Pentagon, don't they?  
(off his silence)  
Do you have a lot of secrets,  
Calvin?

CALVIN DUNN  
You're only as sick as your  
secrets, right? I worry about that  
sometimes, my agreement means I  
can't even talk to my family about  
what I do.  
(looks at her)  
Do you talk to your boyfriend about  
your work, D.C. Ford?

Off CALVIN looking at her into:

36

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. D.C.I. FORD'S OFFICE - DAY 36  
2 - 15:30

An IMAGE on a screen: CALVIN DUNN, aged-up, 50s.

D.C.I. FORD looking at it. A KNOCK on her office door.

A NS UNIFORMED PC leads LEE DUNN in. Seeing the IMAGE, Lee stops.

LEE DUNN

No.

D.C.I. FORD

Sorry, Lee. You weren't meant to  
see that.

LEE DUNN

Is that him?

D.C.I. FORD

That's what your father looks like  
now. At least according to A.I.

LEE staring at the FACE on the screen.

LEE DUNN

Do I look like him?

D.C.I. FORD

It's not real, Lee.

(off his silence)

I've been trying get hold of Mia.  
The number on file is disconnected.  
And we never had an email for her.

LEE DUNN

Me and my sister don't talk.

D.C.I. FORD

I need to talk to her. What if your  
father tries to make contact?

LEE DUNN

He was never bothered that much  
with Mia, lucky for her. He liked  
to talk and you had to listen. She  
was too young to do what he said.

LEE looking at the image of CALVIN DUNN.

LEE DUNN (CONT'D)

He used to tell me about this dream  
he had. Him high above everyone and  
everything, looking down from the  
clouds. Like God Himself.

D.C.I. FORD

He doesn't have power over you anymore, Lee. You don't have to be afraid. You're bigger than him. Stronger than he ever was.

LEE DUNN

(looks at her)

I won't be free until you find him.  
Please, Jane.

LEE exits. A moment. The aged-up photo of CALVIN DUNN.

D.C.I. FORD

Leo. I want this image out there.  
News sites and all the socials.

NAZIRI

Didn't External Comms tell us-

D.C.I. FORD

Get it out. It's on me.

Off CALVIN DUNN'S aged-up FACE into:

37

**INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 2 - 20:00**

37

CALVIN DUNN looking into camera. The time stamp on the recording. 11.02.2004

CALVIN DUNN

Do you mind if we take a break? You must be knackered, too. What am I, your tenth interview today?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Something like that. Can I get you anything, Calvin?

CALVIN DUNN

Tea? Three lumps? I get a bit blood-sugary, you know?

D.C. FORD (V.O.)

Interview suspended 15:11.

She leans over, clicks the audio recorder. A LOUD BEEP and the SOUND goes off, but the picture remains.

CALVIN sitting there, watching FORD exit.

We realise JACK is watching on his laptop in his living room.

He looks closer. CALVIN DUNN seems to be muttering something but the SOUND on the interview is muted.

CARA'S reflection in the laptop. He closes it, immediately. Turns to her.

CARA  
(BSL)  
What's divs?

JACK  
(SSE)  
Divs? What? Where did you get that?

CARA  
(BSL)  
That man. He's saying it over and over.

JACK  
(SSE)  
Who?

Then he realises. He opens up the laptop. CALVIN muttering to himself.

CARA  
(BSL)  
That word.

JACK  
(staring at CALVIN - SSE)  
It's like idiot.

CARA  
He's calling the police idiots?

Then, JACK sees NIKKI in the doorway.

JACK  
(SSE)  
Thanks, Cara.

CARA smiles, KISSES NIKKI, goes upstairs.

JACK (CONT'D)  
She lip read it. Calvin's calling them divs.  
(beat)  
He was playing with them. He's playing with them still.

CALVIN on the screen, just waiting for FORD's return.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Maybe he left the glove on purpose.  
Maybe he wants us to know he's back.

NIKKI shuts the door.

NIKKI  
Cara shouldn't be watching that stuff, Jack.

JACK

I thought she was upstairs.

NIKKI

She shouldn't be around any of this.

(beat)

Calvin Dunn targeted the pathologist's family.

JACK

That was a long time ago, Nikki.

Then he looks back at the screen: CALVIN'S smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cara's got a reading week next week. Her mum wanted her to come home.

NIKKI

I think that'd be a really good idea, don't you?

Off JACK'S FACE into:

38

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 3 - 10:00

38

A POV: MIA pushing the baby buggy, carrying shopping (nappies, formula).

The POV follows MIA up to a house, she fumbles for her keys. Suddenly, A SHADOW falls over her.

