

**LUTHER III**

Episode Three

Draft 3

Written by

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1 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

1

A busy Italian: a long table full of HAPPY YOUNG PEOPLE:  
talking, laughing.

Across the table, DANNY (26) and MAXINE (24) make eye contact.  
A shy half smile, a glance away.

TIME CUT TO:

2 **EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1**

2

Everyone's parting, saying goodbye, heading to taxis and  
minicabs. Good-natured, a bit tipsy.

Danny approaches Maxine. Hands in pockets, a bit bashful.

DANNY

So. Can I give you a lift?

A moment. Flirtatious and innocent and happy.

3 **I./E. DANNY'S CAR, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT 1**

3

Danny drives. Maxine at his side. London ethereally beautiful.

4 **I./E. DANNY'S CAR, NORTH LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 1**

4

Danny pulls up. Kills the engine. They sit there in silence.

STACY

So -

DANNY

So -

Their eyes lock. They laugh. Gently kiss.

STACY

Well, you took your time.

DANNY

Meh. I was picking my moment.

STACY

For *three years*?

Pause.

DANNY

Well, you were worth it.

She looks at him with happy tenderness. They kiss again.

5 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 1**

5

SIX FERAL HOODIES walk down the middle of the road. Monk-like  
and spectral. Urban anxiety personified.

6 I./E. DANNY'S CAR, STREETS - NIGHT 1

6

Danny and Maxine break off the kiss.

MAXINE  
So. Want to come in?

DANNY  
Agh.

MAXINE  
"Agh"?!

DANNY  
Scary flatmate -

STACY  
She's away for the weekend. Wedding.

Danny grins: *All right*. Maxine's hand goes to the door.

DANNY  
You know. This thing. Me and you. It's  
not just a thing.

A slow smile. She knows. Their eyes lock.

Then they're STARTLED by a SUDDEN HAMMERING at the window.  
Maxine CRIES OUT to see -

A HOODIE crouching by the driver's side window. Grinning.

HOODIE #1  
All right, mate? What's going on? You  
giving her one?

Danny reaches for the handle. But Maxine grabs his arm -  
because the Hoodie is holding up a LONG-HANDLED SCREWDRIVER.

HOODIE #2 steps up to the passenger side. Bangs on the window.

HOODIE #2  
Go on, mate. Get your cock out.

DANNY  
It's all right. Don't worry. It'll be  
okay.

HOODIE #3 jumps on the bonnet. Peers into the car with wide,  
mocking eyes.

HOODIE #3  
Are you gay, mate? Is that your  
problem?

Danny and Maxine's eyes lock in fear.

HOODIE #2

Do you want us to do her for you  
because you're gay?

DANNY

All right. That's ENOUGH!

Danny and Maxine cry out as Hoodie #1 shatters the windscreen with a SCAFFOLDING POLE picked up from a builder's skip.

Danny glares at him. Scared - as Maxine digs out her mobile. Dials 9 ... 9 ...

Hoodie #2 SMASHES THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW. Reaches in - grabs Maxine's wrist.

Danny lunges for him. Hoodie #2 lets go of Maxine: grabs Danny's wrist instead.

Hoodie #3 kicks at the shattered windscreen. It buckles.

Hoodie #1 KICKS THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW. Then leans in, unlocks the door.

He and the other Hoodies grab Danny's ankles - drag him into the road. Danny kicks out, struggling.

MAXINE

(gets out of car)  
Leave him alone! Leave him ALONE!

DANNY

Max, run! Get in the flat!

Maxine looks around - not knowing what to do. Then sees PEOPLE STANDING AT THEIR WINDOWS. Backlit silhouettes.

MAXINE

Help! Help!!!

NOBODY MOVES. They just stand there and watch.

Hoodie #2 grabs Maxine - throws her with STUNNING FORCE into the car. She falls. Tries to crawl away.

She catches TERRIBLE GLIMPSES of the Hoodies kicking and stamping on the helpless Danny. Danny reaches out to her -

DANNY

Run, Max. Run!

But Hoodie #2 grabs her. Hauls her to her feet. She cries out, screams, punches him. He laughs.

Then MAXINE'S EYES WIDEN - flick over his shoulder.

MAXINE'S POV:

A MAN is approaching. Slim. Very handsome. Wearing a KNEE-LENGTH COAT.

The Hoodies stop kicking Danny. Turn to confront the man.

Who stops. Doesn't move.

A silent face-off ... until Hoodie #1 swaggers up to the man, bandy-legged - about to deliver a roundhouse punch.

The man throws aside the long coat - produces A SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN ... and PULLS THE TRIGGER. Hoodie #1 is blasted half-way across the street.

The remaining Hoodies make to scatter.

KILLER

Stop!

They freeze.

KILLER (cont'd)

Lower the hoods. TAKE DOWN THE HOODS!

The Hoodies obey. Revealing five pale, terror-stricken ratboys. One of whom (Hoodie #2) is called GARY MEREDITH.

The killer meets Meredith's eyes. Aims the shot-gun.

Meredith bolts. The killer follows.

The other Hoodies scatter.

7 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 1** 7

Meredith runs like a man with the devil at his back - and the killer pursues. Incredibly fleet and agile.

8 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 1** 8

Maxine scrambles over to Danny. Jumps in shock as A GUN DISCHARGES off-screen.

She cradles Danny's head, strokes his hair. Weeps.

At the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, she lifts her gaze.

THE KILLER IS BACK. Standing over her. Breathless with exertion. Looming over her.

**TITLES**

9 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 2** 9

JOHN LUTHER and MARY DAY are in bed. She's cuddled into him.

10 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING 2

10

Wearing one of Luther's T-shirts, Mary Day drinks coffee, explores the NOW FINISHED LIVING ROOM.

The place is modest, almost ascetic: stripped wood, white walls. Bookshelves. A battered old dining table.

A bit Zen, maybe. But in an unaffected way. We'd live there.

Mary takes A PHOTO OF ZOE LUTHER from the shelf. Considers it.

Luther enters. Waits there, in the doorway.

MARY

How old were you when you got together?

LUTHER

Young. Twenty-one. Twenty-two?

MARY

And you've still got love in your voice.

LUTHER

Well, you don't stop loving someone. Is that a problem?

MARY

It's the opposite of a problem. She was very beautiful.

LUTHER

She was.

MARY

So. That was a test.

LUTHER

Of what?

MARY

You.

Luther's eyes flick to Zoe's portrait: her lovely grin.

Forgiving him. Always forgiving him.

And Mary Day. Here in this room, now.

He walks through a beam of sunlight to kiss her.

TIME CUT TO:

11 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, BEDROOM - MORNING 2 11

Mary Day enters, wrapped in a bathrobe; finds Luther dressing, eating toast. He opens the wardrobe to grab a tie.

She sees: FIVE IDENTICAL SHIRTS. FIVE IDENTICAL SUITS.

He turns to her, knotting his tie, chewing toast.

LUTHER

What?

She smiles. A good moment. Broken by A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Luther exits, knotting his tie -

12 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, HALLWAY - MORNING 2 12

- and opens the door on JUSTIN RIPLEY.

LUTHER

Justin! Come in.

RIPLEY

Sorry?

LUTHER

Come in.

RIPLEY

Why?

LUTHER

What do you mean, why?

RIPLEY

You never ask me in. Not ever.

Luther waits. Then Ripley enters. Admiring the flat.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

You do all this?

LUTHER

Most of it. A lot of it. Some of it.

Well, I paid the blokes who did it.

They enter -

13 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING 2 13

- the living room. Where Mary Day waits. Wet hair. Bathrobe.

LUTHER

Mary, this is Justin.

MARY

Hey there.

RIPLEY

Hey.

LUTHER

He's my friend. I love him.

Ripley blinks at Luther.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Justin - this is Mary.

RIPLEY

All right, Mary?

Mary smiles - knows something's happening here, although she's not sure what.

LUTHER

Right. To work!

(to Mary)

You okay?

MARY

Fine, yeah.

LUTHER

Make yourself at -

Home.

MARY

Will do. Totally.

She smiles. And Luther exits. A big man with a big walk.

A moment between Ripley and Mary. Happy and knowing.

RIPLEY

So. I'd better -

MARY

Yeah. Me too. Nice to meet you!

RIPLEY

You, too.

Ripley dithers a little, then exits.

14 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING 2**

14

GEORGE STARK huddles over many RECORDING DEVICES. Looks up as ERIN GRAY enters, carrying takeaway coffees. She'd rather be in bed.

STARK

Look at this.



She wanders over. Stark grins, hits REWIND on his laptop. Presses PLAY.

We hear GENTLE MOANING. SQUEAK OF BEDSPRINGS.

STARK (cont'd)  
They're actually quite sweet together.

GRAY  
Is this supposed to give me an illicit thrill? Because I have to tell you, it's not working.

STARK  
You ever play that game? You've got a tower made of wooden blocks - you take out a block, put it on top ...

GRAY  
I know the game, yeah. Jenga.

