

**\*CONFIDENTIAL\***

**LUTHER**

**SERIES 5**

Episode Three

Draft 002.1

**NEIL CROSS**

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

Early morning stillness. Winter birdsong. A BLADE OF SUNLIGHT cuts through a crack in the half-rotten curtain, streams across the room. Finds LUTHER AND ALICE asleep.

We hold on them until, at last, LUTHER OPENS HIS EYES.

He stares at the ceiling. Then gets out of bed, pulls on T-shirt and sweat pants and slips from the room - easing the door shut behind him.

A few seconds later, ALICE OPENS HER EYES. Stares at the door.

**INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

LUTHER'S watching the news: A LIVE CRIME REPORT FROM LONDON.

He's passing A PHONE from hand to hand. Navigating to BENNY'S NUMBER.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS

ALICE watching from the doorway. Barefoot in pyjamas.

ALICE

Are you tempted?

He looks over. He didn't know she was there.

LUTHER

To what?

ALICE

Stick your oar in.

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Then why so fretful?

LUTHER

I don't know. Habit.

She walks over. Sits on his lap. Between him and the TV.

She kisses him, long and slow, while the news report plays in the background.

Some way into the kiss - LUTHER OPENS HIS EYES to watch the news over her shoulder.

Alice draws back. Holds his gaze.

ALICE

Does it arouse you?

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Do I?

LUTHER

Yes.

ALICE

Then you're looking in the wrong place.

LUTHER

I'm sorry. Just - give me a minute.

She sighs. Gives up. Perches next to him on the sofa.

ALICE

Why does it matter? I mean - worldwide, about half a million people are murdered every year. That's about ten thousand a week. Fourteen hundred a day. One a minute. That's rounding the figures, naturally - and excluding death from armed conflict. I suppose that must amplify the figure quite a bit.

LUTHER

So?

ALICE

So the chances are, it's happening right now - in Distrito Central. Cape Town. Port-au-Prince. So why does this one matter more? I mean, does the pressure of the moral circle decrease the further you get from the centre? Because that's not really morality is it. More a kind of sanctimonious provincialism.

LUTHER

If I wasn't here, those people might still be alive.

ALICE

Well - as untestable hypotheses go, that's a doozy.

LUTHER

I just know.

ALICE

And you don't think this assumption of omnipotence might be a touch narcissistic? Because I have to say, it didn't help dear old Justin Ripley did it?

Luther stares at the TV for an angry second, then stands and exits.

Off Alice. Watching him leave.

FLASHBACK ENDS

3 **INT. VOLVO - NIGHT**

3

LUTHER is at the wheel. Angry and lost. On the edge of his nerves. Speeding through the dark streets of London.

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

4

ALISTAIR CORNELIUS lies dead. A HAT-PIN THROUGH THE EAR skewering his head to the mattress.

ALICE sits on the edge of the bed. Watching the TIMER on her phone race towards zero.

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

5

CAMERA creeps through the silent house, finding the MANY ENFORCERS deployed by Cornelius to protect his son.

Among them is DONNIE. Playing patience at the kitchen table.

6 **INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - UNIT 73172 - NIGHT**

6

BENNY is cable-tied to his chair. Badly beaten. Head lolling on his chest.

CORNELIUS nods a command - then films with his phone as BIG TINY and MAURICE step in, give Benny yet another beating.

Cornelius places a call to Luther.

CORNELIUS

It's getting late, John. I need to get my kip. I do hope you're not playing for time. I need you to bring her to me.

He sends a clip of the beating on a text message to Luther.

7

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

7

LUTHER drives. His face set in grim determination. He receives the message. Curses.

Puts his foot down.

8

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

8

THE COUNTDOWN ON ALICE'S PHONE reaches zero. Alice takes a breath and stands, checking the wig in a bedroom mirror.

She straightens her clothes. Then opens the door and slips onto the landing.

As the door closes behind her, A RHOMBUS OF LIGHT on Alistair's face narrows to a chink. And then there's darkness.

9

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - LANDING - NIGHT**

9

ALICE walks the endless landing. Down the stairs.

10

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT**

10

She steps into the hallway. Where she comes under the scrutiny of CORNELIUS'S MEN.

She stops. Pinned in place by their collective, assessing gaze.

There's an unendurably tense silence. Then DONNIE steps forward, wearing a tentative smile.

DONNIE

That didn't take long.

ALICE

Well it wouldn't, would it?

DONNIE

(blushing)

So do you need to, like, Uber,  
or...?

ALICE

I'll be fine, thank you. I'd leave  
Alistair to sleep for a while. The  
poor thing's quite exhausted.

DONNIE

I bet he is.

ALICE  
Cheeky.  
(huge smile)  
Well. Good night, chaps!

She raises her hand in jaunty farewell and exits.

11 **EXT. STREETS NEAR CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

11

She steps outside and walks away. Heels clicking in the night. A flash of unguarded relief on her face.

Cornelius's house fades into the night behind her.

12 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

12

DONNIE gets back to playing Patience.

13 **EXT. STREETS NEAR CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

13

ALICE is getting close to her car.

OFF SCREEN - BEHIND HER: A CAR ENGINE APPROACHES.

She picks up speed.

14 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

14

DONNIE spots A BODYGUARD heading for the stairs.

DONNIE  
Where you going?

BODYGUARD  
Checking on him.

DONNIE  
Mate, you heard what she said.

A long beat.

BODYGUARD  
Fair enough.

THE BODYGUARD exits. DONNIE goes back to his game.

15 **EXT. STREETS NEAR CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

15

ALICE sets her teeth. HEELS CLICKING FASTER AND FASTER as she gets closer to her car.

BEHIND HER - THE ENGINE COMING CLOSER

She digs out her keys. Holds her head high.

BEHIND HER - A CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT

ALICE turns - and there's LUTHER. Emerging from the Volvo.

They face each other.

LUTHER

Alice, what have you done?

ALICE

Guess.

LUTHER

Why?

ALICE

Why do you think?

LUTHER

We were out from under it. We were clear. And now...

A long, antagonistic beat.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

All right. Come with me.

She reads his intense gaze. His body language.

ALICE

I don't think I'm going to do that, John. No.

A beat. Luther takes a step. Alice draws the gun. Luther moves in. Alice raises the gun. Luther BATS THE GUN AWAY...

... AS ALICE FIRES.

16

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

16

DONNIE looks up from the cards like a deer at a waterhole.

Shit. Was that a gunshot?

17

**EXT. VOLVO - STREETS NEAR CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT**

17

LUTHER slams Alice into the car - jams a wrist between her shoulder blades. Takes her gun, pockets it.

ALICE

Do you like it like this? You only had to say.

Luther cuffs her, bundles her into the back seat. Not gently.

18 OMITTED 18 \*

19 INT. VOLVO - NIGHT 19

LUTHER gets behind the wheel, pulls away at speed.

20 EXT. CORNELIUS HOME - NIGHT 20

BODYGUARDS step outside. Find nothing. Luther is gone.

21 INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 21

Luther drives. Fast. Alice cuffed in the back seat. The lights of London pulse overhead like a terrified heartbeat.

## OFF LUTHER:

22 INT. LAKE HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT 22

JEREMY LAKE pulls into the garage. Walks round the car. Pops the boot. And smiles to see

THE LARGE SUITCASE. Jammed in next to which is a bag containing several BOTTLES OF WINE. He grabs it.

## FROM INSIDE THE SUITCASE: A MUFFLED WHIMPER

JEREMY

Shush now.

He shuts the boot. Heads into the house. And we

DISSOLVE TO:

23 OMITTED 23

## TITLES

24 INT. LAKE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 24

VIVIEN on the sofa, wrapped in a pashmina, legs curled beneath her. She's watching *Planet Earth 2*.

JEREMY enters, carrying a bottle of red wine and two glasses.

JEREMY

Still awake?

VIVIEN

Barely.

He sits. Kisses her. She lowers the volume. He proffers the wine.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
I'm too tired.

JEREMY  
Oh, come on!

He pours two glasses. Offers one to her. She demurs.

He softens. The good husband.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Listen. I know what you went  
through yesterday. And I know it  
was my fault. It won't happen  
again.

A beat. Then she accepts a glass of wine. Takes a sip.

CLOSE ON JEREMY: watching her sip the wine.

VIVIEN  
I worry about you. That's all. I  
want you to be safe.

JEREMY  
I just - I got carried away. It was  
like... do you remember the  
hitchhiker in Australia?

VIVIEN  
Little Miss Birkenstocks?

They laugh, privately.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)  
That was something we did together.  
According to the rules. On holiday.  
Far from home.

JEREMY  
But we did it *spontaneously*. Spur  
of the moment.

VIVIEN  
But we discussed it -

JEREMY  
Briefly!

VIVIEN  
Which still within the parameters  
of the agreement. If that still  
matters to you.

JEREMY  
Of course it does.

VIVIEN  
Because the balance of risk has shifted, Jeremy. You're being too reckless. I need you to understand that. To really understand it. The risk to me. To my life. My career. My liberty.

At length, he nods. Then kisses her. Tender and loving.

JEREMY  
I do. I'm sorry. I love you.

VIVIEN  
I love you, too.

She sips wine. Jeremy watching.

CUT TO:

26 INT. VOLVO - NIGHT 26

LUTHER drives. ALICE in back. Watching him in the rear-view mirror.

ALICE

Luther ignores her.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Are we there yet?

Luther keeps driving.

ALICE (CONT'D)

She trails off. Gaping in disbelief

ALICE (CONT'D)

ALICE'S POV: Luther is turning into THE POLICE STATION.

27 INT. VOLVO - POLICE STATION CAR-PARK - NIGHT 27

Luther drives through a VERY EMPTY CONCRETE CAR-PARK.

