

**\*CONFIDENTIAL\***

**LUTHER**

**Series 5**

**EPISODE TWO**

*DRAFT 002.1*

*19TH DECEMBER 2017*

*NEIL CROSS*

**© BBC Studios**

The sending of this script does not constitute an offer of a contract for any part herein.

**EXT. ANTWERP - DAY**

A cityscape. Antwerp in the spring.

2                   **EXT. ANTWERP - BACK STREETS - DAY**                   2

ALICE MORGAN strides with purpose along cobbled Flemish back streets. She's on the phone.

ALICE  
Where do I meet him?

TITLE CARD: ANTWERP. TWO YEARS AGO

3 EXT. CORNELIUS HOME - GARDEN - DAY 3

GEORGE CORNELIUS wandering the lawn. On the phone to Alice.

CORNELIUS  
There's a bench near the corner of  
Schedlestraat and Waalsekai. He'll  
meet you there.

Cornelius hangs up. Lights a cigarette. Exhales at the sky.

He's nervous.

4                   **EXT. ANTWERP - BACKSTREETS - DAY**                   4

MONSIEUR AWARITEFE waits on a bench. He's French Nigerian.  
Late 50s. Suit and tie. Pocket square.

Alice approaches. Sits.

ALICE  
Monsieur Awaritefe?

M. AWARITEFE  
(in French)  
Zoe, is it? A pleasure to  
meet you.

M. AWARITEFE  
Miriam, n'est-ce pas?

\*

ALICE  
(in French)  
And you.

Egalement. ALICE

\*

The conversation continues in French.

M. AWARITEFE	M. AWARITEFE
I need to see them, if I may.	J'ai besoin de les voir, si ca vous derange pas.

\*

ALICE produces a VELVET PURSE, empties it into her palm.  
Which now sparkles with UNCUT DIAMONDS.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
May I?

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Vous permettez?

\*

M. AWARITEFE selects a diamond. Holds it to his newspaper, checks to see if he can read the print. Then breathes on it, checks for fogging.

ALICE smiles, rather charmed by all this.

M. AWARITEFE smiles in return - then produces a DIAMOND TESTER from his pocket.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Very nice, yes.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Oui, c'est de la bonne  
qualité

\*

He produces a phone, makes a call.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Make the payment, please.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Faites le transfert  
maintenant, s'il vous plait.

\*

Alice digs out an IPAD WITH A CELLULAR CONNECTION.

ON SCREEN: she quickly logs on to A BANK ACCOUNT.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
It should take only a moment.

M. AWARITEFE (CONT'D)  
Ça prendra juste un instant.

\*

ALICE waits for her account to credit.

BEHIND THEM - A MAN APPROACHES. Late 20s. Handsome. Unshaven. Leather jacket. His name's EMIL. And he's got A GUN in his hand.

ALICE concentrates on the screen. And now we see what SHE'S REALLY DOING.

SHE'S WATCHING EMIL'S REFLECTION

Until he's nearly upon her - raising the gun - then she's standing, whirling - SMASHING THE IPAD INTO EMIL'S TEETH -

HE STUMBLES BACK, DROPS THE GUN. SCRAMBLES TO RETRIEVE IT.

ALICE pockets the diamonds. Moves for the gun.

Too late!

EMIL grabs the gun, scrambles to his feet.

A CAR PULLS UP

A SECOND MAN EMERGES - CALLUM GREEN. Shouting in English, pointing a gun.

GREEN  
PUT THEM DOWN! PUT THEM DOWN!

M. AWARITEFE  
What are you doing?! Get  
back! Get back! Go away!

M. AWARITEFE  
Qu'est-ce que tu fais? Casse-  
toi! Casse-toi! Dégage. \*

M. AWARITEFE tries to run - but Green CLUBS HIM with the butt  
of a pistol. M. Awaritefe goes down.

GREEN AND EMIL GRAB ALICE - shove her at gun-point into the  
back seat of the car.

Which speeds off.

A beat.

Then M. AWARITEFE gets to his feet. Dusts himself down.  
Places a call.

5      **EXT. CORNELIUS HOME - GARDEN - DAY**

5

CORNELIUS answers his ringing PHONE.

CORNELIUS  
Jacob. How did it go?

INTERCUT CORNELIUS AND M. AWARITEFE

M. AWARITEFE  
(in English)  
As planned. On the whole. She'll  
never know they worked for you.

CORNELIUS  
Thank you. And you're unhurt?

M. AWARITEFE  
Quite unhurt, thank you.

6      **EXT./INT. CAR - ANTWERP BACKSTREETS - DAY**

6

QUICK CUTS: THE CAR RACES AWAY - EMIL PUNCHES ALICE - PUTS  
THE GUN TO HER HEAD.

EMIL  
(in French)  
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE  
THEY?

EMIL  
ILS SONT OU? ILS SONT OU?

\*

He searches her, comes out with THE POUCH OF DIAMONDS.

He shoves her back into her seat - CALLUM turns, awkwardly  
points a gun at her - EMIL opens the pouch, check its  
contents.

Emil's eyes meet Callum's. A flare of joy.

ALL MOVEMENT - ALICE ELBOWS EMIL in the ear - jabs a FINGER into CALLUM'S EYE - takes a HAT PIN from her sleeve - RAMS IT INTO THE DRIVER'S SPINE -

THE CAR VEERS WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL - CAREENS - SLAMS INTO A WALL.

AN EXPLOSION OF SHATTERED GLASS AND TWISTED STEEL.

7

**EXT./INT. CRASHED CAR - DAY**

7

ABSOLUTE SILENCE. Just the TICKING WRECKAGE OF THE CAR. THE DRIVER DEAD AT THE WHEEL.

The sound of ONCOMING SIRENS.

ALICE kicks open a door. Climbs free. Stands there a moment, swaying and dazed. Broken glass embedded in her forehead.

CALLUM GREEN groans. Picks glass from his monstrously swollen face - struggles to point the gun at Alice.

ALICE snatches the gun from his hand, leans into the car. She punches him in the nuts. Slams her elbow into his broken nose. Once. Twice. Three times.

And he's done.

ALICE lingers a moment. Swaying. Considering her options. But thinking straight isn't easy. She's concussed.

Finally, she gets into THE BACK SEAT. Where EMIL lies broken. Pleading for help.

ALICE brushes him aside. Looks for the DIAMONDS. But the car is full of BROKEN GLASS. EVERY SURFACE LOOKS LIKE IT'S COVERED IN DIAMONDS.

And the sirens are coming closer. So Alice stumbles away.

FADE TO:

8

**EXT. ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON**

8

Establishing an art gallery in Mayfair.

TITLE CARD: LONDON. YESTERDAY

9

**OMITTED**

9

10

**INT. ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON**

10

ALISTAIR CORNELIUS at his computer. Young and handsome.

He minimises the spreadsheet as the door opens and ALICE MORGAN enters. Affecting an air of great compassion.

ALICE  
Alistair Cornelius?  
(badges him)  
DCI Luther. Is there somewhere  
private we could talk?

ALISTAIR  
Why? What's wrong?

ALICE  
You have a wife -  
(checks notes)  
Arwa?

ALISTAIR  
Yes -

ALICE  
- and two children? Kate and Alex?

ALISTAIR  
Yes. Is something wrong? Has  
something happened to my kids?

ALICE  
(pockets notes)  
Sir, if you could just come with  
me, please? My car's just outside.

Alice takes Alistair's elbow and leads him to the door. As they exit

NEW ANGLE REVEALS: A SYRINGE SECRETED IN ALICE'S HAND.

11      **OMITTED**      11

12      **EXT. LONDON FIELDS - EVENING**      12

GEORGE CORNELIUS strides through London fields. A man on a mission.

13      **EXT. LONDON FIELDS - LIDO - EVENING**      13

He enters the Lido. Checks left and right. Heads to one of the BRIGHTLY COVERED LOCKERS that line the deserted pool.

He opens the locker. Inside, he finds A PHONE.

ON PHONE: A live-streamed image of Alistair. Chained to a bed. Unconscious and blindfolded.

CORNELIUS steps back -

- and there's ALICE. Her back to the gate. The length of the pool between them.

ALICE  
I presume you've got the place surrounded.

CORNELIUS  
Well, I don't know about "surrounded." But I've got people dotted around, yeah. Here and there.

ALICE  
You robbed me, George.

CORNELIUS  
I can see how you might think so. But they stole from us both. Poor old Mr Awaritefe...

ALICE  
Oh come, now.

A beat.