CORNISH  
That's it. So Luther's human Jenga. He gets lumps knocked out of him ... everyone's watching, waiting for him to fall. But he never does. He teeters and he totters. But he won't fall down.

GRAY  
Boss, this isn't supposed to be about revenge.

STARK  
I'm not talking about revenge. I'm talking about a pro-active strategy. The kind of method DCI Luther's very fond of.

He walks to the table. We see COPIES OF THE JOHN LUTHER CASE FILE.

STARK (cont'd)  
We create a scenario. How he *reacts* to it? That's entirely up to him.

He stuffs the case file into a Jiffy Bag.

GRAY  
You do know you're beginning to sound just like him?

STARK  
Well, you have to think like them if you want to catch them, Erin. Surely if nothing else, he taught you that?

Out on Gray's anxiety.

CUT TO:

**INT. RIPLEY'S CAR - DAY**

Ripley passes Luther A CASE FILE.

RIPLEY

Victims are Gary Meredith and Shaun  
Butler.

Luther flicks through the file. He finds TWO MUG SHOTS of  
MEREDITH AND BUTLER - plus, a number of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

INSERT CLIPPINGS: "KILLER OF SOLICITOR SIMON MILLS TO WALK  
FREE WITHIN DAYS AS PAROLE BOARD RUBBER STAMP JUST 6 YEARS  
BEHIND BARS"... "KILLER OF SIMON MILLS CLEARED OF CASHPOINT  
ROBBERY JUST FOUR MONTHS AFTER RELEASE FROM JAIL"...  
"SWAGGERING KILLERS FREE AFTER 6 YEARS"...

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. STREETS, NEAR CRIME SCENE - DAY 2**

17

Ripley and Luther head towards the cordon.

Every parked car has A LEAFLET tucked under its windscreen  
wiper, flapping in the breeze.

They duck under the barrier, sign in. Meet Schenk.

LUTHER

Eyewitnesses?

SCHENK

Dozens. White male, twenty-five to  
forty. Lightish or darkish hair, short  
or possibly longish. Non-descript  
clothes, darkish. May drive a  
motorcycle. Possibly a scooter. Or a  
car.

They pass the screens.

18 **EXT. STREETS, MEREDITH CRIME SCENE - DAY 2**

18

SOCO mill around; evidence flags dotted everywhere.

Meredith (Hoodie #2) has been shot in the chest. Impact has  
driven his body onto the bonnet of a car, shattering the  
windscreen.

A flyer has been GLUED TO MEREDITH'S FACE. It gently flutters  
in the morning breeze.

Luther gets in close. Reads it. Hmmmmm.

He moves on.

19 **EXT. STREETS, BUTLER CRIME SCENE - DAY 2**

19

MORE SOCO. More evidence flags. Danny's trashed car. Blood on the ground.

SHAUN BUTLER'S BODY lies face up. A FLYER covering his face.

SCHENK

Shooter walks up during the affray,  
Puts the sawn-off to Butler's chest.

LUTHER

Doesn't hesitate?

SCHENK

Apparently not.

Luther tucks in his tie. Buries hands in pockets. Squats.

LUTHER

It's not an easy thing, to put a sawn-  
off to someone's chest and pull the  
trigger. Even someone you hate -

An awkward moment. Ripley and Schenk exchange a glance, knowing Luther is somewhere else: a deserted train station, long ago.

LUTHER (cont'd)

- let alone do this.

ANGLE ON BUTLER.

THE FLUTTERING LEAFLET has been GLUED to Butler's forehead.

It reads: "*WWW.FOR-CAITLIN.COM. 10.A.M.*"

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER (cont'd)

So who's Caitlin?

SCHENK

We didn't turn up any "Caitlin"  
in Meredith and Butler's ambit - no  
family, known associates. And no  
Caitlin connected to Simon Mills,  
their victim.

LUTHER

Which seems to rule out a revenge  
attack. And this looks way too heavy-  
duty to be a gang beef. So what's the  
deal with this website?

RIPLEY

It goes live in two hours.

LUTHER

Can we shut it down? Trace it to source. Whatever you do with websites?

SCHENK

Apparently not. It's being hosted from Uzbekistan. Or Kazakhstan. One of the Stans, anyway. Upshot is, there's no way we can shut it down in time.

RIPLEY

Hundreds of these leaflets are already in the wild. People have been tweeting the address since about five a.m.

SCHENK

So the chances of containing this seem essentially to be zero.

LUTHER

It doesn't look promising, does it?

CUT TO:

20 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - DAY 2**

20

Mary is pottering, getting ready to leave - earrings. Handbag. Mobile. The VOICES ON TALK RADIO are quiet, almost incidental.

She grabs her keys, ready to leave - when there's a A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

She goes to answer it. The radio nattering behind her.

21 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, HALLWAY - DAY 2**

21

Mary opens the door on GEORGE STARK and ERIN GRAY.

Stark holding A FAMILIAR CASE FILE casually behind his back, giving Mary his broadest, sharkiest smile.

Gray sombre at his side.

STARK

Morning!

MARY

Morning. Um -

STARK

DCI Stark. This is DCI Gray.

MARY

If it's John you're after -

GRAY

Actually, no. We came to see you.

MARY

Me? Why?

(nervous laugh)

Have I done something?

CUT TO:

22 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

22

Luther looks up from the case file.

He's interviewing Maxine. She's bruised, clearly traumatized. Nursing a cup of tea.

A Family Liaison Officer sits in one corner.

LUTHER

This man, the killer, he spoke to you?

MAXINE

He did, yeah.

LUTHER

What did he say?

MAXINE

He told me not to be afraid.

LUTHER

And do you remember anything about his voice? An accent, maybe?

MAXINE

It was nice.

LUTHER

In what way?

MAXINE

Kind. He had a very kind voice.

LUTHER

Okay. I'm just trying to follow the sequence of events here. He told you not to be afraid. He had a kind voice. Then - ?

MAXINE

(emotional)

He sat and held Danny's hand until the ambulance arrived.

Luther holds her defiant, emotional gaze.

LUTHER  
Can you tell me what he looked like?

MAXINE  
I'm sorry?

LUTHER  
Can you give me a description of the man who killed Shaun Butler and Gary Meredith?

MAXINE  
Why?

LUTHER  
Because they're dead. The man who killed them may have seemed kind. But that doesn't -

MAXINE  
- what? Give him the right to save Danny's life? Stop me being gang-raped?

Ouch.

MAXINE (cont'd)  
The way I see it, two people were going to die last night. Thanks to this man, and no thanks to the police by the way, it wasn't me and it wasn't Danny. Now you're asking me to help you send him to *prison*? I'd rather go to prison myself.

Luther looks away. As that hits home.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2**

23

Stark and Gray on the sofa. A very uncomfortable Mary perches on the edge of a chair.

STARK  
So. How did you and John meet?

Mary smiles politely. Looks to Gray for help. Finds none.

MARY  
I'm sorry, I'm not very comfortable having this conversation. Should we just... call John?

STARK  
Do you know what, Mary? I think that would be a terrible, terrible idea.

MARY

I'm sorry?

GRAY

How much do you actually know about him? John Luther.

MARY

I'm not sure what that means. Look, shall I just give him a ring and -

STARK

Put it this way: go ahead and try. If you like.

He holds Mary's gaze for a few moments.

Gray wanders to the bookshelf, takes down the picture of Zoe.

GRAY

Does he ever talk about her?

MARY

Well, he doesn't not talk about her.

(stands)

Okay. I have to go. I'm late for work.

GRAY

Sit down, please. Did he ever mention how she died?

MARY

No!

GRAY

Why not, do you think?

MARY

I'm not sure that's actually any of your business.

GRAY

She was a lovely woman, apparently. Very clever. Very honest. Loved him to bits.

(replaces photo)

I mean, we've all done it. Fallen for the wrong man.

STARK

She left him, actually. Shacked up with someone else. Another man. Not long before she died, funnily enough. John ever mention that? In passing?

GRAY

Or that his best friend pulled the trigger? A dirty copper? In her own kitchen.

Beat.

MARY

I'm calling John. Right now.

STARK

Go on, then. Touch that phone. Do it.

Her eyes flit to his -- which are luminous with threat.

STARK (cont'd)

Give him a bell.

A queasy beat. Then Mary lowers the phone. Really scared now.

MARY

I'm sorry. I don't know what's supposed to be going on, here. I'm completely lost.

STARK

Well, that's why we're here. To help you understand how lost you really are.

A long beat. And then... he passes her the LUTHER CASE FILE.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY 2**

24

THE KILLER sits on a park bench. Takes in THE LONDON PANORAMA. The Gherkin. St Paul's. The London Eye.

Plenty of people about: joggers, tourists, a couple of young men flying kites. Nobody paying him the slightest attention.

He checks his watch. Content. Sits back.

25 **INT. SSU, LUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY 2**

25

Luther enters. Finds Ripley using his desk, going through a MOUND OF CRIME REPORTS CONNECTED TO WOMEN CALLED CAITLIN.

