

CONFIDENTIAL

LUTHER

Series 5

EPISODE ONE

DRAFT 002.4

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NEIL CROSS

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1 EXT. LONDON - PANORAMA - LATE NIGHT 1

London at its most ethereal. Its most sinister. Our re-introduction to LUTHER LAND.

2 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT 2

An industrial park going to seed. Full of dark corners,
discarded engine parts. Broken glass.

All is silent and still. Until A DESPERATE, RACING FIGURE bursts into view. Running like a man with the devil at his back.

This is WILLIAM LUCAS.

BEHIND HIM - EMPTINESS.

Until we hear AN ONCOMING NOISE. The BESTIAL GROWL OF A CAR'S ENGINE.

We see THE BEAM OF ITS HEADLIGHTS enter shot...

3 EXT. CONTAINER TERMINAL - OUTSIDE PERIMETER - NIGHT 3

Lucas running along industrial roadways -- no choice but to make for a FLOODLIT CONTAINER YARD.

He's at the point of exhaustion. Stopping to look into the darkness behind him. His face falling as

HIS POV:

BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS TURN INTO THE ROAD.

Lucas slowly backs away. Step by step.

THE CAR'S ENGINE ROARS -- AND SUDDENLY IT'S RACING TOWARDS HIM.

Lucas runs hell for leather -- arms pumping -- knowing he can't outrun the car -- scrabbling through THE GATES TO THE TERMINAL.

4 EXT. CONTAINER TERMINAL - NIGHT 4

Lucas racing across the forecourt. Headed for a MAZE OF SHIPPING CONTAINERS.

5 EXT. CONTAINER TERMINAL - OUTSIDE PERIMETER - NIGHT 5

At last, we see THE PURSUING CAR. It's a FUCKED-UP OLD VOLVO. And as it roars past, we catch a fleeting glimpse of

TWEED COAT

-- before it SHARPLY TURNS -- SLAMMING THROUGH THE TERMINAL GATES --

6

EXT. CONTAINER TERMINAL - NIGHT

6

-- pursuing Lucas at breakneck, reckless speed.

DRIVER'S POV

Lucas running for A MAZE OF SHIPPING CONTAINERS

THE VOLVO

Accelerates, following.

DRIVER'S POV

The car speeding between SHIPPING CONTAINERS.

DRIVER'S HANDS

active at the wheel, hauling the old tank this way and that.

THE VOLVO

slamming into the corner of a container -- skidding - accelerating --

DRIVER'S POV

A glimpse of LUCAS'S PALE, TERRIFIED FACE as he ducks behind a container -- runs deep into THE MAZE.

THE VOLVO

Skids to a halt.

There's a moment of silence and stillness. A moment of delicious *anticipation*. Then...

... THE DRIVER'S DOOR OPENS AND...

DCI JOHN LUTHER

emerges. Takes a moment to button his coat against the chill. Then buries his hands deep in his pockets and strides off after Lucas.

In no hurry. Patient as vengeance.

7

INT. CONTAINER TERMINAL - MAZE - NIGHT

7

Lucas careers through the maze, turning randomly -- ducking left and dodging right.

AT LAST - HE SEES A WAY OUT.

And doubles down. Running for it. Bursting from the maze... directly into

LUTHER

Who grabs him. Uses his momentum. Slams him face fucking first into a SHIPPING CONTAINER.

Lets him crumple to the ground.

Lucas on his back. Looking up at Luther. Who's towering above him. Backlit by industrial lights, a haze of drizzle.

LUCAS

Now what?

LUTHER

Can you breathe?

LUCAS

Yeah.

LUTHER

Shame. Get up.

Luther grabs him. Cuffs him. Not gently. Marches him away.

8 **INT./EXT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT** 8

Luther drives. Lucas in back. The darkness and the lights of London pulse hypnotically overhead.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 **OMITTED** 9

10 **OMITTED** 10

11 **OMITTED** 11

12 **OMITTED** 12

13 **EXT. UPPER STREET - NIGHT** 13

DARIA SHUBIK (early 30s) says goodbye to her FRIENDS, buttons her coat, checks her bag, and heads home. *

14 **EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT** 14

Heels clicking, she heads into a CONCRETE NIGHTMARE LAND.

Sodium light. Echoing concrete. Inky shadows. Empty cars.

And SINISTER, HOODED STREET KIDS LURKING in dark corners and walkways.

She walks on. Phone in hand. On high alert.

BEHIND HER - A HOODED SHAPE separates itself from a loitering group. Stands in the middle of the road with head canted.

DARIA PICKS UP PACE, glancing in the WING MIRRORS of parked cars.

DARIAS'S POV: THE HOODED SHAPE IS FOLLOWING HER.

15 **EXT. BALLARAT STREET - NIGHT**

15

Daria turns onto a long street of large Georgian Terraces. She DIALS TWO NINES. Rests her thumb near the third.

BEHIND HER - THE HOODED SHAPE IS CATCHING UP.

SHAPE

Oi! Miss.

Daria pretends she didn't hear. Just keeps walking.

SHAPE (CONT'D)

Excuse me? 'Scuse me? Miss? It's
Lee? Peck? You were my teacher? In
English? You taught me?

Oh, *for fuck's sake*. She turns to him with a flare of anger.

DARIA

Lee. Shit.

SHAPE/LEE

Sorry miss. Did I - ?

DARIA

Yes. You did. Yeah.

He looks at her. He's definitely on something.

LEE

So - do you live round here?

DARIA

Good night, Lee.

He watches as she lets herself in.

16 **INT. SHUBIK HOME - NIGHT**

16

Daria with her back to the door. Half relieved. Half embarrassed.

All around her, the house is very, very dark. Hissing with late-night silence. She heads inside. Is erased by the shadows.

17 **EXT. BALLARAT STREET - NIGHT**

17

Lee lights a cigarette and turns to leave. Then hears
A SINGLE SHOUTED WORD.

Maybe it wasn't even a word. A cry for help? Of surprise?

Curious, he turns to face THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET.
Houses anonymous and sinister.

He moves cautiously towards

NUMBER 73

Finds himself peering into A BASEMENT FLAT. Seeing nothing.
Hearing nothing.

A PALE, BLOODY HAND SLAMS AGAINST THE WINDOW.

Lee takes a step back in shock. Then sneaks closer. Phone in hand.

LEE'S POV:

A DARK FIGURE HUDDLES OVER A NAKED, STRANGELY *BRISTLING*
CORPSE.

WHOSE UNSEEING EYES stare wide and lifeless into his killer's face.

LEE is immobilised by fear.

THE DEAD MAN'S EYES SLAM SIDEWAYS -- AND LOCK WITH LEE'S.

LEE CRIES OUT IN TERROR.

THE KILLER SUDDENLY TURNS. Revealing a HOODIE. A PEAKED CAP.
AND BENEATH IT, A TERRIFYING, SMILING PLASTER MASK. BLOOD
SPLATTERED. Through it, the killer's eyes shine bright with lunacy.

HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET!

AND LEE RUNS -- dropping his phone -- hammering on DARIA'S DOOR.

LEE
Miss! Let me in! Let me in!

BACK TO NUMBER 73

The door opens. The killer steps outside. Unhurried.

18 **INT. SHUBIK HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

18

Petrified, Daria approaches the POUNDING DOOR. Puts an eye to the peep hole.

HER POV: A FRANTIC LEE.

 LEE
Miss! Let me in!

 DARIA
Lee! Go home! Last warning! I'm
calling the police! I'm doing it
right now!

 LEE
Miss, please!

DARIA'S POV: *SOMETHING* IS MOVING BEHIND LEE. A SHAPE ARISING FROM THE DARKNESS. SPECTRAL. A BLANK WHITE FACE.

SEEMING TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT HER.

 LEE (CONT'D)
MISS, PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

19 **EXT. SHUBIK HOME - NIGHT**

19

Lee looking over his shoulder... and SEEING HIM. The NIGHT THING.

Lee bursts into a sprint. He runs. He runs and runs.

THE KILLER AT HIS HEELS. That terrible mask. Terrifying eyes gleaming joyfully behind it.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLES

FADE IN:

20 **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LATE NIGHT**

20

The Volvo pulls up. Luther wearily emerges. He pauses to check out the broken headlamp. Walks to the front door.

Then stops. Frowns. Something's wrong.

He turns -- AS A VAN SCREECHES UP -- MEN IN SKI-MASKS pouring out, wielding baseball bats and tasers --

-- Luther holding up his hands as they form a menacing circle around him.

LUTHER

All right! All right! Hold on a minute!

A beat -- then they DESCEND ON HIM -- LUTHER WHIRLING -- A SKI-MASK putting A CATTLE PROD to the base of his skull -- LUTHER GOING DOWN HARD -- pinned to the pavement by half a dozen men -- who cuff him -- drag him into the back of the van.

Which speeds away. Headed somewhere into the night.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. LAKE HOME - NIGHT 21

A very large, very affluent home in St Johns Wood.

22 INT. LAKE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 22

VIVIEN LAKE (40s) is asleep. Alone in a beautifully appointed bedroom.

SLOWLY, WE PUSH CLOSER. AND CLOSER. AND CLOSER STILL. UNTIL
HER EYES SHOOT OPEN.

What was that? Was that A NOISE downstairs?

She lies there. Heart thumping.

