

BARS

Written by

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INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Sunlight shines through blinds into the dull room. Mounds of paper are stacked on multiple desks. DETECTIVES and OFFICERS scurry around with files. Desk phones ring above chatter.

HENRY NEWBURN, 32, rugged, suit and wrinkled undone tie, sits at his desk. Stacks of files pile high along the edges. A single pen rests next to the desk lamp.

Henry stares into space. He drops his badge and picks it up rhythmically.

CAL DOMINIC, 40, shirt and slacks, shuffles into the squad room, a file in his hand. He walks over to Henry and holds the file out.

Henry doesn't flinch.

CAL
Newburn?

Henry blinks and looks up at Cal.

CAL
Are you going to take this one?
It's open and shut.

He takes the file and drops it onto his desk. He clips his badge onto his belt.

HENRY
No one knows, do they?

CAL
They know she's guilty. That's all.

Henry opens the file to see a stack of photos of a murder scene. In them, a young man has a glass shard in his throat.

HENRY
It takes a lot of rage.

CAL
Hard to believe our suspect could
do that.

Henry gazes over at Cal as he writes in a file.

HENRY
Do you think she did it?

CAL
Her fingerprints are all over his
apartment. Her DNA - everywhere.

HENRY
There could be an explanation.

Cal leans back in his chair and sighs.

CAL
Just because she has an innocent
face doesn't mean she's an angel.

Henry scoffs with a smile.

CAL
If I've learned anything, it's that
anybody can do anything. You'll see
it soon.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The walls, chairs and table are gray.

Bright, fluorescent lights shine on MAVERICK JAMES, 28,
female, long black hair, attractive, fit, in a white
jumpsuit. She lounges, her hands cuffed to the table.

The door OPENS.

Henry, case file in hand, steps inside and closes the door.

Maverick smiles at him.

MAVERICK
You know, when I suggested using
handcuffs, I didn't mean this way.

Henry pauses at the door. His jaw clenches.

HENRY
Hello, Ms. James.

Maverick rolls her eyes as Henry sits down across from her.

MAVERICK
So formal, aren't we? Can you at
least take these off?

Maverick jingles the chain on the cuffs.

MAVERICK
Henry.

Henry closes his eyes and exhales. He reaches out and unlocks Maverick's cuffs.

They clank against the table. Maverick rubs her wrists.

HENRY

You know why you're here, correct?

MAVERICK

The same reason you showed up at my apartment two weeks ago. Your case.

Henry lays out the file photos from the crime scene.

HENRY

You were with him the night he was murdered in his apartment.

MAVERICK

We were at the same club, yes.

HENRY

What else?

Maverick cocks an eyebrow as she smiles.

Henry holds up the photo of the young man.

HENRY

Maverick, someone died. Could you show a little sympathy?

MAVERICK

Do you want me to cry? Do you want me mourn his loss?

HENRY

I want you to allow me to do my job and tell me the truth!

Henry slams the picture down on the table.

Maverick stares at him before leaning over the table.

MAVERICK

You think I killed him, don't you?

HENRY

Did you?

Maverick leans back and picks up one of the photos.

MAVERICK

He bought me a couple drinks.

Henry jots down a note in his file.

HENRY
Did you see him leave?

MAVERICK
I went home with him.

Henry freezes. His hand stops mid-sentence.

MAVERICK
Something wrong, detective?

Henry looks up at Maverick as she rises. She lazily paces on the other side of the table.

HENRY
You went home with him.

MAVERICK
I didn't stutter.

Henry drops his pen to the table and crosses his arms.

HENRY
What happened at his apartment?

MAVERICK
I'll give you a chance to guess.

Henry huffs out a breath with a pained smile.

HENRY
That's why your DNA was at the
crime scene.

Maverick leans against the wall directly across from him.

HENRY
So, when did you kill him?

Maverick laughs and strolls to the table. She leans over. The movement allows Henry a view down her jumpsuit. He stares.

MAVERICK
You don't give up, do you?

HENRY
It's the only way I can help you.

MAVERICK
Why do I need your help?

Henry tears his eyes away and clasps his hands together.

HENRY

You are facing murder charges. You could use all the help I can give.

MAVERICK

You're asking for something I can't give you.

HENRY

You're lying to me.

Maverick pushes off the table.

MAVERICK

When we were done, I left. I went back to the club.

HENRY

Was alive when you left?

MAVERICK

He was breathing.

Henry faces his file. A report with Maverick's name and fingerprints match a fingerprint taken from the glass shard in the young man's neck.

HENRY

You're still lying to me.

MAVERICK

Like you'd believe anything else.

Maverick walks around the table and drapes herself over Henry. He covers the report when her lips graze his cheek.

