

LUTHER II

Episode One

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BBC Drama Production

**The sending of this script does not constitute an offer of a
contract for any part herein.**

OVER BLACK

ALICE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Now what?

FADE IN:

ALICE MORGAN. Grainy, maybe a little over-lit. She's sitting on a bare chair at a bare table, looking perky and relaxed. A blank wall behind her.

She's talking to an off-screen MARTIN SCHENK.

SCHENK

I'd just like to run through it one more time, if I may.

ALICE

Honestly, I've told all there was to tell so many times, I'm bored of hearing myself say it.

SCHENK

Just once more. Who is this?

Alice lifts a photo from the desk. Her arm is bandaged, wrist to elbow.

*

ALICE

That's John.

SCHENK

John - ?

ALICE

Luther.

SCHENK

And who is John Luther?

ALICE

My friend.

An ex-council flat, long past going to seed. It's not minimalist, just empty - except for too many books. Books everywhere. Plus, a haphazard vinyl collection.

An early-morning atmosphere. Commercial radio is playing.

Sipping from a cup of tea, JOHN LUTHER throws on a shirt, buttons it to the collar, buttons the cuffs. He pulls up the collar, slips on his tie, yanks the knot to his throat, straightens it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

He sips tea, then slips on his jacket. Looks round. All done?
All done.

He goes to the kitchen. Opens a cupboard. From inside, he takes
down a BIG, UGLY REVOLVER.

3 **I. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, INTERVIEW ROOM/I. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S
FLAT - DAY 1**

INTERCUT ALICE/LUTHER

SCHENK
How did you and John meet?

ALICE
When I was suspected of killing my
parents. Mistakenly suspected,
obviously.

SCHENK
After which, you became - friends.

ALICE
We grew close, yes.

SCHENK
How exactly would you characterise
this closeness?

ALICE
Well, we were - simpatico. And I
pitied him.

SCHENK
How so?

ALICE
He always seemed - lost to me.
Paddling furiously, just to keep
afloat. I wanted to help him.

LUTHER opens a kitchen drawer, roots around. From under carrier
bags, boxes of candles, loose batteries, egg-cups, he digs out:
A SINGLE BULLET.

*

He cracks the revolver's cylinder, inserts the bullet. Secures
the cylinder again. Spins it.

Sits in a kitchen chair. Gun in hand.

The radio plays in the bright morning sunshine.

ALICE waits serenely.

SCHENK
And so -

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ALICE
So I helped him.

SCHENK
And what form did this help take?

ALICE
Well, John had any number of vexations, and I helped him in several ways. But I suppose you're most interested in Ian Reed.

SCHENK
Tell me about Ian Reed.

ALICE
He was a friend who betrayed John and hurt him very badly. So I killed him. Both barrels of his own shotgun. Boom boom.

SCHENK
And did John - this is very important, Alice - did John ask you to do this?

ALICE
Good heavens, no. He was absolutely livid. We had quite the tiff. Things were said.

As Alice grins, we pull back a little and see - she's in an INTERVIEW ROOM, attended by TWO PSYCHIATRIC NURSES IN WHITE COATS.

LUTHER sits unmoving in the kitchen chair, gun in hand. Abruptly, he puts the gun to his temple and PULLS THE TRIGGER!

Click.

A long, still moment. Just the low, inane murmur of the radio.

ALICE tilts her head, waits Schenk's response.

ALICE (cont'd)
You're not going to penalise John for my misdeeds, are you?

SCHENK
No, Miss Morgan. We're not going to do that.

ALICE
Doctor Morgan. I got my PhD at nineteen.

LUTHER stands. Takes the bullet from the cylinder. Replaces it in the drawer, the gun back in the high cupboard.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Hunts around: finds wallet, keys. Police badge. Pockets them. Slips his ASP into the ballistic nylon holster at the small of his back.

LUTHER

Right.

Another day. He sighs, grabs his phone, steps into the sunshine.

3A OMITTED

3A *

4 EXT. SMITHFIELDS / EC1 AREA - NIGHT 1

4 *

SADIE BUCKINGHAM (30s) walks through the echoing, empty streets that peculiar collision of very old and very new: ANCIENT STONE CHURCHES, CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS IN GLASS AND STEEL.

As she walks - she becomes aware of FOOTSTEPS behind her.

A flicker of anxiety on her face. She walks a little faster.

The FOOTSTEPS match her increased pace.

Scared now, Sadie crosses the deserted road.

The FOOTSTEPS follow.

Sadie reaches into her pocket, digs out her MOBILE PHONE, hesitates, flicks it open, punches in THREE DIGITS: 999

Her thumb hovers over CALL - and she walks on, faster.

She walks and walks. Her reflection is a FLITTING SHADOW in plate glass. She glances over her shoulder. And sees

A MAN behind her! Handsome, lean and hungry in a long black overcoat. Hands in pockets.

Her stomach lurches - and she hurries. Come on, Sadie! Come on! A hundred metres ahead - less! - she can see -

- A MUCH BUSIER STREET. Cars, people, buses. Thank God. She breaks into a stumbling jog - fast as she can run in heels.

Sadie risks a glance over her shoulder. The man stops. He smiles at her.

Then he reaches into his coat. He takes something from inside. Slips it over his face.

It's a MR PUNCH mask. And it's horrible.

He tilts his head.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

For what seems a long time, Sadie and the man stare at one another. Then Sadie pushes CALL on her phone - and RUNS FOR HER LIFE.

*
*
*

Mr Punch runs, too. Coat-tails flutter behind him. Leering grin on his mouth. Magpie gleam in his painted eye.

*
*

He is surreal. Nightmarish. Terrifying.

*

5 **OMITTED**

5 *

6 **EXT. SMITHFIELD, SIDE STREET, CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 1**

6 *

MR PUNCH stands in the shadows. Sadie's body at his feet.

*

He's holding HER MOBILE PHONE. He removes the battery, pockets it and the carcass of phone. And walks on. Far behind him, lights flash blue, sirens wail.

*
*

On the corner, he stops. Head bowed. Then looks up to see: A CCTV CAMERA.

He spreads his arms in mocking triumph. His hideous mask alive. Here I am!

Then he turns and walks on. His footsteps echo. Until the City at night has swallowed him whole.

*

7 **EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME NIGHT**

7 *

Establishing an urban police station.

*

8 **INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - SAME NIGHT**

8 *

Two UNIFORMED COPPERS drag a skinny, filthy, protesting meth-head to the DESK. Behind which stands the CUSTODY SERGEANT - - who is JUSTIN RIPLEY. He looks at the swaying taker with ill-disguised contempt.

*

RIPLEY
So what've we got?
(checks paperwork)
Attempted burglary, resisting arrest,
assaulting a police officer. Name?

METH-HEAD
[incomprehensible]

RIPLEY
And how are you spelling that?

METH-HEAD
[even more incomprehensible]

RIPLEY
He tried to rob a house in this state?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ARRESTING OFFICER
Not a house. A Dojo.

RIPLEY
You tried to rob a karate school?
(stares with admiration)
Right. Let's get you printed and
processed. We know other police
stations are available, and thank you
for your custom.

Takes a pen from of his pocket. Rolls his eyes as the door
opens - what now?

It's LUTHER.

Eye contact between him and Ripley. Then Luther approaches the
junkie, stares very close into his eyes.

LUTHER
Thing they never tell you about drugs,
mate. They make you stink like a dog's
arse. That's not very rock and roll,
is it? Not very Keith Richards.

JUNKIE
Mumble.

LUTHER
(to arresting officers)
Give me and the sergeant a minute,
yeah?

The coppers take a moment - *is this who I think it is?* Then
they conduct the tweaker away. Leaving Luther and Ripley.

LUTHER (cont'd)
I've never seen you in uniform. You
look like you're on work experience.

RIPLEY
My good uniform got vomited on. So.
You here because you nicked a
shoplifter?

Luther picks up Ripley's paperwork, idly flicks through it.

LUTHER
It's all a bit soul destroying, innit -
this actual policing business.
Junkies, burglars, muggers. The odd
willie waggle.

RIPLEY
(takes paperwork back)
Yeah, well. I'm working off my sins.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

LUTHER

Your major sin being, you were loyal
to me.

RIPLEY

That'll be the one, yeah.

(then)

What've they had you doing?

LUTHER

Sent me to Siberia. Cold Case.

RIPLEY

Yeah. I heard you put together that
thing - the thing in Scotland with the
hands and the -

LUTHER

Carpenter's nails. Yeah.

RIPLEY

That was good work, that.

LUTHER

Ah, it was just reading, mostly. So
anyway. They've opened this new unit,
Serious and Serial.

RIPLEY

That's where you've pitched up, is it?

LUTHER

Looks like it. A bit of fresh air's
going to do me the world of good. Get
the dust out my sinuses.

RIPLEY

You don't fancy staying in Cold Case,
revealing the identity of Jack the
Ripper?

Luther grins, produces car keys, slaps them on the desk.

LUTHER

You're not going to be such a cheeky
monkey when you pick me up at seven in
the morning, are you? Because I'm
warning you, Sergeant Ripley - that
time of the morning, I'll be a bit
grizzly.

A beat, as it sinks in.

RIPLEY

They told me I'd be in uniform for two
years, minimum.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

LUTHER

Yeah. They were trying to make you resign, mate - because you're a bit of an embarrassment.

(then)

You didn't leave, though, did you? They bullied you, they humiliated you. But you didn't leave.

RIPLEY

No.

A good moment.

LUTHER

See you tomorrow, then.

He steals Ripley's pen and exits.

9 EXT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2

9

An unbelievably bleak tower block stretches to the bright blue sky. Like an archaeological relic of a lost, more brutal age.

10 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2

10

Another morning.

Luther sits in the kitchen chair. The radio plays. He's cradling THE REVOLVER in his lap, staring at what resembles a HOTEL KEYCARD on the table next to his phone.

