

JORDYN KEITH

Written by

Taylor Tolliver

Address
Phone Number

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

JOSEPH (young adult) sits quietly and cries. Although crying, he seems... numb. In shock. Eyes wide open.

There's dry blood on his face, hands and clothes. From him? For someone else?

He BLINKS.

A nearby, female voice is heard:

COP (O.S.)
Mr. Dalton.

Joseph remains in silence. Blink. Another tear falls down his face.

COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Dalton?

Joseph looks up at the female cop.

JOSEPH
Yes?

COP (O.S.)
I need you to explain the situation.

JOSEPH
What situation?

COP (O.S.)
The situation that brought you here.

JOSEPH
Pardon?

COP (O.S.)
You called 911. Why? What did you do?

JOSEPH
I don't understand your question.

COP (O.S.)
Joseph, who's blood is on you?

Joseph looks at his hands. Shocked.

He licks them.

JOSEPH
Mine, I think.

COP (O.S.)
You think?

JOSEPH
Why am I here?

COP (O.S.)
Why did you call us?

JOSEPH
I don't remember.

COP (O.S.)
You don't remember why you called us?

JOSEPH
I don't remember what happened.
Period. It's a blur... she wanted to-

COP (O.S.)
Who?

JOSEPH
I don't remember her name.

He licks his hand again.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Josephina? Jayla? Jessica? Jojo?
Jordyn?

COP (O.S.)
Jordyn Keith?

JOSEPH
Possibly.

COP (O.S.)
What do you know about Jordyn
Keith?

JOSEPH
How she feels when I'm inside of
her. How warm and wet she can get-

COP (O.S.)
Mr. Dalton, what did you do to her?

JOSEPH
Fucked her.

He licks his hand again.

COP (O.S.)
Did you kill her?

He takes a moment to think...

JOSEPH
No.

COP (O.S.)
No?

JOSEPH
She was already dead, I think.
(beat)
Fresh. Warm. She was bleeding.

COP (O.S.)
Where?

JOSEPH
Everywhere.

He licks his hand again.

COP (O.S.)
Joseph, listen to me. Who killed
her?

JOSEPH
She did. The knife was in her hand-

COP (O.S.)
Where is she, Joseph?

He thinks. A single tear falls down his face.

JOSEPH
In my room.

Quiet.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
What?

COP (O.S.)
We checked your room, Joseph. No
one was in it except for you.