

SCREENPLAY FORMAT FOR TV SHOWS

"Episode Title"

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1 **INT. ZOE AND MARK'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 1

The room has been trashed. In the middle of it all, Zoe lies dead.

Eyes open.

Surrounded by police officers. Paramedics. Flashing lights.

2 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT** 2

Numbed, John Luther stumbles through the purgatorial night. Past the SPECTRAL HOMELESS, the HOOKERS, the HUSTLERS, the FILTH and the VOMIT. Not seeing any of it.

3 **INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT** 3

Ian Reed sits in the empty locker room. Head in hands.

4 **EXT. ZOE AND MARK'S PLACE (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT** 4

Police vans. Police tape. Flashing lights. Despite the hour, some NEIGHBOURS have gathered to rubberneck.

Mark North's car pulls up. Parks where it can - in the middle of the street. Mark gets out. Bewilderment -

- turning to concern. Then sick terror - as he sees the police activity is focussed on HIS HOUSE. He approaches a UNIFORMED OFFICER.

MARK

What's going on?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

You are?

MARK

Mark. Mark North. I live here. Where's Zoe?

Abruptly, he shakes off the officer - tries to shove through the barrier. Is hauled back by SEVERAL OFFICERS.

4A **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT** 4A

Luther approaches a CHURCH. One of those invisible parts of London. Ancient, stone-built, gnarled as an old tree.

Luther stares at it. The overall effect - the darkness and loneliness - is unutterably bleak.

Finally, Luther weeps. A wail of animal pain. Unendurable.

7 INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

7

Reed comes to a decision. He opens his locker, using a SIX DIGIT COMBINATION. Inside, he stashes the UNCUT DIAMONDS he took from Sugarman's body.

8 INT. SCU - NIGHT

8

Ripley steps on to the Unit, coffee in hand. He's surprised to see it SO BUSY. He takes a moment to digest the TREMENDOUS URGENCY - PHONES RINGING, KEYBOARDS CLICKING, PASTY-FACED STAFF RUSHING. Then he heads towards Teller's office.

9 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

9

Ripley knocks and enters. Teller sees him - her stern eyes soften. Also here is a grim CORNISH. And a scruffy, melancholy MARTIN SCHENK.

RIPLEY

What's going on?

CORNISH

Just over an hour ago we received a 999 call. Gunshots fired, 23 Battersea Park Road -

TELLER

- first responders found a woman dead. Three gunshot wounds -

CORNISH

Zoe Luther.

RIPLEY

No -

TELLER

Don't speak up for him, Justin. Not yet.

She hits a key on her laptop. And we see a brief CCTV snippet of the CONFRONTATION BETWEEN ZOE AND LUTHER IN EPISODE 5.

RIPLEY

He argued with her. That doesn't mean he did it.

TELLER

He was there. His fingerprints are all over the place...in his wife's blood. She's murdered. He's in the wind. What does that tell you?

RIPLEY

(emotional)

He wouldn't do it. He wouldn't.

SCHENK

Painful as it may be, I'm afraid the evidence currently tells us otherwise.

10 **INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

10

Reed opens the locker door - PUTS SOMETHING INSIDE - A SMALL BLACK BOX ABOUT THE SIZE OF A MATCHBOX. Right at the back.

Before he can shut the door -

Teller enters.

TELLER

You ready?

He takes a second. Fighting to keep his composure. The locker door is open in his hand, blocking the view inside.

REED

Ready.

He shuts the locker door. Then exits with Teller.

11 **INT. SCU - NIGHT**

11

They stride through the busy unit, to her office.

12 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE NIGHT**

12

Teller, Cornish, Schenk, Reed and Ripley. The lonesome sound of many late-night phones ringing off-screen.

CORNISH

First thing to know - we're in damage control. We keep a airtight lid on this until it's resolved. Which means no press, no briefings. No leaks.

REED

The press will get there soon enough.

CORNISH

Which is why we need Luther in custody without delay. I don't want any "killer policeman at large" headlines, are we clear? Martin here is in charge of the investigation - you'll give him your absolute cooperation.

A glance at Schenk, who's looking at his shoes. Miles away. Finding no joy in this.

REED

You need one of us there, too. On the ground, to advise. Someone who knows him.

CORNISH

And should that be you, Detective
Chief Inspector?

REED

Absolutely it should be me. Yeah.

CORNISH

Do you think John Luther shot his wife
tonight?

REED

I can't say. Not for sure. It's too
early to be -

CORNISH

Exactly. The last thing I need is for
this operation to be hindered by your
celebrated loyalty. DS Ripley, you'll
assist Detective Chief Superintendent
Schenk.

REED

With respect - sorry Justin - but
Ripley -

CORNISH

- may not know Luther quite as well as
you, but he's a damn site better
placed to be nonpartisan. You'll
remain here, to advise as necessary.

REED

Sir -

CORNISH

I'm not interested in saving John
Luther, Ian. I want the full force of
the law stamping down on his face
before sunrise - and I want your help
to do it. Are we clear on that? Good.
Then let's bring him in.

13 **EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

13

Luther is sitting in the shadow of the church, his back to the
old stone wall. Emptied of everything.

But then HE STRAIGHTENS -

- at the sound of an APPROACHING POLICE SIREN.

He stands. Ready to run.

The sound grows DISTANT as the police car heads in the OTHER
DIRECTION.

But Luther is on his feet now.

Either he sits down again...and gives up...or he moves.

Takes action.

So he sets his face in anger and hatred. Digs his hands deep into his pockets. And moves.

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

Reed is pacing in the empty office, muttering to himself under his breath. Trying to think it through, calculate the angles.

He's startled by his PHONE RINGING. He digs it out. UNKNOWN NUMBER. He lets it go to VOICEMAIL.

6 **INT. PHONE BOX, STREETS - NIGHT** 6

Luther is on the phone. Huddled, watchful.

REED'S VOICEMAIL

This is DCI Reed. Leave a message.

LUTHER

I know what you did. You tried to make it look like I killed her - because you think, if they're coming for me, then I can't come for you. But you're wrong. I am coming for you. All I have to do is stay free long enough. So I'll see you. Soon.

Hangs up. A moment of hate. Real hate. Then he exits.

6A **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 6A

Reed listens to the message, then kills the call.

Thinks.

Sees RIPLEY AT HIS DESK, preparing to leave.

Reed leaves the office.

14 **INT. SCU, RIPLEY'S DESK - NIGHT** 14

Joins Ripley. Takes his elbow. Huddles. Conspiratorial.

REED

So what do you think?

RIPLEY

I don't know what to think.

REED

Me neither. But what gets me - if he didn't do it, where the hell is he?

RIPLEY

Perhaps he knows who did it. Went after them.

Reed controls his reaction.

REED

Look, whatever's happening, if you hear from him - contact me. Not Teller, not Schenk. Just me. He needs his friends.

RIPLEY

Yeah, yeah of course.

Reed nods, appreciating it. Lets him go. Ripley joins Schenk at the door, exits.

At the same time, a deeply shaken MARK NORTH is led on to the unit.

Reed watches him with real pity. They make brief eye contact as Mark passes.

Reed can't meet his gaze. He turns away, busies himself.

16 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

16

A fatigued Mark is being interviewed by Teller.

TELLER

I'm sorry for your loss.

MARK

I didn't lose her. She was taken. Do you have any idea why?

TELLER

The truth of it is, we're not here to talk "why". That comes later. Right now, it's all about "who".

MARK

Meaning - John Luther.

TELLER

That is a possibility, yes. It's something we're looking into.

MARK

Do you know how much time I've spent, since I met Zoe - talking about him? John, John, John. Poor John, needy John. Broken John.

He almost breaks down. The anger and the grief and the sorrow and the helplessness and the sheer, godawful waste of it.

He fights it. Has dignity. Is strong.

Teller allows him a moment.

TELLER

I need to know anything that might have happened between John Luther and Zoe over the last days and weeks -

MARK

They were seeing each other.

TELLER

"Seeing"?

MARK

Sleeping together.

TELLER

When did you find out?

MARK

Look, I was with friends tonight. All you have to do is ask them -

TELLER

We know where you were. When did you find out about John and Zoe?

MARK

The day before yesterday. I told her - choose who she wants, but for God's sake stick by that choice. Just commit.

(bereft)

I suppose she chose me - and paid for it.

TELLER

If that does turn out to be the case, then you must never, ever blame yourself. Because know what? If John pulled the trigger on another human being, the responsibility for that is his and his alone. If he killed Zoe, I will not rest until I see him punished for it. If I could bring back the death penalty for it, I'd do it. I'd press the lever myself and see him swing.

