

From the street, the CORPSE OF A YOUNG MAN is almost hidden - by darkness, industrial bins, backstreet litter: crates and boxes and bottles. A human being who's been thrown away like garbage.

A POLICE CAR screams to the kerb, its lightbar casting the filthy walls in flashing blue. Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS emerge - STEVE GORMAN and MIKE EPPLEY. Both in their early 30s.

They approach the lane. Produce torches. Probe the darkness as they move forward.

Restless torch beams settle on a PALE HAND. A TOUSLED HEAD. A pool of BLOOD.

Tension as Gorman's hand goes to his BATON. He and Eppley edge into the darkness, sweeping it with the torches.

GORMAN

Lima Sierra 37 to Control. Confirm: we do have an ICl down. Possible gunshot wounds, over.

DESPATCH (V.O.)

Received, Lima Sierra 37. Ambulance en route, corner of Northlight Road and Cobden Lane, eta four minutes, over.

Gorman takes his hand from his baton. About to stoop and examine the body -

When the "body" turns - raises a GLOCK REVOLVER - SHOTS GORMAN TWICE in the chest.

LEAPS to his feet - as Eppley TURNS TO RUN - slips. Loses his footing.

The gunman SHOTS HIM TWICE IN THE BACK.

The gunman approaches Eppley's body. Nudges him with a toe.

He squats. Inspects Eppley's DUTY BELT. From the RADIO POUCH he removes Eppley's HANDHELD TRANSCEIVER. He substitutes it for an ALMOST IDENTICAL MODEL. Refastens the Velcro on the radio pouch. Listens for a moment to CHATTER on the radio. Then unzips his BLOOD-SOAKED JACKET, revealing a HOODIE underneath. Removes the jacket as he fades into the intense darkness of the lane.

Leaving two dead officers. Their eyes, their blood, reflecting the flashing lightbar of their empty car.

2 **EXT. SCU, ROOF - DAY 5 - SUNRISE 07.36** 2

JOHN LUTHER stands dangerously close to the very edge of the precipice - London glorious in the morning sun, shining like the city of God - laid out below him.

3 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 07.38** 3

Reed sips coffee. He's watching a live VIDEO FEED FROM THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: MARK NORTH is being questioned by Rose Teller.

4 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 5 - 07.38** 4

Mark and Teller.

TELLER

Thanks for coming in so early. As you know, DCI Luther is facing a charge of assault occasioning actual bodily harm. These are matters we take very seriously indeed, but I need to hear from you, Mr North, without prejudice, exactly what happened yesterday.

MARK

Look, the truth is - Luther was defending himself. I'm not proud of this, but I threw the first punch. And honestly - I do think the police went in a bit heavy-handed.

TELLER

(quietly flabbergasted)

Well, I thank you for your candour. I will ask you to sign a statement to this effect -

MARK

That's why I'm here.

5 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 07.39** 5

Reed phones Luther.

6 **EXT. SCU, ROOF - DAY 5 - 07.39** 6

Luther standing there. His phone rings. He ignores it.

7 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 07.39** 7

Reed gets voicemail. Mutters a curse to himself.

8 **EXT. HOBB LANE, EXT./INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY 5 - 08.17** 8

Mark exits - walks to his CAR, waiting at the kerb with Zoe at the wheel. He gets in. Exhales long and hard.

ZOE

I know how hard that was for you.

MARK

I'm fine.

(checks watch)

Although I might work from home today.

ZOE

(kisses him)

Thank you.

She starts the engine, pulls away.

9 EXT. SCU, ROOF - DAY 5 - 08.21

9

Reed ascends, slightly breathless. Sees Luther - close to the edge. Looking for all the world like a man about to jump.

He ambles over, joins him on the edge.

REED

Nice view.

LUTHER

Yeah. Squint a bit, you can see all the kingdoms of the world.

REED

You might want to start answering your phone.

LUTHER

Get a reputation for answering phones, all they do is ring.

REED

You spoken to Zoe?

LUTHER

No.

REED

Then you should know that Mark North gave you a pass. He's not pressing charges.

(off Luther's bitter laugh)

So how about we finish the chat away from the edge.

LUTHER

You never do this? Come to a high place, imagine what it would be like to fall?

REED

Fall or jump?

LUTHER

Same thing.

REED

Beg to differ. But no. Mostly I go home, watch America's Next Top Model. So what's with the, y'know -?

LUTHER

Thinking.

REED

About?

LUTHER

You ever worry you might be on the devil's side without knowing it?

REED

Nope.

They look down. Long way.

REED (cont'd)

Let it go, John.

LUTHER

I already let him go -

He whistles - and gestures to conjure Madsen's falling body

LUTHER (cont'd)

- just not far enough to do the job properly.

REED

And nobody shed a tear.

LUTHER

That doesn't make it right.

REED

Makes it a bit less wrong, though.

Luther stares down.

REED (cont'd)

You going to jump?

LUTHER

Probably not.

REED

You want me to push you? Thus restoring balance to the universe?

LUTHER

Not especially.

REED

Then I'm bored of this game.

He turns from the edge. Luther lingers. And Reed wonders - just for a moment - if he might actually jump.

Then Luther digs his phone from his pocket, joins him.

LUTHER

You headed back to the factory?

REED

I've been on eighteen hours straight -
I'm going home, mate. You should try
it.

LUTHER

I might.

His phone beeps. Incoming message. He picks it up, scans it.

ANGLE ON PHONE: DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT TELLER.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Or I might not.

10 **SCENE 10 OMITTED**

10

11 **EXT. LOW RISE ESTATE, LANE - DAY 5 - 09.37**

11

Luther and Ripley at the crime scene. Hands always in pockets, Luther is agitated, wandering.

RIPLEY

This is Steve Gorman. Over here, this
is Mike Eppley.

LUTHER

Yeah.

RIPLEY

You knew them?

LUTHER

Little bit, yeah.

RIPLEY

Sorry.

LUTHER

Don't be sorry. If you see Gorman and
Eppley, you'll go blind. So see the
scene. Tell me what you see.

RIPLEY

Right. So Gorman was shot at close
range - double tap to the chest.

LUTHER

Entry wounds two, three inches apart.
That's good shooting.

Luther stoops to examine the pool of blood in which the "dead man" had lain.

LUTHER (cont'd)

It's real blood - but it won't be the
shooter's. It'll be a stray cat, a
dog. We'll find its body in one of
these bins.

Reaches out, almost touches a couple of small BLOOD SPLATTERS.
The directionality of the splatter-pattern leads towards one of
the INDUSTRIAL BINS.

Luther goes to the bin - peers inside - turns away - revolted
by the stink. Then shines his torch inside. Hmmm. He takes a
BIRO from his pocket, roots around inside the bin - and
produces a BLOOD-SOAKED JACKET.

Shows it to Ripley. Then lowers it into the bin.

LUTHER (cont'd)

This is an execution.

RIPLEY

It can't be. There'd be no way for the
shooter to know Gorman and Eppley
would attend this particular call-out.

LUTHER

I didn't say he was targeting Gorman
and Eppley. I said it was an
execution.

RIPLEY

I don't understand what that means.

Luther looks down - into the dead eyes of Steve Gorman. No
answer there. Just the mild surprise of the recently murdered.

LUTHER

Nor do I.

12 **EXT. LOW RISE ESTATE, MOUTH OF LANE - DAY 5 - 09.44**

12

Luther and Ripley push through the commotion, head to their
car. They're confronted by CORINNE DAY (34) a PUSHY TV
JOURNALIST. Her CAMERAMAN is behind her, camera off.

LUTHER

Morning, Corinne. Excuse me.

CORINNE

Any suspects, John? Off the record?

Luther shoves through, pushes on.

CORINNE (cont'd)
You've got my number -

LUTHER
Memorised. Six, six, six.

CORINNE
Direct line.

Luther gives her a grin as he and Ripley push on to the car.

13 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 5 - 11.21

13

The SERIOUS CRIME UNIT is far busier than we've yet seen it - PLAIN CLOTHED OFFICERS come and go, operate desk phones, computers. An air of grim purpose.

Ripley is reviewing CCTV FOOTAGE. Luther approaches.

LUTHER
Anything?

RIPLEY
Could be.

Ripley unfolds a PAPER MAP. He's drawn a bullseye on it using a red marker pen - which he now uses as a pointing tool.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Cobden Lane links Northlight Road and Stockwood Hill...here to here.

Ripley hits a key. We see CCTV FOOTAGE OF AN EMPTY STREET. Into frame walks a MAN IN A HOODY. RIPLEY hits PAUSE. The image is frozen, grainy, ghostly.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Less than three minutes after the shooting, this man crossed the road half a kilometre from the Stockwood Hill exit.

CCTV FOOTAGE: the man crosses the deserted street.

LUTHER
That's it?

RIPLEY
Lucky to get that.

LUTHER
Where does he go?

RIPLEY
Ducks behind shops on Hamilton Row. Behind that, there's another lane. Gives onto allotments, gardens, a canal...

LUTHER

No more CCTV?

