

LUTHER II

Episode Three

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FADE IN TO:

BLOCK 1 RECAP. Then

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FADE UP TO:

A **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 1 (03.02)**

A

It's a week later. Luther can't sleep. He looks utterly exhausted.

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He sits at the kitchen table. Sips instant coffee. Runs his fingers over his scalp. What the hell's he going to do?

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He goes to the window. Looks out. London at night.

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Sees the reflection of his OWN FACE, his OWN EYES. And over his shoulder, the GHOSTLY REFLECTION OF THE FLAT -

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He turns. Sees the picture of ZOE on the bookshelf. And over there, haphazardly discarded, a pair of OVERSIZED FLUFFY BUNNY SLIPPERS.

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He sighs. And - a soldier's son, after all - picks up the slippers. Puts them neatly outside Jenny's bedroom door.

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Then takes his coffee cup to the window and stands there. Thinking.

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Always thinking.

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TITLES

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1 **EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 (06.27)**

1

Lit up like a landed UFO. An island of intense white light.

THREE VEHICLES are parked here - a shiny new VOLVO S40, a generic WHITE VAN, an ELDERLY COROLLA.

SALLY (black British, 28) drains off the nozzle of the pump, replaces the cap on her petrol tank, heads to the petrol station,

- already searching in her handbag for her purse.

2 **INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.**

2

Sally enters, joins the short queue.

Behind the counter, DEPAK (British Asian, 22) is waiting patiently at the till as STEVE (white British, 43, in painty work clothes) flicks through a fat, receipt-filled wallet.

Behind Steve stands ADEWALE (Nigerian, 28). Depak makes apologetic eye-contact with Sally - as Steve finally produces his company card, slaps it down.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Pump number two, mate. White van.

DEPAK

Pump number two, that's sixty-four pounds and nineteen pence please. Can I interest you in -

STEVE

(hands over card)
Just the petrol, ta.

Burdened by the everyday micro-boredom of waiting in a queue, Adewale glances outside. Sees something. He displays no more than a MINOR FROWN - the kind of transitory urban anxiety we experience ten times a day.

But it's enough to make Sally follow the line of his gaze. Through the thick reflective glass they see -

A THIN WHITE MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP AND HOODY -

step onto the garage forecourt. Hands buried in pockets, head bowed. The clothes are dark, plain. He's carrying a large MESSENGER BAG.

He's not right. It's not just his solitude; there's something about the way he walks. His name is ROBERT MILLBERRY, and he's not here to buy cigarette papers.

3 **EXT. PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.**

3

Robert pauses a moment, lingers. We see his face under the hood, the cap. He's gaunt, underfed - lean and hungry.

From behind the glass, like fish in a bright tank, the people in the shop look at him.

Robert looks back, confronts their gaze - then gets about his business.

He squats at the Corolla, hides himself from view. Takes something from his hoodie pocket. Something small.

INTERCUT SHOP/FORECOURT

ADEWALE

What's he doing?

SALLY

He's texting. Is he texting?

ADEWALE

Is that your car?

SALLY

What's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

(to Depak)

You might want to give the police a call, mate.

DEPAK

What's he doing, exactly?

SALLY/ADEWALE

We don't know.

STEVE

He's on something. Look at him. He's messed up.

(to Depak)

You calling them or what?

Depak is referring to a little SPIRAL BOUND MANUAL. It's got the number of his local police station in it. He lifts the desk phone, starts pecking out the number - 0 - 2 - 0 - 7

STEVE (cont'd)

Just dial 999.

DEPAK

And say what? "Hello, I'm calling from a petrol station, there's a man on the forecourt looking at cars."

ADEWALE

Tell them he's not right.

DEPAK

"There's a man on the forecourt who's not right"?

STEVE

Just do it, mate.

Whatever Robert took from his pocket, he puts it back and straightens. Searches in his messenger bag.

Removes THREE OBJECTS: a CAN OF SPRAY PAINT. A ROUNDERS BAT with blue tape wrapped round the handle, and a WATER PISTOL.

SALLY

What's he doing?

Phone in hand, Depak stares at Robert. Then hangs up and dials 999.

DEPAK

Police please -

Robert shakes the can of aerosol spray paint. Then jumps onto the bonnet of the Corolla.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
That's my car.
(bangs on window)
Hey! Oi!

Robert doesn't look at her. Just clammers onto the roof of her car and gets on with spraying something on the roof.

DEPAK
(hangs up)
They're on their way. Five minutes.

ADEWALE
What's he on, do you think?

Robert stops, almost finished. Meets their eyes. Perched on the roof, squatting, he's feral. A werewolf about to pounce.

SALLY
Did we um -
(to Depak)
Excuse me? Did we lock the door?
Because I think we should lock the door.

ADEWALE
I think that's a good idea.

Depak rushes round the counter, carrying a heavy key chain -
- as Robert jumps off the roof of the car.

Stares at them.

STEVE
Yeah. You might want to hurry up.

Depak fiddles with the keys -

- as Robert picks up the water pistol, shoves it in his belt.
Then the rounders bat.

He approaches the Volvo.

ADEWALE
Hey.

Robert SMASHES THE VOLVO'S WINDSCREEN WITH THE ROUNDERS BAT.
The alarm goes off.

SALLY
Hurry up and lock the door! Lock the door!

DEPAK
I'm trying!

(CONTINUED)

ADEWALE
That's my car! That's my car! Hey!
(grabs Depak)
Unlock this door.

DEPAK
(shoves him back)
The police will be here in a minute!

ADEWALE
But look at my car!

Systematically, Robert smashes all the windows. Then he leans through the shattered driver's-side window.

SALLY
What's he doing? Is he opening the boot?

A moment of horror.

ADEWALE
Not the boot.

Oh no.

Robert walks round the car. And begins UNSCREWING THE PETROL CAP.

DEPAK
Oh no. Don't do that, mate. Don't do that.

ADEWALE
Unlock the door!

DEPAK
No way. Nobody leaves.

ADEWALE
He's going to torch the car!

Robert places the PETROL CAP on the ROOF OF THE VOLVO. Then reaches into his pocket. And takes out A CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

Depak fumbles to unlock the door - then Adewale and Steve burst through - sprint across the forecourt.

STEVE
Oi!

ADEWALE
Hey! Hey you! Stop!

Robert stares at them.

Then pockets the lighter. Takes out the WATER PISTOL.

He steps up to Steve. Sprays him in the face.

Steve gives out a TERRIBLE SHRIEK, clutches his face, falls to the ground -

Adewale stops. Looks at poor Steve, writhing in agony. He backs off - casts round for a weapon - anything -

SALLY
(bangs on window)
Fire bucket! Fire bucket!

Adewale sees what she means: there's a METAL PAIL filled with sand near one of the pumps. Adewale lunges for it, lifts it, ready to swing -

- but Robert steps up to him, spritzes him in the side of the head.

Adewale cries out, steps away, clutching his face -

- and then Robert DESCENDS UPON HIM, RAISING THE BAT.

ON DEPAK AND SALLY: their terror as they watch Adewale being BEATEN TO DEATH on the garage forecourt.

Then ROBERT STANDS and faces them. Rounders bat dripping a plip-plop of Adewale's blood onto oily concrete. The water pistol in his other hand.

SALLY (cont'd)
Did you re-lock the door?

No.

A moment of stasis.

It's broken when -

Depak fumbles for his keys -

- and Robert SPRINTS TOWARDS THE DOOR -

BANG! Robert SLAMS into the door - just as Depak BRACES IT WITH HIS SHOULDER.

DEPAK
Take the keys! Lock it! Lock it!

Sally fumbles to find the key - then the lock -

- as Robert barges the door again and again and again. Machine-like and terrifying -

SALLY
Brace it! Brace it!

3 CONTINUED: (5)

DEPAK

I'm trying! I'm trying!

Finally, Sally locks the door.

She and Robert stare at each other through the glass.

Then he GRINS. It's not a nice grin.

But then he LOOKS UP, sharply - at the sound of SIRENS.

Robert backs away. Goes to Adewale's body. Rifles his pockets, finds his CAR KEYS.

Walks to the Volvo -

4 I/E. VOLVO, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.

4

- and gets in. Starts it up. Sits there, gunning the engine.

Rum-rum-RUUUUUMMMMM.

5 INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.

5

Sally and Depak stare at the howling Volvo.

SALLY

How strong is this glass?

DEPAK

I don't know.

Sally and Depak hold hands and back away -

6 INT. VOLVO, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.

6

- as Robert guns the engine, grinning, enjoying himself.

RUMMMMMMM.

7 INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.

7

Sally watches as ROBERT LIFTS HIS HIP to take SOMETHING SMALL from his pocket. Whatever it is, he seems to toss it away on the front passenger seat.

Then he leans over, as if to examine what he's just cast aside.

For a moment, he's out of sight. Then abruptly, he SITS UP DEAD STRAIGHT.

Glares at Depak and Sally. Homicide in his eyes.

He guns the engine. rrrrrUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUmmmmmmmm.

SALLY

Please God.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

The tyres scream as the CAR ACCELERATES.

Then, at THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT ... the Volvo screams into A TURN, skids onto the road. And is gone.

8 EXT. SHOP, PETROL STATION - NIGHT 1 CONT.

8

Sally and Depak stand at the bright window. Shocked. Ghostly.

On the forecourt, there is UTTER SILENCE - except the low, painful grunts and groans ...

... that are STEVE. Crawling away. In agony. We know by his halting, agonised progress that he's blind.

9 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT, JENNY'S ROOM - DAY 2 (10.52)

9

Jenny is woken by A KNOCK AT THE BEDROOM DOOR.

LUTHER (V.O.)

Wake up.

JENNY

But it's nothing o'clock.

LUTHER (V.O.)

The day's half over.

A long, silent beat. Luther's disapproval radiates through the door like the blast from a Bunsen Burner.

She swears to herself. Then gets up.

10 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2 (10.53)

10

Luther potters round the kitchen. He lays out pots and pans, boils the kettle, digs out some mugs. All with an air of scarcely restrained bedlam.

Jenny steps out of her bedroom. Bed-headed. Puts on the big fluffy bunny slippers lined up by her door.

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*

JENNY

Maybe if all those people who'd wanted to stay in bed had actually been allowed to stay in bed, maybe there wouldn't be so many wars. You ever think of that?

She wanders over to check out his books.

LUTHER

(re: her interest)

You like reading?

JENNY

I'm partial to a graphic novel.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER
Comics? How old are you?

JENNY
Graphic novels. How old are you?

She glances over - to see for the first time that he's wearing tracks and a T-shirt.

JENNY (cont'd)
Woah. You look normal.

LUTHER
Ta.

JENNY
You look weird when you look normal.

LUTHER
How should I look?

JENNY
Weird. Like you normally do.

LUTHER
You think I sleep in a tie?

JENNY
Pretty much. Except you don't so much sleep as, y'know. Power down. Go into stand-by mode.

LUTHER
(re: clothes)
I took the day off -

JENNY
Why?

LUTHER
We need to start thinking about getting you a job.

She looks at him in dismay - says nothing as he opens the fridge door, takes out half a dozen eggs.

JENNY
What sort of job?

LUTHER
A job job.

JENNY
Like flipping burgers.

LUTHER
Well, those burgers won't flip themselves.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY
For like, 2p an hour. Who am I,
Spongebob?

Luther digs out the pan, puts it on to heat. Begins cracking eggs into a Pyrex jug.

LUTHER
I don't know who that is.

JENNY
He's a sponge. He flips burgers.

Luther gives her a look of almost infinite puzzlement.

LUTHER
Whatever. So let's make burger
flipping Plan B.
(beats eggs)
If you could do any job in the world,
what would it be?

JENNY
I'd be a Cool Hunter.

LUTHER
A what?

JENNY
A Cool Hunter. You go to seriously hip
places, clubs and whatever.
Underground, not mainstream. You kind
of take note of what people are
wearing, what they're drinking - what
slang they're using. That sort of
thing.
(off Luther's amiably baffled
expression)
It's a lot more complicated than it
sounds.

11 EXT. ST LEONARD CHURCHYARD - DAY 2 (10.56)

11 *

Robert swaggers through St Leonard Churchyard. He throws down his hood. Puts the cap in his messenger bag.

Takes a seat on a low bench. From the bag, he takes out a MOLESKINE NOTEBOOK. Opens it on a particular page.

We get a fleeting glimpse of: a HANDWRITTEN GRAPH or table - an X axis, a Y Axis. Spaces filled with HANDWRITTEN NUMBERS.

He turns the page. It's filled with MORE NUMBERS.

He refers to it. And shuts the book. Just watches all the people go by. Kicking his heels.

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12 **INT. LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2 (10.57)**

12

Luther sets scrambled eggs on toast before Jenny -

- and watches optimistically as she prods it with her fork. Saws off a corner of toast, piles on some egg, pops it in her mouth.

LUTHER

How is it?

Not good.

JENNY

Totally lushalicious.

She's lying. Luther is touched by the lie.

JENNY (cont'd)

So -

(chews; swallows)

What are you going to do about -

(waves fork: y'know)

The other thing? Being on the hook and that.

LUTHER

Is that what I am? On the hook?

JENNY

Well ... yeah.

LUTHER

Like a fish.

JENNY

Like a totally humongous fish.

LUTHER

Then they're going to need a bigger boat.

Jenny gives him a look of almost infinite puzzlement.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Jaws.

JENNY

I expect so, yeah. So what're you going to do?

LUTHER

I'll think of something.

JENNY

Yeah, but what?

(CONTINUED)

Luther shrugs, gets back to brunch. Is interrupted by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Luther shushes Jenny, opens the door a crack - on RIPLEY.

Ripley moves to enter. Luther blocks him.

RIPLEY

Morning.

(re: Luther's expression)

Your phone was off.

LUTHER

Leave a phone on, all it does is ring.

RIPLEY

(tries to peek past Luther)

Yeah. Sorry. Boss sent me. We've got this really weird one.

LUTHER

Wait in the car while I get changed.

RIPLEY

(cheeky grin)

Why?

LUTHER

Because.

RIPLEY

But I've got to sit there looking like an idiot with all them hoodies mooning me and that.

LUTHER

I'll be two minutes. One minute.

A beat - then Luther shuts the door on Ripley's grin.

JENNY

Batphone ringing?

LUTHER

Pretty much. So listen, I've got to go.

(heads to bedroom; hesitates)

Whatever else you do today, make sure you get to the Job Centre.

*
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*
*

JENNY

Plus.

*
*
*

LUTHER

Plus what?

*
*

JENNY
It's Job Centre Plus. That's what it's
called.

LUTHER
Since when?

JENNY
The Industrial Revolution.

She gives him an innocent look.

13 **I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR OUTSIDE LUTHER'S FLAT - DAY 2 (11.02)** 13

Luther passes the hoodies, absently chin nods. Gets into RIPLEY's car.

LUTHER
(belts himself in)
So. Congratulations.

RIPLEY
On what?

LUTHER
The commendation. Outstanding bravery,
all the rest of it.

RIPLEY
How'd you even know about that?

LUTHER
I know everything.

RIPLEY
Sometimes I think you actually do.

Beat.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
I'm not sure I earned it. Not really.

LUTHER
You earned it ten times over.

A good moment between them. Then:

RIPLEY
So. Who is she?

LUTHER
Who's who?

RIPLEY
She.

Luther slams his hand on RIPLEY's knee - making him GUN THE ACCELERATOR.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Ripley struggles to regain control - as the car kangaroos off.

14 EXT. PETROL STATION - DAY 2 (11.27)

14

The garage has been taped off. SOCO, onlookers. ADEWALE'S body is covered with a sheet.

Ripley pulls up. Luther and Ripley emerge, pass under tape. *

RIPLEY

(re: case file)

Stolen car belonged to the dead man, Adewale Omotoso. White van over here, that's Stephen Kimble's -

LUTHER

Kimble's the man who was blinded?

RIPLEY

That's him - acid in the water pistol. Probably hydrochloric.

LUTHER

Witnesses?

RIPLEY

Sally Thomas and Depak Chandrapal; locked themselves inside the shop. Both are certain the attacker planned to ram the window - but changed his mind at the last minute, drove away instead.

LUTHER

We know why?

RIPLEY

Uniform had been dealing with an altercation outside a pub called the "Prince Regent" -

(points)

About half a mile that way. So they were Johnny on the Spot, here about two minutes after the 999 call came in. So maybe he heard the sirens and just - y'know. Ran away.

LUTHER

Maybe.

RIPLEY

"Maybe" meaning "no"?

LUTHER

I don't know. You come across something like this before?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

No. You?

LUTHER

Nope. So. Timeline. The first thing he does -?

RIPLEY

(checks)

Graffities the Corolla.

LUTHER

Where?

RIPLEY

Roof.

Luther rolls his eyes. Of course.

LUTHER

SOCO finished here?

RIPLEY

All done.

Luther clammers onto the bonnet of the Corolla, then the roof.

Looks down at Robert's graffiti:

EIGHT ARROWS RADIATING EQUALLY FROM A CENTRAL POINT.

LUTHER

A compass, maybe? Mean anything to you?

RIPLEY

Nope.

LUTHER

You want to check it with Intel, see if there's any gang association?

RIPLEY

Will do.

Luther gets down, finds Ripley studying a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of the compass graffiti. Shows it to Luther.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Four people. Two black, including the dead man. One white. One Asian.

LUTHER

You think it's a racial thing?

RIPLEY

(re: compass)

Nazis do like their insignia.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

But Stephen Kimble, the man who was blinded - he was white?

RIPLEY

(shrugs)

He got in the way.

LUTHER

All right. See if there's a link to any white power faction. It's a weird venue for a racial attack though. Strange venue, strange M.O.

(looks round)

And the thing about Nazis; they do like their safety in numbers. Stand outside a pub in a gang -

RIPLEY

- beer in one hand, Sieg Heiling with the other -

LUTHER

So if this was a racial thing, he'd think of himself as a Lone Wolf -

RIPLEY

- which is Nazi speak for Obsessive Loner. Meaning he'd most likely be unaffiliated.

LUTHER

Look into it anyway.

(then)

How many CCTV cameras has this place got?

15 INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION - DAY 2 (11.30)

15

Luther and Ripley stand at the counter, on which has been propped - the shop's SMALL CCTV MONITOR.

They're watching CCTV footage of the crime.

ON SCREEN: *very grainy footage as Robert squats at the Corolla, hides himself from view. Takes something from his hoodie pocket. Something small.*

BACK TO SCENE:

LUTHER

Hold it there.

Ripley hits pause.

LUTHER (cont'd)

What's he doing? Is he tying a lace, what?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Could be. Could be reading a text?

LUTHER

Kneeling down? Is that a thing?

RIPLEY

Taking something from his sock?

LUTHER

Hmmmm. How much can Benny do with this?

RIPLEY

Probably not much. Resolution's low.

LUTHER

Let me see the rest.