ALICE

So do I to take it that I'm under arrest?

No answer. Luther parks. Digs A PHONE from his glove-box.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Because you probably remember how many crimes we've committed together.

LUTHER

Is that a threat?

ALICE

Absolutely.

He mounts THE SMART PHONE on the dashboard. Angles it so the camera is facing Alice.

LUTHER

Be here when I get back.

A beat.

ALICE

The wig is making my scalp itch. Would you mind removing it for me?

He gives her a look. Gets out -

28

**INT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - NIGHT**

28

- and strides into the police station. MONITORING ALICE on his phone.

He takes A SCREENSHOT of her. And TEXTS IT TO CORNELIUS.

29

**INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - UNIT 73172 - NIGHT**

29

CORNELIUS receives Luther's text. He takes a moment to appreciate it, then calls Luther.

CORNELIUS

Be at Smithfield in forty-five minutes. As soon as she's in my care I make a call. And your oppo's free to go.

30

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

30

LUTHER enters the police station, on the phone to Cornelius.

LUTHER

If he's not I'll be coming for you,  
George.

31

**INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - UNIT 73172 - NIGHT**

31

CORNELIUS

Can't say fairer than that, John.

He hangs up, turns to Benny. Who's beaten to shit but cheerily defiant. Smiling like a boxer through the blood.

He shows Benny the phone. Alice cuffed in Luther's car.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

It looks like your mate's come through, old sausage.

BENNY

Ah. She's alive then, is she?

CORNELIUS

For a bit.

Cornelius lingers a second, as if about to apologise. Then he thinks again and signals to MASSEY. (His bodyguard, whom we met in Eps 1 and 2). The two men head off, leaving Benny with his guards.

Benny spits A TOOTH onto the concrete floor.

OFF THE TOOTH:

32

**OMITTED**

32

33

**OMITTED**

33

34

**INT. POLICE STATION - LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

34

ALICE sits without moving. Thinking. Formulating. And STARING BLANKLY at the PHONE CAMERA MOUNTED ON THE DASH.

SUDDENLY: SHE NODS HER HEAD. A SINGLE, VIOLENT MOVEMENT.

She waits. Gets no reaction from Luther.

She AGITATES THE BACK OF HER HEAD against the headrest. Then violently nods AGAIN. And AGAIN. And AGAIN.

35

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - BULLPEN - NIGHT**

35

LUTHER steps on to the empty, half-lit bullpen. He pauses to scan THE OSCAR HAUSER CRIME WALL.

Then checks his phone. Sees ALICE NODDING.

LUTHER  
(into phone)  
Whatever you're doing, stop it.

ON SCREEN: Alice looks directly at the camera. The wig is sitting jauntily skew-whiff on her head.

*ALICE*  
*It itches.*

LUTHER  
Just sit still and wait.

He slips into SCHENK'S OFFICE.

36

**INT. POLICE STATION - LUTHER'S CAR - NIGHT**

36

ALICE sits perfectly still... then FEINTS A SUDDEN MOVE TO THE RIGHT, as if reaching for the door. She gets no reaction from the camera mounted on the dash.

She feints to the left. No reaction.

Okay. Chances are, he's not watching. She NODS HER HEAD once more... and the WIG FALLS INTO HER LAP.

ALICE'S POV: inside the wig are some of the HAIRPINS she used to keep it in place.

She manoeuvres the wig behind her back.

CLOSE ON: ALICE'S HAND. As she removes A HAIRPIN from inside the wig. Straightens it. Bends one end. Making a lock-pick.

Which she patiently applies to the handcuffs.

37

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

37

LUTHER sits at Schenk's computer - and LOGS ON using Schenk's details.

CUTTING BETWEEN LUTHER AND COMPUTER SCREEN

as he accesses CRIMINT records of various investigations into George Cornelius... finally arriving at files relating to investigations into CORNELIUS'S MONEY LAUNDERING OPERATION.

He flicks through a dizzying array of PROPERTIES AND CASH BUSINESSES through which Cornelius is suspected of cleaning his money: dry cleaners, betting shops, used car lots, car washes, coffee shops...

38

**INT. VOLVO - POLICE STATION CAR-PARK - NIGHT**

38

ALICE IS OUT OF THE HANDCUFFS! She clammers over to the driver's seat. Punches the steering column. Once. Twice. Three times.

39

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - SCHENK'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

39

LUTHER comes across an entry in the money laundering records: "LOCK N ROLLER SELF STORAGE"

Quickly, he navigates to THE VIDEO OF BENNY that Cornelius sent him at the end of Episode Two.

SELF STORAGE. That's it! That's where Cornelius must be keeping Benny.

He checks his phone and sees: ALICE HAS PUNCHED OPEN THE STEERING COLUMN AND IS HOT-WIRING THE CAR.

LUTHER

Shit.

He checks THE ADDRESS OF LOCK N ROLLER SELF STORAGE then logs off. Exits at speed -

40

**INT. VOLVO - POLICE STATION CAR-PARK - NIGHT**

40

ALICE touches IGNITION WIRES together. They VIOLENTLY SPARK.

The engine COUGHS. TURNS OVER. DIES.

She tries again.

41

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

41

LUTHER races downstairs. Slams through the door.

42

**INT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - NIGHT**

42

To find AN EMPTY CAR-PARK.

He curses under his breath. Turns in a slow circle.

HE SEES: THE VOLVO. In the far shadows. It's engine idling like a growling dog. ALICE grinning at the wheel.

LUTHER locks eyes with Alice. *Bring it on.*

ALICE guns the engine. *Are you sure?*

LUTHER digs his hands into his pockets. And waits.

ALICE raises an eyebrow. Floors the accelerator.

THE VOLVO SCREECHES as it accelerates.

LUTHER stands there.

THE VOLVO RACES CLOSER... AND CLOSER.

LUTHER raises his chin. And does. Not. Move.

At the last possible second ALICE HITS THE BRAKES - THE VOLVO fishtails. Stopping inches from Luther.

ALICE kicks open the passenger door.

LUTHER scowls. Gets in.

43

**INT. VOLVO - POLICE STATION CAR-PARK - NIGHT**

43

Luther and Alice. Not looking at one another.

ALICE

So who's Person X?

LUTHER

All right. I'm tired. What does that mean?

ALICE

Well, I was hand-cuffed in the back seat with an itchy wig and nothing to do, except chew things over. And it occurred to me that Cornelius must know you well enough to be acquainted with your weakness.

LUTHER

Which is?

ALICE

Other people.

He laughs. Once. Somewhat bitterly. Because she's right.

ALICE (CONT'D)

So what would I do, if I were him? I'd say: bring me Alice Morgan or I do something absolutely dastardly to Person X. Am I warm?

LUTHER

Toasty.

He passes Alice his phone. Lets her watch the video of Benny.

ALICE

And you actually considered it,  
didn't you? Giving me to him.

LUTHER

Yeah.

ALICE

But you couldn't do it.

LUTHER

No.

ALICE

Why not?

LUTHER

You know why not.

ALICE

Then say it.

He doesn't. He stares out the windscreen. Wishing he was somewhere else.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Fine, then. Super. So where are we going?

CUT TO:

44

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

44

VIVIEN is deeply asleep on the sofa. Jeremy watches her from the armchair. Watchful as an owl.

JEREMY

Darling?

He nudges her shoulder.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Darling? Are you awake?

And now we see: she's not "deeply asleep". She's UNCONSCIOUS.

45

**OMITTED**

45

46

**INT. LAKE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

46

Jeremy carries Vivien inside. Lays her on the bed. Tenderly kisses her cheek. Brushes a lock of hair from her brow.

He removes her shoes. Undresses her. Applies make-up remover and moisturiser. Tucks her into bed. Very carefully folds her clothes. Lays them over the back of the chair.

Considers Vivien. Not without a tremor of guilt. Then softly leaves the room.

47      **INT. LAKE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**      47

A tableau.

OFF SCREEN: SOUND OF THE GARAGE DOOR OPENING.

48      **OMITTED**      48

49      **INT. LAKE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**      49

VIVIEN lies unconscious.

OFF SCREEN: we hear THE SUITCASE BEING TRUNDLED THROUGH THE HOUSE. The CREEEEEEAK OF THE BASEMENT DOOR OPENING.

A pause. Then the ominous BUMP... BUMP... BUMP... of the suitcase being taken downstairs.

50      **OMITTED**      50

51      **OMITTED**      51

52      **OMITTED**      52

53      **EXT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - SMITHFIELD MARKET - NIGHT**      53

CORNELIUS'S JAG pulls up and parks.

54      **OMITTED**      54

55      **INT. CORNELIUS'S JAG - SMITHFIELD - NIGHT**      55

CORNELIUS waits. Silently watching the inky shadows and the bright lights. The strange clamour of SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET.

At length, Cornelius checks his watch. Where is he?

56      **EXT. VOLVO - NEAR SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT**      56

THE ANSWER IS: NOWHERE NEAR SMITHFIELD.

Luther and Alice stand near the Volvo, surveilling LOCK & ROLLER SELF STORAGE.

THEIR POV: in the car park, A LONE WHITE VAN sits illuminated by harsh floodlights.

ALICE

It would be a lot easier to sneak in there and, well - I don't know how else to say it. We have guns.

LUTHER

Yeah. That's not happening.

ALICE

You know they won't be so generous. They'll kill you as soon as look at you. And you're easy to look at.

LUTHER

Look. I don't care who gets hurt, Alice. Go to town. Break legs. But nobody dies.

ALICE

I honestly don't see why it matters.

LUTHER

I know you don't. But it still does.

ANGLE ON ALICE. Considering the warehouse.

ALICE

Fine.

