

SCREENPLAY FORMAT FOR TV SHOWS

"Episode Title"

Written by

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1 **EXT. URBAN PARK - NIGHT 10 - 23.43** 1

GRAHAM SHAND - middle aged, strong, in windcheater and baseball cap - squats in the darkness.

He's concentrating on something on the ground. He picks up a MIRROR COMPACT. Holds it close to his eye. Examines it from several angles.

Carefully, he opens the compact - sets it down three feet away from where he picked it up. Then he picks up an iPod. Detaches the ear-buds. Moves the iPod three feet to the left, the ear buds between his feet.

Then he stands - viewing this obsessional arrangement -

Which surrounds the corpse of MONICA POOLE. He's organized THE CONTENTS OF HER HANDBAG in a kind of halo around her head. The EMPTY BAG is balanced on Monica's sternum.

He removes the HALF MOON SILVER PENDANT FROM HER THROAT. Stands there, the necklace a pendulum in his fist. Swinging over the body. Almost as if he's dowsing. He's highly aroused.

Committing the scene to memory.

2 **INT. MARK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 11 - 06.01** 2

It's dawn. Zoe Luther lies in bed - next to Mark North. She's awake, watching him. Innocent in sleep. Content.

Zoe makes a decision - sneaks out of bed, grabs her phone from the bedside table - slinks downstairs.

3 **INT. LUTHER'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY 11 - 06.02** 3

A small STUDIO FLAT - piled high with BOOKS, CDs, a LAPTOP on the desk, piles of PAPERWORK, CLOTHES ON A RAIL in one corner, four or five IDENTICAL SUITS, five IDENTICAL WHITE SHIRTS, several TIES hanging from a tie holder like a Technicolor jellyfish. A SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH of plastic soul period DAVID BOWIE.

JOHN LUTHER is fast asleep. A mattress on the floor.

4 **INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 11 - 06.03** 4

The slow, steady tracking of the EEG MONITOR....hitting higher peaks...deeper troughs...higher peaks...deeper troughs....

HENRY MADSEN lies in darkness. Inert as the dead. As we track up his unmoving body we see - his EYES ARE WIDE OPEN!

GOT TO TITLES - THEN FADE UP TO:

5 INT. HOSPITAL, O/S MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 11 - 06.13

5

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.

LINDA

(yawns)
Morning, love.

GRAHAM

Morning.

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.

LINDA

Kettle's on.

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

8 SCENE 8 OMITTED

8

9 INT. LUTHER'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY 11 - 06.15

9

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

LUTHER
(answers)
Zo?

10 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 11 - 06.15

10

Zoe's on the phone, making coffee at an expensive-looking machine.

ZOE
I just rang to see - are you okay?

INTERCUT ZOE and LUTHER

LUTHER
I'm great. I'm great!

ZOE
You sound sleepy.

LUTHER
Yeah. I was asleep.

ZOE
Actual sleep sleep?

LUTHER
Actual sleep sleep. Best sleep since I don't know when. Well, I do know when.

She winces.

LUTHER (cont'd)
So - what's next? What's the protocol?

ZOE
Protocol for what?

LUTHER
I've never had an affair before. I'm not sure what to do. Is it even called an affair, when you're sleeping with your wife behind her lover's back?

Beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)
What's wrong?

She's melancholy, reflective. She glances up at the ceiling, where Mark lies sleeping. Doesn't answer. Can't.

LUTHER (cont'd)
(misreading her)
If this is about Alice Morgan - if
you're worried about her, then I'll
deal with it. I'll make her go away.

He gets a CALL WAITING signal. Ignores it.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Don't worry about Alice. She's gone.
Don't worry about anything. Things are
different.

Zoe glances up - sharply - at A NOISE upstairs. A door opening.

ZOE
I've got to go.

She hangs up. Clears the call from her call register. Then gets
on with making coffee.

Mark shuffles in. Wearing pyjamas. Fuddled. Seeing him, Zoe's
eyes soften.

MARK
Morning.

ZOE
Coffee's on.

MARK
You're up early.

ZOE
Couldn't sleep.

He goes to the fridge. She watches him. Pain on her face.

11 **INT. LUTHER'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY 11 - 06.34**

11

Luther lies there - preoccupied, hands laced behind his head -
thinking about how to keep his own promise.

