

AGAIN

Written by

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bathed in darkness, a table and a chair sit centre stage as a light shines down on them.

TRACKING IN slowly towards the furniture, a WOMAN dressed in a long coat and heels is dragged toward the chair by a DETECTIVE.

(The dialogue is inaudible)

WOMAN

What's going on? Detective! What the fuck is going on?

Brutally thrown onto the chair, the woman looking for answers questions the detective who stays silent as he disappears in the shadows.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can't drag me here like this!
What is this? Answer me!

Detective suddenly appears and grabs the suspended lamp, sending it into a circular motion over the table. He then stands on the other side of the table, facing the woman.

DETECTIVE

I'll ask it only once. Confess!

WOMAN

Confess? You've gone mental. I demand to see your superior!

Ignoring her request, the detective throws on the table THREE POLAROIDs that slide in front of the woman.

A picture of her husband.
A picture of her.
A picture of her husband dead.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm aware he's dead, I buried him!
Detective, my patience has limits.
I'm not gonna stay here and accept this!

(pushes pics off table)

Trying to stand up, the woman is sat back down by a circling detective. He presses on, like a shark.

DETECTIVE

You aren't helping yourself. Talk and this can be easier.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

We know you did it, we've got the blade. You had every reason to kill him.

Woman tries to calm the detective.

WOMAN

REASONS?? Why would I??? He was my husband... I loved him...

This just makes the detective laugh, as he disappears once again in the shadows.

Anxious, borderline crying, the woman searches for her tormentor.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Detective? Detective? You've got the wrong person.

Slamming a KNIFE onto the table, he's back.

DETECTIVE

Tell me how it happened, tell me how you killed him using this knife!

Woman is in shock in front of the knife. Detective waits, to let it sink in before he starts barking.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

TELL ME! NOW! TELL ME! HOW DID YOU DO IT? HOW MANY TIMES DID YOU STABBED HIM?

Under this assault, petrified, the woman can only mumble words as she fights back her tears.

WOMAN

I... don't know... I... didn't...

Relentless, the detective is enraged.

DETECTIVE

DID HE FIGHT BACK? TELL ME! NOW!
DID HE TRY TO STOP YOU? CONFESS!

Suddenly, grabbing the knife, the woman stands up and as if in trance, she starts stabbing the air. In tears she stabs the air, confessing.

WOMAN

(in tears)

I COULDN'T. Not anymore... I
COULDN'T STOP. I just had to!!

Under the scrutinizing and emotionless eyes of the detective the woman sits back down, empty. She drops the KNIFE.

Before she can catch her breath, two POLICEMEN enter and drag her away.

Detective grabs the POLAROIDs, the KNIFE, put the fallen chair up before himself disappearing again in darkness.