

CONFIDENTIAL

LUTHER

SERIES 5

Episode Four

Draft 002

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NEIL CROSS

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NOTES:

THE MURDER BOOK

Following our killer's macabre SLIDE SHOW in Ep One, I'll be slightly revising Eps Two and Three to establish that Jeremy Lake keeps A MURDER BOOK

This is a diary. The entries are written in code. It contains all the images we saw in Ep One. It also contains documentation of Jeremy's fantasies, Jeremy's ideas for killing -- and memories of actual murders he and Vivien have committed, rendered in sketches after Goya and watercolours after Sickert.

Most of their victims were young backpackers in Thailand, Indonesia, Goa, Australia. Male and female. No two murders are exactly the same, but all contain an element of ritualised bondage.

Some of the victims are portrayed as having JEREMY'S GRINNING FACE, including certain ones of the young women.

There are sketches of people Jeremy has seen and wanted to kill: young men and women glimpsed in London, on buses, on escalators, in cafes. Sketches of how he fantasised about doing the deed.

All of this is interspersed with PRINT ADVERTISEMENTS clipped from 1960s and 1970s magazines, each of them showing IDEALISED NUCLEAR FAMILIES at breakfast tables, contented handsome men smoking brand-label cigarettes, lovely women filling washing machines. Except their eyes are missing and Jeremy has drawn on the images to suggest NAILS HAMMERED INTO THEIR FLESH.

Other drawings depict CORPSES PLACED IN SUCH A WAY AS TO PASTICHE THESE IDEALISED FAMILIES. ALL OF THEM WEARING JEREMY'S FACE.

CORNELIUS AND LUTHER

In a small revision to Episode 2, we'll establish that Cornelius is having trouble with rival "firms", mostly of Eastern European origin, who are putting his operation under great financial pressure. This becomes a small but important part of the background to a key scene in Episode 4.

FADE IN:

1 OMITTED 1 *

2 INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - DAY 2

LUTHER at the wheel. Eyes wild with fear and anxiety.

3 INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAY 3

A WHITE TRANSIT VAN is parked in the loading bay of a vast, derelict warehouse. A post-industrial cathedral lit by shafts of sunlight. Full of bird shit and refuse.

PALMER approaches the van. Opens the rear doors.

PALMER'S POV: BENNY'S BODY LIES UNDER A TARPAULIN.

Palmer grabs a SLIM ALUMINIUM CASE. Kneels to open it. The case contains an AS50 SNIPER'S RIFLE. British made.

He closes the case. Then digs out MARK'S PHONE and calls Luther.

PALMER

I'm going to send you to a series of checkpoints. You won't know the final destination until you arrive. If you try to bring help, I'll know.

4 INT. VOLVO - STREETS - DAY 4

Luther drives. On the phone to Palmer.

LUTHER

Mark's not part of this. I need to know he's walking away.

INTERCUT PALMER AND LUTHER

PALMER

Do as I say, he gets to go home and watch The One Show.

LUTHER

And Alice?

PALMER

Sorry. You know how it is.

LUTHER

I still need proof of life. I need to know Mark's okay.

PALMER

You've got my word.

LUTHER

I said PROOF!

A beat.

PALMER

Stay by your phone.

STAY WITH PALMER as he hangs up. He moves through the warehouse until he arrives at

A REFRIGERATED MEAT LOCKER

He produces A SIDE ARM. Opens the vault-like door, uses the phone as a flashlight and follows the gun --

5 **INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY**

5

-- into TERRIBLE COLD AND NEAR-ABSOLUTE DARKNESS.

TORCH BEAM FINDS: ALICE AND MARK. SHIVERING, HUDDLED TOGETHER IN A DARK CORNER.

Palmer snaps a picture. Then steps out of the meat locker, hauling the door closed behind him.

6 **INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - DAY**

6

He strides back to the van, texting the picture to Luther.

7 **INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - DAY**

7

LUTHER gets the picture. Curses.

A second later: PING!

A MAP ARRIVES ON HIS PHONE. IT'S MARKED "CHECKPOINT ONE". PALMER IS SENDING HIM EAST, TO LONDON CITY AIRPORT.

8 **EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOF - DAY**

8

PALMER ascends to the warehouse roof, where he quickly and efficiently ASSEMBLES THE SNIPER'S RIFLE and takes his position.

SNIPER-SCOPE POV: there is only one way into the industrial park. And Palmer has it covered.

CUT TO:

9	EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR-PARK - DAY	9
SIMON TIPTON (42) struggles from the supermarket, encumbered by carrier bags. Mobile phone cradled to his neck. He's talking to his wife as he crosses the open-air carpark.		
10	INT. SIMON'S CAR - SUPERMARKET CAR-PARK - DAY	10
Simon gets behind the wheel.		
JEREMY LAKE opens the back door and gets in. Grabs Simon's hair. Puts A SCALPEL to his carotid artery.		
Grins at Simon in the rear-view mirror.		
CUT TO:		
11	INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT COMPLEX - DAY	11
SOCOS in white paper overalls are meticulously searching the basement.		
12	INT. LAKE HOME - BASEMENT COMPLEX - ANTE-ROOM - DAY	12
In the dank ante-room, A SOCO opens THE FIRE SAFE, REVEALING: JEREMY'S MURDER BOOK		
Off the SOCO, carefully removing the diary from the safe.		
CUT TO:		
13	OMITTED	13 *
13A	EXT. STREETS - NEAR ST BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - DAY	13A *
JEREMY returns to the COROLLA. Gets behind the wheel. Belts up. Indicates. Drives away.		
14	OMITTED	14 *

14A **EXT. ST BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH - DAY** 14A *

A SNARL OF TRAFFIC crawls past a central London Church. *
People come and go. The most everyday possible sight. Except *
it's not. *Something's not right.* *

A MAN SHAPED-OBJECT has been tied to the architecture. *

PUSHING CLOSER, WE SEE: *

It's SIMON TIPTON. He's wearing A GRINNING PLASTER MASK OF *
JEREMY'S FACE. *

Seeming to MANIACALLY GRIN at LONDON GOING ABOUT ITS *
OBLIVIOUS BUSINESS, all around him. *

BLOOD oozes from beneath the mask. To DRIP SLOWLY onto the *
sacred ground at his feet. *

CUT TO: *

TITLES

FADE IN:

15 **INT. VOLVO - STREETS NEAR CITY AIRPORT - DAY** 15

LUTHER AT THE WHEEL. DRIVING LIKE A MADMAN. STOPPING IN SIGHT
OF LONDON CITY AIRPORT.

He curses as his phone PINGS AGAIN. He checks the map.

CHECKPOINT #2 IS RAINHAM MARSHES. Even further east.

He sets off. He drives for a bit. Growing increasingly
furious at his helplessness. Finally, he pounds on the
steering wheel.

Then SLAMS ON THE BRAKE. PARKS VERY BADLY.

And calls Halliday.

16 **EXT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - BULLPEN - DAY** 16

HALLIDAY IS AT HER DESK. Pouring over hastily shot crime-
scene photos of the MURDER BOOK. She answers the phone to
Luther.

HALLIDAY

Guv. Where are you?! I just took a
call from SOCO. It turns out Jeremy
Lake kept, I don't know what to
call it. A scrapbook. A murder
book.

INTERCUT HALLIDAY AND LUTHER

LUTHER

Listen. Catherine. I need help.

Halliday pauses. Hearing the urgency in his tone. She scans the VERY BUSY BULLPEN.

HALLIDAY

What sort of help?

LUTHER

I need to find someone urgently. He doesn't want to be found. He won't be using his phone. The best way to find him is to find someone who works for him. There's a geezer called Ronald Massey. I need you to locate his phone for me.

On Halliday. Really not sure about this.

HALLIDAY

Guv, I can't just -- who is he?

LUTHER

Look, I'll be there soon. I promise. I'll bring in Jeremy Lake. But first I need this.

HALLIDAY

Boss -

LUTHER

JUST DO IT!

ON HALLIDAY. Shocked. And hurt.

She evokes RONALD MASSEY'S FACE ON SCREEN. Hits keys, requesting a trace on his phone number.

OFF MASSEY'S MUG SHOT:

MATCH CUT TO:

17

INT. MAYFAIR HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

17

RONALD MASSEY is man-spreading on a divan chair, playing a game on his phone.

He's in A FIVE-STAR HOTEL SUITE IN CENTRAL LONDON. Keeping guard over GEORGE CORNELIUS.

Who's at the window like a Prussian general. Contemplating the view. Anxiously checking his watch.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY 18

Halliday sends Luther MASSEY'S LOCATION. The HOTEL OCTAVIAN, MAYFAIR.

19 INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - DAY 19

PING! PING!

Two notifications arrive on Luther's phone. He checks them.

On screen: TWO MARKERS

MARKER ONE: A NEW CHECKPOINT FROM PALMER. GRAYS BEACH PARK.
EVEN FURTHER EAST.

MARKER TWO: THE HOTEL OCTAVIAN IN CENTRAL LONDON.

Luther thinks for a moment.

Fuck it. He throws the old Volvo into a screeching U-turn. And drives like a bastard.

Following signs towards CENTRAL LONDON.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOF - DAY 20

PALMER on the roof in sniper position. Calm and patient.

Violently shivering, teeth chattering, Alice leaves Mark huddled against the wall.

She crosses the steel-walled meat locker. Finds the door.

MARK

He said "stay away from the door".

ALICE

But he's not here, is he. He's out there. Preparing to kill John. Then you and me.

MARK

If that's what he wants, why hasn't he done it already?

ALICE

John wouldn't come here without proof of life. Well, your life. Mine, probably not so much.

MARK

That's not true.

She gives him a sad, ironic look. Then checks the door. It's locked.

Worried by Alice's demeanour, Mark forces himself to his feet. Painfully cold. Teeth chattering.