There's KNOCK AT THE DOOR. He ignores it.

Another knock, more urgent. He gets up - boxers and T-shirt -
shambles to the door. Opens it on TELLER

TELLER
I called.

LUTHER
I was sleeping.

TELLER
What is this, some freakish parallel
universe?

(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**

12

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 -

RIPLEY

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.

RIPLEY

That's good.

LUTHER

So - we okay?

RIPLEY

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. IAN REED is already there.

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

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.

RIPLEY

(flicks through case file)

The first victim died a month ago. The
second two weeks later. The third, a
week after that. Monica comes five
days later.

LUTHER

He's escalating fast. This isn't just
a serial - this man's on a murder
spree.

13 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 11 - 08.11**

13

Teller and Reed are briefing the SCU - ALL PERSONNEL. A VIDEO
SCREEN, MAPS.

Luther stays in his office, listening, pacing. He bounces a
SMALL BALL as he watches VIDEO SCREENS which show VICTIM 1 -
AMANDA CROUCH - walking an empty street.

Ghostly image of a dead woman.

INTERCUT THE BRIEFING AND LUTHER - pacing, bouncing the ball
off the wall, catching it. Thinking.

TELLER

(invokes map on screen)

Three previous victims were found in
Isleworth, Whitton, West Drayfield.
All of them were walking home alone.

REED

The dump sites are far apart but
broadly similar, near trading estates.
So the Met thinks maybe our man is or
was a delivery driver or something
similar. Hence "White Van Man".

INTERCUT THE BRIEFING AND LUTHER - pacing, bouncing the ball
off the wall, catching it. Thinking.

TELLER

The Met reviewed more than two
thousand hours of CCTV footage.

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.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

...body of a young woman found on a soccer field near Wandsworth Common...

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 masturbate -

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.

RIPLEY

Textbook, after the first kill he enters the depressive phase. He can't believe what he's done. Until the urge builds again, becomes uncontrollable. The cooling off periods get shorter and shorter. But not this quickly. So what's driving the escalation?

LUTHER

You got any sexual fantasies?

RIPLEY

None I'd tell you about.

LUTHER

But you ever get to, y'know - act on them?

RIPLEY

You ever been to Ibiza?

LUTHER
The reality live up to the fantasy?

RIPLEY
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.

RIPLEY
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?

RIPLEY
The trigger event is often some kind
of perceived humiliation - loss of
job, loss of spouse -

Luther's phone rings. ANGLE ON PHONE: it's Alice. He turns
away, tries to hide his anxiety from Ripley.

LUTHER
Excuse me, I have to take this.

He walks out. Ripley's eyes on him.

16 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 11 - 09.01

16

A GLASS FULL OF SILVER CLEANER - from which Graham fishes the
SILVER NECKLACE WITH A MOON PENDANT. Shining like new.

Also on the table: a small black RING BOX. Some SELLOTAPE.
WRAPPING PAPER -

17 INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, ALICE'S LAB - DAY 11 - 09.02

17

Luther approaches Alice.

ALICE
Police arrested two kids yesterday:
one was drinking battery acid, the
other was eating fireworks. They
charged one and let the other one off.
(Beat)
Tommy Cooper. Boom boom.

LUTHER

What do you want?

ALICE

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.

ALICE

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.

ALICE

What, then?

LUTHER

Henry Madsen woke up.

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

ALICE

Are you in trouble?

LUTHER

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

ALICE

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.

ALICE

Why?

LUTHER

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

ALICE

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)

I can't see you, I can't speak to you -
not until this Madsen thing is
resolved. I'm sorry. I really am.

He's half surprised himself to find that he really is. And he's
troubled - a bit confused - by the seismic effect this news is
having on Alice. She seems - volatile.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Alice, I'm sorry. I'm really, really
sorry. But no more. Not while Madsen's
hanging over me like this.
(a sad look. A shrug of the
shoulders)
It's over.

ALICE
No.

LUTHER
Yes. I've got to go. Work to do.

He turns. Walks away. She watches him exit the building.

ALICE
No.

18 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 11 - 17.22

18

Linda enters, weary after work.

LINDA
Gray? You home, love?

GRAHAM (O.S.)
In here!

