

LUTHER

Written by

Neil Cross

Chernin Entertainment  
1733 Ocean Ave, Ste 300  
Santa Monica, CA 90401

SECOND REVISED NETWORK DRAFT  
1/16/15

BBC Worldwide Productions  
10351 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90025

20th Century Fox Television  
10201 W Pico Blvd  
Los Angeles, CA 90035

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT © 2015 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD, OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION.  
DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

**EXT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Police lights shimmer blue in the heavy rain, shining on a MASSIVE POLICE OPERATION outside a RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK.

**INT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Inside, the drywall has been ripped from the walls. A cop enters, dust covered - approaches CAPTAIN MAGGIE HELLER, who's considering a photograph of a young girl (MILLIE, 10.)

HELLER

Nothing?

Heller exchanges a pained, anxious look with DETECTIVE STEVE CAFFREY - who shrugs.

CAFFREY

Keep trying.

CUT TO:

**EXT. AGATHA'S HOME - NIGHT**

In sheeting rain, A DILAPIDATED '72 MUSTANG pulls up outside an immaculate Queen Anne standing in its own grounds.

Beside the spotless home, the car looks like it's recently risen from the grave.

From it emerge DETECTIVE ISOBEL HOWIE (early 30s), closely followed by DETECTIVE JOHN LUTHER: Steve McQueen in a good suit and butterscotch trench-coat.

Huddled against the weather, they hurry to the door, ring the bell.

A VERY OLD WOMAN answers. This is AGATHA HAMMOND. An imposing, regal presence. Greying pre-Raphaelite hair.

LUTHER

(badges her)

Agatha Hammond? Detectives Howie and Luther -

AGATHA

Is it about my son?

Luther exchanges a glance with Howie. Then nods, tucks his badge into his coat, follows the old woman inside.

**INT. AGATHA'S HOME - NIGHT**

Crepuscular, high Victorian interior. You can almost smell the beeswax. Walls hung with modernist art. Abstract sculptures on plinths.

Agatha sits in a winged armchair. She's very anxious. Wrings her hands, knotty with arthritis.

Luther and Howie perch on the edge of a floral couch.

LUTHER

I'm truly sorry to do this to you, but  
I'm afraid time's not our friend right  
now.

He glances at a SONOROUSLY TICKING antique clock: 11:54. Then passes Agatha a copy of the picture Heller was looking at.

LUTHER (cont'd)

We believe your son abducted this  
girl. Her name's Millie. Millie  
Citron.

Agatha considers the photo. Tears in her eyes. Hand shaking.

Luther digs out his phone.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I'm afraid this might be difficult to  
hear, but I need you to understand the  
gravity of this situation. This is a  
recording of a phone call Henry  
compelled Millie to make to her  
mother.

He hits PLAY. We hear TERRIFIED, CHILDISH BREATHING - and a  
DISTANT, LOST CHILD'S VOICE down a CRACKLING PHONE LINE.

MILLIE (V.O.)

*Mom?... Mommy, are you there?... He  
says he wants to see inside me. Mommy,  
where are you?... MOMMY! WHERE ARE  
YOU?! WHERE ARE YOU MOMMY???! MOMMY!!*

AGATHA

Stop it. Please.

Luther stops the recording.

AGATHA (cont'd)

Dear God above. Oh, dear God.

Luther leans forward. Benevolent, but intent. Fixing Agatha on his gaze.

LUTHER

Millie Citron has until midnight.  
Right now, it's eleven fifty-five. And  
Mrs Hammond - we can't find her.

Agatha toys with her bare wedding ring finger.

Luther looks at the pale band of flesh where the wedding ring once was.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So I need you to tell me. Do you have any idea where Henry might be?

AGATHA

I'm sorry. It's been years. There are times the phone goes and nobody's there. And I wonder. And sometimes when you're locking up at night, you forget to close the drapes. You glance outside and you do think - there's someone out there. In the darkness at the end of the garden.

She plucks at her knee, can't meet Luther's eye.

AGATHA (cont'd)

But no. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Luther's gaze sweeps the room, takes in PICTURES OF AGATHA AND HER LATE HUSBAND. And PETER HAMMOND. As a CHILD. As a YOUNG MAN. Something wrong with his eyes, even then.

Agatha stares helplessly at her hands. Tugs on them, knuckle by knuckle.

LUTHER

I know this is very distressing. Can I get you a glass of water?

AGATHA

That would be very kind. Thank you.

Luther stands, heads to the kitchen.

Howie reaches out, holds Agatha's hand.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Heller glares at her watch. Five minutes to midnight.

HELLER

He was wrong. She's not here.

Heller looks eloquently around, at the shell of the apartment.

CAFFREY

He said she's here. So she's here.

CUT TO:

**INT. AGATHA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Luther enters, finds glasses in a high cupboard, draws off a glass of water.

On the rain-lashed window behind the sink he notices a small jar of petroleum jelly. The lid is loose.

Luther looks at it.

He thinks for a moment, then takes a tiny bit of petroleum jelly from the jar - and uses it to remove his WEDDING RING.

A beat. Then he slips the ring back on his finger.

Then digs out his phone. Awkwardly thumbs out a text message.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Howie's phone VIBRATES. She reaches for it. Sees an INCOMING TEXT from Luther. She reads it. Her eyes widen.

She shoots Luther a look as he enters. He ignores her.

She pockets the phone. Waits.

Luther passes the glass to Agatha Hammond. She takes a birdlike sip.

Luther pats down his pockets, digs out a notebook and a pen. He writes something on the pad as he speaks.

LUTHER

Mrs Hammond, it's important you understand that nobody blames you for this. Nobody thinks this is your fault.

AGATHA

That's easy for you to say. While a child is dying out there somewhere.

Luther shows the notebook to Agatha.

ON NOTEBOOK: **DID HE TAKE YOUR WEDDING RING?**

A long, tense beat. Then she tears up. Nods.

Luther writes.

ON NOTEBOOK: **IS HE IN THE HOUSE NOW?**

Tears in Agatha's eyes as she reads. Nods again.

Luther points to his mouth: *YOU NEED TO KEEP TALKING*

AGATHA (cont'd)

But you're a very kind man for saying  
so.

Luther writes: **WHERE IS HE?**

Agatha's eyes look pointedly UPSTAIRS.

LUTHER

Detective Howie, why not take Mrs  
Hammond to get some air?

Howie shoots Luther a look: *Are you sure?*

Luther nods.

Howie takes Agatha by the elbow, leads her to the kitchen.  
Agatha is shaking so badly she's finding it difficult to walk.

Luther waits until they've left the room. Then he steps into

**THE HALLWAY**

And stands at the foot of the stairs. Looking up into darkness.

He checks his watch: 11:57.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Howie helps Agatha towards the kitchen door.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Luther takes the stairs slowly. Edges along the dark landing.

He opens a BEDROOM DOOR. Stands framed in darkness.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Howie tries the kitchen door. It's locked. She turns to ask for  
the key -

- sees a TERRIFYINGLY DEMONIC LOOK in Agatha's eyes before

AGATHA STABS HER UNDER THE STERNUM WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE.

Howie collapses. Wide eyed.

Agatha's face twists in hatred as she BELLOWS

AGATHA

PETER! RUN!

She looms over Howie, raising the knife - as Howie struggles  
for her sidearm.

Howie SHOOTS.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Luther reacts to the GUNSHOT - which is when PETER HAMMOND bursts from the shadows - a screaming mink of a man in suit and tie - wielding a BALL-PEEN HAMMER and a STRAIGHT-RAZOR.

He strikes out at Luther with the razor - slices Luther's face - Luther steps back - raising his arm as a shield - Hammond slashes at his forearm - sets about him with the hammer.

Luther goes down - Hammond kicks him - then runs -

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Hammond vaults the stairs - heads to the front door - fumbles with the lock, his hands wet with blood. He opens the door.

Luther vaults the stairs - bleeding and battered - he slams into Hammond. Smashes him into the door. He grabs Hammond's shoulders, slams him into the wall -

Hammond grins, and with a muscular movement of the tongue, produces a RAZOR BLADE from inside his mouth - grips it between his teeth, slashes at Luther.

Luther steps back - grabs Hammond's wrist, twists it, jams it between his shoulders.

Hammond CRIES OUT, drops the razor.

Luther throws him to the floor. Kicks him in the ribs three times. Then drags him down the hallway into the

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Luther looks around at blood and chaos. The agony of Howie's breathing. Agatha Hammond, dead by the door.

He cuffs Hammond to the oven door, then runs to Howie. She's alive. Just. Her breath comes in UGLY, SUCKING GASPS.

Hands shaking, Luther rips open Howie's shirt. Blood froths at the lips of her chest wound.