CORNELIUS  
All right. What do you want? I'm a thief. I robbed you. How was I to know you were basically the Tasmanian Devil?

She raises a phone.

ALICE  
So make the transfer. Pay what you owe. Plus twenty per cent for the inconvenience.

CORNELIUS  
I'm afraid I have to decline.

ALICE  
I beg your pardon?

CORNELIUS  
I'm not buying what you're selling.

ALICE  
I'm selling your son.

CORNELIUS  
Even so.

ALICE  
Oh, George. You crack me up, you really do. But I really am going to need the money.  
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Or I'll take Alistair's head to the  
zoo and feed it to the monkeys.

AT WHICH - CORNELIUS pulls the pistol from inside his long  
coat. Takes aim.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Come on. You're not going to do  
that here.

THE GUN ROARS LIKE A CANNON.

ALICE throws herself from its path. Stumbles.

CORNELIUS shoots. The gun ROARS.

ALICE gets up. Scrabbles to dig out A SUB-COMPACT PISTOL.

CORNELIUS fires. Misses.

But A WHIRLING FRAGMENT OF SHRAPNEL slices into Alice, just  
below the ribs. She cries out. Falls to one knee.

CORNELIUS walks. Reloading.

ALICE scrambles to her feet. Clutching her side. She runs.

CORNELIUS marches on her. Firing. And firing. And firing.  
Until he comes to

THE FAR END OF THE POOL

Where he pauses for a moment. Looking down at A TRAIL OF  
BLOOD leading out of the lido - through the gates.

He follows. Catches a glimpse of ALICE - a SHADOWY RUNNING  
FIGURE, CLUTCHING ITS SIDE, STUMBLING, RUNNING. RETURNING  
FIRE.

Cornelius ducks to safety.

CAMERA RUSHES VERY CLOSE ON HIS DEMONIC FURY.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

14

**INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - DOORWAY - NIGHT**

14

JOHN LUTHER stares agape at ALICE MORGAN on the threshold,  
clutching her wounded side.

ALICE  
Why don't you pop your eyes back in  
and pour us both a drink?

She points the gun at his face.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Don't pretend you're not pleased to  
see me.

LUTHER  
I'm not pleased. I'm not even  
surprised.

ALICE  
Well, I didn't come looking for joy  
unconfined. Just a place to hide.  
Maybe a cup of tea and a chocolate  
digestive.

\*

A long beat. Then, from behind his back, Luther produces THE  
GUN HE TOOK FROM CORNELIUS IN EP 1.

He puts the barrel between Alice's eyes.

LUTHER  
Nope.

Luther and Alice. Guns in each other's faces.

Then Alice's smiles falters. She lowers the gun. And  
COLLAPSES into the hallway. A FINGERTIP leaving A SMALL ARC  
OF BLOOD smeared on the wall.

\*

Luther scoops her up before she hits the ground. Stands  
there. Wondering what the hell to do.

He curses under his breath. Then kicks the door shut and  
carries Alice upstairs.

\*

FADE TO:

### TITLES

FADE IN:

15      **EXT. MOTORCADE - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT**      15

Cornelius's MOTORCADE OF HITMEN. Approaching Luther's place.

16      **OMITTED**      16

17      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**      17

LUTHER sets Alice down on the bed. There's an angry moment  
between them. Then he dumps the gun on the bed and leaves.

Alice notices a copy of THE TIMES on the pillow next to her  
head. It's been folded to THE CROSSWORD.

Which has been completed. Mostly.

Her eyes soften.

FLASHBACK TO:

18      **EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - EARLY MORNING**      18

A familiar, TUMBLEDOWN OLD HOUSE.

19      **INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - HALLWAY AND STAIRS - MORNING**      19

Luther carries a battered tray upstairs. Tea in old china cups. Biscuits. A copy of *The Times*.

He enters the bedroom -

20      **INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MORNING**      20

- to find ALICE in silk pyjama. Fresh-faced in the bright sunshine.

Luther passes her the paper. She sits cross-legged on the bed, filling out the crossword as quickly as you or I might write our address.

ALICE

So I've been thinking.

LUTHER

Yeah? Should I be worried?

He lies on the bed. Laces his hands behind his head.

Alice puts down the newspaper. Opens a bedside drawer, produces the DIAMONDS IN THE BLACK VELVET POUCH.

ALICE

If we want to disappear - really disappear - we need to liquidate these. We could be in Rome by tomorrow evening. Have you been to Rome?

LUTHER

Nope.

ALICE

Did you know the Vatican has an observatory?

LUTHER

Nope.

ALICE

Do you know what they call the telescope?

LUTHER

Nope.

ALICE

Lucifer.

He looks at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I know! It means "light bringer". But basically, I think they're trolling us for LOLS.

END FLASHBACK:

21 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 21 \*

Luther strides into the kitchen. Opens a drawer. Considers  
the FIRST AID KIT inside.

*Are you really going to do this, you fucking idiot?*

A long beat. On Luther. \*

Then he angrily grabs the FIRST AID KIT and exits. \*

22 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 22

Luther enters with the first aid kit, kneels to examine Alice's wound. A bloody, inches-long gash below her ribs.

It's ugly and bloody. But not serious. Seeing which, Luther  
is torn between relief and indignation.

LUTHER

So what happened?

ALICE

It was a bit of shell casing, I think.

LUTHER

That's not what I meant.

ALICE

Oh, yes. I see. Well, a big boy did  
it and ran away. \*

LUTHER

George Cornelius. You kidnapped his son and tried to shake him down.

ALICE

Right. Now *that's* a bit spooky.

LUTHER

Not really. George and I had a chat.

He takes a sterile wipe from the kit. Cleanses the wound. She flinches. *Ouch!* \*

A flicker of malice on Luther's face. \*

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Well, I say chat.

ALICE

Ah.

LUTHER

I don't want anything to do with it. I just need you patched up and out the door.

He prepares A SUTURE, begins stitching the wound. She gasps. \*

FLASH CUT TO:

23      **INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - BEDROOM - MORNING**      23

Luther kisses Alice. Rips open her silk pyjamas. She gasps.

END FLASHBACK:

24      **EXT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - LUTHER'S STREET - EARLY MORNING**      24

MASSEY pulls up. TWO MORE CARS pulling up behind him.

25      **INT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - LUTHER'S STREET - EARLY MORNING**      25

CORNELIUS reaches for the door. Then stops: *what's this?*

HIS POV: Halliday's car pulls up across the road from Luther's place. HALLIDAY and SCHENK emerge.

26      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**      26

LUTHER ties off the suture, adds a sterile dressing. Then LOOKS UP SHARPLY -- hearing CAR DOORS SLAM. \*

He goes to the window. Peers out. Shit. \*

27 EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING 27 \*

Schenk and Halliday head to Luther's place. Schenk casting the merest glance at Cornelius's jag. Its two shadowy occupants. Knowing something's not right -

- but giving nothing away as he knocks on Luther's door. A policeman's knock. Brooking no argument.

28 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 28

Luther curses under his breath. He and Alice exchange a slow, \*  
meaningful glance... \*

... and Luther exits, closing the bedroom door behind him. \*

Alice retrieves Luther's gun. Stands at the window, framed by a beam of streetlight. Gun in hand. Watching.

29 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING 29

Luther hurries downstairs, opens the door on Schenk and Halliday.

Halliday gives him a big, apologetic grin. And holds aloft  
FILE FOLDER CONTAINING OSCAR HAUSER'S PSYCHIATRIC RECORDS; \*  
the ones Vivien provided in Ep 1.

HALLIDAY  
Sorry boss. But I've been reading  
this. Oscar Hauser's psychiatric  
file. Something's off. \*

Luther works this through. Does he have any choice?

LUTHER  
Fair enough. Come in. I'll put the  
kettle on.

Halliday and Schenk follow Luther inside. As Schenk closes the door, he notices

THE SMEAR OF BLOOD ALICE LEFT ON THE WALLPAPER.

He silently catalogues it. Then follows Luther and Halliday into -

30 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 30

- the kitchen.

Halliday shrugs off her winter coat and sits at the kitchen table.

She opens the file, starts laying out pages like playing cards. All of them are marked-up and highlighted.

HALLIDAY

So Vivien Lake gives us her patient's psychological history. It talks a lot about his shame and anxiety. And it talks a lot about his obsessive suicidal ideation. I mean, a lot.

LUTHER

Yeah? Did she mention he was a suicide risk?

HALLIDAY

Not once.

