

LUTHER III

Episode 4

Draft Three

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Written by

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And then he's gone, running. Dissolving into the night.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. DESERTED VICTORIAN TRADING ESTATE - NIGHT 2** 14

Luther turns from Ripley's body as a UNIFORMED OFFICER comes running over, face full of fear and anxiety -

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 2** 15

GEORGE STARK'S CAR pulls up with a screech - Stark runs inside -

STARK

MARY?! MARY DAY! ARE YOU HERE? ARE YOU OKAY? IT'S GEORGE STARK!

He walks through the ruined house. No Mary.

Enters the kitchen - steps through the open door. And sees her.

She's standing out there in the garden, shocked and terrified. The moon shining on the Thames.

FADE TO:

16 **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE/ INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT 2** 16

Stark and Mary sit in the back of an ambulance. Mary huddled in a blanket, sipping tea from a plastic cup.

SIRENS, FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS.

STARK

DCI Luther. What did he say to you, exactly?

MARY

He said he was busy. That I should meet him here, at his place.

A meaningful beat. Then she turns to face him: confused and frightened... and defiant.

She shakes her head, once.

MARY (CONT'D)

No.

They're interrupted by Gray stepping up the open doors. Dishevelled and distressed.

STARK

Erin?

Gray tries to speak. But she can't.

STARK (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Mary, excuse me, okay? Just one moment. Stay right there.

Stark climbs out, joins Gray. They huddle in the flashing blue, the deep shadows.

STARK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

GRAY

You haven't heard?

STARK

Heard what?

GRAY

Man down.

Stark waits.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Justin Ripley.

Starks turns to Mary. Holds her astonished gaze. He is gentle and sad.

STARK

So what is it? With John Luther and the people he loves?

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE/ INT. SCHENK'S CAR - NIGHT 2** 17

Luther in the passenger seat. Dazed. Until they pull up outside his house.

18 **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 2** 18

Schenk and Luther get out of the car - and stand there. Taking it all in.

SCHENK

John. I don't know what to say.

Luther shrugs. Beyond words.

Then MOVEMENT IN THE CORNER OF HIS EYE causes him to turn. He sees:

Stark and Gray approaching, flanked by UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

A long, silent moment between Gray and Luther.

GRAY

DCI Luther, you're under arrest for conspiracy to murder Detective Sergeant Justin Ripley. And conspiracy to murder Mary Day.

She nods a command... and Schenk looks on, incredulous, as police cuff Luther.

GRAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention, when questioned, something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

LUTHER

Happy, Erin? This what you wanted?

And then he's led away.

Cuffed and broken, he spots Mary Day, sitting there in the back of the ambulance. She's watching him with horror and pity. And revulsion.

He tries to stop, to speak to her. But they won't let him.

In the end, he gives up. Utterly defeated.

They bundle him inside a police car. Drive him away.

Stark and Gray looking on.

Schenk watches, too. Blinking in the rain. Heartbroken and furious.

FADE TO:

19

INT. SSU - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 2

19

ANGLE ON LUTHER as he looks up - wearing a guarded expression we've seen him wear many times before in this room... except this time, he's the one being interrogated.

By Stark and Gray, naturally.

STARK

You know, you've got this reputation. Crafty old John Luther. But this. Really. This was almost as stupid as it was degenerate.

(MORE)

STARK (CONT'D)
(slides mugshot of Ripley
across the desk)
Sweet Justin Ripley. Brave Justin
Ripley. Loyal Justin Ripley.
(slides over picture of
Ripley's corpse)
Why is he reduced to this, d'you
think?

LUTHER
Not because I wanted it.

STARK
Well, you say that. But here's how
it looks from this side of the
table. Two people knew you were
being investigated. Of those two
people, one is dead. And the other,
Mary Day, would've been burned
alive if I hadn't been there to
intervene. You're welcome, by the
way.

Luther flexes his jaw. Beginning to see how bad this is.

GRAY
You sent her there. You told her
where to be, and when. So they
could burn her to death.

LUTHER
Come on. Neither of you can
actually believe that.

No?

GRAY
Yesterday, a few hours before he
shot and killed Justin Ripley, you
spoke at some length to William
Marwood. What did you say to each
other, during this conversation?

LUTHER
It's in my report.

GRAY
So it is.
(reads from report)
Marwood asked you for more time.
"Just a day or two".

LUTHER
That's right.

GRAY
This'll be just before you let him
go.

LUTHER
Before he got away.

GRAY
And you're trying to tell me there
was no *quid pro quo*?

LUTHER
What kind of *quid pro quo*?

GRAY
You let Marwood run free to kill
his paedos and his scumbags. No
skin off your nose, right? No
humans involved.

STARK
And in exchange, he does you a
favor. Gets rid of the two people
who've suddenly become incredibly
inconvenient for you.

Luther holds Gray's gaze.

LUTHER
I loved him, Erin.

She glares at him. And he's the first to look away.

CUT TO:

20

INT. SSU - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 2

20

Gray and Stark consider Luther through a one-way mirror.

STARK
He's got too many friends. I don't
trust them.

GRAY
So what do we do?

STARK
Move him.

21

INT. SSU - CORRIDORS AND STAIRWELLS - NIGHT 2

21

Stark and Gray lead a CUFFED LUTHER through a GAUNTLET OF
SILENTLY HATEFUL POLICE OFFICERS.

22 **EXT. POLICE STATION, CAR PARK - NIGHT 2** 22

Stark and Gray bundle Luther into the back of the car. Drive him away.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. STREETS/ INT. STARK'S CAR - NIGHT 2** 23

CITY LIGHTS pulse overhead. Luther sits cuffed in the back. Gray and Stark silent and grim up front. A metal grille between them.

STARK'S EYES

flit to the rear-view mirror: A V.W GOLF seems to be following them.

His tension dissipates when THE GOLF FINALLY ACCELERATES ... AND TURNS LEFT.

TIME CUT TO:

STARK drives. Tyres hiss. Hypnotic. Until -

24 **EXT. STREETS/ INT. STARK'S CAR - NIGHT 2** 24

The car drives over THREE LENGTHS OF PVC ELECTRICAL PIPING WITH 4-INCH NAILS PUSHED THROUGH - ripping the tyres to shreds.

STARK SLAMS ON THE BRAKES -- AND SKIDS TO A HALT.

THE GOLF

Pulls out of a sidestreet, parks laterally across the road ahead, effectively blocking it.

Gray and Stark exchange a scared glance.

STARK
What is this, John?

LUTHER
I don't know.

Fear in Luther's eyes as Stark throws the car into REVERSE.

But he's reversing on rims: useless.

Stark curses. Stops. There's a MOMENT OF SILENCE. Then -

GRAY
Guv -

A HOODIE stands in the road. Backlit by streetlamps. He wears a GAS-MASK. Light reflecting eerily in the lenses.

As Stark reaches for the door - the hoodie THROWS a FLASH GRENADE -

There's a BLINDING FLASH AND A LOUD BANG: Stark, Gray and Luther shield their eyes, blinded.

LUTHER KICKS BLINDLY AT THE DOOR - but it's designed to prevent prisoner escape. He can't get out!

THE HOODIE walks quickly to the car -- smashes the driver's side window with an ASP BATON -- opens the driver's door -- SPRAYS STARK WITH MACE.

STARK CRIES OUT, BLINDED AND HELPLESS.

Luther kicks at the door, the windows.

Gray stumbles into the street, coughing and blinded, ready to fight.

The Hoodie walks round the car, extends the baton with a flick -- takes Gray's legs from under her.

Gray lands heavily. The hoodie jabs her contemptuously in the solar plexus with the baton. Then kneels and maces her from inches away.

Stark and Gray are out of commission.

The hoodie stands there, contemplating Luther -- who's still kicking at the glass --

Then the hoodie REMOVES THE GAS-MASK. And PULLS DOWN THE HOOD. Revealing

ALICE MORGAN!

ALICE

Wotcher.

On LUTHER'S EXPRESSION we SMASH TO

TITLES:

25

EXT. STREETS/ INT. STARK'S CAR - NIGHT 2

25

Stark scrambles over to Gray, checks she's okay, then grabs his Airwave and calls it in.