She strides round to the boot of the Volvo. Pops it open. Improvisationally roots around. Eventually, she produces A TYRE IRON. Then, ooh! At the back, behind an old stab-proof vest: A PETROL CANNISTER.

She gleefully shows these items to Luther. Who answers with a censorious glower.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Oh, come ON!

After a beat, Luther shrugs.

LUTHER

Fair enough.

Together, they set off. Alice cheerily lugging the petrol cannister in one hand and the tyre-iron in the other.

56A **EXT. SELF-STORAGE - VAN - NIGHT** 56A

LUTHER sneaks up to the van. Kneels. Digs out his thumb-knife. Stabs the tyres.

56B **EXT. SELF-STORAGE - ROOF - NIGHT** 56B

HERO SHOT: ALICE ON THE ROOF. Cannister in one hand. Tyre iron in the other. Staring down through the skylight.

HER POV INTO WAREHOUSE BELOW:

BENNY lolls in the chair, half unconscious.

He's being guarded by HAYES (whom we met in Eps 1 and 2) plus BIG TINY and MAURICE. All of them armed.

BACK TO ALICE

She digs out a PAY AS YOU GO. Dials 999.

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
*Emergency. Which service do you require?*

ALICE

A concerned citizen has absolutely insisted I should let you know about a fire at Lock and Roller Storage on the Wolcott Road. Cheerio.

She hangs up. Dumps the phone. Kneels. Deploys the tyre-iron, JIMMYING OPEN THE SKYLIGHT...

... and EMPTYING THE PETROL CANNISTER INTO THE WAREHOUSE.

57 **OMITTED** 57

58 **OMITTED** 58

59 **OMITTED** 59

60 **INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT** 60

ANGLE ON HAYES. Reacting to the sounds of the SKYLIGHT BEING JIMMIED. Then the gentler sound of LIQUID being poured from a height.

*What's that?*

He looks at Benny. Who looks inscrutably back at him.

Hayes gestures for everyone to shut the fuck up and stay with Benny. Then he sets off in pursuit of the sound.

63           **OMITTED**           63

64 INT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT 64

MOVING ANGLE - HAYES EDGING WITH MILITARY EFFICIENCY THROUGH THE DEPOT. WEAPON RAISED.

Until he stops. *Oh shit.*

HE SEES: A LARGE POOL OF LIQUID ON THE FLOOR.

He looks up.

HE SEES: ALICE ON THE ROOF. She waves and smiles. In her hand is a BURNING RAG. Which, with exaggerated delicacy, she drops through the skylight.

For a long second, a stunned Hayes watches THE BURNING RAG see-sawing prettily to the ground.

ANGLE ON HAYES as he turns to run.

BEHIND HIM: the rag touches down in the POOL OF PETROL.

*WOOOOOF!*

65                   **OMITTED**                   65

66 OMITTED 66

67 OMITTED 67

68 INT. - SELF STORAGE - UNIT 73172 - NIGHT 68

HAYES comes haring back.

BEHIND HIM: FLAMES REACHING TO THE HIGH CEILING.

HAYES

Move!

He produces a knife, cuts through THICK CABLE TIES BINDING BENNY TO THE CHAIR.

ANGLE ON BENNY: as he sees something. But doesn't believe it.

HIS POV THROUGH THE FLAMES: Alice looking down at them from the roof. Grinning with demonic glee.

HAYES AND THE OTHERS grab Benny - half-drag, half-manhandle him away - guns raised. Moving through choking smoke - Benny laughing all the way -

69

**EXT. SELF-STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT**

69

They burst through the exit, hustling Benny across the car-park towards THE WHITE VAN.

LUTHER steps out the darkness behind them. Puts the gun to the BASE OF HAYES'S SKULL.

Hayes stops dead. Curls his lip. For fuck's sake.

LUTHER

All right. Everyone drops  
everything. Benny's coming with me.

Off Luther:

CUT TO:

70

**INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - EARLY MORNING**

70

LUTHER has parked at the roadside. BENNY AND ALICE in the back seat. Benny with a blanket round his shoulder.

LUTHER

Ben, we can't risk taking you to a  
hospital until we've got this  
sorted. I've got a mate. A doctor.

BENNY

What doctor?

LUTHER

Bob Harris. He's helped me out  
before.

BENNY

Trembly Bob? He's got his licence  
back, has he?

LUTHER

Not as such.

BENNY

Then I'll be fine with some  
paracetamol.

A MOMENT ON LUTHER. Thinking. He turns on his phone. Dials.

ALICE

What are you doing?

LUTHER

Work.

ALICE

Oh dear God above.

Luther ignores her.

LUTHER

D.S. Halliday?

Alice rolls her eyes. Luther gives her the death stare in the mirror.

HALLIDAY'S VOICE COMES ACROSS ON SPEAKER.

HALLIDAY (V.O.)

Morning Boss. I've been calling.

ALICE

I bet you have.

LUTHER

Yeah. Sorry. I'm having a bear of a morning. But listen. I keep thinking about something. I want to know whose head he was looking at. Jeremy Lake. On that MRI. It feels wrong to me.

71

INT./EXT. HALLIDAY'S CAR - OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - MORNING

71

HALLIDAY parks outside the hospital. On the phone to Luther.

HALLIDAY

Great minds. I'm on my way to find out.

INTERCUT HALLIDAY AND LUTHER

LUTHER

How? There's not enough for a warrant.

HALLIDAY

No worries. Don't need one.

Luther pauses, a little troubled.

LUTHER

Don't do anything stupid.

HALLIDAY

Well, no promises - but I'm basically shooting for the opposite.

LUTHER

Okay. Let me know.

HALLIDAY

Happy to. Although you'd need to keep your phone turned on.

LUTHER

I'll call when I can. And cover for me, all right?

He hangs up. Keeps driving.

ALICE

My God, she's chirpy. It must be insufferable.

Luther doesn't rise to the bait.

LUTHER

We need to lay low for a bit. Work out what comes next.

BENNY

So where do we go that's safe?

LUTHER

Nowhere Cornelius could be watching. That rules out your place. And mine. And Alice's.

Luther drives, scowling. Then MAKES UP HIS MIND about something... and HEAVES THE CAR INTO A SCREECHING TURN.

CUT TO:

72

INT. WHITE VAN - MORNING

72

HAYES at the wheel. Beaten bloody. BIG TINY and MAURICE ARE semi-conscious next to him. Hayes calls Cornelius.

HAYES

Boss?

73

EXT. JAG - SMITHFIELD MARKET - MORNING

73

FROM OUTSIDE THE JAG - WE SEE CORNELIUS TAKE THE CALL. He screams filth and fury into the phone. *You fucking useless morons you fucking dripping nonces you fucking imbeciles.*

Then he hangs up. Presses his head into the head rest.

CUT TO:

74

**INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - MORNING**

74

HALLIDAY strides HOSPITAL CORRIDORS with purpose. Stopping outside JEREMY'S OFFICE to send a text: *CALL NOW PLEASE!*

75

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - MORNING**

75

A DETECTIVE receives Halliday's text. She picks up a pay-as-you-go phone, scrunches a HANDKERCHIEF between her mouth and the microphone. Then DIALS JEREMY'S OFFICE NUMBER.

MIRIAM (V.O.)  
Jeremy Lake's office.

DETECTIVE  
(muffled)  
Hello. Could I speak to Dr Lake  
please?

76

**INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING 76**

MIRIAM, Jeremy's receptionist, on the phone to the detective.

MIRIAM  
I'm afraid Mr. Lake's not yet in  
the office.  
(as Halliday enters)  
I'm sorry. Could you please hold  
the line for one moment?

Miriam turns her raptor gaze on Halliday. *What now?*

HALLIDAY  
Sorry! Hello! I just - sorry! - did  
I leave my glasses here yesterday?  
Sort of roundish and tortoiseshell?

MIRIAM  
Well, Mr Lake would usually give  
them to me. He didn't say anything.

HALLIDAY  
Right! Thing is, I think I  
definitely had them when I went in,  
I think. Would you mind if I just  
had a squiz round? I promise not to  
break anything.

Miriam can't say no. Not when she's on the line to a patient.

MIRIAM

Fine. Please try not to.

Halliday steps into the office. Miriam returns to the phone.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Jeremy Lake's office. Could I ask  
you to speak up, just a tad? We  
have a very bad line -

77

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

77

HALLIDAY enters, heart-pounding, looking round the room.

MIRIAM (O.S.)

YES, THIS IS MR LAKE'S OFFICE.

She struggles to snap on latex gloves and heads straight to  
the desk. Finds the bottom drawer locked. She rifles the top  
two drawers, hunting for a key. Finds nothing.

\*

She keeps searching, a little frantic. Finally she finds A  
SMALL KEY taped beneath A DESK ORGANISER. She uses it to  
unlock the bottom drawer. Which is full of HANGING FILES.

She flicks through the hanging files - inspecting them,  
messily piling rejects on the desk.

78

**INT. HOSPITAL - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING**

78

MIRIAM

I WONDER IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND  
CALLING BACK? THE LINE IS VERY BAD.

She hangs up. Turns to Jeremy's office. What's going on in  
there?

79

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

79

AT LAST! HALLIDAY FINDS THE MRI! She pulls it from the file  
folder - holds it to the light - awkwardly angles her phone  
to SNAP OFF SEVERAL PICTURES.

80

**INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING** 80

MIRIAM takes a step towards the door. Curses as THE PHONE  
RINGS.

81

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

81

HALLIDAY hurries to put the files back in place.

82 **INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING** 82

MIRIAM snatches up the phone.

MIRIAM  
YES! THIS IS MR. LAKE'S OFFICE.

83 **INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MORNING** 83

HALLIDAY hurries to re-hang the files - then lock the drawer - replacing the key under the desk tidy.

