

1 **EXT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 00.00** 1

A DECAYED, POST-INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE. Wasteland.

2 **INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, MAIN AREA - NIGHT 1 - 00.01** 2

HENRY MADSEN - a handsome man in suit and tie - stands alone in a VAST FORSAKEN SPACE. His breathing is exerted, fearful -- almost as fearful as those those lost, pleading voices.

He's thinking hard. Scanning the DARK CORNERS for what predators may lurk there -

He SPINS, looks behind him. Sees NOTHING. Just darkness and silence. Sound of DRIPPING WATER. His harsh breathing. And a sense of TERRIBLE THREAT in the LOOMING SHADOWS.

And now -

A FOOTSTEP. Somewhere out there - in the shadows.

He takes a SINGLE RETREATING STEP. And another. And a third - faster now, moving backwards - as the ECHOING FOOTSTEPS in the vastness grow CLOSER and CLOSER.

And now he's running - headlong through this awful place - away - just away -

3 **EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 00.02** 3

A MASSIVE POLICE OPERATION outside an ORDINARY SUBURBAN HOUSE.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER emerges, mud covered. Approaches DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDANT ROSE TELLER - who's looking at a PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

TELLER

Nothing?

The UNIFORMED OFFICER shakes his head.

Teller exchanges a pained, anxious look with DETECTIVE INSPECTOR IAN REED. Who shrugs.

REED

John said she's here, so she's here.  
Keep trying.

UNIFORMED OFFICER nods, exits.

TELLER

Her oxygen ran out two minutes ago.

4 **INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, VAT ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.03** 4

Madsen has no choice but to scramble up a RUSTY LADDER - which gives on to the VAT ROOM -

Only one way out. A STEEL DOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHAMBER.

To reach it, he must cross an ANCIENT METAL WALKWAY.

- Which spans a CIRCULAR BLACK CHASM -

WHICH DIVES TO INFINITY. A BLACK HOLE.

He turns from its maw. No way! He can't. He can't do that.

Breathing heavily, casting round, looking for a way out - he HEARS NOISES IN THE SILENCE.

Coming closer.

Ever closer.

Until -

Below, a SHABBY FIGURE appears. Implacable. Eyes that burn with lunacy and murder.

Incredible as it seems - this is DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN LUTHER.

He reaches the foot of the ladder. Advances on Madsen.

Who sprints across THE WALKWAY -

He's halfway across when SOMETHING FALLS - a minor part of the superstructure - a sheared bolt, maybe. It plunges, reverberating, into darkness

Madsen ignores it. Reaches the DOOR on the other side. It's METAL. Riveted. Solid.

LOCKED.

He casts round. Finds an IRON BAR. Levers at the door.

But it's not opening. No way.

He turns. Sees Luther. At the top of the ladder now.

Advancing. Pausing at the edge of the walkway.

A moment of eye contact.

Madsen gives up on the door. It's not going to open.

He's TRAPPED.

So he lifts the iron bar as a weapon -

And he and Luther advance on each other - crossing the walkway

It JOLTS under their weight.

Madsen ready to kill.

The light of madness in Luther's eyes. Less a man than a FORCE OF NATURE. Vengeance personified.

5 **SCENE 5 OMITTED** 5

6 **EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 00.05** 6

Teller glares at her watch. Five minutes past midnight.

7 **INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.06**

Madsen and Luther advance on each other - converging on the MOMENT of VIOLENT CONNECTION -

When Madsen stops. Suddenly.

A moment of EYE CONTACT -

Then the WALKWAY GIVES WAY BENEATH HIS FEET - and Madsen FALLS - drops the crowbar - it tumbles into darkness

- he CATCHES HIMSELF - just in time -

- and hangs there - scrabbling, trying to climb -

Can't. It's too wet. Too slick.

Luther approaches. Edges as close as he can. Takes a moment of PURE MALEVOLENT PLEASURE in Madsen's desperation.

LUTHER

You're going to fall, Henry.

MADSEN

Oh, God -

Madsen tries to scrabble up. Can't.

The walkway protests beneath him. A metallic groan. It jolts - gives way a few more centimetres. Madsen is jarred - but hangs on. Just. Over a chasm of darkness.

LUTHER

Where's Millie?

Madsen scrabbles.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Where is she?

Madsen begins to SLIP - regains his hold - for the moment. His feet scramble, seeking a toehold.

Luther STAMPS on the footbridge - once, twice, three times - violently jarring it. Loosening Madsen's tenuous grip.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
WHERE IS SHE!?

He's insane, elemental.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
WHRE! IS! SHE?!

MADSEN  
(in agony)  
The living room! For God's sake, the  
living room! There's a - panel -  
behind the plasterboard -

Luther produces his phone. Fingers trembling with emotion as he  
dials -

8 **EXT. MADSEN HOUSE - NIGHT 1 - 00.08**

8

Reed's phone rings. ANGLE ON THE PHONE: JOHN LUTHER.

REED  
John?  
(listens. Runs)  
LIVING ROOM!

9 **INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.08**

Luther waits - staring at Madsen with murderous eyes.

MADSEN  
I'm going to fall! Help me!

LUTHER  
But what if you're lying to me, Henry?  
Because you've done it before. You  
lied and you lied, didn't you?  
You lied and you lied.

MADSEN  
I'm not lying! She's there! Please!

10 **INT. MADSEN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.09**

10

Reed enters - he's got a CROW BAR. He's followed by Teller.  
Then several UNIFORMED OFFICERS, carrying SLEDGE HAMMERS.

Reed hammers and rips at the plasterboard wall, tears down  
section after section - throws away the crowbar - uses his  
hands -

Teller and a uniformed officer join in. Frantic.

11 **INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.1019**

Madsen struggles like a fly on a pin -

12 INT. MADSEN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.10 12

Behind the plasterboard, behind a layer of soundproofing, Reed and Teller find an UPRIGHT, COFFIN-SIZED CONTAINER WRAPPED IN LAGGING. It has an OXYGEN CYLINDER attached. It's marked with a faded KTR MEDICO logo. The gauge reads: EMPTY.

Reed picks up his phone, still connected

REED

(on phone)

It's here!

13 INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.113

LUTHER

(on phone, looking into  
Madsen's eye)

She alive?

14 INT. MADSEN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.10 14

OFFICERS rush to open the coffin. Inside is MILLIE CITRON.

Dead?

REED

I can't tell.

Teller hauls Millie from the coffin, lays her out. Listens to her chest. Shit. Turns the girl's head, clears the vomit from her airway. Tilts back her head. Pinches her nose. Covers Millie's mouth with hers, gently forces air into her lungs.

Millie's chest rises.

15 INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.115

MADSEN

I can't - I can't - oh God - please!

Luther grabs the handrail. Edges forward. The walkway groans beneath him.

He GRABS THE FRONT OF MADSEN'S SHIRT. Holds him in place.

Madsen screams in helpless terror -

16 INT. MADSEN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.11 16

As Teller administers CPR.

Reed keeps the phone to his ear. He can hear MADSEN'S DISTANT SCREAMING.

MADSEN (V.O.)

*No more! No more! PLEASE!*

INTERCUT TWO LIVES IN THE BALANCE - Millie and Madsen.

Until Millie takes in a MASSIVE WHOOP OF AIR - SITS UP - LOOKS AROUND - WIDE EYED AND TERROR-STRICKEN.

Teller cries out - embraces the child.

TELLER

Oh, good girl. Good girl. Good girl.

REED

(on phone)

John! We got her! We got her!

17 INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.117

Luther goes weak with relief.

LUTHER

Oh, thank God. Thank God. Thank God.

He stares down at Madsen.

A long beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Now tell me about the others.

Madsen screams in helpless terror -

MADSEN

PLEASE!

In the background, SIRENS APPROACH.

Luther glances in their direction. Then back at Madsen. Tears shining in his eyes.

LUTHER

How many more were there?

MADSEN

None! It wasn't me!

LUTHER

HOW MANY MORE?! There was Adrian, wasn't there? There was Gabriella. And there was little Emma. I dug her out of the ground myself. Did you know that? I dug her up. But I was too late.

(weeps)

SO HOW MANY MORE?

No answer. Just Madsen's terror. And quiet defiance.

18 INT. MADSEN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1 - 00.12

18

Reed is still listening.

He thinks a moment, greatly troubled. Seems about to speak.

Then CHANGES HIS MIND...and hangs up the phone.

19 INT. KTR MEDICO WAREHOUSE, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - NIGHT 1 - 00.112

Struggling not to weep, Luther stares at Madsen.

LUTHER

Tell me. Please. Just tell me what you  
did with them. I looked and I looked  
and -

But he sees only -

MADSEN'S TINY GRIN OF TRIUMPH. Flawless evil.

An UNBEARABLY LONG BEAT.

Then Luther LETS GO OF MADSEN'S SHIRT.

Madsen CRIES OUT - clings there for a moment -

- then his hand SLIPS - slides - a MAD FLURRY as he scrabbles  
for purchase - a FROZEN BEAT -

- and Madsen TUMBLES into the night - down and down into  
darkness -

On Luther's face as he falls.