Ripley fast forwards to:

FOOTAGE OF: *Robert smashing up Adewale's car with the rounders bat ... unscrewing the petrol cap ...*

ON LUTHER: wincing as he watches Adewale die.

LUTHER (cont'd)

If they hadn't stopped him, he'd have blown this place to the moon.

The sombre mood is broken by a TEXT ARRIVING on Ripley's phone.

RIPLEY

(re: text)

They've found the car.

16 **EXT. BLACKWELL STREET - DAY 2 (12.06)**

16 *

ERIN GRAY waits near the SMOULDERING REMAINS OF ADEWALE'S CAR.

It's on a grubby back road, filled with rubbish. No tape yet, no crime-scene circus. This is a new find. *

Gray's trying not to show it, but she's nervy as Luther and Ripley draw near. Her fingers twist at the small of her back.

LUTHER

So what've we got?

GRAY

Not much.

(coughs; clears throat)

He torched it, obviously, then presumably legged it over there -

Luther passes her a GRAINY, BLOWN UP CCTV IMAGE of Robert: shadowed by the peak of a baseball-cap. *

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Have uniform canvas the area, see if anyone can put a name to this face.

GRAY

Will do.

His PHONE BEEPS. He checks it. Scowls: for fuck's sake.

GRAY (cont'd)

You okay there, Guv?

LUTHER

Yeah. Fine. So you take care of the door-to-door. Justin - hassle Intel, see if we can't I.D. that compass. I'll meet you back at the factory.

He walks off.

Ripley loiters a moment.

RIPLEY

(re: Gray's nerves)

You okay?

GRAY

I'm great.

Really?

GRAY (cont'd)

I'm just -

RIPLEY

What?

GRAY

I feel a bit marked for death. He thinks I'm arrogant.

*

RIPLEY

That's not true.

GRAY

It so is true.

(beat)

I just want to do it right, y'know.

Does that make any sense to you? Am I being completely mad?

*

*

Ripley hears an echo of himself - and in that moment, sees how far he's come, how much he's changed.

RIPLEY

No. Not mad at all.

(then)

Listen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
 If Luther tells you to do something
 you're not sure about - don't butt
 heads with him. Come to me. I'll look
 after you.

Pause. A good moment.

GRAY
 So I'll, um - the canvassing. The
 Nazis, the nutters, the jugglers and
 the clowns.

Gray takes the image of Robert and strides off. Ripley ambles
 to his car. Deep in thought.

17 **OMITTED**

17

18 **EXT. SEEDY HOUSE - DAY 2 (12.37)**

18

Luther parks, gets out and walks towards the seedy house.

19 **INT. SEEDY HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - DAY 2 (12.38)**

19

*

Frank's in a leather jacket, jeans, a beanie. He looks a bit
 bored - watching Toby with a slightly long-suffering
 expression, like a doting grandfather sitting an ADHD toddler.

Toby's in a suit that wouldn't look out of place in the City.
 He's watching a playback of LUTHER KIDNAPPING JENNY (Ep 1).

Luther stands behind him.

TOBY
 I like this bit. Watch. Wait for it
 ... wait for it ... there! Brilliant!
 Brilliant!
 (tickled pink)
 It doesn't get old. Honestly.

He pauses it: Luther and Jenny frozen on screen.

TOBY (cont'd)
 (taps screen)
 I hear she's living with you now.
 How's that working out?

LUTHER
 Let's not talk about Jenny, eh?

TOBY
 She paying her way?

A moment.

TOBY (cont'd)
 Good for you. You can't beat having a
 nice, warm mouth to come home to.

*

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (cont'd)

She did live with another man, for a while. Well, I say "live with": it was a professional thing. He was a depraved old monster, really. But fair play to her, Jenny was very willing to muck in. No duty too demeaning. I think she liked it, in a way. Being his dirty little servant.

(mock whisper)

Daddy issues. Scratch a sporting girl, you're sure to find them. You know why she left him?

*

*

LUTHER

Thing is, I don't care.

*

*

TOBY

He asked how much it would cost to buy her outright. Thereafter to do with as his will dictated, one presumes. I thought I'd heard it all - and to be honest, done quite a lot of it. But we were shocked, weren't we Frank?

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Glances at screen. Luther and Jenny.

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TOBY (cont'd)

I'm not sure he ever got over her. She's got that look in her eyes. A certain ... appreciation.

(pointed beat)

I've still got his number, somewhere.

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Luther tries to keep his expression neutral. Doesn't quite succeed.

*

FRANK

Point made, Toby. Let's get on with it, shall we?

*

*

Toby shoots Frank a look.

*

Then Toby digs a photo from his pocket. Hands it to Luther.

*

Who doesn't take it. So - like a patient teacher with a troublesome pupil - Toby holds it up for him to see.

TOBY

Michael Saroyan. Armenian import. Making aggressive moves in the local market. Merging smaller operations - trafficking, girls, clubs, protection. All the rest of it. He's giving us a headache. I'd like to know the extent of his market penetration.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Your turf wars are your own business.
If something like this was traced back
to me -

TOBY

So make sure it's not. I need a full
list of Saroyan's capital assets.

LUTHER

Well, it can be done. But not today. I
need to tread carefully with this
stuff.

TOBY

You'll tread exactly where and how I
tell you.

He presses the photo on Luther. Who still doesn't take it.

TOBY (cont'd)

A list of Saroyan's personnel. Today.
Are we clear? Or would you like me to
ask more politely?

Luther looks at him. Says nothing. But his eyes flit to Frank.
Who's watching carefully.

TOBY (cont'd)

I'm tired of this. Just do as you're
told.

Luther looks at him.

TOBY (cont'd)

Anybody home? Hello! Hello?!

Embarrassed by his powerlessness, Toby SLAPS LUTHER IN THE
FACE! Once! Twice!

TOBY (cont'd)

CAN?

(slap!)

YOU?

(slap!)

HEAR?

(slap!)

ME?

(slap!)

IN?

(slap!)

THERE?

Toby steps back, breathing heavily.

Luther turns now, meet Frank's gaze full-on. Frank remains
carefully neutral.

TOBY (cont'd)
Frank's just an old bitch, gone in the teeth. Don't look at him. Look at me.

Luther turns a slow, monumental eye on Toby. Who draws back his arm one more time ...

FRANK
All right, Toby. Stop. Remember why we're here.

The slap freezes mid-air. Toby grins at Frank - angry and embarrassed.

And with that look, Luther sees his opening. A way to get himself off the hook. *

Toby's hand sinks to his side. He gets himself together, addresses Luther. *

TOBY
I need what I asked for. Today. Or we'll pop round. Pay Jenny a visit. Open her up. See what's inside. *

Luther lets Toby see his contempt. Then turns -

LUTHER
Look after yourself, Frank.

- and walks away.

Toby and Frank wait until he's safely gone. Then -

TOBY
What?

FRANK
You know what.

TOBY
No, I don't. I don't know what. Tell me what.
(no answer)
You don't think I can do it, do you?
You actually don't think I'm capable of squeezing a few addresses from a dirty copper.

FRANK
He's not a dirty copper. He's a man over a barrel. That's a very different thing - and you handle it a very different way.

Toby flashes his resentment.

20 **EXT. SEEDY HOUSE - DAY 2 (12.42)**

20

Luther strides to his car. Preoccupied.

21 **INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY 2 (12.51)**

21

Robert enters. A bell tinkles over the door.

He faces the shopkeeper. A long moment of challenge.

Then Robert begins to STUFF HIS POCKETS with sweets, energy drinks. Lighters.

He doesn't say a word. And doesn't break eye contact with the shopkeeper. Just keeps stuffing his pockets. Stuffing and stuffing and stuffing.

His eyes a challenge. *Say something. Go on. Say something.*

But the shopkeeper doesn't.

22 **INT. ICE HOCKEY RINK, BABA'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (13.06)**

22 *

Baba and Frank.

*

In the background, visible through the large windows, two ICE HOCKEY TEAMS knock seven bells out shit out of each other.

*
*

FRANK

He's got no self-control.

BABA

It's your job to coach him in that.

FRANK

He's young. He thinks there's nothing to learn from his elders.

Baba nods.

FRANK (cont'd)

He enjoys humiliating people. He does it to the wrong person, it could blow back. On him, yeah. I can live with that. But on you, too.

BABA

So what's your counsel?

FRANK

Pull him away from the front line. Just for a year or two.

BABA

And in a year or two, will these urges have left him?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Probably not. But in a year or two he might have learned how to control them.

Baba considers. Then:

BABA

No.

Frank looks down at his lap. Shakes his head.

BABA (cont'd)
I know you hate the boy.

FRANK

I don't hate him.

She gives him a look: *really*?

He acquiesces with a small gesture of the hand. Maybe a bit.

BABA

I love him because he's my daughter's blood. But God knows the little prick gets my back up, too. He needs a strong man to bring him to heel. So if he's being a bad dog ... kick him.

(long beat)

Just not so hard he breaks.

Out on Frank's weary but loyal agreement.

23 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 (13.11)

23

Luther enters a BUSY BULLPEN. Gray watches him enter. Catches Ripley's eye. Ripley nods - go on.

Gray steps forward, collars Luther first.

LUTHER

How we looking?

GRAY

There are one or two White Power psychos in that estate, including one Ryan Hayfield.

LUTHER

We like him?

GRAY

Well, he's unemployed, got a long history of mental illness, interest in various right-of-right-wing groups. Lives with his mum - always a great sign in a man of thirty-five. But this is him -

(CONTINUED)

Passes photo of a portly, shaven-headed man. Definitely not Robert.