RIPLEY

Coverage is spotty at best. Plus, most cameras in the area have been vandalised.

LUTHER

Vandalised when?

RIPLEY

(checks paperwork)

Four were reported down -

(sees it)

- four went down Monday night.

LUTHER

The shooter took them out. So we need to go back, review footage taken seven days before the sabotage, see if we can't catch our man on a recce. Let me hear the 999 call again.

Ripley hits keys. Luther keeps watching the looped CCTV footage.

999 DESPATCH (RECORDED)

You're through to the police, caller.

OWEN (RECORDED)

There's been a shooting. A man is lying face-down at the Northlight end of Cobden Lane.

LUTHER

That's an efficient call - essential information, no ambiguity. Like he knows his Voice Procedure.

(considers the CCTV images)

People leaving scene of crime...they hunch, look at the ground, avoid eye-contact. Or do that stupid alpha male swagger. This man - he's got a straight back, square shoulders. He's calm, alert, attentive to his surroundings. Like he's -

(grins as he sees it)

Pound to a penny, he's armed forces.

RIPLEY

You get that from this?

LUTHER

You ever walk into a pub, cafe,
whatever, know straight away the bloke
next to you's a copper?

RIPLEY

Sometimes, yeah.

LUTHER

I grew up around soldiers. The way he
shoots, the way he talks, the way he
walks. He's a soldier.

The predator's glee fades - Luther grabs a chair from a nearby
desk - hauls it over - sits very close to Ripley. Low and fast.

LUTHER (cont'd)

We need to look at armed forces
personnel who've suffered at the hands
of the police. Dig up aggravated
arrest complaints - filed by veterans
on behalf of themselves, friends,
family.

RIPLEY

It'll be a long list. Soldiers back
from war, they don't find it easy.
They get depressed, they drink, they
fight - they get arrested.

LUTHER

Justin, this was an execution - but
the assassin can't have been targeting
Gorman and Eppley. So what if that
means he was targeting their uniforms?

A beat as this sinks in. Ripley glances round the busy unit.

RIPLEY

Got you. I'm on it.

Luther's phone rings. He pats Ripley's shoulder, then stands,
checking it out. ALICE MORGAN.

He rolls his eyes - heads to his office, shuts the door.

14 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 5 - 11.24** 14

Turns his back on the unit, paces as he talks.

LUTHER

What do you want?

15 **INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 5 - 11.24** 15

Henry Madsen. Deep in coma. Hooked up to an EEG that shows
minimal brainwave activity.

Next to him sits Alice Morgan!

She's wearing a WIG. CLOSE ON HER we notice her VISITOR'S BADGE. A photo, the name INGRID JONES, a stamp identifying her as coming from CHRISTIAN MEDICAL OUTREACH.

A POLICE OFFICER stands guard at the door. Drinking tea, reading a newspaper.

ALICE

I've been reading Bertrand Russell to a friend of yours.

(reads)

"Often the good suffer, and often the wicked prosper, and one hardly knows which of those is the more annoying."

INTERCUT LUTHER and ALICE

LUTHER

What do you mean? Where are you?

ALICE

If only he could speak. What tales he could tell.

Out on her smile - and Luther's horror as he hangs up.

16 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 5 - 11.28**

16

Luther strides back through to Ripley's desk.

LUTHER

What've we got?

RIPLEY

Half a dozen names hit key markers - mostly drunk and disorderly, aggravated assaults. But I'm thinking, *meh* - not enough for our boy.

LUTHER

So broaden the search parameters - include veterans of the first Gulf War, Northern Ireland. Go back to the Falklands - he's in there somewhere.

Ripley gets to work as Luther exits.

16A **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - DAY 5 - 12.30**

16A

Luther strides down the corridor - badges the GUARD outside Madsen's room.

LUTHER

Get yourself a cup of coffee. I need five minutes.

16B **INT. HOSPITAL - MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 5 - 12.30**

16B

Alice looks up and over her book as Luther enters.

LUTHER

What are you doing?

She stands. Folds over a page - puts down the book. They face each other over Madsen's motionless body.

ALICE

Investigating you.

LUTHER

I don't know what that means.

ALICE

It means I'm curious about how Henry came to be here, like this.

LUTHER

Well there's no need to be curious. He killed children. I caught him. He tried to run away. He fell.

ALICE

And who actually believes that?

LUTHER

Everyone who matters.

ALICE

Zoe, for example?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Because do you know what I think?

LUTHER

I couldn't hope to guess, Alice, no.

ALICE

I think you gave in to your true nature - just for a second - and let him fall. And you couldn't take it. You gave in to guilt and self-loathing. How am I doing?

LUTHER

Not so well.

ALICE

But mostly, you were terrified that Zoe might discover what you'd done - and learn what kind of man you actually are.

ALICE (cont'd)

You don't know anything about me, let alone my marriage.

ALICE (cont'd)

I can always ask her myself. See what she says.

LUTHER

Hand to God, Alice. I know this is sport to you. But you need to stop. Just stop. Stay away from Zoe. Don't go near her. Don't say a word - not about any of this. Any of it.

ALICE

Why, exactly? Are you scared of what I'll find out - or what she will?

17 **SCENE 17 OMITTED** 17

17A **EXT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - DAY 5 - 15.35** 17A

Establishing a DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT.

18 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 5 - 15.36** 18

Long disused. Boards on the windows.

The KILLER, OWEN LYNCH, fills a kettle from a bottle of mineral water, puts it to boil on a PRIMUS STOVE.

On a rickety chair is balanced an OLD PORTABLE TV. It's plugged into a car battery. Owen turns it on.

Doing so, he passes a FORMICA TABLE. On it is laid a HUNTING KNIFE - and what could be BOMB MAKING EQUIPMENT.

He turns on the TV, volume low. Lays down the REVOLVER he used to kill Gorman and Eppley.

Finally, he turns on the POLICE RADIO. Listens to the CHATTER as the kettle boils.

19 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY 5 - 15.38** 19

Owen pours hot water into the sink - washes - shaves - meticulously combs short hair into a neat parting.

20 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 5 - 15.43** 20

Owen takes the clothes from the dry cleaner's polythene and begins to dress. Smart trousers, shirt, tie.

His demeanour like a nervous young man dressing for a job interview. Dressed, he sits at the table and begins to polish his shoes - black Kiwi wax, brushes. Like a soldier.

On the table is a PRINTED SHEET OF A4, weighed down at the edges. As Owen polishes his shoes, he reads from the paper. Silently mouths what's written there. Practising.

Also on the table is a CONSUMER VIDEO CAMERA.

21 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 5 - 18.04

21

Ripley's desk is piled high with paperwork: reports, memoranda, crime sheets, military records.

Luther enters. Ripley raises a hand like a referee, hands him a sheet of paper. Luther snatches it from his hand, scans it.

RIPLEY

Went back to 1975. Got three names -

Luther scans the report.

LUTHER

This is him.

22 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5 - 18.08

22

Luther, Teller and Ripley.

Luther passes Teller some ARMY RECORDS. Showing -

LUTHER

Terry Lynch. Ex-46 Commando, Royal Marines. Decorated Veteran. Eighteen months ago he killed a police officer while resisting arrest.

TELLER

Yeah, I remember this. Dennis Sorrel. Decent bloke - he had one of those whatsits in his attic - model train, all the landscaping, the trees and the little people and whatnot.

RIPLEY

A diorama.

TELLER

That's the chap.

LUTHER

Lynch was drinking, got into an altercation about the war in Afghanistan. Dennis Sorrel's first responder, he tries to calm things down. Lynch glasses him. Sorrel bleeds out.

TELLER

Yeah. Lynch pleaded combat stress.

RIPLEY

That's maybe not so mad as it sounds. About ten per cent of the prison population's comprised of veterans - twelve thousand from Iraq and Afghanistan.

TELLER

I don't care what Terry Lynch went through at Goose sodding Green, Desert sodding Storm or Operation Enduring sodding Freedom. It doesn't give him a free pass to kill coppers.

(calms)

Besides, he can't be our man. He's inside - life without possibility.

Luther passes her ANOTHER SET of MILITARY RECORDS. More recent. They show Owen Lynch.

LUTHER

This is his son - Owen Lynch. Also 46 Commando, Royal Marines. Returned from Afghanistan last year. Forced to leave under administrative discharge - meaning, he's got mental health issues and the army left him high and dry.

TELLER

We got an address?

Ripley passes her an ARREST SHEET and a SIGNED WITNESS STATEMENT.

RIPLEY

Statement from his wife, Rachel. She threw him out because, quote, "the man who came back wasn't the man who left."

LUTHER

He takes it out on her once too often, she throws him out. Which is the last time he shows on the radar - until Gorman and Eppley last night.

TELLER

But Gorman and Eppley had nothing to do with his father being sent down?

LUTHER

No.

TELLER

Is this as bad as it sounds?

23 SCENE 23 OMITTED

23

24 EXT. HOUSING OFFICE - DAY 6 - 09.47

24

PC JENNY HANSON (27) is at the end of what appears to have been a slightly confusing conversation with MR MOON, the Housing Officer.