19 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 11 - 17.22

19

He's watching the news - foot jiggling on the floor. He mutes
the TV as Linda enters - stands, lays down the remote control.
Looks at her - reaches into his pocket. Takes out the JEWELLERY
BOX.

GRAHAM
Happy Birthday.

LINDA
Oh, God - Gray. I thought you'd
forgotten.

GRAHAM
Of course not. Never. Never, never.
(he's excited, overly
attentive)
Come on, sit - sit down, relax - put
down your bag - open your present -

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

LINDA

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

GRAHAM

Put it on.

LINDA

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.

Linda (cont'd)

How does it look?

GRAHAM

Stand up. Let me see.

She hesitates -

GRAHAM (cont'd)

(fidgety, grinning)

Come on - stand up - stand up.

(she stands)

Oh, 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.

20 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 11 - 19.33**

20

Luther watches the CCTV footage of London traffic. Hypnotised. Flicking from screen to screen to screen. Watching the vehicles that can't be identified - all of them - car to van, taxi to van, car to van -

He takes PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNIDENTIFIED VEHICLES, shuffles them like playing cards. Then throws them randomly, all over the floor of his office.

21 **INT. BETHNAL GREEN WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 11 - 20.11**

21

Graham and Linda come through the doors and down the stairs -

22 **INT. BETHNAL GREEN WORKING MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 11 - 20.11**

22

Karaoke is in full swing. As Graham and Linda walk inside, A TABLE OF FRIENDS stands up - six or eight people, men and women, one of whom is DENNIS KEATON.

DENNIS

Gray! Mate!
(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, CCTV stills of the victims. His eyes take in DISCONNECTED DETAILS.

Ripley enters. Sees the mess.

RIPLEY

You need help clearing this up?

LUTHER

It's meant to be like this.

RIPLEY

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.

RIPLEY

That works?

LUTHER

Sometimes.

RIPLEY

Where'd you learn this?

LUTHER

David Bowie.

RIPLEY

As in, Let's Dance?

LUTHER

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

RIPLEY

You a fan?

LUTHER

I don't look like a fan?

RIPLEY

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.

RIPLEY

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.

Luther looking 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, arm in arm
with her boyfriend. Wearing the silver moon necklace.

Luther looks at it - then gently drops it with the rest of the stuff on the floor.

LUTHER
He's taking souvenirs.

RIPLEY
Okay. Owning them evokes the feeling of power he felt during the kill. Some of these men keep news clippings, photographs, whatever. The fact it's jewellery -

LUTHER
Might suggest he's in a relationship.

RIPLEY
He'd give the necklace to his wife, girlfriend. Every time he sees it, he's carried back to the kill.

REED
But the suddenness of it? What kicks him off like that?

LUTHER
She's about to leave him. He's desperate to keep her. It pushes him over the edge.

Uncomfortable beat. Somewhere, far off, a pin drops.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Okay - got you. And no, no, no, no, no. Just because we've all been hurt and betrayed in our time, it doesn't mean he's like us, or we're like him. We don't need insight into his tortured soul to understand him. He hates women and likes killing them. That's all we need to know about him, except who the hell he is and where the hell he's at.

Okay? Right. He gets back to it.

LUTHER (cont'd)
So - the victim was getting married?

REED
Next month.

LUTHER
They happy?

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?

RIPLEY

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?

RIPLEY

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

25 **INT. BETHNAL GREEN WORKING MEN'S CLUB, GENTS - NIGHT 11 - 21.46** 25

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** 26

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!

LINDA
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 - NIGHT 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. Mixture 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 *hello*. 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
(looking nauseated)
Right. Okay. Okay...okay.

He turns, faces the bullpen. Gets himself together. Picks up the report she set aside. Puts it in her hands.

LUTHER (cont'd)
A few minutes ago we got this -

ANGLE ON CCTV - a taxi performs a U-turn on a suburban street.

LUTHER (cont'd)
This is the south end of Broughton Row. Less than half a mile away. That's the closest hit.

TELLER
We get the driver -?

Luther freeze-frames, zooms in. The DRIVER wears a BASEBALL CAP and GLASSES. As the car passes in SPECTRAL FRAME-BY-FRAME, we see a GHOSTLY IMAGE of MONICA POOLE in the back seat.

TELLER (cont'd)
Is that her?

LUTHER
We think so, yeah. We think that's her.

