

SCREENPLAY FORMAT FOR TV SHOWS

"Episode Title"

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1 **INT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 8 - 16.27** 1

A suburban house. Thoroughly ordinary. Empty. Silent.

2 **INT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 8 - 16.27** 2

KIRSTEN ROSS is barefoot in jogging trousers and a T-shirt. She's leaning over a COT - in which her BABY is just settling. Kirsten's mingled love, wonder and relief.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Kirsten rolls her eyes. What now?

Checks the baby. Nearly asleep. Kirsten creeps to the door.

3 **INT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 8 - 16.28** 3

The doorbell rings again. Long and urgent.

A little worried, Kirsten hurries to the door. Opens it.

On A VERY HANDSOME MAN. He's smart, trim, excellently groomed. His name, we'll learn, is LUCIEN BURGESS.

BURGESS
Ms Ross? Kirsten Ross?

KIRSTEN
Yes -

BURGESS
I'm Detective Inspector Phillip
Hamilton, from -

KIRSTEN
Oh God - oh my God. Is Carl okay?

The BABY GIVES OUT A CRY. Burgess and Kirsten glances across the hallway.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
Is Carl okay?

BURGESS
Um, do you mind if - ?

KIRSTEN
No, no, of course. Sorry. Please -

Burgess crosses the threshold. Shuts the door behind him.

BURGESS
Before I go on, I should ask if anyone
else might be home? Anyone who could
help?

KIRSTEN
No. No. I'm waiting for - oh, God, is
he all right?

Burgess lays a COMFORTING HAND on her shoulder. Something NOT QUITE RIGHT in his demeanour.

He takes a step forward - and LICKS KIRSTEN'S FACE!

Her shock is absolute. It freezes her to the spot. Burgess whips out a CUT-THROAT RAZOR - GRABS HER - TURNS her - puts the razor to her THROAT. Then - slowly - to HER EYE. His breathing is ragged, aroused.

Kirsten, utterly terrified, loses control of her bladder.

BURGESS

Your husband will be home soon. Either he opens the door and finds his wife and baby spread all over the carpet - or he comes home to find the baby asleep in her cot and his wife gone. So which will it be?

4 **EXT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE - DAY 8 - 16.33**

4

Burgess stands at the OPEN BOOT of his car, which has reversed almost to the doorway of the house. He has an OVERNIGHT BAG at his feet.

Perfect suburban silence.

ANGLE INSIDE THE BOOT: KIRSTEN lies curled, foetal, helpless. Burgess savours her for a second. Then shuts the boot.

Looks around. No-one there. He picks up the bag. Heads to the house.

4A **INT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 8 - 16.38**

4A

Burgess looks at the BABY, gurgling happily in her cot.

5 **EXT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE - DAY 8 - 17.32**

5

CARL parks his car. Takes his LAPTOP BAG from the passenger seat. Finds his housekeys. Walks to the house. Opens the door.

A beat of SILENT INCREDULITY. Then a HOWL OF ANGUISH and -

FADE TO:

6 **SCENE 6 OMITTED**

6

7 **EXT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 8 - 18.06**

7

The house is longer quite so ordinary: it's surrounded by POLICE VEHICLES, UNIFORMED OFFICERS behind tape. Luther walks to the OPEN FRONT DOOR - it's been COVERED with PLASTIC SHEETING that billows in the light wind.

TELLER is waiting. With her is RIPLEY.

LUTHER
So why the secrecy?

TELLER
I want your unadulterated impressions.

LUTHER
Unadulterated by what?

TELLER
Rumours.
(off his bewilderment)
Just go in.

Luther snaps on PVC GLOVES. Tucks his tie into his shirt.
Ripley does the same. They step through the PLASTIC CURTAIN-

8 **INT. KIRSTEN'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 8 - 18.07**

8

And Luther lurches in horror.

It takes him a moment to steady himself - and for the WILD
LOOPS AND SPATTERS OF BLOOD on the walls to RESOLVE INTO -

RIPLEY
Is that *blood*?

Luther cast an uneasy glance towards the living room.

LUTHER
The victim?

RIPLEY
Kirsten Ross. Thirty-two. Missing,
presumed abducted.

LUTHER
She got a child? A young child?

RIPLEY
(how does he know that?)
Abbie Ross. Three months old.

Long beat. Luther and Ripley in the weird yellowish light, the
normal hallway, the shocking weirdness of the blood.

LUTHER
Baby okay?

RIPLEY
Untouched. Father comes home, sees all
this, imagines the worst. You're
thinking he did this? The father?

LUTHER
No. No, I don't think that.

Ripley's next question fades. Luther is focused on the writing.

RIPLEY

I tried to transcribe it.

LUTHER

No need.

(with intensifying rage and
disgust)

*"Do not fear the Abyss, for I am the
abyss - and thou shalt weep with the
fervour and bliss of my love."*

RIPLEY

Blimey. Satanism? Occult murder?

LUTHER

You superstitious about this stuff?

RIPLEY

Not as a rule. Not so much. But this -
this is really weird.

Teller enters, stepping through the plastic curtain.

LUTHER

(to Teller)

The writing?

TELLER

Same hand. Same writer.

RIPLEY

What hand? What writer?

Out on the wall - the terrible writing - the carnage.

9 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 19.27**

9

Two PINBOARDS.

Pinned to one are the KIRSTEN ROSS CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS -
Kirsten's house, inside and out, the blood in the hallway, a
SMILING PORTRAIT of Kirsten.

Ripley and Luther examine these - as Teller arranges a BULGING
MANILLA folder. It's stamped: COLD CASE: ALLEN/G.

File ready, she steps forward and begins.

As she talks, she removes OLD CRIME SCENE PHOTOS AND OLD
DOCUMENTS FROM THE COLD CASE FOLDER. Pins them to the SECOND
PINBOARD, which is blank.

TELLER

So we're all up to speed. Ten years
ago-

(pins up a PHOTO OF GRACE
ALLEN pre-abduction.)

- Grace Allen was abducted from her home. Her baby was asleep upstairs. Unhurt. No sign of a struggle. Husband comes home, finds his hallway looking like this -

Pins up a PHOTO OF GRACE ALLEN'S HALLWAY - writing in blood.

LUTHER

Same writing. Same words.

Luther stares at that smiling, long lost woman.

TELLER

Three months later, the investigation received an anonymous tip, some bloke -

She pins up a BLANK SILHOUETTE of an UNKNOWN MAN.

TELLER (cont'd)

- who claims to be an accomplice, or acolyte, of this man -

(pins up mugshot)

Lucien Burgess. Burgess is a rich kid - Eton, Cambridge, all that. But he's born with bad blood. He's into burglary, drugs, bad sex. The occult. Age thirty, he's got his own little black magic cult derived from the writings of Aleister Crowley.

LUTHER

Called himself "the Great Beast."

Ripley steps to the COLD CASE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

RIPLEY

The blood on the walls?

TELLER

Human and fresh. Tapped from a living source -

RIPLEY

That much of it?

LUTHER

Human body's got six litres. Tap a little bit at a time, over a few weeks - you've got a body's worth of blood to splash around. But no corpse.

RIPLEY

And the "handwriting"?

LUTHER

Burgess favours the right hand.
Whoever wrote on the wall favoured the
left.

TELLER

(taps the silhouette)
They assumed this was the writer.
Called him the "Left Handed man."
Never identified, never heard from
again.

RIPLEY

And Burgess?

TELLER

They were confident they had their
man, but they had nothing on him. So
an undercover operation was
authorised. It went wrong.

(Pins up a photo of RICHARD
HENLEY)

Nobody knows the details. What's a
matter of record: while he was
supposed to be undercover D.S. Richard
Henley attempted to make an arrest. In
the process, he did this -

Pins up a FRONT PAGE CLIPPING from the NATIONAL GAZETTE. MY
ARREST HELL. A portrait of Burgess, barely recognisable behind
BRUISING, SWELLING, ABRASIONS.

He pins up more NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: POLICE ADMIT SHOCKING
BLUNDERS IN GRACE INVESTIGATION - LUCIEN BURGESS CELEBRATES AS
COPS SAY "SORRY" - POLICE WILL "LEARN LESSONS" FROM BURGESS
CASE.

TELLER (cont'd)

All-but killed him. Henley does three
and a half years for GBH. And Burgess
gets rich on government compensation.

She pins up an 8 x 10 posed PUBLICITY SHOT of Burgess.

TELLER (cont'd)

A year after all this, Grace Allen's
body turns up next to a railway
siding. She'd been frozen post mortem.
There were rumours she'd been kept
alive as long as two years.

RIPLEY

Two years?!

TELLER

When they found her, she'd been
completely exsanguinated. Burgess
drained her blood.

Teller finishes pinning up the COLD CASE PHOTOS. And we see - they're A DUPLICATE of TONIGHT'S CRIME SCENE.

Luther steps up to the IMAGES OF TONIGHT'S CRIME - THE KIRSTEN ROSS SCENE.

The photograph of THE BLOODY WRITING IN THE HALLWAY. He looks at Teller. She nods. Passes him the FORENSICS REPORT in her hand.

