

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

WES is hunched over the table. His hands are covering his face. DETECTIVE CASEY has his hands in his pockets. He is standing across from Wes.

DETECTIVE CASEY

Wes, I know this is hard for you. But we need to go through this.

Wes drops his hands and sighs.

WES

How many times do I have to tell you!
I can't do this right now.

DETECTIVE CASEY

It's okay. Take your time.

Long silence.

WES

She poured us drinks. We had a toast.
I was about to drink mine...but
they..they started cho-

Wes pauses and takes a deep breath.

WES

Choking.

Another long silence. Detective Casey nods his head. He lays a file on the table.

DETECTIVE CASEY

Cause of death was poison.

WES

Oh god no! She worked for my father
for years!! She would never!

INT. THE STANTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He goes over to the PACKAGE, opens it, and pulls out a portrait of THE CAGED DOLL, smiling behind thick, black bars. There is also a letter. Wes picks up the letter and begins to read.

WES

"Hello Wes, I'm sure you know who this is darling. I would of sent you a actual picture of myself, but you know how it is in here. Oh that's right you don't know how it is in here. I'm here. I'm here for life because of you."

Wes rolls his eyes.

WES

Someone had to take the fall baby.

He continues to read out loud.

WES

"I'm not suppose to be in here. Your the one that should be locked up."

Wes balls up the LETTER.

WES

Blah, blah, blah.

Wes tosses the letter at the portrait, grabs his bag, and leaves.