He's making three piles: "YES", "NO" and "POSSIBLE".

LUTHER

Making yourself at home, then?

RIPLEY

Yeah, ta.

He drifts off. Staring at the three piles.



LUTHER  
You all right?

RIPLEY  
Yeah. Down to about fourteen  
possibles.  
(beat)  
It's weird. Seeing all these terrible  
things happening to women with the  
same name. Caitlin raped; Caitlin  
stabbed; Caitlin drowned. It just  
seems -- I don't know. The things we  
do to each other.

Another beat.

LUTHER  
Justin -

RIPLEY  
Yeah?

Ripley is fixated on the Caitlins. His stance, his mood, his  
aura evoking Luther's.

LUTHER  
I think it's time you moved on.

Ripley turns to him.

RIPLEY  
Sorry?

LUTHER  
You've learned all you're going to  
learn from me. And maybe a few things  
you shouldn't. You should be doing my  
job. Having your own little Ripleys.

Ripley is taken aback. Touched. His reply -  
- is cut off by Schenk, entering.

SCHENK  
You need to get to Gethin Woods.

CUT TO:

**INT. URBAN WOODLAND - CRIME SCENE - DAY**

Luther and Ripley walk through the taped-off scene until they  
come across

A MAN'S BODY

hanging from a tree like strange fruit. The same leaflet  
attached to his face.

RIPLEY

Couple of dog walkers found him,  
apparently.

LUTHER

We know who he is?

RIPLEY

Liam Glass.

LUTHER

Why do I know that name?

RIPLEY

For a few months he was the tabloid's  
favourite bogeyman.

LUTHER

Because?

RIPLEY

He lived in the spare room of the flat  
where Lucinda King died.

LUTHER

Lucinda King. She was the little girl,  
right?

RIPLEY

Four years old. Mr Glass was her  
stepfather's cousin. Crack cocaine  
addict, arsonist, career burglar. He  
sat by, took no action for months on  
end while Lucinda's mother and  
stepfather starved, burnt and beat her  
to death.

LUTHER

And he served what? All of five years  
for it?

RIPLEY

Four, with time served.

LUTHER

Four years for four years.

(then)

So our boy's killing predators; people  
the Criminal Justice System's spat  
back into the world.

They consider Liam Glass, the hanged man.

LUTHER (cont'd)

He's on a mission. Which means this is going to get a lot worse before it gets better.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2

26

Luther and Ripley enter, join Schenk at Benny's desk.

Benny's accessing the website: *WWW.FOR-CAITLIN.COM*

BENNY

This went live at 9 a.m., on the button.

ON SCREEN

A LOVELY WOMAN'S FACE. Smiling. Fading to reveal A LARGE KITCHEN IN A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

The killer sits in a chair. He wears jeans, a sweater. Probably M&S. Two day's growth. He's very handsome.

KILLER

By now, many of you will be wondering who "Caitlin" is.

ON SCREEN: another picture of the lovely woman.

KILLER (cont'd)

This is Caitlin. Four years ago, she was raped and murdered by a man called Milan Hadzic.

Image of MILAN HADZIC. Fat. Unshaven.

KILLER (cont'd)

Mr. Hadzic had been classified as 'medium risk' by probation staff when he was released from prison. This was less than half-way through an eight-year sentence for robbery with violence. On the day he raped and killed Caitlin, he was on bail awaiting trial on a charge of dealing cocaine.

Photos of the killer with Caitlin: a perfect couple.

Then back to the killer, suddenly looking very alone in that chair.

KILLER (cont'd)

Caitlin was my life. But because of Milan Hadzic, she's gone forever. And she wasn't just taken from me;

she was taken from her friends. She was taken from her mother and father and her sisters and her brother. She was taken from the children she so desperately wanted but will never have.

Caitlin's image fades. Replaced by Milan Hadzic, showing his teeth in a laugh

BACK TO SCENE

Track over Luther and the others as they react to the webcast.

ON SCREEN

MARWOOD

The criminal justice system was created to protect us from those who would do us harm. But it's failing us. Time and again, that failure leaves innocent people to suffer. And their loved ones to pick up the pieces.

Faces of victims. All ages. All colours.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

For all the Caitlins in the world. For all our loved ones - it's time for it to stop.

Marwood holds the camera's gaze. Sorrowful and handsome and angry.

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER

Okay. I think we've got a big problem.

27 **EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY 2**

27

Sitting on the bench, Marwood checks out THE TWITTER FEEDS on his smart-phone. They're refreshing at an incredible rate.

He puts the phone away. Just sits there. An air of peace about him. This handsome, damaged man.

28 **INT. SSU, LUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY 2**

28

Luther is WATCHING MARWOOD'S MESSAGE. He freezes it as Ripley enters, file folder in hand.

RIPLEY

William Marwood. Architect. Pretty good, apparently. Resigned a month ago; dropped out of contact with friends and family. Phone and bank records back that up.

Luther takes the paperwork. Flicks through photographs.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Caitlin dies. Marwood's depressed;  
hospitalized for a while.

LUTHER

Well, you lose someone the way he lost  
Caitlin. You get paralysed. The guilt.  
The hatred. The -  
(drifts off)  
- whatever.

Beat.

RIPLEY

Okay. Thing is, suddenly he gets  
energized. He joins a gun club. Takes  
lessons in Krav Maga.

LUTHER

Krav what?

RIPLEY

Maga. Urban self-defence.

LUTHER

So we're saying: he learned how to  
shoot and how to fight dirty.

RIPLEY

Plus, he gets himself super-fit. As  
in, triathlon fit. Spends thousands on  
urban survival training courses. SAS  
courses. God knows what else. Like  
he's in training for the zombie  
apocalypse.

Luther thinking it through. Staring at a photo of Marwood and  
Caitlin. Laughing. Arms locked.

LUTHER

Before he dropped off the edge of the  
world, who'd he call most often? Who  
was his confidante?

RIPLEY

(re: photograph)  
David Ramsey. His wife's brother.

LUTHER

Okay. I need to speak to Ramsey.

He strides from the office -

29 INT. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2

29

- marches to Benny's desk, Ripley at his heel. They join Schenk.

LUTHER

Marwood's been planning this for a long time: he's off the grid and well-prepared. We're not going to find him where he's at. So we need to know where he'll be next.

SCHENK

And how do we do that?

LUTHER

He's making a play for public sympathy. If he wants to fan those flames, he's going to choose targets people seriously hate.

SCHENK

So, we -?

LUTHER

Find the ten most debased scumbags in London... and put a surveillance team on each one. See if we can't get to Marwood before Marwood gets to them.

SCHENK

Depravity's not in short supply in this city.

RIPLEY

No - but all three current victims were heavily demonized in the press: if we collate nature of offence against volume of press coverage, that should give us a manageable long-list.

SCHENK

Benny?

BENNY

We can do that, Boss.

SCHENK

And when we've got our long-list?

LUTHER

We narrow it to a short-list.

SCHENK

Based on what criteria?

LUTHER

Experience. And the gag reflex.

SCHENK

John, if I go upstairs and tell them we'd like to nominate ten of the most reviled, predatory men in this country for what amounts to twenty-four hour, round-the-clock police protection, they'll skin me alive. One leak to the press, the entire police service is dragged over hot coals by all those vulnerable groups who *don't* benefit from it: abused women, terrorized pensioners, police witnesses. And rightly so.

LUTHER

Tell them it's the best way to stop William Marwood.

A beat - as Schenk thinks it over.

SCHENK

In this case, I suspect it'll be easier to ask forgiveness than seek permission. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. STREETS - DAY 2** 30

Mary walks the streets. Dazed. Until she reaches her shop. She fumbles for her keys. Opens the door. Steps inside -

31 **INT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 2** 31

- closes and bolts the door. Fights a rush of tears. Gets it together. Then digs out her phone.

She hesitates. Takes a breath. Then calls Luther.

32 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2** 32

Luther's about to head to his office when his phone rings. He checks it out.

LUTHER

(answers)

Hey.

33 **E. MARY'S SHOP/I. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2** 33

MARY

Hey. Can we meet?

INTERCUT LUTHER/MARY

LUTHER

Yeah, of course... Are you okay?

MARY

Yep. I'd just - I'd really like to talk.

LUTHER

Seriously, are you all right?

MARY

Some people came round. After you'd gone.

And the ground lurches away beneath Luther's feet.

LUTHER

What people?

MARY

A man and a woman. Police. I can't talk about this over the phone. I can't. I need to see you.

LUTHER

Okay. Just let me - I've got a lot going on here. Just let me -

She fights back a sob.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Okay. Hold on. Where are you, right now?

MARY

At work.

LUTHER

I'll come round.

MARY

No! No, don't do that.

Hearing the fear in her voice, Luther's stomach sinks.

LUTHER

Okay. Just tell me where and when.

He listens. Then hangs up. Confronts Ripley and Benny's amused faces.

LUTHER (cont'd)

All right children. Act your age, not your shoe size. Back in a minute.

He exits.