TELLER (cont'd)
Forensics confirm. The writing on the wall tonight was in Grace Allen's blood. Still fresh, ten years on.

They take in the horror of this. Staring at the TERRIBLE IMAGES before them.

RIPLEY
We must have enough to pick him up?

TELLER
Well, yeah. Ordinarily. But the last time the police went after him, we caused a full-blown media and political shitstorm.

RIPLEY
But Kirsten Ross is probably still alive - and out there right now.

TELLER
Finding her is our highest priority - but not our sole priority. We don't so much as cast a glance in Burgess's direction until we've got something bulletproof.

RIPLEY
But he doesn't leave evidence.

LUTHER
So we find something - a chink in his armour. I don't care how small. We find it, lever it.

Out on the three of them - looking at the COLD CASE PHOTOS - Grace's hall, Grace pre-abduction.

And poor KIRSTEN. Grinning at them from out of the recent, happy past.

10 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - NIGHT 8 - 19.28** 10

A DARK, VERY NARROW, VERY CONFINED SPACE. Wood panelled floors, walls, ceiling. And an OLD CHEST FREEZER. Rusty at the hinges with three holes on the lid.

Lucien Burgess is wearing LATEX GLOVES. WHITE PLASTIC BAGS are taped round his feet. PLASTIC SHEETING has been spread over the floor and walls, TAPED DOWN.

Burgess unfolds a PORTABLE CAMPING STOOL and sits. Stares with INTENSE GRATIFICATION at the freezer. An air of INTENSE MALIGNANCY.

From INSIDE THE FREEZER comes a KNOCKING. It starts out TIMID but GROWS IN INTENSITY - until it's accompanied a MUFFLED, PANICKY SCREAMING. Which makes Burgess smile.

And lick his lips.

11 SCENE 11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 8 - 19.46 12

Zoe enters. She's flustered after work, glad to be home. Looking forward to a glass of wine before dinner.

She's astonished to see - Mark bending over the sink, splashing COLD WATER onto his face. It takes her a moment - to register the DISHEVELLED STATE OF HIM. He's taken a PRETTY GOOD BEATING.

ZOE
My God - What happened?

MARK
They knew who I was.

ZOE
Who?

MARK
The people who did this.

ZOE
What do you mean?

MARK
I mean, someone put them up to it.

ZOE
Who?

He faces her, bleeding and angry.

MARK
They were girls. He sent girls to do it. He's a genius, really.

Out on her reaction - absolutely stunned -

ZOE
He wouldn't -

MARK

You think?

13 INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 20.11

13

Luther is studying the CASE FILE - THE BLOODY WRITING IN THE HALLWAY. Ripley comes off his phone.

RIPLEY

A hundred uniforms knocking on doors.
Nobody saw or heard a thing.

LUTHER

Burgess is so careful, so disciplined.
Does a man like that really work with
an accomplice?

RIPLEY

According to the literature, if the
Left Handed Man actually existed, he'd
be like an acolyte, a follower; a
submissive personality.

LUTHER

An apostle who betrays his master to
the police - but who's still working
with him, ten years later? Does that
sound right to you? It doesn't sound
right to me.

RIPLEY

So what're we saying?

LUTHER

Burgess wants fame. Infamy. He wants
to humiliate the police, make the
media dance to his tune.

RIPLEY

They had his handwriting analysed.
Tried to make him write with his left
hand. He couldn't do it.

LUTHER

It's still not right, though. It's not
right. Grace Allen's ten year old
blood was found tonight in Kirsten
Ross's house. The blood on the walls
of Grace Allen's house was human too.

RIPLEY

The source was never identified.

LUTHER

Maybe that's because no-one looked in
the right place.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Go through Cold Cases. Dig around any
unsolveds with similar indications.

His thought process is interrupted by an INCOMING EMAIL. The header reads: YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND. Half distracted, Luther clicks on it.

Seeing that Luther is distracted, Ripley ANSWERS THE RINGING DESK PHONE.

RIPLEY
(answers)
DCI Luther's phone, DS Ripley -

Ripley listens.

As Luther checks the email - and reels

ANGLE ON EMAIL: It's "HAPPY SLAPPING" FOOTAGE. It shows a GANG OF YOUNG GIRLS HASSLING then SAVAGELY BEATING MARK NORTH.

Ripley (cont'd)
Hello? Boss?

LUTHER
(minimising email)
Sorry?

RIPLEY
Lost you for a moment there. Sorry.

LUTHER
My fault. I do that.

RIPLEY
The, um, the undercover guy's here. Do
you want me to go and fetch him?

Luther nods, troubled, glancing at his computer. Ripley exits.

14 **SCENE 14 OMITTED**

14

15 **INT. SCU - BULLPEN - NIGHT 8 - 21.16**

15

Luther exits, moves through the bullpen. Towards RIPLEY, who's entering the unit with a man we recognise from his snapshot as RICHARD HENLEY.

But Luther is brought up short as -

JUST BEHIND THEM -

TELLER escorts MARK NORTH ONTO THE UNIT.

Luther mouths the word: *bollocks*. Stands there, following Mark North with his eyes.

Just before she and Mark enter her office, Teller gives Luther a look. He makes an innocent face. Then Teller shuts her office door -

- and Luther turns to Ripley and HENLEY.

RIPLEY
D.C.I John Luther, Richard Henley.

LUTHER
(shakes his hand)
I appreciate you coming in.

HENLEY
Well, they didn't give me much choice.

RIPLEY
(explains)
There's a bit of an arrest warrant
out. Unpaid speeding tickets.

As Ripley leads Henley to the interview room, Luther casts a TROUBLED GLANCE at Teller's office, then dials his phone.

LUTHER
Benny? Sorry about the hour - but
mate, I really need a favour.

16 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - NIGHT 8 - 21.35** 16

Burgess has been on the camping stool for hours. Not moving.
Just savouring it all.

Now he stirs. Opens the padlock. Lifts the lid.

INSIDE THE FREEZER is KIRSTEN ROSS.

Burgess gazes down upon her.

BURGESS
Oh, you are...radiant.

She struggles in her bonds. Terrified eyes.

He dribbles a LINE OF SPITTLE into the freezer -

BURGESS (cont'd)
Are you ready?

17 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 8 - 21.48** 17

Luther and Richard Henley. He's nervous, unshaven, This man has been to some DARK PLACES. Not all of him came back.

LUTHER

Richard, the truth of it is: we're
nowhere. We've got SOCO at the house,
bodies on the street -

HENLEY

He won't have left you anything.

LUTHER

Not a thing. And now the clock's
ticking on Kirsten Ross.

Shows him the photo.

HENLEY

It's all in the case file.

LUTHER

But it's not, is it? Not the stuff we
need to know. You're the only one who
can help us here.

HENLEY

I'm not a copper any more.

LUTHER

Yes you are.

Shows Henley the BLOOD IN KIRSTEN'S HALLWAY. Henley winces,
looks away.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Whatever you did back then, whatever
you might have agreed to, you have my
word that whatever's said in this room
stays in this room.

Henley's hands writhe in his lap.

HENLEY

There was - a lot of sex stuff. Far
out, extreme, whatever.

LUTHER

By extreme, you mean - you did stuff
you weren't comfortable with?

HENLEY

You could put it like that, yeah. I
think about it, even now, I want to
scrub myself down with bleach.

LUTHER

I don't need all the details. But we
might need to know -

HENLEY

Sex Magick. Focus the energy of orgasm to further your "greater purpose".

LUTHER

So did he use blood? In your presence?

HENLEY

He said all bodily fluids are powerful. Semen, vaginal secretions, blood. Menstrual blood was best.

LUTHER

What did he do with it?

HENLEY

All this stuff had to be - taken into the body. In various ways.

LUTHER

And you -

Henley's pleading eyes stop the question right there. Instead, Henley rolls up his sleeve - shows several PARALLEL SCARS.

HENLEY

I let him do anything he wanted. I let him suck blood from me. I sucked -

The door opens. Ian Reed enters. An awkward moment.

REED

Ah. Sorry.

He closes the door, softly. Exits.

A silent beat in the office. Luther recovers the moment.

LUTHER

These things, Richard - whatever you did or allowed to be done to you. You were doing something valiant. Every copper in this building knows that.

HENLEY

It didn't help, though, did it.

LUTHER

So how did you come to - ?

HENLEY

I'd been under cover fifteen months. I thought I'd won his trust. This one night, we're in his flat. He gives me a glass of wine. I drink it - and wake up tied to a chair. Turns out, he's known I'm police from day one.

LUTHER

How?

HENLEY

A copper, we think. A leak in the investigation.

LUTHER

Who?

HENLEY

We never knew. All I know, Burgess has spent those months playing mind games with me - making me believe he trusted me, that I was making progress in the case. And you know that feeling when you're getting close to it, ending a really tough one?

LUTHER

Yeah, I know that feeling.

HENLEY

It made me do stuff I might not have done.

LUTHER

I know that feeling too.

HENLEY

I was married. I was a married man.

LUTHER

So you wake up. You're tied to a chair

HENLEY

And he shows me a Polaroid of Grace Allen. And she's alive. Nearly two years later, she's still alive. In the picture, right next to her face, he's folded up that day's paper. Just to prove it. He says, "this is the closest you'll ever come." And then he sets light to the picture. Burns it to ashes, right in front of me. Then he cut me loose.