*
*

We're SHOCKED when HIS PHONE BUZZES ON THE TABLE. Angry as a wasp in a jar.

11 EXT. RIPLEY'S CAR, OUTSIDE TOWER BLOCK - DAY 2

11

Ripley stands outside his car, gazing up at the tower block.

He's aware of hoodies kicking round, listless as waking bumblebees.

12 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2

12

Luther answers the phone.

LUTHER

Justin?

RIPLEY (V.O.)

I don't have to walk all the way up there, do I?

LUTHER

Nope. I'll be right down.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

He removes the bullet, puts it back in the drawer. Replaces the revolver in the high cupboard.

Straightens his tie, grabs his phone then - after a moment's hesitation - the keycard. He exits.

12A INT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT, HALLWAY - DAY 2 CONT.

12A

- walks down the corridor. Passes an angry dog tied up in the corridor. LUTHER gives it a pat as he passes -

*
*

13 EXT. RIPLEY'S CAR, OUTSIDE TOWER BLOCK - DAY 2

13

Luther emerges, chin-nods to the hoodies. Who chin-nod in return.

As Luther approaches, Ripley also gives him a chin-nod - then opens the front passenger door, hardly able to contain his amusement.

*

Luther claps his shoulder. Big grin.

*

RIPLEY

*

You seem chipper.

*

14 OMITTED

14 *

15 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2

15

Luther and Ripley enter. Ripley is carrying a FILE BOX. Walking forward to greet them is MARTIN SCHENK!

At which Ripley does a double take.

LUTHER

Martin. Sorry - Boss, is it? Or Guv?

SCHENK

Whichever you prefer. And Sergeant Ripley - my old comrade in arms.

(re: box)

Careful with that, now.

(takes box, sets it down on
Ripley's desk)

Wonderful to see you back where you belong.

A mystified Ripley shakes Schenk's hand.

SCHENK (cont'd)

I wonder if DCI Luther perhaps forgot to mention that I'd be heading up this unit?

RIPLEY

He may have omitted that detail, sir,
yes.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCHENK

Well. Welcome to the Serious and
Serial Unit. I'm sorry there's no time
for speeches and ribbon cutting, but -

Gestures: *if you would?* They follow him to -

16 INT. SSU, CRITICAL INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 2

16

- a room given over to GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF CASE EVIDENCE.
Large pinboards, freestanding and wall-mounted, to which are
pinned 8 X 10 CRIME SCENE PHOTOS OF THE SADIE BUCKINGHAM MURDER
SCENE.

SCHENK

Blitz attack, last night.
Smithfield. Victim was Sadie
Buckingham. She managed to call 999.

*
*
*

Schenk makes a pained face, hits a button on his remote control
- and they listen to playback of SADIE SCREAMING down the
phone.

The morning's good humour evaporates. Luther makes a face:
okay, that's enough.

*

SCHENK (cont'd)
After which, the killer made this call
to the victim's mother.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(eerie)
He is the sunrise. He loves everyone.

Luther and Ripley exchange a glance.

SCHENK

He then called several of her
contacts: her sisters, her friends,
her colleagues. Her vet.

BOY CHILD (V.O.)

(eerie)
He is the sunrise. He loves everyone.

GIRL CHILD (V.O.)

(eerie)
He loves everyone -

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

(eerie)
He is the sunrise -

OLD MAN (V.O.)

(eerie)
He loves everyone -

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CACOPHANY OF VOICES
He is the sunrise. He loves everyone.

Long pause.

RIPLEY
First day back, we get woo-woo?

SCHENK
I don't know. But I do know that we're
dealing with a very disturbed man.

He evokes CCTV FOOTAGE of the masked killer, raising his arms
in taunting accomplishment -

Luther and Ripley look at it.

Then at Schenk. Who shrugs, revolted.

*

17 EXT. SMITHFIELD/ EC 1 - DAY 2

17 *

Luther and Ripley approach the crime scene. Sadie's body lies
under a sheet.

Luther squats, hands in pockets. Looks all around. At
everything but the body.

*
*

Ripley flicks through the case file, passes Luther a PICTURE OF
SADIE. Smiling in happier times.

Luther glances at it, then hands it back. He takes a pen from
his pocket, uses it to lift the edge of the blanket, look
underneath -

RIPLEY
Is that my pen?

Luther offers it back.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Well, I don't want it now.

Luther continues lifting the edge of the sheet.

LUTHER
Throat slashed left to right. Very
sharp blade.

*
*
*

He stands. Looks round.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Is he having a joke, do you think?

*
*

RIPLEY
What kind of joke?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

LUTHER

Slaughtered like cattle - in sight of
the meatmarket.
(thinks it over, then;)
Let me see him?

Ripley passes a picture of MR PUNCH, captured on CCTV. Luther
reflects on it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Mr Punch. It's got its roots in some
very old folktales. Old mythologies:
the Lord of Misrule.

London: blood and stone. Stone and glass.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Whoever our boy is, he knows a bit of
history.

18 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2

18 *

Luther and Ripley enter to find the Serious and Serial Unit
busier now - fully staffed.

(N.B. the SSU has the atmosphere of an old-school news room:
packed and active, not only with detectives but with IT support
staff, people bringing round mail, etc.)

Waiting for them is BENNY DEADHEAD.

RIPLEY

Benny Boy!

BENNY

Ah, the Talented Mr Ripley. How you
doing, my have-a-go hero?

They follow Benny to his work station, huddle round his LARGE
DUAL-MONITOR set-up.

Reviewing the footage of MR PUNCH is DETECTIVE CONSTABLE ERIN
GRAY. She offers her hand to Ripley.

GRAY

DS Gray.

RIPLEY

DS Ripley -
(half a beat too long)
Justin.

Benny glances Luther's way, grinning. But Luther is focused on
the matter at hand.

LUTHER

Ben, can you replay the phone calls?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Benny mouses, then hits a key. They hear:

BOY CHILD (V.O.)
He is the sunrise. He loves everyone.

GIRL CHILD (V.O.)
He loves everyone -

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
He is the sunrise -

LUTHER
All right, enough.

Benny hits STOP.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Justin, first thing we need to do, run
background on the victim's friends,
acquaintances, exes. Make sure this
isn't some jealous ex-boyfriend gone
funny in the head. Erin -

GRAY
I'll source the "sunrise" chant. See
if it ties to a specific belief
system.

LUTHER
We need to eliminate that possibility,
yeah. But the emphasis here is on the
"eliminate". I don't think you'll find
a single source text. Not an
individual source, anyway. Because
this isn't any cult murder.

HOWIE
Guv?

LUTHER
Don't let the disguised voice make you
forget the salient point, here.

HOWIE
Being?

LUTHER
He might be using different voices to
do it, but he's still talking about
himself in the third person. Which
means he's grandiose and insecure -
and absolutely desperate to be
noticed. And respected.

He turns to the crime wall. Sadie. The crime scene. And Mr
Punch, grinning his fixed, insane grin at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

LUTHER (cont'd)

All this. It's for effect: murder as theatre. I'll bet the same applies to "He is the sunrise," whatever it is. It's designed to frighten. And to give him some kind of weird prestige.

RIPLEY

As if people were already talking about him.

LUTHER

Right. And if he wants to be noticed that much, it means tonight was just opening night. There's a lot more of this to come.

GRAY

Okay. I'll source the chant. Then the mask - check with collectors, websites. See who's selling, who's buying.

Schenk enters -

SCHENK

DCI Luther, I wonder if you have a moment?

LUTHER

Of course, Boss.

Luther follows Schenk to his office -

19 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2 CONT.

19

- enters, shuts the door behind him. Doesn't sit.

SCHENK

How's it looking?

LUTHER

Early days. We'll get him.

A long, uncomfortable beat.

SCHENK

John, I know you had great loyalty to Rose Teller. And rightly so. It's often the good coppers who shoulder the blame for the bad.

Luther waits, knows there's more.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Things between us, historically, have sometimes been ticklish.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LUTHER

You had a job to do. You did it well.

SCHENK

But if circumstances made me your adversary then, well - I'm not your adversary now. I have a different job. And part of that job is to protect you. But to do that, I need your trust. And your candour. No secrets. No agendas.

Luther nods: okay.

*

SCHENK (cont'd)

*

And I also need your help.

*

LUTHER

*

I'm not sure I actually get you.

*

SCHENK

*

I think you do. It's been a long time since I did this job. I need to know the quality of my decision-making falls in line with - the requirements of this specific position.

*

LUTHER

*

You're a good copper. You don't need me to tell you that.

*

SCHENK

*

But I might need you to tell me when a good copper is not what I'm being.

*

LUTHER

*

But I won't need to do that, Martin.

*

SCHENK

*

Let's hope not. But if you deem it necessary - you will?

*

A long, evaluating beat.

*

LUTHER

*

Yeah. I'll do that.

*

20 INT. SSU, RIPLEY'S DESK - DAY 2

20

Ripley and Gray at their desks - Gray working the mask angle, Ripley going through the records of people known to the victim.

*

*

GRAY

So what was it like, being bumped back to uniform?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

RIPLEY

I was never ashamed to wear a uniform.

GRAY

What about working for His Satanic
Majesty?

RIPLEY

Who, sorry?

GRAY

Luther. Is he as dirty as they say?

RIPLEY

As who says?

GRAY

They.

RIPLEY

What, all those people who never
worked with him?

GRAY

I'm just saying. You know the
pitfalls. I just want to know what to
look out for.

Ripley's about to answer in anger - but Luther approaches from Schenk's office.

LUTHER

Justin?

RIPLEY

Nothing of interest so far. She's got
an ex boyfriend was done for affray.
But that was back during the G7 riots.
No restraining orders. No nothing,
really.

LUTHER

The sunrise stuff?

GRAY

You were right. No specific reference.
Sunrise imagery seems general to just
about every religion and cult -

LUTHER

- under the sun.

GRAY

Pretty much.