34 INT. SSU, CORRIDORS - DAY 2

34

Slams through doors and down corridors.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MUNICIPAL SQUARE - DAY 2

36

Luther turns into the square. Scans the people. Finds her, waiting.

LUTHER

Mary?

She nods. Distant.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So what do we do? Get a coffee or something?

MARY

In a minute.

So they walk. Far apart. Luther silent. Knowing something's coming.

MARY (cont'd)

How did your wife die? Zoe.

LUTHER

That's a long story.

But that's obviously not enough. So he gathers himself. Says it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

She was taken from me. By someone I knew. A friend.

MARY

And if I'd've asked that question this morning... before that Glaswegian dick had done his dirty business. Would you have given me the same answer?

LUTHER

Of course.

MARY

Why?

LUTHER

Because it's true. Listen, whatever they said -

MARY

They were *police*. They had a *file* on you.

LUTHER

I know.

MARY

They showed it to me.

Pause.

MARY (cont'd)

John, what did you do?

LUTHER

Nothing. They lied to you. They were lying.

She gives him a look. Betrayed and disillusioned.

MARY

I think you should stay away from me.

LUTHER

Mary -

MARY

Honestly.

Luther watches helplessly as she walks away.

His phone rings. He lets it.

But then she's gone. Swallowed by the crowd. So he answers.

LUTHER

Justin?

37 **I. SSU BULLPEN/E. MUNICIPAL SQUARE - DAY 2**

37

Benny and Ripley face a WALL OF FACES: HUNDREDS OF DEVIANTS AND DEGENERATES. AN INDEX OF CONVICTIONS clipped to each of them.

Ripley takes down a mug-shot, scans the rap sheet. Bins it. He's on the phone to Luther.

RIPLEY

We're down to two hundred and sixty-three potentials.

INTERCUT LUTHER/RIPLEY

LUTHER

You need to move faster.

RIPLEY

We'll get there. Where will you be?

LUTHER

Checking out the brother-in-law.

RIPLEY  
How's the other business?

LUTHER  
Sorted. No worries.

He hangs up. Walks on. Dials again.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Afternoon, George.

38 **I. SAFE HOUSE/E. MUNICIPAL SQUARE - DAY 2**

38

Stark on the phone to Luther.

STARK  
John Luther! How the devil are you?

INTERCUT LUTHER/STARK

LUTHER  
Fair to middling. You got two minutes  
to spare me?

STARK  
For you, all the time in the world.

LUTHER  
Then I'll see you in twenty.

STAY WITH STARK as he hangs up. Turns to Gray.

STARK  
What?

GRAY  
Your funeral.

STARK  
(grins)  
Are you *scared* for me, Erin?

GRAY  
I'm scared of what this is turning  
into.

STARK  
And what's that?

GRAY  
A grudge match.

A moment. Then Gray grabs her coat and exits.

39 **EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - DAY 2**

39

Will Marwood is still on the bench. But no longer quite so relaxed. He grows taut as THREE MEN walk past.

ONE SKINNY MAN in his twenties. One LIMPING, WHEEZING FAT MAN in his fifties. And a GREY-BEARDED MAN IN A CORDUROY SPORTS COAT AND A BATTERED LEATHER SATCHEL.

We know this man's face. We just saw Benny add him to the list of Britain's most hated.

The men pass. Will Marwood holds back... then stands and follows. Keeps his distance. Hands in pockets. No rush.

40 **EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LASSETER AVENUE - DAY 2** 40

Luther crosses the road. Buzzes the safe house.

41 **INT. SAFE HOUSE, STAIRS - DAY 2** 41

Luther heads downstairs. Knocks on the safe-house door. Waits. Hands jammed in pockets. Until Stark answers.

STARK

John. Step inside. Make yourself at home.

42 **INT. SAFE-HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2** 42

Luther enters, Stark behind him. Closing the door.

LUTHER

You wired the place, George?

STARK

What would be the point? What about you? You wired?

LUTHER

I've never been that comfortable with wires.

Stark laughs, appreciating that very much.

STARK

So?

LUTHER

So. You're moving this beyond a professional thing.

STARK

To be fair, I think you'll find it was you who did that.

LUTHER

Well, that couldn't be helped, could it? But here's the thing. You come for me, I'm fine with that. I'll match you bite for bite and in the end, we'll see who's standing. But you need to keep away from Mary. She's off limits.

STARK

Mary? Oh! You mean sweet Mary Day!

LUTHER

Mate, honestly. Don't dip your toe in these waters.

STARK

But what's the point of knowing your weak spot if I don't get to - well. Prod it?

Stark's smile falls.

STARK (cont'd)

So actually, *here's* the thing, John. This isn't a pre-match symposium. There are no rules of play.

LUTHER

You sow these seeds, George -

STARK

And what? I reap the whirlwind? Is that right?

They're nose to nose now.

STARK (cont'd)

You know your problem, John? You've spent your life thinking you're the whirlwind. Well, you're not. I'M THE WHIRLWIND, JOHN! I'M THE WHIRLWIND!

A long, long beat. Luther and Stark, nose to nose.

LUTHER

We'll see.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. STREETS - DAY 2**

43

Marwood follows the three men. Hangs back as they pause to say goodbye on a street corner. FAT MAN and SKINNY MAN head in one direction.

THE BEARDED MAN with the leather satchel heads off by himself.

His name, we will shortly learn, is DENNIS COCHRANE.

Marwood follows. Until Cochrane stops at the door of a BLOCK OF ANONYMOUS BEDSITTERS. Fumbles in his pocket for his keys:

ANGLE ON KEY-CHAIN: a front-door key: a standard Yale: a smaller key, perhaps for a padlock. And a lucky rabbit's foot.

He lets himself in.

44 INT. COCHRANE'S PLACE, COMMUNAL HALLWAY - DAY 2 44

Weaves past bikes and junk mail, heads up dusty stairs.

45 INT. COCHRANE'S PLACE - DAY 2 45

Lets himself in. The place tatty and monastic.

He dumps his keys, his wallet and his mobile phone on the Formica table. Then the heavy satchel.

He turns on the SMALL TV.

ON SCREEN: News 24: Will Marwood's face. Shots of uniformed police going door-to-door. ROLLING HEADLINE: "MASSIVE POLICE SEARCH FOR 'VIGILANTE' KILLER."

Cochrane grabs a bottle of whisky and a chipped mug, sits at the table, opens the satchel. Inside are SECOND-HAND BOOKS. He piles them on the table with evident satisfaction.

Picks up De Muapassant's short stories. Sips whiskey. Reads.

There's A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

COCHRANE

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

It's Lee from downstairs? Courier left something for you? I signed for it?

COCHRANE

What is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

A parcel? A book or something?

Cochrane scowls. Walks to the door. Opens it.

ON WILL MARWOOD, of course.

Marwood RAMS A 9 M.M. PISTOL INTO COCHRANE'S MOUTH and marches him backwards, gun in mouth, into the far wall.

They lock eyes. Marwood at arm's length. The gun jammed deep in Cochrane's mouth.

Marwood's finger on the trigger.

CUT TO:

46 I./E. SAFE-HOUSE - DAY 2 46

Luther lets himself out of the safehouse. His hand is shaking. Gets himself together.

Then walks away. Dialling.

47 **INT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2** 47

A huge, muddy yard. A maze of doors, cast iron radiators, balustrades, fireplaces.

DAVID RAMSEY is upper middle-class in that roll-up smoking, frayed sweater and faded jeans way. HIS PHONE RINGS.

INSERT CALLER I.D. (Luther's number).

48 **INT. COCHRANE'S PLACE - DAY 2** 48

Marwood's PHONE RINGS. He frowns. Eyes locked with Cochrane.

Keeping the gun jammed in Cochrane's mouth, he fishes out his cell-phone.

INSERT CALLER I.D. It's the same number.

Marwood presses ANSWER. And silently listens.

49 **INT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2** 49

David Ramsey answers his phone.

RAMSEY

Hello?

50 **E. STREETS/I. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2** 50

Luther walks to his car. On the phone to Ramsey.

LUTHER

David Ramsey?

INTERCUT LUTHER/RAMSEY ... and WILLIAM MARWOOD AS HE LISTENS IN ON THE CLONED SIM.

RAMSEY

Speaking.

LUTHER

This is DCI Luther, out of the Serious and Serial Unit -

RAMSEY

This'll be about Will, I take it.

LUTHER

It's Will, yeah. Can you spare me a few minutes?

51 **INT. COCHRANE'S PLACE - DAY 2** 51

Marwood hangs up. The gun still jammed deep in Cochrane's mouth.

A long moment. Cold rage in Marwood's eyes.

52 **I./E. LUTHER'S CAR, STREETS - DAY 2**

52

Luther at the wheel. We hear a MONTAGE OF MEDIA COMMENTARY.

*MEDIA COMMENTARY*

*... if it had been a government  
minister who lost a member of his  
family, I wonder if the killers would  
have been released? ... if we brought  
back hanging the problem wouldn't  
exist ...*

53 **EXT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2**

53

Luther parks. Walks to the gates. Knocks. Waits. Knocks again.

