SCREENPLAY FORMAT FOR TV SHOWS

"Episode Title"

Written by

Name of Writer

Name (of company, if applicable) Email Address Phone Number Name of agent number of agent draft # if for spec. MARTIN SCHENK, dishevelled and bed-headed, waits while Rose Teller hastens down the corridor.

SCHENK

I'm sorry to wake you, Ma'am But I thought it best.

TELLER

So what's the prognosis?

Their POV: A DOCTOR is with Madsen.

SCHENK

Officially, it's too early to say.

TELLER

Unofficially -?

SCHENK

He's looking very good.

OUT ON THEIR POV: with the assistance of TWO NURSES, Madsen tries to sip water through a straw. Weak as a kitten.

6 EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY 11 - 06.14

6

Establishing. Graham walks towards the house and to the back door.

7 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 11 - 06.14

7

LINDA SHAND, in socks and dressing gown, is making tea. The back door opens - Graham enters.

LI NDA

(yawns) Morning, love.

GRAHAM

Mor ni ng.

She gives him a peck on the cheek - Graham holds up his hands as if in surrender -

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Whoah! Dirty hands! Greasy hands!

He goes to the sink, washes his hands in Swarfega, dries them on a tea towel.

LI NDA

Kettle's on.

She turns her back. His eyes on her. Full of loathing.

8 SCENE 8 OMITTED

Luther is woken by his PHONE RINGING. It's under his pillow.

(Looks around)
This it?

LUTHER

This is it.

TELLER

Wow.

Luther goes to the kitchenette, fills the kettle.

TELLER (cont'd)

So anyway. He's awake.

LUTHER

Who?

TELLER

Henry Madsen.

Water over-runs the kettle's spout.

LUTHER

What does that mean?

TELLER

I don't know. What does it mean?

LUTHER

I mean, how awake is awake?

TELLER

First few days, they expect him to be responsive maybe a few minutes at a time. He'll be very confused.

Luther waits for the rest of it, kettle in hand.

TELLER (cont'd)

But, given time, they think he'll be able to speak.

LUTHER

Right.

TELLER

So is that bad?

LUTHER

No. No, it's fine.

TELLER

What's he going to say?

LUTHER

Does it matter? He's a hostile witness. There's no guessing what lies he'll tell.

She interrogates him with a silent gaze. He turns his back, puts the kettle on to boil, rinses a couple of mugs.

TELLER

You need to stay away from him

LUTHER

I'm sorry - what?

TELLER

Stay away from him

LUTHER

Boss, come on -

She holds his gaze. He looks away first.

TELLER

Put the kettle down. Get dressed.

12 EXT. URBAN PARK - DAY 11 - 07.41

Ripley is leaning against his car. Luther approaches.

They walk towards the CRIME SCENE. Awkwardness between them

LUTHER

Look, Justin - what happened with Burgess - I know it was skirting a dangerous edge -

RI PLEY

I can't discuss it. I don't want to discuss it. It's done.

LUTHER

But you need to know - there's no more. Not from me. No more. I'm done. Back on track. Things are going too well for me to risk jeopardising them

RI PLEY

That's good.

LUTHER

So - we okay?

RI PLEY

Course, Boss. Absolutely.

But Luther's not convinced. He senses doubt in Ripley's demeanour. Wants to say more, but they reach the body of Monica Poole. I AN REED is already there.

They look down at her. The weird halo of belongings - artfully arranged, macabre and beautiful in the early morning light.

12

REED

Three previous victims in five weeks, spread across London.

LUTHER

CCTV?

REED

Vics two and three were picked up on camera, heading home alone after nights out. We don't know about Monica yet.

RI PLEY

Tracked down and eliminated all vans and other commercial vehicles within a two-kilometre bulls-eye zone. They interviewed two thousand drivers. Those who couldn't be eliminated were added to the suspect pool -

She invokes A SCROLLING WALL OF MALE FACES. HUNDREDS OF THEM

TELLER (cont'd)

They failed to eliminate thirty-five vehicles - eighteen small vans, two Commer style vehicles, seven taxis, an ice-cream van, and a number of private vehicles -

She INVOKES THEM ON SCREEN - ghostly images of half-seen vehicles on quiet London streets.

REED

Tactical Unit 1, under my command, will concentrate on last night's murder of Monica Poole.

TELLER

Tactical Unit 2 will be based here under the command of Detective Chief Inspector Luther. You'll review existing case evidence pertaining to previous victims. Focus on the suspect pool, eliminate those unidentified vehicles.

(beat)

Be in no doubt. Our man is locked into a pattern of rapid escalation. He's going to kill again, very soon. Except we're going to catch him before he gets the chance.

The briefing ends. The officers split into assigned tactical groups. Teller heads to Luther's office - enters.

Luther stops pacing. Catches the ball.

TELLER (cont'd)

You all right in here?

LUTHER

Just thinking.

He nods at the suspect pool, up there on the screen.

LUTHER (cont'd)

History of cases like this says - he's already in the database somewhere. We just need to winkle him out.

So the best place to catch this bastard is right here, in this room So I'm just thinking.

TELLER

Good.

She exits. He paces. Bounces the ball. Catches it.

SCENES 13A - 13C OMITTED

14 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 11 - 08.43

14

Graham sitting on the edge of the bed. Feet flat on the floor. Hands on his thighs. Rigid as a statue. Listening to the radio.

He reaches into his pocket. Takes out the SILVER NECKLACE WITH A MOON PENDANT. Not new. Tarnished with wear. He puts it close to his neck. Sniffs at it.

Turns a WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH on the bedside table so that Linda seems to be looking at him

ANGLE ON GRAHAM S FACE as he moves his hands down his lap-holding the necklace - begins to mast urbate -

15 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 11 - 08.45

15

Ripley and Luther before video screens showing footage of AMANDA CROUCH - walking an empty street. Ghostly.

Ripley flicks through PHOTOS OF EACH OF THE VICTIMS.

RI PLEY

Text book, after the first kill he enters the depressive phase. He can't

LUTHER

The reality live up to the fantasy?

RI PLEY

I...well...no. Not really. No. Waste of a holiday, really.

LUTHER

See, it never does. It can't. Because, in the end, an orgasm's just an orgasm

RI PLEY

But that doesn't account for the pace of escalation.

LUTHER

No, it doesn't. We're not looking at a release, here - we're looking at an explosion, the lid coming off a pressure cooker. A man who's been controlling his compulsions, keeping on top of them for years - until now. So why's that? What makes him let go like this?

RI PLEY

The trigger event is often some kind

LUTHER

What do you want?

ALI CE

To gloat about my matchmaking. So how was it? Everything you dreamed of? Did the fantasy match the reality?

LUTHER

I can't talk about this, not now.

ALI CE

Are you shy about discussing sex with me? Because I do know what goes where.

Long beat. Luther prepares to play his gambit. Take the plunge.

LUTHER

It's not about me and Zoe.

ALI CE

What, then?

LUTHER

Henry Madsen woke up.

He waits for her reaction. Her face falls. She's thunderstruck.

ALI CE

Are you in trouble?

LUTHER

Maybe. It's possible, yeah. I might be.

ALI CE

Is there brain damage?

LUTHER

They don't know yet, not for sure. What I do know, I'm going to be under surveillance. My movements, my phone calls - everything.

ALI CE

Why?

LUTHER

They're worried I might sneak in there, finish the job.

ALI CE

You might be mad. You're not stupid.

LUTHER

Listen - this, whatever it is. I can't see you any more.

(off her stunned face)

Linda allows herself to be manipulated - she sits - tries to smile - begins unwrapping - takes out the MOON PENDANT NECKLACE.

LI NDA

Ch - gosh. Goodness gracious. It's
really lovely - it's lovely -

GRAHAM

Put it on.

LI NDA

Help me with the clasp.

He helps put the necklace on. He's breathing heavily, aroused by the symbolism of the necklace at her throat.

Li nda (cont'd)

How does it look?

GRAHAM

St and up. Let me see.

She hesitates -

GRAHAM (cont'd)

(fidgety, grinning)

Come on - st and up - st and up.

(she st ands)

Ch, it looks lovely. Really lovely.

Really gorgeous.

He begins passionately to maul her neck - grunting with the violence of his arousal -

- as Linda works hard to conceal her disgust.

DENNIS

Gray! Mat e! (shakes Graham's hand) Linda - happy birthday!

Pecks her on the cheek.

An awkward moment. Complex glances are exchanged between the three of them - before Linda is dragged into the kisses hello, the congratulations, the offers of drinks -

23 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 11 - 21.34

23

Luther is alone. Tired round the eyes. Tie loose at his throat. He's eating pizza, sipping an energy drink. He picks up the phone and dials Zoe's number. No answer.

Looking at the RANDOM DISTRIBUTION OF PAPERWORK on the floor - the unidentified vehicles, OCTV stills of the victims. His eyes take in DISCONNECTED DETAILS.

Ripley enters. Sees the mess.

RI PLEY

You need help clearing this up?

LUTHER

It's meant to be like this.

RI PLEY

Seriously?

LUTHER

Découpage - cut-up technique. Take a text, any text. Cut it up into smaller portions, randomise it. Create new text. See new patterns.

RI PLEY

That works?

LUTHER

Somet i mes.

RI PLEY

Where'd you learn this?

LUTHER

David Bowie.

RI PLEY

As in, Let's Dance?

LUTHER

As in, Station to Station. It's how he wrote his lyrics.

RI PLEY

You a fan?

LUTHER

I don't look like a fan?

RI PLEY

What - of songs about, like, aliens and that?

LUTHER

Well, there's a bit more to him than aliens. I'll do you a tape, if you like.

RI PLEY

A what, sorry?

They lock eyes. A teasing beat. The trust coming back. Broken by Reed entering.

REED

Ah. You've gone all David Bowie on us.

LUTHER

You get anything?

REED

Cause of death confirmed. He chokes them No forensics to speak of. No witnesses.

(sits, massages his face) Spent the day interviewing family. Her dad's dead - so there's mother, one sister, one boyfriend, long term

LUTHER

He on the list?

REED

Pulling a night-shift. Double time. Twenty witnesses.

Lut her I ooking at the photographs.

REED (cont'd)

I took him through the inventory - stuff our man left round her.

LUTHER

Anything missing?

REED

Necklace. Pendant on the end, silver moon.

Passes Luther a photograph - Monica Poole Laughing, armin arm with her boyfriend. Wearing the silver moon necklace.

REED

Childhood sweethearts. He looks like a young Damon Albarn, faithful as a hound. Working nights to pay for the wedding.

LUTHER

So why's she walking home alone?

REED

Been to meet friends in the pub, talk about the hen night -

LUTHER

All the friends eliminated?

REED

All eliminated. She's walked home that way a thousand times before -

Luther's eyes flicking over the images.

LUTHER

So - she's engaged, she's happy, she's on home ground. She's not going to stop to chat with Jack the Lad in his white van, is she? So how does our man get her in the van?

RI PLEY

Blitz attack. He gets out, clobbers her, drags her into the van.

LUTHER

No sign of that. No screams, no reports of altercation.

REED

She gets in voluntarily.

LUTHER

Could be.

REED

How's he make her do that?

RI PLEY

He's trusted. Knows her, maybe?

REED

He can't have known all four of them

LUTHER

But they all trusted him

He looks at the pictures of the UNIDENTIFIED VEHICLES - And sees it.

LUTHER (cont'd)
We're looking for a taxi driver.

24 SCENE 24 OMITTED

24

26

25 INT. BETHNAL GREEN WORKING MEN'S CLUB, GENTS - NIGHT 11 - 21.4625

Graham washes his hands. And we see him in this PRIVATE MOMENT, examining his own face in the bathroom mirror. An animal. He leaves - steps out into the RAUCOUS NOISE of the pub.

26 INT. BETHNAL GREEN WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 11 - 21.46

All the friends round the table - laughing and joking.

Linda meets Dennis's eyes. A fraction too long. She toys nervously with her necklace.

Graham emerges from the gents. Heads towards the party - squats as Linda's side.

GRAHAM

Sorry, love. Got to go!

LI NDA

That's all right!

GRAHAM

Happy birthday! You enjoy yourself!

His eyes flick to the necklace. He grins, slaps Dennis on the shoulder.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Look after her for me, mate! Make sure she has a good time!

DENNIS

Will do!

GRAHAM

(low)

Sorry we were running a bit late tonight, mate. I had to give her one for her birthday. How she likes it good and hard and long. Tell the truth, I'm surprised she can walk.

He leers - adjusts his crotch - then exits. Dennis's smile falters. So does Linda's. They watch him go.

27 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - NI GHT 11 - 22.01

27

The street teems with black cabs like glistening tadpoles writhing in a pond.

28 INT. GRAHAM'S TAXI, LONDON - NIGHT 11 - 22.02

28

Graham at the wheel. A predator.

29 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 11 - 22.03

29

Luther steps inside. Looking at the CCTV screens. All those black cabs. Mxture of day and night shots. We leave him there, restless and strained as we -

FADE TO:

30 INT. HOSPITAL, O/S MADSEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 11 - 22.11

30

A NURSE passes the BORED POLICE GUARD stationed at the door - gives him a nod . He nods back - returns to his magazine. The nurse steps into Madsen's room -

31 INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 11 - 22.11

31

- and sees that, once again, MADSEN'S EYES ARE OPEN. She hurries closer, concerned and attentive -
- sees Madsen's LIPS ARE MOVING. Minutely. Almost silently. Trying to form a word through cracked lips. All she hears is breathing. She edges closer closer closer still -
- puts an ear to his lips. And listens -

SMASH CUT TO.

32 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 11 - 22.39

32

Teller strides through the Bullpen - past BUSY STAFF monitoring the passage of THOUSANDS OF TAXIS on London streets -

33 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 11 - 22.39

33

She enters - sees the astonishing mess, rolls her eyes. Luther passes her a REPORT - she ignores that too, sets it aside.

LUTHER

What's wrong?

TELLER

Henry Madsen is talking.

Beat. Their eyes lock.

LUTHER

What's he saying?

TELLER

The doctors won't let us anywhere near him - not yet. So right now, anything he might say means nothing. It's inadmissible. Hearsay.

LUTHER

Boss, what's he saying?

TELLER Your name. Or something like it.

LUTHER (Iooking nauseated) Right. Okay...okay.

Ripley exits at a run.

34 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NI GHT 11 - 22.51

34

Police cars tear silently through the night -

35 INT. REED'S CAR - NIGHT 11 - 22.51

35

Reed at the wheel. Ripley his passenger.

36 I/E. GRAHAM'S TAXI, LONDON STREET - NIGHT 11 - 22.52

36

Grahamis cruising the quiet streets. He spots -

37 EXT. LONDON STREET - NI GHT 11 - 22.53

37

- CLAIRE WELDON walking alone. Footsteps echoing. No cars. No people. Just a BLACK CAB slowing behind her. Familiar and monstrous.

38 I/E. GRAHAM'S TAXI, LONDON STREET - NIGHT 11 - 22.53

38

Graham slows, pulls over alongside Claire, lowers his window.

GRAHAM

Hey, I ove! Love -

CLAI RE

I don't need a cab, thanks. I don't live that far.

GRAHAM

It's not that, love. Listen, it just came over the radio - a girl's been attacked just down the road...off Holywell Avenue.

CLAIRE

(stops)

Ch, you're'joking -

Glances with dread towards Hollywell Avenue -

GRAHAM

Apparently he got away before he could do much - but they've warned us to keep an eye out because he's probably still out there. I had to stop and tell you, love, they make us do it. You sure you'll be all right?

CLAI RE

(no)

Yeah. It's only five minutes -

GRAHAM

Where do you live?

CLAI RE

Lacey Road? Down that way?

GRAHAM

That's past Holywell, innit? Look, I'd hate it if my girl had to walk home alone, this time of night, all this going on. Hop in.

CLAI RE

I can't. I haven't got any -

GRAHAM

For get the money. Let's just get you home safely.

(she hesitates)

Come Christmas, give five quid to the dog's home for me.

CLAI RE

Sur e?

GRAHAM

Course.

She smiles, delighted. Gets in. Sits in the back.

Graham pulls away. His eyes in the rear-view. Seeing her HANDBAG Balanced on her lap.

39 <u>INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NI GHT 11 - 22.54</u>

39

Luther paces - drinks coffee - listens to chatter on the radio.

INTERCUT with the TAXI as it RIDES ON - smooth and sure - to QUIETER AND QUIETER STREETS -

Silence and darkness.

39A INT. GRAHAM'S TAXI - NIGHT 11 - 22.54

39A

Graham at the wheel. Quite calm Claire in the back.

39B EXT. LONDON STREETS - NI GHT 11 - 22.54

39B

POLICE CARS SHARKING in SILENT PURSUIT -

LUTHER paces.

THE TAXI turns onto a DARK, DARK STREET

40 EXT. DARK STREET, MUNICIPAL PARK - NIGHT 11 - 22.55

40

Then slows. Prowls along the EDGE of a MUNICIPAL PARK.

POLICE CARS TEAR through the night.

LUTHER paces.

THE TAXI STOPS near the EDGE OF THE PARK. Suburban qui et. Darkness.

Deserted.

A long, long beat of CM NOUS SILENCE. Just the familiar, CHUCGING CROWL of the taxi's engine -

Then the LIGHT COMES ON INSIDE THE CAB. Shocking in the darkness.

A beat.

A POLICE CAR screams out onto the street in front of the taxi - and REED'S CAR screeches to a halt behind it. Ripley and Reed emerge - sprint to the taxi - badge the driver

Zoe and Mark are eating breakfast. He's watching her.

MARK

You okay?

ZŒ

Men?ir Weacht ola's th Ygo old.0 @an 22344. 946th y7?13. 52 T15-0. 221 Tc 0. 034 TEfo

WARK

You seem - I don't know. You sure you're okay?

7**C**F

I'm sure I'm okay.

Yearning in his eyes. Something being left unsaid. Then - with effort - his expression changes. His eyes sparkle.

MARK

(sings)

"Search your heart...search your soul And when you find me there you'll search no more..."

ZŒ

St op!

MARK

"Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for...You can't tell me it's not worth dyin' for...You know it's true..."

ZŒ

(throws toast)

St op!

MARK

She nods. Luther kicks his chair. It slams into the wall. A beat of silence. Then he sits in the chair, head in hands.

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 12 - 08.06

47

Alice enters the hospital. She has a LARGE BAG slung across her shoulder. It's busy. Anonymous. Nobody pays her the slightest attention.

48 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 08.11

48

Luther and Teller look at the screens showing TREVOR ROWAN in the interview room, with Reed.

LUTHER

His alibi holds. He was in Eccleston Place, SWI. Passenger and credit card details prove it. He's not our man -

TELLER

So there are two taxis with the same number-plate on the same night in I ondon?

LUTHER

He cloned the plate. It's easy. All he's got to do, is make note of real taxi number plates - then import "spares" from I reland. He could have half a dozen different numbers -

TELLER

Or fifty. Or a hundred. So what <u>do</u> we have?

Luther invokes the CCTV of the Taxi on Broughton Row, mid-Uturn.

LUTHER

Thi s.

TELLER

This what?

LUTHER

He tries to take this turning, at the end of Broughton Row...messes up...does a U-turn. That seemed odd, so we checked. Broughton Row used to be a through-way. But they blocked it off when the hookers moved in. Made it a rat-run.

TELLER

When was this?

LUTHER

March 2002.

TELLER

The implication being?

LUTHER

I don't think he's a taxi driver. I think he used to be. Or tried to be.

A knock on the door. Ripley enters.

RI PLEY

Not only is there no law against selling second-hand taxis, it's easy and cheap.

LUTHER

How many people are driving round London in one of these things?

RI PLEY

Other than Prince Phillip, Kate Moss and Stephen Fry? There's no way to tell. There's no database. But it runs into the high hundreds, low thousands, easy. More than you want to think about, let alone track down.

Luther, Teller and Ripley look at the CCTV footage. All those taxis.

TELLER

He could have a different licence plate for every night of the month. He's completely anonymous - one taxi among twenty thousand others - and trusted by default. He might as well be invisible.

LUTHER

And he's in a feeding frenzy. There'll be another victim tonight. And more tomorrow - and tomorrow - and tomorrow.

Out on their fear - watching the footage of the taxis.

INT. GRAHAMTw (be invisible.u2IDzvFP foDAY 62.-Tj 744 12 Tf 1 0 014 221ET

We see a CURLING WISP OF GREY SMOKE emerge from under the door. Alice walks away, looking occupied - and doctor-like.

50AINT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR BY LADIES BATHROOM - 08.34

50A

As a NURSE opens the bathroom door, a BELLOW OF SMOKE comes out. We glimpse a sudden flicker of flame inside. The nurse reels back, shutting the door, and hits the fire alarmin the corridor.

51 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 08.38

51

Luther, Reed, Teller. An air of weariness - three people who've been up all night, to meet only failure.

TELLER

We warn people not to catch taxis, it causes chaos and achieves nothing -

REED

Except create twenty-thousand suspects in the public's mind - and send our man to ground.

LUTHER

Besi des - wave a wand, wipe all the black cabs from the face of London - there'll still be young women needing to get home at night. All he does is modify his M O.

TELLER

You think he'll be hunting again tonight?

LUTHER

He can't stop.

TELLER

Then we have to take him today.

Her phone rings. She answers.

TELLER (cont'd)

Teller -

Her face falls. Silence in the room until she hangs up - and looks at Luther with a mixture of curiosity and dread.

TELLER (cont'd)

Chartwell Hospital's on fire.

52 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 12 - 08.39

52

THE ALARM SHRIEKS a continuous, shrill note. MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC and NON ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL are evacuating -

But Alice, in her lab coat, moves against the flow-

ALI CE

Excuse me. Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry, do excuse me -

She pushes along until she gets to the POLICE GUARD outside Madsen's room Made nervous by the alarm, he's nevertheless maintaining his position. Alice approaches. Chill, commanding.

ALICE (cont'd)

Officer -

PC FULFORD

Fulford -

He squints. Focuses on her DIFFERENT COLOURED EYES.

ALI CE

We're having some trouble with a few members of the public on ward 28. They won't leave the building. Response is on the way but - since you're here.

PC FULFORD

I'm not supposed to -

ALI CE

I wouldn't ask if it wasn't an emergency. I'll stay with the patient.

Fulford hesitates. Then wilts under her cool authority -

PC FULFORD

Ward 28?

ALI CE

Next floor down.

He hesitates - she encourages him with a little nod. He hurries away - leaving Alice to slip into Madsen's room

53 SCENE 53 OMITTED

53

54

54 INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 12 - 08.40

- and shut the door. She looks left. Then right. Then at Madsen.

He's lying there. Eyes open. Watching her. He starts to speak, trying to form the word.

ALI CE

Hello, Henry.

She reaches out. Touches his dry lips - almost caresses them His eyes widen in fear. He tries to speak. To say it.

ALICE (cont'd)

Shhh. Don't say his name. Don't.

The caressing hand suddenly pinches Madsen's nostrils. Alice puts her other hand over his mouth - presses down -

ALICE (cont'd) Shhhh. Shhhh.

ANGLE ON ALICE as she smothers the life from him - watches the life extinguished in his eyes - the only sound the shrieking fire alarm -

INT. SCU, BULhe life from ijdN12 DAY 1 6- 10.33 Tf 1ET TTm -0.194.442 T7

LUTHER
Five victims dead. Maybe twelve hours until the next - so please don't think I'm being rude, Martin -

Something buried in the Madsen case file, perhaps?

LUTHER
Well, I could rattle off a hundred people who might want him dead. I'd start with the parents of the victims.

SCHENK

Yes, yes of course. But the timing. It chafes at my brain. Why now? Why today - the very day he wakes up?

LUTHER

I don't know, Martin. It's a mystery.

Schenk holds his gaze - then looks round at all the mess, the

LUTHER Do you know what you've done?

ALICE
Given you back your wife. Saved your job. Saved you from disgrace and imprisonment.

LUTHER Alice, you committed murder -

ALI CE

LUTHER STAY AWAY! STAY OUT OF MY LIFE! STAY AWAY FROM ME!

He hangs up - throws the phone against the wall - it shatters.

He looks up.

To see the ENTIRE TEAM - Ripley, Teller, Schenk, the SCU - are staring at him

He makes a disgusted face, turns away.

57 EXT. UNIVERSITY FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 12 - 10.37

57

Alice stands there, phone buzzing in her hand. Bereft.

58 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 10.37

58

Schenk guides Teller by the elbowinto her office, shuts the door.

TELLER

What can I do for you, Martin? Busy day, here.

SCHENK

I see that. I'll be gone in a few moments. I just - given what I've just seen - I'd like John Luther's phone and email records, please. I'm terribly sorry.

TELLER

I know what you're thinking. But he was here. I kept him here. He hasn't left the building.

SCHENK

And yet, I'd prefer to check. Just to put my mind at ease.

59 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 10.38

59

Luther stands there - frustrated beyond endurance - a timid knock at the door. Ripley.

RI PLEY

You - um - you okay in here? y'-h7P I've just

RI PLEY

Those suspects. Have you eaten? (Lut her gives him a look)
Seriously. You need to eat.

LUTHER

Show me the suspect list -

Ripley sits at the computer, invokes an image of -

RI PLEY

Best hit, Graham Shand, 47. Drinking in the same pub as Victim 1. Failed the Knowledge three times, last time in 2002. Until six weeks ago, he worked nights at a Taxi breakdown and recovery garage -

LUTHER

What happened?

RI PLEY

Formerly decent employee. Seems to have undergone some kind of breakdown. Drinking... "sexually inappropriate" conduct...

LUTHER

What does that mean, exactly?

RI PLEY

We're following that up now.

LUTHER

How I ong did he work there, the garage?

RI PLEY

Six years. Until lately his behaviour was - within the bounds of normality.

Teller enters. Shuts the door. Crosses her arms. Listens.

LUTHER

Any hard evidence?

RI PLEY

There's no record of him, his wife, known friends or family ever buying a second-hand taxi. No registered lock-ups, no garages. No nothing.

LUTHER

But plenty of opportunity to buy one cash, under the table. Form?

RI PLEY

None. You want to bring him in?

LUTHER

Yeah. We know where he is?

RI PLEY

No.

LUTHER

He's nocturnal, used to working nights. Could be he's at home, asleep.

TELLER

I'll get DCI Reed to the house with a warrant -

RI PLEY

And if he's not there?

LUTHER

We target his weak spot.

RI PLEY

What's that?

TELLER

(I ooking at Luther.) The wife. Always the wife.

LUTHER

Look her up. Bring her in.

Uneasy beat.

TELLER

Sergeant, if I could have a moment with the Detective Chief Inspector?

RI PLEY

Of course, Ma'am

Ripley exits, rolling his eyes.

Teller looks at the picture of Graham

TELLER

This definitely our man?

LUTHER

Good candi dat e.

TELLER

Nice work. So what's happening between you and Zoe?

He stares at her.

TELLER (cont'd)

That was her on the phone just now, right?

LUTHER

Yeah. That was Zoe.

TELLER

Ah! All the shouting, the screaming. It's yesterday once more. So are you and she - ?

LUTHER

Yes. No. I don't know. Possibly. Who knows?

(off her expression)

Well, it's nice to see you happy for me.

TELLER

You want to know the real tragedy of marriage?

LUTHER

No.

TELLER

Women hope men will change, but they don't. Men hope women won't change. But they do.

She walks to the door.

TELLER (cont'd)

I need you to stay in this building until you're cleared to leave.

LUTHER

I'm trying to run an investigation, here.

TELLER

And like you say; this is the best place to run it from So just do that.

60 SCENE 60 OMITTED

60

61

61 <u>INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY 12 - 11.13</u>

Reed in the lounge, on the phone as UNIFORMS finish their search. He spots a wad of money partially hidden on the side. When no one is looking, he pockets it.

REED

No-one's home.

62 INT. CINEMA - DAY 12 - 12.26

62

Linda is polishing the floor with a buffer. Ripley steps into the open doorway.

Hello?

RI PLEY

Li nda Shand?

LI NDA

Yeah?

RI PLEY

(badges her) Mrs Shand, I'm Detective Sergeant Ripley -

LI NDA

(kills the vacuum)

Who, sorry?

RI PLEY

Detective Sergeant Ripley. Out of the Serious Crime Unit, Hobb Lane.

LI NDA

Police? Seriously? What's wrong? Is Graham okay?

RI PLEY

It's nothing like that. But I wonder if you wouldn't mind coming with me, help clear up a few things.

LI NDA

What sort of thing?

RI PLEY

I'm sure there's nothing for you to worry about.

LI NDA

What is it?

RI PLEY

It's just, your name popped up on a dat abase -

LI NDA

What dat abase? How?

RI PLEY

Probably it's nothing. We just need to ask you some questions.

LI NDA

About what?

RI PLEY

Graham, mostly.

Ch, God. What's he done? Has he done something?

RI PLEY

If you'd like to come with me -

LI NDA

I feel sick. Can I -

She nods at the bathroom right next to Ripley.

RI PLEY

Of course.

She enters. Shuts the door.

INT. CINEMA, BATHROOM - DAY 12 - 12.28

He gets up off the step.

66A EXT. STREETS, BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 12 - 13.43

66A

Graham walks down the street. He slams the phone into the back of a parked truck.

He smiles. Sly. Walks on.

67 EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY 12 - 15.47

67

Alice sits on the kerb, hands on her knees - like a child waiting for her parent to come home.

She senses when the man she's been waiting for arrives - looks up over her shoulder - gives him a DAZZLING SM LE. A smile full of hurt. And perhaps pity.

It's MARK NORTH. Car keys in one hand, briefcase in the other.

MARK

Go away.

ALI CE

I can't.

MARK

I'm sick of this. Whatever you're here to say - I don't want to hear it. I really don't. So please - do us all a favour, call yourself an exorcist.

Gestures with keys: excuse me

ALI CE

Ch, I see. You already know.

MARK

Know what?

ALI CE

That Zoe's lying to you.

MARK

No. No, no no. I don't want to hear it. I want you out of my way, and out of my life.

ALI CE

Yeah, I'm hearing that a lot today.

MARK

There's something badly wrong with you. I wish I could help you, I really do. But I can't. So I'd like you to go away, please, and stay away. You're completely -

ALI CE

Right. As I suspect you know.

He looks at her. Unblinking. And then sags at the shoulders.

68 SCENE 68 OMITTED

68

69 INT. SCU, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 12 - 18.23

69

Luther leads Linda to the waiting room She's very anxious. She's never stepped foot in a police station before.

LI NDA

So -

She looks at him Blank with anxiety.

LUTHER

Can I get you a tea? A coffee?

LI NDA

Some water, maybe?

He sets down the case file on a chair. Goes to the water cooler, draws her a cup, passes it to her. She sips. Nervous.

LUTHER

How have things been, lately - between you and Graham?

LI NDA

Fine. Why?

LUTHER

Do you know where he was on Friday night?

LI NDA

At the pub. With me and some friends. It was my birthday.

LUTHER

He was with you all night?

LI NDA

Not all night, no. He went to work.

LUTHER

Where?

LI NDA

At the garage. He works at an all night recovery garage. Taxis, mostly.

LUTHER

The thing is - Graham hasn't worked there for two months now.

LINDA (after a beat) What?

LUTHER

You di dn't know?

LI NDA

No.

Luther rests his eyes on her. Not accusing; gentle, forgiving, compassi onat e.

Ripley pokes his head round the door.

RI PLEY

Boss? I'm sorry to interrupt - it's a bit urgent -

LUTHER

(to Linda)

I'm sorry, I have to dash. I'll be back soon. We'll talk properly.

LI NDA

What about, exactly?

LUTHER

Soon as I can. Promise. Excuse me.

He exits at speed. And we follow Linda's gaze - as she looks round the room - until finally her eyes settle - on the CASE FILE Luther left behind in his haste.

She glances at the door - back at the file. To the door.

To the file -

70 INT. SCU, O/S WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 12 - 18.25

Luther exits the waiting room

RI PLEY

I time that okay?

LUTHER

Perfect.

They approach Teller.

TELLER

How is she?

LUTHER

She knows something's not right.

70

TELLER

She's going to know a lot more than that in a few minutes.

LUTHER

Look, we confront her - she becomes defensive, guilt-ridden, she clams up and we get nothing. She thinks she's discovered the truth for herself, she'll be more accessible a subject.

TELLER

You don't think this approach is a bit - merciless?

LUTHER

Because of her, Graham knows we're on him He'll try to kill as many as he can before we catch him If I have to terrify his wife to stop that happening, I can live with it.

TELLER

If it doesn't work?

LUTHER

We pick up the pieces of her and start again.

TELLER

Thus speaks John Luther, gentleman of this parish.

LUTHER

She knows what her husband is.

TELLER

But maybe not what he's done. There is a difference.

71 SCENE 71 OMITTED

71

72

72 INT. SCU, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 12 - 18.56

Linda stares at the CASE FILE. Stands. Goes to the water cooler. Gets herself another drink. Pointedly ignores the file. Sips the water. Looks at the file. Looks away.

A peek couldn't hurt. Just a peek. She lifts the manilla cover with the edge of an index finger. Just a touch. Then a little more. Then all the way.

Gets her first glimpse of a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH -

LI NDA

Ch God.

Steps back, as if it's burned her. But can't resist its lure. She opens the folder again -

73 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 18.58

73

Luther is pacing, nervous, waiting. We don't know for what not yet. Not until he hears a CRY OF DESPAIR from the waiting room -

He darts towards it -

74 INT. SCU, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 12 - 18.58

74

- and enters. To see CRI ME SCENE PHOTOS SCATTERED EVERYWHERE and Linda curled up, wracked by TERRI BLE DI STRESS -
- clutching a PHOTOGRAPH OF MONICA POOLE in which she WEARS THE MOON PENDANT NECKLACE

LUTHER

Mrs. Shand? Linda?

LI NDA

What's this?

Shows him the necklace she's ripped from her neck

LINDA (cont'd)

WHAT'S THIS?! What is it? What is it? What is it?

Luther steps forward - takes her in his arms -

LINDA (cont'd)

Ch God, oh God, oh God. What did he do? What did he do?

74AANT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 12 - 18.54 (FORMERLY 71) 74AA

Zoe enters. Mark is sitting at the kitchen table. He's a good way through a bottle of wine.

She sits. Tentative, nervous.

ZŒ

Is there a glass for me?

MARK

Course.

As he pours her a glass, his eyes don't leave hers.

ZŒ

I - okay. Right. I have something I need to say. To, um, tell you.

Looking into his eyes. Seeing what's reflected there.

ZOE (cont'd)

You already know.

MARK

Pretty much.

ZŒ

How?

MARK

It doesn't take a intuitive genius.

ZŒ

Why didn't you say anything?

MARK

It's not my business.

ZŒ

(emotional)

Of course it's your business. Don't say that. Please. It's absolutely your business.

She touches his hand, expecting him to withdraw. He doesn't. He holds her hand.

MARK

For what it's worth - do you know what I think you need to do?

ZŒ

Mark -

MARK

Seriously. I'd make a list of the reasons you married him Then make a list of the reasons you left him See how much those two lists overlap.

She laughs, still crying, knowing he's right. Sips wine.

ZŒ

I'm so sorry. He's not what I want. He's just not.

MARK

What do you want?

ZŒ

This. Here. Right now. With you.

74A INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 12 - 19.10

74A

Luther and Linda. Just them Luther is muted, forgiving.

LUTHER

How long have you been married?

Twenty years.

LUTHER

And how would you characterise him - as a husband?

Incredulous beat. What does he want her to say?

LI NDA

He's manipulative, controlling, passive aggressive, resentful, selfish, childish -

LUTHER

That's a lot of anger you've got stored up, there.

LI NDA

He said if I ever left him, he'd kill himself. I tried once. I packed my bags and bought a ticket to Cardiff. Cardiff! He slashed his wrists in the bath and called me before he called the ambulance. He didn't even do it properly, just sliced himself across the wrists. Lots of blood, lots of drama. But no real risk to Graham Story of his life. I'd kill for a cigarette.

LUTHER

Not in here, I'm afraid.

LI NDA

Those girls -

Touches her throat, where the necklace had been. Makes a disgusted face. Wants to wash her hands.