LUTHER

The mask?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

GRAY

It looks antique, maybe theatrical. If that's the case, there's a market for it - which is good. Problem is the Internet. Collectibles flow back and forth over international borders, barely leave a trace. So right now I'm hitting the talkboards, see if anyone out there can ID it for us.

*
*

LUTHER

Well, follow it - see what happens.

*

Ripley's gaze strays towards the door. Luther follows it - sees a uniformed officer leading CAROLINE JONES onto the unit.

*

She's late-ish 30s. Tall, elegant, staggeringly well-groomed. It's like receiving a visit from minor Royalty.

CAROLINE
DCI Luther?

LUTHER

Caroline?

Ripley can't hide his curiosity. He stands, offers his hand.

RIPLEY
DS Ripley.

CAROLINE
Caroline Jones.

LUTHER
Caroline, I'm sorry. Now's not the time.

RIPLEY
That's okay, boss. We can spare you a minute.

Luther gives him a warning look.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
(to Caroline)
So how long have you and DCI Luther known one another?

CAROLINE
Since he put my husband in prison.

*

RIPLEY
Ah.

Caroline gives Luther an icy look.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

LUTHER
I can give you one minute.

He gestures to Ripley - back as soon as I can. Then strides off the SSU, Caroline at his side.

21 INT. SSU, SOMEWHERE PRIVATE - DAY 2

21

Caroline and Luther.

CAROLINE
Do you know what you did to us?

LUTHER
I'm a policeman. Your husband killed someone. What do you want me to do?

CAROLINE
And what a story it made, eh?! A man like David; deviant sex; murder. We had journalists camping outside the house for weeks on end. Shouting through the letterbox. All the things you can't believe these people actually do - going through your bins, phoning up pretending to be police officers, lawyers, all the rest of it. You're gawked at wherever you go - "there they are. That's them. That's the wife and daughter." Can you even begin to imagine what that was like for Jenny?

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*
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*
*

She digs out a photograph of a LAUGHING CHILD.

CAROLINE (cont'd)
Remember her?

LUTHER
Of course.

CAROLINE
She was self mutilating by the time she was thirteen. She'd sit in the bathroom, cutting herself with a razor - top of the arms, top of the thighs, places I couldn't see.

LUTHER
David did what he did.

CAROLINE
But you didn't need to do what you did. Not the way you did it. You humiliated him.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LUTHER

It was the best way I knew to stop
him.

CAROLINE

And your wife? Was she proud of you? *

A beat. He can't meet her eyes. *

LUTHER

If you want me to say I'm sorry, then
I will. I'm sorry. I'm sorry David did
what he did. I'm sorry about what it
did to you. I'm sorry about what it
did to Jenny. Okay? *

CAROLINE

Before you know it, she's stealing
from me, lying. Threatening me with a
knife. Then - she just runs away.
Gone.

LUTHER

You go to the police?

SOPHIE

They did everything they could -
apparently. In any event, it wasn't
much. She was over sixteen. *

LUTHER

All right, look - I need to stop you
here. What you're about to tell me, I
can't help you. *

CAROLINE

She was selling herself at seventeen.
Selling her body. *

LUTHER

You might not like this. I might not
like it. But Jenny made her choices,
and legally there's nothing I can do.
Give me your number, I'll pass on some
names of people who might be able to
help. *

CAROLINE

I've tried them all! Police, priests,
private detectives. Who else is there?
Tell me who else there is! *

She stands there, helpless and wretched. *

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

LUTHER

Caroline, a lot of times, I've tried to help people by doing things that maybe I shouldn't have done. All it ever did was make things worse. So I'm sorry about Jenny; I really am. But you've come to the wrong place.

Okay. Fine.

She doesn't want to go here. But if she has to, she will.

CAROLINE

You ever hear of necro-porn?

Luther shakes his head, once. Doesn't want to hear what's coming next.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

Because that's what Jenny's doing today. This afternoon. She's going to allow two men to rape her in all but name. What they'll do is tie her up and terrorise and beat her. They're going to suffocate her until she passes out. They're going administer an enema, and have sex with her unconscious body, because an unconscious body is more realistically dead. They're going to urinate on her and defecate on her. They're going to force her to lick vomit from the floor.

(gathers herself)

The men who do this aren't actors. They pay for it. Do you understand what that means? They pay to do this to her. They pay a lot of money.

Beat.

LUTHER

How do you know this?

CAROLINE

A friend of hers contacted me. A girl who's already been through it. She was hospitalised. Internal injuries.

She unfolds a photograph. Makes him look at it.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

This is the girl who emailed me. And this is what they're going to do to Jenny. This afternoon. Do you think this is right? Do you think this is consensual? LOOK AT IT!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

He does. He winces. Shakes his head.

CAROLINE (cont'd)

Don't let them do this to her. Please.
I'll beg you, if that's what it takes.
I'll get down on my knees, right here.
And I'll beg you.

Long beat.

LUTHER

Where does Jenny live?

CAROLINE

I don't know. She doesn't pay bills,
doesn't own a registered mobile -

LUTHER

Her friend? The one who sent the
email?

CAROLINE

All I've got's an email address. She's
not replying. For God's sake. What do
I have to do? PLEASE!

Out on Luther. Staring at the photo. He wants to walk away.

Knows he *should* walk away.

Knows he can't walk away.

20 INT. SSU, BENNY'S DESK - DAY

20

*

ON SCREEN

*We don't see much. But we see enough. A feculent tiled room,
vaguely medical. A dentist's chair. And chains and ropes and -*

*A MAN steps into frame. Boiler suit. Gasmask. Rubber boots. He
has something on A LEAD. He tugs the lead, violently.*

At the far end of the lead ... a GIRL'S HAND crawls into frame

BACK TO SCENE

Luther and Benny - who's ashen.

LUTHER

No jokes, okay?

BENNY

There's no joking about this kind of
thing. That girl okay?

LUTHER

She is now. Apparently.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Luther shows him the photo of Jenny.

*

LUTHER (cont'd)

*

I need to find this girl, Ben - today.

*

Or this

*

(taps screen)

*

- is going to happen to her. Maybe worse. You worked vice. You need to break any laws to help me do that?

*

BENNY

*

Well, these people like to keep a low profile ... for pretty obvious reasons. But where there's a revenue stream, there's a paper trail. I'll make a few calls, see what I can dig up.

*

LUTHER

*

I appreciate it. Let me know the minute you know anything, yeah?

*

BENNY

*

How old is she?

*

LUTHER

*

Nineteen.

*

Benny sucks air through his teeth. Looks away. Gets on with it.

*

EXT. PETTICOAT LANE - DAY

*

The ANCIENT MARKET in all its legendary colour, bustle and noise. For a time, all we can see or hear is

*

THE CROWD

*

going about its timeless, everyday business, crammed in and flowing around A THOUSAND STALLS.

*

A SERIES OF DETAILS: handwritten signage: people exchange money for goods: browse food stalls, handbags, kitchen utensils, endless clothes on endless rails: radios: DVD players: bric-a-brac. People eat, smoke, drink, talk. The WHITE NOISE OF THE CROWD is interspersed with the BARKING OF THE STALLHOLDERS until at last

*

we pick out

*

CAMERON

*

in his crow coat. He sips a takeaway coffee and scans the throng. Superficially relaxed. But only superficially. He's doing exactly what a crow does from a tree top.

*

HE SELECTING LIKELY VICTIMS. His eye darts here and there: to THIS WOMAN, who links arms with her boyfriend.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

To THAT WOMAN, who stands at a stall, laughing. Finally his
magpie eye settles on *

ABBY (22) *

She wearing a daypack, jostling her way through the crowd,
polite and a tiny bit overwhelmed. The giveaway is the DIGITAL
S.L.R SLUNG ROUND HER NECK. *

Every few metres she pauses, photographs someone or
something: local colour; an interesting architectural detail;
graffiti; the textures of the market, the people, the city. *

She kneels to take a shot. Then stands - and JUMPS, gives out a
LITTLE CRY - *

Because CAMERON IS AT HER SHOULDER. She's crashed into him,
spilled coffee. *

ABBY
(mortified)
Oh, sorry sorry sorry! I didn't know
you were there - *

CAMERON
Ah, it's nothing. Not to worry.
(brushes coffee. Then, re:
camera)
Art student? *

ABBY
God, am I that obvious? *

CAMERON
Where do you go? *

ABBY
St Martins. *

CAMERON
No! Me too! I went to St Martins. *

ABBY
No! Really?! *

CAMERON
Absolutely. Small world or what?
What're you doing? Fine art? *

ABBY
Textiles. We've got to design some
kind of print that, like, evokes
London. *

CAMERON
Well, you came to the right place for
that, eh? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Looks around, marvelling at it all. She follows his gaze, wordlessly agreeing.

CAMERON (cont'd)

This is London! It used to be a quiet little lane, yeah, all lined with elm trees and so on. But they've been selling stuff here since 1608! Then, 17th century, the Huguenots arrived. 18th century, it becomes like a centre for cloth making. 1830, they tried to change the name to Middlesex Street.

ABBY

Yeah? Why'd they do that?

CAMERON

"Petticoat" was a bit too raunchy for the Victorians. It didn't work though. Petticoat Lane endures! Then the Jews came ... and then the Nazis tried to bomb it flat ... and then in the 70s, the Asians arrive, reinvigorate the place. This spot, this exact spot where you're standing, right now. That's the most "London" place in the world.

ABBY

So what are you? Like a local historian?

CAMERON

Nah, I just love the place. You can feel the time. Like, layers of time. Strata of time. A big cake of time. It's magic. It's got magic to it.

Abby is fascinated by his charm and his energy ... and yeah, that slight air of danger.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Into the faded air, the torpid/ Driven on the wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London/Hampstead and Clerkenwell, Campden and Putney/ Highgate, Primrose and Ludgate. Not here/Not here the darkness, in this twittering world.

