

Binge all six episodes of Stolen Hearts ad-free on Amazon Music, included with Prime. For listeners in the States, the following episode contains references to Grassing Up, which means snitching, and Saucy, which means sexy. It also contains some rude language, but you knew that already, didn't you? Dean's sitting in his cell in Elmly Prison in Kent, when there's a knock at the door. The prison officer said to me, Look, it's the police, and if you don't want to see him, you don't have to go in there, mate. We put you back, you haven't got to see anybody. And I said, you know, we've got nothing to hide. Deans are escorted into a holding cell, before being led to a small, windowless room. I didn't like it. I don't like lifts or small places. Waiting for him are Andy and Len. As always, the detectives are in suits. It's been a while since the three men have seen each other. Dean flashes them a smile and says, Gentlemen, to what do I owe the pleasure? Little does he know that Detective Andy has come with a plan. The thinking behind us going there was to go and give them the opportunity to... OK, you've probably got very little to lose now. So what about the others? Len starts, good cop as always. He offers Dean a coffee. I said, OK. He said, would you like a slister to involve us in that? I'm not interested in a slister. Not today. With a brew in his hands, Dean peers across the table as Len slides a piece of paper in front of him. He said, have a look at them. Dean scans the words on the page. It's a list. Times. Dates. And banks. 22 of them. Stretching back 10 years. Nearly two dozen cash-in-transit robberies. And the modus operandi is eerily familiar. A balaclava-clad man mountain, appearing from out of the shadows with a sawn-off shotgun, snatching tens or even hundreds of thousands of pounds before disappearing into the night in a high-performance car, leaving behind only dust and, quite possibly, the faint sound of classical music. Cash-in-transit robberies in Kent weren't to a penny. The methods used, the words used, were similar.

We had stuff that also corroborated it,
like phone evidence and a like.
We would have strongly suspected he was guilty of those additional offenses,
or we wouldn't have been there doing it.
I looked at them. I said, what would you like to know, Len?
He said, did you do them? I said, no. No, no.
He wasn't going to play our game.
You've got me for five.
If you thought I'd done these,
you would be taking me out to charge me and question me.
If you've got nothing on these, would you like me to say who'd done them?
And he smiled a bit, we laughed a bit,
and he said, but they are your MO.
I said, fine. I said, but I'm not taking them.
Dean's taken back to his own life.
He's taken back to his housing block.
And that night, like every night,
he talks to Jill and baby Frankie on the phone.
He doesn't tell her about the other robberies,
and Jill doesn't ask.
I think I was afraid of what I would hear.
I was afraid.
I think deep down I knew what I was going to hear,
and I didn't want to hear it.
That's the truth there.
To be fair to Jill, we've all got those things
that we choose to ignore about our partners.
Their exes, their past indiscretions,
that messy stag doing Amsterdam,
the things we know is just safer not to talk about.
Well, this is like that, except in Jill's case,
the elephant in the room is wearing a balaclava
and holding a sawn-off shotgun.
She is not a stupid woman at all.
She's very, very intelligent.
She was very good at her job, so she would have known.
She would have known you have done this.
You've been involved in more than I ever know.
In a way, I think ignorance is bliss, right?
Let's not worry about it right now.
Let's discuss this if and when you get out,
and we can talk about it.
And if Dean has robbed as many banks as the cops suspect,
then who knows what else he could be hiding?

I could introduce you to people that would kill someone for money,
people that would beat someone for money,
people that would commit crimes worse than you'd ever think about for money.
Because this is where I come from.
That makes the good girls fall in love
I said it's something but the bad boys
That makes the good girls fall in love
You're no good for me
Of course, people can start worrying and thinking,
oh, fuck sake, where does it stop?
I took what I did and carried on with it.
But, you know, never, ever had the chance to tell the truth to Jill.
You guys know more than she does.
Am I a villain?
I was a criminal, I would say.
That's the word I would use, I was a criminal.
By this point, I'm sure you're a little wary of Dean Jenkins.
As he says, he's a criminal.
And over the course of this story, he lies.
He cheats and he steals.
He's also something of an enigma.
I mean, what kind of bank robber sells bank robber-themed toiletries?
Well, his mum Joyce and sister Debbie say that growing up, he was never a bad kid.
He never got any trouble to the door.
Example, we went to a school open evening
and the eldest one, Debbie, we got a dreadful, dreadful report off of her
because she was being cheeky
and we sat down to talk to Dean's teachers
and they said the most surprising thing was
that he was Debbie Jenkins' brother
because he was such a different kind of fish.
He was always fun, funny.
He was never out fighting or anything like that.
I don't think he's ever had a fight in his life.
He wasn't that way.
He just got on.
Just worked hard.
Through his work in the building trade,
Dean met a wealthy business mogul, George,
the man Jill met in Italy.
The one with his products in London's poshest department store
and Jill's fingernail in his gelato.
George took Dean under his wing,
giving him a well-paid job as a warehouse manager.