HANSON

Okay. So you didn't call us. You're sure it wasn't a member of staff?

Mr Moon shrugs, shakes his head - baffled. What can he do?

Hanson along the street, on her radio.

HANSON (cont'd)

False alarm. Prank call. Okay, that's me done - put the kettle on, over.

She doesn't notice OWEN. Not until he's STEPPED UP into her face.

She smiles, dodges left. Then right. Smiles, wider, about to apologise -

Then her face falls.

Because Owen has a GLOCK REVOLVER PRESSED TO HER GUTS.

HANSON (cont'd)

Please -

Owen SHOOTS HER.

Hanson falls. And Owen walks away. Not dawdling. Not hurrying. Just walks away.

25 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - 09.50**

25

Teller, Luther and Ripley are interrupted by Reed, who's just arrived back at work. Still wearing his outdoor coat.

Teller sees his woeful expression. And knows before he speaks.

TELLER

What is it?

REED

Sorry, Boss. We've got another officer down. Harthill Estate.

26 **EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE - DAY 6 - 09.52**

26

A strip of LOCAL SHOPS. And the surreal sight of MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC frozen, not knowing what to do...as JENNY HANSON drags herself bleeding along the pavement. She's terrified. In agony. Clutching at her bleeding gut.

HANSON

Get away! There's a man with a gun! Go on! Move it! Get yourselves somewhere safe! Emergency services are en route! I'll be okay - but please, please make yourselves safe! Please! Make yourselves safe!

Hanson finds a low wall. Props herself against it. Breathing heavily. Trying to control her fear. Listening to the DISTANT CACOPHONY of approaching sirens.

HANSON (cont'd)
Come on, come on, come on.

27 **EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE - DAY 6 - 09.54**

27

We follow the EMERGENCY RESPONSE as it ARRIVES - police cars, vans, ambulances. PARAMEDICS are stretchering Hanson to an ambulance.

From Ripley's car emerge Luther and Ripley.

Luther grabs a UNIFORMED OFFICER - DAVID MARDEL.

LUTHER
Where was the shooter?

PC MARDEL
As far as we can establish, he turned the corner into the street, down here. He just walked right up and shot her.

LUTHER
Point blank?

PC MARDEL
In the abdomen.

Luther turns. Grabs Ripley.

LUTHER
It's not right.

RIPLEY
Sir?

LUTHER
It's not right. Last night, he fires six perfect shots in the dark. Now, in daylight, he messes up. Leaves Hanson alive. It's not right.

He massages his head, trying to think it through. In the chaos. Police officers, people, flashing lights...

And he REALISES.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Oh no.

He slowly looks up IN HORROR -

28 **EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE, ROOFTOP - DAY 6 - 09.55**

28

OWEN is aiming the SNIPER'S RIFLE at the scene below. He exhales...squeezes the trigger....

29 EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE - DAY 6 - 09.55

29

Luther WAVES HIS ARMS ABOVE HIS HEAD, frantic.

LUTHER
EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

Nobody seems to hear him. Just another noise, a point of movement in all this agitation.

A POLICEMAN (1) collapses with astonishing suddenness, a head shot. It's so abrupt that Luther is frozen for half a second - then his head snaps in the direction of the GUN SHOT RETORT.

LUTHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
TAKE COVER! EVERYBODY TAKE COVER!

As Luther looks on in horror, POLICEMAN (2) falls, shot in the CHEST -

And now PANIC breaks out. The crowd SCATTERS, SCREAMING.

PC DAVID MARDEL is helping to clearing the confused, panicking crowd

PC MARDEL
This way - move this way! Come on!

He takes the elbow of a CONFUSED ELDERLY MAN - and then Mardel FALLS! Shot in the neck!

LUTHER hurries to Mardel. Rips off his own tie, bundles it up, presses it to the gobetting wound on Mardel's neck.

LUTHER
You're okay. You're okay. You're okay.

He scans the skyline -

- as an EERIE SILENCE falls. Punctuated only by POLICE RADIO CHATTER. From relative safety, a few PEOPLE, are filming the scene with raised camera phones.

Blood is pumping onto Luther's hands. Mardel's eyes are bright with helpless panic. Luther strokes his brow.

LUTHER (cont'd)
You're okay. You're okay. You're okay.

Two police officers lay dead. Mardel fatally wounded. The survivors scan the skyline. Wait.

A long, silent beat.

30 EXT. HANSON CRIME SCENE, ROOFTOP - DAY 6 - 09.55

30

Owen slips the rifle into a sports bag. Zips it up. Slips away.

30A SCENE 30A OMITTED

30A

31 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 11.30

31

MUCH BUSTLE AND ACTIVITY - PHONES RINGING, being answered, PERSONNEL in a hurry to be places. Ripley is at his desk, quiet in all the chaos. He's looking at PICTURES OF HANSON, EPPLEY AND GORMAN. And listening to the RADIO.

CORINNE DAY (V/O ON RADIO)

Despite the Metropolitan Police's strident denials, there is a sense on the streets of London that the police presence is being greatly reduced in response to these killings. And amid the reassurances, a larger question remains unanswered: after an unprecedented six fatalities in less than 24 hours, can the emergency services afford to maintain their 999 response commitment to the ordinary people of the capital? This is Corrine Day, BBC News, London.

Reed approaches. Sees the state of Ripley. Pulls up a chair.

REED

You all right?

RIPLEY

Yeah. No. I've never been shot at before.

REED

There's people you can speak to, these days. If you want to.

RIPLEY

What, like a counsellor?

REED

Why not?

RIPLEY

My dad knew I'd seen a counsellor, he'd shoot me himself.

Teller strides from her office on to the bullpen.

TELLER

All right everyone! Roll up, roll up.

They do. Everyone gathers.

TELLER (cont'd)

Orders from on high. All personnel will be issued with bullet-proof vests where available. I know "where available" isn't what you want to hear, but there we go. Best we can do. Any questions?

No. Just murmurs of unease.

TELLER (cont'd)

Good. Now, this has been a bad day, the worst day most of us have seen on the job - and looking around, I'm reminded that most of us are bedraggled old fossils with quite a few bad days behind us. So what we do, ladies and gents, is sniff out this bastard. Then we show him and the rest of the world that no-one gets to do this to us. So get out there and get him.

(beat)

Let's have it, then!

Energised, they go to their jobs. Nobody notices the weariness at the corner of Teller's eyes. The fear, the loneliness.

32 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - 11.37

32

Luther and Teller lost in their own meditations - as Ripley links up a VIDEO SCREEN. Hits play.

ANGLE ON SCREEN:

A "YOUTUBE" VIDEO: Owen Lynch talks to camera. He's nervous, polite, weirdly personable. This is more like a TV charity appeal than an AL Quaida video.

OWEN

My name is Owen Lynch, ex 46 Commando Royal Marines.

He's replaced on screen by a photograph of TERRY LYNCH in uniform. For a while, we hear Owen in voice over.

OWEN (cont'd)

This is my dad, Terry Lynch - also 46 Commando, Royal Marines. He was at Bluff Cove when 46 Commando shot down an Argentine jet - using rifles. After that, County Armagh. His final tour was in Helmand Province. Last year, he went to prison for a crime that would never have been committed if his country had treated him with the respect he deserved. But that doesn't happen. More men who served in the Falklands have committed suicide since than died in the war itself. That may soon be true of men who served in Iraq and Afghanistan.

More photographs of Terry as he talks.

OWEN (cont'd)

My dad was defending himself from a belligerent arrest. He shouldn't be in prison for murder. Police officers will continue to die until justice is done. No negotiations will be entered into and there will be no further communications from me. Freedom for Terry Lynch.

BACK TO TELLER'S OFFICE

LUTHER

How many views so far?

RIPLEY

Thirty thousand and counting.

TELLER

All major news media outlets have picked up on it. It's out there, it's not coming back.

Long beat. Luther studies Owen - frozen there on screen.

LUTHER

He barely mentions himself. That strike you as weird? He's back from his war, his life's in shreds - but this declaration's entirely about his dad: what his dad achieved, where his dad served -

(turns to Ripley)

I need to know if Owen visited Terry Lynch in prison.

RIPLEY

(already leaving)

On it.

TELLER

How bad is this going to get?

LUTHER

Pretty bad.

His phone rings. He checks it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Excuse me. I need to take this.

33 **EXT. SCU, ROOF - DAY 6 - 11.39**

33

He goes out onto the roof.

LUTHER

This really isn't the day.

34 INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BALCONY - DAY 6 - 11.39

34

Alice looks out onto London, drinking coffee.

ALICE

Yes, I heard about the dead policemen.
Do you know where your killer is yet?

LUTHER

No. Do you?

ALICE

Why - do you think we belong to a
club?

LUTHER

It wouldn't surprise me.

ALICE

I know how hard men like you take the
death of fellow officers. It must be
like losing family.

LUTHER

I'm not discussing cases with you.

ALICE

Not even interesting ones?

