

Epi sode One

Draft 5

12/11/12

Wri tten by

Nei l Cross

Heavy rain shimmers blue in the flashing misery lights of circled police cars.

ARMED POLICE in tactical assault gear surround the double doors to a ramshackle, deserted-looking warehouse.

DSU MARTIN SCHENK looks on. He's drenched; a megaphone half forgotten in one hand. He scowls when his PHONE RINGS.

SCHENK

Now what?

(answers)

Schenk. No. No, sir. No movement.

Yes. Yes I will, the minute we know.

He hangs up. Pockets the phone.

He and S019 watch the door. Just silence. And tension. And rain. Until -

LUTHER
All right, Boss. We done?

SCHENK
Bar what I suspect will be a
lengthy debriefing.

LUTHER
But tomorrow, yeah?

SCHENK
Tomorrow.

LUTHER
And tomorrow, and tomorrow ...
(turns to Ripley)
You all right?

RIPLEY
(checks nose)
I think he shoved some bone into
my brain.

LUTHER
Excellent.

Luther bounces a SET OF KEYS in his palm. Then walks away.
Huddled in the torrential rain.

2 _____ 2

His car cowers at the kerb like a kicked dog. He unlocks
the door. Tugs on it. It won't open. He tugs harder. The
door opens with a SQUEALING PROTEST. He gets in.

The engine coughs to life. Luther drives away.

3 _____ 3

He drives through the city of rain. Lights sweep over him.
Almost soothing in their pulse and pattern.

4 _____ 4

He pulls up outside a Victorian house. He gets out and
lets himself into -

5 _____ 5

- a very pleasant house.

He hasn't been here long. He's not fully unpacked. Shelves
are full of books. Identical suits and shirts hang from a
chrome rack in a corner of the living room.

A number of postcards on a cork pin-board. Mexico; Marrakech. Monte Carlo. Plus the ROAD RUNNER. Finally, a picture of the VERY LARGE ARRAY in New Mexico.

He grins. Takes off his coat. Hangs it over an armchair.

5A

5A

Luther builds a large bonfire, sipping now and again from a bottle of beer.

TIME CUT TO:

He watches the bonfire burn. Sips beer in perfect contentment.

FADE TO:

6

6

It's even less welcoming than last time we saw it. Damp and dark. And empty. Except for -

ERIN GRAY

Who's on her knees, sweeping the carpet with a UV TORCH. Until she finds a patch of carpet that GLOWS A FAINT, GHOSTLY BLUE.

She photographs the area. Then produces a CARPET KNIFE - and very carefully CUTS AROUND THE SQUARE OF CARPET. Slips the carpet and underlay into an evidence bag. Then stands, facing.

A BIG MAN WHO'S WATCHING FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE CORNER: an imposing, infernal presence.

He gives a satisfied grin - . Then TOASTS HER WITH A FAMILIAR OLD OLD MUG: "You don't have to be mad to work here, but it helps."

He drinks from it. Drains it. Then sets it down.

Heavily, like a gavel.

CUT TO:

7

7

EMILY HAMMOND (45) walks the lonely suburban streets. On her way home from a date. Her footsteps echo. We shadow her.

But finally - she reaches her house. Fumbles for keys. Glances over her shoulder one more time. Unlocks the door. Steps inside -

8 _____ 8

- and closes the door. Puts on the chain; the deadbolt. Takes a moment. Then hangs up her coat and kicks off her high heels. Relieved to be home.

She moves through the neat little house, turning on the lights.

9 _____ 9

She puts the kettle on. Considers her melancholy reflection in the kitchen window. The seething kettle seems loud in the late-night silence. She drops a chamomile teabag into a cup.

10 _____ 10

Carrying the chamomile tea, she heads upstairs.

11 _____ 11

She sets the tea on the bedside table. Draws the bedroom curtains. Looks round the empty bedroom. Feminine and lonely. She sighs.

12 _____ 12

13 _____ 13

In pajamas and comfy bedsocks, Emily gets into the crisp bed with a little sigh of pleasure. Opens a book: ANNA KARENINA.

She reads in the ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

FADE TO:

Emily is asleep. The book lies face-down on the bed.

We hold the tableau until the tension is unbearable. Then

A MAN CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER THE BED

And stands there. All in black. Pale face. Dead eyes.

The only sound is the whistle of his laboured breathing.

He's got something in his hand. It's a HEAD OF HAIR.

14 _____ 14

15 _____ 15

Luther and Ripley stride to the crime scene. Ripley with a case file in hand. They head towards the house.

RIPLEY
(re: case file)
Victim's Emily Hammond. Forty-eight. Edits technical manuals. Divorced. No kids. Comes home round eleven. No sign of forced entry, so it looks like she knew the killer. Let him in.

LUTHER
Comes home from where?

RIPLEY
Speed-dating.

LUTHER
So she picks him up at speed dating and brings him home? That's not right, is it?

RIPLEY
No?

LUTHER
Women don't go speed dating to find sex. They go to find a relationship.
(beat)
Although check them out, yeah? And the ex-husband.

RIPLEY
Lives in Bristol.

LUTHER
Check him out yet?

RIPLEY
Being done as we speak.

In unconscious tandem, they pause to tuck their ties into their shirts. Jam hands into pockets. Head inside and upstairs.

16

16

Luther enters with care and deference.

He winces. Looks away. Stares at the floor as he gathers strength. Then he faces

EMILY.

She lies cruciform on the bed. Dead. Wearing a leather mini skirt, ripped fishnet stockings. A basque. A black wig, backcombed. (N.B. This is the "hair" the killer was holding.)

Under the wig she wears a PAPER MASK, the kind of cut-out-and-paste job that a child might make. It's a black and white photograph of a WOMAN'S FACE, CIRCA LATE 1970S, enlarged and cut to shape. It's attached with string that runs under the wig and round Emily's head.

Eyeholes have been cut in the mask. And MAKE-UP has been applied: heavy eyeshadow, Egyptian eyeliner. Red lips. The effect is doll-like, a little childish, inexpressibly creepy.

Luther and Ripley exchange a glance.

RIPLEY

(re: file)

There's nothing to suggest she was into S&M. No fetish gear in the wardrobe, nothing on her browsing history.

LUTHER

No. Our boy brought all this with him.

RIPLEY

You reckon?