Alice watches him shuffle off to grab some DISCARDED PLASTIC SHEETING.

ALICE

You'd make a good bag lady.

MARK

Thank you. We need any scrap of insulation we can find.

After a moment. Alice joins him.

The two of them like bag ladies. Stooping to gathering detritus. Squares of discarded cardboard, plastic sheeting...

CUT TO:

22	INT./EXT. VOLVO - CENTRAL LONDON - DAY	22	
	LUTHER strides through the doors of THE HOTEL OCTAVIAN.		*
22A	INT. HOTEL CORRIDORS AND STAIRWELLS - DAY	22A	*
	LUTHER pauses to SET OFF A FIRE ALARM.		*
23	OMITTED	23	*
24	OMITTED	24	*
25	INT. HOTEL - CORRIDORS AND STAIRWELLS - DAY	25	
	Luther strides upstairs. Against a gathering flow of GUESTS leaving the hotel.		
26	INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY	26	
	Cornelius and Massey. The shrieking fire alarm.		
	Massey goes to the peephole.		
	HIS POV: A HOTEL EMPLOYEE strides against the FLOW OF PEOPLE, knocking on doors to roust stragglers.		

MASSEY

Boss, we should probably go.

CORNELIUS

Bollocks we should go. It's just a drill.

MASSEY

They usually say when it's a drill.

CORNELIUS

I'll go when I hear screams and smell burning skin.

MASSEY

I'll just -- let me go and check.

Cornelius gives him the death stare. But accedes with a nod.

Massey cautiously steps through the door --

27

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

27

-- into the empty corridor. WHERE LUTHER IS WAITING.

LUTHER GRABS HIM -- head-butts him -- hurls him into the suite --

28

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

28

-- storms inside -- throwing the door shut behind him.

CORNELIUS raises the HUGE SMITH AND WESSON HANDGUN -- LUTHER snatches it -- wrestles it away --

-- MASSEY stumbles to his feet -- LUTHER smashes him with the gun -- GRABS CORNELIUS, throws him into the wall.

PUTS THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

THE FIRE ALARM SHUTS OFF. And there is SILENCE.

AND LUTHER'S EYES. VOLCANIC WITH RAGE.

LUTHER

Call him off.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOF - DAY

29

PALMER ON THE ROOF. Waiting for Luther. Rifle patiently trained on the entrance gate.

MARK'S PHONE RINGS. Palmer answers.

PALMER

We're on schedule. Luther should be here soon.

30

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

30

CORNELIUS on the phone to Palmer. Luther with the gun to his head.

CORNELIUS

Yeah. I actually need you to hold off on that for a bit.

INTERCUT LUTHER - CORNELIUS - PALMER

PALMER

Why?

CORNELIUS

Because that's what I want.

PALMER

We entered into a contract.

CORNELIUS

You'll get your money. Just tell me where they are and take the rest of the day off. Go to the pictures.

PALMER

It's not that easy. A police officer's dead. I can't have that coming back on me.

Cornelius shoots Luther a look. Uh-oh.

CORNELIUS

It won't come back on you. Just pack your sandwiches and go home. I'll make sure things are tied off.

A beat.

PALMER

It's your money.

STAY WITH PALMER as he hangs up. Thoughtfully sets about disassembling the rifle.

Then stops. Thinks again. Troubled. And distrustful.

31

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

31

Cornelius hangs up. Faces Luther.

CORNELIUS

He says a copper's dead.

LUTHER

Yeah.

CORNELIUS

Is that your mate?

LUTHER

Yeah.

CORNELIUS

Well. For what it's worth, I didn't ask for that.

LUTHER

No. Your mate chucked him in for free.

CORNELIUS

So what next?

Luther steps in. Jams the gun under Cornelius's jaw.

LUTHER

I came here to end you. For Benny.

CORNELIUS

If you want me to start crying and rending my garments, you're in for quite a wait.

*

*

LUTHER

That's not what I want.

CORNELIUS

Then what *do* you want? I haven't got all sodding day.

LUTHER

~~I want to end all this.~~

*

*

A pause. Cornelius softens. Empathising with Luther's reluctance to pull the trigger.

CORNELIUS

John. This is pointless. We've come too far. Whatever you want me to say, you know it's going to mean nothing. Not while you've got a gun to my head. And as soon as you take the gun away, I'll be coming for you. You know that's how it works. So spare me the earache and just do what you came to do.

Luther wavers. Knowing Cornelius is right. But thinking. Always thinking.

Coming to a decision. Wondering if he's lost his mind.

Fuck it. Probably. Let's see.

He steps back. AND HANDS THE GUN TO CORNELIUS!

LUTHER

Here you go, then.

Tentative at first, Cornelius takes the gun. Then points it at Luther's face.

CORNELIUS

Do you think I won't do this? And piss on your body after? Because I've got some bad news.

LUTHER

Do what you want.

CORNELIUS

"Want" doesn't come into it. It's not about "want" and "don't want". This is about *physics*. This is Newton's third fucking law.

LUTHER

Oh, come on! All that "eye for an eye" bullshit. It's all for show George. You don't want this. You don't want any of it. But times change, right? *London* changes. You've had to watch the Russians move in. The Armenians. Whoever. All of them quicker to violence than you ever were. Now you're in a corner. Haemorrhaging the respect it took a lifetime to bank.

On Cornelius. A flicker of raptorial malice for the insult.

CORNELIUS

So what are you offering?

*

*

LUTHER

Five questions.

*

*

CORNELIUS

About what?

*

*

LUTHER

Anything you like. I'll run interference for you. Feed you intelligence on police operations.

(MORE)

*

*

*

*

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Drug shipments. Busts. What rival
firms are up to. Whatever you need.

*
*
*

CORNELIUS

Why would you do that?

LUTHER

To give you a reason to step back
from this. So no-one else has to
die. Not you. Not Alice. Not Mark.

*
*
*

A weighted pause. A hinge moment.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Five questions. Get back everything
you lost.

*
*
*

CORNELIUS

What I lost was my son.

LUTHER

NO! What you lost was your SELF-
DISCIPLINE. You robbed Alice. So
Alice robbed you. So Alistair's
dead. That's not Alice's fault:
it's YOURS! Now Benny's dead... and
that's not your fault: it's MINE. I
couldn't kill you for my mistake.
If you can put a bullet in my head
for yours, fine. But it won't make
things right. It'll be over for
you. So what do you want, George?
Either way, it's yours.

*

A long beat. Cornelius's finger on the trigger.

CORNELIUS

All right. Say you've tickled my
self-interest. What do you get?

LUTHER

My life back. And the man who
killed Benny.

CORNELIUS

And how are you going to do that?

LUTHER

With your car.

CORNELIUS

I don't think so. I love that car.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S - DAY

33 *

A busy crime scene. SCHENK AND HALLIDAY look down at Simon Tipton's body. THE GRINNING DEATH MASK lending the corpse a sardonic, unearthly air. *

Halliday shows Schenk a page from the murder book. *

HALLIDAY

The mask is Lake's own face, which is new behaviour, as far as we know. But it's consistent with sketches in his diary.

SCHENK

His condition, do you think? Disinhibiting him? Making him do things he'd never otherwise have dared? *

HALLIDAY

Or he knows we're breathing down his neck, so he's gone a bit *carpe diem* on us.

Schenk scowls. Absorbing that.

SCHENK

Do we have the faintest notion where DCI Luther might be?

HALLIDAY

Sorry, boss.

A pause.

SCHENK

Catherine, is there anything you know that I don't?

HALLIDAY

Sorry, Boss. No.

Schenk lets that hang for a moment. Doesn't answer. Turns his attention back to the body.

SCHENK

Vivien Lake knows her husband's mind. She's the only one who can help us get ahead of this. Let's bring her in.

HALLIDAY

She's being treated in hospital.

SCHENK

I don't care. Wheel her in on a gurney if need be.

Halliday accepts the order and walks off. *En route* to her car, she dials Luther. Gets voicemail.

HALLIDAY

Guv. I don't know what your other thing is, but the Big Boss is on his last nerve. I'm not comfortable lying to him. And it's all kicking off, here. We need you.

She pauses to TEXT LUTHER IMAGES OF SIMON TIPTON. Then gets behind the wheel and drives away. *

CUT TO:

34 OMITTED

34 *

35 INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

35

ALICE AND MARK cuddle. It's punishingly cold. They're on a mat constructed from foraged cardboard. Wrapped in a blanket constructed from multiple layers of plastic sheeting.

MARK

You've stopped shivering.

ALICE

I know.

A small, reflective silence.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Just to warn you, there's a small possibility I might start removing my clothes.

MARK

I see. And why would you do that?

ALICE

Paradoxical undressing. It's a symptom of hypothermia.

MARK

I'll be sure to watch out for it.

Alice laughs. Properly. It might be the first time we've ever heard it. It ECHOES off cold steel walls.

36 OMITTED

36 *

37 OMITTED

37 *

38 OMITTED 38 *

39 OMITTED 39 *

40 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - AFTERNOON 40

PALMER with rifle trained on the approach road. The gate. *
He sips water from a plastic bottle. Checks his watch. *
Turns back to the scope. Allows himself a small smile as *
HE SEES: CORNELIUS'S JAGUAR approaching. He can make out THE
VAGUE SILHOUETTE OF A SINGLE FIGURE AT THE WHEEL.
PALMER patiently watches the Jaguar come closer. Until the
driver resolves into
GEORGE CORNELIUS!
He takes a moment to assess this. He's surprised. He'd been
expecting to see Luther at the wheel.
Palmer stands. Grabs the rifle. Makes his way down from the
roof.

41 EXT. JAG - INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY 41

THE JAGUAR sweeps through the gates into the industrial
estate -- to the warehouse -- into the loading bay.