STARK

Urgent assistance required -

26 **EXT. STREETS AND ALLEYS - NIGHT 2** 26

Stumbling, cuffed, Luther follows Alice - running from the SOUND OF SIRENS - turning left, right, left...

27 **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 2** 27

- until finally, Alice turns. Stops Luther with a hand splayed on his chest. Their eyes meet. They're breathing heavily, exerted.

She pushes him back, eye bright, until he's standing against a wall.

Then... she gets to her knees.

Luther watches the sky, following the sound of a HELICOPTER while Alice -

- straightens a paperclip and PICKS THE LOCK OF HIS HANDCUFFS.

LUTHER

Alice, what are you even doing here?

ALICE

I saw the news.

She grins - and the CUFFS ARE OPEN.

LUTHER

Where were you?

ALICE

Berlin.

As SIRENS COME CLOSER, Alice unzips her hoodie. Shimmies out of it.

POLICE CARS SHOOT PAST the end of the alley.

Alice dumps the hoodie. Frees hair from a pony tail.

LUTHER

I don't believe you.

ALICE

Oh, you should. *Ich bin totally ein Berliner.*

LUTHER

How'd you get to London on time?

ALICE

It takes an hour and forty-five minutes.

SCHENK

Well, you say "escape", George. To me, this looks more like the scene of a violent abduction.

STARK

By Marwood?

SCHENK

Presumably.

STARK

So why not pop him right here? The way he did Ripley?

SCHENK

Well, we won't know that until we ask him, will we? Meanwhile - we have a police officer out there, in the hands of a known police killer.

Eye contact. Neither man giving an inch.

STARK

Well, either way Martin... we both want DCI Luther returned to us at the earliest opportunity, don't we?

SCHENK

A search is underway.

STARK

So let's widen it.

SCHENK

The William Marwood operation is mine to command, George. God help you if you try to interfere or question my allocation of resources.

Long beat.

STARK

He's got loyal friends, DCI Luther.

SCHENK

He does.

STARK

Then let's all thank God hypocrisy's not a crime, eh?

And he walks away. Leaves Schenk seething.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. GREENE RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - MORNING 3** 33

RACHEL GREEN (32, HEAVILY PREGNANT) is making breakfast in a pleasant, everyday kitchen - half-watching the news on a silent TV

ON SCREEN:

A reporter called KHAMELIA JACKSON huddles in the rain as she hands back to THE NEWSREADER, who's sitting before a MUGSHOT OF MILAN HADZIC.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel spreads lo-fat cream cheese on a bagel. Stirs creamer into coffee. An air of total normality until -

WILLIAM MARWOOD KICKS DOWN THE KITCHEN DOOR AND MARCHES IN, SHOUTING, WAVING A SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN --

MARWOOD

Don't move! Do not move!

But Rachel screams and runs. And MARWOOD CHASES.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3** 34

Schenk enters, strides with purpose across the bullpen.

SCHENK

Benny? If you would.

Benny stands, follows Schenk to his office -

35 **INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3 CONT.** 35

- shuts the door.

SCHENK

Do you believe for one moment that William Marwood abducted DCI Luther this morning?

Pause.

BENNY

No. No, I don't believe that, sir.

SCHENK

Good. Then do you know what's actually happening?

BENNY

Sir, I can in all sincerity tell you that I haven't got a Scooby.

SCHENK

Has DCI Luther made contact with you?

BENNY

No.

Another pause. Longer.

SCHENK

Benny, you should be aware that your phone, work and personal computers are now being monitored. If DCI Luther were to call you, or email you, you'd be obliged to report it. Because the Judas Brigade are listening to you. And to me. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Benny reads Schenk's expression. And eventually nods.

SCHENK (cont'd) (CONT'D)

So let's play this carefully. And wait for John to reach out if he needs us. Agreed?

CUT TO:

36 **EXT. ALICE'S LAIR - DAY 3**

36

Alice and Luther approach a HUGE HOUSE. A 'FOR SALE' sign out front.

Alice produces keys. Opens the front door. They step inside.

37 **INT. ALICE'S LAIR - DAY 3**

37

And cross the splendid vestibule.

LUTHER

Yours?

ALICE

Don't be silly. Like it?

LUTHER

Well, it's roomy.

ALICE

Would you like to see my bedroom?

He follows her upstairs -

38

INT. ALICE'S LAIR, BEDROOM - DAY 3

38

It's kitted out like a hotel suite, complete with Alice's open suitcases.

Luther stands at the window, watchful and pensive.

Alice takes something from a suitcase. Then approaches, presses it into Luther's hand.

It's A PASSPORT. He flicks through. Comes to his photo.

LUTHER
"Richard Feynman"?
(off her grin)
Alice, how long have you had this?

ALICE
A while. I assumed you'd need it,
eventually.

He presses it back into her hand.

LUTHER
I can't. Not yet.

ALICE
There's a thin line between
charming and moronic. You should be
careful not to cross it.

A long beat. Luther looking through the window.

LUTHER
Just Marwood. Just him. Then I'm
done.

ALICE
Why? Because he killed your puppy?

LUTHER
Don't.

ALICE
Well, forgive me if I'm wrong...
but don't you and Marwood share
liability for what happened to the
Boy Wonder?

LUTHER
I said "don't".

ALICE
I mean, running off the way he did.
All alone.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's standard operating procedure, is it? Straight out of the Bumper Boys' Book of Police Rules? Or was he emulating his friend and mentor?

LUTHER

Is this why you came here? To rub my nose in it?

ALICE

No. I came to help the people you love.

LUTHER

I'm sorry?

ALICE

You assert this fabulous moral conscience, John: this adherence to unwritten law... Time and again, it devastates people you claim to hold dear, but you don't stop. Now is that integrity? Or conceit? Either way, it seems to me that your conscience has killed more people than I have.

A long, long beat.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I need a bath.

She heads to the *en suite*.

Luther at the window, staring at the mess behind his eyes.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. MARWOOD'S LAIR - DAY 3**

39

William Marwood ties Rachel to a chair in the middle of this terrible room. Puts a hood over her head.

Rachel SCREAMS. She SCREAMS AND SCREAMS.

And Marwood stands there, recording it on his smartphone.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. SSU - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3**

40

Gray and Mary. Ignoring two cups of tea.

MARY

What do you mean, "escaped"?

GRAY

He, um - DCI Luther's a very resourceful man. A very clever man.

MARY

But you don't honestly think he'd ever hurt me? Because he wouldn't.

GRAY

I can't say for certain. But I do know that he loved Justin Ripley. If he loved anyone, it was him.

MARY

So what are you saying we should do?

GRAY

Take you somewhere safe. Just to be sure.

MARY

Where?

A beat.

GRAY

Mary, I'm not going to say. Not here.

MARY

Why not?

GRAY

DCI Luther. He's got a lot of friends. We don't want any of them to know where you are. Just in case.

MARY

I can't believe this is happening. I thought he was -

GRAY

Yeah. A lot of people think that.

41

INT. POLICE STATION #2, ANTE-ROOM - DAY 3

41

Stark unlocks a STRONG BOX. Inside, nestled in foam, are two GLOCK 9 MM PISTOLS. POLICE ISSUE.

Gray enters. Looks at him. At the guns. Awed and frightened.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ALICE'S LAIR, BEDROOM - DAY 3

42

Luther sits on the floor, back to the wall, toying with a RECEIPT he spots under the bed. Alice is in the *en suite*.

LUTHER
So where did you go?

ALICE (O.S.)
Oh, here and there.

She emerges in a white towelling robe. Wet hair.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I saw a few things. Got married.

LUTHER
You got what?

ALICE
Married. Why? Does it add a tingle of the illicit to the conversation?

LUTHER
It's adds a touch of disbelief, is what it adds. Where'd you meet? You and -

ALICE
Bertrand. A conference in Sao Paolo. We had interests in common: gamma-ray bursts and their afterglows. Neutron star mergers. Gravitational waves. He was... intensely intellectual. And possibly the best bang since the big one.

LUTHER
"Was"?

She sits on the edge of the bed, combs wet hair.

ALICE
Yes. Sadly, he passed away.

LUTHER
Passed away how?

ALICE
With this look on his face.
(astonished expression)
Bless him.

LUTHER
Alice, are you winding me up?

ALICE

Why would I? Some little girls grow up wanting ponies. I always wanted to be a widow.