ABBY

Who's that?

CAMERON

Eliot. You know him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ABBY
Didn't do English.

CAMERON
But if you're doing London, you've got
to read Eliot. Hey -!
(thinks it over; is this a
mad idea? Then decides - why
not?)
You want to see something really cool?

ABBY
Like what?

CAMERON
The most London thing ever. Like, the
single most London thing you'll ever
see?

ABBY
(hesitates, then;)
Yeah, yeah okay. What is it!?

CAMERON
Have a look!

He sets off through the crowd. Moves just that tiny bit too
eagerly to be 100 per cent sane. And Abby knows. She knows
something's not completely right. And as Cameron dives through
the multitude and she follows, she begins to change her mind
... even as she's still following, pushing through the mass of
indifferent bodies, she's not sure ...

But she's got to be safe. All these people, right?

And Cameron turns to her. Holds out his hand. Smiles. Charming,
harmless. Eager. The artist's dream: a found object.

So she follows as he leads her down

A SIDESTREET

then

ANOTHER SIDESTREET

then

A NARROW SIDESTREET

And suddenly THE MARKET IS GONE. And the people are gone. And
the sun is gone. And there is only this quiet lane, litter
blown.

ABBY
Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAMERON

We're there. Can you see it?

ABBY

See what?

CAMERON

Look around. You'll see it.

She does. She looks all around. But all she can see is a NARROW
LONDON STREET.

She turns a full, slow circle. And when she's completed that
full circle, she finds that she's facing

MR PUNCH

With a flensing knife in his hand.

Mr Punch tilts his head like a cat. And Abby doesn't even have
time to scream.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. OFF PETTICOAT LANE/MURDER SCENE - DAY 2

23

*

The sidestreet had been taped off.

Outside the cordon a LARGE CROWD has gathered. Many of the
onlookers try to film the scene on mobile phones.

EXT. OFF PETTICOAT LANE/MURDER SCENE - DAY 2 CONT.

*

Luther, Ripley and Gray are here. They're with Abby's body.

All around, SOCO wander like ghosts.

Luther squats, lifts the sheet. Peeks underneath.

RIPLEY

Seriously. Get your own pen.

Luther stands. Buries his hands in his pockets, looks around.

LUTHER

Smithfield. Petticoat Lane. He's a
real London boy, this one.

He stares at the sightseers. That atmosphere of restrained
excitement.

LUTHER (cont'd)

We know he enjoys the attention. So I
want you to confiscate all those
mobile phones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY
On what grounds? Legally?

LUTHER
Find grounds. We need to start
collecting data on the crowds at the
crime scenes. Comparing faces. See if
the same face doesn't pop up more than
once.

He strides away, hands in pockets, thinking.

RIPLEY
(to Gray)
Sometimes serial offenders return to
the scene, enjoy the chaos they've
caused. It makes them feel omnipotent.

GRAY
(duh)
I know. It's just -

RIPLEY
Look, he says "confiscate". What he
means is, "appeal to the owner of the
phones", okay? Make them feel
important, part of the investigation.
No laws get broken, everybody's happy.

GRAY
Fine. But that's not what he said, is
it?

LUTHER walks, deep in thought. Then stops.

EXT. OFF PETTICOAT LANE/MURDER SCENE - DAY 2 CONT.

Here are the police vans, the ambulances, the crime scene tape.
And the CROWDS behind it. Luther looks all around.

He confronts the CROWD. Scans them. Some people don't notice
him. Most just look through him, or past him, angling to see or
film their glimpse of blood.

But not every single one of them.

Luther makes fleeting eye contact with a MAN NEAR THE BACK of
the crowd.

It's Cameron.

Luther doesn't know. He can't. But there's something - a
feeling. A wrongness.

Cameron HOLDS HIS GAZE FOR A TENTH OF A SECOND TOO LONG. And
something passes between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They know. *

LUTHER
(approaches crowd)
Did anyone here see something and need
to make a statement? Anybody? Have you
all been interviewed? If so, please
step away from the scene. Give us some
room here. Please, just step back, go
home, give us some room to work.

Casually, Cameron begins to walk away.

He's the only one who does.

Luther frowns, casts an eye out for Ripley - but Ripley and
Gray are busy talking a teenage onlooker into handing over his
mobile.

Luther's gaze flits from Ripley to Cameron... Ripley to
Cameron. *

Fuck it. Luther sets off. Still uncertain. He *excuse-me's* and
thank you's and shoves through the crowd, until he's on the
other side.

INTERCUT CAMERON/LUTHER

Luther follows. Still not sure.

Cameron walks on, oblivious of Luther following.

They walk. Further from the crime scene. Deeper and deeper into

EXT. OFF PETTICOAT LANE, BACKSTREETS - DAY 2 *

Unbearable tension.

Luther takes out his Airwave - holds it in his hand, ready to
make the call. But he's

Still. Not. Sure.

He closes the gap - a little closer. A little closer.

Cameron turns a corner -

Luther follows

A TWISTING, TURNING, STEALTH PURSUIT THROUGH NARROW BACKSTREETS
-

- Luther nearly loses sight of his target -

- just catches a TINY GLIMPSE of him as he ducks into an
ALLEYWAY BETWEEN COUNCIL FLATS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luther takes out his Airwave.

LUTHER

This is DCI Luther. I'm in pursuit of a suspect. [Describes Cameron]. He's entered the Nolan Burch Estate, South side, I think. That's South side.
Hurry up.

He ducks into the alleyway - sees A DEAD END. Annoyed he turns to retrace his steps and sees -

A SHADOW of movement from the GROUND FLOOR WINDOW of a derelict house.

Luther glances left, right. Nobody here. Nobody back up coming.

He heads to the door of the empty house -

EXT. OFF PETTICOAT LANE/MURDER SCENE - DAY 2

*

A UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches Ripley - mutters in his ear about Luther's assistance call.

RIPLEY

Where?

28 **INT. DERELICT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY 2**

28

Luther enters the DERELICT BUILDING. All alone. Inside, it's perpetual twilight.

Every sense straining. The only sound his breathing.

He moves along a CORRIDOR.

A SHADOW! MOVEMENT behind him!

*

He swings round, but ... nothing there.

*

He edges along - the old house CREAKS - it's disorienting. Cameron could be anywhere.

*

*

He edges along - down the peeling hallway, into -

30 **INT. DERELICT BUILDING, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 CONT.**

30

- the living room. He steps inside. Broken bottles. Needles. Detritus.

*

He steps forward.

*

The place is empty - but for a PILE OF BIRD BONES in the middle of the floor.

*

*

Luther steps forward, drawn to it.

*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Hears a Creak - turns. Sees *

MR PUNCH moving towards him with a TAZER in his hand - *

Luther steps back, throws up a forearm - too late - *

Mr Punch tazes Luther - once, twice, three times *

Luther cries out, falls to his knees. *

Then Mr Punch produces a PEPPER SPRAY. *

Calmly, almost scientifically, he sprays Luther in the eyes. *

Luther howls in agony - lashes out blindly - *

Mr Punch steps back, pockets the pepper spray - *

As Luther howls in blind agony - lashes out - *

Mr Punch produces the flensing knife - moves in to slit Luther's throat but - *

-INSTINCTIVELY Luther LAUNCHES HIMSELF at Cameron - still blind - shoulders Cameron into the wall -

oof!

- gets his shoulder in - Cameron struggles - tries to find an angle to use the knife. *

Luther BITES DOWN ON CAMERON'S FOREARM. LOCKS HIS TEETH like a pitbull.

Cameron screams, brings his fist down on Luther's head, tackles Luther to the floor.

Luther falls

- Cameron kneels on his chest - presses down on his windpipe - choking him -

CAMERON
Open your mouth.

But Luther keeps his teeth locked. Cameron grabs Luther's mouth, squeezes. Hard.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Open your MOUTH! Open it! Open it!

Luther turns his face away. Cameron squeezes his jaw -

Then GLANCES LEFT - at the SOUND OF APPROACHING SIRENS

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

CAMERON (cont'd)
Open your mouth! Open it! Open It!

Luther swears, screams, curses through clenched teeth - No! No!
No!

CAMERON (cont'd)
Don't try to ruin it! Don't try to
ruin it! *

31 EXT. MAZE OF VICTORIAN TENEMENTS - DAY 2

31

Ripley, Gray and two uniformed officers hurry through the
alleys.

RIPLEY
DCI LUTHER!

32 INT. DERELECT BUILDING, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

32

Cameron looks up, sharply. That was too close. *

RIPLEY (V.O.)
BOSS?!

Cameron stands, looks down at the beaten Luther, curled up with
hands protecting his head.

Cameron picks up the fallen knife - debates whether to finish
it. But there's no time.

CAMERON
Please don't ruin it! *

He runs out the back door -

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. DERELECT BUILDING, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2

34

Ripley and Gray arrive with two UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Luther
gestures frantically, eyes jammed shut - *that way, that way!*

The UNIFORMS run in pursuit -

Luther makes frantic "help me" gestures - he's blind, can't
breathe, can't talk -

Ripley helps him into a sitting position. Luther gestures - he
wants something -

RIPLEY
What? What do you want?

Luther spits something into the palm of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

LUTHER
Evidence bag!

Gray makes a face - ew - then digs into her pocket, produces an evidence bag, passes it to Luther. Who transfers into it the

SMALL CHUNK OF CAMERON'S FLESH

he's bitten off. He seals the bag. Holds it out to Gray.

LUTHER (cont'd)
DNA.

Gray takes the bag. Fucking hell!

RIPLEY
Well, go! Go!

Gray takes the bag and runs.

Luther collapses. Ripley helps him to his feet.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Come on. You can do it. Come on.

Ripley looks around this horrible room. Then helps Luther, big wounded bear, to his feet.

Overhead, sound of POLICE HELICOPTERS, DOZENS OF SIRENS.