20 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY 2 - 11.15 20

Reed walks through hospital doors and along a corridor.

21 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY 2 - 11.46 21

Luther sits, unmoving, almost catatonic. Facing the window.

Pulling back, we see that Reed is with him. There's a CHESS SET  
between them. Reed moves a BLACK KNIGHT.

Luther doesn't stir - so Reed plays LUTHER'S BISHOP.

REED

This may turn out to be the first time  
I actually beat you.

His phone beeps: INCOMING MESSAGE. He checks it out, makes a  
face. Pockets the phone. Stands.

Luther hasn't moved. Hasn't even blinked. Reed might not be  
there. Reed claps his shoulder, fraternally.

REED

Got to go.

Reed endures a moment of helpless sadness - then kisses Luther  
on the head - in benediction and friendship.

He leaves.

Luther stares out the window.

GO TO TITLES - AND FADE IN TO:

22 INT. KTR MEDICO, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - DAY 3 - 08.41 22

JOHN LUTHER stands in a HALO OF EARLY MORNING LIGHT. Spellbound by THE DROP. Gazing into the abyss.

TITLE OVER: SEVEN MONTHS LATER

FADE TO:

23 EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 3 - 07.31 SUNRISE 23

A converted farm. Mist. Early morning crow-calls. An original Mini parked outside.

24 INT. MORGAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 07.32 24

A kitchen. Eerie in the morning stillness. A tableau. On the worktop - a carton of milk, a loaf of bread. A newspaper.

*POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Emergency. Which service?*

*ALICE (O.S.)  
Oh, God. Police. Please, please.*

In the hallway - pass over the corpse of a DEAD GOLDEN RETRIEVER. Its head has been blown to jam.

25 INT. MORGAN HOUSE, STAIRS - DAY 3 - 07.32 25

Panning up the stairs -

*POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Go ahead caller, you're through to the  
police.*

*ALICE (O.S.)  
It's my mum. Hurry. It's my mum!*

26 INT. MORGAN HOUSE, LANDING - DAY 3 - 07.32 26

Tracking along the silent landing.

*POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
What's happened to your mum?*

26A INT. MORGAN HOUSE, LAURA'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 - 07.33 26A

A woman's bedroom. LAURA MORGAN lies dead in bed. Shot through the head. Blood on the bedding. The walls.

*ALICE (O.S.)  
Oh, God. Oh God.*



POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)

Miss?

ALICE (O.S.)

THEY'RE DEAD! OH GOD, OH DEAR GOD. MY  
MUM! MY DAD!

27 **INT. MORGAN HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 3 - 07.33**

27

DOUGLAS MORGAN is dead at his desk. Shot through the back of the head. A bullet hole in the window in front of him. Blood splatters the window. He's in pyjamas, a robe, slippers. Wearing IPOD EARBUDS. Face down across some PAGE PROOFS he was correcting. Fountain pen still in his hand.

ALICE

I THINK MY MUM AND DAD ARE DEAD!

28 **INT. MORGAN HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 3 - 07.33**

28

In the sitting room, ALICE MORGAN - HORRIFICALLY BLOOD DRENCHED - is on the phone.

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Officers are on the way. We'll be  
there soon.

ALICE

Oh God! MUM!

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Is anyone else in the house?

ALICE

I DON'T KNOW! PLEASE! PLEASE!

POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Listen to me now. Stay on the line but  
make yourself safe. Stay on the line  
but make yourself safe...

29 **EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 3 - 07.40**

29

As POLICE UNITS arrive, Alice stands at the front door - still holding the phone. Wide eyed, blood-smearred. Terrified almost beyond sanity by what she's witnessed.

She's an ISLAND OF BLOODY STILLNESS in the BLUE-FLASHING CHAOS.

FADE UP TO:

29A **INT. KTR MEDICO, UPPER LEVEL, WALKWAY - DAY 3 - 08.49**

29A

Luther is startled from his reverie by ROSE TELLER entering.

LUTHER

Boss.

TELLER

This where you spent your gardening  
leave, is it? Looking into a big hole?

LUTHER

I was just -

TELLER

I know what you were doing.

She approaches the edge. Bewitched, as we are by great heights.  
She stoops - picks up a small chunk of plaster. Holds it over  
the abyss. Drops it.

A beat, as it falls into silence.

TELLER

Long way.

LUTHER

Yeah.

TELLER

(steps back)

So anyway. While "conceding certain  
procedural shortcomings" on your part,  
given the exceptional circumstances,  
the Inquiry found no grounds for  
disciplinary action. Which means,  
you're back. If you want it.

LUTHER

I want it.

TELLER

Good. We've got a nice Category A for  
you.

She gestures - *Shall we?* Luther follows. After one last glance  
into the void.

29B INT. KTR MEDICO, CORRIDOR - DAY 3 - 08.50

29B

Luther and Teller walk.

TELLER

You ready for the speech?

LUTHER

I'm more than ready. I'm eager for the  
speech. Give me the speech.

TELLER

Rule Number One - don't get yourself  
in this situation again. Which means,  
you observe case management protocols.  
Any proactive strategies are to be  
signed off by me. I don't sign, they  
don't happen.

LUTHER  
Is that the speech?

TELLER  
That's the speech.

LUTHER  
Good speech.

TELLER  
Thank you. It's one I prepared earlier.

They walk.

TELLER  
You and Zoe. You spoken?

LUTHER  
Not for a while, no.

TELLER  
And -?

LUTHER  
It was a trial separation. I tried it, didn't like it.

TELLER  
She feel the same?

LUTHER  
I did what she asked. Got myself together. So let's see.

TELLER  
Well, that's the difference between her and me. She talks about taking you back. I actually do it.

With that, she opens the door - and they step, blinking into the BRIGHT MORNING SUNSHINE.

29C **EXT. KTR MEDICO - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS**

29C

Outside waits JUSTIN RIPLEY, sheepish in new suit and colourful tie.

TELLER  
DCI John Luther. DS Justin Ripley.

Luther offers his hand, they shake.

RIPLEY  
Morning, Sir.

LUTHER  
Good to meet you.

RIPLEY

Actually, you and I, we sort of worked together once. On the Sidney Jackson thing.

LUTHER

Yeah, yeah! I remember. You did good work on that thing.

RIPLEY

So, um, welcome back. And whatever.

LUTHER

Thank you.

He glances at Teller. Who gives him a nod. Off you go.

RIPLEY

Car's this way, Boss. If you're ready.

LUTHER

I'm ready.

They head to Ripley's car. Teller watching

29D INT/EXT. RIPLEY'S CAR, KTR MEDICO - DAY 3 - 08.52

29D

Luther and Ripley get in. Ripley hands him a BUFF ENVELOPE. Luther takes it, doesn't open it yet.

LUTHER

So - do we need to have the chat?

RIPLEY

What chat?

LUTHER

I was ill. I got better. I'm back. Et cetera.

RIPLEY

Then no. We don't need the chat.

Luther scrutinises him.

RIPLEY

I lobbied to be stationed with you. I put in the request nine months ago. I chased it up three times a week, in writing.

Ah.

A moment of mutual embarrassment. Luther hides it by rifling through the file.

LUTHER

So what've we got?

RIPLEY

Home invasion, murder. Victims are Douglas and Laura Morgan.

LUTHER

Who called it in?

RIPLEY

The daughter. Alice Morgan. She was out when it happened.

LUTHER

Doing what?

RIPLEY

Buying milk and bread.

LUTHER

She live there?

RIPLEY

No. She's a Research Fellow, some Department of Physics. Lives in a flat near campus.

LUTHER

So why was she there?

RIPLEY

Douglas Morgan's birthday.

Luther raises an eyebrow at that. As Ripley pulls away.

29E **EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 3 - 09.02**

29E

Ripley's car pulls up. Luther gets out, Ripley a step behind.

SOCO. POLICE CARS, VANS. UNIFORMED OFFICERS guarding the scene.

HEADS TURN to FOLLOW LUTHER. He ignores them. Just takes a private moment, considering the scene. Good to be back.

Then tucks his tie into his shirt, ducks under the yellow tape. Holds it up for Ripley. Who follows.

29F **INT. MORGAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 09.03**

29F

Luther and Ripley enter through the kitchen door.

RIPLEY

First responders have this down as point of entry. The daughter left it unlocked when she went out.

LUTHER

So we need to look for any indication the shooter's been watching the house - possible vantage points, a hiding place with good line of sight.

Step over the blood-stained area from which Alice called 999.

LUTHER

You might want to keep your hands in  
your pockets - it reduces the  
temptation to touch anything.

Ripley obliges. They step cautiously over the bloody corpse of  
the dog. Climb the stairs.

29G INT. MORGAN HOUSE, LAURA'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 - 09.04

29G

Luther looks with tenderness at Laura Morgan. Notices PILLS at  
the bedside.

LUTHER

Sleeping pills and separate bedrooms.  
What does that say to you?

RIPLEY

The husband snored?

LUTHER

Anything else?