LUTHER

Yeah. I mean -- this whole thing. It's very specific, isn't it. A very particular look. The wig, the make-up. There's sort of a Siouxsie and the Banshees thing happening.

RIPLEY

Who and the what?

LUTHER

Early 80s. Post punk.

RIPLEY

Oh, right. Goths.

LUTHER

Post punk.

He kneels, using the wrong end of a pen to lift some strands of the wig. He sniffs it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

There's no way this is her wig. Not this disgusting old thing.

He moves to Emily's feet. Uses the pen to point out:

LUTHER (cont'd)

No shoes - but you can see strap marks.

She was wearing shoes when he
strangled her. So where are the
shoes?

He straightens. Steps back. Considers the room.

LUTHER (cont'd)
She didn't know this man. She's
an object to him. Not a person.
Just a canvas he needed. To do
this.

A long moment. Considering the body. The tableau.

LUTHER (cont'd)
I've seen something like this
before.

RIPLEY
Where?

LUTHER
I don't know. A photograph.
Something.

RIPLEY
So he's what? Re-enacting an old
murder?

LUTHER
Or he's a fan. Paying homage.

Hmmm.

Ripley gestures - this way. Luther casts one more,

A shadow falls over him. He looks up - to see MARTIN SCHENK.

SCHENK
DCI Luther? Do you have a moment?

18

18

Luther and Schenk in Schenk's car, Schenk staring at the busy crime scene.

SCHENK
How was it?

LUTHER
Fetish killer.
(off Schenk's melancholy
sigh)
Whatever he's doing, it looks
like he's been building up to it
for a long time.

SCHENK
So now he's started -

LUTHER
He'd find it difficult to stop,
even if he wanted to.

SCHENK
Nevertheless... I've been ordered
to move you to another case.

LUTHER
(incredulous)
Oh, come on. What other case?

Schenk passes a photo of JARED CASS (24). Fat, pasty white man with long dreadlocks and a wispy chin beard.

SCHENK
Jared Cass. Sickness beneficiary
and "cyber activist", whatever
that is. Found dead in his flat
this morning.
(passes him a MOBILE
PHONE)
This was filmed on Cass's smart-
phone, distributed to his
contacts list.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

BACK TO SCENE

SCHENK
This is how it ended.

Schenk passes Luther a CRIME-SCENE PHOTO. We don't see it - just Luther's expression. Which is enough.

LUTHER
What a day.
(passes photo to Schenk)
But why us?

SCHENK
Not us. You.

LUTHER
Me? Personally? Why?

SCHENK
I don't know. They move in
mysterious ways, their wonders to
perform.
(off Luther's look)
Murder's murder, John.

LUTHER
Boss. Seriously.
Boss. Seriously. CRIME-SCENE PHOTO

SCHENK
So handle both. And don't make me
regret it.

He passes Luther the JARED CASS CASE FILE. Luther gets out

-

19

19

- approaches Ripley.

RIPLEY
(re: case file)
What's that?

LUTHER
I've got another thing.

RIPLEY
You're kidding. What other thing?

LUTHER
Animal cruelty. Listen. I need
you to brief Benny. Tell him to
go back through cold cases. Look
for elements germane to the
killing of Emily Hammond:
burglary. Shoe theft.
Strangulation.

RIPLEY
Masks and wigs?

LUTHER
Well, don't rule anything out
based on their absence. But the
mask and the wig... I think
they're an attempt to
something. Part of the staging,
not part of the fetish.

RIPLEY
How far back are we looking?

LUTHER
Say nineteen seventy-nine? Make
sure this is done right, okay? Then
meet me at the Hawksmoor estate.

Luther strides off, towards his car.

Ripley digs out his phone, prepares to dial Benny. But HIS
PHONE RINGS. He checks out the number. Frowns.

RIPLEY
Hello?

He listens. His face falls.

RIPLEY (cont' d)
Why? What's it about?

He looks around, scared of being overheard.

RIPLEY (cont' d)
Do I have any choice?... All right

Gray pulls up outside an anonymous strip of shops. Fried chicken. Dry cleaners. Newsagent. She leads Ripley through an anonymous doorway and down some narrow stairs. To -

A shabby basement. We're now deep in Graham Greeneland.

And here's GEORGE STARK: an immense, baleful presence in a slightly threadbare suit. A witchfinder.

Ripley looks at him in wariness and awe.

STARK

DS Ripley? George Stark.

RIPLEY

Out of what division?

STARK

Oh, West Yorkshire for many years. Greater Manchester for a while. Then I retired.

RIPLEY

So why are we here?

STARK

They unretired me. For a special project.

Ripley blinks. Afraid he knows where this is going.

Stark gestures for him to follow, then heads to the bedroom. Ripley hesitates, then follows. Gray brings up the rear.

Ripley enters. And sees -

Stark has pinned a number of PHOTOGRAPHS DIRECTLY TO THE WALL: ZOE LUTHER. HENRY MADSEN. ALICE MORGAN. IAN REED. TOBY KENT. In the centre, linked to them all, is JOHN LUTHER.

STARK

Zoe Luther: dead. Ian Reed: dead. Henry Madsen: !dead. Toby Kent: dead. Alice Morgan. Missing presumed . . . well, who knows? The common denominator?

Taps the PHOTO OF LUTHER.

RIPLEY

Oh, you've got to be having a
laugh.

Stark crosses his arms. Grins indulgently.

STARK

There was a Park Ranger; in
America, this would be. Virginia,
I think. He got hit by lightning
seven times. Seven times! And he
survived them all. Got himself in
the Guinness Book of Records.
Unluckiest man in the world. Or
luckiest. Depends how you look at
it.

RIPLEY

Never heard of him.

STARK

According to our witness, Luther
killed him. Knife through the
back of the skull.

RIPLEY

That place was disgusting. You
could find anything on that

RIPLEY
Exactly. If you had any proof of
wrongdoing, you'd show it.

STARK
What - show my hand?

RIPLEY
Yeah.

STARK
You think?

Stark bellows a great laugh, as at a marvellous joke. Then suddenly he GRABS RIPLEY; throws him to the floor. Pins him down. Presses his meaty forearm against Ripley's windpipe.