LUTHER
So that's one goose-stepping halfwit
we can eliminate.

They arrive at the crime wall.

Benny's already there. Ripley arrives a beat behind them.

RIPLEY
I checked the compass design against
local gang insignia: A-Road, Mothers
Square Boys, Gravehouse Boys, Hindle
Street Thugs, Holly Field Boys.

LUTHER
No joy?

RIPLEY
Completely joyless.

LUTHER
It never felt like tagging to me. I
mean, why put it in on the roof where
no-one can see it?

BENNY
Um -

They look at him.

BENNY (cont'd)
I don't think it's a compass.

Glances are exchanged. They wait.

BENNY (cont'd)
Well, in my spare time I like to read
a bit of Fantasy fiction.

RIPLEY
No!

BENNY
Look at me, ignoring your tone with
great dignity. I think these -
(re: crime wall)
Are the Chaos Arrows.

RIPLEY
The what, now?

BENNY
Chaos Arrows.
(evokes on screen:)
One arrow, pointed directly up.
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

BENNY (cont'd)
That stands for law and order, right?
Predictability. These arrows stand for
the opposite: unpredictably. Chaos.

On Luther ... as he sees it.

LUTHER
Can you play the CCTV again, Ben? The
bit where the killer kneels down?

Benny plays it. And Luther grins. He taps the screen: the low-rez, black and white image of Robert, kneeling.

LUTHER (cont'd)
He's not texting. And he's not
scratching his leg. Look at him. He's
throwing dice.

24 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (13.15)

24

Luther paces - up and down, up and down.

Schenk perches on the edge of his desk. The open case file next to him.

LUTHER
I think he made his decisions on the
roll of a dice. Where to kill, who to
kill. Even whether to kill.

SCHENK
Have you come across this before - ?

LUTHER
No. You?

SCHENK
No. But to judge from his demeanour
last night, the man was enjoying
himself immensely. So what are the
chances of there being more to come?

LUTHER
We assume the worst. Think of this as
a spree that's just getting started.

Luther's PHONE RINGS. He checks it out.

ON PHONE: TOBY.

He kills the call, unworried, pockets the phone.

SCHENK
(ignores interruption)
That may be so - but one crime does
not a pattern make. We don't know what
aspects of it he may choose to repeat -

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

If any. If he's doing this on the roll of a dice - the next target could be anyone. Anywhere. Any time.

SCHENK

And if even he doesn't know what he's going to do next -

LUTHER

He can't be predicted. There's no way to get ahead of him.

SCHENK

So how do we catch him before what happened last night happens again?

LUTHER

I don't know. We get lucky. He gets unlucky. Combination of both.

A melancholy beat.

Luther's phone RINGS AGAIN.

This time, Schenk gives him a look.

SCHENK

Do you want to take that?

LUTHER

Sorry, boss.

He exits.

Leaving Schenk on the edge of the desk. He turns to examine the case file: Robert in grainy black and white, beating a man to death on a garage forecourt.

We leave him there, gloomy and reflective.

25 INT. SSU, CORRIDOR - DAY 2 (13.17)

25

As Luther strides down the corridor - enters the bathroom.

26 INT. SSU, BATHROOM - DAY 2 CONT.

26

Checks it's empty. Then dials Toby.

27 I. SSU, BATHROOM/I. SEEDY HOUSE, KIOSK - DAY 2 (13.19)

27 *

Toby. Frustrated, sweating voyeur. Standing by the kiosk, watching, through the glass. We can barely see details, but enough to realise two women are together on the bed.

He is on the phone to Luther.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Have you got it?

*

*

*

INTERCUT TOBY/LUTHER

LUTHER

Look. I know you want to impress Frank with what a big boy you are. But you need to calm down. You'll have it when I can get it to you.

TOBY

No. Today.

LUTHER

Access to the Criminal Records Database is audited. I log on, I leave a record. I can't just -

TOBY

Yes you CAN! You'll DO! IT! NOW! If that stuff isn't in my hands in the next two hours - do I have to tell you what I'll do? Really? So just - DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

A silent beat.

Softly, Luther laughs.

And Toby hears it.

LUTHER

All right. I'll do it now.

Toby breathes angrily down the line - then softly hangs up. His hand is shaking.

*

He looks at the girls -

*

28 EXT. BANDSTAND, ARNOLD CIRCUS - DAY 2 (13.21)

28

Robert sits on the bandstand.

He's got his little notebook. He's carefully TRANSCRIBING NUMBERS into a BLANK COLUMN on an OTHERWISE BLANK PAGE ...

He licks his finger, turns the page: back to the COMPLEX TABLES. He studies the table.

Takes out a 20-SIDED DICE. Throws it. Notes the result.

Runs his finger down the X-axis.

Takes out an 8-SIDED DICE. Throws it. Notes the result.

Runs his finger along the Y-axis. Taps the NUMBER 7 at the bottom of the column. Hmmm.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

He thinks. Then pockets the book. Stands. Ready to go.

He looks at the PARKED CARS in a neat row.

Then he STEPS onto the bonnet of the first car. Its alarm sounds.

He steps onto next car. And the next.

He makes his way down the road, nonchalantly stepping from car to car. A TRAIL OF CAR ALARMS wailing and hooting behind him.

29 INT. SSU, BATHROOM - DAY 2 (13.23)

29

Luther is thinking. Running a plan through his head. Then -

LUTHER

Okay. It works.

He commits.

30 INT. SSU, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY 2 CONT.

30

He steps into the corridor. Anybody here?

Nope. He goes to the RED FIRE ALARM. Smashes the glass with a blow from his elbow. The FIRE ALARM SOUNDS -

- and Luther steps back into the bathroom.

31 INT. SSU, BATHROOM - DAY 2 CONT.

31

He locks himself into a cubicle. Sits. Waits.

32 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 (13.26)

32

The FIRE ALARM SHRIEKS. Schenk emerges from his office.

SCHENK

Who's fire picket?

GRAY

(steps up, already buttoning her florescent jacket)

Guv.

SCHENK

Then please clear the floor.

Gray moves round the bullpen -

GRAY

Okay, everybody move to the Assembly Point, please! Sorry, sorry, sorry! But this does mean you! (etc)

Grumbling, groaning, everybody stands. Heads to the exit.

33 **EXT. ARNOLD CIRCUS - DAY 2 (13.27)**

33

A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC is demonstrating to TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS the route Robert took along the top of the cars.

Officer #1 spots something. Calls the attention of Officer #2. Shows her:

EIGHT RADIAL ARROWS have been sprayed onto the bonnet of the final car.

Officer #1 calls it in while Officer #2 produces a phone - and lines herself up to photograph the graffiti.

*

34 **OMITTED**

34

*

35 **INT. SSU CORRIDORS OUTSIDE BATHROOM - DAY 2 (13.28)**

35

*

The fire alarm is still sounding. But everyone's gone.

Except Luther.

He sneaks out of the bathroom - heads down the deserted corridors. To the SSU.

36 **INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 CONT.**

36

*

He enters. He sneaks across the floor. Then hesitates.

Is he really going to do this?

Yep. He lets himself in - to Schenk's office!

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

37

*

He gently shuts the door. Closes the blinds. Peeps through, checks the bullpen. Still empty.

He sits before Schenk's desk-top computer.

ON SCHENK'S COMPUTER: Luther accesses the INTERNAL POLICE DATABASE and looks up "SCHENK, MARTIN".

In a moment, he's looking at SCHENK'S RECORDS: his rank, his office address, his direct line. And his WARRANT NUMBER.

Luther memorises the warrant number, then quickly mouses to a different screen.

He GLANCES UP. Freezes. Was that movement?

No. It was nothing.

Back to Schenk's computer. He invokes the CRIMINAL RECORDS DATABASE.

In the relevant text field, he types SCHENK, MARTIN.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

In the second text field, he enters Schenk's WARRANT NUMBER.

The third and final text field asks for A PASSWORD.

Luther opens Schenk's desk drawer. It's a mess. He rifles through it.

38 INT. SSU - DAY 2 (13.31)

38

The alarm is still sounding.

Gray moves office to office, work-station to work-station.

GRAY

Anybody still here, please make your way to the assembly point!

39 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (13.32)

39

Luther rifles Schenk's desk drawers.

Come on! Come on!

At last! In the MIDDLE DRAWER he finds a SMALL NOTEBOOK.

He opens it, hurriedly. And there, on the page marked with a rubber band, is written a SIX DIGIT NUMBER.

Luther enters that number in the FINAL TEXT FIELD.

Which gives him access to the CRIMINAL RECORDS DATABASE.

He looks up SAROYAN, MICHAEL.

A moment later, MICHAEL SAROYAN'S FULL DATA FILE appears on screen.

Luther hits PRINT ALL. And Schenk's LASER PRINTER kicks into life. Starts disgorging paper.

Just as - THE MOVEMENT OF A TINY SHADOW -

Alerts Luther to the fact that -

SOMEBODY has entered the bullpen.

He sneaks to the window, peeks through the blinds. And sees -

ERIN GRAY!

Fuck!

She moves closer as she double-checks every office. Every workstation.

Luther sneaks to the door. And very ... carefully ... ENGAGES THE LOCK.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

Just as Gray reaches the other side of the door.

40 INT. SSU, BULLPEN/INT. SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2 CONT.

40

Gray tries the handle. It's locked.

She turns away and stops.

Because she can HEAR SOMETHING.

INTERCUT LUTHER/GRAY

Luther glances sharply at the PRINTER - as it NOISILY COUGHS OUT page after page after page.