31      **INT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - OUTSIDE LUTHER'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING**

CORNELIUS sits there. Clenching his jaw. Thinking the situation over. He lifts his phone.

CORNELIUS

Don't go in until I say.

32      **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING**      32

FOUR SHADOWY FIGURES emerge from SUVs. Start moving round the back of the house.

32A      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**      32A

ALICE at the window. Reacting to this. She sneaks out of the bedroom...

33      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      33

... and along the hallway.

34      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**      34

LUTHER

Let me see that.

Under Schenk's gaze, he takes a seat facing Halliday. Starts scanning the pages Halliday has marked up for him.

OVERHEAD - FLOORBOARDS CREAK.

Schenk looks up. Knowing somebody's here. His gaze returns to Luther.

35      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - SECOND BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**      35

Softly, Alice enters the second bedroom. Sneaks to the window.

HER POV: Men with guns sneak into the back garden. Skulk in the shadows. Waiting.

36      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**      36

Schenk, Luther and Halliday. The file.

HALLIDAY

So what if you're right? She really did step over the line. Vivien Lake and Oscar Hauser: the full-on psychosexual jamboree. One big bag of wrong.

\*

Schenk carefully watching Luther.

SCHENK

On which note. Do you mind if I - ?

He gestures upstairs. Meaning "use the bathroom".

LUTHER

Of course. Upstairs, first on the left.

Schenk exits. Luther watches him go.

37      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - HALLWAY AND STAIRS - EARLY MORNING**      37

Schenk heads upstairs. Treading very carefully.

38      **OMITTED**      38

39      **OMITTED**      39

40      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      40

Schenk peers into the bathroom. Reaches in to turn on the light. The fan kicks in. He shuts the door. And sneaks to

THE BEDROOM

He shoots a cautious look downstairs. Reaches for the handle. Opens the bedroom door. Steps inside.

41 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 41 \*

And checks out the bedroom. Sees FIRST AID PACKAGING scattered here and there. BLOODSTAINS on the bed.

He picks up *the Times*.

INSERT CROSSWORD: ONE CLUE FILLED OUT IN A DIFFERENT HAND.

Hmmm. Schenk removes AN EVIDENCE BAG from his pocket. Into it he slips a piece of BLOODY COTTON WOOL.

He pockets it. Then slips from the bedroom.

42 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 42

Luther is staring at the file. But his attention is focussed on listening to Schenk. Moving about overhead.

Halliday misreads his stillness and silence for fascination. She leans forward, eyes bright with the hunt.

HALLIDAY  
Hauser spirals out of control.  
Vivien's implicated. She's facing ruination. Maybe prison. So she goes to him last night with the intention of talking him into killing himself. She's got the skills to do it. She knows what buttons to press. And I mean, the way Hauser sees it: they're doomed lovers. Bonnie and Clyde. Romeo and Juliet.

43 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING 43

SCHENK steps up to THE SECOND BEDROOM DOOR. Carefully turns the handle.

44 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - SECOND BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 44

ALICE is standing on the other side. Pointing THE PISTOL at the door.

HER FINGER tense on the trigger as THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN. JUST A CRACK.

45 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 45

Luther hears THE DOOR CREAKING. He looks up. BELLOWS AT THE CEILING.

LUTHER  
BOSS!

46 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING 46

Schenk pauses.

47 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 47

Alice. Finger on trigger.

48           INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING                                 48

Schenk softly closes the door. Heads downstairs -

49 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 49

- to find Luther scowling at the contents of the file folder.

LUTHER  
I think Halliday's got something.

Schenk takes a moment. Almost admiring Luther's audacity.

SCHENK  
I think she probably does. Yes.

HALLIDAY  
So what are the next steps? How do  
we play it?

SCHENK  
It won't be easy. Her defences are up. She's calculating. She's intelligent. She's got nerve. And we've got no hard evidence of any wrongdoing.

Luther looks at him.

LUTHER  
She's married, right?

HALLIDAY  
Eighteen years.

LUTHER  
Happy?

HALLIDAY  
Apparently.

LUTHER  
Excellent.

HALLIDAY

Why?

LUTHER

The happier a marriage, the easier  
it is to weaponise.

HALLIDAY

And the cynic of the year award  
goes to -

LUTHER

I'm not a cynic. That's basically  
my problem. So tomorrow we pay a  
visit to the husband. Put him under  
pressure. See how Vivien Lake  
reacts to that.

Off Schenk. Scrutinising Luther.

50      **INT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - OUTSIDE LUTHER'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING**

CORNELIUS watches Schenk and Halliday walk back to the car  
and drive away. Then raises the phone.

CORNELIUS

All right, gentlemen. Start your  
engines.

51      **OMITTED** 51

52      **OMITTED** 52

53      **EXT. LUTHER'S PLACE - REAR - EARLY MORNING** 53

FOUR MASKED HITMEN CROUCH-RUN TO LUTHER'S KITCHEN DOOR.

54      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING** 54

LUTHER AND ALICE at the window. Watching Cornelius.

LUTHER

He's got no reason to be here.

ALICE

Yes he does. He thinks you're my  
weak spot. He thinks he can hurt me  
by hurting you.

A moment on Luther. Thinking that over.

LUTHER

Bollocks.

Alice is about to say something when -

THEY HEAR THE BACK DOOR SNICKING OPEN. SOFT AND SINISTER.

Alice raises the gun. Edges to the bedroom door.

Luther pushes her into the wall. Wrestles the gun from her hand. Shakes his head in a firm no.

He gestures: *this way*.

55      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      55

LUTHER AND ALICE sneak out of the bedroom.

56      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**      56

As HITMEN sweep through the kitchen and living room. Head for the stairs.

57      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      57

Gently, agonisingly, Luther pulls down the attic ladder.  
There's a soft *CREEEEEAK*.

58      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**      58

THE LEADER looks up. Hearing it.

59      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      59

ALICE gives Luther a look. Then hurries up the ladder, into the loft space.

Luther follows. Pulling up the hatch -

- SPLIT SECONDS before the HITMEN reach the landing.

60      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - VARIOUS - EARLY MORNING**      60

HITMEN search the bedrooms. The bathroom. Find nothing.

61      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      61

LUTHER AND ALICE cross the dark, cobwebby, box-cluttered attic, sneaking to THE PLASTERBOARD WALL that divides Luther's attic from next door.

- 62      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - LANDING - EARLY MORNING**      62
- The LEADER steps onto the landing. Looks up at THE ATTIC HATCH.
- Raises A SILENCED PISTOL and FIRES SIX SHOTS THROUGH THE CEILING.
- 63      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      63
- BULLETS slam through the attic floor, leaving SHAFTS OF SMOKING LIGHT in their wake.
- LUTHER AND ALICE watch for a moment, almost spellbound, as MORE BULLETS PUNCH THROUGH THE CEILING.
- LUTHER hurries to move aside a LARGE, HEAVY BOX. Behind which is A VOID. A way into next door's attic.
- ALICE ducks through the void. Luther follows, pulling the box into place behind him.
- 64      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NEIGHBOUR'S ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      64
- It's darker in here. Even more crammed. Luther and Alice creep and weave through stacked boxes. Teetering crates. A standard lamp. A child's cot. A rocking horse.
- 65      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      65
- The hatch opens. HITMEN stealthily enter. Guns raised.
- 66      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - NEIGHBOUR'S ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      66
- LUTHER gestures for Alice to stop.
- With infinite, unbearable care, he OPENS AN ATTIC WINDOW IN THE ROOF: leading out onto THE NEIGHBOUR'S ROOF.
- 67      **INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - ATTIC - EARLY MORNING**      67
- THE HITMEN shoot up Luther's attic. Silent round after silent round tearing boxes to shrapnel.
- 68      **EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - ROOF - EARLY MORNING**      68
- LUTHER AND ALICE silently descend THE FIRE ESCAPE. Into THE GARDEN. And away!

69 INT. LUTHER'S PLACE - ATTIC - EARLY MORNING 69

In the smoking stillness, Hitmen use POWERFUL TORCH BEAMS TO search the dark corners of Luther's attic.

They find nothing but debris.

70 OMITTED 70

CUT TO:

71 EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING 71

Luther and Alice cautiously move along a tree-lined, residential street. Alice checking out parked cars with an acquisitive eye.

LUTHER  
I suppose you know I can't go home  
until this is put right.

ALICE  
And what if it can't be put right?

LUTHER  
I want my life back the way it was  
until you pitched up. So it's going  
to be put right.

They walk for a bit, checking out the cars.

ALICE  
I'm sorry.