LUTHER

And you do this to him.

Photograph of a BADLY BRUISED BURGESS.

HENLEY

Yeah. That's what I did.

17A INT. SCU, BULLPEN - NIGHT 8 - 21.52

17A

Reed lingers by Ripley's desk, Ripley's got himself a cup of tea.

REED
Who's that, in there?

RIPLEY
That's Richard Henley.

REED
Richard Henley, ex-copper? That
Richard Henley?

RIPLEY
What's left of him, yeah.

REED
And who's in there with the Duchess?
Teller's office. The back of Mark's head is only visible.

RIPLEY
That's, erm, Mark North.

REED
Right. Busy night, then.

SCENES 18 - 20 OMITTED

21 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 21.52

21

Mark and Teller.

MARK
I parked outside my house, like I do
every night. They came swaggering up
the street - limping, one arm stiff at
their side. Why do they do that, do
you think? Walk like that?

TELLER
Who exactly are "They"?

MARK
Kids. Hoodies. Girls.

TELLER
Girls?

MARK
They shoulder-barged me. I said
"excuse me." Then one of them, the
leader, said; "That's all right, Mark.
John says hello."

TELLER

"John says hello"?

MARK

Word for word.

Out on Teller's appalled face.

SCENES 22 - 23 OMITTED24 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 8 - 21.54**

24

LUTHER

Okay, we're nearly done here. I just need you to describe the Polaroid he showed you -

HENLEY

I can't do that.

Yes you can.

HENLEY (cont'd)

She was naked, in some kind of box - rectangular, not coffin shaped. Deeper, shorter.

LUTHER

Like what - like a chest freezer?

HENLEY

Could be. She was tied at the wrists and ankles with, I don't know. It was too dark to see properly. She was very thin. And her eyes were - you ever seen a horse's eyes, when it's scared?

LUTHER

How could you read the newspaper?

HENLEY

Sorry?

LUTHER

The box, the freezer, whatever it was: inside, it's too dark to make out details of the straps. But you could read the headline, you could see Grace's eyes.

HENLEY

There was a light across her face. A reflection of the flash or something. Like a crescent of light.

Luther makes a note. Henley is juddering his foot now, wildly. Barely in control.

HENLEY (cont'd)
It was her eyes that did it. I wanted
to kill him. I knew it would cost me.
But I didn't care. I just wanted to
kill him.

Stands, shoves the chair away. Paces. Tormented.

HENLEY (cont'd)
And to this day, the biggest regret of
my life is not killing him. You got
any idea how it feels, to feel like
that?

Long beat.

LUTHER
Yeah. Yeah, I know what that feels
like.

Henley looks him in the face.

HENLEY
Yeah, I heard that.

25 **SCENE 25 OMITTED** 25

26 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - NIGHT 8 - 22.06** 26

Burgess smiles down at Kirsten. Opens his bag - we glimpse a
POLAROID CAMERA, CLEANING EQUIPMENT - SEVERAL LARGE ALUMINIUM
FLASKS.

Tenderly, from the bag he removes the RUBBER TOURQUINET HE'S
ABOUT TO USE TO DRAIN KIRSTEN'S BLOOD. Seeing it, her helpless
terror intensifies.

She screams, through the gag.

26A **SCENE 26A OMITTED** 26A

26B **INT. SCU - LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 22.08** 26B

Luther enters. Reed is there, working his way through some
household bills.

REED
What's happening?

LUTHER
You remember the Grace Allen case?
Long time ago. Abduction.

REED
Yeah, yeah. Lucien Burgess. Olympic
quality mint cake. Into the old woo-
woo. Worships the devil, likes a bit
of blood now and again.

LUTHER
That's him. He's staging a comeback.

REED
(sits)
No.

LUTHER
What've you got on?

REED
Bit of this, bit of that. Finessing a
a new grass, mostly. Why?

LUTHER
You saw that Mark North was here?

REED
I clocked it, yeah. You okay?

LUTHER
Yeah, I'll be all right - but listen,
Burgess has got a victim out there,
right now. God knows what she's going
through. And I've just spent an hour
with the remains of Richard Henley. I
want to take this bastard down so
badly my teeth hurt. But I think today
might get complicated for me.

Beat.

REED
Whatever you need, I'm there.

26C SCENE 26C OMITTED

26C

27 SCENE 27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - NIGHT 8 - 22.08

28

Burgess lowers the lid of the freezer and locks it with a
padlock. From inside, muffled, comes Kirsten's TERRIBLE
SOBBING.

He sits on the camping stool. His mouth is SMEARED RED. Like a
clown's.

He seals the LAST THERMOS FLASK. Sets it down between his feet.
With the others.

29 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 22.09

29

Luther and Teller.

TELLER

Three guesses why Zoe's gentleman caller was here?

LUTHER

To confess he's a dick?

TELLER

He's been assaulted.

LUTHER

Good.

TELLER

He blames you.

LUTHER

Oh, come on.

TELLER

You already came close to one suspension for assaulting him. So I'm pretty much obliged to take this seriously.

LUTHER

The man's a fantasist.

TELLER

The marks on his face aren't fantasies.

LUTHER

Kirsten Ross is alive out there. And you bother me with this? Seriously?

Beat.

TELLER

Okay. Okay, it's late. I'll take my time entering the paperwork. But I will be entering it, first thing tomorrow - unless Mark North withdraws his complaint before then. If he does, nobody need know this ever happened.

LUTHER

Thank you.

TELLER

So go! Sod off! Speak to him. Be nice. Beg, if you have to.

30 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - DAY 9 - 06.31**

30

Burgess stands - folds up the camping stool - leans it against the wall. Opens the BLACK BAG. From it, he takes a CLEANING KIT. A MINI VACUUM CLEANER. BLEACH. DRAIN CLEANER.

Meticulously he begins to CLEAN THE SCENE - oblivious to Kirsten's MUFFLED CRIES -

Finally, he REMOVES THE PLASTIC SHEETING, folds it meticulously, packs it away. All in the LARGE OVERNIGHT BAG.

He looks around. Satisfied.

His last act before leaving is to PLUG IN THE FREEZER. With a MALEVOLENT HUM, it KICKS INTO LIFE.

He exits, to the sounds of Kirsten's TRAPPED PANIC.

31 INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - 07.16

31

Luther approaches an eager, antsy Ripley.

LUTHER

So?

RIPLEY

I ran the blood from the Grace Allen Cold Case through every available database.

ON SCREEN: Ripley shows Luther ANOTHER COLD CASE FILE.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

The blood matches Precious Akingbade. Found on the banks of a canal in Birmingham. Exsanguinated, genitally mutilated.

LUTHER

I remember this. But it's years ago -

RIPLEY

Twenty years. 1990.

LUTHER

Two murders. Completely different MOs. Separated by a decade and half a country.

A beat, as they take in the enormity of it.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Burgess must've been - what? Twenty years old when he did this?

He's interrupted by BENNY DEADHEAD entering the unit. A bit wide-eyed and unsteady.

Luther breaks away from Ripley, approaches Benny.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Benny, I appreciate this.

BENNY

That's okay. All it was, I was
immersed in King Crimson and World of
Warcraft.

LUTHER

Much as I love you, I'm not even going
to pretend to know what that means.

Follows Benny to his desk -

BENNY

What I'm saying is, do I smell like
I've been smoking marijuana?

LUTHER

Little bit, maybe.

BENNY

You think anyone's going to notice?

They sit at BENNY'S HOTDESK. Luther shows him the HAPPY
SLAPPING VIDEO.

LUTHER

I need to ID these girls. Quietly as
you can.

BENNY

I can do that.
(concerned)
You okay?

LUTHER

Will be, if you can tell me who these
girls are.

Benny leans closer - to a very blurry, pixelated image.

BENNY

Not working from this, I can't. But
I've got some ideas. Give me an hour
or two. Or three.

Luther checks his watch. Pats Benny's shoulder. Hurries back to

RIPLEY'S DESK

Where Ripley is checking out a WEBSITE called BAPHUMET. He
shows it to Luther.

RIPLEY

Burgess runs a little occult bookshop.
Selling on-line, too.

LUTHER
(leans close)
What's this?... "A place for those who
tread the left hand path."
(Beat)
You think Burgess will show up at work
today?

RIPLEY
It's got to look like a normal day for
him.

LUTHER
(checks watch)
Good. Then I'll see you in a bit.

He grabs his jacket, exits.

31A SCENE 31A OMITTED

31A

32 SCENE 32 OMITTED

32

32A EXT. HOBBS LANE - DAY 9 - 08.08

32A

Luther walks to his car, on the phone.

LUTHER
Are you insane?

33 SCENE 33 INCORPORATED INTO SCENE 32

33

34 SCENE 34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY 9 - 08.08

35

Alice walks the empty corridor - on the phone.

ALICE
According to you, yes.

INTERCUT Alice and Luther

LUTHER
What are you playing at?

ALICE
I thought you wanted Zoe back.

