

The Interrogation of Collin Roberts

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A single table sits in the middle of the room, with a single hanging light dangling overhead. COLLIN ROBERTS, a tough looking young man sits handcuffed to the table. Detective WYATT BAILEY, a short middle-aged man with tired eyes enters the room with two coffees, sitting down across the table from ROBERTS.

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, sorry for bringing you into the station so late. Coffee?

ROBERTS

Oh, so you're "good cop," huh? Is your partner waiting outside practicing his whole "bad cop" routine?

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, we were hoping you could answer some questions for us regarding your whereabouts on the night of June 17th.

ROBERTS

Pfft. I'm not telling you anything. You pigs are all the same. You don't care if innocent men get put away for crimes they didn't commit.

BAILEY

Innocent men usually don't run from the cops. Can you at least tell us why you decided to run when you saw Officer Ramiro approaching?

ROBERTS

I want my lawyer.

BAILEY

And your lawyer is on her way. We were hoping for your cooperation in the meantime.

ROBERTS

Cooperation in you putting me away? Yeah, not gonna happen.

BAILEY

Your cooperation in helping us
find whoever murdered Miranda
Sinclair.

(Pause)

I don't want you to go down for a
crime you didn't commit, so help
us find whoever did it. Then
you'll be free to go

The door swings open as Officer MARCUS RAMIRO, a large,
muscular man in his early 30s with a round belly enters and
stomps towards the table.

RAMIRO

This is getting us nowhere. Look
here, you little shit, we know you
know something, and you're going
to tell us what that is.

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, this is Officer
Ramiro, although I'm sure you two
had the chance to get acquainted
in the squad car.

ROBERTS

So you're "bad cop," huh? Well you
can kiss my ass. You can't scare
me.

RAMIRO turns away from ROBERTS and walks towards the
security camera in the corner of the room and disconnects
it. He walks back towards ROBERTS and slams his head
against the table

RAMIRO

You still wanna act so tough?
Where were you the night of June
17th?

ROBERTS

Ow! What the hell, man?

RAMIRO

I asked you a question! Where were
you the night of June 17th?

ROBERTS

Get the hell away from me, psycho!

BAILEY

Officer Ramiro! A word!

BAILEY and RAMIRO leave the interrogation room and close the door behind them.

RAMIRO

How am I doing? Am I scary? I've never gotten to be bad cop before!

BAILEY

Yeah, terrifying... just cool it with the head slamming.

RAMIRO

Sorry, was that too much? I got lost in the moment, and it just felt like the right thing to do.

BAILEY

Just let me handle it, kid.

RAMIRO

Right... Sorry.

BAILEY and RAMIRO re-enter the interrogation room. ROBERTS's nose is bleeding profusely.

ROBERTS

H-hey! Keep him the hell away from me!

BAILEY shoots RAMIRO a look, and RAMIRO goes to the corner of the room and leans against the wall, crossing his arms across his chest. BAILEY sits down across from ROBERTS.

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, I would like to apologize for my partner's actions. He can get a bit carried away. Are you feeling alright?

ROBERTS

How the hell do you think I feel? That bastard broke my nose.

BAILEY

Officer Ramiro, could you go grab an ice-pack for our friend here? And maybe some tissues for the bleeding?

RAMIRO nods and exits the room, scowling at ROBERTS as he crosses to the door.

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, what can you tell us about the night of June 17th?

ROBERTS

I was with my friend, Mikey. He'll tell you the same thing.

BAILEY

This Mikey you're referring to is Michael Lauer, is that correct?

(ROBERTS nods)

We already brought him down for questioning. Maybe you could corroborate his story. What were you two doing that night?

ROBERTS

We were just hanging out, y'know, drinking a few beers. That's not a crime, is it, detective?

BAILEY

Can you give us a time frame of when you two were together?

ROBERTS

I got to Mikey's place around 9pm, and I left a little after 2am.

BAILEY

And you two were together the entire time?

ROBERTS

That's right.

RAMIRO re-enters with an ice-pack and box of tissues. ROBERTS flinches as RAMIRO extends his hand to hand them to him. RAMIRO walks to the other side of the table and leans against the one-way mirror.

BAILEY

That's not what Mr. Lauer was saying. He claimed that you left a little after 11pm and got back a little before 1:30am. Care to change your story?

ROBERTS

H-he was joking. If you know Mikey, you know he likes to joke around. Look, man, you gotta believe me, I had nothing to do with this.

BAILEY

Then why do your phone records show a conversation between you and Ms. Sinclair's phone at approximately 10:23pm that night?

ROBERTS

That was Mikey! He said he wanted a pizza but his phone was dead. He must have used my phone to call her.

BAILEY

Mr. Lauer didn't mention having pizza that night. Did the pizza ever arrive?

ROBERTS

N-no I guess it didn't. Look, I'm telling you, man, I'm innocent.

BAILEY

Mr. Roberts, you're aware that lying during an interrogation is a federal offense.

ROBERTS

Alright! I'm sorry, Mikey, but I'm not going down for something you did. We weren't together the entire night. He left the house, not me! And when he got back he...

BAILEY

He what?

ROBERTS

He had blood on his shirt. I asked him what happened and he told me to keep my mouth shut and not ask any questions.

BAILEY

Why did you cover for him? Did he threaten you?

Before ROBERTS can answer, the door swings open and D.A. RACHEL HARMON, a powerful-looking woman in her mid 30s walks briskly into the room.

HARMON

Stop talking to my client,

(To ROBERTS)

And you, just keep your mouth shut.

(To BAILEY gesturing towards ROBERTS)

And why on god's green earth does he look like that?

RAMIRO

He came in like that. Happened during the arrest.

ROBERTS

He's lying! He assaulted me! Can I sue? I want to sue!

HARMON shoots ROBERTS a dirty look and looks back towards BAILEY.

HARMON

Are you charging my client with anything?

BAILEY

No, ma'am. Not at the moment.

HARMON

Then I believe we are done here. Uncuff him. Now.

BAILEY reaches across the table and undoes ROBERTS's handcuffs. ROBERTS rubs his wrists.

BAILEY

You're free to go Mr.Roberts, but don't leave town.

ROBERTS

About time.

HARMON

Get up. We're taking you to the hospital. Come on.

As ROBERTS and HARMON cross the room, ROBERTS glares at RAMIRO as he holds the ice-pack to his bleeding nose.

ROBERTS
I won't forget about that, pig.

HARMON
For the love of god, just shut up.

Exit ROBERTS and HARMON

RAMIRO
Yeah, that's right, keep walking,
tough guy.

BAILEY sinks in his chair, and RAMIRO sits across from him.

RAMIRO
So what do you think?

BAILEY
I think we're getting close to
finding our guy.

RAMIRO
But do you think Lauer did it?

BAILEY
It's too soon to tell. But even if
he wasn't the one who killed Ms.
Sinclair, he was at least
involved. Go put a warrant out for
Michael Lauer. We'll need to bring
him down to the station again.

RAMIRO
Yes, sir.

RAMIRO crosses to exit.

BAILEY
Oh, and Ramiro.

RAMIRO
Yes, sir?

BAILEY
Good job being bad cop, tonight.

RAMIRO
Thank you, sir.

Exit RAMIRO.

FADE OUT