35 EXT. OLD ST PANCRAS CHURCH - DAY 2

35

Luther sits on the rear step assembly of an ambulance, having his eyes bathed by a PARAMEDIC.

Ripley approaches.

RIPLEY
Helicopters after him, a hundred uniforms, dogs, the lot. But he got away.

LUTHER
He's fast.

RIPLEY
He's more than fast. He had a getaway route scouted out.

LUTHER
I bet he did. The DNA? *

RIPLEY
It's being expedited. Imminent danger to life and so on. Can you even see anything?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Luther pats his eyes with a towel. They're red raw.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Blimey.

LUTHER
He had to wear the mask to do it. It's
not just for effect. I think he needs
it, to do what he does.

He stands on shaky legs.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Call me when the DNA results come in.

RIPLEY
Where you going?

LUTHER
Hospital.

He walks away, dialling

LUTHER (cont'd)
Benny?

INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY

Benny's at his desk, on the phone to Luther.

BENNY
I hear your day went fruit shaped.

INTERCUT LUTHER/BENNY

LUTHER
I've had worse days. How we coming on
the girl?

BENNY
(re: his screen)
The death porn is produced by a
foreign-registered offshoot of Pandora
Films. It's run out of Soho. These
films - did you know the men aren't
actors? As in, they pay to appear?
It's like a fantasy fulfilment thing.

LUTHER
Yep. Cheery thought, no?

BENNY
So bad news: for obvious reasons it's
all kept a bit *entre nous*. Good news:
that means they draw from a very small
pool of technicians and a fixed number
of locations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNY (cont'd)

A bit more digging, I think I can find
out who's working where today. And
bob's your uncle.

*
*
*

LUTHER

How long's this going to take?

*
*
*

BENNY

I'm moving quick as I can - but
softly, softly cathee monkey, y'know.
If we spook them, they'll up sticks
and run.

*
*
*
*
*

LUTHER

All right, Ben. Do what you can, quick
as you can. And let me know.

*
*
*

BENNY

The minute I do.

*
*

Luther hangs up, walks on.

*

36 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY 2

36 *

Back at Alice's new home

37 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2

37

Alice is led into the interview room. She beams, delighted to
see -

JOHN LUTHER. He's waiting for her at a simple desk.

ALICE

(re: the state of him)
What happened?

LUTHER

Customer.

ALICE

Ah.

She sits. They face each other. Old times. He nods at her arm -
bandaged from wrist to elbow.

LUTHER

What's this?

ALICE

A permanent solution to a temporary
problem.

LUTHER

How many times you tried it?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ALICE

Fewer than a hundred. Sadly, every attempt ended in failure. They gave me no choice but to just keep on living.

LUTHER

And to keep you safe, they moved you here.

ALICE

Well, it is a secure hospital, John.

LUTHER

As secure as a prison?

ALICE

One can only assume so.

A long, playful beat.

ALICE (cont'd)

Have you been seeing anyone?

LUTHER

None of your business.

ALICE

Because I haven't. Most of the people in here are women. Not that I mind, *per se*. Needs must. But they do tend to the mentally ill. Child abuse, spousal abuse, alcohol abuse, yada yada yada. It's all just breathtakingly unerotic.

LUTHER

Nice.

ALICE

Well, really. I can't tell you how monotonous it is. And what about you?

LUTHER

What about me?

*

*

*

*

ALICE

Have you left yet?

LUTHER

Left where?

ALICE

The police service.

LUTHER

No.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

ALICE

Will you?

A long, long beat. He holds her gaze. And ours.

*

LUTHER

Yeah. Yeah, I'm leaving.

*

ALICE

When?

LUTHER

Soon. I just need to clear up a couple of things. Take care of Ripley, make sure he's back on track. And there's this girl.

*

*

*

*

ALICE

What girl?

*

*

LUTHER

Just a girl. I said I'd help.

*

*

ALICE

But isn't that exactly the problem?

*

*

LUTHER

I know. But after that, I'm done.

*

*

ALICE

Good. Because the people around you are vampires.

(re: his battered appearance)
They'll suck your veins dry, then crack your bones and lick out the marrow. You've done enough for them. Now step away from it. Find yourself a life worth living.

*

*

LUTHER

Well, that's the plan.

*

*

ALICE

Do you know where you'll go?

*

*

LUTHER

Not really. I'd like to nose round some hot places. Never seen a desert. Maybe see some sharks.

ALICE

Oh, I'm a great fan of sharks. Daddy took me snorkelling once, for my birthday - so I could see them in their natural habitat.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

LUTHER
You see many?

ALICE
Enough to decide I prefer them in
aquariums.

A meaningful look.

ALICE (cont'd)
I always wanted to see the Very Large
Array. It's in New Mexico. Twenty-
seven independent antennas, each with
a dish diameter of twenty-five meters.
It's not the biggest in the world, of
course. Or the most modern. But it is
iconic, and I grew up wanting to see
it. It's quite a spectacle. Out there
in the desert.

*

Her eyes lock on to his. A very long beat.

ALICE (cont'd)
We could see it together.

He smiles. She smiles.

Luther produces a very large, very red apple. Takes a huge bite
from it and sits there, chewing, smiling. Offers her the apple.
She declines.

LUTHER
So. I have to go. Madman to catch.

*

ALICE
Need any advice?

LUTHER
Not really. I'm pretty much up to
speed with my lunatics.

ALICE
Well. Don't be a stranger.

A long, lingering look. Then Luther exits.

38 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY 2

38

Luther leaves the main doors of the secure hospital.

He turns to follow the hospital perimeter. Turns left. Keeps
following the perimeter.

Stops at a place where a large tree overhangs the perimeter
wall.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Takes one more bite of the red apple - then TOSSES THE REMAINDER OVER THE WALL. And walks on.

39 INT. SSU, CRITICAL INCIDENT ROOM - DAY 2

39

Luther enters. Gray's at her machine,

*

GRAY

*

How you feeling?

*

LUTHER

*

Worse than I look. Where are we?

*

GRAY

*

Ripley's trying to expedite the DNA. No joy so far. The Mr Punch mask: according to my new friends on the chat-rooms, it's probably a theatrical prop. Or conceivably from some art student's end of year show.

*

*

*

*

*

*

LUTHER

*

Any calls to the second victim's family?

*

*

*

GRAY

*

Oh yes. You ready for this?

*

Luther nods. She HITS PLAY and we hear

*

BOY CHILD (V.O.)

*

Cruor genius loci

*

GIRL CHILD (V.O.)

*

Cruor genius loci -

*

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

*

Cruor genius loci -

*

OLD MAN (V.O.)

*

Cruor genius loci -

*

CACOPHANY OF VOICES

*

Cruor genius loci -

*

SHE HITS STOP. Gives him a look.

*

LUTHER

*

Translation?

*

GRAY

*

"Blood from a wound is the spirit of this place."

*

*

*

LUTHER

*

Hah.

*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

He turns to the MAP OF LONDON: THE TWO CRIME SCENES CLEARLY MARKED.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Genius Loci. Spirit of Place. The essence of what makes an area unique: geography, architecture, traditions. Folk tales.

GRAY

We know he wants attention. And we know that certain serial offenders become synonymous with place.

LUTHER

Don't think "place". Think "territory." Or "hunting ground." Jack the Ripper in the East End. Peter Sutcliffe in Leeds and Bradford. Hyndley and Brady at Saddleworth Moor.

GRAY

So he's - ?

LUTHER

Telling us his crimes will come to define his area.

GRAY

What area? Right now, we're looking at anywhere between Smithfield and Petticoat Lane.

LUTHER

And beyond. You can't establish a pattern from two killings. Next victim could be in Islington
(hits map)
Could be in Wimbledon.
(hits map)
Could be in Greenwich. Anywhere.

He steps back, considers the map from a greater distance: sees London's vast sprawl.

LUTHER (cont'd)

He said to me, "Don't ruin it." What does that say to you?

GRAY

That he's on a mission.

LUTHER

And what's the mission?

GRAY

Celebrity. Infamy.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

LUTHER

Something like that. But there's
something more. Something he wants to
achieve.

A beat.

INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE - DAY

Caroline is alone, nursing a glass of wine. An empty bottle on
the table next to her. Next to the CHILDHOOD PICTURES OF JENNY.

She'd be drunk if she weren't so horribly on edge.

She stands. Paces. Sits. Stands. Goes to the window. Above all,
she drinks.

INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY

Luther stares at the map of London. Gray glances left and
right. Are we alone? Yes. She approaches.

GRAY

Guv? Do you mind if we have a word?
Kind of off the record type thing?

LUTHER

Of course, yeah. Go on.

GRAY

I'm guessing you've seen my personnel
file.

(he has)

So you know how hard I've worked to
get here.

(say it)

Well, my point is - please don't take
this the wrong way -

LUTHER

I promise to try.

GRAY

Today you asked me to confiscate
people's mobile phones - when there
were no actual, no real legal grounds -

LUTHER

Look, it was a figure of speech.

GRAY

I know. I get that. Really. But if I
had gone and just - confiscated them,
would you have minded?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

Honestly? Not really. But I'd have protected you from any consequences.

GRAY

Which is kind of my point. I don't want to be needing that kind of protection. With the best will in the world, I don't want to be like DS Ripley. He was like this rising star, and now he's -

LUTHER

What?

GRAY

Well - tarnished, I suppose. Sorry. And I just, I don't want to risk my career when it's only getting started.

*

A long, long beat.

Gray (cont'd)
I'm just - this is my job, y'know.

LUTHER

Noted. I'll be more careful in future.

GRAY

Thank you, Guv.

The awkwardness is broken by Schenk. He enters, knows something's amiss. Lets it lie.

SCHENK

DCI Luther, did you get to see a doctor?

Luther's automatic response is to lie. But then he glances at Gray - and is stuck for words. Caught out!

SCHENK (cont'd)

John, you took a beating. So get yourself checked out and signed off - now, if you wouldn't mind. You won't catch this man by dropping dead of an embolism.