LUTHER

David Ramsey? DCI Luther.

RAMSEY (O.S.)

Come on in! It's open.

Luther tests the gate. Open. He steps through, into -

54 **EXT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2 CONT.**

54

- the salvage yard.

LUTHER

Hello?

He explores the yard; peeks behind balustrades, marble  
fireplaces and statues.

A growing sense that something's wrong.... and then LUTHER  
STOPS. And very ... slowly ... turns.

To see WILL MARWOOD stepping out behind him. Aiming the  
shotgun.

MARWOOD

Don't move.

LUTHER

All right.

A MOMENT -- AND THEN LUTHER MOVES!

Marwood PULLS THE TRIGGER, blasting a GARDEN STATUE to pieces.

Luther runs - Marwood pursues, trying to draw a bead on him.

A DESPERATE CHASE through the chaotic yard - Luther throwing  
objects in Marwood's path - then scrambling over the REAR WALL  
onto -



55 EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - DAY 2 CONT.

55

- an overgrown canal towpath. He runs - Marwood a beat behind him, incredibly fast and dexterous.

Breathless, Luther comes to a CANAL BRIDGE -- and sprints across, feet slipping.

Marwood runs PAST the bridge - outdistances Luther. But on the OPPOSITE SIDE of the canal

Then he stops - points the gun.

MARWOOD

STOP!

Luther stops. Breathless.

They face each other across the canal. Gasping, wheezing.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

Do me a favour. Throw me your wallet.

Luther digs out his wallet. Throws it across the canal.

Marwood picks it up. Reads. Keeps the gun on Luther.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

DCI Luther. You're the senior?

LUTHER

That'll be me, yeah.

MARWOOD

Thought so. Your phone, please.

Luther throws his mobile to Marwood. Who pockets it.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

So, tell me something.

LUTHER

If I can - William, is it? Will?

MARWOOD

Will. One in five murders are committed by men on bail. You know that?

LUTHER

Every copper knows that.

MARWOOD

And that doesn't include all the convicted men let out early who go on to rape and murder. How many convicted men are let out early?

LUTHER  
All of them, pretty much.

MARWOOD  
So why does nobody do anything about it?

LUTHER  
Because it's complicated.

MARWOOD  
No it's not.

A pause.

LUTHER  
No, it's not. You got me, there. So why are we having this conversation?

MARWOOD  
I want you to do something for me.

LUTHER  
Yeah? What?

MARWOOD  
Leave me alone.

Luther laughs, delighted.

MARWOOD (cont'd)  
Listen. DCI Luther. All I want is what you want: to have these people locked up, so they can't hurt anyone else. Look me in the eye and tell me you disagree with that.

LUTHER  
Not with the motive, maybe. But I seriously dispute the means. You can't fight injustice by increasing it.

MARWOOD  
So you've never been tempted?

LUTHER  
To what?

MARWOOD  
Administer a bit of personal justice?

LUTHER  
I don't have the right. Nobody does. That's the point.

MARWOOD  
Give me two days. That's all I need.

LUTHER

To what?

MARWOOD

Make things better.

LUTHER

You know I can't do that.

MARWOOD

You could - if you chose to.

LUTHER

Will, just because you're talking rationally that doesn't make all this rational.

MARWOOD

You think I'm delusional?

LUTHER

No. But I do think you need help.

A pause: melancholy, almost collegiate.

LUTHER (cont'd)

They'll kill you for this. That's how these things always end.

MARWOOD

I died the day I came home and found my wife's corpse stuffed into the airing cupboard. He'd left her socks on.

Luther winces.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

Don't be my enemy, John. We're on the same side, here.

LUTHER

I'm sorry you think that.

Marwood backs away, keeping the gun trained on Luther. Until he leaps over a wall and fades away.

Luther races over the bridge, follows him. But it's too late.

Breathless, nursing a stitch, he stoops. Picks up his wallet.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2**

56

Ripley and Benny glance up like deer at a waterhole as ERIN GRAY ENTERS. Glances around.

GRAY

DCI Luther?

RIPLEY

Not here. Ma'am.

GRAY

Okay. Then I wonder if you've got a minute, DS Ripley?

All eyes on Ripley until he gestures: *follow me*. And Gray follows him to Luther's office.

She's carrying the Jiffy bag.

57 **INT. SSU, LUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY 2 CONT.**

57

They step into Luther's office. Ripley shuts the door.

Gray sits on the edge of a desk, looks at the floor.

A moment of silence.

RIPLEY

So, is this like a Derren Brown thing?

GRAY

Derren who?

RIPLEY

Brown. Derren. Derren Brown?  
(off her bafflement)  
Mind reader. Mentalist. Reads minds.

GRAY

Oh, right. No. You wouldn't want to go reading my mind at the moment. Full of scorpions.

(glances at Jiffy bag)

Justin, I think I may have taken a wrong turn, somewhere along the way.

RIPLEY

Surely not.

GRAY

Well - that's not the disarmingly gallant reaction I might've been hoping for. In my heart of hearts.

RIPLEY

What were you hoping for? In your heart of hearts.

He holds her gaze. Torn between bitterness and mercy.

58 I./E. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD, OFFICE - DAY 2 58

Luther climbs back into the salvage yard. He makes his way into the office building.

59 INT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD, OFFICE - DAY 2 59

He finds the office. Where Ramsey sits. Gaffer-taped to a chair and gagged.

Seeing Luther, he flies into bug-eyed panic.

LUTHER  
Relax. He's long gone.

Luther searches the cluttered desk, finds a letter-opener; cuts Ramsey free.

RAMSEY  
I didn't know he'd be here. I swear to God. I didn't call him, or -

LUTHER  
He was listening in. He cloned your SIM. He's a smart lad, your brother-in-law. I quite like him. You okay?

RAMSEY  
I think so.

Good. Luther picks up the desk-phone and dials.

60 INT. SSU, LUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY 2 60

Ripley and Gray are interrupted by RIPLEY'S PHONE RINGING. Ripley answers.

RIPLEY  
Boss?  
(his face falls)  
On my way.  
(hangs up: to Gray)  
Got to go.

GRAY  
And fight the good fight?

RIPLEY  
A bit.

A tentative, fragile moment.

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
Listen. We'll put this right. But I really do have to go.

She nods. Ripley exits. Hesitates in the doorway.

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
You want to go somewhere and talk  
about this? Properly.

GRAY  
That's why I'm here.

RIPLEY  
No - I mean *properly*. As actual human  
beings. A drink or something?

A pregnant beat. The germ of something good in it.

GRAY  
Okay.

RIPLEY  
Okay. So I'll, um - I'll give you a  
bell.

GRAY  
Okay.

She smiles for his kindness. Then Ripley is gone.

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. ARCHITECTURAL SALVAGE YARD - DAY 2**

61

Police cars. Lights flashing.

Ripley approaches the brooding Luther. Hands him a NEW PHONE.

LUTHER  
This got my numbers on it?

RIPLEY  
All six of them, yeah.

LUTHER  
Who needs more than six numbers?  
(then)  
Marwood?

RIPLEY  
Had it on his toes. Long gone.

Luther nods. Of course.

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
So. I had a visitor. Erin Gray.

LUTHER  
Yeah? She have trouble parking the  
broomstick?

RIPLEY  
She wasn't a happy flower.

LUTHER

She's not exactly Lady Gaga at the best of times. This about Stark?

RIPLEY

I think so. I get the impression -

LUTHER

- he's not playing a straight bat? Yeah. I'm getting that impression, too.

RIPLEY

Why? What happened?

LUTHER

Nothing. Doesn't matter. But listen - I've got to sort something out.

Luther claps his shoulder. Walks away.

62 **INT. WINE BAR - DAY 2** 62

Erin Gray sits alone with her thoughts. Nursing a vodka. Tall glass. Lots of ice.

63 **I./E. LUTHER'S CAR, OUTSIDE VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 2** 63

Luther pulls up. But hesitates. At a loss. What does he do?

He makes up his mind. Gets out of the car, crosses the road. Enters the shop.

64 **INT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 2** 64

Mary looks up, surprised to see him.

For a fleeting moment, she's scared; realizing she trapped in here. Alone with a killer.

He sees it. Wishes he hadn't.

LUTHER

Listen. I know you told me to stay away. And I will, I absolutely will. I promise. I just wanted to say one thing. Just one thing, and I'm gone.

MARY

So? Say it.

A pained, cumbersome silence.

LUTHER

I'm sorry you saw what you saw. I know how it must have made you feel.

MARY

It made me want to throw up, is how it made me feel. It made me want to vomit.

LUTHER

But I didn't do those things.

MARY

So why did they say you did? For a laugh?

LUTHER

I'm not saying I haven't done stupid things, because I have. Really stupid things. But I was only - I was trying to help people. And things just...

(beat)

It's like when your car goes into a skid. You're told to steer into it, so you do; you steer into it, and all you can do is hang on, and hope you can straighten up before you go off the edge.

