

INT. DALLAS POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

John Pena sits at one end of a table as London and Detective Richmond enters the room. Detective Richmond leans up against the rear wall with his BlackBerry in hand. London rolls around behind John.

LONDON

By the look of the clumsy woman on your arm yesterday, I would've never guessed you'd be hanging out at a gay bar.

JOHN PENA

I've never hung out at a gay bar.

London stops rolling in front of the table opposite John.

LONDON

And I'd say you do look a little on the feminine side to be a drug runner and bruiser.

John's exterior remains calm.

JOHN PENA

I do not run drugs.

LONDON

But you do like guys on the side, don't you?

John sits up in his chair.

JOHN PENA

What the hell are you getting at?

LONDON

Where were you the night Greg Brown was murdered?

JOHN PENA

I was at home...with my girl.

John looks at Detective Richmond who is still up against the wall behind London.

LONDON

You didn't see Greg Brown at all that night?

JOHN PENA

No. I didn't.

London gets that look in his eye.

LONDON

What time is it?

John annoyed shakes his head.

JOHN PENA

You got a damn watch right there.  
Why are you fucking asking me?

London continues to stare and grins at John.

LONDON

I asked a question and it looks  
like I'm going to have to answer  
it myself.

JOHN PENA

You're damn right, 'cause this  
whole thing is a waste of time.  
That's what time it is.

John snickers and leans back in his chair.

JOHN PENA

My grade school in Brooklyn was  
tougher than this.

Immediately, London PUSHES THE TABLE WITH HIS CHEST as he rolls forward capturing John by surprise. London, the table that is on smooth feet glide smoothly on the slick concrete floor as is the same with John's chair. They travel as one unit across the floor until John hits the wall.

BAM!

With John's arms caught under the table and his body pinned on the chair between the wall and the table, London reaches down to lock the brakes on his wheelchair and lifts his arms above the table grabbing John's shirt and pulling him forward so that they're FACE TO FACE.

LONDON

I didn't ask you what it was like  
for you growing up. Did I?

John shakes his head no.

LONDON

Did I, Detective Richmond?

Detective Richmond remains calmly leaning up against the wall.

DETECTIVE RICHMOND

No.

LONDON

I asked what time it was. Do you know what time it is now?

John again shakes his head no.

LONDON

Detective Richmond, what time is it?

DETECTIVE RICHMOND

It's London time.

London grins.

LONDON

That's right. It is London time and that means it's time for the truth. And the truth is we have an eye witness that saw you at "The Zone" the night Greg Brown was killed. Moments before he was killed. So what happened and how?

John nods his head.

JOHN PENA

Alright, alright, I'll tell you all I know.

London releases his grip on John's shirt but continues to keep the table tight.

LONDON

Go on.

JOHN PENA

I really didn't want to go there, but Ms. Love, Lori, wanted pressure on him right away.

LONDON

That's it? Pressure is all you did?

JOHN PENA

Yeah. I mean I got him outside in the parking lot and I took out my piece. I just gotten it, a brand new Ruger three-fifty-seven magnum. I stuck it in his mouth and made him get on his knees. Then I told him to get the cash or...

London pushes the table with his chest tighter.

LONDON

Or what?

JOHN PENA

Okay, okay. He had to get the cash he owed or new clients for Lori. She loves the arts and wanted to know the local art people. That's why I took his day planner for the address book in it.

London backs off the table and rolls back a couple of feet. John pushes the table forward.

LONDON

Then you just left?

JOHN PENA

Yeah. I walked back to my Porche where Frank was waiting.

LONDON

Did anyone see you?

John thinks for a moment and rubs his bruised chest.

JOHN PENA

Yeah, the doorman. He was giving me shit when I went in the place and then whistled at me when I crossed the street after leaving Greg.

LONDON

What about Greg?

JOHN PENA

I don't know. I saw him walk further into the parking lot. I thought he was going to his car to leave.

London thinks for a moment and then nods his head.

LONDON

Okay, that's all for now.

London rolls out the door. Detective Richmond catches the door before it closes and turns around to face John.

DETECTIVE RICHMOND

Ever had the kid in a wheelchair kick your ass on that tough playground in Brooklyn?

Detective Richmond grins and exits the room.