Gray listens. Hearing the RHYTHM OF THE PRINTER above the fire alarm.

She frowns. That can't be right, can it?

She returns to the door. Tests the handle again.

GRAY

Hello?

(rattles door)

Hello?!

Luther presses himself flat to the door, thinks furiously. What the hell does he do now?

Gray lets go of the handle.

Instead, she puts her face to the blinds and squints through.

Can she - can she SEE someone in there?

Luther's phone buzzes with an incoming TEXT. He cups the phone in his hand. Shut up! Shut up!

He glances at the message received:

ON SCREEN: a picture of CHAOS ARROWS SPRAYED ONTO A CAR BONNET AT ARNOLD CIRCUS.

Luther sees a way out of this!

Hurriedly, he begins THUMBING OUT A TEXT MESSAGE.

Gray has her face pressed to the glass. She has her hands cupped round her eyes.

Is there someone in there? There can't be, can there?

Her PHONE VIBRATES. She checks it. A text.

ON GRAY'S PHONE - **FROM: DCI LUTHER: MEET @ ASSEMBLY POINT ASAP. CASE DEVELOPMENT.**

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Gray hesitates. Peers through the crack in the blinds. Just one more time. Then she exits.

*

41 OMITTED

41

*

42 INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (13.35)

42

At last, with a DYING RUMBLE, the PRINT-JOB finishes.

Luther logs off the database. He shoves the SAROYAN PAPERS into a PLAIN MANILLA FILE. Checks to see the coast is clear.

Then exits Schenk's office.

43 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 CONT.

43

He hurries to his desk. Digs his keys from his pocket. Unlocks the top drawer. Slips in the SAROYAN CASE FILE.

Then locks the drawer.

Job done!

He hurries outside.

And then - a beat after he's gone, ERIN GRAY steps out from her hiding place.

She looks through the door. Luther's route to exit.

She bites her lip.

What the hell is she supposed to do now?

44 EXT. SSU, ASSEMBLY POINT - DAY 2 (13.37)

44

Luther heads outside, joins the others.

LUTHER

Where's Gray?

Ripley shrugs: dunno. Then he looks over Luther's shoulder - as Gray emerges from the building.

An ambiguous moment between Luther and Gray.

GRAY

Sorry, Guv. I got the text - but I'm Fire Picket. I was just making sure - y'know. That the place was empty.

Then the alarm goes silent, much to everyone's relief. It leaves behind a heavy silence.

Luther shows Schenk, Ripley and Gray the text: the arrow graffiti on the car bonnet.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

LUTHER

Our boy's turned up again. Which means he's still active and highly dangerous. We need to lock him down before he does something a lot worse than petty vandalism.

He strides off. His phone rings. He cancels the call. We know who it must be from.

Ripley and Gray behind him.

45 INT. SEEDY HOUSE, TOBY'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (14.08)

45

Evidence of much WHISKY DRINKING – and indications of COCAINE USE lie all over the desk and sofa. Toby's also wired to hell, on the mobile, calling Luther. He ignores the flickering images of various porn films, on the screens at the back of the room.

*
*
*
*

He redials. Gets voicemail. Hangs up.

Redials. Gets voicemail. Hangs up.

*

Redials. Gets voicemail. Mewls in frustration.

*

Redials. Gets voicemail. Redials. Gets voicemail. Redials ...

*

46 EXT. JOB CENTRE - DAY 2 (14.13)

46

Jenny emerges, disconsolate. Surveys the ads in the window.

JENNY

(under breath)

Tossers.

(dials Luther; gets
voicemail)

Hello, it's me. So I went to the Job Centre and, um –

(she tears up)

– they weren't amazingly pleasant or anything. Turns out, there's been this global downturn, whatever. So it's all quiet on the job front.

She can't do it. Can't make a joke of it. She feels mortified and useless. She hangs up.

Stands there, hating herself for what she's about to do. Then does it anyway. She dials.

JENNY (cont'd)

Hello, mum?

(fighting tears)

You fancy meeting up for a coffee or something?

47 **EXT. ARNOLD CIRCUS - DAY 2 (14.14)**

47

Luther stands with the two uniformed officers - inspecting the arrows that Robert sprayed onto the car bonnet.

He approaches RIPLEY AND GRAY.

LUTHER

Everything all right over here?

Ripley nods to Gray, encouragingly. *Go on - engage.*

Gray meets Luther's eyes for a TINY FRACTION OF A SECOND too long. Before she smiles.

GRAY

Good to go, boss. So what's the plan?

LUTHER

It's him, all right. But we've got no idea who he is. And we can't predict where he'll go next. So we need to know where he's at.

GRAY

How do we do that?

LUTHER

We get CO19 ready to go. We monitor the emergency lines. Listen out for unusual offences. We hear something we think sounds like our man, we dispatch armed response. Catch him in the act.

GRAY

London takes six thousand 999 calls a day.

RIPLEY

Yeah, but seventy per cent of them are time wasters - cats up trees. Most of the rest is meat and potatoes. It shouldn't be too hard to set up a filter.

LUTHER

Right. And when we get a tickle, we take a judgement call. If we think it could be our man, we go in loud and heavy.

Right? Right.

Good. He wanders off, on the phone.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Boss?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

But Gray isn't happy. And Ripley can see it.

48 INT. SSU, BENNY'S DESK - DAY 2 (14.16)

48

Benny's at his desk, headphones on. A tide of 999 CALL DATA FLASHES ON THE CRIME WALL - A CONSTANT EBB AND FLOW OF INFORMATION.

Schenk paces.

We hear IMPRESSIONISTIC BURSTS OF 999 CALL TRAFFIC.

49 I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR, ARNOLD'S CIRCUS - DAY 2 (14.46)

49

Time has passed. Gray and Ripley sit in silence - listening to the feed over Gray's AIRWAVE, scribbling notes.

Gray's eyes keep flitting to LUTHER -

Who's in the back seat, staring out the window.

GRAY watches as his phone rings.

He checks it: TOBY.

He kills the call. Listens to the Airwave.

50 EXT. CURTAIN ROAD - DAY 2 (14.53)

50

A busy street - through which ROBERT passes like a shark. He's checking out everything and everyone. Looking for quarry.

Will it be HER? HIM? The WOMAN WITH THE BABY? The DIGNIFIED PENSIONERS, walking arm in arm to the greengrocers? The TEENAGERS knocking-off school?

No. He moves on. He passes TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS without so much as a flutter of nerves.

Could it be the MAN LOADING THE VAN?

No. He walks on. Until -

A MOTORCYCLE COURIER pulls to the kerb and dismounts. Then wanders up a LONG, DARK MEWS.

Robert smiles. He reaches into his POCKET and takes out THE MOLESKIN notebook. He looks at that HAND-DRAWN TABLE.

Then pockets the book and takes out A TWENTY SIDED DICE. He kneels.

Rolls dice; a nine! He pockets the dice. Then opens the bag and takes out A HUNTING KNIFE.

He hurries across the road. Knife in hand. Follows the courier into the mews -

50A EXT. CURTAIN ROAD, MEWS - DAY 2 (CONT.)

50A

- Robert follows.

We pass an office window - two office workers inside busy about their day. *

A few yards later, the courier takes a right and enters the office. A BEAT. Then Robert follows.

The camera waits. Then gently moves back to the window, revealing the carnage inside. Bodies, blood, two people seriously injured, in pain, the courier dead. The aftermath of Robert's attack. *

ROBERT exits the office, carrying the courier's jacket and helmet. Calmly walks back down the mews. *

51 OMITTED

51

52 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 (14.57)

52

Benny looks up, gestures to Schenk - who rushes over. Benny removes his headset, picks up the phone.

BENNY

Okay, boys and girls - weird one.

53 I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR, ARNOLD CIRCUS/SSU, BULLPEN - DAY 2 (14.58) 53

LUTHER

(snatches up Airwave)

What've we got?

INTERCUT BENNY/LUTHER

BENNY

Random attack. Motorcycle Couriers.

Three people stabbed. Killer stole a Courier's bike, his despatch bag, helmet, jacket.

Luther takes a moment.

LUTHER

All right. Contact the courier's delivery company - find out his next scheduled delivery. Scramble ARV to that location. Let's see if we can get there before he does.

Ripley's adding THE ADDRESS to his SATNAV.

LUTHER (cont'd)

All right. Let's go.

Ripley screeches away.

54 EXT. BISHOPSGATE, SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.03)

54

A MOTORCYCLE COURIER pulls to the kerb, dismounts, takes a package from the back. Then discards the bike, letting it crash to the ground. Turns, slings on his messenger bag and walks to the door.

*
*

It's Robert, of course.

55 INT. SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 CONT.

55

Robert enters.

*

56 I/E. RIPLEY'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 (15.05)

56

Ripley at the wheel, screaming through the traffic under blues and twos -

57 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY 2 (15.06)

57

*

Robert approaches reception. Reaches into his bag.

*

The YOUNG MALE RECEPTIONIST smiles, motions that he should wait a moment.

Robert waits a moment. Anonymous in the motorcycle helmet

RECEPTIONIST

Solar Apex...he's on the line I'm
afraid... would you hold...Solar
Apex... please hold....Solar Apex
I'm afraid he's out of the office in a
meeting ...

*

He looks up.

ROBERT

Solar Apex Heating Solutions?

*

RECEPTIONIST

Just go on up.

*

A beat of eye contact. Then:

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

(on phone)

Hello, Solar Apex? I'll just check,
hold the line please ...

*

*

*

*

Robert turns. HEADS UPSTAIRS. Just as TWO BUSINESSMEN come down.

