

LUTHER

Season 1, Episode 4

Luther & Linda

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

LINDA sits. There is a CASE FILE near her on the table.
LUTHER enters.

LUTHER

We don't have any other rooms so we
have to use the interview room. Can
I get you a drink or anything?

LINDA

Uhh, yes. Water.

LUTHER

You want some water? Okay.

He makes a point to grab the file and take it with him. He
steps out for a moment and comes back with a cup of water.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Here you go.

He sets the file back down on the table.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

So how are things with you and your
husband?

LINDA

Fine. Why?

LUTHER

Do you know where he was Friday
night?

LINDA

Yeah, at the pub with me and some
friends. It was my birthday.

LUTHER

Was he with you all night?

LINDA

Not all night, no. Because he went
to work.

LUTHER

Work? Where?

LINDA

He works at an all-night recovery
garage.

LUTHER
 Thing is, Linda, Graham hasn't
 worked there for two months now.
 You didn't know?

A KNOCK at the door. RIPLEY pokes his head in.

RIPLEY
 Boss? I'm sorry to interrupt. It's
 a bit urgent.

LUTHER
 Right now?

RIPLEY
 I'm afraid it can't wait, sir. (To
 Linda) Sorry.

LUTHER
 Linda, excuse me, umm, I've got to
 dash. I'll come back, and we'll
 finish talking, alright?

LINDA
 Talk about what? I--

LUTHER
 As soon as I get back, then we'll
 talk. Alright? Sorry.

He exits. Linda waits, sips her water. She looks around the room until her eyes settle on the CASE FILE Luther left behind. She lifts the manilla cover. Gets her first glimpse of a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH.

LINDA
 Oh no.

She can't help but open the folder and look at all the gruesome crime scene images in horror. Countless photos. She cries, screams. When she sees a PHOTOGRAPH OF A VICTIM WEARING THE MOON PENDANT NECKLACE that Linda wears now, she cries in despair.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 What? No, no! Oh God!

Luther finally reenters.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 No, no. (re: the necklace in the
 photo) What is this? WHAT'S THIS?!
 What is that? What is that? What?

She rips the necklace off herself.

LUTHER

Linda.

Luther places the necklace on the table and consoles Linda as she continues to break down.

LINDA

Oh God, oh God, oh God. No. No!
What did he do? What did he do? Oh
God.

LUTHER

It's alright. Alright. I know. I
know. It's alright.

LINDA

What's he done?

LUTHER

Hey. Linda, do you mind if we keep
talking?

She nods.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Yeah? Linda, how long have you been
married?

LINDA

Uhh, twenty years. He used to say
if I ever left him, he'd kill
himself. And I tried once. I packed
my bags and bought a ticket to
Cardiff, and he slashed his wrists
in the bath, and he called me
before he called the ambulance. He
didn't even do it properly. He just
slashed at his wrists. Lots of
blood, lots of drama. But no real
risk to Graham. Just... story of
his life.

LUTHER

I'm going to ask you some really
difficult and personal questions,
and my intention is not to
embarrass you, okay?

LINDA

Is it about the handbags?

A beat.

LUTHER

Yes. Yeah, why don't you tell me about the handbags?

LINDA

Early on, we must've been married, what? A year, eighteen months? He used to nick them. And I confronted him, and he cried, and made up some story.

LUTHER

You reported him?

LINDA

No.

LUTHER

Why?

LINDA

Because he's my husband.

LUTHER

What did you think he was doing with the bags?

LINDA

He used to, umm, sniff them and, uhh, touch himself. I was embarrassed. And a bit of me thought it was... a bit of me was scared it was me -- that I was doing something wrong and that somehow, you know, people would find out, and they'd laugh.

LUTHER

Linda, I have to tell you Graham is involved in a very serious crime. And these urges, these urges that he's had, he's controlled them for awhile until suddenly -- this. He's been murdering young women.

LINDA

That's not my fault.

LUTHER

What? What's not your fault? What do you mean by that? Linda? Hey. Hey. Look at me. What's not your fault?

LINDA

I forgot to erase a text message.
He checks my phone when I'm in the
shower. He goes through my handbag.

LUTHER

He checks your phone and found out
you were sleeping with someone?

She nods.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Who is he, Linda?

LINDA

It's not my fault!

LUTHER

You need to tell me his name.