RIPLEY

Can't say. Sometimes separate beds  
make for a happy marriage.

LUTHER

That's a very generous thought.

He turns to Ripley. Really sees him

LUTHER

That's good.

Ripley basks in the light of Luther's approval. As Luther turns  
back to the body. Committing the scene to memory. Then exits.

29H INT. MORGAN HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 3 - 09.05

29H

Luther examines Douglas - with compassion but no  
sentimentality. He circles the desk, hands in pockets. He  
squats. Looking hard. Never still.

Using a pen, he teases an EARBUD from Douglas's ear. We get a  
TINNY BURST of AUSTERE CLASSICAL MUSIC - Stravinsky.

LUTHER

He didn't hear it coming.

Checks out the UNCORRECTED PROOFS.

RIPLEY

He's a published poet. Small press.

Luther straightens, takes it all in.

LUTHER

So there's no burglary, no attempt to stage the scene. No sexual assault.

RIPLEY

Contract killing, maybe?

LUTHER

That's workable. I mean, the shooter's definitely done his homework. He knows the layout of the house, he's quick to eliminate physical threats - the dog first, Douglas next. What was the weapon?

RIPLEY

Some kind of mid calibre pistol 9mm or .38.

LUTHER

"Some kind". No gun?

RIPLEY

They're still searching. House, grounds, drains. Nothing so far.

LUTHER

Someone this efficient, you'd expect him to ditch the gun here - at the scene. Am I missing something? Does this seem right to you?

RIPLEY

None of it seems right to me.

LUTHER

Good. It's not, is it. It's not right.

29I **EXT. MORGAN HOUSE - DAY 3 - 09.07**

29I

Luther and Ripley duck under the tape, head back to the car. In the background, an ambulance arrives.

29J **EXT. Hobb Lane - Day 3 - 10.02**

29J

Luther and Ripley walk to the station. Luther produces his phone - nods for Ripley to go in ahead of him. Then paces as he dials.

**SCENE 30 - 33 INCLUSIVE OMITTED**

34 **EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - DAY 3 - 10.02**

34

Establishing a hyper-modern office building. On a plaque by the door: FORD AND VARGAS LAW CHAMBERS. Through the glass we see a small figure, ZOE LUTHER, cross the lobby and enter the lift. The lift goes up.

35 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, LIFT/ CORRIDOR TO ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 35  
10.02

In the lift, Zoe's phone rings. Embarrassed, she snatches it from her handbag.

ZOE

(low)  
Zoe Luther.

Intercut Zoe walking from the lift to her office and Luther on the street.

LUTHER

Babe, it's me.

ZOE

John...hi!

LUTHER

So guess what?

ZOE

What?

LUTHER

The Board of Inquiry came down on my side.

ZOE

Oh, John. That's such - that's really good news. That's great news. I mean, I knew they would, obviously. But - wow. That's great. That's really, really great.

LUTHER

I'm back at work.

ZOE

Already!?

LUTHER

Yeah, well. They missed me.

ZOE

Oh, that's great. That's such good news.

LUTHER

What's wrong?

ZOE

Nothing's wrong - I'm just on my way to a meeting. Can we talk a bit later?

LUTHER

Absolutely. That's why I'm calling. We need to have that talk.



ZOE

We do. We really do. Absolutely.

LUTHER

Are you okay?

ZOE

I'm fine. Just hassled.

LUTHER

So we need the talk. Tonight?

ZOE

Tonight - I've got a dinner.

LUTHER

After dinner, then. I'll come round.

ZOE

Okay. Tonight. Look, I'm sorry. I really do have to go.

LUTHER

Yeah. You've got a meeting.

(beat)

Zoe?

ZOE

What?

LUTHER

I've got myself together. I'm back.  
I'm good.

ZOE

I know.

She hesitates. Doesn't know what else to say. Hangs up.

BACK TO LUTHER as he pockets his phone. Takes a nervous breath.  
*Here we go.*

He enters the building.

35A **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 3 - 10.12 (FORMERLY SC 31)**

35A

Luther steps onto the BUSY BULLPEN - to see A WELCOME HOME! banner has been pinned up.

He laughs as - one by one - the ENTIRE SERIOUS CRIME UNIT STAND TO APPLAUD HIS RETURN. Cornish stands to one side, looking sceptical.

Then Teller grins - and hands Luther a NEW MUG. Luther takes it. Reads aloud the legend they had printed.

LUTHER

"You don't have to be mad to work here. But it helps."

A broad grin. Reed steps forward. He and Luther hug it out. Loud applause. Whistles.

35B **INT. SCU - LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 10.13**

35B

Luther and Reed enter. Luther is perturbed by the tidiness of his area. Empty desk. Office chair tucked neatly into it. Telephone. Desk tidy with no pens. Naked pinboard.

He puts down the mug. Picks it up again. Puts it down somewhere else. No good. Wherever he puts it, the desk is still empty.

REED

They welcomed you back with a weird one.

LUTHER

(distracted)

They did. They gave me a weird one. You?

Reed shows him a THICK CASE FILE, then drops it onto his desk

REED

Honour killing.

Luther winces, turns to the monitor at his desk. Glances at Alice Morgan - with a female Family Liaison Officer - sitting in shocked silence in the interview room.

REED

So how are you?

LUTHER

I'm splendid.

REED

Excellent, then. Good. Splendid.

Opens his case file.

36 **SCENE 36 OMITTED**

36

37 **INT. SCU, OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 - 14.23**

37

Luther walks to the door of the interview room. Reaches for the handle. Hesitates. Enjoys the moment. Back!

Then opens the door and steps through.

38 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 - 14.23**

38

Alice looks up as Luther enters and nods to the Family Liaison Officer. The FLO leaves the room.

Luther is low-key, compassionate, unthreatening.

LUTHER

Ms. Morgan?

ALICE

Alice, please.

She has the beatific air of the deeply medicated.

LUTHER

Alice, I'm John Luther, Senior  
Investigating Officer. May I?

She nods - *go ahead*. Luther sits.

LUTHER

I know you must be very tired.

ALICE

Thank you. I am. I don't think I've  
ever been so tired.

LUTHER

It's shock. It's how we react. It's  
one of those strange things.

This moment of everyday compassion moves her almost to tears.

LUTHER

I know this has been a terrible,  
terrible day. I know things look bleak  
and you feel very alone. But believe  
me when I say, we'll do everything  
possible to get whoever did this.

ALICE

Thank you.

LUTHER

So these things I'm going to ask - I  
have to ask them. I'm sorry.

She sniffs. Nods. Go on.

LUTHER

Do you have any idea who might have  
wished your parents harm? Even if it's  
just a feeling, a sense of unease  
about someone - something you heard  
your mum or dad say, maybe? Something  
that didn't sit right.

ALICE

No. There's nothing. Mum was - a very  
kind, very gracious woman.

LUTHER

Would you like a glass of water? A cup  
of tea?

ALICE

I'm sorry. I'll be okay.

LUTHER

And your dad?

ALICE

He was a very admirable man.

LUTHER

The thing is, Alice - this was a very singular crime. No sign of robbery, no apparent - I'm sorry - no sexual motivation. Now, I've been a police officer a long time, and one of the things I've learned in that time is, crimes like this aren't random. They don't happen without motive. I know it's painful, but I need you to dig deep and really think - about any money worries your parents may have been experiencing, perhaps any marital difficulties -

ALICE

I've done nothing but think. All I do is think. There's nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Their eyes meet. Her gaze is wide, wounded. Raw. Trusting him absolutely. Wanting to please - and failing.

39 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 14.41

39

Teller is watching Luther and Alice on the monitor. She stands as DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT CORNISH enters.

TELLER

Guv.

CORNISH

So he's back.

TELLER

From outer space.

CORNISH

You do know the man is nitroglycerine.

TELLER

With respect, sir - a comprehensive investigation under your edict cleared him of any wrong-doing -

CORNISH

Not least because the sole other witness is in a coma measuring twelve on the Glasgow Scale.

TELLER

- and Mia Dalton is at school today, not in the ground.

A beat. Challenging but not unfriendly.

CORNISH

Rose, if you bet too heavily on Luther then you stand or fall with him. And with you goes this unit - and my credibility, as its architect. Haven't you've worked too hard, for too long to place that big a risk on such a wild card?

TELLER

I don't consider him a risk.

CORNISH

Then what is he?

TELLER

An investment.

CORNISH

And if Henry Madsen wakes up? Gives his account of what happened that night?

TELLER

He won't.

He gives her a wry look. Exits. And Teller sags. Perhaps not as confident as she made herself appear.

40 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 - 16.16**

40

Luther and Alice.

LUTHER

One last time - just to get it absolutely clear in my head. You saw nothing or anyone unusual.

ALICE

I'm sorry. I wish I could tell you I had.

(Beat)

I've got this feeling, this strange feeling. Like I'm looking at it down the wrong end of a telescope. As if it happened years ago.

Luther pinches his nose, stifles a yawn.

LUTHER

That happens. Under stress, we remember things in strange ways. Different parts of the brain take over.