LUTHER  
You're really not.

ALICE  
What do you want me to say? I've  
rather missed all this. So have  
you, probably.

LUTHER  
I really haven't.

Oh, tish. ALICE

LUTHER  
Alice, look at my face.

ALICE  
Shhh.

She stops. Having selected a car to steal.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
What about this one?

LUTHER  
Whatever. Hurry up.

She gets to work.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. LAKE HOME - EARLY MORNING 72

Vivien's house. Sunrise.

73 INT. LAKE HOME - KILLER'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING 73

THE KILLER lies curled, naked and asleep on the hard concrete floor.

73A            **INT. MORTUARY - EARLY MORNING**            73A

CELIA LAVENDER picks up her clipboard as a NEW BODY is wheeled into the mortuary. Still bagged.

73B INT. LAKE HOME - KILLER'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING 73B

THE KILLER looks up as VIVIEN ENTERS... and THROWS A BUCKET OF FREEZING WATER OVER HIM.

He leaps, spluttering, to his feet.

73C            INT. MORTUARY - EARLY MORNING            73C

CELIA approaches the bagged-up cadaver.

CELIA  
So. Who do we have here?

She unzips the bag. Revealing the features of OSCAR HAUSER.

She glances at the clipboard.

CELIA (CONT'D)  
Oscar Hauser. Well, good morning  
Oscar.

73D INT. LAKE HOME - KILLER'S BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING 73D

Shivering and naked, THE KILLER faces the twist of contempt on Vivien's lip.

VIVIEN  
What's the rule?

KILLER  
Play safe.

VIVIEN  
And did you?

KILLER  
No.

VIVIEN  
No. Oscar was our one contingency.  
It took months for me to lay the  
groundwork. And now it's used up.  
Just thrown away. Wasted.

\*

KILLER  
I'm sorry.

She pins him on her gaze. More in disappointment than anger.  
Eventually, she nods and steps aside. Permitting him to exit.

74      **OMITTED**

74

CUT TO:

75      **INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - SCHENK'S OFFICE - MORNING**      75

SCHENK enters at a clip, dialling Benny.

76      **INT. BENNY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

76

BENNY and ERROL MINTY are playing FIFA. To judge by the empty  
cans of energy drinks and full ashtrays, they've been playing  
all night.

Benny's PHONE RINGS. He hits PAUSE.

MINTY  
Mate! That was going in!

BENNY  
That wasn't going anywhere.

MINTY  
Except in.

Benny urges him to shut up. Answers the phone. Minty sits  
there sulking.

BENNY  
Boss?

INTERCUT SCHENK AND BENNY

SCHENK

Benny, I need you here.

BENNY

Boss, I'm sorry. I think I've got norovirus or something. I've been basically turning myself inside out all night.

SCHENK

I don't care if you shit out your own liver on Oxford Street. I need you here. Now.

BENNY

Then I'm on my way.  
(hangs up, turns to Minty)  
Got to run Errol. Sorry.

An appalled beat.

MINTY

And that's it, is it? That's police protection in this day and age?

Benny throws on his jacket.

BENNY

Try not to use all the milk.

77      **OMITTED**

77

CUT TO:

78      **INT. STOLEN CAR - LONDON STREETS - MORNING**

78

Alice driving. Luther riding shotgun.

ALICE

She sounds very keen.

LUTHER

Who?

ALICE

Your new bestie. Whassername. The new girl. Heidi. Anne of Green Gables.

LUTHER

Halliday.

After a beat...

ALICE  
That's interesting.

LUTHER  
What is?

ALICE  
The impersonal use of her surname.  
Are you trying to de-sex her in my  
mind's eye?

LUTHER  
No.

ALICE  
Because honestly. Why on earth  
would you do that?

LUTHER  
I don't want you turning her face  
into a handbag.

Alice grins.

We linger for a long moment on Luther. Lost in his thoughts.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
How did you even do it?

ALICE  
Does it matter?

No reply. None needed. She drives for a bit. Then:

ALICE (CONT'D)  
There was some aggrieved harpy  
stalking you. The poor thing was  
quite, quite mental.

FLASH CUT TO:

79

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (FROM LUTHER SPECIAL)**

79

LUTHER stares across the desk at MEGAN CANTOR.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICE  
At first I thought quite seriously  
about killing her. Well, I say  
seriously. I basically assumed. But  
then I thought: *hang on! Why not  
give her what she wants?* Which was  
your help in putting right some  
iniquity or other, I forget what.  
How did that pan out, by the way?

LUTHER

Fine.

ALICE

In exchange for which, she agreed  
to implicate herself in my death.  
Job done. Boom shakalaka.

LUTHER

I saw the murder book. The body on  
the slab.

ALICE

Oh, don't be *insulting*. There's not  
much you can't buy from a retiring  
police officer with crappy pension  
and a chip on his shoulder.

She drives on.

ALICE (CONT'D)

All I wanted was to die, disappear  
and leave you in peace. Sell my  
half of the diamonds and run off  
into the sunset. George Cornelius  
put paid to that. Which is why I'm  
back to rap his knuckles.

LUTHER

And that's all you're back for, is  
it?

ALICE

What else is there?

A moment on Luther. Checking out the first glimmers of dawn  
in the London sky.

LUTHER

And you couldn't just... walk out?

ALICE

Of course not! I had to be dead.  
It's how all your best  
relationships end.

Off Alice:

CUT TO:

80      **OMITTED**

80

81      **OMITTED**

81

82

**INT. LAKE HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING**

82

THE KILLER enters. Immaculately dressed and poised. His name is JEREMY LAKE. He finds Vivien at the Espresso machine.

A RELUCTANTLY FORGIVING SMILE hooks itself into the corner of her mouth.

VIVIEN

You look very handsome. I like the tie.

KILLER/JEREMY

You bought it for me. Milan.

VIVIEN

I remember. You wore it the night you kicked that Somali rent boy half to death.

(sips coffee)

No more risks.

JEREMY

No.

VIVIEN

We need to be absolutely sure you're not developing problems with impulse control.

JEREMY

I'm not.

VIVIEN

Good. Because what's the rule?

JEREMY

Play safe.

VIVIEN

Play. Safe.

He nods, meekly accepting that. Then HE SMILES. A wolf.

JEREMY

But honestly. The girl on the bus. She was so scared.

He mimics the victim's "scared" face. And despite herself, VIVIEN LAUGHS.

VIVIEN

Be that as it may. Don't let it happen again. You have to be more careful.

Off Vivien, cold and beautiful. Sipping espresso.

CUT TO:

83

**INT. MORTUARY - MORNING**

83

HALLIDAY enters the peeling mortuary, finds the PATHOLOGIST, CELIA LAVENDER. No-nonsense. Upper class.

OSCAR HAUSER lies dead on the table.

\*

HALLIDAY  
DCI Luther sends his apologies.  
It's just me today.

Celia assesses her with a glance.

CELIA  
DCI Luther brings cake.

HALLIDAY  
He does?

CELIA  
Usually.

HALLIDAY  
Sorry. Are we talking about the  
same DCI Luther?

CELIA  
Big chap. Likes cake. Are you going  
to need a bucket?

HALLIDAY  
For what?

CELIA  
To be sick into.

HALLIDAY  
Do people really do that?

CELIA  
Now and again.

HALLIDAY  
Too much cake?

Celia stares at Halliday as if she were simple.

CELIA  
Perhaps we should crack on.

Halliday shrugs. Approaches the body. Unashamedly fascinated.

CELIA (CONT'D)

There's a deep, obliquely placed, incised neck injury on the front side of the neck, starting below the ear at the upper third of the neck and ultimately severing the carotid artery. There were no other injuries. No hesitation cuts or defence injuries. The pattern of the injury is consistent with suicide. He cut his own throat and bled to death.

HALLIDAY

The lack of defensive wounds. How significant is that?

CELIA

Ordinarily, I'd say "very".

(re: Hauser's body)

It's quite an endeavour, to take a scalpel to your own throat and do this without hawering.

\*

Halliday bends. She looks very closely at the wound.

HALLIDAY

...But?

CELIA

But it seems that Mr Hauser was quite accustomed to various levels of self-mutilation and foreign object insertion.

\*

Halliday looks up.

Celia produces a Biro and uses it to lift Hauser's penis, inviting Halliday to have a closer look. Halliday shuffles over and squints.

\*

CELIA (CONT'D)

I found thirty-nine needles embedded in the lower abdomen, perineum and testicles.

HALLIDAY

What kind of needles?