LUTHER

This isn't "interesting". This is good
police officers doing a good job,
gunned down in the street like -

ALICE

Like what?

He can't answer.

ALICE (cont'd)

That's something we all do, isn't it -
in the end - judge who's worth more
than whom. Hitler or Ghandi? The very
young, the very old?

LUTHER

Well, to be fair - most of us don't do
it to the extent you do.

ALICE

But it does mean the difference
between us is one of degree, not
category. Ask Henry Madsen.

LUTHER

Look - you win, all right? You're too
clever for me.

ALICE

Flattery to appease the malignant narcissist. That's a frivolous tactic. Are you afraid of me?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Why?

LUTHER

You know why.

ALICE

Do you want me to leave you alone?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Then answer my questions.

LUTHER

Why?

ALICE

To help with my investigation. I've got means, opportunity. You still haven't given me motive.

LUTHER

I don't have a motive. What I've got is a job.

ALICE

It's a bit more than a job, though, isn't it.

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Lying won't help.

LUTHER

I can't say what you want to hear.

ALICE

Do you think Zoe could clarify the situation for me?

LUTHER

Last time you met Zoe, you shoved a knife in her ear. I think she'd be disinclined to chat.

ALICE

It wasn't a knife. And I wasn't asking permission.

LUTHER

I don't respond to threats.

ALICE

Good for you. I don't make them. I'm just speculating. Does this woman even know you?

Beat of frustration and despair.

LUTHER

Look, punish me if you want, Alice - I'm really not sure I can stop you. But you don't get to use Zoe to blackmail me.

He hangs up. His hands are shaking. He thinks. Dials. Leaves the roof.

Alice sips coffee. Her smile slowly fading. Becoming something serene and mysterious.

35 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM/SCU CORRIDOR(LUTHER) -DAY 6- 11.51**

Zoe and Mark are working - piles of paperwork, laptops, mobile phones. Mark digs his knuckles into his back, stands.

MARK

Coffee. You want coffee? I want coffee.

ZOE

Tea?

MARK

Builders?

Before she can answer, her phone rings. She checks it.

MARK (cont'd)

(reads her face)

John?

Their eyes meet. Mark shrugs, whatever, exits. Zoe answers.

ZOE

John?

INTERCUT ZOE and LUTHER in SCU CORRIDOR.

LUTHER

You got a minute?

ZOE

Not to argue, I don't.

LUTHER

It's not that. Listen, I've got something I need to ask. I need you to leave London. Not for long. A few days. Go stay with your mum, Mark's parents, whatever.

ZOE

What's wrong? Why?

LUTHER

I've - received a viable threat.

ZOE

What kind of threat?

LUTHER

From Alice Morgan.

36 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 11.52**

36

Mark is making coffee. Zoe enters - zombie-like, shocked.

ZOE

We need to go.

MARK

Go where?

ZOE

Anywhere. Just away.

37 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 11.53**

37

Luther goes back to SCU. Bumps into Ripley, coming out.

RIPLEY

I got what you wanted.

38 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - 12.05**

38

Luther and Reed, looking at the screens. Ripley operating the computer.

RIPLEY

Okay - you're looking at Owen Lynch's most recent visit to his dad. This would be just over two weeks ago. No audio, of course.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Terry Lynch waits, impassive and intimidating, as Owen enters. Sits. Terry spreads his hands wide, palms flat, on the desk.

LUTHER

No handshake. No hug. No smile.
Receives Owen like a superior officer.

(Terry sits back, crosses his arms)

That's ventral denial - powerful signal of disapproval - pure dominance. Owen's nervous - stroking his throat, his face - pacifying gestures. Foot jiggling. Head bowed - Can't meet his dad's gaze. Whatever Terry's saying, Owen's finding it profoundly stressful.

(turns to Ripley)

When did Terry Lynch lose his appeal?

RIPLEY

A month ago.

LUTHER

So this meeting is what? Two weeks later. Dominant father. Submissive son. You see what this is?

(beat)

This is Owen Lynch, receiving his orders.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: as Terry speaks, Owen shakes his head. Terry repeats what he's just said.

And at last Owen nods. *All right. All right.*

Only now does Terry Lynch unfold his arms. Sit forward. Reach out. Touch his son's hand.

REED

Crikey.

39 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 12.22**

39

Zoe and Mark, mid-quarrel. Both of them exasperated, angry, trying hard not to be.

MARK

Listen to yourself. Listen to what you're actually saying! The man's playing mind games. It's a control thing. He wants to control you. He always did. He still does!

ZOE

You don't know him, Mark.

MARK

It's pathetic, really. What next? He clubs you over the head and drags you to the cave by the hair? Do you like this stuff? All this controlling, macho bullshit?

ZOE

I can't believe you're being such a child about this.

MARK

I can't believe you let this man turn you into such an asshole.

ZOE

He received a threat.

MARK

Says him.

ZOE

Come on - we're not interrogating your masculinity here -

MARK

Don't worry about that. I think I'm secure enough to weather any comparison you'd care to make with your ex-husband.

ZOE

Of course you are. And you shouldn't be questioning my motives. It's just; John knows this stuff. If he says we should leave, I honestly think we should take him seriously.

MARK

Okay. Do you know what I think?

ZOE

What, this last half hour wasn't it?

MARK

What I think - if there was a real threat to your safety, a genuine threat, there'd already be a security detail outside the door. The police look after their own. He's lying, Zo. I don't know why. But he is.

ZOE

That's really not fair.

MARK

Okay, so - simple solution. Let's pick up the phone, dial his boss, ask her about this threat. See what she says.

He offers Zoe the phone - and his eyes soften at her obvious reluctance.

Saddened, he puts the phone back in its cradle. Says nothing.

She crosses her arms, turns away. Mark leaves the room.

40 **INT. DERELICT FLAT, LIVING AREA - DAY 6 - 13.11** 40

Owen eats beans from the tin, watches the news on the portable TV

ANGLE ON TV:

NEWS 24 REPORTER

Police say Owen Lynch is armed and extremely dangerous. Members of the public who see him should not attempt to apprehend him, but immediately dial 999.

41 **EXT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - DAY 6 - 13.18** 41

Reed's car and Ripley's car park outside the vast, looming prison. Luther, Reed and Ripley head towards it.

42 **INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, TERRY'S CELL - DAY 6 - 13.26** 42

Terry Lynch is lying on his bunk. A hard man - not cocky, assured. He listens to the rattle of keys in the lock. A PRISON OFFICER steps into the open door.

TERRY

Don't tell me. Visitor.

He grins. Stands.

43 **INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, CORRIDORS - DAY 6 - 13.27** 43

TWO PRISON OFFICERS lead Terry down the long, echoing corridors, unlocking and locking doors as they go.

44 **INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, TERRY'S CELL - DAY 6 - 13.28** 44

Reed enters Terry's cell, snapping on LATEX GLOVES. Ripley watches from the doorway -

As Reed searches the cell - examines lights and fittings - runs hands across the ceiling - slides fingertips underside of the window, round the frame - removes bedding, runs blanket and sheets through their hands - checks pillow and mattress - thumbs through magazines, clothes, a toothpaste tube, a bar of soap - a solid deodorant stick -

What's this?

He removes the deodorant stick from its base. Crumbles the deodorant away to reveal - a PLASTIC BAGGIE containing a SIM card.

He produces his phone, disassembles it. Removes and pockets his own SIM card - replaces it with Terry's. Reassembles the phone - turns it on.

ANGLE ON PHONE: there's only ONE NUMBER in the directory.

REED

Gotcha. You brief John, I'll get this number traced.

45 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY 6 - 13.29

45

Luther waits at the desk as TWO PRISON WARDENS lead TERRY LYNCH into the room. Luther glares at him as he sits. Asserting dominance. Holds the glare for a long, challenging beat -

- and subverts it by leaning forward - friendly - open.

LUTHER

So two little girls are walking home from Sunday school. One little girl says - "Do you believe in the Devil?" The other little girl says, "Don't be silly, of course not. The Devil's like Santa. It's just your dad."

Luther shoves a PHOTOGRAPH OF OWEN IN UNIFORM across the table.

LUTHER (cont'd)

The thing about little boys, they worship their dad like God. The more invisible he is, the more arbitrary in his punishments and rewards, the more they crave his approval.

Terry slides the photo back - face down, like a playing card.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I know how it must have been for Owen - my dad was a soldier.

TERRY

He was, was he?

LUTHER

First Armoured Division, Seventh Armoured Brigade. So Germany, mostly. Canada, for a bit. Year in Cyprus.

TERRY

I bet he was a right hard bastard.

LUTHER

Well, it was tough for him. Here I am, big boy, eager to please, trying to care about what he cared about - the army, sport. But no, nothing there. He wanted me to box. I wanted to write lyrics, read books, go out with girls. In the end I gave up trying to make him proud because I knew it was never going to happen -

(leans closer)

- but Owen hasn't given up, has he?

More than anything, Owen wants to make his dad proud.

