

LUTHER III

Episode 2

Draft Four

Written by

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1 INT. LANE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

1

THE KILLER stands in the bedroom door. Ski mask. Dead eyes.

Mouth breathing.

Takes A PHONE from his pocket. PHOTOGRAPHS THE BODY ON THE BED.

FLASH-CUT

Reveals that DANI LANE wears A MASK OF HER OWN, YOUNGER FACE. Behind it, her glassy, blank eyes stare into eternity.

She's wearing THE DOC MARTENS she glimpsed with horror in Ep 1.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 2

2

Establishing.

3 INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - NIGHT 2

3

JUSTIN RIPLEY RUNS AT TOP SPEED along endless, reverberating corridors, wincing and breathless - until he sees -

A PORTER. He's pushing a trolley. The wheels squeak.

The porter comes to a door marked FURNACE ROOM: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. He takes out a keycard, about to step inside -

RIPLEY

Stop!
(badges him)
What's on the trolley?

PORTER

Stuff for the incinerator.

RIPLEY

Where'd it come from?

PORTER

Where d'you think?

Ripley holds up a hand - *give me a minute*. Then leans against the wall, getting his breath back.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. LANE HOUSE - NIGHT 2 4

The killer lets himself out. Slings the bag over his shoulder. Walks away.

5 EXT. BUS-STOP - NIGHT 2 5

He waits for a night bus. One of those people we all see, every day. Someone who's just not quite right.

6 INT. NIGHT BUS - NIGHT 2 6

He sits on the upper deck. Clutches the backpack to his chest. Hands and nails CRUSTED BLACK WITH BLOOD.

7 EXT. LANE HOUSE - NIGHT 2 7

Police cars. Flashing lights... and Schenk. Sitting on the low garden wall. Pale with shock and anger and moral revulsion. His hands are shaking.

From inside his coat he takes a hip flask. Takes a nip. Then pockets the flask.

FADE OUT/IN:

8 INT. CAFE - SUNRISE 3 8

JOHN LUTHER and MARY DAY are the only two patrons. They nurse coffees.

MARY

I can't remember the last time I did this. Stayed up all night, talking.

LUTHER

Me neither. Mostly I stay up all night, shouting.

MARY

I find that hard to believe.

LUTHER

Well, it's true.

MARY

But you're such a gentle man.

LUTHER

Yeah. I don't know about that.

MARY

I do. You've got a gentle heart.

Luther laughs. But she's not joking.

Outside, the sun rises.

9 EXT. LONDON PANORAMA - SUNRISE 3 9

London comes slowly to life. Rose red. Blood red. Heaven and hell.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SAFE HOUSE - SUNRISE 3 10

Stark has been up all night, too.

He's unshaven, weary. And he's worked his way through a BOTTLE! OF BOURBON as he pours obsessively over the JOHN LUTHER CASE FILE.

11 OMITTED 11

12 EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING 3 12

Ripley steps through the door into the morning. He passes a PLASTIC HAZMAT BAG to a waiting UNIFORMED OFFICER, who's waiting with plastic carry case. Ripley signs to confirm chain of evidence.

We don't see what the bag contains. But it's SQUISHY.

RIPLEY

I need you to get this to forensics, double quick. They're waiting.

The officer acknowledges and exits.

Ripley lingers a moment. Waits -

- for ERIN GRAY to approach, slamming her car door behind her.

GRAY

So. How you doing?

There's a disarming warmth, a kindness in her voice.

RIPLEY

I'm all right. I'm good.

GRAY

You look tired.

RIPLEY

Yeah. I haven't actually slept. It's been a weird night.

GRAY

Not the first.

He laughs, acknowledging that. A fragile, good moment. Some shuffling of feet.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RIPLEY

Listen -

He holds her gaze.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

I just want to make things right.
That's all.

She nods. She knows. This unspoken thing between them.

GRAY

Be careful, Justin.

Before he can speak, his PHONE RINGS. He answers.

RIPLEY

DS Ripley.
(face falls)
Oh no. Where?

As he listens, Gray turns and walks away.

13 EXT. LANE HOUSE - MORNING 3

13

Ripley parks, walks over to meet SCHENK.

SCHENK

Where's Luther? He's not at home;
I sent a car. And he's not
answering his mobile.

RIPLEY

I don't know where he is, sir.

On Schenk's expression. Scrutinizing Ripley. Not pleased.

He passes Ripley a SLIM CASE FILE. Ripley glances inside.

A moment of despair. Then he steps into the house.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - MORNING 3

14

Luther and Mary stroll to her shop.

LUTHER

So. Will you go to work, or - ?

MARY

Have to. But I'll probably close
up early. You?

LUTHER

Last time I took a day off, all
this round here, it was -

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MARY

- fields?

LUTHER

Romans.

As she laughs, Luther switches on his phone. It buzzes like an ANGRY BEE. And BING! BING! go the DOZENS OF INCOMING TEXTS

MARY

Blimey.

LUTHER

Yep. See? This is what happens.

MARY

So -

A moment.

And in the morning light, surrounded by oblivious early morning commuters,

THEY LEAN IN TO KISS

And Luther's PHONE RINGS. Killing the moment stone dead.

Eye contact. A smile. Then Mary Day squeezes John Luther's hand. And disappears into the shop.

When she's gone, Luther allows himself a moment. He draws in a great breath.

At times like this, London is filled with magic. He bathes in it. Filled with enormous happiness.

His PHONE RINGS AGAIN. He answers.

LUTHER

Luther.

He listens. And the good moment fades like a ghost. And is gone.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LANE HOUSE - MORNING 3

15

Ripley's waiting. He steps back when Luther arrives, hunched and furious. Luther avoids his gaze. Steps into the house -

16 INT. LANE HOUSE, STAIRS, LANDING - MORNING 3

16

- mounts the stairs. Reaches the landing. Sees the LOFT LADDER, the ATTIC HATCH. Heavy with the implication of horror.

17 INT. LANE HOUSE, ATTIC - MORNING 3

17

Luther edges through the cluttered attic. IMPRESSIONISTIC SHADOWS are thrown by harsh police lights. He edges across the stepping plates until he comes to the body of Craig Lane.

Throat cut. Blood on the floor. A look in his eyes.

Luther squats. SHINES A TORCH over the body.

On Luther's face: the play of light and shadow. He clicks off the torch. Then stands,

Makes his way down the ladder -

18 INT. LANE HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING 3

18

- enters the bedroom. And there's Dani Lane. He stares at the body for a long time, lost in thought.

Ripley enters, softly.