42 INT. JAG - WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - DAY 42

CORNELIUS pulls up. Grabs the Smith and Wesson. Gets out.

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - DAY 43

He moves in the direction of the meat locker. Until PALMER
steps out of the darkness. Pistol raised. A Glock. *

PALMER
Stop there, please.

Cornelius stops.

CORNELIUS
I thought I told you to be off.

PALMER
It sounded like a duress call. It
sounded to me like Luther was
there.

CORNELIUS

Mate. There's a fine line between
conscientious and paranoid.

PALMER

Drop the gun, please.

Cornelius sets down the gun.

CORNELIUS

Thank you. Now raise your hands
above your head and kick it to me.

Cornelius does as instructed. Palmer advances on him.

PALMER

So where's Luther?

CORNELIUS

In the boot.

PALMER

Dead?

CORNELIUS

As a dodo's granddad.

PALMER

How'd you find him?

CORNELIUS

How's that your business?

PALMER

Answer the question.

CORNELIUS

Bloody hell. Look. He came to me,
as it happens.

PALMER

How'd he find you?

CORNELIUS

I'm not completely sure, to be
frank. But there we are -- he was a
clever old sausage. But not bullet-
proof, as it turns out.

A tense beat. Palmer is reading Cornelius.

PALMER

Open the boot, please.

CORNELIUS

Oh, come on.

PALMER

Now, if you would.

CORNELIUS

Why? You think he's alive in there?

PALMER

Just open it.

CORNELIUS

Like he's going to jump out and say
boo! Do me a favour.

PALMER

Open. The. Boot.

CORNELIUS

All right. As you speak, so shall
it be.

Slow and cautious, Cornelius raises his hand. With a flick,
of the wrist, he remote unlocks THE JAGUAR.

THE CAR BEEPS in acknowledgment.

PALMER advances on the Jaguar. Keeping one eye on Cornelius.

He stops. Closely studies the tension in Cornelius's face.

CORNELIUS'S EYES unconsciously flick to the boot of the car.
Narrow with anxiety.

PALMER looks from Cornelius to the car.

Decides. In one smooth movement, he AIMS AND SHOOTS.

A STORM OF BULLETS TEAR INTO THE JAGUAR.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

OI!

PALMER sends him a look: SHUT UP.

He advances on the car. Reaches out. Levers open the boot. *

FINDS IT EMPTY.

Palmer's fast -- turning the Glock on Cornelius as -- *

LUTHER STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE VAN -- THE STOLEN REVOLVER
IN HAND. *

PALMER looks to Cornelius. Who's scooping his Smith and
Wesson from the floor.

PALMER

I don't get it.

CORNELIUS

Peace for our time, sunshine. I'm Chamberlain. You're the Sudetenland.

LUTHER

So here's how it goes. I took a call from a grass. I found this van. Which on closer investigation proved to contain the body of a police officer. Killed by a bullet that'll match a gun we found on your person.

*
*

PALMER

You can't sell that.

LUTHER

Yes I can. Because you're going to exercise your right to silence. You're not going to say a word. About me. About George. About anything. Because if you do, George's boys inside will shiv you six ways to Sunday. So you say nothing. And do your time for killing my friend.

PALMER

And if I don't agree?

LUTHER

I shoot you dead. Sell my boss a story about a gangland beef gone wonky. It's not like it doesn't happen. Your choice.

Palmer thinks it over. Glock in hand. Two guns pointed at him.

*

A long, tense beat.

PALMER PIVOTS TO LUTHER, RAISING THE PISTOL.

*

LUTHER SHOOTS HIM. PALMER WHIRLS, SLAMS INTO THE GROUND.

Luther strides over, kicks the gun from Palmer's hand. Glares down at him with arctic hatred.

Palmer is still alive. Shot in the shoulder.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

I told you. You're off to prison, mate. You're going to hate it.

Palmer opens his mouth to say something. CORNELIUS SHOOTS HIM DEAD.

Luther whirls to confront Cornelius. Who now has him at gunpoint.

CORNELIUS

Sorry, old bean. I couldn't take the risk.

Luther considers him, wearily. Cornelius raises his hand. He's holding his phone.

He SNAPS A PHOTOGRAPH of Luther standing over Palmer's body. Gun in hand. Then presses SEND.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

All in the cloud. Whatever that actually is. Throw me that gun, now, if you would. I think it's mine anyway.

Luther weighs up his options. Then tosses Cornelius the pistol.

Cautiously, keeping the revolver trained on Luther, Cornelius stoops to pick up Luther's gun, using a handkerchief.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

So now we really are in it together. Bound in infamy and what have you.

LUTHER

You're a clever bastard, George.

CORNELIUS

Ta.

LUTHER

You'd have been a good copper.

CORNELIUS

I'm too honest to have been a good copper.

A moment between them.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your mate.

LUTHER

I'm sorry about your boy.

CORNELIUS

My boy was an idiot.

Cornelius lowers the revolver. Makes his way to the half-ruined Jaguar. Opens the driver's door. Lingers a moment.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Schenk came to me, John. He knows something's not right. Between me and you.

LUTHER

I can sell this to him. He trusts me.

CORNELIUS

So do I.

He raises the phone. PHOTOS OF LUTHER SHOOTING PALMER.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

But only because I've got this. What leash has Schenk got you on?

A moment, as Luther considers this.

Then Cornelius gets behind the wheel. Starts the engine. Drives away.

Leaving Luther to set off through the empty building, looking for THE MEAT LOCKER.

44

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MEAT LOCKER - DAY

44

He finds THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR. Heaves it open. Digs out his torch. Follows its DANCING BEAM into --

45

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

45

-- DARKNESS. And COLD. And OMINOUS, REVERBERATING SILENCE.

MOVING WITH LUTHER. Lost in the frozen darkness. His breath forming GHOSTLY WHITE CLOUDS.

LUTHER

Alice?

His voice is small. Lonely. And it finds NO REPLY.

He moves on. At last, he finds

ALICE AND MARK. Hugging each other. Wrapped in plastic. FROST ON THEIR EYEBROWS. FROST IN THEIR HAIR.

Not moving.

Luther stares at them. Fearing to move. Then he approaches. Slowly lowers himself to one knee. Fearfully reaches out.

MARK OPENS HIS EYES.

CUT TO:

LUTHER (CONT'D)

What time does your wife get home?

MARK

I don't know. Half-seven. Quarter past?

LUTHER

Then we need to get you back there.
Clean up the scene.

A moment between them. The ghosts of the past.

*

MARK

What happened to you, John?

Sadness in Luther's eyes. Then he walks away, heading for the fading daylight.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. MYSTERY HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

48

JEREMY LAKE makes his way merrily down a leafy residential street. He's carrying A VERY LARGE BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

He walks to a door. Possibly vaguely familiar to us.

He rings the bell. Looks to the side. In the bay window, a CURTAIN TWITCHES. Someone in the house checking to see who's at the door.

Jeremy patiently waits.

There's a sense of MOVEMENT in the house. Then, through the half-glazed door, he sees A SHADOWY FIGURE APPROACHING. A WOMAN.

The door opens. And Jeremy VIOLENTLY SHOVES THE FLOWERS INTO THE WOMAN'S FACE. She SCREAMS.

Jeremy raises a scalpel and barges inside. Kicks the door closed. And the scream falls SILENT.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. MARK'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING

49

MARK walks from the Volvo to the door. Lets himself in. He casts a look over his shoulder. Gestures a vague "goodbye" to Luther and steps inside.

50

OMITTED

50

*

51

INT. VOLVO - OUTSIDE MARK'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING

51

With Mark gone, Alice and Luther are free to talk.

ALICE

What about the George Cornelius problem? Have you dealt with it?

LUTHER

Yeah.

ALICE

Let's not be coy. Is he dead, John?

LUTHER

Yeah.

She searches his expression.

ALICE

Because you know it's the only way. He'll kill us both. He has to. You do know that.

LUTHER

Alice, it's done.

She reaches out. Turns his face to her.

*

ALICE

You wouldn't lie to me, would you? Not about something this important.

*

*

*

LUTHER

No.

*

*

*

ALICE

Because you're the only person I ever knew who always told me the truth. Come what may, John. You never lied to me.

*

*

*

*

*

He looks into her eyes.

*

LUTHER

I told you. It's done.

*

*

Alice smiles. Sadly. Because she knows he's lying.

*

Luther turns away, oblivious to the acute nature of her hurt.

*

He powers up his phone.

*

Alice watches him. Tears of loss in her eyes.

*

ON PHONE: A MILLION MESSAGES FROM HALLIDAY. Dozens of unanswered voicemails.

Pictures of SIMON TIPTON hanging from the bridge. And pages from the Murder Book. Horror after horror after horror.

Alice watches him. How absorbed he is! Her eyes prick with tears. She blinks them away, feeling foolish.

Then gets herself together. Erects a jolly carapace.

ALICE

So that'll be your fancy woman
calling you in for tea.

LUTHER

All right. You can stop now, Alice.
Give it a rest. I've got to deal
with this.

ALICE

So deal with it.

LUTHER

Head back to your place. We can
talk later.

She smiles. Okay.

ALICE

Good luck with the whatnot.

She gets out of the car. Insouciantly walks to Mark's house.

Luther puts his phone down and pulls away.

52 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING**

52

Alice waits at the door, watching Luther drive away. Then she digs out her phone and dials a number from memory.

53 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING**

53

A bone-weary Cornelius is taking a cigar from a humidor. He contemplates a picture of himself and Alistair.

THE LANDLINE RINGS.

He snatches up the handset.

CORNELIUS

Hello?

54 **EXT. MARK'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING**

54

Alice listens to CORNELIUS'S VOICE down the line.

CORNELIUS (V.O.)
Hello? Who's this?

Alice hangs up. And stands there. She is bereft.