(then)

I'd wear a little black dress that belonged to my mother. A pillbox hat, lace for a veil. I'd pick flowers from the garden and just... parade up and down, being bereaved. What about you? Have you found someone?

LUTHER

Kind of. Yeah.

ALICE

And is she interesting?

LUTHER

To whom?

ALICE

Me!

LUTHER

I don't know, Alice. I hope not.

ALICE

I'd imagine she wasn't, terribly.
(off his expression)
Well, she wouldn't be some kind of Zoe surrogate. You've got enough self-knowledge to avoid that kind of trap. She's not a police officer

-

LUTHER

No? Why not?

ALICE

Darling, the *haircuts*. So she's a pixie.

LUTHER

A what?

ALICE

A pixie. A sprite. A daydream of the life you imagine you want to live. I feel a bit sorry for her.

LUTHER

You don't feel sorry for anyone.

ALICE

Well, quite. But as a matter of principal, I pity her.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

She's not what you want. She's what you want to want.

LUTHER

And what do I actually want?

You?

ALICE

We're not talking about that. We're talking about Pixie.

LUTHER

Her name's Mary.

ALICE

I know.

A beat. Then she gives him a grin, lies on the bed and flicks on the TV.

43 **INT. MARWOOD'S LAIR - DAY 3**

43

Alone and abandoned, Rachel Greene screams for help. She screams and screams. And nobody comes.

44 **INT. ALICE'S LAIR, BEDROOM - DAY 3**

44

Alice watches the news

ON SCREEN: A mugshot of Milan Hadzic. And KHAMELIA JACKSON outside a PRISON.

KHAMELIA

In an apparently related incident, Milan Hadzic, serving a life sentence for the murder of Caitlin Marwood, has been moved to a protective wing of Belmarsh Prison following an alleged assault -

Alice flicks the remote.

ANOTHER CHANNEL: WILLIAM MARWOOD'S EP 3 SPEECH

MARWOOD

The criminal justice system exists 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...

Alice hits MUTE.

ALICE

This him?

LUTHER
(glares at TV)
This is him.

ALICE
Goodness me. What a needy little fishy.

LUTHER
Hero complex. He needs public approval to justify his own actions to himself.

Secretly, Alice's expression softens.

ALICE
So what's the plan, Stan?

LUTHER
I take everything he wants.

ALICE
And what does he want?

LUTHER
To avenge his wife. To be admired. To die a martyr. All to make her death *mean* something.

ALICE
And you'd honestly take that from him?

LUTHER
Yeah.

ALICE
That's cruel.

LUTHER
The cruelest thing I can think of.

ALICE
But any police who aren't out there looking for him are out there looking for you. So how do we even begin?

He shoots her a look: *We?*

She smiles.

LUTHER
Okay. First step: you're William Marwood: you want to kill the man who killed your wife. But Milan Hadzic is in prison.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Rache? Rachel, is that you?
RACHEL!?! RACHEL?!?

CUT TO:

51

EXT. AFFLUENT STREET - DAY 3

51

Alice and Luther walk a quiet, affluent street. It's lined with A VARIETY OF CARS. Luther's wearing sunglasses, a hat.

He stops at an ELDERLY TOYOTA COROLLA, checks left and right -
- then kneels at the driver's door.

ALICE
What are you doing?

LUTHER
Nicking a car.

ALICE
This one?

LUTHER
What's wrong with this one?

ALICE
Have you actually *looked* at it?

LUTHER
It's a car. It's got an engine. It
blends in.

ALICE
"Blends in"?
(gives him a meaningful
look. All six foot four
of him)
If that's what you want, you should
probably lose the coat.

LUTHER
It's my lucky coat.

ALICE
"Lucky?" Have you ever stopped to
consider that it might be broken?
(moves on)
We're not taking that one.

Finally, she stops adjacent to A VERY NICE CLASSIC CAR... and
gives Luther a wide, beaming, happy grin.

STARK

It's what we call a safe house.
Owned by some Yardie drug-lord's
dummy corporation, seized under the
Proceeds of Crime act.

GRAY

Nobody knows we're here, Mary. Not
John, and none of his friends. As
long as we stay here, we're safe.

Out on Mary. Homesick and lost.

57

EXT. SIDE STREET/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3

57

Luther parks the stolen car - not with enough care for Alice.
She winces, sucks in her breath.

ALICE

Careful.

LUTHER

Alice, it's a car.

ALICE

And cars have souls. Unlike people.
(off his look)
What?

LUTHER

Nothing. Listen... are you sure
about doing this?

ALICE

Is there quicker way to do what
needs to be done, without you
getting yourself arrested?

LUTHER

Not that I can think of.

ALICE

Then I'm fine.

She puts on a pair of Jackie O sunglasses, opens the door.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Do look after the car. I might want
to keep it.

She slams the door. And Luther watches her walk away.

58

EXT. STREETS NEAR SSU - DAY 3

58

We follow Alice until she arrives at -

GRAY

Mary, I'm sorry. You should probably turn off the phone and give it to me.

MARY

(flustered)
Oh, sorry. Of course.

STARK

Oh, she's all right, Erin. I told her she could keep it. It's not like she's hurting anyone.

Gray turns to Stark. Tries to read his expression. Fails.

CUT TO:

63

INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

63

Schenk stands at his office window, watching as ALICE CROSSES THE BULLPEN. Enjoying herself immensely. Benny gawks as she approaches - then stops at his desk.

ALICE

Benny, is it?

BENNY

It might be. Why?

ALICE

You should probably join us. If you're not too baked.

BENNY

I'm not baked. I'm at work. I don't get baked at work. Or ever.

ALICE

Then you really need to see someone about that eye infection.

She walks on. And after a beat, Benny follows.

64

INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3

64

Schenk and Benny. And Alice.

SCHENK

Well, never let it be said that you're less than audacious, Miss Morgan.

ALICE

I've got an issue with impulse control, Martin. It's in the genes, apparently - although that always feels like such a flimsy mitigation, don't you think? Are you a Catholic?

SCHENK

I am.

ALICE

Don't you find it galling? That what used to be thought of as sin is now considered to be... well, an *ailment*?

SCHENK

Yes. You do understand - delightful as I might find this conversation, I'm a police officer and you're a fugitive from justice -

ALICE

Well, from a secure hospital. The genes, you see.

SCHENK

- and by walking in here you have, by default, surrendered your liberty?

ALICE

Well, you're absolutely within your rights to send me back. I wouldn't take it personally. Besides, I'd only escape.

SCHENK

I have no doubt.

ALICE

But meanwhile, John Luther will be in prison. Or dead at the hands of William Marwood.

Schenk exchanges a guarded glance with Benny. They wait.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Now, me: I'm as guilty as sin. Name it, I've done it. But John's as innocent as I am culpable. So I suppose the question I'm here to ask is: which matters more? Punishing my guilt? Or proving John's innocence?

Pause.

SCHENK

For someone who claims to have no conscience, Miss Morgan, all this - coming here, putting your liberty at peril in order to help an innocent man. That strikes me as an act... not devoid of moral courage.

ALICE

Well, Martin. There's no need to be ill-mannered.

(smiles)

John asked me to tell you that William Marwood won't allow himself to be arrested. He intends to commit suicide by cop, to die a martyr to his own cause. John knows how to bring him in alive... to face truth and justice, hurrah. But to do that, he's going to need your support.

SCHENK

What exactly does he need?

Very deliberately, Alice lays TWO PAY-AS-YOU-GO PHONES on the desk.

ALICE

For starters, a personnel file.

65

EXT. LOCATION TBC - DAY

65

KHAMELIA JACKSON'S phone rings.

KHAMELIA

Hello?

MARWOOD (O.S.)

This is William Marwood.

Khamelia stops - gesturing to her cameraman, *TERRENCE: WAIT! WAIT!*

KHAMELIA

Okay. Now give me one good reason to believe you are who you say you are.

CUT TO:

66

EXT. STREETS NEAR SSU - DAY 3

66

Alice heads back to the stolen car, carrying A BUFF FOLDER.

67 **INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3**

67

Schenk and Benny sit there. Stunned.

BENNY

I can see what he sees in her.

SCHENK

She killed her parents, Benny. Her own mother and father. She killed Henry Madsen. She killed *Ian Reed*.

