

Interrogation

by  
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INT. A CORRIDOR. DAY.

BARRY AND TOM ARE STANDING ROUND HAVING A CHAT. THEY LOOK LIKE THEY MIGHT BE POLICEMEN. THEY PROBABLY ARE.

WE SLOWLY DRIFT INTO THEIR CONVERSATION.

BARRY

...so we get there, and we find nothing left of the poor bugger, apart from his brain, sitting there on the coffee table in a puddle of, I dunno, brain juice or something. Weirdest thing, it looked lonely, you know? Just sitting there like a manky grey kitten. Felt sorry for it.

TOM

Lonely. Right.

BARRY

Ten days later we finally catch the nutbar who'd done it. He'd sent... pieces of brain-man all around the country. By Royal Mail. (2nd class too, tight bastard.) Random addresses. A toe here, eyelid there, kidneys dropping through the letterbox of some old dear in Bournemouth. Sent the knackers to, oh, what's his name, now... Bob Block - funny the details that stick in your mind. He wrote Rentaghost.

TOM

The perp?

BARRY

Bob Block.

TOM

Gonna say... busy feller...

BARRY

ANY-way, we're questioning Postman Splatter (that's what I called him but the tabloids never really picked up on it) and it turns out the whole thing is an allegory for Socialism. And a really shoddy one at that.

TOM

I used to hate that... jester, Claypool. Freaked me right out, he did.

BARRY

Claypole. Yeah, sharing the wealth, you know. Sick bastard. I says to him, I says, son, you realise Socialism is an unworkable system owing to the basically greedy and selfish nature of your human being. You know what he said to me~?

TOM (SINGING)

If your mansion house needs  
haunting you need Rentaghost

BARRY

You're not listening to a word I'm saying, are you? Fuck it. We'd better get to work. She's in interview room 3, isn't she?

TOM

Yep. What'd she do again?

BARRY

Ate her husband.

TOM

Ah.

BARRY

Exactly. Bad cop?

TOM

I was bad cop last time.

BARRY

You were appalling cop last time, if I remember.

TOM

Ha. Ha. Can't we both be bad cop for once?

BARRY

What, boot her up and down the interview room like some sick game of keepy-uppy until she confesses, you mean... Hmmm... Nah, we'll do it as per the manual. I'll be bad cop, ok?

TOM

Got the bad cop hat?

BARRY BRINGS A HAT INTO VIEW.

BARRY

Check.

BARRY PUTS THE HAT ON.

TOM  
Ok, Let's go to work.

BARRY  
I love it when you say that. I get shivers.

THEY WALK TOWARDS INTERVIEW ROOM THREE.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

LOOKS LIKE A ROOM WITH A DESK, 3 CHAIRS, CIGGIES, COFFEE, TAPE RECORDER, CANNIBAL GIRL AND ATMOSPHERIC LIGHTING.

TOM  
Ah, there you are. Treating you well are they?

BARRY  
You BITCH!

TOM FLASHES BARRY A LOOK.

TARA  
I'm, yes, I'm ok.

BARRY (MIMICKY)  
I'm ok.

TOM  
Now, you know your rights. You've waived your right to a lawyer. Is that right?

TARA  
Yes, I, yes, that's right.

BARRY  
Oh, Mrs Big Bollocks doesn't need a lawyer. Well, I'm scared.

TOM IS A LITTLE DISTURBED BY THE HASH THAT BARRY IS MAKING OF BEING A BAD COP.

TOM  
Um, if you'll excuse us, we both have to pop to... the... toilet.

TOM AND BARRY LEAVE. TARA SITS ALONE FOR A WHILE. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE OUTSIDE.

THE DOOR OPENS, AND WE JUST SEE BARRY SNATCH THE HAT BACK OFF TOM. TOM AND BARRY RE-ENTER.

TOM (cont'd)  
Ok, interview started at... 8.15pm.

BARRY HITS THE TAPE PLAYER. "I AM THE ONE AND ONLY" BY CHESNEY HAWKES STARTS TO BLARE OUT.

TOM (cont'd)  
Play and record at the same time!  
How many times...?

BARRY STOPS THE TAPE, THEN PRESSES PLAY AND RECORD AT THE SAME TIME.

BARRY  
My bad. Interview started at... 7.35...

BARRY LOOKS PUZZLED AND TAPS HIS WATCH. LOOKS AT TOM.

TOM  
8.16pm

BARRY  
Thankyou. Present are Dectective Gibb, Dectective Jones and the EVIL SCUMSUCKING BITCH! I oughta slap you into next Wednesday missy for what you done so help me.

TOM  
Detective Gibb, that's enough! Now, Tara, is it ok if I call you Tara?

TARA  
Tara is fine.

TOM STARTS TO GET CREEPY.