LUTHER
And this is the way to do it? Have me
blamed for getting Mark North beaten
up? Get me fired?

ALICE
Trust me.

LUTHER

Alice, I'm in serious trouble, more trouble than you realise, I think. They'll send Complaints after me, some investigator who'll think it's Christmas if he gets my scalp.

ALICE

You're not going to lose your job. Or your wife.

LUTHER

Look, no more helping, okay? Stop helping. Please. Please, stop helping.

He hangs up. Gets into his car.

35A **EXT. BURGESS'S SHOP - DAY 9 - 08.54**

35A

BAPHUMET is a CHIC-LOOKING ISLINGTON SHOP that resembles a SMALL GALLERY. Luther enters.

36 **INT. BURGESS'S SHOP - DAY 9 - 08.54**

36

Minimal. White walls, shelves of EXPENSIVE-LOOKING BOOKS.

The walls are hung with WEIRD PRINTS by FELICIEN ROPS, outré illustrations by GUSTAV DORE. A large print of Eliphas Levi Baphomet's IN DOGME ET RITUEL DE LA HAUTE MAGIE; the SIGIL OF BAPHOMET; the VALKNUT, a symbol consisting of three interlocked triangles. Quite a collection of OBSCURE EROTICA.

And a NUMBER OF PORTRAITS: we might recognise ALEISTER CROWLEY. Most of the faces stare at the camera with the BLANK LOOK of MUGSHOTS. Chances are, we don't recognise them.

Luther looks around. Until Burgess appears from back of shop, shakes Luther's hand.

BURGESS

You're John?

LUTHER

Yeah - how'd you get to that?

BURGESS

We do most of our trading on-line - or by appointment.

(gestures)

So. All yours. What's your pleasure?

Luther picks up a COLOUR CATALOGUE from near the till. It's marked BAPHUMET: MURDERABILIA.

LUTHER

Five hundred quid for a poem handwritten and illustrated by the Yorkshire Ripper.

Seven hundred and fifty for a letter
from the Ripper to a female
correspondent -

BURGESS

It includes a small self-portrait:
Sutcliffe snuggling up to a woman.
Large breasted.

LUTHER

Clown paintings by John Wayne Gacey.
Serial killer art? Is this stuff
legal? Seriously?

BURGESS

As long as the criminal himself
doesn't profit, and we're very careful
about provenance. But there's nothing
new under the sun: there used to be
quite a trade in handkerchiefs dipped
in the blood of hanged men. Hair
clippings, snuff boxes, fob chains,
hats, garters, cravat pins.

LUTHER

So who buys it?

BURGESS

Young women, mostly.

Luther gives him a connoisseur's nod - then goes to TWO
PORTRAITS. One is black and white, circa 1940s. The second is
an over coloured Polaroid, circa 1970s.

LUTHER

Even stuff like this? Peter Kurten -
the vampire of Dusseldorf. Richard
Trenton Chase, the Vampire of
Sacramento. Women buy this stuff?

BURGESS

It's a kink. A sex thing. A lot of
women like to fantasise about - being
tied up. Raped. Strangled. Eaten.

LUTHER

You think?

BURGESS

The Hillside Stranglers, John Wayne
Gacy, Ted Bundy, even Richard Ramirez
there. They all married in prison. The
more depraved the killer, the more
women fawn on him. It's called
Hybristophilia.

LUTHER
Sexual arousal by thoughts of
violence.

BURGESS
It's his willingness to murder that
attracts her. His murder becomes hers.

Beat.

LUTHER
So, yeah. I've got a confession to
make.

BURGESS
Really?

Luther grins. Got me. He reaches into his bag. Comes out with A
PAPERBACK COPY OF BURGESS'S BOOK - "SACRIFICIAL LAMB".

LUTHER
Would you mind?

BURGESS
A fan?

LUTHER
Got me.

BURGESS
If I sign this book, its resale value
increases hugely. I'm putting money in
your pocket.

LUTHER
I know.

BURGESS
You're a dealer?

LUTHER
A collector. I'll pay.

BURGESS
Two hundred and fifty.

LUTHER
Seriously?

BURGESS
Oh, yes. I've quite the following.

LUTHER
Done.

Burgess nods. Luther hands him the book. Fumbles it. Drops it.
On instinct, Burgess reaches out. Catches it -

- in his LEFT HAND.

A moment. Then Burgess sets down the book. Produces a pen. Holds it in his LEFT HAND - puts the nib to the paper - as if ABOUT TO SIGN.

A long, glittering moment between him and Luther. Then he TRANSFERS THE PEN to HIS RIGHT HAND. Signs the book with a flourish - and hands it back to Luther. Luther gives him the money.

A moment between them. Amused, twinkling eye contact - as Luther hands over the cash. Then pockets the book and exits.

36A SCENE 36A OMITTED

36A

37 SCENE 37 OMITTED

37

37A INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - DAY 9 - 08.58

37A

ANGLE ON THE FREEZER. Humming with baleful life. Kirsten's FRANTIC KNOCKING.

38 INT. MARK'S PLACE, HALLWAY - DAY 9 - 09.20

38

Stillness. The doorbell rings. An echo of the opening scene as Zoe comes downstairs. Opens the door. To Luther.

ZOE

You come here today? Seriously?

He brushes past her, into the living room.

39 EXT. BURGESS'S SHOP - DAY 9 - 09.20

39

Burgess walks away from the shop. Owning the streets. A lion passing through cattle.

Behind him, Ripley peels away. Tails Burgess.

On Burgess as he GRINS. He knows he's being followed.

40 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 9 - 09.21

40

Mark stands, not without difficulty, as Luther enters.

LUTHER

Mark - this has nothing to do with me.

MARK

They were waiting for me. They knew my name!

LUTHER

Okay, look. I'm going to need you to trust me.

MARK

John, what you did: I understand it. I almost admire it: it was subtle, in a brutal way - which kind of sums you up, really. But look at my face. Don't come here now and lie about it. Please don't do that.

LUTHER

If you do this, someone's going to get hurt. An innocent woman. And she's got nothing to do with this - with you and me, all the rest of it.

MARK

And you're the only police officer in London, right?

LUTHER

No, but she needs me. This woman needs me.

MARK

You can't say you love Zoe and keep putting her through this. You need to stop. For her. For yourself. Just. Stop.

A beat. Then Luther steps in. Low and close.

LUTHER

I'm asking you. Nice as I can. Please don't do this to me.

MARK

What exactly are you saying? If you're going to threaten me, then make a proper job of it. Say it loud and clear, so we all know where we are.

Then - *oh God, please no, don't be there* - Luther SLOWLY TURNS. To see that ZOE HAS ENTERED. She's looking at him. Completely stunned.

Humiliated, he faces her. Finds some dignity.

LUTHER

Zo, there's a lot I wish I'd told you. About how ashamed I was of - things I'd done. How scared. I didn't do that. I didn't talk to you. But at least I didn't lie. And I'm not lying now. I did not do this. I did not.

Mark and Zoe looking at him, and at each other, as he exits.

41 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE CELEBRITY ALLIANCE MANAGEMENT -DAY 9- 09.241

Burgess enters a LARGE, MODERN OFFICE.

A few steps behind him, Ripley follows. And sees -

A BRASS PLAQUE: CELEBRITY ALLIANCE MANAGEMENT.

Ripley digs out his phone. Dials.

RIPLEY

I think we may have a complication.

41A INT. DOUBLE DOORS O/S CELEBRITY ALLIANCE MANAGEMENT - DAY 9 - 41A
10.02

Ripley observes as -

42 INT. CELEBRITY ALLIANCE MANAGEMENT, PRESS CONFERENCE -DAY 9- 10.02

- of a ROOM FULL OF JOURNALISTS face Burgess, who sits behind a DESK, next to his PUBLICITY AGENT. He's addressing a MICROPHONE with APPARENT SHYNESS AND TIMIDITY. Reading a prepared statement.

BURGESS

I learned with terrible horror this morning of the disappearance of Kirsten Ross. My heart goes out to her and to her family, especially her husband and her little daughter. But, having already received a visit this morning from a man whom I believe to have been a police officer -

A MOMENT - as Burgess and Ripley lock eyes.

BURGESS (cont'd)

- I've called this press conference in anticipation of my arrest. I want to say publicly, while I'm still able, that I had nothing to do with this crime, just as I had nothing to do with the crime against poor Grace Allen. I pray that, this time, the Police Service can see past its own prejudice, its own desire to find a sacrificial lamb.

PRESS AGENT

Mr Burgess will now take questions.

Sudden pandemonium - flashes, hands in the air, bellowed questions.

43 INT. CELEBRITY ALLIANCE MANAGEMENT, CORRIDORS - DAY 9 - 10.03 43

Ripley jams his hands in his pockets - storms away.

44 INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 9 - 10.32

44

Teller turns to a pacing, frustrated Luther.

TELLER

Burgess has taken absolute control of this investigation. We can't go near him.

LUTHER

And he won't let Kirsten Ross live. Not for long. He can't afford to. Not when he knows we're on his back like this.

TELLER

The order was - STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

LUTHER

Boss, this was going to happen anyway. He prepared it all - the abduction, the press conference, everything.

