

**LUTHER II**

**Episode Two**

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**BBC Drama Production**

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

JOHN LUTHER squats to examine Cameron Pell's latest victim, lying dead in his own hallway.

He's surprised to see MARTIN SCHENK arrive. Fatigued, bundled up against the chill, Schenk takes in the scene with a slow, sorrowful glance.

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LUTHER

Jason Neeley. Twenty-four year old.  
Mechanic.

SCHENK

John -

LUTHER

(stands)  
What? What's happened?

SCHENK

I think you'd better come with me.

Suddenly sick with anxiety, Luther follows Schenk to his car.

Another crime scene. Luther shoulders through the crowd. Signs himself in, ducks under the tape. And for the first time he sees

RIPLEY'S CAR.

THE DRIVER'S DOOR and REAR PASSENGER DOORS are open. The driver's side window and windscreen are daubed in BLOOD - flashing blue MISERY LIGHTS make it shine glossy black.

Luther takes it all in. Commits it to memory. Then sees -

DS ERIN Gray

She and Luther make BRIEF EYE CONTACT. Gray displays both guilt and challenge. Silently challenging Luther to blame her for this.

Luther holds her gaze a moment, then completes his visual sweep of the scene.

When he's finished, he kneels to inspect the car's interior.

On the inside of the windscreen is a single, perfect SHOE PRINT.

Luther is a sphinx. He buries his hands in his pockets. Finds -

RIPLEY'S PEN

2 CONTINUED:

2

Takes it out. Rolls it through his fingers.

Schenk arrives. Checks out the car.

SCHENK

He fought.

LUTHER

He's tough.

SCHENK

John - our anger has no place here. I need you fully engaged with the matter at hand, or not here at all. We owe that to Justin. Are we clear on that?

Luther huddles in his coat. Shivers. Takes a moment. Then galvanises himself.

LUTHER

Yeah, we're clear on that. We're clear.

Gray steps up.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So why no corpse?

SCHENK

He's trying to generate dread. We know he wants that.

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LUTHER

Then why not leave Justin here? Sliced throat, all that?

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\*

GRAY

We know he's a performer. A showman. Maybe he thinks making Justin vanish is ... more bloodcurdling.

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LUTHER

Yeah. Making people completely disappear isn't easy, though. Not in a city.

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SCHENK

But the risk entailed in abducting a live police officer would be -

LUTHER

Massive. Exactly. So if he took the risk, it must've been worth it.

GRAY

Worth it how?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

LUTHER

All this. This circus. It's Cameron's big moment. He's been fantasising about it since he was a kid, shivering in the dark, dreaming about making people as scared of monsters as he was.

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Looks around, at the crowd. The audience.

LUTHER (cont'd)

But we got his DNA. Found out his name. And he's afraid we're going to ruin it by catching him before the show's over.

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SCHENK

So he took Ripley - to what?

LUTHER

Get an inside line on where we are with the investigation. Help him keep one step ahead.

\*  
\*

(nods at car)

All this - the blood, whatever. It's bullshit. Justin's alive because Cameron wants him alive. And if Justin knows how to read Cameron right, he'll know how to stay alive.

He walks off, hands in pockets.

Gray beams a wordlessly skeptical glance at Schenk.

Schenk pinches the bridge of his nose. Sags.

3 I/E. LUTHER'S CAR OUTSIDE CANDICE'S PLACE - NIGHT 2

3

Luther gets behind the wheel - looks at the crime scene circus. Lights flash on his face. Tears in his eyes.

He starts the engine.

4 INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

4

An air of late-night exhaustion. Mark and Jenny sit at the breakfast table, drinking coffee. Jenny is cuffed by one hand to the backrest of the chair. There's that awkward air of eye-avoidance, not knowing what to say -

JENNY

What time is it?

MARK

Late. Early.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JENNY  
He said he'd only be an hour.

MARK  
Right.

JENNY  
I need the loo.

MARK  
(nods at handcuffs)  
No key.

JENNY  
Seriously, I'm busting. You'll have to  
get me a bucket or something. Or break  
the chair.

Mark checks out the chair, checks out the cuffs. Both solid.

He opens the cupboard under the kitchen sink. Digs out a LARGE  
PLASTIC BOWL. And a PIN HAMMER.

Weighs them up. Bowl or hammer? Hammer or bowl?

MARK  
Four hundred quid a piece, these  
chairs. Four hundred sodding quid.

He breaks the chair with the claw-end of the hammer, freeing  
Jenny. The cuff dangles from one wrist.

JENNY  
Where's the loo, where's the loo,  
where's the loo?

MARK  
Upstairs.

She moves to exit. Mark follows.

JENNY  
I can go to the loo by myself, thanks  
very much.

MARK  
And if I let you escape I'll never  
hear the end of it.

5 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2

5

A PILE OF BOOKS on Luther's desk. Jung's "Psychology and Religion". But mostly, pamphlets and books on Spring Heeled Jack, the "London Monster" ... and Fairy Tales: Propp's "Morphology of the Folktale", "Collected Tales of the Brothers Grimm", Ernst Jentsch's "On the Psychology of the Uncanny".

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Luther paces, reading Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment" with great speed and intensity.

ON BOOK: we see LINE DRAWINGS and COLOUR PLATES OF VARIOUS folk and FAIRY TALES: Hansel and Gretel, the Big Bad Wolf, Jack and the Beanstalk.

He glances at his COMPUTER SCREEN and contrasts these images with:

NEWS 24 - FILE FOOTAGE of the POLICE ON THE STREETS OF LONDON - HELICOPTERS HOVER OVER the JEWELLED LONDON SKYLINE.

The rolling news streamer reads: MASSIVE POLICE SEARCH FOR MISSING OFFICER. There's a photograph of Ripley. Smiling.

6 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2

6

Benny's surrounded by three thousand empty coffee cups. He gets an email, opens it, scans it.

BENNY  
Guv. Guv. GUV!

Luther hurries over, carrying the book. He's closely followed by Gray.

BENNY (cont'd)  
Shopkeeper called this in, uniform  
checked it out.

ON SCREEN: a photograph shows the WALL OF A LARGE URBAN BUILDING. On which has been sprayed A WELL-EXECUTED GRAFFITI:

A LONG, NARROW TRIANGLE and the words

\*

**CRUOR GENIUS LOCI**

BACK TO SCENE

BENNY (cont'd)  
Genius what, now?

LUTHER  
"Blood from a wound is the spirit of this Place".

Gray sees something. She approaches A MAP OF LONDON on which the murder sites have been marked with RED PINS. Takes a HIGHLIGHTER PEN from Benny's desk drawer and uses it to link the murder sites - forming a LONG, NARROW TRIANGLE.

GRAY  
Same dimensions as the graffiti.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LUTHER

So now Cameron's marked out his  
territory. Like a dog pissing on lamp-  
posts. This -  
(the area inside the  
triangle)  
- is his killing ground. His theatre.  
So whatever's coming next, it's  
happening here.

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BENNY

If got to be thirty square miles.

LUTHER

And the rest.

BENNY

Do we know what he's got in mind?

LUTHER

Nope.

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\*  
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\*  
\*

They stand back - and for the first time we see GRAPHIC  
REPRESENTATION of Cameron's design writ large on the CRIME  
WALL:

The "Genius Loci" graffiti. Crime scene photographs of Sadie,  
Abby, Jason. "Penny Dreadful" line drawings of Spring Heeled  
Jack: the "London Monster": Victorian newspaper headlines: A  
BEAST IN THE SHADOWS: A MONSTER IN LONDON; HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN  
PICCADILLY; FIEND STALKS THE SHADOWS. Candice's house.  
Victorian sketches of Mr Punch.

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Cameron in the Mr Punch Mask, taunting the cameras.

The old and the new, the mythical and the mundane - in strange  
and numinous juxtaposition.

GRAY

When?

LUTHER

We've got him on the run. So soon.

\*

Half turns, en route to Schenk's office.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Funny thing is - that's my fault. If I  
hadn't taken that DNA sample the way I  
did, if we hadn't panicked him by  
finding out who he was ... then maybe  
we'd have more time.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Luther turns from Gray's silent, accusing glance

\*

BENNY

You can't know that.

\*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

LUTHER

Yes I can, Ben. That's my problem. I  
know things.

\*  
\*  
\*

He heads to Schenk's office.

\*

7 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

7

Luther enters. Schenk is perched on the edge of his desk, deep  
in thought.

SCHENK

How are you feeling?

LUTHER

Angry.

SCHENK

Too angry?

LUTHER

Just angry enough.

SCHENK

Good. Because I can't have the wheels  
coming off this thing, John.

LUTHER

They won't.

SCHENK

We've got hundreds of coppers out  
there, looking for him. Some have come  
off sick leave. Others are refusing to  
go home. We'll find Justin.

Hold on Luther's silence for a moment.

LUTHER

This can't be about Ripley. Ripley can  
look after himself. This has to be  
about the next victims.

SCHENK

Victims, plural? Are we sure?

LUTHER

I think Cameron's planning something  
really big. The climax to his big  
show. And I think he's going to do it  
today.

\*

SCHENK

Why today?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

LUTHER

Because I found out who he is. I gave him no choice.

Beat.

SCHENK

John, what are you saying?

8 INT. SSU, CARROWAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

8

Schenk is with DCSU HELEN CARROWAY. (50s, uniformed, very weary.)

CARROWAY

Okaaaaaay. I'm not agreeing, I'm not disagreeing. I just want to feel certain I understand what you're saying here.

SCHENK

I trust DCI Luther's instincts in this matter.

CARROWAY

And what are those instincts?

SCHENK

Cameron Pell knows we've established his identity. He's therefore spooked and extremely volatile. Specifically, he's become very anxious that we may apprehend him before he's finished what he's set out to do.

CARROWAY

So I should call off the search?

SCHENK

Yes, ma'am.

CARROWAY

For a missing police officer? Who is, at the very least, currently in the gravest danger?

SCHENK

We strongly believe a search may be counter-productive. Come too close, too noisily, we risk provoking Pell into precipitate action.

CARROWAY

By which you mean, specifically?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCHENK

He'll kill Ripley and move on his next victims before we're in a position to intercept him.

CARROWAY

DS Ripley is the chap who put his career on the line for DCI Luther - is that right?

SCHENK

That's correct, Ma'am.

CARROWAY

And how do you think he'd react, if he could hear this conversation?

SCHENK

I think DS Ripley, of all people, would understand how difficult it is to take a decision of this nature.

She reads him. His melancholy, his delicate air of uncertainty.

CARROWAY

This is your command, Martin, and these are your officers. If you think this is the right decision, I'll absolutely support you.

(beat)

Is it the right decision?

Schenk wrestles with it. Looks at his knees. Then:

SCHENK

Yes. We need the time it'll give us.

