

**BOYD
INTERROGATION
SCENE 1**

18.

RUSSELL

Yes. I absolutely promise.

Off Linda, not sure about this at all --

EXT. GULFPORT MISSISSIPPI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Hot thick air. A crowd of jet-lagged travelers. Russell moves to the curb as an unmarked sedan pulls up.

DETECTIVE BONNIE BOYD, 25, young, eager, full of moxie, waves him down. She rolls down the window.

START
→

BOYD

Well if it isn't the Los Angeles Police Department.

(then)

Where are my manners? I shoulda made you a sign, Detective Russell. Like the fancy drivers with the limousines.

(extends her hand)

Detective Bonnie Boyd. Arresting officer on Michael Keller. Looks like your big case and my little case have synced right up.

She puts the car in park, gets out.

BOYD

I'll do anything I can to help you while you're here in Mississippi...

RUSSELL

(already sweating)

Can you knock the heat down by twenty, thirty degrees?

BOYD

I'll put in the request. Meanwhile, I figured the least I could do is pick you up.

Off Boyd, grabbing Russell's carry-on --

INT. BOYD'S COP CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Boyd speeds down the freeway. She talks like she drives. Russell looks out the window, trying not to listen.

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BOYD

Now you don't have to worry about me one bit. I can hit the ground running on this thing. I studied up on your Fisher case.

(off his look)

Went to the library, read the LA Times --

RUSSELL

-- You always do police work at the library?

BOYD

Papers made it sound like Fisher is your only suspect. But I'm thinking Keller was at least involved.

(no response)

Or Keller did it. All on his lonesome.

Russell gives her a look, mops his brow with a handkerchief, and hold a palm to the air vent, feels the hot air pumping out.

BOYD

The fan works great. The cold part, not so much.

As Russell rolls down his window --

JUMP TO:

BOYD, makes a turn, and then --

BOYD

Michael Keller's file.

Handing Russell the file on the seat between them --

BOYD

As far as I can tell, most everything in it lines up with your Fisher murder. Even the burglary we liked him for, the knife attack--

RUSSELL

(dismissive)

-- I've read it.

Russell puts the report back on the seat. Reading him:

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BOYD
That's your problem, then. Third party culpability.

RUSSELL
They teach you that at the library?

BOYD
You bring Keller in, that blows up your whole case on Fisher.
(no response)
One suspect turns on the other. Add a couple of big time piece-of-shit defense lawyers, pardon my French, you could lose both of them.

RUSSELL
(stay the fuck out of this)
Good tip.

Russell looks out the window. *This is exactly his fear. Then -*
-

RUSSELL
Maybe you do it different down here, but in LA we don't lock in and lock out. We keep an open mind.

BOYD
Open mind? Absolutely, sir.
(I'm on your side)
Just like that Fisher kid did to his mother.
(off his look)
Opened it up like a hatchet on a honeydew melon.

Russell spits out the open window as if to end the conversation. But Boyd, being Boyd --

BOYD
For what, grocery money?
(then)
That's home-grown anger. The kind that starts in the crib.
(off Russell's look)
Hell, if my momma turned up like that, I'd arrest me.

END



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