(gathers herself)

Sorry. You didn't need to hear that.

MARK

Yes I did.

TELLER
(rattled, she stands)
If you'll excuse me. I'll have some
officers take a more detailed
statement.

Mark watches her leave.

17 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

17

Reed is at his desk, coffee going cold in his hand. Rigid with anxiety. When Teller strides in he nearly SCREAMS.

TELLER
Sorry, did I -?

REED
No, it's me. It's me. Miles away.

TELLER
(shuts the door)
Is this actually happening?

REED
No. In about two minutes my alarm's
going to go off and I'm going to wake
up. By the time I get to work, I'll
have forgotten I ever dreamed it.

Beat.

REED (cont'd)
He called me.

TELLER
Who?

REED
Who'd you think?

TELLER
When?

REED
Just now.

TELLER
Where is he? What did he say?

REED
That I did it. Again.

TELLER
Oh, Ian -

He passes her his mobile. Plays the message.

LUTHER (RECORDED)

*I know what you did. You set me up.
You made it look like I killed her
because you think - if they're coming
for me, then I can't come for you.*

She can't listen to any more. It's too painful. She gives him the phone back.

REED

I didn't know what to do. Telling you this stuff - it feels like I'm betraying him, y'know?

TELLER

It doesn't matter. You've told me now. We can fudge the timeframe in the report. We've done worse.

He nods, meekly. Appreciating it.

TELLER (cont'd)

See if you can track the phone he's using, get a lead on where he might be.

REED

Okay, I can do that.

TELLER

But you do know - that call, it was the sound of someone having a total breakdown. Which might not be all bad news.

REED

Sorry?

TELLER

If we can pin this mess on mental illness, then I can't be held accountable - and this unit might survive.

REED

Wow. Okay. I hadn't -

TELLER

Well, you don't have to think like that. I do.

(Beat)

I should never have taken him back. I knew the risk. God knows they told me: "He's nitro glycerine." And I didn't listen, because I was so bent on making it work. I just so wanted to make it sodding work.

Reed steps up. Hugs her. She weeps into his shoulder.

REED

It's not your fault, Boss. It's not
your fault.

18 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

18

Alice is in bed, asleep. At a small noise, she sits up -
instantly. Opens a bedside drawer, takes out a CUT-THROAT
RAZOR. Straightens it. *Snick*.

Pads on silent feet through the dark apartment, finally
entering the living room -

19 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

19

- and hits the light. JOHN LUTHER is hunched on the sofa.

ALICE

If you needed a key, all you had to do
was ask.

He stands, faces her, sees the straight razor.

LUTHER

I didn't think you slept.

ALICE

Only lightly, and not for long. Why
are you here?

LUTHER

I was looking for a safe place to
think.

ALICE

About what?

LUTHER

Zoe's dead.

ALICE

And are we speaking figuratively?

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Did you kill her?

LUTHER

Would it matter?

ALICE

To me? Well, it's nice to see you
retain your sense of humour.

LUTHER

I mean it.

ALICE

I liked her. But if you killed her,
I'm sure you had a reason.

LUTHER

I didn't.

ALICE

Fine. Who did?

20 **EXT. ZOE AND MARK'S PLACE (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT**

20

Schenk's car pulls up. Ripley and Schenk get out. Ripley takes a second to steel himself, then heads to the house.

POLICE OFFICERS discreetly point him out - the partner of the only suspect. Ripley pretends to be oblivious.

21 **INT. ZOE AND MARK'S PLACE (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT**

21

Ripley turns away from Zoe's body.

Schenk is kneeling, a shattered, FRAMED PICTURE OF ZOE AND MARK in his gloved hand.

SCHENK

He smashed only symbols of her relationship with this new chap - Paintings, photographs. Makes for a very intimate scene -

(stands)

And we do know he likes to smash things when he's angry. All of which would tend to align us in Luther's direction.

RIPLEY

Unless this has been staged for our benefit.

SCHENK

By whom? Mr North?

RIPLEY

It's worth considering, surely.

SCHENK

Even if he didn't have an alibi - when a man stages a murder scene, he tends to make it look how he thinks it should. It's always wrong. But this scene is consistent with the thesis. To stage such a thing correctly would require...a very chilly heart.

Which doesn't seem compatible with a crime of rage.

RIPLEY
But it's not right.

SCHENK
Tell me how.

RIPLEY
This kind of killing - jealous husband, sex, rage, all the rest of it. You'd expect a knife, maybe a bludgeon of some kind. A fist. Not a gun. The scene, yeah - the scene's consistent. The weapon's not.

SCHENK
You don't like the choice of weapon, so you think Luther's innocent?

RIPLEY
I want him to be innocent. But if he's not, then I'll do my job properly and without hesitation.

SCHENK
That's a very brave answer.

RIPLEY
It's not supposed to be. It's just the way it is.

22 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

22

Alice at the window, peeking through the blinds. Coffee in hand. Serene. Actually kind of enjoying herself.

LUTHER
Anything?

ALICE
Nothing. I'd imagine this would be the last place they'd look.

LUTHER
Yeah, well. Right now, I don't know what to imagine.

She sits.

ALICE
Are you going to kill him?

LUTHER
I've thought about it. I can't think about anything else. I can't see past it.

ALICE

Then why are you here?

LUTHER

To think. I need a place, a safe place. Maybe sleep for an hour.

She scrutinises him. Sips coffee.

ALICE

In 1988, two psychologists published an article which argued that "positive self-deception" is a normal and advantageous part of most people's life. It turns out, people lie to themselves about three things - they view themselves in implausibly positive ways; they believe they have far more control over their lives than they actually do; and they believe the future will be better than the evidence of the present can possibly justify. But you're past that now - you're on the other side of that particular mirror. Lying to yourself isn't going to help any more. So tell me again. Why are you here?

A long, very intense beat.

LUTHER

Because I need you to help me.

ALICE

You're asking me to be your accomplice?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Excellent. Where do we start?

23 **INT. ZOE AND MARK'S PLACE (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT**

23

Ripley and Schenk, making notes. Wong's phone rings.

RIPLEY (ON PHONE)

Hello?

24 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

24

Luther is on the mobile he took from Sugarman's body in Ep 5.

LUTHER

Can you talk?

INTERCUT LUTHER and RIPLEY

Ripley glances at Schenk. For a long, agonising second he thinks about it - what do I do?

Then he folds up a finger to Schenk, meaning "*back in two minutes*" and steps away to find a place he can talk. SOCO officers are everywhere, affording no privacy.

RIPLEY
Absolutely, I can talk.

LUTHER
Are you at the house?

RIPLEY
Yes.

LUTHER
It wasn't me.

Beat.

RIPLEY
Yeah. Yeah I know that, I think.

Luther pauses. He's moved to hear Ripley say this.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
If y-
(catches the eye of a passing
SOCO)
- if Luther was going to do something
like this, he'd stage the scene to
look like Mark North did it. He might
be insane, but he's not stupid.

LUTHER
You're a good man, Justin. And you're
an excellent detective.

RIPLEY
Too right. So where are you, right
now?

LUTHER
You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

RIPLEY
I don't doubt it. Any info your end?

LUTHER
I'm not going to compromise you any
more than I have to, okay? But don't
trust Ian Reed.

RIPLEY
Sorry, it's a bit clattery over here.
Can you repeat that?

LUTHER
Don't trust Ian Reed.

A moment. Ripley looks nauseated - looking round this crime scene, the smashed up room, SOCO in their white bunny suits. Maybe wonders for a moment if Luther truly has lost his mind.

LUTHER (cont'd)
I know how it sounds.

RIPLEY
Can you, um, run the details by me?

LUTHER
Not now.

Schenk puts away his notebook. Approaches Ripley. Taps his shoulder.

SCHENK
(mouths)
Who is this?

RIPLEY
(to Luther)
One moment.
(turns to Schenk)
Tech Forensics. Trace on Luther's phone. No news.

Schenk nods. Wanders to the door.

Ripley (cont'd)
(to Luther)
Okay, I'm going to need a brief *precis* of what you've got. Soon as you like.

LUTHER
When there's time to explain, I will.

Ripley is disturbed by a COMMOTION - a harried-looking UNIFORMED OFFICER squeezes in to the room, approaches Schenk.

Ripley breaks off from the phone, listens.

UNIFORMED OFFICER 3
I think we've found the gun.

RIPLEY
(low, to Luther)
You got that?

LUTHER
Yeah. I got that.