9 INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 3

9

Jenny's jittery, tapping her knee. She concentrates on ripping a piece of junk mail into quarters - eights - sixteenths.

MARK

Aren't you tired?

JENNY

The opposite. You?

MARK

Knackered.

JENNY

Then go get some sleep. Lie down, chill out. Make yourself at home.

MARK

And wake up with my credit cards gone?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She smiles, unoffended, rips paper.

JENNY

So how do you know him? That Gavver.

MARK

Gavver?

JENNY

Smurf. Billy Filth. 'Cos obviously you're not one of them. No offence or whatever.

MARK

None taken. And that's a really long story.

JENNY

So give me the edited highlights.

MARK

Okay. Long story, very short: I was going to marry his ex-wife.

JENNY

Seriously? And now you're mates and everything?

MARK

Well, "mates" is pushing it a bit.

JENNY

Yeah, right! Mates enough to get up to no good together.

Marks lets that lie. But not without a smile that says: you don't know the half of it, mate.

JENNY (cont'd)

So where is she - his ex, your missus?

MARK

She, um. She died.

JENNY

Right. Ouch. Sorry. God, the mouth on me sometimes.

MARK

You weren't to know. So what about you - how do you know him?

JENNY

I don't, not really. Basically, far as I'm concerned, he's just this random Smurf, popped up out of nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MARK

Then why - ?

JENNY

Long time ago, my dad killed this girl. It was by accident and everything. But he panicked and cut her up and whatnot. Put all the bits in wheelie bins.

MARK

Oh, God - Jenny. I'm sorry.

JENNY

So this bloke, Luther, was one of the coppers put my dad away. Him and this skinny white bloke. Ian something.

That name causes a cloud to pass over Mark's face.

MARK

And your dad?

JENNY

Killed himself in prison.

MARK

Listen. I - um. I know how hard it can be, losing someone that way.

She locks eyes with Mark - and suddenly her defences weaken.

Mark watches her rip paper into tinier and tinier pieces.

10 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

10

Benny is with Gray. They're surrounded by Benny's EMPTY TAKEAWAY COFFEE CONTAINERS - and CHOCOLATE COFFEE BEANS in a little bowl, from which Benny takes the occasional fistful.

Gray has a big, fat folder containing CAMERON PELL'S FINANCIAL RECORDS. BENNY has his ELECTRONIC RECORDS.

Luther approaches.

LUTHER

How we looking?

GRAY

Pell works long hours at minimum wage. Cleans corporate offices in the City.

LUTHER

Makes sense. An empty office at midnight. He's got all of London to look at and fantasise about. Spending patterns?

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(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

GRAY

Bit weird. Live very frugally - actually manages to save a little bit every month. Then eight, nine months ago he gets a sudden cash injection. You're talking sixty-five grand.

BENNY

Cash arrives in his account nine weeks after his mother dies.

LUTHER

So it's his mum's estate. What does he do with it?

GRAY

Withdraws it.

LUTHER

What, all of it?

GRAY

Every penny.

LUTHER

So he wasn't saving for a rainy day. He was saving up for something. Something to do with all this. Question is - what did he do with the cash?

\*

A beat, then -

GRAY

I thought this might help. I had uniform borrow them from the ex wife -

She unravels large rolls of paper on the desk.

GRAY (cont'd)

Cameron's art.

\*

She pins them up, one by one. POSTERS SHOWING: unoccupied hotel rooms, deserted motorway flyovers, empty airports, empty swimming pools. Each picture contains a SINGLE INCONGRUOUS, ARCHETYPAL ELEMENT - A TWISTED TREE STANDS ON THE DESERTED MOTORWAY: A GRAIL SITS ON AN EMPTY HOTEL BED: THE SHADOW OF A MOTLEY FOOL is cast across the SWIMMING POOL. Gray names the pictures as she pins them.

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Gray (cont'd)

"Answer to Job" ... "the Integration of the Personality" ... "Die Anima als Schicksalsproblem des Mannes" ...  
"Aion"

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Turns his attention to CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH of CAMERON'S ROOM. Utterly empty - except for the table and the desk phone.

LUTHER

So his room wasn't just empty. It was like his work - full of his absence. Everything's absence. Empty rooms, empty roads.

Luther thinks. Steps up to the crime wall. Points out:

LUTHER (cont'd)

Spring Heeled Jack. Never caught. Passed into local folklore - (seeing the connection) - because he was never caught. Jack the Ripper - he's a myth, too. But Aaron Kosminski, he's just a butcher with mental health issues.

GRAY

Aaron who?

LUTHER

Long story. Point is, I think Cameron's going to cap off his legend by disappearing. Haunt us with his absence.

\*

GRAY

We talking suicide?

LUTHER

Too much vanity for suicide. He wants to see the effect his work has.

\*

Paces, seeing it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So what we do: we stop trying to predict what he'll do next. We go backwards instead. It costs money to set up a new identity. So follow that money, the missing sixty-five grand, and we find him. Start with contacts he made in prison.

They get to it. Luther makes for the door -

11 **EXT. HOBB LANE, OUTSIDE SSU - DAY 3**

11

- steps into the dawn light. Finds a quiet corner. Crosses his arms. Collapses into himself.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

12 INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 3

12

Mark and Jenny. There's an intense, confessional atmosphere between them. Mark is rocked by what he's just heard.

MARK

Jenny, listen. I know something about this stuff. What these people are doing to you is called Debt Bondage. It's a form of slavery and as such, it's illegal. They can't do it. They don't have the right to keep you against your will.

She smiles for his innocence. Almost tender.

JENNY

They don't have the right, no. What they've got is the ability.

13 EXT. HOBB LANE, OUTSIDE SSU - DAY 3

13

Luther's taken his personal moment, worked through some of the fear, swallowed some of the grief.

LUTHER

Right. Right, right right.

He takes a breath. *Do it.* Strides back inside. Ready to go.

14 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

14

An abandoned industrial shit-hole on the edge of nowhere. Inside, the walls are padded with ratty soundproofing. There are crates, boxes, a million kinds of junk - lethal and filthy.

And hanging from a HOOK IN THE WALL is JUSTIN RIPLEY!

One side of his head still bloody from a head-wound. But he's conscious, watching with great anxiety. The first thing he sees, on the wall directly opposite, is the MR PUNCH mask, hanging there.

In the middle of the empty space, CAMERON squats over a camping fire HEATING AN IRON BAR - wrapped in rags for a handle.

He leaves the bar in the fire and approaches Ripley.

CAMERON

You must know that phrase, "the banality of evil."

RIPLEY

Heard it mentioned, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CAMERON

It's a platitude. Just bourgeois fatuousness. Do you know what the problem really is?

RIPLEY

I'd like you to explain that, Cameron. Yes please.

CAMERON

It's about the evil of banality. We've been dazzled it. Blinded. And the scale of it! Nothing means anything! Everyone's numb. This is a dead city in a dead country. Do you know why?

Ripley shakes his head.

CAMERON (cont'd)

We've become disconnected from our own myths. We've lost our own shadows. The Ripper. Crippen. Christie. Mary Bell. Hindley. Brady. Sutcliffe.

RIPLEY

They weren't myths. They were people. They were people, and their victims were people.

CAMERON

In the beginning. But murder transfigured them. Made them numinous. Manifestations of the *mysterium tremendum*. And we needed them: they told us stories about ourselves. About our fears and our desires. They cast a shadow. And shadows give us depth.

Ripley watches as Cameron returns to the fire, takes the bar from the fire.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Between the idea/And the reality/  
Between the motion/And the act  
Falls the Shadow.

(beat)

I've worked so hard to become that shadow. I don't want them to ruin it now. So the reason you're here, what I need you to tell me -

(beat)

- is how much they know.

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\*  
\*

RIPLEY

How much does who know about what?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

CAMERON

How much do they know about what I'm  
about to do?

RIPLEY

What are you about to do?

CAMERON

HOW! MUCH! DO! THEY! KNOW?!

Ripley shrinks back, petrified. But says nothing - not even when Cameron brings the scorching bar to his face.

Ripley flinches. Cameron follows him with the bar. Never touching the skin. Not quite.

Then reaches into Ripley's pocket. Takes out Ripley's phone. Turns it on.

Scrolls through his CONTACTS:

ON RIPLEY'S PHONE: DS Gray, DCI LUTHER, DSU SCHENK.

He pockets the phone. Then strides across the room. Takes the Mr Punch Mask from the wall. Looks sadly at Ripley. Then puts on the mask. \*

Ripley's terror as Mr Punch crosses the room. Smoking iron bar in hand.

15 INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, HALLWAY - DAY 3

15

A long, silent hallway. A FRANTIC HAMMERING. *Bang bang bang bang bang* and

CAROLINE hurries to the door in elegant pyjamas and Grace Kelly gown. Puts her eye to the SPYHOLE. Revealing

AN ELDERLY WOMAN

Despite her cut-glass English accent, we'll come to know her as BABA.

She's brought TWO MEN with her: the first is TOBY KENT (late 20s, slim; a Tory psycho in well-cut suit). The second is FRANK YOUNG (late 50s, heavy-set. Moves with the easy menace of an ex-copper. Because that's what he is.)

Caroline opens the door. Baba greets her with a look of withering malevolence.

BABA

Now, you must be the whore's mummy?

16 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY 3

16

Cameron walks to a secluded spot. HOOKS HIS VOICE CHANGER TO RIPLEY'S PHONE - then scrolls through Ripley's contacts. Until he reaches LUTHER'S NUMBER. HIS THUMB hovers over DIAL. \*

17 INT. SSU, BULLPEN/EXT. WASTELAND - DAY 3

17

Carroway wanders on to the SSU. Finds it a hive of frantic activity: people on computers, on phones, people picking up case files, dropping them off.

RIPLEY'S FACE is on everybody's monitor, everybody's desk. On the SILENCED NEWS 24 BROADCAST: OFFICER FEARED DEAD AFTER ALLEGED ABDUCTION.

Luther's trying to think in all the chaos, combing through CAMERON Pell'S FILE - his previous arrest, psychological examination. As Carroway approaches, Luther's phone rings.

Distracted, he checks it out. Sees RIPLEY'S NUMBER -  
- and leaps to his feet on instinct.

Looks around, in disbelief, at all the PEOPLE going about their jobs. A surreal moment.

LUTHER

Shut up.

The phone rings - and rings.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
EVERYBODY! SHUT!! UP!!!

In the SUDDEN, DEATHLY QUIET, Luther makes EYE CONTACT with BENNY - who reads his mind, sets up a CALL TRACE.

LUTHER presses CONNECT.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Hello?

INTERCUT LUTHER/CAMERON

For an unbearably long beat, Cameron says nothing -

And Luther says nothing - just cups the phone to his ear, pinned to the spot by all those wide, apprehensive eyes.

