1 EXT. LOW RISE ESTATE, LANE - NIGHT 4 - 22.19

From the street, the CORPSE OF A YOUNG MAN is almost hidden by darkness, industrial bins, backstreet litter: crates and boxes and bottles. A human being who's been thrown away like garbage.

A POLICE CAR screams to the kerb, its lightbar casting the filthy walls in flashing blue. Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS emerge - STEVE GORMAN and MIKE EPPLEY. Both in their early 30s.

They approach the lane. Produce torches. Probe the darkness as they move forward.

Restless torch beams settle on a PALE HAND. A TOUSLED HEAD. A pool of BLOOD.

Tension as Corman's hand goes to his BATON. He and Eppley edge into the darkness, sweeping it with the torches.

GORMAN Lima Sierra 37 to Control. Confirm we do have an IC1 down. Possible gunshot wounds, over.

Lima Sierra 37

Gorman takes his hand from his baton. About to stoop and examine the body -

When the "body" turns - raises a GLOCK REVOLVER - SHOOTS CORMAN TWICE in the chest.

LEAPS to his feet - as Eppley TURNS TO RUN - slips. Loses his footing.

The gunman SHOOTS HIM TWICE IN THE BACK.

The gunman approaches Eppley's body. Nudges him with a toe.

He squats. Inspects Eppley's DUTY BELT. From the RADIO POUCH he removes Eppley's HANDHELD TRANSCEIVER. He substitutes it for an ALMOST IDENTICAL MODEL. Refastens the Velcro on the radio pouch. Listens for a moment to CHATTER on the radio. Then unzips his BLOOD SOAKED JACKET, revealing a HOODIE underneath. Removes the jacket as he fades into the intense darkness of the lane.

Leaving two dead officers. Their eyes, their blood, reflecting the flashing lightbar of their empty car.

ZOE I know how hard that was for you.

MARK

l'm fine. (checks watch) Although I might work from home today.

ZŒ (kisses him) Thank you.

She starts the engine, pulls away.

9 <u>EXT. SCU, ROOF - DAY 5 - 08.21</u>

Reed ascends, slightly breathless. Sees Luther - close to the edge. Looking for all the world like a man about to jump.

He ambles over, joins him on the edge.

REED

Nice view.

LUTHER Yeah. Squint a bit, you can see all the kingdoms of the world.

REED You might want to start answering your phone.

LUTHER Get a reputation for answering phones, all they do is ring.

REED You spoken to Zoe?

LUTHER

No.

REED Then you should know that Mark North gave you a pass. He's not pressing charges. (off Luther's bitter laugh)

So how about we finish the chat away from the edge.

LUTHER You never do this? Come to a high place, imagine what it would be like to fall?

REED Fall or jump?

LUTHER

Same thing.

REED Beg to differ. But no. Mostly I go home, watch America's Next Top Model. So what's with the, y'know REED

Then I'm bored of this game.

He turns from the edge. Luther lingers. And Reed wonders - just for a moment - if he might actually jump.

Then Luther digs his phone from his pocket, joins him

LUTHER You headed back to the factory?

REED

l've been on eighteen hours straight l'm going home, mate. You should try it.

LUTHER

I might.

His phone beeps. Incoming message. He picks it up, scans it.

ANGLE ON PHONE: DETECTI VE SUPERI NTENDENT TELLER.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Or I might not.

10 SCENE 10 OMITTED

11 EXT. LOW RISE ESTATE, LANE - DAY 5 - 09.37

Luther and Ripley at the crime scene. Hands always in pockets, Luther is agitated, wandering.

> RIPLEY This is Steve Gorman. Over here, this is M ke Eppley.

> > LUTHER

Yeah.

RIPLEY You knew them?

LUTHER Little bit, yeah.

ri pley

Sorry.

LUTHER

Don't be sorry. If you see Gorman and Eppley, you'll go blind. So see the scene. Tell me what you see.

RIPLEY Right. So Gorman was shot at close range - double tap to the chest. 10

LUTHER Entry wounds two, three inches apart. CORINNE (cont'd) You've got my number -

LUTHER Memorised. Six, six, six.

CORI NNE

Direct line.

Luther gives her a grin as he and Ripley push on to the car.

13 <u>INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 5 - 11.21</u>

The SERIOUS CRIME UNIT is far busier than we've yet seen it -PLAIN CLOTHED OFFICERS come and go, operate desk phones, computers. An air of grim purpose.

Ripley is reviewing CCTV FOOTAGE. Luther approaches.

LUTHER

Anyt hi ng?

RI PLEY

Could be.

Ripley unfolds a PAPER MAP. He's drawn a bullseye on it using a red marker pen - which he now uses as a pointing tool.

RIPLEY (cont'd) Cobden Lane links Northlight Road and Stockwood Hill...here to here.

Ripley hits a key. We see CCTV FOOTAGE OF AN EMPTY STREET. Into frame walks a MAN IN A HOODY. RIPLEY hits PAUSE. The image is frozen, grainy, ghostly.

RIPLEY (cont'd) Less than three minutes after the shooting, this man crossed the road half a kilometre from the Stockwood Hill exit.

CCTV FOOTAGE: the man crosses the deserted street.

LUTHER

That's it?

RIPLEY Lucky to get that.

LUTHER Where does he go?

RI PLEY

Ducks behind shops on Hamilton Row. Behind that, there's another lane. Gives onto allotments, gardens, a canal... Page 7.

LUTHER

You ever walk into a pub, cafe, whatever, know straight away the bloke next to you's a copper?

RI PLEY

Sometimes, yeah.

LUTHER

I grew up around soldiers. The way he shoots, the way he talks, the way he walks. He's a soldier.