CUT TO:

55 **OMITTED**

55 *

56 **INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - EVENING**

56

HALLIDAY at her desk, poring with forensic interest over PHOTOCOPIES TAKEN FROM JEREMY'S MURDER BOOK

The sketched body of a young woman trussed up in a cheap South-East Asian hotel. She is portrayed as having JEREMY'S GRINNING FACE.

HALLIDAY looks up from this, mentally comparing it to PICTURES OF SIMON TIPTON, WEARING A MASK OF JEREMY'S FACE Then the EP 1 CCTV IMAGES OF JEREMY, with a halo for a head. An eerie correspondence. Jeremy without a face. Victims wearing his face.

Halliday contemplates this, knowing it has meaning. But then UNIFORMED OFFICERS lead VIVIEN LAKE, limping, onto the bullpen.

SCHENK emerges from his office, gesturing to Vivien.

SCHENK
Dr. Lake. If you'd like to follow
me please?

The officers don't give Vivien any choice. But the pretence of civility is maintained.

57 **INT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - EVENING**

57

LUTHER parks. Kills the engine. Sits there a moment. Staring in the rear view mirror. Not liking what he sees.

He grits his teeth.

LUTHER
Come on. Come on. Come on. Come on.

He pulls himself together. Gets out. Strides to the station.

58

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

58

Halliday and Schenk face Vivien across the scarred desk.

SCHENK

I hope you're not too
uncomfortable.

VIVIEN

A young woman stabbed me. Of course
I'm uncomfortable.

HALLIDAY

I'm afraid a number of doctors have
certified you fit to be questioned.
And if there's one thing we can all
agree on, it's that's you can
always trust a doctor. Right?

Off Halliday:

59

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - EVENING

59

Luther strides to his desk.

He stares for a long moment at Benny's desk. Then forces
himself to turn away and consider THE CRIME WALL.

He notices A FOLDER on his desk. It's marked with a
handwritten yellow sticky note: "NEW AND RELEVANT INFO.
HALLIDAY."

Next to her name she's drawn a smiley face.

Luther picks up the file. Studies IMAGES OF SIMON TIPTON. THE
BLOODY MASK. And THE PHOTOCOPIES OF JEREMY'S MURDER BOOK.

60

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Schenk sets down on the table THE MRI we saw in Eps Two and
Three. His gaze is full of contempt. Untempered by mercy.

*

SCHENK

We know your husband is gravely ill
Vivien?

VIVIEN

That's "Dr Lake".

SCHENK

Let's stick with Vivien for the
moment. Jeremy doesn't have long.
One more Christmas, perhaps. But
he'll never see another summer. If
we can find and detain him, his
case will never get to court.

(MORE)

SCHENK (CONT'D)

He'll never go to prison. The worst he can expect is to spend a few months in a secure hospital. But he will stop.

(slaps down a picture of Simon Tipton)

This will stop.

(Claire Evans)

This will stop.

(Calvin)

And this.

(Paul Redford)

It will *STOP*.

VIVIEN

I know nothing about Jeremy's activities. I'm as horrified as you are.

SCHENK

I doubt you have the capacity.

HALLIDAY

And to be fair -- we did catch you in a plastic-lined room getting ready to disarticulate Tessa Jones with surgical tools.

VIVIEN

I'm afraid you misinterpreted that situation. Actually, I was attempting to rescue her. Get her out of there. Poor thing.

HALLIDAY

You were dressed in surgical scrubs and attacking her with a hammer.

Vivien leans forward. Speaks as to a slow child.

VIVIEN

I was defending myself from a very confused and frightened young woman who, quite understandably given her state of delirium, misread the situation and believed incorrectly that I was there to do her ill.

As Halliday admires this response, Schenk's phone PINGS. He checks the INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE.

SCHENK

I have to make a call. There's urgent news. Let's hope it's the news we all want, eh? D.S. Halliday, if you could hold the fort, please.

Schenk exits.

61

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - EVENING

61

Schenk strides towards his office. Sees Luther. Detours to approach him.

SCHENK

Where have you been?

LUTHER

Following something up. Sorry Boss.
It didn't pan out.

Schenk takes this in.

SCHENK

Any news from Benny?

LUTHER

No. He said he was sick, right?

Schenk is reading Luther. Knowing something is wrong.

Luther fights to keep his expression neutral.

SCHENK

I've been called away. I need you
in there with Vivien Lake.

LUTHER

On my way.

Schenk heads to his office.

*

Luther starts gathering the contents of the file.

*

62

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - SCHENK'S OFFICE - EVENING 62

Schenk enters. Lifts the landline. He pauses a moment to consider Luther. Then dials a number.

SCHENK

What do I need to know?

63

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - EVENING

63

GRIM-FACED DETECTIVES, FIRE-FIGHTERS, EMTS and UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS are gathered round THE BURNED-OUT VAN.

A sombre DCI CRAIG WOODGATE is on the phone to schenk

DCI WOODGATE

Sir. We were investigating reported
gunshots. You might want to get
somewhere private.

*
*

64 INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - SCHENK'S OFFICE - EVENING 64

SCHENK

I'm somewhere private. You can go
ahead.

Schenk listens to the news. The blood drains from his face.

65 INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - EVENING 65

Luther looks up. To see Schenk looking at him.

Luther's heart skips a beat. He knows exactly what Schenk has
just heard. But he pretends not to have seen. He picks up the
file and strides towards the interrogation room.

Schenk watches him go. Still on the landline.

66 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - EVENING 66

DCI WOODGATE is holding Palmer's BURNER PHONE *

DCI WOODGATE

We found a disposable phone in the
glove box.

*

67 INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - SCHENK'S OFFICE - EVENING 67

SCHENK

Call records? *

INTERCUT SCHENK AND DCI WOODGATE

DCI WOODGATE

Most likely any calls would've gone
to another burner. *

SCHENK

Fine. So I need you to determine
where that phone was last used. See
if you can find CCTV footage
corresponding to the time and place
of that use. *

DCI WOODGATE

Absolutely.

*

*

*

*

*

*

SCHENK

You've got all the resources you need -- but none of the time. I want this now. And this stays schtum. Are we clear? Nobody says a word. If this leaks, I'll eat you alive.

He hangs up. Stands there. Heart hammering.

Then gathers his coat and scarf and exits. A man embarked on a desolate mission.

68

INT. HOBBS LANE - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

68

Luther enters. Much to Halliday's delight. She sends him a big, beaming, happy grin. *Now you're talking.*

LUTHER

Sorry I'm late. Busy day.

He settles in his chair. Relaxes. Makes level eye contact with Vivien. Pours himself a glass of water.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

So how'd you meet? You and Jeremy?

VIVIEN

Is that relevant?

Luther shrugs a shoulder, sipping water. *Who knows?*

VIVIEN (CONT'D)

We struck up a conversation at a dinner party. Talking about Tony Blair over baked brie with raspberry jam.

Luther smiles. Sets down his water. Leans in.

LUTHER

But that's not true, is it? You met at a "Play Party." Basically a fetish club.

VIVIEN

Is that illegal?

LUTHER

Nope.

VIVIEN

You really are bourgeois little prudes, aren't you? Thought police. Sex police. Erecting an edifice of speculation on a foundation of puritanical distaste.

Luther enjoys a moment of silence. Then:

LUTHER

Nope. That's not what I'm doing.
What I'm doing is trying to
establish whether you'd lie to
protect your privacy. Turns out,
the answer's yes. Which is pretty
interesting.

Off Luther:

69

OMITTED

69 *

70

INT. MARK'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EVENING

70

Mark empties faintly bloody water down the sink. Alice bags
and double bags cloths and sponges, ready for disposal.

ALICE

You need to get rid of this stuff
properly. No throwing it in your
own bin.

MARK

Well... thank God I'm here with a
criminal mastermind. Or whatever
would I have done?

A moment. Not unfriendly.

ALICE

I have to go, Mark. Unfinished
business.

MARK

That sounds ominous.

ALICE

It's been that sort of day. I
promise you'll never see me again.

MARK

That would be a shame.

ALICE

You don't mean that. And if you do,
you shouldn't.

MARK

Well, I'm glad you're not dead.

A bittersweet smile.

ALICE

I do have a some valedictory advice. Don't ever let John Luther back through your door. Not under any circumstances and not for any reason.

MARK

I thought you were... fond of him.

ALICE

That's not at issue.

MARK

Then what is?

ALICE

He's not what you think he is.

Mark silently interrogates the hurt in Alice's eyes.

MARK

Alice, you have to stop. I mean, God knows you are what you are. But you're not a psychopath. You're not without conscience. You can't live like this.

ALICE

I know.

MARK

What will you do? Where will you go? Do you need help? Is there anything I can do?

Alice seems genuinely touched.

But then Mark turns away, towards THE SOUND OF A KEY TURNING IN THE FRONT DOOR.

71

EXT. MARK'S PLACE - EVENING

71 *

MAGGIE, MARK'S WIFE, lets herself in.

*

72

INT. MARK'S PLACE - KITCHEN - EVENING

72 *

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Hello hello!

*

*

Sound of THE DOOR CLOSING. Bags and keys being put down.

*

Alice raises an eyebrow. Then creeps theatrically to the back door.

Mark smiles. Alice smiles.

She lingers a moment. Then gives Mark a jaunty little wave goodbye. She opens the door and slips quietly away.

A glimmer of sadness in Mark's eyes. Followed by a surge of relief.

He takes a breath. Tries on a smile. And goes to greet his wife. Closing the kitchen door behind him.

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh my God! What happened to your head?

*

MARK (O.S.)

Bumped it. Come here!

CUT TO:

73

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING 3

Luther considers Vivien. Who is now even more guarded, even more unyielding.

LUTHER

Did you know Jeremy kept a diary?
Well, I say "diary". It's more a work of art really.