THE SOFT, SINISTER CREAKING OF A DOOR SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE.
GENTLE MOVEMENT.

And... sobbing? Is that sobbing?

Vivien gets up. Throws on a silk robe. Slips from the bedroom. Cat-like and cautious.

23 INT. LAKE HOME - VARIOUS - NIGHT 23

She pads along the hallway. Pauses at the top of the stair.
Hears it again. Sobbing.

She creeps DOWNSTAIRS. Stops outside HER STUDY DOOR. Noticing SMEARS OF BLOOD ON THE HANDLE.

She reaches for the handle. Steps into her study.

24 INT. VIVIEN'S STUDY - NIGHT 24

Mahogany Desk. Bookshelves. Old books. A Chesterfield sofa.

Naked on which, feet planted on the floor and face planted in his hands, sits

THE KILLER

His bloody clothes pooled at his feet. His shoulders heaving.

Slowly, he looks up. He's still wearing the mask. Blood on it. And we understand.

He wasn't crying. He was *laughing*.

ANGLE ON VIVIEN - no fear. Just regal poise. Imperious pity.

25 **INT. LAKE HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

25

The killer huddles in the bath as Vivien briskly and efficiently bathes him. Washing away the blood.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

26

CLOSE UP ON A HOOD as it's WHIPPED FROM LUTHER'S HEAD.

Before he can orientate himself, a BIG MAN IN A BALACLAVA punches him in the face. Luther blinks. Stunned. Shakes his head.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

He's cable-tied to a chair in a vast, somewhat sterile warehouse. Surrounded by men in ski-masks, dark clothes.

A DAPPER FIGURE enters. Backlit by harsh white light. Soon it resolves into

GEORGE CORNELIUS!

The thugs stand aside for him.

LUTHER

So what's all this bollocks then,
George?

CORNELIUS

You tell me, old fruit.

LUTHER

I've got no idea. I was on my way
to bed when the Village People here
jumped me.

CORNELIUS

All right. Let's make believe I'm
laughing on the inside.

(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Now stop pissing me about. How much do you know?

LUTHER

About what?

CORNELIUS

How. Much. Do. You. Know?

LUTHER

Mate, where do I start? I know that Hitler really did only have one bollock. I know the first person to be buried in Poet's Corner was Geoffrey Chaucer.

CORNELIUS

Ah, Chaucer. We did him at school.

LUTHER

He probably taught at your school, didn't he?

CORNELIUS

"The guilty think all talk is of themselves."

LUTHER

Nice.

CORNELIUS

You know we're going to kill you, John.

LUTHER

I can see it's looking that way, yeah.

CORNELIUS

So tell me.

LUTHER

What?

Cornelius sighs and nods a command. A big man in a SKI-MASK STEPS FORWARD. This is RONALD MASSEY. 40s. Ex-forces. Cornelius's chief enforcer. We'll be seeing a lot of him.

Once again, he applies a CATTLE PROD TO LUTHER'S NECK. LUTHER CONVULSES. SCREAMS.

CORNELIUS

Where is he?

LUTHER

Who?!

AGAIN - THE CATTLE PROD.

CORNELIUS
Where is he?

AGAIN - THE CATTLE PROD

Massey steps back. Luther's head drops to his chest. He's in agony. He looks into the face of Cornelius...

... and LAUGHS.

LUTHER
This is mad, George.

AGAIN - THE CATTLE PROD.

CORNELIUS
Where is he?!

LUTHER
WHO???!!

A beat. Then Cornelius steps forward and, with a twist of malice, holds his phone to Luther's eyes.

ON PHONE: a man we'll come to know as ALISTAIR CORNELIUS trussed up in the boot of a car. Then blindfolded and ball-gagged. Chained to a bed.

ON LUTHER as HE FLEETINGLY GLIMPSES: a hint of THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHADOW. Cast on the wall behind Alistair.

Cornelius whips the phone away.

CORNELIUS
That's my son. Alistair.

LUTHER
Your eldest? The one who cleans
your money for you.

CORNELIUS
Allegedly. Where is he?

LUTHER
George, I don't know.

Luther watches very closely as MASSEY PRODUCES A REVOLVER, methodically REMOVES FIVE BULLETS from the cylinder.

CORNELIUS
Okey dokey. So what I'm going to do
is, I'm going to ask that question
a maximum of five more times.
Where's my boy?

*
*

MASSEY PUTS THE GUN TO LUTHER'S HEAD.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
John! WHERE IS HE? HURRY UP!

LUTHER
I. DON'T. KNOW.

CORNELIUS NODS -- MASSEY PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK! Empty chamber!

CORNELIUS
Where is he?

Massey pulls the trigger. CLICK!

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
That's two. Where is he?

Massey pulls the trigger. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)
Last chance John. WHERE IS HE!?

Massey about to pull the trigger a FINAL TIME -- *

Luther MOVES --

-- demolishing the chair -- taking down Massey, grabbing the gun -- grabbing Cornelius by the throat -- JAMMING THE GUN UNDER HIS JAW. *

LUTHER
All right. What's this about?

A very still, very loaded moment. Cornelius intensely searching Luther's eyes.

CORNELIUS
You really don't know do you?

LUTHER
I really don't.

But there's a flicker of... SOMETHING... in Luther's eye. Not quite a *suspicion*. Not quite.

A *trace* of something. A ghost.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
So did they get him at home? At work? Off the street? What? How many of them were there?

CORNELIUS
See. Now you're fishing.

LUTHER
If you tell me who it was, I can help you.

CORNELIUS

I'm not a twelve year-old girl. I
can take care of my own business.

LUTHER

You kicked this off.

CORNELIUS

Just doing due diligence. Making
sure you're not part it.

LUTHER

Why would I be?

CORNELIUS

We've got history.

LUTHER

Not that sort of history.

CORNELIUS

Says the bloke who kidnapped me and
chained me to a radiator.

Luther chin-nods. Accepting that.

LUTHER

All right. Fair play.

CORNELIUS

So are we good?

Another beat. Longer. Then Luther lowers the gun. And the two
men face each other.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

He's my boy, John. So do me a
favour and let me get on with it.

LUTHER

You're a decent bloke, George. But
I don't give a toss about you. And
I don't give a toss about your boy.
All I care about is getting home
and having breakfast.

He pockets the gun and walks away. Eye-fucking the goons as
he goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

27

INT. LAKE HOME - STUDY - DAWN

27

VIVIEN cleans blood from the door handle. Using a UV torch
and a Luminol spray to ensure she gets it all.

OFF VIVIEN:

28 OMITTED 28

29 EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - MORNING 29

Luther wearily walks home. Then stops short. *

Because MARTIN SCHENK is waiting outside the house. Giving *
Luther the once over. Taking in the battered state of him.

SCHENK
DCI Luther. I'll put the kettle on,
shall I?

30 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - HALLWAY - MORNING 30

They enter. Schenk checking the place out. It's monastic but happy. Stripped floors. White walls. Books.

SCHENK
You seem to be settling in at last.

LUTHER
I'm trying. You know where
everything is. Milk's in the
fridge. I'll be down in a tick.

Schenk nods, heads into the kitchen.

31 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - MORNING 31

Schenk enters. Fills the kettle.

31A INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - HALLWAY - MORNING 31A

Luther heads upstairs. Pausing only to CAREFULLY SLIP THE REVOLVER into a CONSOLE TABLE DRAWER.

31B INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - MORNING 31B

Schenk takes milk from the fridge.

Doing so, he notices a number of FAMILIAR POSTCARDS magnetised to it: Mexico; Marrakech. Monte Carlo. Plus the ROAD RUNNER. And a picture of the VERY LARGE ARRAY in New Mexico.

Schenk takes a postcard from the fridge. Considers it with a touch of melancholy.

31C **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BATHROOM - MORNING**

31C

Luther strips to the waist. Bathes his wounds. Rinses his mouth with salt water. We see A SWIRL OF BLOOD in the glass.

He examines a newly-loosened tooth.

31D **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

31D

Luther enters, knotting a tie at his throat. Schenk hands him a cup of tea. Luther thanks him, takes a sip.

SCHENK

So how's Catherine working out?

LUTHER

D.S. Halliday? Fine, I suppose.
Why?

SCHENK

You don't like her?

LUTHER

It's not that.

SCHENK

Look, John. This Direct Entry thing. Head-hunting people from the private sector. Fast-tracking them through the ranks. None of us like it. But that's how it is. Give it ten minutes, and D.S Halliday will be Superintendent Halliday.

*

Schenk sips tea. Allows that to land.

LUTHER

Boss, are you telling me to behave myself?

SCHENK

I'm saying we're dinosaurs and she's the meteor. So yes. Don't show her how it's done. Show her how it's *supposed* to be done.

LUTHER

Okay. Point taken.

SCHENK

Good. I hope so.

A beat. Then LUTHER'S PHONE RINGS. He answers.

LUTHER
DCI Luther.
(listens)
We're on our way.

Luther hangs up. Takes a last, hurried sip of tea.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Sorry, boss. We've got a customer.

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - CRIME SCENE - EARLY MORNING** 32

LUTHER and SCHENK head to the bustling crime scene.

They find:

LEE lying dead and broken at the bottom of THE PLAYGROUND SLIDE. There's a white pillow-case over his head. Vivid red/brown stains marking eyes and mouth, creating a hideous caricature of a face.