Luther digs out his wallet, removes a credit card. Presses it to the wound.

LUTHER

Isobel. Izzy. Your lung's punctured. I need you to press here. Can you do that. Can you press here?

He guides her weak hand to PRESS DOWN ON THE CREDIT CARD -

- then frantically ransacks the kitchen drawers until he finds a roll of SARAN WRAP.

He rips off a square of plastic film, holds it to the sucking wound. Howie's next breath sucks it in a little, sealing the hole.

Hammond watches, grinning.

HAMMOND

Aren't you going to call it in?

LUTHER

I texted it in, Peter. They're coming.

Luther manhandles Howie to a sitting position, tightly wraps her abdomen in plastic film.

LUTHER (cont'd)

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

He glances at the kitchen clock: two minutes to midnight.

Hammond watches it, too. Grinning.

Luther stands. Approaches Hammond.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So where is she? Where's Millie Citron?

Hammond's grin widens.

Distantly off screen, SIRENS APPROACH.

LUTHER (cont'd)

You're not going to tell me, are you? I arrest you and you sit in silence, revelling in it. Knowing a child is dying in the dark while you're surrounded by all these cops who can't do a thing about it. That must be quite a buzz.

Hammond just sits there. Grinning.

Luther glances at Howie.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Hold on, Izzy. They're nearly here. Can you hear them?

She makes a noise. He's not sure if it's an answer or not.

A beat.

Then Luther GRABS HAMMOND'S NECK - and as Hammond frantically struggles, he WRAPS PLASTIC FILM AROUND AND AROUND HIS HEAD.

He steps back. Hammond's face has been mummified in plastic.



Hammond panics. Struggles for breath. His eyes gaping. His mouth open.

He begs. A muffled howl. Imploring Luther. Beseeching him.

Luther watches for longer than we can stand it.

Behind him, the clock ticks. One minute to midnight.

Hammond struggles like a fly on a pin. His movements grow convulsive, spasmodic. He's dying.

At last, Luther kneels. Puts his face to Hammond's.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Where is she?

Hammond's trying to say something: *Okay okay okay!*

Luther extends his index finger - and pokes a hole in the plastic. Hammond takes in a great breath.

HAMMOND

The roof! For God's sake, she's on the roof!

**EXT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Caffrey answers his RINGING PHONE.

CAFFREY

(listens. Runs)

Roof!

**EXT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT**

Caffrey bursts onto the roof, followed by Heller and several cops. All carrying sledge hammers and crow bars.

Caffrey races up the ladder to -

THE RAMSHACKLE WATER TOWER

The others are moments behind. They hammer and smash at the side of the tower - until they're drenched by the SUDDEN FLOW of WATER POURING FROM THE BREACH THEY'VE CREATED.

Shivering, sodden, steaming in the cold winter air, they widen the breach with crowbars, tear at it with their hands. Caffrey sees A FLOATING MASS: A SACKING FORM WITH PLASTIC SHEETING TAPED AROUND IT. Like a giant pupa.

It has an oxygen cylinder attached.

Caffrey drags out the pupa. Lays it on the platform. Digs out a knife, slices it open with a shaking hand - revealing MILLIE CITRON. Breathing apparatus taped to her mouth.

Dead?

CAFFREY  
(on phone)  
She's here!

**INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Luther watches Hammond.

LUTHER  
She alive?

**EXT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT**

CAFFREY  
Can't tell.

Heller lifts Millie from the pupa, lays her out. Listens to her chest. Clears vomit from her airway. Performs CPR.

Caffrey keeps the phone to his ear until -

- Millie takes in a HUGE WHOOP OF AIR and sits up - looking around. Wide eyed, disoriented, terror stricken.

Heller cries out, embraces her.

HELLER  
Oh, good girl. Good girl. Good girl.

CAFFREY  
John! We got her! We got her!

CUT TO:

**INT. AGATHA'S HOME - NIGHT**

Luther hangs up.

He looks down on Hammond. A grotesque, broken thing.

Off-screen, the SIRENS ARE COMING CLOSER.

Luther thinks.

Then he pulls out a FRESH LENGTH OF PLASTIC WRAP. Gets in Hammond's face.

LUTHER  
Now tell me about the others. Because  
there were others, right?

And as Luther moves in, we

END TEASER

ACT 1

**EXT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - SUNRISE**

JOHN LUTHER stands before "Man Enters the Cosmos" - a large bronze by Henry Moore. He's watching the winter sun rise over Chicago. Reflecting molten in the towers of glass. Gold across the lake.

TITLE OVER: SEVEN MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORGAN HOME - SUNRISE**

An impressive, leafy, upper-class home in Kenwood.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - VARIOUS - SUNRISE**

Utter stillness. Tracking up the silent stairs. Along the silent hallway.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - BEDROOM 1 - SUNRISE**

DOUGLAS MORGAN (60s) is propped up in bed. Head slumped at a bizarre angle. A flower of blood and brains on the wall behind him. His lower mandible has been blow away.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - BEDROOM 2 - SUNRISE**

LAURA MORGAN (54) lies dead. Shot through the eye.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - KITCHEN - SUNRISE**

A tableau. Eerie in the morning stillness. On the worktop - a carton of milk. A loaf of bread. A Chicago *Tribune*.

A GOLDEN RETRIEVER dead in the doorway. Head blown to jam.

And... MOVEMENT.

Plastered in blood, clutching at a streaming head-wound, ALICE MORGAN crawls slowly towards a BROKEN CELL-PHONE on the floor. She's whimpering. In terrible pain.

With a bloody, shaking hand, she DIALS 911.

**EXT. MORGAN HOME - SUNRISE**

As POLICE UNITS arrive, Alice stands propped up in the doorway - still holding the phone. Wide eyed, blood-drenched. Terrified almost beyond sanity by whatever she's witnessed inside -

- an island of BLOODY STILLNESS in BLUE-FLASHING CHAOS.

FADE UP TO:

**EXT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - SUNRISE**

Luther's reverie is interrupted by the arrival of MAGGIE HELLER, bundled up in hat and coat. She stops next to him. They consider the city.

HELLER  
You ever sleep?

LUTHER  
Only during office hours.

HELLER  
So anyway.

He shoots her a look. She milks the moment a little.

HELLER (cont'd)  
Internal Affairs closed the book. No case to answer. You did what you could, at great risk to life and *et cetera*.

He nods. Good.

HELLER (cont'd)  
And it stays like that. Assuming Peter Hammond doesn't wake up and give a different account of what happened. Is that going to happen?

LUTHER  
Which?

HELLER  
Either.

LUTHER  
Guy's a malignant narcissist, had an aneurysm while resisting; who's to say what kind of kinky fairy-tale he'd weave? If he ever came round. Which I understand he's not about to.

She gives him a knowing look. Then shows him his BADGE.

HELLER  
It's yours. If you want it.

Their eyes meet. She asks him a silent question.

Luther takes the badge. Considers it for several seconds, then slips it into his pocket.

She gestures - *Shall we?* They head to the parking lot.

LUTHER  
So, do I get the speech?

HELLER

What speech?

LUTHER

I don't know. I was expecting a speech.

HELLER

You want a speech, write your own. Have you spoken to Zoe?

LUTHER

Yeah. We speak.

HELLER

You know where you stand?

LUTHER

It was a trial separation; I tried it, didn't like it. I stand there.

HELLER

She feel the same?

LUTHER

Let's see.

HELLER

Well, that's the difference between her and me. She talks about taking you back. I actually do it.

**EXT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - PARKING LOT - MORNING**

In the parking lot waits JUSTIN WONG (20s), sheepish in a new suit and colorful tie.

HELLER

Detective John Luther. Detective Justin Wong.

WONG

Detective.

They shake.

LUTHER

John. Good to meet you.

WONG

Actually, we kind of worked together once. On the Sidney Jackson thing.

(beat)

I was still in uniform.

LUTHER

Yeah! I remember. You did good work on that thing.

Wong knows he's lying, and appreciates the kindness.

WONG

So, um, welcome back and so on.

Luther glances at Heller. Who gives him a nod; *Off you go.*

LUTHER

You driving? Because I don't like to drive. My mind wanders.

WONG

Sure.

Luther throws him the keys. They head to Luther's car.

LUTHER

So - do we need to have the chat?

WONG

What chat?

LUTHER

Hammond. Internal Affairs. That chat.

WONG

Then no. We don't need the chat.

(opens car door, pauses)

I lobbied to be stationed with you. I put in the request nine months ago. I chased it up three times a week, in writing.

Ah.

WONG (cont'd)

(re: car)

So - it's got to make point five past light speed, right?

Luther looks at him in utter bafflement.

A moment of mutual embarrassment. Then they get in.