(waits)

I could have you driven there, if you prefer?

LUTHER

No. No, I'm on my way.

Luther grabs his coat as Schenk returns to his office. Then, coat on, Benny catches his eye. Over here!

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Luther hurries over.

LUTHER (cont'd)
You got an address for me?

BENNY
Surely do. Question is, you sure you
want it?

LUTHER
One minute.
(dials phone)
Justin, how're we looking on that DNA
sample?

RIPLEY'S VOICE
Two, three hours?

LUTHER
Can't you shout at someone, hurry it
up?

RIPLEY'S VOICE
I already did quite a lot of shouting.
If I shout any more, they'll throw me
out.

LUTHER
Fair enough.
(hangs up, turns to Benny)
Okay. Give me the place.

40 OMITTED

40 *

41 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, GROUNDS - DAY 2

41

Alice is out for some supervised exercise. She wanders to the edge of the grounds. Stands under the high wall. By an old oak tree.

In the undergrowth lies a half-eaten apple.

Alice checks: no-one's looking. She stoops, picks up the apple, tears it in half. Inside, plastic-wrapped to protect it - is

A KEYCARD!

INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE - DAY

Caroline is still drinking.

When the phone rings, she jumps - and lets it go to voicemail.

LUTHER (V.O.)
Caroline, it's John Luther. We think
we've found her. I'm on my way now.
I'll call the minute I know anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up. And Caroline sits. Head in hands. Tugging unconsciously at the hair on her nape.

Please, please please please please.

42 **EXT. SEEDY HOUSE, STREET 2 - DAY 2**

42 *

Inner London street - Hackney maybe. Luther parks, gets out, already on the phone.

LUTHER

Yeah, I'm just leaving. Nothing's broken, no. Nothing like that. Few aches and pains. Any news?

(listens)

What about the DNA?

(listens)

No. He's in the database, Justin. You don't graduate to this without some kind of record. He's in there somewhere. That's how we're going to get him. Listen, I've got to go. The doctor's just calling me back in.

He hangs up, walks until he finds NUMBER 42: a SEEDY HOUSE at the end of the road. Knocks on the door.

After a long beat, it's answered by SWEETPEA (33): perma-tanned, shaven headed, steroid-expanded man-mountain.

LUTHER (cont'd)

(badges him)

All right, mate? Mind if I step inside? I'll only be minute.

A long beat. Luther's not going anywhere. He grins with infinite menace -

- until finally, Sweetpea steps back - and Luther enters -

43 **INT. SEEDY HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 2 CONT.**

43

- follows Sweetpea down the crapulous hallway.

44 **INT. SEEDY HOUSE, PORN SET - DAY 2 CONT.**

44

This is an awful place. Dressed to look like some kind of urban dungeon - the kind of place where men of a certain frame of mind might fantasise about taking a kidnap victim. A bare steel bed frame, manacles. Lengths of rubber tubing. Hoses. Oxygen cylinders. Dog leads. Manacles.

In here are two BIG, FRIGHTENING MEN, in HEAD-TO-TOE IN BOILER SUITS, SKI MASKS, RUBBER BOOTS.

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(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

And JENNY JONES (19). Dressed like a Manga parody of a schoolgirl. She's sits on the edge of the bed-frame, strung out, nervous to the point of being terror-stricken.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

SAME SCENE through CCTV monitors set high in the corners, some webcams set lower. The entire thing is to filmed in such a way as to amplify the sense of "reality".

*

BACK TO SCENE

*

Everything STOPS when Luther enters, Sweetpea at his heel.

*

Luther stands there, blinking. Can't quite believe his eyes.

*

JENNY

*

Who's he?

*

(looks to porno actor; fights
tears)

*

Not three. I told you not three. I
can't.

*

Out on Luther's appalled expression -

*

45 INT. SEEDY HOUSE, BACK ROOM - DAY 2

45

A shithole. The paper has been peeled off in strips. A trestle table, a red tartan flask.

ON SEVERAL MONITORS PLACED ON THE TABLE, we see VIDEO FEED INTO THE PORN SET.

Jenny's wearing a kimono. She's strung out and hyper. She doesn't want to be here. She wants it all to be over. She wants it to be tomorrow.

*

JENNY

*

She's got no right. I'm actually an adult, in case she hadn't noticed.

*

LUTHER

And you're seriously telling me a mother's got no right to be worried?

JENNY

Listen, officer whoever. I'm nearly twenty. I've seen stuff you wouldn't believe. So probably best not to patronise me, eh?

LUTHER

Sorry. Yeah, of course. I don't mean to.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JENNY

Anyway. It's only sex. It's only bodies. I don't actually happen to think there's anything wrong with the human body.

LUTHER

Letting people have sex with you while you're unconscious. That's not "only sex", is it?

*
*
*

JENNY

I'm a sex worker! Yeah, I do some funny things, but at least I'm my own boss and I don't have to believe a load of bullshit people shove down each other's throats about love and marriage and monogamy and blah blah blah. You married?

*
*

LUTHER

Was.

JENNY

Exactly! "Was". How long?

LUTHER

Eighteen years.

JENNY

And how many times did you do the dirty on her? Be honest. No-one's listening.

LUTHER

Never.

*

A long beat. A twinkle of sadness in her eyes.

*

LUTHER (cont'd)

Thing is, Jenny - I don't think you're doing this by choice. Not really. I think somebody's making you do it. And I think you're scared of what'll happen to you if you don't.

*
*
*
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*

JENNY

Cuddly thought. But nah. I just need the coinage. Rent to pay.

*
*
*

LUTHER

Okay. I'm not going to change your mind. I can see that. But if you could just call your mum? Just let her hear your voice? Say hello.

*

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

JENNY

But it's not actually my voice she
wants to hear, is it? She's not even
that different from the freaks who get
off on these films. It's not who I
actually am that matters. Just who
they wish I was.

*
*
*
*
*

A sombre beat. Broken by PORNO MAN. He looms in the doorway.

*

JENNY (cont'd)

(to Luther, more softly)
Look. Just tell her I'm okay, okay?

She leaves, hanging the kimono on the back of a one of the
shitty chairs. Porno Man casts a disdainful glance at Luther.

*

Luther glares at him.

*

Then deflates. Jesus Christ.

*

46 EXT. SEEDY HOUSE, STREET 2 - DAY 2

46

Luther exits. An air of weariness and melancholy. He walks to
his car. Keys in the lock.

Glances over his shoulder, at the seedy house. Clenches his
jaw. A long beat. Then a decision.

He marches back to the front door. Hammers on it.
Bangbangbangbang.

Sweetpea opens the door a crack - Luther KICKS IT all the way
open, strides inside.

Sweetpea makes a move. Luther just turns to him, points.

LUTHER

Don't.

He doesn't. He's not stupid.

*

47 INT. SEEDY HOUSE, PORN SET - DAY 2

47

Luther stomps in. PORNO MAN steps up. Luther shoves him in the
centre of his chest - sends him reeling back onto the bed.

*

LUTHER

(to Porno Man)
Lie down and shut up.

*

Luther GRABS JENNY'S WRIST.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Jennifer Jones, I'm arresting you on
suspicion of possessing a controlled
substance.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

She screams, struggles, scratches as Luther tries to cuff her.

CUT TO:

THE SCENE PLAYS OUT ON MONITORS

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER (cont'd)

- Anything you do say may be given in
evidence.

Finally, she's cuffed and Luther orientates her to the exit. *

The PORNO MEN block the doorway. *

Masked and threatening. *

Luther stares them down with utter, wordless contempt. *

They stand aside. Meek as cattle. And Luther urges Jenny
forward. *

48 INT. SEEDY HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 2 CONT.

48

They pass Sweetpea and exit -

49 EXT. SEEDY HOUSE, STREET 2 - DAY 2 CONT.

49

- onto the street. Luther walks Jenny to his car.

JENNY

Help! Help me! Call the police!

A couple of PASSERS-BY look on in anxious disbelief. Luther
badges them.

LUTHER

I am the police. This woman's under
arrest.

The passers-by walk on - still anxious, but profoundly
unwilling to get involved.

Luther opens the back door, shoves Jenny onto the seat. Passes
the seatbelt between her cuffed wrists, then clicks it into
place.

He gets in the driver's seat, starts the engine, pulls away.

50 I/E. LUTHER'S CAR (TRAVELLING)/INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2

50

Luther drives, Jenny in the back seat.

JENNY

What did I do? You didn't find any
drugs! Search me! I don't take drugs!
I'm clean!

LUTHER

Do me a favour. Shut up. Just for one
minute.

JENNY

I'm clean! I'm clean! I'm clean! I'm
clean! I'm clean! I'm clean!

Luther clenches his jaw, drives. His phone rings.

LUTHER

Justin?

Ripley on the phone

RIPLEY

What's happening? What did the doctor
say?

Frowns, as he hears:

JENNY's voice (V.O.)
I'm clean! I'm clean! I'm clean!

INTERCUT LUTHER/RIPLEY

Luther turns in his seat. Glares a warning. She shuts up.

LUTHER

(to Ripley)

You get a hit on the DNA?

RIPLEY

Cameron Pell. Artist. Well - failed
artist.

LUTHER

History of mental illness?

RIPLEY

No, but the man's got issues. Five
years back he was arrested for gate-
crashing some modern art exhibition.
He burst in wearing a clown mask,
slashed all the paintings with a
flensing knife. When they tried to
throw him out, he went absolutely
tonto. Cut up two doormen.

(MORE)

*
*
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*
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*

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Served three of a five-year stretch.
Lucky to avoid an attempted murder
charge.

*
*
*

LUTHER

Address?

RIPLEY

Should be with you in a minute.

He presses SEND on his mobile. A moment later, Luther's phone beeps in response.

LUTHER

See you there.

Ripley hangs up, heads for the door.

