

THE INTERROGATION

by
Jeremy S. Noe

1008 1st Avenue North
Nashville, TN 37201
jeremysnoe@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY

A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER escorts NATALIE JENKINS (20), down the hallway. She's thin and pale and her clothes are somewhat big for her.

They pass two closed doors before stopping at a third. A plaque on the wall beside the door reads "INTERROGATION ROOM #1."

Two detectives, MARKHAM (37), a steely eyed veteran, and ARRINGTON (42), a cop of the old school wearing a fedora, enter from a door at the end of the hall.

Markham is holding a manilla folder.

Natalie gives the two detectives a sideways grin as they approach her.

Arrington opens the door to Interrogation Room #1 and holds it open.

The officer walks Natalie inside.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

The officer pulls a chair away from the table and Natalie sits, her demeanor smug and casual.

Markham takes a seat at the table across from her and sets the manilla folder down and opens it as the officer exits the room.

Arrington nods his thanks to the officer as he closes the door.

A microphone stands in the center of the table. On the wall behind Markham is a surveillance camera.

Natalie sees it and licks her lips provocatively.

INT. HOMICIDE UNIT - SAME TIME

DETECTIVE BALLARD (45), a rough looking man, and DETECTIVE IRELAND (39), a squat woman with beady blue eyes, view the interrogation on a black and white monitor. Behind them stands LT. BROOKS (50), an African American with salt and pepper hair.

All three look disdainfully at Natalie as she licks her lips.

IRELAND

Oh yeah, that's attractive hon.

BALLARD

Go ahead and make light of the situation, girl. You're in a world of shit.

The three go silent as Markham continues the interrogation.

MARKHAM (V.O.)

I'm detective Markham. The gentleman beside me is detective Arrington. You've been read your rights?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

Natalie places her hands on top of the table, the handcuffs CLANKING loudly in the small room.

NATALIE

(regarding the handcuffs)

Get these off of me.

MARKHAM

Answer the question, Ms. Jenkins.

NATALIE

Yeah. My rights were read to me. Now, can you take these damn things off?

ARRINGTON

It's policy to keep the prisoner handcuffed during the interview process.

NATALIE

What if I have to sign something?

ARRINGTON

Then the one securing your writing hand will be removed.

MARKHAM

We're going to ask you some questions, and it's in your best interest to tell the truth. Do you understand?

Natalie says nothing. She just stares across the table at Markham.

Markham leans forward and reads from the top sheet in the folder.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

Do you know why you're here?

NATALIE

To share a doughnut with you.

MARKHAM

The reason you're here isn't something to joke about.

NATALIE

Look, you guys rudely interrupted my sleep and forced me from my home in handcuffs. I was informed of my rights but wasn't told I was under arrest. Now what's going on?

MARKHAM

We need to know where you were about nine o'clock last night.

NATALIE

I was at a party.

Arrington peers down at the paper in the open folder.

ARRINGTON

Would that be the party at Jason Thompson's house on Oak Drive?

NATALIE

Uh-huh. That's the one.

MARKHAM

Do you know what happened? Remember, tell us the truth. Lying will only make things more difficult for you.

Natalie thinks before answering. Then she SIGHS and leans forward.

NATALIE

I was there when the shit hit the fan.

ARRINGTON

So you know that Mr. Thompson was murdered in his room at nine last night?

NATALIE

I figured something bad happened, that's why I got the hell out of there.

MARKHAM

That's true. We know you left just after he was discovered, but you're leaving something out.

ARRINGTON

Something crucial.

NATALIE

Not really. Some bitch started screaming, people started throwing up, and everybody that had a cell phone started calling the cops. I left 'cause I didn't want to get I.D'd.

MARKHAM

Do you not have proper identification?

NATALIE

Of course I do, but I'm twenty. Last time I checked you have to be twenty-one to drink in this sate.

Markham and Arrington exchange a knowing look.

ARRINGTON

We figured you'd say something like that.

Natalie leans back in her chair and cracks a wicked grin.

NATALIE

Since I'm not telling you the truth, how about you fill me in on why I really left. You seem to already know why I bolted.

Arrington walks around the table and stands beside her. He nods to Markham who takes a photo out of the folder and slides it across to her.

INSERT

The photo is of JASON THOMPSON (25). He's naked and lying on his bed, eyes open and staring at the ceiling. His throat has been slit from ear to ear. But there's something strange about the photo. There's very little blood.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - SAME TIME

Detectives Ballard, Ireland and Lt. Brooks are still glued to the monitor.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Sucks to be him.

LT. BROOKS

She didn't even bat an eye.

ARRINGTON (V.O.)

We know you were the last one to be seen with him.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Hey, I wasn't the only girl to go with him to his room last night. He's a player. He should've put in a revolving door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

MARKHAM

You were the last girl in his room. He was discovered just a few minutes after you left him.

ARRINGTON

You didn't leave the scene until he was discovered.

MARKHAM

See, we know you killed him. We just want to know why. And also what you did with all of the blood.