He makes a note. Alice's eyes flick to him as he writes.

He drifts off for a moment. Stares at the paper. Dry-washes his face with his hands - then YAWNS, extravagantly.

LUTHER  
Sorry. Long, long day.

ALICE  
Really. There's no need. It's very tiring. Going round and round like this. You must be exhausted.

A moment. Something in Luther's eyes.

Alice sees it. Their eyes meet. Something has changed between them.

LUTHER  
Can I get you a coffee, maybe?

ALICE  
A tea would be nice.

He stands, aching and stiff. Paperwork under his arm. Exits.

41 **INT. SCU, OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 - 16.18** 41

He shuts the door. And we see the tiredness was a ruse. He's full of energy, electrified. He races past Ripley.

RIPLEY  
What's happening?

Luther sweeps past. Stops. Turns.

LUTHER  
It was her. She did it.

42 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 16.26** 42

Teller, Ripley and Luther look at the video feed - a SERENE ALICE.

Luther hits a KEY COMBINATION on a laptop.

ANGLE ON THE MONITORS: *Luther YAWNS, extravagantly.*

LUTHER  
*Sorry. Long, long day.*

ALICE  
*Really. There's no need.*

Luther hits PAUSE.

LUTHER  
She didn't yawn.

Blank looks.

LUTHER

Yawning's contagious. Someone in a room yawns, you yawn too. Even talking about it -

(He waits. Teller and Ripley each suppress a yawn.)

See? It's got to do with the parts of the brain that deal with empathy.

(taps at the back of his skull, impatient.)

She didn't yawn. She's a psychopath.

TELLER

And - he's back.

RIPLEY

Nothing in her affect points to survivor guilt - "Why them? Why not me?" That's pretty atypical.

TELLER

So her affect's off. It could be shock - medication. Whatever.

LUTHER

It could be, except it's not.

RIPLEY

This kind of scenario, an offender typically tries to stage the scene - make it look like murder/suicide, burglary gone wrong. She did none of that.

LUTHER

Exactly.

TELLER

Exactly how?

LUTHER

She's proud of this! Why let someone else take the credit?

TELLER

To alibi herself?

LUTHER

She doesn't care about alibis. She's a malignant narcissist; this is all about power, self-affirmation, prestige.

TELLER

The timeline doesn't work. There's not enough time.

LUTHER

There's not enough anything. Absence is the point - it's her way of saying "look at me".

TELLER

So where *is* the gun? It's got to be somewhere. Everything's somewhere.

LUTHER

I don't know.

TELLER

Say that again. That was special.

LUTHER

I don't know.

Beat.

Considers Alice on the monitor.

TELLER

She doesn't look the type.

LUTHER

Well, that's the thing about people - they always manage to surprise you.

43 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, OFFICE FLOOR - DAY 3 - 16.37

43

Zoe walks through the corporate office.

She stop outside her office. MARK NORTH is waiting. Handsome, tousled, dishevelled. Frayed corduroy jacket, jeans. He stands, grinning. And everyone in a fifty foot radius falls in love with him.

MARK

Ms. Luther. I'm Mark North, from -

ZOE

(shaking his hand)

I remember, yes.

She ushers him into her office, closes the door.

44 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 16.38

44

Zoe stands there. Facing Mark North. He stands, facing her. And before you know it, they're kissing.

Until Zoe breaks away.

MARK

Did you tell him?

Her silence says it all.



MARK

Zoe, he needs to know. All this sneaking around, it's mad. You've been separated for months! He's the only one who doesn't seem to know it.

ZOE

I know, I know. But I just couldn't tell him while he was - y'know. Getting better. And now I wake up, I feel sick. I've got this permanent knot in my stomach. It's going to kill him.

MARK

You can't keep lying. It's cruel.

Her eyes soften, grow sad. Because she knows he's right.

45 **SCENE 45 OMITTED**

45

46 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 - 16.39**

46

Luther enters awkwardly. He's carrying two mugs of tea. He passes one to Alice. She sips.

LUTHER

Your chair okay? Comfy?

ALICE

It's fine, thank you

LUTHER

Because sometimes we like to shorten one of the legs. It means a suspect can't get comfortable, can't relax. They're always unbalanced. Too hot?

Eye contact. Alice noting the implied shift in her status.

ALICE

Really. I'm fine.

A connection between them. A knowledge. Almost flirtatious.

47 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 3 - 16.42**

47

Reed and Ripley enter. Ripley busies himself, types in password, turns up the volume on the audio feed. Then takes a seat. They watch.

48 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 18.33**

48

Luther glances at his notes.

LUTHER

I see you got your Ph.D. at eighteen - astrophysics, was it?

ALICE

"Dark Matter Distribution in Disc Galaxies."

LUTHER

Dark Matter. That's the stuff that - makes up the universe. Except we can't see it. It doesn't interact with the stuff we know about in the way we'd expect.

ALICE

No, but its presence can be inferred from gravitational effects on visible matter. We know it's there. We just can't see it. Would many police officers be able to gain my trust by having this conversation?

LUTHER

Well, I just like to read books.

ALICE

It beats burning them.

LUTHER

You, though - you're the one who's practically a genius.

ALICE

Practically?

She raises a feline eyebrow. And Luther grins - satisfied and predatory. Two people - sizing each other up. Knowing each other for what they are...and *liking* each other.

LUTHER

So you went up to Oxford at -?

ALICE

Thirteen.

LUTHER

Wow. I mean, that's very young. It's bad enough, just being the clever one in the family - these kids, prodigies, they have it really tough. They're not one thing, they're not another. Freaks, really. But I expect your parents were proud.

ALICE

Very. There were newspaper articles - pictures of mum, dad and me, smiling in the library. When I was nine, I proved  $\tan^{-1}x$  (*tangent minus one -x*). They bought me a dress. Got me on the news.

LUTHER

But still. What must it have been like? You're thirteen, your classmates are - what? - twenty, twenty-two? No friends your own age. No boyfriends.

ALICE

That's quite a presumption. Actually, I matured very early - sexually.

He meets that challenge with unwavering eye.

LUTHER

You familiar with Ockham's Razor?

ALICE

"All things being equal, the simplest solution is the best solution."

LUTHER

Well, what this principle tells me is, the only other person we know to have been in your parents' house this morning - it was you.

ALICE

I don't see how it's possible to arrive at that conclusion.

LUTHER

There's no evidence of an intruder.

ALICE

But absence of evidence isn't evidence of absence.

LUTHER

Okay, fine. I'm making a leap - but it's a tiny leap. More of a hop, really.

ALICE

(celestial smile)

Is this where you ask if I hated my parents?

LUTHER

It's about that time, yeah.

ALICE

Did they make me a freak? Yes. Did I hate them? Absolutely. Did I kill them? No.

LUTHER

Can you prove that?

ALICE

I can't prove a negative. It can't be done.

LUTHER

Well, innocence is a negative. It's the absence of guilt.

ALICE

Meaning the burden of proof is entirely yours. If you think I did this, then you need to demonstrate how and when.

He sits back. Gazing at her in frank admiration.

LUTHER

And I won't be able to do that, will I?

ALICE

Well, you can certainly try.

LUTHER

Because there's nothing. You don't interact with the stuff we know about in the way we'd expect. Your presence, your actions, they can only be inferred by - a certain absence.

ALICE

Is that a compliment?

LUTHER

Absolutely.

ALICE

I hope you're not trying to beguile me.

LUTHER

I wouldn't be so foolish. But here's the thing, Alice. Right now, you can revel in your brilliance. But people slip up. Every single time.

ALICE

Well, that's just faulty logic postulated on imperfect data collection. For instance, what if you only catch people who make mistakes? That would skew the figures, wouldn't it?

LUTHER

Wouldn't it just. But really, that's the thing. Most criminals, they're just not as clever as they think they are.

ALICE

Well. That must get monotonous. For someone as brilliant as you.

Again, they share a knowing smile. Then Luther stands. Picks up his paperwork. Exits.

49 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3 - 18.40

49

Luther enters, joins Reed and Ripley. On the monitors are MULTIPLE IMAGES OF ALICE.

LUTHER

Am I wrong?

REED

You're not wrong.

Teller enters. Reed returns to his own work.

RIPLEY

There's really nothing we can find to charge her with?

TELLER

Such as? Being a space oddity?

LUTHER

Such as, she killed them.

TELLER

Right now - she's little girl lost. We've got no real motive.

LUTHER

She hated her parents.

TELLER

Seriously, who doesn't? There's no forensics, no witnesses. Timeline alone gets it laughed out of the CPS.

LUTHER

You saw her in there! It excites her, that we know she did this.

TELLER

So prove it. Bring me something of substance. Find me the gun, put it in her hand. Until then - cut her loose and take her home.

50 INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 18.49

50

Alice looks up as Luther enters.

LUTHER

Thanks for your help. You're free to go.

She smiles, stands. Perfectly composed. Walks to the door.

Luther steps aside. Instead of leaving, she steps up to him. Very close. Very intimate.

ALICE  
I enjoyed our chat.

LUTHER  
Me, too.