Ripley 01670000. TcTj120mTzET2BT340. 372adentl y hemh ET0.01670000 Tc 12 0 0 1

ON SCREEN, he invokes THREE ANCIENT PHOTO-FITS: three versions of a rat-like man in a flat cap. Definitely not the killer we saw.

We see a NUMBER OF BLACK AND WHITE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. And a ROW OF WOMEN'S FACES. Black and white. Late 70s/early 80s.

BENNY

You remember the Shoreditch Creeper? Active between seventy-eight and eighty-two?

INTERCUT LUTHER/BENNY/THE CREEPY OLD PHOTOS - evoking a time and a place now long gone.

LUTHER

It rings a bell somewhere. Dim and distant, though.

BENNY

All right: seventy-eight to eighty-one, he assaults eight women in an escalating pattern; breaks in, ties them up. Masturbates while sucking their toes. Steals their shoes. Graduates to killing three times: Theresa Johnson and Vivian Leavie in 1981. Cheryl Moody, 1982. He amputates her right foot. Takes it with him. Then he stops. Drops off the grid.

LUTHER

Not of his own accord he doesn't - not if he's escalating like that. So he dies, he moves... or does time for another crime. How old was he?

BENNY

Mid-thirties when the offending began.

LUTHER

So he'd be, what, in his seventies now. That can't be right, can it?

(wincing, thinking)

Benny, do me a favour. Sign off for the Shoreditch cold case files, have them brought in.

BENNY

They're on their way.

LUTHER

Ni ce o -

BANG!

Luther is JOLTED BY A SUDDEN IMPACT. He's COLLIDED WITH A SMALL CITY CAR: an old POLO, maybe. TWO AIRBAGS have detonated.

He can't believe it. For fuck's sake. He groans, then kicks open the door -

30

30

- staggers over to the Polo, opens the driver's door ... and helps out MARY DAY.

She's stunned. And stunning. Mid 30s.

Luther takes her hand, helps her find her balance.

She takes a second to work out where she is. Then she looks at Luther and there's

A MOMENT BETWEEN THEM. Almost like recognition.

Luther breaks the moment, takes her elbow, leads her to a low wall.

LUTHER

You need to sit. Are you okay?

MARY

I think so. I mean ... oh, your poor car.

LUTHER

It always looks like that.
(off her laugh)
No. It actually does.

MARY

What is it, like a classic?

LUTHER

Possibly. Do you mind?
(kneels, very close)
Just ... open your eyes for me.
Nice and wide.

She opens her eyes. Nice and wide.

LUTHER (cont'd)

(examines her pupils)
Look left ... right. Look up. Any dizziness?

MARY
No. Are you a doctor?

LUTHER
Copper. DCI Luther.

MARY
Luther? Good name.

LUTHER
Thanks. But I can't take the credit.

MARY
name -

LUTHER
Not in my house it wasn't.

MARY
In England I mean. I think it's quite ... well, it's a bit German. You got German family?

LUTHER

MARY
Ni ne?
(then)
Oh. Right. German joke.

She turns to the crash. Her face falls.

LUTHER
Don't worry. This was down to me.

MARY
I'm not totally sure it was. I was -

LUTHER
Honestly. It's my fault.
(beat)
So -

MARY
So.

LUTHER
So I'll need your details. For the insurance. Because I need to -

MARY
Right. Of course. You need to be somewhere.

LUTHER
Kind of, yeah.

MARY
Rushing to the scene of the
crime?

LUTHER
Um - actually. Sort of. Yeah.

MARY
Oh! Right. Sorry.

Flustered and embarrassed, she turns away, digs her phone from her bag.

Watching her, Luther smiles.

31

31

Ripley hangs his head. He's flanked by Stark and Gray. The LUTHER CASE FILES are scattered on the floor.

RIPLEY
If you had any real evidence,
you'd be talking to John, not me.

GRAY
If you really believe he's that
spotless, then prevent an
injustice. Help him. Prove it.

RIPLEY
And how do you suggest I do that?

STARK
DCI Luther will be investigating
the murder of a waste of semen
called Jared Cass. Squalid little
business... and small cheese to
big, bad John. Who's got much
darker fish to fry.

RIPLEY
It was you? You had him assigned
to the Jared Cass murder?

No answer. Stark just looms. Grinning. Infinitely
malvolent.

STARK
I want to know exactly how he
runs that investigation. I mean;
move by move. Breath by breath.
If he takes any shortcuts, if he
plays fast and loose with the
Police and Criminal Evidence Act,
I want to know it.

LUTHER
Not long. I got delayed.

LUTHER
Of course we're going to do it
right -

Ripley sags, relieved. Until -

LUTHER (cont'd)
We're just going to do it
quickly.

Stark paces! as he listens to the audio feed - echoes Luther.

RIPLEY
He was a troll?

LUTHER
Whatever, yeah. Internet stuff.
Bit of fresh air would've done
him the world of good.
(Looks around)
Thing is, what I can't get my
head round: why'd they loot the
place?

RIPLEY
Because it was here?

LUTHER
No. I mean - you only loot what's
worth looting, right?

RIPLEY
Iraqi National Museum. JB Sports.

LUTHER
But Jared here's on sickness
benefit. Barely ever left the
house. So what did he have that
was worth looting? And where'd he
get the money to buy it?

They look at the body. Luther picks up on Ripley's air of
sadness.

Claps his shoulder, companionably. Ripley gives him a strained smile. They exit.

43 _____ 43

44 _____ 44

Luther and Ripley walk across the estate. Luther on the phone to Schenk.

45 _____ 45

On the phone, Schenk steps back from Benny's computer -
- as UNIFORMED OFFICERS unload DOZENS OF COLD CASE FILE BOXES from three trolleys.

Benny signs for the boxes. Schenk finds a quiet corner.

SCHENK

(re: cold case files)

It was a mammoth investigation.
Hundreds of suspects to track and trace. Thousands of witnesses. All of it predating computerisation. This isn't so much police work as archaeology.

LUTHER (O.S.)

Who was senior?

Schenk flips open the file in his hand. Smiles nostalgically to see a PERSONNEL PHOTOGRAPH of -

SCHENK

D.C.I. Ronnie Holland.

LUTHER (O.S.)

You know of him?

SCHENK

Not "of" him; I knew him. From my youth. He was a good copper, Ronnie Holland. Long since had his clock.

LUTHER (V.O.)