Ripley follows Schenk and the uniformed officer from the house, out into the rain.

25 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

25

Ripley and Schenk plus assorted UNIFORMED OFFICERS and SOCO squat round a DRAIN. THEY BUSTLE, shove each other, shine torches. A TALL OFFICER lies in the gutter, reaching far down into the drain, using a HOOK FASHIONED FROM A COAT HANGER.

They watch, spectate really, the silence under the harsh lights growing intense as -

TALL OFFICER

Got it. Got something.

Angle on his agony and concentration as he strains to tease it from the drain. Drops it. Fishes round. Hooks it again. Pulls it out of the drain.

It's a gun. It's the gun. A MILLION FLASHES AS IT'S PHOTOGRAPHED IN SITU - spotlighting LUTHER'S FINGERPRINTS ON THE BARREL. In Sugarman's blood.

Schenk steps forward, produces an EVIDENCE BAG, holds it out.

A SOCO drops the gun into the bag. There's a brief flurry while Schenk and the SOCO countersign.

Ripley approaches.

RIPLEY

How's it looking?

SCHENK

(signing documents)

Forensics in the house are circumstantial. This gun is hard evidence. I don't want it being contaminated or "going missing" as the consequence of some police officer's misguided loyalty.

RIPLEY

Seriously?

SCHENK

These are good men, but sometimes goodness affords its own temptations.

RIPLEY

So what do we do?

SCHENK

First rule of chain of evidence: minimise the number of transfers. We take it to the lab ourselves.

ANGLE ON RIPLEY'S HAND. He's still holding the mobile phone. The line is open!

26 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

26

And Luther's listening in. He hangs up.

LUTHER
They found it.

ALICE
You didn't pull the trigger, so it doesn't matter. It's got no value as evidence.

LUTHER
If Ian left it there, he left it to be found.

ALICE
Meaning?

LUTHER
There was a gun. I touched it - and gave it to Ian. It's got my fingerprints on it. If that was the gun he used to kill Zoe, my fingerprints are all they need.

ALICE
You taught him well.

LUTHER
Not as well you taught me. I'd've hidden it in a dog.

ALICE
So now?

LUTHER
It's taken to the lab, it undergoes ballistics tests, fingerprint analysis.

ALICE
If that happens, it's over for you.

LUTHER
If it happens. But it's not going to.

Beat.

ALICE
Outstanding.

27 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT**

27

IN THE KITCHEN - Alice opens a cupboard. Removes a plastic crate. Cans of WD40, bottles of bleach, Fairy Liquid. She finds some PLASTIC TIES. SOME SCREWDRIVERS. A SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

IN THE KITCHEN - she goes to the knife block. Selects two blades.

IN THE BEDROOM - she opens a drawer. Takes out the WIG she wore in Ep 4. A woolly hat. Finally, she opens her UNDERWEAR DRAWER.

On her grin as something occurs to her -

28 **INT. ALICE'S PLACE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

28

Alice enters. She's wearing the wig, the woolly hat. She looks like a young, psychotic Anna Wintour. Luther is at the table, examining a LARGE A-Z OF LONDON.

LUTHER
They're leaving from here
(points to map)
Taking the evidence here.
(points to map)
We're here. We can be there before
them - assuming Schenk doesn't head
off under blues and twos.
(takes in the wig)
What do you know about stealing cars?

ALICE
Nothing.

LUTHER
That doesn't matter. I'm good at
stealing cars. Did you find anything I
can -

He gestures, covering his face. Alice raises an eyebrow.

Holds up a STOCKING.

A strange, charged beat. Luther takes the stocking, pockets it.

ALICE
They'll know it's you. You're not an
easy man to disguise.

LUTHER
That's not the point.

ALICE
What is?

LUTHER
Deniability.
(Beat)
Listen, if we're caught -

ALICE
I say you forced me to help. You
threatened my life.

LUTHER
You're not joking, are you?

ALICE
Absolutely not.

Luther hesitates, unnerved.

ALICE (cont'd)
What's wrong?

LUTHER
You ever step outside yourself, look
at what you're doing? Think you've
gone mad?

ALICE
No.

LUTHER
I can't trust you, Alice. Not enough.
Not to do this.

A beat. Alice and Luther stand deadlocked.

ALICE
Seriously. What do I have to do?

She whirls on her heel - goes to the mantle - takes down the
URN CONTAINING HER DOG'S ASHES - and smashes it on the floor.
Ash rises in a grey cloud.

She kneels and - to Luther's growing astonishment - produces
the scraps of the GUN SHE USED TO KILL HER FAMILY - approaches
him - presses the evidence into his hand.

ALICE (cont'd)
You were right. I needed to keep a
memento.

He doesn't want it. He stands back, holding up his hands.

ALICE (cont'd)
You and I - we are what we are. So you
need to know this, John - of all the
people in the world, I will never
betray you.

She gives him a look - disappointed. Then unceremoniously drops
the fragments, pushes past Luther, exits.

A beat.

His eyes fix on the gun fragments. Then he turns and exits,
following her.

Schenk is driving through the almost empty streets. Stay with him for a while - streetlamps pulse overhead. Police chatter on the radio, almost soporific. Ripley dozing.

Schenk turns onto a quiet street - notes ANOTHER CAR turning on the road behind them. Headlamps dazzling in the rear-view.

Ripley wakes. Notes it, too.

Schenk turns again. So does the car behind. Schenk frowns a little - catches Ripley's eye.

Schenk turns his attention to the road. Reaches for his radio. Just checking it's there.

The car is still behind him.

Abruptly, ANOTHER CAR PULLS OUT in front of him, blocking the road.

Schenk hits the brakes - stops JUST BEFORE SMASHING INTO the car in front.

The CAR BEHIND pulls up with a screech. Sandwiching Schenk's car.

SCHENK
Are you armed?

RIPLEY
No. You?

SCHENK
No.

FROM THE CAR BEHIND

Luther emerges - LONG SCREWDRIVER in one hand, TYRE-IRON in the other. He's wearing the stocking mask and a watch cap.

He approaches Schenk's car. STABS THE REAR TYRE WITH THE SCREWDRIVER.

Tries to open the passenger door. It's locked. He smashes the window with the tyre-iron, unlocks it - hauls Ripley from the car.

FROM THE CAR IN FRONT

Alice emerges, in wig and long coat. Cool as hell. Enjoying herself immensely.

IN THE CAR

Schenk goes for the radio.

SCHENK (cont'd)
- repeat, assistance urgently
required, this is -

Alice smashes the window. Puts the point of A STEAK KNIFE to the base of Schenk's skull.

ALICE
Shush.

Schenk sits there, blinking.

OUTSIDE

Luther throws Ripley into one of the plane trees that line the street.

RIPLEY
(low)
Hit me.

Luther hesitates.

Ripley (cont'd)
You've got to.

Luther hesitates. Then PUNCHES RIPLEY in the ribs, throws him into the gutter. Ripley falls to his knees, gagging - as Luther returns to Schenk's car - opens the GLOVE BOX. There's the GUN in the EVIDENCE BAG.

Alice has used PLASTIC HANDCUFFS to secure Schenk's hands to the steering wheel.

As Luther takes the gun, Alice snatches the keys from the ignition. Drops them down the drain.

They walk to Luther's car. Get in. Drive away.

30 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - MORNING**

30

Reed is exhausted, red-eyed unshaven, wired beyond belief.

When his phone rings, he jumps.

REED
Justin. What's up?

RIPLEY (O.S.)
He showed.

31 **EXT. SCHENK'S CAR, STREETS - MORNING**

31

Schenk leans on the bonnet of his car, arms crossed. Ripley on the phone. Sirens are approaching

RIPLEY
He took the gun.

INTERCUT REED and RIPLEY

REED

What do you mean, he took the gun?

RIPLEY

Were were taking it to the lab. He intercepted us, Martin Schenk and me.

Reed: *get hold of yourself. Okay. Think.*

REED

All right. You need to come in. I think we need to start facing some hard facts, here.

RIPLEY

What do you mean?

REED

I mean, he's not acting like an innocent man, is he?

32 **INT. ALICE'S STOLEN CAR (PARKED), RIVERSIDE - MORNING**

32

Alice has parked near the river. Luther is cleaning fingerprints from the gun with DOMESTOS HANDY SURFACE WIPES.

He examines the gun through every plane - evidently flummoxed by something. Alice takes the gun. Expertly dismantles it.

He watches her practised expertise.

LUTHER

Why did you do it?

ALICE

Do what?

LUTHER

Your family.

