

Guardian  
by  
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

TRACY HAWKINS (20s) and looking much the worse for wear, sits on a couch. Across from her sits DET. FRANK PARRISH (30s).

TRACY

Let me ask you something... who would you be talking to if he hadn't saved my life?

DET. PARRISH

Ms. Hawkins--

TRACY

It wouldn't have been me, 'cause I'dve been dead like the others. Right? So would you have called my mother? Interviewed my co-workers?

DET. PARRISH

Ms. Hawkins, I sympathize with--

TRACY

You "sympathize"? Really? You sympathize with having two broken ribs, and pissing blood for a week because one of your kidneys ruptured from being repeatedly kicked?

(beat)

He saved my life.

DET. PARRISH

By shooting a man three times in the chest.

TRACY

By shooting the man who was raping me! The only thing he did wrong is not let me pull the trigger.

DET. PARRISH

Ms. Hawkins-- Tracy. A vigilante is not a hero, and I won't have one in my city. Not even if the man he killed was a monster. Now, you were conscious when you were brought to the emergency room, which means you know what he looks like. I understand you want to protect him, but doing so will only put more people at risk, and I won't allow that.

(beat)

I'm sorry for what happened, but you will give me a description, or I promise you I will make your life very difficult.

TRACY

I'd be careful about making good on that threat, Detective. Lately, it seems that people who try to do me harm end up in a bad way.