CAMERON holds a DIGITAL DICTAPHONE to the mouthpiece of the phone. Presses PLAY

LUTHER hears - A THREE-SECOND BURST of RIPLEY SCREAMING.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

No-one else can hear it - all they can see is Luther's AGONISED EXPRESSION; his pity, helplessness, fear. Then

CAMERON hits STOP.

LUTHER reels as if about to collapse. Does he have the strength for this?

CAMERON/VOICE #1  
He's a noisy puppy, isn't he?

Luther takes a moment. Inhales, takes strength, then -

- HANGS UP!

CAMERON presses re-dial

LUTHER'S PHONE rings again.

Slowly, he sets it down on the desk.

The assembled SSU watches, UTTERLY STILL.

Carroway glances at Schenk. Schenk meets her gaze.

The only sound is the RINGING PHONE, VIBRATING LIKE A HIDEOUS INSECT on the desk.

GRAY  
Guv, he might -

LUTHER  
No.

All eyes on Luther - as the PHONE RINGS OFF - and immediately STARTS RINGING AGAIN.

CAMERON is in a growing rage, pacing.

CAMERON  
Come on. Answer. Answer. ANSWER!!

LUTHER'S VOICEMAIL  
This is DCI Luther. Leave a message.

Cameron rages - about to throw the phone away. Then calms himself. Thinks. Scrolls through RIPLEY'S CONTACTS.

IN THE SSU HEAVY SILENCE as everyone waits - all eyes on Luther's phone. It sits on his desk, malevolent. But this time -

It's GRAY'S PHONE that rings. She cries out in shock, goes to snatch up the handset.

LUTHER  
Don't answer that.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

GRAY

He's trying to make contact. He could be reaching out. He might be trying to stop.

LUTHER

He doesn't want to stop.

GRAY

How do you know?

Her eyes flick to Schenk, angry.

LUTHER

Pick up that phone and Cameron's got our attention. He's established a relationship. He thinks he's got that, he doesn't need Ripley.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRAY

For all we know, Ripley's dead already! This might be the only way to

\*

LUTHER

DO NOT TOUCH THAT PHONE!

She stares at Luther in angry dismay as her phone rings - and rings. And is FINALLY SILENT.

A still moment. Then

LUTHER'S DESK-PHONE rings.

In the tense silence, it sounds shrieking, not sane.

SCHENK steps forward, presses a button. It goes to SPEAKERPHONE

\*

CAMERON/VOICE #2

.... you're listening. I know you're there. I don't know what you think you'll gain by ignoring me. I'm trying to open a dialogue -

Gray beams a flinty accusation at Luther.

CAMERON/VOICE #3

- trying to find a way through this, a way you can get your friend back in one piece.

All eyes on Luther as

CAMERON paces, tearful with impotent rage.

LUTHER LISTENS

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

CAMERON/VOICE #4

*You have ten seconds to answer this phone. If you don't answer, then Ripley regrets it. I've got everything I need. Hammers, carpet knives, car batteries. Cigarette lighters. Pliers.*

INTERCUT CAMERON'S ENRAGED PACING/UTTER STILLNESS IN THE SSU

CAMERON/VOICE #4 (cont'd)

*Are you listening? What happens to Ripley if you ignore me will be ON YOUR HEAD. You could have stopped it - with just a word. Just a single word. I've got enough drugs to keep him conscious. I've got cameras. I'll send you pictures of every cut, every burn, every incision. I'll send every second of his screaming.*

He plays A BURST OF RIPLEY SCREAMING.

LUTHER stands there. Listening. All eyes on him. Doubting him. He remains a sphinx.

Carroway beams a question at Schenk. Who looks at his shoes.

Gray turns away. Too angry to look.

CAMERON/VOICE #1

*How much more of that do you think you can take? You have ten seconds to pick up the phone. Nine seconds. Eight. Seven. Six. Five. Four. Three. TWO. ONE!!*

*(can't believe it)*

*PICK UP THE PHONE! PICK UP THE PHONE OR I'LL SPREAD HIS GUTS ALL OVER LONDON. Pick up the phone! Pick up the THE PHONE. I'm here! I'm HERE! I AM HERE! I AM HERE!!!*

Luther leans over, presses the SPEAKERPHONE BUTTON - silencing Cameron's demonic ranting.

Calmly, he picks up the case file. Flicks through it, straightens it - then addresses the SSU. Faces down the doubt in everyone's eyes.

LUTHER

That man - that voice. Those voices. That's who we're leaving on the streets if we don't do our jobs properly. And our job isn't just about Ripley.

*(lifts crime scene photo)*

It's about Sadie

*(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

LUTHER (cont'd)  
(another photo, and another)  
And Abby. And Jason. And all the  
others -

\*

Taps the message on screen: **CRUOR GENIUS LOCI.**

LUTHER (cont'd)  
- the ones who'll be next, if we get  
this wrong.

Glances at Ripley's face on News 24.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Justin knows that. And he wouldn't  
have it any other way. So if you've  
got any respect for him at all - then  
get on with what you're doing.

Luther strides away.

Schenk meets Carroway's gaze for a moment, then follows.

18 INT. SSU, KITCHEN - DAY 3

18

Luther enters. For a long moment, it looks like he might throw up. Then he pours a glass of water, drinks.

Schenk enters, shuts the door.

SCHENK  
That was - difficult.

Luther nods.

SCHENK (cont'd)  
And if Pell takes your silence as a  
show of weakness rather than strength?

LUTHER  
He won't.

Schenk's look says - are you sure?

Luther isn't. Neither is Schenk. But neither man can admit it.

19 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

19

Ripley hangs there, helpless. Blood round his mouth. But still alive.

Cameron enters. Looks at Ripley with compassion.

CAMERON  
Your boss threw you to the wolves.

Camera flits to a MOLAR and a PAIR OF PLIERS in the far corner. We barely see it.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CAMERON (cont'd)  
So why would he do that, eh? Why would he abandon you like that? What kind of game is he playing? That arrogant bastard. What's his game?

He paces, thinking it through.

CAMERON (cont'd)  
How much does he know? Does he know enough to ruin it? \*

20 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

20

Luther strides to Benny's desk.

BENNY  
That tape. Was it really Justin?

LUTHER  
Put it out your mind.

BENNY  
I don't know if I can.

LUTHER  
You like Ripley?

BENNY  
He's an excellent bloke, yeah,

LUTHER  
Then you can do it. Gray?

GRAY  
(shows him records)  
Cameron cancelled his call-plan a few weeks after his mother passed away. I've been trawling phone traffic leading up to cancellation.

(shows him)  
Ten days after his mum's funeral, he called and then was called by Paul Hoby - Hoby and Pell being ex-cell-mates. As far as I can see, this was the only contact between them.

LUTHER  
Excellent work.

Luther grabs his coat, preparing to leave - which is when his phone rings.

ON PHONE: It's Caroline.

Shit. Luther answers.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Hey there. Listen, I should have  
called. But I can't talk now -

21 INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

21

Caroline is on the phone. The focus of an intense, watchful  
silence from Toby and Frank.

Baba reads "Cold Comfort Farm" to pass the time.

CAROLINE  
You have to.

22 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS

22

LUTHER  
(listens, then;)  
All right. I'll be there soon as I  
can.

Hangs up. Rubs his neck. Shit. Shitshitshit.

Approaches Schenk.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Boss, that was a Confidential  
Informant. He thinks he may have  
something for me.

SCHENK  
A good source?

LUTHER  
Usually, yeah. Thing is -

SCHENK  
Check your informant. Gray and I can  
pick up the prison contact. Shake him,  
see what comes loose.

Luther thanks him with a nod and exits at speed.

Schenk watches, brow furrowed. Wonders what's going on.

SCHENK (cont'd)  
(to Gray)  
Give me one moment.

Heads to his office -

23 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS

23

- enters. Shuts the door. Looks at his hand. It's shaking. He  
teeters on the edge of an anxiety attack.

Then gathers himself. Grabs his overcoat, pulls it on. Exits -

24 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS

24

- strides past Gray.

SCHENK

Let's go.

25 INT. ARMY SURPLUS SHOP - DAY 3

25

PAUL Hoby (fat, 42, camo trousers, three days' growth) looks up from behind the counter as -

SCHENK AND GRAY enter, shut the door. Gray turns the sign to CLOSED.

HOBY

Morning, officer.

SCHENK

I don't believe we've met.

HOBY

Well, I'm familiar with the species.

SCHENK

(to Gray)

DS Gray, Paul Hoby. Paul used to run a little factory for converting replica firearms into working guns.

HOBY

Yes, and Paul did his time.

Gray squats, examines the counter full of brass knuckles, throwing stars, thumb knives.

GRAY

What is it with boys and knives, I wonder?

HOBY

These knives are sold for recreational and hobby purposes only.

GRAY

Yeah? How's the stockroom looking?

GRAY (cont'd)

How's the stockroom looking?

\*

\*

STOBY

Eh?

\*

\*

GRAY

Everything in order?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

STOBY

"Everything in order"? Seriously, Mein Herr? Ja, everything is in order. Would you like to see my papers?

GRAY

Would if I could. Right now, I'd settle for a full inventory. And a glimpse at the books.

STOBY

Feel free, love. Goose-step out the back, have a look for yourself.

SCHENK

There's a reason DS Gray is so testy today, Mr Stoby.

(flashes photo of;)

Cameron Pell. He's done bad things. And it's going to get worse, very soon - unless you help us find him.

Which is something Hoby is very clearly disinclined to do.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Pell's killing people. He may have killed a police officer. Do you have any idea what your life will be like, if every copper in London holds you responsible for that? Because DS Gray and I will make sure they do just that.

Hoby takes a moment to weigh his options. Then slumps.

HOBY

All I did was point him in the direction of a few names might be able to help him out with what he wanted.

Out on Schenk. Hunter's gleam in his eye.

SCHENK

What names?

26 EXT/INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, HALLWAY - DAY 3

26

Luther approaches Caroline's door. Knocks.

A beat, then it opens. On FRANK and TOBY. They GRAB LUTHER -

- he fights, but there's two of them - they rough him up - punch him in the side - the stab wound, his weak point -

- drag him down the hallway and -

27 **INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS**

27

- through the palatial living room, past a wide-eyed, alarmed Caroline. Into the kitchen -

28 **INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS**

28

- where they force him to sit at the KITCHEN TABLE.

On it there lies a HAMMER ... and a TEAPOT. Frank puts a GUN to Luther's head.

LUTHER

I know you. Frank Young. You were a copper.

FRANK

Different life, John.

Toby grabs Luther's wrist, forces Luther's hand flat to the table. From his pocket he produces a VERY LONG NAIL, holds the point to Luther's hand - raises the hammer -

LUTHER

No! Hey! Don't! Don't!