*

*

A long, terrible moment as they converge on the stairs.

*

Then BUSINESSMAN 1 is surprised to be confronted on the stairs by the Courier - who's apparently POINTING A WATER PISTOL at him.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

He glances at Businessman 2, amused.

BUSINESSMAN 1

What's this?

Then the COURIER SQUIRTS HIM IN THE FACE ... and he SCREAMS.

Businessman 2 reacts - tries to barge past - to safety -

Robert opens the courier bag, whips out A HAMMER.

Shatters the balding skull of Businessman 2. Then heads upstairs.

58 INT. SEEDY HOUSE, TOBY'S OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.08)

58

Toby is pacing the little office. Seems on the verge of smashing it to pieces.

He checks his phone. Again.

Nothing.

He paces. The stops to check his reflection in a SMALL MIRROR he's been using to rack up lines of coke. He wipes the WHITE POWDER RESIDUE from a nostril.

Then checks his phone. Again.

TOBY

Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?

59 OMITTED

59

*

60 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION AND OFFICES - DAY 2 (15.23)

60

*

ARMED OFFICERS flood through the offices, clearing rooms one by one.

It's a surreal sight - because they're moving in daylight through DEAD AND INJURED PEOPLE.

The place is chaos. Everything shattered, everything broken.

61 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY 2 (15.24)

61

*

Schenk, Ripley and Gray arrive and wait as CO19 clear the building.

Luther paces, with terrible impatience.

His phone rings. It's TOBY again.

He kills the call without a second thought.

62 INT. SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.25)

62

The LEAD CO19 raises his radio.

CO19 OFFICER
Area secured and cleared for medics.
The attacker's escaped.

*
*

Behind him, a fire door hangs open. Robert's escape route.

63 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY 2 (15.26)

63

Schenk lowers his Airwave.

Luther stops pacing. Turns to him. Expectantly.

Schenk shakes his head.

SCHENK
He got away.

Frustration and rage surge through Luther. He wants to throw a chair through the window. Kick the door.

But he fights it. Buries his hands in his pockets.

64 EXT. CITY ROAD BASIN - DAY 2 (15.27)

64

Tentative and fearful, Jenny steps up to meet Caroline.

JENNY
All right, mum?

For a long moment, they stand there. Jenny is cowed, radiating need like a neutron star.

JENNY (cont'd)
All right, mum?

A moment. They look at each other.

CAROLINE
So. Are you sleeping with him?

Jenny straightens. Transforms. From beaten and needy to hurt and proud.

JENNY
"Hello, Jen! How are you? 'Cos I tell you: you're looking utterly mint!"

CAROLINE
Are you?

JENNY
Utterly mint? Totally.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE
Sleeping with him.

JENNY
Whatever. He's, like, fifty-five.

CAROLINE
So how are you paying the rent?

JENNY
He doesn't want any rent, actually.

CAROLINE
I bet he doesn't.
(then)
If you knew how that man tortured your
dad -

JENNY
Because you loved dad so much, right?

CAROLINE
I did. Yes. I loved him.

JENNY
So you didn't try to screw John the
minute dad was cold in the ground?

CAROLINE
Is that what he told you?

JENNY
That's what I saw.

CAROLINE
What you think you saw.

JENNY
Mum. I saw.

They stand there.

If they knew, in this instant, how much they resemble mother
and daughter ... it would break both their hearts.

CAROLINE
Look. Just come home. Please.

JENNY
No.

CAROLINE
I just want us to -

JENNY
What?
(Disney smile)
Hello world! Hello neighbours!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (cont'd)

Here we are! Jenny and Caroline! We're normal! Look at how normal we are! Mother and daughter by accident, best friends by choice!

CAROLINE

You really are an evil little bitch.
You really are.

JENNY

Yeah well. The apple didn't fall far from that tree, did it?

A moment of frigid rage in Caroline's eyes.

JENNY (cont'd)

What? You going to smack me about a bit now? Because know what? Go ahead. I've been hit by animals a lot meaner than you.

Eye contact. Full of hatred. And longing.

Caroline opens her bag with trembling hands. She finds her purse. Digs out a handful of cash.

JENNY (cont'd)

Keep it.

CAROLINE

You need it. For food. Rent.

JENNY

I don't want your money. I'm getting a job.

CAROLINE

Have you got one yet?

JENNY

Not yet, no.

CAROLINE

Then take it.

JENNY

I don't want your money.

A long beat. Caroline with the cash in her shaking hand.

CAROLINE

But if I was a strange man with a video camera and an erection? Then you'd take it?

Jenny tilts her jaw, proud and tearful and defiant.

65 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION AND OFFICES - DAY 2 (15.30)

65 *

At last, Luther, Gray and Ripley are permitted to step under the tape and enter the crime scene.

*

They take it in.

The SHATTERED, UPTURNED FURNITURE, the BLOOD. The departing ARMED CO19 OFFICERS. The MEDICAL PERSONNEL bearing stretchers, leading the WALKING WOUNDED to the lifts.

GRAY

My God.

Luther approaches a fatigued-looking Schenk.

LUTHER

How many?

SCHENK

Four confirmed dead. Many injured.

*

Schenk sees Luther's despair. Lays a hand on his shoulder.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Your strategy worked.

LUTHER

Not well enough.

SCHENK

Not quickly enough. Not this time. But that's a different thing. Thanks to you, we missed him by minutes. At most. We nearly had him.

LUTHER

But we didn't get him. And we've got no idea where he goes next.

A dark moment.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Escape route?

Schenk nods to an OPEN FIRE DOOR.

SCHENK

Car park.

LUTHER

It's been cleared?

SCHENK

He scaled the gates. Injured himself.

Luther takes it in. As ANOTHER CASUALTY is stretchered out.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

And OTHER CASUALTIES, walking wounded, are led out with bandages pressed to their heads.

He approaches Ripley and Gray.

LUTHER

Erin, we need any security footage; inside the building, outside. Justin, I need details of everyone who works here cross referenced against victims and witnesses at the petrol station. See if there's any link. Any link at all.

Wanders off, hands in pockets.

He approaches the FIRE DOOR. Checks it out. Pops his head round the corner.

Looks down, sees A GREY CONCRETE STAIRWELL.

A few blood splashes.

Hmmmm. He steps onto the landing.

Begins walking down. Leaves the hectic crime scene behind him.

66 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION/ STAIRWELL - DAY 2 (15.32)

66 *

Gray paces, on the phone.

Ripley sits to access the receptionist's computer.

INTERCUT CHAOS IN THE OFFICE/ LUTHER DESCENDING STAIRS.

As more walking casualties are led past by emergency personnel - a middle aged woman, a skinny man in a suit (Robert), pressing a massive bandage to a headwound.

*

Luther reaches the bottom of the stairwell. He tries the door. It's locked. It takes a moment to find the GREEN BUTTON he needs to press.

He presses it. The doors buzz. He steps outside -

67 EXT. SOLAR OFFICE, CAR PARK - DAY 2 CONT.

67

- into the SILENCE OF THE CAR PARK.

It's more of an enclosed yard, really. Surrounded by HIGH WALLS topped with RAZOR WIRE. A HIGH SECURITY GATE, crested with IRON SPIKES.

FIVE OR SIX CARS are parked in designated spaces. A Merc, a Mini, a Mazda convertible. Management cars.

A LARGE WHEELIE BIN is shoved into a far corner.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

It's very quiet.

And something's wrong.

Luther doesn't know what. But something is.

He looks around.

Approaches the gate. Tries it. Locked.

On one of the spikes, he finds a BLOODY SCRAP OF LEATHER.

Looks up at the gate. It's high. High even for him.

He moves sideways in order not to contaminate evidence, then tries to boost himself over the gate.

It's too high.

He tries again.

Still too high. He catches his trousers on the spike, struggles to rip himself free.

LUTHER

It's too high.

He looks around. His eyes settle on THE WHEELIE BIN in the corner. Hmmm.

He picks up an OLD IRON BAR - tests its weight. That's better.

He approaches the wheelie bin.

A tense moment. Then suddenly, he THROWS BACK THE LID and peers inside.

Nothing.

He pokes at the garbage with the iron bar.

Still holding the bar, he walks the perimeter of the car-park, pokes at the fence. Looking for an alternative means of egress. Finds nothing.

Hmmm.

He turns to THE CARS. He checks each vehicle in turn.

Are the windows closed? Yes.

Front seats empty? Yes.

Back seat empty? Yes.

There's nothing.

He gets to his hands and knees, checks underneath the cars.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing.

He checks each of the car boots.

All locked.

He hesitates, still troubled. Then dismisses the feeling and heads to door, about to return to the crime scene.

But he can't. He's still fretful about something - some detail. Even he doesn't know what it is.

He hesitates in the doorway. Turns to look again at the parked cars.

And he SEES IT.

In the MIDDLE CAR, the convertible, THE PINE-TREE AIR-FRESHENER that dangles from the rear-view mirror is LAZILY TWISTING.

Why would it do that?

Luther approaches the convertible.

Looks inside one more time. It's empty. Checks the little boot. Locked.

He checks the roof.

It's LOOSE. Hmm.

He pulls it back, exposing the car's interior. He reaches in, unlocks and opens the driver's door.

He leans into the car, finds the TRUNK RELEASE LEVER. Pops the trunk.

He EDGES CAUTIOUSLY round the car. The trunk is open just a crack.

He says a silent prayer, raises the bar, ready to strike - and kicks the trunk all the way open -

Out on Luther's shock.