ALICE  
You're very interesting. I might  
decide to keep you.

Luther breaks eye contact and steps aside.

Alice walks away. Luther follows with his eyes. Troubled.

51 **EXT./INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT 3 - 21.16** 51

Luther drives. Watching the city go by.

51A **EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT 3 - 21.32** 51A

Alice in back of a police car. Watching the city go by.

52 **EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT 3 - 22.21** 52

Luther walks from his car to the door.

53 **EXT. ALICE'S PLACE, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 3 - 22.21** 53

Alice walks to her door.

54 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 22.22** 54

Alice lets herself in. Closes the door. The flat is graceful, austere, almost Japanese. Except for the walls, which are hung with FRAMED IMAGES FROM THE HUBBLE TELESCOPE - both gorgeous and forbidding: VAST GALAXIES, EXPLODING STARS. The only human images are ALBERT EINSTEIN and ROBERT OPPENHEIMER.

She enters the LIVING ROOM. Looks at the emptiness. Takes comfort from it.

55 **EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT 3 - 22.23** 55

Luther rings the bell. He's agitated. He waits there for a moment. Then Zoe answers the door. Doubly devastating in an evening dress.

LUTHER  
Wow! New dress!  
(realising it's not for his  
benefit)  
Oh - you had a dinner. Of course. You  
look nice!

ZOE

Come in.

56 INT. LUTHER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 22.24

56

Luther follows her into the living room. She doesn't sit. Just picks up a glass of wine - not her first - and stands there, anxious and tense.

LUTHER

What's wrong?

ZOE

You look tired.

LUTHER

I'm all right. What's the matter?

ZOE

John, I know what you came here to discuss. But before you say anything, you need to know: I met somebody.

LUTHER

I'm sorry?

ZOE

I met someone.

LUTHER

What do you mean? Met who?

ZOE

I met someone.

LUTHER

Who?

ZOE

Someone.

LUTHER

What do you mean? When?

ZOE

A while ago.

LUTHER

Who?

ZOE

It doesn't matter.

He stands there, stunned. Trying to work it out, work it through.

LUTHER

Of course it matters. Are you sleeping with him?

ZOE

Yes.

He's wounded, stunned, helpless. He paces the floor as if seeking escape - an outlet - but there's none -

- until he explodes with rage - kicks the door - shatters the panels - punches the door - once, twice - and again - and again - finally RIPS IT FROM ITS HINGES and -

Stops.

Sees Zoe. Looking at him. Not with anger, not even fear - but a sadness that is unendurable.

ZOE

Just go home, John.

LUTHER

This is my home.

Long beat.

ZOE

No.

Luther exits. Zoe picks up her mobile phone and dials.

ZOE

Ian, it's Zoe.

57 **EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT 3 - CONTINUOUS**

57

Luther crosses to his car. He gets in. Sits. Lost.

**SCENE 58 - 59 INCLUSIVE OMITTED**60 **INT. BAR - NIGHT 3 - 23.48**

60

A late night bar. Almost deserted. Luther drinks in silence, toying with his wedding ring. Finally he removes the ring and pockets it.

Reed enters, signals the barman for a drink and sits down beside Luther in companionable silence. A beat.

LUTHER

Are you going to say anything?

REED

Anything you'd like me to say?

LUTHER

Nope.

REED

Then why say it?

Luther nods. Drinks.



60A SCENE 60A OMITTED

60A

60B INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 06.55

60B

Alice drinks coffee, watches 24 HOUR NEWS. Bored, she turns off the TV. Goes to her laptop.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN: A RAPID-FIRE COLLAGE AS -

She Googles JOHN LUTHER + POLICE. Flicks through MULTIPLE HEADLINES about Luther's arrest of HENRY MADSEN: SERIAL KILLER MADSEN "MAY HAVE KILLED MORE" - MADSEN "MAY NEVER WAKE" FROM ARREST COMA...MADSEN DETECTIVE SUSPENDED IN "TORTURE" INQUIRY...MADSEN INQUIRY CLEARS DETECTIVE...

She focuses on a TEXT FRAGMENT reading "DETECTIVE JOHN LUTHER, 38". Googles WWW.GRO.GOV.UK. Pulls up LUTHER'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. On which is listed HIS WIFE - ZOE GILLIAN LUTHER, NEE CORNELL.

SHE GOOGLES ZOE GILLIAN CORNELL . FINDS A LEEDS UNIVERSITY ALUMNUS WEBSITE - ZOE CORNELL, HUMANITARIAN LAW. She Googles ZOE LUTHER + HUMAN RIGHTS + LONDON. Arrives at the website of FORD AND VARGAS.

Prints it all off. Begins to read. MADSEN "MAY NEVER WAKE" FROM ARREST COMA.

She smiles. Sips coffee. The sun coming up.

61 EXT. BAR, STREETS - DAY 4 - 07.41

61

Reed and Luther step out, wincing in the DAYLIGHT. Luther straightens his tie. He's been in these clothes since we met him. He looks like he's been awake since Christmas.

REED

Where you going?

LUTHER

You ever get a song stuck in your head? It goes round and round?

REED

T'Pau. *China in Your Hand*. Deep strangeness, that song. High weirdness.

LUTHER

So I keep thinking. She's a narcissist She needs constant recognition, needs to exaggerate accomplishments. How does somebody like that keep secret the best, the most perfect thing she ever did?

REED

You don't need to be thinking about Alice Morgan right now.

LUTHER

Why? What do you suggest I think about. Henry Madsen? My wife?

REED

I dunno. Normal stuff. Breakfast.

LUTHER

Thing is, the way Alice sees it, the world is full of people who've offended her, embarrassed her, let her down - and those people deserve to be punished. She got away with it once. She's already eyeing her next victim. And she won't stop until somebody stops her.

REED

So be patient. Build a case.

LUTHER

There is no case! She didn't leave one. She didn't leave anything.

REED

Then what are you thinking?

LUTHER

She's compelled to impress - people in general, but right now me in particular. She needs to show me how brilliant she is. She needs to be admired.

REED

And -?

LUTHER

I give her what she needs. Then take it away. Make her angry. See how careless it makes her.

He walks off.

REED

John -

LUTHER

What?

REED

Slow down.

Luther just gives him a look. Shrugs. Walks off.

The Morgans' dog being wheeled on a gurney.

61B INT. PET CREMATORIUM, INCINERATOR - DAY 4 - 07.55

61B

TWO VETS manhandle the dog into the incinerator...Where the dog is consumed in jets of bright blue flame.

62 EXT. ALICE'S PLACE, WALKWAY BRIDGE - DAY 4 - 08.44

62

Luther is waiting, lost in grim introspection, as Alice Morgan approaches on the walkway.

Alice holds open her bag - an urn inside.

ALICE

They burned my dog.

LUTHER

It's protocol. It's what happens.

ALICE

He was only a dog. It seems unduly pitiless to me, to burn someone's dog.

LUTHER

It seems kind of pitiless to shoot the dog in the first place.

She reads him. Sees his weariness. Reaches out. Touches him. Scans him with laser-bright eyes.

ALICE

You look exhausted. Would you like to come in?

63 INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 08.47

63

Alice and Luther enter. Alice places the urn on the mantel.

Luther gazes at the PICTURES on her wall: images taken from the Hubble Space Station. Graphics of the early universe. Vast galaxies. Exploding stars.

LUTHER

How are you?

ALICE

Fine. Unburdened.

LUTHER

Good. It's good to feel unburdened.

ALICE

Are we being listened to?

LUTHER

Would it make a difference?

ALICE

Who knows?

LUTHER

Well, we're not.

ALICE

So you're not here to interrogate me?

LUTHER

No.

She smiles, a little. Stands at his shoulder. Very close.

ALICE

Liar.

She points out the LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH. It stands over the mantel, over the urn.

ALICE

This is a black hole. It 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.

(Off Luther's reaction)

What's wrong? Don't you believe in evil?

LUTHER

I have to. I've seen it.

ALICE

Ah. Henry Madsen.

LUTHER

Him. Others like him.

ALICE

Me?

LUTHER

Conceivably.

ALICE

What's happening to your marriage?

(off his reaction)

Last time I saw you, there was a ring. Today: no ring. Is someone else involved?

LUTHER

That's not what I'm here to discuss.

ALICE

Is he handsome?

LUTHER

If you like that sort of thing.

ALICE

Are you in pain?

LUTHER

You don't understand love, Alice. It's not your fault. You can mimic it, you can recognise it in others - but you can never understand it.

ALICE

Did you come here for sex?

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Because you'd be surprised by how many men do. Do you think they have any idea how fatuous they look?

LUTHER

I think a lot of us are afraid of that, yeah.

ALICE

Then why?

LUTHER

To tell you I know you kept the gun.

ALICE

Well, why would I do that?

LUTHER

Because you couldn't help yourself.

ALICE

And how did you arrive at this diagnosis?

LUTHER

See, you think you're unique - but so does everyone else with your disorder. You're all unique in exactly the same way.

ALICE

Wouldn't it make things easy for you if that were true. But it's not. There's no gun to find.