RIPLEY
(coughs, clears throat)
Victim's name is -

LUTHER
Dani Lane. Husband's Craig. I was on the phone to them when you walked in last night and made your little scene -

Oh. Shit. Really?

A long silence. Luther angry and helpless.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Obviously you and I have a problem. So why not leave this to me?

RIPLEY
You're kicking me off?

LUTHER
You can work the Jared Cass thing. Nail Ken Barnaby for it.

Luther searches Ripley's belligerent expression.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Justin, if Barnaby killed Jared Cass, he should go down for it. I don't know why you'd think I had an issue with that.

A beat. Then Ripley exits as quietly as he entered.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Leaving Luther with Dani Lane. Hands in pockets. Head bowed. Controlled.

Enraged beyond description.

TITLES

19 EXT. KILLER'S PLACE - MORNING 3

19

The killer arrives home.

20 INT. KILLER'S PLACE - MORNING 3

20

Exhausted, he enters. Takes a breath. Then digs out his phone - flicks through his PICTURES OF DANI.

He selects his favourite. Sends a PXT. Then wearily mounts the stairs. Echo of Luther at the crime scene.

21 INT. KILLER'S PLACE, BEDROOM - MORNING 3

21

He removes his coat. Then takes a LONG BLACK HAIR from his collar. One of Dani's. He contemplates it for a long time.

A TEXT ARRIVES. He grabs his phone. Sees:

A SERIES OF EMOTICONS. Thumbs up: Applause: Licking chops: Drooling: Cheeky Devil.

The killer takes this in. Then wearily puts his coat back on.

Picks up his bag and exits.

22 EXT. LANE HOUSE - DAY 3

22

Schenk and Luther. Hands in pockets. Heads bowed. Equally furious. With themselves, with each other.

LUTHER

You found them?

Schenk takes the flask from his pocket, takes an unashamed nip. Pockets it again.

SCHENK

So what do I need to know about you and D.S. Ripley?

Luther scowls, reluctant to speak. But Schenk's basilisk gaze brooks no denial.

LUTHER

Nothing. Look, all it is -
Justin's been seeing Erin Gray -

(CONTINUED)

SCHENK
Seeing? As in -

LUTHER
Apparently.

SCHENK
Justin and Erin Gray?

LUTHER
It's no secret that's she's not
my biggest fan. So I think she
may have been, y'know. Putting
ideas in his head.

SCHENK
And that's all it is?

LUTHER
Well, I don't know. What else
could it be?

SCHENK
You tell me. Or rather, don't.
(then)

22 CONTINUED: 22

Luther exits. Walks away, phone to his ear.

LUTHER

So. You and I need to have a grown-up talk.

He walks on. Talking to... well, who!?

CUT TO:

23 OMITTED 23

24 OMITTED 24

25 OMITTED 25

26 EXT. MOBILE PHONE SHOP - DAY 3 26

Luther exits a backstreet mobile phone shop. Strides down the street, discarding mobile phone packaging in a bin.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. CARE HOME - DAY 3 27

The killer enters a CRUMBLING, INNER CITY CARE HOME.

28 INT. CARE HOME, RECEPTION - DAY 3 28

- approaches TWO PRETTY YOUNG NURSES AT THE FRONT DESK. The first of them, JODIE, gives him a smile.

JODIE

Morning, Paul! You're early.

So *that's* his name. He blushes under her twinkling gaze.

She indicates a bottle of hand steriliser on the counter. He pumps some into his hands, then signs the visitor's book.

29 INT. CARE HOME - DAY 3 29

Big and shy and shambling, he follows Jodie through the games room. ELDERLY PEOPLE watch TV, read papers.

30 INT. CARE HOME - CORRIDORS - DAY 3 30

He follows Jodie down a DOOR-LINED CORRIDOR. They stop at ROOM 3234. CARNEY, W.

The nurse knocks, opens the door.

31 INT. CARE HOME, CARNEY'S ROOM - DAY 3 31

Inside waits WILLIAM CARNEY. Cadaverous. Completely hairless. Gaunt. Weak with cancer.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

But with BRIGHT, DERISIVE EYES. A MALIGNANT SMILE.

CARNEY
Morning Jodie, love.

His gaze slides to JODIE'S FEET. Then to her eyes.

She endures A MOMENT OF DISCOMFORT. Then SMILES MECHANICALLY and turns away. Leaving Paul and Carney alone.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

32

Luther, Schenk and Benny near four white-boards: THE EMILY HAMMOND CRIME BOARD: THE DANI AND CRAIG LANE CRIME BOARD: THE RONNIE HOLLAND CRIME BOARD: THE COLD CASE ("CREEPER") CRIME BOARD.

Camera picks out RELEVANT VISUAL DETAILS as Luther speaks.

LUTHER
So it looks like Ronnie Holland was killed because he was the link between the Shoreditch Creeper Murders and what happened to Emily Hammond, Dani Lane and Craig Lane.

SCHENK
But he was bludgeoned to death in his armchair. If he knew the killer for what he was -

LUTHER
- why let him through the door? I don't know. We answer that, we're laughing.

Luther considers A PHOTOFIT OF THE CREEPER. We may note a PASSING RESEMBLANCE to Carney.

LUTHER (cont'd)
We do know the Shoreditch Creeper was Ronnie Holland's fixation, the case he couldn't forget. We all know how hard it is to walk away from that kind of thing. So what if he couldn't?

SCHENK
You think he kept tabs on his prime suspect?

LUTHER
It's what I'd do. I bet you would too, in Ronnie's shoes.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

He probably kept a copy of the case file somewhere, stashed away under the bed.

SCHENK

I never met an old copper who didn't. But there was nothing at the scene.

LUTHER

No. The killer took them. Because he knows he's in there, somewhere.

(then)

Benny, you need to trawl Ronnie's browsing history, phone records, whatever.

BENNY

Looking for what, exactly?e's

RIPLEY

(re: Barnaby's hand)
Do you mind if I ask how it happened?

BARNABY

How does anything happen?
(weary beat)
You dredged it all up. My mind was all over the place. I was at sixes and sevens.

RIPLEY

Of course.
(pause)
Did they tell you what happens to the hand? After they, y' know -

BARNABY

Cut it off? They burn it, presumably.

RIPLEY

They do. Except -

A beat. Barnaby paying attention now.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

I got to it first. I know this is very difficult to hear, but currently your hand is in our forensics lab.

(reads Barnaby's expression)

It's amazing what they can do. So! Mr Barnaby, if there's anything you need to tell me -- now would be the time.

BARNABY

Why would there be anything to tell you?

RIPLEY

I know you're scared.