68 **INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION - DAY 2 (15.36)**

68 *

Ripley's on the desk phone at the receptionist's computer, finger in one ear, shouting above the chaos.

RIPLEY

I realise that, sir. But this is an urgent police matter and I need access to the personnel files. Yes. You can. Certainly. My name is Detective Sergeant Justin Ripley.

On the desk, his mobile rings. It's LUTHER.

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Excuse me, sir, just for one moment,
Yes, please do hold the line.
(beat)
Because it you don't, I'll personally
come round there and arrest you for
obstruction of justice -

As he grabs the phone, the last walking casualties are led out-

RIPLEY (cont'd)
What's up, Boss?

69 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION/ STAIRWELL - DAY 2 (15.37)

69 *

Luther pounds up the concrete stairs, on the phone -

LUTHER
He's still here!

INTERCUT LUTHER/RIPLEY

RIPLEY
(stands)
What? Where?

70 EXT. SOLAR OFFICE, CAR PARK - DAY 2 (15.38)

70

INSIDE THE BOOT: the CORPSE OF AN OFFICE WORKER, naked but for his underwear and socks, has been stuffed. And next to him, half covered by a blanket, are the MOTORCYCLE LEATHERS, A HELMET...

71 INT. SOLAR OFFICE, RECEPTION/ STAIRWELL - DAY 2 (15.39)

71 *

Luther runs upstairs.

LUTHER
He's disguised as an employee! Check out the walking wounded!

INTERCUT LUTHER/RIPLEY

Ripley leaps onto the desk, waves his arms.

RIPLEY
NOBODY MOVE! EVERYBODY STOPS! NOW!!

He jumps down from the desk, grabs a PARAMEDIC'S elbow.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
We need to stop all transportation of walking wounded.
(over paramedic's protest)
DO IT!

As Ripley runs up the stairs, the paramedic lifts his radio.
Ripley bursts onto the mezzanine floor -

*
*

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

As Luther leaps the stairs, five at a time.

Knowing Robert's here ... somewhere ...

72 INT. SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.40)

72 *

A PARAMEDIC TEAM leads THREE WOUNDED toward an exit.

*

A RADIO SOUNDS:

PARAMEDIC CONTROL (V.O.)
All Green Team. Please Hold. Green
Team, please hold.

Paramedics and wounded freeze. Exchange worried looks. What's going on?

One of them is the man with the huge bandage.

And he is ROBERT!

He looks around, nervously. What's happening?

He hears the police radios - sees all the guns - knows HE'S CAUGHT.

72A INT. SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.41)

72A

Luther and Ripley race along, coming closer ... and closer.

72B INT. SOLAR OFFICE - DAY 2 (15.42)

72B *

Robert moves through the milling CROWD OF WALKING WOUNDED - MEDICS, the INJURED, POLICE OFFICERS. He's got a phone in one hand, thumb pressed to the CALL button.

He's insistent and emphatic, like one of those normal-at-first-sight madmen you see on the Tube ... asking everyone he can the same question ... men, women, police officers, medics, Solar employees ...

ROBERT

Excuse me ... How many dead? How many injured? ... How many dead? Excuse me? Sorry. ... sorry .. excuse me, can you tell me how many were injured ?

Busy with their own problems, perhaps assuming he's simply in shock, people give him short shrift.

He moves on, undeterred. And his efforts only DOUBLE when he sees -

LUTHER AND RIPLEY ARRIVE, converging from difference directions.

*

He knows he's MOMENTS AWAY FROM BEING CAUGHT.

(CONTINUED)

72B CONTINUED:

ROBERT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Does anybody know how many people
died? How many were injured?

LUTHER AND RIPLEY have photos of Robert. They're searching the crowd, comparing the photos ... seeking out THE ONE FACE, the RIGHT FACE ...

INTERCUT LUTHER/ROBERT

Until

ROBERT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Does anybody know? Can anybody tell me
how many died?

LUTHER (V.O.)
Eight deaths. Eighteen injured. Four
seriously.

Robert looks up. A long, slow moment.

The crowd parts. Robert and Luther face each other.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Why do you want to know?

A breathless moment, full of potential.

Then Robert presses DIAL -

and raises the phone -

- as Luther SPRINTS TOWARDS HIM.

ROBERT
Nine thousand, seven hundred -

Luther takes him down with a massive impact -

- whoof! -

the phone goes skittering across the floor -

but the call hasn't been terminated ...

Robert struggles, as Luther and Ripley cuff him and OTHER OFFICERS move civilians back - but he's not struggling to escape. He's struggling to finish what he was saying.

ROBERT (cont'd)
NINE THOUSAND! SEVEN HUNDRED AND

Ripley picks up the phone, listens.

The line's dead.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT (cont'd)
fifty four.

Ripley holds the phone. And for the first time comes eye-to-eye with Robert. Bleeding, insane -

And grinning in what can only be described as triumph.

73 EXT. LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 (19.37)

73

Jenny walks into the shadow of the tower block. She's been crying. But she's okay now.

She's got something under her arm. Something A4 sized and GIFT-WRAPPED.

She passes THE HOODIES. They jeer. Jenny puts on her game face - gives her Big Cartoon Grin.

Flips them the bird. Then heads inside.

74 I/E. LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 (19.42)

74

She lets herself in. Looks round.

Props the GIFT on the kitchen table. Is that right?

No. She props it on the window sill. Still not right.

Back to the table it goes. She's excited, nervous.

75 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 2 (19.43)

75

Robert sits in a paper bunny suit. Luther sprawls opposite him.

They stare at each other in silence.

We hold the silence for an uncomfortably long time. Somebody please say something!

76 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2 (19.44)

76

Ripley pulls on his coat and - unseen - slips outside.

77 EXT. SSU - NIGHT 2 (19.45)

77

Waiting for him is Erin Gray. She's wrapped in a winter coat, pacing, smoking a cigarette.

Seeing Ripley, she stops. Waits.

RIPLEY
Erin? What's wrong?

GRAY
You said to come to you.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY

Absolutely. Yeah.

GRAY

I don't know what to do, Justin.

RIPLEY

About - ?

GRAY

Luther.

(off Ripley's expression)

During the fire drill he broke into
Schenk's office. Accessed his
computer.

Okay. Right. Not good.

GRAY (cont'd)

Don't say it, because I'm sure. I wish
I wasn't. But I am.

RIPLEY

He's got no need -

GRAY

Access to the database is audited.
Whatever he was doing, he didn't want
anybody to know he was doing it. Tell
me that's not dirty.

RIPLEY

Well - on the face of it, yeah: it
looks odd. But there'll be a reason.

GRAY

Come on! There's loyalty and there's
naivete.

RIPLEY

(stung)

And there's a big difference between
getting your hands dirty and being
dirty.

GRAY

So this is what I get, is it? When I
come to you for help? This is it?
Platitudes and denials and puppy dog
eyes?

Beat. A silent challenge.

RIPLEY

You're right. I made you a promise.
I'll deal with it.

78 INT. SSU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 2 (19.47)

78

Luther finally breaks the long silence.

LUTHER

I'm John, by the way. Question is: who are you? Because your prints aren't on record. You're not carrying any ID. Just this.

He produces: Robert's NOTEBOOK. And a set of GAMING DICE: 6-sided, 8-sided, 10-sided, 20-sided.

Luther throws them on the table. They clatter. Come to rest.

Robert doesn't so much as look at them. Just stares at Luther.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Y'know, I've been a copper since God was a boy. And I don't think I've ever sat across a table from someone who took his right to silence quite this seriously. They might hold out for five minutes, but it's human nature to fill an awkward silence. Or British nature, anyway. We like to say Something. Anything. No?

No. Luther folds his arms, sits back. All the time in the world. Then he opens the notebook.

LUTHER (cont'd)

(re: notebook)

So I've spent our quiet time thinking about this. What could it be? Do you know what I reckon?

(No?)

I think it's a scorecard. You score - how much? Ten points for killing someone with a baseball bat? Twenty points for, I don't know, stabbing a stranger to death? Is that what this is?

No answer. Luther throws the dice.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So who were you trying to call, back there at the office? Wife? Girlfriend? Boyfriend? I don't think it can be your mum and dad. Because we checked the records: you called a disposable phone. Made the only call ever made to that number. That doesn't say "Mum and dad" to me.

Throws the dice again.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

LUTHER (cont'd)
So who was it?

Nothing. He leans back. Glances up at the camera.

Then yawns. Pockets the dice. Then stands. Picks up the notebook.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Well, we'll see.

He exits.

79 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 (19.49)

79

Jenny has found the perfect place for the gift. It's propped up next to the kettle. She's just finished arranging it when -

SOMEBODY KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

Not a friendly rat-a-tat-tat: a sudden, shocking, pounding.

She freezes. Makes a face. Then goes to the door and opens it -
ON TOBY.

He's wired on booze and coke: dishevelled, dangerous-looking.

Before she can speak, he walks in, shuts the door. He checks every room.

Jenny sucks in a cheek, chews on it. Says nothing.

TOBY
Remember me?

*
*

She summons all her contempt. Weight on one hip. Hands crossed protectively over her chest.

TOBY (cont'd)
Of course you do. Because didn't we
...? Oh yes. We did. We did. And what
an evening that was!

She beams helpless odium at him.

TOBY (cont'd)
Well, I do apologise for any work-related injuries you may have sustained during our transaction.
Where is he? The man of the house.

JENNY
Working.

TOBY
Bringing home the bacon, as it were.
When's he coming home?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY
Whenever he can.

TOBY
And when's that?

JENNY
Do I look like his wife?