Toby draws back the hammer - draws it back -

Then FREEZES -

As Baba prods Caroline into the room. Caroline is reluctant but proud.

Baba pulls up a chair, urges Caroline to sit. Caroline sits opposite Luther.

She sees the nail over his hand. The hammer. She looks into his eyes.

Says nothing. And in that moment, Luther knows.

Meanwhile, Baba pours them a cup of tea.

BABA

I gather you're the police officer who stole my property.

LUTHER

She's not your property.

Baba smiles at that - a point not worth debating. Offers him a cup of tea. He can't take it - because Toby's about to nail his hand to the table. Baba makes a face - silly me! Sets down the cup.

Throughout, she ignores Caroline. But Luther doesn't. He stares at her all the way through this ordeal.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

LUTHER (cont'd)

She's one girl, way down the food-chain. This time yesterday, I bet you had no idea she even existed.

BABA

Let a man steal an egg, tomorrow he steals an ox.

LUTHER

So what do we do now? Because I can't sit around here all day having my hands cut off. I'm on a clock.

BABA

I know disrespect wasn't your intention. But even so, we're in a pickle. If my father was here - goodness me, he really was one for tradition! He'd most certainly have you and the whore's *milch* cow here butchered and fed to the dogs.

Caroline reacts to that - flinching, wide-eyed.

Luther's gaze holds hers. This is what happens.

BABA (cont'd)

And then her siblings, her children, her grandparents. And so on and so forth.

LUTHER

Honestly. I don't have time for this.

BABA

But I'm not my father: now and again, good commercial sense stays my hand. After all, who can't find a use for an obligated police officer?

(sets down teacup)

This is Toby. My grandson. He has a friend -

She nods at Toby. Who withdraws the hammer, takes a photograph from his pocket. Hands it to Luther. It shows:

BABA (cont'd)

Andrei Kolchak. One of our licensees. Arrested for people trafficking. Currently in witness protection, finalising his deal. When that deal's complete, he plans to implicate Toby here in a number of unlawful acts and sundry violations. I'd be grateful if that didn't happen.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

LUTHER

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

BABA

Then Caroline here dies.

Caroline is frozen in terror now. Spine straight. Beginning to understand what's she's gotten herself into.

BABA (cont'd)

And the slut child dies. Because you tried to help when help wasn't wanted or needed. Which, if I understand correctly, is something of a recurring pattern in your life.

LUTHER

I'm a copper. I could agree to do this, then walk outside, make one phone call - and send a thousand other coppers abseiling through your windows.

BABA

And I'd make my one phone call and have my one conversation. In eight hours, I'd be free again. The whore would still be dead. And the whore's mother would still be dead.

Caroline trembling in terror now. A single tear on her cheek.

BABA (cont'd)

And so would you.

A long, long beat.

LUTHER

This kind of thing can't be done easily. I need time.

BABA

No. It has to be now. Today.

LUTHER

And if I help?

BABA

The slate's clean. The streetwalker's all yours.

(meaningful beat)

The mother's all yours.

Out on Luther. Looking into Caroline's eyes. The sudden desperation he sees there. Mixed with accusation.

Even now, she's blaming him. Hating him.

29 EXT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, STREETS 1 - DAY 3

29

Luther strides down the street, on the phone.

LUTHER

Benny? Listen, I need you to do  
something for me.

30 INT. SSU, BENNY'S DESK - DAY 3

30

Benny on the phone. Gives a furtive look sideways.

BENNY

This one of those no question type  
deals?

LUTHER (V.O.)

This is one of them, yeah.

BENNY

Is it going to help?

INTERCUT BENNY/LUTHER

LUTHER

Yeah.

BENNY

Then name it.

LUTHER

Andrei Kolchak. Busted in the last  
week or three.

BENNY

(types)

Digging up his sheet now.

ON SCREEN: Andrei Kolchak's arrest sheet.

LUTHER

Find me the safe house they're keeping  
him at. Then cover your tracks. You  
won't want anyone to know you've been  
sniffing round this.

He hangs up, strides on.

31 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

31

Cameron is listening to a portable DAB radio.

RADIO NEWSREADER

*And as speculation mounts as to why  
the search for the missing officer has  
been so quickly scaled down, Police  
Sources are refusing to comment ...*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

He turns off the radio.

CAMERON

They've stopped looking for you. Do you know why?

RIPLEY

If they target the manpower in certain areas, you'll know how close they are to finding you.

CAMERON

Do you think they're close to finding me?

RIPLEY

Do you?

Cameron sets down the newspaper, stands there, arms crossed.

CAMERON

Profile me.

RIPLEY

What?

CAMERON

Profile me. I want to know who they think I am.

RIPLEY

They know who you are.

CAMERON

I don't mean my name. I mean my nature.

Ripley chews it over.

RIPLEY

Okay. You've got a need for other people to like and admire you. You've got a tendency to be self-critical. You feel you've got a great deal of unused capacity -

Suddenly, savagely, Cameron punches Ripley in the gut. Ripley hangs there, coughing.

CAMERON

That's a generic profile which applies to everyone. It's called the Barnum Effect. As in "something for everyone."

Ripley hangs there, coughing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

JAMES

Now start again. Don't lie.

\*

\*

Ripley grits his teeth, fights for breath.

\*

RIPLEY

Okay. Your crime scenes displayed a mixed profile - blitz attack and overkill with ritualistic elements, typical of the disordered offender - who tends to be psychotic and delusional. But your targets also seemed carefully selected. In fact they seemed - calculated.

CAMERON

To what?

RIPLEY

Create an effect.

CAMERON

Very good. Do they know where it ends?

\*

RIPLEY

I don't know.

CAMERON

Is that true, Justin?

RIPLEY

Yes.

CAMERON

Do you know where it ends?

RIPLEY

No.

CAMERON

Any ideas? Any inkling?

RIPLEY

No.

CAMERON

Would you like to know? Are you even interested?

A long beat. A hinge moment.

RIPLEY

I'd love to know, Cameron.

CAMERON

Why?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

RIPLEY

I just - I need to know. I don't want  
to die without knowing.

Cameron glances at the Mr Punch mask, hanging on the wall.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Why do you need the mask?

Cameron stares at it. And when he looks back at Ripley, it's as  
the Cameron Pell he once was. Unadorned by the full bloom of  
his madness.

\*  
\*  
\*

CAMERON

Wearing a mask makes it easier.

\*

32 EXT. STREETS 2 - DAY 3

32

Luther waits impatiently on a street corner. Until, as last,  
MARK'S CAR pulls to the kerb.

33 I/E. MARK'S CAR, STREETS 2 - DAY 3

33

Luther gets in. Mark's at the wheel.

Jenny's in the back seat, not looking well: she's shivering,  
coming off the long shoulder of the meth high.

LUTHER

(to Mark)

You sure about this?

MARK

We do this and she's free of them?

LUTHER

Pretty much.

MARK

And nobody gets hurt?

LUTHER

Not if we do it right.

MARK

And you can't think of another way?

LUTHER

Not in time.

MARK

Fine. Then let's do it.

LUTHER

Mark. You do something like this. You  
think it'll make up for - stuff you  
might feel bad about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

LUTHER (cont'd)

But it doesn't work like that. You  
wake up, the bad stuff's still there.

MARK

(pulls away)

Well, you'd be the expert on that.

34 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3

34

Cautiously, Luther approaches the safe-house. A Victorian end-of-terrace on a perfectly normal street.

35 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3

35

ANDREI KOLCHAK is with his SPECIAL BRANCH BODYGUARDS: BOOTHE (male, 38) and WILSON (female, 32). Both wear sidearms in shoulder holsters.

An atmosphere of boredom. Mugs of tea, half-eaten packs of biscuits, crisps.

Boothe and Kolchak are playing SUPER MARIO KART on the Wii. Their concentration is absurdly Neanderthal.

Wilson looks so bored she wants to shoot herself.

36 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, SIDE ASPECT - DAY 3

36

Luther sneaks along the side of the house -

37 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, REAR ASPECT - DAY 3

37

- to the back garden. He glances through the KITCHEN WINDOW. All clear. He begins picking the lock.

INTERCUT LUTHER PICKING LOCK/KOLCHAK PLAYING MARIO KART.

Finally, the lock gives. Luther pulls the handle, the door opens - just a TINY CRACK.

CREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAK

Luther makes a face - oh shit!

WILSON stands, frowning. Did she hear something?

LUTHER grabs the kitchen door, pulls it shut.

WILSON enters the hallway. Sounds of the Wii in the background. She edges down the hall. Her hand goes to the butt of her service weapon -

LUTHER crouches low, holds the kitchen door shut with his fingertips.

WILSON enters the kitchen. Takes a slow, curious step, then hears

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

- an ALMIGHTY BANG from outside.

She races back down the hallway, towards the front door. A CAR ALARM is sounding.

She and Boothe reach the front door at the same time - step out, to see -

38 EXT. MARK'S CAR, OUTSIDE SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3

38

Mark North has CRASHED HIS CAR INTO THEIRS. Not hard enough to do terrible damage, but enough to smash the headlamps, set off the airbags, the alarms.

Mark gets out, apparently dumbfounded. Looks at the two coppers coming out to meet him.

MARK

I'm sorry, I was doing a three point turn and -

BOOTHE

How fast were you going, for God's sake?

MARK

Not fast. There was a cat -

BOOTHE

(to Wilson)

You want to check round back?

Wilson heads off, traces the route Luther took round the side of the house -

39 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, REAR ASPECT - DAY 3

39

As WILSON APPROACHES, Luther eases open the kitchen door -

40 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS

40

- sneaks through the house. He can hear the shrieking car alarm, the sounds of Mark and Boothe arguing -

MARK (V.O.)

*It's not my fault.*

BOOTHE (V.O.)

*Explain to me how?*

MARK (V.O.)

*You parked at an angle.*

BOOTHE (V.O.)

*How is this at an angle? This is parallel parking. Look. Parallel.*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MARK (V.O.)  
*If you're cross-eyed then yes, I suppose it must be.*

41 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, REAR ASPECT - DAY 3

41

Wilson checks out the kitchen door. It's locked.

She looks around. Very doubtful. Something's wrong. She feels it. She checks out the garden.

42 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3 CONTINUOUS

42

Luther sneaks through the house, checking each room as he goes. Finally he reaches the LIVING ROOM. Peeks through a crack in the door and sees

KOLCHAK

standing in the BAY WINDOW. In full view of the street!

Shit! Luther thinks it through. Then:

LUTHER  
(hisses)  
Andrei! Quick! They're here! Get to  
your safe position! Hurry!

Panicked, Kolchak hurries from the room

- straight into Luther
- oof!