TELLER
Tell me you got that number plate.

Luther zooms in still further. The number plate RESOLVES - until we see it clearly: TL7574.

LUTHER
Number plate. Driver's name, home address, phone number. Right now we're triangulating his mobile phone signal -

At that, Ripley enters, excited and flushed.

RIPLEY
We've got him! Locked on!

They share the euphoria of the moment - the scent of blood.

TELLER
So? Go go go!

Ripley exits at a run.

34 **EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 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

Graham is cruising the quiet streets. He spots -

37 **EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 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, love! Love -

CLAIRE

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)

Oh, 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?

CLAIRE

(no)

Yeah. It's only five minutes -

GRAHAM

Where do you live?

CLAIRE
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.

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

GRAHAM
Forget the money. Let's just get you home safely.
(she hesitates)
Come Christmas, give five quid to the dog's home for me.

CLAIRE
Sure?

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 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 11 - 22.54** 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 - NIGHT 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. *Come on, come on. Come on.*

THE TAXI STOPS near the EDGE OF THE PARK. Suburban quiet.
Darkness.

Deserted.

A long, long beat of OMINOUS SILENCE. Just the familiar,
CHUGGING GROWL 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

RIPLEY

Police! Police! Turn off your engine!

REED

Turn off your engine and step outside
the car!

He yanks opens the driver's door - and sees -

41 I/E. BLACK CAB, LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 11 - 22.55

41

The DRIVER. Who's silver-haired, late sixties. Not Graham.
Reed drags him out, throws him over the bonnet, cuffs him.

REED

Trevor Rowan, I'm arresting you on
suspicion of murder -

IN THE BACK:

Ripley QUICKLY GLIMPSES a YOUNG WOMAN: Trevor's passenger.
Shocked into silence. Her purse still in one hand. A twenty
pound note in the other. She'd been about to pay him.

SMASH TO:

41A EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 11 - 22.56

41A

Graham at the wheel. Claire in back. City lights pulse over
them. Rhythmic. Hypnotic. Illuminating his private smile.

42 INT. BACK OF GRAHAM'S CAB, LONDON STREETS (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 11 - 22.56

Claire is still in the back of Graham's cab. She frowns - turns
in her chair - faces front.

CLAIRE

Excuse me - excuse me - I think you missed a turn - that was my street, back there - Lacey Road? Excuse me?

Graham's eyes in the rear-view mirror. Blank.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Excuse me - excuse me -

42A **OMITTED**

42A

43 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 11 - 23.16**

43

Dennis looks at Linda as she traces a knot of worry between his eyes.

LINDA

What's wrong?

DENNIS

You said he was impotent.

LINDA

He is. He was. It's - I don't know. It's come back. The last few weeks, it's come back. I hate it.

Dennis turns over, faces the ceiling.

LINDA (cont'd)

Do we have to talk about this? When I'm here, can't I just be here?

Beat.

DENNIS

He knows, doesn't he. About me and you. He absolutely knows.

Out on her WORRIED EYES -

44 **EXT. VAUXHALL PARK - DAY 12 - 06.03**

44

Claire Weldon lies dead in a halo of her belongings. Her empty handbag balanced on her sternum.

In the silence, her phone rings. Rings off. Begins to ring again. A sad song to greet the dawn.

NEARBY

AN EARLY MORNING JOGGER hears the ringing - coming from the trees near the path - near the climbing frames - the slides - the swings.

She stops. Listen. Tentatively moves forward to investigate -

45 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 12 - 07.13

45

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

MARK

You okay?

ZOE

Me? Yeah, I'm good. Great! Why?

MARK

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

ZOE

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..."

ZOE

Stop!

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..."

ZOE

(throws toast)

Stop!

MARK

(with feigned passion)

"Everything I do - I do it for you".

ZOE

You're an asshole! I hate that song.

MARK

You know you love it.

A good moment. Mark butters his toast. Zoe looks at him with love in her eyes.

46 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 07.32

46

Teller enters, shuts the door. Luther can see it in her expression. Another victim.

LUTHER

No.

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, SW1. 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 london?

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 Ireland. He could have half a dozen different numbers -

TELLER

Or fifty. Or a hundred. So what do we have?

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

LUTHER

This.

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.

RIPLEY

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?

RIPLEY

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.

