

CONFIDENTIAL

LUTHER

SERIES 5

Episode Four

Draft 002

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NEIL CROSS

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The s

NOTES:

THE MURDER BOOK

Following our killer's macabre SLID

FADE IN:

1	OMITTED	1	*
2	INT. VOLVO - LONDON STREETS - DAY LUTHER at the wheel. Eyes wild with fear and anxiety.	2	
3	INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAY A WHITE TRANSIT VAN is parked in the loading bay of a vast	3	

PALMER
You' ve got my word.

LUTHER
I sai d PROOF!

A beat.

PALMER
Stay by your phone.

STAY WITH PALMER as he hangs up. He moves through the

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.

SIMON

Yeah ... yes, I did. Organic, yes.
I got the kitchen roll. No, I got
Braeburns.

He staggers to A COROLLA, loads the bag

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. <i>Something's</i> 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:		
	INT. VOLVOE		

LUTHER
Listen. Catherine.

18

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY

18

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

INT. VOL

MARK
That's not true.

She give

MASSEY

Boss, we should probably go.

CORNELIUS

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

MASSEY

They

PALMER
We' re on schedul e. Luther shoul d be
here soon.

30 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY
CORNELIUS on the phone to

30

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

Luther wa

Drug shipment

33

EXT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW' S - DAY

33 *

A busy crime scene. SCHENK AND HALL

Halliday accepts the order and walks off. *Et*

38 OMI TTED 38 *

39 OMI TTED 39 *

EX

CORNELIUS

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

PALMER

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. B

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

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

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

LUTHER

I can sell this

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.

INT. VOLVO - OUTSIDE MARK'S PLA

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 T2 1 Tf (i) Tj ET BT 12 0 0 12 341 593T (.

Head back to your place.

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

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

CUT TO:

OMIT

Halliday and Schenk face Vivien across the scarred desk.

SCHENK

I hope you're not too
u

S

DCI WOODGATE

Sir. We were inv

SCHENK

You've got all the resources you
need -- but none of the time. I
want this now. And this stays
schtum. A

Luther

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 tho

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

Y

LUTHER

LUTHER
You may not.

And with that, the remaining power leaves her. She takes

INT. SERIOUS AND SERIAL UN

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

LUTHER
After we' ve checked i t out.

HALLI DAY
Al one?

LUTHER
Yeah.

HALLI DAY
Are y

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. Bu 0 12 199 569 Tm TT2 0 12

C019 OFFICERS IN FULL TACTICAL KIT STORM THE HOUSE

83

INT. CORNELIUS HOME - KITCHEN N NIGHT

83

SCHENK

You and me both.

CORNELIUS

(re: shattered window)

Then he sends his polecat to my
hou

*

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
dea

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

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 is waiting. i Si

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 workto

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. L

0

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

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 no

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.

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. Ready to kill -shot.

ANGLE ON ALICE

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

Then retur

*

*

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

IN

ALICE'S GROTE

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 brea

Alice backs away. Fear on her face.

Luther advances. And advances. A for

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, J

There is a moment o

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

FADE OUT.