Terry sits back. Crosses his arms. Waits.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I know you gave Owen a job to do. But I'm not sure you appreciate the implications. In crimes like this - half the offenders end it by turning their gun on themselves. The other half are shot by police. Owen's going to die, Terry. Unless you help him.

TERRY

By doing what?

LUTHER

We know he'll be monitoring the TV for news of the investigation.

TERRY

Makes sense, yeah.

LUTHER

So go on camera. Ask him to stop. Rescind the order.

TERRY

I could do that.

LUTHER

But?

TERRY

I'd need a reduction in sentence.

LUTHER

That's not going to happen. You killed a police officer.

TERRY

I'm not asking for a pardon - just a reduction. I got life for murder. It should've been five years, manslaughter with diminished. I'll take that - with time served.

LUTHER

Even if there was a precedent, there'd be no time.

TERRY

Well, I don't know about that. Owen can look after himself. He could be out there for weeks before you catch him. Weeks and weeks.

LUTHER

This is your child we're talking about.

Silence.

LUTHER (cont'd)

You're killing him.

TERRY

Not if you give me what I want.

LUTHER

You don't get what you want. We know where Owen is.

TERRY

I've got faith in the boy. He's a good soldier.

LUTHER

He's outnumbered. He's completely alone.

TERRY

He knows when to hit hard and when to lie low. Who knows what damage he can do before you catch him?

LUTHER

Don't do this to him.

TERRY

Five years, including time served, and transfer to an open prison. You decide you can do that for me - then come back and bring all the cameras you want.

Luther holds his gaze for a long, hate-filled moment. Then stands and exits.

45A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 13.35

45A

Reed enters, joins Teller.

REED

We triangulated the signal.

TELLER

Static? Mobile?

REED

No movement. He's keeping his head down

TELLER

Sensible boy.
(lifts phone)
This is Teller.

We've got a possible location for Owen Lynch. We need to scramble Tactical Support.
(to Reed)
Address?

SCENE 46 - 48 INCLUSIVE OMITTED

49 **INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY 6 - 13.44** 49

Luther strides down the corridor. Ripley is waiting. They walk.

RIPLEY

We found a SIM card, one number listed in the contacts. Belongs to a Pay-as-You-Go which we traced to 185 ELLWYN MEWS. That's a vacant property, overlooked by a trading estate, commercial buildings. Makes a decent bolt hole.

LUTHER

Owen Lynch won't let himself be arrested. He'd rather die.

RIPLEY

Yeah. Nobody seem to be having much of a problem with that.

49A **EXT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - DAY 6 - 13.45** 49A

Luther and Ripley are leaving the prison. Luther's phone rings. He checks. It's Zoe. He answers.

LUTHER

You left yet?

SCENE 50 - 51 INCLUSIVE OMITTED

52 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 13.45** 52

Zoe on the phone.

ZOE

No. No, we're still here.

INTERCUT ZOE AND LUTHER.

LUTHER

I don't believe it. Why?

ZOE

John, it's illegal to threaten someone's life.
So if Alice Morgan has threatened me, why don't you arrest her?

He glances at Ripley - who's blithely affecting to be unaware of the kind of conversation Luther's having.

LUTHER
Because I can't.

ZOE
Why not?

LUTHER
It's complicated.

ZOE
It always is. What has this woman got
on you? What have you done?

LUTHER
I don't have time for this. Please -
just trust me.

Mark enters the room and listens quietly.

ZOE
Thing is, I'm not sure I do. If I
called Rose Teller, would she know
about this?

LUTHER
Have you called her?

ZOE
Not yet. Should I?

LUTHER
No, don't do that. Don't call her.

Long beat.

ZOE
That tells me everything, doesn't it?
So what's really going on? What have
you done?

LUTHER
I really don't have time. At least -
Christ, lock your doors and windows.
Anything happens, call me.

He hangs up.

RIPLEY
Everything okay?

Luther doesn't answer. Just strides on. Frustrated beyond
endurance.

53 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 13.46**

53

Zoe stands there, swearing softly.

MARK
So - ?

ZOE

So you were right - he was lying. When do I learn, eh? Twenty years, and when do I learn?

Mark steps forward, embraces her. Strokes her hair.

MARK

I'm sorry. I really am. I'm sorry.

53A INT. SCU. BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 14.00

53A

Teller and Reed, strapping on bullet-proof vests.

TELLER

You worried about something?

REED

Getting shot, mostly.

TELLER

That's it, is it?

REED

Yeah. Well, that and something else.

TELLER

Be a good boy. Use your words.

REED

I've been thinking.

TELLER

What?

REED

One number. On the SIM card. One number.

TELLER

One number. One son.

REED

Yeah, I know. Still, it's niggling me.

TELLER

On a day like this, if all you've got's a niggle - you're laughing, mate.

REED

But - you're in prison, you've got nothing else to think about. You've got one number, one important number. So you memorise it, don't you? You don't write it down. You memorise it.

Beat. She stops in the act of putting on the vest.

TELLER

Ian, we've got a Special Forces nutjob out there gunning down uniforms. And this phone is our sole lead. We don't ignore leads. So all we can do is go in hard and noisy... and as ready as it's humanly possible to be. We let Tactical do their job, and when it's done we buy them a drink and tell them their biceps are sexy. Done?

Done. Vests on.

TELLER (cont'd)

Good. So let's go.

53B **INT. DERELICT HOUSE - DAY 6 - 14.02**

53B

Owen tests one mobile phone by calling it from another.

In front of him is the table, TV on top, the detritus of his work station: ammo, gas cylinder etc.

54 **EXT. DERELICT HOUSE - DAY 6 - 14.18**

54

POLICE VEHICLES parked at all angles.

A CO19 TACTICAL SUPPORT TEAM in full ASSAULT GEAR. Overhead, the MECHANICAL CLATTER of a helicopter.

Ripley's car pulls up - Luther and Ripley run out - join Teller and Reed. All of them in stab-proof vests.

They watch as CO19 STORM THE HOUSE - take down the door with battering rams - enter. Hear their progress on Teller's radio

CO19 (on radio)

Armed police! Lay down your weapons!

Final warning! Lay down your weapons!

Tiny beat of SILENCE.

From inside the house, A MOBILE PHONE RINGS.

CO19 (on radio) (cont'd)

Oh -

And the house GOES UP.

Everyone ducks - takes cover - as THE BASS ROAR of the explosion rolls over their heads - then they SLOWLY STAND - as BURNING DEBRIS rains down.

TELLER

(on radio)

Oh, God - Medics! Get me medics and bombs disposal, now!

Luther stands - ash and debris falling all around - his eyes fixed on the house - filled with sorrow.

55 **EXT. DERELICT ESTATE - DAY 6 - 14.21** 55

Establishing a VAST, DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE.

56 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - DAY 6 - 14.22** 56

- which is where Owen has moved his base to. He's at the table, MOBILE PHONE in one hand - it's the remote trigger. The STOLEN POLICE RADIO on the table before him.

TELLER (ON RADIO)

Clear the area! Medics! Medics!! Get those men out of there! Set the RVP on the corner of the street! Put local hospitals on notice!

Owen smiles. Not without sadness. Puts down the phone. Turns on the TV. Fills the kettle from a plastic bottle.

SCENES 57 - 61 OMITTED

62 **EXT. HOBBS LANE - DAY 6 - 15.00** 62

Luther passes armed guards, enters the station.

63 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - 15.04** 63

Luther enters. Reed and Ripley are huddled miserably and silently.

LUTHER

CO19?

RIPLEY

Three confirmed. Four injured.

LUTHER

Well, if there's one thing you'll pick up in Iraq, it's how to make an improvised explosive device. Lynch?

RIPLEY

Still searching. Helicopters, ground units, dogs, door to door. No sign.

REED

But it was a remote-detonated bomb. He had to be close, watching. That puts him inside - what? Five hundred metres, line of sight? I don't get it, how he just slips away like that.

LUTHER

It's not your fault.

REED

He wanted us to find that SIM card. I bit down on it like a Mars Bar. Of course it's my fault.

Teller enters. Equally weary.

TELLER

It's official. As of five minutes ago, the Owen Lynch operation was passed up to Anti-Terrorism. So it's out of our hands.

LUTHER

All they'll do is give Terry Lynch what he wants. More blood. More dead coppers. You can't let that happen.

TELLER

Seeing as I left my magic wand at the repair shop I haven't got much sodding choice. Look, we don't have to like this - but we do have to accept it.

Luther turns away, angry. He flicks through Owen Lynch's MILITARY RECORDS, school photographs. Owen in uniform. Owen in combat gear - desert camo - webbing - helmet - goggles - rifle - earpiece - microphone.

Earpiece. Microphone.

Earpiece - microphone.

EARPIECE! He sees it. Owen wasn't watching. He was *listening*.

He shuts the file. Turns to exit.

TELLER (cont'd)

Where you going?

LUTHER

I'm done for the day.

He exits. The others watching.

64 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 15.05**

64

He's not going home. He strides to the evidence room.

65 **INT. SCU, EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY 6 - 15.10**

65

On a BARE TABLE before him, Luther has EPPLEY and GORMAN'S UNIFORMS and DUTY BELTS. Every individual item in an evidence bag.