The predator's glee fades - Luther grabs a chair from a nearby desk - hauls it over - sits very close to Ripley. Low and fast.

LUTHER (cont'd) We need to look at armed forces personnel who've suffered at the hands of the police. Dig up aggravated arrest complaints - filed by veterans on behalf of themselves, friends, family.

RI PLEY

It'll be a long list. Soldiers back from war, they don't find it easy. They get depressed, they drink, they fight - they get arrested.

LUTHER

Justin, this was an execution - but the assassin can't have been targeting Gorman and Eppley. So what if that means he was targeting their uniforms?

A beat as this sinks in. Ripley glances round the busy unit.

RIPLEY Got you. I'm on it.

Luther's phone rings. He pats Ripley's shoulder, then stands, checking it out. ALICE MORGAN.

He rolls his eyes - heads to his office, shuts the door.

14 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 11.24

14

Turns his back on the unit, paces as he talks.

LUTHER

What do you want?

INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 5 - 11.24

She's wearing a WIG. CLOSE ON HER we notice her VISITOR'S BADGE. A photo, the name INGRID JONES, a stamp identifying her as coming from CHRISTIAN MEDICAL OUTREACH.

A POLICE OFFICER stands guard at the door. Drinking tea, reading a newspaper.

ALICE I've been reading Bertrand Russell to a friend of yours. (reads) "Often the good suffer, and often the wicked prosper, and one hardly knows which of those is the more annoying."

INTERCUT LUTHER and ALICE

LUTHER What do you mean? Where are you?

ALICE If only he could speak. What tales he could tell.

Out on her smile - and Luther's horror as he hangs up.

16 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 5 - 11.28

Luther strides back through to Ripley's desk.

LUTHER What've we got?

RIPLEY Half a dozen names hit key markers mostly drunk and disorderly, aggravated assaults. But I'm thinking, - not enough for our boy.

LUTHER So broaden the search parameters include veterans of the first Gulf War, Northern Ireland. Go back to the Falklands - he's in there somewhere.

Ripley gets to work as Luther exits.

16A INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - DAY 5 - 12.30

16A

Luther strides down the corridor - badges the GUARD outside $\ensuremath{\textit{Madsen's room}}$

LUTHER Get yourself a cup of coffee. I need five minutes.

INT. HOSPITAL - MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 5 - 12.30

LUTHER What are you doing?

She stands. Folds over a page - puts down the book. They face each other over Madsen's motionless body.

ALI CE

17

19

ALICE (cont'd) I can always ask her myself. See what she says.

LUTHER Hand to God, Alice. I know this is

sport to you. But you need to stop. Just stop. Stay away from Zoe. Don't go near her. Don't say a word - not about any of this. Any of it.

ALICE Why, exactly? Are you scared of what I'll find out - or what she will?

17 SCENE 17 OMI TTED

17A EXT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - DAY 5 - 15.35 17A

Establishing a DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT.

18INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 5 - 15.3618

Long disused. Boards on the windows.

The KILLER, OWEN LYNCH, fills a kettle from a bottle of mineral water, puts it to boil on a PRIMUS STOVE.

On a rickety chair is balanced an OLD PORTABLE TV. It's plugged into a car battery. Owen turns it on.

Doing so, he passes a FORM CA TABLE. On it is laid a HUNTING KNIFE - and what could be BOVB MAKING EQUIPMENT.

He turns on the TV, volume low. Lays down the REVOLVER he used to kill Gorman and Eppley.

Finally, he turns on the POLICE RADIO. Listens to the CHATTER as the kettle boils.

19 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY 5 - 15.38

Owen pours hot water into the sink - washes - shaves - meticulously combs short hair into a neat parting.

20 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 5 - 15.43 20

Owen takes the clothes from the dry cleaner's polythene and begins to dress. Smart trousers, shirt, tie.

His demeanour like a nervous young man dressing for a job interview. Dressed, he sits at the table and begins to polish his shoes - black Kiwi wax, brushes. Like a soldier.

On the table is a PRINTED SHEET OF A4, weighed down at the edges. As Owen polishes his shoes, he reads from the paper. Silently mouths what's written there. Practising.

Also on the table is a CONSUMER VIDEO CAMERA.

21 <u>INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 5 - 18.04</u>

Ripley's desk is piled high with paperwork: reports, memoranda, crime sheets, military records.

Luther enters. Ripley raises a hand like a referee, hands him a sheet of paper. Luther snatches it from his hand, scans it.

RIPLEY Went back to 1975. Got three names -

Luther scans the report.

LUTHER

TELLER I don't care what Terry Lynch went through at Goose sodding Green, Desert sodding Storm or Operation Enduring sodding Freedom It doesn't give him a free pass to kill coppers. (calms) Besides, he can't be our man. He's inside - life without possibility.

Luther passes her ANOTHER SET of MILITARY RECORDS. More recent. They show Owen Lynch.

LUTHER

This is his son - Owen Lynch. Also 46 Commando, Royal Marines. Returned from Afghanistan last year. Forced to leave under administrative discharge meaning, he's got mental health issues and the army left him high and dry.

TELLER

We got an address?

Ripley passes her an ARREST SHEET and a SIGNED WITNESS STATEMENT.

RI PLEY

Statement from his wife, Rachel. She threw him out because, quote, "the man who came back wasn't the man who left."

LUTHER

He takes it out on her once too often, she throws him out. Which is the last time he shows on the radar - until Gorman and Eppley last night.

TELLER

But Gorman and Eppley had nothing to do with his father being sent down?

LUTHER

No.

TELLER Is this as bad as it sounds?

23 SCENE 23 OMI TTED

24 EXT. HOUSING OFFICE - DAY 6 - 09.47

PC JENNY HANSON (27) is at the end of what appears to have been a slightly confusing conversation with MR MOON, the Housing Officer.