He shoots Halliday a look. Encouraging her to pick up the baton.

She hesitates. Not sure where this is going. Then decides to play along, see where it goes. On the desk, she sets out PAGES OF THE DIARY.

Vivien gives them a cursory inspection.

VIVIEN

It's quite a leap to conclude that's a "diary". It looks like more of a sketchbook.

LUTHER

Okay. But what about these?

He lays out drawings PAUL REDFORD. LEE PECK. CLAIRE EVANS (Eps 1-3 murders).

*

LUTHER (CONT'D)

These are drawings of actual crime scenes. Which does make me wonder about all these other sketches.

He sets down:

A sketch of a girl dead on a cheap hotel bed, intestines spread around her like butterfly wings.

A young man whose decapitated head has been placed into his gaping chest cavity.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Are they real too?

VIVIEN
Clearly not. This is an explication
of Jeremy's fantasy life. It's an
outlet. A masturbatory aid. Nothing
more.

LUTHER
Could be, yeah. It's possible. But
it's not just the drawings, is it?
There's all this... well, writing I
suppose. Although God knows what it
says.

PAGES OF VAGUELY CUNEIFORM SYMBOLS.

VIVIEN
That'll be a cypher-text of
Jeremy's own construction.

LUTHER
Could you help us decipher it?

VIVIEN
I'd love to. But I doubt I'd be
able.

Luther sits back. He looks down at THE DIARY PAGES.

LUTHER
I used to have this boss. Rose, her
name was. Rose Teller. Great
copper. She had this thing she used
to say: "an assumption is a thing
you don't know you're making."

He looks up, into Vivien's eyes.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Can you see the assumption you're
making, Vivien?

Vivien straightens slightly. Perfect posture. On high alert.

Luther waits.

There is a silence.

ANGLE ON HALLIDAY. Her face lights up. She sees it.

HALLIDAY
Actually, I think I might be able
to answer that.

Luther gives her an approving look: *keep going.*

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

You're assuming Jeremy doesn't *WANT*
people to read what he's written.

VIVIEN

Then why employ a cypher-text in
the first place?

A pregnant beat. Halliday leans forward. Savours the moment.

HALLIDAY

Because he doesn't want *YOU* to know
what he's written.

Blood drains from Vivien's face.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

He doesn't want *YOU* to know that
he's written it all down. All the
things you've done. Together. All
the times and dates. All the
places.

LUTHER

Because that's the difference
between Jeremy and you. You're a
private person. You don't want
anyone to know the truth about you.
Not ever. But Jeremy's *proud* of
what he's done. He wants *everyone*
to know.

He sets down a picture of JEREMY WITH A HALO FOR A HEAD

LUTHER (CONT'D)

He's done with being anonymous.

Sets down a picture of DOMINIC THORNE ON THE SLAB.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

He's done with letting someone else
take the credit.

Sets down a picture of SIMON TIPTON WEARING JEREMY'S FACE.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

This isn't a diary. It's a
confession.

HALLIDAY

So where does that leave you?

VIVIEN

I don't know what you mean.

LUTHER

Yes, you do. You know exactly what it means for you, if Jeremy has implicated you as a willing accomplice to his crimes.

VIVIEN

Well, obviously he wouldn't do that.

HALLIDAY

Are you willing to bet the rest of your life on it?

LUTHER

Because I mean -- he's been letting you down hasn't he? Breaking all those promises he made. About keeping things discreet. Never bringing trouble to your door.

Vivien looks from Luther to Halliday. And knows she is lost.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Help us now and we can help you.

VIVIEN

How?

HALLIDAY

We can ensure you're treated as a victim. You were dominated and controlled by a man you believed to be capable of anything. A man who terrified and controlled you.

LUTHER

You're going to prison, Vivien. But for how long? That's down to you. What are you? An unwilling accessory? Or a willing accomplice?

He sits back.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

You've got ten seconds to decide.

The seconds tick down. Vivien assesses them. Assesses her own position.

VIVIEN

What do you need to know?

LUTHER

What he does next.

VIVIEN

May I please have a glass of water?

LUTHER

You may not.

And with that, the remaining power leaves her. She takes a moment to gather the remains of her dignity.

VIVIEN

Jeremy's most... outré fantasy -- and I have to stress that, to the best of my knowledge, it was only a fantasy -- has always been to play what he called Happy Families. To sit in a a house. And summon people to him. Have them turn up to the door. Sheep to the slaughter.

On Luther. A flicker of hunger in his eyes.

LUTHER

And how did he plan to do that? How would he bring victims to his door?

HARD CUT TO:

74

INT. MYSTERY HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

74

A LARGE, WELL APPOINTED HOUSE... SOMEWHERE

JEREMY LAKE sits alone at a kitchen table. He's got a LAPTOP in front of him. He's scrolling through websites, bookmarking them.

We see: EMERGENCY PLUMBERS. PEST CONTROLLERS. HIGH CLASS ESCORTS. FAST FOOD DELIVERY SERVICES.

Jeremy selects AN ESCORT. Uses the landline to place a call.

JEREMY

Hello, I'm enquiring about the availability of Ileana?

(listens)

This evening? Overnight for preference.

*
*

THE DOORBELL RINGS

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Someone's at the door. I'll call back in a moment.

He hangs up. Heads to the door.

75

EXT. MYSTERY HOUSE - EVENING

75

A van marked with "KING OF PLUMBERS" LOGO is parked at the kerb. ANDY KING waits at the door. He's wearing a puffa jacket, a "King of Plumbers" T-shirt and Adidas trainers.

Jeremy opens the door.

JEREMY

Thanks so much for coming so quickly!

Andy follows Jeremy inside.

ANDY

No worries. So what're we looking at?

76

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - EVENING

76

Luther and Halliday race onto the bullpen.

CUT TO:

77

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING BAY - EVENING

77

*

Surrounded by DETECTIVES and UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS, SCHENK steels himself, looks into THE BACK OF PALMER'S VAN.

*

*

HIS POV: BENNY'S BODY.

*

Schenk steps away. Weighed down with sorrow and fury.

The sombre DCI WOODGATE approaches. Shows Schenk an iPad.

*

ON SCREEN: A CCTV IMAGE OF PALMER LOITIRNG OUTSIDE THE CAR-WASH.

*

*

DCI WOODGATE

The phone was used here. He arrives alone. But ten minutes later, he's got a friend.

CCTV IMAGE: PALMER OUTSIDE THE CAR-WASH... WITH GEORGE CORNELIUS!

*

Schenk absorbs this for a long, sour beat. Then:

SCHENK

All right George. You wanted it old school.

Schenk exits.

78

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

78

Luther is pacing at the crime wall. Considering the images of Jeremy and his victims.

HALLIDAY

So Jeremy Lake's gone to ground.
He's holed up somewhere. Bringing
people to him. But how do we find
him? There are sixty thousand
streets in London.

Luther goes to A LARGE MAP OF LONDON. The location of JEREMY'S KILLINGS are marked on it with RED FLAG PINS.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Previous killings tell us nothing.
There's no pattern. They're random.

LUTHER

But not disorganised. Everything he
does, he's proving to himself how
clever he is. How audacious.

TRACKING ACROSS THE CRIME WALL

LUTHER (CONT'D)

He can take whoever he likes,
whenever he likes.

CLAIRE EVANS - THE BUS VICTIM.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Make the police run in circles.

CALVIN - DEAD IN THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND. PAUL REDFORD - CURLED FOETALLY, PUNCTURED BY A THOUSAND NAILS.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Make us blame the wrong man.

DOMINIC THORNE - DEAD ON THE SLAB

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Now he's come to the end. Which
means he's gone somewhere
significant. Somewhere with
meaning.

HALLIDAY

To who?

LUTHER

To him. To us. So what would you
do, if you were him? Where's the
most audacious place you could go?

HALLIDAY'S EYE flick over the crime boards. Come to rest on pictures of

THE LAKE HOUSE.

Her heart skips a beat as an answer occurs to her. She gathers her courage. Takes a breath. Commits.

HALLIDAY

If it was me, I'd go back home.

LUTHER

Can't be. There's still too big a police presence.

Halliday flushes with embarrassment.

HALLIDAY

Of course, yeah. Sorry. Stupid.

LUTHER

No! You're right, though. I think you're dead on.

She looks at him with a mix of gratitude and relief.

HALLIDAY

Yeah?

LUTHER

Yeah! He'd love to go home, wouldn't he. But he can't. So what's the next best thing? What's the nearest equivalent?

A beat. And Halliday SEES IT. A flare of exhilaration in her eyes.

HALLIDAY

If I couldn't go where the police are, I'd go somewhere they just left.

Luther abruptly stops pacing.

ANGLE ON LUTHER: STARING AT AN IMAGE ON THE CRIME BOARD.

Halliday follows his gaze.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS: they're looking at A HOUSE ON BALLARAT STREET.

TRACKING OVER PICTURES OF DARIA SHUBIK. The teacher we met walking home in Episode one. *

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Should we tell someone?

LUTHER

After we've checked it out.

HALLIDAY

Alone?

LUTHER

Yeah.

HALLIDAY

Are you sure?

LUTHER

Yeah.

Then Luther's grabbing his coat and heading out. Halliday hesitates a beat. Deeply uncomfortable with this. But then she hurries to follow him.

79

EXT. MYSTERY HOUSE/SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT

79 *

An UBER pulls up and ILEANA emerges. A central European call girl. Sad and glamorous.

She knocks on the door. And JEREMY answers.

JEREMY

Ileana? Wow! You look lovely!

ILEANA

Thank you!

JEREMY

As advertised, eh?

A beat.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

So come in!

He steps aside. Allowing her to enter.

ILEANA

This is such a lovely home.