She takes the SWISS ARMY KNIFE from her bag, opens the FILE

ALICE

Because I wanted to.

LUTHER

How could you want that?

ALICE

(rasping the file back and forth inside the barrel)
Let's put Ian Reed in a room with you, then let's talk about who wants what.

Hands him the gun, in pieces.

ALICE (cont'd)
Sure you don't want to keep it?

LUTHER
No. No guns.

ALICE
Suit yourself.

They get out -

33 **EXT. LONDON, RIVERSIDE - MORNING** 33

- stand on the bank of the river. Luther looks at the components in his hand. The machine that killed Zoe, reduced to abstract shapes. Mirroring the pieces of gun Alice used to kill her family.

He reaches back an arm. Throws it all into the water.

34 **EXT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - MORNING** 34

Reed shuts the door. Locks it. Looks at his phone. Frightened by what he has to do.

REED
Three - two - one

He dials.

35 **INT. LONDON, RIVERSIDE - MORNING** 35

Luther's phone rings.

LUTHER
It's him.

The phone rings and rings. Is Luther going to answer?

Yes.

LUTHER(cont'd)
What do you want Ian?

INTERCUT REED and LUTHER

REED
To talk.

LUTHER
You scared? You sound it.

REED
Yeah, I'm scared.

LUTHER
You should be. You should be very,
very scared.

REED

John, I can't deal with this. I can't handle it. It's in my brain - it's like my head's full of spiders. I can't stand it. I think I'm going mad.
(fights not to weep)
Honestly, mate. I can't stand it.

LUTHER

That won't stop me coming for you.

REED

I can't undo it. I wish I could. My hand to God - if I could go back, I'd rather it was me who died. I'd rather be dead than go through this.

LUTHER

Well, we can arrange that.

REED

Let me see you. Just let me say what I've got to say. After that - well, whatever. It's in your hands. Please.

Luther's eyes are hooded. He's deep in thought.

Reed waits. Cheeks wet with tears.

Luther checks his watch. Just gone 9 a.m.

LUTHER

Eleven thirty. Out by where Cherry Systems used to be.

He hangs up.

ALICE

You're not going to do what he wants?

LUTHER

Yes I am. But first you and I need to do something.

36 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

36

Teller is debriefing Ripley and Schenk.

TELLER

Should you be at home?

RIPLEY

I just cracked a rib. I'll be fine.

She winces. Jesus. Runs her hands through her hair.

TELLER

Okay. Do we have any idea of the accomplice's ID - the woman?

RIPLEY

I don't know. Young, white. Slim build. A wig, probably.

TELLER

She didn't speak?

RIPLEY

Neither of them spoke.

TELLER

But it was Luther?

SCHENK

It was Luther.

TELLER

You're one hundred per cent positive.

SCHENK

He wore a cursory disguise - a stocking mask. So given that I'd say, ninety-five per cent.

TELLER

Do you know what a decent defence calls ninety-five per cent? Reasonable doubt.

Schenk takes the point, shrugs. Teller turns to Ripley.

TELLER (cont'd)

Was it him?

RIPLEY

On balance, I'd guess so. Yes.

TELLER

You'd "guess"?

RIPLEY

I couldn't swear to it.

TELLER

He killed his wife! He ambushed you and stole the only hard evidence we have to convict him! He busted your ribs! Wake up! Stop protecting him!

RIPLEY

I'm not.

A tense beat is broken by Reed. He knocks, enters. All trace of the emotional wreck has gone. He's bright-eyed, eager.

REED

John called. He wants to set up a meeting.

37 **INT. MARKS' CAR - DAY**

37

Mark is parked. Watching a children's playground. Just staring. His phone rings. With great reluctance, he answers.

MARK

What?

38 **EXT. LONDON, RIVERSIDE - DAY**

38

Alice on the phone.

ALICE

Mr North? My name's Sergeant Nicola Blackstock - my boss may've mentioned that I'd call? Detective Superintendent Teller?

INTERCUT ALICE and MARK

MARK

(almost without affect)

No, no she didn't mention. Can't you leave me alone? Just for an hour?

ALICE

Well, I know what you must be going through. And I'm truly sorry to bother you. So, I'll tell you what - why don't I come to you? Tell me where you are, I'll pop over, ask just a couple of questions. And be out of your hair before you know it.

Mark watches the children play.

MARK

If you must.

Alice turns to Luther with a wry look.

39 **INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

39

Reed is sitting, waiting. Staring at the door to his locker. Teller enters. Over her arm she's carrying a bullet-proof vest.

REED

I can't use it.

TELLER

Ian - if we put you unprotected in John path, he is going to kill you.

REED

It won't come to that.

TELLER

He's convinced you killed his wife.
He's delusional. So actually, it may
come to that.

REED

I trust him. It'll be okay. I can
bring him in.

TELLER

I don't like sending you in naked.

REED

No more than I like doing it. But this
is John we're talking about.

TELLER

You owe him nothing. He owes you. He
owes us both. You're not going in
there unprotected. Final word.

REED

What kind of thing are we talking
about?

TELLER

Tactical weapons support. If it looks
for one moment -
(over his protest)
- for one moment like your life's in
danger, I give the order.

REED

Rose -

TELLER

We do it like this - or we don't do it
at all. Your call.

Reed appears to struggle with this. But is secretly delighted.

REED

Fine. Bring in the shooters.

40 **EXT. MARK'S CAR - DAY**

40

Mark's car, still parked in the same place. Alice approaches.
Walks to the passenger door. Opens it. Gets in.

41 **INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY**

41

Slides in next to Mark. Sticks a knife in his ribs.

ALICE

Don't speak. Drive.

42 INT. SCU, RIPLEY'S DESK - DAY

42

Ripley swallows a painkiller. Schenk enters, sits. Leans close.

SCHENK

You and I went through something today. Which makes us - comrades in arms, I suppose.

RIPLEY

I suppose.

SCHENK

So I ask you as a comrade - what's troubling you?

RIPLEY

In what way?

SCHENK

No offence intended, but people like you and me - we know how people look when they're hiding something.

RIPLEY

How would you like me to look?

SCHENK

Betrayed? Angry? Vengeful? That's our psychology - we hate those we wish to love. Someone who's let us down, perhaps.

RIPLEY

Is this an accusation?

SCHENK

Of what? An atypical reaction to betrayal?

RIPLEY

What do you want?

SCHENK

To know what you think.

RIPLEY

About what?

Schenk glances left and right. Pensive. Perhaps unsure of the ground he's walking on.

SCHENK

Luther's psychotic. He claims to believe that Detective Chief Inspector Reed killed his wife.

If that's so, then why does he go to
all the trouble of stealing that gun?
It doesn't fit the delusional
framework.

RIPLEY
No. I suppose not.

SCHENK
So what's going on in Luther's head?

RIPLEY
Who can say?

SCHENK
Well, who indeed?

43 **INT. SEEDY HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY**

43

Alice and Mark walk down the corridor. She has a knife to his
back. They stop. Alice opens a door. And there, in the seedy
room, is John Luther.

44 **INT. SEEDY HOTEL, LUTHER'S ROOM - DAY**

44

Mark enters. Shuts the door behind him. Moving as if in a
dream.

Approaches Luther. A moment.

Mark punches him.

Luther takes the punch. Absorbs it. His eyes grow softer. Mark
hits him again. And again. And again. And again.

The rage and the sorrow and the horror build up - and he's
beating Luther - hitting him and hitting him - howling his pain
and his heartbreak - until he's exhausted -

And can only stand there. Drained. Breathing hard.

And now we see that Luther is crying. For Mark's pain, not his
own.

Luther sits on the edge of the bed.

Mark stays there.

Frozen for a moment, in tableau. The cheap clock on the cheap
table moves from 9:57 to 9:58.

Then Luther looks up, slowly. Until he meets Mark's gaze.

LUTHER
I didn't do it.

On Mark's grief and confusion -

45 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Teller is with Cornish, who's looking at an AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A TRADING ESTATE.

TELLER
Luther set the meet - here.

CORNISH
For what? A chat?

TELLER
Apparently.

CORNISH
He's lying.

TELLER
Of course he's lying.

46 INT. SEEDY HOTEL, LUTHER'S ROOM - DAY

46

Luther leans forward. His face is very close to Mark's.

LUTHER
All you have to do is get there around
10:45. They'll be leaving -

MARK
What does that mean?

LUTHER
It doesn't matter. They'll be leaving,
they'll ask you to wait until they
return. You'll be alone.

MARK
So I do what you say. What then?