84 **INT. HOSPITAL - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING** 84

MIRIAM  
I'M SO SORRY! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! YOU  
MUST BE IN AN AREA OF VERY POOR  
RECEPTION. COULD I ASK YOU TO CALL  
ME BACK FROM A LANDLINE?

She slams down the receiver, mortally piqued, then throws open the office door.

TO SEE: Halliday on her way out.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)  
How'd you get on?

HALLIDAY  
No luck, I'm afraid! But thanks  
anyway!

Halliday walks away. Can't resist a smile.

CUT TO:

85 **INT./EXT. VOLVO - CROUCH END - MORNING** 85

LUTHER parks on an upmarket residential street. He exchanges a wary look with Benny and Alice -

- then gets out, strides to Number 22. Knocks on the door. Rings the bell. Knocks again.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
All right! All right! Coming!

At length, the door opens. On MARK NORTH!

Who clocks Luther's hangdog demeanour and thinks: *Oh no. Here it comes.*

Mark's line of vision shifts. He sees ALICE SMILING AND WAVING from the passenger seat.

MARK

Okay. I see you've brought the Devil round for breakfast.

CUT TO:

86

**INT. MORGUE - MORNING**

86

CLOSE ON: a DELICIOUS LOOKING CAKE. Then WIDEN OUT to reveal CELIA. Who's examining Halliday's MRI SCAN SNAPSHOTS.

CELIA

Where did you say you got these?

HALLIDAY

They belong to a person of interest.

CELIA

Which doesn't quite answer the question, does it?

HALLIDAY

It really doesn't, does it? How's the cake?

Celia gives her a look. Not wholly disapproving.

CELIA

Well, whoever this belongs to is very ill.

Halliday's heart skips a beat.

HALLIDAY

How ill?

CELIA

I'd need to confirm it, of course.

But this here -

(a pale smudge)

- looks to me like a frontal lobe tumour.

HALLIDAY

Okay. And what are the symptoms of that?

Off Halliday:

87

**INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - MORNING**

87

WE FIND PENNY LEYTON. Waking up. She's on an old bed in a fetid, windowless basement room we've never seen before. Crumbling bare bricks. Naked bulb.

She's been elaborately bound with thin jute rope. This is a Japanese form of bondage known as KINBAKU.

She looks around, confused and bleary.

SHE SEES: JEREMY IS SITTING IN A CHAIR. LEGS CROSSED. SKETCHING HER IN WHAT LOOKS LIKE A DIARY.

88

INT. LAKE HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

88

VIVIEN lies unconscious. As DISTANTLY OFF SCREEN, PENNY SCREAMS.

VIVIEN'S EYES roll and flutter in their sockets. She shifts in her sleep. Moans. Tries to wake herself. But fails.

89

INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - MORNING

89

For a moment, JEREMY enjoys Penny's terror. He draws a quick LINE SKETCH OF HER SCREAMING FACE, then closes the diary and pulls the chair closer to the bed. He sits. And waits.

Penny falls silent.

JEREMY

Hello. I'm Jeremy.

PENNY

What are you going to do to me?

JEREMY

What do you think?

PENNY

(emotional)

Why?

JEREMY

Because I like it. It's basically all I ever thought about. Ever since I was yay big.

He marks a height, corresponding to the height of a four year-old child.

PENNY

Jeremy -

A pause. He smiles.

JEREMY

Oh, that's terribly good. I dangle my name and you just swim along and *snatch it up*. I expect you're trying to humanise yourself.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You'll be telling me about your husband, next. Your mum and dad. Maybe the babies you want to have.

PENNY

I've got money. I can get you money.

JEREMY

No you can't. And I don't need money. Right now, what I need is to head off to work. And all day, as I'm slicing into people, I'll be thinking about -

PENNY

Oh no. Don't say that. Don't.

JEREMY

- I'll be thinking about what I'd like you to do for me. Would you like to know what that is?

PENNY

No... yes.... I don't know. Don't do this. Please.

JEREMY

There's a phenomenon known as Stockholm Syndrome. I expect you've heard of it. In a meme or something.

(waits for a nod of confirmation)

So in the spirit of scientific enquiry, I'm going to keep you down here until you fall in love with me.

A beat, as that lands.

PENNY

What?

JEREMY

Oh, I know it sounds difficult to believe at first blush. But it *will* happen. It's a survival strategy, intensely adaptive in its own way. Historically, fertile women were always getting themselves abducted by rival tribes and whatnot. In a world like that, a tendency to fall in love with your captor has obvious advantages.

(he leans in)

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

And in the end, when you've learned  
not only to love me, but to adore  
me, when you've cast aside all  
desire ever to leave me -- that's  
when you get to leave. When you no  
longer want to.

He stands.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Right! Off to work.

(pausing in the doorway)

One more thing. My wife is very  
jealous. Very possessive. If she  
finds out I've got -- well, a  
mistress down here, she'll strangle  
you with your own ovaries. So quiet  
as a mouse, eh?

He grins, pleased with himself, and exits. Diary in hand.

90

**INT. BASEMENT LABYRINTH - MORNING**

90

MOVING WITH JEREMY, we discover the full extent of this VICTORIAN BASEMENT. It's a DANK AND OPPRESSIVE LABYRINTH of brick-built passageways. Low ceilings. Overhead pipes. Dusty, low wattage bulbs. Half-glimpsed ante-rooms.

All cluttered with ancient furniture. Heavy wardrobes and sideboards, dusty mirrors.

He ducks into -

90A

**INT. BASEMENT - ANTE-ROOM - MORNING**

90A

- an ante-room. He pulls aside a rotten drape, revealing a small FIRE SAFE. Into the safe, he deposits the diary.

Then exits.

90B

**INT. BASEMENT LABYRINTH - MORNING**

90B

He moves through a CONNECTING DOOR into THE WHITEWASHED BASEMENT ROOM we saw in Eps 1 and 2.

Then heads upstairs, through THE BASEMENT DOOR -

91

**INT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - MORNING**

91

- which is disguised as a large, vintage, vaguely kinky CABARET POSTER set between TWO IMPRESSIVE BOOKCASES.

He moves upstairs, singing under his breath.

92 OMITTED

92 \*

93 INT. BENNY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

93

On the floor, ERROL MINTY'S PHONE silently registers ANOTHER MISSED CALL. Because MINTY is asleep on the sofa, A PLAYSTATION CONTROLLER still clutched to his chest.

94 INT. MARK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

94

BENNY'S on Mark's sofa, in discomfort. And annoyed to be getting voicemail again.

BENNY

Errol? It's Benny. Look, I know you're probably asleep. But you need to keep your head down until I get home, okay?

He hangs up. Shrugs at Luther, who's leaning against the door, arms crossed.

95 INT. MARK'S PLACE - KITCHEN - MORNING

95

MARK watches Alice blithely take orange juice from the fridge and pour herself a glass.

MARK

Make yourself at home.

ALICE

You're very kind. Is there any bacon?

MARK

I've been vegetarian since I was seventeen.

ALICE

Of course you have.

He gives her a long-suffering look. But doesn't rise to the bait.

MARK

So the last I heard, you were -

ALICE

Well, quite. But apparently only the good die young.

MARK

Then congratulations. You can expect to live forever.

ALICE

I'm certainly going to give it a whirl.

LUTHER enters. Wonders what's going on. Decides he doesn't want to know.

LUTHER

Mark, honestly. I'm sorry to do this.

MARK

My wife's at work. You need to be gone by the time she gets back.

ALICE

You married?

MARK

I did.

ALICE

Good for you.

He gives her a look. Does she mean that?

LUTHER

Mate, she'll never know we were here. Promise.

MARK

And whassssname in there? Who's he? A fugitive? A gangster?

LUTHER

Innocent party. Copper.

MARK

Well, if he's a copper why don't you just - ?

(reads their faces)

Sod it. I don't want to know. Just do what you need to do and move on. Try not to drink all the orange juice. And don't get blood on the sofa.

CORNELIUS in the back seat, SEEING SOMETHING up ahead. He leans forward to pat Massey's shoulder, signalling for him to pull over.

CORNELIUS'S POV: SCHENK IS WAITING AT THE GATES TO HIS HOUSE.

Massey pulls to the kerb. Schenk approaches. Gets in. Sits next to Cornelius.

CORNELIUS

Chilly out?

SCHENK

Very brisk.

A beat of silence. By no means unfriendly.

CORNELIUS

Last time we chatted like this, off the record and on the QT, I think you had flares on.

SCHENK

And you had a sheepskin coat and a pair of Foster Grants. I see the Jag's been a constant, though.

CORNELIUS

I had a wobble in the mid 90s. Flirted with a DB7.

SCHENK

Nice car. Not for me. So what were you doing there last night, George? Mob-handed at a copper's house?

CORNELIUS

A police officer? Living round there? Stone me. What did he do? Rob a bank?

SCHENK

Possibly. I don't care.

Cornelius smiles. A touch of sadness in it.

CORNELIUS

You're making me feel nostalgic for the dead days, Martin. Time was, you'd have dragged me out of this motor and beaten out my tripes with a pick-ax handle.

SCHENK

As you say. Dead days.

CORNELIUS

Tell that to your lad. He's bent as a pin. And have you met his lady friend? God above.

A pause, as Schenk absorbs that.

SCHENK

Well, George. I can't answer those questions without knowing precisely the nature of your allegation.

(MORE)

SCHENK (CONT'D)

And of the many crimes I know  
you've committed down the years,  
being a snitch was never among  
them.

Cornelius meets Massey's eye in the rear-view mirror.

CORNELIUS

Well, touche old fruit.

SCHENK

I don't know what's going on  
between you and Luther. But you  
need to stay away from my officer,  
George. Or I'll have you.