Her eyes soften, to see him there, humbled and lost, searching for words.

LUTHER (cont'd)

None of what they told you is true.

MARY

Then you need to tell me what *is*.

LUTHER

I'm not sure that's a great idea.

MARY

How do you expect me to trust you, if you won't trust me? I need to know, John.

Pause.

LUTHER

Okay.

MARY

All of it?

LUTHER

All of it. Every bit.

Mary's about to reply when LUTHER'S PHONE RINGS. He curses.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I have to take this. I'll be one second, okay? One second.



(answers)  
Boss?

65 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2

65

Schenk on the phone to Luther. He's contemplating the WALL OF FACES: it's been reduced to about fifteen mugshots.

SCHENK  
Good news: the proactive strategy  
seems to work. In principle.

66 I. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP/I. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2

66

LUTHER  
In principle?

INTERCUT LUTHER/SCHENK

SCHENK  
A sex offender by the name of Dennis  
Cochrane was abducted from his flat a  
little more than two hours ago. He's  
on the list. But we were too late.

LUTHER  
(absorbs that)  
Okay. Have Benny send me the address.  
I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Faces Mary.

She's looking at him with - what? Fear? Pity? Hope?

LUTHER (cont'd)  
I don't mind telling you, I'm having a  
bear of day.

MARY  
Okay.

LUTHER  
So I might be a bit late tonight. But  
I'll be there, all right?

A long beat -- at the end of which, blessedly, SHE NODS.

Trying to conceal his relief, Luther gives her A KEY.

She looks at it, in the palm of her hand. Just a key.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
You know where everything is.

MARY  
I think so, yeah.

LUTHER

Good.  
(lingers)  
I'll see you later, then?

MARY

Okay.

LUTHER

I'll be there. So just -- wait.

Nothing else to say. Everything to say.

Luther exits -

67 **I./E. LUTHER'S CAR, STREETS NEAR VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY 2** 67

- strides away. Gets to his car. Stops. Leans on it. Takes a breath.

Slams his hand on the roof.

LUTHER

Shit.

He leans against the car. A picture of despair.

Then he gets behind the wheel. Heads for the crime scene.

68 **INT. WINE BAR - DAY 2** 68

Gray sits alone at the bar. Downs a vodka, ice. Lifts her glass to order another.

Checks her phone, expecting a text. There isn't one.

69 **EXT. COCHRANE'S PLACE - DAY 2** 69

Police cars. Officers at the door.

70 **INT. COCHRANE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2** 70

Luther enters. Finds Ripley. SOCO.

He tucks his tie into his shirt. Joins Ripley.

RIPLEY

Cochrane's a paedophile. Did fifteen years for false imprisonment and rape. Bit of a tabloid nightmare. Went on to self-publish poems and essays about "inter-generational love."

Luther squats, checks out the books: Camus, Satre, de Sade.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Sees himself as champion of freedom. Ungoverned by religion or law.

LUTHER

Yeah, I've heard that one before. Lack of conscience dressed up as philosophy.

He stands.

LUTHER (cont'd)

It's not right though, is it?

RIPLEY

No? What's not?

LUTHER

This. Last night, Marwood walks up to Meredith and Butler; point blank, BAM! No hesitation. So why not do the same to Cochrane?

He walks to the table. The leather satchel. Cochrane's wallet and phone.

He sees something: a connection. Can't quite get to it.

He picks up the wallet. Examines it. Then the phone. Knows he's missing something.

LUTHER (cont'd)

We find any keys?

RIPLEY

Not that I'm aware of, no. Why?

Luther acts it out, seeing it now.

LUTHER

You open the door, right? Big bag of books in one hand, keys in the other. You put your keys down on the table; then dig out your wallet and phone.

RIPLEY

Okay. Totally. You've lost me.

LUTHER

There's no way Cochrane took his keys with him. So who took them, and why?

RIPLEY

(turns, bellows to SOCO)  
ANYONE FIND ANY KEYS?

CUT TO:

71 I./E. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK UP - DAY 2

71

Vile old railway arches. Dank. Reeking of decay.

DOORS SQUEAL OPEN and William Marwood emerges.

We catch a glimpse inside: a cowering, hooded figure, bound with cable ties passed through a steel ring hammered into the floor.

Marwood shuts the doors. Locks them with COCHRANE'S KEYS. We recognise the RABBIT'S FOOT.

He walks away, digging out a smart-phone.

73 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - DAY 2**

73

Benny watches a YOUTUBE video

ON SCREEN:

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Dennis Cochrane. He's reading a statement. Vibe like an Al Quaida video.

COCHRANE

My name is Dennis Cochrane. I'm a  
paedophile.

BACK TO SCENE:

As Benny leaps to his feet.

BENNY

Boss!

Schenk hurries over. Joins Benny.

ON SCREEN

COCHRANE

Despite spending fifteen years in  
prison, I don't consider myself  
"cured" ... because I don't consider  
my sexual orientation to be a form of  
mental illness. I don't believe that  
sex between adults and children is  
wrong. I believe that children are  
sexual beings.

Cochrane doesn't want to read the next bit. He glances fearfully off camera. Then:

COCHRANE (cont'd)

Statistics suggest that I'll commit  
many further offences against many  
other children. Knowing this, however,  
the Criminal Justice System saw fit to  
set me free.

He *really* doesn't want to say the next bit. But eventually has to.

COCHRANE (cont'd)

So what should be done with me?

TITLE OVER: "Tell us by midnight. #hangdenniscochrane or #savedenniscochrane".

BACK TO SCENE

Schenk removes his spectacles. Pinches the bridge of his nose.

75 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - DAY 2**

75

Marwood enters, closing the doors behind him. He ignores the WHIMPERING COCHRANE.

Instead, he grabs a stepladder and some tools stashed in the far corner.

He moves the stepladder to the centre of the lock-up. And begins fixing a LARGE METAL HOOK to the ceiling.

He stops now and again; checks Twitter feeds on a new phone.

76 **INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2**

76

Luther knocks and enters. Schenk looks up from his computer.

SCHENK

Do you understand social networking?

LUTHER

Nope.

SCHENK

Then I'm not alone. But apparently people are climbing over each other to incite Dennis Cochrane's execution.

LUTHER

Bread and circuses. Nothing new under the sun.

SCHENK

John, we need to find William Marwood before the internet helps transform his personal misery into public anarchy.

Schenk seems morally weary.

SCHENK (cont'd)

If he gets his wish and people vote to hang the paedophile - as they will, because who'd suffer a paedophile to live? - there's no telling where this ends. This kind of thing is a powder-keg: there'll be copy-cat killings. Riots. Lynchings. Pogroms.

Gangs of vigilantes kicking to death people whose faces don't fit. People terrorized in their homes.

He turns to his pinboard. Considers PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILLIAM AND CAITLIN MARWOOD.

SCHENK (cont'd)

What is it, with the world? Why do people feel compelled to make us wallow in their "issues"? This incessant parade of mawkish public disclosure. What happened to dignity? What happened to fortitude, for God's sake?

Embarrassed, he turns from the photographs. Sits.

LUTHER

Boss. How's Avril?

Schenk blinks at him. Sags in his seat.

SCHENK

Who do I kill to get her back, John? The woman she was. To whom should I write? To whom should I complain about the abuse of her right to dignity and self esteem?

Beat.

LUTHER

Martin, I'm sorry.

SCHENK

No. I'm sorry. This isn't the time or the place.

But Luther isn't listening any more. He's scowling, rubbing his head.

SCHENK (cont'd)

John?

LUTHER

There's no way we're going to find William Marwood before midnight. But you're right: if he executes Cochrane this all gets very ugly very quickly.

He paces, prowling. Seeing it. Not liking it... but seeing it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

But we know he's monitoring the media. And you're right. There's nothing more potent than private pain made public.

Out on Schenk. Scared to ask.

77 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2** 77

The hook has been attached to the ceiling. Now Marwood sits in a plastic chair. A school chair.

He takes a length of rope and with patience and care, forms it into a HANGMAN'S NOOSE.

78 **INT. SSU, LUTHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2** 78

Schenk enters. Shuts the door.

SCHENK

Upstairs has signed off - having made it perfectly clear that if things go lopsided, it's you and me who swing from the gibbet.

LUTHER

It won't go lopsided.

Schenk holds his gaze: Amused. Anxious. Complicit. Then bows out.

Luther grabs his coat.

79 **INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - BULLPEN - NIGHT 2** 79

Luther shrugs on his coat, summons Ripley. Approaches Benny.

LUTHER

Ben, if this goes lopsided I'm going to need a Plan B. Drag up every piece of Intel you can on Cochrane - known haunts, associates. I don't know. Anything that makes your nose twitch.

BENNY

Wilco, Blue Leader. Best of luck.

RIPLEY

Cheers, Ben.

BENNY

Cheers, Justin. Be careful out there.

Luther and Ripley exit.

CUT TO:

80 **INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 2** 80

KIERA MILLS (28) is stacking shelves. She looks up to see Luther and Ripley entering, walking towards her.