He employed Joyce, too, as the office manager.
But Dean aspired to more than just running a warehouse.
And having made wealthy friends,
Dean wanted to emulate them by becoming a businessman.
So he started selling his own beauty products,
the infamous Governor Range.
This is the side of Dean that Jill saw,
the entrepreneur with successful friends,
but scratched the surface
and things weren't as rosy as they seemed.
Dean was married, for a start.
And in reality, the Governor Range was just a bit of fun.
It was early days,
and although he'd managed to get it into some stores,
it wasn't making him that much money.
The fact is, Dean would sometimes find himself short of cash,
and after borrow money off Joyce and her partner.
I used to say to him,
why are you borrowing money? You're working all these hours.
Oh, no, it's just to tide me over for this, Mum.
It's just to tide me over for that, Mum.
And it was all at the Governor Range.
I've got to put money into this,
and I've got to put money into that.
And then, of course, Jill came along,
and there's just more money.
£5,000, £10,000.
He'd pay it back.
He'd pay it back within a couple of weeks.
At the back of my mind, I was worried, thinking to myself,
he's really, really overspending.
But you can't interfere.
They get to an age where you can't interfere, can you?
But Dean was acting like he had all the money in the world.
Surprise, surprise, he always had a way to make up the shortfall,
a long-running and lucrative side hustle.
It was managing director of beauty by day,
arm-rubber by night, chalk and cheese.
Key to that criminal enterprise
was the Jenkins family friend, Bob Haines,
the 20-stone nightclub bouncer who was shot
during the Halloween bank job of 2006.
I'd say we was colleagues in that show.
So how did Dean and Bob end up robbing banks together?

Well...

Back in 2006, Dean and Bob had been running with a crew of bank robbers for some time.

But then one day, they learned that one of their colleagues had been stealing from them.

So they decided to set up on their own, as a gruesome twosome.

There was reason, so we had to be on our own.

It was a busy period.

Too busy.

Yeah, they robbed five banks in seven months.

And it just so happens that those seven months were precisely the same months

in which Jill was falling head over heels in love with Dean.

The first robbery of Dean and Bob Spree took place a month after Jill and Dean's first date.

The second just weeks after getting pregnant.

The third, just two days before going to France on holiday with Jill's family.

And the fourth, not long after Dean accompanied Jill for a baby scan.

Remember this voicemail Jill left for Dean?

Well, Dean was literally scoping out a bank as he listened to it.

At the time, Dean felt like he and Bob were invincible.

From late March to October, they snatched more than 300,000 pounds.

You know, I was living a lie.

You go out robbing banks and go up the next morning, do a trip to France or go and pluck someone's eyebrows or get some spray tan ready for someone to sell.

It was a crazy life.

It was a busy life.

It's safe to say that Dean has an extreme ability to compartmentalise.

What a fantastic word.

Oh, thanks.

When I had to do a bank robbery, I was Dean the bank robber.

When I had to do the business, I was Dean the businessman,

Dean the family person or the decent son,

and Dean the nice guy and regular fellow was a different person again.

With Jill, she had a happy life.

She didn't know what she was getting involved with.

She was getting on in life and everything.
She thought she did the jackpot.
That is pure jekyll and Hyde.
It can't be anything else.
After he was arrested, Dean said he felt relieved.
All of his lies were finally going to come out.
His wife found out about Jill,
Jill found out about his wife,
and everyone found out about his side hustle.
But even so, Dean was still peddling
multiple versions of the truth.
There was one version when his wife came to visit him in prison
and another when Jill came.
I was probably still in that mode
of talking bullshit,
trying to get everybody to be happy with what I'm saying.
Still trying to please that one
and trying to please that one.
Being a coward, you spin these little webs of happiness
and don't let that one down.
Don't let that one down.
Probably keeping my options open.
Keeping them open for me.
Wrongly. Selfishly.
You've got to do what you've got to do to survive mentally,
I think, sometimes.
Jill believed Dean's divorce was a touching display of loyalty.
But in truth, his marriage had broken down.
So in the end, all Dean had left was Jill.
And Jill, having lost everything,
felt like all she had left was Dean.
I lost friends and I was very much on my own.
Dean became my comfort blanket.
He was always gentle, he was always very supportive
of me. You have to be a certain type of person
to thrust a shotgun or a knife into someone's face
and be prepared to use it.
It takes a different kind of mad to be able to do that.
That wasn't the persona that came out from him.
The way both Jill and Dean describe it
is there are two versions of Dean.
One wears a suit, the other a balaclava.
But the reality is there is only one person
but the reality is there is only one Dean Jenkins.

