

## Detective Curtis #2

INT. TINA'S APT - DAY

*A woman (TINA) bruised and bandaged sits at a table, a drink in her hand, a bottle on the table. DET. CURTIS sits across from her.*

DET. CURTIS:

I hate this part of my job, but I need to ask you some questions about Sunday night.

TINA:

What part of your job do you enjoy?

DET. CURTIS:

Putting the bad guys away.

TINA:

Well, I hope you'll get another the chance to do that.

*She picks up the bottle, pours herself some more, and takes a serious swallow*

TINA: (CON'T)

I can't sleep at night. I don't feel safe in my own home. Even this don't seem to be working anymore.

DET. CURTIS:

So, Sunday night you had some company.... Morgan, right?

*Tina nods yes*

DET. CURTIS: (CON'T)

What time did he leave?

TINA:

Pretty late... around 5 or 5:30; I remember looking at the clock. I had to wake up early.

DET. CURTIS:

Was everything fine between you when he left? Did you have a fight or argument?

TINA:

No, nothing like that... Morgan didn't do this. He's not the guy.

*Has his doubts, but chooses to change his tactics*

DET. CURTIS:

OK, Morgan left... then what happened?

TINA:

I went back to sleep pretty hard, and I woke up with someone's hand on my mouth. He had a black ski mask on, but I could see his eyes were blue. He hit me till I passed out, and when I came to, he had turned me over and taped my hands to the bed.

*She pauses*

DET. CURTIS:

Take your time Ms. Meyers, can I get you anything?.

TINA:

No, I got what I need right here

She takes another drink and steadies herself

DET. CURTIS: You suire?

TINA: (CON" T)

I'm okay, I can do this. I was already naked so he didn't have much trouble after that. Why he kept hitting me... When he was done, he told me not to turn over or he would kill me.

DET. CURTIS:

Did he have a weapon?

TINA:

I think he had a knife, I felt something cold on my body. But I'm not sure, I didn't see it.

DET. CURTIS:

Do you remember how tall he was? What kind of build he had?

TINA:

No, I can't tell you how tall he was, but he wasn't a small man. I could tell he was a big guy. I wish I could tell you more but I was pretty much face down the whole time.

DET. CURTIS:

Do you think you could recognize his voice? Or pick him out of a line up?

TINA:

I could definitely recognize his voice. I don't know if I could pick him out of a line up.

DET. CURTIS:

Is there any chance you might know this person, from the club or somewhere local?

TINA:

No, I don't think so... but I can't be certain

DET. CURTIS:

Morgan mentioned a new man in your life, any problems there... arguments, violence?

TINA:

No, Jim's a sweet guy. He's just not stepping up to the plate.

DET. CURTIS:

But, Morgan did?

TINA:

Hey, don't go there Detective. Don't you dare judge me! Guys do whatever they want, whenever they want. I see it every day at the Alley Cat. Most of our customers are just like you... married, lying to their wives, and trying to screw all the girls.

DET. CURTIS:

I'm sorry Ms. Meyers. I didn't mean to sound judgmental. I'm just trying to get as much information from you as I can. I'm trying to put the bad guy away, remember?

TINA:

Sorry Detective, I been a little jumpy lately. Will there be anything else?

*Getting the cue*

DET. CURTIS:

No, that'll be all for today... thank you.

*Detective Curtis exits as Tina pours herself yet another drink*

WRITTEN BY TIFFANY TURNER