BARNABY

My wife has MS. If she loses me, she's lost everything. She dies alone. So "scared" is the wrong word for what I am. Do you understand that?

RIPLEY

I think I do, sir. Yes.

BARNABY

Well, those are just words.
They're easy to say.

RIPLEY

I know it must be difficult. I
really am very sorry.

BARNABY

Well, you keep being sorry, DS
Ripley. And if your ghouls find
something, then come and talk to
me again. Until then - just piss
off and leave me alone. How's
that?

Ripley absorbs that. Turns to the door. Lingers.

RIPLEY

Sorry. Just a thought. My
colleague. DCI Luther -

BARNABY

What about him?

RIPLEY

Did he - say anything to you?

BARNABY

Anything about what?

Ripley struggles for words.

BARNABY (cont'd)

About what?

RIPLEY

Did he - make any suggestions?

BARNABY

What kind of suggestion? What are
you talking about?

Ripley holds his expression. Reads his eyes.

RIPLEY

Nothing. Thanks for your time.

He exits.

Luther strides with purpose, hands jammed in pockets. He
turns a corner. And there waits ERIN GRAY.

They face off.

34 CONTINUED:

34

GRAY
You think I'd be too scared to
show?

Luther shrugs: as if he gives a shit. Nods to GRAY'S CAR.

LUTHER
Shall we?

They get in -

35 I/E. GRAY'S CAR - DAY 3

35

- and sit. Look anywhere but at each other.

LUTHER
You coming for me?

GRAY
With relish, yeah.

LUTHER
Okay. Good. So now we know where
we are.

GRAY
It can't be too much of a
surprise. So what do you want?

Pause. He thinks it over.

LUTHER
I want you to leave Justin out of
it.

GRAY
I'm not sure I know what you
mean.

LUTHER
He's a good man, Erin. He's got a
good heart. Don't hurt him - not
as a way of getting to me. He
deserves better than that.

GRAY
Unbelievable. Seriously. I think
I'm actually speechless.
(beat)
I am. I'm speechless.

LUTHER
So how serious is it? Between you
two.

GRAY
Do you think I'd answer that
question in a *million* years?

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Because the thing about love: it brings out the best in us, but it brings out the worst, too: all our rage, all our self-doubt. So don't play around with it. It'll blow up in your face.

She turns to look at him. Their eyes lock.

GRAY

You! done?

LUTHER

Nope. I'm having fun though. You?

GRAY

No. I'm not done.

He grins. Then gets out and walks away.

Gray watches. When Luther turns the corner, she BREAKS INTO A GUILEFUL SMILE.

Then starts the engine and pulls away.

36 EXT. LUTHER'S CAR - DAY 3

36

LUTHER (O.S)

Ben?

37 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

37

Benny at his desk, on the phone to Luther. Schenk is at his shoulder, flicking through an OLD CASE FOLDER

BENNY

I trawled Ronnie Holland's phone records. Checked, double checked and cross-referenced. Gave myself a migraine -

INTERCUT LUTHER/BENNY

BENNY (cont'd)

He called his daughter in Canada once a week, a few friends here and there, the odd Chinese takeaway. Then I found a wrong number. Well, it looked like a wrong number.

LUTHER

What made you think that?

BENNY

Length of the call; five seconds.
Enough time to say, "Sorry, wrong
number" and hang up. Except he
placed the call after midnight.
Does it four or five times over
the course of six months.

LUTHER

So who's he calling after
midnight?

BENNY

Wood Vale Care Home.

LUTHER

Ex-wife? Family?

BENNY

After midnight? Nah. It gave me
that funny feeling you talked
about. So I checked who lived
there.

He evokes a PHOTOGRAPH ON SCREEN. We recognise -

BENNY (cont'd)

William Carney.

LUTHER

He in the cold case file?

BENNY

Oh, isn't he just.

Schenk flicks through the old file - which we now see
pertains to WILLIAM CARNEY. It's much thumbed, full of
BOOK-MARKS, UNDERLINING, MARGINALIA, FOLDED PAGES.

SCHENK

William Carney. Born Bilariicky,
1948. Orphaned in 1951. Raised in
children's homes, then borstals.
Labourer, painter and decorator,
bin-man, bus conductor. String of
convictions for theft, assault -
and an IQ that's practically off
the scale. Ninetieth percentile.

Benny evokes AN ANCIENT MUG-SHOT OF CARNEY.

37 CONTINUED:

37

ON SCREEN: picture of Sandra Cho. Smiling.

SCHENK (cont'd)

She's a working girl in
Liverpool. Carney claimed it was
a sex game gone wrong. During the
course of the assault, he bit the
victim's feet.

BENNY

He did twenty-five years. Came
out July, 2008.

LUTHER

Served his full sentence?

SCHENK

Every day of it. The man's a born
predator. And Ronnie Holland knew
it.

Luther has reached his car. He opens the driver's door -

LUTHER

Give me the address.

38 EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY 3

38

Paul wheels Carney into the small garden. They stop at a
bench. Paul sits. Hunched.

Carney lifts his phone. Looks at PHOTOS OF DANI. His
breathing is ragged, laboured.

CARNEY

Did you get hard?

Paul blushes. Hides his face.

CARNEY (cont'd)

She was a nice bit, though. Good
legs.

He glances up and sees

JODIE

has paused in a doorway. She's looking at them with a
curious expression. Carney waves. Gives her a cheeky
smile.

Paul passes him a small oxygen cylinder. Carney breathes.
Deep and rattling and wet.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

39

- 40 EXT. CARE HOME - DAY 3 40
Luther pulls up near the care home, manoeuvres into a tight parking spot.
- 41 INT. CARE HOME - DAY 3 41
Paul wheels Carney back to his room.
- 42 INT. CARE HOME, CARNEY'S ROOM - DAY 3 42
Paul picks up his backpack. Prepares to leave.
Long, meaningful eye contact. Then Paul exits.
- 43 EXT. STREETS, CARE HOME - DAY 3 43
Luther strides towards the care home.
- 44 INT. CARE HOME, CORRIDORS - DAY 3 CONT. 44
Paul heads for the exit.
- 45 INT. CARE HOME, RECEPTION - DAY 3 CONT. 45
Paul enters reception.
At the SAME MOMENT, Luther strides through the main door.
Paul approaches.
Luther HOLDS THE DOOR FOR HIM. Paul thanks him with a distracted nod, squeezes past and exits.
Luther approaches reception.
- 46 EXT. CARE HOME, STREETS - DAY 3 CONT. 46
Paul walks away.
- 47 INT. NURSING HOME, RECEPTION - DAY 3 CONT. 47
Luther badges the desk nurse, JODIE.