DS CATHERINE HALLIDAY is waiting for them. She's 35. And brilliant.

HALLIDAY
Morning.

LUTHER
Morning. Can I borrow a pen?

Halliday gives Luther a pen. He kneels at the body, uses the pen to ease out the pillow-case a little bit, so he can see underneath.

HALLIDAY
He took the eyes. Cut out the tongue.

Luther straightens, offers back the pen. Halliday makes a face.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
Keep it.

LUTHER
I can't. It's a nice pen.

HALLIDAY
Honestly. It's my gift to you.

Luther shrugs. Fair enough. Pockets the pen.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
Killer chased him from Ballarat Street. Just round the corner.

Halliday passes Luther a series of BLURRY, EERIE BLACK AND WHITE CCTV IMAGES:

THE KILLER CHASING LEE. INSTEAD OF A HEAD, THE KILLER HAS A DIFFUSE HALO OF WHITE LIGHT.

Luther looks at that for a minute.

LUTHER

All right.

HALLIDAY

So I have to ask. Is that normal?

No answer. They leave the park, heading to Ballarat Street.

33

EXT. BALLARAT STREET - SHUBIK HOME - DAY

33

Schenk, Luther and Halliday meet with BENNY. He's making notes OUTSIDE DARIA'S HOUSE.

BENNY

Witness doesn't have the first clue what happened. The victim's an ex-pupil. Lee Peck. He followed her home --

HALLIDAY

And not in a good way, I suppose.

BENNY

Is there a good way to follow a woman home?

HALLIDAY

I don't know. "Hello, I'm Channing Tatum. You dropped your phone?"

BENNY

Next thing she knows, he's banging on the door and pleading to be let in. Killer seemed to come from nowhere.

SOMETHING catches Luther's eye. He wanders off. Leaves them to it.

He looks around. Hands in pockets.

HIS POV: LEE'S PHONE, marked with evidence flags... And beyond that... a glimpse of *STRANGE MOVEMENT* on a basement window. Shifting. Random. Almost *fizzing*.

Luther frowns. Steps over the discarded phone. Ducks under police tape. Approaches NUMBER 73.

HIS POV: The strange movement is the activity of THOUSANDS OF HOUSE FLIES.

Luther takes that in. Hnnnnnnnn. He shifts his gaze to:

THE WINDOW ABOVE THE BASEMENT FLAT. Clean glass. No flies.

THE WINDOWS TO THE LEFT OF THE BASEMENT FLAT. No flies.

THE WINDOWS TO THE RIGHT. No flies

He moves closer. Squats heel to haunch. Peers into the basement flat.

HIS POV:

THE BASEMENT ROOM... SWARMING WITH BUZZING FLIES. Blood on the wall. Blood oozing in spongy carpets. Finally the PALE, CORPSE. He's been slit open down the belly. His limbs bristle with A THOUSAND SIX-INCH NAILS. He lies there like a bizarre work of modern art.

BACK TO LUTHER. As he straightens. Hands in pockets.

CUT TO:

34

INT. LAKE HOME - STUDY - DAY

34

Vivien is with MARY (28). A troubled patient.

VIVIEN

The first thing you have to understand is: you are not schizophrenic. This compulsion is not *part* of you. It's something that's *happening* to you. The way migraine happens to me. Or diabetes to my brother.

MARY

Is there a cure?

VIVIEN

Well, we don't really talk about "cures" as such. But I'm confident we can make you better. Yes.

She glances down at a PATIENT FILE on the desk before her. The file belongs to a man called OSCAR HAUSER. Among the papers is a SMALL SHEAF OF DRAWINGS.

FAVOURING ONE DRAWING IN PARTICULAR: A naked man. Curled like an embryo. He's been pierced with a thousand nails. And his eyes are gone.

CUT TO:

35

INT. POLICE STATION CAR-PARK - DAY

35

Benny and Luther walk from the Volvo towards the police station. Luther deep in thought.

Finally, as they reach the door, he turns to Benny.

LUTHER

So listen, Ben. I need a favour.
An off the books thing.

BENNY

Yeah? I thought we were behaving
ourselves these days.

LUTHER

It won't be a problem.

BENNY

He says. Go on, then. What do you
need?

LUTHER

Someone's got George Cornelius on
the hook. I need to know who.

BENNY

And why do we care?

LUTHER

I don't know. It's just...

Luther massages his brow. Tries to say what he's thinking.
Can't.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

I don't know. Something's not
right.

Benny studies Luther. Knowing there's more to this than
Luther's letting on... and knowing he's had all the answer
he's going to get.

BENNY

So... I'm just having a quiet nose
round? No fussing about with
warrants or anything like that?

LUTHER

Nah.

A pause.

BENNY

Go on then. You talked me into it,
you silver-tongued devil.

CUT TO:

36

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CRIME WALL - DAY

36

Luther enters, finds Schenk and Halliday at THE CRIME WALL:

Horrifying crime scene photographs of the two victims. Eerie CCTV images of the killer. A glowing halo for his head.

LUTHER

So where are we?

SCHENK

First victim's Paul Redford. Twenty-nine. Landscape gardener.

HALLIDAY

Single, liked to mingle.

LUTHER

Meaning - ?

HALLIDAY

Mr Redford used a number of online hookup apps.

SCHENK

Let's hope we're not looking at another Stephen Port.

HALLIDAY

Lab's looking for traces of GHB and other drugs. But Port incapacitated, raped and murdered his victims. He didn't do this.

She gestures to CRIME SCENE PHOTOS OF PAUL REDFORD. His body pierced by a thousand nails.

LUTHER

Nothing similar on the books?

HALLIDAY

Nothing close.

LUTHER

Yeah. But it's not his first time at the disco, is it? Even Jack the Ripper had to work himself up to what he did to Mary Jane Kelly. Our boy hasn't got to this from a standing start. So first up, let's see if there's been any uptick in people being assaulted in public -- stabbed in the groin or buttocks. Usually with a small knife, maybe a big pin --

HALLIDAY

Like a hatpin?

Luther pauses. Gives Halliday a strange look. For the third time today his thoughts go... *elsewhere*.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

A hatpin? It's like a long pin,
about so big. You use it to -

LUTHER

Yeah. I've seen one. And let's look
into recent prison releases for men
fitting that general pattern. Go
back, what? Ten years.

HALLIDAY

Consider it done.

LUTHER

What about the second victim? Any
connection?

HALLIDAY

Nope. Looks like an acute case of
wrong place, wrong time.

BLURRED CCTV IMAGES -- THE KILLER CHASING LEE.

LUTHER

So what does that say to you about
the eyes and the tongue?

HALLIDAY

Symbolic punishment.

LUTHER

For what?

HALLIDAY

Intruding on a private act.

Luther nods, agreeing. Then he indicates that UNEARTHLY HALO.

LUTHER

And this business? How does he do
that?

HALLIDAY

L.E.D lights sewn into a hoody or
the peak of a cap. Confuses CCTV.

LUTHER

So this isn't random. And it's not
spur of the moment. It's planned.
Which means there's more to come.

Off Luther, considering that SPINE-CHILLING HALO.

CUT TO:

37

INT. BENNY'S VAN - NEAR CORNELIUS HOUSE - DAY

37

BENNY at the wheel of a stationary Mazda Bongo. On his lap, he's flicking through PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALISTAIR CORNELIUS.

At the same time, he's watching the house.

HIS POV: SERIOUS-LOOKING GANGSTERS TURNING UP TO CORNELIUS'S PLACE - A HUGE, GRAND HOUSE IN CHELSEA.

BACK TO BENNY - watching, eating M&Ms, reading up on Alistair Cornelius. Then SEEING SOMEONE WE RECOGNISE: ERROL MINTY. With him is a TATTOOED HEAVY.

Such is the activity at Cornelius's place, they're forced to park some way down the street and walk to the house.

BENNY

Oh, happy day.

He dials Minty's number.

38

EXT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - DAY

38

Minty pauses to answer his RINGING PHONE.

MINTY

Yeah. Who's this?

INTERCUT MINTY AND BENNY

BENNY

It's Krampus. The half-goat, half-demon creature who punishes naughty children.

Minty curses to himself. Nods for the heavy to go on inside.

MINTY

Benny? Mate. Bad timing. What's up?

BENNY

I see you're still working for George Cornelius.

MINTY

With him, mate. With him. It's a strategic partnership.

BENNY

And I'm Lana Turner. So I need a favour.

MINTY

Of course. Totally.

BENNY
Seriously?

MINTY
No!

BENNY
Then you leave me no alternative
but to huff and puff and blow your
walls in.

MINTY
And how you gonna do that, then?

BENNY
By telling Cornelius you've been
skimming.

MINTY
Well, I haven't. That's mad.
Because he'd kill anyone who did
something like that. How do you
even know this shit?

BENNY
You've got to work on your on-line
security, sunshine.

39 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

39

Luther at his desk, watching CCTV of the killer chasing Lee.
He takes a call from Benny.

LUTHER
All right, Ben?
(he listens then)
Nice one.

He grabs his coat, approaches Halliday at the crime wall.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Soon as you've got something, let
me know.

HALLIDAY
Right. Cool. So. Where will you be?

LUTHER
Out.

She looks at him.

HALLIDAY
Okay then. Cool, yeah.