**INT. LUTHER'S CAR - MORNING**

Wong adjusts the driver's seat. Checks out the controls with a degree of wonderment - as if they belonged to a Sputnik.

Embarrassed, he glances at Luther - who's looking out the window, pretending not to notice.

Finally, Wong lets go the emergency brake, pulls away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORGAN HOME - MORNING**

Wong pulls up. He and Luther get out, approach the crime scene: Police tape. Marked cars. Crime scene van. Many UNIFORMED COPS.

Curious heads turn to follow Luther. He ignores them.

WONG

Home invasion, murder. Victims are Douglas and Laura Morgan. Economist and Neurosurgeon, respectively.

LUTHER

Who called it in?

WONG

Surviving victim. The daughter, Alice Morgan. She's out buying milk and bread, comes home. Disturbs the shooter. Survives a gunshot to the head. Shooter removes himself from the scene.

LUTHER

She live with the parents?

WONG

Nope. She's here for the father's birthday.

LUTHER

So what does that say to you?

WONG

That the shooter's done his homework; he's been scoping the place, watching their movements. Doesn't expect the daughter to be here.

LUTHER

So we need to look for possible vantage points, hiding places with good line of sight. See if he left anything behind.

They pause to tuck ties into shirts.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Nice tie. Your mom buy it for you?

WONG

My husband.

LUTHER

Man, you must love this guy.

They duck under the tape, head inside -

**INT. MORGAN HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING**

- enter through the kitchen door, weave through COPS, CSI.

WONG

First responders have this down as  
point of entry; daughter thinks maybe  
she left it unlocked.

LUTHER

Or the shooter had a key.

They step over the bloody corpse of the dog. Head upstairs.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - LAURA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Luther studies Laura. Tenderness in his eyes. He notices PILLS  
at the bedside.

LUTHER

Sleeping pills and separate bedrooms.  
What does that say to you?

WONG

Can't say. Sometimes separate beds  
make for a happy marriage.

LUTHER

That's a very generous thought.  
(turns to Wong. Really sees  
him)  
That's good.

Wong basks in Luther's approval.

Luther turns to the body, commits the scene to memory, exits.

**INT. MORGAN HOME - DOUGLAS'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Luther examines the body with compassion but no sentimentality.  
Circling the bed, hands buried in pockets. Never still.

LUTHER

More often than not with this kind of  
thing, if the offender's known to the  
victim he tries to stage the scene -  
make it look like murder-suicide,  
burglary gone wrong. Something.  
There's none of that. No staging. No  
sexual assault. No rage. No guilt.  
It's fast and dispassionate.

WONG

Which favors it being a pro hit.

LUTHER

Looks that way. I mean; it's well  
planned.



LUTHER (cont'd)

He's quick to eliminate physical threats - dog first, Douglas next. Laura last, because the pills keep her asleep. Daughter surprises him. That definitely works.

(then)

We find the weapon yet?

WONG

Nope.

LUTHER

Yeah. Guy's a pro, he ditches the weapon at the scene.

WONG

We're still searching. House, grounds, drains. Nothing so far. Actually, victims aside, there's no physical evidence of any kind. Guy's kind of a a ninja.

(then)

You okay?

LUTHER

Dunno. Does it seem off to you?

WONG

Off in what way?

LUTHER

I don't know. Just off. It's off.

Out on Luther. Puzzled.

**EXT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL CRIME UNIT - DAY**

Luther and Wong head to a SLIGHTLY ANONYMOUS, DEDICATED TASK FORCE BUILDING on WORKING-CLASS BACK-STREETS.

Luther produces his phone, nods for Wong to go in ahead of him, then paces as he dials his wife - full of nervous energy.

**EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

The glittering, hi-rise offices of a downtown law firm.

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - DAY**

En route to a meeting, ZOE LUTHER (30s, devastating) stops, juggling laptop and case folders, to answer her RINGING PHONE.

ZOE

John?

INTERCUT ZOE AND LUTHER

LUTHER  
Hey! So guess what?

ZOE  
What?

LUTHER  
I'm back!

ZOE  
Oh, John. That's such - that's really good news. That's great news. I mean, I knew it, obviously. But - wow. That's great. That's really, really great. That's such good news.

LUTHER  
You okay? You sound a little -

ZOE  
I'm fine. Just on my way to a meeting. Can we talk later?

LUTHER  
Absolutely. That's why I'm calling. We need to have that talk.

ZOE  
We do. We really do. Absolutely.

LUTHER  
Okay. So. Tonight?

ZOE  
Tonight? Agh.

LUTHER  
"Agh"?

ZOE  
I've got a dinner.

LUTHER  
Agh.

ZOE  
I know, right? But what can I do? Look, I have to go. Be careful. Look after yourself. Eat.

LUTHER  
I'm eating. I've eaten. I'll eat.

ZOE  
Okay. Look, I'm sorry. I really do have to go.

LUTHER  
Okay. Tonight, then.

ZOE  
Okay. Tonight.

Zoe hesitates. Doesn't know what else to say. Hangs up.

Luther pockets his phone. Takes a breath. Enters the building.

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL CRIME UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY**

Luther steps onto the busy bullpen of the SERIOUS AND SERIAL CRIME UNIT (SSCU) - and laughs as

EVERYONE STANDS TO APPLAUD HIS RETURN, WONG INCLUDED.

Caffrey steps forward. He and Luther hug it out.

So do Luther and BENNY "DEADHEAD" BURGESS -- their Tech Forensics guy, resembling a refugee from Burning Man.

**INT. SSCU - OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Luther walks to the door of the interview room. Hesitates - enjoys the moment. Good to be back.

Then he opens the door and steps through -

**INT. SSCU - OBS ROOM - DAY**

Wong and Heller enter a room kitted out with monitors fed by cameras in the interview room. They observe while -

**INT. SSCU - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Alice looks up as Luther enters. She has the saintly air of the deeply shocked and heavily medicated. There's a dressing behind her ear.

LUTHER  
Ms. Morgan?

ALICE  
Alice, please.

Luther sits. He's low-key, compassionate.

LUTHER  
I'm Detective Luther. John. May I?

Alice nods - *go ahead*. Luther sits.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
How are you?

ALICE

It's not as bad as it looks. Most of it's burn. My ear-drum burst. It seemed to bleed a lot.

LUTHER

Head wounds will do that. They give you a CT scan?

ALICE

They did. I'm fine.

LUTHER

You must be tired, though, right?

ALICE

I don't think I've ever been so tired.

LUTHER

It's shock. It's how we react. It's one of those strange things.

This small moment of compassion moves her almost to tears.

LUTHER (cont'd)

So listen. I know this has been a terrible day. I know things look bleak and you feel very alone. But believe me when I say, we'll do everything possible to get whoever did this.

ALICE

Thank you.

LUTHER

But these things I'm going to ask - I have to ask them. I'm sorry.

She sniffs. Nods. Go on.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Do you have any idea who might have wished your parents harm? Even if it's just a feeling, a sense of unease about someone - something you heard your mom or dad say, maybe? Something that didn't sit right.

ALICE

No. There's nothing. Mom was - a very kind, very gracious woman.

LUTHER

And your dad?

ALICE

He was a very admirable man.

LUTHER

The thing is, Alice - this was kind of a singular crime. No sign of robbery, no apparent - I'm sorry - no sexual motivation. Now, I've been a cop since dinosaurs roamed the earth, and one of the things I've learned in that time is: terrible crimes like this don't happen without motive. I know it's painful, but I need you to dig deep and really think - about any money worries your parents may have been experiencing, perhaps any marital difficulties...

ALICE

I've done nothing but think. All I do is think. There's nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Their eyes meet. Her gaze is wide, wounded.

ALICE (cont'd)

I wish I could tell you more. I've got this feeling; like I'm looking at it down the wrong end of a telescope.

LUTHER

That's not uncommon. Under stress, we remember things in strange ways; different parts of the brain take over.

He makes a note. Alice's eyes flick to him as he writes.

He drifts off for a moment. Stares at the paper. Dry-washes his face with his hands - then YAWNS, extravagantly.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

ALICE

There's no need. It must be exhausting. All the concentration.

A moment. Something in Luther's eyes.

Alice sees it. Something has changed between them.

LUTHER

Can I get you a coffee, maybe?

ALICE

A green tea would be nice.

He stands, aching and stiff. Paperwork under his arm. Exits.

**INT. SSCU - OBS ROOM - DAY**

Luther enters at speed - the tiredness was a ruse. He's energized, euphoric. He hits a KEY COMBINATION on a laptop.

ON MONITORS: *Luther YAWNS, extravagantly.*

LUTHER

*I'm sorry.*

ALICE

*There's no need.*

Back to Luther as he hits PAUSE.

LUTHER

She didn't yawn.

HELLER

Then off with her head.

