

CONFIDENTIAL

LUTHER

Series 5

EPISODE TWO

DRAFT 002.1

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NEIL CROSS

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1 **EXT. ANTWERP - DAY**

1

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.

ALICE
Egalement.

*

The conversation continues in French.

M. AWARITEFE
I need to see them, if I may. M. AWARITEFE
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 plaît.

*

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. 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 WHCH - 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:

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 smile 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. *

Hmmmm. 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 *CREEEEEEAK*.

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.

ALICE

Oh, tish.

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. Whassename. 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 OMITTED

97 *

98 OMITTED

98 *

99 INT./EXT. STOLEN CAR - CAR-PARK - DAY

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. Unaframed.

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	OMITTED	109	*
110	INT. HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY	110	
	JEREMY LAKE is scrubbing in.		
111	OMITTED - NOW SCENE 112A	111	
112	INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - DAY	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	EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR PARK - DAY	112A	
	VIVIEN parks. Heads into the hospital at a clip.		
112B	INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - DAY	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

*