He picks up one DUTY BELT. Examines it. Examines one RADIO. Then a second.

They're DIFFERENT. Very similar models. But not exactly the same.

He stands there, comparing them - as if weighing them up. Takes his own POLICE RADIO from his belt. Compares it to the two in evidence.

Finally reaches a decision. Walks away.

65A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 6 - 15.11

65A

Luther charges back in with the two radios.

TELLER

What's this now?

LUTHER

Gorman and Eppley's radios.

And?

LUTHER (cont'd)

We use Airwave, right? It's digital, secure. Impossible for civilians to pick up a scanner and listen in.

REED

And?

LUTHER

These phones are different. Owen did a swap.

(she snatches them from his hands)

You need to call anti-terrorism. Warn them he's listening to everything we say.

Teller gives him back the radios, lifts the desk phone.

TELLER

I'm doing that now.

(pauses)

But I need you to understand, Detective Chief Inspector, that alert them is all we can do. We can't act on this information, because this case is no longer ours. Am I being transparent here? Tell me if I'm being at all ambiguous. There is nothing we can do with this, except pass it on.

LUTHER

Well, there's nothing anybody can do, is there? Because nobody knows where Owen Lynch is. And he'll just keep on killing until someone finds him and stops him.

TELLER

They'll find him.

LUTHER

Yeah? How?

A beat - a challenge -

LUTHER (cont'd)

Whatever. I'm done.

He heads to the exit. On route he stops for a moment. Thinks. Decides. Then opens a nearby desk drawer, takes out AN ENVELOPE and peeks inside. He pockets the envelope and leaves.

66 EXT. HOBBS LANE - DAY 6 - 15.11

66

Luther passes armed guards, steps onto the street. Very alone.

Gets into his car.

67 INT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON, VISITORS' ROOM - DAY 6 - 15.36

67

Luther sits down once more with Terry Lynch.

LUTHER

You're not getting what you want,
Terry. But you've known that from the
start, I think.

Terry shrugs.

LUTHER (cont'd)

You're not a stupid man. You know
you're never getting out of here. You
just want to punish the people you
blame for it.

TERRY

Think what you like.

LUTHER

Always do, that's part of my problem.
So what's going to happen is this -
Anti-Terrorism goes in big and noisy.
Owen dies.

TERRY

Then he dies happy, doing what he
loves. That's more than most of us
get.

LUTHER

It's a damn sight more than you're
going to get.

TERRY

What are you going to do? Beat me up?
Think I can't take a slap?

LUTHER

I'm pretty sure you can take a slap.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Then smile while you're doing it,
dickhead. You're on camera.

Luther nods at the CCTV camera high in the corner.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Camera's off.

TERRY

I think I'll send my boy for you. Your
doorbell rings, you're walking to the
shops - and there he is. Bang. Right
through the skull. So go on. Hit me.
Doesn't matter. You're dead.

LUTHER

You and me both.

TERRY

What - you're going to kill me, are
you?

LUTHER

Tell the truth, I do fancy it. But
murdering people leads to so much fuss
and bother afterwards. So here's what
I thought about doing. I know a lot of
people in this prison - screws,
inmates - a lot of really bad people.

He takes something from his pocket - a length of thin rope.
Lays it on the table. It's a noose.

Long beat. Eye contact.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Seemed to me, the best way to end this
is to have you commit suicide in your
cell tonight. I don't think anybody
would be surprised. History of
depression, PTSD, blah blah blah.

(off Terry's expression)

I've done a lot worse.

Terry's eyes.

TERRY

You've done nothing, mate.

LUTHER

(sits back)

See, I knew you'd say that. Because
the thing about you, Terry - you're a
hard bastard aren't you?

Being a hard bastard's all you've got. You can't give in to threats - because then you wouldn't be a hard bastard any more. You'd rather die than lose the respect you've earned in here. I can see that.

TERRY

So why are we here?

LUTHER

Because I'm going to strip that dignity away. Make you the most reviled person in here.

TERRY

I'd like to see you give it a go - give myself a little chuckle. It's little things like that break up the monotony of the day.

Luther grins - reaches into his pocket. Produces AN ENVELOPE.

LUTHER

Everyone in here knows we searched your cell. Easiest thing in the world to let them know this is what we found.

Chucks the envelope to Terry. Who looks inside - then gives Luther a look of icy abhorrence.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I haven't been able to look at them, myself. But they tell me none of these little boys is older than nine.

TERRY

This giving you a thrill, is it?

LUTHER

Terry Lynch, hard man - that's one thing. Terry Lynch, nonce - well, that's something else altogether. I don't think you could endure that.

TERRY

Nobody'd believe it.

LUTHER

Yeah? You sure? You get your son to go round doing whatever you tell him - even kill coppers. What kind of thing do you have to do to a boy, eh? To give you that kind of control over him?

A long, insinuating beat. Luther's grin.

LUTHER (cont'd)

What kind of thing did you have to do?

With an abrupt, violent gesture Terry sweeps all the photos into the corner. Then stands, kicking it away, showing his absolute disgust. Turns to Luther with rage.

TERRY

You really are a piece of shit, aren't you? You really are scum.

LUTHER

I am. I really am. Now, this is a one time offer. So give me what I want.

68 **EXT. CRAVEN HILL PRISON - DAY 6 - 16.26**

68

Luther exits. Waiting for him is a BBC TV NEWS CREW - and Corinne, the journalist.

The CAMERAMAN begins to wire Luther with a clip-on mic.

LUTHER

When will this go out?

CORINNE

Lead story, main bulletin. Say, ten past ten. You're definitely sure about this, now?

LUTHER

Oh yeah.

CORINNE

Then let's go.

She smiles, turns to the cameraman, who nods: *ready*.

69 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.09**

69

Reed brings in two cups of tea. Teller is watching ROLLING NEWS COVERAGE OF THE SHOOTINGS. The clock counts from 10:09 to 10:10 P.M.

NEWS 24 REPORTER

And as night falls on a stunned capital and police, ambulance and fire crews respond to 999 calls in full body armour, Corinne Day has been talking to Detective Chief Inspector John Luther, Senior Investigating Officer of the so-called 999 Shootings.

Teller looks up sharply.

TELLER

What did he just say?

70 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.10

70

Owen zips the assault rifle into the sportsbag. Follows it with a SNIPER'S SCOPE. Extra rounds of ammunition. What looks like a pretty serious IED.

Opens the door. About to leave on another mission to kill -
- then HEARS LUTHER ON TV, TALKING ABOUT HIM. He turns, the open door in his hand. Watches.

CORINNE (ON TV)

Detective Chief Inspector Luther, what do we know about Owen Lynch's motivations?

71 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

71

Reed and Teller, dumbfounded.

LUTHER (ON TV)

Well, Lynch clearly prides himself on being a soldier from a long line of soldiers. But we've interviewed his commanding officers, his military doctors - psychiatrists -

REED

Holy shit.

TELLER

Oh no. Oh no, oh no, oh no.

(flings open door)

SERGEANT RIPLEY!

72 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

72

Owen is taken aback by what this man is saying. He sets down the sports bag. Closes the door. Tonight's mission has been postponed.

He stares at the portable TV with cold fury.

LUTHER (ON TV)

- all of whom made it clear that, although Lynch has an impressive number of kills to his name, they were aware of certain - flaws in his character. Lynch was never really soldier material. He was a maladjusted child who grew up with too much TV, too much Playstation.

OWEN

Liar.

73 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 6 - 22.11

73

Ripley, Teller and Reed - watching the broadcast.

TELLER

Is any of this even true?

REED

Not even slightly.

LUTHER (on tv)

We do know that, upon his return from Afghanistan, Owen developed severe sexual difficulties.

Reed, Teller and Ripley groan, wince, turn away - ouch -

RIPLEY

He's making himself into a target - drawing Lynch's fire from the police force in general.

TELLER

This is suicide.

74 **INT. DERELICT FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.12**

74

Owen watching with fury in his eyes.

LUTHER (ON TV)

Despite claims he made about a so called "mission", it's likely these murders in fact represent a sexual release - a way to deal with feelings of personal and sexual impotence -

75 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 22.12**

75

Zoe and Mark are reading, drinking wine. TV is muted in the background. Zoe looks up. And there's Luther. She turns it up.

CORINNE (ON TV)

- and what leads you to these conclusions?

LUTHER (ON TV)

Partly experience with killers of this nature, who do tend to be profoundly inadequate. And partly because Lynch's father wasn't the hero he'd have you believe. He's an alcoholic, a wife beater.

(steps back to reveal the prison in background)

Who incidentally denies all knowledge of his son's activities.

ZOE

Oh God, what's he doing?

76 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.13**

76

Tears of rage in Owen's eyes.

CORINNE (ON TV)

How close are you to catching him?

LUTHER (ON TV)

Well, I've just had a long conversation with his father, who provided a great deal of vital information.

(direct to camera)

So I'll be seeing you soon, Owen.