D.C.I. FORD (O.S.)

Mia?

MIA DUNN

(smiles)

I'm sorry, you've mistaken me for someone else.

D.C.I. FORD

My name's Jane Ford, I'm a police officer. We met when you were much younger.

39

INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:05

39

The house is perfect; tidy, bright colours, baby photos everywhere. FORD is sitting in the living room. MIA enters with a pot of tea and cups. She's relentlessly cheerful - it's unsettling.

MIA DUNN

Sorry. The place is a mess.

FORD looking around at the tidiness. She LAUGHS.

D.C.I. FORD  
I wish my place was this messy.

MIA DUNN  
(smiles)  
I like things tidy. It drives Anton  
crazy.

D.C.I. FORD  
Lee said he thought you were  
working at a nursery?

MIA DUNN  
Oh. That? We decided I should  
leave.

FORD looking at her.

D.C.I. FORD  
You don't have to explain, Mia. You  
know if you ever need anyone to  
vouch for you...

MIA DUNN  
We're very happy. Anton says we're  
blessed.

D.C.I. FORD  
You are. Your baby's beautiful.

MIA DUNN  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
Is that why you're here? To check  
on me and Emily...

D.C.I. FORD  
What? No, it's nothing like that...

MIA DUNN  
It makes sense. I mean, how do you  
know I'm not like him? Like Calvin?

D.C.I. FORD  
(beat, then)  
Lee was asking after you.

MIA SMILES. But she doesn't say anything.

D.C.I. FORD (CONT'D)  
Listen, Mia. You must have heard  
the news...

MIA DUNN  
I don't watch news, it's all bad.  
Don't even have it on my phone.  
Anton tells me if there's anything  
I need to know.

D.C.I. FORD  
There was a body found at St.  
Margaret's Church.  
(MIA'S lips thin)  
We can't rule out that your father  
is involved.

MIA DUNN  
I don't have a father. We don't  
talk about that man in this house.

D.C.I. FORD  
I understand. But I have to ask you  
- can you think of anywhere that he  
might be? Did your mum ever talk  
about-

MIA DUNN  
She never talked about him either.

D.C.I. FORD  
I'm sorry about Lynn.

MIA DUNN  
She did her best for us.  
(looks at her)  
That was you at the funeral.

D.C.I. FORD  
You don't think there was a chance  
your mum was ever in touch with  
him? That she might have been  
helping him?

MIA'S FACE. The BABY STIRRING upstairs. MIA gets up.

MIA DUNN  
I'm a good mum. I think.

D.C.I. FORD  
I can see that.  
(stands)  
Listen Mia, don't worry if you see  
police around. It's standard in the  
circumstances. They're there for  
you.

MIA opens the door for her. FORD exits.

MIA at the half-open door. She feels as if someone is  
watching her, but she can't see anyone. She slowly closes the  
door. The SOUND of the double-lock and the chain.

NIKKI

Hello...

He doesn't look up. NIKKI opens the gate and approaches him.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Sorry, Dr Beck?

BECK looks up, startled. He glares at her.

CHARLES BECK

Whatever you're selling, I don't need it. Please go away.

NIKKI

Sorry, Dr Beck.

BECK

You don't have an appointment. I'd know if you had an appointment. Please, go away.

NIKKI

I'm Dr Alexander, we met yesterday. I'm from the Lyell Centre, I did the post-mortem on the body found at St. Margaret's Church.

BECK takes something from his pocket, looks at it. We don't see it.

CHARLES BECK

Nikki, right?

(smiles)

Sorry. I'm not used to visitors.

(hand on her arm)

Why don't we go inside?

BECK heads towards the house. NIKKI follows.

41

INT. BECK'S HOUSE - DAY 3 - 10:41

41

BECK puts his boots next to a sign marked WELLIES. NIKKI looking at the label.

CHARLES BECK

Old lab habits die hard.

BECK carries on into the kitchen. NIKKI follows.

Beyond, she sees a work area. TWO MICROSCOPES, numerous BOXES OF SLIDES. Some PLANTS lying by a dissection mat.

NIKKI

I heard about your work in Forensic Botany. It's a fascinating field.

BECK doesn't respond, making tea. NIKKI steps closer to the microscopes.

Then she stops. On another desk is a DEAD RABBIT cut open, half dissected (see Editorial Policy notes).

Suddenly, BECK is behind her.

CHARLES BECK

I put up acres of netting, but the  
buggers still get through.

(hands her a mug of tea)

Stomach contents create a map of  
how specific species are digested  
at a cellular level - leaves,  
seeds, pollen.

The DEAD RABBIT on the table. She turns to him.