LUTHER

Keeping it wasn't a rational decision. It was a compulsion, something you did because you needed to. That compulsion makes you weak in ways you can't see and don't understand. And it will bring you down. Always does. Tick tock. Tick tock.

ALICE

Are you threatening me? Because honestly, I wouldn't.

LUTHER

And why's that?

ALICE

Come, now. Really. Because I'd be hurt and angry.

LUTHER

You trying to frighten me now?

ALICE

Why, are you frightened?

LUTHER

Because I don't think you'd do that unless you were scared - and you wouldn't be scared unless you thought I might be right.

ALICE

So you've identified my critical defect. Let's move on. Let's talk about yours. What's your weakness? What makes you afraid?

LUTHER

You do know I can see you, the actual you: I can see the mess two inches behind your eyes.

ALICE

Such insight. I wonder - why did your wife turn her face from you, John? Why would she do that? Is it because you shine so bright?

Eye contact. She looks at him with great tenderness. Almost pity.

But Luther turns away from it.

LUTHER

I'm coming for you.

ALICE

Not if I come for you first.

He exits. She watches him. Her expression deeply ambiguous.

Luther is deep in thought. More shaken by Alice's words than he first appeared. Thinks. Checks his watch. Scowls. Makes a decision. Walks towards the building.

64A INT. ALICE'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 4 - 09.11

64A

Alice is in the kitchen. Deep in thought. Half unconsciously, she's toying with a VICIOUS HATPIN - moving it through her fingers - round and round, round and round.

She turns to leave. Slipping the hatpin up her sleeve.

65 EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - DAY 4 - 09.46

65

Through the glass we see Luther enter via the main doors. He strides past reception. Badges the security guards. Vaults the turnstile and strides to the lift.

66 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, LIFT/ RECEPTION/ CORRIDOR - DAY 4 - 09.47 66

The lift opens. Luther emerges. STAFF look with alarm as he walks down the corridor to Zoe's office - and through the door.

67 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - 09.48

67

Zoe is with SEVERAL SENIOR PARTNERS. All of whom look up in alarm as Luther bursts in.

LUTHER

Morning. Everybody out.

ZOE

John -

LUTHER

(claps hands)

Everybody OUT! *Raus! Raus!*

Reluctantly, the SENIOR PARTNERS stand. Exchanging glances.

LUTHER

If you're thinking about calling security, don't bother. Call the police. *Ándale! Ándale! Arriba! Arriba!*

ZOE

He's joking. This is his sense of humour. Everybody, this is my husband. John.

LUTHER

(ushering them)

Out! Out!

Zoe makes a gesture, reassuring them. They exit. And Luther jams a chair under the door handle.

ZOE

Way to get me sacked.

He sprawls on the chair. No threat in him.

ZOE

John, the people in this office, they don't know you. They're scared. They think you're going to do something.

LUTHER

Do I embarrass you?

ZOE

Right now? Right at this moment? Absolutely. Yes.

LUTHER

Is that what this is all about?

ZOE

No.

LUTHER

Then am I boring? Is that what it is? Because personally, I don't think I'm boring.

ZOE

You're not boring. You're the opposite of boring.

LUTHER

So he's boring? Rupert Fanshaw-Pendleton or whatever his name is.

ZOE

His name is Mark.

LUTHER

So does a woman just reach a stage in life when she wants a man to be boring? Because I have to tell you - nobody warned me about this.

ZOE

He's not boring.

LUTHER

Are you living with him?

ZOE

For the moment.

LUTHER

Is the sex good?

ZOE

It's not about the sex.

LUTHER

It's always about the sex. You enjoy sex with him. You must.



LUTHER (cont'd)

And the pictures of that go round and round my head like a train.

ZOE

Your trouble is, the train in your head never stops. You really frightened me last night.

LUTHER

You know I'd never hurt you.

ZOE

Why are you here, John?

LUTHER

I couldn't help but wonder if perhaps you might like to come home and be married to me.

ZOE

Some men bring flowers -

LUTHER

Yes, but this was a grand gesture.

ZOE

This is professional ruination, is what this is. Next time, think flowers.

LUTHER

Next time?

ZOE

You know what I mean.

Luther wearies. Searching her gaze for some vestige of hope.

LUTHER

I just - I need to know why.

ZOE

You always do. But not everything has a motive. Sometimes things just happen.

LUTHER

Nothing just happens. There are laws. Physical laws, I mean - not -

(Beat)

How did we get here? Yesterday I'm in one place. Suddenly I'm fifteen thousand miles away. I know I've travelled, because I'm dizzy and I want to throw up. But I don't remember crossing the bits in between.

She meets his eyes. Locks on.

ZOE

You tell me. How do you think we got here? What happened?

She's offering him an opening, a chance to say something that's been left unspoken. There's a certain hunger in her expression. But whatever it is, Luther can't face it. He looks away -

- to Zoe's disappointment. Again. She sighs, silently.

ZOE

Okay. You're the reason. You are. You left.

LUTHER

I'm here. Right now. Look at me. I'm here.

ZOE

Part of you. But never all. Because you care more about the dead than the living. That's where your heart is.

LUTHER

That's not true.

ZOE

All those years spent up to your neck in malignancy. All those months looking for Henry Madsen. All those months that came after. You were just - gone. And you weren't coming back. Not my you. Not my John.

LUTHER

And him - ?

ZOE

When he's with me, he's with me.

LUTHER

Is that all it takes?

Painful beat. She doesn't rise to it.

LUTHER

Do you love him?

ZOE

Yes. I'm sorry.

LUTHER

And me?

ZOE

Always. But not like that. Not any more.

ZOE (cont'd)

I know it's a cruel thing to hear -  
but you need to accept this, John. If  
you love me, you need to accept it.

LUTHER

I don't know how to do that.

Before she can answer, the door breaks open - and TWO SECURITY  
GUARDS spill in - Luther stands, backing away, badging them.

LUTHER

Police! Police!

68 EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - DAY 4 - 09.58

68

Luther is ejected onto the street - almost into the arms of  
Ripley - who graciously pretends not to notice anything amiss.  
Luther takes a moment to straighten himself. Then they walk.

LUTHER

How'd you know I'd be here?

RIPLEY

Your phone was off. DI Reed said: "try  
the wife."

LUTHER

So is it good news? Good news wins a  
prize.

RIPLEY

I don't know if it's good news.

LUTHER

See, that was a test. News is neither  
good nor bad. So -

RIPLEY

So, the morally neutral news is -  
ballistics came back on the bullets  
fired at the Morgan house.

LUTHER

And?

RIPLEY

They were 9mm Parabellum. Designed for  
ultra-compact weapons.

LUTHER

Excellent work, Sergeant Ripley!

They head for Ripley's car.

69 INT. FORD AND VARGAS, ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - 09.59

69

Rattled, Zoe opens a drawer. Hesitates. Finds a LEATHER TOBACCO  
POUCH and a LIGHTER. Struggles with herself.

ZOE

Sod it.

She takes the pouch and lighter. Exits.

70 EXT. FORD AND VARGAS, SMOKING AREA - DAY 4 - 10.02

70

Zoe, flustered, walks along the building, pouch and lighter in hand.

ZOE

Raus, Raus. Mother of God.

Alice is waiting in a recess, out of view. As Zoe passes, Alice steps up behind her. Tucks an elbow round her NECK. Presses a HAT-PIN into her ear.

ALICE

Don't look at me.

Her voice is low, almost sexy. Lips very close to Zoe's ear.

ZOE

Okay! Okay!

ALICE

Shhhhh.

ZOE

(low)  
Okay. Okay.

ALICE

Your husband assaulted me.

ZOE

What?

ALICE

He touched me. Intimately. He made me do things. He hurt me. Because of you.

ZOE

What do you mean?

ALICE

As he touched me, he talked about you. He told me you were dead.

Zoe frozen - as Alice caresses her cheek with a fingernail.

ALICE

That you'd been very badly burned. Your skin was gone. Your face was gone. You'd been abducted. Right off the street. By a man, a very sick man. He kept you alive for days. He used knives. A blowtorch. He kept pieces of you for souvenirs.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(very close)  
I'm worried someone might want to hurt  
you like that.

ZOE  
Don't. Please don't. Please.

ALICE  
Shhhh. Shhhh. Don't turn around.

And Alice slips away. Leaving Zoe in horror-struck silence.

71 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - 10.33**

71

Teller and a pacing, tormented Luther.

LUTHER  
You should have let me hold her.

TELLER  
You didn't give me enough to hold her.  
And you can't prove it was her this  
afternoon. Zoe didn't see her face. No  
CCTV. No eyewitnesses. No nothing.

LUTHER  
You do know, this makes me Alice  
Morgan's next project? I offended her,  
I questioned her brilliance. Do you  
know what she could do? To me? To Zoe?

TELLER  
I know what you say she can do. I also  
know we can't prove what she already  
did - and we can't detain people on  
suspicion of crimes yet to be  
committed. Be nice if we could.

LUTHER  
So how do I stop her?

TELLER  
Bring her in the right way.