BENNY

I'm not saying she's perfect.

68 **EXT SIDE STREET/ INT. STOLEN CAR- DAY 3**

68

Alice gets in. Luther drives away.

CUT TO:

69 **INT. NEWSROOM (LOCATION TBC) - DAY 3**

69

Khamelia and her editor, JEFF AUBREY (50s).

AUBREY

You're satisfied it was Marwood?

KHAMELIA

He had information. It was him.

AUBREY

What does he want?

KHAMELIA

To, quote, "set the record straight". He says the police and the media are misrepresenting him.

(re: notes)

"...nothing sells like an insane, unpredictable, glory killer on the loose who has caused a great deal of pain and anguish to the friends and relatives of his victim. Well, that's not who I am."

AUBREY

Then who is he?

KHAMELIA

That's what we go find out.

Long beat: Khamelia trying to read Aubrey's expression as he tallies the balance between ambition and prudence.

AUBREY
Khamelia, I can't say "yes" to this-

KHAMELIA
Jeff, come on.

AUBREY
- because if I did, and something
were to go wrong -

KHAMELIA
But what if you did, and it didn't?

AUBREY
I'm sorry. It is what it is.

Out on Khamelia's intense frustration.

70

EXT. WASTELAND/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3

70

Alice reads the file: we see that it contains PRISON OFFICER
PERSONNEL RECORDS.

Luther parks, kills the engine. Opens the door.

LUTHER
Can you get me that name?

ALICE
Unquestionably. Where are you
going?

LUTHER
To make a call.

ALICE
I see. Give Tinkerbell my love.

No answer to that. He gets out.

Alice grins to herself, flicks through the file.

Luther digs in his pocket, removes TWO MOBILE PHONES. He
selects one, pockets the other. Makes a call.

71

INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3

71

Gray stands at the window, considering London.

Mary and Stark drink weak tea.

MARY'S PHONE RINGS.

STARK
Who is it?

MARY
"Unknown number".

Stark and Gray exchange a glance.

STARK
Go ahead. Answer.

GRAY
What if it's Luther?

STARK
What if it is?

MARY
What do I do? What do I say?

Stark sits at the laptop, slips on headphones; hits a key.

STARK
We'll be listening. If it's him,
it's important we know what he
says. But what's most important...
don't tell him where you are. Can
you do that?
(waits for her to nod
agreement)
Then go ahead.

Stark hits another key, sits back. Listens.

MARY
Hello?

72 **EXT. WASTELAND/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3**

72

Luther paces, keenly aware that Alice is watching, even as she searches through the personnel file -- scanning pages, discarding them.

LUTHER
Mary! Where are you?

73 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM/ EXT. WASTELAND - DAY 3**

73

Mary's gaze flits to Stark. Who shakes his head, once: *Don't tell him.*

ON SCREEN: he's running a SEARCH ON LUTHER'S LOCATION.

MARY
I can't tell you that, John. They
won't let me tell you.

INTERCUT LUTHER/MARY

LUTHER

Okay. No. No, of course not. All right. Listen, Mary. I'm not going to be long. But I had to say this... and I need you to hear it. I know it might be hard to believe right now -- but I didn't do the things they're saying.

No answer. But Mary's eyes well.

She looks to Gray and Stark: benevolent but austere: captors and protectors. Watching. Listening.

ON STARK

As he points to the screen: LUTHER'S POSITION REPRESENTED BY A PULSING BLIP ON THE MAP.

Gray nods, makes a hushed, urgent call.

GRAY

We've got a trace on DCI Luther.
He's at -

BACK TO LUTHER AND MARY

LUTHER

Are you okay?

MARY

Yeah. I think so. Yes. Tired. A bit... freaked out.

LUTHER

Don't be scared, all right? George Stark's a dick, but he means well: he'd never hurt you in a million years. And Erin - she's wrong about me, but she's a good woman. When push comes to shove, you can trust her.

MARY

Okay.

LUTHER

Are they with you now?

She doesn't answer. Which is answer enough.

MARY

Where are you?

LUTHER

I can't tell you that.

MARY

But are you... safe? Are you okay?

LUTHER

Don't worry about me. I'm fine.

MARY

Can't you just - give yourself up?

A pause. Luther turns, catches Alice's eye. Then looks away, vaguely ashamed.

LUTHER

I'll think about it.

MARY

Promise?

LUTHER

Promise. Meanwhile, sit tight, okay? And honestly. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing.

He hangs up -- immediately disassembles the phone, throws away the pieces.

Checks out the horizon. He knows they're coming for him.

He hurries back to the car, removing the SECOND MOBILE PHONE from his pocket.

74

INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3

74

Gray hurries over to Stark.

GRAY

They're on the way.

The BLIP DISAPPEARS FROM STARK'S MAP.

STARK

He's long gone, Erin. We're not going to catch him that way.

Stark turns to read Mary's expression. She's scared, confused. Conflicted.

STARK (cont'd) (CONT'D)

He knows we're listening, Mary. He's a liar. He'll lie to confuse us. And he'll mix lies with truth to weaken us. But he won't do that. He won't weaken us.

She nods, miserably. But doesn't really believe him.

A pause.

GRAY
Guv, can I have a word?

STARK
Of course. Mary, excuse us for one moment.

Stark and Gray step out into -

75

INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR - DAY 3

75

- the corridor.

GRAY
What the hell was all that about?
Letting her use the phone? Letting
her *talk* to him? What if he traces
the call?

Stark says nothing: lets her work it out.

GRAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Oh my God. You're trying to *lure*
him here! Are you mad?

STARK
Erin, the man's lost his entire
reason to be alive. And we took
that from him. Are you really
comfortable having him out there,
On the loose? On his own terms?
(lets this sink in)
Either we do this, and nail him. Or
we spend the rest of our lives
sleeping with one eye open.
Personally, I'm not sure I want to
live like that.

Out on Gray: scared. And just as conflicted as Mary.

CUT TO:

76

INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

76

Benny TRACES LUTHER'S CALL TO MARY.

ANGLE ON HIS MAP as... he ZEROES IN ON THE PARAGON TOWER.

He picks up the phone Alice left him and texts: *MARY AND
STARK @ PARAGON TOWER SAFE HOUSE - FLOOR 22.*

77

EXT. WASTELAND/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3

77

Luther gets in, starts the engine.

ALICE
How is she?

He receives Benny's text. Reads it. Texts a reply.

LUTHER
Safe. You find anyone?

ALICE
(passes shortlist)
It'll be one of these.

Luther studies each personnel file carefully, while Alice drums her fingers. Then -

ALICE (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm so bored of this.
(plucks RUSSELL GREENE'S
PERSONNEL FILE from the
sheaf)
It's him. Russell Greene. Prison
doctor. His wife's pregnant with
their first child. That's who I'd
go for. If I wanted leverage.

Luther gives her a long look: half admiration. Half fear.

ALICE (CONT'D)
What?

LUTHER
There's really no substitute for
expertise, is there.

She grins. He starts the engine, wheelspins away. SIRENS in the background.

78 **INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3**

78

Benny gets Luther's text: *KEEP AN EYE ON HER?*

He sends a HAPPY FACE REPLY - then hits a few keys, ACCESSES CCTV CAMERAS OVERLOOKING THE PARAGON TOWER and ENVIRONS.

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY 3**

79

TERRENCE and KHAMELIA loiter furtively on a BLEAK STREET CORNER.

Khamelia receives A TEXT. Reads it.

Exchanges a glance with Terrence - scared and anxious.

They both pull on BLINDFOLDS. And stand there, waiting - until MARWOOD'S VAN PULLS UP BEHIND THEM.

Marwood gets out. Approaches. Stops behind them. They can't see it, but he's carrying the SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN.

MARWOOD
Did you tell anyone you were coming? I'll know if you're lying.

KHAMELIA
No. Nobody knows we're here.

MARWOOD
Your editor?

KHAMELIA
No.

MARWOOD
Why not?

KHAMELIA
He said no. Too dangerous.

MARWOOD
But he'll run the interview?

KHAMELIA
Mr Marwood, this interview will make his career and mine. So yes, he'll run the interview. And so will everyone else.

A long beat. Then Marwood hides the gun inside his coat.