CELIA

Needles. Household sewing needles.

HALLIDAY

And... sorry. Who are we saying put them there?

CELIA

He did. The oldest of the needles  
has been in situ for some time.  
Years, possibly.

A beat.

HALLIDAY

Actually, I might need that bucket.

Off Halliday:

CUT TO:

84      **INT. STOLEN CAR - SUBURBAN ROADS - MORNING**

84

Alice drives through wide, tree-lined streets. She turns into

A GRAVEL DRIVEWAY

and stops the car.

Alice and Luther sit there a moment. Staring in silence at

THE MORGAN FAMILY HOME!

ALICE

I had to keep it. Issues with the  
will.

LUTHER

I bet there were.

She gives him a smile. Sadness at the edge of it.

85      **OMITTED**

85      \*

86      **OMITTED**

86

87      **EXT./INT. JEREMY'S AUDI - HOSPITAL CAR-PARK - MORNING**

87

JEREMY LAKE EMERGES FROM HIS CAR. He's in a PRIVATE PARKING  
SPACE.

\*  
\*

Briefcase in hand, he strolls into A HOSPITAL as if he owned  
the place.

\*

88      **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - MORNING**

88

He strides purposefully, nodding *good morning* to nursing  
staff, porters and patients. Finally, he enters -

89

**INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MORNING**

89

- an office. He bids a cheery "good morning" to MIRIAM, his fearsome gatekeeper of a secretary.

She hands him a call list. He thanks her with fond, half-formal familiarity. Then he steps into his office, closing the door behind him.

Revealing a plaque on the office door:

*JEREMY LAKE. CLINICAL LEAD - CARDIO-THORACIC SURGERY*

CUT TO:

90

**INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - DAY**

90

Luther and Alice walk round the Morgan house. It's ghostly. Lifeless. Furniture under dust sheets.

We INTERCUT with FLASHBACKS TO OUR VERY FIRST EPISODE. The first time we were here. Meeting Luther. Meeting Alice.

91

**INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

91

Alice enters the office. Considers the room in which her father died. Luther stands at her shoulder.

ALICE

Did you know the observable universe got bigger?

LUTHER

No. I missed that.

ALICE

It's true. The last time I saw you, we assumed there were about two hundred billion galaxies. The revised estimate puts it at two trillion. So what we believed to be *absolutely everything* was basically just a rounding error. Closer to zero than the true number.

A moment of silence. She touches the head-rest of the chair. Lost in her memories.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's funny, really. You fantasise about these things. You become enraptured by how *meaningful* it'll be. And with each repetition, the fantasy becomes more refined -- until finally it's perfect. What you'll do. What they'll say.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

What words, in what precise tone of voice. The look in their eyes when they say it. But reality can never measure up.

She takes her hand from the chair. Considers the dust on her fingertips.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It was such an anti-climax, I almost wished I hadn't done it.

She turns to meet his eye.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's why meeting you was such fun. You made it meaningful. You made me glad I did it.

LUTHER

I'm sorry to hear that.

ALICE

Oh, don't be! They were dead anyway. You made me feel better. Turned it into sport.

LUTHER

It wasn't that.

ALICE

Of course it was that.

LUTHER

Not in the end.

ALICE

No. That's what spoiled it.

A moment of sadness. Like a cloud has passed over the sun.

LUTHER

Is that why you left?

ALICE

You left first.

They stand separated. This chasmic gulf between them.

LUTHER

All right. Where is he?

Alice gestures: this way. Luther follows her from the room.

They stop outside a bedroom door.

ALICE

Funny. I was never allowed to have  
boys in here.

She smiles. Opens the door. Revealing

ALISTAIR CORNELIUS. Cuffed, blindfolded and unconscious on  
the bed.

CUT TO:

93      **INT. LAKE HOME - VIVIEN'S OFFICE - DAY**

93

VIVIEN thumbs out A TEXT TO JEREMY: PLEASE LET ME KNOW YOU'RE \*  
OKAY. \*

She sets aside the phone. And sits. Facing her MORBIDLY OBESE \*  
patient. \*

VIVIEN

Sorry about that. Now. Where did we \*  
leave it last time? \*

94      **INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**

94

ELEANOR CADMAN, a patient in her mid-20s, looks up as JEREMY  
LAKE enters. Smiling, urbane and charming. A twinkle in his  
eye.

He checks the messages on his phone, then pockets it.

JEREMY

Eleanor? I'm Jeremy Lake.

Eleanor nods. She's pretty. And she's very nervous.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Has someone talked you through the  
procedure?

He doesn't wait for an answer. Just gestures with easy  
familiarity to the edge of the bed.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

May I?

ELEANOR

Yes. Of course. Yes. Sorry.

He sits next to her. An inch too close. His delivery is  
clipped, practised and dispassionately authoritative.

JEREMY

You have a condition known as  
mitral valve regurgitation.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

The valve in your heart isn't closing properly, so blood is leaking back. You're a diseased whore. So today we're going to replace the faulty valve.

A moment. *What did he just say?*

Jeremy reaches out with an index finger. Too slowly, he traces a line between Eleanor's breasts.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to make an incision down the centre of your chest. Then I'm going to saw through your sternum and separate the halves. Your heart is surrounded by a membrane called the pericardium. I'm going to cut through that and kill you. Then I'm going to make an incision into your superior and inferior vena cava and attach a very thin tube called a cannula.

ELEANOR

I'm sorry?

JEREMY

What?

ELEANOR

What did you say?

Jeremy smiles a wolf's smile. Pats the back of her hand.

JEREMY

Don't worry. I've done it a hundred times.

Off his grin:

CUT TO:

95

**INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - ALICE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

95

Luther steps into the bedroom, Alice at his heel. He considers the unconscious captive.

LUTHER

We need to get him back to his dad.

ALICE

In all honesty, I'm not sure his dad wants him.

LUTHER

Of course he does. George Cornelius  
is a decent bloke.

ALICE

If one ignores the theft and the  
torture and the murder and whatnot.

LUTHER

That's not really a high horse you  
get to ride, Alice.

She tweaks Alistair's cheek. Hard enough to make us glad he's  
unconscious.

ALICE

The poor boy's an embarrassment.  
Cornelius can't just take him back  
and forget it ever happened. It  
would weaken him. All he can do is  
punish us and be seen to punish us.

LUTHER

You and me aren't "us".

ALICE

Tell *him* that. He thinks we're up a  
tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G.

A moment on Luther. Thinking. Always thinking.

LUTHER

So I find a way for him to come out  
of this looking stronger.

ALICE

If you're volunteering to lay down  
your life on my behalf, be my  
absolute guest.

LUTHER

It won't come to that.

ALICE

And do I get a vote?

LUTHER

All you have to do is leave.

ALICE

And go where?

LUTHER

I don't care.

ALICE

Without my money?

LUTHER  
The money's gone.

ALICE  
But we know who's got it.

LUTHER  
Oh, for God's sake. You don't care  
about the money.

A beat.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
Look. I'll take care of this.  
I'll get Cornelius off our backs  
and you out my face. Win/win.

ALICE  
Or, Option Two. We kill him and  
run.

LUTHER  
We tried that already. You got  
bored.

ALICE  
That's not what happened.

LUTHER  
Then what did?

ALICE  
You left.

LUTHER  
If you really think that, you've  
remembered it wrong.

A moment of eye-contact. It's broken by LUTHER'S PHONE  
BUZZING WITH AN INCOMING TEXT.

Alice rolls her eyes as he reads it.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
I've got to go.

Wearily, he considers Alistair.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
Let's get him uncuffed.

Alice and Luther load Alistair, blindfolded and semi-  
conscious, onto the back seat of the stolen car.

They belt him in. Luther cuffs him to the hand-hold. Slams the door.

Alice grins and waves like AN IDEALISED 1950S HOUSEWIFE.

ALICE  
Well. Have a lovely day, darling.

But Luther isn't playing.

LUTHER  
Yeah. Don't wait up.

He lingers a moment. Meets her gaze.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
Alice, once I've sorted this, it's done. That's it. You need to let it go.

A long beat. At the end of which, ALICE SMILES.

ALICE  
Well, the cold never bothered me anyway.

Luther frowns. Not getting the reference.

Then he gets behind the wheel, hot-wires the engine and pulls away. Alice standing in the driveway, watching him go.

CUT TO:

97	<b>OMITTED</b>	97	*
98	<b>OMITTED</b>	98	*
99	<b>INT./EXT. STOLEN CAR - CAR-PARK - DAY</b>	99	

LUTHER parks THE STOLEN CAR. Gets out.

