
Epi sode Three

Draft 3

Wri tten by

Nei l Cross

11th December, 2012

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

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

TIME CUT TO:

2

2

Everyone's parting, saying goodbye, heading to taxis and
mini cabs. ah2i cab4- NIGHT

6

6

Danny and Maxine break off the kiss.

MAXINE
So. Want to come in?

DANNY
Agh.

MAXINE
"Agh"?!

DANNY
Scary flatmate -

STACY
She's away for the weekend. Wedding.

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

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

A slow smile. She knows. Their eyes lock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Danny and Maxine's eyes lock in fear.

HOODIE #2

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

DANNY

All right. That's ENOUGH!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAXINE

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

DANNY

Max, run! Get in the flat!

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

MAXINE

Help! Help!!!

NOBODY MOVES. They just stand there and watch.

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

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

DANNY

Run, Max. Run!

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

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

MAXINE'S POV:

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

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

Who stops. Doesn't move.

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

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

The remaining Hoodies make to scatter.

KILLER

Stop!

They freeze.

KILLER (cont'd)

Lower the hoods. TAKE DOWN THE HOODS!

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

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

Meredith bolts. The killer follows.

The other Hoodies scatter.

7

7

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

8

8

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

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

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

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

9

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

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

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

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

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

Luther enters. Waits there, in the doorway.

MARY

How old were you when you got together?

LUTHER

Young. Twenty-one. Twenty-two?

MARY

And you've still got love in your voice.

LUTHER

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

MARY

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

LUTHER

She was.

MARY

So. That was a test.

11

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

She sees: FIVE IDENTICAL SHIRTS. FIVE IDENTICAL SUITS.

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

LUTHER

What?

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

Luther exits, knotting his tie -

12

12

- and opens the door on JUSTIN RIPLEY.

LUTHER

Justin! Come in.

RIPLEY

Sorry?

LUTHER

Come in.

RIPLEY

Why?

LUTHER

What do you mean, why?

RIPLEY

You never ask me in. Not ever.

Luther waits. Then Ripley enters. Admiring the flat.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

You do all this?

LUTHER

Most of it. A lot of it. Some of it.
Well, I paid the blokes who did it.

They enter -

13

13

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

LUTHER

Mary, this is Justin.

MARY

Hey there.

RIPLEY

Hey.

LUTHER

He's my friend. I love him.

Ripley blinks at Luther.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Justin - this is Mary.

RIPLEY

All right, Mary?

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

LUTHER

Right. To work!

(to Mary)

You okay?

MARY

Fine, yeah.

LUTHER

Make yourself at -

Home.

MARY

Will do. Totally.

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

A moment between Ripley and Mary. Happy and knowing.

RIPLEY

So. I'd better -

MARY

Yeah. Me too. Nice to meet you!

RIPLEY

You, too.

Ripley dithers a little, then exits.

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

STARK

Look at this.

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

We hear GENTLE MOANING. SQUEAK OF BEDSPRINGS.

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

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

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

GRAY
I know the game, yeah. Jenga.

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

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

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

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

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

He stuffs the case file into a Jiffy Bag.

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

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

Out on Gray's anxiety.

CUT TO:

Ripley passes Luther A CASE FILE.

RIPLEY
Victims are Gary Meredith and Shaun
Butler.

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

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

CUT TO:

17

17

Ripley and Luther head towards the cordon.

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

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

LUTHER
Eyewitnesses?

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

They pass the screens.

18

18

SOCO mill around; evidence flags dotted everywhere.

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

A flyer has been GLUED TO MEREDITH'S FACE. It gently flutters

He moves on.

19

19

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

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

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

Doesn't hesitate?

SCHENK

Apparently not.

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

LUTHER

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

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

- Let alone do this.

ANGLE ON BUTLER.

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER (cont'd)

So who's Caitlin?

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

It goes live in two hours.

LUTHER

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

SCHENK

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

RIPLEY

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

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

It doesn't look promising, does it?

CUT TO:

20

20

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

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

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

21

21

Mary opens the door on GEORGE STARK and ERIN GRAY.

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

Gray sombre at his side.

STARK

Morning!

MARY

Morning. Um -

STARK

DCI Stark. This is DCI Gray.