Luther exits. Halliday watches him leave. A little hurt.

And thinking: *Cool?!*

She turns back to her work - going through a list of men with relevant convictions. Checking prison and psychiatric hospital release dates.

OFF HALLIDAY:

40 **EXT. BENNY'S VAN - SUBURBAN LONDON - DAY** 40

Benny has moved the van, parked it some way from Cornelius's house.

Luther approaches, throws open the rear doors, climbs inside.

41 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - REAR - DAY** 41

He finds Benny fitting Minty with an old fashioned WIRE. Battery pack, microphone taped to his chest.

LUTHER
All right, Errol?

MINTY
Yeah, yeah.

LUTHER
That your best comeback, is it?

MINTY
Mate, you're not worth wasting the funny on.
(re: wire)
Where'd you even get this? Oxfam?

LUTHER
Sue Ryder.

MINTY
If they catch me wearing this I'm dead about eighteen times. He'll feed me to his dogs. I'm not joking.

BENNY
So don't get caught.

MINTY
Actual dogs. He's got dogs. Like them '70s dogs.

LUTHER
Listen. Errol -

MINTY
Dobermans.

LUTHER

- I just need to know what's going on.

MINTY

But I don't even know anything. He wants me there for a bit of extra va-va-voom, that's all. I'm *numbers*, mate. I'm muscle.

LUTHER

You don't have to do anything. Don't go asking any questions. Just be in the room and let us listen.

A beat.

MINTY

And if I deliver the goods? What do I get?

Luther sighs. Then passes Minty a Monopoly "Community Chest" card.

ANGLE ON CARD: GET OUT OF JAIL FREE

LUTHER

I owe you.

Minty pockets the card.

MINTY

We're sweet, then. All you had to do was ask politely.

42

INT. CORNELIUS'S PLACE - DINING ROOM - DAY

42

A grand dining room giving on to a PICTURESQUE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Cornelius sits at the long dining table. A OLD FASHIONED LANDLINE placed directly before him.

He's watching the clock tick down the hour. On the mantel below it, FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS.

The room is full of BODYGUARDS. Among whom is MINTY. He's leaning against the wall, on the periphery of things. Sweating bullets.

He catches the Heavy's eye. The heavy beams him a silent question: *What's wrong?*

Minty beams the answer: *Nothing's wrong. Shut up.*

Tense silence. Then EVERYONE IS STARTLED BY THE LAND-LINE RINGING.

CORNELIUS

Everyone keep your wig on and shut it.

43 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - REAR - DAY**

43

Benny and Luther listen intently.

44 **INT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

44

Cornelius takes a moment. Then answers the phone.

CORNELIUS

Afternoon.

He listens for a moment. Could that be A WOMAN'S VOICE we can hear, maddeningly faint down the line?

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Well, we all want the *money*. But Alistair's got nothing to do with this. It's not how we do things in the civilised world. Or what's left of it.

As he listens, his eyes sweep the room -- alighting for a second on MINTY'S SWEATING BROW before moving on.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

All right. You get your money. I get my boy. And that's it. Close of play.

He hangs up. Stands. The chairman of the board.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

I want this place watched like a hen night in Riyadh.

Cornelius holds everyone's gaze for a moment.

Minty looks away. Just for a second. But Cornelius notices.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

All right, then. Off we toddle.

He picks up A BRIEFCASE and heads to the door.

45 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - REAR - DAY**

45

Benny and Luther listening in.

LUTHER

Come on, George. Off you go.

Benny, reacting to the hunger in Luther's eyes.

46 **INT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

46

On his way to the door, Cornelius passes Minty. Then comes to
A DEAD HALT.

And turns. Scowling.

He walks up to Minty. Frowns at THE SWEAT ON MINTY'S BROW.

CORNELIUS

What's wrong, Errol? Feeling peaky?

47 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - DAY**

47

Benny and Luther are suddenly very still.

48 **INT. CORNELIUS'S PLACE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

48

Cornelius pins Minty on his gaze.

MINTY

Nah. I'm good, George.

CORNELIUS

Really? Because you're coming
across as a bit clammy, if I'm
being honest.

MINTY

Yeah. I'm just sweaty. It's a
family thing. On my mum's side.

CORNELIUS

Well, that's delightful.

A tense beat. Cornelius giving him the death stare.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Could someone point a gun at
Errol's face please?

SUDDENLY -- A ROOM FULL OF HANDGUNS ARE POINTED AT MINTY.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Do me a favour, Errol. Lift your
shirt.

Minty smiles nervously. Like he's not quite getting a joke.

MINTY

I can't do that.

CORNELIUS

All right. Take him down the back of the garden and stab him in the nutsack.

MINTY

All right! All right! Stop! Bloody hell!

CORNELIUS

Come on then. Let's have it.

Slowly, Minty lifts his shirt. REVEALING THE WIRE. Cornelius laughs. Then leans into the mic like it's a telephone.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Ello ello ello. What's all this then?

49 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - DAY**

49

Luther scowling. Shit.

50 **INT. CORNELIUS'S PLACE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

50

CORNELIUS

Well, John. I suppose this goes to show that you honestly don't have a Scooby what's going on. But you're still curious. You little tinker.

(beat)

So here's what we'll do. You can follow me, if you like. Or you can save poor old Errol. Do you remember what happened to Harry Samson?

51 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - DAY**

51

On those words, Luther is scrambling to get behind the wheel. Benny riding shotgun.

BENNY

What happened to Harry Samson?

Luther ignores him. Starts the engine.

52 **EXT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - DAY**

52

CORNELIUS emerges from the house, immaculate in suit and Crombie. Bodyguards walk him to his Jag.

Behind him, RONALD MASSEY and DEREK HAYES (another trusted enforcer) march Minty to a WAITING SUV and bundle him into the back seat.

53 **INT. BENNY'S VAN - DAY**

53

LUTHER at the wheel -- screeching on to Cornelius's street just in time to see:

THE JAG TURNING OFF ONE END OF STREET -- THE SUV TURNING OFF AT THE OTHER

Speeding away in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

Luther hits the brake. Punches the steering wheel in frustration.

He hesitates. Which way does he go?

BENNY

Go after Minty, you never find out
who's got Cornelius's boy.

Luther hesitates. Genuinely torn. But only for a moment.

LUTHER

We got him into this, Ben. The
useless little toe-rag.

He throws the van into a turn -- and sets off IN PURSUIT OF THE SUV.

54 **INT. SUV - LONDON STREETS - DAY**

54

MINTY in the back seat. Hayes with a gun to his ribs.

MINTY

What happened to Harry Samson?

CUT TO:

55 **OMITTED**

55

56 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

56

HALLIDAY pins A SUSPECT'S FACE to the crime wall. The fifth.
Schenk joins her. Checks out the suspects.

SCHENK

What do we have?

HALLIDAY

Well, these three were released from prison custody in the last eighteen months. The two on the right have been released from psychiatric care.

SCHENK

And how much do we like them for it?

HALLIDAY

It's difficult to say. Two were delusionally psychotic at the time of their offending. The others -- it's not like I'd want to get in a lift with any of them. But, well -- they targeted women.

OFF SCHENK:

57 **OMITTED** 57

58 **OMITTED** 58

59 **EXT. DERELICT HOTEL - CAR-PARK - DAY** 59

MASSEY skidding into a muddy, pot-holed CAR-PARK ABUTTING A SEMI-DERELICT HOTEL. Massey and Hayes drag Minty out -- bundle his jacket over his head -- drag him into --

60 **INT. DERELICT HOTEL - DAY** 60

- a rotting, dripping shell.

60A **OMITTED** 60A

60B **INT. DERELICT HOTEL - MAIN ROOM - DAY** 60B

A DISGUSTING, FETID ROOM. Hayes and Massey chaining MINTY to a HEAVY OLD VERTICAL WATER PIPE.

MINTY

What are you doing? Mate, stop!

HAYES points a gun at Minty's head. Stay still.

MASSEY kneels to unzip his backpack, producing A TRIPLE-BANDED METAL COLLAR. This is a NECKLACE BOMB. He locks it round Minty's neck, securing it with a HIGH SECURITY PADLOCK.

MINTY (CONT'D)

Wait. What is this thing? What is it?

MASSEY throws THE PADLOCK KEY into a far, detritus-strewn corner. Then places a DIGITAL TIMER on the floor. In Minty's eye-line.

MINTY (CONT'D)

Ten minutes? What happens in ten minutes?

MASSEY

It goes off.

MINTY

Wait. You can't do that.

Massey grins. Hits THE BUTTON on the timer. And THE COUNTDOWN FROM TEN MINUTES begins.

Minty freaks. Struggles to free himself.

HAYES DIALS BENNY ON MINTY'S PHONE.

He places the phone on the ground near the timer. He gives Minty a big, shit-eating grin...

... then Hayes and Massey exit.

Minty struggles. Down the line, BENNY ANSWERS

BENNY (V.O.)

Errol? Is that you?

MINTY

Benny! Ben!

BENNY (V.O.)

Where are you?

MINTY

I don't know, mate. I've got this thing round my neck. This metal thing. I think it's a bomb, mate. I think they put a bomb round my neck!

LUTHER (V.O.)

All right, Errol. Calm down.

MINTY

I can't calm down! I've got this thing round my neck!