LUTHER

Seriously. Yawning's contagious. Someone in a room yawns, you yawn too. Even talking about it -  
(he waits; Heller and Wong both suppress a yawn)  
See? It's got to do with the parts of the brain dealing with empathy. The precuneus and posterior temporal gyrus. She's a narcissist. She did it. She killed them.

A pause. They consider Alice.

HELLER

Honestly. She doesn't look the type.

LUTHER

Well, that's the thing about people. They never stop surprising you.

**INT. HARDEEP, FORD AND VARGAS - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

Zoe walks towards her office. Her SECRETARY approaches.

SECRETARY

Marcus North is here to see you. He says it's urgent.

Zoe tuts, checks her watch.

SECRETARY (cont'd)

I'm sorry. He just -

ZOE

Never mind. It's fine.

They stop outside her office. MARCUS NORTH is waiting.  
Handsome, tousled, dishevelled. Frayed corduroy jacket, jeans.

MARCUS

Ms. Luther. I'm Marcus North, from -

ZOE

(shaking his hand)

I remember, yes.

She ushers him into her office, closes the door.

**INT. HARDEEP, FORD AND VARGAS - ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Zoe stands there. Facing Marcus North. He stands, facing her.

And before you know it, they're kissing.

**END OF ACT 1**

**ACT 2**

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Zoe breaks away from the kiss.

MARCUS  
Did you tell him?

Her silence says it all.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Zoe, he needs to know. All this sneaking around, it's crazy! You've been separated for months! He's the only one who doesn't seem to know it.

ZOE  
I know, I know. But I just couldn't tell him while he was - y'know. And now I wake up, I feel sick. I've got this permanent knot in my stomach. It's going to kill him.

MARCUS  
You can't keep lying. It's cruel.

Her eyes soften, grow sad. Because she knows he's right.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - HELLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Heller, Wong and Luther consider the FEED OF A SERENE ALICE.

WONG  
Nothing in her affect points to survivor guilt - "Why them? Why not me?" That's pretty atypical.

HELLER  
So her affect's off. It could be shock - medication. Whatever.

LUTHER  
Could be, yeah. Except it's not.

HELLER  
Why not?

LUTHER  
Because she did it.

HELLER  
Timeline doesn't work. She wakes early, heads out to buy milk. That's confirmed by security cameras at 7.22. She can't be home much before 7:30.



HELLER (cont'd)

She walks in, everyone's dead. Makes the emergency call at 7.32. Stays on the line until the services arrive. Which gives her two minutes to kill mom, dad and Spuds McKenzie, fake a gunshot wound to the head, lose the weapon and all physical evidence, dial 911. There's not enough time.

LUTHER

There's not enough anything. Absence is the point. It's her way of saying "look at me".

HELLER

So where *is* the gun? It's got to be somewhere. Everything's somewhere.

LUTHER

I don't know.

HELLER

Say that again. That was a special moment and it passed so quickly.

LUTHER

I don't know.

Out on Luther. Considering Alice.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Luther enters awkwardly, carrying two mugs. He passes one to Alice. She sips.

LUTHER

Your chair okay? Comfortable?

ALICE

It's fine, thank you

LUTHER

Because sometimes we like to shorten one of the legs. It means a suspect can't get comfortable, can't relax. They're always unbalanced. Too hot?

Eye contact. Alice noting the implied shift in her status.

ALICE

Really. I'm fine.

A connection between them. A knowledge. Almost flirtatious.

Luther glances at his notes.

LUTHER

I see you got your Ph.D. at eighteen -  
astrophysics, was it?

ALICE

"Dark Matter Distribution in Disc  
Galaxies."

LUTHER

Dark Matter. That's the stuff that -  
makes up the universe. Except we can't  
see it. It doesn't interact with the  
stuff we know about in the way we'd  
expect.

ALICE

No, but its presence can be inferred  
from gravitational effects on visible  
matter. We know it's there. We just  
can't see it. Would many police  
officers be able to gain my trust by  
having this conversation?

LUTHER

Well, I just like to read books.

ALICE

It beats burning them.

LUTHER

You, though - you're the one who's  
practically a genius.

ALICE

Practically?

She raises a feline eyebrow.

Luther grins - satisfied and predatory. Two people - sizing  
each other up. Knowing each other for what they are... and  
*liking* each other.

LUTHER

So you went to the Sorbonne at -?

ALICE

Thirteen.

LUTHER

Wow. That's young. That's very young.  
I mean, it's bad enough, just being  
the smart one in the family; these  
kids, prodigies, they have it really  
tough. They're not one thing, they're  
not another. Freaks, really.

(beat)

I expect your parents were proud,  
though.

ALICE

Very. When I was nine, I proved *tan-1X* (*tangent minus one -x*). I didn't know at the time that James Gregory got there three hundred years before me. But still. They bought me a dress. Got me on the news.

LUTHER

Still. What must it have been like? You're thirteen, your classmates are - what? - twenty, twenty-two? No friends your own age. No boyfriends.

ALICE

That's quite a presumption. Actually, I matured very early. Sexually.

He meets that challenge with unwavering eye.

LUTHER

I guess you're familiar with Ockham's Razor?

ALICE

"All things being equal, the simplest solution is the best solution."

LUTHER

And what that principle tells me is, the only other person we know to have been in your parents' house this morning - well, it was you.

ALICE

I don't see how it's possible to arrive at that conclusion.

LUTHER

There's no evidence of an intruder.

ALICE

But absence of evidence isn't evidence of absence.

LUTHER

Okay, fine. I'm making a leap - but it's a tiny leap. More of a hop, really. A skip.

She gives him a celestial smile.

ALICE

Is this where you ask if I hated my parents?

LUTHER

It's about that time, yeah.

ALICE

Did they make me a freak? Yes. Did I hate them? Absolutely. Did I kill them? No.

LUTHER

Can you prove that?

ALICE

I can't prove a negative. It can't be done.

LUTHER

Well, innocence is a negative. It's the absence of guilt.

ALICE

Meaning the burden of proof is entirely yours. If you think I did this, then you need to demonstrate how and when.

He sits back. Gazing at her in frank admiration.

LUTHER

And I won't be able to do that, will I?

ALICE

Well, you can certainly try.

LUTHER

Because there's nothing. You don't interact with the stuff we know about in the way we'd expect. Your presence, your actions, they can only be inferred by - a certain absence.

ALICE

Is that a compliment?

LUTHER

Absolutely. And honestly, it's well deserved. I applaud you.

ALICE

I hope you're not trying to beguile me.

LUTHER

I wouldn't be so silly. But here's the thing, Alice. Right now, you can revel in your cleverness. But people slip up. Every single time. No matter how brilliant they may be -

ALICE

Well, that's just faulty logic postulated on imperfect data collection. What if you only catch people who make mistakes? That would skew the figures, wouldn't it?

LUTHER

Wouldn't it just. But really, that's the thing. Most criminals, they're just not as clever as they think they are.

ALICE

Well. That must get monotonous. For someone as brilliant as you.

They share a knowing smile.

Then Luther stands. Picks up his paperwork. Exits.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - HELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Luther and Heller.

HELLER

So what am I supposed to charge her with? Being a space oddity?

LUTHER

Killing them!

HELLER

We've got no evidence, no motive.

LUTHER

She hated her parents.

HELLER

Seriously, who doesn't? There's no forensics, no witnesses. Timeline alone gets it laughed out by the DA.

LUTHER

You saw her! It excites her, that we know she did this.

HELLER

So bring me something of substance; find me the murder weapon, put it in her hand. Until then - cut her loose.

Out on Luther. Knowing she's right.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

Alice looks up as Luther enters.

LUTHER  
Thanks for your help. You're free to go.

She smiles, stands. Perfectly composed. Steps up to him. Very close. Very intimate.

ALICE  
I enjoyed our chat.

LUTHER  
Me, too.

ALICE  
You're very interesting. I might decide to keep you.

Luther breaks eye contact, steps aside. And Alice walks away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE APARTMENTS - NIGHT**

Mies van der Rohe's iconic, hyper-modernist essay in steel and glass. The place Alice calls home.

**INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

It's minimalist. Walls hung with cosmological images. Vast spiral galaxies. Exploding nebulae.

Alice sips coffee, watches 24 HOUR NEWS - BODIES BEING REMOVED FROM THE MORGAN HOME. Bored, she turns off the TV. Goes to her laptop.

ON SCREEN: multiple headlines concerning Luther's ARREST OF PETER HAMMOND - "SUSPECTED CHILD KILLER IN COMA FOLLOWING ARREST." PICTURES OF HOWIE, ACCEPTING A BRAVERY AWARD. Then LUTHER'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE, on which is listed HIS WIFE - ZOE GILLIAN LUTHER, NEE CORNELL.