TELLER

So Kirsten Ross dies a lonely death while the media ensures we can't go near our only suspect?

A beat. Oh, Christ.

TELLER (cont'd)

So. I submitted Mark North's statement this morning.

LUTHER

Don't take me off this. Not because of him. I can find her! I can find Kirsten!

TELLER

I fought your corner and I fought it hard - nobody wants you off this. But there are caveats.

LUTHER

What caveats?

Teller picks up her phone.

TELLER

Send him in.

A beat - on Luther's confusion. As DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDANT MARTIN SCHENK enters.

Dishevelled, spectacled, nebbish, quite brilliant. He affects the bewildered air of a new curate in a new town.

SCHENK

Martin Schenk - Complaints.

(they shake)

I know today isn't a good day, so all I'm asking is five minutes. You and I sit down, chat, put this silliness to bed.

LUTHER

Five minutes right now?

SCHENK

If possible.

LUTHER

Of course. Absolutely - it's just - I've got an abduction and time's running short for the victim. Can I brief Sergeant Ripley about something?

SCHENK

Absolutely. Please, go ahead. Brief away, keep the train moving.

Luther thanks him with a nod, exits.

45 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - CONTINUOUS**

45

Luther squats at Ripley's desk - points to Teller's office.

LUTHER

That man's about to suspend me.

RIPLEY

He can't do that, can he?

LUTHER

Can, has to, will. So we need to work quickly, here.

RIPLEY

Still nothing solid. No forensics, eyewitnesses, CCTV. Nothing.

LUTHER

So revisit the Cold Cases. What did Burgess leave behind?

RIPLEY

Nothing. The man's a ghost.

LUTHER

Then that's something we know -

RIPLEY

So what we're looking for - is where he kept Precious and Grace between the abduction and dumping the bodies.

(checks file)

Precious Akingbade lived and died in Birmingham. I can't see anything that links Burgess to the Midlands.

LUTHER

Okay - forget the distance between them. What do the dumpsites have in common?

RIPLEY

Industrial Estates. Easily accessible, lots of anonymous traffic.

Luther has the edge of something, the beginning of an idea. He rifles through his notebook. Glances at Teller's office.

LUTHER

Henley described a light on the photo of Grace Allen -

RIPLEY

- bright enough to read the headlines. A reflection of the flash.

LUTHER

He said it looked like that. But what if it wasn't? What if it was just daylight coming through a window. A round window.

And now - that moment of *seeing it*.

RIPLEY

Precious Akingbade was dumped by the side of a canal.

LUTHER

(stabs finger on map)

Grace Allen was dumped - here. Easy access by road. But she's also less than a hundred metres from a waterway.

(Beat)

He's got a boat.

He claps Ripley's shoulder, then hustles over to Benny's desk - casting a NERVOUS GLANCE at Teller's office as he goes.

His POV: Teller and Schenk are making strained, polite conversation.

LUTHER (cont'd)
How's it going?

BENNY
Not so bad. The email was sent from an Internet cafe - by these young debutantes.

CCTV PORTRAIT of YOUNG GIRLS IN HOODIES, huddled round a PC.

LUTHER
Can you get me a name?

BENNY
(eyes darting to Teller's office)
I can try. What's going on?

LUTHER
Nothing you can tell that man in there.
(They glance over, at Schenk)
Is that okay with you?

BENNY
No problem. Where you going?

LUTHER
To see an authority on these matters.

Then Luther turns - SNEAKS PAST Teller's office - gets his coat - skulks to the door - and HURRIES OUT!

45A **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - DAY 9 - 10.35** 45A

ANGLE ON THE FREEZER. Humming. From inside a SLOW, TERRIBLE TAPPING - a FADING CRY FOR HELP -

45B **SCENE 45B OMITTED** 45B

45C **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - DAY 9 - 10.45** 45C

The knocking has faded to an INTERMITTENT SCRATCHING - that slows to a STOP.

From the humming freezer there emits instead a terrible, wretched sobbing. The creepiest, loneliest sound in the world.

46 **SCENE 46 OMITTED** 46

47 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - 10.48** 47

Schenk emerges from Teller's office. Approaches Ripley.

SCHENK

I was waiting for DCI Luther -

RIPLEY

(vague)

Last time I saw him, Sir, he was
headed that way -

SCHENK

Which way? This way?

RIPLEY

Ish. Yes. Sort of. Absolutely.

Schenk slouches to Benny's desk -

- with HALF-CONCEALED PANIC, Benny MINIMISES THE SCREEN.

SCHENK

I wonder if you might have seen -

BENNY

No -

SCHENK

- Detective Chief Inspector Luther?

They laugh. Polite. Schenk steals glances at Benny's computer.

SCHENK (cont'd)

You're Ben Silver - Tech Forensics?

BENNY

I am. That's who I am. Yes.

SCHENK

So what brings you in today?

BENNY

Big case.

Schenk thinks it over. Glances at Benny's laptop. Exits.

Benny hits keys - pulls up LUTHER'S EMAIL RECORDS - and there,
fourth from top, is THE INCRIMINATING EMAIL.

Benny swallows - presses SECURE ERASE.

ON SCREEN: WARNING! THIS ACTION CANNOT BE UNDONE

Benny PRESSES OKAY - never taking his eyes from Schenk, who is
padding back to TELLER'S OFFICE.

A number of POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS are at work on the computers.
Luther and Alice circle the lab. She's drinking bottled water.

ALICE

So what do you want?

LUTHER

For you to help me catch someone.

ALICE

I was under the impression you wanted me to stop helping.

LUTHER

Well, I take it back.

ALICE

Say please.

LUTHER

Don't push it.

ALICE

And how do I know you're not playing a double game - one stone, multiple birds? Trying to make me speak carelessly in order to entrap me?

LUTHER

Because that would be illegal -
(she laughs, delighted)
And because I really need to catch this man, Alice.

ALICE

More than you want to catch me?

LUTHER

At the moment, yes. And I'm running out of time and options.

ALICE

Because if I thought you were about to lose interest in me, I'd be inconsolable.

LUTHER

I just need a way into him, to know what it's like to be him. Not to feel anything.

ALICE

I feel things.

LUTHER

Not mercy.

ALICE

Not sentiment. The way I am isn't a disorder. It's functional.

Call it psychopathy if that makes you feel better. I don't see what difference it makes.

LUTHER

Yeah, well. You've never been on the wrong end of it.

ALICE

I can't empathise with this man's state of being, any more than you can - because, disregarding a single alleged act carried out for very different alleged reasons, he and I might just as well be from different species.

LUTHER

See, I'd disagree. Murder's murder.

ALICE

But it's not, is it? Not even to you. There's a difference between evil as an absence of good - and evil as an calculated transgression. This man Burgess, he's just a naughty child showing off. You already know his flaw - his compulsion to dominate, to be in control. And you already know how to exploit that.

LUTHER

How?

ALICE

Change the state of play.

LUTHER

I tried that with you and it failed.

Playful beat.

ALICE

Only just.

She teases him with a smile. He can't respond. Until, galvanised, he exits.

49 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - 11.21**

49

Schenk at Ripley's shoulder, glancing through the OWEN LYNCH CASE FILE. Ripley's PHONE RINGS.

RIPLEY

(on phone)

Ripley.

His eyes flick to Schenk's. Schenk mouths:

SCHENK

Is that Luther?

RIPLEY

(nods to Schenk as he talks)

Will do - yes - okay - right away.

Ripley kills the call.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

DCI Luther's waiting for me outside.

SCHENK

I am very much obliged, Detective
Sergeant Ripley.

RIPLEY

No problem, Sir.

Schenk leaves the unit, on his way to intercept Luther.

A beat. Then LUTHER SNEAKS IN. Full of energy.

Ripley grabs paperwork, hurries to meet him.

50 **INT. SCU, EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY 9 - 11.45**

50

Luther jams a chair under the door handle. Then he and Ripley huddle, converse in HURRIED HALF WHISPERS, always keeping an eye on the door. Ripley practically bursting to show Luther what's he's been able to do.

RIPLEY

So I went through every record of
stolen boats, 1988-1991.

LUTHER

And?

RIPLEY

*(fast)*First, there's way many. Turns out,
boats get stolen a lot. So I'm
thinking, he needs a vessel that can
navigate canals in Birmingham. That
cuts the list a bit.

Slaps down some OLD PHOTOGRAPHS of NARROW BOATS.

Ripley (cont'd)

All these were reported stolen in '89 -
just as we went into the last
recession, meaning, lots of bogus
insurance claims. Six stolen boats,
six owners. I cross referenced the
names against Burgess's known history -

LUTHER

And you get -?

RIPLEY

(slaps down a photograph of)
Louis Gallant. Claimed for a stolen
narrowboat, the *Julia*, in July '89.
Suspected fraudulent claim, never
proven.

LUTHER

Connection to Burgess?

RIPLEY

Friends at Cambridge. Burgess and
Gallant were arrested together on a
charge of possession with intent to
supply crack cocaine. That's a pretty
big charge for two middle-class white
boys in 1989. Burgess took the fall
for it, did some time. Gallant walked.