So let's go straight to the source: a case like this, D.C.I. Holland must've liked somebody for it. There must've been someone on his radar.

46 _____ 46

The MAN WHO KILLED EMILY HAMMOND lets himself in to an ORDINARY SUBURBAN SEMI. He's pasty-skinned. Heavily
43

Inside, it's too old for him. Carriage clock. Flock sofas. Also, many piles of newspapers, magazines, bottles. He's a hoarder. Flat-footed and weary, he trudges upstairs.

He enters an INCREDIBLY MESSY BEDROOM that's also a kind of home office. Or a shrine.

He enters. Goes to the wardrobe. From his bag, he takes a pair of PATENT LEATHER WINKLEPICKER ANKLE BOOTS with four buckles up the side. Puts them in the wardrobe -- which is HUNG WITH WOMEN'S CLOTHES. And full of WOMEN'S SHOES.

Among them, we may notice a pair of GREEN DR MARTENS, PAINTED WITH THE CND SYMBOL.

Then he sits at a laptop and hooks up a camera. Downloads photographs. We glimpse IMAGES OF EMILY.

In the stillness, camera pans behind him. To a truly horrifying mess. A mad parody of a police station evidence wall. Maps. Sticky notes. String. Sellotape. And

MANY, MANY PHOTOGRAPHS AND IMAGES OF WOMEN. A hellish collage: box Brownie snapshots in fading brown and white: 70s Polaroids. Smiling 90s snapshots. Beaming women ripped from the pages of 70s and 80s magazines. Women's hands from vintage moisturizer adverts. Covers of knitting patterns Adverts for women's shoes. Adverts for tights. Some new photographs. Emily Hammond among them.

CUT TO:

Luther pounds on the reinforced door of Flat 3142 like he's announcing the end of the world.

LUTHER
Sean Beami sh? Beanie? Police.
Open up.

At length, the door opens. And there's SEAN "BEANIE" BEAMISH. Lean, muscular. Broken nose. Looks like a boxer - because that's what he used to be. Wearing a retro track-suit, trainers, jewelry. Silver teeth.

BEANIE
What?

LUTHER
Jared Cass.

BEANIE
What about him?

LUTHER
Well, he's dead isn't he?

BEANIE
What, still?

LUTHER
Apparently.

BEANIE
Lazy sod, innit.

Luther laughs, appreciating that.

LUTHER
So it took us about ten minutes
to find out he borrowed money
from you, to buy all the gadgets
he couldn't afford -

RIPLEY
Sixty-inch LCD, thirty-six inch
in the bedroom, Blu Ray and DVD
library, seventeen inch, top-of-
the-range laptop

LUTHER
- and he couldn't pay it back. So
what's a loan shark to do, eh?
You threatened him and threatened
him and ... whoops. Now he's
dead. Funny, that.

Beanie opens his mouth to say something - but instead, he
dodges right - grabs the PICK-AX HANDLE hidden inside the
door: he punches it into Luther's gut, takes a swing at
Ripley -- then TRIES TO RUN.

Luther trips him, grabs him by the belt, heaves him into
the railing. Then

OVER IT!

Beanie SCREAMS -- Luther dangling him by belt and collar.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Shush. You're making me jumpy.

49A _____

49A

STARK
Erin. Whatever's happening, I
want eyes on it. Now.

49B _____

49B

GRAY
(reaching for door)
On my way.

She gets out -- runs along the road under Hawksmoor estate.

49C _____

49C

Beanie hangs there, screaming.

LUTHER
Listen, I've got a sick man out there doing bad things to nice people. So I want this grubby little mess cleared up as soon as I can. I'm in a rush. You ready

49I _____

49I

Gray arrives. Just in time to see:

LUTHER HAULING BEANIE BACK OVER THE RAILINGS TO SAFETY.

Too late. She steps behind a pillar. Breathless.

GRAY

Too late.

49J _____

49J

Stark SLAMS HIS HAND DOWN ON THE DESK.

STARK

Shit!

49K _____

49K

Luther gets in Beanie's face as Ripley nervously paces, checking left and right.

LUTHER

So how many convictions you got, Sean?

BEANIE

I don't know. A few. Bit of this, bit of that.

LUTHER

Never been up on a murder charge, though, have you?

BEANIE

No!

LUTHER

Why not?

BEANIE

Because I never killed no-one.

LUTHER

Except Jared Cass.

BEANIE

Except no. I didn't do him. So you got no evidence.

Luther laughs, claps his hands in delight.

LUTHER

Evidence! Oh, that's quite sweet, really... coming from a man with your life experience. Evidence!

50 _____ 50
51 _____ 51
52 _____ 52
53 _____ 53
54 _____ 54

Stark abruptly stops pacing. Leans in to the speaker.
Listens very intently.

54A _____ 54A

Gray presses her back to the wall. Still breathless.
Listens.!

55 _____ 55

Ripley looks on. Wide-eyed and paranoid.

LUTHER

This is how it actually works. A
murder investigation has three
pillars

(counts off)

- means, motive, opportunity.
Now, I've got means and motive
covered.

BEANIE

But you haven't got the other
one.

LUTHER

Opportunity? That's just
seasoning, really. And when it
comes to seasoning, I'm like
Jamie Oliver, mate.

56 _____ 56

Stark grips the edge of the desk. Leans over. Willing
Luther on.

STARK

Come on, you dirty bastard. Say
it.

57 _____ 57

Ripley looks with growing horror! at Luther.

LUTHER

I just sort of rummage in the
cupboard, see what I find.

BEANIE
Are you saying you'd fit me up?
What is this? Nazi Russia?

LUTHER
That's right. It's Nazi Russia.

Ripley watches helplessly... as LUTHER GRINS.

58

58

GRAY
Say it. Just say it. Come on.

59

59

A long, tense wait.

LUTHER
You were at the scene, mate. You
made yourself prime suspect. No fit-
up required.

Beat.

BEANIE
I heard he was dead, all right?
Everyone did. So I went to get
back what he owed me while I had
the chance. He was dead when I
got there. He was a funny colour
and everything. I totally swear.
Completely and totally. On my
sack.

LUTHER
So. Who did it?

BEANIE
Anyone, really. Throw a brick.

LUTHER
Is that supposed to help me?
Because it doesn't.

BEANIE
Look. The bloke never went out.
All he did was sit in that flat,
trolling.