MARWOOD
Come with me.

CUT TO:

80 **EXT. GREENE RESIDENCE, GARDEN - DAY 3** 80

Luther sneaks across the garden - finds the back door smashed at the lock.

81 **INT. GREENE RESIDENCE, VARIOUS - DAY 3** 81

He steps inside, sees the state of the place.

Finds Russell Greene sitting head-in-hands at the living room table -- ruggedized mobile phone and a half-empty whisky bottle on the table before him.

Russell hears movement - leaps to his feet, horrified.

RUSSELL
Who are you?

LUTHER
Police.

Russell COMES FOR HIM WITH THE WHISKY BOTTLE -- Luther sidesteps, easily takes him down. Pins him to the floor.

Luther searches for cuffs.

No cuffs. Shit.

Beneath him, Russell struggles.

RUSSELL
HE SAID NO POLICE! NO POLICE! NO
POLICE!

Luther pins him down, digs out his phone. Calls Alice.

LUTHER
We're too late! Marwood's been and
gone.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. MARWOOD'S LAIR - DAY 3**

82

Rachel has wrecked her voice with screaming. She cries out in a hoarse, broken croak - *Please? Please?*

But it hurts too much. So her petitions fade away.

CUT TO:

83 **INT. GREENE RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - DAY 3**

83

Luther has strapped Russell to the kitchen chair with Duct Tape. He's interviewing him across the table.

LUTHER
What did he say? Exactly?

RUSSELL
That I should report for work
tomorrow and kill Milan Hadzic with
a lethal injection.

LUTHER
And if you don't?

RUSSELL
He'll make sure that what Hadzic
did to his wife was done to mine.

LUTHER
(winces)
Anything else?

RUSSELL
Yes. That he was sorry.

A moment. Then Luther looks away.

RUSSELL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
He said no police. He said if I
called the police, he'd --

LUTHER
I'm not police, Russell. I was. But
I'm not any more.

RUSSELL
Then who the hell are you?

Luther looks at him: caught out and defenceless.

Who the hell *is* he?

LUTHER
I'm the man who's going to bring
Rachel home to you. I'm Detective
Chief Inspector John Luther.

He stands. Picks up the RUGGEDIZED MOBILE PHONE.

RUSSELL
Where are you going? You can't
leave me here!

LUTHER
If I let you go, you'll do
something stupid. You won't be able
to help yourself. You love her

Russell blinks at him. Confused.

RUSSELL
And him? What about him?

LUTHER
He won't know what hit him.

He exits -

- strides for the door, dialling a number on the ruggedized mobile.

LUTHER
Ben, small change of plan. I need a
trace on the last phone to call
this number.

BENNY (O.S.)
On it.

85 **INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3**

85

Benny traces the number.

BENNY
That phone is currently headed east
on Curlew Avenue, East Four.

LUTHER (O.S.)
Do me a favor, Ben. Follow it.

CUT TO:

86 **EXT STREET/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3**

86

Luther drives. Alice rides shotgun, charting Marwood's
progress on a cell-phone screen.

A long silence, until:

LUTHER
Why did you come back?

ALICE
I beg your pardon?

He gives her a look: *you heard me.*

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I told you. I saw the news.

LUTHER
Come on. No more Berlin bullshit.
You've been in London for weeks.

ALICE
What makes you think that?

LUTHER
I found a receipt for those shoes.

ALICE
Ah.

LUTHER
So why?

She watches London go past.

ALICE
Because I wanted something.

LUTHER
What?

ALICE
You.

He drives.

LUTHER
Alice, me and Mary --

ALICE
Oh, do be serious. You'll be bored
out of your mind by Christmas.

LUTHER
Even if that was true - you and me -

ALICE
What?

LUTHER
You know.

She watches London go past. A flare of hurt in her eyes.

ALICE
Why did the chicken cross the
Mobius strip?

LUTHER
I don't know.

ALICE
To get to the same side.

It takes him a while to work it out. And then he smiles.

CUT TO:

87

EXT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 3

87

Marwood leads Terrence and Khamelia into a VAST, DESERTED
SHOPPING CENTRE.

They cross the floor, past vacant shopfronts. And are shocked
to see, in the centre of the vast atrium:

A CHAIR. And a man sitting in it. Head bowed. Wrists strapped
to arm-rests. Ankles strapped to chair legs.

He's very clearly DEAD. The tableau evoking iconic images of
the ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Khamelia and Terrence stand there, stunned.

KHAMELIA
Oh... my... life.

Terrence makes to leave. Khamelia reaches out, grabs his arm, flings him a severe look: *No way are you leaving.*

She turns to Marwood.

KHAMELIA (CONT'D)
Is this man actually - ?

Marwood positions himself in front of the chair.

MARWOOD
I'm ready when you are.

CUT TO:

88 **EXT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE/ INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY 3** 88

Luther parks. He and Alice get out - and briefly consider it: this crumbling temple to the lost 20th century.

ALICE
"I'd sum up my fear about the future in one word: boring. And that's my one fear: that everything has happened; nothing exciting or new or interesting is ever going to happen again ... the future is just going to be a vast, conforming suburb of the soul"

She turns to him.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Shall we go?

89 **EXT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 3** 89

Alice and Luther scout the perimeter until they find AN INCONSPICUOUS ENTRANCE: the kind of access point, covered by corrugated-iron sheeting, that's favoured by teenagers and meths drinkers.

They sneak inside.

90 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, SERVICE CORRIDORS - DAY 3** 90

- and follow the service corridors - until LUTHER STOPS

He gestures dead ahead: he can hear A VOICE. MUFFLED AND DISTANT.

They edge towards it: pass through an empty shop onto -

91 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, MEZZANINE - DAY 3** 91

- the mezzanine floor. And sneak along until they can see:
MARWOOD, ADDRESSING KHAMELIA.

ALICE

My. He really does want to be
loved.

92 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, ATRIUM - DAY 3** 92

Terrence films as Khamelia prepares to interview Marwood.

MARWOOD

There's no need to be nervous. You
can ask me anything. Nothing's out
of bounds.

Khamelia exchanges a glance with Terrence - who's way out of
his depth here, glancing every few seconds towards the exit.

KHAMELIA

William Marwood. Tell us about the
man in the chair.

MARWOOD

Absolutely. This is Ryan Clark.
Convicted of a hundred and seventy-
seven car-related offences. The
worst punishment he was received
was an ASBO, the terms of which he
flagrantly violated many, many
times. He was over the limit,
banned from driving and at the
wheel of a stolen car when he ran
over and killed a twelve year-old
boy called Owen Howard. Mr Clark
then fled the scene. He was in
prison for less than six years.
Since being released, he's been
implicated in a number of driving
offences.

KHAMELIA

So - you took it upon yourself to
kill him?

MARWOOD

Execute him. Mr Clark didn't feel
any pain. Unlike Owen Howard, or
his loved ones.

KHAMELIA

Just fear, one presumes.

MARWOOD

I think that's a far point, yes.

KHAMELIA

He didn't want to die?

MARWOOD

No.

KHAMELIA

And what makes you think you have the right to commit an act that many would consider to be utterly monstrous?

MARWOOD

It's not about rights - it's about responsibilities. It's about doing for ourselves what the state refuses to do for us.

KHAMELIA

You've taken life. Would you describe yourself as a murderer?

MARWOOD

Technically, perhaps. Morally, no. Absolutely not.

KHAMELIA

Do feel regret? Remorse?

MARWOOD

Time and again, people like me have tried being reasonable -- and nobody listened. So Owen Howard is dead. And my wife is dead.

KHAMELIA

So when does it stop? *How* does it stop?

MARWOOD

I've got a list of people like Mr Clark. I'll continue to execute them at the rate of one a day, every day -- until the Prime Minister agrees to hold a referendum on the death penalty. That's all I'm asking: for the people he serves to be given a choice.

KHAMELIA

And what if you made a mistake?
What if you killed an innocent
person?

LUTHER (O.S.)

Well, that's already happened,
hasn't it, Will?

Marwood looks up, shocked, to see

LUTHER ON THE BALCONY!

Terrence turns to Luther frames him.

Luther waves at the camera. Smiles.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Ask him about Justin Ripley. Go on.