And frankly, thank Christ for that
because one Dean Jenkins is more than enough trouble.
Thank you very much.
The real Dean Jenkins is charming, charismatic and impulsive.
He can wrap you around his little finger if he wants to.
He's also capable of an unsettling lack of empathy.
The ability to lie and cheat and steal with ease.
He can put himself under extreme stress
and apparently feel nothing.
At other times he'll be prone to sudden bouts of fierce anger.
He's also deeply obsessive.
And when you're the focus of his obsession
he can make you feel like the centre of his world.
He's a charmer and he's very good at what he does
and if it was an act and his charm in me was an act
then he did it very well and he sucked me in hook line and sink her.
But with their whirlwind romance long behind them
all that's left is the cold hard reality.
Dean Jenkins is a mastermind.
One who the cops suspect could have nearly 30 bank robberies under his belt.
And yet Jill's pressing on, casting her lot in
with a man who's given her every reason not to trust him.
And what happens when the charm wears off?
When all that's left is Jill and Dean alone together at last.
There'd be another lie to come or another thing to doubt
and it'd be like how much more can you send?
Like look at me, how much more can you send?
Yeah.
But then you pick yourself up and you go come on you can do this
you've got through the worst now, you find yourself again.
In 1959, Jeremy Thorpe entered British Parliament for the first time.
He quickly made waves within the Liberal Party
and Thorpe was even tipped to have a shot at being Britain's next Prime Minister.
So why 12 years later was he standing at the Old Bailey
accused of conspiracy to commit murder?
Stay tuned until the end of this episode
to hear a preview of British scandal.
It's Christmas 2010.
Three years since Dean was arrested
and life for Jill has become one big juggling act.
Paying bills, endless jobs, three kids, one criminal boyfriend
and a partridge in a pear tree.
Getting by is hard
and Jill is far from feeling the Christmas spirit.

Her car pulls up outside the prison
ready for another visit with Dean.
She's just finished a shift of her latest job
freelance spray tanning
covering an entire bridal party
in various tones of I live somewhere far more exotic than Wales bronze.
It's a far cry from being a cop.
Late to leave and without an opportunity to get changed
Jill rushes into the visiting room with Frankie
to see Dean as planned.
I turned up and I had my pink tunic on
and he came out and his face was stopped.
I told her she looked shit.
I went, you what?
He could have at least made an effort to come and see me.
He goes, everyone else's bleeding misses
comes in here, dressed up and makes the effort for their bloke
and there's you in your bloody work tunic and a pair of leggings.
He said, you know, how do you think that makes me feel?
Shouldn't have said it, that's disrespectful.
I was thinking to myself, oh no, you don't want to cry in here
and I looked up and the desk was looking at me
and I just sort of put my head down
because I thought, oh, I don't want to get him into trouble
for what he said.
Jill slumps back into her chair, tears welling in her eyes.
I've always been a strong person but I really did get to a point
where I was like, I can't take anymore.
And it's this moment right here in the visiting room
that changes everything for Jill.
Not Dean's lies about who he is or what he's done
but a moment of casual cruelty about her clothes.
After all, she's only wearing this stupid itching polyester tunic
because of what he did.
After years of sacrifice and prison visits
of sprayed tans and bikini waxes to make ends meet
the rose-tinted glasses have finally fallen off.
It's a shift that's imperceptible to anyone but Jill.
But it's there.
Jill starts to look back at her relationship with Dean
and it makes her realise that even during the good times
he wasn't always Mr Perfect.
Like the time she and Dean were in Italy, back at the hotel
sharing a, well, an intimate moment.

I'm in the middle of having sex, to be honest with you.
Quite bluntly, but that's when he said it.
He said, you do realise that if you ever leave me, I will kill you.
And I went, what? What?
Like this and he was like, kept a straight face again
and then just be a little laugh and he said,
you're so easy, aren't you?
At the time, I just took it as a joke but now looking back
I'm like, hmm, has he got that edge to him?
I really don't know.
So it was very weird, yeah.
There's other memories too.
Like back when Jill was still a police officer
and would be called out to a domestic disturbance.
She'd arrive late at night, the blue lights of her police car
illuminating a quiet residential street.
She remembers the cried out eyes that would meet her
when she knocked on the door.
The hushed and unconvincing insistence
that no, really, everything is all right, officer.
There was obviously verbal manipulation
or physical abuse or whatever going on.
I always remember thinking, I don't understand why do they stay
especially if they had the means to be elsewhere to leave.
And I used to be quite blasé when I'd leave there
and go, God, they must be bloody stupid.
Why don't they just leave?
You know, in some part they're responsible
because they're not leaving that abusive relationship.
But now Jill's starting to see something of herself
on the other side of that door.
Not that Dean was ever violent towards her
but she's starting to question why she feels so obliged
to keep visiting him in prison.
Sometimes somebody would say, it's not your prison sentence,
you know, it's his, and you're like, actually, you got a point?
Oh, no, no, forget it, forget it.
So there was always a little reality check
but I chose to dismiss them.
I'd rather live with this and have something to hold on to
than admit that, you know, what they're saying is true
and have nothing.
Jill pushes her doubts down.
It's a well-worn reflex by this point