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)

You want to talk to me about the  
body they found?

NIKKI

Why are you so convinced Calvin  
Dunn is dead?

CHARLES BECK

I've studied him. Four bodies on  
the table. And a wife somewhere in  
the water. 'By their works, shall  
ye know them.'

NIKKI

What do you know about him?

CHARLES BECK

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

NIKKI

I've no prurient interest in Dunn.

CHARLES BECK

Everyone wants to know about  
Calvin. Eventually.

NIKKI

I just want to understand the case  
from what you saw.

CHARLES BECK

Nobody found out much about him  
anyway. He was working for the  
Americans, something connected to  
the military.

(looks at her)

(MORE)

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)

At one point the papers said the Russians swooped in to extract Calvin, their key serial killer asset...

NIKKI looks around. ZOE BECK'S photo.

NIKKI

You never thought of leaving this house?

CHARLES BECK

Because he was here? He's still here. You feel him, don't you?

(off her look)

I didn't want to give him the satisfaction.

NIKKI

Even though he's dead.

CHARLES BECK

You want to know why I know he's dead?

(off her look)

He's dead because we haven't heard from him in twenty years. A man like him can't stay silent.

NIKKI

We found a glove with Dunn's DNA on it. It was dropped near St. Margaret's in the last few days.

BECK looks at her. A beat. He sits down. NIKKI does too.

CHARLES BECK

That's not possible.

NIKKI

You don't want it to be him, I understand that. But we've made huge advances in forensics and DNA analysis in the last twenty years.

CHARLES BECK

In my day, this wouldn't have happened.

NIKKI

Sorry?

CHARLES BECK

You've made a mistake. Cross-contaminated evidence. You out-source everything these days, don't you?

NIKKI

Listen, Charles, maybe there's a real chance of getting him this time.

CHARLES BECK

That's what I thought then.

(off her look)

We spent so much time trying to understand him. Every other cop was a profiler in 2004. But the victims weren't Calvin's real work.

NIKKI

What do you mean?

CHARLES BECK

It was us. Me. The other families. Ford, even. Met her partner, kids? Of course not, she's alone. He screwed up her life too. Then there's his own car wreck of a family...

(beat)

And now we're all talking about Calvin again. That's a narcissist's fever dream. 'Psychopath with narcissistic tendencies'. That was the profiler's wisdom back then.

NIKKI

I understand your anger. All these years, and no justice.

CHARLES BECK

Justice? What's that then?

NIKKI

I don't know - some sort of balance? Punishing the perpetrator to acknowledge the pain they've caused. Restoring the moral order.

CHARLES BECK

All with the bang of a Judge's gavel?

NIKKI

Or an eye for an eye. I can understand wanting that.

CHARLES BECK

How do you extract a price from someone who can never feel your pain? How many years in a cage would be an adequate punishment?

BECK goes to the kettle but stops, looking out.

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I think she's still here.  
I don't want to forget.

NIKKI goes to him, a hand on his shoulder. But he pulls away as if scalded.

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)  
I understand him really well. And look what it's done to me.

NIKKI pulls away. Off her anxious FACE into:

42 INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. FORD'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 42  
12:00

FORD at her desk, working at her computer. The door opens.

AYSHA  
You told him his dad is back? Are you nuts?

AYSHA stands in the doorway, next to the NS uniformed PC who escorted her in. FORD looks up.

D.C.I. FORD  
They said you wanted to see me.

AYSHA  
Lee's vulnerable. You told me that, years ago.  
(off her look)  
He's pushing himself.

D.C.I. FORD  
Lee does that.

AYSHA  
You never saw him attend a call out. Lee's all in, he'll never give up, he takes it personally. Every single one.

D.C.I. FORD  
I know.

AYSHA  
It's killing him. He won't even talk about the baby. He's out every night, chasing ghosts.

D.C.I. FORD  
I know that, too.  
(off her look)  
You need to take care of yourself, Aysha.

AYSHA

You think I don't know that? That  
I'm on my own?

(the photo of CALVIN DUNN)

What happens if Lee gets to his  
father before you do? That'll be on  
you too.

Off FORD'S FACE into:

43

INT. LYELL CENTRE. CHANGING AREA - DAY 3 - 11:30

43

NIKKI sitting on the bench, lost in thought. GABRIEL enters.

GABRIEL

You coming or going?

NIKKI

I'm not sure. I just went to visit  
Charles Beck.

GABRIEL

He's a strange brew.

NIKKI

You know him? Did you work  
together?

GABRIEL

Oi, how old do you think I am? I'm  
younger than you! At least I think  
I am.