LUTHER
I'm looking for one of your
residents - William Carney?

JODIE

48 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 3

48

Paul turns a corner.

49 INT. CARE HOME, RECEPTION - DAY 3

49

Jodie turns the GUEST REGISTER for Luther to read.

LUTHER
Who's Paul Ellis? Family?

JODIE
I don't know. I don't think so.

LUTHER
When did he leave?

JODIE
You just missed him -

Luther gives her a look.

JODIE (cont'd)
Big bloke. Short hair. Very shy.
Smells a bit musty. You must've
seen him.

Luther swears to himself, spins on his heel, exits -

50 EXT. STREETS - DAY 3

50

- bursts through the doors. And moves fast, not quite running.

CAMERA FOLLOWS LUTHER THROUGH THE BUSY STREETS.

He turns left, then right. Cranes his neck. Looks everywhere.

Turns left again. Follows the shopping street. Turns right, onto

THE MAIN ROAD

He scans the streets. The ENDLESS RIVER OF! FACES

50 CONTINUED:

50

ACROSS THE STREET

A bus stops. And PAUL BOARDS.

The BUS PASSES BY as Luther spins around, desperately searching the endless faces.

He stops. Pulls out his phone.

LUTHER

Ben, I need you to look up a "Paul Ellis" for me: white male, approximately forty years old, six feet tall. Heavy set. Big boy.

Curses as he hangs up. Scans the streets.

Damn. Damn damn damn.

51 INT. NURSING HOME, CORRIDORS - DAY 3

51

Luther and Jodie walk to Carney's room. Jodie knocks on the door. It swings open.

Carney looks up. Skeletal grin.

52 INT. CARE HOME, CARNEY'S ROOM - DAY 3 CONT.

52

Luther steps inside, badges him.

LUTHER

William Carney? DCI John Luther. Ronnie Holland sends his regards.

CARNEY

What, from the land beyond?

LUTHER

What makes you say that, sir?

CARNEY

Well, he stopped calling. He liked to call when he'd had a few. He was a devil for it, slurring down the phone.

Luther's eyes flit to Carney's mobile phone, lying in plain sight on the narrow bed.

LUTHER

Do you mind if I take a look at that phone?

Pause. The duel begins.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER (cont'd)
If you prefer, I could wait here
until the warrant's signed.

Carney shrugs a boney shoulder. And watches with glee as

LUTHER TAKES THE PHONE.

He navigates to CALLS SENT. It lists the SAME NUMBER again
and again.

He navigates to CALLS RECEIVED. It lists the SAME NUMBER
again and again.

He navigates to PHOTOS. Catches a GLIMPSE OF DANI LANE

And stunned, turns to Carney.

CARNEY
Her feet look lovely in that one,
don't they? See the arch of the
instep? That happens when they
die. It sort of... bunches up.

Luther snatches the phone from CARNEY'S line of sight.

LUTHER
Paul Ellis. Who is he?

CARNEY
A fan, apparently.

Out on Luther's revulsion -

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED

53

54 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

54

Stark and Gray are in Luther's flat!

Gray checks out Zoe Luther's photo: Zoe's lovely smile.

Stark considers the postcards.

STARK
All places beginning with "M".
Mean anything to you?

GRAY
Nope. Not a thing.

STARK
(reads postcard)
"The first principle is that you
must not fool yourself."
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK (cont'd)
And you are the easiest person to
fool. Happy birthday."

Stark considers this for a long time. Then replaces the
card, amused and vaguely troubled.

He flicks through Luther's books.

GRAY
Guv, we should get a shift on.

STARK
In a minute. I'm just... smelling
him.
(re: book)
He underlines.

GRAY
So?

STARK
We tend to underline observations
that confirm our view of the world.
(quotes)
"The reason Milton wrote in fetters
when he wrote of Angels and God,
and at liberty when of Devils and
Hell, is because he was a true Poet
and of the Devil's party without
knowing it."

Shuts the book. Exchanges a knowing glance with Gray.

STARK (cont'd)
Give me a day with these books, I
could serve him to you on a
plate.

GRAY
Well, get me a search warrant and
you can have it.

STARK
And where's the fun in that, eh?

54A OMITTED

54A

54B INT. LUTHER'S PLACE, BEDROOM - DAY 3

54B

Stark lays on the bed, hands laced behind his head. Gray
hovers, increasingly anxious.

Stark leaps to his feet, straightens the bed. He flings
open the wardrobe. Sees IDENTICAL SUITS, SHIRTS AND TIES.

STARK
Look at this. What does this say
about a man?

(CONTINUED)

Gray looking at Stark. The picture he represents.

GRAY
Guv, I honestly don't know.

Out on Stark's joyous, ravenous grin.

STARK
Oh, I love him to bits. I could eat him.

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

55

56 EXT. CARE HOME - DAY 3

56

NURSES, RESIDENTS and CURIOUS PASSERS-BY watch UNIFORMED OFFICERS and TWO NURSES assist CARNEY into a WAITING POLICE CAR.

Carney grins, revels in the attention.

Luther's there. Watching. And calling Mary Day.

MARY (V.O.)
Hello! It's Mary. Leave a message

Luther scowls. Hates voicemail.

LUTHER
Hey, Mary. It's DCI - it's John from, um, last night. I just - I

SCHENK

We've trawled the Paul Ellises in greater London - none match the description of Carney's visitor. Closest we've come is Paul Daniel Ellis, DOB 1964. We're pulling him in to make sure, but he's not our boy.

ON SCREEN: a mugshot confirms that Schenk's right.

LUTHER (O.S.)

Okay. How many warm bodies can you gather in the next hour or so?

62 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

62

The bullpen is FULL OF DETECTIVES. Before each of them is A TEETERING PILE OF ANCIENT FILE FOLDERS. It's like the library of Alexandria in here.

Schenk and Luther address the assembled coppers.

SCHENK

Squad A, your Cold Case documents pertain to the so-called Shoreditch Creeper murders of the late '70s and early '80s, killings we believe may have been committed by William Carney - who was later convicted of murdering Sandra Cho. Squad B, you have the Cho murder book. We believe these crimes are linked... both to each other and the subsequent murders of Dani Lane, Craig Lane, Emily Hammond - and one of our own: DCI Ronnie Holland.

LUTHER

The connection goes by the name "Paul Ellis" - and somewhere in these files is a link to him, direct or otherwise. Look for "Paul" and "Ellis" as first and last names. Do that, find the link, we could save some lives here. We need speed, but we need accuracy and attention to detail. We good?

(claps hands)

Then go.

The detectives open their files. Start searching indexes.

