

POLICEMAN 1: Ok, I've just turned the recorder on.

POLICEMAN 2: Great.

POLICEMAN 1: (Whispering) Remember: You have to be nice to the suspect or his walls will go up. Get to know him, man to man. Become his friend. If that doesn't work, try reverse psychology.

POLICEMAN 2: I get it, I get it.

POLICEMAN 1: (Whispering once more) Excellent. I'll bring the scumbag in.

(DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSES)

POLICEMAN 1: Sit down on the chair.

INTERVIEWEE: I'm innocent! I swear!

(CHAIR SCRAPING)

POLICEMAN 1: You sat down really well.

INTERVIEWEE: What?

POLICEMAN 1: I'm going to leave you two alone. I'm sure your conversations will be amazing. Which is the only reason I'll be recording you.

INTERVIEWEE: Why are you leaving me, then? You can hear me, now.

POLICEMAN 1: You're too good for me.

INTERVIEWEE: I don't understand. You arrest me on suspicion of assault and say 'come with me you scumbag', then you compliment me on how I sit down!

POLICEMAN 2: He only called you a scumbag because of sexual tension.

POLICEMAN 1: God... I mean right!

INTERVIEWEE: So you've genuinely brought me here against my will because you want to hear my views on the world?

POLICEMAN 2: Please don't tell anyone.

INTERVIEWEE: I don't want to be here, though.

POLICEMAN 1: Of course. So please accept the coffee on the table. It's all yours.

INTERVIEWEE: How about a nice walk in the park?

POLICEMAN 1: I want to come clean. You're accused of punching someone in the

face. That's why you're here.

INTERVIEWEE: So you didn't really like the way I sat down?

POLICEMAN 1: No, no, no. It was really beautiful and graceful, but manly, too. I wish I could sit like you.

POLICEMAN 2: I noticed that, too.

INTERVIEWEE: I never noticed.

POLICEMAN 2: Well you SHOULD.

INTERVIEWEE: Aw.

POLICEMAN 1: Anyway, I have to go.

(DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSES. MORE CHAIR SCRAPING IS HEARD)

INTERVIEWEE: You sat down really nicely, too.

POLICEMAN 2: SHUT UP, SCUMBAG!

INTERVIEWEE: What??

POLICEMAN 2: Argh! I'm so sorry! I meant 'not as nicely as you, though!'

INTERVIEWEE: Are you ok?

POLICEMAN 2: Sexual tension.

INTERVIEWEE: You too?

POLICEMAN 2: Of course! You have a nice nose.

INTERVIEWEE: I've never heard that before.

POLICEMAN 2: And modest, too!

INTERVIEWEE: You don't really think I punched someone, do you?

POLICEMAN 2: If you did, I bet you punched him really well.

INTERVIEWEE: No, you've got this all wrong...

POLICEMAN 2: Why would someone make false allegations against you?

INTERVIEWEE: Sexual tension?

POLICEMAN 2: Good argument, good argument. I can see why you could say that.

INTERVIEWEE: There you go, then.

POLICEMAN 2: The thing is, there were lots of witnesses. They all thought you were really great, but they say you made a simple mistake any wonderful man could have made. Did you make a harmless mistake? You legend.

INTERVIEWEE: No.

POLICEMAN 2: I really admire honesty, you know?

INTERVIEWEE: Thanks.

POLICEMAN 2: You know what? I don't think you have the intelligence to punch someone in the face as countless people watched...

INTERVIEWEE: Eh?

POLICEMAN 2: You're a smart man, but you're no genius.

INTERVIEWEE: I think I probably could work out how to punch someone...

POLICEMAN 2: Really?? That's amazing!

INTERVIEWEE: I'm serious.

POLICEMAN 2: Did you?

INTERVIEWEE: No...

POLICEMAN 2: I'd love it if you did.

INTERVIEWEE: Is that a normal thing for a policeman to say?

POLICEMAN 2: I don't play by the rules. I'm like you. We both like punching people in the face. You really do. Admit it.

INTERVIEWEE: I could complain about you.

(THE DOOR OPENS THEN CLOSSES)

POLICEMAN 1: Confessed to your crime yet, scumbag?

INTERVIEWEE: No, but your colleague has.

POLICEMAN 1: What's that supposed to mean?

INTERVIEWEE: He likes punching people in the face!

POLICEMAN 1: Do you?

POLICEMAN 2: No! None of the techniques have been working!

INTERVIEWEE: Ha!

POLICEMAN 1: Look, if you don't confess, and you get prosecuted, we're going to triple your sentence.

INTERVIEWEE: I don't believe you.

POLICEMAN 1: Why not?

INTERVIEWEE: You have such a kind chin. And a kind face in general. And good dress sense.

POLICEMAN 1: Don't try and manipulate me!

INTERVIEWEE: I'm not. I'm just saying you have manly broad shoulders and perfectly formed ears...

POLICEMAN 2: You do have good shoulders...

POLICEMAN 1: Er...

POLICEMAN 2: You don't really think such a charmer could hit anyone?

POLICEMAN 1: Well no, but... All the evidence...

POLICEMAN 2: Sounds like a smear campaign. Doesn't it, cupcake?

INTERVIEWEE: Right!

POLICEMAN 1: Ok, as he's so convincing, I'll interview the witnesses more in depth than planned. But if I find out you're tricking me, you're done for!

INTERVIEWEE: You wouldn't treat me so coldly...

POLICEMAN 2: He's right. You should let everyone involved go. You're just so forgiving...

POLICEMAN 1: Maybe, I could forgive everyone... Just this once...

POLICEMAN 2: Do you have anything nice to say about me?

INTERVIEWEE: Your shoes are really shiny!

POLICEMAN 2: Aw. You know what. I do polish them thoroughly. I'm glad all the effort is worth it.

INTERVIEWEE: No problem!

POLICEMAN 2: NOW DID YOU DO IT, YOU FILTH?!?

INTERVIEWEE: What??... No!

POLICEMAN 1: You do realise there was CCTV watching everything?

INTERVIEWEE: Why are you interviewing me, then?

POLICEMAN 1: Curiosity?

INTERVIEWEE: Look, you can't trick me into saying anything, because I didn't do it!
What are you gong to do next? Play good cop, bad cop?

POLICEMAN 1: I'm going to kill you.

POLICEMAN 2: I love you.

INTREVIEWEE: God...

POLICEMAN 1: Ok, as we haven't got enough evidence to arrest you, YET, we're
going to have to let you go. For now...

TO BE CONTINUED...