23

HANSON Okay. So you didn't call us. You're sure it wasn't a member of staff?

Mr Moon shrugs, shakes his head - baffled. What can he do? Hanson along the street, on her radio.

> HANSON (cont'd) False alarm Prank call. Okay, that's me done - put the kettle on, over.

She doesn't notice OWEN. Not until he's STEPPED UP into her face.

She smiles, dodges left. Then right. Smiles, wider, about to apologise -

Then her face falls.

Because Owen has a GLOCK REVOLVER PRESSED TO HER GUTS.

HANSON (cont'd)

Please -

Owen

Hanson finds a low wall. Props herself against it. Breathing heavily. Trying to control her fear. Listening to the DISTANT CACOPHONY of approaching sirens.

> HANSON (cont'd) Come on, come on, come on.

27 EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE - DAY 6 - 09.54

We follow the EMERGENCY RESPONSE as it ARRIVES - police cars, vans, ambulances. PARAMEDICS are stretchering Hanson to an ambulance.

From Ripley's car emerge Luther and Ripley.

Luther grabs a UNI FORMED OFFI CER - DAVI D MARDEL.

LUTHER Where was the shooter?

PC MARDEL

As far as we can establish, he turned the corner into the street, down here. He just walked right up and shot her.

LUTHER

Point blank?

PC MARDEL

In the abdomen.

Luther turns. Grabs Ripley.

LUTHER

It's not right.

RI PLEY

Sir?

LUTHER

It's not right. Last night, he fires six perfect shots in the dark. Now, in daylight, he messes up. Leaves Hanson alive. It's not right.

29 EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE - DAY 6 - 09.55

Luther WAVES HIS ARMS ABOVE HIS HEAD

31 <u>INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 11.30</u>

MUCH BUSTLE AND ACTIVITY - PHONES RINGING, being answered, PERSONNEL in a hurry to be places. Ripley is at his desk, quiet in all the chaos. He's looking at PICTURES OF HANSON, EPPLEY AND GORWAN. And listening to the RADIO.

Reed approaches. Sees the state of Ripley. Pulls up a chair.

REED

You all right?

RIPLEY Yeah. No. I've never been shot at before.

REED There's people you can speak to, these days. If you want to.

RIPLEY What, like a counsellor?

REED

Why not?

RIPLEY My dad knew I'd seen a counsellor, he'd shoot me himself.

Teller strides from her office on to the bullpen.

TELLER All right everyone! Roll up, roll up.

They do. Everyone gathers.

TELLER (cont'd)

Or ders from on high. All personnel will be issued with bullet-proof vests where available. I know "where available" isn't what you want to hear, but there we go. Best we can do. Any questions? No. Just murmurs of unease.

TELLER (cont'd) Good. Now, this has been a bad day, the worst day most of us have seen on the job - and looking around, l'm reminded that most of us are bedraggled old fossils with quite a few bad days behind us. So what we do, ladies and gents, is sniff out this bastard. Then we show him and the rest of the world that no-one gets to do this to us. So get out there and get him (beat) Let's have it, then!

Energised, they go to their jobs. Nobody notices the weariness at the corner of Teller's eyes. The fear, the loneliness.

32 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - 11.37

Luther and Teller lost in their own meditations - as Ripley links up a VIDEO SCREEN. Hits play.

ANGLE ON SCREEN:

A "YOUTUBE" VIDEO. Owen Lynch talks to camera. He's nervous, polite, weirdly personable. This is more like a TV charity appeal than an AL Quaida video.

OWEN My name is Owen Lynch, ex 46 Commando Royal Marines.

He's replaced on screen by a photograph of TERRY LYNCH in uniform. For a while, we hear Owen in voice over.

OWEN (cont'd) This is my dad, Terry Lynch - also 46 Commando, Royal Marines. He was at Bluff Cove when 46 Commando shot down an Argentine jet - using rifles. After that, County Armagh. His final tour was in Helmand Province. Last year, he went to prison for a crime that would never have been committed if his country had treated him with the respect he deserved. But that doesn't happen. More men who served in the Falklands have committed suicide since than died in the war itself. That may soon be true of men who served in Iraq and Afghanistan.

More photographs of Terry as he talks.

OWEN (cont'd)

My dad was defending himself from a belligerent arrest. He shouldn't be in prison for murder. Police officers will continue to die until justice is done. No negotiations will be entered into and there will be no further communications from me. Freedom for Terry Lynch.

BACK TO TELLER'S OFFI CE

LUTHER

How many views so far?

RIPEENTY leav. 19 0 0 1 324 758.52 T3w (LUTHER) Tj Thirty thousand and counting.

REPLER All major news media outlets have picked up on it. It's out there, it's not coming back.

Long beat. Luther studies Owen - frozen there on screen.

boot HEB mi2re, it's He barely mentions himself. That strike you as weird? He's back from his war, his life's in shreds - but this declaration's entirely about his dad: what his dad achi iT 0.022 v91uf5. RRI PLEYtur0.0Tm n - f

34 INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BALCONY - DAY 6 - 11.39

Alice looks out onto London, drinking coffee.

ALI CE

Yes, I heard about the dead policemen. Do you know where your killer is yet?

LUTHER

No. Do you?

ALICE Why - do you think we belong to a club?

LUTHER It wouldn't surprise me.

ALI CE

I know how hard men like you take the death of fellow officers. It must be like losing family.

LUTHER I'm not discussing cases with you.

ALICE Not even interesting ones?

LUTHER

This isn't "interesting". This is good police officers doing a good job, gunned down in the street like -

ALI CE

Like what?

He can't answer.