63 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

63

Carney waits. Frail and hairless. But erect in his chair. Air of an Egyptian high priest. He's been supplied with an OXYGEN CYLINDER and a BREATHING MASK.

Luther enters. Sits. Makes himself comfortable.

LUTHER

So -! this thing with feet? What's that all about?

CARNEY

What gets you off, Mr Luther? What do you like to do to your wife?

LUTHER

It's DCI Luther. Not that it matters.

CARNEY

When I was a little boy, I read a Time Magazine article about foot binding in China. Do you know how it was done?

Luther gestures: go! on.

CARNEY (cont'd)

They'd swathe a young woman's feet in strips of cloth, bend the toes under the foot, breaking bones and forcing the heel towards the front of the sole. The way they were forced to walk resulted in hypertrophy of the hip muscles and the perineum. It gave them very muscular vaginas.

Luther waits.

CARNEY (cont'd)

Ulceration and gangrene weren't uncommon, so the feet were doused in perfume and scented powder. Women wore special slippers. Even when naked.

64 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

64

Intense activity: OFFICERS open COLD CASE FILES, trawl indexes, turn pages, open new files.

65 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

65

Carney sips water from a plastic cup.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

So it's not like you mind talking about it.

CARNEY

Why would I?

LUTHER

Because you choked Sandra Cho to death -! and bit her toes down to the bone? And of course, there's this.

Luther lays out CREEPER COLD CASE photographs - carefully notes Carney's controlled expression. The light of secret joy in his eyes.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Time of these murders, you were a dustman. All the victims -
(lays out map of London with Creeper killings marked)

Were on your route or near it. But you changed your pattern when Ronnie Holland sniffed you out, eh? He dragged you in. Questioned you. Sweated you a bit.

CARNEY

He did, bless him. Course, he didn't have anything like enough to actually charge me with anything. Much to his disgust. He carried around a lot of anger, Ronnie Holland. A lot of rage. I suppose that's what did for him in the end. All that rage.
(grins)
All that impotence.

Pause.

LUTHER

Do you know why men like you kill prostitutes?

CARNEY

(with relish)
Gynophobia?

LUTHER

Nah. People used to think it was a Freudian thing: a deep-seated hatred of women who sold sex. But that just makes men like you

65 CONTINUED:

65

LUTHER (cont'd)
(smiles)
The reason you go for prostitutes
is - they're just easier targets.

Carney waits.

LUTHER (cont'd)
So what I think: I think Ronnie
came very close to sending you
down -- and you panicked and
changed your M.O. No more
breaking into houses. No more
targeting nice middle class
girls. Ronnie had made that too
risky. So you started killing
working girls instead.

CARNEY
Well, if you can't get steak, you
settle for hamburger. They're
never as satisfying, though, are
they? The less tender cuts of
meat.

66 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

66

In the FRANTIC ACTIVITY ON THE BULLPEN, camera picks out
DS KAREN BARRY (27) as she comes across a PUZZLING
REFERENCE in A SLIM CASE-FILE.

She frowns, then quickly locates and flicks through a
PREVIOUS FILE. Runs her finger down an index.

She looks up and around, at all the furious industry.

67 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

67

Carney takes a wet, ragged breath from the oxygen
cylinder.

LUTHER
So it seems to me, you're
actually kind of proud of what
you are.

CARNEY
I'm diabetic. I've got cancer. I
don't have much time. So why not
face facts and enjoy being
myself?

LUTHER
And Ronnie Holland. He knew what
you were, a long time ago.

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER (cont'd)
And Paul Ellis? How did you and Paul find each other?

CARNEY
You tell me.

LUTHER
Okay, here's what I'm thinking: you spend twenty years inside, masturbating into a tissue, thinking about what you'll do when you get out. Especially to those women at Crosswood Terrace. Emily and Dani, the ones who got away. But when the day comes -- well, look at you! There's no way!

Carney waits.

LUTHER (cont'd)
So you went looking. I don't know: on the internet, some sex club? You went looking for someone who wanted to do the kind of thing you used to do. A younger man. Strong and fit. Like you used to be.

Carney smiles. Mocking. All teeth.

CARNEY
You have absolutely no idea, do you?

LUTHER
Then explain it to me.

CARNEY
You think you understand me? You think you're inside my head?

LUTHER
Well, I'm familiar with the species.

CARNEY
I didn't seek him out. Paul came to me.

LUTHER
Looking for what?

CARNEY
Understanding.

67 CONTINUED:

67

LUTHER
Of what?

CARNEY
Of why.
(long, slow grin)
Paul's not my proxy, DCI Luther.
He's a pilgrim.

The silence that follows is BROKEN BY A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.
Luther stands, opens it. And there's DS BARRY.

DS BARRY
Sorry, Boss. Got a minute?

Luther and Carney exchange a glance. Then Luther gathers his papers and exits, follows Barry.

68 INT. SSU, OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

68

Luther and Barry huddle. She passes him the TWO FILES.

LUTHER
What am I looking at?

BARRY
I'm not sure it's anything. But
if you look here -
(re: files)
-!and here - and here.

Luther frowns as he reads. Baffled. He doesn't see it.

And then HE DOES. He gives Barry a huge smile. Strides off.

LUTHER
Chop Chop, DS Barry! No slacking!

Barry grins, energized by his approval. And follows.

69 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3

69

Schenk sees Luther striding across the bullpen, reads his body language and heads out -

70 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

70

- to join him at Benny's desk. Overlooked as always by THE CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS.

LUTHER
So Ronnie Holland knew Carney
moved on to killing hookers. In
1984, he's convicted of killing
Sandra Cho in Liverpool.

(CONTINUED)

Luther lays out the FIRST FILE DC Barry gave him. It's a

SCHENK

Dear God.

From the case file, Luther selects a photograph.

The smile like a wink. The air of demonic corruption. He takes a long pull at the oxygen mask.

CARNEY
And why would I do that?

CUT TO:

75 EXT. NORTH LONDON STREETS - DAY 3 75

Paul walks down NORTH LONDON STREETS, turning here, crossing there. Until he comes to a QUIET STREET and -

76 EXT. SHARED HOUSE - DAY 3 76

- a big, old house. Tumbledown, with an overgrown front garden. Student house, maybe.

He steps through the gate. Warily walks round to -

77 EXT. SHARED HOUSE, REAR - DAY 3 77

- the overgrown back garden. He kneels, opens his bag - removes a SMALL CASE containing an ELECTRIC PICK GUN.

He applies it to the kitchen door. He's through in seconds.

78 INT. SHARED HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 3 78

He shuts the door behind him. Stands. Breathes it in. Takes a PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FRIDGE

RIPLEY

What did he say, exactly?

