INT - PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A young woman, MISS SMITH, sits on a cheap plastic chair in a barren prison corridor. Her dark brown hair, pulled back in a tight pony tail, suggests she is a professional of some kind.

She wearily looks at her WATCH to check the time. Then...

CLANK! The SOUND of a prison door OPENING breaks the silence. Miss Smith turns to see a PRISON GUARD staring at her.

PRISON GUARD
You got fifteen minutes.

MISS SMITH
That's it?

The jaded old guard is silent. He slowly gestures towards the door.

Miss Smith stands. Peers into the dark room. She gently grabs a HEART SHAPED LOCKET draped around her neck.

MISS SMITH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Give me strength.

She gives the locket a quick kiss. EXHALES. Slowly enters the room...

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Smith stands motionless in a quiet, poorly lit interrogation room. A man in an orange jumpsuit sits at a lone table in the center of the room. His hands are tightly handcuffed together. His legs are chained securely to his chair.

He watches her with a cold, calculating stare, not once breaking eye contact. His face is blank. This is JACOB GILLROY.

Miss Smith slowly takes a seat across from him. Uncomfortable, she sits upright, her hands clenched in fists on the table in front of her.

MISS SMITH
Mr. Gillroy, I came here today to...