ALICE (cont'd)

That's something we all do, isn't it in the end - judge who's worth more than whom Hitler or Ghandi? The very young, the very old?

LUTHER

Well, to be fair - most of us don't do it to the extent you do.

ALI CE

But it does mean the difference between us is one of degree, not category. Ask Henry Madsen.

LUTHER

Look - you win, all right? You're too clever for me.

ALI CE Flattery to appease the malignant narcissist. That's a frivolous tactic. Are you afraid of me? LUTHER Yes. ALI CE Why? LUTHER You know why. ALI CE Do you want me to leave you alone? LUTHER Yes. ALI CE Then answer my questions. LUTHER Why? ALI CE To help with my investigation. I've

Page 23.

ALICE It wasn't a knife. And I wasn't asking permission.

LUTHER I don't respond to threats.

ALICE Good for you. I don't make them I'm just speculating. Does this woman even know you?

Beat of frustration and despair.

LUTHER Look, punish me if you want, Alice l'm really not sure I can stop you. But you don't get to use Zoe to blackmail me.

He hangs up. His hands are shaking. He thinks. Dials. Leaves the roof.

Alice sips coffee. Her smile slowly fading. Becoming something serene and mysterious.

35 INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM/SCU CORRIDOR (LUTHER) - DAY 6- 11.3351

Zoe and Mark are working – piles of paperwork, laptops, mobile phones. Mark digs his knuckles into his back, stands.

> MARK Coffee. You want coffee? I want coffee.

ZOE

Tea?

MARK

Bui I der s?

Before she can answer, her phone rings. She checks it.

MARK (cont'd) (reads her face) John?

Their eyes meet. Mark shrugs, what ever, exits. Zoe answers.

ZŒ

John?

INTERCUT ZOE and LUTHER in SCU CORRIDOR.

LUTHER You got a minute?

ZOE Not to argue, I don't.

LUTHER

It's not that. Listen, I've got something I need to ask. I need you to leave London. Not for long. A few days. Go stay with your mum, Mark's parents, whatever.

ZŒ

What's wrong? Why?

LUTHER

l've - received a viable threat.

ZŒ

That's ventral denial - powerful signal of disapproval - pure dominance. Owen's nervous - stroking his throat, his face - pacifying gestures. Foot jiggling. Head bowed -Can't meet his dad's gaze. What ever Terry's saying, Owen's finding it profoundly stressful. (turns to Ripley) When did Terry Lynch lose his appeal?

RI PLEY

A month ago.

LUTHER So this meeting is what? Two weeks later. Dominant father. Submissive son. You see what this is? (beat) This is Owen Lynch, receiving his orders.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: as Terry speaks, Owen shakes his head. Terry repeats what he's just said.

And at last Owen nods.

Only now does Terry Lynch unfold his arms. Sit forward. Reach out. Touch his son's hand.

REED

Crikey.

39 INT. MARK' S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 12.22

Zoe and Mark, mid-quarrel. Both of them exasperated, angry, trying hard not to be.

MARK

Listen to yourself. Listen to what you're actually saying! The man's playing mind games. It's a control thing. He wants to control you. He always did. He still does!

ZŒ

You don't know him, Mark.

MARK

It's pathetic, really. What next? He clubs you over the head and drags you to the cave by the hair? Do you <u>like</u> this stuff? All this controlling, macho bullshit? ZŒ

I can't believe you're being such a child about this.

MARK I can't believe you let this man turn you into such an asshole.

ZŒ

He received a threat.

MARK

Says him

ZŒ

Come on - we're not interrogating your masculinity here -

MARK

Don't worry about that. I think I'm secure enough to weather any comparison you'd care to make with your ex-husband.

ZŒ

Of course you are. And you shouldn't be questioning my motives. It's just; John knows this stuff. If he says we should leave, I honestly think we should take him seriously.

MARK

Okay. Do you know what I think?

ZŒ

What, this last half hour wasn't it?

MARK

What I think - if there was a real threat to your safety, a genuine threat, there'd already be a security detail outside the door. The police look after their own. He's lying, Zo. I don't know why. But he is.

ZŒ

That's really not fair.

MARK

Okay, so - simple solution. Let's pick up the phone, dial his boss, ask her about this threat. See what she says.

He offers Zoe the phone - and his eyes soften at her obvious reluctance.

Saddened, he puts the phone back in its cradle. Says nothing.

She crosses her arms, turns away. Mark leaves the room

Owen eats beans from the tin, watches the news on the portable TV

ANGLE ON TV:

NEWS 24 REPORTER

41 EXT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - DAY 6 - 13.18

Reed's car and Ripley's car park outside the vast, looming prison. Luther, Reed and Ripley head towards it.

42 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, TERRY'S CELL - DAY 6 - 13.26 42

Terry Lynch is lying on his bunk. A hard man - not cocky, assured. He listens to the rattle of keys in the lock. A PRISON OFFICER steps into the open door.

> TERRY Don't tell me. Visitor.

He grins. Stands.

43 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, CORRIDORS - DAY 6 - 13.27

TWO PRISON OFFICERS lead Terry down the long, echoing corridors, unlocking and locking doors as they go.

44 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, TERRY'S CELL - DAY 6 - 13.28 44

Reed enters Terry's cell, snapping on LATEX GLOVES. Ripley watches from the doorway -

As Reed searches the cell - examines lights and fittings - runs hands across the ceiling - slides fingertips underside of the window, round the frame - removes bedding, runs blanket and sheets through their hands - checks pillow and mattress thumbs through magazines, clothes, a toothpaste tube, a bar of soap - a solid deodorant stick -

What's this?

He removes the deodorant stick from its base. Crumbles the deodorant away to reveal - a PLASTIC

REED Gotcha. You brief John, I'll get this number traced.