The broadcast ends on LUTHER'S EYES, staring from the screen. Directly at Owen Lynch.

Owen stares back. Then goes to the sports bag. Unzips it.

Removes the assault rifle. Checks the sighting mechanism.

Gets ready.

77 **SCENE 77 OMITTED** 77

78 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 22.14** 78

Zoe and Mark - looking at the TV. Both of them aghast.

Mark's about to say something when Zoe shushes him -

She's heard A NOISE. Just a small noise. A muted POP. She frowns, stands, slowly. Puts down her book.

MARK

Wh -

ZOE

Shhhh

He stands too. Laying down his book. Follows her from the room

79 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 6 - 22.14** 79

They edge down the hallway. Zoe hesitates - at ANOTHER SMALL noise. A cupboard being softly opened. Shut again. Gentle chink of glass.

Zoe moves forward -

80 **INT. MARK'S PLACE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 - 22.14** 80

- enters the kitchen. To see ALICE MORGAN sitting at their table. A bottle of wine and three glasses before her.

ZOE

And you are?

ALICE

A friend of John's. We've met, actually.

MARK

All right. I don't care who you are.
Leave, please. Right now.

ALICE

Or -?

Mark picks up the phone.

ALICE (cont'd)

Go ahead. But it won't be good for
John.

MARK

Well, bollocks to John.

But Zoe places a hand on his forearm - a long beat - and Mark
lowers the phone.

Zoe faces Alice. Cool challenge in her eyes.

ZOE

So. How can we help you?

ALICE

I've been wondering - why do you think
he does it?

ZOE

Why does who do what?

ALICE

John. His job. It takes such a toll.
Why does he put himself through it?

ZOE

I don't see how this is relevant.

ALICE

Well, it is. Right this second, you
might actually be helping him. What do
you think compells him to do it?

ZOE

Duty.

ALICE

To what?

ZOE

The dead. Mock all you like.

ALICE

I'm not mocking.

ZOE

He believes - one life is all we have.
Life and love. Whoever takes life
steals everything.

ALICE

And do you agree?

ZOE

I don't know. I think, if he'd read a different book by a different writer at just the right time in his life, he'd have been a different man. He'd have been happier as a priest than -

ALICE

Than what?

ZOE

Than what he is.

ALICE

It must have been difficult for you. Impossible, really. How does anyone compete with a calling like that?

ZOE

He wasn't blind. He knew what it was costing him.

ALICE

Like his marriage?

ZOE

That's part of it, yeah.

ALICE

But you don't sound bitter.

ZOE

I'm not bitter. I'm proud of him.

ALICE

You just don't want to be married to him.

ZOE

Not any more. No.

ALICE

Why not?

ZOE

I'm not going to answer that.

ALICE

Is it because he tried to kill Henry Madsen?

ZOE

No.

ALICE

But that is what you think?

ZOE

Do you know what Henry Madsen did?

ALICE

I have some idea, yes.

ZOE

He was a freak of nature. Anyone would be tempted to -

ALICE

- but we're not talking about anyone, we're talking about John. Do you think John tried to kill him - on behalf of the dead?

A long, long beat. Zoe refuses to break eye contact - and refuses to answer -

- While Mark looks on with quiet astonishment.

ALICE (cont'd)

Well, I think that answers the question.

She gives Zoe a dazzling smile. Open and radiant and lovely.

ALICE (cont'd)

It was nice to meet you properly. Thank you for your time.

She exits through the back door, the way she came in.

Zoe bolts and double-locks the door. Her hand is shaking. It takes three attempts.

Then she turns to face Mark. Embraces him. Mark is still in shock. But he embraces her in return.

80A INT/EXT. LUTHER'S CAR, STREETS (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 6 - 22.16 80A

Luther speeds through London - focused on the task ahead.

81 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 6 - 22.22

81

Reed and Ripley exit Teller's office, stride through the unit.

REED

He seriously told you nothing?

RIPLEY

He seriously told me nothing.

REED

Seriously?

RIPLEY

Seriously.

REED

Shit.

Ripley stops. Looks round himself, as if for some lost piece of potentially useful equipment - or a door to leave through.

But he's interrupted by a A SLIGHTLY CONFUSED OFFICER who hands him a POLICE RADIO. Ripley frowns. *Why are you giving me this?* Then hears:

LUTHER (ON RADIO)
Detective Chief Inspector John Luther
to Control, over.

Reed sprints to Teller's office.

REED
Boss!

Teller rushes in. Listens, incredulous, to the police radio.

LUTHER (ON RADIO)
Detective Chief Inspector John Luther
to Control, over.

Teller snatches the radio from Ripley's hand.

82 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 22.22** 82

Owen hears a NEWLY FAMILIAR VOICE on the STOLEN POLICE RADIO.

LUTHER (ON RADIO)
Detective Chief Inspector John Luther
to Control, over.

He snatches up the radio. Listens.

83 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 6 - 22.23** 83

Luther walks alone through a run-down estate.

TELLER (ON RADIO)
D.C.I. Luther, this is Control. What's
your status, over?

LUTHER
(on radio)
I'm en route to the Kings Hill Estate,
over.

TELLER (ON RADIO)
Please clarify, over.

LUTHER
There's a flat there, belonged to one
of Terry Lynch's old oppos. Owen used
to go there when he was a kid, listen
to them drink and tell war stories.
I'm betting he paid it a visit - maybe
left something we can use to find him,
over.

TELLER (ON RADIO)

*Hold back on that. Do not proceed
unassisted to the Kings Hill Estate.*

84 INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 22.23

84

Owen is listening.

TELLER

(on radio, to Luther)

This is now a matter for
antiterrorism. Do NOT proceed, repeat
do not proceed to the Kings Hill
Estate.

LUTHER (ON RADIO)

*Negative on that. I'm three, repeat
three minutes away, over.*

OWEN

Right.

Face twisted with hate, he checks the breach on the assault
rifle.

85 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 6 - 22.23

85

Teller, Ripley and Reed -

TELLER

We cannot provide armed backup, over.
We are unable to provide backup. Do
you read?

Silence on the line. She TURNS TO REED.

TELLER (cont'd)

(low)

Get C019 out there.

Reed snatches up a phone.

REED

This is DCI Reed, we need a fast
response Tactical Unit to the Kings
Hill Estate... it's Owen Lynch...
WE'VE GOT AN UNARMED, UNASSISTED
OFFICER GOING IN THERE. SO DO IT NOW!

As Reed SHOUTS, Teller turns to Ripley.

TELLER

He wanted to guarantee that Owen Lynch
heard him when he made that call. He
brought me Gorman and Eppley's radios
so I'd warn Anti-Terrorism and they'd
shut down their comms. We cleared the
airwaves for him!

RIPLEY

I realise that now, Ma'am, yes.

INTERCUT with Luther walking into - the profound, sombre shadows of that VAST, DESERTED HIGH RISE HOUSING ESTATE.

TELLER

He's made Lynch hate him -

RIPLEY

- it's like he's waving a white flag, before stepping onto enemy territory. Almost as if he's gone there to -

TELLER

What?!

REED

Boss?

TELLER

What?

REED

I found him on the roof this morning. Right on the edge.

TELLER

So?

REED

I'm not completely sure he expects to walk away from this.

TELLER

CO19?

REED

ETA thirteen minutes.

TELLER

That's not quick enough. He's dead. The bloody idiot. He's dead.

86 **EXT. DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT 6 - 22.24**

86

Luther turns off the radio. Hangs it on his belt. Walks on -

Into the profound, sombre shadows of that VAST, DESERTED HIGH RISE HOUSING ESTATE.

Pauses at the edge of the last sodium light. He is very scared.

The ECHO OF HIS FOOTSTEPS follow him to TOWER BLOCK B. It rears over him. Mute, brooding, malevolent.

87 EXT. DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE, TOWER BLOCK, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 6 8-7
22.24

Slowly, his back pressed to the filthy wall, Luther makes his way up the stained concrete stairwell.

Utter silence, but for the scrape of his footfalls, his anxious breathing.

Sounds of LONDON CHAOS are distant, muted. Here, the night breeze whistles through desolate concrete passages, deserted walkways, broken windows, barricaded doors.

Luther arrives at the FIRST FLOOR WALKWAY. Waits. Pressed flat to the wall. Looking into the DARKNESS. The wind blowing low and cold.

He edges up the stairs. Stops. Holds his breath.

COMPLETE SILENCE.

He strains to listen - pressed flat to the wall. Did he hear something? Some TINY MOVEMENT below?

No. He moves on up -

88 EXT. DESERTED HOUSING ESTATE, FOURTH LANDING - NIGHT 6 - 22.25 88

- reaches the fourth landing. Stops. Listens. He's sweating - trying to control his terrified breathing.

A padlocked steel grilled door blocks the passageway. Luther picks the lock and goes through.

Edges down the long, vacant passageway - past kicked-in doors, discarded needles.

He finds the door he wants - FLAT 154 - his hand goes to it - pushes -

- the door swings open with a LONG CREAK -

Luther peers into darkness. It seems to wait for him.