LUTHER (V.O.)

Listen! They made this call because they want us to find you.

(MORE)

LUTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You're not worth killing. You're a diversion. So listen. Where are you? We lost you on Tinakori Road.

MINTY
I'm don't know where I am! I don't know!

LUTHER (V.O.)
Shut up for a minute and help us out. Where'd they take you after Tinakori road?

MINTY
I don't know.

LUTHER
YES YOU DO!

Minty locks onto the timer. Focusses.

MINTY
We turned on Brandon Street, I think. Then Churchill drive. Went past that gastropub. Used to be the King's Arms. We passed that little market. I'm in some sort of derelict school or hotel or --

LUTHER (V.O.)
I know where you are! Hold on! I'll be there in a few minutes.

Off Minty looking at the timer.

MINTY
HURRY UP!

CUT TO:

61 **INT. KILLER'S BASEMENT ROOM - DAY**

61

A brick basement. Whitewashed. Clean and ordered. But gloomy.

CAMERA FINDS - THE KILLER

He's naked. Considering a LARGE PROJECTION SCREEN. He stands between projector and screen such that THE IMAGES ARE PROJECTED AND DISTORTED ON HIS OWN NAKED SKIN.

IMAGES CLICK PAST: FLIGHTS OF BAROQUE SURGICAL FANTASY, after Goya... human bodies flayed and skinless... Saint Sebastian without eyes, his tongue lolling hideously on his chest... a rendering of PAUL REDFORD, a thousand nails in his flesh... MURDER SCENES SKETCHED in such a way as to evoke Goya's "disasters of war"... LEE'S HIDEOUS PILLOW-CASE "mask"...

MAREY'S CHRONOGRAMS, in which time is visible and human beings are rendered as dune-like curves.... ADVERTISEMENTS clipped from 1960s and 1970s magazines showing IDEALISED FAMILIES at breakfast tables, handsome men smoking cigarettes, lovely women filling washing machines ... except their eyes are missing and nails appear to have been driven into their bodies... contours of thigh and thorax and pudenda... images of hideous smiles.

He clicks through. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

OFF THE KILLER:

62 **INT. LAKE HOME - STUDY - DAY**

62

Vivien is alone. Watching the clock tick. Psyching herself up. Picking up the phone. Staring at a selection of the killer's TERRIFYING SURGICAL DRAWINGS. Concentrating on one in particular: THE BODY PIERCED WITH A THOUSAND NAILS.

Finally, she dials.

 VIVIEN (ON PHONE)
Hello? Police?

63 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

63 *

HALLIDAY returning to her desk at speed. Picking up the phone and dialling Luther.

64 **EXT./INT. BENNY'S VAN - LONDON STREETS - DAY**

64

LUTHER at the wheel -- in pursuit of Minty -- answering his phone.

 LUTHER
What?

INTERCUT HALLIDAY AND LUTHER

 HALLIDAY
You okay?

 LUTHER
Yeah. What?

 HALLIDAY
You sound -

 LUTHER
I'm fine. What?

 HALLIDAY
Tip-line just got a call from a
consultant psychiatrist.
(MORE)

*

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
Dr Vivien Lake? She's worried about
one of her patients, quote,
"escalating".

LUTHER
We like him?

HALLIDAY
I don't know. It sounds
interesting.

LUTHER
Okay. Bring her in.

HALLIDAY
I already sent a car.

LUTHER
Excellent. I'll be there soon as I
can.

STAY WITH LUTHER as he hangs up -- cursing -hen focussing as
HE SEES: THE DERELICT HOTEL UP AHEAD.

64A **INT. DERELICT HOTEL - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

64A

Minty struggling. Crying out desperately for help.

ANGLE ON TIMER: 1:10... 1:09... 1:08...

MINTY
FOR GOD'S SAKE HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

He shouts and shouts. Then falls SILENT. Because, OFF SCREEN
he can hear LUTHER AND BENNY CALLING HIS NAME.

MINTY (CONT'D)
I'M UP HERE! I'M IN HERE!

1:00... 59... 58...

MINTY (CONT'D)
IN HERE! HERE!

HE CALLS OUT UNTIL -- AT LAST -- LUTHER AND BENNY burst into
the room.

They race to Minty. Luther quickly examines the device. The
padlock.

MINTY (CONT'D)
Come on!

LUTHER
All right. Shut up and let me have
a look.

Luther looks at Benny. Shakes his head. No way.

He glances at the timer.

53... 52... 51...

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Errol, I can't open this.

MINTY
Wait, there's a key! He threw the
key over there!

BENNY
Over where?

MINTY
Over there! In the corner!

BENNY runs to the far corner -- finds A STINKING MIDDEN of
leaf fall, discarded bottles, tile fragments, rags.

LUTHER
Ben?!

BENNY
I can't see it! Where did it land?

MINTY
In the CORNER.

BENNY
WHERE IN THE CORNER?

48... 47...

Luther curses.

LUTHER
All right. Sod it.

He hurriedly digs his LOCK-PICKS from his pocket.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Keep looking, Ben. I don't know if
I can do this.

Luther sets about the lock.

MINTY
You can do it. No lock's
unpickable.

LUTHER
This might be. It's pick resistant.

MINTY
What does that mean?

LUTHER
That I can't pick it.

MINTY
Of course you can pick it. Of course you can.

LUTHER
I'm trying.

MINTY
THAT'S NOT THE ATTITUDE! PICK IT!
GET A JOG ON!

40... 39...

BENNY hunts for the key

LUTHER concentrates. Trying to pick the lock. But his hands are fumbling... sweating...

He casts an anxious glance at Benny.

BENNY searches through detritus. Throws aside a dead rat.

LUTHER
Ben! How's it going over there?

MINTY
Just OPEN it!

LUTHER
I'm TRYING.

MINTY
Oh God! Oh God oh God oh God! Hurry up!

THE TENSION IN THE PICKS is too much. LUTHER'S HAND SLIPS. He DROPS THE LOCK-PICK.

He shoots Benny a despairing look: *I can't do this.*

LUTHER AND BENNY exchange a glance: *What do they do?*

MINTY (CONT'D)
What's that? That look? What does that look mean?

LUTHER forgets the lock-picks. Tugs at the padlock. Face locked in fury. Veins pop. He cries out.

MINTY (CONT'D)
COME ON! PULL! PULL, YOU MINGER!

LUTHER glances at the timer.

LUTHER
Ben! Get out of here!

MINTY
What are you saying, you dick?!
Don't do that! Find the key! FIND
THE KEY!

For a moment, Benny is undecided. Then, fuck it. He redoubles his efforts. Scrabbling frantically...

... and finding THE KEY!

BENNY
BOSS!

LUTHER looks up. BENNY throws him the key. It falls short.

16... 15...

LUTHER scoops the key from the floor. Slips it into the lock.

IT'S JAMMED!

MINTY
HURRY UP. UNLOCK IT!

LUTHER
Shut up.

MINTY
UNLOCK IT, YOU TOSSER! YOU MANKY
BELL END! UNLOCK IT! COME ON!

10... 9... 8...

LUTHER jiggles the key. Once. Twice. TURNS IT.

The PADLOCK OPENS. Minty cries out -- wriggles free of the device.

LUTHER
BEN!

LUTHER throws the device to Benny -- who catches it -- then throws it into

AN ADJACENT ROOM

It's still in the air when it EXPLODES.

65 **OMITTED**

65

66 **OMITTED**

66

67	OMITTED	67	
68	OMITTED	68	
69	OMITTED	69	
70	OMITTED	70	
71	OMITTED	71	
72	OMITTED	72	
73	OMITTED	73	
74	OMITTED	74	
75	OMITTED	75	
76	OMITTED	76	
77	OMITTED	77	
78	OMITTED	78	
79	EXT. LONDON FIELDS - LIDO - EVENING	79	*
	GEORGE CORNELIUS enters the deserted LIDO. Walks to the far end. The length of the pool separating him from the gate.		*
	He waits. Alone. Ramrod straight. Ready.		
80	INT. DERELICT HOTEL CAR-PARK - EVENING	80	*
	PARAMEDICS wheel Minty's gurney towards a waiting ambulance. Luther approaches.		
	LUTHER		
	We'll make sure you're looked after until we've got this thing put to bed.		
	MINTY		
	It won't be put to bed though, will it? You've opened a can of -- not worms. I don't know. Sharks.		

A beat. Then Luther concedes.

LUTHER
I'll sort it. You'll be all right.

MINTY
Right then. Okay. Do that. Because everyone knows you do magic, yeah?

Luther strides over to Benny.

LUTHER
Get him to hospital. Arrange some protection. Then get back to the factory.

81 **EXT. LONDON FIELDS LIDO - EVENING** 81 *

A SERGIO LEONE SHOT. LOW ANGLE ON CORNELIUS. A HUGE GUN in hand -- A Smith And Wesson .500 -- raising it -- pointing it at SOMEONE OFF SCREEN. *

He shoots! THE ROAR IS HUGE. BIBLICAL. HE FIRES AGAIN. AND AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

He walks. Reloading. Firing. And firing. And firing. Until he comes to THE FAR END OF THE POOL...

... and a TRAIL OF BLOOD leading out of the lido.... through the gates...