MARY

If it's John you're after -

GRAY
Actually, no. We came to see you.

MARY
Me? Why?
(nervous laugh)
Have I done something?

CUT TO:

22

22

Luther looks up from the case file.

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

A Family Liaison Officer sits in one corner.

LUTHER
This man, the killer, he spoke to you?

MAXINE
He did, yeah.

LUTHER
What did he say?

MAXINE
He told me not to be afraid.

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

MAXINE
It was nice.

LUTHER
In what way?

LUTHER
Can you tell me what he looked like?

MAXINE
I'm sorry?

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

MAXINE
Why?

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

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

Ouch.

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

Luther looks away. As that hits home.

CUT TO:

23

23

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

STARK
So. How did you and John meet?

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

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

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

MARY

I'm sorry?

GRAY

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

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

Beat.

MARY
I'm calling John. Right now.

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

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

STARK (cont'd)
Give him a bell.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

24

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

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

He checks his watch. Content. Sits back.

25

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

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

24

25

LUTHER
You all right?

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

Another beat.

LUTHER
Justin -

RIPLEY
Yeah?

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

LUTHER
I think it's time you moved on.

Ripley turns to him.

RIPLEY
Sorry?

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

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

SCHENK
You need to get to Gethin Woods.

CUT TO:

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

A MAN'S BODY

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

RIPLEY

Couple of dog walkers found him, apparently.

LUTHER

We know who he is?

RIPLEY

Liam Glass.

LUTHER

Why do I know that name?

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

Because?

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

Lucinda King. She was the little girl, right?

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

Four, with time served.

LUTHER

Four years for four years.
(then)

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

They consider Liam Glass, the hanged man.

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

CUT TO:

26

26

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

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

BENNY

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

ON SCREEN

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

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

KILLER

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

ON SCREEN: another picture of the lovely woman.

KILLER (cont'd)

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

Image of MILAN HADZIC. Fat. Unshaven.

KILLER (cont'd)

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

Photos of the killer with Caitlin: a perfect couple.

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

KILLER (cont'd)

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

ON SCREEN

MARWOOD

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

Faces of victims. All ages. All colours.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER

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

27

27

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

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

28

28

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

RIPLEY

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

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

LUTHER

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

SCHENK

And how do we do that?

LUTHER

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

SCHENK

So, we -?

LUTHER

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

SCHENK

Depravity's not in short supply in this city.

RIPLEY

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

SCHENK

Benny?

BENNY

We can do that, Boss.

SCHENK

And when we've got our long-list?

LUTHER

We narrow it to a short-list.

SCHENK

Based on what criteria?

LUTHER

Experience. And the gag reflex.

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

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

A beat - as Schenk thinks it over.

SCHENK

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

CUT TO:

MARY

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

LUTHER

Seriously, are you all right?

MARY

Some people came round. After you'd gone.

And the ground lurches away beneath Luther's feet.

LUTHER

What people?

MARY

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

LUTHER

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

She fights back a sob.

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

MARY

At work.

LUTHER

I'll come round.

MARY

No! No, don't do that.

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

LUTHER

Okay. Just tell me where and when.

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

He exits.

34

34

Slams through doors and down corridors.

CUT TO:

36

36

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

LUTHER

Mary?

She nods. Distant.

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

MARY

In a minute.

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

MARY (cont'd)

How did your wife die? Zoe.

LUTHER

That's a long story.

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

MARY

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

LUTHER

Of course.

MARY

Why?

LUTHER

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

MARY

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

LUTHER

I know.

MARY

They showed it to me.

Pause.

MARY (cont'd)

John, what did you do?

LUTHER

Nothing. They lied to you. They were lying.

She gives him a look. Betrayed and disillusioned.

MARY

I think you should stay away from me.

LUTHER

Mary -

MARY

Honestly.

Luther watches helplessly as she walks away.

His phone rings. He lets it.

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

LUTHER

Justin?

37

37

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

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

RI PLEY

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

INTERCUT LUTHER/RI PLEY

LUTHER

You need to move faster.

RI PLEY

We'll get there. Where will you be?

LUTHER

Checking out the brother-in-law.

RIPLEY
How's the other business?

LUTHER
Sorted. No worries.

He hangs up. Walks on. Dials again.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Afternoon, George.