49 **INT. GRAHAM'S LOCK-UP - DAY 12 - 08.31**

49

Graham is CHANGING THE NUMBER PLATES on his taxi.

50 **INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDORS BY LADIES BATHROOM - DAY 12 - 08.32**

50

Alice emerges from the LADIES BATHROOM - she's wearing spectacles, a WHITE LAB COAT - and a SINGLE COLOURED CONTACT LENSE - brown.

She pops a "CLEANING IN PROGRESS" SIGN OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

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

50A INT. 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 alarm in 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

Besides - 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 -

ALICE

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.

ALICE

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 -

ALICE

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?

ALICE

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

54

- 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.

ALICE

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 -

He struggles in his terror - but he's etiolated, weak - helpless as a kitten -

ALICE (cont'd)
Shhhh. 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 -

55 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 12 - 10.33

55

Luther walks to Ripley's desk.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY'S COMPUTER: we see -

RIPLEY
Cabbies who've been sacked, invalidated off, retired. Plus a list of drivers who've tried and failed the Knowledge over the last twenty years, triaged, then cross-referenced against the suspect pool.

He sits, makes a rapid entry on the laptop keyboard. FACES begin to disappear - one by one - until only TWENTY-THREE remain.

Graham is one of them - his old Driver's Licence. We barely recognise him - he's one face among many, the picture taken years ago - he's got a beard. Heavier glasses. But it's him.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Twenty-three hits.

LUTHER
Best?

He notices Schenk stepping onto the unit, ambling up to him.

SCHENK
Sergeant Ripley, I wonder if you wouldn't mind me borrowing the Detective Chief Inspector for a moment?

RIPLEY
Um - not at all, Sir.

Schenk takes Luther's elbow, walks him to his office. Like confidantes, best friends.

SCHENK
Stressful day.

LUTHER

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

SCHENK

Henry Madsen passed away.

LUTHER

- I'm sorry?

SCHENK

It could be fluke, unconnected to the fire. He shows early signs of recovery, comes off the ventilator, it goes wrong. It happens. Who can tell?

LUTHER

But?

SCHENK

But the fire was arson. And these two events, co-occurring -

LUTHER

Madsen had a permanent guard.

SCHENK

Who was directed away from his post by some doctor.

LUTHER

What doctor?

SCHENK

Well, quite. Who can tell? She was young, very pretty. Dark-haired. And heterochromatic.

LUTHER

I'm sorry?

SCHENK

Different coloured eyes. Like David Bowie. But no doctor with heterochromia of the eye is currently employed by the Chartwell hospital.

LUTHER

So, some doctor lost a contact lens.

SCHENK

Ah, yes. Probably. But if not - if this was somebody posing as a doctor, someone who knew how to misdirect potential eyewitnesses, someone who wanted access to Henry Madsen - do you have any notion who this might be?

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 detritus, the CCTV -

SCHENK

You're busy. I should leave you be.

LUTHER

Look, you want to talk this through, I'm here. But maybe not today, eh?

SCHENK

Not today, no. Quite.

A beat, and Schenk exits. Luther sinks into his chair. His phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER.

LUTHER

Yeah? Hello?

56 **EXT. UNIVERSITY FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 12 - 10.35**

56

Alice sits on a step.

ALICE

Don't worry about the call being traced. This is a disposable phone - one conversation, then I wipe it and it goes into someone else's garbage.

INTERCUT LUTHER and ALICE.

Luther shuts the door. Goes to his office window. Watches his team - at work. And Schenk entering Teller's office.

LUTHER

I told you. I can't talk to you. Not now, not tonight, not tomorrow. Not ever again.

ALICE

Well, there's a remarkable absence of gratitude for you.

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 -

ALICE

All I did was finish a job you started. What are you going to do, arrest me for it?

LUTHER

I have to! I'm a police officer. I know you did this!

ALICE

Shall I articulate why you won't?

LUTHER

Stop. Just stop.

ALICE

Arrest me, I'll tell them you made me do it. You threatened me. There's phone traffic between us to prove it - including the call I'm making from this phone. The other SIM cards I kept.

LUTHER

Empty threats. Implicate me, implicate yourself. You're far too in love with your own genius to allow that to happen.

