

“BIRD’S EYE VIEW” - Sandy - F - 30s

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra “Sandy” Kew is a homicide detective. She has been called into the station to interview a young hoodlum named James who, along with his friends, has been accused of murdering a couple on the side of the highway. Sandy’s partner has just stepped out of the room, leaving her alone with the accused. A long, uncomfortable silence passes.

Sandy: You don’t have to talk to us, James. It’s well within your rights not to. You can keep quiet, wait for your lawyer. Makes no difference to me.

Does it bother you when I call you James? I know you’re Jimmy to your friends—to Mark and Tobin and the rest of the boys ... but you strike me as a “James” when things are serious. I was the same when I was younger, when I was your age. Sandy to everybody, even my parents, but the minute I put a toe out of line I became “Sandra”. Still makes me flinch to hear my own name.

A flicker from James, just for a moment. Sandy notices, but chooses not to take the opening.

I suppose what you should be thinking about, James, is whether or not Mark and Tobin are being quite so silent in the other rooms. Quite so loyal to you. I wonder if I stop talking for a moment you might hear them through the walls talking about tonight. About what you did. You see, at some point: the silence does start to hurt you. Makes you look guilty, especially when you’re the only one protecting the others. We have found evidence that your car was stopped along that roadway; we have DNA linking Tobin to the scene and we can put you in Mark’s car *with* Tobin using security footage from the gas station you stopped at. If you’re going say anything tonight, now is the time.

A smug, fuck-you smile from James. Weakness welling up behind it.

“We were changing a tire,” said Tobin. “Exactly the same spot as whatever happened ... happened.” I asked Mark and he confirmed, in his own offensive manner of speaking. One in a million odds, plain bad luck. They even agreed that it was you who changed the tire—no doubt due to your eighteen months experience at your uncle’s garage. So will you give yourself a hand, James? Will you at least confirm your friends’ story? Were you changing a tire at the same spot those young people happened to die this very same night? That would be a start.

James nods his head. Sandy smiles and places a notebook and paper down in front of him.

Good. Nice to see you doing yourself a favour. Here’s what happens next: I’m going to draw a car on this sheet of paper from a bird’s eye view. And then you’re going to circle the tire on the car you changed. And if it’s the same one that Mark and Tobin circled, you’re free to go. How does that sound?