LUTHER

So he was in Burgess's debt. We need -

RIPLEY

Already done it. Louis Gallant's a
family man with a serious job that's
looking more credit crunched by the
hour and mortgaged up the wazoo. He
gave me everything I asked, in
exchange for a promise not to drag him
through court.

LUTHER

So he sold the boat to Burgess?

RIPLEY

Gave it to him. Even helped him forge
a new registration number. It's easy
done, apparently. Burgess renamed the
boat the *Isis*.

(lays out copied documents)

Copy of the agreement to berth;
houseboat licence; British waterways
licence; council tax; insurance; Boat
Safety certificate.

Luther is impressed.

RIPLEY (cont'd)

Now the bad news. All these documents
are in the name "Brian Summers"...

He slaps down an ENLARGEMENT OF THE BOATING LICENCE. The
PHOTOGRAPH on it DOESN'T SHOW LUCIEN BURGESS but someone
bearded, pudgy, benign.

Ripley (cont'd)
- who looks like this.

Luther examines the photograph of "Brian Summers".

LUTHER
So what are we saying? Burgess used a proxy to get these licenses -

RIPLEY
A friend, an out-of-work actor, a junkie, some con-artist he met in prison. Who knows?

LUTHER
We want to search this boat, we have to connect it to the investigation. To do that, we have to prove "Brian Summers" doesn't exist. We could spend weeks of due diligence, chasing our tails.

Thinks hard. Flexing his jaw. Checks his watch.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Insufficient evidence, search warrant denied. We go upstairs, they tell us, "you don't have enough, go back, do your homework". So Kirsten Ross dies, Burgess dumps her body and walks. Again.

RIPLEY
So what do we do?

LUTHER
Change the state of play.

50A **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, CONFINED SPACE - DAY 9 - 11.47** 50A

ANGLE ON THE FREEZER. Silence now. But for the humming of the freezer.

51 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - 1.50** 51

Schenk re-enters, flustered, bewildered - and sees that RIPLEY'S DESK IS NOW EMPTY.

A beat. And Schenk, seeing what's happened, begins to LAUGH.

52 **EXT. MARINA - DAY 9 - 12.09** 52

Luther and Ripley walk. Tension and anxiety between them.

Ripley points along the bleak urban marina - past dilapidated, MOORED NARROWBOATS -

RIPLEY

There she is.

He's right. There, at the end, is BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT.

Seeing it, the air between them intensifies. They look guardedly, left and right. No-one around.

They head to the boat - moving faster now - slipping on LATEX GLOVES as they go.

Luther steps onto the boat. Tucks his tie into his shirt.

The door is secured with a HEAVY PADLOCK. He squats, takes his LOCKPICKS from his pocket.

LUTHER

If you're going to back out, back out now.

RIPLEY

Just hurry.

Ripley just scouts out with GROWING ANXIETY as Luther PICKS THE LOCK. Which finally OPENS. Gently - Luther opens the door.

53 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT - DAY 9 - 12.10**

53

Luther and Ripley creep into -

Silence and semi-darkness. Barely any light gleams through heavy-curtained windows. There's just the gentle shift, the gentle creak of the old narrowboat, gutted and semi-derelict.

They edge down the length of it. Until they reach the bedroom.

54 **INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, BEDROOM - DAY 9 - 12.10**

54

It's been stripped of everything - except an old CHEST FREEZER. Battered. Rusty round the hinges. Much used.

LUTHER

(whispers)

My God.

(stoops)

Kirsten. Kirsten, if you're in there.
My name is John Luther. I'm a police officer. I'm here to take you back to your family.

Silence. Luther glances at Ripley. Then - hands shaking with anxiety - he begins picking the lock. His hand slips. The lockpick CUTS HIM. He curses his own impatience and fear. Gets back to it.

The padlock opens. Luther sets it aside. Stands. Opens the lid of the freezer.

ANGLE ON HIS FACE as he sees - KIRSTEN ROSS. Curled up.
Bloodless.

And dead.

She's FROZEN. Tears turned to jewels of ice on her cheek.

Luther sinks to the floor. Buries his face in his hands. Lost.

55 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 9 - 12.15

55

Mark is on the phone to work.

MARK

No, nothing broken. A few stitches,
some bruising, bit of a headache - no,
I am - absolutely. I'm fine.

Unseen, Zoe enters. Listens.

MARK (cont'd)

You can bike round the hard copies?
Great, excellent.

(listens)

We think it was the husband, yeah.
He's got some issues he needs to work
through -

He sees Zoe there. And the sadness in her eyes. She grabs her
coat, puts it on.

MARK (cont'd)

I'll call you back.
(hangs up)
You off?

ZOE

Yeah.

MARK

Where?

ZOE

I've got to get out. Just for a bit.
I've got to.

MARK

What did I do? Did I do something?

ZOE

No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just -
it's John. He makes me so angry I
don't know what to do. He makes me
hate him.

MARK

Hey, come on.

ZOE

I'm sorry. I've got to - walk it off
or something.

She exits. Leaving Mark confused and bereft.

56 **EXT. MARINA - DAY 9 - 12.15**

56

Ripley strides away, on the phone. Luther runs up behind him,
grabs Ripley's phone hand.

LUTHER

Don't.

RIPLEY

Don't what?

LUTHER

Just don't.

RIPLEY

What are you saying?

LUTHER

We weren't here.

RIPLEY

That's not what we said - we said, if
she was here, we'd call it in. Claim
exigent circumstances under Section
17, reasonable suspicion of threat to
life and limb.

LUTHER

If she was alive.

RIPLEY

Boss, this is a crime scene - a murder
scene. You can't walk away from that,
pretend you never saw it.

LUTHER

You want to take down the man who did
this?

RIPLEY

More than anything I ever wanted in my
life.

LUTHER

Then trust me. Because there'll be no
forensics here. Nothing we can use.
He'll wriggle out of this. Again.

RIPLEY

Boss...John...you're a *police officer*.
And this, this is a murdered woman.
Her family are waiting;

they're going out of their minds. You can't just lock her back up and walk away. This is about the law - not retribution.

LUTHER
I'm not asking for your approval. Just your silence.

Long beat.

RIPLEY
I won't volunteer any information - but I can't lie for you, either. What you're doing is wrong.

LUTHER
I know.

RIPLEY
So why do it?

LUTHER
Because it's right.

Luther watches, in some pain, as Ripley turns in disgust and hurt and sorrow and walks away, ripping off his gloves.

He dumps them in a WASTE PAPER BIN as he passes. Then he thinks again. Goes back to the bin. Retrieves the gloves. Pockets them. Walks away.

Luther slowly produces his phone.

LUTHER (cont'd)
Ian?

57 **SCENE 57 OMITTED** 57

58 **SCENE 58 OMITTED** 58

59 **INT. SCU, BULLPEN - DAY 9 - 12.28** 59

SCHENK puts down the file he's reading - as Ripley enters.

SCHENK
Detective Sergeant Ripley! How nice to see you.

60 **SCENE 60 OMITTED** 60

61 **SCENE 61 OMITTED** 61

61A **EXT. CROWN PLAZA HOTEL - DAY 9 - 13.35**

61A

Burgess exits. He's wearing sunglasses, an attempt at disguise. He spots a vibrant middle class woman (late 20's/ 30's) across the street. He watches her.

61B **EXT. SHOREDITCH HIGH ST - DAY 9 - 13.36**

61B

Burgess heads down the street.

ACROSS THE ROAD: Reed is watching. He turns away, phone to his ear.

REED

He's coming your way.

61C **EXT. BOUNDARY STREEY - DAY 9 - 13.36**

61C

Luther on the phone.

LUTHER

Got it. Ta.

61D **EXT. SHOREDITCH HIGH ST - DAY 9 - 13.36**

61D

Reed pockets the phone. Gets his car keys.

61E **EXT. BOUNDARY STREET - DAY 9 - 13.37**

61E

Luther hangs up. Pockets his phone. Walks on.

INTERCUT Burgess and Luther -

As Luther walks, he puts on a BASEBALL CAP. Pulls it low. Turns up his COLLAR. Snaps on LATEX GLOVES.

What's he planning?

Burgess and Luther enter BOUNDARY PASSAGE from OPPOSITE ENDS -

61F **EXT. BOUNDARY PASSAGE - DAY 9 - 13.37**

61F

Burgess frowns at the big man heading towards him - hunched up - using the brim of the ball cap to hide his face -

Burgess recognises him. As they converge, Burgess smiles - about to say - *lovely afternoon, officer. Gets the blood up.*

- when LUTHER PUNCHES HIM in the face.

Burgess falls - stunned - bleeding.

Luther stoops, heel to haunch. Two men making HATEFUL EYE CONTACT -

- as Luther reaches out - PINCHES BURGESS'S BLOODY NOSE BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER.

Glares at Burgess with TERRIBLE HATE. Then strides away.

Burgess stands, stumbles, follows Luther to the mouth of the alley. And WATCHES -

SCENES 62 - 64 OMITTED

65 **EXT. STREETS - DAY 9 - 13.37**

65

As Luther carefully removes the BLOODY GLOVES - places them in a PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG - then gets into REED'S WAITING CAR - AND IS DRIVEN AWAY.

