

SHEEP OR GOAT

Written by

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For ShowReel ShootOut.

Please feel free to edit, change, adjust this script. Use it in its entirety, or simply as inspiration. Just work your magic.

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The SUSPECT hunches forward, shaking, crying hard—the kind of crying that empties a soul.

Seated across: KELLER. Jacket off, sleeves rolled, pen balanced on his finger like it's part of a ritual. Patient. Still. By the wall: RUIZ, arms folded, reading glasses down his nose. Not reading anything. Just watching.

Then — The crying stops — Abrupt. Not exhausted—extinguished. The SUSPECT slowly raises his head. Tears gone. Face slack. Then — a smile. Something animal wearing a man's face.

SUSPECT (DARK)

There it is. Hello boys. You felt it, didn't you? That little shift in the air?

His eyes flick to Keller. Studying him.

SUSPECT (DARK) (CONT'D)

Like a prayer lost halfway through the Hail Mary.

KELLER

You always this poetic, or is that just a full moon thing?

SUSPECT (DARK)

Oh, this one's got teeth. I like him.

RUIZ

(quietly)

He bites back.

SUSPECT (INNOCENT)

(blurts, desperate)

Please! Please, I told you. You believe me now, right? It's him — you've got to stop this, you've got to —

He cuts off. Grabs at his head like he's physically trying to hold on and screams in pain.

KELLER

I'm still listening. But I need one voice at a time.

SUSPECT (DARK)
He's always interrupting. Always
trying to lead in a show he never
auditioned for.

He tilts his head at Ruiz.

SUSPECT (DARK) (CONT'D)
He doesn't trust me.

RUIZ
Trust is earned. You're overdrawn.

SUSPECT (DARK)
Still polite. Even now. I like
that. It's more intimate when
they're polite.

KELLER
You like intimacy?

SUSPECT (DARK)
I like being seen. He was weak. All
sugar and stutter. The kind you
scrape off your boots after a walk
through sentiment.

KELLER
Funny. Didn't sound weak to me.

RUIZ
Sounded scared.

KELLER
Scared's not the same as weak.

SUSPECT (INNOCENT)
Please don't listen to him. He's
not me. He uses me --

KELLER (CONT'D)
-- He uses your voice. That's not
the same as having control.

SUSPECT (INNOCENT)
You don't understand -- he wants
out. He wants everyone to see him.
To remember his name. He said if I
give him one more hour, he'll never
go back under.

SUSPECT (DARK) (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Negotiation was never your strong
suit, sweetheart. You ever meet a
man with no mirror, Detective?

KELLER
You write that down or winging it?
I don't think you've managed to
comprehend your situation here.

RUIZ
There's no mirror here.

KELLER
There is no here. Here.

SUSPECT (LIGHT)
What are you --

SUSPECT (DARK) (CONT'D)
They're playing with you --

RUIZ
-- No play. Just judgment. Nothing
impure will ever enter heaven, nor
anyone who does what is shameful or
deceitful, but only those whose
names are written in the Lamb's
book of life.

KELLER
He will separate them one from
another, as a shepherd divides the
sheep from the goats. He will put
the sheep on his right and the
goats on his left.

SUSPECT (LIGHT)
This is my... judgment... How did
I?

KELLER
You are asking the wrong question.

SUSPECT
Am, I on the right... or the
left...

RUIZ
Now we get to the nub.

THE END