Luther hustles him down the hallway and into the DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY -

43 INT. SAFE HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY/EXT. SAFE HOUSE REAR ASPECT/FRONT ASPECT - DAY 3 CONT.

43

- shuts the door. Luther presses the terrified Kolchak into the wall. Hand on his throat.

LUTHER  
You've been telling stories out of school, Andrei.

Kolchak shakes his head. *No, no, no!* Luther cuffs him - not hard, but hard enough -

OUTSIDE/REAR ASPECT

Wilson is still poking round the garden.

OUTSIDE/FRONT ASPECT

Mark and Boothe are still arguing.

44 INT. SAFE HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY - DAY 3

44

KOLCHAK

Please!

LUTHER

I need you to take back whatever you said about your friend Toby. Withdraw your statement.

KOLCHAK

I can't!

LUTHER

Mate. I found you once. It took me about ten minutes. I can find you again, just as easily. Except next time, it won't be me who pays the visit. It'll be your friends. I don't have to tell you what they'll do to you, Andre. Because you already know that. That's why you're hiding.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. Then suddenly -

\*

- a BANG on the door!

45 INT. SAFE HOUSE, OUTSIDE DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY - DAY 3

45

Wilson bangs on the bathroom door.

WILSON

Andre? You in there?

Long, long beat.

ANDREI (O.S.)

Yes?

WILSON

What are you doing?

ANDREI (O.S.)

What do you think I'm doing?

WILSON

I need you to open the door.

ANDREI (O.S.)

I can't.

WILSON

Why not?

ANDREI (O.S.)

Because I don't like women to look at me when I'm on the lavatory!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

WILSON  
I need to come in.

ANDREI (O.S.)  
(groans)  
Please don't.

Wilson considers. Rolls her eyes.

WILSON  
All right. Just hurry up.

She turns, as if to leave - then

BANG!!

She kicks down the door, revealing:

KOLCHAK

on the lavatory. Trousers round his ankles. Reading a copy of HEAT magazine.

KOLCHAK  
What are you - sick? You like to watch men do this?

Embarrassed beat, then Wilson shuts the bathroom door.

As she does, we may notice the BATHROOM WINDOW is wide open.

46 EXT. SAFE HOUSE, OUTSIDE DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY WINDOW - DAY 3 46

Crouching, Luther makes his way round the house -

47 EXT. MARK'S CAR, OUTSIDE SAFE HOUSE - DAY 3 47

Boothe shoves a wad of cash into Mark's hand.

BOOTHE  
I don't want to swap details, all right? Just take this. Take it.

MARK  
Are you sure?

BOOTHE  
Look at me. Look at this face. Do I look sure? I'm asking you, very very nicely, to get in that car and just - go away. Just go away.

MARK  
(pockets money)  
Fair enough.

Boothe strides back to the house. Slams the door behind him -

48 INT. SAFE HOUSE, OUTSIDE DOWNSTAIRS LAVATORY - DAY 3

48

- and joins Wilson, who's inspecting the busted bathroom door.

BOOTHE  
What happened?

Wilson looks at him in frank disgust.

49 INT. SAFE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

49

Kolchak watches from the bay window as Luther ducks from the garden and hurries off down the street.

Boothe and Wilson enter.

KOLCHAK  
I wish to amend my statement.  
(turns to face them)  
How do I make that happen as soon as possible?

Out on their reaction, as they hurry to the window. But Luther is gone.

50 I/E. MARK'S CAR, STREETS 3 - DAY 3

50

Mark waits at the kerb as Luther hurries down the street, signals the all clear. Mark pops the boot. Out of it climbs Jenny.

Luther leads her round the car, into the back seat. Grabs a blanket from the boot, gives it to her. She wraps herself in it. She's starting to look really sick.

Luther and Mark exchange an eloquent glance.

LUTHER  
Are you all right?

JENNY  
You got any Temazepam?

LUTHER  
No. I could probably do with some of that myself.  
(beat)  
Mark, can you look after her for a bit? Just keep driving round until we know this is all smoothed over?

MARK  
Of course. You okay? Did it work?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

LUTHER

I think so. We'll know soon enough.  
But right now, I've got to run. Heavy  
day.

He walks off. Already on the phone.

Mark and Jenny watch.

JENNY

What exactly did he do?

MARK

I don't want to know.

51 EXT. RONALD BRYSON'S PLACE - DAY 3

51

SCHENK looks on as RONALD BRYSON (powerful, 53) is dragged to a police car by UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

GRAY

(on phone)

Guv, we followed the money. We might be on to something.

52 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

52

Ripley hangs there. Cameron listens to the radio. Then - his WATCH BEEPS.

He checks out the time. Then slowly stands.

CAMERON

Well. If they don't know by now, they're never going to.

He kneels, unzips a suitcase. Removes from it some CLOTHING - dark trousers, a white shirt. He begins undressing.

The Mr Punch mask watches.

53 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

53

Luther enters at a clip, approaches Benny's desk. He's stopped short by his cell-phone.

Whatever the message is, he glances at it. Endures a moment of frustration - *shit*. Then gets it together, pockets the phone and strides to Benny's desk.

ON SCREEN: Schenk begins his interrogation of Bryson.

LUTHER

How's it looking?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

BENNY

The Boss has got his game face on.  
Look at him. Face like Wayne Rooney's  
slapped arse.

(then)

You going in, taking over?

Luther hangs back, undecided. Finally:

LUTHER

No. I've been on the other side of the  
desk from Schenk. He knows what he's  
doing.

BENNY

This is different though, eh? You  
really think he's still got the juice  
for this kind of thing?

LUTHER

Yeah.

Benny makes a face. Fair play. They watch.

54 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3

54

RONALD BRYSON (53). Street-fighting thug grown into affluent  
middle age. Sits crossed-armed opposite Schenk and Gray.

Schenk is working hard not to show it, but he's nervous.

SCHENK

Ronald Bryson.

You sold forged documents to this man -

Mugshot of Cameron. Bryson checks it out, shrugs, passes it  
back.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Your full bespoke service: Driver's  
licence, birth certificate, passport.  
Education, employment history, fake  
referees. Everything he'd need to  
start life with a new identity.

(off lack of response)

I understand you like to play cards.

BRYSON

Every so often.

SCHENK

Have much luck?

BRYSON

My share.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SCHENK

Because I should tell you, your poker face needs work.

(points)

There's a tell, here. Corner of your mouth. There it is again! Did you see it, DS Gray?

GRAY

I did, Guv. Couldn't miss it, really.

Bryson is on guard. Not quite believing them - and not quite trusting his own face, either.

SCHENK

Intriguing, isn't it? The way our own faces betray us.

Schenk points to the camera, set high in the corner.

SCHENK (cont'd)

I'll show you later if you like, Ronald: it's all up there, on Britain's Funniest Police videos.

(suddenly, shockingly malevolent)

I know men like you - the way you know men like me. And I know you wouldn't have done this if you believed there was the least chance of it coming back on you. Well, guess what? It's come back on you like the hand of God. And the next words that come from your mouth will help determine the weight and velocity of the staggering tonnage of shit that's about to plummet onto your head.

Long beat.

BRYSON

I didn't sell him what he wanted.

SCHENK

Why not?

BRYSON

Something wrong with his eyes. Didn't trust him.

SCHENK

So there's nothing you can tell us about his new identity?

Schenk glances at the camera - knows he's being watched and assessed.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

BRYSON

No. But I can tell you this: it wasn't just bank accounts and driver's licenses he was after.

55 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

55

Cameron is wearing some kind of UNIFORM: black trousers, short-sleeved white shirt, epaulettes. Clip-on tie.

He takes the Mr Punch mask from the wall, approaches Ripley.

RIPLEY

What are you planning, Cameron? It's too late for them to stop you. God knows I can't stop you. So please, just let me know what it is.

Cameron hesitates. He needs to leaves. But he needs to tell, too. He's bursting with it.

Does he put the mask on? Does he not?

He doesn't. Instead, he casts around for a LARGE PLASTIC BAG - AND APPROACHES RIPLEY WITH IT.

\*

CAMERON

\*

Do you really want to know?

\*

RIPLEY

\*

Yes.

\*

CAMERON

\*

(delighted)

\*

Really?

\*

RIPLEY

\*

Yes.

\*

CAMERON

\*

Really really?

\*

RIPLEY

\*

Yes!

\*

CAMERON

\*

(big grin)

\*

Okay!

\*

He puts the bag over Ripley's head. Ripley panics. The bag inflates and deflates with his rapid, shallow breathing. Exhibits the contours of his face.

\*

\*

\*

CAMERON (cont'd)

\*

I'm dying to talk about it. But you'll need to calm down. Calm ... down. If you panic, you'll suffocate.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Ripley works hard to calm himself. It's a superhuman effort.  
He's blind, suffocating.

\*

Cameron exits. Ripley hangs there long enough, controlling his breathing. He hears AN ENGINE starting - a vehicle leaving.

56 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

56

Schenk and Gray exit the interview room, approach Luther and Benny. Schenk looks a little relieved, a little queasy.

LUTHER

Nice work, boss.

SCHENK

How'd the lead pan out?

LUTHER

Didn't.

A moment between them, Schenk asking with his eyes - what should I know? Luther makes a dismissive gesture.

Gray steps up to Luther, a little cockiness about her.

GRAY

We followed the money. Cameron's been using a contact of Bryson as a kind of one-man front-organisation and supplier. We're talking one car, one Commer-style van, large quantities of sodium hydroxide. And a second-hand bus.

(relishes the moment)

He's making a bomb.

\*

Luther says nothing. Just gives her a look: go on.

Gray (cont'd)

Quick paint job; pack the bus with explosives. Stick up a sign saying "Sorry, Not in Service". Drive wherever you like. Ka-Boom.

LUTHER

No.

GRAY

"No"?

(turns to Schenk)

Seriously?

Gray broadcasts profound exasperation. But Schenk is listening to Luther. Which infuriates her even more.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

GRAY (cont'd)  
You don't think it makes sense? We  
know he's planning a spectacular. He's  
got a large vehicle, tons of  
explosives -

LUTHER  
But a bomb's about noise and light.  
Sound and fury. Cameron's the opposite  
of a bomb. He's about absence.  
Emptiness. Silence.

\*

\*

GRAY  
If it's not a bomb then why does he  
need three thousand gallons of sodium  
hydroxide?

LUTHER  
To dispose of the bodies.

GRAY  
But three thousand gallons is enough -

Oh.

Gray (cont'd)  
Oh my God.

LUTHER  
So what's the opposite of an  
explosion? An implosion.

A long beat. And a sad, sad smile.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
A black hole.

GRAY  
Guv?

Schenk nods. Let him go.