As he closes the door:

JEREMY

Thank you. Of course, we bought it
for peanuts back in the eighties.

CUT TO:

80

INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

80

GEORGE CORNELIUS at the breakfast table. Staring forlornly at DONNIE'S PLAYING CARDS. Arranged in a game of Patience that will never be completed.

The house is moody. Quiet.

Cornelius is exhausted, but beyond sleep. Joylessly working his way through a bottle of single malt as BILLIE HOLIDAY softly plays in the background.

He pours a large double into a heavy-based crystal glass

SOMETHING OFF SCREEN CATCHES HIS EYE.

His gaze flicks to THE KITCHEN WINDOWS. But he sees only HIS OWN REFLECTION, rendered gaunt and hollow-eyed.

Cornelius stands. Glass in hand. Walks very slowly to the window.

REVERSE ANGLE FROM GARDEN:

CORNELIUS at the window. Looking out.

BACK TO CORNELIUS

Knowing something's not right. Making up his mind to walk away, when

THE GARDEN SECURITY LIGHTS WINK ON. CASTING THE GARDEN INTO HARSH RELIEF

ANGLE ON CORNELIUS. He drops the glass. It shatters on the floor.

HIS POV: ALICE is in the garden. Hood up. Marching towards him. Raising the gun. Firing.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

WINDOWS SHATTER -- CORNELIUS DUCKS AND RUNS -- SCRAMBLING THROUGH THE HOUSE --

81

EXT. CORNELIUS HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

81

ALICE follows -- stepping through shattered floor-to-ceiling windows -- into the house --

82

INT. CORNELIUS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

CORNELIUS runs down the hallway -- making for THE DOOR --

which BURSTS OPEN!

CO19 OFFICERS IN FULL TACTICAL KIT STORM THE HOUSE

83 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 83
ALICE stops in her tracks. What the FUCK?!

84 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 84
CO19 take Cornelius to the ground. Cuff him. Move on to secure the building.

85 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 85
ALICE RUNS!

86 **EXT. CORNELIUS HOME - GARDEN - NIGHT** 86
Sprints across the garden like a woman with the devil at her back.

87 **INT. CORNELIUS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 87
MARTIN SCHENK enters. He stands there. Looking down at GEORGE CORNELIUS. Who's in cuffs. On the ground.

CUT TO:

88 **INT./EXT. VOLVO - STREETS - NIGHT** 88
Luther and Halliday, en route to the Shubik House. *

CUT TO:

89 **EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT** 89
ALICE buries her hands in the pockets of the hoodie. Hurries away.

90 **OMITTED** 90 *

91 **INT. CORNELIUS'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 91 *

CORNELIUS AND SCHENK are alone. The house lit by flashing blue misery lights. A muted atmosphere.

CORNELIUS
John and I shook hands on something. I thought I could trust him.

SCHENK

You and me both.

CORNELIUS

(re: shattered window)

Then he sends his polecat to my
house in the watches of the night.
You've got to hand it to him. He's
got a pair on him.

*

*

*

A silence. Schenk huddled in his coat.

SCHENK

I can't put it together, George.
I've tried. But I can't work out
what happened.

Cornelius looking round his house. Mentally saying goodbye to *
it.

CORNELIUS

I think the time has come to
discuss getting me some protection,
Martin.

SCHENK

That can be arranged. But you have
to earn it. I need a show of
goodwill. An upfront payment. Right
now.

A long beat. Then Cornelius sighs. Unlocks his PHONE. Passes
it to Schenk.

SCHENK SEES: PHOTOS OF LUTHER SHOOTING PALMER.

Schenk exhales. Takes it in. Passes the phone back to
Cornelius.

Then digs out his own phone. Navigates to HALLIDAY'S NUMBER.

92

INT. VOLVO - EN ROUTE TO BALLARAT STREET - NIGHT

92

LUTHER at the wheel. Halliday riding shotgun. Her phone
RINGS.

Luther shoots her a look. She answers.

HALLIDAY

Boss?

93

INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

93

*

SCHENK on the phone to Halliday. Cornelius silent beside him.

SCHENK

DS Halliday, are you with DCI
Luther?

INTERCUT SCHENK AND HALLIDAY

Halliday picks up on Schenk's vibe.

HALLIDAY

Absolutely. Yes.

SCHENK

All right, I need you to listen to
me very carefully. Without alerting
DCI Luther to this order, I need
you to bring him back to the
station as soon as possible.

A nervy beat.

HALLIDAY

Okay.

SCHENK

If you alert him to this, there's
every chance he'll run. Do you
understand me?

HALLIDAY

I do. Yes. Absolutely.

SCHENK

Get him back to the station. Tell
him I have important news I want to
give him, face to face.

HALLIDAY

Okay. Got it.

She kills the call. Watches London go by. She is troubled and
unhappy.

LUTHER

He ask you to take me back?

HALLIDAY

Yeah. It was -- he says he's got
news. There's something he wants to
tell you.

LUTHER

Fair play.

Luther hits the indicator. Turns a corner into

BALLARAT STREET

And parks.

The Volvo is maybe two hundred metres away from PAUL REDFORD'S HOUSE. Almost directly across the street from which is DARIA SHUBIK'S HOUSE *

LUTHER (CONT'D)
I'm not going anywhere until I've dealt with this.

HALLIDAY
You think he's in there?

LUTHER
I know he is.

HALLIDAY
How?

He points out VEHICLES PARKED NEAR JULIE'S HOUSE.

LUTHER
Plumber's van. Pest control. Food delivery. All people who'll come to you.

A moment on Halliday. Then she grabs her phone.

HALLIDAY
Back-up can be here in nine or ten minutes.

LUTHER
We've got no evidence. We call them, we'll have to make a case. Go through due process. Get a warrant. It'll go on and on and on. And what does that mean for anyone who's alive in there, right now?

Halliday is very, very unsure.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
What if you find out tomorrow that if we'd gone in, you could have saved a life? Would you be okay with that?

HALLIDAY
Boss. That's not fair.

LUTHER
Fine. Do what you need to.

Luther opens the door and gets out.

94

EXT. BALLARAT STREET - NIGHT

94

HERO SHOT: Luther looking at THE SHUBIK HOUSE. The wind plays in the tails of his coat. Whispers through the plane trees. Kicks up VORTICES OF LEAVES that skitter across the road like spirits. *

The house is dark. And silent. Its windows glint like lunatic eyes.

Luther crosses the street. Heads into those malevolent shadows.

95

INT./EXT. VOLVO - NEAR SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT

95 *

Despondent, Halliday watches Luther approach the house. She digs out her phone. Composes a text to Schenk.

INSERT TEXT: DCI LUTHER REFUSES TO COME. INSISTS ON INVESTIGATING POTENTIAL LOCATION FOR JEREMY LAKE. BALLARAT STREET. N1.

She hesitates. Presses SEND. Hates herself.

96

EXT. SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT

96 *

Luther comes to a halt in the shadow of the Shubik house. *

It looms over him. As if aware of his presence.

Luther is scared. But he steps closer. All the way to the door. And kneels, digging out his lock-picks.

97

INT. VOLVO - BALLARAT STREET - NIGHT

97

Halliday watches. In an agony of indecision.

HER PHONE VIBRATES.

Schenk has responded.

INSERT TEXT: KEEP HIM THERE. I AM EN ROUTE. ETA 7 MINUTES

She looks from the text. To Luther. Her loyalties stretched to breaking point.

She takes a breath. Gets out.

98

EXT. BALLARAT STREET - SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT

98 *

Halliday hurries over, joins Luther.

Who gets to his feet. Acknowledges her with a nod.

They share a moment of wordless trepidation. Then Luther EASES OPEN THE DOOR. It gently *creaks*.

99

INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

99 *

REVERSE ANGLE FROM INSIDE HOUSE: Luther and Halliday stand framed in the doorway. Cast into silhouette.

The house waits. Silent. And patient.

100

EXT. SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT

100 *

Luther and Halliday step into darkness.

101

INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

101 *

They edge down the hall.

The house hisses with silence and emptiness. It's lit only by the COLD BLUE FLICKER OF AN OFF-SCREEN TELEVISION.

Luther advances to

THE LIVING ROOM DOOR.

He looks into the living room.

LUTHER'S POV: TWO DEAD MEN and A DEAD WOMAN have been NAILED into sitting positions. For all the world resembling A FAMILY GATHERED ROUND THE TV. *

Each wears A MASK OF JEREMY'S SMILING FACE.

The light of the TV flickers on the masks, grotesquely animating them.

BACK TO LUTHER

As he absorbs this savagery. Steels himself. And pushes on. Moving towards THE KITCHEN

HALLIDAY confronts the nightmare in the living room. She is paralysed for a moment by the sheer horror of it.

She looks longingly at the front door. It would be so easy to retreat. To step back into the world she knows. To deny to herself that this ever happened.

She turns her back on the world. Draws courage from a well she didn't know existed.

And follows Luther.

102 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 102 *

Luther warily enters. He produces his torch. Searches the kitchen with its tight, bright beam.

TORCH BEAM FINDS: A NUMBER OF FOOD DELIVERIES stacked on the kitchen worktop.

And A WOMAN'S BODY at the kitchen table. Hands nailed in place. A PLATE OF FOOD and A VASE OF FLOWERS arranged before her. She's wearing a mask. It seems to leer at them.

It's DARIA SHUBIK.

Halliday stands at Luther's shoulder. There is a beat of total silence.

FLOORBOARDS CREAK OVERHEAD.

Luther and Halliday look up at the ceiling. Hearts pounding.

Someone's home.

103 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - STAIRS AND LANDING - NIGHT** 103 *

Halliday follows Luther through fearful darkness. They creep up the stairs.

ON THE HALF LANDING

A MAN'S BODY IN JEANS AND ADIDAS TRAINERS, A "KING OF PLUMBERS" T-SHIRT. He lies curled foetally in a pool of blood. The mask grins at them.