A moment of angry silence. Then Luther exits.

72 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS**

72

Luther and Ripley, walking fast.

RIPLEY  
Give me your wife's address.

LUTHER  
Why?

RIPLEY  
I'll stay on her. Make sure she's  
okay.

Luther stops. Stands there, blinking. Taken aback.

RIPLEY

You take down Alice Morgan.

73 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - 10.36

73

Luther arranges MORGAN HOUSE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS like playing cards. Or Tarot. Moves them round - making new pictures, new combinations, new patterns. Seeing Laura. Douglas. The dog.

His head SNAPS UP as Reed enters - sanguine but a little wry. He's taking a break from his own case-load.

LUTHER

Mate - I appreciate this.

Shows him a MOUSE GUN, a GLOCK 26. Luther takes it - examines it with a lepidopterist's eye.

REED

Yeah, well. Its only a gun.

LUTHER

(with distaste)

What do I need to know?

REED

So what you've got, this is a Glock 26, light weight compact pistol. Weighs less than 16 ounces. Carbon steel barrel and springs, Polymer frame and components.

LUTHER

Polymer frame. Show me that.

Reed releases the catches - then quickly dismantles the little gun and lays the pieces on Luther's desk.

LUTHER

Polymer. Plastic.

REED

Yeah. It's light. Easy to carry.

LUTHER

And it melts.

Reed knows Luther's thought process well. He step backs. Luther is distracted. Mind elsewhere.

LUTHER

Plastic melts. Why am I thinking that?

Staring at the photos. Mother. Father. Dog.

LUTHER

You want to make something disappear,  
you what - you hide it? No. You know  
it'll be found. You can't take it with  
you - you know you'll be searched.

He picks up the largest piece of gun. The barrel. Very small.

LUTHER

Plastic melts.

BACK TO LUTHER. He snatches up the pieces of gun. Exits -

74 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS 74

- strides to the evidence room. Emerges carrying a BLOWTORCH -

75 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS 75

- and hares into Teller's office.

TELLER

"Knock knock"?

LUTHER

Sorry?

TELLER

Never mind. What's this?

Luther picks up a METAL WASTE BASKET, upends it over the floor.  
Places it upside down on her desk. Teller watches in disbelief.

LUTHER

So. Her parents get one bullet to the  
head each. The dog gets four! Two  
thirds of the available rounds are  
spent killing a dog. Why?

TELLER

It's a dog. They bite intruders.

LUTHER

But why the overkill?

TELLER

Perversity. I don't know.

LUTHER

Four bullets to maximise the mess. To  
make cause of death unambiguous.

Throws down the photo of the DEAD RETRIEVER.

LUTHER

Because she needed to blast its head  
apart - if she was going to access its  
digestive tract.

He DUMPS THE PIECES OF GUN on the upended waste bin

LUTHER

She disassembles the gun, shoves the pieces, the shell casings, gloves - down the dog's gullet. Right to its stomach. And then -

(turns on the blow-torch)  
- they cremate the dog.

TELLER

All right! All right, stop!

LUTHER

(pulling back slightly)  
It'll melt.

TELLER

I have absolutely no doubt.

Luther kills the flame. Waits for Teller's answer.

TELLER

It's not enough.

LUTHER

Come on! The gun was in the dog!

TELLER

Section 8, Police and Criminal Evidence Act. A Magistrate "may issue a warrant authorizing the search of a premises provided there are reasonable grounds for believing the location contains material with substantial evidentiary value". It's my assessment that saying "the gun was in the dog" will not be judged by the issuing Magistrate to have met those criteria.

LUTHER

It's in there. On her mantelpiece!

TELLER

Even if that were true, there'd be no evidence that Alice Morgan touched it, let alone fired it. We need more. Trace the gun, put it in her hands.

LUTHER

It won't be traceable. She doesn't leave evidence - just an evidence-shaped absence.

TELLER

And everything else aside, that just infuriates you, doesn't it.



LUTHER

She kills her mum and dad, she walks.  
She threatens Zoe's life, we can't  
touch her. This is Zoe we're talking  
about - who sat at home with your kids  
the night your dad died.

TELLER

So take the chilly bitch down. But  
slow down, calm down, find another  
angle.

LUTHER

THERE IS NO OTHER ANGLE! SHE LEFT US  
NOTHING!

He turns - to storm out.

TELLER

What do you need to prove more; that  
Alice Morgan's guilty - or that you're  
right?

A moment. Then Luther exits -

76	<b><u>SCENE 76 OMITTED</u></b>	76
77	<b><u>SCENE 77 OMITTED</u></b>	77
78	<b><u>SCENE 78 OMITTED</u></b>	78
79	<b><u>SCENE 79 OMITTED</u></b>	79
80	<b><u>INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BY LIFTS - DAY 4 - 12.21</u></b>	80

Luther knocks on Alice's door. No answer.

LUTHER

Alice?

No-one home. Excellent.

He produces his THIEVES' TOOLS - then bends and quickly PICKS  
THE LOCK. He lets himself in. Shuts the door.

Moves through to -

81	<b><u>SCENE 81 OMITTED</u></b>	81
82	<b><u>SCENE 82 OMITTED</u></b>	82
83	<b><u>SCENE 83 OMITTED</u></b>	83
84	<b><u>INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS</u></b>	84

- the living room.

And there's THE URN, under the black hole.

He takes a moment to revel in being here. In secret. Unknown.

Then he lifts the urn. He uncaps it and peeks inside - extracts the TWISTED, MISSHAPEN BARREL of a GUN.

LUTHER

Oh, I told you, Boss. I told you. The gun was in the dog.

(beat)

The gun. Was. In. The. Dog. Because she needs it.

(puts the gun fragments back inside the urn)

Right.

He replaces the lid, makes a move to leave.

Then hears A NOISE - and his face falls.

Was that THE LIFT?!

85 INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BY LIFTS - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

85

The lift doors open. And ALICE STEPS OUT!

She produces her keys. Walks to the flat. Unlocks the door.

86 INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS

86

Luther waits. The urn under his arm.

Then -

ALICE

Opens the door and steps into the hallway

LUTHER

slips behind the kitchen dividing wall. He INCHES THROUGH THE KITCHEN.

ALICE

steps into the LIVING ROOM.

LUTHER

edges into the hallway. Eases the latch on the front door.

ALICE

takes off her coat.

And pauses.

Something's wrong.

LUTHER

open the door -

Just as -

ALICE

Sees it. And is completely taken aback.

87 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BY LIFTS - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS** 87

Luther closes the door behind him...nearly there, nearly...then CLICK as the latch sinks home.

88 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 12.23** 88

Alice goes to the EMPTY SPACE WHERE THE URN USED TO BE -

Her shock turns to COLD FURY.

She produces her phone.

Dials Luther.

89 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BY LIFTS - DAY 4 - 12.24** 89

Luther moves to the lift. Hits the button -

The lift is on the lower floors. It's coming, but it'll take too long.

He glances nervously at Alice's door. Come on, come on!

Then his PHONE RINGS!

90 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 12.24** 90

Alice hears a PHONE RING outside her door.

Just once.

She whirls.

Could that be?

Yes.

Yes, it could.

ALICE

Right.

She moves to the kitchen. Takes a VICIOUSLY ELEGANT JAPANESE KITCHEN KNIFE from a block. And heads for the door.

91 **EXT. ALICE'S PLACE, BY LIFTS - DAY 4 - 12.29** 91

Luther kills his phone, then dashes for the stairs.

Half a second before Alice steps out of her flat.

The lift - which Luther called - arrives.

The doors open.

Alice glances at the stairs. Knows where Luther must be.

She steps into the lift.

Presses G.

Descends.

92 **INT. BARBICAN, STAIRWELL - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS** 92

Luther races down the stairs. Trying to beat the lift.

92A **INT. LIFT, BARBICAN - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS** 92A

Alice waits for the descent to finish. Her ice-cold wrath.

92B **EXT. BARBICAN - DAY 4 - CONTINUOUS** 92B

Breathless, Luther reaches the bottom of the stairs. Goes through the door. Into the air.

Strides away. The urn tucked under his arm.

Not looking back.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Alice exits the building. Not rushing, but moving quickly.

Looks around. Where is he?

*He's gone!*

*No! There he is!*

A look of triumphant malice. She sets off after him.

INTERCUT THEIR PROGRESS.

Luther strides along, but Alice is determined. She makes headway.

As she walks, she lets the KNIFE slip down her sleeve and into her hand.

She's gaining on Luther. Murder in her eyes.

92C **EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY 4 - 12.40** 92C

Luther steps onto the bridge. Unhurried. He seems unaware that Alice is stalking him, getting closer and closer.

At the half-way point, he STOPS TO GET HIS BREATH. Leans over the handrail, the URN under his hand. He admires the PANORAMIC SWEEP OF LONDON -

Alice sees this with satisfaction -

- which turns to HORROR -

As she notices THE URN, precariously balanced on the handrail.

Is Luther about to drop it in the river?!

She quickens - getting closer

As Luther rocks the urn under his hand.