LUTHER

Linda, I need to ask you some difficult questions, some very personal question. It's not my intention to embarrass you -

LI NDA

Is it about the handbags?

Actually, no. He'd been about to ask about Graham's use of pornography. But he controls his excitement. Keeps it low and level. All about Linda.

LUTHER

Yeah, tell me about the handbags.

He's always had this thing, a weird thing for them Early on - we'd been married a year, eighteen months - he used to nick them I found them all hidden in the garage, confronted him about it. He cried, made up some story.

LUTHER

You reported him?

LI NDA

No!

LUTHER

Why not?

LI NDA

He's my husband.

LUTHER

You believed his story?

LI NDA

I was young and stupid - but not that young and not that stupid.

LUTHER

What did you think he was - y'know, doing with the bags?

LI NDA

What do you think?

LUTHER

I don't know.

LI NDA

He liked to sniff them and touch himself. All right?

LUTHER

But you stayed with him

LI NDA

I was embarrassed. And a bit of me was scared it was me - that I was doing something wrong and somehow, y'know, people would find out about it and laugh. And of course he cried and begged and said he'd kill himself if I left, that didn't help.

LUTHER

Okay. I knowoc. t ehow, kHe, ovnd tovery Tj 1 0 0 1 144.96 138 t

Furious look. She knows that.

LUTHER (cont'd)

These urges, he controlled them for a long time. Then suddenly - this. Do you have any idea what it was, this thing that pushed him over the edge?

LI NDA

It's not my fault.

LUTHER

What's not your fault?

She can't answer aloud. Too ashamed. Too fearful. She looks at her lap.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Li nda?

LI NDA

I forgot to erase a text message. He checks my call log when I'm in the shower. Goes through my handbag.

LUTHER

Your call log? He found out you were sleeping with someone?

And suddenly, Luther stands. All urgency. Looms over her.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Who is he?

LI NDA

It's not my fault!

LUTHER

WHO IS HE, LINDA? WHO IS HE?

74B I NT. SCU, BULLPEN - NI GHT 12. 19.12

74B

Luther charges out of the interview room, addresses the Bullpen.

LUTHER

Dennis Keaton, 23 Black Swan Way. Justin, call him tell him to make himself safe until the police arrive.

Ripley lifts the phone. And Teller, hearing the commotion, emerges from her office.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Graham's punishing Linda for being unfaithful - working his way up to killing her.

He can't do that now, he knows we've got her. So he's going for the next best thing -

74C I NT/EXT - REED'S CAR - NI GHT 12 - 19.18

74C

Reed speeds through the night.

75 EXT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 19.21

75

Establishing an ordinary house on a very ordinary street.

76 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 19.22

76

Dennis is watching TV, drinking a beer. The DOORBELL RINGS.

He puts down the beer, goes to the door. Opens it -

And there's Graham

DENNIS

Gray -?

GRAHAM STABS HIM WITH A SCREWDRIVER -

Dennis collapses - Graham drags himinside - kicks the door shut.

Inside, the PHONE RINGS.

77 SCENES 77 - 81 OMITTED

77

82 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.23

82

It's now empty, but for Luther, Ripley and Teller.

Luther paces, listens as A PHONE RINGS AND RINGS. Teller's on the phone, too. Ripley's working the computer.

LUTHER

No answer on the mobile.

TELLER

Nor the landline.

LUTHER

Last call made?

RI PLEY

(checks records on computer) Escort agency. City Chic Escorts.

LUTHER

He ever do that before?

RI PLEY

(enters a command)

Not according to this, no.

LUTHER

All right. Then Dennis Keaton's already dead. Graham's changed tactics. He's going to sit in Keaton's house, ordering up girls like pizza. Get me that escort's name and number!

83 INT. BACK OF CAB (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 12 - 20.24

83

Bored, LAYLA - not her real name - takes a mirror compact from her handbag. Touches up her lipstick. The cab pulls over. She reaches for her purse.

Her phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER. Fumbling for her money, she ignores it.

83A I NT. SCU, BULLPEN - NI GHT 12 - 20.24

83A

Lut her pacing, on the phone.

LUTHER

Come on. Answer. Answer.

It goes to voicemail. He dials again.

84 EXT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.28

84

Layla walks to the house, texting something. Rings the door bell.

85 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.29

85

RI PLEY

"Layla" just texted safe arrival, 23 Black Swan Way.

LUTHER

Get me Reed on the speaker.

Ripley runs to the desk phone, dials Reed's number.

86 EXT. DENNIS KEATON'S PLACE - NIGHT 12 - 20.29

86

Graham opens the door. On Layla.

LAYLA

Dennis, is it?

GRAHAM

Absolutely.

LAYLA

(kisses his cheek) Lovely to meet you, Dennis. I'm Layla. May I?

She steps inside. Her phone rings again. She ignores it.

RI PLEY

Just tell me what to do. It's done.

87 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.30

87

Layla steps inside. Her phone rings off.

GRAHAM

So. Do we? (nods towards the stairs)

LAYLA

Absolutely. You're the boss. But first-(smiles)

CRAHAM

Ch, right! Of course!
 (takes cash from his pocket)
Two twenty-five?

Horrified, Graham notices a SMALL BLOOD SPOT on the carpet. As Layla briskly counts the cash, he covers it with his foot.

LAYLA

You're very kind. So, would you like to show me where -

Her phone rings again. They make faces at one another. Typical.

GRAHAM

Upstairs. If that's okay?

LAYLA

That's absolutely fine.

She takes the lead. Graham walks up the stairs behind her casting a WARY GLANCE at the blood stain.

88 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.30

88

Layla reaches the landing. Her phone rings. She rolls her eyes. Reaches for the phone.

Graham hesitates. Still on the stairs - looking up at her. Blocking her exit.

LAYLA

Dennis, I'm sorry - it's my girlfriend. She likes to check up on me during dates, make sure I arrive safely. Do you mind?

GRAHAM

Of course not. Go ahead.

LAYLA

(smiles for him as she answers) Hello, darling -

89 EXT. SCU, BULLPEN - NI GHT 12 - 20.31

Luther on the phone. He's got through at last!