38

38

Stark on the phone to Luther.

STARK
John Luther! How the devil are you?

INTERCUT LUTHER/STARK

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

STARK
For you, all the time in the world.

LUTHER
Then I'll see you in twenty.

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

STARK
What?

GRAY
Your funeral.

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

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

STARK
And what's that?

GRAY
A grudge match.

A moment. Then Gray grabs her coat and exits.

39

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

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

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

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

40 _____ 40

Luther crosses the road. Buzzes the safe house.

41 _____ 41

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

STARK

John. Step inside. Make yourself at home.

42 _____ 42

Luther enters, Stark behind him. Closing the door.

LUTHER

You wired the place, George?

STARK

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

LUTHER

I've never been that comfortable with wires.

Stark laughs, appreciating that very much.

STARK

So?

LUTHER

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

STARK

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

LUTHER

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

STARK
Mary? Oh! You mean sweet Mary Day!

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

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

Stark's smile falls.

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

LUTHER
You sow these seeds, George -

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

They're nose to nose now.

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

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

LUTHER
We'll see.

CUT TO:

43

43

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

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

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

Marwood follows. Until Cochrane stops at the door of a BLOCK OF ANONYMOUS BEDSITTERS

47

47

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

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

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

48

48

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

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

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

Marwood presses ANSWER. And silently listens.

49

49

David Ramsey answers his phone.

RAMSEY
Hello?

50

50

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

LUTHER
David Ramsey?

INTERCUT LUTHER/RAMSEY . . . and WILLIAM MARWOOD AS HE LISTENS
IN ONEes1 glAM4m9 Tm /TT2 1 Tf (IN)eenjTc 12 0 00 12 8/TT21 Tf (49) Tj ET

52

52

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

MEDIA COMMENTARY

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

53

53

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

LUTHER

David Ramsey? DCI Luther.

RAMSEY (O.S.)

Come on in! It's open.

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

54

54

- the salvage yard.

LUTHER

Hello?

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

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

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

MARWOOD

Don't move.

LUTHER

All right.

A MOMENT -- AND THEN LUTHER MOVES!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then he stops - points the gun.

MARWOOD

STOP!

Luther stops. Breathless.

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

MARWOOD (cont'd)

Do me a favour. Throw me your wallet.

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

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

MARWOOD (cont'd)

DCI Luther. You're the senior?

LUTHER

That'll be me, yeah.

MARWOOD

Thought so. Your phone, please.

Luther throws his mobile to Marwood. Who pockets it.

MARWOOD (cont'd)

So, tell me something.

LUTHER

If I can - William, is it? Will?

MARWOOD

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

LUTHER

Every copper knows that.

MARWOOD

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

LUTHER
All of them, pretty much.

MARWOOD
So why does nobody do anything about it?

LUTHER
Because it's complicated.

MARWOOD
No it's not.

A pause.

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

MARWOOD
I want you to do something for me.

LUTHER
Yeah? What?

MARWOOD
Leave me alone.

Luther laughs, delighted.

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

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

MARWOOD
So you've never been tempted?

LUTHER
To what?

MARWOOD
Administer a bit of personal justice?

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

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

LUTHER
To what?

MARWOOD
Make things better.

LUTHER
You know I can't do that.

MARWOOD
You could - if you chose to.

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

MARWOOD
You think I'm delusional?

LUTHER
No. But I do think you need help.

A pause: melancholy, almost collegiate.

LUTHER (cont'd)
They'll kill you for this. That's how these things always end.

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

Luther winces.

MARWOOD (cont'd)
Don't be my enemy, John. We're on the same side, here.

LUTHER
I'm sorry you think that.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

GRAY
DCI Luther?

RIPLEY
Not here. Ma'am.

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

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

She's carrying the Jiffy bag.

57

57

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

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

A moment of silence.

RIPLEY
So, is this like a Derren Brown thing?

GRAY
Derren who?

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

GRAY
Oh, right. No. You wouldn't want to go
reading my mind at the moment. Full of
scorpions.
(glances at Jiffy bag)
Justin, I think I may have taken a
wrong turn, somewhere along the way.

RIPLEY
Surely not.

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

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

He holds her gaze. Torn between bitterness and mercy.

58

58

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

59

59

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

Seeing Luther, he flies into bug-eyed panic.