45 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY 6 - 13.29 45

Luther waits at the desk as TWO PRISON WARDENS lead TERRY LYNCH into the room Luther glares at him as he sits. Asserting dominance. Holds the glare for a long, challenging beat -

- and subverts it by leaning forward - friendly - open.

LUTHER So two little girls are walking home from Sunday school. One little girl says - "Do you believe in the Devil?" The other little girl says, "Don't be silly, of course not. The Devil's like Santa. It's just your dad."

Luther shoves a PHOTOGRAPH OF OWEN IN UNIFORM across the table.

LUTHER (cont'd) The thing about little boys, they worship their dad like God. The more invisible he is, the more arbitrary in his punishments and rewards, the more they crave his approval.

Terry slides the photo back - face down, like a playing card.

LUTHER (cont'd) I know how it must have been for Owen - my dad was a soldier.

TERRY

He was, was he?

LUTHER First Armoured Division, Seventh

Armoured Brigade. So Germany, mostly. Canada, for a bit. Year in Cyprus.

TERRY

I bet he was a right hard bastard.

LUTHER

Well, it was tough for him Here I am, big boy, eager to please, trying to care about what he cared about - the army, sport. But no, nothing there. He wanted me to box. I wanted to write lyrics, read books, go out with girls. In the end I gave up trying to make him proud because I knew it was never going to happen -(leans closer)

- but Owen hasn't given up, has he?

More than anything, Owen wants to make his dad proud.

Terry sits back. Crosses his arms. Waits.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I know you gave Owen a job to do. But I'm not sure you appreciate the implications. In crimes like this half the offenders end it by turning their gun on themselves. The other half are shot by police. Owen's going to die, Terry. Unless you help him

TERRY

By doing what?

LUTHER

We know he'll be monitoring the TV for news of the investigation.

TERRY

Makes sense, yeah.

LUTHER

So go on camera. Ask him to stop. Rescind the order.

TERRY

I could do that.

LUTHER

But?

TERRY

I'd need a reduction in sentence.

LUTHER

That's not going to happen. You killed a police officer.

TERRY

I'm not asking for a pardon - just a reduction. I got life for murder. It should've been five years, manslaughter with diminished. I'll take that - with time served.

LUTHER

Even if there was a precedent, there'd be no time.

TERRY

Well, I don't know about that. Owen can look after himself. He could be out there for weeks before you catch him Weeks and weeks. LUTHER This is your child we're talking about. We've got a possible location for Owen Lynch. We need to scramble Tactical Support. LUTHER Because I can't. ZOE Why not? LUTHER It's complicated. ZOE It always is. What has this woman got on you? What have you done? LUTHER I don't have time for this. Please just trust me.

Mark enters the room and listens quietly.

ZOE Thing is, I'm not sure I do. If I called Rose Teller, would she know

about this?

Have you called her?

ZOE Not yet. Should I?

LUTHER No, don't do that. Don't call her.

Long beat.

ZŒ

That tells me everything, doesn't it? So what's really going on? What have you done?

LUTHER I really don't have time. At least -Christ, lock your doors and windows. Anything happens, call me.

He hangs up.

RI PLEY

Everything okay?

Luther doesn't answer. Just strides on. Frustrated beyond endurance.

53 INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 13.46

Zoe stands there, swearing softly.

ZŒ So you were right - he was lying. When do I learn, eh? Twenty years, and when do I learn? Mark steps forward, embraces her. Strokes her hair. MARK l'm sorry. I really am l'm sorry. 53A INT. SCU. BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 14.00 53A Teller and Reed, strapping on bullet-proof vests. TELLER You worried about something? REED Getting shot, mostly. TELLER That's it, is it? REED Yeah. Well, that and something else. TELLER Be a good boy. Use your words. REED I've been thinking. TELLER What?

REED

TELLER

Ian, we've got a Special Forces nutjob out there gunning down uniforms. And this phone is our sole lead. We don't ignore leads. So all we can do is go in hard and noisy... and as ready as it's humanly possible to be. We let Tactical do their job, and when it's done we buy them a drink and tell them their biceps are sexy. Done?

Done. Vests on.

TELLER (cont'd) Good. So let's go.

53B INT. DERELICT HOUSE - DAY 6 - 14.02

Owen tests one mobile phone by calling it from another.

In front of him is the table, TV on top, the detritus of his work station: ammo, gas cylinder etc.

54 <u>EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - DAY 6 - 14.18</u>

POLICE VEHICLES parked at all angles.

A CO19 TACTICAL SUPPORT TEAM in full ASSAULT GEAR. Overhead, the MECHANICAL CLATTER of a helicopter.

Ripley's car pulls up - Luther and Ripley run out - join Teller and Reed. All of them in stab-proof vests.

They watch as CO19 STORM THE HOUSE - take down the door with battering rams - enter. Hear their progress on Teller's radio

Tiny beat of SILENCE. From inside the house, A MOBILE PHONE RINGS.

And the house GOES UP. Everyone ducks - takes cover - as THE BASS ROAR of the/F14 12 Tf 1 0 0 1

53B

Luther stands - ash and debris falling all around - his eyes fixed on the house - filled with sorrow.

55 EXT. DERELICT ESTATE - DAY 6 - 14.21

Est abl i shi ng a VAST, DESERTED HOUSI NG ESTATE.

56 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - DAY 6 - 14.22

- which is where Owen has moved his base to. He's at the table, MOBILE PHONE in one hand - it's the remote trigger. The STOLEN POLICE RADIO on the table before him

Owen smiles. Not without sadness. Puts down the phone. Turns on the TV. Fills the kettle from a plastic bottle.

SCENES 57 - 61 OMITTED

62 EXT. HOBB LANE - DAY 6 - 15.00

Luther passes armed guards, enters the station.

