

Under Pressure
by
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Reel Refreshing Films

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A DETECTIVE slams a manilla folder down on the table in front of SUSPECT seated on the opposite side. Suspect stares.

DETECTIVE

Go ahead. Give it a look.

Suspect doesn't move.

DETECTIVE

What? You shy now? That's your handiwork, isn't it?

He opens the folder revealing crime scene photos.

SUSPECT

I told you I didn't do this!

Suspect closes the folder without looking. The Detective opens it and shoves a crime scene folder in Suspect's face.

DETECTIVE

Cut the shit already dammit! We've got your prints *all over* this crime scene! Hell, we've got your prints all over a dead body! You're caught! Give it --

SUSPECT

-- I didn't fuckin do it! I didn't kill anyone! I wasn't even on that side of town when it happened! And if I was there, she wouldn't be dead!

Detective stares at Suspect, indifferent. Silence. More silence. Detective paces the tiny room, seemingly piecing together details in his head.

DETECTIVE

I get it.

SUSPECT

Mannn, come *on*!

DETECTIVE

No, let me just get this straight here... You were there that morning. She was still alive. You two had a fight, --

SUSPECT

-- It wasn't a fight! We had a disagreement and we decided we needed a breather so I left! That's it. That's the whole fucking story. I don't know what happened to her, I don't know who did this, I don't know who she called when I left, I don't know why this happened, *but I do know I didn't fuckin do this.*

DETECTIVE

And why should I believe you...

SUSPECT

Because I love her! I LOVED HER! She was my best friend, she was my person. She was the only person who understood me... I have no reason to hurt her! You're wasting time barking up the wrong tree when her murderer is out there! DO YOUR FUCKING JOB!

DETECTIVE

You know what I think?

SUSPECT

If you gave me two guesses, I bet I'd nail it....

DETECTIVE

I think she told you she met someone else and she didn't love you anymore and you just couldn't handle that, could you... made you snap --

SUSPECT

-- this is crazy... you're crazy! This is what our tax dollars pay you to do?
(Suspect stands, heads to door)
Ay! I want my lawyer and for someone to come get your boy.

The Detective gets in Suspects space. The two size one another up as they inch closer and closer into one another's face. Any second someone's gonna swing... who's it gonna be... another BEAT. Suspect smirks.

SUSPECT

what... you wanna hit me don't you..
what's wrong.. can't do it?

Detective pushes Suspect down into the chair behind him.

DETECTIVE

Is that what she did... did she hit
you? So you stabbed her?

Suspect tries to stand up and rebuttal, but Detective forces
him right back down.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Sit the fuck down. You're not going
anywhere.

Detective tosses crime scene photo into Suspect's lap and
walks out closing door behind him. Suspect stares at the
photo. Then to the door.

FADE OUT.