Off Cornelius, as Schenk gets out:

97

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

97

ALISTAIR'S BODY lies on the bed. Ticking like a bomb.

98

**OMITTED**

98

99

**INT. MARK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

99

LUTHER enters, finds Benny watching *Homes Under the Hammer*.

BENNY

You ever sell a house at auction?

LUTHER

Nah. You?

BENNY

Nah. I've thought about it. It  
looks pretty easy. These people are  
idiots.

LUTHER

You get through to Errol?

BENNY

Nah.

LUTHER

He'll be okay. There's no way  
Cornelius is sending his boys to  
your place.

BENNY

To be fair, that's easy for you to  
say. I'm the one who spent the  
morning spitting out teeth.

A silence. They stare at the TV.

LUTHER

I'm going to sort this out, Ben.  
I'm going to put it right.

BENNY

How? This isn't the militant wing  
of the National Trust we're talking  
about. It's George Cornelius. You  
can't take him on.

(an angry pause)

I always knew she'd be the end of  
you. I didn't think she'd be the  
end of us all.

Off Luther:

100      **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING**

100

CORNELIUS wearily enters, puts the kettle on.

DONNIE'S in here, a game of patience arranged on the table.

CORNELIUS

Shift's over, Don. Go home. Get  
some kip.

DONNIE

Right. Cheers, George.

CORNELIUS

Is His Nibs all right up there?

DONNIE

Fine, yeah. We haven't heard a peep  
since -

CORNELIUS

- since what?

DONNIE

Well. The present.

CORNELIUS

The what?

DONNIE

The welcome home present. The  
escort?

CORNELIUS drops his empty cup and strides from the room -

101      **INT. MARK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

101

LUTHER dry washes his face.

LUTHER

Thing is, Ben. It's going to get worse. It's going to get really bad. There something Cornelius might not know yet.

Benny's stomach lurches. He looks Luther in the eye.

BENNY

Like what?

102

**INT. CORNELIUS HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

102

THE DOOR EXPLODES INWARDS and Cornelius storms inside, a panicky Donnie at his heels.

PUSHING IN ON CORNELIUS as he sees ALISTAIR'S BODY.

There's a moment of absolute stillness.

CORNELIUS approaches Alistair. He slowly collapses. He sits on the edge of the bed. Touches his son's face.

A weather front gathering behind his eyes. An oncoming storm of rage and grief and hatred.

DONNIE

George. She was just - I didn't know! She seemed - she just -

CORNELIUS stands. Drawing the gun.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

George, she just WALKED IN.

103

**EXT. CORNELIUS HOME - REAR - MORNING**

103

A GUNSHOT. A SUDDEN RED SPLATTER AGAINST A BEDROOM WINDOW.

104

**OMITTED**

104

CUT TO:

105

**INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - MORNING**

105

Full of purpose, HALLIDAY takes a buff folder to the wall and decisively pins up TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

PICTURE #1: OSCAR HAUSER standing outside his house, awkwardly waving and smiling for the camera. He's standing next to a lamp-post.

PICTURE #2: EP 1'S MASKED KILLER is also standing next to lamp-post.

HALLIDAY seems satisfied by what she sees. And perhaps we begin to guess what might be as SHE PINS UP MORE PHOTOGRAPHS:

PICTURE #3: A WEARY-LOOKING FORENSIC TEAM measuring lamp-posts outside Oscar Hauser's house, using poles and tape measures.

PICTURE #4: THE SAME WEARY-LOOKING TEAM measuring the lamp-posts outside Ep 1's crime scene.

OFF HALLIDAY:

106 **INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - MIRIAM'S DESK - MORNING** 106

JEREMY enters, full of cheer. Until he sees that MIRIAM is looking uncharacteristically discomposed.

JEREMY

Miriam? What's wrong?

MIRIAM

The, um, police were here. Again.

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

107

JEREMY enters. Goes straight to his desk. HALLIDAY has put things back in ALMOST but NOT QUITE the right place. Jeremy spends some time patiently, neurotically, re-ordering them.

Then he turns over THE DESK TIDY. Beneath which, Halliday has left the key MISALIGNED.

Jeremy removes the key. Opens the drawer. Lifts the MRI SCAN from the folder. Holds it to the light.

JEREMY

You cheeky mare.

CUT TO:

108 **OMITTED**

108

108A **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

108A

GEORGE CORNELIUS sinks a whisky. And places A PHONE CALL.

109 **INT. PALMER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

109

Somewhere in the bedroom of a stylish apartment disordered by empty wine bottles and ashtrays, A PHONE RINGS.

A BIG MAN sits up in bed, bleary-eyed. This is PALMER. His partner, MICHAEL, stirs. Palmer kisses him. He's soft spoken, considerate.

PALMER

Back to sleep. It's just work.

Palmer walks unhurried to a chest of drawers. Opens the top drawer. Inside is a clutter of perhaps THIRTY CELLPHONES. He selects the one that's RINGING.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Yes?

OFF PALMER:

110 OMITTED

110 \*

111 EXT. MARK'S PLACE - GARDEN - DAY

111

Alice steps into the garden. Finds Luther powering up his phone to dial Halliday.

ALICE

What are you doing?

LUTHER

Work.

She stares at him with amused incredulity.

ALICE

You can't avoid it, John.

LUTHER

What I am avoiding?

ALICE

What comes next.

LUTHER

I don't know what comes next.

ALICE

Yes you do.

He holds her gaze, pondering this. And defiantly calls Halliday.

LUTHER

D.S Halliday. How'd you get on?

112 INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - BULLPEN - DAY

112

HALLIDAY considers THE CRIME WALL. On the phone to Luther.

HALLIDAY

Pretty good, I think. Well enough to be confident that Oscar Hauser didn't kill anyone.

A long beat of silence.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Boss? You there?

113

**EXT. MARK'S PLACE - GARDEN - DAY**

113

LUTHER stands there with head bowed.

LUTHER

Yeah, I'm here. Go on.

INTERCUT LUTHER/HALLIDAY - FAVOURING HALLIDAY

HALLIDAY

So I was going through the file last night. I noticed something, just a small thing really. But on the back of it I had some analysis done: one CCTV image of the killer, a second of Oscar Hauser. They're standing next to what turned out to be identical lamp-posts.

CLOSE ON: PHOTOGRAPHS #1 AND #2: Oscar Hauser and the killer. Standing next to identical lamp-posts.

And now we see what Halliday saw: the UPPER-EDGE OF THE MAINTENANCE PANEL on each lamp-post comes to a different place against each man's leg.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

It's two men. Similar heights. But not identical.

LUTHER

That doesn't mean Hauser wasn't good for some of it. I had this thing once. Brothers.

CUTTING BETWEEN HALLIDAY AND THE CRIME WALL - USING THE IMAGES TO TELL OUR STORY

HALLIDAY

Yeah. I think this is a whole different thing. Celia said something to me yesterday, during the autopsy. She talked about what it would take, to cut your own throat without hesitation. Now, okay, we know that Hauser self-mutilated. But with pins.

(MORE)

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

And needles. He liked *insertion*.  
But slicing his own throat with a  
scalpel? That's a different  
proposition. And who uses a  
scalpel? Who's in a position to  
manipulate Oscar Hauser, get him  
exactly where they want him?

(beat)

I think Hauser was a patsy. Can we  
say that? Is that a word we can  
use? I think he was a patsy, and I  
think they set him up to look  
responsible for crimes committed by  
Jeremy Lake.

Luther is silent. She nervously fills the void.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

And as for the MRI scan. Well, I  
think Jeremy Lake was looking at  
his own head. Because whoever it  
is, they've got a non-operable  
tumour on their frontal lobe. If it  
IS Lake, it could be affecting his  
behaviour. His judgement.  
Disinhibiting him.

BACK TO LUTHER

meeting Alice's eye. She holds his gaze. Silently warns him:  
*not now*.

ON THE BULLPEN

AS SCHENK ENTERS at a clip, grim-faced and determined, folder  
in hand. He hands the folder to Halliday, who opens it. Looks  
inside.

Her face falls. In horror? In *excitement*?

SCHENK

Is that DCI Luther?

Halliday nods. SCHENK gestures for the phone. Takes it.

SCHENK (CONT'D)

John. We've got a missing person.  
Penny Leyton. Lives in the tower  
blocks overlooking Caledonia  
Gardens. Her partner came home from  
work last night and reported her  
missing. Local police accessed CCTV  
footage and just passed something  
to us. I'm sending it through now.

Schenk uses his own phone to send Luther a text.

ANGLE ON LUTHER: checking out his phone.

ON SCREEN: GRAINY CCTV STILLS of Jeremy Lake wheeling the suitcase away from the flats where Penny lives. Except, his head is A HALO OF LIGHT.

LUTHER looks at the sky. Jesus fucking Christ.

LUTHER  
I'm on my way.

STAY WITH LUTHER as he hangs up.

ALICE  
I do hope you're joking.

LUTHER  
A woman's missing.

ALICE  
So?

LUTHER  
So. I know who took her.

ALICE  
She's not your responsibility.

LUTHER  
YES, SHE IS!

A beat.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
I KNEW, ALICE! I looked this prick  
in the eye yesterday and I knew.

ALICE  
How? Did he forget to yawn?

LUTHER  
And I let it go because -

ALICE  
- of me. I'm flattered. But I do  
hope you remember that if it  
weren't for me, you'd be dead or in  
prison. Either way, you wouldn't be  
galloping to anyone's rescue.

LUTHER  
I'm not letting this go. I can't.

ALICE  
You have to. George Cornelius -

LUTHER  
I CAN DEAL WITH GEORGE CORNELIUS!

A shocked beat. She takes a cautious step back. Then:

ALICE

No you can't, John. Not the way  
you'd like to. We're past that.