(off her smile)

Beck came to lecture at UCL a  
couple of times, wacky botanical  
stuff...

NIKKI

(a thought)

You went to Cambridge for your  
medical degree, didn't you?

GABRIEL

Don't let that intimidate you,  
Nikki. I'm sure whatever redbrick  
uni you attended is very proud of  
you.

NIKKI

(smiles)

You don't happen to know anyone who  
went into the Security Services?  
That's where they like to recruit,  
isn't it? At least back then.

GABRIEL

Just because I went to Cambridge  
doesn't mean all my friends are  
spies.

(beat)

Just some of them.

Off NIKKI'S SMILE into:

44

INT. CAFE - DAY 3 - 15:00

44

GABRIEL sitting with a WOMAN, JOSIE, 35. Coffee on the table.

JOSIE

I thought you said you'd never go  
back to the sharp end. The meat and  
gristle, you called it.

GABRIEL

I felt the need to reconnect.

JOSIE

To the dead? You do seem different.

GABRIEL looking at her, a beat. Unsure whether to acknowledge  
the flirtation.

GABRIEL

Speaking of the dead, Josie,  
there's something I wanted to ask  
you...

JOSIE

(smiles)

And there was me thinking you just  
couldn't stay away from me.

GABRIEL

It's a case we're working on, it  
seems to connect to a Brit who  
worked for an American weapons  
company back in the day. Calvin  
Dunn.

JOSIE

Calvin Dunn? As in serial killer  
Calvin Dunn? He's the guy you want  
to talk about? Like you said, he's  
dead.

GABRIEL

Maybe. We're just trying to find  
out if there's another reason no  
one's seen him in twenty years.

JOSIE

You think someone made him  
disappear?

(MORE)

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
(looks at him)  
It's not meant to happen, but I  
suppose if they're too valuable to  
lose or too dangerous to keep...  
(off his look)  
If the Americans did vanish him,  
you're never going to find him.  
Sorry. No way.

GABRIEL  
You spooks have a touching faith in  
one another.  
(looking at her)  
I seem to recall you made me vanish  
once upon a time.

JOSIE  
And yet here you are. Back again.  
All meat and gristle.

Off GABRIEL looking at her into:

45

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:00

45

CARA bringing her PACKED BAGS to the front door.

CARA  
(BSL)  
Don't forget to take your old man  
vitamins. Div.

JACK  
(smiles, SSE)  
Lesser men than me might take  
offence.  
(sees the pile of books)  
Reading week? Not a month?

CARA  
(BSL)  
Essay. Mental Health and Crime.

JACK takes one of the books, flicking through it.

CARA (CONT'D)  
(BSL)  
That guy in the interview you were  
watching, you'd call him a  
psychopath, wouldn't you? Does that  
make him mentally ill?

JACK  
(SSE)  
He killed at least four people.

Jack gestures the sign for police and improvises a sign for  
'relentlessly manipulated' as he says the words.

JACK (CONT'D)  
He relentlessly manipulated the  
police.  
(SSE)  
I'd say psychopathic.  
(Spoken)  
Secretive...  
(SSE)  
I don't know the sign.

CARA  
(BSL)  
Keep going, I'll lipread.

JACK  
(Spoken)  
Secretive. Entitled. A predator  
who needed to dominate.  
(SSE)  
Mental illness or criminal...

JACK (CONT'D)  
(SSE)  
Whether you'd call that mental  
illness or criminal...

CARA  
(BSL)  
Shit. I left my charger...

JACK shakes his head. His phone RINGS. It's D.C.I. FORD.

D.C.I. FORD (V.O.)  
I'm lost here. It's like trying to  
find a ghost.

JACK  
(sighs)  
He's not making it easy for you...

46

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INCIDENT ROOM - NIGHT 3 -  
19:01

46

A MAP on the wall. LINES connect LOCATIONS with PHOTOS of  
DUNN'S VICTIMS alongside his FAMILY.

CALVIN DUNN'S PHOTO at the centre of the map. ALONGSIDE, a  
PHOTO of LEE DUNN and another of his sister, MIA DUNN.

Beside it is Mia's changed name: AMY DORAN.

And their mother, LYNN DUNN, with a black cross beside her  
name.

FORD looking at the map while she talks to JACK.

JACK (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
Man at St. Margaret's DNA hasn't  
matched to anyone. Nobody's called  
to claim him.

D.C.I. FORD  
And I'm into a third day of Live  
Facial Recognition. Do you know how  
much L.F.R. costs?

JACK (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
More than your retirement party?  
When was the last reported sighting  
of him?

