

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A Detective sits at the table.

DETECTIVE

Let me give you the facts, just in case I was somehow unclear.

The Detective references a folder.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I have traffic cams that spotted you in Georgetown, at the scene, on the night Vinny was killed.

The Detective turns a photo around to display.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I have a murder weapon with your prints--and only your prints--on it.

The Detective slides a paper across the table.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

And I have statements from multiple witnesses saying you left Vinny's restaurant at one forty-six AM with blood on your hands and your shirt. And you think I don't care.

The Detective folds their hands. A tight smile.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

This is about as easy as it gets for me. I can shut this folder and walk out that door, and by the time I get a latte, you're in the system. A slam dunk for the DA.

(leans in)

But I'm still here talking to you. Because I am the only one who cares. I am your only friend, and I am the one chance you have at staying out of prison for the rest of your life. You give me names...

The Detective gestures to the folder.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

... and I help you with this.