LUTHER

Relax. He's long gone.

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

RAMSEY

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

LUTHER

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

RAMSEY

I think so.

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

60

60

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

RIPLEY

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

GRAY

And fight the good fight?

RIPLEY

A bit.

A tentative, fragile moment.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Listen. We'll put this right. But I really do have to go.

She nods. Ripley exits. Hesitates in the doorway.

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

GRAY
That's why I'm here.

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

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

GRAY
Okay.

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

GRAY
Okay.

She smiles for his kindness. Then Ripley is gone.

CUT TO:

61

61

Police cars. Lights flashing.

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

LUTHER
This got my numbers on it?

RIPLEY
All six of them, yeah.

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

RIPLEY
Had it on his toes. Long gone.

Luther nods. Of course.

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

LUTHER
Yeah? She have trouble parking the
broomstick?

RIPLEY
She wasn't a happy flower.

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

I think so. I get the impression -

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

Why? What happened?

LUTHER

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

Luther claps his shoulder. Walks away.

62 _____

62

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

63 _____

63

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

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

64 _____

64

Mary looks up, surprised to see him.

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

He sees it. Wishes he hadn't.

LUTHER

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

MARY

So? Say it.

A pained, cumbersome silence.

LUTHER

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

MARY

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

LUTHER

But I didn't do those things.

MARY

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

LUTHER

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

(beat)

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

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

None of what they told you is true.

MARY

Then you need to tell me what is.

LUTHER

I'm not sure that's a38910g2 0 idea.j 0 Tc ETBTj 0 386 377 Tm

(answers)
Boss?

65

65

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

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

66

66

LUTHER
In principle?

INTERCUT LUTHER/SCHENK

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

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

He hangs up. Faces Mary.

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

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

MARY
Okay.

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

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

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

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

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

MARY
I think so, yeah.

LUTHER

Good.

(Lingers)

I'll see you later, then?

MARY

Okay.

LUTHER

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

Nothing else to say. Everything to say.

Luther exits -

67

67

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

Slams his hand on the roof.

LUTHER

Shit.

He leans against the car. A picture of despair.

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

68

68

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

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

69

69

Police cars. Officers at the door.

70

70

Luther enters. Finds Ripley. SOCO.

He tucks his tie into his shirt. Joins Ripley.

RIPLEY

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

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

RIPLEY (cont'd)

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

LUTHER

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

He stands.

LUTHER (cont'd)

It's not right though, is it?

RIPLEY

No? What's not?

LUTHER

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

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

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

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

We find any keys?

RIPLEY

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

Luther acts it out, seeing it now.

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

Okay. Totally. You've lost me.

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

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

CUT TO:

Vile old railway arches. Dank. Reeking of decay.

DOORS SQUEAL OPEN and William Marwood emerges.

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

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

He walks away, digging out a smart-phone.

COCHRANE (cont'd)

So what should be done with me?

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

BACK TO SCENE

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

75

75

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

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

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

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

76

76

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

SCHENK

Do you understand social networking?

LUTHER

Nope.

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

Bread and circuses. Nothing new under the sun.

SCHENK

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

Schenk seems morally weary.

SCHENK (cont'd)

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

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

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

SCHENK (cont'd)

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

Embarrassed, he turns from the photographs. Sits.

LUTHER

Boss. How's Avril?

Schenk blinks at him. Sags in his seat.

SCHENK

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

Beat.

LUTHER

Martin, I'm sorry.

SCHENK

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

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

SCHENK (cont'd)

John?

LUTHER

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

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

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

Out on Schenk. Scared to ask.

77

77

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

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

78

78

Schenk enters. Shuts the door.

SCHENK

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

LUTHER

It won't go lopsided.

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

Luther grabs his coat.

79

79

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

LUTHER

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

BENNY

Wilco, Blue Leader. Best of luck.

RIPLEY

Cheers, Ben.

BENNY

Cheers, Justin. Be careful out there.

Luther and Ripley exit.

CUT TO:

80

80

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

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

LUTHER
Kiera Mills?

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

Angrier and angrier until ... she slumps.

81

81

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

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

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

Luther is calm. Compassionate. Unhurried.

