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OVER BLACK

ALICE'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Now what?

FADE IN:

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

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

SCHENK  
I'd just like to run through it one  
more time, if I m

2 CONTINUED:

2

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

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

3 CONTI NUED:

3

A



4 CONTI NUED:

4

For what seems a long time, Sadie and the man s

8 CONTI NUED:

8

ARRESTING OFFICER

Not a house. A Dojo.

RIPLEY

You tried to rob a karate school?

(stares with admiration)

Right. Let's get you printed and processed. We know other police stations are available, and thank you for your custom.

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

It's LUTHER.

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

LUTHER

Thing they never tell you about drugs, mate. The

(CONTI NUED)





LUTHER

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

(then)

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

RIPLEY

No.

A good moment.

LUTHER

See you tomorrow, then.

He steals Ripley's pen and exits.

9

9

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

10

10

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Another morning.

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

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\*

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

11

11

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

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

12

12

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Luther answers the phone.

LUTHER

Justin?

RIPLEY (V.O.)

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

LUTHER

Nope. I'll be right down.









18 CONTI NUED:

18











20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

LUTHER

I can give you one minute.

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

21

21

Caroline and Luther.

CAROLINE

Do you know what you did to us?

LUTHER

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

CAROLINE

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

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\*

She digs out a

21 CONTI NUED:

21



21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

He does. He winces. Shakes his head.

\*

CAROLINE (cont'd)

\*

Don't let them do this to her. Ple

20 CONTI NUED:

20

Luther shows hi m the photo of Jenny.

\*

LUT





CONTI NUED: (2)

(CONTI NUED)



CONTI NUED: (4)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED:

GRAY  
On what grounds? Legally?

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

He strides away, hands in pockets, thinking.

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

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

RIPLEY  
Look, he says "c

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\*

(CONTI NUED)



CONTINUED:

Luther takes out his Airwave.

LUTHER

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

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

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

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

He heads to the door of the empty house -

\*

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

RIP

(CONTINUED)









35 CONTINUED:

35

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

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Blimey.

LUTHER

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

He stands on shaky legs.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Call me when the DNA results come in.

RIPLEY

Where you going?

LUTHER

Hospital.

He walks away, dialling

LUTHER (cont'd)

Benny?

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

BENNY

I hear your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

BENNY (cont' d)

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

\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER

How long's this going to take?

\*  
\*

(CONTI NUED)

37 CONTI NUED:

37

37 CONTI NUED: (2)

37









39 CONTI NUED: (2)

39

LUTHER

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

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\*  
\*  
\*

A beat.

\*

CONTI NUED:

LUTHER

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

GRAY

Which is kind of my point. I don't want to be needing that kind of protection. With the best will in the world, I don't want to be like DS Ripley. He was I

(CONTI NUED)

CONTI NUED: (2)

Luther hurri es over.

\*

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

\*



44 CONTI NUED:

44

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

\*  
\*





47 CONTINUED:

47

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

CUT TO:

THE SCENE PLAYS OUT ON MONITORS

LUTHER (cont'd)

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



(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

Luther drives.

\*

JENNY (cont'd)

\*

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

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LUTHER

\*

Nobody's going to hurt you.

\*

JENNY

\*

Yeah? Who says? You?

\*

LUTHER

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

CAROLINE  
Did you find her?! Is she -

INTERCUT LUTHER/CAROLINE

LUTHER  
She's fine.

Caroline crumples. She struggles for a moment.

CAROLINE  
Where is she? Right now?

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

CAROLINE  
How is she? Really.

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

CAROLINE  
I don't know what to say -

But he's already hung up.

55

55

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

JENNY  
Where am I? What part of London is this?

M

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTI NUED:

55

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

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\*  
\*

56

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56

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The TACTI CAL SUPPORT T



(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)





60 CONTI NUED: (3)

60

LUTHER

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

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\*

CA





63 CONTI NUED: (3)

63

64 CONTINUED:

64

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

\*  
\*

INTERCUT LUTHER WATCHING/CAMERON ON THE STREET

LUTHER  
We've got to find that street!

\*  
\*

GRAY  
Partial plate!

She points to a HAZY, INDISTINCT VAN NUMBER PLATE.

LUTHER  
Dig it up. Get me an address.

Gray runs to her machine.

CUT TO:

Cameron promenades. In absolutely no hurry.

\*

He begins whistling. Spectral and frightening in the stillness.

\*

CUT TO:

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Erin! Come ON!

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

CUT TO:

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

\*

Then - horribly - he

\*

PEERS THROUGH THE CURTAINS INTO THE HOUSE.

\*

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

\*

Is this the one?

\*

No.

\*

He shrugs. Silly old Punch!

\*

Moves on.

\*

CUT TO:

LUTHER (cont'd)  
DS Gray!?

(CONTINUED)









68 CONTINUED:

68

She snorts. Looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

(CONTI NUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

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

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON Gray. Terror-stricken.

Gray (cont'd)

Justin?

(Long, horrible beat)

JUSTIN!

She bolts for the door and -