MAVERICK

Just because we slept together doesn't mean you have to save me.

HENRY

Why did you leave?

MAVERICK

Leave what?

HENRY

His apartment. After you two had sex, why did you leave?

Maverick rolls her eyes and withdrawals from him.

MAVERICK
It would've sent the wrong message
if I had stayed.

Henry picks up his pen and writes up another note.

HENRY
What message was that?

MAVERICK
That I wanted to be with him.

HENRY
Why didn't you?

MAVERICK
Playing shrink now, huh?

HENRY
Just investigating.

Maverick rolls her eyes.

MAVERICK
Even if I had stayed, things
wouldn't be different.

HENRY
Why did you stay with me?

Maverick grins and sits on the table beside him.

MAVERICK
Don't flatter yourself. You were
interesting. That's all.

HENRY
Nothing else.

MAVERICK
I'm not going to carry your future
children if that's what you think.

Henry smiles and scratches his jaw.

MAVERICK
You're trying to play games with
me, Henry.

Maverick leans forward and caresses his cheek.

MAVERICK
It's not working.

HENRY

Listen.

Maverick stands and walks around to the table again.

MAVERICK

You can keep me here as long as you want. You won't get what you want.

Maverick gathers the pictures and tosses each one to the floor like trash. Her eyes remain on Henry.

HENRY

Stop.

MAVERICK

Who's the killer, Henry?

Henry slams both hands against the table as he stands. His chair kicks back and falls over on the floor.

HENRY

You are.

Maverick smiles.

MAVERICK

Are you sure about that?

HENRY

I'm going to give you one last chance. Tell me the truth. Did you kill him?

Maverick opens her mouth to speak when the door bursts open.

BARNEY ADAMS, 52, overconfident lawyer, storms in and stands next to Maverick. He drops his briefcase onto the table.

BARNEY

My client will not answer that.

HENRY

Your client?

BARNEY

Yes, I was hired by Ms. James' parents. Barney Adams.

HENRY

You're kidding.

BARNEY

I can assure you I'm not. Now, I'd like a moment alone with my client.

Henry squats down and gathers the photos from the floor. He stuffs them into his file and stands. His eyes move to Maverick's as she rests her hand on Barney's briefcase.

MAVERICK

You should probably go.

BARNEY

Exactly.

HENRY

She was talking to you, Adams.

Barney frowns and looks to Maverick. Her eyes never waver from Henry's.

BARNEY

You can't be serious.

MAVERICK

Does it look like I'm joking?

Henry grins and picks up his chair. He sits down and rests his arms and file on the table.

HENRY

I believe that's your cue.

BARNEY

I have to advise you against this.

MAVERICK

I've made up my mind.

Henry and Maverick stare at each other as Barney leaves.

HENRY

Well?

Maverick chuckles before she sits down across from him.

HENRY

You still haven't answered my question.

MAVERICK

You still think I killed him.

Henry raises his eyebrows and shrugs.

MAVERICK

If I were to kill him, I would wait until after we had sex. His guard would be down.

Henry opens his folder and gently spreads the photos apart.

MAVERICK

He would be buzzed, tired.

HENRY

Unsuspecting.

MAVERICK

He would never think to protect himself from the woman in his bed.

HENRY

Where did the glass come from?

MAVERICK

He had a glass vase on his nightstand. I didn't really spend my time admiring the decor though.

HENRY

What else?

MAVERICK

I could've accidentally knocked the vase onto the floor, breaking it.

HENRY

Go on.

MAVERICK

Maybe pick up one of the pieces when he hurries to clean it up.

Henry's eyes snap to the photo with the glass shard.

HENRY

You stab it into his neck.

MAVERICK

It wouldn't take much.

HENRY

The blood loss would be substantial. He'd be more concerned to stop it than fight you off.

MAVERICK
I'd be out the door before his
heart stopped beating.

Maverick leans back in her chair.

MAVERICK
But, that's only if I did it.

HENRY
If?

MAVERICK
Yes, it was all hypothetical.

HENRY
So?

MAVERICK
No, I didn't kill him. I didn't
wait until after sex to toss his
vase to the floor.

Henry runs a hand down his face as his eyes close.

MAVERICK
I didn't grab a piece of it to stab
into his neck. I didn't leave as he
bled out on the floor.

Maverick reaches over and takes his hand into hers.

MAVERICK
I didn't kill him, Henry.

Henry's eyes dart up to hers. He glances back at the door
before he returns his gaze to her.

HENRY
I have to leave that up to a jury
to decide.

Henry stands up and walks around the table.

MAVERICK
Henry.

Henry grabs her arm and lifts her to stand before he cuffs
her hands behind her.

HENRY
You're fingerprints were on the
glass, Maverick. It's over.