but over the next few visits to Dean
she feels more and more trapped.
And I was thinking, what am I doing here?
I just hated being there, hated bringing Frankie in there,
just hated it, just hated everything about her.
And I was thinking, what am I doing, what am I doing?
So she starts delaying the visits, finds excuses,
something's come up or she's too busy with work,
the kids are sick.
I would feel guilty then if I didn't do it,
that I was letting him down because poor Dean was in the prison
and, you know, how was he supposed to cope?
But even so, Jill needs affection.
Some, you look gorgeous babes or I love what you're wearing
or if you changed your hair, you know,
if you sweet nothings every once in a while.
And then you'd get questions, for example.
What is it you're actually seeing me that you love?
What are my best features?
What's the best thing that you like about me?
I went, we're talking about, I'm in prison.
It doesn't matter what I like about you.
That's how cold I was.
She's like, oh, you don't have to be so brutal.
And I was like, but I do.
In relationship, you need to be hugged, you need to be cuddled,
you need to be kissed.
And you don't have a relationship.
You do not have a relationship whilst you're in prison.
It's impossible.
You sit, you have coffee, you talk about life.
That's your relationship.
It's not a relationship.
This isn't a relationship.
And this is not what a loving relationship should be.
And I actually started thinking you've been lying.
And I understand now that you've lied.
Lied about everything.
And that was when the rock was starting to set in.
And you know, you'd see in the light then,
seeing Dean for what he actually was.
One day in 2011, after five years of prison visits,
Dean calls Jill with news.
The prison officers are asking him to let them know

where he would live once he's out on parole.
He's asking Jill for her full address.
So when the time comes, he can move straight in with her.
My heart dropped like a stone.
And I was thinking, shit.
I went, oh, what do they want that for?
And he goes, oh, it was the release address.
Because obviously I'm going to be released too.
And what will happen now is they'll be sending social services
to assess it and speak to you and the girls.
A cold shiver runs down Jill's spine.
The reality of social services scrutinising her parenting
and inspecting her home dawns on her.
Then there's the thought of the neighbours
endlessly gossiping about the bank robberies just moved in.
It was like, oh, no, no, no, no.
The thought of him coming here would be more alienation again.
And he said, I need this address.
Your address, your full address.
Jill's face grows hotter and hotter.
I think, oh, am I going to cope with this when you're stuck at your house?
You're stuck at your address. You can't change it.
Until finally, she blurts it all out.
And I was like, oh, and I can't do it.
I just don't think we can go on like this anymore.
His voice changed.
Hey, hey, stop and calm down.
I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore.
No, no, no, no.
Don't stop fucking changing it now,
because I don't want this to fuck me up.
If you move in here and it doesn't work, then you're stuck here.
Just fucking leave it.
I just can't do it.
I think it's time that it ended.
Oh, damn, it's still going wrong.
He was furious.
The call ends abruptly, with Dean slamming down the phone.
And then it was a relief.
And I was ready to go.
It was ready.
It must have been ready for a while to end it,
because there was no way that my kids were going to be involved
with social services on this planet.

No way.

I had to bite the bullet, and it was the right decision.

Definitely the right decision.

God, it was the right decision.

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So, Matt, we've had some big political scandals in our time on this show.

Yeah, and coincidentally, since we started recording this,

we have lived through and are still living through

a period of incredible political scandals

here in Britain.

So, are you talking about the ones that we've covered on the show

or the ones that have happened while we've been recording?

That's a good point.

It has been a very rich time for hashtag content, hasn't it?

Both, really, but we've covered all the big ones.

We've talked about Boris.

We've done Profumo.

We've had a bit of Stonehouse.

Yes, and all of those involve politicians

being caught with their trousers down?

Yeah, literally not even metaphorically.

And why break with tradition?

So, today I've got a story for you that continues

our theory that when you're looking at the British political system,

sexual scandal is never too far away.

This is a story that some will be very familiar with.

Jeremy Thorpe, a Liberal MP who, in the 70s,

was embroiled in the biggest political scandal of the decade.

But the difference with the other political scandals that we've tackled

is that at the heart of this story is a murder plot,

right at the centre of British politics.

Even by the usual standards of incredible British political scandals,

this one escalates in a way that none of the others do.

You don't even know the half of it.