66 **INT. SCU, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 9 - 13.53**

66

Ripley is being interviewed by Schenk. He's torn. His first desire is to please and impress Schenk, a superior officer. But his loyalty to Luther exceeds that. This internal conflict makes him acutely anxious.

SCHENK

So it wouldn't be too foolhardy of me to suggest you accompanied Luther when he absented himself this afternoon?

RIPLEY

I did that, yes.

SCHENK

Going where?

RIPLEY

We were pursuing the investigation into Kirsten Ross's abduction. Forgive me sir, but do these questions fall within the parameters of your current enquiry?

SCHENK

Well, who knows until I ask them and you answer? I wonder, does John Luther discuss his private life with you?

RIPLEY

No.

SCHENK

Not his wife, her lover?

RIPLEY

No.

SCHENK

You're aware of his history of - instability.

RIPLEY

I'm aware of it, yes, although I'm not sure of its relevance.

SCHENK

Well, it might be relevant if it ever gives you pause to question his judgement.

RIPLEY

My dad taught me to question all judgments, sir.

SCHENK

I do apologise. I'll rephrase for clarity. How do you judge the quality of John Luther's current operational decisions - ?

RIPLEY

Well, it could be said that the merit of any operational decision can only be judged on its outcome. As long as that decision was taken within the boundaries of the law.

SCHENK

It could be said, yes - but are you saying it?

RIPLEY

I'm just saying, it could be said.

SCHENK

Do you know where Luther is, right this minute?

RIPLEY

I do not, Sir.

66A **INT. BURGESS'S BOAT - DAY 9 - 13.55**

66A

Luther and Reed enter the narrowboat - edge along its gloomy length. And stand there. Looking at the freezer.

A long, lingering look between Luther and Reed. Brotherhood. Silent agreement.

Luther bends. Applies a BLOODY Q-TIP to the GAP BETWEEN TWO PLANKS in the FAR CORNER.

66B **INT. SCU - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 9 - 13.56**

66B

SCHENK

Once again, I'll rephrase. Do you have any suspicions regarding his whereabouts?

RIPLEY

Well, "suspicion" is a bit of a prejudicial word.

SCHENK

Any assumptions, then?

RIPLEY

It would be wrong of me to assume without evidence, sir.

SCHENK

(grins, taps his pen)
Wouldn't it, just. Wouldn't it.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER knocks and enters. Schenk reads her face.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Ah. You've found him? Excellent.

He stands. Leaves the room. Out on Ripley's anxiety.

67 **EXT. REED'S CAR (NEAR BURGESS'S NARROW-BOAT) - DAY 9 - 14.11** 67

Luther and Reed head to the car- only to see SCHENK LEANING ON BONNET, arms crossed.

SCHENK

Ah. Detective Chief Inspector Luther.
You pass like night, from land to land.

LUTHER

I do. I really do. How did you find me?

SCHENK

I didn't. I found Detective Chief Inspector Reed.
(to Reed)
The transponder - in your car.

Luther and Reed glance at one another. Very nervously.

LUTHER

Ian, you might want to take this?

It's the BLOODY GLOVE, all bundled up and unrecognisable, in the evidence bag. Reed takes it quickly, shoves it in a pocket.

Under Schenk's curious gaze.

Reed faces Schenk, as if innocently expecting a question. It doesn't come. Instead:

SCHENK

Detective Chief Superintendent Teller
asked me to request your immediate
return to the factory.

REED

Will do, Sir.

Reed and Luther's eyes meet. A tiny nod - I'll be okay. Then
Reed gets back into his car. Drives away.

SCHENK

There's a coffee shop. Not far from
here. Shall we?

Luther nods. What can he do? He's caught. They walk.

67A **INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 9 - 14.23**

67A

Burgess is cleaning up his face. His PHONE RINGS - UNKNOWN
NUMBER. He answers.

BURGESS

Who's this?

SCENES 68 - 69 OMITTED70 **EXT. SCU - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 9 - 14.23**

70

On the phone is - IAN REED!

He's pacing in the empty locker room. Anxious. Keeping a
constant eye on the door.

REED

So how's it going, Lucien?

INTERCUT REED and BURGESS

BURGESS

I'm sorry - who exactly are you?

REED

They've planted evidence at the crime
scene, mate. They're framing you.

Burgess touches his bloody nose. Blood on his fingertips.

BURGESS

There is no crime scene. They don't
have a crime scene.

REED

Then you've got nothing to be so
jittery about.

BURGESS

They tried to frame me before. It didn't work then and it won't work now.

REED

You think? I'll be off then.

Moves the phone away, as if about to hang up.

Burgess is looking at the Polaroids. Chantelle's face.

A beat.

BURGESS

Wait!

Reed replaces the phone at his ear.

REED

I can make this go away. Two hundred thousand. Cash. I know you've got it.

BURGESS

I can't raise that in time. Not cash.

REED

Well, see - I think you can. My mate, the big bloke who smacked you, he's waiting on warrants as we speak. The area's clear of surveillance until then; it has to be, to make his story work. That gives me a window of less than an hour to make this work for you. If you don't want to pay for it, that's your call. I can respect that.

BURGESS

I can get you a hundred and twenty-five.

REED

I suppose it'll have to do.

BURGESS

Where do we meet?

REED

Finsbury Park Station. Platform two, Northbound. Half an hour.

Reed hangs up. Exhales. Scarcely able to believe what he's just done.

He takes a few breaths. Calms himself. Then REMOVES THE SIM CARD from the phone. Crunches it under his heel. Picks up what's left, drops it in the bin. Exits.

70A EXT. MOBILE COFFEE SHOP - DAY 9 - 14.25 (FORMERLY SC 68)

70A

Luther and Schenk sit outside by the water's edge. Canary Wharf in the background. Luther with coffee, Schenk with herbal tea. Some way into an intense, almost conspiratorial conversation.

LUTHER

Do you seriously think I'd do this?
Pay a gang of streetcorner thugs to
beat someone up?

SCHENK

No. No, I can't imagine that you
would.

LUTHER

So why are we here, wasting my time
and yours?

SCHENK

The truth of what I saw today: you
command great affection and loyalty,
which is to be admired. But you're
evasive, too - and not altogether
truthful. Given this mendacity, given
your history with the victim: you're
going to lose your job - unless you
can prove someone else did this to
Mark North, and why.

Schenk watches Luther with a look we've seen before - in
Luther's eyes. Knowing that Luther is trapped.

LUTHER

Well, I don't know who did it - and I
don't know why anyone would. Except
me.

Schenk, stirring herbal tea - round and round, round and round.
As Luther glances in AGONY at his watch. He's agitated,
restless. He seriously needs to get away.

SCHENK

I'm sorry, is there somewhere you need
to be?

LUTHER

No.

SCHENK

Good.

71 INT. MARK'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 9 - 14.31

71

Mark is at his computer, working. Or trying to. He hears
FOOTSTEPS in the hallway - Zoe's home! He looks up, smiling.
Only to see -

ALICE MORGAN!

She enters, sits opposite him.

ALICE
John Luther didn't do this to you, I'm
afraid. I did.

MARK
Why?

ALICE
Because I couldn't help myself.

MARK
I don't believe that. I don't think
you, of all people, ever do anything
unless you've decided to do it.

ALICE
No, it's true. I'm a bit like that. A
bit random. Slightly kooky.

MARK
Kooky.

ALICE
Absolutely.

MARK
Right.

ALICE
Okay. Mark, I did it because I didn't
like you. And because I wanted to toy
with John. It's like pulling legs off
flies. Very moreish, once you start.

MARK
So why are you here, now?

ALICE
Because I'm sorry.

MARK
No you're not.

ALICE
No, I'm not. I was trying to
empathise. I'm here because this has
gone just far enough and what I need
you to do now is pick up the phone and
withdraw the complaint. Please be
credible.
(gives him his phone)
Soon as you like.

MARK

And if I don't? What if somebody were actually to stand up and refuse you?

ALICE

Well, then. I'd have to leave. And then one night, I'd have to come back. And I'd have to burn down your house while you and Zoe sleep safe in each other's arms.

Once again, she hands him the phone.

72 **INT. SCU, TELLER'S OFFICE - DAY 9 - 14.32**

72

Teller is on her way to a meeting, paperwork in hand. Her desk phone rings. She ignores it. It keeps ringing.

Hesitates in the doorway. Glances at her watch.

Sod it. Goes back to the phone. Answers.

TELLER

Teller
(beat)
Mr North?

On her growing consternation as she listens.

73 **EXT. MOBILE COFFEE SHOP - DAY 9 - 14.35**

73

Schenk and Luther. Luther's on edge, desperate to get away.

SCHENK

Look. I'm not building a legal case here, John. This is about codes of conduct, and my standard of proof is much lower than yours. If you're in breach of that code in any way, we let you go. Quietly, and without fuss.

LUTHER

And you'll recommend that?

SCHENK

It's not what I want. But my recommendation will be that you're suspended, immediately and indefinitely. And that you're prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

LUTHER

Meanwhile, what about Kirsten Ross?

SCHENK

Many fine officers are working the case.