INT. SCU, LP374.04 578.52 Tm -oD6 75 Tc (SCU) Tj ET n 105pa Medic Medic

55

56

REED

He wanted us to find that SIM card. I bit down on it like a Mars Bar. Of course it's my fault.

Teller enters. Equally weary.

TELLER

It's official. As of five minutes ago, the Owen Lynch operation was passed up to Anti-Terrorism Soit's out of our hands.

LUTHER

All they'll do is give Terry Lynch what he wants. More blood. More dead coppers. You can't let that happen.

TELLER

Seeing as I left my magic wand at the repair shop I haven't got much sodding choice. Look, we don't have to like this - but we do have to accept it.

Luther turns away, angry. He flicks through Owen Lynch's M LI TARY RECORDS, school photogr../.001 Ts

He stands there, comparing them - as if weighing them up. Takes his own POLICE RADIO from his belt. Compares it to the two in evidence.

Finally reaches a decision. Walks away.

65A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 15.11

Luther charges back in with the two radios.

TELLER What's this now?

LUTHER Gorman and Eppley's radios.

And?

LUTHER (cont'd) We use Airwave, right? It's digital, secure. Impossible for civilians to pick up a scanner and listen in.

REED

And?

LUTHER

These phones are different. Owen did a swap. (she snatches them from his hands) You need to call anti-terrorism Warn them he's listening to everything we say.

Teller gives him back the radios, lifts the desk phone.

TELLER

I'm doing that now. (pauses) But I need you to understand, Detective Chief Inspector, that alert them is all we <u>can</u> do. We can't act on this information, because this case is no longer ours. Am I being transparent here? Tell me if I'm being at all ambiguous. There is nothing we can do with this, except pass it on.

LUTHER

Well, there's nothing anybody can do, is there? Because nobody knows where Owen Lynch is. And he'll just keep on killing until someone finds him and stops him 65A

TELLER They'll find him

LUTHER

Yeah? How?

A beat - a challenge -

LUTHER (cont'd) What ever. I'm done.

He heads to the exit. On route he stops for a moment. Thinks. Decides. Then opens a nearby desk drawer, takes out AN ENVELOPE and peeks inside. He pockets the envelope and leaves.

66 EXT. HOBB LANE - DAY 6 - 15.11

66

Luther passes armed guards, steps onto the street. Very alone.

Gets into his car.

LUTHER I'm pretty sure you can take a slap.

LUTHER (cont'd) Then smile while you're doing it, dickhead. You're on camera.

Luther nods at the CCTV camera high in the corner.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Camera's off.

TERRY

I think I'll send my boy for you. Your doorbell rings, you're walking to the shops - and there he is. Bang. Right through the skull. So go on. Hit me. Doesn't matter. You're dead.

LUTHER

You and me both.

TERRY

What - you're going to kill me, are you?

LUTHER

Tell the truth, I do fancy it. But murdering people leads to so much fuss and bother afterwards. So here's what I thought about doing. I know a lot of people in this prison - screws, inmates - a lot of really bad people.

He takes something from his pocket - a length of thin rope. Lays it on the table. It's a noose.

Long beat. Eye contact.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Seemed to me, the best way to end this is to have you commit suicide in your cell tonight. I don't think anybody would be surprised. History of depression, PTSD, blah blah blah. (off Terry's expression) I've done a lot worse.

Terry's eyes.

TERRY You've done nothing, mate.

LUTHER

(sits back) See, I knew you'd say that. Because the thing about you, Terry - you're a hard bastard aren't you? Being a hard bastard's all you've got. You can't give in to threats - because then you wouldn't be a hard bastard any more. You'd rather die than lose the respect you've earned in here. I can see that.

TERRY

So why are we here?

LUTHER

Because I'm going to strip that dignity away. Make you the most reviled person in here.

TERRY

I'd like to see you give it a go give myself a little chuckle. It's little things like that break up the monotony of the day.

Luther grins - reaches into his pocket. Produces AN ENVELOPE.

LUTHER

Everyone in here knows we searched your cell. Easiest thing in the world to let them know this is what we found.

Chucks the envelope to Terry. Who looks inside - then gives Luther a look of icy abhorrence.

> LUTHER (cont'd) I haven't been able to look at them, myself. But they tell me none of these little boys is older than nine.

> > TERRY

This giving you a thrill, is it?

LUTHER

Terry Lynch, hard man - that's one thing. Terry Lynch, nonce - well, that's something else altogether. I don't think you could endure that.

TERRY

Nobody' d

LUTHER (cont'd) What kind of thing did you have to do?

With an abrupt, violent gesture Terry sweeps all the photos into the corner. Then stands, kicking it away, showing his absolute disgust. Turns to Luther with rage.

TERRY

You really are a piece of shit, aren't you? You really are scum

LUTHER I am I really am Now, this is a one time offer. So give me what I want.

68 EXT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - DAY 6 - 16.26

Luther exits. Waiting for him is a BBC TV NEWS CREW - and Corinne, the journalist.

The CAMERAMAN begins to wire Luther with a clip-on mic.

LUTHER When will this go out?

CORINNE Lead story, main bulletin. Say, ten past ten. You're definitely sure about this, now?

LUTHER

Ch yeah.

CORI NNE

Then let's go.

She smiles, turns to the cameraman, who nods:

69 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.09

Reed brings in two cups of tea. Teller is watching ROLLING NEWS COVERAGE OF THE SHOOTINGS. The clock counts from 10:09 to 10:10 P.M

Teller looks up sharply.

TELLER What did he just say? 68

Page 42.

70 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.10

Owen zips the assault rifle into the sportsbag. Follows it with a SNIPER'S SCOPE. Extra rounds of ammunition. What looks like a pretty serious IED.