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And frankly, can you blame her?

If anyone's earned a stiff point, it's Jill.

It was like, God, I actually can live without Dean

and I can be myself, you know?

And actually, you don't need Dean
and actually you can stand on your own two feet
and actually you can go out and have a life
and you don't have to hide away.
Little by little, Jill started to build herself back up.
I was stripped of everything and I had to start again.
And the rebuild from that was slow, but it was steady and slow.
She started a new business managing holiday lets in Haverford West
and it's a success.
Enough for her to stop having to scrimp and save so much.
Now I have my own business and I did that myself.
No one did it for me.
I had no handouts, no help, no nothing.
During one of her trips to the pub in 2012,
Jill even managed to find love.
Husband number three, a bloke called Rod Owens.
And before you ask...
No, I'm not an armed robber.
I know, I've been called a lot worse.
Yes, I'm a carpenter.
I carry sharp chisels if I help.
Now, I know what you're thinking.
Our Jill has not hitherto shun great tasting men.
But she says, Rod's different.
And I agree, believe it or not.
I had no faith in anyone and I gave him the hardest of times.
I was living out of black bags.
Yes, I was in and out, in and out, in and out.
They never took me clothes out of the bag
because I think next week I may be gone again.
She was this really hard shell, really hard shell.
And he was like trying to strip away, strip away,
trying to get inside and just make sure she was okay.
But she bought this wall up.
I overthink things a lot at the time
and I am super suspicious all the time.
And there's part of me that will never trust anyone 100%.
So maybe I look into things more sometimes than I should
and react more than I should.
But then those people who say that maybe I've overreacted
have never been through what I've been through.
And if they did, they'd say, no, I totally get it.
I totally get it.
It's been a topsy-turvy, a rollercoaster of a ride.

But this is what she does.
She steps up completely different person
to what she was completely.
She's my rock.
And I think I'm hers as well.
Yeah, I think so.
It's sort of a rock, maybe a pebble.
As part of that process of coming to terms
with what happened to her,
Jill wrote and published a book about her checkered love life
called Two Cops and a Robber.
The priority now is me.
And the priority is that healing for me.
And that is what that book has done,
that has healed that final wound, really,
of not having to look over my shoulder.
These days, Jill, Rod and Frankie live together
in the same old three-bed semi-detached house
in Haverford West.
Rod's become like a father to Frankie,
who's now a teenager.
Frankie doesn't know what he wants to do when he's older,
but he says it will probably involve cars.
That's one passion he's inherited from Dean,
though Frankie insists he's not about to become
a getaway driver any time soon.
And another thing.
Just before Jill turned 50, she became a bodybuilder.
Yeah, our leading lady has literally become a strong woman.
And I'm not going to labour the symbolism here,
but honestly, it's badass.
I think I've come out of it a better person.
I don't know how I've come out of it a better person
because I couldn't become very bitter and horrible
and not got in a relationship and never trusted men again.
But I chose the path
that no one probably would think I would have chosen.
I chose the hard path then.
As a result of everything that happened,
I am now very happy.
I have no doubts about anything.
I'm super confident in myself.
I actually love life now,
and I actually love what I do,

and I love my world.

That sounds a bit cheesy, but I never thought I'd ever, ever get to that.

I thought my life was ended, and that was that.

It's like Steve Austin, the bionic man.

I have rebuilt.

I have rebuilt my whole life.

Craziest of all, given her history,

Jill has been elected to high office.

That's right.

The woman formerly known as Sergeant Jill is now the Deputy Mayor of Haverford West.

It was a unanimous vote from everyone, except for one.

And the one person was me.

She even gets to wear a massive gold chain.

There we go then, not so bad for a woman that's supposed to be lacking in honesty and integrity.

And yet here I am now, Deputy Mayor of Haverford West.

Who knows, one day might be the Mayor.

Not that it's a huge thing, but for me it is.

I've gone from being ashamed and wanting to hide my life to the fact that I've now embraced it.

Dean's been putting his life back together too.

Throughout his time in prison,

Dean was a model prisoner,

even training as a counsellor,

working with the Samaritans.

In return for his good behaviour,

he was released in 2014,

having served only seven and a half years of his sentence.

With the help of his mum, Joyce,

who still dotes on him,

he's gotten back on his feet

and is back to working in the building trade.

He even hopes to relaunch the governor range one day.

Dean says he's also moved back in with his ex-wife.

Although they're no longer married,

Dean still wears his wedding ring.

Make of that what you will.

I think the problem of anybody trying to make a film of it would be like, well, hold on a minute.

How does it end?

Great question, Dean.

How does it end?

In one sense, this is a story that has a neat, happy ending.

Jills in Wales with Rod,

Dean's in Kent, apparently, with his ex-wife.