ALICE

Conspiracy to murder will be just the start of it - I can send you to hell. You'll burn for the rest of your life. Which is why I would APPRECIATE...SOME!...GRATITUDE!

Luther is taken aback by her sudden fury - as Alice becomes demonic, possessed.

ALICE (cont'd)

I DID IT FOR YOU! PIG! FILTH!

Students glance up at her nervously -

ALICE (cont'd)

I DID IT FOR YOU!

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 elbow into 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.

RIPLEY
You - um - you okay in here?

LUTHER
Yeah. Sorry. That was my wife. Ex
wife, whatever. Sorry. Long night.
Come in.

Ripley enters - shuts the door - hands Luther a file.

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

Show me the suspect list -

Ripley sits at the computer, invokes an image of -

RIPLEY

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?

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

What does that mean, exactly?

RIPLEY

We're following that up now.

LUTHER

How long did he work there, the
garage?

RIPLEY

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?

RIPLEY

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?

RIPLEY

None. You want to bring him in?

LUTHER
Yeah. We know where he is?

RIPLEY
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 -

RIPLEY
And if he's not there?

LUTHER
We target his weak spot.

RIPLEY
What's that?

TELLER
(looking 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?

RIPLEY
Of course, Ma'am.

Ripley exits, rolling his eyes.

Teller looks at the picture of Graham.

TELLER
This definitely our man?

LUTHER
Good candidate.

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 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE - DAY 12 - 11.13 61

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.

LINDA
Hello?

RIPLEY
Linda Shand?

LINDA
Yeah?

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

LINDA
(kills the vacuum)
Who, sorry?

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

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

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

LINDA
What sort of thing?

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

LINDA
What is it?

RIPLEY
It's just, your name popped up on a
database -

LINDA
What database? How?

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

LINDA
About what?

RIPLEY
Graham, mostly.

LINDA

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

RIPLEY

If you'd like to come with me -

LINDA

I feel sick. Can I -

She nods at the bathroom right next to Ripley.

RIPLEY

Of course.

She enters. Shuts the door.

63 **INT. CINEMA, BATHROOM - DAY 12 - 12.28**

63

Linda enters. Runs the tap. Sickened. Furious. She nearly throws up. Then she dials her phone.

64 **EXT. STREETS, BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 12 - 12.28**

64

Graham is walking along the street. Remembering. His thoughts are interrupted by the phone ringing.

GRAHAM

Linda?

INTERCUT GRAHAM and LINDA

LINDA

What's going on?

GRAHAM

What do you mean?

LINDA

The police are here.

GRAHAM

What do you mean? What do they want?

LINDA

I don't know.

GRAHAM

Did they mention me?

LINDA

(venomously)
What did you do?

GRAHAM

What did they say?

LINDA

Have you been stealing again? Have you been -
(shudders)

GRAHAM

No! No, of course not.

LINDA

What have you done, Graham? What was it?

GRAHAM

What did they say? They must have said something! What did they say?

Suddenly, Ripley kicks down the door - snatches the phone from her hand.

RIPLEY

You stay there. Do not move.

She cowers weeping against the basin - as Ripley phones Luther.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

We're blown. She called him.

65 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - DAY 12 - 12.29

65

On the phone, Luther winces.

LUTHER

We're not going to find Graham Shand without her help. So bring her in. Drag her if you have to. I don't care.

Luther hangs up. He then dials Zoe's number. No answer.

66 EXT. STREETS, BETHNAL GREEN - DAY 12 - 13.33

66

Graham roars with frustration.

GRAHAM

Not yet! Not yet! Not yet!

He sits on a doorstep. Head in hands. His anger grows. He tugs his hair. Rocks on the fulcrum of his coccyx. Doesn't know what to do. So much rage, so much frustration.

He PUNCHES HIMSELF IN THE THIGH. It hurts. Then he does it again. Hard. Then harder still. And again and again and again, howling with the pain of it. But the pain clarifies his mind. Because suddenly -

THE PHONE.

He pulls it out of his pocket. Turns it off. Thinks.

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 SMILE. A smile full of hurt. And perhaps pity.

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

MARK

Go away.

ALICE

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

ALICE

Oh, I see. You already know.

MARK

Know what?

ALICE

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.

ALICE

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 -

ALICE

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.

LINDA

So -

She looks at him. Blank with anxiety.

LUTHER

Can I get you a tea? A coffee?