Marwood stands there, working out what the hell to do -

As LUTHER DESCENDS THE STAIRS TOWARDS HIM. Hands in pockets.

From inside his coat, Marwood produces the sawn-off.

MARWOOD

How did you find me?

LUTHER

Magic.

MARWOOD

Stop. No closer.

LUTHER

Seriously, though. I have to
admit, you had my sympathy for a
bit. But you killed Justin. And he
wasn't just an *innocent* man. He was
a *good* man. You blew his chest
open. Why was that, again?

MARWOOD

That man's death is on your head.

LUTHER

Well, I don't see how that can be
right. It's not like I asked you to
shoot him, is it?

MARWOOD

I warned you to stay away. You
can't hold me accountable if you
choose not to listen.

LUTHER

Hold you accountable? For executing an unarmed police officer? All right, I'm not much of a legal expert - but I think you'll find I can.

He walks on. Inexorable.

MARWOOD

Stop! Do not MOVE!

LUTHER

Oh, you're not going to shoot me -- not on camera. Because that's the thing about people like you, "voices of the people": you always seem to say one thing in public and do another in private.

MARWOOD

Turn off the camera! Turn it off now!

LUTHER

So why not do us all a favor? Just... stop all this hypocrisy. Tell us where you're keeping Rachel Greene. Let her go home to the people who love her.

Luther digs a PHOTO OF RACHEL from his pocket, flashes it to the camera like a police badge.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Because she never hurt anybody, did she? Not in her entire life. Let alone the baby she's carrying! It's a girl, by the way. Tia. Due in six weeks.

MARWOOD

Shut up! SHUT UP!

LUTHER

So why not let her go, Will? If you're such a hero. Such a defender of the innocent.

MARWOOD

Turn off that CAMERA! NOW!

ALICE (O.S.)

Oh, I don't think so.

MARWOOD WHIRLS - to see

ALICE IS HOLDING THE CAMERA!

Khamelia and Terrence scuttling away behind her...

Marwood puts the sawn-off to Luther's head. Right between the eyes.

MARWOOD
Give me that camera!

Alice backs away. Still filming.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I *will* shoot him!

ALICE
No you won't, William. Not on camera. You care too much about what people think of you. Which is a significant shortcoming, in a multiple murderer.

MARWOOD
I'll kill him!

LUTHER
Like you killed D.S. Ripley?
Because I'm in the way? Because I'm trying to stop you?

MARWOOD
JUST GIVE ME THE CAMERA!

He glances towards the camera - to see that ALICE HAS GONE!

93 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, CORRIDORS - DAY 3** 93

Alice runs, carrying the camera.

94 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, ATRIUM - DAY 3** 94

MARWOOD
Bring her back!

LUTHER
She's not coming back.

MARWOOD
BRING! HER! BACK!

95 **INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, CORRIDORS - DAY 3** 95

Alice finds a quiet corner - lays the camera down.

Removes THE SD CARD. Pockets it, then hurries towards the exit.

96

INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, ATRIUM - DAY 3

96

Marwood presses the gun to Luther's head, marches him backwards. Almost weeping with panic and rage.

LUTHER

See, the problem now is.... well.
The entire world's going to see
that tape. And when they do,
they'll know... you're not a hero.
You're just a man who'd kidnap and
kill an innocent woman. A pregnant
woman at that. Nasty nasty.

Luther with his back to the wall now. Marwood with finger on trigger. Hatred in his eyes.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Of course, the only problem is -- I
can't show it to anyone.

Marwood glowers: stressed, confused.

MARWOOD

Why not? What are you saying? Tell
me what you're saying!

LUTHER

If I do, what's to stop you killing
Rachel? Nothing, right?
(beat)
So -- I've got what you want. And
you've got what I want. What a
pickle, eh?

97

EXT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY 3

97

Alice gets in the car - accelerates away.

98

INT. DESERTED SHOPPING CENTRE, ATRIUM - DAY 3

98

Luther and Marwood. A standoff.

MARWOOD

So what do we do?

LUTHER

Take me to Rachel. Let her go.

MARWOOD

And then what? You give me back
that tape?

Their eyes lock.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I need it back. What I'm doing -
it's important. I can't let you
wreck it.

LUTHER
But it's lies, Will. It's all lies.

Marwood glares at him with hate-filled, tear-filled eyes.

Then reaches behind his back with a free hand, draws the 9MM
PISTOL... and nonchalantly SHOTS LUTHER IN THE THIGH.

Luther cries out -- goes down like a side of beef.

Marwood kicks him in the leg. Luther howls in pain -- tries
to get up -- Marwood PUMMELS HIM with the stock of shotgun.

Then kicks him almost unconscious.

And kneels. Searches Luther's pockets. Finds HIS PHONE.

Luther barely conscious as Marwood scrolls through his
messages.

MARWOOD
I stole your phone, remember? I
heard all those sweet messages
from... what's her name? Mary?

Luther clutches at Marwood's ankle -

Marwood shakes himself free. Kicks Luther in the ribs. Stamps
on the leg-wound.

Luther's eyes roll in their sockets as he struggles to hold
on to consciousness.

Marwood reads Luther's messages until he finds THE MESSAGE
FROM BENNY: MARY AND STARK @ PARAGON TOWER SAFE HOUSE - FLOOR
22.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You get me that tape. When I get it
back, you get your Mary.

Another kick. And Luther is unconscious.

Marwood strides away.

CUT TO:

Alice drives.

LUTHER
You know the Paragon Tower?
Vauxhall?

The driver nods.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Then drive. And give me your phone.

The driver passes Luther his mobile. Luther dials Alice.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Come on, Alice. Come on

108 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 108

Alice enters the stairwell: the door makes a SOFT NOISE that ECHOES IN THE EMPTINESS.

She thinks for a moment, then TURNS OFF HER PHONE and sneaks upstairs.

109 **EXT. STREETS/ INT. STRANGER'S CAR - DAY 3** 109

Luther's call connects.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
*The number you are calling is not
available...*

Seriously? Holy shit. He thinks, hard. Dials Mary's number.

LUTHER
Come on. Come on. Pick up.

110 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 110

Mary's phone rings: *unknown number*. At Stark's nod of approval, she answers.

MARY
Hello?

INTERCUT LUTHER/MARY

LUTHER
Mary, put us on speaker.

A pause.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
JUST DO IT! DO IT NOW!

MARY
Okay. You're on speaker.

LUTHER
George, Erin. You have to get Mary
out of there.

STARK
Out of where?

LUTHER
Just get her out! NOW!

Stark snatches up Mary's phone. Turns it off.

STARK
Enough of that, I think.

MARY
What are you doing?

STARK
He's trying to lure us out.

MARY
Why?

In response, Stark and Gray exchange a look.

111 **EXT. STREETS/ INT. STRANGER'S CAR - DAY 3** 111

Luther practically smashes the phone in frustration. Dials
Schenk.

LUTHER
Boss, you've got to get C019 to
Paragon Tower -

112 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDORS OUTSIDE SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 112

Alice sneaks along the corridor.

She finds a VANTAGE POINT from which to peer into the safe
room.

She sees Gray and Stark. Their guns.

She sees Mary Day.

ALICE
(low, to herself)
Hello, Tinkerbell.

113 **EXT. PARAGON TOWER - DAY 3** 113

Marwood pulls up. Gets out. Heads inside. Produces the sawn-
off shotgun.

- 114 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDORS/STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 114
- Alice sneaks back to the stairwell, pausing to pick up an OLD DESK-PHONE lying amid the junk.
- She steps into the stairwell - carefully DROPS THE PHONE.
- It falls with a LONG, REVERBERATING CRASH.
- 115 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 115
- Stark and Gray jerk their heads towards the noise.
- Stark checks his sidearm.
- STARK
- It's John.
- (off Mary's anxiety)
- There's nothing to worry about. But we do need you to stay here, okay? Just stay here.
- Mary nods, uncertain. Stark and Gray step outside -
- 116 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 116
- cautiously make for the stairwell. Sidearms drawn.
- Behind them, fleet as a ghost, Alice Morgan slips into the safe room -
- 117 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 117
- and comes face-to-face with Mary Day.
- MARY
- Who the hell are you?
- Alice puts a finger to her lips - *Shhh*. And gently shuts the door.
- 118 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 118
- Stark signals for Gray to cover him.
- She crouches on the half-landing while Stark creeps downstairs.
- 119 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 119
- Alice advances on Mary until they're face to face. Then produces THE SD CARD.