51 I/E. LUTHER'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2

51

Luther glances in the rear view.

JENNY

You on your way to arrest someone?

LUTHER

Pretty much.

JENNY

(rattles cuffs)

Well, you're screwed then. Because
I'll do you for false arrest.

LUTHER

I don't think so. I had reasonable and
probable cause to believe you'd
committed an offence. One more peep
out of you, it'll be possession with
intent to supply.

JENNY

You're a liar!

LUTHER

You're a junkie hooker. I'm a copper.

JENNY

You'd do that, would you? Stitch me
up?

LUTHER

To shut you up? In a millisecond.

Long beat.

JENNY

And it's "sex worker", actually.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Luther drives.

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*

JENNY (cont'd)

Do you even know what they'll do to me
for this? They'll break my ankles - if
I'm lucky. So just take me back.
Please.

LUTHER

Nobody's going to hurt you.

*
*

JENNY

Yeah? Who says? You?

*
*

LUTHER

Yep.

*
*

JENNY

They do know where I live, y'know.

*
*

LUTHER

People like that always do.

*
*

52 I/E. LUTHER'S CAR, OUTSIDE MARK'S HOUSE - DAY 2

52 *

Luther pulls up. A moment of silence.

JENNY

Seriously.

53 EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY 2 CONT.

53 *

Luther gets out, hurries to the door, knocks on it. Eventually, it's answered - by MARK NORTH!

*

LUTHER

Mark. I wouldn't do this if I didn't absolutely have to.

MARK

Do what?

Mark's gaze goes to the car. He sees Jenny in the back seat.

MARK (cont'd)

John, who's that?

*
*
*

LUTHER

Someone who needs to be where nobody can find her. Just for a few hours.

54 I/E. LUTHER'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2

54 *

Alone in the car now, Luther speeds to Cameron's place.

LUTHER

Caroline, it's John Luther.

*
*

INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

Caroline on the phone. Another empty bottle. Another full glass

CAROLINE

Did you find her?! Is she -

INTERCUT LUTHER/CAROLINE

LUTHER

She's fine.

Caroline crumples. *Oh thank God.* She struggles for a moment.

CAROLINE

Where is she? Right now?

LUTHER

That's a bit complicated. I've got a few things to sort out. Then I'll bring her to you.

CAROLINE

How is she? Really.

LUTHER

She's scared. A bit bewildered. But she's okay. She'll be okay. Listen, I've got to go.

CAROLINE

I don't know what to say -

But he's already hung up.

55 **INT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2**

55 *

Jenny is cuffed to the kitchen chair. Mark brings her a cup of tea. Sits down.

JENNY

Where am I? What part of London is this?

MARK

Well, if I told you that - it wouldn't be a safehouse, would it? And you wouldn't be in protective custody.

He goes to the sink, pulls off a glass of water. Drinks.

MARK (cont'd)

Besides. It's only for an hour.

But even he doesn't believe that

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

JENNY

You do know what they'll do if they
find me, yeah?

*
*
*

56 EXT. CAMERON'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

56 *

The TACTICAL SUPPORT TEAM emerges from inside the building.

Luther and Ripley are in Hi-viz jackets and bullet-proof vests.
They've been watching the operation.

The TACTICAL SUPPORT CHIEF removes his helmet, shakes his head.

LUTHER

Nobody home?

57 INT. CAMERON'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

57

Luther and Ripley enter. The place is completely empty except
for -

*

- a LAND LINE PHONE, placed in the middle of the room. It's
wire trailing to the wall.

Interesting.

Ripley's about to comment when THE PHONE RINGS - and everybody
freezes. Luther gestures: let it ring.

CAMERON (V.O.)

(recorded)

I'm not here. Leave a message.

CAMERON (V.O.)

(live)

I know you're there.

*

Luther turns to Ripley - go! go!

Ripley runs -

58 EXT. CAMERON'S PLACE - NIGHT 2 CONT.

58

- bursts out the door, on the phone.

RIPLEY

Benny - it's Ripley, mate. I need you
to trace the call going to this number
... it's a landline, 0207 946 0352.
Make the trace, scramble a Response
Unit.

59 INT. CAMERON'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

59

Luther goes to the phone, gloves on, lifts the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

LUTHER

Hey there, Cameron. How's the arm?

CAMERON (V.O.)

I'm not Cameron.

LUTHER

All right. Who are you? Mr Punch?

*

60 I. CAMERON'S PLACE / I. SOMEWHERE UNIDENTIFIABLE - NIGHT 2

60

Cameron's somewhere unidentifiable, somewhere in the city.

*

CAMERON

I'm just this.

INTERCUT LUTHER/CAMERON

Ripley sneaks in. He's got his phone to his ear.

*

CAMERON (cont'd)

Do you know anything about this city?

LUTHER

I know it smells a bit funny when the weather gets hot.

RIPLEY

(silently mouths)

He's close. Less than a mile.

*

*

Luther nods. He notes the large window which runs the length of the flat. It offers a view of the city at night.

*

*

He steps out on to the balcony.

*

CAMERON

In London, all time is eternally present, all-time unredeemable.

*

LUTHER

So what's the play all about, Cameron? Because that's what it is, right? A kind of performance. With Cameron Pell as Mr Punch!

*

*

*

*

*

A long, silent beat. Luther looks out at the city. That feeling, as though he's being watched.

*

*

CAMERON

You think you know me?

*

LUTHER

Well, to be fair - I am standing in your flat.

*

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

CAMERON

That's nothing. It's just a machine for living in.

Luther glances at Ripley.

RIPLEY

(mouths)

ETA three minutes.

Luther nods.

LUTHER

So what am I missing?

CAMERON

Are you trying to keep me on the line, officer?

LUTHER

Well, I'm trying to keep the conversation going, yeah. I'm trying to understand you.

CAMERON

Fine. You want to know me? You want to know what drives me?

LUTHER

Very much.

CAMERON

This. Now. Everything. This place. This time. This disaffection. This cretinised culture. We live in a spiritual vacuum in a dead land. We're cut off from history and tradition. We spend all day looking at screens; we think in bright colours and quick cuts and two dimensions - filled with fancies and empty of meaning. We've got all the information in the world at our fingertips, and none of the wisdom. We just stew in this pestilential apathy, this restless despair, this constant craving for escapism. Escape from what? We're the richest and most decadent people who ever lived, and still we're dissatisfied. We gorge on drugs for anxiety disorders and depressive illness - because we've lost all sense of who we are. We've lost our myths and our history. Kids in Whitechapel play video games in which they score points by killing prostitutes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

CAMERON (cont'd)

They're totally indifferent to the
spectre that walks past their
window. This is a dead city. An unreal
city. And do you know why?

*

LUTHER

Tell me why. Explain to me.

*

*

CAMERON

We're so indifferent, we don't care
that we don't care. It's like we're
medicated, like veal calves suckled on
opioids. We know the pain's there,
somewhere. But we can't stop suckling
long enough to give a rat's arse.

*

*

*

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*

*

LUTHER

And how are you going to wake us up?

*

*

*

CAMERON

I'm going to remind people what it's
like to be really scared.

*

*

*

LUTHER

And how does that work?

*

*

CAMERON

You ever hear of Spring Heeled Jack?

LUTHER

Yeah, I know Spring Heeled Jack.
Victorian bogeyman. Red Eyes. Mask.
All that. You cribbing your ideas from
the Penny Dreadfuls?

*

*

*

CAMERON

They called him the Terror of London.
Do you know what made him terrifying?

*

Luther waits. Makes eye-contact with Ripley. Who lifts the phone to his ear, whisper a request for a revised ETA.

CAMERON (cont'd)

He could do whatever he liked to
whomever he chose, whenever he chose,
wherever he chose. And he was never
caught. He just disappeared. And
passed into folklore.

LUTHER

And that's what you plan to do. Pass
into folklore.

*

*

*

CAMERON

I've already done it. You just don't
know it yet.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

LUTHER

You sure? Last time we had a chat, you seemed pretty nervous I might ruin it.

CAMERON

I was. But I'm past that now. I just had to remodel the schedule a little bit.

LUTHER

What schedule?

(no answer)

What schedule, Cameron?

A pause. And in that instant Luther sees a DISTANT SILHOUETTED FIGURE, FRAMED IN AN EMPTY OFFICE BLOCK.

Looking straight back at him.

For a long moment, from a distance, each studies the other. Then THE LINE GOES DEAD ... the silhouette turns.

AND DISAPPEARS.

Ripley hangs up his call, turns to Luther.

LUTHER (cont'd)

How long?

RIPLEY

Less than a minute.

LUTHER

Too late. He's gone.

61 OMITTED

61

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 2

63

Luther and Ripley are with CANDICE CALVERT, Cameron's ex-wife. Late 30s, touch of the Gothic Bette Davis about her.

CANDICE

I haven't seen Cameron for two years. I don't know what you expect me to tell you

LUTHER

You met where - art school?

CANDICE

Well ... I was at art school.

LUTHER

And Cameron?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CANDICE

Cameron was working nights as a Security guard. But he'd hang around the refectory. Sort of - y'know. Talking art and so on.

LUTHER

He pretended to be a student?

CANDICE

Not in so many words. But he did kind of - imply it, yeah.

LUTHER

How'd he do as an artist?

CANDICE

He didn't. He never sold anything.

LUTHER

Why not, d'you think?

CANDICE

It sounds harsh - sorry and everything - but lack of talent was part of it. More than that, though; his ideas were just ... unfashionable. He was interested in Jungian theory. Myth, fairy tale, the collective unconscious. The "fearful and fascinating mystery". All that. But the contemporary market is for -- well, it's for more conceptual stuff. Political stuff. Post modern.

RIPLEY

Pickled sharks and unmade beds.

CANDICE

There's a bit more to it than that.

Ripley doesn't think so.

LUTHER

How'd Cameron take this?