LINDA

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?

LINDA

Fine. Why?

LUTHER

Do you know where he was on Friday night?

LINDA

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

LUTHER

He was with you all night?

LINDA

Not all night, no. He went to work.

LUTHER

Where?

LINDA

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 didn't know?

LINDA
No.

Luther rests his eyes on her. Not accusing; gentle, forgiving, compassionate.

Ripley pokes his head round the door.

RIPLEY
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.

LINDA
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

70

Luther exits the waiting room.

RIPLEY
I time that okay?

LUTHER
Perfect.

They approach Teller.

TELLER
How is she?

LUTHER
She knows something's not right.

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

72

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 -

LINDA

Oh 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 CRIME SCENE PHOTOS SCATTERED EVERYWHERE - and Linda curled up, wracked by TERRIBLE DISTRESS -

- clutching a PHOTOGRAPH OF MONICA POOLE - in which she WEARS THE MOON PENDANT NECKLACE

LUTHER
Mrs. Shand? Linda?

LINDA
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)
Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God. What
did he do? What did he do?

74AA INT. 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.

ZOE
Is there a glass for me?

MARK
Course.

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

ZOE
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.

ZOE
How?

MARK
It doesn't take a intuitive genius.

ZOE
Why didn't you say anything?

MARK
It's not my business.

ZOE
(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?

ZOE
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.

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

MARK
What do you want?

ZOE
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?

LINDA

Twenty years.

LUTHER

And how would you characterise him -
as a husband?

Incredulous beat. What does he want her to say?

LINDA

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

LUTHER

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

LINDA

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.

LINDA

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 -

LINDA

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.

LINDA

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?

LINDA

No!

LUTHER

Why not?

LINDA

He's my husband.

LUTHER

You believed his story?

LINDA

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?

LINDA

What do you think?

LUTHER

I don't know.

LINDA

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

LUTHER

But you stayed with him.

LINDA

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 know this is all moving very fast - but Graham's a suspect in a very serious crime -

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?

LINDA
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)
Linda?

LINDA
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?

LINDA
It's not my fault!

LUTHER
WHO IS HE, LINDA? WHO IS HE?

74B INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 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 INT/EXT - REED'S CAR - NIGHT 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 him inside - 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?

RIPLEY

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

LUTHER

He ever do that before?

RIPLEY

(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 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.24** 83A

Luther 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 doorbell.

85 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.29** 85

RIPLEY

"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.

Graham closes the door.

86A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.30

86A

Luther has the RINGING MOBILE to his ear. At the same time, he's addressing the SPEAKERPHONE.

LUTHER

Still no answer. She's there already.
She's with him.

86B INT. REED'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 12 - 20.30

86B

Reed at the wheel, on the hands-free, driving at speed.

REED

I'm almost there. Two, three minutes
max -

86C INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.30

86C

Luther on the phone. Still with Teller and Ripley.

LUTHER

We can't just kick our way in. He'll
kill her.

REED (O.S.)

(on speakerphone)
So what do you suggest?

Luther turns to Teller.

LUTHER

I need to be there.

TELLER

No.

LUTHER

I NEED TO BE THERE.

TELLER

No.

Luther struggles for a moment. Turns to Ripley.

LUTHER

How fast can you get there?

RIPLEY

Pretty fast.

LUTHER

Good.

A good moment. Ripley's respect absolutely restored.

RIPLEY

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)

GRAHAM

Oh, 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 - NIGHT 12 - 20.31**

89

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
Yes, I will. Stop worrying, silly.
I'll see you very soon.
(hangs up)
Honestly!

GRAHAM
Anyway. Second door on the left -

Layla steps into the BEDROOM -

90 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 12 - 20.32**

90

And waits. Graham enters. Breathing heavily.

91 **I/E - RIPLEY'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT 12 - 20.33**

91

Ripley drives like a man with the devil at his back.

92 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 12 - 20.33**

92

Graham steps forward. Touches Layla's face. Her shoulder. Her
arm. Her bag.

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.

LAYLA (cont'd)
Do you mind if I - ?

GRAHAM
What?

LAYLA
The bathroom.

GRAHAM
I'd rather you didn't, no.