To meet GEORGE CORNELIUS. Who's leaning against the Jag with his hands in his pockets.

CORNELIUS  
Is he all right?

LUTHER  
A bit woozy. He'll be fine.

CORNELIUS  
Silly sod. So where was he?

LUTHER

Kings Cross. Lost Property. Right at the back between the umbrellas and a wooden leg.

CORNELIUS

Well, I appreciate the courtesy.

LUTHER

I told you I'd sort it.

CORNELIUS

Did you know about this? Honestly?

LUTHER

No.

CORNELIUS

No. I didn't think so. But she was there -- at your place last night.

LUTHER

She turned up five minutes before you did.

CORNELIUS

So where's she been hiding? The Wicked Bitch of the West?

LUTHER

Didn't ask. Don't care.

CORNELIUS

Fair enough. More to the point, where is she now?

LUTHER

Yeah. I can't tell you that.

CORNELIUS

Thing is, John. You basically have to, and I think you basically know it. This is about a lot more than getting my boy back.

LUTHER

I know what this is about. That doesn't mean we can't make it right.

CORNELIUS

And how do you propose to do that?

LUTHER

With money.

CORNELIUS

You don't owe this bint anything.

LUTHER

I know. But she pulled me into this mess, so now I'm in it. All I'm doing is looking after myself.

CORNELIUS

So give her to me and we're all right.

LUTHER

Nah. Can't do it.

CORNELIUS

Don't be silly. I'll make sure it's quick. No funny business.

LUTHER

She doesn't know any better, George. But I do. I know better. So making it right's down to me.

CORNELIUS

Money doesn't make this right.

LUTHER

It's not about the money. You've got enough money. It's about reputation. "Don't mess with George Cornelius. This is the geezer that can make his son's kidnapper pay *him* a ransom."

CORNELIUS

I see. You want to help my name strike fear into the hearts of men.

LUTHER

Something like that. Yeah.

CORNELIUS

And where do you get all this money?

LUTHER

It's tied up in my house.

CORNELIUS

And you'd really do that? Give away everything you own? Everything you worked for?

LUTHER

Yeah.

CORNELIUS

For her?

Luther shrugs.

Cornelius considers Luther for a long moment. Thinking something over. Reaching a decision.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
Let me get my boy home. I'll give  
you a buzz.

Cornelius heads to the stolen car. And Luther walks away, dialling Alice.

100      **INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

100

Alice answers the phone to Luther.

ALICE  
Morgan Residence.

INTERCUT LUTHER AND ALICE

LUTHER  
We're done. You can leave.

ALICE  
What do you mean, "done"?

LUTHER  
It's sorted.

ALICE  
John, what did you do?

LUTHER  
I gave him money.

ALICE  
What money? You don't have any  
money.

LUTHER  
You don't know me as well as you  
think.

ALICE  
John. Honestly. What did you do?

LUTHER  
Alice, if we don't buy our way out  
of this, we don't get out of it.

ALICE  
There's always Option Two.

LUTHER  
No. This isn't my fight. It's just  
a hole you dragged me into. I just  
dragged us out of it.  
(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
And now we're done. And you can go  
home. Back to wherever you came  
from.

STAY WITH ALICE

As she hangs up. A dangerous look in her eye.

CUT TO:

101      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY**      101

MASSEY AND HAYES help Alistair into a spare bedroom. Where a  
G.P. is waiting. CORNELIUS looks on as the doctor attends to  
his boy.

CUT TO:

102      **INT. LAKE HOME - VIVIEN'S OFFICE - DAY**      102

VIVIEN is pacing the floor, scrolling through the texts she's  
sent to Jeremy. Dozens of them. Not one of them answered.

She sends ONE MORE TEXT: JEREMY PLEASE ANSWER.

She considers the screen for a long moment. Concedes it's  
hopeless. Then grabs her car keys and coat. Exits.

103      **EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**      103

LUTHER strides up to the hospital. Finds Halliday waiting,  
watching the world go by.

LUTHER  
Sorry I'm late. I had to drop  
something off.

HALLIDAY  
Yeah? What? A body? A sofa?

They head inside -

104      **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - DAY**      104

- march with purpose through the corridors.

105      **INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY**      105

JEREMY LAKE stands at the window. He ignores VIVIEN'S  
INCOMING TEXT in favour of considering an MRI SCAN OF A HUMAN  
SKULL that he holds up to the light.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. MIRIAM shows Luther and Halliday into the office, then discreetly exits.

LUTHER  
Jeremy Lake? Thanks for seeing us.  
I'm D.C.I. Luther. This is D.S.  
Halliday.

A beat. Jeremy sets down the MRI down and turns to face them. Preternaturally composed. Sleek as a mink. Eyes glittering.

JEREMY  
What would you like? A round of  
applause?

LUTHER  
Couldn't hurt.

JEREMY  
I don't mean to be ill-mannered,  
but I *am* due in surgery shortly,  
so...

HALLIDAY  
Would you mind if we sat for a  
moment?

JEREMY  
Do you have a medical condition  
that requires it?

HALLIDAY  
No.

JEREMY  
Then yes. I mind.

Luther digs his hands in his pockets. Watching Jeremy as Halliday beams him a big, cheery smile.

HALLIDAY  
Okay then. We're just after some  
background information, really.

JEREMY  
I'm not sure I can be much help. At  
least not in that regard.

HALLIDAY  
How much did you know about your  
wife's patient? Oscar Hauser.

\*

JEREMY  
Before last night? Nothing.

HALLIDAY

So you were unaware of the, uh, the intense nature of their relationship.

JEREMY

"Intense?"

HALLIDAY

I think that's probably the right word.

JEREMY

Is it?

Jeremy meets Luther's eye. Sizing him up.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Vivien and I don't discuss patients.

LUTHER

Any reason for that?

JEREMY

Absolutely. Acute lack of interest. They're like battery hens shitting out identical neuroses. Each of them feeling different in exactly the same way.

HALLIDAY

Is that lonely for Vivien?

JEREMY

On the contrary: she's got a large professional support network. Which is precisely how it should be. We have hobbies. Shared interests. That's how to keep a marriage stimulating.

HALLIDAY

And how is Vivien? It must have come as quite a wrench. To lose someone she'd become so close to.

JEREMY

Your implication being?

A tense pause.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Vivien is my wife, not my chattel. She can do whatever she chooses with whomever she chooses.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Personally, I very much doubt she'd risk her career by sexually amusing herself with some masturbating oddball who got his jollies by jamming pins into his testicles and threading rusty wire down his urethra. I certainly haven't noticed any wounding to her buttocks or breasts, which I understand were his areas of particular interest.

LUTHER

Before he started vivisecting people.

Jeremy turns to Luther. Unafraid.

JEREMY

Before then, yes. Now, if your hope in coming here was to deploy vapid innuendo and state-sponsored slut shaming in an attempt to arouse my jealousy and have me implicate my wife in some imaginary misdemeanour, then I'm afraid you've had rather a wasted journey. You're looking in the wrong place.

LUTHER

For what?

JEREMY

Whatever you might be looking for. Unless I'm wrong and you're just trying to fill up the old wank bank. In which case I'm happy to oblige. Would you like to know what she likes in bed? How often? How aggressively?

LUTHER

We're just trying to understand what happened last night.

Jeremy steps in closer. Unblinking.

JEREMY

Oh, I see. Well, that's easy. Last night, as a result of your catastrophically poor judgement, a man died. And now you'd like to find a way to hold my wife responsible. Honestly: best of luck with that. We'll see you in court. If we don't see you before.

HALLIDAY

I'm sorry. What does that mean?

JEREMY

I'd have thought it fairly unambiguous.

A long beat. Luther studying Jeremy very carefully. Then:

LUTHER

Well. Thank you for your time.

JEREMY

It was a pleasure.

Jeremy stands there. Watches them exit.

106

**EXT. HOSPITAL - HALLIDAY'S CAR - DAY**

106

Halliday and Luther, walking to the car.

HALLIDAY

I don't know about you, but I liked him.

Luther laughs. Opens the door.

LUTHER

I dunno. For somebody who claimed not to know about Oscar Hauser -

\*

HALLIDAY

- he seemed to know a lot about Oscar Hauser. Yeah. Breasts and buttocks and rusty wires down the old chap. Is that actually a thing?

\*

LUTHER

Not in my house, it's not.

HALLIDAY

And all the "looking in the wrong place" stuff. What was that?