For what it's worth, I'm sorry it has to end like this for you. But there's no place in the service for dirty coppers. No matter how well-intentioned.

Schenk is interrupted by HIS PHONE RINGING. He answers.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Schenk.

As he listens, he turns his gaze to Luther.

SCHENK (cont'd)

When?...All right...yes...yes, I will. I'm with him now. Thank you, Rose. Yes I will.

He hangs up. Sips herbal tea.

SCHENK (cont'd)

Mark North put in a call to Detective Chief Superintendent Teller. Mr North no longer seems to believe the street robbers used his name, or indeed yours. Witness memory; it's a funny old thing. He's withdrawn the allegation.

LUTHER

So - what now?

SCHENK

You return to your case without prejudice.

Luther can't quite believe it. He's desperate to leap from the chair, to be gone. Schenk keeps him pinned like a butterfly.

SCHENK (cont'd)

I didn't want to come for you, John. But they sent me to do a job. If they send me again, I'll come again. And I will take you down...even if it means I won't be able to look myself in the eye afterwards.

LUTHER

Well, I know that feeling.

SCHENK

So. Don't do anything that will make them send me. Coffee's on me

A beat. Then Luther stands - hurries away.

Schenk watches. Hmmm. As Luther breaks into a run -

74 SCENE 74 OMITTED 74

75 EXT. MARINA - DAY 9 - 14.56 75

Burgess walks the marina. He's wearing a BASEBALL CAP and a new pair of SUNGLASSES. (Luther broke the last pair). He's got the OVERNIGHT BAG with him. He sets it down to pull on LATEX GLOVES - then boards the boat - opens the padlock.

Sniffs the air, like a creature on the hunt. Then enters.

76 I/E. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT - DAY 9 - 14.56 76

He enters. Creak of wood, gentle lapping of the greasy Thames. He slips on a pair of BOOTEES. Then moves through semi-darkness.

77 INT. BURGESS'S NARROWBOAT, BEDROOM - DAY 9 - 14.56 77

Steps inside, full of animal caution. He squats - sets down the bag - examines the LID OF THE FREEZER.

He can't help it. He lifts the lid. Stares down inside.

Closes the lid.

Then begins SPRAYING LUMINOL around the area. The freezer first. He sprays - then shines an INFRA-RED TORCH - examines the area with FORENSIC CONCENTRATION.

No blood trace.

He's fretful. He sprays an area of FLOOR NEXT TO THE FREEZER

Gets on his knees - shines the INFRA-RED TORCH. He's working very, very hard to be patient. Hating this loss of control. But making sure nothing is missed.

Slowly, methodically, agonisingly - he MOVES CLOSER to the place where LUTHER PLANTED THE BLOOD.

SPRITZES LUMINOL - sweeps the floor with the infra-red beam.

Comes CLOSER AND CLOSER to the blood spot!

Comes SO CLOSE WE CAN'T STAND IT. He's less than a foot away he sprays more Luminol -

He's inches away - he sprays more Luminol

He's IN THE CORNER - he sprays Luminol - shines the torch -

And the TINY SPOT OF BLOOD LUTHER PLANTED GLOWS SPECTRALLY BLUE-WHITE IN THE INFRA-RED BEAM!

Burgess has found it!

BURGESS

Oh, I've got you, I've got you

He opens the bag. Fingers and thumbs now, in his desperation to be gone, to regain control.

He DOUSES THE BLOOD SPOT IN DOMESTIC DRAIN CLEANER - then VIGOROUSLY BEGINS TO SCRUB IT!

He SCRUBS AND SCRUBS. All the while, he's snarling, desperate to be gone from here, to be safe.

And then he stands. Done. Satisfied.

And turns.

A TORCH SNAPS ON. SHINES DIRECTLY INTO HIS EYES.

Burgess blinks, steps back.

Behind the glare, it's JOHN LUTHER. He's been waiting there, in the darkness. Watching.

LUTHER

All right, Lucien. That's enough.

BURGESS

Drain cleaner. Destroys DNA. You seriously think you get to entrap me with planted evidence?

LUTHER

Not really, no. That's blood I took from a nice bit of sirloin I picked up for my tea. I'm going to have a little celebration. Because all that matters is - you're here, at the crime scene. You knew where it was. You came of your own free will. You brought Luminol. To look for blood traces.

BURGESS

That won't be enough.

LUTHER

Oh, I think it'll do.

BURGESS

A policeman called me. He told me you were framing me. He told me where the crime scene was.

LUTHER

And that'll be your defence, will it?

BURGESS

Yes.

LUTHER

Well, I'll look forward to you proving it.

BURGESS

Don't think I won't be able to.

Luther thinks. Then steps forward and GRABS BURGESS. Opens the freezer -

And THROWS HIM IN THERE. With the body. SHUTS THE LID.

Burgess's SCREAMS ARE MUFFLED - terrified. Luther holds the lid closed. For TOO LONG. Tempted to leave him in there.

Then Luther OPENS THE LID. Peers inside.

LUTHER

What you've got on you now. And what she's got on her. It's called trace evidence.

He hauls Burgess out of the freezer.

LUTHER (cont'd)

Fibres. Bits of hair and skin and what have you.

Dumps Burgess on the floor, cuffs him.

LUTHER (cont'd)

That'll be enough.

He digs out his phone. Dials.

78 **SCENE 78 OMITTED**

78

79 **INT. SCU, LUTHER AND REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8 - 19.44**

79

Luther finishes filling out a REPORT. Benny approaches.

BENNY

Good day's work?

LUTHER

Goodish.

BENNY

So anyway.

Passes Luther a HARD COPY CCTV IMAGE. It shows ALICE MORGAN MEETING WITH THE GIRL WHO SENT THE HAPPY SLAPPING VIDEO.

BENNY (cont'd)

This is her - meeting with the lass who beat up your wife's boyfriend. Giving her money. Drugs, maybe. Either way, you've got her.

Luther smiles - a little sadly, maybe. Shakes Benny's hand.

BENNY (cont'd)
You take care, now. Beware of geeks
bearing gifts.

Luther thoughtful as he tucks the photos into his pocket, heads
for the door. And BUMPS INTO RIPLEY. A strange, strained beat.

LUTHER
Look, Justin -

RIPLEY
I said nothing. And I won't say
anything.

Luther nods. Thank you.

Ripley (cont'd)
But you can't go on like this. You
just can't.

A long beat. An understanding. Ripley steps aside, allowing
Luther to pass.

FADE TO:

80 SCENE 80 OMITTED

80

81 EXT. UNIVERSITY, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 9 - 20.33

81

Luther reaches into his pocket. Passes Alice a HARD COPY CCTV
IMAGE. It shows ALICE MEETING WITH THE GIRL WHO SENT THE HAPPY
SLAPPING VIDEO.

ALICE
So what's this? Blackmail now?

LUTHER
No. It's just - this thing, this weird
thing between me and you. It has to
end.

ALICE
Why?

LUTHER
Because it's not right. It started
because I was scared of you; I
thought, being your friend, I could
control you. But I can't control you,
Alice. And I'm still scared of you.

ALICE
I'm scared of you, too. You want to
send me to prison.

LUTHER

What you did to Mark nearly cost me.

ALICE

I wouldn't have let it.

LUTHER

I know you think that. And I think, in your own way, I honestly think your intentions are good. But hurting Mark won't bring Zoe back to me. It's not how people work; it's not how they think.

She smiles at this with an angelic kind of pity. Then she stands. Returns the photographs to his hand.

ALICE

I'll see you soon.

LUTHER

No you won't.

But she just walks away.

82 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NIGHT 9 - 21.02

82

Luther lets himself in. Beyond exhausted. Shuts the door.

And SENSES A PRESENCE in the flat. CAUTIOUS AND ALERT, he steps inside. And there - is ZOE!

LUTHER

Oh. Wow. Okay. Hello. I wasn't - how are you? What are you doing here?

ZOE

Saying sorry.

LUTHER

For what?

ZOE

For not believing you.

She takes a step - tentative at first.

ZOE (cont'd)

What they said you did, it isn't in your nature. I should've known that. Of all the people in the world, I should've known. And I should have said something. Been there.

(Steps closer. Touches his lapel)

You're obsessive, you're driven. God knows you're misguided.

But what you never are is a liar. Not
to me. Or a coward. Ever.

He opens his mouth to say something. She shushes him, gently.

Reaches out. Touches his face. Her touch is ecstasy and misery
to him.

LUTHER

Zoe -

ZOE

Shhhh.

A long, long moment between them. And then -

- he's kissing her.

82A **INT. ADJACENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

82A

Alice watches at the window. As the LIGHT IN LUTHER'S WINDOW
GOES OUT -

83 **INT. HOSPITAL, MADSEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

83

Henry Madsen lies still as the dead. The STEADY RHYTHM of the
heart monitor. The METRONOME of his breathing.

And the SUDDEN SPIKING of his BRAIN WAVE ACTIVITY. We linger on
it for several moments. A SPIKE. A LULL. Then a SECOND, HIGHER
SPIKE.

And a THIRD. Higher yet.

Madsen is waking.

END OF EPISODE