LUTHER  
A black hole consumes matter, sucks it  
in - crushes it beyond existence. When  
I first heard that, I thought, that's  
evil at its most pure. Something that  
drags you in, crushes you. Makes you  
nothing.

Taking it in. The crime wall. A catalogue of horrors.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
What do we fear most? The unknown. The  
loss of a loved one. And who do we  
love the most? Who do we want to  
protect?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

LUTHER (cont'd)

Who do we want to shield from all the  
evil in the world?

(beat)

Who do we lie to, leave terrified in  
the dark .... tell them there's no  
such thing as The Bogeyman?

\*  
\*  
\*

A long, long beat. And they all see it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

He's going after children.

57 I/E. WHITE VAN, EDGE OF PARK - DAY 3

57

Cameron parks a WHITE VAN, gets out. It's got some kind of livery on the side. We don't quite catch it.

He walks towards A BUS that's parked there, under the trees.

58 EXT. BUS-STOP - DAY 3

58

A number of boys and girls from Year Eight (age 12-14) gather as the SCHOOL BUS PULLS UP.

Angle on the bus's WHEEL: IT'S DOORS HISSING OPEN LIKE A MONSTROUS MAW. In jostling twos and threes, the children board.

59 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

59

Ripley hangs there, breathing slowly to conserve oxygen. Gently, tentatively ... he lifts his knees to his chest. Then brings all his weight to bear on the hook in the wall. Muscles strain.

Can't breathe! Can't breathe!

It's a superhuman effort. He hangs there as long as he can. Straining every muscle for longer than seems possible.

Then he exhales, lowers his legs. Breathes rapid and shallow. The bag outlines the contours of his terror.

60 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3

60

Gray hurries to Luther. On the wall is a map. Cameron's killing ground is delineated; within it, COLOURED PINS mark every school, every nursery, every day-care centre, every children's hospital. Every playground. Dozens and dozens of them.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GRAY

Scheduled school bus to Owleigh High was vandalised. Tyres slashed. By the time they got the replacement bus -

A moment of shared horror.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

LUTHER  
How many did he take?

GRAY  
Can't be sure until we've double  
checked. Some kids refused to board.  
Said the driver gave them a feeling.

LUTHER  
Best estimate?

GRAY  
Fourteen.  
(then)  
Boss, I'm sorry.

LUTHER  
For what? You did good work. We  
wouldn't be here without you.

He hurries to Benny's desk

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Map!

Benny invokes THE MAP OF THE KILLING GROUND.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
So. Here's the bus-stop where he picks  
them up. This is his territory.  
(points to map)  
Work out how far he can go in, what?  
Half an hour? We need every copper,  
every armed response vehicle, every  
helicopter, every PCSO working inside  
that area. Find that bus.

61 INT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

61

Once again, Ripley lifts his knees to his chest. Puts all of  
his weight on the hook in the wall. Cries out in the extremity  
of his exertion.

The hook gives a little! Just a little. But enough to encourage  
him. He lifts his legs again. It's agony. He's choking. But he  
keeps going. Keeps going, until -

The hook gives some more - enough for Ripley to put his feet on  
the floor. He grabs at the bag over his head, rips it from his  
face. Stands there, gasping for breath.

Then braces himself against the wall. Heave! Heave! Heave!

And the hook comes away from the wall! Ripley falls to the  
floor, struggles with the bindings round his ankles. Then  
stands, stumbles, still tied at the wrists, through the door -

62 INT. HIDEOUT, GARAGE - DAY 3 CONT. 62

Through the garage, past James's car -

63 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY 3 CONT. 63

- over wasteland to -

64 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 3 CONT. 64

- the high street. Almost stunned by the normality of it. He raises his hands, steps in front of a passer-by - a BUILDER on his mobile phone.

RIPLEY

Police officer. Give me your phone.

The builder gives him a look: *You're mad, mate*, and moves on.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

GIVE ME YOUR PHONE! NOW!

65 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3 65

Luther, Schenk and Gray rush for the door. Luther's phone rings. He urges the others onwards, checks it out, answers.

LUTHER

DCI Luther.

RIPLEY (V.O.)

Boss?

LUTHER

JUSTIN?!

Luther's legs go weak. He reaches for a desk, steadies himself.

Everyone turns to him -

66 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 3 66

The BUILDER is holding the phone to Ripley's ear.

RIPLEY

I'm at the corner of Wise Avenue. Near Chaffer's Dock. Lock on to this signal, it'll lead you to Cameron's lock-up.

67 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 3 67

LUTHER

I'm on my way.

Luther hangs up. A long moment as he struggles to contain his emotions - a relief so huge it's almost sorrow.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

LUTHER (cont'd)  
(with pride)  
Told you. He can look after himself.

SCHENK  
(moved)  
He was well taught.  
(then:)  
Gray and I will track down the bus.  
You get to Ripley. See if Pell left  
anything we can use to run him to  
ground.

Luther thanks him with a single nod. Then Schenk and Gray exit - and Luther turns to Benny.

LUTHER  
Benny, mate. Field trip. Move your  
arse.

68 EXT. SCHOOL BUS, STREETS 3 - DAY 3

68

Police cars skid to a halt under blues and twos - next to THE SCHOOL BUS. It's parked at the roadside. Doors ominously open.

Schenk and Gray rush from their car, board the bus -

69 INT. SCHOOL BUS, STREETS 4 - DAY 3 CONT.

69

Find it COMPLETELY ABANDONED. On certain seats, SCHOOLBAGS AND MOBILE PHONES lie discarded.

Two or three of the phones are RINGING. They ring on. Ring off. A random, fearful chorus.

Schenk looks at it with dread. An absence of children so intense it's almost a presence.

70 INT/EXT. CAMERON'S VAN - DAY

70

Cameron at the wheel. Behind him, METAL MESH separates the cabin from the back of the van. From where we hear QUIET SOBBING

\*  
\*

CAMERON  
Shut up, back there. You'll be all right. If you just shut up, you'll be all right. Home in time for tea.

71 EXT. HIDEOUT, WASTELAND - DAY 3

71

Ripley waits outside, as Luther's car pulls up with a skid.

Luther jumps out, runs to Ripley -

They stop. Stand there. Stare at one another. Neither man knowing what do or say.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Then Luther embraces Ripley. Almost crushes him. Pats his back. Thank God. Thank God.

Then lets him go as Benny gets out of the car with a backpack.

BENNY

You all right then, Ripley my lad?

RIPLEY

All right, yeah. How you doing, Ben?

BENNY

Dunno. Funny sort of day, really.

Luther's phone rings. He silences them with a look, answers.

LUTHER

Boss?

72 EXT. SCHOOL BUS/EXT. HIDEOUT - DAY 3

72

Uniforms, onlookers. Schenk on the phone to Luther.

SCHENK

We found the bus abandoned. Eyewitness claims Pell transferred the children to a second vehicle.

INTERCUT SCHENK/LUTHER

LUTHER

What other vehicle?

SCHENK

White van, commercial livery. Possibly a cleaning company of some kind, although that's unconfirmed.

LUTHER

I'll get back to you.

(hangs up; to Ripley and  
Benny)

We've lost Pell - and the kids. We need to find where he's taking them.

RIPLEY

This way -

They follow Ripley through to -

73 INT. HIDEOUT, SIDE STREET - DAY 3 CONT.

73

- where Cameron's car sits.

Benny removes his backpack, unzips it - while Luther uses his ASP to smash the driver's side window, unlock and open the door.

74 INT/EXT. CAMERON'S VAN - DAY 3

74

Cameron drives on.

75 I/E. CAMERON'S CAR, HIDEOUT, SIDE STREET - DAY 3

75

Benny slides into the car, hooks his laptop to Cameron's SATNAV

LUTHER

How long we talking?

BENNY

Fast as humanly possible, if not a tad  
faster.

On the street Luther turns to Ripley.

LUTHER

He's The Bogeyman. A monster. So he  
does what monster do; spirits children  
away in broad daylight. Makes them  
disappear. They're never found. But  
how? How do you make a bus full of  
kids just disappear?

RIPLEY

Body disposal's not easy. One body,  
that's hard enough. But - Ten? Twelve?  
He needs space. Privacy. Needs to be  
able to come and go at will.

LUTHER

Witness saw a white van, livery on the  
side. Cleaning company, or something  
like it.

Benny emerges from the car. Cameron'S SATNAV RECORDS are  
downloaded onto his laptop. He sets the laptop on the bonnet.

BENNY

Tell me what I'm looking for.

LUTHER

Industrial estates. Shipping yards.  
Storage units. Cleaning Companies.

BENNY

(checks)

Eight times in the last few months,  
this car has paid a visit to - Green  
Lanes Toxic Waste Collection.

Luther and Ripley run to Luther's car, get in, screech off -

\*

76 OMITTED

76

77 OMITTED

77

78 INT./EXT. CAMERON'S VAN, INDUSTRIAL GATES, DOCKS - DAY 3

78

\*

Cameron's van passes through double gates. On the side: GREEN  
LANES TOXIC WASTE COLLECTION

\*  
\*

The gates give on to a LONELY ROAD that bends and twists  
through DESOLATE WASTE LAND. At the far end of the road stands  
the derelict MILLENNIUM MILL. It rears on the horizon like a  
black magician's castle.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

In the back of the van, CHILDREN SOB. Cameron slams on the  
brakes, turns.

\*  
\*

CAMERON

\*

Shut up.

\*

(insane)

\*

SHUT!! UP!!! DON'T YOU WANT TO GO  
HOME? If you want to go home, then  
SHUT UP!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A long moment. Then silence. Cameron rolls his eyes. Thank God  
for that. Leans forward, pops the glove box.

\*  
\*

Inside is the MR PUNCH MASK.

\*

Cameron and the Mr Punch mask hold eye contact, as if sharing a  
secret. Then Cameron pulls away. Heads to that dark castle.

\*  
\*

I/E. LUTHER'S CAR (TRAVELLING), STREETS - DAY 3

\*

Luther at the wheel, driving at his extreme limit. Ripley on  
the phone.

\*  
\*

RIPLEY

\*

Suspect location believed to be Green  
Lanes Toxic Waste Collection, Unit 22,  
the old Stonewater Price dockside.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT /EXT. CAMERON'S VAN, MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY 3

\*

Cameron pulls up inside the cast, decrepit space. Leaves the  
engine running.

\*  
\*

He takes a moment. Then opens the glove compartment and reaches  
for the MR PUNCH MASK. Lays it on his lap. It leers up at him.

\*  
\*

EXT. CAMERON'S VAN, MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY 3

\*

Cameron gets out. He's excited. Can't believe it's actually  
happening.

\*  
\*

He puts on the Mr Punch mask. And for a long time, he just  
stands there. Revelling in it. Drawing power from it. He is  
terrifying.