CANDICE

He said it was "pretentious, self-indulgent, craftless tat". Exact words. It confirmed what he'd always felt. He really was different. He really didn't belong.

LUTHER

He'd always felt like this?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

CANDICE

He was eaten up with it - all the self-hatred, the bitterness. The feeling that nobody was interested in what he had to say. He'd been this very clever kid. Very introspective - very late to hit puberty. Plus, he suffered from nyctophobia.

Ripley gives Luther a look: what's that?

LUTHER

Fear of the dark.

CANDICE

Well, yeah. Sort of. But not the dark so much as - what might be in the dark.

A meaningful beat - then Luther opens a book containing IMAGES OF SPRING HEELED JACK.

LUTHER

He ever talk about this?

CANDICE

(laughs)
Spring Heeled Jack?

LUTHER

Yeah.

CANDICE

About ten zillion times. It was his childhood obsession: Spring Heeled Jack was in his wardrobe; or Spring Heeled Jack was lurking in the bushes at the end of the garden. He had to see somebody about it - a psychiatrist or a psychologist or a therapist or whichever one you see when you're a kid. Which one is it?

LUTHER

And word got round about that? This kid who was so scared of the dark he had to see a doctor?

CANDICE

They treated him like a freak. I suppose he was a freak, really. Still is.

LUTHER

He ever hurt you?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

CANDICE

Cameron? God, no. Not in a million years. He wouldn't have the guts. Way too timid.

Beat.

LUTHER

Knowing him like you do - if he had one idea, just one single idea he wanted to communicate, what do you think it would be?

A long, long beat. And then:

CANDICE

Monsters are real.

A sombre beat, broken by Gray entering.

GRAY

Boss?

They can tell by her face - it's bad.

64 INT. SSU, BENNY'S DESK/EXT. EGMONT TERRACE ON WEBCAM - NIGHT 2 64

Luther and Ripley follow Gray across the bullpen.

GRAY

Sorry, but you want to see this.

They arrive at Benny's desk

BENNY

This just went live.

He clicks a link.

ON SCREEN: a RESIDENTIAL STREET. Perfectly normal. Perfectly quiet. And perfectly still. Except for -

CAMERON! Wearing the Mr Punch mask, he turns and waves at the camera then walks slowly down the pavement.

LUTHER

Is this live?

BENNY

Seems to be. It's a webcam. Fitted to a car, maybe.

LUTHER

We know the street?

BENNY

No way to identify it.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Cameron saunters down the long, long street. The ECHO of his
lonely, late-night footfalls. *

INTERCUT LUTHER WATCHING/CAMERON ON THE STREET

LUTHER
We've got to find that street! *

GRAY
Partial plate!

She points to a HAZY, INDISTINCT VAN NUMBER PLATE.

LUTHER
Dig it up. Get me an address.

Gray runs to her machine.

CUT TO:

Cameron promenades. In absolutely no hurry. *

He begins whistling. Spectral and frightening in the stillness. *

CUT TO:

LUTHER (cont'd)
Erin! Come ON!

Gray's accessing VEHICLE LICENSING RECORDS, tapping in the
partial number plate.

CUT TO:

Cameron stops at Number 23. He glances at the camera. *

Then - horribly - he

PEERS THROUGH THE CURTAINS INTO THE HOUSE. *

After a long, awful moment, he turns. He mimes for the camera: *

Is this the one? *

No. *

He shrugs. Silly old Punch! *

Moves on. *

CUT TO:

LUTHER (cont'd)
DS Gray!?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

GRAY

It's coming, it's coming. Eighty vehicles with that partial. Benny, can you narrow down the model?

BENNY

It's a light, maybe yellow or white Commer Van. Late 80s, early 1990s?

CUT TO:

Cameron stops at Number 27. He waits. Does nothing. Just hangs his head. Like a man at a graveside.

*
*

CUT TO:

Gray looks up in triumph.

GRAY

Got it! Van's registered to Grant Morrison, 37 Eastmead street, SW11.

She picks up the phone. Ripley runs over, gesturing for her to put it down.

RIPLEY

Wait! Let me double check -
(off Gray's angry reaction)
He could be parked on the next street.
He could be at his girlfriend's house.
He could've lent his van to a workmate.

Ripley navigates to Google Street View, finds EASTMEAD STREET.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. EGMONT TERRACE/INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2

65

Cameron rings the bell. One. Twice. Three times.

*

And waits

*

CUT TO:

Ripley finds Eastmead St!

RIPLEY

Eastmead Street runs alongside a canal - this is a double terrace.

LUTHER

THEN WHERE THE HELL IS IT?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

RIPLEY

(to Gray)

Check all streets within half a mile
North to Southwest of Eastmead Street.
I'll do the other side.

GRAY

On it.

CUT TO:

Cameron rings the bell again. But this time he keeps his finger
pressed to it. *

Inside the house, the bell rings and rings and rings ... *

And then - a LIGHT FLICKS ON in Number 27. *

CUT TO:

LUTHER

(watching)

No! NO! NO!

CUT TO:

Cameron takes his finger from the bell and waits. Listens to
FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS. *

The door opens. Behind it is a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN (late 20s).

He sees the gruesome mask - tries to slam the door - too late!

Cameron barges in AND SLICES THE YOUNG MAN'S THROAT.

CUT TO:

LUTHER (cont'd)

BASTARD!!

CUT TO:

Cameron looks down at the body.

CUT TO:

Luther punches the desk, turns from the screen.

GRAY

It's EGMONT TERRACE!! Two streets
South West.

LUTHER

THEN CALL IT IN! Call it in NOW!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

GRAY

(snatches up phone)

This is DS Gray, SSU - requesting
urgent armed response to Egmont
Terrace, SW11.

(looks at teammates)

And send an ambulance.

CUT TO:

Cameron walks towards us. Black overcoat. White mocking mask,
blood-spattered.

Behind him, the open door of Number 27 spills electric lamp-light onto the dark pavement. Like the window of a stable in a nativity picture.

Then the Mr Punch mask fills the screen.

66 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2

66

Candice steps on to the SSU, somewhat bemused. Finds Luther and the others in stunned silence.

CANDICE

Did something happen?

They look to her - having forgotten she was here.

LUTHER

DS Ripley, DS Gray, please escort Ms Calvert home.

67 EXT. 27 EGMONT TERRACE - NIGHT 2

67

Luther approaches. Sees the young man lying dead in his own hallway.

Out on his anger, weariness. Despair.

68 I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 2

68

Demoralised silence. Ripley at the wheel, Gray rides shotgun. Candice in the back, watching London pulse by.

GRAY

You didn't have to do that.

RIPLEY

Do what?

GRAY

Embarrass me.

RIPLEY

I wasn't trying to embarrass you. Just do what was needed.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

She snorts. Looks out the window.

69 I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR, OUTSIDE CANDICE'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

69

Ripley pulls up. A silence.

CANDICE

I wonder -

GRAY

(turns)

Yes?

CANDICE

Would you mind - coming up with me?
Just - check under the bed. That sort
of thing. I know it's silly.

GRAY

It's not silly at all. Is that okay
with you, Detective Sergeant Ripley?

Ripley gives her a helpless, somewhat hurt glance.

RIPLEY

Fine. Good. Yeah.

GRAY

Do you have a torch?

Ripley flips his glove box. Gray takes out his torch - a 3-cell Maglite, aluminium, heavy duty.

Candice and Gray get out. Slam the doors. Loud in the night-time silence. Leaving Ripley to stew in it.

They walk to Candice's front door. Air of LATE NIGHT MENACE.

70 INT. CANDICE'S PLACE - NIGHT 2 CONT.

70

Candice and Gray edge through a VACUUM CLEANER REPAIR shop -- *

It's dark and eerie. Gray uses the Maglite torch to help negotiate the narrow storeroom - full of ANGLES AND SHAPES rendered unfamiliar and fearsome by the darkness, the beam of the torch. *

They walk UPSTAIRS to CANDICE'S FLAT. Reach the DOOR. Candice produces her keys. Opens the door. *

INT. CANDICE'S PLACE - NIGHT

It's dark. Candice hits the light. The 40 watt glow fills the hallway. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gray moves room to room, turning on lights. The sense that Cameron could be lurking anywhere. In the shadows. Flensing knife in hand.

Finally, she comes to the bedroom door. She lingers outside. Takes a breath - opens the door -

71 INT. CANDICE'S PLACE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 CONT.

71

- steps into darkness. Fumbles for the lightswitch. Can't find it! Sweeps the room with the beam of the torch until she JUMPS in TERROR and CRIES OUT - the beam crosses a HUMAN SHAPE on the bed!

Gray finds the light-switch, turns it on, wields her torch like a baton. To see it's an OVER-SIZED TEDDYBEAR.

Out on her relief, tinged with embarrassment.

72 E./I. RIPLEY'S CAR OUTSIDE CANDICE'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

72

Ripley at the wheel, silently churning over his day. The car is heavy with silence and night.

He JUMPS - at Gray's voice on his radio.

GRAY'S (V.O.)
The house is clear. I'm going to make
sure Miss Calvert is comfortable, call
some relatives over.

Ripley rolls his eyes. Reaches for his radio. Which is when

THE BACK DOOR OPENS - and Cameron slips in. Puts the knife to Ripley's throat.

CAMERON
Is he going to ruin it?

*

SMASH CUT TO:

73 INT. CANDICE'S PLACE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

73

Candice boils the kettle. Still a bag of nerves. Gray's waiting for a reply on her Airwave.

GRAY
DS Ripley, are you there?
(beat)
DS Ripley, please respond.

Nothing. That's weird.

Candice turns to Gray - what's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Struck by a dreadful premonition, Gray walks to the window in a dreamer's daze. Takes a breath, telling herself: *This is silly.* Yanks back the curtain.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON Gray. Terror-stricken.

Gray (cont'd)

Justin?

(long, horrible beat)

JUSTIN!

She bolts for the door and -

END OF EPISODE