STARK

Nothing much. He knows something's wrong. He's just trying to work out what.

RIPLEY

Holy crap, though.

STARK

How'd it go with Barnaby?

RIPLEY

I spoke to him. He looked at me like I was mad.

STARK

Well, it hardly matters now.

RIPLEY

No?

GRAY

Luther's openly sniffing round. We need to move quickly.

RIPLEY

Meaning what, exactly?

GRAY

You need to make a full statement. On the record. Today. You catalogue everything Luther did. Every lie he told, every law he broke.

On Ripley. Thinking it over. Calculating.

RIPLEY

Then I need a deal.

GRAY

That can't happen, Justin.

RIPLEY

It has to. I'm not losing my job for anyone. Not him, not you. I want proper assurances. That means legal assurances.

His phone rings. He turns away, answers.

Gray and Stark watch.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
DS Ripley... really? That's good
news... no, no I appreciate
it... and you're definitely
definite?... Okay. I owe you one.

Hangs up. Turns to Gray and Stark.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Get this sorted by the time I'm

The minute he becomes symptomatic,
I'm obliged to pull him out of the
interrogation.

LUTHER

If you pull him out before he's
told us what he knows, someone
dies.

GLOUCESTER

Who?

LUTHER

Well, I don't know. That's the
point.

GLOUCESTER

I'm sorry. It is what it is.

LUTHER

Come on! He can use this to shut
me down. You can't give him that
kind of advantage!

Schenk and Luther make silent eye contact.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So how long have we got?

GLOUCESTER

It's impossible to say for sure.
But he's weak and under enormous

They reconstructed Barnaby's

Turns to THREE TOOTHBRUSHES IN A TOOTH GLASS. One by one,
he takes them from the glass - and SUCKS THEM.

CUT TO:

90 OMITTED

90

CARNEY

His first stop was dear old Ronnie Holland. Of course Ronnie remembers the broken little boy with the dead mummy - so he takes pity on this big shambling wreck, this weirdo. Befriends him. Says: *I know who did this to you, my son.* And so Paul turns up at my door. So full of rage he can hardly speak.

He takes a breath from the mask. His hand is shaking.

CARNEY (cont'd)

I didn't make him what he is. That was his mother's work. All I did was shape the clay. Give him purpose.

LUTHER

And how did you do that?

CARNEY

I explained how much fun it was, killing his mother.

94 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3

94

Schenk, Gloucester and Benny observe the interview.

GLOUCESTER

Can you zoom in - there?

ON SCREEN: camera zooms in on Carney.

GLOUCESTER (cont'd)

He's sweating.

SCHENK

Tom, everyone sweats in that room. That's what it's for. Now give my man TIME!

CUT TO:

95 INT. SHARED HOUSE, BEDROOM 1 - EVENING 3

95

Paul SELECTS A STILETTO SHOE and sits on the edge of the bed, caressing its lines with a REVERENT INDEX FINGER.

He opens THE WARDROBE. Roots slowly through the clothes. Strokes and fondles soft fabrics.

Then checks out THE MAKE-UP. He SMELLS it: the intoxicating aroma of lipstick, the foundation. He toys with it: the GENTLE TICKLE of a MAKE-UP BRUSH.

(CONTINUED)

He SPRITZES his INNER WRIST with perfume: takes a long, slow, bestial sniff of his forearm.

Then opens the UNDERWEAR DRAWER. Searches through it. REMOVES THE UNDERWEAR. Lays it neatly on the bed. Photographs the arrangement.

ARRANGES SHOES on the bed: stilettos, flats.

Photographs it all.

CUT TO:

96 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 3

96

Luther looks at Carney, the sweat, the shaking hands, the rattling breath. Knows time is short.

LUTHER

So who's the next victim? How did you choose her? Was she another blast from the past? More unfinished business?

CARNEY

I prefer to think of it as one for the road.

LUTHER

So who is she?

CARNEY

Oh, she's lovely. I can't wait for you to meet her.

CUT TO:

97 INT. SHARED HOUSE, BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT 3

97

Paul sitting on the bed, caressing the shoe. He looks up sharply -- at THE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE LOCK.

98 INT. SHARED HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

98

The door opens. And JODIE ENTERS!

100 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3

100

Gloucester stands.

GLOUCESTER

That's it. Interview's over.

He exits at speed, Schenk a beat behind.

CUT TO:

101 INT. SHARED HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

101

Jodie heads upstairs, all bags and coats.

JODIE

Hello?

102 INT. SHARED HOUSE, BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT 3 CONT.

102

Paul checks under the bed. No! place to hide. Too many boxes and suitcases. So he JAMS HIS BACKPACK under the bed and moves to THE WARDROBE.

Opens the door. A soft CREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAK.

Paul STEPS INTO THE WARDROBE. Closes the door. Holds it shut with his FINGERTIPS.

JODIE ENTERS. And sits, exhausted, on the edge of the bed. Kicks off her shoes.

The STRAP OF PAUL'S BACKPACK protrudes from under the bed.

She doesn't notice. Just massages her tired feet.

Through a CRACK IN THE WARDROBE DOOR, Paul watches.

Jodie stops. Looks up. Did she HEAR something?

No.

She kicks her shoes away. Her phone rings. She grabs it.

JODIE

Hey, babes ... Yeah, I'm there already ... nice, yeah. Spag bol ... no, I've had the weirdest day; I can't even tell you ... no, Ayesha too. I know! Freaky deaky ... okay then.

She hangs up. Frowns. Seriously - did she hear something?

Don't be stupid. Of course not. She exits.

103 INT. SHARED HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

103

She steps into the bathroom. Turns on the shower.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 3

104

Carney is shaking, sweating. His breathing's bad. But his eyes and his grin are focused.

CARNEY

She's got feet like a princess.
Painted nails. A very high arch.
I'd like to lick it.

LUTHER

Who is she?

The shaky smile widens -

As THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN and GLOUCESTER ENTERS, Schenk at his heel.

Gloucester gives Luther a look.

GLOUCESTER

Step back, please.

Luther stands, steps back. Gloucester kneels at Carney's side, preps an insulin injection.

Carney takes the mask. Breathes deep. His bright eyes don't leave Luther.

LUTHER

Who is she? Come on. I know you
want to enjoy the win. So enjoy
it. Tell me. Who is she?

DOCTOR

(to Schenk)

Please get him out of here.

Luther KICKS HIS CHAIR AWAY. Advances on Carney.

LUTHER

WHO IS SHE? WHO IS SHE?!

Schenk grabs his arm. Luther turns, madness in his eyes.