Luther sags. Looks at Alice with anguish in his eye.

LUTHER

I need to try.

OFF LUTHER:

114      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      114

PENNY kicks and writhes. Fighting to free herself.

115      **INT. LAKE HOME - BEDROOM - DAY**      115

VIVIEN struggles to force herself awake. Her lids flutter.  
Exposing the whites... a flicker of retina.

She sits up. Groggy and disoriented. She reads the note that  
Jeremy left her: SLEEP IN, SLEEPING BEAUTY! YOU DESERVE IT. X

She struggles out of bed. Checks out her neatly folded  
clothes. Knowing something's dreadfully wrong.

116      **OMITTED**      116

117      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      117

PENNY stops dead. Her eyes go saucer wide. Because A HUGE  
SPIDER, terrible denizen of dank places, is CRAWLING ONTO THE  
BED.

All Penny can do is draw her knees to her chest. As the  
SPIDER scuttles along the stained mattress.

118      **INT. LAKE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**      118

VIVIEN enters. She goes to the recycling and fishes out LAST  
NIGHT'S BOTTLE OF WINE. She runs an index finger inside the  
neck. Knowing Jeremy drugged her.

But why would he do that?

119      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      119

PENNY can only watch as THE SPIDER scurries towards her.  
Closer. And closer. Until its questing foreleg

TOUCHES HER BARE FOOT

She tries to kick it away. But it SCUTTLES UP HER LEG. Lighting fast. And Penny SCREAMS.

120 **INT. LAKE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

120

VIIVEN hears A SCREAM. And is INSTANTLY ALERT. She listens out for a moment, working it through. Then she exits at speed.

121 **INT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

121

She opens the basement door and carefully descends into -

122 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

122

- the whitewashed room - through the connecting door - into the dank labyrinth beyond. Following the GHOSTLY SOUND OF DISTANT SOBBING.

She comes to a halt outside the DOOR TO THE ANTE-ROOM. Puts her ear to it. And hears PENNY SOBBING.

Vivien takes a moment to absorb her shock. Then slides down the wall. And sits there in the cobwebby filth, hugging her knees.

CUT TO:

123 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - GARDEN - DAY**

123

ALICE watches as Luther leans against the wall. There's a flicker of conspiratorial eye contact between them.

Then Luther calls GEORGE CORNELIUS.

124 **EXT. CAR-WASH - CENTRAL LONDON - DAY**

124

CLOSE ON: CORNELIUS. On the phone to Luther. Watching his JAG being washed and detailed.

CORNELIUS

John.

INTERCUT LUTHER AND CORNELIUS

LUTHER

George. Listen. I'm sorry it's come to this. But we are where we are. And now you've got two options. You pull this back from the brink. Or -

CORNELIUS

What?

LUTHER

Or I'll take you down. You. Your family. Your entire firm. Everything. Brick by brick. You'll be king of a smoking hill.

A long silence.

CORNELIUS

My son is dead, John.

LUTHER

I know. And it shouldn't have happened. But it did. Now take a step back. Don't make me go to war.

STAY WITH CORNELIUS as he mulls this over. Then hangs up.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: he's with PALMER.

PALMER

You should have lied. Arranged a meeting.

CORNELIUS

He'd have known. There's no point lying to him.

PALMER waits as Cornelius logs-on to his bank account and makes a very large payment. Then he settles his rucksack and leaves.

Cornelius watches him with a twist of disgust.

125

**EXT. MARK'S PLACE - GARDEN - DAY**

125

LUTHER pockets the phone. Stands there like someone in mourning.

LUTHER

I had to try.

ALICE

I know.

LUTHER

But you're right. It's too far gone. He won't stop.

ALICE

No.

LUTHER

We've got to end him.

ALICE

Yes. Now.

Their eyes lock. Luther considers this. And dismisses it.

LUTHER

I need to look after the other  
thing first.

ALICE

John, you can't.

LUTHER

Take it. Leave it. I don't care.

A long beat. Alice reading him. *Knowing* him.

ALICE

Tonight, then.

LUTHER

Tonight.

ALICE

Do you know how?

LUTHER

Yeah. I know how.

ALICE

For what it's worth, I am sorry.

LUTHER

No, you're not.

He digs out the gun he took from Cornelius.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Give this to Benny. Don't let Mark  
see it.

Alice steps in close. Into his force field. She takes the gun. And with her other hand, reaches out to touch his face.

He flinches. But she persists.

ALICE

I'm not apologising for what  
happened. I'm regretting what's to  
come. I'm sorry.

She kisses him. And after a long beat, he kisses her back.

HARD CUT TO:

127      **OMITTED**      127

128 INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY 128

VIVIEN is still here in the horrible basement, sitting with her back to the damp, crumbling wall. But now she makes her mind up.

She stands. Straightens her skirt. Exits.

129 INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY 129

PENNY listens to CAUTIOUS FOOTSTEPS ascending the basement steps. CREAKING FLOORBOARDS overhead.

Slowly, but exerting as much force as she's able, she pulls at her bonds. Muscles strain.

130 INT. LAKE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 130

VIVIEN prepares an espresso. And a syringe. And after that, she calls JEREMY.

131 INT. HOSPITAL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY 131

JEREMY at his desk, answering the phone.

JEREMY  
Morning, sleepyhead!

INTERCUT VIVIEN AND JEREMY

VIVIEN  
I can't believe what you did,  
Jeremy. After everything you said.  
All your promises -

A worried beat.

JEREMY

VIVIEN  
I mean the bitch in the basement.

Jeremy's stomach lurches. He opens his mouth to say something. But Vivien hangs up.

Jeremy sits there for a moment, gut-punched. Then snatches up his coat and swiftly exits.

132 **INT. HOSPITAL - VARIOUS - DAY** 132  
JEREMY hurries through the hospital corridors, down echoing stairwells, to the MAIN EXIT. Which is where he FREEZES.  
HIS POV: POLICE CARS are pulling into the car park. SCHENK AND HALLIDAY are marching towards the building.  
JEREMY doubles back, moving briskly but not running. He calls Vivien. Gets VOICEMAIL.  
JEREMY  
Darling. Viv. I'm sorry. But things have taken a turn. You have to get rid of it. Do whatever you have to, as quickly as possible, but get rid of it. I'll explain when I can.  
He grabs a PARAMEDIC JACKET from an unattended gurney, slips it on. And exits at speed.

132A **INT. HOSPITAL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY** 132A  
Jeremy retrieves a BACKPACK from his locker and hurries away.

133 **EXT. VOLVO - HOSPITAL - DAY** 133  
THE VOLVO turns into the hospital, passing AN AMBULANCE as it screams away under SIRENS.

134 **INT. AMBULANCE - REAR - DAY** 134  
Inside the ambulance, JEREMY sits with the paramedic crew. The OMINOUS BACKPACK between his legs.

135 **EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY** 135  
THE VOLVO stops among POLICE CARS and UNIFORMED PERSONNEL. LUTHER emerges, strides into the building -

136 **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - DAY** 136  
- to meet SCHENK and HALLIDAY  
SCHENK  
DCI Luther. How lovely of you to put in an appearance.  
LUTHER  
Sorry, Boss. Funny old day.

HALLIDAY

Jeremy Lake left the building just before we arrived. His car's still in the car-park.

Luther stops dead.

LUTHER

I should've nicked him when I had the chance.

SCHENK

There were no grounds.

LUTHER

I should've found some.

Halliday shoots Luther a cryptic look for that. Schenk lets it pass.

SCHENK

So what made him run?

HALLIDAY

(fronting up)

Sir, I was here earlier. I don't know if that spooked him.

SCHENK

You were here doing what?

Halliday is about to answer when Luther steps in.

LUTHER

Nothing. I asked D.S. Halliday to interview the secretary before he got into work. Meat and potatoes stuff. And that can't be what spooked him. It was hours ago.

SCHENK

So why did he run? What does he know, and how does he know it?

LUTHER

That's not the question that's going to find him.

SCHENK

Then I'd like to know what is.

LUTHER

It's how much does SHE know? Vivien Lake. I mean, she was so angry with us. She was lying about everything, manipulating us. Making us dance to her tune. All to protect her husband.

(MORE)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

But the anger -- that was real. So who was it really for? Who was she really angry at?

Schenk and Halliday wait.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

I don't think Vivien's his accomplice. I think she just cleans up his mess. And I think she hates him for it.

HALLIDAY

So does she even know about Penny Leyton?

LUTHER

Let's ask her and see.

He strides away. A second later, Halliday follows.

137

**EXT. VOLVO - OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY**

137

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY march to the Volvo. Get in. Pull away at speed. Heading to THE LAKE HOME.

138

**INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

138

PENNY strains at her bonds. Veins pop with effort.

SUDDENLY: she stops. Lies rigid with fear.

Because SOMEONE'S COMING. She hears CREAKING FLOORBOARDS. FOOTSTEPS. A pause.

And VIVIEN enters. One hand behind her back.

Penny struggles. Thrashes. As Vivien sits on the edge of the bed. Gently strokes her hair.

VIVIEN

Shhh. Shhh. Shhh now.

Vivien jabs Penny with a SYRINGE.

Penny's struggles intensify. Then weaken. Her eyes roll white. She fights for consciousness. Finally loses.

Vivien lingers a moment, as if to make sure, then exits.

CLOSE ON PENNY: SHE LETS OUT A LOW MOAN. STILL ALIVE.

139 **INT. LAKE HOME - STAIRS - DAY**

139

VIVIEN kneels at the half-landing and lifts a floor-panel, revealing: A HEAVY-DUTY FLOOR SAFE.

She keys in the combination and opens it, revealing: several sets of SCRUBS. And a rack of terrifying SURGICAL EQUIPMENT.