Alice smiles. Digs deeper. And deeper. And deeper.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT**

Luther rings the bell. Waits, nervous and pacing, until Zoe comes to the door. Doubly devastating in an evening dress.

LUTHER  
Wow! New dress!  
(remembers: it's not for him)

LUTHER (cont'd)

Oh - right. You had a dinner. You look amazing!

ZOE

Come in.

**INT. LUTHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Luther follows her into the living room. She doesn't sit. Just picks up a glass of wine and stands there, anxious and tense.

LUTHER

What's wrong?

ZOE

You look tired.

LUTHER

I'm okay. What's wrong?

ZOE

John, I know what you came here to discuss. But before you say anything, you need to know: I met somebody.

LUTHER

I'm sorry?

ZOE

I met someone.

LUTHER

What do you mean? Met who?

ZOE

I met someone.

LUTHER

Who?

ZOE

Someone.

LUTHER

What do you mean? When?

ZOE

A while ago.

LUTHER

Who?

ZOE

It doesn't matter.

He stands there. Trying to work it through.

LUTHER

Of course it matters. Are you sleeping with him?

ZOE

Yes.

LUTHER

Do you love him?

ZOE

Yes. I'm sorry.

LUTHER

And me?

ZOE

Always. But not like that. Not any more.

He's stunned. Helpless. He paces the floor as if seeking escape - an outlet - but there is none -

- until he explodes with rage - kicks the door - shatters the panels - punches the door - once, twice - and again - and again - finally RIPS IT FROM ITS HINGES and -

STOPS.

Seeing Zoe. Looking at him. Not with anger, not even fear - but a sadness that is unendurable.

ZOE (cont'd)

Just go home, John.

LUTHER

This is my home.

A long, terrible beat.

ZOE

No.

Luther stares at her. Lost. Trying to find the right words.

Any words. Anything.

Then he averts his gaze, ashamed, and softly exits.

**EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT**

Desolated, Luther heads to his car. Looks up at the sound of DISTANT SIRENS.

FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS STREAK PAST. Spectral. Far away.

He watches until they're gone and only silence remains.



Then he gets behind the wheel and does what comes naturally: he follows the sirens' call.

**EXT. MAZEY HOME - NIGHT**

Luther pulls up outside a NEW CRIME SCENE, heads into the stylish home, badging the patrol cops at the door.

**INT. MAZEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Luther with ROTHMAN, the first responding officer. Taking in a room smashed to pieces by an angry man: VANDALIZED ARTWORKS. FAMILY PICTURES: MOTHER, FATHER, A YOUNG BOY, A BABY.

LUTHER  
So what happened?

ROTHMAN  
Husband finds some - I dunno - online chat between the wife and some other guy. He assaults the wife. Takes the kids.

An uncomfortable moment as Luther takes in the destruction.

LUTHER  
Where is she?

CUT TO:

**INT. MAZEY'S LEXUS - NIGHT**

JULIAN MAZEY (40S) at the wheel. In back, the baby, RUBY, is wailing. ERIC (4) gives up lovingly trying to hush her.

ERIC  
Dad. Dad. *Daddy!*

Julian slams on the brake. Turns in his seat. The fake, wavering smile he gives his son is utterly grotesque.

JULIAN  
What's the problem now?

ERIC  
Ruby's done number two. And number one. That makes three. And she's hungry.

Julian closes his eyes. Counts down from five. Then stares down at THE GUN IN HIS LAP FOR A TERRIFYINGLY LONG TIME.

Then he finds strength. Drives on.

Eric watching, wide-eyed, from the back seat.

**END OF ACT 2**

**ACT 3**

**INT. LUTHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Zoe sits, nervously jiggling her foot, nursing a glass of wine. Staring in at the door Luther ripped from it hinges.

She sips wine. Then bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAZEY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

TALISHA MAZEY (30S) sits stunned, beaten black and blue, surrounded by EMTs and COPS - all of whom Luther quietly but firmly ushers from the room.

Leaving him alone with Talisha. He sits with her. Gentle and calm.

LUTHER

Ms. Mazey? I'm Detective Luther. John. I'm here to help bring your children home, okay?

Tears in her eyes. And terrible fear.

TALISHA

Please do that. Please find them. Can you do that?

LUTHER

I can. I can do that. But first I need to know exactly what happened tonight.

TALISHA

He had a gun. I thought he was going to kill me. He smashed everything in the house. Gifts I'd given him. Photos of my mom. The kids were terrified. He's deranged.

LUTHER

Yeah. See, the real problem is - he's not.

A beat.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Every year, about half a million people are murdered, worldwide. More than eighty per cent are killed by somebody close; parent, step-parent. Husband. A man lashes out because at heart he's a petulant, narcissistic child who can't cope with jealousy and humiliation.

She nods. Accepting that.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
But Julian left you alive - and he did that with purpose. This was calculated. He wants to hurt you in the worst way he can imagine.

TALISHA  
I didn't even see it. I didn't see it in him.

LUTHER  
No-one ever does. That's the thing with guys like this. So what I need you to do is, I need you to tell me about him.

TALISHA  
What do you need to know?

LUTHER  
Everything. Where did you meet?

CUT TO:

**EXT. LUTHER HOME - NIGHT**

A battered old car pulls up. MARK NORTH emerges, hurries to the door. Knocks gently, then lets himself in.

**INT. LUTHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Marcus enters. Worried. He finds Zoe still staring at the door. Headachy, all cried out.

He looks at the door in eloquent disgust.

ZOE  
He's not like this. This isn't him.

He sits with her. Holds her hand. She leans her head on his shoulder.

MARK  
Yes it is.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHICAGO SCULPTURE GARDEN - NIGHT**

Through darkness and shadow and silence, past great sculptural forms rendered eerie by the moonlight, Julian carries baby Ruby. Little Eric follows, a step or two behind.

They stop at a sculpture called "Votive Head": a monumental human head in steel framework.

Julian considers it for a bit. Far away.

JULIAN  
Do you know what this is?

ERIC  
Is it a guy's head?

JULIAN  
This is where I asked your mom to  
marry me.

ERIC  
It looks like a robot.

JULIAN  
Right?

A melancholy beat.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
So mommy's been kind of bad. She's  
made it so I can't live with you guys  
anymore. So who's going to look after  
you? I mean, that's a daddy's job,  
right? Looking after his family.

Eric can't speak. This is too big to compute.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
You know Daddy loves you, yeah?

ERIC  
A-huh.

JULIAN  
Okay. So I need you to sit here. Look  
over there. You see the city?

Eric sits, stares attentively at the distant, beautiful  
skyline.

Julian sets Ruby on the cold ground. Pulls the gun from his  
coat. Gathers himself.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
You wanna sing a song?

ERIC  
Not really.

JULIAN  
Come on. Sing me a song.

Eric takes in a great, reluctant sigh. Then sings.

ERIC  
*I went to the animal fair...*

Julian's hands are shaking. He struggles with tears of miserable self-pity.

He sees DISTANT FLASHING BLUE LIGHTS APPROACHING THE SCULPTURE PARK.

He sets his jaw. Points the gun at his son's head.

JULIAN  
Daddy loves you. You know that?

Eric nods. Still singing.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
And do you love daddy?

Eric nods.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
Can you say it?

ERIC  
(stops singing)  
Say what?

JULIAN  
Say "I love Daddy."

ERIC  
Okay. I love Daddy.

JULIAN  
Daddy loves you, too.

Julian grabs Eric, pushes him to the ground. Points the gun at his head.

Eric stares up at his murderous father in abject, uncomprehending terror.

JULIAN (cont'd)  
You can thank your mom for this.

Julian's finger tightens on the trigger.

Which is when

JOHN LUTHER

steps out of the shadows and PUNCHES JULIAN THE FACE - ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES.

Julian goes down hard.

Luther kicks away the fallen gun, kneels to cuff Julian, then scoops the WAILING BABY into his arms.

He stands there. Stares down at Eric.

Who's staring right back up at him.

**EXT. SCULPTURE PARK - NIGHT**

MANY COPS run towards the sculpture.

Moving against the flow of uniforms is John Luther. He's carrying Ruby in his arms. Eric is holding his hand.

They're heading towards Talisha, who's weeping behind the perimeter tape.

Eric looks up at Luther: *Is it okay?*

Luther nods. He lets go of Eric's hand. Watches Eric run into his mother's arms - to be swept up, kissed. Adored.

CUT TO:

**INT. LUTHER'S CAR - OUTSIDE SCULPTURE PARK - NIGHT**

Luther gets behind the wheel. Stares through the windscreen.

Deep in thought.

FADE TO:

**EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - BREAKWATER - EARLY MORNING**

A grim concrete breakwater arcs into the cold, grey lake. It's lined with LONELY FISHERMEN and strutting, filthy seagulls.