\*  
\*  
\*

CONTINUED:

He goes to a LENGTH OF HOSEPIPE coiled like a snake in one damp corner. Some gardening gloves. He puts on the gloves, unravels the hose. \*

He allows his gaze to travel across A NUMBER OF OIL DRUMS waiting in one corner. \*

Then he approaches the van. \*

INT. VAN - DAY

Terrified, the children press their faces to the rear-door windows. Try to see what Cameron's doing. \*

EXT. CAMERON'S VAN, MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY 3

Through the semi-opaque windows, ghostly faces peer down as Cameron HOOKS THE HOSE TO THE EXHAUST PIPE - \*

INTERCUT CAMERON/THE CHILDREN \*

When the children catch sight of MR PUNCH, they begin SCREAMING. LEADING TO PANDEMONIUM IN THE VAN. \*

TIM (12) is by far the smallest of them. He backs away in terror - right into the WIRE MESH that divides the cab from the back of the van. \*

He checks the mesh. It's solid. He pulls on it. No go. He cranes his neck to see through the windscreen, the passenger side windows. \*

The awful place beyond. The OIL DRUMS. \*

And THE KEYS, still in the ignition. \*

Tim links his fingers through the mesh and yanks it: once, twice, three times. He grits his teeth and, on the fourth attempt, the UPPER CORNER OF THE MESH COMES LOOSE. \*

Just a little. \*

CUT TO: \*

Cameron looks up. What was that? \*

Nothing. He gets back to work, Duct-taping the hose to the exhaust. \*

CUT TO: \*

TIM  
(hisses)  
Hey! HEY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kids turn. Tim nods frantically to the corner of mesh. \*

CUT TO: \*

Cameron looks up. The terrified ghostly faces have gone from the rear door windows. \*

Good. He continues taping the hose to the exhaust pipe. \*

CUT TO: \*

En masse, the kids pull at the mesh. They pull and pull until - the corner loosens a little more. Just a little. \*

Still not enough room. Not for anybody but Tim. \*

A wordless exchange. No choice! \*

TIM (cont'd)  
I'll get someone. \*

The bigger kids begin lifting him - so he can wriggle through the mesh. But the gap is so small - he gets his head through - his shoulders - squeezes down to his hips - and he's stuck! Trapped! \*

He tries to pull himself all the way through. The kids SHOVE - but rough edge of the mesh is hooked in Tim's TROUSER POCKET. \*

CUT TO: \*

Cameron gathers the other end of the hose. Walks round the van. \*

CUT TO: \*

Tim finally slips through the gap, ripping his trousers. He spills onto the driver's seat! \*

He reaches for the keys - then LOOKS IN THE WING MIRROR - and SEES - MR PUNCH COMING, a SMOKING HOSE IN HIS HAND \*

Tim panics, squirms over to the passenger side, opens the passenger door - and slips out - \*

- JUST AS MR PUNCH OPENS THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR. \*

Sees the KIDS with their faces pressed to the mesh. \*

Mr Punch uncranks the driver's side window. Just a notch. Just enough to slip in the hose. He begins taping it in place. Making it airtight. \*

CUT TO: \*

OUTSIDE THE VAN \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tim cowers. He glances under the van, sees Mr Punch's legs and feet. \*

Tim begins sneaking away. Limping. He cut his leg on the mesh. \*

CUT TO: \*

Cameron notices something: the corner of the wire mesh is loose. Just a little. Not much. But - \*

His head tilts. Like a cat. He reaches out a gloved hand. It comes back with blood on it. And he knows. \*

CUT TO: \*

Tim sneaks away. Face fixed in an agony of terror. Slowly, slowly ... \*

He HEARS SOMETHING. And stops. Can't bear to look. *Don't make me have to look.* \*

But he does. He does look. And he sees \*

MR PUNCH with a FLENSING KNIFE in one fist. It flashes silver as MR PUNCH SPRINTS TOWARDS HIM. \*

Tim runs for his life. \*

**EXT. MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY**

He bolts into daylight - a beat behind him, Mr Punch emerges. And gives chase along that long, desolate lane. \*

The running, weeping child. The horror in the mask. \*

**I/E. LUTHER'S CAR (TRAVELLING), DOCKS - DAY 3**

Luther's car charges through the gates. Slides onto the track. The Mill in the background. Behind the wheel, Luther leans forward, squints. \*

LUTHER

What's that? \*

It's Mr Punch. Chasing a child. \*

Luther floors it. He and Mr Punch. Converging. \*

**EXT. MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY**

Tim runs and runs. But Mr Punch is faster. He comes closer - and closer - and closer - until finally \*

- he SCOOPS TIM INTO HIS ARMS. Then looks up and SEES \*

LUTHER'S CAR! \*

CONTINUED:

Shit. He picks up Tim and runs. \*

INTERCUT LUTHER/MR PUNCH \*

As Mr Punch runs back to the Mill, Luther's car roars down the lane - closer, closer. But not fast enough. \*

LUTHER  
Come on! Come on! \*

He glances at Ripley. Knows how this is going to play out. \*

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Don't let him see you. \*

Ripley understands. He unclicks his seatbelt. Lies flat on the passenger side. \*

CUT TO: \*

Mr Punch knows he's not going to make it. Tim is small and light. But not that light. \*

Exhausted, he sets Tim down - and puts the flensing knife to Tim's throat. Begins backing away, towards the Mill. \*

He's almost there when Luther's car skids to a stop. \*

Luther and Cameron lock eyes through the windscreen. Then Luther emerges. \*

Tim's eyes flick to Luther's. Luther holds his gaze. He makes a silent promise: it's going to be okay. \*

Cameron backs away. Luther follows. Keeps his distance. \*

Cameron steps into the shadow of the Mill - and Tim panics - he's not going back in there! \*

He screams, thrashes. Cameron fights to gain control - there's a swift flurry of activity, during which \*

TIM RIPS THE MASK FROM CAMERON'S HEAD ... AND IT FALLS TO THE GROUND \*

Cameron gasps, reaches for it. Luther takes half a step - \*

And Cameron backs off. Knows the mask is lost. He puts the knife to Tim's throat. Continues to back away. \*

Luther picks up the mask - and follows. Steps into the shadow of the mill. \*

A moment of stillness, then: THE PASSENGER DOOR OF LUTHER'S CAR OPENS. And Ripley sneaks out. Bent double, he begins sneaking round the building. \*

**INT. MILLENNIUM MILL - DAY**

At last they stand there. Cameron with his knife to Tim's throat.

Luther several paces away, facing him.

The oil drums. The van. Engine running. The hosepipe. Sound of screaming. Desperate thumping on the interior walls.

Luther makes a move towards the van

CAMERON  
Take one more step and I spill his guts all over the ground.

LUTHER  
How many kids are in there?

CAMERON  
Eleven.

LUTHER  
How many kids you got there?

CAMERON  
(after a beat)  
One.

LUTHER  
So what do you think I'm going to do?  
Let eleven die to save one? What's your name?

CAMERON  
You know my name

LUTHER  
I'm not talking to you.

Cameron is stunned by Luther's disregard. His fury grows. He presses the knife to Tim's throat.

CAMERON  
Don't speak to him.

TIM  
My name's Tim.

CAMERON  
Are you listening to me? Is anybody listening?

LUTHER  
Don't worry, Tim. He's not going to hurt you.

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

Yes he is! He's going to slit your  
Lilly little neck! He's done it  
before! A dozen times!

LUTHER

Thing is, Tim. He knows that if he  
hurts you, then I'm free to walk over  
there - and KILL HIM.

A moment. Cameron very shaken by Luther's rage.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Because he's nothing. He's just a  
scared and weak little man.

CAMERON

NO! HE! IS ! NOT!

Luther holds up the Mr Punch mask. It dangles from his fist.

LUTHER

Yes he is. He's too weak to hurt  
anyone without wearing this. Or am I  
wrong, Cameron?

A plea in Cameron's eyes - then

LUTHER DROPS THE MASK.

Cameron's eyes flit to it. Please don't.

Luther grins in malice and triumph - then STAMPS ON THE MASK.  
It shatters beneath his heel.

Leaving Cameron agape, lost.

LUTHER (cont'd)

(to Tim)

So don't worry. You'll be okay.

Then Luther TURNS HIS BACK ON CAMERON! And walks to the van.

CAMERON

Don't touch that van! Stay away from  
that van! I'll do it! I will do it!  
(tearful now)  
I'll cut his throat! Watch me! Watch  
me! Look at me! I'm going to do it!

But Luther just ... keeps walking.

He walks to the van. Shatters the driver's side window with his  
ASP. Rips free the hose pipe. Opens the door.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Stop! Stop it! Listen to me! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Luther takes the keys from the ignition. Walks round the van.  
Opens the rear doors. \*

CAMERON (cont'd)  
Listen! To! Me!

The kids are inside. Coughing, spluttering. Still alive. \*

LUTHER  
All right! Everybody out!

Luther begins helping the kids out, one by one. \*

Cameron stands there. The knife to Tim's throat. Tearful in his helplessness. \*

CAMERON  
Please! Do you know what I can do? Do  
you? DO YOU KNOW ME?

RIPLEY  
No-one's listening, Cameron.

Shocked, Cameron lets go of Tim - and WHIRLS TO CONFRONT - \*

JUSTIN RIPLEY!

A moment of shock. Then Ripley sneers. And TAKES CAMERON DOWN WITH A SINGLE, MASSIVE PUNCH. Cameron pirouettes with the force of it. Falls. \*

Cameron tries to crawl away. Ripley looks down at him. Almost overcome by hate. Lets him crawl. \*

He looks up. Sees Tim. The kids clambering, coughing, supporting each other, from the back of the van. \*

And LUTHER standing there, helping them. Watching to see how he'll react. \*

Ripley calms. The hate leaves his eyes. \*

Luther sees it. And approves. He chuck's Ripley a set of handcuffs. Ripley catches them. Hesitates a moment. \*

RIPLEY (cont'd)  
You?

LUTHER  
Nope. This one's down to you.

A long, long beat. Luther and Ripley. Then Ripley nods. He cuffs Cameron Pell. \*

RIPLEY  
Cameron Pell, I'm arresting you for -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As the kids cough, draw in fresh air, they gather. Tentatively, one by one, they move forward. Gather round Ripley. Watch him take The Bogeyman prisoner.

LUTHER

This man over here. If he hadn't kept his head, we'd never have found you in time. He saved your life. His name's Justin.

79	<u>OMITTED</u>	79	*
80	<u>OMITTED</u>	80	*
81	<u>OMITTED</u>	81	*
82	<u>OMITTED</u>	82	*
82A	<u>OMITTED</u>	82A	*
82B	<u>OMITTED</u>	82B	*
83	<u>OMITTED</u>	83	*
84	<u>OMITTED</u>	84	*
85	<u>INT. WAREHOUSE, DOCKS - DAY 3</u>	85	

Ripley and the kids have gone. Cameron has gone. In their stead are POLICE CARS, AMBULANCES, SOCO, POLICE TAPE. And Schenk, with Luther.