But, and you knew there was going to be a but, didn't you?

Even after they broke up,

Jill didn't cut Dean out of her life.

It wasn't like I'd cut him off, and that was it.

There was no more contact.

And probably spoke to him far too much.

Because I'd relied on him for so long, all those years,
even though he was in prison and relied on him reassuring me.

I think I find that habit hard to get out of.

When Jill was training for a bodybuilding competition,
she sent Dean a picture of herself in her outfit.

A small white bikini.

Jill sent me messages, pictures, all sorts of numbers,
all sorts of messages.

I didn't send that in terms of a sexual way,
because the relationship for me was done.

But we still had that friendship.

But he might have perceived that differently in thinking,
look, she sent me bikini photos, and it wasn't like that at all.

And yeah, probably Rod would have gone bananas
if he thought I would send Dean a picture of me and my bikini.

And he always saw that as one thing,
as she's not happy with Rod, and she'll come back to me at some point.

She's always said, there's certain feelings that I have for you
that I've never had for any other man, and I will never have.

I'm not saying that I should be with her.

I'm not saying that she should be with me.

What I'm saying is she should be a bit more honest about things.

Don't settle for second best, and she is.

Rod's a lovely fellow. Nothing against him, but he's not right.

I don't want to go down the road of discussing
whether he thinks I'm in love with him or not,
because it's irrelevant, because I'm not in love with him.

I'm in love with my husband, and that's where I'm happy.

No, stop the bullshit.

If you was happy, you wouldn't be doing this. That's not happiness.

That's something missing.

Do you know what I mean?

We've all had that X that we can't quite let go of,
the one we text even though we know we probably shouldn't.

But things with Jill and Dean have been a bit more complicated than that.
Bank robbing, life-ending kind of complicated,
and, like any healing scab,
it's incredibly tempting for Jill and Dean to pick at it.
I remember a few times I've screamed at him,
you did this knowing I was pregnant, we were expecting Frankie,
so you made a choice.
You made a choice to do what you did over staying loyal to me and Frankie.
Everything that happened was a result of the actions you took,
not the actions I took, and I've had to deal with the fallout of that.
He doesn't seem to want to take responsibility for that.
He never once said sorry for that.
I may be wondering, we will have that conversation,
but as it stands now, I really don't think he fully comprehends
the enormity of what he did and how that affected me as badly as it did.
It just got too hard.
And you better believe Dean's always game for another rally of back-and-forth messaging.
If there was a text tennis tournament, these two would be Nadal and Federer.
And then came the text in 822, three words,
I love you.
Right, so, Dean has asked us not to broadcast the rest of this text,
because he says it's private.
But safe to say he tells Jill that he really regrets losing her.
Oh, Dean.
If this were a movie love story, this scene wouldn't be happening over text.
Dean's I still love you moment would be happening in an airport.
Jill would be waiting for a flight to some faraway land,
the last boarding call would ring out and Jill would look furtively over her shoulder
and see Dean running towards her, airport security chasing behind him.
Dean would confess his love and Jill would melt at the words,
fall into Dean's arms and the credits would roll with the pair locked in a passionate embrace.
But this is no movie.
And Jill and Dean are no Jack and Rose.
Instead, they're two exes gripping desperately onto a floating door in the ocean,
unsure how to let the other go,
squabbling over whether or not there really is only room for one of them on it
and just who exactly was responsible for sinking the ship.
The truth is, they hit the iceberg years ago.
And there are plenty of lifeboats available full of friends or family like Jenny or Joyce,
literally begging them to get out of the water.
I cannot fathom it out because I don't know, my brain doesn't stretch that far.
See, that's what I don't understand.
The two of them still wanting to cause hassle for each other all these years down the line.
Doesn't make sense, does it?

Total madness, crazy house.

I think maybe they're still living in the mad, crazy, passionate in love time that they shared.

I do think there is a lot of unfinished business with Dean and Jill.

So we ask them, do you guys want to meet?

To see if maybe you might be able to get to the bottom of things.

To give Dean a chance to see if Jill still has feelings for him.

And for Jill to ask Dean to finally tell her the truth about his crimes.

They said, yes.

How are you feeling about seeing Evan?

To be honest with you, my stomach's chinned a little bit.

It's like going for a job interview because I haven't seen him in five years.

So it is going to be very weird.

It's August 24th, 2022, and Jill's sitting in a recording studio in Cardiff, Wales.

She's looking fierce in a black leather jacket, her hair freshly cut and dyed.

It's been 16 years since she met Dean in that hotel bar, not far from where she's sitting right now.

And three weeks since Dean sent Jill that text.

When Dean arrives, it's awkward.

What?

He's bought coffee as a peace offering, but it's not really working.

Black, please.

Thank you.