LUTHER
Look at my face. Do I look like I
know what that means?

BEANIE
He spent all day on the internet.
Just slagging people off.

He used like all these like well
shaky names. But everyone knew,
it was him. Bloke was a nut-sack.

RIPLEY

We're going to need his laptop.
And his phone.

Beanie is defiant for a moment.

LUTHER

Just tell me where the laptop is.
How it got there, I don't care.

BEANIE

(after a beat)
My lock-up.

RIPLEY

What about the phone?

BEANIE

I don't know about the phone.
What phone?

60 _____

60

Stark sinks into his chair. Massages his brow. Boiling
with frustration.

61 _____

61

62 _____

62

Luther and Ripley search the lock-up. It's crammed almost
to the ceiling with stolen goods, boxed and otherwise.

RIPLEY

You shouldn't joke around like
that, y'know.

LUTHER

Like what?

RIPLEY

About fitting people up. One day
the wrong people could be
listening.

LUTHER

Who says I was joking?

RIPLEY

You shouldn't joke. Seriously.

Before he can say much else, Luther raises a LAPTOP. It's
plastered in stickers: Japanese anime, mostly.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
(takes laptop)
I'll get it to the lab.

LUTHER
How long's that going to take?

RIPLEY
Dunno. Week?

LUTHER
Can't you fast-track it?

RIPLEY
That is the fast track.

LUTHER
Well, can't you do it?

Ripley looks at him.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Do you want this thing cleared up
quickly or not?

RIPLEY
All right. I'll have a look.

CUT TO:

62A _____

62A

The killer sits. Mesmerized by the water. By the shrieking contents of his own head.

At length, he brings in a net.

It's! full of slimy weeds, in the middle of which wriggles a crawling mass of BLACK CRAYFISH.

62B _____

62B

63 _____

63

The killer walks the streets. People get out of his way.
He's somewhere else in his head. Somewhere we'd fear to tread, contemplating acts we dare not imagine.

64 _____

64

65 _____

65

Ripley's on the back seat of the car, working Jared Cass's laptop. Luther paces the street, impatient.

RIPLEY
I'm going as fast as I can.

LUTHER
Did I say anything?

RIPLEY
You were thinking it.

Luther's about to speak when his phone rings. He doesn't recognise the number.

LUTHER
Yeah?

66 _____

66

Establishing.

67 _____

67

Inside, it's full of COLOUR, PATTERN, TEXTURE - VINTAGE CLOTHES hanging from mismatched rails.

Mary Day is behind the counter, on the phone to Luther.

MARY
I've been looking up your name.
Do you know what it means?

LUTHER (V.O.)
"Tired and grumpy"?

INTERCUT LUTHER/MARY

MARY
No. It's derived from the German:
, meaning "people". And ,
meaning "army". So it means
"people's army."

Pause.

LUTHER

Okay.

MARY

I felt bad about earlier.

LUTHER

So you called to tell me what my name meant?

MARY

I thought you might like to know.

LUTHER

Okay. So -

MARY

So.

LUTHER

Okay.

MARY

Right. I'll, um -

LUTHER

Okay. And are you - okay? No dizziness?

MARY

Oh, God. Do I sound really weird?
Do I sound like I've got a head

MARY
So you're happy to just - take
the blame?

LUTHER
Well, "happy's" a strong word.

MARY
Seriously?

LUTHER
Honestly. Don't worry about it.

MARY
Well... can I buy you a drink or
something? Make it up to you?

Luther a little taken aback by that.

LUTHER
Okay. Yeah. Why not? Okay.

MARY
Okay. When?

LUTHER
I - um. I don't know. I -

He catches Ripley's eye. Sees that Ripley's got something.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Listen. I have to go, okay? I'll
call you back.

MARY
Okay -

She hangs up. Puts her head in her hands.

MARY (cont'd)
"Do I sound like I've got a head
injury"?! Oh my God.

68

68

Luther hangs up. Turns to Ripley - who's angled the laptop
for him to see.

LUTHER
What's this?

ON SCREEN: we glimpse a FACEBOOK MEMORIAL PAGE. It shows a
PRETTY, SMILING TEENAGE GIRL. The picture has been
defaced. Breasts drawn on it. Devil's horns.

RI PLEY
Motive.

A small living room. Spotlessly clean, a little cluttered. Luther and Ripley are with:

KEN BARNABY, a man who wears sadness as a weight on his shoulders. And TESSA BARNABY. She's in a wheelchair, clutching a framed photograph.

It shows the image we saw on the Facebook memorial sight. A smiling, pretty girl.

TESSA

Her name was Cathy.

KEN

She was in the sixth form. Four "A" levels. She wanted to go to Oxford.

She was - she was a very clever girl. Brilliant, really.

TESSA

Very beautiful. Very kind.

KEN

She'd been managing the epilepsy since she was seven. Never let it stop her. Never let it frighten her. She was amazing. She was my little girl. And then it just - well.

Pause.

LUTHER

I'm sorry to have to bring this up. But the, um - the memorial site?

TESSA

It's what kids do these days. Some of the messages were very - well, they were quite moving. 000i rl. And then it just -

LUTHER

I'm very sorry. I don't like to dredge this up. But the -

RIPLEY

The memorial site was ... defaced.

Ken looks at his lap; boils with grief and fury.

KEN

It started out with someone impersonating her on-line. Sending us messages. "Help me, Daddy. It's so hot in Hell". Pictures of ... of with her name written on them. Messages on father's day. Photos of a graveyard. "Wish you were here."

(gathers himself)

Then he started to send ... pictures. Cathy's face, photoshopped onto obscene images. Horrible things. My little girl. On Fathers Day. Pictures where men were -

Luther looks away. Ashamed to be here, putting these people through this.

RIPLEY

Did you know who was doing it?

KEN

No. We'd complain. The site would be taken down, another one would spring up. It just ... it didn't stop. The taunts. The emails. The pictures. The vile things he wrote.!

TESSA

What it put us through ... I hadn't been well. And after losing Cathy it was - well, it was very tough. It was a very hard time for Ken and me.

A weighty silence. Again, she pats her husband's hand.

KEN

Could I - could I get you a glass of water?

RIPLEY

Actually, no. We're -

LUTHER
(interjects)
Actually, we'd love a glass.
Thank you.