LUTHER

So. Am I in trouble?

SCHENK

For what? Saving school children? I hardly think so. If I had my way, you'd be given a medal. You did outstanding work.

LUTHER

And you. I liked that bit, the line about the micro-expression. Corner of the mouth. That was a lie, right?

SCHENK

Same lie I've been using since nineteen eighty-six. Never fails.

A good moment. They approach the oil drums. Two dozen of them.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Green Lanes is Registered at Company House, but it's a shell. Pell leased it from a contact of Bryson.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LUTHER

One body per drum. Four drums per pallet.

SCHENK

All of which will be shipped to India for disposal. The paperwork's already done. Those children would've been wiped from the face of the earth.

The drums stand there. Mute witness. As Gray emerges from an ante-room.

GRAY

Um, boss?

Picking up her tone, they follow.

86 INT. ANTE ROOM, WAREHOUSE, DOCKS - DAY 3 CONT.

86

And stand in awe. At RANKS AND RANKS of EMPTY OIL DRUMS.

GRAY

Two hundred of them. Ready and waiting.

Pull back and

FADE TO:

87 EXT. CAROLINE'S PLACE - NIGHT 3

87

Luther and Jenny emerge from Luther's car. Exchange a look.

Ready?

He walks her to the door. She doesn't look ready. She's eminently reluctant. Dragging her feet.

Luther knocks on the door. Caroline answers.

Mother and daughter stare at one another across a limitless void.

CAROLINE

Do you have - stuff?

JENNY

What? Like belongings?

CAROLINE

Yes, like belongings. Clothes and things.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

JENNY

Not much.  
(holds up bag)  
Just this.

Long, deeply ambiguous eye contact between Luther and Caroline.

Then between Luther and Jenny - except Jenny's expression is full of wounded helplessness.

LUTHER

(to Caroline)  
Have you got a minute?

No.

CAROLINE

Of course. Come in.

88 INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

88

Luther, Caroline and Jenny. Facing each other.

LUTHER

I know what you did, Caroline.

CAROLINE

I don't know what you mean.

LUTHER

They already sent me this -

Shows Caroline his phone.

ON PHONE: the message he received earlier and dismissed. It's: FILM OF LUTHER in Caroline's house.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
*This kind of thing can't be done easily. I need time.*

BABA

No. It has to be now. Today.

LUTHER

And if I help?

BACK TO SCENE

Caroline crosses her arms. Defies him.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
They came to you with a proposal - you get your daughter back. They get me on the hook.

Jenny stares, mouth agape, at her mother.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

JENNY  
Mum? Seriously?

CAROLINE  
You're my daughter. You'd never have been where you were if it wasn't for him.

LUTHER  
Thing is, I don't think you understand what you've done.

CAROLINE  
I understand that I got my daughter back.

JENNY  
I'm not staying here.

CAROLINE  
You'll do what you're told.

JENNY  
You can't make me.

CAROLINE  
No? And where will you go? Back where you came from? You've got no money. No friends. No life. So if not here, where? The gutter?

Jenny's hurt and fury. And helplessness.

\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER  
Okay, Caroline. Listen. Are you listening? Because I really need you to hear this.

CAROLINE  
Go on.

LUTHER  
These people wouldn't hurt me. Because they need me in one piece. But I've got nothing they can leverage. No family. No wife. No kids. There's only one person in the world they know they can use against me -

\*  
\*  
\*

Caroline doesn't get it. But Jenny does.

JENNY  
It's me, mum. If he doesn't do what they tell him, they'll hurt me.

\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

LUTHER

Listen to your daughter. You got her into this by selling me out. So listen to her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE

So what are we supposed to do?

LUTHER

Leave.

\*

CAROLINE

I've got a job. A career. A life. I can't just -

LUTHER

Your safety is your concern; I don't care what happens to you. So just do what's right - give Jenny enough money to get away. Another city.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE

Absolutely not. She stays here, with me. You won't let them hurt her. You'll do whatever they tell you to do. You made that quite plain today.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER

But I won't be here.

\*

CAROLINE

What?

\*

LUTHER

I'm not really on their hook, Caroline. Because I'm not a policeman any more. I'm leaving. And as soon as these people realise that, they're going to come back and they're going to hurt you both. Do you understand that?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE

You can stop them.

LUTHER

No. I can't.

\*

He shows her the footage again.

\*

LUTHER (cont'd)

You made sure of that yourself.

\*

He lets it sink in, then turns to Jenny.

\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (3)

88

LUTHER (cont'd)

You're safe here tonight. But  
tomorrow, get away. Get as far as you  
can from here.

(re: Caroline)

As far as you can from this woman.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY

So where am I supposed to go?

\*

LUTHER

I don't know. Anywhere.

\*

JENNY

I haven't got anywhere.

\*

An imploring beat. Hurt and fear in Jenny's eyes.

\*

JENNY (cont'd)

Please. Don't just leave me. Don't  
just hang me out to dry.

\*  
\*  
\*

Luther lingers. Torn.

\*

But he's finished with all this. No more.

\*

LUTHER

I'm sorry. I've done what I could.  
Good luck.

\*  
\*  
\*

He nods goodnight. And exits.

\*

FADE TO:

\*

89 EXT. LUTHER'S CAR, OUTSIDE TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 3

89

The Volvo limps to the kerb. And out gets Luther. Bone weary.

THE HOODIES gather round, laughing at the state of his wheels.  
He ignores them, the way you ignore a flock of urban pigeons.  
He looks up at the grey, rearing edifice he calls home.

90 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LANDING - NIGHT 3 CONT.

90

He trudges along the grey, desolate landing. Unlocks the door,  
enters the flat.

91 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 3

91

Which is in darkness. He turns on the light - and there's  
ALICE MORGAN

On his sofa. In her hand is HIS GUN.

ALICE

Busy day?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

LUTHER

Like you wouldn't believe. You?

ALICE

Oh, you know what it's like. Always on  
the go.

LUTHER

So I notice you escaped.

ALICE

Like a princess from the tower.  
What's this?

LUTHER

My dad's gun.

ALICE

You don't like guns.

LUTHER

Nope.

ALICE

And one bullet? What have you been  
playing at?

She puts the gun to her head - smiles wide and bright.

LUTHER

Put it down. That's not funny.

She stands, hands the gun to him. They face each other.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Alice. You can't be here. They're  
going to find you.

ALICE

They're going to try. But they're Wile  
E Coyote. And I'm the Roadrunner. Meep  
meep.

LUTHER

Where will you go?

ALICE

I thought I'd start with Mexico. Then  
there's Marrakech. Monte Carlo - and  
that's just some of the "Ms". There's  
an entire alphabet to work through.

Loaded beat.

ALICE (cont'd)

Come with me.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

LUTHER

I can't.

ALICE

Why not?

LUTHER

Because you're who you are, and I'm  
who I am.

ALICE

Which is exactly why I'm asking. We'd  
have fun.

LUTHER

That's what scares me.

ALICE

Come on. Yin and Yang. Bonnie and  
Clyde. Bert and Ernie.

LUTHER

You have to leave. They'll come here.

ALICE

Why?

LUTHER

They're scared you'll kill me.

ALICE

Which is the funny thing, really -  
because it's not me who'll end up  
killing you, is it? It's them. You  
know that.

She comes in very close. Lays her hand flat on his heart.

ALICE (cont'd)

You've done enough. Now give it up and  
walk away. Come with me. I know you  
want to.

(smiles)

You've got a tell-tale heart.

And he does want to. He does so very much want to.

ALICE (cont'd)

We could swim with the sharks. See the  
Nazca Lines. Have you ever eaten Fugu?  
Made from Puffer-fish. Fatal if  
prepared incorrectly. And delicious,  
naturally.

Their eyes lock. Luther's going to say yes. We can see it. For  
the longest time, we wait for him, long for him, just to say  
yes. To pick up his bag - and just go.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

But in the end, he gently removes Alice's hand.

Shakes his head.

LUTHER  
I just - I can't.

ALICE  
Who is she?

LUTHER  
It's not like that.

ALICE  
I know. If it were, I might be able to understand.

LUTHER  
You do understand. That's the thing about you.

ALICE  
Just because I understand doesn't mean I approve.

LUTHER  
Yeah, well. That goes both ways.

ALICE  
Doesn't it, just - and didn't it always.  
(beat)  
Well.

She steps forward, touches his face. Gently kisses his cheek - then WHISPERS SOMETHING in his ear. We don't hear what.

But it makes her smile.

And then she slips through the door like a ghost.

Luther stares at the door for a long time - as if willing her to come back. If she comes back, if she asks again, he'll go.

But if that is what he wants ... it doesn't happen.

92 EXT. TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 3

92

Alice strides away. Then STOPS - to look at LUTHER'S CAR. All fucked up, but still running. She laughs, delighted. Runs a hand over the damage.

Then walks on. Passes the hoodies. One of them murmurs a surly comment. The others giggle, bump knuckles.

Alice turns to face them. She grins - unafraid.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

The knuckle-bumping and giggling stops.

Alice walks on. Into the night. Until the darkness has swallowed her ...

and she's gone.

FADE TO:

93 INT. CAROLINE'S PLACE - NIGHT 3

93

Banging on the door. Bangbangbangbang. Jenny hurries down the hallway.

JENNY

Who is it?

She listens, then opens the door - to John Luther.

LUTHER

Get your bag.

CUT TO:

94 INT. TOWER BLOCK, LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 3

94

Luther and Jenny enter. She looks around. Like you do.

Luther gives her the tour, opens and shuts doors.

LUTHER

Kitchen and living room. Bathroom. My room. Your room. We'll have get you a bed tomorrow. Tonight, you get the sofa.

She looks round. Puts down her bag.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Make yourself at home. Put the kettle on if you fancy a coffee.

JENNY

You want one?

LUTHER

(sits on sofa)  
Go on, then.

She fills the kettle.

JENNY

This kettle's mingin, man. It's got miningitus. You get it from the market? You can get some righteous kettles these days - all chrome and whatnot? Like futuristic retro?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

No answer. She turns, kettle in hand, to remonstrate -  
- and sees that Luther is curled on the sofa. More passed out  
than asleep.

Jenny makes a face, droll and tender. Then puts the kettle on  
to boil.

JENNY (cont'd)  
Where does he keep the mugs?

She takes a mug from the cupboard. There's a legend on it:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MAD TO WORK HERE, BUT IT HELPS.

She reads that. Thinks: well, that makes sense.

Then puts the mug down. Goes hunting for the milk.

END OF EPISODE