TOM  
What do you like to be called? By... friends...

TARA  
Tara is fine, honestl...

TOM  
...and... special friends...

BARRY LOSES HIS PATIENCE WITH TOM'S WEIRD GOOD COP ROUTINE.

BARRY  
Interview paused while we go... to... uh... the toilet.

BARRY IMPATIENTLY GESTURES TO TOM.

TOM AND BARRY EXIT. TARA SITS ALONE FOR A WHILE. MUFFLED VOICES AND MOVEMENT FROM OUTSIDE. BARRY AND TOM RE-ENTER. TOM IS NOW WEARING THE HAT.

THE CASSETTE RECORDER IS SWITCHED ON AGAIN.

BARRY (cont'd)  
Interview recomm... recomman...  
commencing a... on again at...

BARRY LOOKS AT WATCH

BARRY (cont'd)  
7.35...

BARRY LOOKS PUZZLED AND TAPS WATCH.

TOM  
8.20

BARRY  
Thankyou. Now. Well. Well well  
well. So... I hear you ate your  
husband.

TARA  
That's right.

BARRY AND TOM LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN TRIUMPH. THEY HI-FIVE.

TOM  
Yesss!

BARRY  
Bullseye!

TARA  
I already... I confessed already. I  
came in to the station and told the  
woman at the desk that I'd... what  
I'd done and that's when they put  
me in here. You haven't caught me  
out or anything.

TOM  
I knew that. We were just...

BARRY  
I'd just remembered that it's my  
birthday next... year.

TOM  
So, you ate your husband. Tsk.

TARA  
Yes I did.

BARRY

Was he... was he dead?

TARA

Mostly. I didn't eat him alive or anything.

TOM

Any particular reason?

TARA

None that I can think of.

TOM

Just... hungry?

BARRY TAPS HIS OWN HEAD, THEN GESTURES AT TOM'S HAT TO REMIND TOM THAT HE'S BAD COP.

TOM LOOKS UPWARDS AT HIS HAT, THEN BACK TO TARA.

TOM (cont'd)

...smelly... bum.

BARRY

So what was it, symbolic of a man's loss of identity after marriage or...

TARA

No

BARRY

... a representation of the all consuming nature of true love, or was it...

TARA

No, no...

BARRY

... a thinly veiled commentary on the societal strictures that still bind women, while offering a critique on the extreme measures required for escape?

TARA

None of those. I killed him. I ate him. That's it.

TOM

It's not a metaphor?

BARRY TAPS HIS HEAD AGAIN.

TOM (cont'd)

...cowbag.

TARA

No, it's not a metaphor. It's, I dunno, murder. Cannibalism. Evil. A bad thing. I did a bad thing and I might be sorry, I don't know yet, but I think I need punishing.

BARRY

Wow, it's like the beginning of a letter to Razzle. Only, y'know, except for the murder bit. What? They have good articles. And pile-ups...

TOM

Well, I dunno, if it's not a metaphor it's not really our department.

BARRY

Yeah, you'll be wanting the police.

TARA

I thought you were the police.

TOM

Nah. No. We're not the police.

BARRY

Though people do get confused, don't they, Tom.

TARA

You're in a police station and you sort of act like police.

BARRY

Mmmm, doomed to live life as someone else's stereotype.

TARA

Buddy cops. An undercurrent of homoeroticism.

TOM

What, what do you mean?

TARA STANDS AND MAKES A GRAB FOR THE HAT. SHE PUTS IT ON AND LAYS INTO TOM, FINGERS A-POINTING.

TARA

Don't give me that, sunny jim! I saw it as soon as you walked in here. The sly, furtive glances, eyes lingering just a little too long, the flirtatious bickering..

BARRY

Hey, c'mon, go easy on the lad.

(to TOM)

She's had a hard day, son. I suggest you answer her questions and then we can all go home, what do you say?

TARA

Just give me five minutes alone with him - I'll have him singing like Gloria Gaynor.

TOM

It's not true I tell you.

BARRY

Come on son, we've all thought about it. What about that Alan Titchmarsh off the telly, you wouldn't you? I would. Waitamminute..

BARRY GRABS THE HAT OFF TARA.

BARRY (cont'd)

Don't ever do that again.

TARA

Where were we?

TOM

Knee deep in the thorny philosophical conundrum of meaning vs meaningless... ness...

BARRY

Really? Pfff. Heavy. Anyone hungry? I could murder a... Oh, sorry love...

THEY BEGIN TO LEAVE THE ROOM. THEIR VOICES BEGIN TO FADE AWAY.

TARA

So, if you're not Policemen, what are you?

BARRY

Cyphers, mostly.

TARA

You know, I'm really not sorry I ate him.

TOM

I'm not gay. By the way. I'm not.