Opens the door. About to leave on another mission to kill -

- then HEARS LUTHER ON TV, TALKING ABOUT HIM. He turns, the open door in his hand. Watches.

71 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

71

70

Reed and Teller, dumbfounded.

REED

Holy shit.

TELLER Oh no. Oh no, oh no. (flings open door) SERGEANT RIPLEY!

72 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

72

Owen is taken aback by what this man is saying. He sets down the sports bag. Closes the door. Tonight's mission has been postponed.

He stares at the portable TV with cold fury.

73 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

Li ar.

73

Ripley, Teller and Reed - watching the broadcast.

OWEN

TELLER Is any of this even true?

REED Not even slightly.

LUTHER (on tv)

MARK All right. I don't care who you are. Leave, please. Right now.

ALI CE

Or -?

Mark picks up the phone.

ALICE (cont'd) Go ahead. But it won't be good for John.

MARK Well, bollocks to John.

But Zoe places a hand on his forearm - a long beat - and Mark lowers the phone.

Zoe faces Alice. Cool challenge in her eyes.

ZŒ

So. How can we help you?

ALI CE

I've been wondering - why do you think he does it?

ZOE Why does who do what?

ALICE John. His job. It takes such a toll. Why does he put himself through it?

ZOE I don't see how this is relevant.

ALICE Well, it is. Right this second, you might actually be helping him What do you think compells him to do it?

ZŒ

Dut y.

ALI CE

To what?

ZOE The dead. Mock all you like.

I'm not mocking.

ZŒ

He believes - one life is all we have. Life and love. Whoever takes life steals everything. ALI CE

And do you agree?

ZŒ

I don't know. I think, if he'd read a different book by a different writer at just the right time in his life, he'd have been a different man. He'd have been happier as a priest than -

ALI CE

Than what?

ZOE Than what he is.

ALICE It must have been difficult for you. Impossible, really. How does anyone compete with a calling like that?

ZŒ

He wasn't blind. He knew what it was costing him

ALICE Like his marriage?

ZOE That's part of it, yeah.

ALICE But you don't sound bitter.

ZŒ

I'm not bitter. I'm proud of him

ALICE You just don't want to be married to him

ZOE Not any more. No.

ALI CE

Why not?

ZOE I'm not going to answer that.

ALICE Is it because he tried to kill Henry Madsen?

ZOE

No.

ALICE But that is what you think? ZOE Do you know what Henry Madsen did?

ALICE I have some idea, yes.

ZOE

He was a freak of nature. Anyone would be tempted to -

ALICE - but we're not talking about anyone, we're talking about John. Do you think John tried to kill him - on behalf of the dead?

A long, long beat. Zoe refuses to break eye contact - and refuses to answer -

- While Mark looks on with quiet astonishment.

ALICE (cont'd) Well, I think that answers the question.

She gives Zoe a dazzling smile. Open and radiant and lovely.

ALICE (cont'd) It was nice to meet you properly. Thank you for your time.

She exits through the back door, the way she came in.

Zoe bolts and double-locks the door. Her hand is shaking. It takes three attempts.

Then she turns to face Mark. Embraces him. Mark is still in shock. But he embraces her in return.

80A INT/EXT. LUTHER'S CAR, STREETS (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 6 - 22.16 80A

Luther speeds through London - focused on the task ahead.

INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 6 - 22.22

Ripley stops. Looks round himself, as if for some lost piece of potentially useful equipment - or a door to leave through.

But he's interrupted by a A SLIGHTLY CONFUSED OFFICER who hands him a POLICE RADIO

84 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 22.23 84

Owen is listening.

TELLER

(on radio, to Luther) This is now a matter for antiterrorism Do NOT proceed, repeat do not proceed to the Kings Hill Estate.

OWEN

Face twisted with hate, he checks the breach on the assault

rifle.

85 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 6 - 22.23

Right.

Teller, Ripley and Reed -

TELLER We cannot provide armed backup, over. We are unable to provide backup. Do you read?

Silence on the line. She TURNS TO REED.

TELLER (cont'd) (low) Get CO19 out there.

Reed snatches up a phone.

REED

This is DCI Reed, we need a fast response Tactical Unit to the Kings Hill Estate... it's Owen Lynch... WE'VE GOT AN UNARVED, UNASSISTED OFFICER GOING IN THERE. SO DO IT NOW

As Reed SHOUTS, Teller turns to Ripley.

TELLER

He wanted to guarantee that Owen Lynch heard him when he made that call. He brought me Gorman and Eppley's radios so l'd warn Anti-Terrorism and they'd shut down their comms. We cleared the airwaves for him 85

RI PLEY I realise that now, Ma'am, yes.

INTERCUT with Luther walking into - the profound, sombre shadows of that VAST, DESERTED HIGH RISE HOUSING ESTATE.

TELLER

He's made Lynch hat e him -

RI PLEY

- it's like he's waving a white flag, before stepping onto enemy territory. Almost as if he's gone there to -

TELLER

What ?!

REED

Boss?

TELLER

What?

REED I found him on the roof this morning. Right on the edge.

TELLER

So?

REED I'm not completely sure he expects to walk away from this.

TELLER

CO19?

REED ETA thirteen minutes.

TELLER

That's not quick enough. He's dead. The bloody idiot. He's dead.

860 LEXAT. HERE SEE RETIED HOUS ONG ELST ON 2015 4- 5121 GHVT Lee 6e of 22m240. 19 E4g0 0 14 1 165 722. 5t

87 <u>EXT. DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE, TOWER BLOCK, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 6 87</u> 22.24

Slowly, his back pressed to the filthy wall, Luther makes his way up the stained concrete stairwell.

