

Sing, Sweet Silver

Written by:

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Setting: New York City, 1925

INT. EVELYN'S DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

EVELYN AVERY, the headline performer for the Silver Cypress speakeasy, sits on the stool in her dressing room, smoking a cigarette. Two police officers (FEIGEL and MARCUS) stand in front of her. Marcus is holding a small notepad, and Feigel has his arms crossed, staring down at Evelyn.

EVELYN

So, boys. What brings you to the Silver Cypress tonight?

Feigel wrinkles his nose in disgust.

FEIGEL

Can you please put out that cigarette, Ms. Avery?

EVELYN

I would rather not, thank you.

FEIGEL

(sighs) I assume you know why we're here?

EVELYN

Actually, I don't. Would you mind enlightening me

Feigel and Marcus exchange a look. Marcus writes something down in his notepad.

FEIGEL

You've been in the business for a while now, yes?

EVELYN

A little over two years.

FEIGEL

Have you heard of Maria Rosa?

EVELYN

Who hasn't heard of Maria Rosa? She's been taking the jazz community by storm the past few months. They say she has a voice like an angel. I mean, I've never heard her sing so I wouldn't know. But she's been the talk of the town lately.

FEIGEL

Well, now she's dead.

Evelyn gasps dramatically.

EVELYN

What? How did she die?

FEIGEL

She was murdered. In the alleyway directly outside of this speakeasy. Her throat was slit open and her vocal cords were torn out.

EVELYN

(gagging in disgust) Jesus, that's a horrible way to go out.

FEIGEL

Her body was found a few hours after the murder was committed. The police department traced her murder to a few minutes before she was supposed to go on for her first official set.

With you.

Evelyn laughs.

EVELYN

What, so you think I killed her?

Feigel is silent.

EVELYN

Oh my god you think I killed her.

FEIGEL

We're not entirely certain yet, but you are our primary suspect.

EVELYN

That's ludicrous. I don't have a motive-

MARCUS

On the contrary, Ms. Avery.

Evelyn turns to Marcus, visibly surprised to hear him speak.

MARCUS

We spoke to the members of the Silver Cypress house band before coming to talk to you.

Marcus flips his notepad to a different page.

MARCUS

According to their reports, you were seething when the speakeasy owner announced that you would be splitting your stage time with Ms. Rosa.

FEIGEL

And I believe there was a contradiction between one of your statements from earlier and the statements from the band.

Evelyn begins to sweat.

EVELYN

Oh? A contradiction?

FEIGEL

You said earlier in our interrogation that you had not heard Maria Rosa sing. Is that correct?

EVELYN

Yes.

MARCUS

The band says both them and you were present for Ms. Rosa's audition. They also said that you stormed out of the audition and flew into a rage at anybody who tried to interact with you.

EVELYN

That's-

MARCUS

And Jimmy, the drummer, goes on to say that on the night of Maria's first set, you pulled her aside so the two of you could warm up together. That was the last reported sighting of her alive.

FEIGEL

I think, Ms. Avery, that you thought Ms. Rosa was going to steal your job. Your stage time had already been cut in half... who's to say it wouldn't be cut down further? So you took her to the back alley under the pretense of warming up and then you killed her.

Evelyn stands up, knocking over the stool she had been sitting on.

EVELYN

So what if I did? I've been in the entertainment industry since I was thirteen. This business is

cruel, and I couldn't risk jeopardizing the position I spent years trying to get.

FEIGEL

Wow. That was easy.

MARCUS

I thought we were going to be here for another fifteen minutes at least.

EVELYN

That girl was going to run me out of the industry. I had to do something about her. So yeah. I killed her. And I ripped out her vocal cords so that in case she survived she would never be able to sing again.

FEIGEL

Okay, I've heard enough. Let's take her in.

Marcus moves to cuff Evelyn. Evelyn knees him in the groin. Marcus yells in pain and doubles over. Evelyn throws her dressing room door open and runs.

FEIGEL

HEY WAIT A MINUTE

FEIGEL runs after EVELYN.

FEIGEL (offstage)

Somebody stop her!

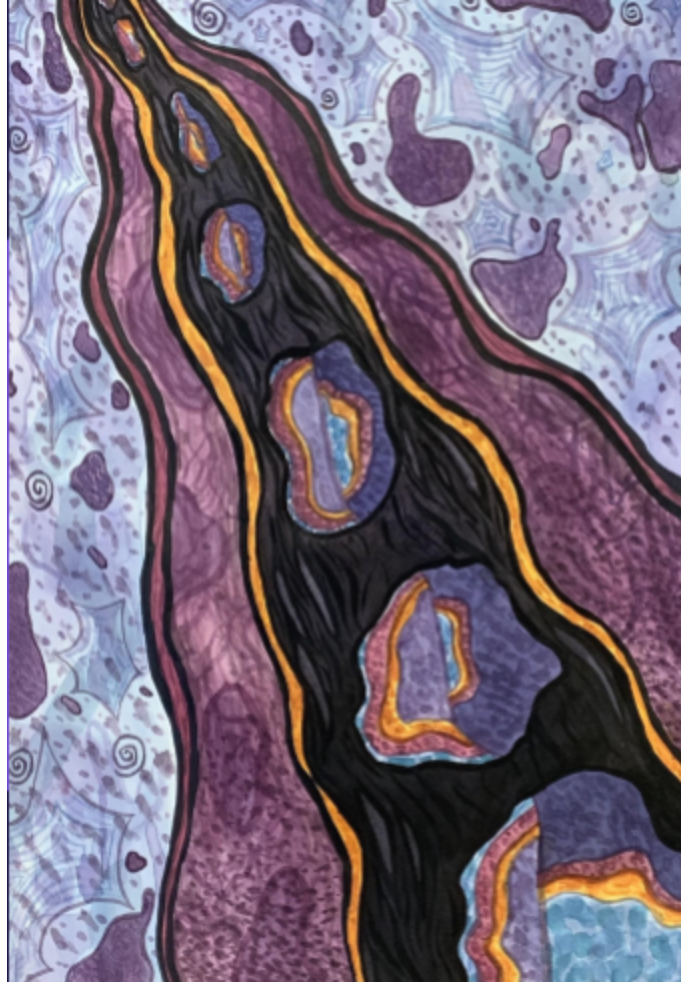
There is a sound of glass shattering. Offstage, the crowd in the speakeasy whisper amongst themselves, confused and concerned by what they had just seen. Marcus braces himself against Evelyn's dressing room vanity and stands up.

MARCUS

Ow. God damn it.

MARCUS limps out of the room.

END



Biopsy by MJ Head