He follows. Catches a glimpse of a SHADOWY RUNNING FIGURE, CLUTCHING ITS SIDE, STUMBLING, RUNNING -- RETURNING FIRE -- PERHAPS WE CATCH AN ALMOST SUBLIMINAL FLASH OF PALE SKIN AND RED HAIR UNDER THE HOODIE

Cornelius ducks to safety.

CAMERA RUSHES VERY CLOSE - ON HIS DEMONIC FURY.

CORNELIUS
GO ON! RUN! I'LL FIND YOU! I'LL
FIND YOU!

SMASH CUT TO:

82 **OMITTED** 82

83 **INT. HOBBS' LANE - INTERVIEW ROOM - EVENING** 83

Luther enters. Finds Halliday with VIVIEN LAKE. Who is poised and elegant. Waiting there with a regal air.

LUTHER

Dr Lake? I'm DCI Luther. Thanks for coming in. Have we offered you a cup of tea? Coffee?

VIVIEN

You have. But water's fine, thanks.

Luther takes a seat. Halliday opens a notebook. Looks for a pen. Can't find one.

Luther digs the pen from his pocket, passes it back to her.

HALLIDAY

So. You wanted to bring one of your patients to our attention?

VIVIEN

Oscar Hauser. Yes.

HALLIDAY

And this is something you can do? Legally?

VIVIEN

Doctor-patient confidentiality doesn't apply in this circumstance. I'm legally -- some would say morally -- obliged to report any patient whom I believe may represent a danger to the public.

LUTHER

"Some" would say.

VIVIEN

Some. Yes.

LUTHER

But not you.

VIVIEN

There's a profound bond of trust between psychiatrist and patient. It's very difficult for me to sit here and not feel like I'm letting him down.

Luther silently concedes that point.

HALLIDAY

So what can you tell us?

VIVIEN

He's a very troubled man dealing with a number of intersecting paraphilias.

(MORE)

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

He was the victim of profound and systematic childhood abuse. Unspeakable abuse, really.

HALLIDAY

And for the avoidance of doubt, by "paraphilias" we mean --?

VIVIEN

Sexual fetishes. Abnormal sexual impulses.

LUTHER

And the nature of his...

VIVIEN

... Impulses? Piquerism. From the French "piquer" - "to prick". At the age of thirteen he stabbed a classmate in the buttocks with a school compass and experienced his first orgasm.

LUTHER

A male classmate? Female?

VIVIEN

Male. He attended boarding school. But there were female victims during his student days. And later there were sex workers of both sexes and all genders. He paid to stab their buttocks, thighs and particularly the area round the navel.

LUTHER

With?

VIVIEN

Usually the point of a scalpel.
(a smile)
Just the tip.

Luther is a sphinx. But Halliday winces a little.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

There's nobody in the world without a sexual secret, DS - ?

HALLIDAY

Halliday.

VIVIEN

We all have a fetish. A fantasy. We all regret something we've done. Or something we never had the courage to do.

She locks eyes with Luther. A strange tension in the air.

LUTHER

So why come to us today? What's changed?

VIVIEN

Oscar was making outstanding progress. He's an extraordinary man with immense reserves of strength. But lately he's experienced a number of stressors. Divorce. Financial and legal problems. His condition has been escalating. He didn't attend his last two appointments. Last night, he turned up at my house uninvited. He was - there was blood on him.

HALLIDAY

... His blood?

VIVIEN

I presumed so. At first. Self-mutilation isn't uncommon in people struggling with extreme desires. I cleaned his wounds. But there were no wounds. I asked him to wait in the lounge while I went to my office, intending to have him sectioned. Before I could place a call, he'd gone. He's not answering his phone or his emails. So I sought advice from a colleague and decided to come forward.

LUTHER

And is that unusual? For him to turn up at your house? Uninvited? At night?

She holds his gaze.

VIVIEN

As his fantasies grew more extreme, he became too ashamed to articulate them. So I asked if he could draw them for me.

She slides across the drawing of THE NAIL MAN.

Luther and Halliday exchange a glance. *This is him.*

CUT TO:

84 INT. OSCAR HAUSER'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - EVENING 84

SCO19 OFFICERS surge through an up-market house: stripped floors. White walls. Clearing it room-by-room

SCO19 OFFICERS
ARMED POLICE! SHOW YOURSELF! ARMED
POLICE! SHOW YOURSELF!

85 EXT. OSCAR HAUSER'S HOUSE - EVENING 85

We're on a pretty street in Crouch End.

Luther, Schenk and Halliday watch as the CO19 COMMANDER exits the house, reports to Schenk.

SC019
Sorry Boss. Nobody home.

86 INT. OSCAR HAUSER'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - EVENING 86

Luther and Halliday expertly search the house. They move through a designer kitchen. A well-appointed living room. Hotel-style bathroom. Bedroom.

They come at last to THE SECOND BEDROOM DOOR. It has multiple locks. But CO19 have already kicked it open.

They exchange a wary glance. Step inside.

87 INT. OSCAR HAUSER'S HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - EVENING 87

Half-glimpsed bondage and S&M paraphernalia. Half-glimpsed images on the walls. An air of low threat.

Something like a shrine on a table. A JAR covered with a SILK CLOTH.

Luther tentatively approaches. Stares at the jar for a long time. Then he WHIPS OFF THE SILK CLOTH, revealing

A MASON JAR. IN WHICH SWIM TWO HUMAN EYES AND A HUMAN TONGUE.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. LONDON STREET - BUS-STOP - NIGHT 88

CLAIRE EVANS (23) is alone. Nervously waiting for the night bus. The streets are empty.

But not *quite*. Because she can hear SOMEONE WHISTLING. Out there in the darkness.

She looks left and right. Nobody around. Just the EERIE WHISTLING.

Coming closer. And closer.

And then... thank God! THE NIGHT-BUS turns into the road.

Claire wills it to hurry the fuck up. Looking nervously left and right.

The whistling has stopped. But she can't shake the feeling she's being watched. From somewhere in the shadows.

THE BUS PULLS UP. THE DOOR HISS OPEN. And Claire gratefully steps on board.

89 **INT. NIGHT BUS - NIGHT**

89

As she taps her Oyster card, she takes note of a ROWDY GANG OF TEENAGERS AT THE BACK OF THE LOWER DECK. They're not paying her any attention. But fuck it, why take the risk?

She heads to the upper deck.

90 **INT. NIGHT BUS - UPPER DECK - NIGHT**

90

Up here, a SMATTERING OF PEOPLE are lost in their own worlds. Claire takes a seat. Digs out her phone.

91 **INT. NIGHT BUS - UPPER DECK - TEN MINUTES LATER**

91

CLAIRE is watching London suburbs go past. The bus STOPS. TWO PASSENGERS DISEMBARK. Leaving her up here with THREE PEOPLE.

92 **INT. NIGHT BUS - UPPER DECK - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER**

92

CLAIRE IS SLEEPY. Only half aware of the final passenger disembarking. Leaving her alone.

As the bus pulls away, her head lolls. She SNAPS AWAKE. Forcing herself to concentrate on her phone.

BEHIND HER

THE KILLER SITS UP! In baseball cap. And hoodie. And plaster mask. It's A WOMAN'S FACE. It's terrifying.

He sits there. Straight and stiff. Watching her.

Claire SENSES it. For longer than we can bear it, she sits there. Struggling to ignore the hairs prickling on the back of her neck. Her senses screaming that she's being watched.

Finally - she GLANCES OVER HER SHOULDER. And sees NOTHING.

SCHENK
Are you -?

HALLIDAY

I'm fine.

LUTHER

You're not fine. Nobody's fine.

HALLIDAY

I'm fine.

LUTHER

Look, he's not going home. He's not stopping for anyone or anything. Not after this. Not until we stop him.

HALLIDAY

So what next?

LUTHER

We play dirty.

HALLIDAY

Ah. The Roy Keane gambit.

LUTHER

Yeah. I don't know what that means. I'm talking about the psychiatrist. Did she seem right to you?

HALLIDAY

I don't know. She might've come across as being a bit -- well. Intense. Maybe too invested in her patient.

SCHENK

She did come forward with his name.

LUTHER

Reluctantly, yeah. Because she had to. I don't know how far it goes, but I don't think we're looking at a normal doctor-patient relationship, there.

HALLIDAY

It does happens sometimes -- between therapist and patient. They call it counter-transference. It can be intense.

LUTHER

Good. Whatever psychosexual freakshow they've got going on, we can exploit it.

HALLIDAY

And is that -- can we do that?

SCHENK
Within parameters.

Schenk considers for a moment. Then:

SCHENK (CONT'D)
Okay. Round her up and press her
buttons. Let's see what pops up.

95 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - OUTSIDE LAKE HOME - NIGHT**

95

Luther and Halliday watch as POLICE lead Vivien from the house towards Luther's car.

HALLIDAY
Have you done this before?

LUTHER
Yeah. Well, something like it.

HALLIDAY
And it's -- you're definitely okay
with it? Ethically?

LUTHER
I don't know about ethically. As
long as it's legal, I'm tickety-
boo.

She shoots him a look as --

96 **EXT. LUTHER'S CAR - OUTSIDE LAKE HOME - NIGHT**

96

-- they get out. Meet Vivien. She's flanked by uniformed police. Looking very imperious. Very elegant.