KIERA
Do you know that man did to me? Dennis Cochrane. Well, I say "man". Do you know what he did? That disgusting, revolting -
(beat)
I was only a little girl. I was eleven! And he -

LUTHER
Kiera -

Their eyes meet.

LUTHER (cont'd)
I've got to explain something, okay?
I've got no sympathy for Dennis Cochrane. I mean, absolutely none.

She bites down on her lip. Nods.

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

Luther struggles with a moment of shame.

LUTHER (cont'd)
This is the hardest thing I've ever asked anyone.

KIERA
What do you want me to do?

LUTHER
Plead for Dennis Cochrane's life.

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

Luther holds her gaze. Benevolent. But unyielding.

CUT TO:

82

82

Ripley paces, dialling.

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

Ripley gets through to Benny.

RIPLEY

Benny Boy?

83

83

Benny on the phone to Ripley.

BENNY

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

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

BENNY (cont'd)

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

84

84

RIPLEY

So where do we find Murray?

CUT TO:

85

85

A local pub. Mid-week.

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

LUTHER

Gordon Murray?

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

Ripley follows, leaping the bar.

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

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

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

86

86

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

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

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

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

RIPLEY
Evening, Gordon.

CUT TO:

87

87

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

Luther plugs in a PORTABLE TV, turns it round.

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

Scrolling news banner: "SEX OFFENDER 'KIDNAP

KIERA

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

(silence)

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

COMPLETE HUSH in the room now.

KIERA (cont'd)

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

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

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

KIERA (cont'd)

- kill him.

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

90

90

Marwood shuts the laptop.

MARWOOD

Brave woman.

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

91

91

Luther stands. Can't believe it.

Then he grabs Murray - throws him into the wall.

LUTHER

Listen to me. Tell me where Dennis Cochrane is, or I swear to God - when theDd 0 0 12Phl my mum's

RIPLEY
Don't look at me, mate.

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

LUTHER
"Socializing". Right. Where is it?

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

LUTHER
WHERE IS IT?

MURRAY
Horsemonger Lane! The railway arches!

Hatred in Luther's eye.

MURRAY (cont'd)
You just - all you do is cross the estate.

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

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

92

92

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

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

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

Cochrane weeps. Snivelling and wretched.

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

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

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

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

A PARTY ATMOSPHERE: one step from turning truly ugly.

Luther and Ripley hold badges aloft.

LUTHER

Police, coming through. Out the way.

RIPLEY

Move. Shift. Police.

Distantly: SOUND OF SIRENS. A HELICOPTER APPROACHES

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

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

The MOB FORMS A WALL.

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

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

Which allows LUTHER to SHOVE AND ELBOW HIS WAY THROUGH.

MARWOOD WATCHES Luther coming closer.

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

- and COCHRANE HANGS.

LUTHER POWERS FORWARD like a rugby player.

MARWOOD slips into the crowd.

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

Then he GRABS DENNIS COCHRANE AND TAKES HIS WEIGHT.

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

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

LUTHER (cont'd)
Marwood! Get Marwood!

Ripley hesitates -

LUTHER (cont'd)
Go, Justin!

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

Sets off in pursuit.

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

Marwood scrambles over the gate. Ripley follows.

MARWOOD
Of course you can.

RIPLEY
Yeah. Can't. Sorry.

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

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

MARWOOD
It won't happen.

RIPLEY
It'll happen.
(then)
You've made your point, Will. People are talking. You're all over the internet. All over TV. You've done what you needed to do.

Marwood takes a warning step closer.

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

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

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

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

MARWOOD
Please. Back off.

RIPLEY
Oh, I'd love to.

MARWOOD
PLEASE!

Beat.

RIPLEY
No.

MARWOOD SHOOTS HIM. Blasts Ripley off his feet.

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

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

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

SLOW FADE TO:

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

CUT TO:

110

110

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

MARWOOD

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

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

111

111

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

He can't speak. Can't move.

Schenk sits with him. Shocked beyond grief.

CUT TO:

112

112

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

BENNY

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

SMASH CUT TO:

113

113

Mary watches the muted TV.

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

THEN JUMPS at a SUDDEN NOISE outside the window.

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

HER POV

A DOZEN SPECTRAL HOODIES press monkish faces to the window.

Mary is frozen in terror.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

END TITLES