And she knows. Just knows. Even before Luther BADGES HER.

LUTHER

Kiera Mills?

Luther waits, patiently, as Kiera ignores him. Furiously slams cans after can onto the shelf.

Angrier and angrier until ... she slumps.

81 INT. SUPERMARKET, STAFFROOM - NIGHT 2

81

The staffroom is deserted. Strip lights and black windows give it a lonely, late-night air.

The clock gives the time as 9:22 P.M.

Luther and Kiera sit on plastic chairs across a cheap table.

Luther is calm. Compassionate. Unhurried.

KIERA

Do you know that man did to me? Dennis Cochrane. Well, I say "man". Do you know what he did? That disgusting, revolting -

(beat)

I was only a little girl. I was eleven! And he -

LUTHER

Kiera -

Their eyes meet.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I've got to explain something, okay? I've got no sympathy for Dennis Cochrane. I mean, absolutely none.

She bites down on her lip. Nods.

LUTHER (cont'd)

But the thing is, I don't get to say when someone should live or die. Even someone I hate. Even if I hate myself for stopping it.

Luther struggles with a moment of shame.

LUTHER (cont'd)

This is the hardest thing I've ever asked anyone.

KIERA

What do you want me to do?

LUTHER

Plead for Dennis Cochrane's life.



Her eyes SLAM UP. Glittering with sudden focus and fury.

Luther holds her gaze. Benevolent. But unyielding.

CUT TO:

82 **EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 2**

82

Ripley paces, dialling.

Luther watches Kiera being driven away in a marked car. She throws a last look back. He raises a hand in sombre encouragement.

Ripley gets through to Benny.

RIPLEY

Benny Boy?

83 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - NIGHT 2**

83

Benny on the phone to Ripley.

BENNY

Okey smokey. So I trawled a list of Cochrane's known associates.

ON SCREEN: he evokes GORDON MURRAY. We recognise him as the SKINNY MAN we saw earlier, with Cochrane.

BENNY (cont'd)

Nothing solid - but a month back, some Parole Officer gets a tip that a nonce called Gordon Murray was in breach of parole: associating with known sex-offenders. Cochrane wasn't named, but he and Murray are known to be BFFs.

84 **EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 2**

84

RIPLEY

So where do we find Murray?

CUT TO:

85 **INT. PUB - NIGHT 2**

85

A local pub. Mid-week.

Luther and Ripley enter. The place freezes. GORDON MURRAY glances up from his drink. Hoping to hell this isn't what he thinks it is. Even when Luther badges him.

LUTHER

Gordon Murray?

Murray bolts. Leaps over the bar, shoves past the barmaid -

Ripley follows, leaping the bar.

Luther goes to follow. Then thinks better of it. Leaves Ripley to it. He approaches the STARTLED BAR-MAN instead.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Glass of lemonade, mate?

The barman dithers. Then pours a lemonade. Luther drinks it.

86 **INT. PUB - NIGHT 2**

86

Murray runs through the pub - reaches the back door - it's locked! - his hands fumble - he can't get it open! He can't!

Finally, in his panic, he notices the DEADBOLT set above his head. He stands on tiptoes, slides the bolt - opens the door

Too late. Ripley comes round the corner. No mercy in his eyes.

Grabs Murray in an armlock, mashes him into the door.

RIPLEY  
Evening, Gordon.

CUT TO:

87 **INT. PUB, KEG ROOM - NIGHT 2**

87

Luther, Ripley and Murray in a whitewashed basement, stacked high with aluminium beer kegs.

Luther plugs in a PORTABLE TV, turns it round.

ON SCREEN: Dennis Cochrane's mugshot behind a NEWSREADER.

*Scrolling news banner: "SEX OFFENDER 'KIDNAP VIDEO' RELEASED."*

NEWSREADER  
- reacting to the unprecedented surge  
of public reaction, Government and  
police have called for restraint -

Luther kills the volume. Glares at Murray.

LUTHER  
Everyone wants him dead - your mate  
Dennis. King Nonce. He's got less than  
an hour.

Murray shrugs, defiant and petrified.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
But the thing is, Gordon: I think you  
know where he is.

MURRAY  
How could I?

LUTHER

Because I think William Marwood's been following you. I think he's taken Dennis to your club-house ... the place you and your pederast mates go to have your repulsive little gatherings. So where is it? Back room of a pub? Someone's house? Empty shop? What?

MURRAY

You've got it wrong, mate.

LUTHER

I'm not your mate. I'm the opposite of your mate. The sight of you makes me want to scrub myself in Domestos.

MURRAY

The terms of my parole forbid me from using the internet or mixing with other sex offenders ...

Luther's volcanic impatience. Then:

RIPLEY

Boss. She's on!

ON SCREEN: SCROLLING NEWS BANNER: "LIVE ... COCHRANE VICTIM TO MAKE APPEAL .. LIVE ... "

Kiera sits behind a long desk. Flanked by Schenk and a Detective Chief Superintendent.

BACK TO SCENE

As Luther turns up the volume. Watches. Very tense.

88 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2** 88

Marwood watches the press conference on his laptop.

89 **INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT 2** 89

Kiera takes a sip of water. Faces the MANY NEWS CREWS AND JOURNALISTS.

Schenk gently squeezes her hand: a moment of compassion, reassurance... and admiration.

INTERCUT PRESS CONFERENCE/LUTHER/MARWOOD.

Everyone watching in taut silence.

Kiera blinks. Cameras flash. Finally, she's able to speak.

KIERA

My name is Kiera Mills. You don't know me, because I was never named in the press. But eighteen years ago, when I was a little girl, Dennis Cochrane stole me from the back of my mum's car. She'd just popped into the shop to get some milk. Dennis Cochrane kidnapped me and raped me. He ruined my life.

(silence)

This morning, a man kidnapped Dennis Cochrane and threatened to kill him for the terrible things he did ... not just to me, but to other little boys and girls.

COMPLETE HUSH in the room now.

KIERA (cont'd)

So I've come here today to send a message to the man who has Dennis Cochrane in his keeping. And that message is -

Her eyes well. The words are ashes in her mouth.

Cameras flash. She sips water. Finally looks into the camera.

KIERA (cont'd)

- kill him.

SUDDEN PANDEMONIUM in the room. Schenk leaping to his feet, signalling to end the LIVE FEED ...

90 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2 CONT.**

90

Marwood shuts the laptop.

MARWOOD

Brave woman.

He hauls Cochrane to his feet and frog-marches him towards the NOOSE that now dangles from the hook he fitted in the roof.

91 **INT. PUB, KEG ROOM - NIGHT 2**

91

Luther stands. Can't believe it.

Then he grabs Murray - throws him into the wall.

LUTHER

Listen to me. Tell me where Dennis Cochrane is, or I swear to God - when they come for you, I'll let you swing.

Murray looks in supplicating terror to Ripley.

RIPLEY

Don't look at me, mate.

MURRAY

All right! There's a lock up. We use it for meetings. Socializing.

LUTHER

"Socializing". Right. Where is it?

MURRAY

If I tell you, you might find some ... materials ... photographs and hard-drives and stuff. None of it's mine! I want that in writing. None of it's mine!

LUTHER

WHERE IS IT?

MURRAY

Horsemonger Lane! The railway arches!

Hatred in Luther's eye.

MURRAY (cont'd)

You just - all you do is cross the estate.

Luther lets Murray go. Then he and Ripley exit. Luther calling Benny.

LUTHER

Ben! Cochrane's got a lock-up: railway arches on Horsemonger Lane. Scramble  
ARV -

92 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2**

92

Marwood guides Cochrane to a plastic chair. He's murmuring, almost gentle: *This way. That's good. That's good.*

Cochrane struggles free, tries to run. But stumbles and falls.

Marwood drags him to his feet. Marches him to the gallows.

Cochrane weeps. Snivelling and wretched.

COCHRANE

Come on. Don't. Don't do this. Please.

Marwood slips the noose over Cochrane's neck. Fixes the knot at the weak spot just to the right of where skull meets spine.

Cochrane stands there. Hooded. In the noose. Evokes Victorian England. Guantanamo.

Marwood snaps a picture with his camera. AND TWEETS IT.

93 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - NIGHT 2**

93

Benny on the phone to Luther.

BENNY

CO19 are en route. ETA thirteen minutes. Local units will be there in nine.

He sees something on screen: MARWOOD'S TWEET. The picture of Cochrane with the rope around his neck.

BENNY (cont'd)

Boss - too late. Marwood's tweeting the address! Horsemonger Lane!

94 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 2**

94

Luther and Ripley hurry away from the pub, through the estate.

LUTHER

Yeah. He needs his audience. We're on our way. Be there in two, three minutes.

95 **EXT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2**

95

Marwood opens the garage doors. Light spills out.

This is his moment. He stands there. Waiting.

CUT TO:

96 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 2**

96

Mary lets herself in. Turns on the lights

97 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2**

97

She sits on the sofa with a glass of wine. Picks up the remote control. Turns on the TV.