LUTHER
Say you need to leave. They can't stop
you. Then you come to me.

MARK
What about Reed?

LUTHER
Reed will be elsewhere. That's all you
need to know.

47 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

47

Teller and Cornish.

CORNISH
You're putting Reed at risk.

TELLER

I'm mindful of that, sir. But he's right - this is the best way to bring Luther in without bloodshed.

CORNISH

C019?

TELLER

Kitted up and ready to go.

CORNISH

If circumstances warrant - if he's endangering life and limb - you won't hesitate to give the kill order.

TELLER

Absolutely not.

48 **INT. SCU, RIPLEY'S DESK - DAY**

48

The clock reads 10:47. Ripley is strapping on a BULLET PROOF VEST, talking to Schenk.

RIPLEY

You're not coming?

SCHENK

This doesn't fall within my compass - for which I'm grateful. I've no desire to see what happens next.

Reed hears that - and approaches. Lays a hand on Ripley's shoulder. Ripley fights not to squirm.

Schenk notices.

REED

(to Ripley)

You don't need to be there either.

RIPLEY

Yes, I do.

An emotional beat - until Reed nods, accepting it.

Then TELLER ENTERS. In bullet-proof vest, boots.

TELLER

We ready?

They follow her.

They're almost through the door - when MARK NORTH ENTERS! Approaches Teller.

MARK

I need to speak to you.

TELLER

Okay. Of course. It's just that we have - a live situation right now and -

MARK

That's okay. I can wait.

TELLER

Sure?

MARK

Absolutely.

But then - to Mark's dismay - SCHENK STEPS FORWARD.

SCHENK

I'll look after Mr North.

MARK

(glances at clock)

Really, there's no need. I'll be fine. I can wait.

SCHENK

Nonsense. I'll keep you company until the others get back.

Marks nods okay...but thinks "*Oh, shit*". Teller thanks Schenk. Then she, Ripley and Reed head to the door.

Schenk and Mark watch them.

IN THE DOORWAY, Reed's eyes flick to Schenk and Mark, narrowing with disquiet. Then he turns and leave.

Schenk takes Mark's elbow, leads him away.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Mr North? If I may?

49 **EXT. ALICE'S CAR, STREETS - DAY**

49

Luther gets out.

ALICE

This isn't going to work if you can't control your temper. It's a weakness. He'll use it.

LUTHER

I can control it.

ALICE

You'd better. Because - if I understand correctly - police marksmen don't shoot to wound.

LUTHER

No. They shoot to stop. Go for the
centre of mass. Here.

(points)

The heart.

ALICE

How apropos.

She gives him a look. He walks away.

50 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY** 50

Emptiness. Until Reed appears. A small figure at first. Growing
until he reaches the dead centre. And waits. Alone. Unarmed.

51 **EXT. HIGH BUILDINGS, OVERLOOKING WASTELAND - DAY** 51

THE C019 TACTICAL UNIT lies concealed on the surrounding roofs.
G36s, binoculars, radios. One of them points a powerful
PARABOLIC MICROPHONE at Reed.

Teller and Ripley are scanning the area with binoculars. Teller
is wearing an earpiece, listening in on Reed.

Ripley checks his watch. 11.24.

INTERCUT REED and C019

As they wait in the LONG, UNBEARABLE SILENCE.

Teller glances at her watch. Watches SECONDS TICK BY.

Nobody moves. And then -

Teller's POV: LUTHER COMES SLOWLY MARCHING OVER THE WASTELAND!
Sure and predatory. No fear. Low hate in his eyes.

RIPLEY

(swings his binoculars)

Got him.

TELLER

Sergeant?

C019

We've got a clear shot and are good to
go.

Ripley glances at Teller.

TELLER

On my order. Not before.

C019

Received and understood.

ON THE WASTELAND

Luther stops. Faces Reed.

Reed meets his gaze. A long, long moment. Great sorrow in Reed's eyes.

LUTHER

So what do you want me to do? Kill you? Forgive you?

REED

I just want you to listen.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Fingers tighten on triggers. Luther is SQUARE IN THEIR SCOPES - crosshairs lock on to his chest. His beating heart.

ON THE WASTELAND

REED (cont'd)

I don't understand how you can believe I actually did this.

LUTHER

Well, you've changed your tune since we last spoke.

REED

(shakes head, sadly)
No, John.

LUTHER

Okay. I'll play. I believe you did it because you did it. How's that?

ON THE ROOFTOPS

Crosshairs follow Luther's every movement.

ON THE WASTELAND

REED

If you really believed that, deep down, then why steal the gun?

LUTHER

Oh, the gun. Yeah, you did a decent job with that. But it's gone, and so is the only hard evidence they had against me. So all this - whatever angle you're playing to save yourself. It's used up. All over.

REED

You're not answering the question.

LUTHER

I think I am.

REED

If you didn't do it, how could there even be any hard evidence against you? How's that possible?

LUTHER

You wired, Ian?

With an expression of great sorrow, Reed raises his shirt -

REED

Course not. This is about you and me. Nobody's listening in.

LUTHER

So what are you trying to say?

REED

I've talked to the doctors. And what's happening to you right now, it's called a dissociative state. It's the mind distancing itself from things that are too much for it to process. You're blaming me because you can't bear to confront what you've done. You're in pain, in distress. You need help. So come home.

(spreads his arms in a Christ-like gesture)

Let us help you.

Luther barks a laugh at that. The audacity of it. He claps his hands.

LUTHER

Oh, brilliant! Bravo!

ON THE ROOFTOPS

TELLER

Sergeant?

CO19

Still clear and good to go, ma'am.

ON THE WASTELAND

Luther stops clapping.

LUTHER

Thing is, I know you didn't come alone - you wouldn't have the balls. You came out here with CO19. Right now, they've got assault rifles trained on my centre of mass. And we don't shoot to stop, do we mate? People in our game, we shoot to kill. Have to, really.

He turns in a circle, arms spread wide, addressing the surrounding buildings, punching himself in the chest.

LUTHER (cont'd)
HOW IS IT, BOSS? GOT THE KILL SHOT?
LOCKED ON TO THE CENTRE OF MASS?

ON THE ROOF

Teller winces, glances at Ripley. Who glances away, ashamed.

ON THE WASTE LAND

LUTHER (cont'd)
That's why we're all here! You prod me a bit, wind me up. I lose it, become a threat to your life. Which gives them legal reason to shoot me. Bang bang bang. All your problems solved. Me and my temper, eh?

REED
John, listen to yourself. You're ill.

LUTHER
And you're sick. I know which I'd rather be.
(Beat)
I wonder. Are you at all interested in why I'd come here if I knew what you were up to?

A BRIEF FLICKER ON ANXIETY on Reed's face - as he feels the first hint of control slipping away. He recovers quickly.

REED
I don't know. You want to get something off your chest? About what you did to Henry Madsen?

LUTHER
Oh, nice try. But I've got nothing to confess. Henry Madsen fell. You know how hard I tried to catch him.

Eye contact - knowing, amused.

REED
Yeah. I know how hard you tried to catch him.

LUTHER
So no, it's not about that. It's not about him. The reason I came here - it was to get you away from the locker room.

Reed blanches. As Luther grins and LEANS IN. Very, very close. Too close for the parabolic mics to pick up.

ON THE ROOF

CO19 minutely adjust their sights. Centred on Luther.

SHOOTER
Still clear...still clear...

ON THE WASTELAND

Luther's lips at Reed's ear. As he WHISPERS.

LUTHER
Because that's where you're keeping
the diamonds. Or at least it was.
Until -
(checks watch)
Oooh. About five minutes ago.

ON THE ROOF

Teller and Ripley watch very closely.

TELLER
What's he saying?

ON THE WASTELAND

Reed thinks furiously, realising he's trapped. He needs to get away, get to the diamonds. But he can't.

Luther enjoys his discomfort.

LUTHER
Tick tick tick. Where could they have
gone?

He makes a magician's gesture with his hand - *poof*.

Beads of sweat on Reed's brow.

REED
I didn't hurt Zoe, John. I couldn't.
She was special to me. I loved her.

LUTHER
Do me a favour.

REED
What?

LUTHER
Don't say her name. Not now.

REED

How can I not? She's what this is all about.

LUTHER

Really? I thought it was about me and you.

REED

That too. You need to hear this from a friend, because you need to wake up, snap out of it. Open your eyes. You always said you loved her, you banged on and on about it, but what did that actually mean? All I saw, you wanted to own her, which isn't the same thing. And now she'd dead, because of you.