D.C.I. FORD  
Calvin Dunn's been seen once a week  
for the last twenty years, from  
Moorgate to Manitoba. Since we  
released the age-progressed  
photofit that's gone up to ten  
sightings a day.

JACK (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
That's more than Elvis.

D.C.I. FORD  
(staring at the map)  
I don't think Calvin ever left.

JACK (V.O. ON THE PHONE)  
Then we know where to look. They've  
sent over the evidence boxes from  
the historic crime scenes. I'll let  
you know what we find.

FORD hangs up. D.C. NAZIRI approaches, looking at the wall.

D.C. NAZIRI  
Let's go through the sightings  
again.

D.C.I. FORD  
Crackpots and conspiracists? Do we  
have to?

D.C. NAZIRI  
It's like you've always told me, if  
you can't find what you're looking  
for, look again with your eyes  
open.

D.C.I. FORD  
Do I actually say that shit? I  
really do need to retire.

ANOTHER COP enters.

UNIFORM COP  
Sorry Ma'am, a report of a break-in.

D.C. NAZIRI  
Look around you. This is a murder incident room, not Neighbourhood Watch!

UNIFORM COP  
It's at 14 South Hill Place.

D.C.I. FORD  
That's Mia Dunn's house.

Off her FACE into:

47 **INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:30**

47

D.C.I. FORD, in forensic suit and shoe coverings, walking through the kitchen. She stops.

JACK, in forensic suit, crouches by the back door. A shattered pane in the glass. VELVY taking photographs.

D.C.I. FORD  
This the point of entry?

JACK  
And exit, most likely.

D.C.I. FORD  
Just a burglary?

FORD takes in JACK'S dubious look. She walks from the kitchen to the hall and out.

48 **EXT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:31**

48

D.C.I. FORD approaches a police car. In the back seat is MIA. She's very different to the last time we saw her, like she's been punctured.

D.C.I. FORD  
Come on, Mia...

MIA DUNN  
I'm not going in there.

D.C.I. FORD  
It's okay. I'm with you.

MIA DUNN  
He's in there.

D.C.I. FORD  
No, he isn't. I've been through every room. Come on...

Off MIA'S uncertain look into:

49

INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:32

49

MIA and FORD walking through the house.

MIA DUNN

I need to get back to the baby.

D.C.I. FORD

Anton's with her, they're safe.

(off her nervousness)

We don't know it was your father,  
Mia.

MIA DUNN

I know.

(off her look)

The minute I walked in the door.

D.C.I. FORD

You said you didn't see anyone.

MIA DUNN

I didn't.

D.C.I. FORD

Well then-

MIA DUNN

I could smell him.

D.C.I. FORD

(taken aback)

What?

MIA DUNN

It was him. My dad. His scent, his  
aftershave, the smell of him...

(beat)

I used to dress up in his shirts...

FORD'S FACE. She doesn't say it but she can sense it too. MIA looks to the kitchen.

MIA DUNN (CONT'D)

Then I went in there, saw the glass  
on the floor. I just took the baby  
and ran.

FORD glances over at a SCREEN on the shelf in the hall. CCTV of the house exterior from two cameras: the POLICE CARS, etc.

D.C.I. FORD

Does this record?

MIA DUNN

Yeah. There's cameras above both doors.

FORD nods to JACK and VELVY. JACK waits for MIA to follow FORD up the stairs. He goes to the screen, starting to check the recording from earlier.

50

INT. STAIRCASE/LANDING - NIGHT 3 - 19:34

50

MIA following FORD (wearing gloves) up the stairs to the landing.

D.C.I. FORD

We start at the top, go through room by room and you just tell me if anything's moved or anything's missing.

MIA DUNN

I don't want to. Please.

FORD looks down. She can see MUD scuffed on the skirting.

Then FORD sees two INDENTS in the carpet. She looks up. The ATTIC HATCH isn't fully closed.

D.C.I. FORD

What's up there?

MIA DUNN

Nothing.

FORD reaches up, pulls the cord, opening the hatch. The ladder comes down. MIA thinking.

MIA DUNN (CONT'D)

Mum's stuff. Her clothes and that.

FORD takes out a torch and starts to climb the ladder.

51

INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:35

51

JACK and VELVY looking at the CCTV screen in the kitchen.

An INDISTINCT FIGURE hugging the shadows at the back of the house, hood up.

JACK

That's the intruder.

(watching)

It's not opportunistic. He's done his surveillance, he knows where the cameras are.

His back to the camera, the FIGURE smashes the back door panel, slips inside.

Above them on the landing, a PHONE STARTS RINGING.

52

INT. MIA'S HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT 3 - 19:35

52

On FORD'S FACE as she shines the torch into the attic space.

