

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A DETECTIVE leans on a table. Trying to get through to a disinterested COLLEGE KID.

DETECTIVE

You're not getting it. These people *will* kill you.

The College Kid SCOFFS.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

They don't give a shit who your parents are, OK?

COLLEGE KID

Well, we have that in common.

DETECTIVE

I'm serious.

COLLEGE KID

And I'm waiting for my lawyer. She coming?

The Detective sighs.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

What... you're the only friend I've got? That speech? *Please*.

DETECTIVE

You don't have to talk to me. Makes my job easier. But when your stomach is cut open and you're staring at your own intestines, remember that somebody tried to help you, jackass.

COLLEGE KID

Do you know any good pizza places around here? I haven't eaten today.

The Detective smirks.

DETECTIVE

I give you forty-eight hours.

COLLEGE KID

I guess we'll see.