NATALIE

What proof do you have? I was with him in his room. Big deal. Someone else could've slipped in after I'd come out. I told you, girls were popping in and out of there all the time.

MARKHAM

You were the last one to be seen with him. He wasn't found dead until after you left his room. But, if you're asking for evidence, we have the murder weapon.

ARRINGTON

A broken bottle. You sawed through his throat with it, but first you rammed it hard enough against his neck to puncture all the way through to the jugular vein. That took some strength, little girl. Crazy strength.

MARKHAM

An attack like that should have left more blood than what was found at the scene. What did you do with it? How did you clean it all up in such a short time?

Natalie shrugs and then slouches in her seat, perfectly comfortable despite the trouble she's in.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - SMAE TIME

NATALIE

I suppose you found my prints on the bottle?

BROOKS

Here we go.

MARKHAM (V.O.)

We did.

NATALIE

Okay then, I'll confess. I killed the bastard.

Detective Ballard claps his hands.

BALLARD

We're good as gold, now.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

Arrington puts his hand on the back of her chair and leans down over her.

ARRINGTON

Why, Ms. Jenkins?

NATALIE

He was an ass hole. Besides, I was thirsty.

MARKHAM

You were thirsty. That doesn't make any sense.

NATALIE

You wanted to know what happened to all of the blood. I was thirsty, so I drank it.

ARRINGTON

Now I know you're crazy.

NATALIE

It would be stupid of me to lie at this point, wouldn't it Detective Arrington? I mean, witnesses pinned me as the last to be in the room with him, and you have the murder weapon.

ARRINGTON

You say you drank his blood. Why?

NATALIE

It's my drink of choice.

MARKHAM

Do you really expect us to believe that?

NATALIE

That's not my problem.

ARRINGTON

You're a piece of work, you know that?

Natalie glances up at Arrington and an evil grin finds her pale lips.

NATALIE

You have no idea.

CLOSE ON her fingernails as they instantly grow an inch longer.

BACK TO SCENE

She SNAPS the chains of the handcuffs as if they're nothing more than old kite string.

ARRINGTON

Shit!

He grabs at her as she stands but she slashes him across the throat with her fingernails. He staggers back as blood spray fills the air.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - SAME TIME

On the monitor, Detectives Ballard, Ireland and Lt. Brooks gaze in horro as Arington presses his hands against his throat, attempting to staunch the flow of blood.

Blood pours between his fingers. He backs into the wall and slides down it to the floor.

LT. BROOKS

Go!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

As Markham rises, Natalie kicks the table, sending the edge of it crashing into his thighs. The impact throws him against the wall.

She leaps onto the table and rushes across it. She takes Markhams face in her hands and she squats so that she's at eye level with him.

She slams his head against the wall and as he begins to slide down the wall, she holds him up by his face.

MARKHAMS P.O.V.

Natalie's eyes are now the color of dull amber and purple veins throb beneath HER PALE skin.

NATALIE

I drank his blood because it will
keep me looking young and beautiful
for a few more days.

She holds up her hand and shows him her talon-like fingernails.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'll let you in on a secret,
detective. My name's Bathory. As in
Elizabeth Bathory

BACK TO SCENE

She jabs her hand at his chest. The fingernails puncture the fabric of his shirt and also the flesh beneath.

Markham stiffens as her hand enters his thoracic cavity. When she withdraws her hand, his body jerks as if it was hit with a jolt of electricity.

Markham crumples to the floor like a rag doll.

In her pale hand is Markhams heart.

INT. HALLWAY

Lt. Brooks, Detective Ballard and Irealnd crash through the door that Markham and Arrington had entered and rush to the door. There are TWO DETECTIVES following closely behind them. They all have their weapons darwn.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

Bathory holds the heart above her open mouth and allows the warm blood dripping from it to splash her tongue.

She whirls atop the table as the door is kicked open. Lt. Brooks and the detectives storm in, weapons at the ready.

Natalie HISSSES at them like a snake.

LT. BROOKS

Jesus! Don't move you sick bitch!

She drops Markhams heart and it hits the table top with a WET THUD.

IRELAND

Son of a bitch!

Natalie moves towards them, blood dripping from her hand.

LT. BROOKS

I said don't move!

Suddenly, she breaks into a run.

Lt. Brooks and Detective Ballard FIRE. Natalies is stopped in her tracks and slammed violently down onto the table top from the impact of the bullets.

Detective Ireland moves forward, aiming at the still form on the table.

She reaches out and feels for a pulse. She glances over her shoulder and shakes her head. Natalie is dead.

INT. MORGUE/AUTOPSY ROOM

A MORGUE ATTENDANT wheels a gurney with a body bag strapped to it across a tiled floor and opens a large walk in freezer.

He pushes the gurney inside and parks it against the wall. There are several other gurneys in the freezer, all of them having body bags on them.

He exits and closes the door and secures it.

He leaves the autopsy room and turns out the light.

INT. WALK IN FREEZER

The body bag on the gurney the attendant had just brought to the freezer unzips from the inside.

Bathory sits up and smiles evilly.

FADE OUT:

THE END