The PHONE RINGING on the landing below. MIA at the bottom of the ladder. She goes to pick up the phone on the landing table. But it clicks to an old-style ANSWERPHONE.

She's going to pick up when she hears the voice.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(whisper)

Sleep tight, Sweet Pea.

MIA stands there, frozen.

FORD turns on the ladder, seeing MIA'S FACE.

D.C.I. FORD

What is it, Mia?

MIA DUNN

It's him. That's what he says.

53

INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:36

53

JACK and VELVY fast forwarding the CCTV footage: the FIGURE exiting the back door backwards.

They watch as the FIGURE disappears into the shadows. JACK clicks back to LIVE: the back garden.

Then something catches JACK'S EYE. A SHADOW on the edge of the back door camera.

JACK

This is live, right?

As Jack looks, the SHADOW moves.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's still here!

JACK runs out into the back garden, seeing the SHADOW jump the fence. JACK jumps the fence after him.

Watching all this from the kitchen, VELVY runs back through the house and out through the front door to intercept.

54

EXT. STREET NEAR MIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3 - 19:37

54

VELVY running out onto the street at the front. He sees JACK coming out onto the street from the side alley.

VELVY follows as JACK runs down the street, passing an alley. He glances down it but there's no one there.

VELVY passes the alley just as the HOODED FIGURE climbs over a fence into the alley.

VELVY

Jack!

VELVY takes off down the alley towards the FIGURE, who's disappeared around the corner.

JACK (O.S)

Velvy! Wait!

55

EXT. ALLEYWAY BETWEEN HOUSES - NIGHT 3 - 19:38

55

VELVY hasn't heard. He's running down the alleyway.

Suddenly, a SHADOW LOOMS out of the darkness, HITTING VELVY hard.

VELVY falls.

TIGHT on VELVY, GROANING.

JACK catches up to VELVY.

JACK

Jesus...

JACK looks up, the FIGURE is nowhere to be seen.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shit, Velvy, stay still, we'll get the paramedics...

VELVY'S head in his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's okay, Velvy, I'll get help...

But VELVY is doubled over. JACK trying to check him, to lay him down. JACK takes out his torch.

And we see VELVY'S FACE. His eyes wide, bright.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Velvy?

VELVY

(deadly serious)

That might be the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me.

Off JACK, looking at VELVY, into:

56

INT. MIA'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT 3 - 19:40

56

A CARDBOARD BOX on the floor of the landing.

MIA DUNN

After mum died, I cleaned out her place. I haven't really been through it.

MIA opens the box. A few trinkets. FORD looking in the box: an OLD TOBACCO TIN, a FOOTBALL SCARF. A pair of MEN'S READING GLASSES.

D.C.I. FORD

Could any of this stuff be your dad's?

FORD picks up a pair of large black rubber overshoes.

JACK (V.O.)

The rubber overshoes have no discernible tread pattern...

57

INT. LYELL CENTRE. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY 4 - 08:30

57

The BLACK RUBBER OVERSHOES on JACK'S desk.

JACK

The police always thought he was wearing something like these. He never left shoemarks.

NIKKI

Anything else in there?

She looks in the CARDBOARD BOX. Some of LYNN DUNN'S CLOTHES, SHOES. NIKKI picks up a locket. Inside: BABY HAIR. LEE and MIA'S dates of birth.

JACK

Mia identified it as the one Calvin bought for her mum. The doting husband.

JACK turns the OVERSHOES, looking at them in the light.

NIKKI

She killed herself, right? Lynn Dunn?

JACK

Death certificate says overdose. Ford says Lynn held it together until the kids left home.

NIKKI

Another victim of Calvin Dunn.

JACK PHOTOGRAPHS the shoes, then SWABS them.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Velvy was lucky.

JACK

Don't look at me. I didn't tell him  
to go haring after a killer.

NIKKI

No. He went haring after you haring  
after a killer.

JACK smiles, looking at the OVERSHOES. Then his EYES narrow.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What is it?

JACK cuts open the OVERSHOE with heavy scissors. He peels  
back the instep, revealing the toe of the shoe.

There, in the toe, is a TINY FRAGMENT of DRIED PLANT.

With tweezers, JACK puts it on a small square of white paper,  
holds it up to the light.

JACK looking at the plant fragment.

JACK

Where's Simone when we need her?  
I'll send it out to forensic  
botany.

NIKKI

I think I know a man who can help.

58

INT. BECK'S HOUSE - DAY 4 - 09:30

58

C/U on the cellular structure of a plant.

CHARLES BECK (O.S.)