Ken stands and exits.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
You like him for it? Barnaby?

LUTHER
No.

RIPLEY
Boss -

LUTHER
The wife alibied him.

RIPLEY
What - he was home all night and
here's some texts to prove it?
Come on.

LUTHER
We got any evidence?

RIPLEY
No. But we've got motive.

LUTHER
So what do you want me to say?

Ripley stares at him.

LUTHER (cont'd)
What?

RIPLEY
Nothing.

LUTHER
I've got a fetish killer on the
loose, Justin. This is important,
but he's my priority.

Ripley gives him a skeptical glance. Then starts the
engine and pulls away.

76

76

Accompanied by two UNIFORMED OFFICERS, Schenk hammers on
Ronnie Holland's door.

SCHENK
Ronnie? Are you in there?

He kneels, pushes open the letterbox - and sharply
withdraws from a FOUL STENCH. He straightens.

SCHENK (cont'd)
I think we'd better take the door
down.

Handkerchief pressed to his nose, Schenk edges around the small, gloomy flat. It's been ransacked - but some time ago. It's full of dust and spider webs and scuttling mice.

He steps into the FRONT ROOM. In the centre, facing the TV, is a wing-backed chair. Schenk edges round.

Whatever he sees, it makes his face fall in terrible sadness.

A well-appointed kitchen gives out to a large, well-tended garden.

A moment of perfect, loaded stillness.

Broken by THE KILLER. Who steps up to the glass. Puts his face to it. Cups his eyes.

Stares inside. Breath steaming on the glass. Evaporating. Steaming again.

Luther and Ripley head into the station. Ripley gets a text.

RIPLEY
I'll follow you in.

Luther shrugs, distracted.

Ripley watches him enter, then checks his phone. Scowls. For fuck's sake. Walks round to the car-park.

Ripley gets into Gray's car.

RIPLEY
What the hell are you doing? Do you think he's stupid?!

GRAY
No. I think he's already noticed that something's not right. You're not a very good liar, Justin.

RIPLEY
And that makes you think coming here was a good idea?!

GRAY
No. But this does.

She leans over - and KISSES RIPLEY! Long and slow.

GRAY (cont'd)
(low and close)
If he thinks you're acting weird
and sneaking around because we're
seeing each other, he'll be in
his element. Thinking he's got
one over on you.

She pecks him on the lips, a punctuation. Then sits back.

GRAY (cont'd)
You do know that Ken Barnaby
killed Jared Cass?

RIPLEY
I know, yeah.

GRAY
So does Luther. But he's going to
let Barnaby walk anyway.

RIPLEY
His mind's on this other thing.
Emily Hammond. That's all it is.

GRAY
So push him. Force him to make a
decision. He comes down on the
right side, orders Ken Barnaby
arrested - you've proved your
point. If he doesn't ... well. Is
that going to open your eyes?

RIPLEY
You don't have to enjoy this so
much, Erin. You're better than
this.

GRAY
No. What I am is better than him.
And so are you.

A moment. Then Ripley gets out. Strides to the police
station.

Gray watches for a moment, then drives away.

CUT TO REVEAL:

As Ripley heads inside, Luther ducks away from the window.

82

82

Luther enters the Serious and Serial Unit, weaving through MOUNDS of COLD CASE FILE BOXES.

He sees that BENNY has erected TWO SEPARATE WHITEBOARDS.

WHITEBOARD 1 contains: the COLD CASE CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS. All the original victims. Plus the PHOTOFITS OF THE ORIGINAL SUSPECT: in some he wears a mask. Others show a gaunt white man, mid-30s - neat haircut, in a parting. Definitely not Emily's killer.

There's a map of London in 1982, showing the locations of the crimes.

WHITEBOARD 2 shows: the EMILY HAMMOND CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

BENNY'S SCREEN SHOWS: close-up details of the CLOTHES EMILY WAS WEARING. PHOTOS OF THE SIOUXSIE WIG, from all angles.

And, hauntingly, a scan of the JANE DOE MASK: a flattened portrait of the UNKNOWN WOMAN, staring at us: Egyptian eyes. Red lips. Otherwise void. Endlessly creepy.

Besides all this, ANCIENT, YELLOWING CASE FILES are piled on Benny's desk, against Benny's desk. Everywhere.

Luther scowls to see it all.

LUTHER

Solved it yet?

BENNY

Clothes are from "Maximum Security Fashions". No record at Companies House, so it was probably a market stall thing.

LUTHER

The wig?

BENNY

Makers seized trading in '84.

LUTHER

So what are the chances their sales records still exist?

BENNY

What're the chances Fudge Sauce cures heart disease?

LUTHER

The mask?

BENNY

She's not in the cold case files.

He'd been there for months. The neighbours assumed the stink came from the communal bins. That's what you get for thirty years' service. People think you're garbage.

LUTHER

Cause of death?

SCHENK

Blunt force trauma to the skull.
No sign of struggle.

Luther sags. A long, sorrowful beat.

SCHENK (cont'd)

John, where's all this going?

LUTHER

I don't know. I can't see it.
It's all mixed up. Past and present. I can't get my head round it.

Luther and the whiteboards. All those faces, staring at him.

He stands there. Hands in pockets. Looking at them.

LUTHER (cont'd)

All right. We go back to first principles. Why Emily? Why this specific woman?

SCHENK

Because she's got some specific quality, subjective or otherwise, that identifies her in his mind with the object of his obsession.

LUTHER

But what? What does she
(points to Emily)
Have in common with her?
(points to "Siouxie
Sioux")

A girl we can't identify, from a crime we think was committed thirty years ago? But for which there's no evidence.

It's there, at the tip of his tongue -- like a tune you can't forget, or a name you can't remember.

He paces. Massages his brow.

Then stops dead.

LUTHER (cont'd)
"To generalize is to be an
idiot."

BENNY
Boss?

LUTHER
William Blake, old son. But it's
what we all do: we generalize,
based on experience. We can't
help it. It's in our nature...
but it's faulty logic, based on
imperfect data collection.

He's pacing now, energized, teasing it out.

LUTHER (cont'd)
We find a dead woman. She's
wearing a mask of another woman's
face. So we say what? The
killer's objectified her, used
her to personify his fantasy.

BENNY

He made her wear a mask of her own face?