They exchange a look and step over him. Heading upstairs.

Along the silent landing

Luther hesitates at the bedroom door. Then reaches for the handle. Opens it.

104 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT** 104 *

Luther and Halliday cautiously enter. To find

A DEAD WOMAN tucked up in bed. Smiling at them. *

Luther half turns to catch Halliday's eye. She's staring at THE WARDROBE

Which is open. Just little.

Halliday gathers her courage and slowly, slowly approaches.

HER HAND reaches for the door. She takes the handle. Yanks it open. *

It's empty. But for clothes. *

ANGLE ON LUTHER as something occurs to him. He takes a breath. Gets to his knees. *

A MOPED HEADLIGHT briefly throws a diffuse glow across the room. Helping Luther to see *

NOTHING THERE. *

LUTHER gets to his feet. Looks at Halliday. Shakes his head. *

There's a moment of watchful stillness. Their hearts pounding in terror. *

SUDDENLY: A POUNDING ON THE DOOR *

Halliday CRIES OUT IN SHOCK. *

105 **EXT. SHUBIK HOUSE - NIGHT**

105 *

The moped whose headlamp we saw belongs to a PIZZA DELIVERY BOY. And now he's pounding on the door, trying to make a delivery.

106 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

106 *

THE DOOR KNOCKS again. Luther and Halliday communicate in GESTURES.

Luther: *Get rid of him.*

Halliday: *What about you?*

Luther: *I'll be fine. Go!*

Halliday accepts that with a nod.

107 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT**

107 *

Luther follows Halliday onto the landing. Halliday heads for the stairs. Luther sidles up to THE BATHROOM DOOR.

Eases it open.

108 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

108 *

Luther enters. To find

A MAN DEAD IN THE BATH. Which is filled with RED WATER. The dead man is wearing A GRINNING PLASTER MASK. His body is heavily tattooed.

On the floor next to the bath: A PILE OF CLOTHES. SUIT. SHIRT. TIE. A pair of DRESS SHOES. SOCKS neatly balled.

Something about this catches Luther's attention.

109 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - HALLWAY AND STAIRS - NIGHT**

109 *

Halliday edges down the stairs. She steps over THE BODY ON THE HALF-LANDING. Descends to the hallway.

THE PIZZA DELIVERY BOY FRAMED BY THE HALF-GLAZED DOOR.

He knocks again.

110 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

110 *

Luther inspects the man in the bath. Then picks up the CLOTHES FOLDED ON THE FLOOR. Holds up a SUIT JACKET.

Something's not right.

The man in the bath leers at him. As if about to spring out of the tub.

111 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

111 *

Halliday moves towards the door. Then she stops. Because she can sense

A PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE. OBSERVING HER.

A long, sick beat. Then slowly, she turns...

112 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

112 *

Luther compares the suit jacket to the man in the bath. Saville Row. Sleeve tattoos.

He rifles the inside pocket of the jacket. Finds A WALLET.

He opens it. Removes a DRIVER'S LICENCE.

His eyes widen. He drops the driver's license and bolts from the room.

LUTHER

Catherine! GET OUT!

ANGLE ON DISCARDED DRIVER'S LICENCE: IT'S JEREMY LAKE'S.

113 **INT. SHUBIK HOUSE - HALLWAY- NIGHT**

113 *

Halliday CRIES OUT IN SHOCK as

THE BODY ON THE HALF LANDING LEAPS TO ITS FEET AND RUNS AT HER!

IT'S JEREMY LAKE. He's wearing THE PLUMBER'S CLOTHES. A MASK OF HIS OWN FACE. RACING AT HER! SCALPEL ALOFT!

HALLIDAY retreats. Terrified. Backs into the door.

Her eyes harden. Nowhere to run. She STEPS IN to engage Jeremy -- gets low -- shoulder barges him -- he steps back -- recovers -- advances -- FLAILING with the scalpel -- Halliday grabs his wrist -- holds him off -- the blade of the scalpel flashing at her eyes -- her throat.

LUTHER STEPS UP -- grabs Jeremy -- slams his head into the wall -- throws him down. Punches him.

THE MASK SHATTERS.

ANGLE ON: the real Jeremy. Bloodied and grinning behind the grinning mask. A strange doubling effect.

JEREMY

Well? What did you think? Did you like it?

Luther sneers. Hesitates. Punches him again.

Once. Twice. Three times.

Then looks up. Clocks the strange expression on Halliday's face.

A moment between them. Halliday looking at Luther as if for the first time. Not liking what she sees.

Halliday exits.

Luther looks down at the now-unconscious Jeremy. As the anger fades. He drags Jeremy to a radiator and cuffs him to it.

Then sits with his back to the wall. Getting his breath back.

114 OMITTED

114 *

115 INT. SCHENK'S CAR - NIGHT

115 *

Schenk at the wheel. Heading a phalanx of police cars. Misery lights flashing all around him.

116 EXT. SHUBIK HOUSE - DAWN

116 *

Luther exits the Shubik House, blinking in the shock of the dawn. He finds Halliday in the street. She's taking long, deep, calming breaths.

LUTHER

You okay?

HALLIDAY

Yeah.

LUTHER

All right. Good.

HALLIDAY

You should know. Schenk's on his way.

LUTHER

Okay.

A strained silence. Something has changed between them.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

You know they're coming for me.

HALLIDAY

Yeah. What did you do?

LUTHER

Nothing I can't sort out. I just need time.

HALLIDAY

Are you asking me to let you go?

LUTHER

Catherine, I've got to. It's a mess. But it's not what it looks like. I promise.

HALLIDAY

Can I stop you leaving?

LUTHER

Not really.

HALLIDAY

Then I won't try.

Luther accepts that. Digs his hands in his pockets. Turns to leave.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

John.

John. Not DCI Luther. Not Boss. John.

He stops. Turns to her.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Did you use me as bait in there?
Send me downstairs to lure him out?

LUTHER

No. I didn't do that.

She looks at the ground. There is an agonising pause. Then she looks into his eyes.

HALLIDAY

I think you did. I think you dragged me out here and put me at needless risk. Because you wanted to be the person who caught him.

LUTHER

That's not what happened.

She tilts her jaw. Proud and sad and angry.

HALLIDAY

I think you're lying, John. I think you're a liar.

Halliday raises her phone to make a call.

ALICE steps out of the shadows. And SHOOTS HER IN THE HEAD.

LUTHER cries out.

HALLIDAY falls dead in the road.

LUTHER falls to his knees at Halliday's side. Lets out a LOW ANIMAL MOAN.

ALICE watches with a hint of detached curiosity. Gun in hand.

ALICE

She was right, John. You're a liar.

117 OMITTED

117 *

118 EXT. BALLARAT STREET - DAWN

118 *

Luther holding Halliday. Desperate. Grief-stricken.

LUTHER

Alice, what have you DONE?

ALICE

Oh no! Oh, goodness gracious me! What are you going to do, DCI Luther?! Arrest me? I mean... you should, obviously. Given what I just did. But then, I don't expect you will. No. You'll let me go and send me on my way. Because that would be so much more expedient for you...

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
given the tales I could tell. But
HOW can you cover this up, I
wonder? What lie can you tell?

DISTANT SIRENS COMING CLOSER

ALICE (CONT'D)
Quick, they're coming! THINK OF A
LIE, JOHN! WHAT LIE CAN YOU TELL?

Luther gets to his feet. A picture of grief and rage.

He and Alice stand in the centre of the long road. Facing each other. He advances. She backs away.

LUTHER
She did nothing to you! NOTHING!

ALICE
Nor did my parents, really. Or
Henry Madsen. Or Ian Reed. You
never really seemed to mind,
awfully.

Luther keeps advancing. Murder in his eyes.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Stop now.

LUTHER
Put it down.

ALICE
Make me.

Luther just keeps coming. His eyes locked onto hers. Burning with hatred.

Alice backs away. Then stands her ground and waits.

He keeps coming.

She SHOOTS.

BLAM!

LUTHER MOVES. THE BULLET MISSES. HE KEEPS COMING.

ALICE (CONT'D)
The next one's in your mouth.

DISTANT SIRENS - COMING CLOSER.

LUTHER
Alice. You need to stop.

ALICE
You betrayed me, John.

LUTHER

Put down the gun.

ALICE

In a minute.

SHE SHOOTS AGAIN.

THE BULLET PUNCHES INTO LUTHER'S SHOULDER. The violence of it SLAMS HIM INTO A PARKED CAR. His head shatters the window.

His legs give way. He grabs the car. Hangs from it. Shot and dazed and bleeding. His face a mask of blood.

Alice advances. Readyng the kill-shot.

ANGLE ON ALICE

*

as she watches POLICE CARS SCREECH INTO THE NORTH END OF BALLARAT STREET.

*

Then returning her attention to LUTHER.

*

Too late! He's gone!

He's thrown himself behind the LINE OF PARKED CARS. Using them as a barrier between himself and Alice.

She can see him. His shadow. Moving.

She lines up a shot. Casts a glance over her shoulder as

*

POLICE CARS PULL UP OUTSIDE THE SHUBIK HOUSE.

*

Alice vacillates. Just for a moment. But she knows it's no good. Knows there's no time. She RUNS.

*

119

EXT. BALLARAT STREET - DOORWAY - DAWN

119

*

LUTHER collapses in the shadows of a doorway. Blood streaming down his face. Blood oozing through the fabric of his coat.

He grits his teeth. Staggers to his feet. And sets off after Alice. A ragged shadow in the city dawn.

*

120

EXT. BALLARAT STREET - SHUBIK HOUSE - DAWN

120

*

SCHENK stands over HALLIDAY'S BODY.

*

HALLIDAY'S DEAD EYES reflecting the flashing misery lights.