The smile is gone from Luther's face. He takes a menacing step towards Reed.

ON THE ROOFTOP

TELLER

He goes for a weapon, you take the shot.

RIPLEY

(to himself)

Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't do it. Don't do it.

ON THE WASTE LAND

REED

If she'd never met you, she'd still be alive. And God knows, she'd have been happier.

LUTHER

Don't.

REED

Lie to me, to yourself, to whoever you think's listening. But at some point, you have to snap out of this fantasy and just admit it. You killed her, John! You said you loved her, and you killed her!

Luther's hand sweeps back his jacket - he reaches behind his belt -

ON THE ROOFTOP

TELLER

Wait to see the weapon. Wait to see
the weapon.

ON THE WASTE LAND

Luther's hand closes on the HANDLE OF THE KNIFE he's got jammed
in his belt -

ON THE ROOFTOP

Ripley jumps to his feet. KICKS the CO19 marksman!

RIPLEY

JOHN! RUN!

ON THE WASTELAND

A frozen instant. Luther sees Ripley. Waving his arms. Run!

Looks at Reed.

REED

Gotcha.

And Luther turns. Runs for his life. Runs and runs and runs.

ON THE ROOFTOP

TELLER

Hold your fire! Stand down! You can't
shoot him in the back!

She faces Ripley. He makes no apology.

CO19 looking at him.

TELLER (cont'd)

Arrest this man.

(into her radio)

All units. Be alert to suspect John
Luther, repeat John Luther...

Ripley holds out his hands to be cuffed. CO19 oblige. They're
not gentle.

ON THE WASTELAND

Luther runs round a corner. Sirens behind him - as SEVERAL
POLICE CARS enter the estate.

52 **EXT. TRADING ESTATE (ALLEY) - DAY**

52

Luther runs into a RATS' ALLEY. Garbage strewn. Wheelie bins.
Sirens coming closer and closer.

At the far end is a CHAIN LINK FENCE. Topped with barbed wire. Fronted by old crates, a stained old mattress. The usual detritus. Luther sprints towards it.

The sirens are closer - closer -

Luther reaches the fence. Casts a FUGITIVE GLANCE over his shoulder. Hauls aside the mattress.

Behind it, a hole has been cut into the fence. He worms through it, then turns to replace the mattress before the hole, covering it. Then he runs.

53 **INT. SIDESTREET - DAY**

53

Luther jogs round the corner. Breathless. Alice is waiting, leaning on the car. She is calm, unhurried.

ALICE

How'd it go?

LUTHER

I got what I wanted.

ALICE

And how close did you come to getting shot for it?

LUTHER

I didn't get shot.

ALICE

Fine. Your funeral.

She opens the boot. It yawns like a grave. Luther climbs in.

Then Alice shuts the boot on him, gets behind the wheel and drives away.

54 **EXT. WASTELAND - DAY**

54

Teller and Reed walk to a waiting police car, light bar flashing.

REED

That dick -

TELLER

Let it go.

REED

Would you? "Run, John". What was he thinking?

TELLER

He thought he was being John's friend and it's already cost him everything. So let it go.

REED

You fired him?

TELLER

And charged him as an accessory.
Ripley's finished.

REED

Well, that's what being John's friend
does for us all in the end. We all pay
a price for it.

(gets in)

Let's get back.

55 INT. SCU, WAITING ROOM - DAY

55

Schenk takes a cup to Mark. Sits. Benign and courteous.

Mark is checking his watch. It's 11.15. He's very nervous,
tapping his feet.

SCHENK

Just one more time, if we may. Luther
came to see you...he was distressed...

MARK

Greatly distressed, yes.

SCHENK

It feels unseemly to keep probing
this, such a raw wound, and so soon.
But I must ask what he said.

MARK

That he didn't do it. He wept. He held
my hand and cried. Do you think it's
possible? That he's telling the truth?

SCHENK

All things are possible, although not
equally. What did you do? What did you
say?

MARK

I was scared. I let him talk.

SCHENK

Of course.

MARK

I wanted to kill him.

SCHENK

That's no crime in any jurisdiction.

Mark glances at his watch. Come on. Come on.

56 INT. TELLER'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 56

Teller and Reed. Heading back to the SCU.

57 INT. SCU, WAITING ROOM - DAY 57

Mark checks his watch. 11.48. Nervousness has become anxiety.

MARK

I'm sorry - but is this going to take much longer?

SCHENK

No. No, I think you've told me all I need to know. But I wonder if you wouldn't mind waiting just a little while longer? This insight into his mental state, it may be of value.

MARK

Well, where else do I have to go?

Schenk nods, almost penitent. And quietly exits.

58 INT. SCU, OUTSIDE WAITING ROOM - DAY 58

Mark pokes his head round the corner. The unit is busy. Phones ringing. Personnel on computers.

He steps onto the unit - nobody pays him the slightest attention. He takes an EXPERIMENTAL STEP.

Nothing. A second step. Then a third, more confident.

He orientates himself, mumbling under his breath.

MARK

(mumbles)

Luther's office - 12 O'clock. Turn to one, two o'clock.

Okay. He heads off - where?

59 INT. TELLER'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 59

Teller and Reed. Closer to the SCU. Reed glances anxiously at his watch. Come on, come on, come on.

60 INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - DAY 60

Mark enters the locker room! Stands there for a moment, taking in a series of BREATHS. Can he really go through with this?

Yes he can. He glances over his shoulder once more. Then counts down the lockers - until he finds IAN REED'S.

He takes a TINY SQUARE OF PAPER from the coin pocket of his jeans. The size of a stamp. On it is written a SIX DIGIT NUMBER.

Mark begins to enters it into the combination lock attached to Reed's locker.

Hands trembling, Mark struggles to focus. *Calm down. Just enter the combination and open the door.*

He's JUST FINISHED entering the combination when he stops.

Eyes wide. Heart pounding. Hears:

61 **INT. SCU - CONTINUOUS**

61

CO19 OFFICERS march Ripley onto the unit. In cuffs.

All activity stops. All eyes on Ripley as he's led to the Interview Room.

A moment later, Teller and Reed enter.

TELLER

All right. Get on with it.

She heads to her office. Reed heads to his desk.

62 **INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

62

Mark knows they're back. He opens the locker door. Hurriedly roots around REED'S BELONGINGS. Delves around inside the locker - until he FINDS THE DIAMONDS! He pockets them, turns to leave -
- and collides with IAN REED, who's coming in!

A moment. They look at each other.

MARK

I'm sorry - the, um, bathroom? It's -

REED

Out there, on the right. The flush is broken in the cubicle nearest the wall. You might want to watch that.

MARK

Thanks. Appreciate it. Will do.

Menacing beat.

REED

I'm sorry for your loss. She was very special.

MARK

That's very kind. And yeah. She was.

A long moment. Both of them knowing.

Reed steps aside. Mark exits.

Angle on Mark's face as he walks away, trying to keep his composure.

Then Reed's POV - as Mark walks directly to Schenk -

63 **INT. SCU, RIPLEY'S DESK - DAY**

63

- who's at Ripley's desk, flipping through the LUCIEN BURGESS CASE FILE.

CLOSE ON CASE FILE: "SUBJECT ALLEGES ASSAULT BY DCI LUTHER"... "NO EVIDENCE FOUND"...

SCHENK
(closing case file)
How can I help?

MARK
I need to be away from here.

Schenk glances around - the commotion, the stress. Teller's closed office door.

SCHENK
Yes, possibly that is for the best. We could arrange an escort, a protective detail -

MARK
I don't think Luther will be back.

SCHENK
Even so, I hope you're not alone. It's not healthy. You should be with friends, family. People who love you.

MARK
Thank you. I do have - somewhere to go.

SCHENK
Excellent.

Mark glances at Reed.

MARK
Would you mind? I'd to...have a word. Privately. Outside?

SCHENK
Well, there's nowhere more private than in here.

MARK

Just a word. In the fresh air.

SCHENK

As you wish.

A beat between them. Then Mark exits - with Schenk as his unknowing BODYGUARD.

Mark is aware of REED'S EYES, watching from the locker room doorway.

He fights not to look. It's a superhuman effort.

He and Schenk reach the door. Exit.

64 **OMITTED**

64

65 **INT. SCU, LOCKER ROOM**

65

Reed turns, opens his locker. And confirms it. *Shit!* He searches for the diamonds with increasing desperation - and finally, inexpressible fury.

He gets himself together, then reaches deep into the locker - and FREES SOMETHING. A BLACK BOX about the size of a box of matches. Magnetic. We saw him fit it, earlier.