*Weissia rostellata*. Beaked  
Beardless Moss.

BECK looking down his microscope at the fragment.

CHARLES BECK (CONT'D)

It's on the Nationally Scarce list.

JACK

Rare is good.

CHARLES BECK

It's only been recorded in one area  
of Greater London.

(to NIKKI)

Why am I looking at this?

NIKKI

The moss was found in a shoe  
belonging to Calvin Dunn. From  
twenty years ago.

JACK

Where in London? Where was the moss recorded?

But BECK doesn't answer. He turns pointedly to NIKKI.

CHARLES BECK

She knows.

NIKKI

(her realisation)

Fordham Reservoir.

CHARLES BECK

I told you, he put her in the water. So I'd never see her again.

Off BECK'S FACE into:

59

**EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 4 - 10:00**

59

NIKKI, JACK, BECK and D.C.I. FORD walking along the shoreline of the reservoir. The MOSS beneath their feet.

D.C.I. FORD

It doesn't prove anything.

JACK bending to take a sample of the moss.

CHARLES BECK

The moss puts Dunn here.

D.C.I. FORD

My mum was here, she had a picnic with her sewing circle. What does that prove? Half of west London's been here.

(off his look)

We searched the reservoir, as you insisted. We found nothing.

CHARLES BECK

Two divers, four days. The water's a hundred feet at its deepest, you barely gave it a chance.

D.C.I. FORD

The moss is all you've got?

JACK

So far. Is the species localised to this part of the shoreline?

CHARLES BECK

It's all over the reservoir, both banks.

D.C.I. FORD

That's more than a square mile of water. And like the good doctor said, a hundred feet deep.

(looks out)

Even if there were human remains in there, they've been there for years.

CHARLES BECK

And I've been telling you for years.

NIKKI

If the remains were wrapped and weighted, they could still be intact.

CHARLES BECK

I've been telling her that too.

D.C.I. FORD

That's not the point. No Chief Super is going to sign off on the cost of a search of this scale based on a fragment of moss on a twenty year old shoe.

JACK looking out at the water. He walks into the reservoir, up to his boot level.

D.C.I. FORD (CONT'D)

What's Aquaman up to?

JACK is staring at a measurement post beyond, sticking out. Six feet above the current water level there's an old water line. JACK looking back at the bank.

JACK

The water level's dropped, hasn't it?

CHARLES BECK

Every year. The planet's heating up, I don't know if you've heard about it.

JACK

So, twenty years ago...

CHARLES BECK

The water was six feet higher.  
(then realises)

Oh.

They walk up the bank. The MOSS runs out.

NIKKI

So there'd have been no moss  
visible here then. All this was  
underwater.

A beat. She looks at BECK.

CHARLES BECK

Over there.

D.C.I. FORD

What's over there?

CHARLES BECK

In 2004, that's the only place  
you'd have found Weissia  
Rostellata. It stretches all the  
way to the car park.

(looking out at the water)

The section of the reservoir in  
front of the car park, it's the  
deepest part.

(staring out)

She's there. He put her there.

60

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 4 - 12:00

60

MOSS - BOOTS walking over it. We follow them all the way to  
the car park tarmac. It's NIKKI. Going the other way to the  
reservoir are POLICE DIVERS, SOCOs.

In the car park, the POLICE VEHICLES and BOAT TRAILERS.  
Beyond, standing by a car, is BECK.

NIKKI

Charles, you shouldn't be here.

CHARLES BECK

Where else would I be?

NIKKI

This will take days, weeks maybe.  
You should wait at home.

(off his silence)

And whatever I said to Ford, we  
both know the chance of finding  
anything after all this time is  
very low.

CHARLES BECK

Ford doesn't want me here. I'm a  
constant reminder of her failure.  
Of Zoe.

(looking out)

We used to sail together, here on  
the reservoir.

NIKKI

It must be hard to spend time  
here.

BECK staring out. A long moment.

CHARLES BECK

I was in court, a double murder, at  
least I believed it was murder.  
There was this young defence  
barrister, thought she knew it all.  
Took me on, shredded me on the  
physical evidence - I felt like I'd  
gone twelve rounds with Mike Tyson.

(off her smile)

I was in the bar, drowning my  
sorrows, when Zoe walked up to me.  
She sat on the stool beside me, she  
said 'you look like you need a  
drink'. I did. So we did.

(remembering)

I was six Jamesons in before I  
realised she was the QC who'd just  
mugged me.

(off NIKKI'S SMILE)

She looked different without the  
lawyer's wig and the terrifying  
snarl.

He looks out at the dark reservoir.

CUT TO: DIVERS in the water, SURFACING, shaking their heads.