MARY

What's that?

ALICE

Proof you shouldn't need of the kind of man John Luther actually is.

120 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 120

Stark edges down the stairwell, step by careful step.

121 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 121

Alice slots the SD card into Stark's laptop; copies the file.

ALICE

When Stark and the lesbian get back, you show them this.

Mary nods - as Alice stands, pocketing the SD card.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

If you ever betray him like this again, I'll kill you and eat you. How does that sound?

122 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 122

Stark sees DARTING MOVEMENT in the shadows below.

He presses his back to the wall, finger on trigger - and glances up, checks that GRAY IS COVERING HIM.

Then continues. Step by agonizing step.

He reaches a half-landing. Pauses. Takes a breath. Then takes a step -

- and WILLIAM MARWOOD STEPS OUT FROM THE SHADOWS, puts the shotgun to Stark's chest and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Stark SLAMS INTO THE WALL. Dead before he hits the ground.

For a frozen moment, Marwood and Gray lock eyes. Then Marwood FIRES -- and Gray runs.

Marwood follows, firing again and again.

Gray ducks, showered with shrapnel.

Marwood advances, firing - keeping her pinned down. And then he's upon her.

Gun to her head.

MARWOOD
What's your name?

GRAY
What?

MARWOOD
What's your NAME!?

She searches his feverish gaze.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Is your name Mary?

Shit. What's the right answer?

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)
ARE YOU MARY?

123 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3**

123

Alice is at the door, listening hard.

MARWOOD (O.S.)
ARE YOU MARY?

She turns, considers a terrified Mary. Then hurries to the ADJOINING DOOR.

It's locked, of course.

MARY
What are you doing?

ALICE
If I let that man kill you, John
will never let me hear the last of
it.

124 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3**

124

Marwood's volcanic eyes. The shotgun to Gray's head.

GRAY
Yes. Yeah, I'm Mary.

Marwood reads her. Is she lying?

GRAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Did John send you to do this?

MARWOOD
To do what? What are you talking
about?

GRAY

John Luther.

He looks at her as if she's mad. And then Gray realizes the depth of her error.

GRAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

MARWOOD

I heard Mary's voice. You don't sound like her.

GRAY

I do. I must. I'm Mary.

MARWOOD

Show me your wallet.
(finger on trigger)
NOW!

GRAY

Okay! Okay, okay!

She reaches a trembling hand into her pocket.

125

INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3

125

Alice searches the kitchen - considers an OLD BUTTER KNIFE. Makes a stabbing motion. Rolls her eyes - what is she *thinking*?

Then she searches the things Gray and Stark brought along: laptop bags, coats, wine bottles - until she comes across A GLOCK 9MM AMMUNITION CLIP.

ALICE

So. I've got bullets. But no gun.
That's quite zen.
(thinks)
Find me a nail.

MARY

What kind of nail?

ALICE

A nail nail. As in "hammer and".

Mary hurriedly searches the walls, the skirting boards.

Alice grabs the butter knife and returns to the adjoining door.

She starts disassembling the heavy handle and lock, using the butter knife as both lever and screwdriver.

126 INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3 126

Gray reaches into her pocket, retrieves her wallet -- then DELIBERATELY FUMBLES and DROPS IT.

But Marwood STAMPS ON IT before it can fall through the balustrade.

A moment between them.

127 INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3 127

Mary finds A NAIL! It's hammered into the wall at head height. A pin-board probably used to hang from it.

She pulls. But the nail's stuck. She pulls and pulls. No good.

128 INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3 128

Using his foot, Marwood drags Gray's wallet towards him.

129 INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3 129

Mary runs to the kitchen and searches, frantically - finds A BUTTERFLY CAN OPENER - runs back to the wall - EMPLOYS THE CAN OPENER AS PLIERS, tugging at the nail.

130 INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3 130

Marwood opens Gray's wallet, takes out a credit card. Reads it. His eyes meet Gray's.

MARWOOD

Your name's Erin Gray.

A long beat.

GRAY

Don't.

131 INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3 131

Alice and Mary react to a REVERBERATING SHOTGUN BLAST.

Fuck.

Then something dawns on Alice. A yawning, lurching moment.

ALICE

Mary?

MARY

Yeah?

ALICE

Is the door locked?

Shit! Mary runs for the main door -

132 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 132

As Marwood strides towards the safe room.

133 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 133

Mary reaches the door - locks it -

134 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 134

- just as Marwood tries the handle.

MARWOOD

Mary?

He FIRES at the lock - but the SHOTGUN'S EMPTY! He curses, reloads from the bag slung over his shoulder.

135 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, SAFE ROOM - DAY 3** 135

Mary runs back to the wall - finally LEVERS OUT THE NAIL -

- just as Alice finishes taking the lock to pieces. She pauses for a moment to considers the weight of the HANDLE, testing it like a club. Decides to keep it.

Mary and Alice slip through the adjoining door -

- just as Marwood BLASTS HIS WAY IN -

136 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, MAZE OF OFFICES AND CORRIDORS - DAY 3** 136

Alice and Mary race through a TWISTING, CONFUSING MAZE of empty offices and adjoining doors -- Marwood in pursuit, stopping at times to draw a bead -- Alice and Mary always a split second too fast - fleeting forms, just out of reach.

137 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 137

Alice and Mary dash down a long corridor - through a door at the far end.

138 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 138

They enter THE LAST ROOM. Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide.
And Marwood is coming.

ALICE
Ready?

Mary nods: okay. She OPENS THE DOOR: just a crack -

Giving Alice just enough space to slip a BULLET between the door and the jam.

Then Mary LEANS HER WEIGHT INTO THE DOOR. Clamping the bullet in place.

She passes Alice THE NAIL.

Alice places the sharp end of the nail against the BULLET PRIMER. Then raises up the HEAVY BRASS DOOR HANDLE.

And waits.

Peering through the gap between door and jam.

139 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 139

Marwood steps into the corridor. Moving slowly. Knowing he's close.

140 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 140

Mary and Alice hold their breath. Wait.

141 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 141

Marwood advances. Then STOPS.

Did he see MOVEMENT through the OPAQUE GLASS PANEL set high in the door? He advances, raising the shot-gun.

142 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 142

Alice waits... until SHE SEES MARWOOD. Then uses the door handle to HAMMER THE NAIL into the BULLET PRIMER and -

Nothing happens!

143 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 143

Marwood hears the noise and turns to it, aiming -

144 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 144

Mary LEANS HARD INTO THE DOOR - Alice HAMMERS DOWN ON THE PRIMER again - and the bullet FIRES!

145 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 145

Striking Marwood ACROSS THE EAR; he spins and falls -

Alice and Mary burst out of the last room and RUN

- but Marwood GRABS THE SHOT-GUN, scrambles blindly to his feet. And stops them.

Holds them at gunpoint. Bleeding heavily from the ear

CLOSE ON ALICE AND MARY. Mary reaches out and GENTLY TAKES ALICE'S HAND.

Alice glances down. Baffled. But not displeased.

Then HER GAZE flicks over Marwood's shoulder. Her EYES LIGHT UP. And she SMILES TO SEE

JOHN LUTHER

come limping and dishevelled down the corridor.

LUTHER

All right, Will. Time to stop.

Marwood looks over his shoulder, sees Luther.

MARWOOD

Both of you. Move.

He backs Mary and Alice through the door.

Luther limps in pursuit, slams through the door --

146 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 146

- into the last room. To confront Alice and Mary, side by side.

Marwood behind them. The shotgun inches from their heads.

A beat, as Luther takes it all in.

ALICE

You see what I mean? Seriously, who'd be your girlfriend?

MARWOOD

Shut up.

Luther keeps his eyes calm and level, and on Mary.

LUTHER

Mary, don't be scared. It's going to be okay.

(to Marwood)

Where is she, Will? Where's Rachel Greene?

OUTSIDE: SOUND OF SIRENS.

MARWOOD

Well, I'll be dead soon. So I suppose you'll have to live with the never knowing.

LUTHER

Don't punish me by hurting Rachel. She's done nothing to hurt you.