TOBY
Darling, you don't look like anybody's wife.

JENNY
Whatever. He's got an actual job, like a proper job?

TOBY
As opposed to what? Me, I suppose.

JENNY
So anyway. Door's that way.

TOBY
Well, I can't leave. Not until Big Bad John shows up - AND GIVES ME WHAT I'M WAITING FOR!

A long beat. Toby straightens his hair. Pulls up a chair. Sits.

TOBY (cont'd)
I have to say, he's been disappointingly tardy. More dial-up than broadband.

JENNY
Okay. So you need to be off.

TOBY
Did I hurt you that badly?

She taps her feet. Hugs herself. Can't even speak.

Toby stands, goes to the kitchenette. Puts the kettle on.

TOBY (cont'd)
I can't help it. It's the screams.
They're like watches. On one level,
the fake ones are convincing enough -
until you've tried the genuine article
(re: Jenny's gift to Luther)
What's this?

JENNY
Just leave it alone. It's not yours.

He takes that as an invitation. He tears off the wrapping paper. To reveal A PROMOTIONAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DAVID BOWIE

TOBY
Signed?

Her eyes well, furious and embarrassed.

TOBY (cont'd)
Oh my God. That's so sweet.

He opens a kitchen drawer. Idly rifles the cutlery. Spoons. Forks. And knives.

JENNY
You do know you're ill? There's something wrong with you.

TOBY
Apparently, yes there is. When I was eight they caught me interfering with the corpse of a cat. I told them it was a scientific experiment. I wanted to see if there were any kittens inside. But no. No kittens.

(beat)
I didn't kill the cat, if that makes any difference. Just found it.

Takes a STEAK KNIFE from the drawer.

TOBY (cont'd)
So how are you on the money front? Now you've downsized.

JENNY
Seriously. Don't you start.

TOBY
Because I've got the money. If you've got the time.

JENNY
I don't do that any more.

TOBY
Why? Because you've found yourself? Because you found some pure core of strength and self respect? Because you're learning to love yourself as a woman?

JENNY
You need to go. If John finds you here, talking to me like this.

TOBY
"Talking to me like this?" I'm afraid John will do as he's told.
(MORE)

TOBY (cont'd)
I could bend you over this table while John watched and there'd be nothing he could do. Except step back and watch.

She glances at the door. The only escape. Toby is between her and it.

TOBY (cont'd)
Besides which, John's not here. I told him what I wanted. And I told him what I'd do. But he's not here. John's not here. Not for you. Or for me. John's let us both down.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet, counts a wad of cash onto the kitchen work-surface. Then arranges the cash in a fan.

TOBY (cont'd)
I'll be very gentle.

He appears to think again, then lays out several more twenties.

TOBY (cont'd)
Or not.

JENNY
Get out.

TOBY
Come on.

JENNY
GET! OUT!

Toby feeds off her fear. He gathers up the cash, replaces it in his wallet.

TOBY
So what is it with John? He's got a thing for sullied goods? Is that what it is?

JENNY
Don't talk about him.

Toby removes his belt, begins wrapping it round his fist.

TOBY
Or does he like to be the hero? Having grateful young things fall into his bed in gratitude?

JENNY
Seriously. Don't. Please.

TOBY
What does he like? What's his thing?

JENNY
Don't try to spoil it.

He stands, the belt wrapped round his fist.

Jenny makes a break for it - Toby lunges for her - she reaches the door - manages to pull open it - but Toby slams it shut -

He punches Jenny in the stomach. She falls, gasping for breath, retching ... tries to crawl away ...

80 **INT. SSU, SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 (19.53)**

80

Luther knocks on Schenk's door.

SCHENK
Anything?

LUTHER
He'll speak. But not tonight.

SCHENK
Okay. Fine. Knock off. Go home. You did fine work today. You saved lives.

LUTHER
I could have saved more. If I'd been quicker.

Schenk meets his gaze. Shakes his head.

Whatever. Luther exits.

81 **INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2 CONT.**

81

He heads to his desk. Waves goodbye to Ripley and Benny.

Then he grabs his coat and - in full view of the others - he UNLOCKS THE TOP DRAWER and removes the MANILLA FILE: the SAROYAN File.

He tucks it under his arm. Heads off.

Ripley follows.

RIPLEY
Boss, have you got a minute?

LUTHER
Course. Walk me out.

82 **INT. SSU, CORRIDORS - NIGHT 2 (19.55)**

82

Ripley and Luther walk the long, empty corridors.

LUTHER
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

RIPLEY
With me, yeah.

LUTHER
What does that mean?

RIPLEY
Were you in Schenk's office?

Luther stops. Holy fuck.

LUTHER
When?

RIPLEY
Today. During the fire alarm.

LUTHER
Who told you this?

RIPLEY
No-one. It doesn't matter. Were you in
there?

A long, agonised beat - then Luther turns to face him.

LUTHER
Do you trust me, Justin?

RIPLEY
You know I do.

LUTHER
Then don't say what you're going to
say next.

Painful beat. But Ripley made a promise to Gray.

RIPLEY
Boss -

Luther sees Ripley's agony - and knows what he's got to do.

LUTHER
Listen to me. I wasn't in Schenk's
office during the fire alarm. If
someone thought I was, they made a
mistake. Okay?

A long moment.

RIPLEY
Are you in trouble?

LUTHER
Things are a bit messy. But I'm
putting it right. So just - let it be.

Their eyes stay locked for an intense beat.

Then Ripley nods, accepts it. Returns to the SSU.

Then Luther slams through the doors, exits -

83 EXT. SSU - NIGHT 2 CONT. 83

- into the darkness. Takes a breath as he walks. He has to stop.

Gather himself.

Jesus.

As he strides away, he dials. Gets voicemail.

LUTHER

All right, I've got it and I'm ready to meet. Call me and tell me where.

84 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2 (20.16) 84

Ripley and Schenk sit there, watching a live feed of Robert, sitting in silence. Fascinated into stillness ... by his stillness. *

SCHENK

Are you a believer, Justin?

RIPLEY

In God and that? Not really. I wish I was, sometimes. But no. You?

SCHENK

I am. Although often I'd prefer not to be. Because I don't know which frightens me more: a God who creates us sick and commands us to be well. Or just - cosmic, eternal randomness.

A beat. Then Schenk shrugs.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Well, it's late. You should get some sleep.

He heads to his office.

Benny sees that something's wrong.

BENNY

You okay, Ripley boy?

RIPLEY

Yeah. No. Yeah. Pint?

BENNY

(stands)

Let me log off and get my jacket.

85 EXT. LUTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT 2 (20.17)

85

Luther walks to the tower block.

Sees A GREEN PORSCHE parked outside. Notes it, but barely pays it any attention. He stomps past the hoodies, enters the building.

*

86 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT, LIFT LOBBY - NIGHT 2 (20.18)

86

Presses the lift button. Waits. And waits.

87 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT, LANDING - NIGHT 2 (20.19)

87

The lift doors open and Luther steps out, walks to the door of his flat. Opens the door.

The flat is in darkness.

Weird.

LUTHER

Jenny? You home?

He hits the light and sees -

JENNY

On the sofa. Blood on her hands. Blood on her clothes. Blood on her face and in her hair.

And TOBY'S CORPSE -

Lying there on the floor. A steak-knife buried handle-deep in the base of his skull.

JENNY

I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry.

On Luther's face -

88 EXT. LIVERPOOL STREET, CONCOURSE - NIGHT 2 (20.20)

88

*

A BUSY STREET. A SKINNY MAN (NICHOLAS MILLBERRY) in a hoodie pulled over a white baseball cap, carrying a messenger bag. We can't see his face clearly but he looks normal enough.

*

*

- except he's walking along with his eyes closed. Bumping into people, signs, bins -

*

He's clearly troubled. Possibly dangerous. People get out of his way.

And he just carries on. Bump. Bump. Bump.

88 CONTINUED:

A human pinball with his eyes closed. Until his watch - Beep
... beep ... beeps.

And he ABRUPTLY STOPS. Opens his eyes. Takes a moment to
orientate himself. He produces a twenty-sided dice from his
pocket. Rolls it: a 14. *

He pockets the dice. Then opens the messenger bag. Takes out a
KNIFE. And a WATER PISTOL - *

89 INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2 (20.31)

89

Ripley and Benny head for the exit. And the pub.

Until Schenk throws open his office door.

SCHENK
Stations! Now!

Ripley and Benny exchange a glance, then rush to Benny's desk. *

CLOSE ON RIPLEY as he looks at the CCTV footage on Benny's
screen. *

RIPLEY
I don't believe it.

90 INT. LUTHER'S FLAT/ INT. SSU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 2 (20.32)

90

Luther's phone rings. He checks it automatically.

ON PHONE: RIPLEY.

Jenny pleads with her eyes. Don't answer it. Don't.

LUTHER
I have to take this call, okay? I have
to. You need to be quiet. Don't move.
Don't make a sound.

She nods.

LUTHER (cont'd)
(answers phone)
Justin. I can't talk about it tonight.

INTERCUT LUTHER/RIPLEY

Schenk, Benny and Ripley look at the CCTV screen in horror.

RIPLEY
It's not that -

LUTHER (V.O.)
Then what?

RIPLEY
Boss, we've got another one.

(CONTINUED)

Luther looks at Jenny - sitting there, bloody and traumatised.

Toby's body on the floor.

And RIPLEY'S VOICE on the phone.

RIPLEY (V.O.)
Boss? Boss? Boss, are you there?

And on LUTHER'S FACE we go to -

END OF EPISODE

*