Dean eases into his chair and they sit across the table and alternate between sizing each other up and purposely holding their gazes in the opposite direction.

Face to face and finally ready to talk.

Jill's got something that she wants to clear up with him once and for all.

As far as I'm aware, I only knew about the robbery you were arrested for.

What else have you been involved with?

With that incriminating myself.

Well, you put it whichever way you want with that incriminating yourself, but I'd like to know.

There was a lot more bank robbers.

Violence then?

My man's man Jill. I used to take care of things.

Years before you met me?

Yeah.

Okay.

So when you found out then that I was a police sergeant?

It made me giggle a little bit.

Why did it make you giggle?

It made me giggle so I never, in a million years, thought that's where my life would have gone to.

But when I first told you what I did, you laughed.

Did you laugh as in, oh shit, or was it like, did it give you some sort of kick?

I didn't get a kick out of it, no.

So it was more of a, oh shit.

It was like, fuck me, how's your luck?

Yeah.

Is this what it was?

What would you have done if I said I was a bank robber?

Well, I'd been horrified.

I probably would have thought it was a joke to start with.

And then if you said, no, no, seriously, I am a bank robber.

I would have been like, well, I wouldn't, you know, you and I wouldn't have been together.

Would you have crossed me out?

Do you know, I really don't know.

I think I would have probably just walked away.

I probably wouldn't have grasped you up.

You had plenty of opportunity at that first meeting when you knew what I did to say, you know what, this isn't working for me.

You're not my type.

Because we'd met online, hadn't we?

You could have walked away and said, you're really not for me, and that's that.

And I think you were probably selfish.

You should have let me go.

You should have said, oh, you're not for me.

Then it would not have happened, wouldn't it?

And that's why I always feel that you are very, you are driven by you and not about the consequences for everybody else.

I think in life we all do that, Joe.

No.

I wouldn't say not to the degree that you are.

And maybe that's a bit like an addiction.

No.

Listen, I love the money.

Did you also enjoy the thrill of it?

Oh, yeah.

It's a buzz.

It's stuff that people dream about, but never have the balls to do it.

I've taken fellas to do some bits and pieces of work,

and they've literally shattered herself and had to go away because they couldn't do it.

Not saying that I'm different to anybody else,

but I am a little bit different to a lot of people.

I know that for sure.

You are very different to the normal Joe or the public on the street.

I don't think you see that.

No, I don't see that.

You're right.

I always get what I want, except for sometimes.

So can I ask you the question then, leaving on from that?

Obviously, you know, when your ex-wife found out she was the same as me,

she was oblivious that there was what was going on.
So are you back with her now?
My personal relationships have not been the same.
Right, so that's a yes.
No, it's not.
No, it's not.
Maybe you don't want to discuss it, but I would be interested to know,
how do you both recover from what happened?
How does she trust or does she know you that long?
She doesn't ever trust me.
You're happy to live with that?
I have no option.
I wouldn't trust me.
While Jill steps back to take a breath,
Dean peers at his list of questions that he's carefully noted down on the train journey up.
Would you do it all again?
What?
All again.
I would go through it all again if it meant having Frankie, yeah.
Most definitely.
I wouldn't volunteer myself for it.
I might not be here, but I don't think I could...
I don't think now I could go through all of that again.
It's changed me, and I'm a stronger person.
But that was something...
When you look back, that was something hard to go through
and affected me for...
and has affected me emotionally and the rest of my life, you know.
It was devastating.
Do you guys still love each other?
No.
I don't love Dean in that way,
but he'll always be a part of me because of the big part he played in my life.
That's how I can sum that, really.
I've got feelings for Jill, yeah.
He still loves me, in other words, but he wants to say it.
All depends.
You fucking prick.
It all depends on the days.
She pisses me off, I can't stand her.
Other days, I love the bits and things.
For me, the journey that we was on
was the right journey, just the wrong time.
And I'm sorry for everything that caused you.

And that's from the heart.

And that's the first time you've ever really said sorry, so I accept that.

And with that, Jill's off.

I hope you have a safe journey back.

I'll be asleep and miss my stuff.

Dean pushes himself out of his chair, extending his arms towards her.

Come on.

No.

Shake my hand at least.

No, no, no, no, no.

Shake my hand at least.

No.

What?

No, look, it's not shaking your hand.

It's not shaking your hand before.

I'm not shaking it now.

Done.

I'll speak to you.

Bye, bye.

Jamming the exit button on the studio door,

Jill marches down the stairs, leaving producer Anna scrambling to keep up.

It seems like a crack has appeared in her armour.

I didn't want to stay longer.

I've processed my feelings for 12 years and, you know,

there's nothing more for me to process or to reveal,

because they're all set how I feel.

But I think he's quite a few years behind.

So you'll never catch up, you know?