JOHN LUTHER sits, red-eyed and huddled against the freezing damp. He's been out here all night, watching the bitter wind kick up whitecaps on choppy water. Twisting his wedding ring round and round and round.

His phone RINGS. He takes a moment, then answers.

LUTHER

Justin?

**INT. SSCU - BULLPEN - EARLY MORNING**

Wong on the phone to Luther, a BALLISTICS REPORT before him.

INTERCUT LUTHER AND WONG

WONG

So, ballistics came back. Bullets were Nine Mil short, designed for ultra-compact weapons. Mouse gun. No stopping power to speak of, outside of a head-shot.

Luther takes this in. Files it.

LUTHER  
Fine work, Detective Wong. Have you  
slept?

WONG  
Nope.

LUTHER  
Good. Drink coffee. Sleep tomorrow.

WONG  
So hey -

LUTHER  
Yeah?

WONG  
The guy. Last night. How'd you know  
where he'd be?

LUTHER  
He wanted to punish his wife for his  
own inadequacies. I'm an expert on  
that subject.

He hangs up. Then stands.

After a moment of thought, he REMOVES HIS WEDDING RING and  
pockets it.

Then he walks to shore: a lonely figure in the cold, wet, dawn.

Gulls scatter before him. Take to the sky. Circle above.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALICE'S PLACE - MORNING**

Alice approaches - to find Luther waiting for her; huddled in  
his coat, haggard and exhausted.

She stops before him. Opens her bag to show him AN URN.

ALICE  
They burned my dog.

LUTHER  
It's just procedure.

ALICE  
He was only a dog. It seems unduly  
pitiless to me, to burn someone's dog.

LUTHER  
It seems kind of pitiless to shoot the  
dog in the first place.

She reaches out. Touches him. Scans him with laser-bright eyes.

ALICE

You look dead on your feet. Would you like to come inside?

CUT TO:

**INT. ALICE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Alice and Luther enter. Alice places the urn on the mantel while Luther gazes at the pictures on her wall. Vast galaxies. Exploding stars.

LUTHER

So how are you?

A playful, ambiguous beat.

ALICE

Are we being listened to?

LUTHER

Would it make a difference?

ALICE

Who knows?

LUTHER

Well, we're not.

ALICE

So you're not here to interrogate me?

LUTHER

No.

She smiles a little. Stands at his shoulder. Very close.

ALICE

Liar.

She points out a large picture. Over the mantel.

ALICE (cont'd)

This is a black hole. It consumes matter, sucks it in, crushes it beyond existence. When I first heard that, I thought: "that's evil at its most pure. Something that drags you in, crushes you, makes you *nothing*."

LUTHER

I love talking about nothing. It's the only thing I know anything about.

ALICE

You don't believe in it, then? Evil?



LUTHER

I'm more or less obliged to. I've seen enough empirical evidence.

ALICE

Ah. Peter Hammond.

LUTHER

Him. Others like him.

ALICE

Me?

LUTHER

Conceivably.

ALICE

What's happening to your marriage?

(off his reaction)

Last time I saw you, there was a ring. Today: no ring. Is someone else involved?

LUTHER

That's not what I'm here to discuss.

ALICE

Is he handsome?

LUTHER

If you like that sort of thing.

ALICE

Are you in pain?

LUTHER

You don't understand love, Alice. It's not your fault. You can mimic it, you can recognize it in others - but you can never understand it.

ALICE

Did you come here for sex?

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Because you'd be surprised by how many men do. Do you think they have any idea how fatuous they look?

LUTHER

I think a lot of us are afraid of that, yeah.

ALICE

Then why are you here?

LUTHER

To say I know you kept it. The gun.

ALICE

Well - why would I do that?

LUTHER

Because you couldn't help yourself. it was a compulsion. And that makes you weak in ways you can't see and don't understand.

ALICE

So, you've identified my critical defect. Well done. Let's move on; let's talk about yours. What's your weakness, John? What makes you afraid?

She glances meaningfully at his ring finger.

LUTHER

Don't.

ALICE

Don't what?

LUTHER

Just don't.

ALICE

Oh, come on! All I'm doing is proposing a thought experiment. Just for fun. If you were given the choice, which would you rather have; continue this pointless investigation? Or have Zoe left unharmed?

They lock eyes.

ALICE (cont'd)

It's just a thought experiment. It's not real. But I suppose I have my answer anyway. You'd come after me. No matter the cost to those you profess to love.

She gives him an even lovelier smile - reaches out to touch his face with great tenderness. Almost pity.

ALICE (cont'd)

Is that why she left you?

A silence.

ALICE (cont'd)

Why else would she turn her face from you? Was it because you shine so bright?

Luther steps back. Away from her touch.

LUTHER  
I'm coming for you, Alice.

ALICE  
Not if I come for you first.

And with that, he leaves. Alice watching.

CUT TO:

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - RECEPTION - DAY**

Luther emerges from the elevator, strides through reception.

RECEPTIONIST  
Excuse me - sir?

LUTHER  
(badges her)  
Police.

STAFF watch as he strides to Zoe's office - through the door

**INT. ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

- to find Zoe with SEVERAL SENIOR PARTNERS; all of whom look up in alarm as Luther bursts in, clapping his hands.

LUTHER  
Morning! Everybody out!

ZOE  
John -

LUTHER  
Everybody OUT! Raus! Raus!

Reluctantly, the SENIOR PARTNERS stand - exchanging glances as Luther herds them from the room like geese.

LUTHER (cont'd)  
Dépêchez-vous! Skynd dig! Isoge!

ZOE  
He's joking. This is his sense of  
humour. Everybody, this is my husband.  
John. He's a -

Luther slams the door behind them.

ZOE (cont'd)  
- cop.  
(then)  
Way to get me fired.

LUTHER

Do I embarrass you?

ZOE

Right now? As of this moment?  
Absolutely. Yes. You're embarrassing  
me. I'm embarrassed.

LUTHER

Is that what this is all about?

ZOE

No.

LUTHER

Then what? Did I get boring? Because  
men do get boring. We can't help it.  
We take up hobbies. We golf.

ZOE

You're not boring. You're the opposite  
of boring.

LUTHER

So - *he's* boring? Whatever his name  
is.

ZOE

Marcus.

LUTHER

I don't want to know his name. Why  
would I want to know his name?

(then)

So - does a woman reach a stage in  
life when she *wants* her partner to be  
boring? Because I have to tell you;  
nobody advised me of this.

ZOE

He's not boring.

LUTHER

Is the sex good?

A sudden BANG! at the door. Outside, THREE SECURITY GUARDS have  
arrived. They take turns to shoulder-barge the door.

ZOE

John, not everything has a motive.  
Sometimes things just - happen.

LUTHER

Nothing just happens. There are laws.  
Physical laws, I mean, not -

ZOE

It's not about the sex.

LUTHER

Of course it's about the sex. You enjoy sex with him. You must. And the pictures of that just go round and round my head like a train.

ZOE

The train in your head never stops - which actually is the problem, right there.

A silence.

ZOE (cont'd)

When he's with me, he's actually with me.

That hits home. He stares at her.

BANG! on the door.

ZOE (cont'd)

Listen, why are you here? Really? What did you think would happen?

LUTHER

I just - I thought - y'know - that you might want to come home and be married to me.

ZOE

Some men bring flowers.

LUTHER

This was a grand gesture.

ZOE

Next time, think flowers.

LUTHER

Next time?

ZOE

You know what I mean.

Before he can answer, the door BREAKS OPEN and SECURITY GUARDS spill in. Luther backs away, badging them.

LUTHER

Police! Police!

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - ELEVATOR - DAY**

Luther with security guards flanking him. An awkward silence.

CUT TO:

**INT. ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Zoe stares at her screen. But it's no good; she's too rattled to concentrate. She opens a drawer. Stares at a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

Struggles with herself. Then takes the cigarettes and exits.

**EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - SMOKING AREA - DAY**

Zoe walks behind the building to the lonely smoking area.

ZOE

"Raus, Raus". Mother of God.

Zoe stops. Takes a cigarette from the pack.

Alice steps up behind her, tucks an elbow round her neck. Presses a HAT-PIN into her ear.

ALICE

Don't look at me.

**END OF ACT 3**

**ACT 4**

**EXT. FORD AND VARGAS - SMOKING AREA - DAY**

Alice's voice is low, almost sexy.

ALICE

Shhhhh.

ZOE

Okay! Okay!

Her lips are very close to Zoe's ear.

ALICE

Your husband assaulted me.

ZOE

What?

ALICE

He touched me. Intimately. He made me do things. He hurt me. Because of you.

ZOE

What do you mean?

