

THE INTERROGATION
Short Film By Luis Garza

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6/6/16

"The Interrogation"

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Total darkness.

The only sound that lends itself to room is the consistent whoosh of the air emitted from the vents.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Would you please turn the damn
light on? I'm getting bored.

CLICK!

A sudden brightness hits the unaffected expression of a woman's face.

ALBA (26) leans back against a chair, her crossed feet rest carelessly on a metal table that sits before her. Her thigh high boots compliment the absence of color in the rest of her outfit and her long, straight, jet black hair that falls underneath her breasts.

MAN'S VOICE

Is it comfortable enough for you?

Alba turns to look at the man on the opposite side of her, her annoyed expression stabs through her eyes.

ALBA

Shut up and get to the questions
please, I have somewhere else to be.

The man is DETECTIVE RICKETS (30s) straight posture, suit and tie, relaxed face.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

I don't think you're going anywhere
after today Ms. Evans.

Alba seems hardly affected by the Detective's remark.

ALBA

I'd like to have a word with my
lawyer.

Detective Rickets looks at Alba as if she just told him a crude joke.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

You killed your lawyer Ms. Evans.

ALBA

(chuckles) I know.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Now, if you wish for us to lay off you for a couple of days while you get a new one we -

ALBA

No thanks. Save me the extra work and start talking. And I don't mean to interrupt but you have two half-assed, shit faced, mutant gollums behind you.

Detective Rickets turns around. A couple of big and bald security guards stand in front of the door, their expressions unamused.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Those are just security measures. The label in your record indicates you are quite... dangerous.

ALBA

Dangerous. Huh. Nice.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Come on, you look like the average biker.

ALBA

And you look like the average child molester. I thought you were here to ask me questions, not hand me compliments.

Alba leans back and relaxes.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Now.

Detective Rickets leans in closer to Alba.

DETECTIVE RICKETS (CONT'D)

I want to know exactly what happened yesterday in that theater.

ALBA

(smiling) Come on Detective Dickets we all want something, that's what roots us to fight for it. Amongst other things

Detective Rickets chuckles.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Your records say that you have murdered twelve people.

ALBA

That just shows how clueless your men are detective.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

(taken aback) What?

ALBA

Did you know Detective, that a human can only see ten percent of an ice berg above sea level? You swim right above the other ninety percent, without knowing a damn thing.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

What is that supposed to mean? What are you getting at?

Alba crosses her arms, smiles, and leans back.

ALBA

Nothing.

Detective Rickets opens up a file and pulls out numerous papers.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Ricky Donor. Slashed Throat.

ALBA

Extra points for wearing a turtle neck.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Ashley Garcia. Shot in the heart.

ALBA

Perfect aim.

DETECTIVE RICEKTS

Chris Cavazos. Bashed head.

ALBA

Shouldn't have worn white that day.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Mitch Livingston. Shot in the head.

ALBA

Two birds one stone.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

What?

ALBA

Go on.

Detective Rickets sighs as his attitude picks up steam.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

I cannot comprehend why you are not behind bars at this very moment.

ALBA

I have my ways.

Detective Rickets takes a deep breath, he releases it after pondering. His next taunt is cut by Alba, who interrupts.

ALBA (CONT'D)

Did you know. That the heels in these boots are sharp enough to cut through your main artery in your neck? Did you know that I could kill you right here, right now. And I could still get away with it.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Put. Your. Feet. Down.

ALBA

(teasing)

Oh is the little Detective Dickfeet mad?

Detective Rickets breathes for a second, he then pulls up a sinister smile.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

I think, the person who is going to go mad is someone else Ms. Evans.

ALBA

Whatever the fuck that means.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Because, I found something.

ALBA

A better last name? Because Ricketts sounds like the kind of noise a limp frog would make during sex.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Alba Evans. Part of a secret organization sent out to commit murders.

ALBA

(surprised) What? How?

Alba's surprised expression softens, she chuckles once more.

ALBA (CONT'D)

Nah, I really don't give a shit.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Who do you work for?

ALBA

What if I told you, that I don't know.

Detective Ricketts slams his hand on the table.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Yes you do! Tell me now!

ALBA

You have the temper of a damn three year old. Calm down Holmes, I don't know who I work for.

Alba leans closer to Detective Ricketts, her eyebrows wide and ready to kill.

ALBA (CONT'D)

I'm just a bad bitch paid to fuck up whoever pisses him off. But I don't mind taking down a casual fly that gets in my way. See Detective, you can't distinguish the smell between money and blood. It's just that I am more open about it.

Detective Ricketts breathes through Alba's silence.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

We inspected your house.

ALBA

Looking for a vibrator? Sorry I don't have one. Try SticksForPricks.org

DETECTIVE RICKETS

And we found a list of names.

Detective Rickets pulls up a crumbled paper and lays it flat on the desk.

DETECTIVE RICKETS (CONT'D)

And I also found out that every single member of your little organization has the exact copy of this list. Is this the list of the people you're supposed to kill? Looks like you've reached the end of the barrel Ms. Evans. No one is here to save your ass.

Detective Rickets looks through the list.

INSERT: LIST

Abraham Garza
Christopher Presley
Priscilla Butera
Aaron Rickets.

Detective Rickets drops the paper, his face is soon overtaken by a look of shock and fear.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

Why the fuck is my name on this list?
Answer me!

Alba looks down at the list and then laughs.

ALBA

Ohhh. I don't know what you did.
But looks like you pissed off the wrong motherfucker detective sockets.

DETECTIVE RICKETS

What?

ALBA

Looks like someone else's ass is going to need salvation. You did the research detective, everyone has that paper.

Alba flashes a genuine smile.

ALBA (CONT'D)

I predict you'll be gone by the
end of the week. Because if
someone fails.

Alba inches closer towards Detective Rickets, her lips almost touch
his ear.

ALBA (CONT'D)

(whispering) someone else will take
on the job. And so on.

Alba rises from the chair and gives out an injurious laugh.

ALBA (CONT'D)

And so on until you reach your end.

The room circles around Detective Rickets. The overwhelming sound of
Alba's maniac laughter consumes him, along with the slow consistency
of his heart beat.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE OUT:

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