Marching out onto the square that separates the studios and Cardiff Central Station,

Jill scans the crowd for Rod and Frankie.

Hello.

Yeah.

You know, Frankie looking.

Oh, he's got a bag.

He's bought something.

Jill strides over to her husband, Rod, who offers up a knowing hug,

a hug that Jill accepts without hesitation,

burying her head sheepishly into his chest.

Back in the studio, Dean's simmering.

He didn't get the closure he was expecting.

For me, looking at her, I think she's on a facade herself.

She's like, I'm shutting down and protecting myself, and that's it.

And that's not her.

It's just not her.

There's a sentiment that Dean uses a lot.
You do the crime, you do the time.
When he says it, he's referring to the fact that he's robbed a bank and got caught
and had to go to jail.
Just part of the game when you're playing cops and robbers.
And legally speaking, Dean has redeemed himself.
He was a perfect prisoner and he stayed out of trouble since.
But when it comes to Jill,
Dean's only just found the words to say, I'm sorry.
And after everything that's happened, can Jill ever forgive him?
The day after their meeting, she sends Dean a text.
I thought long and hard about sending this.
16 years ago, I sat in the bath, wondering why you hadn't called me back.
Last night, I sat in the same bath, having processed the fact that you,
after 16 years and for the first time,
apologized to me for what you catalyzed
and confirmed what I had pleaded, begged, prayed and willed everyone to understand
and believed that I simply didn't have a clue.
I simply fell in love.
And that was my fatal mistake.
I should feel vindicated by your words, but I'm angry, boiling angry.
Our relationship nearly killed me.
16 years, Dean.
12 minutes after Jill's text message arrives, Dean writes back.
Jill, you are right.
I don't know the half and this is partly why I've pleaded with you
for some time for us to be alone to talk.
16 years ago, I made the biggest mistake of my life
and each and every day I regret it.
I've missed out so much on the two things I wanted dearly in my life
but my stubbornness and sheer arrogance and my hard exterior fucked it up.
I know as I looked at you what you see in me.
I know you whether you like it or not, Jill.
Why were you so afraid to hug me?
I don't think he's in a happy place.
I don't necessarily think that's because of me
but I just think there's something missing maybe in his life
but there's nothing missing in mine now
and he doesn't want to accept that I've moved on
but I actually have.
But I'm in a position now where I don't actually need to argue about that
whether I have moved on or not, Dean, because it's not relevant
because if I'm arguing about it, it means I care
and I don't care whether he thinks I've moved on or not

because I actually have.
I don't need to explain that to him or account for that at all.
Ever since that fateful Halloween night,
Jill always felt like she'd lost the man of her dreams
but in the end, it was Dean who lost Jill
and now that she knows the truth, she's finally ready to move on.
What's between Jill and Dean isn't love anymore.
They'll always have a son together
and they've become bonded by their shared trauma
an experience that only the two of them can really understand
because ultimately, there are some people who come into your life
and forever change you.
Sometimes that person is not who you expect
or even want.
Sometimes they may be utterly incompatible.
But we're sort of helpless against that tie, don't we?
And in the case of Jill and Dean, after years of heartache,
in spite of their best efforts to try and move on from each other,
that connection is still there.
Even after the romance fades,
even after that love is beaten into the ground,
after all the lies and cheating and hurt and armed robberies,
it lingers.
Which is why it will always be tempting
to send just one more text.
A final word that's never final.
So this is where we leave them.
With one last message from Dean.
I don't bite, you know.
Jill, I know you're happily married, darling.
But, like I say,
I know you.
If you have a tip about a story you think we should investigate,
please write to us at
wondery.com forward slash tips.
That's wondery.com slash tips.
From Wondery and Novel,
this is Episode 6 of 6 of Stolen Hearts.
Stolen Hearts is hosted by me,
Kerry Godleman, and written by Kim McCaskill,
Tom Wright and Anna Sinfield.
Our producer is Tom Wright,
Associate Producer, Anna Sinfield,
Assistant Producer, Amalia Sautland,

Additional Production by Leona Hamid.
Fact-checking by Andrew Schwartz and Fendle Fulton.
For Novel, Willard Foxton is Creative Director of Development.
Special thanks to David Waters,
Austin Mitchell, Sean Glind, and Matt O'Mara.
Managing producers are Lutter Pundia,
Olivia Weber, Sheree Houston, and Charlotte Wolfe.
Music Supervisor is Scott Velasquez for Frisson Sink.
Music and sound design by Nicholas Alexander.
Additional Engineering by Daniel Kempston.
Executive Producers are Max O'Brien,
Mithy Lee Rao, and Johnny McDevitt for Novel.
Executive Producers are Erin O'Flarity,
George Lavender, Marshall Louie,
and Ben Sargent for Wondery.