ON SCHENK'S FATHOMLESS HORROR

As EMTS uselessly surround her body. And POLICE OFFICERS storm into Julie's house.

121 **EXT. STREETS - DAWN** 121 *

Luther in pursuit of Alice. Bleeding. Inexorable. *

122 **EXT. STREETS - DAWN** 122 *

Alice presses herself into the shadows as MORE POLICE CARS SCREAM BY IN A BLUR OF STEEL AND NOISE. *

She looks UP THE ROAD. Sees LUTHER. A hundred metres distant. As he steps out from his own hiding place. Coming for her. Shambling. Implacable. *

She aims. Knows he's too far away.

She glances around, finally spotting

AN APARTMENT BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION

She thinks for a second. Plans. She ejects the magazine from her pistol. Counts bullets. Decides.

Alice steps out, onto the pavement. Lets Luther see her. *

Here I am.

123 **EXT. STREETS - DAWN** 123 *

Luther sees Alice step into the light. Make brief, mocking eye contact with him. Then flit away. *

His lip twists in hatred. He knows she's leading him into a trap. He follows anyway.

124 **EXT. SHUBIK HOUSE - DAWN** 124 *

SCHENK seems immobilized by loss. Until he notices

A BROKEN CAR WINDOW. Further down the street. *

He wanders away to inspect it. And finds A TRAIL OF LUTHER'S BLOOD. *

He sets of after it. *

125 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (UNDER CONSTRUCTION) - DAWN** 125 *

Luther walks into the sombre shadows of the half completed apartment building. He pauses at the edge of the last sodium light. He's very scared. *

It's dark and forbidding. Concrete and shadow. Surrounded by BILLBOARDS on which CGI IMAGES portray the PERFECT DOMESTIC LIVES that some day will be lived within.

A GATE HANGS OPEN. Luther steps through. Into the valley of the shadow.

126 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR ARENA - DAWN** 126 *

Luther steps into A HEXAGONAL ARENA. *

It's SURROUNDED BY FOUR STORIES OF TIERED, UNFINISHED CONCRETE GALLERIES. Some of the galleries are dark. Others are lit by LED work-lights. Some are open. Others are closed off with plastic sheeting.

Luther scanning the galleries. Seeing NOTHING.

But now -- hearing A FOOTSTEP. Somewhere above him.

He turns in a circle. Looking up. Facing the soaring galleries like a WOUNDED GLADIATOR.

ALICE'S SHADOW passes across PLASTIC SHEETING which masks sections of GALLERY TWO.

ALICE'S SHADOW steps forward. Backlit onto the screen of plastic sheeting. She looks down at Luther.

He looks up at her.

Romeo and Juliet in Hell.

ALICE'S SHADOW AIMS.

Luther ducks away.

ALICE'S SHADOW STEPS BACK. FADES AWAY.

Luther casts round. Finds an IRON BAR. Hoists it in his fist. Good and solid.

127 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAWN** 127 *

Slowly, his back pressed to the wall, Luther makes his way up the concrete stairwell.

He arrives at the LEVEL TWO WALKWAY. Takes a breath. Steps out.

128 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GALLERY TWO - DAWN** 128 *

L.E.D. BUILDERS' LAMPS give off harsh light and impressionistic shadows. Plastic sheeting moves, ghostly in the night breeze that passes through the concrete passages. *

Luther strains to listen. Is that some TINY MOVEMENT overhead? He looks up.

ALICE'S GROTESQUELY MAGNIFIED SHADOW FLITS BY ON GALLERY 4.

Luther sets off after it.

129 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (UNDER CONSTRUCTION) - DAWN** 129 *

MARTIN SCHENK steps into the shadow of the apartment block. *
Knows Luther is in here.

He raises his police radio. Makes the call he never wanted to make.

130 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GALLERY FOUR - DAWN** 130 *

Luther steps onto THE HIGHEST WALKWAY. It's shadowy, *
cluttered with builder's debris.

HIS BLOOD drips into concrete dust. Every step is agony. But he keeps going. Iron bar in hand.

BEHIND HIM - ALICE STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND A PILLAR.

Luther senses her.

Alice raises the gun. FIRES.

LUTHER DUCKS BEHIND A PILLAR. Stands there with his back pressed to it.

LUTHER

How many more bullets, Alice? It can't be many.

ALICE

Come and see.

She waits. Luther pressed to the pillar.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm embarrassed. I can't believe it took me so long to see that Zoe was right about you.

LUTHER

Alice. You need to stop. You need help.

ALICE

You don't care about anyone. Not unless they can feed your compulsions. Friends. Enemies. It doesn't matter.

LUTHER

That's not true.

ALICE

Even Zoe. You loved her so much more when she was dead. It gave you an excuse to behave however you wanted. And to think you called me a malignant narcissist.

Luther takes in a breath. Tears in his eyes.

LUTHER

It's just words, Alice. You're trying to justify what you came here to do.

ALICE

And what's that?

LUTHER

Free yourself. From this. From me and you. Because you keep coming back. And coming back. But you know you're never going to get what you want.

ALICE

What I want doesn't exist.

A beat. Then Luther steps out from behind the pillar.

They face each other. Then Luther starts moving towards her.

LUTHER

How many bullets?

ALICE

Enough.

LUTHER

How many?

SHE SHOOTS. Misses. Backs away. SHOOTS. Misses. Backs away. Shoots.

Hits.

Luther reels and stumbles. Clutching his ribs. Blood surging between his fingers.

He tries to stand. Can't - not quite. His breathing is bad.

He flails blindly for the handrail. Hauls himself to his feet.

And comes at Alice. Head lowered. Nemesis.

Alice shoots. THE GUN IS EMPTY.

Luther grins at her through the blood. Keeps coming.

Alice backs away. Fear on her face.

Luther advances. And advances. A force of nature. He comes to a halt inches away.

Looms over her. Staring into her eyes.

She smiles.

ALICE

So now what?

Alice and Luther. All those years.

LUTHER

Alice Morgan, I'm arresting you for the murder of Detective Sergeant Catherine Halliday.

Alice laughs. Delighted.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

You have the right to remain silent...

ALICE WHIPS OUT THE STRAIGHT RAZOR -- SLICES LUTHER ACROSS THE FACE.

Luther falls back. Reeling. Stumbling.

Alice stands there. DRIPPING RAZOR in hand.

Luther cupping his bleeding face. Swaying. Just about done.

Luther collapses to his knees. And Alice approaches. Razor in hand.

Her expression softens into pity.

ALICE

The truth is, you don't understand love, John. It's not your fault. You can mimic it, you can recognise it in others. But you can never understand it.

LUTHER

And this is love is it? What I'm looking at now?

ALICE

Yes.

She smiles. Wide and lovely and sad. And free.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Guess what? I lied, too! There's
one more bullet. I just needed us
to be close.

She puts the gun to his head. Point blank.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Good night, John.

SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER -- LUTHER THROWS HIMSELF AWAY --
SHOVING ALICE.

The bullet misses -- Alice staggers back -- into the barrier --
which CREAKS.

And GIVES WAY.

ALICE FALLS -- SCRAMBLES -- GRABBING THE VERY EDGE OF THE
WALKWAY with one hand.

She hangs there. Over the abyss.

As Luther, in agony, gets to his knees. Crawls to her. Looks
down into her bright, terrified eyes.

Her hands SLIPS.

LUTHER REACHES OUT. GRABS HER WRIST. HOLDS HER.

He cries out in agony. He's hurt. He's bleeding. He's got no
more strength.

But he holds her anyway.

ALICE looks at him. The mess he's in. The pain.

And even now, he's trying to save her.

A look of great tenderness passes over her face.

LUTHER

Alice. I can't hang on. I need you
to help me. Please. Help me.
Please, Alice.

A moment of eye contact. Terrible longing in it.

Love in it.

Then Alice reveals THE STRAIGHT RAZOR in her free hand -- and
SLASHES Luther's forearm.

LUTHER CRIES OUT IN PAIN -- AND LETS GO

ALICE FALLS INTO DARKNESS.

DOWN AND DOWN SHE FALLS. DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN.

There is a moment of stillness and silence. Luther lies there. Bleeding.

AND NOW THE NIGHT IS FLASHING BLUE.

Luther looks over the edge of the abyss.

HE SEES: ALICE LYING ON THE GROUND. EYES OPEN. SEEMING TO STARE AT HIM.

Luther lies on his back. Closes his eyes. Done.

AND MUSIC SWELLS. THE PEERLESS TONES OF NINA SIMONE SINGING "PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD"

131 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN**

131 *

UNDER MUSIC: MARKED SQUAD CARS and POLICE VANS surround the apartment building. C019 officer surge inside.

Schenk takes a moment to prepare. Then follows DCI Woodgate inside.

132 **INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - GALLERY 4 - DAWN**

132 *

UNDER MUSIC: LUTHER'S EYES OPEN.

He SEES THE FLASHING LIGHTS. Hears SOUNDS OF MANY POLICE STORMING THE BUILDING.

He struggles to his knees. Peers over the edge of the abyss.

TO SEE: ALICE HAS GONE.

Luther laughs. And laughs. Only stopping to cough blood.

As POLICE STORM TOWARDS HIM, he climbs painfully to his feet.

Waits.

C019 SURROUND HIM. AIMING GUNS. SHOUTING AT HIM TO GET TO HIS KNEES! GET TO HIS KNEES!

Luther gestures to them: calm down. Calm down.

Then he's watching MARTIN SCHENK step through the ranks of armed officers.

To confront him. Eye to eye.

Schenk fixes Luther on his contempt. Then produces HANDCUFFS. Instructs Luther to turn round.

Schenk puts the cuffs on Luther. Gives the nod for him to be taken away.

As armed police lead DCI JOHN LUTHER from this terrible place, we

FADE OUT.