HALLIDAY
Dr Lake. We're very sorry about
this. But we urgently need to know
the whereabouts of your patient.
And we believe you may be able to
help us. Has he been in contact
since we spoke?

VIVIEN
No.

HALLIDAY
And you've got no idea where he
might be? The kind of place he
might go to hide?

VIVIEN
I'm hardly his keeper.

HALLIDAY

No. But you do have a
responsibility to him.

VIVIEN

Which I believe I exercised by
coming forward.

HALLIDAY

And your responsibility to his
victims?

VIVIEN

I'd imagine it was "alleged
victims" at this stage.

HALLIDAY

"Alleged?"

Luther nods: *Okay.*

Halliday passes Vivien a folder of crime scene photographs:
Paul Redford porcupined with a thousand nails. *

Vivien flicks through the folder. Hands it back.

VIVIEN

Well, isn't this is a tawdry form
of manipulation? Frankly, I
expected better.

LUTHER

Dr Lake. The thing is, you *know*
him. You care about him -

VIVIEN

- I care about his *wellbeing*, yes.
I've no emotional attachment to
him.

Luther pauses to let her know he doesn't believe that.

LUTHER

Well, that's good.

VIVIEN

Why?

LUTHER

Because I don't think he's going to
stop until we kill him.

VIVIEN

Oh dear God. How clear can I be?
Look, I'm happy to give you any
information that might assist in
protecting the lives of others.

(MORE)

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

But it's your job to actually catch him. I cannot and will not help you do that.

A long beat in the flashing blue misery lights.

OFF HALLIDAY:

97

EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - NIGHT

97

It's late night. Trees seeming preternatural in the glare of the moon. A TEENAGE COUPLE walks the pathway past the woods.

WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL:

THE KILLER. STANDING AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE WOODS. A silhouette. He watches as they pass. Breathing heavily.

He digs out A MOBILE PHONE. Turns it on. Enters the pass-code.

The YOUNG COUPLE sit on a park bench. Start kissing.

The killer's breathing growing more aroused as he NAVIGATES TO VIVIEN LAKE'S NUMBER.

98

EXT. LAKE HOME - NIGHT

98

VIVIEN'S PHONE RINGS. She flexes her jaw. Cancels the call without looking at the phone. As Halliday gets in her face.

HALLIDAY

The girl on that bus was twenty-three. I could tell you exactly what he did to her before he cut the bus driver's throat and ran away. But I don't want to hear those words coming out of my mouth. Do you understand that? I don't want to hear myself saying the things your "patient" did in there.

VIVIEN

Well if it's any help, I can recommend a therapist.

HALLIDAY

And if I were to arrest you?

VIVIEN

On what grounds?

HALLIDAY

Obstructing justice.

VIVIEN

Do feel free.

Luther gently takes Halliday's arm. Hands Vivien his card.

LUTHER

Call me if you change your mind.

Vivien takes the card. Luther and Halliday get back into the Volvo. The uniformed officers head to their cars.

VIVIEN'S PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She steps into the house.

99 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

99

Halliday gets behind the wheel.

ANGLE ON HALLIDAY as she starts the engine. AND REVERSES INTO *
THE CAR BEHIND.

A beat. Luther winces. Halliday looks dead ahead.

HALLIDAY

So it turns out I'm not fine.

100 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

100

Benny at his desk, monitoring VIVIEN'S PHONE NUMBER --
turning to a second screen showing OSCAR HAUSER'S NUMBER AS A
BLIP ON A MAP OF LONDON.

BENNY

Boss!

(as Schenk approaches)
Oscar Hauser's phone has been
powered up. He's somewhere in
Highgate Wood.

SCHENK

(into police radio)
This is Schenk. Get SC019 to
Highgate Wood and have them take
position.

101 **OMITTED**

101

102 **OMITTED**

102

103 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

103

Halliday at the wheel. Not fine. Pulling away. Luther lifts a
police radio.

LUTHER
(on radio)
All right. She's not going to help
voluntarily. But she's good and
spooked on his behalf. You
listening in?

104 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT** 104

BENNY
(on radio)
I am. And you were bang on the
money. He's calling her right now.

105 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT** 105

LUTHER
(on radio)
From where?

106 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT** 106

SCHENK
(on radio)
Highgate Wood. Seventy acres of
urban woodland. Multiple points of
ingress and egress. If he gives us
the slip from there, we never find
him again. John, we need her to
lead us to him.

107 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT** 107

LUTHER
(on radio)
We've primed her to do that. She
thinks she's saving his life from
the Filth.

108 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT** 108

SCHENK
(on radio)
She might be right.

109 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT** 109

LUTHER
(on radio)
Let's hope not.

Halliday sliding him a glance at that.

HALLIDAY
You want him dead?

LUTHER
I don't care. I just want him.

110 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - NIGHT** 110

The killer watches the young couple. He's in a state of extreme arousal. His phone VIBRATES. It's Vivien. He answers. Doesn't speak.

VIVIEN (V.O.)
Dominic? It's Dr Lake.

111 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT** 111

Schenk and Benny listening in.

112 **INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT** 112

Luther and Halliday listening in.

INTERCUTTING

113 **EXT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 113

Vivien leans against the wall. Pinches her nose.

VIVIEN
Dominic. You have to remember that this isn't you. It's something that's *happening* to you.

THE KILLER WATCHING THE COUPLE. THEY'RE KISSING. HIS HANDS ON HER...

KILLER
I don't think I can stop.

VIVIEN
Yes, you can. I need you remember what we discussed. I need you to remember your strategies.
(off his aroused breathing)
You didn't call me because you're aroused. You called me because you know you shouldn't be putting yourself in this situation. So I need you to remember what we talked about. Can you come to me? Can you do that? Now?
(off his breathing)
(MORE)

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Dominic. If you don't let me help,
they're going to *hurt* you. And I
couldn't bear that. So let me come
to you. Please. I don't want them
to hurt you. I'll hide you. I'll
keep you safe. *Please*.

A long, long pause. Just his breathing.

KILLER

Highgate Wood.

STAY WITH THE KILLER. Watching the distant, oblivious couple
as they stop kissing and head to the gates.

ANGLE ON THE GIRL

Frowning. Sensing something. Casting a glance over her
shoulder.

SEEING

Nothing. Just darkness. Shifting trees.

114 **EXT. LAKE HOME - NIGHT** 114

Vivien sneaks out to her car, gets behind the wheel.

115 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT** 115

Schenk watching a CAMERA FEED OF VIVIEN LEAVING THE HOUSE.

BENNY

(on radio)

She's leaving now.

SCHENK

(on radio)

And SC019 are taking position. Stay
with her.

116 **OMITTED** 116 *

117 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - CAR PARK - NIGHT** 117

VIVIEN pulls up in the lonely car-park. *

THE VOLVO sweeps past before Vivien can clock it. *

HALLIDAY drives on. Then parks. She and Luther sneak out of
the Volvo -- approach the gates. *

VIVIEN steels herself. Then gets out. Walks from the lamplit
emptiness of the car-park into the darkness of the park. *

NIGHT-SCOPE POV:

Vivien walks deserted footpaths. She stops. Takes A PHONE CALL. Listens. Phone pressed to her ear.

WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL:

Police marksmen strategically placed round the park. Night-scopes trained on Vivien.

NIGHT-SCOPE POV:

Vivien hesitates. Scared. Then strides into the trees.

118 **OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 117)**

118 *

119 **OMITTED(INCORPORATED INTO 117)**

119 *

120 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

120

An air of great tension. Schenk and Benny monitor SNIPERS' POV ON VARIOUS SCREENS.

BENNY
(on radio)
Boss. She's stepping into the trees
just south of the basketball court.

121 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - NIGHT**

121

Luther and Halliday trailing Vivien. Stepping into the trees.

122 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

122

Schenk and Benny listen to VIVIEN'S EXERTED BREATHING.

VIVIEN (V.O.)
Where next. Where do I go next?

KILLER (V.O.)
Keep walking. I can see you.

123 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - FOREST - NIGHT**

123

Vivien stumbles through darkness. Phone pressed to her ear.

124 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - NIGHT**

124

Behind her Luther and Halliday sneak through the trees.

125 **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

125

Vivien presses on until at last

SHE SEES:

A SILHOUETTE IN THE MOONLIGHT. WAITING.

She stops.

SHE SEES:

HIS TERRIBLE MASK.

And suddenly, she is mortally afraid.

126 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

126

Schenk and Benny hearing VIVIEN'S PANICKED BREATHING.

VIVIEN (V.O.)
Oh, Dominic. Oh no oh no oh no.

127 **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

127

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY stop. Press themselves into the shadows.

THEIR POV: VIVIEN APPROACHES THE UNCANNILY STILL SILHOUETTE.
HIS PLASTER FACE WHITE IN THE DARKNESS.

Luther and Halliday exchange a glance. Luther nods: *now.*

HALLIDAY
(whispers into phone)
We've got eyes on. Get ready.

128 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

128

SCHENK
(on radio)
All units. On my signal.

129 **EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - FOREST - NIGHT**

129

Vivien and the killer. Red Riding Hood, meet Wolf. Vivien so scared she can barely speak.

VIVIEN
Dominic. Come with me. Please.

No movement. He stares at her.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
You can hurt me if you like. I'd
like it. I'd like you to cut me.

THE KILLER'S EYES shine fervid in the moonlight.

