

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHTTIME

A group of 5 people are gathered around a round table. The room is dimly lit. DETECTIVE QUINN (Hyper vigilant, very serious, wearing a fedora and a trench coat. Smoking a cigarette) is staring at his dinner guests.

DETECTIVE QUINN

For as long as I can remember, the truth has always been a major aspect of my family's traditions. My father spent his entire life fighting to uncover the truth.

(drags cigarette)

By standing around this table, I preserve his ideals by which he used to stand.

DETECTIVE QUINN (CONT.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I will not tolerate lies today.

DETECTIVE QUINN (CONT.)

So, that being said. Does anyone have anything they would like to share?

(drags cigarette)

The group members look around at each other, concerned and confused.

DETECTIVE QUINN

So that's how it's gonna be.

Quinn puts out his cigarette in the ash tray. He unholsters his revolver.

JASON (25-year-old man, brunette with slicked back hair, wearing a suit and tie, workaholic) decides to speak up.

JASON

Alright Quinn this is just ridiculous!

Quinn slams his revolver in the middle of the table.

DETECTIVE QUINN

Shut your mouth Jason!

EMILY (25 years old, Jason's wife, dirty blond, wearing a

beautiful dress) grabs Jason's arm trying to comfort him.

EMILY

It's alright sweetie, let's just get this over with.

Jason sighs with frustration. He puts his hand on top of Emily's.

DETECTIVE QUINN

If no one wants to speak up, let's just play a game of spin the revolver and whoever it lands on has to tell us where you were between the time of 7:49 and 7:54, and if your story doesn't match up, then we've found ourselves the culprit.

The room falls silent.

DETECTIVE QUINN (CONT.)

Let's begin.

Quinn spins the revolver. It stops on AVA (27-years-old, brunette, dresses conservatively, extremely thorough)

The barrel is now pointing at Ava, Quinn slides the gun closer towards her, barrel still facing her.

DETECTIVE QUINN

Ava, where were you between 7:49 and 7:54 PM?

Ava is tapping her fingers on the table, she is looking off into space, seemingly lost in her thoughts.

AVA

Okay, I got it!

AVA (CONT.)

I got home from work at 6. I took off my work clothes and drew a bath. I got in the bath at around 6:30, but I dosed off. I woke up when my phone started ringing. Sam was calling me.

AVA (CONT.)

He asked where I was and I told him I was running late. He said he was only 5 minutes away from the house.

DETECTIVE QUINN

What time did Sam call?

Ava pulls out her phone to check when Sam called. She looks up at SAM (26 years old, dirty blond curly hair, wearing a button up shirt and jeans, laid back, stoner, plays video games all day).

AVA

7:35.

Ava then turns her attention towards Quinn. He looks at Ava for a moment then turns towards Sam. He looks at him with contempt.

Quinn twists the revolver so the barrel is pointing towards Sam.

DETECTIVE QUINN

I know for fact that you didn't arrive until 7:55.

DETECTIVE QUINN (CONT.)

So why don't you tell us where you were for those 20 minutes.

SAM

Wait wait wait? Are you accusing me?!?!

DETECTIVE QUINN

It's lookin' that way.

SAM

Alright take it easy. Quinn you know how I am.

(beat)

I hate being the first one at a party. So, I decided to just relax in my car. I was listening to some music, smoking a blunt and-

AVA

Ewe, really? A blunt?

SAM

Hey this wasn't any old skunk weed, this was a hybrid strain called The Hawaiian Purple Gorilla, my guy got this shit from Columbia and let me tell you it was-

Quinn glares at Sam.

SAM (CONT.)

Right. Anyway, yeah I smoked my blunt and came inside at 7:55.

AVA

Wait, that doesn't make any sense, Sam. Because I got here at 7:50 and specifically remember looking at your car and you weren't in it.

All eyes turn towards Sam.

Quinn rushes towards Sam and lifts him by his collar. Quinn pulls back his arm ready to throw a punch.

DETECTIVE QUINN

Where were you during the time in question?

SAM

Wait don't hit me! This is all a big misunderstanding!

SAM (CONT.)

I-I- I was with Emily!

JASON

What?!?!

Jason looks at Emily. He stands up, quickly, followed by Emily.

JASON (CONT.)

What do you mean you were with him?

EMILY

Jason, it wasn't like that. We were just walking and talking while he smoked his blunt!

JASON

Then why the fuck would Sam lie about where he smoked his blunt?

SAM

(beat)

Because Jason! She was upset because of how shitty you treat her. You're always working and you're just never

there for her! I was there for her,  
man!

SAM (CONT.)

And guess what? We fucking kissed!

Sam smirks.

EMILY

Sam!

Jason tackles Sam. Now on top, Jason is punching him repeatedly.

Emily tries to intervene but she is pushed to the side by Jason.

Quinn slams his hands down on the table.

DETECTIVE QUINN

That's enough! We sit here fighting about these petty squabbles while the remains of the victim lie in the other room, growing colder by the minute!

With his hands still on the table, Quinn slowly reaches for his revolver.

DETECTIVE QUINN (CONT.)

Jason, now you're the only one who doesn't have an alibi. Where were you when all this was going on?

Quinn squeezes the grip of his revolver.

JASON

I was running late at work, so Emily left before me. That's why I got here a little later.

DETECTIVE QUINN

And at what time did you arrive?

JASON

7:50ish.

DETECTIVE QUINN

Jason.

(beat)

A terrible crime has been committed here tonight, under my roof no less.

(beat)  
"7:50ish" just isn't gonna cut it. I need to know *exactly* what time you arrived here.

JASON  
Look, I don't know to tell you Quinn! I didn't fucking do it! Okay?!

(beat)  
You know what I do wanna know? Where were you between 7:49 and 7:54? You've been questioning us all but we haven't discussed your side of the story at all.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
I was in the bathroom. I had to pee.

JASON  
You expect us to believe you were peeing for 5 minutes?

DETECTIVE QUINN  
(defensively)  
I'll have you know I have a bladder infection so it's currently taking me more time than usual.

Quinn raises his revolver and points it at Jason. He cocks it.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
I'll ask this one last time, did you do it?!?!?

DETECTIVE QUINN  
Did you eat my goddamn quesadilla?!?!?

Jason hesitates for a moment and sighs.

JASON  
Yes Quinn! I ate your fucking quesadilla!

JASON (CONT.)  
But does that really matter now? Are we really gonna overlook the fact that you fucked up my marriage just to figure out who ate your quesadilla?

Quinn ignores Jason's comment and lights a cigarette.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
Fuck your marriage, I want my dinner.  
And you're gonna make it up to me.

Quinn smiles.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jason is cooking a quesadilla on the stove. Quinn is standing closely behind him peering over his shoulder. He is still smoking his cigarette.

Jason flips the quesadilla.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
No no no. That side is undercooked,  
flip it back over. I like it crispy.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jason is placing the silverware down next to the plate.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
Okay, I gotta pee. Watch my  
quesadilla, Jason. I'll be back in a  
minute.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn walks around the corner into the dining room with a smile on his face.

He looks down at his quesadilla to see a bite has been taken out of it.

DETECTIVE QUINN  
Mother fu--

END