It looks like it...

..might

..fall...

Until ALICE STEPS UP BEHIND HIM, very close. And puts the knife to the small of his back.

ALICE

That'll be mine.

Beat.

LUTHER

Hello, Alice.

She digs the knife in a further millimetre - a warning.

But Luther simply extends his arm -

- and DANGLES THE URN OVER THE RIVER.

Alice steps in. Even closer. Her mouth to his ear. The knife to his ribs.

He doesn't move.

Stalemate.

ALICE

Here's a list of reasons why the gun fragments in that urn can never be used in evidence against me. One -

She JABS THE KNIFE. Luther winces. She hasn't stabbed him - not yet.

Not quite.

ALICE (cont'd)

- the cremation melted away their forensic value. Because those ovens burn very, very hot. Two -  
(she jabs the knife a little harder. Luther sucks air through his teeth)

ALICE (cont'd)

- you could never prove I even knew the gun was in there, let alone that I so much as touched it. Third, and most dazzlingly

(she jab harder - a TINY FLOWER OF BLOOD shows through Luther's shirt)

- you broke in to my apartment and stole it, voiding what residue of evidentiary value it may have possessed. In the process you committed a crime that will cost your job. So congratulations. Well done. Nicely played.

LUTHER

Oh, I know all that. This -

He wiggles the urn. Threatening to drop it into the river, far below.

LUTHER (cont'd)

This isn't evidence.

Beat. She can't help but watch the urn, anxious that it might fall.

LUTHER (cont'd)

This is what you need. To remind yourself of what you did, of who you really are. That's why you followed me. Because that compulsion makes you weak in ways you don't understand.

(Beat)

See, I know you, Alice. Like no-one else ever did, or ever will. I see you.

ALICE

And you think I'm that weak?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Then you don't know me at all.

A beat.

Then Luther VERY DELIBERATELY -

- DROPS THE URN!

ALICE (cont'd)

Oh, John! No!

It spins as it falls, leaves a FADING TRAIL OF PALE ASH.

In Alice's MOMENT OF SHOCK Luther spins. Slaps the knife away. Grabs Alice's throat. Pushes her against the bridge.

LUTHER  
Stay away from Zoe.

ALICE  
Make me.

LUTHER  
Don't make me.

She fixes him with bright, cold eyes. It seems he might THROW HER OVER THE EDGE. Until -

ALICE  
Is this what you did to Henry Madsen?

A beat.

Eye contact. Luther hesitates.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Well, go on. Kiss me. Kill me. Do something.

He lets her go.

LUTHER  
So here's what happens. You stay away from my wife -

ALICE  
Are we still calling her that?

LUTHER  
- or I'll arrest someone else for killing your parents.

A moment.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
By the time he's found guilty, you'll be forgotten. There'll be no enigma with Alice Morgan at the heart of it. They'll just pity you.

ALICE  
You'd do that to an innocent man?

LUTHER  
He won't be innocent.

ALICE  
With no evidence?

LUTHER

I'll plant evidence. It's easy, if you know what you're doing. A few hairs, a bit of fibre. Simple.

ALICE

You'd degrade the law you serve, just to protect some woman who cast you aside like offal?

LUTHER

In a second.

ALICE

And you think I'm a monster?

Very pointedly, Luther takes the wedding ring from his pocket and jams it on his finger.

LUTHER

You don't know anything.

He walks off.

ALICE

Love is supposed to dignify us! Exalt us! So how can it be love, John...if all it does is make you lonely and corrupt?

But Luther keeps walking.

ALICE (cont'd)

Answer the question.

He keeps walking.

ALICE (cont'd)

Don't turn your back on me...Turn around! DO NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!

Then at last, Luther stops. Hesitates, with his back to her.

Slowly, he turns.

A long beat between them.

Until, not hurrying, Luther REACHES INTO HIS POCKET. And takes out -

The REMAINS OF THE GUN!

LUTHER

I see you, Alice.

He drops the fragments on the pavement. They lie scattered, twisted, melted. Useless.



Luther looks at them, then at Alice, with contempt. Then he walks away.

Alice watches. Never once taking her eyes from him - as he fades into the distance.

93 **SCENE 93 OMITTED** 93

94 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - DAY 4 - 13.07** 94

Luther parks outside Mark's place - walks to RIPLEY'S CAR. Squats there, as Ripley opens the window.

LUTHER  
Thanks, Justin. But you can go home now.

RIPLEY  
(uncertain)  
You sure?

LUTHER  
Yeah. I'm fine. I'm good.

RIPLEY  
(worried beat)  
Sure, okay. You sure?

LUTHER  
Very sure.

RIPLEY  
Okay.

With great reluctance, he starts the engine, pulls away. Luther looks at the house. Unreadable. Steeling himself.

He walks to the door -

95 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 13.08** 95

The doorbell rings. Mark looks out the window. His POV: John Luther - filthy, unshaven, dusted in grey ash - is at the door.

He turns to Zoe. They share a look.

95A **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - DAY 4 - 13.08** 95A

Luther keeps his finger on the doorbell. It rings and rings. Relentless.

95B **INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 4 - 13.08** 95B

Zoe can't take it any more. She lifts her phone. Mark puts out a hand to stop her.

MARK  
He'll leave. Just let him go.

ZOE

No. Sod him. He doesn't get to do this.

She dials. Nine...nine...nine

ZOE

Police?...Look, I hate to do this, but it's my ex-husband...I don't know...you just need to come...

In the background, the bell rings...and rings...and rings.

Mark looks at Zoe with disquiet - he doesn't like doing this - it doesn't feel right.

96 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - DAY 4 - 13.08**

96

The door opens. Mark steps out.

LUTHER

Hi. Mark, right?

MARK

It's Mark, yeah. You need to leave John. I called the police.

Luther laughs at that.

MARK

This is mad. What do you want?

LUTHER

I just, I need to speak to Zoe.

MARK

That's not going to happen. Not today. You need to go.

LUTHER

Okay, I can see that. But here's the thing - I need to speak to her. I really do.

MARK

Give her some time. Then call her, okay? But she'll need time, a few days.

LUTHER

One minute. I know I've got no right to ask. But just one minute.

MARK

No. You need to go.

LUTHER

I can't.

MARK  
(shoves him)  
Leave her alone. Just leave her.

Luther stumbles. Steps forward again.

LUTHER  
Seriously.

Mark hits him. Luther falls. Then stands, grabs Mark - throws him with back-breaking force into a parked car.

Which is when TWO POLICE CARS pull up. FOUR UNIFORMS emerge.

LUTHER  
Oh, come on.

The FIRST OFFICER takes Luther's elbow. Luther shakes him off. The officer grabs him again. Luther shakes him off, more aggressively.

LUTHER  
I just need to speak to my wife. All I want to do is speak to my wife.

Shaking them off becomes resisting - resisting becomes a scuffle - then he disengages - backs away - holds up his hands -

LUTHER  
Whoah! All right! I'm done! I'm done!

But they grab him - manhandle him - probably with excessive force, to the car.

Zoe is at the window, watching.

Luther allows himself to be taken - he's humbled - beaten - compliant -

97 **SCENE 97 OMITTED** 97

98 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE, EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 4 - 13.14** 98

Zoe emerges. Tentative, upset. One of the officers is about to slam the car door.

ZOE  
Wait! Please!

The officer hesitates. Leaves the door open. Luther is disabled by the beating and the CS Spray. Hands cuffed in front of him.

ZOE  
Oh, look what they did to you.

He grins through blood and chemical tears. A moment.

LUTHER

I just came to tell you something.

ZOE

To tell me what?

LUTHER

That - y'know. It's okay. You need to be where you need to be. That's good. I love you. And I'm sorry.

ZOE

(emotional)

Don't be sorry. Don't be sorry.

The police officer has waited long enough.

Zoe stands. Steps back. The door is slammed. Police cars pull away. As Zoe stands there, watching.

Ripley at the kerb, handkerchief pressed to his bloody nose.

99 EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 4 - 13.15

99

Luther in the back of the car. Calm now. Watching London go past. He smiles to himself. Produces his phone. Dials.

100 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - DAY 4 - 13.15

100

Alice strides happily through what looks like a hospital. Sprightly and carefree, she answers her phone.

ALICE

Hello.

100 EXT./INT. POLICE CAR - DAY 4 - 13.15

100A

Luther on the phone.

LUTHER

You might be clever, Alice. But you're wrong. So you lose.

He hangs up before she can speak. Pockets the phone. Sits there.

Helpless. Vanquished. And triumphant.

101 INT. HOSPITAL, O/S MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 4 - 13.16

101

Alice smiles as she pockets her phone. She walks on, just a little further. Then stops. Peers, cat-like, through a SMALL WINDOW.

Sees: HENRY MADSEN on a LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE. Hissing. Breathing - Hissing. Breathing. Hissing -

She's interrupted as a POLICE OFFICER enters, holding the fresh coffee he's just got himself. Gives her a warning look.

Alice moves on. Feet silent on the hospital linoleum.

Smiling privately as she goes.

END OF EPISODE