SCHENK

John -

Luther struggles to contain his rage. Then storms from the room.

The CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

Life to death. Happiness to horror.

He looks at THE IMAGE OF YOUNG PAUL, STARING AT THE CAMERA.

And then ALL ACTIVITY STOPS as

GLOUCESTER and TWO NURSES assist AN INCREDIBLY FRAIL

110 CONTINUED:

110

Unzips it. And removes the horrors within. The knife. The duct tape.

He rips off a STRIP OF DUCT TAPE, SIX INCHES LONG. Hangs it from his chest. And then another. And another. And another.

111 INT. SHARED HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

111

Downstairs, Jodie and Eve prep a spaghetti Bolognese. They're a good way through a bottle of Bulgarian white wine.

EVE

And you didn't even know?

JODIE

Not even!

EVE

Ugh!

JODIE

Well, that's the thing. You see quite a lot of dirty old men, whatever - you catch them glancing at your boobs and stuff.

EVE

Eugh.

JODIE

I know! But this bloke, it was like he was looking through your skin.

Eve shudders, drains her wine. Tops it up. Sips. Stands.

EVE

Popping to the loo.

She exits. Jodie slices carrots. Drinks wine.

112 INT. SHARED HOUSE - NIGHT 3

112

Camera follows Eve through the house - UPSTAIRS - to the LANDING - to THE BATHROOM.

113 INT. SHARED HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 3

113

Eve enters, sits on the loo. Then freezes. Was that MOVEMENT BEYOND THE FROSTED GLASS?

EVE

Jode?

The movement freezes. If there even was movement.

JODIE
Did you actually hear that?

EVE
Ayesha? Is that you? Are you
home?

Stillness. Then ANOTHER KNOCK on the ceiling.

KNOCK... KNOCK KNOCK.

JODIE
You can't be serious -

She stands.

EVE
Hello?

Silence. Then

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

EVE (cont'd)
Sincerely, though. Ayesha?

Eve edges towards the door.

JODIE
Babe, what're you doing?

EVE
What? It's not like there's
actually anyone there or
anything. It's just a -

JODIE
What?

EVE
A thing. The house settling.

They wait. Anticipating three knocks. But there's only
SILENCE.

Eve shoots Jodie a look, slips through the living room
door.

115A INT. SHARED HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

115A

Stands there, looking up the stairwell into darkness.

EVE
Hello?

She waits. Turns on the light. It illuminates the
emptiness, and somehow that's worse.

115A CONTINUED:

115A

She heads upstairs.

115B INT. SHARED HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

115B

Jodie sits in rigid silence, listening to EVE'S FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

EVE (O.S.)
Hello-oo? Hello hello?

A CREAK on the landing. A SILENCE. Then -

- CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS.

Jodie waits, wearing a half-smile. More freaked out than she'd care to admit.

THE FOOTSTEPS, infinitely soft, reach the foot of the stairs.

A pause. Then

KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK... ON THE LIVING ROOM DOOR!

JODIE
So not funny!

KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK!

JODIE (cont'd)
Evie, stop it.

KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK!
KNOCK! KNOCK KNOCK!

JODIE (cont'd)
Right. That's it.

She marches to the door. Opens it. On

PAUL IN THE DOORWAY. KNIFE IN HAND. HUGE AND SHOCKING.

SMASH CUT TO:

116 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 3

116

Ayesha, the third housemate, is walking home.

At the corner of the street, she stops to dig out her house keys - WE GLIMPSE A YELLOW, SMILEY FACE KEY RING.

She walks down the street -

and stops. Wait a minute; did she just hear -

DI STANT SCREAMING?

(CONTINUED)

She lingers, senses alert. But it's gone. She walks on.
Still alert. Keys in hand.

Her phone rings. She answers.

AYESHA

Hello?

117 INT. SHARED HOUSE, JODIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

117

Paul stands, lord and master, as Jodie uses CABLE TIES to bind Eve to one of THREE KITCHEN CHAIRS that have been brought into the room. Eve is wide-eyed, her mouth taped.

Jodie weeps, apologizes *I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.*

JODIE

It's Paul, right? Paul, you don't have to do this. You're a nice man. You don't have to do this.

AYESHA. Who's standing behind

JOHN LUTHER.

EXTENSIBLE BATON in one hand. SMILEY KEY RING in the other.

LUTHER

I hope you don't mind, Paul. I gave Ayesha a call. Asked her if she'd let me sneak in with her.

A long beat. They face each other.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Go on, then. Say something.

Silence.

Then Paul CHARGES FORWARD. Howling. Flailing. Luther STEPS INTO HIM - turns; WHIPS AT HIS KNEES with the ASP.

Paul PILE-DRIVES LUTHER into the wall; !STUNS HIM. PAUL RAISES THE KNIFE.

Ayesha runs from the room.

Luther HEADBUTTS PAUL - GRABS HIS CLOTHES - PULLS HIM OFF BALANCE.

Paul drops the knife but recovers - SLAMS LUTHER INTO THE WALL - Luther GRABS HIM, TURNS HIM 180 DEGREES - slams Paul into the wall.

PAUL DROPS THE KNIFE - SLAMS LUTHER'S HEAD INTO THE WALL.

Luther GOES DOWN. Paul straddles him. FOREARM OVER LUTHER'S THROAT. CHOKING HIM.

Paul reaches for the FALLEN KNIFE -!leans a little T000000 FAR. His WEIGHT SHIFTS -

Giving Luther leverage to SHOVE HIMSELF! FREE and ASSUME A KNEELING CROUCH.

PAUL SNATCHES UP THE KNIFE - TURNS -

SNARLING, LUTHER DRIVES HIS SHOULDER UP and INTO PAUL'S GUT

PROPELS HIM BACKWARDS across the room -

THE BEDROOM WINDOW EXPLODES: !Paul crashing through. Falling to earth.

126 CONTINUED:

126

Benny snatches the phone, nods to the OFFICER ON THE DOOR and exits.

FADE TO:

127 INT. BARNABY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 3

127

Under music, Ripley READS KEN BARNABY HIS RIGHTS. Then, ashamed, he HANDCUFFS BARNABY TO THE BED.

And leaves him there. Turns his back. Walks away.

FADE TO:

128 INT. BAR - NIGHT 3

128

A quiet bar. Mary Day nurses a glass of wine. She dials Luther. Gets voicemail. Mouths along in time with the message; she's heard it so many times.

LUTHER'S VOICEMAIL

This is DCI Luther, leave a message.

MARY

Wow, you were right about your phone. So anyway. It's me. Hi. That's Mary. Mary Day? From last night? So I, um ... we seem to be crossing messages. I've called you, you've called me.