LUTHER

I don't know. His way of telling us he knows more than we do.

HALLIDAY

Menage a trois? With those three? God. That would have to be the worst sex party of all time.

Luther shrugs. They get in.

107

**INT. HALLIDAY'S CAR - OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY**

107

Luther stares out the windscreen as Halliday buckles up, puts the keys in the ignition.

LUTHER

Whose head was he looking at?

HALLIDAY

Sorry, guv?

LUTHER

When we walked in. He was posing there like Charlie Big Potatoes, holding this MRI to the light.

HALLIDAY

He's a surgeon.

LUTHER

He's a *heart specialist*. So what's he doing checking out an MRI of someone's head?

HALLIDAY

Could be a hundred reasons.

LUTHER

Name one.

She sits there for a bit. Ignition key in her hand.

HALLIDAY

That *is* weird, actually. Am I wrong? Is it weird?

LUTHER

It's pretty weird.

HALLIDAY

So whose head was he looking at?

LUTHER

Let's get back to the factory and find out.

Good idea. Halliday starts the engine and pulls away.

CUT TO:

108

**INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - VARIOUS - DAY**

108

ALICE MORGAN drifts through the empty house. The dust sheets. The silence.

She's a ghost. Lost in her memories.

109	<b>OMITTED</b>	109	*
110	<b>INT. HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY</b>	110	
	JEREMY LAKE is scrubbing in.		
111	OMITTED - NOW SCENE 112A	111	
112	<b>INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - DAY</b>	112	
	An old operating theatre. Surrounded by a viewing gallery.		
	A full surgical team: ANAESTHETIST, SCRUB NURSE, THEATRE NURSE, THEATRE RUNNER. Two SURGICAL TRAINEES.		
	ELEANOR on the operating table, being prepped. She's woozy but anxious. She panics when		
	JEREMY LAKE ENTERS. Smiles at her. Big, bad wolf.		
	JEREMY		
	Eleanor. So how are we doing?		
	ELEANOR		
	Actually -- I don't want to do this. Can we stop? I want to go home. Can I just go home?		
	JEREMY nods at the ANAESTHETIST. Who administers anaesthesia.		
	ELEANOR'S EYES flicker and roll. The LAST THING SHE SEES is		
	JEREMY WINKING. Then turning to his team.		
	JEREMY		
	All right. Let's crack her open, shall we? See what's inside.		
112A	<b>EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY</b>	112A	
	VIVIEN parks. Heads into the hospital at a clip.		
112B	<b>INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - DAY</b>	112B	*
	ELEANOR IS FULLY DRAPED.		*
	Jeremy finishes opening the sternum. He hands the scalpel back to THE SCRUB NURSE. Uses a HELLER RETRACTOR to separate the halves of the sternum -		*
	- Exposing THE PULSING SECRETS within.		*

JEREMY STARES AT ELEANOR'S BEATING HEART. His breathing becomes shallow and rapid. He's sexually aroused.

JEREMY  
(to anaesthetist)  
Give heparin, please.  
(to scrub nurse)  
Scissors?

THE SCRUB NURSE hands him surgical scissors.

He slices through the membrane enclosing Eleanor's heart.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
(to scrub nurse)  
Purse string?

THE SCRUB NURSE, sensing that not all is well, passes Jeremy a purse string suture on a needle holder. He stitches a PURSE STRING SUTURE into the aorta.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
(to scrub nurse)  
Aortic cannula.

JEREMY inserts the cannula into the aorta between the purse string sutures. Savours the spurt of blood.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
(to scrub nurse)  
Tighten the snare and tie please.

JEREMY stares with growing arousal into to the wet chest cavity as ELEANOR'S HEARTBEAT SLOWS. AND SLOWS.

AND STOPS.

WIDEN OUT TO SEE: the surgical team nervously considering Jeremy. Who is seemingly transfixed. Breathing heavily.

Nervous glances are exchanged. Then SOMETHING catches Jeremy's eye.

HE LOOKS UP.

HIS POV: VIVIEN enters the viewing gallery. She stands there. Watching him. Her face fixed in silent warning.

She shakes her head. Once.

NOT HERE.

JEREMY holds her gaze for a long moment. Then nods, almost imperceptibly. Turns to the scrub nurse.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Next purse string?

THE SCRUB NURSE hands him another purse string. Using the aortic cannula, Jeremy begins to attach the aortic cannula to the bypass tube. \*

Under the warning gaze of his wife. His guardian. \*

FADE TO: \*

113 **EXT. HOSPITAL - BENCH - LATE AFTERNOON**

113

Jeremy and Vivien huddle on a bench. Drinking takeaway coffee.

VIVIEN

I know how much the idea has always excited you. To do it while everyone looks on. But that level of risk -

JEREMY

There was no risk.

VIVIEN

You were aroused. Sexually. I could see it.

He sips coffee. Then nods, accepting it.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

I know it's difficult. Watching the days slip away. Wanting each one to be special. But you have to understand: I still have a life to think about. A career you're putting at risk. My *liberty*.

JEREMY

Of course. I'm sorry.

A silence. They stare into the middle distance.

VIVIEN

Are you having any problems with recall?

JEREMY

No.

VIVIEN

And your appetite?

JEREMY

Is a little diminished.

VIVIEN

No incidence of pica? Unusual cravings?

JEREMY

No. Just the usual unusual  
cravings.

He drains his coffee. Toys with the empty cup.

VIVIEN

I wish there was more I could do.

JEREMY

No-one could do more. I love you.

VIVIEN

I love you too.

She tenderly kisses his cheek.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

Are you out tonight?

JEREMY

No. Straight home. I'm tired.

VIVIEN

Good. I'll wait for you.

She stands to leave. Gives him a fragile smile. He watches  
her walk away.

CUT TO:

114      **OMITTED**      114      \*

115      **INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - SCHENK'S OFFICE - DAY**      115

Schenk enters, prepares to call Benny. He stops when      \*

AN ALERT APPEARS ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN.

He leans in, clicking the mouse.

ON SCREEN: a FORENSIC BLOOD WORK REPORT. The DNA he took from  
Luther's hallway has been identified.

It belongs to ALICE MORGAN.

Schenk sits back. Thinking this over. Then dialling Benny.  
Getting voicemail.

SCHENK

D.S. Silver. I need you here. Now.  
No lies. No excuses. Now.

116      **EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY**      116

An anonymous street lined with parked vehicles. Among which  
CAMERA FINDS

Benny's van.

CREEPING CLOSER, WE SEE: The driver's door is open. Just a crack.

CLOSER STILL: The driver's side window is SHATTERED. And there is BLOOD on the fractured glass.

CUT TO:

117      **EXT. HOBBS LANE POLICE STATION - DAY**      117

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY are heading into the police station.

LUTHER'S PHONE RINGS.

He checks out the NAMELESS NUMBER. Knows who's calling.

LUTHER

Listen, I've got to take this. You go ahead. Start digging into that surgeon. He's wrong.

HALLIDAY

As a kitten kebab.

She gives him a grin, heads into the police station. Luther hangs back, waits until she's out of earshot. Then:

LUTHER

George?

118      **EXT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - EVENING**      118

A self storage depot on the edge of London. The outside of the building festooned with "OPENING SOON" SIGNS.

A familiar Jaguar and two vans are parked in the otherwise empty car-park.

119      **INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - EVENING**      119

A brightly-lit GRID OF SELF-STORAGE UNITS. Within which  
CAMERA FINDS

George Cornelius. Standing outside STORAGE UNIT 73172. On the phone to Luther.

CORNELIUS

Something's been niggling at me  
since we spoke.

INTERCUT CORNELIUS AND LUTHER

LUTHER

Yeah? And what's that?

CORNELIUS

Do I look like a tart to you, John?  
Do you think I learned my trade by  
noshing off Tory MPs in public  
lavs?

LUTHER

I don't follow.

CORNELIUS

Why would you think you can buy me?  
Honestly, it's baffling.

LUTHER

George. I don't know what's  
happening here. But you need to put  
the brakes on. Take your tax and  
let it go, or things are going to  
start getting out of control.

CORNELIUS

Whose control? Not mine. Bring her  
to me, John. Then you can consider  
us square.

LUTHER

I can't do that. She's already  
gone. I don't know where she is.

CORNELIUS

Which is what I thought you'd most  
likely say.

CORNELIUS raises his phone and takes a picture of WHATEVER'S  
IN STORAGE UNIT 73172. He sends the picture to Luther.

LUTHER checks out the incoming message. His face falls.