ALICE

As he touched me, he talked about you. He told me you were dead.

Zoe frozen - as Alice caresses her cheek with a fingernail.

ALICE (cont'd)

That you'd been very badly burned. Your skin was gone. Your face was gone. You'd been abducted. Right off the street. By a man, a very sick man. He kept you alive for days. He used knives. A blowtorch. He kept pieces of you for souvenirs.

(very close)

I'm worried someone might want to hurt you like that. I'm worried someone might do those things to you.

ZOE

Don't. Please don't. Please.

ALICE

Shhhh. Shhhh. Don't turn around.

And ALICE SLIPS AWAY - Leaving Zoe in horror-struck silence.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - LUTHER'S DESK - DAY**

Luther arranges MORGAN HOME CRIME SCENE PHOTOS like playing cards. Or Tarot. Moves them round - making new pictures, new combinations, new patterns. Seeing Laura. Douglas. The dog.

He answers the RINGING PHONE.

LUTHER

Luther.

(his face falls)

Babe? Zoe? What's wrong?

He listens. Collapses into his chair as if punched. Staring at the crime scene photos.

CUT TO:

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - ZOE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Zoe stares, bewildered and angry, at Luther.

Heller in the corner, arms crossed, watching it all.

ZOE

You can't do *anything*?

LUTHER

You didn't see her face. There's no CCTV. No eyewitnesses. No nothing.

ZOE

So what happens?

LUTHER

I'll put it right.

ZOE

How?

LUTHER

I don't know.

Their eyes lock. He takes a step, intending to comfort her.

She takes a corresponding step back.

Heller looks away, embarrassed.

Which is when there's a tentative KNOCK AT THE DOOR - and Marcus North enters. Somewhat tentative. Poor guy.

A profoundly uncomfortable beat.

MARCUS

Hey.



ZOE

Hey.

Nobody can look at anybody else.

MARCUS

So if it's okay - I think maybe we should go.

Luther nods, not looking at him. Heller gestures: *off you go.*

MARCUS (cont'd)

So - it's John, right?

LUTHER

Right.

Do they shake? What? What do you do in this situation?

They shake hands. Once.

MARCUS

Listen. Don't worry. I'll make sure she's okay.

LUTHER

Okay. Good. Thanks.

Luther watches in subdued agony as Mark takes Zoe's elbow and leads her away. To safety.

Zoe casts a brief glimpse over her shoulder. Sees Luther wounded and helpless.

Heller watches with terrible pity. After a moment, Luther leaves.

**INT. FORD AND VARGAS - DAY**

He strides to the exit. Wong intercepts him.

WONG

What's your wife's address? I'm off the clock. So I'll stay on her. Watch the house.

Luther stands there, blinking. Taken aback.

LUTHER

Two fifty-four South Kenwood.

WONG

That's where I'll be, if you need me.

Luther watches him leave. Quietly touched.

CUT TO:

**INT. SSCU - LUTHER'S DESK - DAY**

Luther stares hard at THE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. He's joined by Caffrey - who sits, passes him a MOUSE GUN.

Luther examines it with a lepidopterist's eye. It's TINY, like a toy in his hand.

CAFFREY

So what you've got, this is a Ruger LCP, ultra-light. Weighs less than ten ounces. Glass-filled nylon frame, blued steel slide.

Luther removes the disassembly pin, dismantles the little gun, lays the pieces on his desk like a puzzle.

Luther stares at the photos. Mother. Father. Dog.

LUTHER

So. The parents get one bullet to the head each.

CAFFREY

So does Alice Morgan.

LUTHER

Nope. No, no, no. What Alice gets is a self-inflicted near-miss. She fits a suppressor to the weapon, which extends the barrel -

He rolls a sheet of paper into a tube, lays it parallel to his skull, not quite touching. Mimes a shot.

LUTHER (cont'd)

It burns. It bleeds. It cracks her skull, maybe. But it's not lethal, maybe ninety-eight times out a hundred.

(then)

But the the dog, right?! The dog gets three bullets! Half the available rounds are spent killing a dog. Why's that?

CAFFREY

It's a dog. They bite.

And suddenly, Luther knows. He grins in triumph.

LUTHER

Nope.

He stands, energized - rips down the photo of the dead retriever. Its head blown to jam.

LUTHER (cont'd)

She needs to blast its head to pieces  
if she's going to access its digestive  
tract.

(mimes it with pieces of gun)  
She disassembles the gun, shoves the  
pieces, suppressor, shell casings,  
gloves down the dog's gullet. Right  
into its stomach. And then -

CAFFREY

- they cremate the dog.

Luther's eyes flare with joy - and he strides to Heller's  
office.

**INT. HELLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Luther stares at Heller in bewilderment.

LUTHER

Come on! It's in there. On her mantel!  
All I need is a warrant!

HELLER

Which you're not going to get.

LUTHER

Oh, come on!

HELLER

Three words for you: Prob. Able.  
Cause. I've got some more words, if  
you'd like them.

LUTHER

Maggie, this is Zoe we're talking  
about. The woman who sat at home with  
your kids the night your dad died.

HELLER

Then slow down. Calm down. Find  
another way.

LUTHER

THERE IS NO OTHER WAY! SHE LEFT US  
NOTHING!

Heller glares at him. He backs down.

HELLER

Dealing with this. It won't bring Zoe  
back. You do know that, right?

A moment of stillness. Then Luther strides out.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Luther returns to his desk. Stands there. Thinking. Then he opens a drawer, removes the PETER HAMMOND CASE FILE and flicks through. Until he reaches an OLD SEARCH WARRANT.

He considers it for a long time.

Then makes up his mind. He REMOVES THE WARRANT from the file, folds and pockets it, replaces the case file in the drawer, then grabs his coat and leaves.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ALICE'S PLACE - DAY**

Luther approaches Alice's door - the warrant folded in his hand such that only the words "SEARCH WARRANT" are visible.

He takes a moment to prepare. Then KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

**INT. ALICE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Alice hears the knock. It's a cop's knock. No-nonsense. She sets down her book. Walks barefoot to the door.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

She puts her eye to THE PEEPHOLE.

ALICE'S POV:

Luther's out there. Nervy, charged with anticipation - and holding what is VERY CLEARLY A SEARCH WARRANT.

BACK TO ALICE

She casts a glance over her shoulder. At THE URN. There on the mantel. Then back to the spyhole.

Luther KNOCKS AGAIN.

Alice turns from the door. Presses herself to the wall. Stares at the urn. Thinking.

Luther KNOCKS AGAIN.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ALICE'S PLACE - DAY**

Luther waits until he's sure: nobody's answering the door.

He turns and exits. Walks to the elevator. It swallows him.

**INT. ALICE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Alice stares long and hard at the urn. Calculating.

CUT TO:

**INT. LUTHER'S CAR - OUTSIDE ALICE'S PLACE - AFTERNOON**

Luther is watching Alice's building. Looking worse for wear in the same suit, same shirt, same tie.

His phone RINGS. He ignores it.

He dry-washes his face. Exhausted. He's been awake since forever.

He SINGS under his breath, to pass the time.

LUTHER

*I went to the animal fair -*

Then he SHUTS UP, sits up and watches as

ALICE STEPS OUT OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING.

She's carrying a SMALL BACKPACK.

Luther smiles to himself. Predatory. He waits until Alice is out of sight, then gets out and follows.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY**

Luther follows Alice - a long, tense pursuit through the busy streets of Chicago. Turning corners, crossing roads. Keeping her in sight at all times.

Until finally, she steps through the LIMESTONE GATEHOUSE of

**EXT. BOHEMIAN NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY**

Alice enters the huge, timeworn cemetery. The winter light is beginning to fade. The shadows are growing long.

She takes a moment to appreciate the cemetery's gloomily atmospheric beauty; the stone mausoleums. The enigmatic funeral statuary.

Then she walks on. Along the winding path. Through the graves.

A MOMENT. Just SILENCE and SHADOWS and SHIFTING TREES.

Then JOHN LUTHER steps into the cemetery grounds. And cautiously follows her.

Until Alice arrives in the shadow of TWO OLD TREES. Beneath their spreading canopy lie

**HER PARENTS' GRAVES**

Freshly dug. Two headstones. Beloved Mother. Beloved Father.

She looks down at the graves like mourners do. A SMALL SMILE is hooked into the corner of her mouth.

Luther steps into the cover of

A COPSE OF TREES

and merges into the INKY SHADOWS. He watches as

ALICE

looks around. When she's sure that no-one's watching, she kneels at the graveside, shrugs off the backpack. Removes a GARDENING TROWEL -

- and uses it to SCOOP OUT A FRESH HOLE IN THE SOIL OF HER FATHER'S GRAVE.