LUTHER

Yeah! Because he's not re-enacting an old crime, re-staging something that happened in 1982. He's taking care of unfinished business.

SCHENK

But he'd be in his office (business.) Tj0 Tc ET BT Tf (2

She cries out, jumps. And CRAIG LANE enters. Her husband.
. Saucepan and scrubber in hand.

CRAIG LANE
Blimey. You okay?

DANI
You scared me to death!

She pats her heart. Craig laughs, gives her a kiss.

But Dani's still anxious. She glances upstairs; as if
sensing somebody's there.

Somebody is.

86 _____

86

87 _____

87

Ripley exits Jared's flat. Heads along the walkway, deepT2 1m0 Tc ET OT B

SCHENK

--! to find a man in Emily's bedroom, apparently in the act of stealing shoes and other items of clothing... while Emily lay asleep. But Dani Shahi's not alone. She's got six people with her. All of them fired up from the rally. The men get into it with the burglar - who makes a break for it. Gets away.

LUTHER

It was him.

SCHENK

Ronnie Holland thought so, but his bosses didn't see it. The burglar stole clothes, underwear and shoes belonging to all three women at the address. But the M.O was different: all the previous victims lived alone.

Luther chews it over.

LUTHER

Who exactly lived at Emily's house?

BENNY

Just Emily. The landlord, since deceased. And the girl in the photo. The CND girl. Dani Shahi.

LUTHER

Okay, we need to talk to her... and the people she came home with that night. See if one of them knows something useful. Who Emily was seeing, boyfriends. Whatever. Some detail. Prioritise the flatmate, though. She'd know Emily best.

Luther's phone rings. Ripley. Luther answers.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Justin?

INTERCUT RIPLEY/LUTHER

LUTHER

Hi s what?

RIPLEY

SIM card. The killer filmed Cass begging for his life, then ditched the phone. Presumably, he knows the bins are emptied every second Thursday. Except the chute was blocked. Pizza boxes.

LUTHER

Sl ow down, Justi n.

RIPLEY

He took the phone to pi eces. Removed the SIM card. You can' t do that wi th gloves on. We' ve got a clean print. Actual ly, we' ve got two.

LUTHER

Okay. Good work.

RIPLEY

Shal l I bring hi m i n?

LUTHER

Who?

RIPLEY

Ken Barnaby.

LUTHER

Hold your horses. It' s late. We don' t have hi s prints on fi le.

RIPLEY

But he di d i t.

LUTHER

What do you want me to do? Send i n the SAS?

RIPLEY

Just bring hi m i n and sweat hi m.

LUTHER

Why the rush?

RIPLEY

He commi tted murder.

LUTHER

I' m dealing wi th a dead copper here, Justi n? Al l ri ght?

A dead copper and a woman
murdered in her bed.

RIPLEY
Barnaby's a murderer.

LUTHER
But he's not a risk, is he? He's
not going anywhere. Not before
tomorrow.

RIPLEY
Do you know that for sure? He's a
vigilante. Judge, jury and
executioner. Who else does he think
he's got a right to punish?

Beat.

LUTHER
All right. I'll deal with it.

He hangs up.

BENNY
Who gave him a beating with the
grumpy stick?

LUTHER
God knows. Get Ken Barnaby's
number for me?

Schenk returns to his office - Luther digs out his phone.

93

93

Ken's phone rings - jarring him and Tessa. Tessa watches
with great anxiety as he answers.

KEN
Hello?

INTERCUT KEN/LUTHER

LUTHER
Mr Barnaby? This is DCI Luther at
the Serious and Serial Unit? We
spoke earlier?

KEN
Yes. Hi. How can I can help?

LUTHER
Nothing to worry about. It's
just, your fingerprints aren't on
file. We'd like to take a record
of them. Just to eliminate you
from the enquiry.

KEN
Absolutely. No problem. What time should I be there?

LUTHER
Any time after nine, really. There's no rush. Someone will be here to meet you. Just give your name to the desk officer.

KEN
Excellent. Okay, then. I'll see you in the morning.

Ken hangs up. He and Tessa look at each other, horrified.

Ken sits heavily on the sofa. Head in hands.

A long silence. The clock ticks. Ken massages his right hand with his left.

He knows.

He sits there, massaging his right hand with his left.

At last, he stands.

TESSA
Where are you going?

KEN
I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here. With you.

He lingers, then exits.

94

94

He enters the kitchen. He's shaking. He draws a glass of water. Drinks it in one. On the fridge is a photograph. Laughing Ken with his laughing wife and his laughing daughter.

He puts the glass on the drainer, then kneels to open a kitchen cupboard.

He brings out the FOOD-MIXER. Plugs it in. Opens a drawer, selects a CHOPPING BLADE. Inserts it. Presses the PULSE BUTTON

The blades WHI RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

He looks at it. Hypnotised.

Gathers his courage. The blades whir. He looks at his right hand. At the whirling blades. At the photograph on the fridge.

Tears in his eyes. He moves his hand towards the blade and

CUT TO:

95

Police car outside. Mi sery lights flashing. Ripley pul ls
up, gets out, hurries into the house.

95

96

Ripley stands in the ki tchen. Blood all over the walls. On
the ceiling. A grotesque sight.

96

Erin Gray enters. Slowly. Sees the blood.

GRAY

How is he?

RIPLEY

He lost the hand.

GRAY

And that fingerprint's no good
without a finger to compare it
to, is it?

RIPLEY

His fingerprints are all over the
house.

GRAY

So find them. Dust everything he
ever touched. You've still got to
prove the prints belonged to
fingers that don't exist any more.

RIPLEY

We can do that.

GRAY

Maybe. But if I was sitting on the
defence team, I'd argue it into the
ground. And if was in the jury,
looking at poor Ken Barnaby, I'd be
looking for any excuse not to
convict.

(beat)

The fingerprint on the SIM card?
That's got Barnaby bang to rights.
All this? It looks like someone
giving himself a chance at
reasonable doubt.

Ripley gives her a disgusted look. Then shoulders past,
exits.

Benny and Luther. Luther is pacing, impatient, tired.

BENNY
(re: computer)
Okay. Dani Shahi.

Evokes another photograph of the PRETTY YOUNG PERSIAN WOMAN we saw with her arm round Emily.

BENNY (cont'd)
She got married. Got divorced,
married again. Name's Dani Lane.