A long beat - agonising

- and Layla MAKES A BREAK FOR IT -

Graham lunges - but she's through the door - he grabs a HAMMER
from UNDER THE BED - pursues her -

93 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.33** 93

- onto the landing - he's a beat behind her - he kicks out -
she falls - he grabs at her ankle -

- she crawls through the NEAREST DOOR -

94 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 12 - 20.33** 94

- into the bathroom - slams the door - fumbles to lock it - a
"turn and release" lock -

95 **INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.33** 95

Graham grabs the handle

IN THE BATHROOM

Layla holds the door with all her might - puts her weight
against it - just manages to stop Graham opening it - she's
screaming - as she engages the lock -

ON THE LANDING

Graham hears the LOCK SLIDE SHUT.

IN THE BATHROOM

Layla 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
undone from this side. He searches in his pocket, takes out a
FIFTY PENCE PIECE - begins turning the mechanism - forcing it -

GRAHAM

Let me in. I want to kiss you! I only
want to kiss you!

IN THE BATHROOM

Layla can't hold it any more - it's difficult - her fingers are
slippy - and Graham has all the leverage -

LAYLA

(on phone)
I can't keep him out! Hurry! Please!

The lock is forced to the OPEN position -
- quickly, Layla snaps it shut again -

96 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12- 20.33

96

LUTHER

(on phone)
We're coming! We'll right there! We'll
be right there! Hold on!

97 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.34

97

Graham SHOULDER-BARGES THE DOOR. He's weeping with rage and
frustration.

GRAHAM

LET ME KISS YOU!

98 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 12 - 20.34

98

The door shudders in its frame.

LAYLA

(on phone)
Please! Please!

And again the door shudders - and the frame SPLINTERS round the
lock -

LAYLA (cont'd)

Please!!

99 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 12 - 20.34

99

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
Justin?

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

Ripley's car pulls up.

RIPLEY
(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 - 20.35 01

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 - 20.35 102

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

GRAHAM (O.S.)
(weeping)
JUST ONE KISS! LET ME TOUCH YOU!

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

103 INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT 12 - 20.35 103

Graham barges the door one more time - then braces himself against the wall - KICKS the door -

GRAHAM
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, EH?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?

The lock gives a little more! He kicks again! And again!

GRAHAM (cont'd)
DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING TO YOU?

And the DOOR FLIES OPEN - LAYLA SCUTTLES BACK, TO THE FAR CORNER -

Graham takes the hammer. Advances.

GRAHAM (cont'd)
Do you know what's coming?

Then - he HEARS SOMETHING. A WEIRDLY DOMESTIC 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, hammer in hand - grinning.

GRAHAM
See?

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

Reed enters through the open door. Calm as 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 meets 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 Graham is trapped. Hammer in hand.

Linda is shivering. Numbed with inexpressible loathing.

REED

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 -

RIPLEY

Graham Shand, I am arresting you -

She walks upstairs. Like a zombie.

105A INT. 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.

LINDA

Excuse me. I'm sorry. Sorry.

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

105B INT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 12 - 20.37 105B

Her eyes flick to the HAMMER. Dropped and forgotten for the
moment.

106 EXT. DENNIS KEATON'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12 - 20.38 106

Ripley and A UNIFORMED OFFICER drag Graham towards waiting
police cars -

Linda flies from the house - running - howling -

- brings the hammer down on the back of Graham's skull -

- once - twice -

- blood sprays Ripley and the uniformed officer.

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 -

RIPLEY
Paramedics! Paramedics now!

And UNIFORMED POLICE come running - running - running -

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

And Luther, on the phone, hears the news - collapses in on himself - under Teller's WITHERING GAZE -

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.

ALICE
Can I help?

ZOE
Yes. Stop.

ALICE

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.

ZOE

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

ALICE

Very much.

ZOE

Because if you did, John would despise you. And whatever you say, whatever 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)

Stay away.

She exits. Leaving Alice silent. Looking at the closed door.

111 INT. HOSPITAL, O/S MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 13 - 12.27 111

Martin Schenk wanders down the corridor. Hands in pockets. Deep in thought.

He pauses outside Madsen's room.

Peers through the window. Then steps inside.

112 INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - DAY 13 - 12.27 112

Stands there. Looks at the empty bed in the empty room.

Sits on the edge of the bed. Staring out the window.

Thinking. Just thinking.

END OF EPISODE