When the hole is dug, she quickly checks the coast is clear. Then REACHES INTO THE BACKPACK, producing

THE URN

Carefully, ceremonially, she places the urn in the hole.

She considers it. Lying in the black soil.

Then SHE BURIES IT.

Job done. She stands. Considers the graves. Serious for a moment.

ALICE

(low, to herself)

They are dancing and stamping on you.  
They always knew it was you.  
Daddy, daddy you bastard, we're  
through.

A little melancholy now, she walks away. Hands in pockets.

IN THE COPSE OF TREES

Luther eases back. Deep into the winter shadows.

ALICE APPROACHES.

Luther holds his breath.

ALICE PASSES BY. Her long shadow stretching behind her.

Then she's gone.

Luther waits a beat, then steps out of the shadows. Checks left and right. Then walks to HER PARENTS' GRAVES.

He kneels. Can't quite believe he's going to do this.

He digs at the soft, black soil with scooped hands until he unearths THE URN.

He lifts it from the grave, brushes soil from it. Uncaps it.

Luther removes his jacket, lays it on the ground. Upends the urn onto it.

ASH BLOWS ON THE BREEZE, enwraps him in VORTICES OF PALE DUST.

He finger-searches the remains - sifting through LUMPS OF BONE, PALE GREY CINDERS -

The search becomes frantic. Then frenzied as he realises...  
IT'S NOT HERE! THE GUN'S NOT HERE!

Then LUTHER'S FACE FALLS.

There's a moment of VERTIGO and NAUSEA -- as he realizes:  
SOMETHING ELSE is here.

Something not right.

He removes a SMALL OBJECT from the ashes, brings it to his face. Cleans it between thumb and forefinger, revealing:

HIS WEDDING RING!

Winded by astonishment, he falls back. Sits propped against Douglas's headstone.

He's still sitting there when ALICE emerges from between two gravestones - clearly having circled behind him.

She sits next to him. Her back to Laura's grave.

She's spotless. He's beyond filthy.

They sit there for a while.

LUTHER

How did you get the ring?

She produces a coin. Shows it to him. Makes it disappear.

ALICE

You can't stand it, can you? Not being the cleverest person in the room.

LUTHER

Alice, what *happened* to you?

ALICE

Does it matter?

LUTHER

Of course it matters.

ALICE

We don't "matter". We are matter. Drop me from a window, I fall. Set fire to me, I burn. Bury me, I rot.

A long, melancholy beat.

LUTHER

There is love, you know. In the world.

ALICE

Show me where. Put on that ring. Show me honour and sacrifice. Show me fidelity.

A beat.

Then Luther grabs Alice - DRAGS HER TO HER FEET - drives her backwards. Slams her into a tree.

Grabs her throat. Squeezes. Tight.

She fixes him with FEARLESS, BRIGHT, COLD EYES.

ALICE (cont'd)

Is this what you did to Peter Hammond?

Luther squeezes harder. One step from murder.

ALICE (cont'd)

Well, go on. Kiss me. Kill me. Do something.

For a long moment, Luther considers both options. Then he lets Alice go.

LUTHER

Stay away from Zoe.

ALICE

Make me.

LUTHER

Don't make me.

ALICE

You'd degrade the law you serve, just to protect some woman who cast you aside like offal?

LUTHER

In a second.

ALICE

And you think I'm a monster?

Very pointedly, Luther takes the wedding ring from his pocket and jams it on his finger.



LUTHER

Being clever doesn't make you right.

He strides off. She calls to his back.

ALICE

Love is supposed to dignify us! Exalt us! So how can it be love, John - if all it does is make you lonely and corrupt?

But Luther just keeps walking.

ALICE (cont'd)

Don't turn your back on me. DO NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON ME! Turn around! TURN AROUND and LOOK AT ME!

But he doesn't.

**EXT. GATEHOUSE - DAY**

Luther strides through the gatehouse and onto the street, the wind blowing a comet-trail of ash behind him.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - COPSE OF TREES - AFTERNOON**

Alice watches Luther leave. Then

SHE SMILES

And returns to the grave. She kneels. From her COAT POCKET she removes

THE BURNED, MELTED REMAINS OF THE GUN!

She drops the fragments into the urn. Places the urn in the hole. Quickly re-buries it under the black soil of the grave.

Content as a Cheshire cat, she pats the earth. Only then does she

GLANCE UP

To see:

DETECTIVES WONG and CAFFREY looming over her, showing her their badges.

A long moment - as it SINKS IN.

Then Alice smiles. Even wider. As if secretly pleased to see them.

ALICE

Oh, that was very cunning.

**END OF ACT 4**

**ACT 5**

**EXT. LUTHER HOME - DAY**

Luther parks. Looks at the house. Steels himself. Then walks to the door, rings the doorbell.

**INT. LUTHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Zoe joins Marcus at the window.

THEIR POV: Luther at the door. Filthy. Unshaven. Covered in ash. Looking frankly a little deranged.

MARCUS  
We should call the cops.

ZOE  
He'll leave. He'll go.

Marcus looks meaningfully at the door Luther ripped to pieces, last time he was here.

ZOE (cont'd)  
He's not like that. That's not him.

Marcus looks from the shattered door to Zoe: *Really?*

She takes the point. Grabs a phone. Dials 911.

**EXT. LUTHER HOME - DAY**

Luther waits - until finally Marcus opens the door.

LUTHER  
Hey, Marcus.

MARCUS  
What do you want, John?

LUTHER  
I just - I need to speak to Zoe.

MARCUS  
Yeah. I don't think that's going to happen.

LUTHER  
You do know this is kind of my house, right?

MARCUS  
Honestly, you need to leave.

LUTHER  
Okay, I can see that. But here's the thing - I need to speak to her. I really do.

MARCUS

Give her some time. Then call her,  
okay?

LUTHER

I just need one minute.

MARCUS

No. You need to go. Call her.

LUTHER

Yeah. Not going to do that. So -

He makes to barge past. And Marcus PUNCHES HIM.

Luther reels - what the FUCK? - then grabs Marcus, throws him  
with back-breaking force into a parked car -

- TWO PATROL CARS ARRIVE - FOUR COPS emerge, head for Luther.

COPS

DON'T MOVE! HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK! DO  
NOT MOVE!

LUTHER

Oh, come on. I'm a cop. My ID's  
914566. My shield's in my pocket.

The FIRST COP takes Luther's elbow, tries to cuff him. Luther  
shakes him off. The cop grabs him again. Luther shakes him off,  
more aggressively.

LUTHER (cont'd)

I just need to speak to my wife.

Shaking them off becomes resisting - becomes a scuffle -  
becomes an affray.

Luther's still fighting when a cop TAZES HIM. And he's down.

The cops cuff him, lift him to his feet, dazed and beaten,  
frogmarch him into the back of a PATROL CAR.

Zoe emerges from the house. Tentative. Emotional.

ZOE

Wait! Please!

The cop hesitates - then steps aside, giving Luther and Zoe a  
private moment.

Zoe walks to Luther. Kneels at the side of the car. Touches his  
face. Smiling sadly.

ZOE (cont'd)

Oh, look what they did to you.

He grins through blood. For moment they're husband and wife.

LUTHER  
So I need to tell you something.

ZOE  
John -

LUTHER  
I got her. I put it right.

Zoe nods. Emotional.

ZOE  
Okay. Thank you.

LUTHER  
And... it's okay. Y'know. You need to  
be where you need to be. That's good.  
I love you. I'm sorry.

ZOE  
Oh, don't be sorry. Don't be sorry.

The cop has waited long enough.

COP  
Ma'am, please step aside.

She lingers.

COP (cont'd)  
Ma'am?

Zoe steps back. And can only watch as

The cop slams the door on Luther, then gets in the patrol car.

Which pulls away.

**INT. PATROL CAR - DAY**

Beaten and bruised, Luther watches the city go by. Then he  
produces his phone. Dials.

LUTHER  
She there?

**INT. WONG'S CAR - DAY**

Wong is at the wheel. Alice is cuffed in back. Wong passes her  
his phone.

WONG  
It's for you.

ALICE  
(takes phone)  
Hello, John.

**INT. PATROL CAR - DAY**

Luther on the phone.

LUTHER

You might be clever, Alice. But you're wrong. There's love in the world. So you lose.

He hangs up before she can speak. Turns off the phone.

**INT. WONG'S CAR - DAY**

UNDER MUSIC: Wong glances in the rear view mirror.

Alice gives him a lovely smile. A little sad.

Wong looks away. Drives.

**INT. PATROL CAR - DAY**

UNDER MUSIC: Luther cuffed in the back. Calm now.

Watching Chicago go past.

He smiles to himself. Then leans back his head. Closes his eyes.

And finally sleeps.

END OF EPISODE