She sets aside a set of scrubs. Removes A BONE CUTTER. A BONE SAW. CHISELS. HAMMERS. SCALPELS.

140 **OMITTED**

140

141 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

141

PENNY lies deeply unconscious as, dressed in scrubs and clogs, VIVIEN lays PLASTIC SHEETING on the floor. Carefully tapes down the edges. Then equally carefully, tapes plastic to the wall.

CUT TO:

142 **INT. MARK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

142

BENNY nervously watches Alice disassemble and clean her gun. He's also half-watching the muted TV. It hurts him to breathe.

ALICE

Is it getting worse?

BENNY

I don't know. Could be. I think they broke my ribs.

A beat.

ALICE

Lift your shirt.

BENNY

What? No.

ALICE

Come on. Show me the goods.

Reluctantly and painfully, Benny lifts his shirt. With surprising tenderness, Alice examines his badly bruised ribs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There may be a hairline fracture. Which is going to hurt. But there's not much anyone can do for it, except give you pain relief. So let's get some of that.

Benny watches her exit. Then warily reaches under the cushion, checking the GUN is there. Just in case.

143

**INT. MARK'S PLACE - KITCHEN - DAY**

143

MARK at his laptop. Alice enters, starts hunting through drawers. He tolerates this as long as he can before:

MARK

What do you need?

ALICE

Ibuprofen.

MARK

Middle drawer.

She goes to the middle drawer and searches.

ALICE

So what're you up to, there?

MARK

Nothing. Work.

ALICE

Same field?

MARK

Same field.

She turns to him, blister pack of ibuprofen in hand.

ALICE

Why?

MARK

Because... Okay, look. It's about advocating for people. For their rights and their, I don't know, their dignity. I find it fulfilling.

ALICE

I see.

MARK

You really don't.

ALICE

Not really. But I expect it's fun.

MARK

And what about you, Alice? Are you still enjoying *this*?

ALICE

Chatting? I am, rather.

MARK

I mean: *this*. You're so clever. Brilliant, really. There's so much you could be doing. Doesn't the life you chose ever feel like a waste to you?

ALICE

You sound like my dad.

MARK

Believe me, that's the last person I want to remind you of.

A beat. She looks at him.

ALICE

I just get so bored.

MARK

Of what?

ALICE

Everything. Eventually.

MARK

If that's true, it's very sad.

A long moment. Then she gives Mark a cheery smile.

ALICE

If it's true. So where's the whiskey?

144

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

144

ALICE enters with pills and whiskey. Benny takes the bottle. Surly.

BENNY

Cheers.

ALICE

You've very welcome.

Benny takes a healthy sip. They sit together and drink while Benny dials Minty on the landline.

145

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

145

\*

CLOSE ON MINTY - ANSWERING THE PHONE TO BENNY

\*

MINTY

Hello. Who's this?

BENNY (V.O.)

Errol, it's Ben. Just checking in.  
Did you get the messages?

MINTY

Yeah, I got the messages. Where  
have you been?

BENNY (V.O.)

Waylaid. Listen. Eat what you want  
from the fridge. Don't damage my  
vinyl. But keep your head down,  
okay?

MINTY

No worries. Are you okay?

BENNY (V.O.)

*Tickety boo, yeah.*

MINTY

Sweet. Cheers then, Ben.

STAY ON MINTY as he hangs up.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS: PALMER is with him. Relaxing in an  
armchair. Pointing a BERETTA 9MM at him.

Minty holds up his phone for Palmer to see the screen.

MINTY (CONT'D)

So there's the number. All right?  
It's a landline. Can I go now?

PALMER

In a moment. Right now, I need you  
to relax for a few seconds, Errol.  
Just a few seconds. We're nearly  
there.

(dials his phone)

I need you to trace a landline for  
me. I'm sending the number now.

Palmer texts through Mark's number.

MINTY

Okay. Are we done? Is that it?

PALMER

That's it.

Palmer SHOOTS MINTY DEAD.

\*

A TEXT ARRIVES. Giving Palmer MARK NORTH'S ADDRESS. He pockets the phone. Leaves without a backward glance.

CUT TO:

146 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY** 146

VIVIEN has sheathed the room in plastic and methodically laid out THE SURGICAL TOOLS. Plastic buckets. Coils of plastic tubing.

She steps back, taking a mental inventory.

Then turns to Penny. Uses surgical scissors to cut her free. Drags her onto the ground. Takes the scissors to her clothes. And starts cutting.

147 **EXT. LAKE HOME - DAY** 147

THE VOLVO skids to a halt. Luther and Halliday run to the house. Luther KNOCKS on the door.

148 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY** 148

VIVIEN stops cutting Penny's clothes. Hearing LUTHER KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

*LUTHER (O.S.)  
Vivien Lake! Open up! Police!*

Shit! Vivien bolts from the room -

149 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY** 149

- sprints through the labyrinth to the BASEMENT DOOR. Which is OPEN.

150 **EXT. LAKE HOME - DAY** 150

LUTHER gives up knocking. Takes a step back.

*LUTHER  
Sod it.*

He kicks the door. It shudders in its frame.

151 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT THRESHOLD - DAY** 151

For a moment, Vivien is frozen in anxiety - standing on the threshold. Watching THE FRONT DOOR VIOLENTLY SHAKE IN ITS FRAME.

Gently, teeth gritted, she EASES THE BASEMENT DOOR shut - - JUST AS LUTHER AND HALLIDAY burst into the house.

152 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY** 152

VIVIEN sneaks downstairs. Step by slow, fearful step.

153 **INT. LAKE HOME - VIVIEN'S OFFICE - DAY** 153

LUTHER and HALLIDAY separate - move through the house.

154 **INT. LAKE HOME - VARIOUS - DAY** 154

HALLIDAY searches the bedrooms - the bathrooms.

155 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY** 155

VIVIEN hurries through the dark maze of brick tunnels.

156 **INT. LAKE HOME - VARIOUS - DAY** 156

LUTHER searches the living room - the kitchen - Vivien's office.

157 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY** 157

VIVIEN enters the ante-room. Gently, starts CLOSING THE DOOR.

158 **INT. LAKE HOME - STAIRS AND HALLWAY - DAY** 158

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY step onto the landing from different rooms.

HALLIDAY

Nothing.

They head downstairs.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

I'll put a trace on her phone, dig up CCTV in a quarter mile radius. Alert ANPR. Find out what time she left.

\*  
\*

They move down the hallway. Passing the POSTER which conceals THE BASEMENT DOOR.

Luther opens the front door and steps outside. Then stops. Lingers on the threshold.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Boss?

ANGLE ON LUTHER: LOOKING OUT. ONTO THE STREET. AT VIVIEN'S CAR.

LUTHER

Her car's still here.

159      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      159

VIVIEN has almost closed the door when SHE STOPS DEAD.

Did she HEAR something? A SMALL NOISE, behind her?

A RUSTLE OF PLASTIC?

She WHIRLS, horrified TO SEE: PENNY'S eyes are WIDE OPEN. And she's opening her mouth to

*SCREEEEEAAAAAMMMMMMM.*

160      **INT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**      160

LUTHER AND HALLIDAY HEAR THE SCREAM. TURN TO THE HOUSE.

LUTHER

Basement! See if you can find an outside door. A window. Anything.

Halliday dashes away. Luther runs into the house.

161      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**      161

VIVIEN pins Penny to the floor. Presses a hand to her mouth. *Shhhh!*

But Penny KEEPS SCREAMING.

162      **INT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**      162

LUTHER follows the sound of the scream to the hidden door. Knows it's here somewhere. But where?

*PENNY (DISTANTLY O.S.)*

*I'M DOWN HERE! I'M DOWN HERE!*

He throws books from the shelves. Looking for a latch mechanism.

LUTHER

PENNY! PENNY LEYTON! POLICE!

163

**EXT. LAKE HOME - DAY**

163

HALLIDAY searches the perimeter of the house.

HALLIDAY (O.S.)

PENNY LEYTON! IT'S THE POLICE!

164

**INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

164

VIVIEN has Penny pinned down. She glances at the STILL-OPEN DOOR TO THE ANTEROOM - dithers for a moment - then bolts for it, closing the door - and turns TO SEE:

PENNY has scrambled to her feet, grabbed a SCALPEL and backed into the corner. She's confused and scared and feral.

Vivien scoops up a SURGICAL CHISEL. A fearsome weapon.

PENNY

I'M DOWN HERE!

VIVIEN

Just! Shut! UP!

165

**INT. LAKE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

165

LUTHER SPIES: A BOOK lying open on the floor, spine down such that its pages are FANNED OUT - and GENTLY BLOWING in an UNSEEN BREEZE.

Slowly, agonisingly methodical, he stoops and waves his hand - tracking the SOURCE OF THE BREEZE to the FRAME OF THE VINTAGE POSTER.

He runs his hands round the frame - FINDS THE LATCH MECHANISM - gotcha! He opens the door. And descends into the basement.

166

**INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

166

VIVIEN holds out her hands. Petitions Penny.

VIVIEN

I was only trying to save you from him. From Jeremy. So please be quiet. Please.

167

**INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

167

LUTHER edges along the infinitely creepy basement labyrinth. passing jumbles of old furniture -- DOORS that open off the main passage -- ROTTEN CURTAINS eerily shifting in darkness -- the scuttle of A RAT -- a BUTLER'S SINK with a dripping tap --

-- HIS REFLECTION IN A DUSTY MIRROR.

He pauses. Straining to hear.

168      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      168

ON PENNY: facing Vivien with tears of horror and uncertainty until... she looks AWAY. Takes in the PLASTIC SHEETING. The terrifying SURGICAL EQUIPMENT.