ON SCREEN: PICTURE OF COCHRANE. Then HELICOPTER SHOTS OF LONDON STREETS. Filled with PEOPLE MARCHING TOWARDS THE LOCK-UP.

NEWSREADER

*- already crowds are flowing to the address allegedly tweeted by William Marwood*

CUT TO:

98 **EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT 2**

98

Ripley and Luther shove through a GROWING RIVER OF PEOPLE, mostly men aged 20-45. Many direct from the pub. All of them heading to the lock-up.

A PARTY ATMOSPHERE: one step from turning truly ugly.

Luther and Ripley hold badges aloft.

LUTHER  
Police, coming through. Out the way.

RIPLEY  
Move. Shift. Police.

Distantly: SOUND OF SIRENS. A HELICOPTER APPROACHES.

99 **E./I. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK UP - NIGHT 2** 99

Marwood waits in the OPEN DOORWAY as A MOB GATHERS: drunkenly laughing and joking at first.

Then stunned into silence by the gravity of what they're witnessing: the WRETCHED OLD MAN IN THE HOOD. The rope round his neck. The imperious executioner at his side.

Some remain silent. Others Tweet. Take photos.

A BEER BOTTLE is thrown. It explodes against the bricks. Cochrane flinches. The MOB ROARS APPROVAL.

100 **EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 100

Hearing the roar, reading the mood, Luther and Ripley break into a run. Follow the crowd filtering onto Horsemonger's Lane.

They turn the corner and -

101 **EXT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK UP - NIGHT 2** 101

- confront THE MOB.

A frozen moment. A SUDDEN, THREATENING SILENCE.

MARWOOD watches. He can see Luther, towering over the crowd.

LUTHER AND RIPLEY shove through - everything being caught on camera phones.

LUTHER  
ALL RIGHT! WILL! THAT'S ENOUGH! CUT  
HIM FREE!

Violence in the air. Belligerent noncooperation.

MARWOOD doesn't move. Just watches. Knowing he's untouchable.

LUTHER AND RIPLEY produce batons and WADE INTO THE MOB.

Which CLOSES AROUND THEM.

LUTHER shoves aside A MAN IN FOOTBALL COLOURS - but HIS MATES surround Luther. Shove him. Trip him. Luther loses his footing. Falls to his knees. Then stands, wielding the baton.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Back off! BACK OFF!

The MOB FORMS A WALL.

LUTHER AND RIPLEY try to break through. In the struggle, they become separated.

Ripley's tough. He takes people down, left and right. And in doing so, he becomes the crowd's focus.

Which allows LUTHER to SHOVE AND ELBOW HIS WAY THROUGH.

MARWOOD WATCHES Luther coming closer.

Their eyes lock. And we see DEVOUT EXULTATION IN MARWOOD'S EYES AS - he KICKS AWAY COCHRANE'S CHAIR

- and COCHRANE HANGS.

LUTHER POWERS FORWARD like a rugby player.

MARWOOD slips into the crowd.

LUTHER fights his way into the lock-up. MANY MEN try to drag him down. He fights. Kicks and punches.

Then he GRABS DENNIS COCHRANE AND TAKES HIS WEIGHT.

MEN SWARM LUTHER - KICKING - PUNCHING. Luther supports Cochrane's weight. Even as he's LOST IN A FLURRY OF KICKS AND PUNCHES.

RIPLEY FIGHTS HIS WAY INTO THE LOCK-UP, beaten and bloodied.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Marwood! Get Marwood!

Ripley hesitates -

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Go, Justin!

Ripley turns and runs - shoves through the crowd - catches a GLIMPSE OF MARWOOD as he turns the corner.

Sets off in pursuit.

102 **EXT. BERMONDSEY STREETS - NIGHT 2**

102

Ripley chases Marwood through the lonely streets. Along the high, brick wall that borders an OLD BISCUIT FACTORY.

Marwood scrambles over the gate. Ripley follows.



103 **EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 103

Looming Victorian warehouses. Brick walkways. Deserted.  
Marwood disappears into the shadows. Ripley gives chase.  
ECHOING FOOTFALLS AND EXAGGERATED, FLEETING SHADOWS.

104 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2** 104

The MOB SWARMS LUTHER.

105 **EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 105

Ripley stops. Alone in the darkness. The echoes.  
He HEARS SOMETHING and runs towards it. Runs and runs. Finally  
catches sight of MARWOOD, darting round a corner.

RIPLEY  
William Marwood! Stop!

Marwood shoots him a look. Pale and afraid. And runs.

Ripley follows the echoes of MARWOOD'S FOOTSTEPS.

Turns the corner - and THERE'S MARWOOD. Kneeling at a chain-  
link fence. A hole cut-into it.

Marwood was maybe two seconds from escape.

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
Okay. Enough. Stop.

Marwood frozen. Ripley breathless.

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
Will. We're done, all right?

A beat. Then Marwood turns to Ripley. Takes the SAWN-OFF  
SHOTGUN from his coat.

Points it.

MARWOOD  
What's your name?

RIPLEY  
D.S. Ripley. Justin.

MARWOOD  
What I need you to do, Justin - I need  
you to back away.

RIPLEY  
Nope. Can't do it.

MARWOOD

Of course you can.

RIPLEY

Yeah. Can't. Sorry.

MARWOOD

You've done enough tonight. I saw how you waded into that mob. That was brave. Nobody could ask any more of you. So just ... back off. Let me go.

RIPLEY

Say I did that - and all this carries on. Someone innocent gets hurt. How am I supposed to live with that?

MARWOOD

It won't happen.

RIPLEY

It'll happen.

(then)

You've made your point, Will. People are talking. You're all over the internet. All over TV. You've done what you needed to do.

Marwood takes a warning step closer.

Ripley is very scared. But he won't back down.

MARWOOD

I don't want to do this. Don't make me.

RIPLEY

I'm a copper. We're on the same side. I don't think you'll shoot me.

DISTANT SIRENS. A helicopter overhead. Its searchlight coming close.

MARWOOD

Please. Back off.

RIPLEY

Oh, I'd love to.

MARWOOD

PLEASE!

Beat.

RIPLEY

No.

MARWOOD SHOTS HIM. Blasts Ripley off his feet.

A long, stunned moment. Marwood horror-struck by what he's done.

Then... he ducks through the hole in the fence. Disappears into the darkness.

Leaving the probing, dancing searchlight to find Justin Ripley's body.

SLOW FADE TO:

106 **INT. RAILWAYS ARCHES, LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2** 106

UNDER MUSIC: MANY POLICE CARS ARRIVE. THE MOB SCATTERS.

Uniformed officers rush in. Take Cochrane's weight from the battered, bloody Luther.

Luther falls to his knees. Coughing. Spitting blood.

Then struggles to his feet - and RUNS TO RIPLEY.

**EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2**

UNDER MUSIC Luther races towards the HELICOPTER SEARCHLIGHT.

108 **EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 108

UNDER MUSIC: Luther sprints round the corner.

And stops.

He SEES RIPLEY. Just lying there.

He lingers for a broken moment - then approaches, stumbling.

He sinks to his knees at Ripley's side. Shakes his head.

No. No. No.

Then CRUSHES RIPLEY TO HIM. Tells him not to die. *Commands* him not to die. Rages at him. Do not be dead. Do not be. You stay here. You do not go.

Don't go.

Justin.

Mate.

Please.

PULL BACK. AND UP ... AND UP ... AND

FADE TO:

**INT. SSU BULLPEN, BENNY'S DESK - NIGHT 2**

UNDER MUSIC: Benny stares in utter disbelief at his screen.

CUT TO:

110 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 2** 110

Marwood strides. Enraged. He dials LUTHER. Gets voicemail.

MARWOOD

I asked you nicely. Now look. LOOK  
WHAT HAPPENS! This is YOUR FAULT. This  
is on YOUR HEAD. I warned you not to  
make me your enemy! I WARNED YOU!

He stops. Stony with fury. Then TWEETS SOMETHING and moves on,  
into the night.

111 **EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 111

Luther sits wrapped in a blanket. Bruised and beaten. Ripley's  
blood on his shirt.

He can't speak. Can't move.

Schenk sits with him. Shocked beyond grief.

CUT TO:

112 **INT. SSU BULLPEN - NIGHT 2** 112

BENNY RACES TO HIS DESK. Snatches up the phone. Dials.

BENNY

Boss! Pick up the phone! Pick up the  
phone! ...  
(shit!)  
Boss! Marwood is tweeting LUTHER'S  
ADDRESS!

SMASH CUT TO:

113 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 2** 113

Mary watches the muted TV.

She dials Luther's number. Gets voicemail. Hangs up.

THEN JUMPS at a SUDDEN NOISE outside the window.

She stands, fearfully approaches the window. Pulls back the  
curtains ... and SCREAMS.

HER POV

A DOZEN SPECTRAL HOODIES press monkish faces to the window.

Mary is frozen in terror.

Until one of them LIGHTS A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL... and pulls back  
an arm to THROW IT.

SMASH CUT TO:

END TITLES