LUTHER

(fast)

Layla, my name is Detective Chief Inspector John Luther. I need you to listen carefully, keep smiling, act like this is the agency calling -

INTERCUT LUTHER and LAYLA

She falters. Just for a moment.

LAYLA

Yes, yeah I got here quite safely. Yes...he is...he's very cute...

LUTHER

Good. Excellent. Can you safely get out of the house?

LAYLA

Not right now, love. Not really.

LUTHER

Then find a safe place. We're on the way. We're very close.

LAYLA

89

GRAHAM

Can I take the bag?

LAYLA

(reading the relevance)

Of course.

She hands him the bag. He takes it. Sets it down on the bed.

Turns to look at her. And they both know.

GRAHAM

What?

LAYLA

The bat hroom

GRAHAM

I'd rather you didn't, no.

A long beat - agoni sing

- and Layla MAKES A BREAK FOR IT -

Layl a holds the handle of the lock. Tries to think. Think! Think!

She turns, fumbling for her phone - sees DENNIS KEATON - dead in the bath! She screams again -

ON THE LANDING

Graham examines the lock. Like most bathroom locks, it can be

Still on the phone, Luther indicates he needs to use Teller's phone. They swap.

TELLER (on phone)
Layla, my name's Rose. We're nearly
there. We're very close. Hang on.

Luther dials Ripley.

LUTHER

Just in?

100 INT. RIPLEY'S CAR, NR DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.35 00

Ripley's car pulls up.

RI PLEY

(on phone)
I'm there.

Reaching for the door, he glances in the rear-view mirror. And we see - in the back seat is LINDA!

101 EXT. RIPLEY'S CAR, NR DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.35101

Ripley and Linda get out. They're met by Reed, who takes Linda's arm - leads her - half-running - Where?

102 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 12 - 20.35

Layl a braces herself against the door - as Graham barges it again - and again - and again -

GRAHAM (O.S.)

(weepi ng)

JUST`ONE'KIŠŚ! LET ME TOUCH YOU!

She's past screaming now. Teeth gritted. Nostrils flared. Determined to survive.

INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.35

Graham takes the hammer. Advances.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Do you know what's coming?

Then - he HEARS SOMETHING. A WEIRDLY DOWESTIC NOISE. So normal, it takes him a moment to work out what it might be.

It's - a key in the lock. The door opening.

LINDA (O.S.)

Graham?

He can't believe it.

LINDA (O.S.) (cont'd)

Graham - are you here?

He turns away from Layla - walks downstairs - hammer in hand.

And there she is. Linda. In the hallway. Coat on. Keys in hand. Not speaking.

He faces her. An animal. And a petulant child. Revelling in what he is.

LINDA (cont'd)

Look at you. You sad`little prick.

He stands there, harmer in hand - grinning.

GRAHAM

See?

A long moment. His grin widens. Utter malevolent satisfaction.

Reed enters through the open door. Calmas you like.

REED

Put the hammer down, Graham You're all done.

104 EXT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.36

104

Outside, we see POLICE CARS are parked at all angles, doors open. No lights, no sirens.

105 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.36

105

Graham meet's Reed's eyes. Then glances back, over his shoulder.

Ripley is there too - stealing quietly up behind him - having entered the house through the back door.

Ripley stops. Holds his ground.

So Grahamis trapped. Hammer in hand.

Linda is shivering. Numbed with inexpressible loathing.

RFFC

Graham Just put it down. I'm tired and I want to go home.

Long beat. Then Graham makes a SUDDEN MOVE -

And laughs. Only joking.

He chucks the hammer at Linda's feet. An act of utter contempt.

Then Reed and Ripley rush him - throw him to the floor. Cuff him He struggles.

In a daze, Linda looks all around. Hardly able to believe it -

As Ripley and Reed haul Graham to his feet -

RI PLEY

Graham Shand, I am arresting you -

She walks upstairs. Like a zombie.

105ANT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.37 105A

She reaches the landing. Sees the mess. Hears the sobbing from inside the bathroom. She steps forward. Hesitates.

Nudges open the door with her shoe.

Her POV: Layla flinches, weeping in the corner. Behind her is Dennis. Dead in the bath.

Linda takes it in. The absolute horror.

LI NDA

Excuse me. I'm sorry. Sorry.

In the calm of terrible shock, she turns. Walks downstairs.

INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 12 - 20.37

Before Reed is able to react - lunging - grabbing her wrist -

Graham's knees collapse - he falls - takes Ripley with him -

Reed throws Linda into the wall - arms behind her back - she's shouting something - not a word - a howl of pain - anguish and humiliation and hate, terrible hate.

- Ripley grabs his radio -

RI PLEY

Paramedics! Paramedics now!

And UNIFORMED POLICE come running - running - running -

107 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 12 - 20.39

107

LONG SLOW FADE TO.

108 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 12 - 22.19

108

Luther lets himself in. Unspeakably weary.

He sits on the bed. A long moment. Then he dials.

LUTHER

Zo? I know it's late. It's just, I've called you a hundred times. I know it's difficult, but call me back when you can. Just let me know everything's okay. Just let me hear your voice.

He hangs up. Sits there. Stares at the wall.

109 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 12 - 22.20

109

Zoe and Mark are in bed. Making spoons. Her mobile phone is TURNED OFF on the bedside table.

Mark kisses the back of her neck. They snuggle.

FADE TO:

110 INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, ALICE'S LAB - DAY 13 - 10.16

110

Alice at her desk. Footsteps. She looks up to see - Zoe Luther!

Alice stands. Zoe enters. Shuts the door. Stares, fearless, into Alice's cold eyes.

ALI CE

Can I help?

ZŒ

Yes. Stop.

ALI CE

I see. So you've spoken to Mark.

Zoe smiles. Then SLAPS ALICE ACROSS THE FACE!

A shocked moment. Alice can't believe it. The beginnings of a half smile - as Zoe steps closer. Into Alice's space.

70F

You can't hurt me. Do you want to know why?

ALI CE

Very much.

ZŒ

Because if you did, John would despise you. And what ever you say, what ever lies you tell yourself - you couldn't stand that. Because you're so desperate to make him want you. It's pitiable.

Beat.

ZOE (cont'd)