

THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF MS DANIELS

By

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small cramped, dimly lit room with a two way mirror taking up half of the wall. In the middle of the room is a steel table and some chairs. On the table is a tape recorder and a glass of water.

Slumped in one of the chairs and cuffed to the desk is a great thug of a man, he is physically repulsive.

On the opposite side of the table sits a well dressed woman in a plain black suit. She is naturally beautiful but tries to hide it. This is SAMANTHA, known as SAM.

SAMANTHA

Why did you assault a police officer Brett?

BRETT ignores her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Brett? If you don't answer my questions you'll have no defence in court.

Brett leans forward and gives her a vile smile.

BRETT

Mr Crane, my love.

Sam leans in slightly trying to seem unfazed.

SAMANTHA

Mr Crane, did you attack a police officer on the night of the 14th this month?

BRETT

You smell lovely.

SAMANTHA

Mr Crane!

BRETT

Calm down love, you don't smell that nice. No I didn't.

SAMANTHA

So you deny the charges placed against you?

BRETT

I've given you witnesses that place me 10 miles away from where pc plod tripped over his big nose. You've got nothing on me darling, no CCTV, no witnesses,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRETT (cont'd)
hell even plod doesn't want to
press charges. You have no right
to keep me here anymore, or did
you just want some alone time
with me?

Brett's smile causes Sam to lean back disgusted. She looks at the two way mirror and chews her bottom lip slightly, defeated. She checks her phone, She has a message from MS DANIELS.

The message reads, 'Need a hand Sam? x'.

She puts the phone away and gets to her feet.

SAMANTHA
I'm just going to get a glass of
water, Mr Crane.

Sam exits the room leaving Brett alone. He looks around the room confused and then glances at the untouched glass of water on the table.

Suddenly the door flies open and through it strides a smartly clothed woman in a red suit. She is gorgeous and in her late thirties. In her hand is an expensive leather file bag.

BRETT
Who the hell are you?

MS DANIELS
I'm Ms Daniels.

She shuts the door immediately after answering Brett.

MS DANIELS
I'm cold, are you cold?

Brett's eyes glaze over and he looks directly at Ms Daniels.

BRETT
Yes. What the...?

She pulls a file out of the bag, and a golden Parker pen from her inside pocket which she sets down neatly.'

Removing her jacket, she wraps it around her chair and slides closer to the table.

MS DANIELS
So you're the famous Brett Crane
- Mr Brett Crane, sorry. Well
like I said I'm Ms Daniels and I
do things a bit differently.

Ms Daniels reaches over and switches off the recorder to the surprise of the Brett.

BRETT

And what do you do then that's so different? You do know you need that recorder to get a confession out of me.

Ms Daniels smiles and reaches for the glass of water and takes a sip.

MS DANIELS

Did they not offer you a drink Mr Crane? You must be awfully thirsty.

BRETT

I, I am...

Mr Daniels pushes the glass of water towards him across the table. Brett looks at the glass puzzled.

Opening the file Ms Daniels starts to pull out various pieces of paper.

MS DANIELS

I hope you don't mind if I go through a couple of standard questions. A bore I know but it doesn't hurt to start with the basics.

Ms Daniels gives Brett a warm smile, puts on a pair of spectacles and clicks her pen.

MS DANIELS

Right then so your name is Brett Crane, 38 years old, married, currently living in Reading, correct?

BRETT

Correct...

MS DANIELS

Brilliant. And you are currently denying the assault of a police constable?

BRETT

Yes...

Brett starts to sweat on his brow and shifts in his seat. Ms Daniels sits up in her chair, moves a piece of paper in front of him and looks Brett stern in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

MS DANIELS

Where does your alibi place you
on the night of the 14th?

BRETT

At home.

MS DANIELS

Where were you actually Brett?

Brett is trying to stop his mouth from opening but can't
stop it.

BRETT

I was in Bracknell.

MS DANIELS

What were you doing in Bracknell
Brett?

BRETT

A job.

MS DANIELS

What was the job?

BRETT

I...I had to... What's happening?

Brett gets to his feet. Ms Daniels takes off her
spectacles, folds them into her jacket. She lays back in
her chair.

MS DANIELS

You're telling me the truth,
you're telling me what really
happened.

BRETT

How?!

Smiling Ms Daniels gestures for him to sit.

MS DANIELS

I just have one of those faces.

The pair sit in silence for a few seconds.

MS DANIELS (CONT'D)

What sort of job was it?

BRETT

A hit job

Brett starts to break down. Ms Daniels grits her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

MS DANIELS

Wasn't a very good one, was it?

Brett puts his head into his hands and starts to sob.

BRETT

NO!

MS DANIELS

No... no it wasn't. You admit to assaulting a police officer on the 14th on this month?

BRETT

YES! I beat him into the dirt!

MS DANIELS

You admit to giving a false alibi?

BRETT

YES!

MS DANIELS

You admit, to being a spineless, verminous, lying piece of scum?

Head in his hands Brett goes quiet.

BRETT

yes...

MS DANIELS

Well I don't normally get that last one. You must have just been a special case Brett, oh sorry, Mr Crane.

Quietly sobbing collapsed on the table Brett looks up slowly. Ms Daniels is packing away her files and getting to her feet.

BRETT

What... What did you do to me?

Putting her jacket on flamboyantly Ms Daniels wanders over to Brett's side of the table. Towering above him she rests one hand on the table.

MS DANIELS

Me? I did nothing, I just came in here and you told the truth.

BRETT

But... How?

(CONTINUED)

MS DANIELS

Well, maybe it was due to the fact that I turned the recorder off, oh wait a second...

Brett and Ms Daniels both look at the recorder and the bright glowing red light displayed on the dash. Brett's face drops. Ms Daniels smiles.

MS DANIELS

Oh no, looks like I pressed the wrong button. Its been nice meeting you Mr Crane. Merry Christmas.

She pats Brett on his shoulder and confidently walks towards the door, opens it and leaves, leaving almost no trace of her presence.

Brett sits in his chair in shock. He looks at the recorder and the red light, then to the eject button. Reaching for it, he manages to push it and pop open the drive.

As he struggles to reaches for it, coloured nails reach it first and pull it out.

SAMANTHA

Wanting this?

Brett looks up to see Samantha with a glass of water.

BRETT

Who the hell is Ms Daniels?

SAMANTHA

Ms who? There is no-one here by that name Mr Crane.

BRETT

Play that back.

SAMANTHA

You sure?

BRETT

Just play that back!

Putting the cassette back in the drive she plays back the last few minutes. Only Brett's confession is heard.

BRETT (ON THE RECORDER)

YES! I beat him into the dirt!

Brett looks in horror at what he has said.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Oh dear, did we get a bit lonely
while I was gone. Here, have some
water.

Samantha places the full glass next to the other glass of water. Brett looks at them both closely to see that one of them has a sip taken out of it.

Brett lets out a cry of rage and buries himself in his arms.

Samantha wanders over to the two way mirror and gets out her phone. It has a new message from Ms Daniels.

It reads, 'You're welcome x'

She looks into the two way mirror. In the reflection stands Ms Daniels.

END.