(beat)

So yeah. Anyway. Cool. Speak soon.

She hangs up.

MARY (cont'd)

Or not.

CUT TO:

129 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 3

129

Stark and Gray wait. Stark sips bourbon. Gray sips herbal tea.

They react to A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Gray opens the door, admits Ripley.

STARK

So? We ready?

RIPLEY

I'm ready, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

He takes off his coat, lays it over a chair. Gray passes him a legal document. He sits, skims it.

Stark and Gray wait. An air of great tension.

Ripley TAKES A PEN FROM HIS POCKET and SIGNS THE DOCUMENT on three different pages.

Then stands, handing the document to Stark.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
So let's get it done.

I/E. LUTHER'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 3

STARK

Ready?

Ripley nods. Coughs to clear his throat.

Stark RE-STARTS THE RECORDING.

STARK (cont' d)

AT THE SOUND OF THE CAR ALARM. Different expressions etched on their faces.

Gray grabs her keys.

GRAY
I'll see to it.

136 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LASSETER AVENUE - NIGHT 3 136

Luther doesn't seem bothered by the howling alarm. He opens the front passenger door, gets to his knees and

DIGS AROUND BETWEEN THE SEAT BASE AND THE SEAT BACK.

137 INT. SAFE HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 3 137

Gray hurries down the stairs, car key in hand.

138 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LASSETER AVENUE - NIGHT 3 138

From the seat in Gray's car, Luther removes THE MOBILE PHONE WE SAW HIM BUY.

He smiles as

ERIN GRAY steps out of the anonymous door. Sees him. Her face falls.

Automatically, she kills the alarm. Sudden silence.

Luther grins. Wiggles the phone.

LUTHER
We can trace these things,
y' know.

She gapes at him as he pockets the phone

GRAY
John - what are you doing?

LUTHER
It's DCI Luther. Not that it matters.

He steps into the building -

139 INT. SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3 139

Ripley and Stark listen to HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS and WATCH WITH WIDE EYES as

JOHN LUTHER steps into the safe house. Bringing chaos with

LUTHER
Evening, chaps. This is it, then?
This is where it's all happening?
Secret Squirrel party central!

Stark faces him. Ripley looks away.

Luther whips out his phone. Snaps a photograph of Stark.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Not that covert, is it?

STARK
Get. Out.

LUTHER
Or what?

He pockets the phone.

Behind him, Gray enters. Stands there. Not knowing what to do.

RIPLEY

LUTHER

Am I? And who're you?

STARK

DCI George Stark.

LUTHER

Oh, George Stark! The Grand Inquisitor! This the best you can do, George? A dingy flat and a pin-board?

He turns. Confronts Stark.

Their eyes lock. Luther's in triumph. Stark's in repressed rage.

Luther gives him a grin, barges past -

141 INT. SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

141

- into the living room. He SNATCHES THE FORGOTTEN DIGITAL RECORDER from the Formica table. Pockets it.

Then lifts a copy of the JOHN LUTHER CASE FILE.

Stark makes a move.

LUTHER

Now, George. You're a big boy and I'm tired; it wouldn't be my first scrap of the evening. But if we knock lumps out of each other, someone'll have to find out why - your boss, my boss. And they'll know you let me find you... and walk out the door with copies of all the evidence against me. And what's that going to do to your reputation, eh?

A long beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Feel free to keep coming for me. But if you take me down, I'll take you down twice as hard and twice as fast.

Beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So. Are we having fun yet?

Only Stark can meet his gaze.

Luther's gaze sweep across the room - across Ripley. The smile falters for a moment. Shows A TWIST OF CONTEMPT.

(CONTINUED)

Then Luther tucks the file under his arm and exits.

142 INT. SAFE HOUSE, STAIRS - NIGHT 3 142

- jogs down the stairs

143 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, LASSETER AVENUE - NIGHT 3 143

- and onto the street. Eye ablaze with vengeance.

144 INT. SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3 144

Ripley sits with head in hands. Says nothing. A picture of despair.

LUTHER

Ah, Justin.

STARK (ON TAPE)

What was your first case together?

RIPLEY (ON TAPE)

A home invasion/murder. Suspect's name was Alice Morgan. She was the daughter of the victims ... do you want me to go through every case we worked?

STARK (ON TAPE)

If you would. I know it may take a while.

RIPLEY (ON TAPE)

Yeah. That's why I want to get the big stuff on record while my mind's clear.

STARK (ON TAPE)

Okay. That's why we're here.

RIPLEY (ON TAPE)

Right.

(coughs, clears his throat)

I just want to say, for the record, that in my experience, DCI Luther is an outstanding police officer.

In! shock Luther turns to the Dictaphone.

LUTHER

What?!

RIPLEY (ON TAPE)

I'm honoured to have worked at his side, and I consider this investigation to be little more than a fishing expedition and a witch hunt.

Luther barks a SUDDEN, SURPRISED LAUGH.

RIPLEY (ON TAPE)

(cont'd)

While arguably I've seen him cut procedural corners, DCI Luther has never, to my knowledge, broken any laws, either in pursuit of his duty or otherwise -

A TEAR rolls down Luther's face. But he's laughing, too.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

LUTHER

Ah, Justin.

He drives

LUTHER (cont'd)

Good boy.

FADE TO:

147 EXT. LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 3

147

Luther parks, gets out. Looks at his little flat. Home. Feels like he's been gone a million years. He digs out his keys and

CAR HEADLIGHTS FLASH.

Luther spins, shielding his eyes. What now?

He's ready for anything... EXCEPT MARY DAY. Who gets out of her battered car. Walks towards him.

MARY

What time do you call this?

LUTHER

(baffled)

I'm sorry. Did we -?

MARY

No. Sorry. That was a joke. Kind of. Bad joke.

She reads his bafflement. Okay. She explains.

MARY (cont'd)

I tried to call. Then you tried to call. Then I tried to call. Then you tried to call and... is this okay? Is this weird?

LUTHER

No, it's fine. Are you okay? Do you need help?

MARY

No, I just - why'd you ask that?

LUTHER

I just -

He trails off. Shrugs. A bit lost.

MARY

So last night. It was - I don't know what it was. But it was -

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Yeah.

MARY

And I don't want to play games,
y'know. I'm past that. I'm too
old. Well, not *old* old. But too
old for that.

LUTHER

Okay.

MARY

I'm not a game player.

LUTHER

Okay. Me neither.

MARY

Should we stop talking?

LUTHER

Okay.

MARY

Let's stop talking.

He nods. Still baffled.