Then he shifts focus. Glancing

PAST VIVIEN

Into the darkness beyond.

VIVIEN looks sharply over her shoulder, following his gaze.

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY press deep into the shadows.

Has he seen them?

THE KILLER stares into darkness.

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY hold their breath. Hearts hammering.

THE KILLER takes a scalpel from his pocket. Glint of
moonlight on chrome.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I didn't. It wasn't me. I'd never.

LUTHER steps out of the trees.

LUTHER
Dominic! Don't!

TOO LATE! The killer slashes out -- VIVIEN RAISES HER ARM --
CRIES OUT AS THE BLADE CUTS DEEP.

The killer runs -- Luther in pursuit.

130 **INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

130

SCHENK
(into radio)
GO!

131 **OMITTED**

131 *

132 **INT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT**

132

Halliday stops at Vivien's side -- she's bleeding, clutching
her arm -- face twisted with hatred -- Halliday compressing
the wound, blood oozing through her fingers.

133 **INT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT** 133

Luther in hot pursuit of the killer -- who leaps A LOW WALL AT THE EDGE OF A CLEARING -- stumbles -- injuring his knee, tearing his trousers -- running on -- Luther following -- vaulting into

134 **EXT. CONCRETE CUTTING - NIGHT** 134

- A CONCRETE DRAINAGE DITCH, ankle deep with shitty water. He scrambles to his feet, races along -- dodging bicycle skeletons, shopping trollies, dead foliage.

The killer scrambles towards A GATED CULVERT and SLIPS THROUGH THE IRON GATE.

Seconds behind him, Luther COLLIDES with the gate. Recovers. Tries to slip through -- but he can't. He wrenches at the bars, then hunts round the shitty water until he finds a piece of REBAR.

HALLIDAY ARRIVES -- finds Luther using the rebar as a lever to wrench and twist the iron gate from its hinges.

Luther steps into the tunnel, still carrying the rebar. Halliday at his shoulder.

HALLIDAY
(hisses)
Boss? Boss?

LUTHER
What?

HALLIDAY
Can I have that?

He passes her the rebar. She follows him into the shadows, wielding it like a club.

135 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT** 135

MOVING ANGLE - Luther and Halliday edging through endless, terrifying darkness

136 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT** 136

THE KILLER presses himself to the wall. Listening. Hearing faint noises. Coming closer.

137 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT** 137

Luther and Halliday. Turning left. Then right. Left again.

COMING AT LAST TO A KIND OF CROSSROADS

They stop. Straining to hear. Hearing only their own breath.
Faint sounds of DRIPPING WATER.

The fear on their faces. Not knowing which way to turn.

They edge forward. One step at a time.

FAR BEHIND THEM - A FIGURE

Resolving from darkness. THE KILLER. That plaster mask: a
WOMAN'S BEATIFIC FACE. Infinitely creepy in this terrible
place. Stumbling towards them. Scalpel in hand.

Coming closer. And closer.

And closer.

AT THE LAST SECOND -- Luther whirls -- pushing Halliday
behind him -- confronting that plaster face -- grabbing his
arm and twisting his scalpel hand --

A FROZEN MOMENT. LUTHER AND HAUSER LOCKING EYES.

FROM UNDER THE MASK... BLOOD STARTS TO BUBBLE... then to FLOW
... and then to GUSH... and HAUSER is STUMBLING TO HIS
KNEES... collapsing.

LUTHER

He cut his throat! Call it in!

Hauser collapses slowly to the floor. Choking on his own
blood. Drowning.

LUTHER removes the mask... eyes shining white through a FACE
BLACKENED WITH BLOOD.... the BLACK SLASH ACROSS HIS THROAT.
Like a terrible smile.

Oscar trying to speak. To say something.

Hurriedly, Luther removes his tie, tries to compress the
wound. But the cut is too deep. Too wide.

.... and as Halliday calls for a medic....

... Hauser stretches out a hand.

Luther hesitates. But only for a moment. He takes Oscar
Hauser's hand in his and SQUEEZES.

He sits with the killer, comforting him as the flames of life
flicker and die in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

138

EXT. HIGHGATE WOOD - CAR PARK - NIGHT

138

Luther and Halliday. Police. Ambulances. Flashing lights. Vivien with her arm bandaged. Approaching Luther and Halliday. Her face twisted with hatred.

VIVIEN
You followed me.

LUTHER
Yeah.

VIVIEN
And asking for my help. What was that? Manipulation? Game play?

LUTHER
Yeah.

She spits in Luther's face.

VIVIEN
You've got no idea what he endured.
What was done to him. He was a good
man! A beautiful man! Pig! Filth!

Luther looks askance at that -- as if a ghost were standing at his shoulder. Long enough for Halliday to shoot him a curious glance. He wipes spittle from his face. Signals to some UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

LUTHER
Take her statement and send her
home.

Uniformed officers lead Vivien to a police car. Luther and Halliday watching.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
It happens sometimes. Therapist and
patient.

HALLIDAY
Workplace relationships, eh.

An awkward beat. Then Luther is walking to his car. Halliday watching him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

139

INT. LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT

139

Luther driving home. Exhausted. Lights pulsing overhead.

140 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT 140

Halliday is alone on the bullpen. Staring at the crime wall. The preliminary autopsy reports. A file on Oscar Hauser.

She frowns, uncertain. Then flicks through the PATIENT RECORDS VIVIEN GAVE HER, EARLIER.

She hesitates, undecided. Then picks up the phone and dials.

141 OMITTED 141

142 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 142

Luther enters, exhausted. Removes his coat. Hangs it on the back of a kitchen stool.

He sees Halliday's call. Kills it.

He turns off the phone and puts the kettle on. Sits at the table. Puts his head in his hands.

143 INT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 143

George Cornelius is sitting in silence. Still in his coat. His suit and tie. Somewhere in the house, a CLOCK TICKS.

He is surrounded by bodyguards. Silent as ghosts.

CORNELIUS
He knew. He must have known.

He waits a moment. Then decides. He stands. Grabs his gun.

143A INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 143A

Schenk enters. Logs off. Grab his scarf and coat. Takes a nip from the pewter flask he keeps tucked into the coat's inside pocket.

He sees: Halliday at the crime wall. Deep in thought.

144 OMTTED 144

145 INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT 145

Schenk enters. Approaches Halliday.

SCHENK
Catherine? It's long past time you
went home.

HALLIDAY

Yeah. No. Okay. Absolutely.

SCHENK

Is everything all right?

HALLIDAY

Yeah. Sorry. It's just that...
something's wrong. It's off.

SCHENK

Have you discussed this with DCI
Luther?

HALLIDAY

I've been trying and trying. He's
not answering.

A beat.

SCHENK

How convinced are you?

HALLIDAY

Nine out of ten. Eight. No. Nine.

At which, Schenk accepts the long day is not yet over.

SCHENK

Then we'll go and see him together.

CUT TO:

146 **EXT. LAKE HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT**

146

Vivien pulls up. Drives into the garage.

147 **INT. LAKE HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT**

147

She parks. Sits there for a while. Behind her, the garage
doors close with a low mechanical hum.

Then she gets out. Walks round to the car. Pops the boot.

INSIDE IS... THE KILLER!

Mask slung round his neck. Leaves and twigs in his hair.
Filthy hands. One knee of his trousers torn and bleeding,
where we saw him stumble.

She glares at him. He gets out.

VIVIEN

You didn't have to cut me.

Vivien slaps him. Hard. And then again. And again. And again.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Are you listening?! Look what you
did to my ARM!

She stops. Breathless with exertion.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
That's the last time I ever
humiliate myself for you. And it's
the last time you ever hurt me. Now
strip.

He strips naked.

She hoses him down with FREEZING WATER. He cries out in pain.
Then she bundles his BLOODY CLOTHES into a carrier bag.

148 **INT. LAKE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 148

MOVING ANGLE: THE LIVING ROOM... The TICKING GRANDFATHER
CLOCK... THE KILLERS'S CLOTHES BURNING IN THE COAL FIRE...

...the WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHS of VIVIEN AND THE KILLER...

... THE KILLER STANDING NAKED IN THE CORNER. Livid cane marks
across his buttocks. He's wearing A WHITE HOOD. And bowing
his head as if in shame.

CUT TO:

149 **INT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - NIGHT** 149

George Cornelius in the rear passenger seat. En route to
Luther's place.

The gun in his lap. Cold murder in his eye.

150 **INT. HALLIDAY'S CAR - NIGHT** 150

Halliday and Schenk. En route to Luther's.

INTERCUTTING CORNELIUS AND HALLIDAY. VECTORING IN ON LUTHER.

151 **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 151

Luther is asleep at the table. He sits up, reacting to
A SUDDEN KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

He glances at the clock. It's late. That can't be good.

LUTHER
All right. Give me a minute.

He steps cautiously into the hallway.

152

INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

152

He moves to the console table. Removes THE GUN he took from Cornelius. Checks the barrel. One bullet.

ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

LUTHER

All right! I'm coming.

Carrying the gun, he sneaks to the door.

MORE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Luther steels himself. Raises the gun. And opens the door -

- ON ALICE MORGAN!

She's clutching her side, just below the ribs. Blood is oozing through her fingertips.

ALICE

Wotcher.

Off Luther. Staring in utter astonishment.

FADE OUT.