

THE MAYFIELD BOMBING

Cody Navarro

Scene: Interrogation

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

MACY LAURY (late 20s), a jittery young woman with messy hair and manic makeup, sits bound to a metallic table in a dimly lit room. LUCAS (early 30s), broad shouldered, wearing a typical detective trench coat, sits across from Macy, at his side sits BURNSIDE (early 20s), a mustached fellow with scrutinizing/accusing eyes. Light is reflected by the two-way mirror giving their suspect an angelic halo.

LUCAS

(stern)

Macy Laury, I'm Detective Luca.
This is my partner, Detective
Burnside.

Lucas pushes forward a photograph to Macy.

LUCAS

Is this you, Macy, at the
fairgrounds?

Macy looks at the photo a moment, gives a rye smile, but stays silent, fiddling with her bound hands.

BURNSIDE

(To Lucas)

Let me handle this...

Lucas gestures for Burnside to hold back, the only sound in the room is the LOW HUM of the LIGHTS above.

LUCAS

Macy, did you drop that bag at the
fair?

Macy looks at Lucas, craning her head back, giving an unnerving smile before leaning forward slightly, her eyes gleaming with a mix of defiance and amusement.

MACY

You're so close, Detective.
(chuckle)
But you're looking in the wrong
direction.

Lucas exchanges a glance with Burnside, his expression a mixture of frustration and curiosity.

LUCAS

Then, tell us Macy. Who should we
be looking at?

Macy leans back, her smile morphing into a smirk. Leaning back forward, her voice drops to a conspiratorial whisper, her eyes darting back and forth between Lucas and Burnside.

MACY

The real question is... Who stands
to gain the most from the chaos.

Burnside pounds the table with a fist.

BURNSIDE

Enough games!

Macy jumps, her conspiratorial smile unabated.

MACY

Games? Oh, this is far from a game.

Addressing Burnside directly, her gaze, mischievicious,
assessing his reaction.

BURNSIDE

(leaning in)

Then enlighten us. What's your
angle?

Macy's smile grows wider, her demeanor shifting into
something almost predatory.

MACY

My angle? Oh, detectives, you
haven't even begun to unravel the
layers of the puzzle.

Burnside watches Macy intently, frustration evident. Lucas
pulls a NOTEPAD from his inner coat pocket and begins to
flip through it. Macy leans back in her chair, her eyes
locking with Burnside, a silent challenge between them.

BURNSIDE

(distracted)

Don't you even care... That bomb...
That bomb killed tons of
civilians...

Burnside and Macy lock eyes. Neither blinking.

MACY

Detective Burnside... I-I got
someone didn't I?

Burnside's complexion pales.

MACY

Of course I did, small town, local
detective... It only makes sense...

Burnside begins to rise, only to be caught by Lucas. Macy
gives a slight chuckle.

LUCAS

It says here,
(gesturing to his notepad)
that your son, was killed last
year. Unsolved.

Macy's smirk falters for a moment, a flicker of emotion crossing her face before she regains her composure and looks intently at Lucas.

MACY

You've done your homework,
detective. But what does that have
to do with anything?

Lucas leans forward, gaze unwavering

LUCAS

We're trying to understand your
motives, Macy. Why would you resort
to such extreme measures?

Macy's jaw tightens, her FINGERS DRUMMING nervously on the table.

MACY

Maybe I just got tired of waiting
for justice.

Burnside, still shaken by Macy's words about his daughter, interjects.

BURNSIDE

So you took justice into your own
hands?

Macy's voice drops to a whisper.

MACY

Justice is subjective, sometimes
it's messy...

Burnside shakes his head. Lucas narrows his eyes, shifting slightly in his seat

LUCAS

Messy? Killing innocent people
isn't justice, Macy.

MACY

Innocent? Are any of us truly
innocent in this world?

Macy CLICKS her TONGUE.

BURNSIDE

Just stop! Stop your nonsense! Stop deflecting! People are dead. So cut the crap and spit it out!

Macy's smirk returns, wider almost, eyes gleaming with a satisfied notion.

MACY

Oh-I would, but you see Burny, wheres the fun in that? You want answers? You'll have to work for them.

Burnside's frustration boils over, his face flushing with anger.

BURNSIDE

Work for them? You're the one tied to a chair in an interrogation room!

Macy's smile widens, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

MACY

And yet, your not following the right leads... The right person...

Lucas leans forward.

LUCAS

Macy, please, give us something concrete to work with.

BURNSIDE

We don't have time for this Lucas! Lives could be at sta-

Macy interuppts.

MACY

Lives are at stake all right... And I was only the start...

She leans back into her chair. Satisfaction as she looks upon the detectives.

LUCAS

(earnest)

Macy... You blew up the grounds, you hold the key to understanding what happens next. If your just a pawn in this, help us bring justice on whos actully playing this game.

Macy gives cotemplative smile. She looks between the detectives, a hint of pity flickering in her eyes.

MACY

Justice? Do you truly believe
justice can be found within these
walls. Walls that couldn't bring
justice to a mother for the loss of
her son...

Burnside clenches his fists, rising, he puts his palms down
on the table.

BURNSIDE

Enough! I'm ready to do whatever it
I need too to get information. Are
you willing to see that.

Macy leans forward, her gaze intense.

MACY

Can justice truly be achieved when
you sit everyday in this dull,
lifeless room, interrogating every
soul that breaks your so-called
justice.

Lucas exchanges a weary glance with Burnside.

MACY

The puppeteer pulls the strings
from the shadows, unseen and
untouched by the hands of YOUR
justice.

Macy sits back, done, finished.

MACY

Sometimes the truth is a tangled
web, woven by deception, of deceit.
The answer already in front of you.

LUCAS

Macy-

MACY

-Perhaps you'll find what you seek,
Detective Lucas, but maybe, maybe
you'll discover that some truths
are better left buried.

The room falls into a tense silence as Lucas and Burnside
exchange a glance, uncertainty clouding their expressions.
They realize that unraveling this mystery may lead them down
a path darker than they ever imagined.

FADE TO BLACK