

Script: Gathering of Suspects

[INT. PPSCIP Conference Room – Late Afternoon]

The room is dimly lit, with the members of the management team seated in a semi-circle around the table. Detective Green stands at the front, flipping through his notebook. The atmosphere is thick with anticipation as Matthew watches, leaning against the doorframe. Everyone else shifts in their chairs, tension building.

Detective Green:

Clears throat.

Alright, everyone. We've had quite the journey, haven't we? Missing mobile, suspicious activity, and now we're getting closer to the truth. *Pauses dramatically.* I've reviewed all the clues and spoken to each of you. What we have here isn't just a random case of misplacement—it's deliberate. So, let's walk through what we know.

Everyone glances nervously around the table.

Detective Green (cont'd):

First, let's address Ken. Always around the printer, always fixing something, or at least *trying* to. Ken, you seemed pretty eager to provide that printer log, almost *too* eager. But what I found curious was how you didn't seem to notice anything unusual when Rachel printed her list. Odd, isn't it?

Ken:

Leaning forward defensively.

I was busy with the paper jam! I can't keep track of *every* list someone prints. I swear, I didn't even touch Matthew's phone. Tech support's my thing, not theft!

Detective Green:

Eyes Ken briefly before moving on.

Right. Then we have Fiona. Calm, composed, minimalistic. Your silence speaks volumes, Fiona. I'm not accusing you directly, but you do spend a lot of time reflecting, don't you? Maybe reflecting on how much more organized Matthew's life could be without his mobile?

Fiona:

Shrugs, completely unfazed.

If I wanted to organize Matthew's life, I'd suggest meditation, not theft.

Detective Green:

Smirking.

Touché. Now, Josh. Always the joker, always dodging serious responsibility. But funny thing is, you've been unusually quiet since the mobile went missing. Not quite your usual self, wouldn't you say?

Josh:

Laughing.

Hey, just because I'm quiet doesn't mean I'm guilty. If I'd taken the phone, trust me, there'd be a much bigger show to go with it.

Detective Green:

Raising an eyebrow.

Noted. Then there's Rosemary—constantly frustrated with Matthew's phone. You've made no secret of your annoyance, but would that frustration really push you to take matters into your own hands?

Rosemary:

Brusque.

I'd prefer to throw it out the window in front of him if I were going to do anything with that blasted phone. *Crosses her arms.*

Detective Green:

Finally turns toward Rachel, who is sitting tensely, her hands clasped on the table.

And now, Rachel. You've been awfully invested in making sure Matthew's schedule stays on track. Your print logs, your suggestions, your—*pauses, locking eyes with her*—constant need for *organization*. You told us earlier you've been trying to help, but it seems like that "help" may have crossed a line.

Rachel shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

Rachel:

Voice slightly shaky.

I was just doing my job, Detective. If you're suggesting I took the phone, you're wrong. I wouldn't... I couldn't—*glances at the others*—I was just trying to be helpful. Maybe too helpful. But that doesn't mean I'd *steal* anything.

Detective Green:

Smiling slightly, sensing her nervousness.

Perhaps. But you've got to admit, your interest in keeping Matthew's life in perfect order could have driven you to do something... impulsive? Maybe you thought removing the phone would help him focus, keep him organized?

Rachel's eyes dart around the room, and she bites her lip, visibly rattled. Everyone else is watching her intently now.

Shashika:

Leaning forward, raising an eyebrow.

Rachel, you were always so worried about Matthew's phone being a distraction. It's not hard to imagine you'd want to "help" by, you know, *removing* it.

Rachel:

Fumbling with her words.

No, no... I just... I didn't think— *She catches herself.* I didn't take the phone!

Detective Green:

Still calm, but with an edge of certainty.

We're not saying you *meant* to steal it, Rachel. But sometimes, in our efforts to help, we cross lines we didn't mean to. I'm not making accusations yet. But this case isn't about the mobile anymore—it's about motive, about intention. And your intention was, let's say, more involved than you're letting on.

Rachel goes quiet, avoiding everyone's gaze. The tension in the room grows, and suspicion looms over her, though nothing is confirmed yet.

Detective Green (cont'd):

Looking at the whole group.

We're not done here. But we're close. Very close.

The scene ends with the weight of suspicion heavily resting on Rachel, though her guilt remains unproven.