The floating markers. The Divers' guide lines slicing through  
the water.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

It took me three years to get her  
to marry me. Like the barrister she  
was, she kept coming up with  
objections...

61

EXT. BECK'S HOUSE - DAY 4 - 12:02

61

BECK'S garden, the neat rows of plants, the labels.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

... She was too young, I was too  
old. Marriage was an outdated  
institution.

Through the window, the PHOTO of ZOE BECK.

62

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 4 - 12:03

62

PARAMEDICS in the back of an ambulance, LAUGHING together.  
Beyond, LEE DUNN is on his own, as usual.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

She said we'd both seen too much to believe in human connection, to believe that love could last in a world like this.

LEE takes out a vape, sucking on it as he stares out.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

With all we'd borne witness to, in court, in the mortuary.

63

**INT. MIA DUNN'S HOUSE. STAIRS - DAY 4 - 12:04**

63

MIA with gloves and bleach, scrubbing down the skirting on the staircase. Trying to rid her house of any trace of Calvin.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

But I told her it was because of that, because of what we knew and because we'd seen the worst of what the world could do, that we had to prove it could be different. That the world could be good, it could be love.

64

**INT. LYELL CENTRE. COLD ROOM - DAY 4 - 12:05**

64

A ZIP OPENS to reveal the BODY FROM ST. MARGARET'S. GABRIEL checks his tag, nods to the PORTER waiting to take him to the cold storage.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

That we could grow without taking the air from each other.

GABRIEL watching as the PORTER wheels him away.

65

**INT. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH - DAY 4 - 12:06**

65

Police tape flapping in the derelict church.

The crumbling altar. The broken windows, empty of glass.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

That even if we didn't believe in anything else, we could believe in us. We were together ten years.

66

**EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 4 - 12:06**

66

JACK and VELVY watching the divers.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)  
 Every year seemed to prove that I  
 was right, that you could grow  
 closer, that love could get  
 deeper...

DIVER surfaces, makes a signal. The BOAT starts towards him.

67

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR. CAR PARK - DAY 4 - 12:06

67

BECK'S FACE. He hears something, or senses it.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)  
 ... That we could spend our days  
 dealing with a world that was  
 violent, that was cruel, and try  
 and make it better.

BECK starts towards the reservoir.

NIKKI  
 Charles...

NIKKI tries to hold him back but he shrugs her off.

68

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 4 - 12:07

68

The CRANK turning on the winch. The thick cable taut in the water. The POLICE and RESCUE TEAM FACES set hard.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)  
 I told her, together we'd built a  
 life that was loving and real.

Now, the surface of the water breaks as the boat winch turns.

And we see a BRIGHTLY-COLOURED SAIL, mottled, covered in weed, tied with red clothesline, streaming water as it surfaces.

BECK striding towards the water and onto the jetty.

The POLICE seeing him, trying to hold him back, but he just keeps going towards the boat.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)  
 I told her we were safe.

69

INT. SOUTH EALING POLICE STATION. INTERVIEW ROOM. FLASHBACK  
2004 - DAY 0 - 16:40

69

CALVIN DUNN, smiling at us. He opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue. A GLOVED HAND swabbing CALVIN'S mouth for DNA.

70

EXT. FORDHAM RESERVOIR - DAY 4 - 12:08

70

BECK is at the end of the jetty when he stops.

CHARLES BECK (V.O.)

I was wrong.

As the sail is lowered to the deck of the boat, a HAND, grey and lifeless, is revealed.

NIKKI joins FORD, watching.

NIKKI

Poor Charles.

D.C.I. FORD

Really?

The SOCOs laying down the sail. The words 'THE ZOE' faded but visible.

D.C.I. FORD (CONT'D)

That's the sail from Charles Beck's boat.

(staring out)

We had CCTV of Zoe Beck in Waitrose with bruises on her face the day before she disappeared.

NIKKI

What?

D.C.I. FORD

We asked him about it, he claimed she got them sailing. But plenty of people told us it was pretty stormy between them.

NIKKI

You think he was violent towards her?

D.C.I. FORD

The rest of Dunn's victims were posed and presented. Only Zoe's body was hidden.

NIKKI

Are you serious?

D.C.I. FORD

I wasn't the only one who thought it. Did the pathologist use his knowledge of Calvin Dunn's killings to get rid of his own wife? He was so sure she was here.

NIKKI

You think Charles murdered her?

D.C.I. FORD

It's easy to know where a body's  
buried if you're the one who put it  
there.

NIKKI and FORD watching as BECK sinks to his knees at the end  
of the jetty.

**End of Episode One.**