Then he hears something.

He turns.

And there's Owen. Not in the flat. At the far edge of the passageway, near the stairs. Assault rifle raised -

OWEN

Luther, is it?

LUTHER

John. Yeah.

OWEN

Why are you here, John?

LUTHER

Because I want you to stop.

OWEN

You ex-services? Look it.

LUTHER

A lot of coppers are - Mike Eppley,
the man you killed the other night. He
was. But not me. I was just - I was
around it a long time.

OWEN

Lace your hands on top your head,
John.

Luther laces his hands on top of his head. Owen moves closer -
the assault rifle aimed between Luther's eyes -

He stops a few feet away. No way for Luther to move.

OWEN (cont'd)

You got a death wish?

Long beat.

LUTHER

No.

Suddenly Owen STEPS FORWARD - clubs Luther with the gun - kicks
him - kicks him again -

- leaves him helpless and gasping on the ground -

OWEN

THEN WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

He grabs Luther's collar, throws him through the door into the
flat.

89 **INT. DERELICT COUNCIL FLAT - NIGHT 6 - 22.27**

89

Luther scuttles to the corner - bleeding and scared -

Owen slings the rifle over his shoulder. Advances with the
revolver.

LUTHER

Terry gave you up, Owen.

OWEN

Shut up.

LUTHER

I threatened him and he cried like a
girl. He sobbed and begged me not to
hurt him. And he gave you up. Just
like that. He gave you up.

OWEN

Liar.

LUTHER

No, you're right. I'm a liar. He didn't cry, he didn't sob. I was saying that to make you feel better. He just gave you up because he was frightened.

A hurt beat - as that strikes home. Followed by angry resolve.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Come on. How d'you think I found you? This was a special place. Yours and his. Who else would know you were here?

OWEN

Liar.

LUTHER

You didn't want to be a soldier. You wet your bed until you were eleven. He used to hit you for it. The more he hit you, the more you wet your bed. You were scared of the dark. Scared of the monster under your bed. Scared of Terry.

OWEN

SHUT UP!

Owen advances, bearing down with the gun -

OWEN (cont'd)

GET DOWN! DOWN! ON YOUR FACE! DOWN!

Grabs Luther by the collar.

OWEN (cont'd)

On your knees.

LUTHER

No.

OWEN

ON YOUR KNEES! ON YOUR KNEES! GET ON YOUR KNEES!

Owen shoves Luther to his knees - puts the gun to the base of his skull.

LUTHER

I told him he was killing you. Know what he said?

OWEN

Shut it.

LUTHER

"At least he'll die doing something he loves".

Beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)

You recognise that? Heard him say it before?

Owen bellows with rage, drags Luther to his feet, slams him into the wall. Presses the barrel of the revolver to his head.

Glares unblinking into Luther's eyes.

LUTHER (cont'd)

You're an embarrassment to him.

OWEN

SHUT UP!

(strikes him)

SHUT! UP!!

LUTHER

He's ashamed of you. He asked you to do one thing - ONE THING! And you couldn't do that right -

OWEN

SHUT UP!!

LUTHER

He surrendered all your secrets. Anything he thought I could use to humiliate you. Like the fact that when you came home, you started wetting the bed again. He laughed when he told me that.

Owen LAUGHS TOO - IN PAIN - digs the gun into Luther's head.

LUTHER (cont'd)

That's why I'm here. To tell you what kind of man he is. Don't die for him, Owen. Not for him.

OWEN

SHUT UP!

Owen stands there. Lost. Hand shaking.

OWEN (cont'd)

God, what do I do?

LUTHER

Come with me.

OWEN

My dad killed one copper. Look what they did to him.

LUTHER

You're not your dad.

OWEN

No, I'm not.

He grins - savage - mad. Flips opens the cylinder - removes five bullets - leaving one -

OWEN (cont'd)

Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?

- he shuts the cylinder - spins it - DIGS THE BARREL INTO LUTHER'S HEAD -

ANGLE on the GUN MECHANISM as OWEN PULLS THE TRIGGER: THE HAMMER PULLS BACK - SPRINGS FORWARD - STRIKES THE CYLINDER.

Click.

Luther laughs. Half disappointed.

Owen PUNCHES him. Laughs, fierce and mad. Then - abruptly -

- puts the gun to his OWN HEAD and pulls the trigger.

Click.

He laughs again, half disappointed - shoves Luther hard into the wall - puts the pistol to Luther's head.

Pulls the trigger - *Click* -

- then turns the gun on himself, pulls the trigger.

Click.

LUTHER

Four down. Two to go. Come on, Owen.
Hurry up. Come on.

Owen puts the gun to Luther's head - more slowly now - long eye contact between them.

Owen's FINGER SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER - THE HAMMER PULLS BACK - STRIKES THE CYLINDER -

Luther's eyes close -

Click.

Last bullet.

Owen puts the pistol to his own head, squeezes the trigger -

Luther CRIES OUT - produces his POLICE BATON - strikes at Owen's wrist - misses -

Owen steps back - turns the gun on Luther - point blank -

Luther steps into him - HEADBUTTS him - then steps back, bringing up the baton in a WIDE CURVE, SMASHING it into OWEN'S JAW.

Owen spins - Luther strikes him hard on the BACK OF THE NECK.

Owen falls. Luther strikes him ONCE MORE - kicks the gun away - pins Owen to the floor with one foot.

LUTHER (cont'd)
DON'T MOVE!

With one hand, he produces some PLASTIC HANDCUFFS. Cuffs Owen.

LUTHER (cont'd)
You're okay. You're okay. You're okay.

FADE TO:

90 INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 6 - 11.48

90

Teller and Reed are with Owen Lynch and his SOLICITOR. Owen is dressed in the blue police issue coverall. Hair slicked back post shower.

REED
All right, Owen. I know you're scared. I know that right now, you feel you're in enemy territory. But that's not how it is. You're protected by the law. Nobody's going to hurt you. You need to understand that we're not your enemy.

Silence. Owen flexes his jaw. Stares directly ahead. Teller and Reed exchange a glance.

TELLER
We know that you're not responsible for what you did. Not really. I'd like to acknowledge that, here...on the record. In the light of this, we're prepared to make certain recommendations when it comes to trial and sentencing. If you're prepared to help us.

Beat.

TELLER (cont'd)
Owen, as far as we're concerned, the ultimate responsibility for the death of these officers lies with your dad. And it's your dad we want.

But we need your help to do that. If we're going to punish this man for what he did to you, we need your help.

Angle on Owen's extreme internal conflict - his desire to assist, his fear...

An agonising beat as Teller and Reed wait. Trying not to show their tension. But they almost jump when Owen opens his mouth -

OWEN

My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

TELLER

Owen, we're trying to help you here. Let us help you.

OWEN

My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

TELLER

Owen-

OWEN

My name is Owen Lynch. Sergeant, Royal Marines. 2523301.

Out on Teller, crestfallen.

91 **EXT. CITY OF LONDON PATHWAY - DAY 7 - 14.32**

91

Luther waits. His face is bruised and dressed. Alice Morgan joins him. Stands at his shoulder.

ALICE

So - what do you have to say that can't be said over the phone?

He doesn't turn to her. Just leans on his stick.

LUTHER

That if you don't stay away from Zoe - I'll kill you, Alice.

ALICE

And you'd do that, would you?

LUTHER

If it was the only way to stop you.

ALICE

Was it the only way to stop Henry Madsen?

LUTHER

You need to let it be. You really do.

ALICE

Don't worry - I've concluded my investigation. I think I got the right man.

Beat.

ALICE (cont'd)

I like her, by the way. Zoe.

LUTHER

I don't know what that means - not coming from your mouth.

ALICE

She's strong. She has dignity. She loves you a great deal.

LUTHER

Yeah, well. Funny way of showing it.

ALICE

She knows what you did.

He turns to her, shocked.

LUTHER

What do you mean?

ALICE

She's always known. It didn't change anything. It's not why she left.

He looks at her with something like awe. Close to tears - wanting to believe, needing to believe, what she's saying. And because of that, he's afraid to.

LUTHER

She didn't tell me. She never -

ALICE

You made her watch what it did to you, and never told her why. I think that's why she left, in the end. She couldn't look at it any more - what you do to yourself. She felt she'd lost you to the dead.

Luther can only stand there, blinking.

LUTHER

Why are you doing this? I'm lost. I don't understand.

ALICE

Because we're friends. I wanted you to feel better.

LUTHER

We're not friends. I don't know what we are, but we're not friends.

ALICE

Whatever else may have happened is in the past.

LUTHER

The past isn't dead. It's not even past.

ALICE

Are you still frightened of me?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

I've no wish to hurt you. And I certainly have no wish to hurt Zoe. She's - admirable.

LUTHER

You'll - stay away from her? I need you to stay away from her.

ALICE

Absolutely. Brownie's honour.

He questions her with a fierce, frightened eye.

LUTHER

One coffee. That doesn't make us friends.

A beat. They turn. Walk away.

Together.

END OF EPISODE