Utter silence, but for the scrape of his footfalls, his anxious breathing.

Sounds of LONDON CHAOS are distant, muted. Here, the night breeze whistles through desolate concrete passages, deserted walkways, broken windows, barricaded doors.

Luther arrives at the FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY. Waits. Pressed flat to the wall. Looking into the DARKNESS. The wind blowing low and cold.

He edges up the stairs. Stops. Holds his breath.

COMPLETE SI LENCE.

He strains to listen - pressed flat to the wall. Did he hear something? Some TINY MOVEMENT below?

No. He moves on up -

88 EXT. DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE, FOURTH LANDING - NIGHT 6 - 22.25 88

- reaches the fourth landing. Stops. Listens. He's sweating - trying to control his terrified breathing.

A padlocked steel grilled door blocks the passageway. Luther picks the lock and goes through.

Edges down the long, vacant passageway - past kicked-in doors, discarded needles.

He finds the door he wants - FLAT 154 - his hand goes to it - pushes -

- the door swings open with a LONG CREAK -

Luther peers into darkness. It seems to wait for him

Then he hears something.

He turns.

And there's Owen. Not in the flat. At the far edge of the passageway, near the stairs. Assault rifle raised -

OWEN Luther, is it?

LUTHER John. Yeah.

OWEN Why are you here, John? LUTHER Because I want you to stop.

OWEN You ex-services? Look it.

LUTHER

A lot of coppers are - M ke Eppley, the man you killed the other night. He was. But not me. I was just - I was around it a long time.

OWEN

Lace your hands on top your head, John.

Luther laces his hands on top of his head. Owen moves closer - the assault rifle aimed between Luther's eyes -

He stops a few feet away. No way for Luther to move.

OWEN (cont'd) You got a death wish?

Long beat.

LUTHER

No.

Suddenly Owen STEPS FORWARD - clubs Luther with the gun - kicks him again -

- leaves him helpless and gasping on the ground -

OWEN THEN WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU DO NG?

He grabs Luther's collar, throws him through the door into the flat.

89 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.27

89

Luther scuttles to the corner - bleeding and scared -

Owen slings the rifle over his shoulder. Advances with the revolver.

LUTHER

Terry gave you up, Owen.

OWEN

Shut up.

LUTHER

I threatened him and he cried like a girl. He sobbed and begged me not to hurt him And he gave you up. Just like that. He gave you up. OWEN

Li ar.

LUTHER

No, you're right. I'm a liar. He didn't cry, he didn't sob. I was saying that to make you feel better. He just gave you up because he was frightened.

A hurt beat - as that strikes home. Followed by angry resolve.

LUTHER (cont'd) Come on. How d'you think I found you? This was a special place. Yours and his. Who else would know you were here?

OWEN

Li ar .

LUTHER

You didn't want to be a soldier. You wet your bed until you were eleven. He used to hit you for it. The more he hit you, the more you wet your bed. You were scared of the dark. Scared of the monster under your bed. Scared of Terry.

OWEN

SHUT UP!

Owen advances, bearing down with the gun -

OWEN (cont'd)

LUTHER "At least he'll die doing something he loves".

Beat.

LUTHER (cont'd) You recognise that? Heard him say it before?

Owen bellows with rage, drags Luther to his feet, slams him into the wall. Presses the barrel of the revolver to his head.

Gares unblinking into Luther's eyes.

LUTHER (cont'd) You're an embarrassment to him

OWEN

SHUT UP! (strikes him) SHUT! UP!!

LUTHER He's ashamed of you. He asked you to do one thing - ONE THING: And you couldn't do that right -

OWEN

SHUT UP!!

LUTHER

He surrendered all your secrets. Anything he thought I could use to humiliate you. Like the fact that when you came home, you started wetting the bed again. He laughed when he told me that.

Owen LAUGHS TOO - IN PAIN - digs the gun into Luther's head.

LUTHER (cont'd) That's why I'm here. To tell you what kind of man he is. Don't die for him, Owen. Not for him

OWEN

SHUT UP!

Owen stands there. Lost. Hand shaking.

OWEN (cont'd) God, what do I do?

LUTHER

Come with me.

OWEN My dad killed one copper. Look what they did to him

LUTHER You're not your dad.

OWEN No, I'm not.

He grins - savage - mad. Flips opens the cylinder - removes

Angle on Owen's extreme internal conflict - his desire to assist, his fear...

An agonising beat as Teller and Reed wait. Trying not to show their tension. But they almost jump when Owen opens his mouth -

OWEN My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

TELLER Owen, we're trying to help you here. Let us help you.

OWEN My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

TELLER

Owen-

OWEN My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

Out on Teller, crestfallen.

91 EXT. CITY OF LONDON PATHWAY - DAY 7 - 14.32

Luther waits. His face is bruised and dressed. Alice Morgan joins him Stands at his shoulder.

ALICE So - what do you have to say that can't be said over the phone?

He doesn't turn to her. Just leans on his stick.

LUTHER That if you don't stay away from Zoe -I'll kill you, Alice.

ALICE And you'd do that, would you?

LUTHER If it was the only way to stop you.

ALICE Was it the only way to stop Henry Madsen?

LUTHER You need to let it be. You really do. 91

ALICE Whatever else may have happened is in the past.

LUTHER The past isn't dead. It's not even past.

ALICE Are you still frightened of me?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE I've no wish to hurt you. And I certainly have no wish to hurt Zoe. She's - admirable.

LUTHER You'll - stay away from her? I need you to stay away from her.

ALICE Absolutely. Brownie's honour.

He questions her with a fierce, frightened eye.

LUTHER One coffee. That doesn't make us friends.

A beat. They turn. Walk away.

Toget her.

END OF EPI SODE