Her free hand goes to her shirt, the cuts Vivien made to her clothing.

A long, long beat. Their eyes locked.

VIVIEN

Please don't. Please don't say anything. Please.

PENNY

I'M IN HERE!

169      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**      169

LUTHER RUNS -- FOLLOWING HER VOICE.

170      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**      170

PENNY attacks Vivien with the scalpel -- Vivien falls back, DROPPING THE CHISEL. But Penny's very weak, disoriented. Vivien grabs her, slams her to the ground. Pins her down.

PENNY

I'M HERE! HELP ME! I'M IN HERE!

VIVIEN casts round for her fallen weapon. But it's out of reach. And so are the other surgical implements. And what she needs right now is to

Shut. This. Woman. Up.

So she GRABS PENNY'S THROAT. And SQUEEZES.

171      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**      171

LUTHER running through claustrophobic passageways.

LUTHER

PENNY! PENNY LEYTON! WHERE ARE YOU!?

172      **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**      172

VIVIEN chokes Penny... whose HAND flails... finding...

... THE HANDLE OF THE SCALPEL. But in her panic, she nudges it FURTHER AWAY.

173 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

173

LUTHER searches. Throws open ROTTEN DOORS, tears down curtains of FILTHY PLASTIC SHEETING.

174 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

174

PENNY'S EYES flutter as VIVIEN SQUEEZES HER THROAT.

Her FINGERTIPS find THE SCALPEL AGAIN... but too far away to grasp... too far...

One last effort... she grabs the scalpel... AND RAMS IT BETWEEN VIVIEN'S RIBS.

VIVIEN YELLS IN PAIN.

175 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

175

LUTHER whirls towards the SCREAM -- identifies the door -- runs to it -- shoulder barges it.

176 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

176

VIVIEN grabs a surgical hammer -- rounds on Penny.

177 **EXT./INT. LAKE HOME - DAY**

177

HALLIDAY bursts hell for leather into the house.

178 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

178

PENNY falls back against the ferocity of Vivien's assault.

179 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

179

LUTHER grabs an OLD HAT-STAND -- uses it as A BATTERING RAM -- SLAMMING IT INTO THE DOOR -- AGAIN AND AGAIN -- SMASHING THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES --

180 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

180

-- entering to find VIVIEN ATTACKING PENNY WITH THE HAMMER -- STEPPING IN -- DISARMING VIVIEN. Pinning her down.

Vivien spitting and writhing beneath him like something possessed.

PENNY takes no chances -- BOLTING FROM THE ROOM --

181 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - DAY**

181

-- racing through the basement -- seeing HALLIDAY -- screaming -- raising the scalpel in ferocious warning.

HALLIDAY steps aside, allowing Penny to race past.

AND WE'RE MOVING WITH PENNY -- upstairs -- into the hallway and

182 **EXT. LAKE HOME - DAY**

182

OUTSIDE. To find HALF A DOZEN POLICE CARS, misery lights flashing. An AMBULANCE.

And MARTIN SCHENK. A kindly look in his eye.

183 **INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT - ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

183

LUTHER cuffs Vivien. Not gently.

LUTHER

Where is he? Where's Jeremy? WHERE IS HE?

HALLIDAY

Boss?

Luther turns. And there's Halliday. Watching from the doorway. Evoking ALICE in the flashback that opened our episode.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

She needs medical attention.

Luther's anger fades. He hauls Vivien to her feet. Marches her out.

184 **EXT. LAKE HOME - DAY**

184

LUTHER perp-walks Vivien outside. PARAMEDICS and UNIFORMED COPPERS step forward to take her away.

Luther signals: *give me a minute.* Takes Vivien aside.

LUTHER

Look, you've still got a way out.  
You've got a solid defence.  
Coercive control. You lived in fear  
of him. Now help us find him. And  
we'll help you. I promise.

Vivien gives him an incredulous smile.

VIVIEN

I think you may be in need  
psychiatric assistance, officer.

Luther barely reacts, just signals for the others to step in and take her away.

SCHENK steps forward to join him.

SCHENK

We've put out an urgent appeal. His face is all over the media. We'll find him.

LUTHER

Not without her help. Not in time.

LUTHER thinks this over. Watching paramedics load Vivien into the ambulance. And something occurs to him.

SCHENK

John?

LUTHER

He left in an ambulance. Jeremy Lake. Check with paramedic crews. He went on a ride-along. See where they dropped him off.

Schenk nods, lifting his phone to call that in.

Luther is distracted by his RINGING PHONE. He checks it out.

MARK NORTH IS CALLING.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

'Scuse me a sec, boss. I need to take this.

Schenk watches Luther wander away, weaving through police cars.

WE'RE MOVING WITH LUTHER. Looking for a private corner in all the crime-scene chaos. On the phone to Mark.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Mark. What's up?

MARK (V.O.)

John, I need you to come back.

LUTHER

Mate, look. I'm sorry. I promise. As soon as I can get away.

MARK (V.O.)

No. Right now.

LUTHER

I've got some problems here.

MARK (V.O.)

I've got a big problem here.

LUTHER STOPS. Endures a sickening lurch of premonition.

LUTHER

Yeah? What?

185

**EXT./INT. MARK'S PLACE - VARIOUS - DAY**

185

LOW ANGLE: CAMERA OMINOUSLY TRACKING THROUGH MARK'S GARDEN... finding the KITCHEN DOOR OPEN... moving through THE KITCHEN... finding BLOOD on MARK'S LAPTOP SCREEN... a TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADING ALONG THE HALLWAY... all the way into...

186

**INT. MARK'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

186

... THE LIVING ROOM. Where MARK, bleeding from a blow to the head, is standing with ALICE and BENNY. He's on the phone to Luther. It's on SPEAKER.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS: PALMER HOLDING THEM AT GUNPOINT.

CUTTING BETWEEN ALICE - MARK - BENNY - PALMER

MARK

John, my girlfriend's on her way home. I need you to get your friends out of here.

INTERCUTTING LUTHER - MARK'S PLACE

LUTHER looks over his shoulder. At Schenk. The crime scene. He stands alone in the crowd. Like a boulder in a fast-flowing river.

He knits his brow. "Girlfriend?"

LUTHER'S HEART POUNDING. He starts walking to his car. Hunched and predatory.

LUTHER

Okay. Listen. I'm stuck in the office. I'll be there as soon as I can.

PALMER mimes a question for Mark to repeat.

MARK

When will that be?

LUTHER silently digs out his keys. Opens THE CAR DOOR.

LUTHER

I dunno, Mark. Two hours. Three?

MARK

Yeah. That's no good. You know what she told you last time. If she sees you and Alice here again...

ALICE slides Mark a look. Don't push it.

LUTHER

All right. I'm about to step into an autopsy. I can't get out of it. I'll leave the second I can. Give me two hours.

A long beat. PALMER reading the room. Sniffing the lies.

PALMER gestures. MARK tentatively passes him the phone.

PALMER

John?

LUTHER stands there. *Fuck.*

He keeps his back to the crime scene. Away from Schenk's gimlet eye.

LUTHER

Yeah.

PALMER

Mark tried. But he over-sold the lies.

MARK winces. ALICE touches his hand. It's *okay*.

PALMER (CONT'D)

But at least this way we know where we stand. I've got a message for you. From Mr. Cornelius.

LUTHER

Yeah. I think I've got the message.

PALMER

I'm going to need you here.

LUTHER

So you can kill everyone?

PALMER

Not everyone. Just you and Alice. Assuming you listen and do as I ask.

ALICE

He's lying, John.

PALMER points the gun at Alice. *Please be quiet.*

LUTHER paces like a trapped animal.

LUTHER

All right. Listen. Leave them alone. I'll go to Cornelius. Right now. I'll hand myself in to him. Do what you need to with Alice. But let Benny and Mark go. Cornelius gets what he wants. Nobody else gets hurt.

PALMER

John, I need you to focus. You're not in control here. This isn't a situation you can leverage.

LUTHER STOPS DEAD. FACE TWISTED IN RAGE.

LUTHER

Listen to me, dickhead. Listen. If you hurt any of them, I'll rip the heart out your chest and feed it to the fucking dogs. You hear me?

PALMER

I'm not here to listen. This isn't a dialogue. And now your friend is dead.

PALMER points the gun at Mark.

MARK

JOHN!

ALICE squeezes Mark's hand.

LUTHER

STOP! DON'T DO IT! STOP!

BENNY curses -- and STEPS BETWEEN MARK AND THE GUN. Stares hard at Palmer. Eyes full of contempt.

BENNY

Leave him be. None of this is his fault.

PALMER

Benny, right?

BENNY

That's right.

PALMER

You're killing yourself, Benny.

LUTHER

BENNY! DON'T! DON'T SAY ANY MORE!

BENNY

Boss. You're going to have to kill this prick for me.

LUTHER

BENNY!

BENNY

Six one. White. Muscular build.  
Dark hair. Blue eyes. Left handed.

PALMER SHOOTS BENNY DEAD.

ANGLE ON LUTHER - HEARING CRIES OF TERROR AND OUTRAGE.

ANGLE ON PALMER - POINTING THE GUN BETWEEN ALICE'S EYES.

PALMER

Here. Now. No more chat.

ANGLE ON LUTHER -- PUNCHING THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW -- SHATTERING IT.

LUTHER

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! NO MORE!  
STOP!

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**INT./EXT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS NEAR LAKE HOME - DAY**

187

LUTHER gets behind the wheel -- starts the engine -- screeches away.

LUTHER

DON'T HURT ANYONE ELSE! DON'T HURT ANYONE! I'M COMING!

LUTHER DRIVES LIKE A MADMAN. LUNACY IN HIS EYES.

**END OF EPISODE**