EPISODE 1 — THE MURDER

LOCATION — INT — HOUSE — 10 DUNMORE ROAD — KITCHEN — NIGHT

The kitchen is small. Too small for two people. Red curtains, faded, closed. A table with two chairs, one pushed back. Potatoes on a cutting board, half-chopped. A package of uncooked meat, still wrapped, sitting in its own blood. A coffee machine, unplugged. A dryer, broken, with a note taped to it. The room is lit by one overhead bulb, too bright, humming.

LUCA stands at the counter. His hands are at his sides. He is looking at the potatoes.

AME is at the table. Coat on. Purse in her lap. Phone face-down on the table. She is looking at him the way you look at a bus that's late. Mildly annoyed. Already gone.

AME
You're not even listening.

Luca doesn't respond. He's looking at the potatoes.

AME
I said I'm going.

LUCA
I heard you.

AME
Then say something.

LUCA
What do you want me to say.

AME
I don't want you to say anything.
I want you to do something.
Anything. You just stand there.

She stands. Puts her purse on her shoulder. Looks at him.

AME
You know what your problem is? You think you're a good man. You think you're trying. You're not trying. You're waiting. For what? For me to leave so you can be the victim?

Luca turns. The knife is in his hand. He doesn't remember picking it up. He doesn't remember turning. He's just... there. Facing her. The knife is in his hand.

LUCA
I'm not the victim.

AME
No. You're the thing that happens to other people.

She looks at the knife. She doesn't flinch. She looks at it the way you look at a chair. Something in the room. Not something to be afraid of.

AME
You're not going to do anything. You never do anything. That's the whole—

The sound cuts out. Ame's mouth is moving. Luca is watching her mouth. The knife is in his hand. He is not moving. He is not breathing. He is not there.

And then —

— the knife goes in.

Not a decision. Not a lunge. Just: the knife, and then the knife in her. Ame's mouth stops moving. Her eyes go wide. Not afraid. Surprised. Like she's just realized she was wrong about him.

Luca pulls the knife out. It makes a sound. Wet. Small.

He stabs her again.

And again.

And again.

He is not screaming. He is not crying. His face is blank. His body is doing the thing and he is not inside it. He is watching it happen the way you watch a car crash from the sidewalk. He cannot stop it. He is not driving.

Ame goes down. The chair tips. Her purse spills. Her phone hits the floor. The screen lights up — an Uber confirmation. 4 minutes away.

Luca is standing over her. The knife is in his hand. It is red. His hands are red. The floor is red. The red curtains are red. Everything is red.

He drops the knife.

It clatters on the tile.

Silence. The tap is running. He doesn't remember turning it on.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — INT/EXT — HOUSE/CAR/BRIDGE — NIGHT

Post-murder clean-up.

INT — KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS

Ame is on the floor. Her blood is spreading. It is dark and thick and it moves slowly, like it has somewhere to be. Her eyes are open. They are not

looking at anything.

Luca is on his knees beside her. He is not looking at her face. He is looking at the blood. He puts his hands in it. He doesn't know why. He lifts his hands. They are red. He watches the blood drip from his fingers onto the floor. Drip. Drip. Drip.

He stands. He walks to the sink. He turns on the tap — it was already running. He puts his hands under the water. The water turns pink. Then red. Then clear. He watches the water. He doesn't wash the knife. The knife is on the floor, next to Ame.

He turns off the tap. He looks at the knife. He looks at Ame. He looks at the blood. He looks at the potatoes. Half-chopped. The meat. Still wrapped. The coffee machine. Unplugged. The dryer. Broken.

The Uber confirmation on Ame's phone is still glowing. 3 minutes away.

CUT TO:

INT — LIVING ROOM — LATER

A carpet. Rolled. Tied with cord. It is the wrong shape for a carpet. It is the right shape for something else. There is a stain on the outside of the carpet. It is spreading.

Luca is dragging it. He is struggling. The carpet is heavy. He is sweating. He is not making a sound. He drags it through the living room. Through the hall. To the front door. The trail behind him is red.

CUT TO:

INT — CAR — NIGHT

Luca is driving. The carpet is in the back seat. It is leaking. He doesn't look at it. He looks at the road. The radio is off. The car is making a noise. It has always made a noise.

The road is empty. The road is always empty.

CUT TO:

EXT — BRIDGE — NIGHT

Sodium light. Orange. Unreal. The bridge is long. The bridge is empty. The water below is black. It is not moving. It is a photograph of water.

Luca is standing at the railing. The carpet is at his feet. It is still leaking. He is looking at the water. He is not crying. He is not praying. He is not saying goodbye. He is just standing there, looking at the water.

He lifts the carpet. It is heavy. It is wet. He struggles. He tips it over the railing. It falls. There is a splash. A real one. A wet, heavy, final one. The water ripples. Then it is still.

Luca looks at his hands. They are red. He looks at the water. It is still a photograph.

He walks back to the car. He doesn't look back at the bridge. He doesn't look back at the water. He gets in the car. He drives home.

CUT TO:

INT — HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT

The kitchen. The red curtains. The too-bright bulb. The potatoes. The meat. The knife on the floor. The blood on the tile. The tap is still running.

Luca stands in the doorway. He looks at the room. The room is empty. There is no body. There is no Ame. There is only the blood. Only the knife. Only the potatoes. Only the meat. Only the red curtains. Only the too-bright bulb. Only the tap, still running.

He walks to the phone on the wall. He picks it up. He dials. He waits.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — INT — HOUSE — KITCHEN — NIGHT

The kitchen. Same red curtains. Same too-bright bulb. The tap is still running. The potatoes. The meat. The blood on the floor is starting to dry. The knife is still on the floor. There is no body, no Ame. There is only the room.

Luca is sitting at the table. The chair Ame sat in. He is not looking at anything. The phone is in front of him. He dials. He waits.

We hear the ring. Once. Twice. Three times.

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

Luca doesn't answer immediately. He is looking at the floor. At the blood. At the place where she was. The place where she isn't.

LUCA
Police.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Connecting you.

Another ring. Another wait. Luca doesn't move. He doesn't fidget. He doesn't breathe loudly. He is waiting the way you wait for a bus.

POLICE (V.O.)
Police. What is your emergency?

LUCA
I want to report a murder.

The tap runs.

POLICE (V.O.)