We stay on him for a long moment, as he struggles to  
understand what he's seeing. Then:

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS

BENNY IS A PRISONER IN THE STORAGE UNIT.

He's surrounded by GANGSTERS IN SKI MASKS. Badly beaten and  
bruised. Bound to a metal chair on rubber car mats.

And hooked to a RHEOSTAT.

LUTHER

George. I'm warning you. Don't do this.

CORNELIUS

You're warning me?! You've got a pair of spuds on you, I'll give you that.

CORNELIUS gives a signal.

HAYES hits a switch.

BENNY SCREAMS AND WRITHES. SPASMS AND CONVULSES.

LUTHER

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP!

CORNELIUS thinks it over. Then gestures.

HAYES kills the power.

BENNY slumps in his chair.

CORNELIUS

That woman is the debt you owe me, John. I want her.

LUTHER

I can't do what can't be done. She's not here. I don't know where she is.

CORNELIUS gives the signal.

HAYES sends EVEN MORE CURRENT coursing through Benny.

ON LUTHER. AS BENNY'S SCREAMS BECOME UNBEARABLE.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

CORNELIUS

All right what?

LUTHER

ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT!

CORNELIUS

You'll do what?

LUTHER

I'll bring her to you!

CORNELIUS

You're sure now?

LUTHER  
JUST! STOP!

CORNELIUS hesitates for a sadistic moment. Then signals to Hayes. Who kills the power.

CORNELIUS  
No messing. No prevaricating. No tricks. No amusing chit-chat. Get this done.

LUTHER  
It's done.

LUTHER hangs up and strides away. A man on a mission.

CUT TO:

120      **INT. LAKE HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**      120

VIVIEN pours herself a whisky. A good one. She sits, nursing it. Watches the clock tick.

121      **EXT. LONDON STREET - TOWER BLOCKS - EVENING**      121

JEREMY LAKE parks in the shadow of a local authority tower blocks. Emerges from his car in casual clothes, baseball cap, spectacles.

He pops the trunk. Pulls out A LARGE, EMPTY, WHEELED SUITCASE.

He shuts the boot. Remote locks the car. Trundles the suitcase towards the tower blocks.

He produces a cell phone. Thumbs out a message:

HI PENNY! HERE TO PICK UP THE FRIDGE AS AGREED! SORRY I'M LATE! VICKIE.

122      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - PENNY'S APARTMENT - EVENING**      122

PENNY LEYTON (30s) is alone in the flat, watching TV. She reads an INCOMING TEXT.

HI PENNY! HERE TO PICK UP THE FRIDGE AS AGREED! SORRY I'M LATE. VICKIE.

She thumbs out a reply and a series of SMILEY EMOJIS:

NO WORRIES!

123      **EXT. LONDON STREET - TOWER BLOCKS - EVENING**      123

Jeremy checks the reply. Heads for the flats. Texting out a message.

124      **INT. PENNY'S APARTMENT - EVENING**      124

Penny struggles to manoeuvre a MINI-FRIDGE to the front door.

A TEXT ARRIVES:

*I BROUGHT MY DAD TO DO THE CARRYING LOL. HOPE OKAY.*

Penny takes a sip of beer. Texts a reply.

*GOOD IDEA!*

125      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - LOBBY - EVENING**      125

JEREMY walks into the lobby, trundling the suitcase. He summons the lift.

126      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - ELEVATOR - EVENING**      126

He rides the elevator. Head tilted to avoid the cameras.

127      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - PENNY'S APARTMENT - EVENING**      127

THE BELL RINGS. And Penny opens the door on Jeremy, standing there behind the suitcase.

JEREMY

Hi! Penny, is it? I'm Alan.  
Vickie's dad.

PENNY

Oh, right! Hello!

She looks dubiously from suitcase to mini-fridge.

PENNY (CONT'D)

Is it going to fit?

Jeremy looks from suitcase to Penny. And back.

JEREMY

I don't know! Have I misjudged it,  
do you think?

They share a moment. Laugh.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Anyway. She's double parked outside  
so I'd better crack on. Ninety-five  
was it?

PENNY

It was.

JEREMY

Call it a hundred.

He hands her five twenties. She pockets them.

PENNY

Thank you. Look, you'd better come  
in and -

He thanks her. Steps inside. Shuts the door.

Calmly he removes A CLOTH from a plastic bag in his pocket.

PENNY turns in alarm and disbelief -- and HE'S ON HER --  
pressing the cloth to her face.

Penny fights. And fights. Until HER EYES ROLL WHITE. And  
Jeremy lays her gently on the floor.

He kneels. Unzips the suitcase.

128      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - 12TH FLOOR - EVENING**

128

Jeremy exits the flat. Shuts the door behind him. He drags  
the suitcase to the elevator. Pushes the button.

And waits.

At length, the ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE OPEN and MO (30s) emerges  
-- apologising as he sidesteps the suitcase.

MO

Oops! Sorry, mate.

JEREMY

No worries.

MO heads down the corridor, digging out his keys. JEREMY  
steps into the lift.

The doors close.

129      **INT. TOWER BLOCK - ELEVATOR - EVENING**

129

JEREMY rides the elevator to the ground floor.

130      **OMITTED**

130      \*

131      **EXT. TOWER BLOCK - EVENING**      131

JEREMY walks away. Trundling the suitcase. In no hurry.

FADE TO:

132      **EXT. VOLVO - MORGAN FAMILY HOME - EVENING**      132

LUTHER gets out of the Volvo. Strides to the Morgan family home. He finds THE DOOR LOCKED. He walks round the back.      \*

Finds that door locked, too.      \*

He breaks the glass with his elbow, lets himself in -

133      **OMITTED**      133      \*

134      **INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - VARIOUS - EVENING**      134

- stepping into the kitchen.

LUTHER

Alice?

No answer. He walks from room to creepy, dust sheeted room. He's calling her name, over and over.

135      **INT. MORGAN FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**      135

Finally, he steps into the living room. The mirror above the fireplace has been uncovered.

On the mirror, a message has been written in red lipstick:

*I CHOOSE OPTION NUMBER 2. TOODLE PIP!*

OFF LUTHER, IN HIS FRUSTRATION AND RAGE:

CUT TO:

136      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - VARIOUS - NIGHT**      136

Tracking through the Cornelius house, we FIND A BAND OF ARMED GANGSTERS. Left here by Cornelius to guard the place.

Ex-military. Ex-cons. Playing cards. Watching football. Idly texting.

137      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**      137

While upstairs, Alistair Cornelius lies asleep.

138

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

138

DONNIE MACKENZIE is playing patience on the kitchen table.

Over his shoulder, the windows giving on to the garden are OMINOUS BLACK SQUARES.

He lays down a card.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

He looks at his cards.

DONNIE

Is someone going to get that?

No answer.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

IS ANYONE GOING TO GET THAT?

Apparently not. Donnie stands. Wanders to the door.

139

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

139

Donnie opens the door ON ALICE MORGAN. SHE'S WEARING A BLONDE WIG. A rather glamorous coat. \*

She smiles.

ALICE

Hello. Are you Alistair?

DONNIE

No.

ALICE

Oh. I'm here to see Alistair?

Donnie hesitates. Alice gives him a five hundred gigawatt smile.

ALICE (CONT'D)

George sent me? I'm a welcome home present.

At which, Donnie smiles. And steps aside.

DONNIE

He's up this way.

140

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

140

Alice follows Donnie through the house. Past Cornelius's men.

All of them looking at her. None of them *seeing* her.

141      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - STAIRS AND LANDING - NIGHT**      141

She follows Donnie up the stairs and down a long, long landing. They stop outside

A BEDROOM DOOR

Donnie is about to knock. Alice turns the smile on him.

                 ALICE  
                 I think I can take it from here,  
                 thank you.

DONNIE lingers. ALICE'S SMILE widens a notch.

                 DONNIE  
                 Well. Best of luck with it.

Alice waits for Donnie to leave. Cursing himself for his gaucheness.

Then, quietly, she opens the bedroom door and slips inside.

142      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**      142

ALISTAIR is asleep on his side.

ALICE considers him a moment. Then sits on the edge of the bed.

She reaches out and tenderly strokes his hair.

ALISTAIR'S EYES SHOOT OPEN.

ALICE THRUSTS A HAT PIN THROUGH HIS EAR DRUM -- HAMMERS IT THROUGH HIS BRAIN -- SKEWERING HIS HEAD TO THE MATTRESS.

OFF ALICE, SMILING IN TRIUMPH:

END OF EPISODE

\*