Benny evokes DANI'S FACEBOOK PAGE and we

MATCH CUT TO

- Dani, cleaning her teeth.

Craig moves round the house; checks all doors and windows are locked, that the power switches are off.

CRAIG
Babe, have you seen the cat?

DANI (O.S.)
No!

Craig opens the kitchen door. Stands there, gazing out in to the garden.

A complex matrix of dark shadow and pale light. And beyond that, pure darkness. Silent and alive.

CRAIG
Smokie! Smokie boy!

No cat. Just a sense of something lurking out there. In the forest of the night.

Then Craig shuts and locks the kitchen door. Turns his back on the darkness. Heads inside.

Luther leans over. Picks up the landline.

LUTHER
Is it too late to call?

Benny checks his watch, shrugs.

CRAIG
Wrong number, I think.

A moment. They're disturbed by the call, but neither wants to admit it. They make faces for each other - then chuckle ruefully and head upstairs.

The house seems very big. And very empty. And very dark.

Ripley PUNCHES him. Luther goes down.

Benny leaps to his feet, backs off -

BENNY

Justin?!

Luther gets up. Wipes blood from his mouth. Turns to Ripley with wounded rage.

Ripley takes another swing. Luther intercepts it. Uses Ripley's momentum to THROW HIM OVER THE DESK.

Ripley flies over the desk, sweeping Benny's computer and files to the floor -

And suddenly, Schenk's out of his office and the room's full of DETECTIVES, restraining Luther and Ripley.

LUTHER

All right! All right!

Luther shrugs them off.

LUTHER (cont'd)

(to Ripley)

What's wrong with you? Have you had a stroke or something?

CUT TO:

105 _____

105

Stark is listening to all this; laughing, enjoying himself immensely. Gray shoots him a look.

CUT TO:

106 _____

106

Ripley and Luther, glaring at each other as Schenk emerges from his office. Seething.

SCHENK

Whatever this is - it ends. Here and now. You're police officers, for God's sake.

Luther and Ripley glare at one another.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Both of you - out of my sight. Be here in the morning, and make sure this is resolved.

LUTHER

Boss -

SCHENK

CRAIG
What?

DANI
I don't know.

Taut silence. And then; there it is AGAIN.

A long, slow terrible moment, then ... they LOOK UP TO THE CEILING. It's coming from ABOVE THEIR HEADS.

In the attic.

CRAIG
Shit. What is that?

Dani reaches for the phone.

MARY
Why?

LUTHER
For love.

MARY
Well ... that's got to be the
best reason to do anything,
doesn't it?

LUTHER
Did I wake you?

MARY
God, no. Totally not. I was
working. Catching up on a few
things. Burning the midnight
thingy

LUTHER
So is it too late to grab that
drink?

A beat. And out on Mary Day's huge, spreading smile -

112

112

Dani and Craig sit there in tense, half-amused silence.
Until -- there is it again. That terrible, half-heard
mewling.

DANI
It's a .

CRAIG
And how'd a baby get in the
attic?

She bites her lip, shrugs. Reading her distress, Craig
gets out of bed, slips on pair of trainers. Leaves the
wardrobe door a little ajar.

CRAIG (cont'd)
Honestly. It's nothing. It's a
cat. There's a loose tile or
something. It must've climbed in,
it can't Tc EbeSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

DANI (O. S.)

Craig -

CRAIG

Shhh!

He reaches up to pull down the LOFT LADDER. It comes down with an exaggerated clatter. The entrance to the loft is a rectangle of pure darkness.

Craig stands on the bottom rung. Listens. Hears nothing.

Slowly, he climbs the ladder. A lot more scared than he's letting on. Especially when he steps into -

114

114

- the attic. It's very dark in here. Full of boxes, crates, suitcases, an old exercise bike or two. Any many DEEPER SHADOWS against the darkness. Things that can't be identified.

Craig stands there while his eyes adapt. Then makes that sound between lips and teeth, calling the cat to him.

A looooooong silence. Just Craig's breathing. And then

It's shocking in the silence. And terrifying. And suddenly, Craig wishes he hadn't come up here. Wishes he were somewhere else. Anywhere else.

115

115

Dani sits bolt upright in bed. Spine rigid. Watching the ceiling. Listening to the FURTIVE THUMP AND SCRAPE of CRAIG'S FEET above her head.

116

116

Craig edges through the darkness. Step by cautious step.

117

117

Dani sits there, rigid with fear. Until she NOTICES SOMETHING in the dressing table mirror. A FLASH OF COLOUR.

The mirror is reflecting inside the wardrobe door, which is a few inches ajar.

She gets up. Shakes the wardrobe door...and tops.

Craig moves through the darkness. The only sound his breathing. And -

It's much closer now. Craig turns to it. Too proud to admit how scared he is -

Suddenly, Dani realises what the shoes are. She opens her mouth to scream. But no scream emerges.

She's so terrified she can hardly breathe.

Craig identifies the SOURCE OF THE NOISE. IT'S a BULBOUS SHAPE that seems to cower in the darkness of the eaves.

He edges closer.

It's definitely coming from there. He edges closer - and still closer - the only sound his terrified breathing

He sees the shape is OLD CURTAIN FABRIC draped over SOMETHING.

Agonisingly slowly, Craig reaches out -

A HAND

shoots out from beneath the curtain fabric and GRABS HIS WRIST

Craig cries out and jumps back, pulling the fabric free, revealing

THE KILLER

in his black clothes. Squatting there.

Craig scrambles backwards in shock and panic.

The killer opens his mouth and EMITS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE.

Dani backs away from the shoes - then is JOLTED by a CRY above her head.

DANI

Craig?

Mysterious, VIOLENT NOISES above her head... then a RHYTHMIC VIOLENT POUNDING. Like a fist slamming into the ceiling.

It's not a fist.

A section of CEILING GIVES WAY. A SHOWER OF PLASTER AND DUST. REVEALING:

CRAIG.

Hanging down. Beaten. Bleeding. But alive. One arm reaches for her. Reaches...

He's trying to SAY SOMETHING.

She hesitates. They just stand there, facing each other.

Then she crosses the road. He offers his arm. She takes it. And they walk.

FADE TO:

124 _____

124

In deep, slanting shadow, George Stark sits in his chair.