

DEAR WES - Detective Casey

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 again.

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.

WES

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

Wes pauses and takes a deep breath.

WES

Choking.

Long silence. Detective Casey nods his head.

DETECTIVE CASEY

Cause of death was poison.

WES

Oh god no! There's no way! She would never! She's loyal! Well mannered, and worked for my father for years!

DETECTIVE CASEY

This is not the first time I've seen this. People take you by surprise.

(beat)

You had a rough night. She's in a jail cell where she belongs. In the meantime go home and get some rest. I'll reach out to you if I have any more questions.