He slams the locker door and storms from the locker room.

66 **EXT. STREETS, MARK'S CAR - DAY**

66

Mark and Schenk pause outside Mark's car.

SCHENK

What was it you wanted to say?

MARK

It doesn't matter.

SCHENK

Mr North -

MARK

Seriously. It doesn't matter. It was nothing.

A beat, then Schenk concedes with a shrug.

SCHENK

As you say.

Mark gets in. Exhales. Drives away. Schenk watching.

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

67

Reed enters. He attaches ONE END of a USB CABLE to the box, the OTHER END to his COMPUTER - and we see - it's a PINHOLE CAMERA.

A few clicks of the mouse and he's downloading JERKY BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES of MARK NORTH TAKING THE DIAMONDS.

Reed snarls. Evokes MARK NORTH'S DETAILS on the computer. Lifts his phone.

REED

Yeah, DCI Reed here. Listen, do me a favour, yeah? Do me a quick track and trace, soon as?

(beat)

Cheers. Name's Mark North, that's Mark North, mobile number is 021 -

67A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY

67A

Schenk enters - just as Reed exits.

They pass each other in the doorway. A brief, courteous nod.

When Reed has gone, Schenk turns. Deeply concerned. Not quite knowing why. Not quite.

But closer. Definitely closer.

67B I/E. STREETS, MARK'S CAR - DAY

67B

Mark pulls over. Takes a moment to calm himself. Then takes a HAND DRAWN MAP from the glove compartment. It shows the rough FLOOR-PLAN of a LARGE BUILDING. Arrows have been drawn, leading from the MAIN DOOR to a SMALL CENTRAL ROOM.

He takes out his mobile. Dials.

MARK

I'm on my way.

69 EXT. REED'S CAR, STREETS - DAY

69

Reed hurries to his car. Opens the boot.

Lifts up a SAWN OFF SHOTGUN, wraps it in a grey blanket, removes it.

Gets in the driver's seat. Lays the shotgun in the front passenger footwell.

70 INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY

70

Mark at the wheel, the map on the seat next to him.

71 INT. REED'S CAR - DAY

71

Reed at the wheel. Following Mark on the IN-CAR GPS.

72 OMITTED

72

73 OMITTED

73

74 **OMITTED**

74

75 **INT. SCU, RIPLEY'S DESK - DAY**

75

Schenk is at Ripley's desk. He's watching and listening to the GRAINY VIDEO PLAYBACK of LUTHER AND REED'S EARLIER MEETING.

Luther leans forward. Grins. Whispers in Reed's ear.

Schenk can't hear what he says - it wasn't picked up by the mics. Then:

LUTHER (ON SCREEN)
*Tick tick tick. Where did they go?
Where could they have gone?*

Schenk is greatly perplexed now. He plays it again.

LUTHER (ON SCREEN) (cont'd)
*Tick tick tick. Where did they go?
Where could they have gone?*

Fast forward.

RIPLEY
(jumps to his feet)
JOHN! RUN!

Suddenly, Schenk whirls, exits, heads to the interview room

77 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

77

Ripley is at the desk, a glass of water before him. Deeply depressed.

Schenk enters. Pulls up a chair.

SCHENK
How long did you want to be a police officer, Justin?

RIPLEY
(perplexed)
Since I can remember. Why?

SCHENK
And why? Why a police officer?

RIPLEY
Does it matter?

SCHENK
Who can tell?

INTERCUT SCHENK - with REED following MARK

SCHENK (cont'd)
You've got brothers, sisters, a big family.

RIPLEY
Pretty big.

SCHENK
They're proud of you?

RIPLEY
Yes.

SCHENK
Family's important to you, isn't it?
Family, trust, loyalty. And rules.
Rules are important too.

RIPLEY
Yes.

Schenk slams his fist down on the desk, shocking Ripley.

SCHENK
So why throw it all away? For nothing?
You're not a fool. You're not corrupt,
either. So why?

Silence.

SCHENK (cont'd)
(shouts)
What do you have to lose? Your pride,
your self respect? Your job? Well,
they're gone! What's going on Justin?
Something's happening that no-one else
can quite see! Well I want to see it!
What's HAPPENING!?

78 **EXT. DECAYED WAREHOUSE, INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY**

78

We've come FULL CIRCLE. This place is very similar to the place we met John Luther - wild eyed and vengeful, in Episode 1.

Mark's car pulls up. Parks in front of a BROODING MONOLITH of a DECAYED WAREHOUSE.

A long, silent beat. Then Mark gets out. Map in hand. We see now that it corresponds to the old warehouse, marking a route within.

Mark approaches the door. The only sound...his footsteps on gravel. The door is blocked by massive sheets of corrugated iron.

He hauls aside the corrugated door. Horrible screech of metal on metal. He steps into the dripping gloom.

79 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE - DAY** 79

Stands there for a moment in the semi-darkness, lit by shafts of sunlight which smash through gaps in the ceiling, making the space almost cathedral-like.

The floor is littered with mysterious, random debris - shopping carts, shattered vinyl LPS, rotting collections of old magazines.

He orientates himself, using the hand-drawn map.

80 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTE LAND - DAY** 80

Two hundred metres away, hidden by the corner of another building, Reed's car pulls up.

81 **INT. REED'S CAR, INDUSTRIAL WASTE LAND - DAY** 81

Businesslike, Reed turns off his phone. Pockets it. Gathers up the sawn-off shotgun. Shoves a handful of shells into his pocket. Then gets out.

82 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTE LAND - DAY** 82

Reed squat-runs towards the old warehouse - reaches the door - eases himself through. Slow and silent.

83 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE - DAY** 83

Stands in the darkness where Mark stood. Forces himself to be still.

Listens.

The steady *plip* of water. The winter breeze playing through the boards on the windows, whipping up the pages of the discarded magazines.

A *footstep*.

Which way? That way.

Reed sets off in pursuit of Mark.

INTERCUT MARK and REED

Mark follows the map through the old building. His progress is hesitant, slow, apprehensive. He's alert to the looming darkness. His smallness. His helplessness.

Reed on his heels. A fleet predator. Coming closer.

84 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY** 84

Teller is with Cornish. Teller squeezes half a dozen Nurofen into her palm, dry-swallows them.

TELLER

We've thrown everything we've got after him. Even the Met's being cooperative.

CORNISH

Oh, the Met's loving it - our hour of need.

TELLER

- but candidly, sir, if Luther's gone to ground we'll never shake him loose. Chances are, he's in Berlin by now. Or halfway to St Petersburg. Somewhere bookish.

The DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Schenk enters. Breathless.

TELLER (cont'd)

Excuse me.

CORNISH

What is it, Martin?

SCHENK

We need to find Detective Chief Inspector Reed. Most urgently.

85 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE - DAY**

85

Reed stalks Mark deeper and deeper into the darkness - the sound of Mark's shuffling footfalls echoing, reverberating.

Reed's strides are slow, precise, almost silent.

He follows Mark along a metal walkway and, at last, into -

86 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE, FINAL ROOM - DAY**

86

- the final room.

It's dark, slippery underfoot. Machine parts, mouldy items of baby clothing. An ancient stereo.

Mark makes his way across this awful place - heading for the door in the opposite corner -

MARK

(whispers)
I've got it!

Behind him, Reed enters the room.

Hearing Mark's whisper, he knows he's near his goal. He raises the shotgun to his shoulder -

- and watches Mark step into the shadows of the NEXT ROOM.

Which is where Luther must be.

Reed sprints quietly forward.

Then STOPS.

Something's wrong.

He turns, raising the gun -

Too late!

LUTHER EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM - slips the garrotte over Reed's throat - pulls it tight -

Reed tries to cry out - strangulated - he clutches at the garrotte with one hand - wildly discharging the shot-gun with the other -

- the sound deafening, reverberating, thunderous in the confined space -

87 **INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE, ANTE-ROOM - DAY**

87

A small ante-room. No way out.

Mark stands in the doorway. Watching Luther and Reed. Stunned.

Behind him, Alice appears - cups a hand to his mouth, leads him into the darkness. Finger to her lips. Shhh.

MARK

This was the plan? Have him follow me here -?!

Her silence all the answer he needs.

MARK (cont'd)

Why didn't you tell me?

ALICE

Because he'd have seen it in you - and it wouldn't have worked.

Mark breaks from her grip. Goes to the doorway. Witnesses the TITANIC STRUGGLE between Luther and Reed.

88 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE, FINAL ROOM - DAY**

88

Luther and Reed are locked in a death struggle - Reed trying to free himself of the garrotte while trying to twist, turn the shotgun on Luther -

- Luther is choking Reed with the garrotte, the terrible exertion etched into every line on his face, every bulging vein

Reed discharges the weapon again - wildly -

- causing Luther to falter, lose his footing - Reed uses the moment - kicks backwards - driving Luther into the wall.

Luther falls - lets go of the garrotte -

Reed backs away. Nervous hands shake, fumbling with the sawn-off as he cracks it open.

Luther gets to his feet. Comes at Reed. Head lowered. Not rushing. A force of nature. Nemesis.

Reed backs away, fumbling, ejecting the spent cartridges.

REED

So you've got Ripley doing your dirty work for you, your dead wife's boyfriend stealing for you. What is about you, John, eh?

Luther is closer. Murder in his eyes. Reed loads new cartridges into the breach.

REED (cont'd)

You corrupt everyone around you. You spoil everything. You turn everything to shit.

He puts the shot-gun to his shoulder.

Too late.

Luther darts forward - grabs the barrel - wrests the gun from Reed's hands - throws Reed into the wall.

Reed hits the wall with bone crunching impact. Luther puts the shotgun to his forehead.

They stand there. Locked in eye contact. Luther's eyes burn with hatred.

LUTHER

All this. All this. What you did.

REED

What do you want me to say? I wish I hadn't killed her? I do. I wish I hadn't done it. I didn't want to. But I did it. And now here we are. So do what you need to do. Just commit.

LUTHER

She begged. She begged you.

Luther's intense rage. The finger tense on the trigger.

REED

Come on! Get it over with. It'll be a relief. I'm sick of it.

LUTHER

I know.

(long beat)

But I didn't come here to kill you,
Ian.

Luther steps away. Takes A DICTAPHONE from his pocket. Rewinds.

REED (ON TAPE)

*I didn't go there meaning to do it.
But I did it. And now, here we are. So
do what you need to do. Just commit.*

A beat.

LUTHER

Plus you'll have set up a camera in
your locker. That'll help.

Reed laughs. Bleak admiration in it.

REED

So all this - meeting me, sending her
boyfriend to the station, stealing the
diamonds. It was all a play? You set
me up? To get a confession?

LUTHER

Pretty much.

REED

If I was you, I'd've killed me.

LUTHER

There's nothing I'd like more.

REED

So do it. You know this is the end for
me. I've come so far, I don't even
care. I just want out of it.

Luther wavers. Sorely tempted.

LUTHER

No.

REED

Why not?

LUTHER

Because I choose not to.

Beat.

REED

She ever tell you about her and me?
Zoe? Oh, she didn't. Of course not. I
knew that.

LUTHER

What do you mean?

REED

It started one night - you'd stayed away once too often. Working.

LUTHER

This won't work.

REED

She cried afterwards. Washed the sheets. That's one of my memories of her - naked, crying, stuffing the sheets into the washing machine, get rid of the evidence. Calling me a bastard, an asshole. But she made me do it again before I left. How could I say no?

LUTHER

It's not going to work, Ian.

REED

She said I taught her how to really come.

Luther jams the gun to Reed's forehead, hard.

LUTHER

You can't play me. You can't make me do it. You don't get to choose.

REED

No, I can't play you! You're John Luther! Who sees all and knows all!

LUTHER

ENOUGH!

REED

Over the course of a marriage that long, that unhappy? A woman that needy? How many of us were there? Quite a few, I expect. Maybe you knew about some of them, deep down. But I think I was her favourite.

LUTHER

NO MORE, IAN! STOP!

REED

- because I was her revenge. Every orgasm she took from me was to pay you back.

Luther can't contain it any more - he BELLOWS his rage - strikes Reed with the barrel of the gun -

- throws the gun away. It goes skittering over the floor.

Luther takes Reed's throat in his hand.

LUTHER

No. More.

REED

And she was so ashamed. That's what got me. She hated herself, but she couldn't stop it.

Luther squeezes harder still. Just hate in his eyes now.

He's choking Reed. Killing him.

Reed's eyes roll white in the sockets. His feet kick. On instinct, he grabs Luther's wrists, struggles.

But Luther's too strong. Reed's legs begin to spasm.

Luther looks into his eyes. Watching the light leave them.

LUTHER

How does it feel, eh? You murdering bastard! HOW DOES IT FEEL?

The rage builds...and builds...until he's screaming incoherently -

And then - it's gone.

Luther loosens his grip. Steps back. And stands, blinking over the half-choked Reed.

LUTHER (cont'd)

No.

He gets himself together. Wipes the tears from his eyes.

Hauls Reed to his feet.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Ian Reed, I'm arresting you for the murder of Zoe Luther. You do not have to say anything -

But he's given Reed room to REACH BEHIND HIS BACK - and free the KNIFE he carries there. Reed lunges -

And STABS LUTHER.

Luther reels - clutching his ribs, blood surging between his fingers. Shock on his face.

He stumbles, falls to his knees. Reed kicks him in the guts. Luther crumples.

REED

(weeping)

You should have done it. Now look what you're making me do.

(kicks)

Look!

(kicks)

LOOK!

(kicks)

LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MAKING ME DO! YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED ME! LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MAKING ME DO!

Then he STOPS.

TURNS

To see Alice. Holding the shotgun.

After a confused beat, he recognises her.

REED (cont'd)

Are you -?

ALICE

Yep.

(smiles winningly)

He swore he wasn't going to kill you. He thought the humiliation of prison would be worse. The beatings, the rapes, the incessant fear for your life. I told him, no - he was wrong. Dying would be worse. Because honestly - well it is, isn't it. Dying's just worse.

Luther crawls away, dripping blood - tries to stand. Can't - not quite. Supports himself with the wall.

He glances between Alice and Reed. His breathing is bad.

Alice advances. Raising the shotgun.

ALICE (cont'd)

So? Do I pull the trigger or not?

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Well, I'm in favour. Which leaves us fifty-fifty, with one vote left to cast. Mark?

A beat, then Mark steps slowly into the room. Taking it all in.

ALICE (cont'd)

What do you think?

Mark is in an agony of grief and sorrow. It's harrowing, just to look at him.

MARK

(to Reed)
You're a liar.

LUTHER

He is. He's a liar. He can't face prison. He couldn't stand it.

ALICE

Deciding vote, Mark.

Reed stands there - eyes locked with Mark.

MARK

It's not enough to take her life?
Where's your RESPECT? Where's your SHAME?!

LUTHER

Don't listen to him. He wants to die.
Don't give him what he wants. Don't do it.

REED

She didn't look like a whore, did she?
Not dressed, anyway. Strip her down,
roll her round a bit...it was a
different story.

MARK

STOP! JUST STOP!

LUTHER

Mark, I know how much you want to do this. But don't. Not for him; he doesn't matter. For yourself. Because giving in to this, this anger, wanting to kill someone -

Mark glances at him.

LUTHER (cont'd)

- it changes you and everything around you. You want to be like you were...but you can't, because that person's gone. That's how I lost Zoe in the first place. So don't do this to yourself. Please. Don't.

Mark wavers. Torn. Until -

REED

It's a waste, really. She had a few good rides left in her.

Mark's face twists in disgust. He turns to Alice.

MARK

Do it.

No hesitation. Alice pulls the trigger. Reed is BLASTED INTO THE AIR by the energy of the shot. Falling in a screwed-up heap in the corner

Luther, Alice and Mark stand in shocked silence.

Bound together now.

Luther can barely breathe.

Alice wears the tiny hint of a satisfied smile.

Then - Luther hears it first. He frowns. Turns.

LUTHER

Oh no.

MARK

What?

Alice and Mark turn to it. It's growing louder.

Sirens.

89 **EXT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE - DAY**

89

EIGHT MARKED SQUAD CARS and SEVERAL VANS surround the warehouse at all angles. UNIFORMED OFFICERS, an ARMED ASSAULT TEAM. A HELICOPTER passes by overhead.

Schenk, Teller and Cornish make their way towards the decaying warehouse, the corrugated iron door -

SMASH CUT TO

90 **INT. DECAYING WAREHOUSE, FINAL ROOM - DAY**

90

Luther, Alice and Mark.

The blood. The knife. The wound to Luther's ribs. The shotgun in Alice's hand.

The corpse of Ian Reed.

Off screen, the sound of HELICOPTERS.

CLOSE ON: Luther's face.

*

LUTHER

What now?

And

*

SMASH CUT TO - END TITLES

*