MARWOOD

Who do you think you are? To walk in here, after what you've done to me -- and dictate what I can and can't do?

He PUTS THE GUN TO ALICE'S HEAD. She closes her eyes.

LUTHER

Will, don't.

MARWOOD

Say "please".

LUTHER

Please.

MARWOOD

Beg me.

LUTHER

I'm begging you.

Marwood moves the shotgun. Puts it to the back of Mary's skull instead.

She stares at Luther, wide-eyed with terror.

MARWOOD

You can have one.

LUTHER

I'm sorry?

MARWOOD

I said: "pick one".

LUTHER

Why?

MARWOOD

So you know what it feels like.

A long, terrible beat.

THE SIRENS OUTSIDE GROW LOUDER. CO19 arriving at the scene.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Time's running out.

LUTHER

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

MARWOOD

Last chance. Pick one.

LUTHER

I can't. You know I can't do that.

MARWOOD

Then you'll walk out of here alone.

LUTHER

Please, Will. Please.

Mary weeps, quietly mutters *no, no no*. Alice is silent. Self-possessed.

MARWOOD

It's ugly, isn't it? Being impotent. Being degraded by a violent man you'll never be able to punish. Now pick.

LUTHER

No.

MARWOOD

Fine.

He puts the gun to Mary's head.

LUTHER

STOP! Please! Stop. Please.

MARWOOD

Choose.

LUTHER

I can't. I can't do it.

MARWOOD

At least you've got a choice. A man came into my house and raped my wife. Then he killed her.

(MORE)

MARWOOD (CONT'D)

He pressed his hand across her mouth and suffocated her. What choice did I have?

(then)

Five.

Luther's eyes flit from Mary to Alice. Back again.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Four.

Alice transmits a SILENT MESSAGE with her eyes.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Three.

Luther looks down. Sees the NAIL secreted in Alice's hand.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Two.

LUTHER

All right! All right!

MARWOOD

Have you chosen?

LUTHER

Yes.

MARWOOD

Then say it. Say her name. I want her to hear you saying it.

But Luther can't speak. He can't say the words.

His eyes go from Mary's to Alice's. Back again.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

SAY! IT! NOW!

Mary's terror. Alice's sad, knowing smile.

An unbearable pause. Then -

LUTHER

Alice.

MARWOOD

Louder.

LUTHER

I said: *SHOOT! ALICE!*

A SPLIT SECOND. Marwood grins, revelling in victory.

Then MOVES - puts the barrel to THE BACK OF ALICE'S SKULL.

And MARY SPINS, STRIKING THE GUN WITH HER FOREARM: it DISCHARGES HARMLESSLY --

Leaving ALICE to grab Marwood, throw him to the ground -- and DRAW THE NAIL ALONG HIS CAROTID ARTERY.

A gush of arterial blood: Marwood grabs at the wound - staggers to his knees.

Luther throws Marwood down. Pins him to the ground. Clamps a hand round his neck. Turns to Alice and Mary.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Leave.

A lingering beat - then Mary and Alice hurry away.

147 **EXT. PARAGON TOWER - DAY 3** 147

CO19 spill into the building -

148 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 148

Luther presses his hand to Marwood's carotid artery. Gets in close. In his face. A moment of intimate hatred.

LUTHER

If I let go of your neck, you'll die. Which is what you want, right?... But if I keep applying pressure like this, there's a pretty good chance you'll live.

MARWOOD

No. Please. Don't.

LUTHER

Then tell me where she is. Where's Rachel Greene?

149 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 149

Alice and Mary run into CO19: an officer breaks away, conducts them downstairs to safety.

150 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, LAST ROOM - DAY 3** 150

Marwood and Luther. Blood oozing through Luther's fingers.

LUTHER

Time's short, Will. They're nearly here. The ambulances, the EMTs. All the people whose job it is to save you life.

MARWOOD

Please.

LUTHER

Where is she? Where's Rachel?

MARWOOD

Cathal Street. Wine Importers.
Basement.

LUTHER

How do I know you're not lying?

MARWOOD

It's true. Please.

Luther reads his eyes. Sees the truth in them.

MARWOOD (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Just - let go.

LUTHER

So - you're ready?

MARWOOD

Please. Please do it.

A beat. And LUTHER GRINS WITH ABSOLUTE MALICE.

LUTHER

Not on your nelly, mate.

(wider grin, then)

MEDIC! MEDIC! CAN I GET A MEDIC IN
HERE?! MEDIC!

OUT ON MARWOOD'S HORROR as CO19 burst in.

FADE TO:

151 **EXT. PARAGON TOWER - DAY 3**

151

Grievously wounded but clinging to life, Erin Gray is rushed to a waiting ambulance.

FADE TO:

152 **INT. MARWOOD'S LAIR - DAY 3**

152

Schenk and a number of UNIFORMED OFFICERS enter, follow the DANCING BEAMS of their torches.

Schenk finds Rachel. Slumped and hooded.

SCHENK

Rachel?

She's silent and still.

SCHENK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We're the police. You're safe now.

No response. Tenderly, Schenk approaches. Removes the hood... and Rachel is staring at him, wide-eyed with relief

Out on Schenk's relief.

FADE TO:

153 **INT. PARAGON TOWER, STAIRWELL - DAY 3** 153

Luther limps down the stairs, squeezes past C019.

154 **EXT. PARAGON TOWER - DAY 3** 154

- and steps outside, to a CHAOS OF AMBULANCES, ASSORTED POLICE VEHICLES AND PERSONNEL.

And BENNY DEADHEAD.

LUTHER
How's it going, Ben?

Benny's grim expression tells Luther all he needs to know.

BENNY
You did good, Boss.

LUTHER
Yeah. I don't know about that. So what's happening?

BENNY
Well, they arrested Alice Morgan.

LUTHER
Yeah? Where is she?

Benny nods at a POLICE VAN.

LUTHER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
What about Mary?

BENNY
Mary left a message for you.

Benny passes a folded piece of paper. Luther reads it, kneads his brow.

LUTHER
She give you this?

BENNY

She put it into my hand herself.

LUTHER

Thanks, Ben. Appreciate it.

A moment. Friendship in it. Then Luther limps away.

BENNY

Boss? Where you going?

(points)

She's that way.

LUTHER

I know. I just -- I have to say
sorry. To Alice.

And Benny nods: *Of course.*

Luther walks to the police van. Nods to the officer attending
it, who opens the rear doors for him.

155

EXT. PARAGON TOWER/ INT. POLICE VAN - DAY 3

155

Luther steps inside. And there's Alice. Huddled in a blanket.

Except it's not Alice: it's Mary Day.

A long, silent moment between them.

MARY

There was a mix up. Over who was
who. I expect they'll sort it out.
In a few hours.

(beat)

I don't care what she's done, John.
She saved my life.

He nods.

Mary's eyes are infinitely kind. Infinitely understanding.

MARY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

So. You should probably go.

LUTHER

Yeah. I should do that.

MARY

Yeah.

LUTHER

I -

MARY

I know. Me too.

And there's nothing more to say. Luther holds her gaze. She nods. Tears in her eyes.

Then he steps out of the van. Gently shuts the door.

156 **EXT. PARAGON TOWER - DAY 3** 156

And stands there, taking a moment to consider the chaos.

Then turns his back on it and limps away.

FADE TO:

157 **EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY 3** 157

UNDER CREDITS: He walks the streets of his city. London, in all her infinite variety. He draws strength from it. This city; the battery that feeds him.

CREDITS END as he steps onto

158 **EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE - DAY 3** 158

And finds her waiting for him. Alice Morgan, the wind in her hair.

He approaches. Hands in pockets.

ALICE

It was clever. The choice you made.

He shrugs. Accepts the compliment.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Marwood?

LUTHER

Alive. Suffering.

ALICE

Good.

She gets in close. Close enough to kiss.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You really do need to lose the coat.

Luther smiles. Then SHRUGS OFF THE COAT... and drops it over the edge of the bridge.

It balloons. Seems for a moment to hang in the air. Then lands in the cold, brown Thames. And drifts away.

Leaving Alice and Luther. Alone on the bridge.

Their eyes locked.

ALICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

So. Now what?

And off John Luther's smile, we pull back. And back.

And watch Luther and Alice walk away. Together.

END OF EPISODE