

Him

By

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INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

EMILE PHILIPS (42), check-shirt, unshaven, rugged - hunched forward; sits opposite DETECTIVE FRANK GARDNER (53), suit, groomed; and DETECTIVE LUCILE JACKS (32), dark suit, dark hair, attractive.

GARDNER
Where is he?

A pause.

GARDNER
Emile.
(beat)
Where is Tom?

EMILE
He's safe.

GARDNER
Safe where?

EMILE
I've looked after him. Taken care
of him.

GARDNER
That's not your job, Mr Philips. To
look after him.

EMILE
Someone had to.

JACKS
Emile. We...

Emile sits back.

JACKS (CONT'D)
...understand.

Emile smiles. Shakes his head.

EMILE
How could you?

GARDNER
We have sons.

JACKS
Daughters.

EMILE

He's mine.

GARDNER

How is he yours?

EMILE

I own him. He's my property.

GARDNER

Well. We could argue he's state property.

EMILE

You can argue what you want.

GARDNER

Why do you want him?

JACKS

How could you want him?

EMILE

He took what was mine.

GARDNER

So why not kill him? Wouldn't that make sense?

EMILE

I don't want him dead. It'd make me as bad as him.

Gardner and Jacks exchange cursory glances.

JACKS

What do you do with him, Emile?

EMILE

I hurt him.

GARDNER

How often?

EMILE

Sometimes everyday. Sometimes, just now and again.

JACKS

And just how long... do think this can go on?

Emile shoots them both with defiant eyes.

EMILE
How long are you going to hold me?

GARDNER
We can't let you go.

EMILE
I can't let him go.

A pause.

JACKS
What do you do to him?

EMILE
I stamp on him.

GARDNER
Stamp?

EMILE
His legs. His arms.

GARDNER
His limbs. Just those. Not his
head.

EMILE
His head?

GARDNER
Wouldn't most people...

EMILE
I might kill him.

JACKS
But why don't you? Just rips his
head off. Wouldn't anyone? I just
don't get you!

Jacks slumps in her chair, arms folded.

GARDNER
You keep him alive.

EMILE
I have to.

JACKS
What, just to hurt him more?

GARDNER

Or because you can't kill him.
Won't kill him.

EMILE

Won't.
(beat)
And can't.

JACKS

So now he's going to die. Without
you. Without us.

EMILE

If you keep me here.

GARDNER

Tell us...

EMILE

...where he is.

GARDNER

How old was your boy?

EMILE

Eight.

JACKS

It won't bring him back.

EMILE

It isn't meant to. He took what was
mine. I'm taking what is his. His
life. His living life. I want him
alive. I have him alive.

JACKS

Where is he?

EMILE

I held him once.

JACKS

Tom?

EMILE

Yes. It was the closest I'd been to
my boy. I wanted him to feel it.
Me, close to him. To feel what he'd
done. For it not to leave him. Not
to forget.

Gardner leans forward.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Everyday. For him to know like I know. I held him in anger. To crush him. To hold him like I couldn't hold my son anymore because he'd taken him.

JACKS

Emile...

EMILE

They say rest in peace?

Gardner nods.

EMILE

Tom's my possession now. I'll give him no rest. No peace. You keep me? You kill him. Your decision. I really don't care either way.

FADE OUT: