

Murder on the Set

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It was Autumn. Beneath the fallen leaves protruded a foot.

‘Ah! Why is there a foot in the middle of a forest?’ I sob. My brother looks frightened, but he was trying to stay brave.

‘Calm down, we have to keep on moving.’ So, we leave, not daring to look back.

‘Cut!’ the director yells.

‘That was perfect! Now we can get out of this filthy warehouse! Where did you guys find such a realistic foot?’

‘No idea.’ I shrug. I walk back to the set and pull on the foot. ‘It’s not moving?’ I say.

My partner Daniel walks up to me and starts removing the fresh, green leaves. We scream as he uncovers the producer’s lifeless body.

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I sit down in my office, opening my weathered diary as I begin to unload my thoughts.

It’s been two days since we found his body and this place is flooded with cops and detectives. We’ve been held in here, unable to leave. It’s a movie warehouse, not a crime scene. Everyone’s telling me that it was suicide, but who would stab themselves three times?

I sigh, closing the diary and placing it on my desktop. I’m about to leave my office when I hear a loud knock. ‘Come in.’

The door opens and a young, beautiful, female detective enters. ‘Good afternoon, sorry to disturb you. I’m the lead detective, you can call me Jones. I would like to ask you a few questions about this felony.’

‘Sure, I guess so.’ I replied. She looks at me like I’ve done something unforgivable, I’m scared, but I want to get this over with, so I usher her to sit down.

‘Did you kill him?’ she queried.

‘That’s the dumbest thing I ever heard! Sure, we didn’t get along well, but I would never, I repeat never have killed someone!’ I said. I can’t believe I just said that. ‘I shouldn’t have had that outburst. Sorry.’

‘It’s fine, from the evidence I’ve received from the autopsy report, the time of death was around 10:30 last night, where were you at that time? Also, this knife was found underneath the leaves, it’s engraved with some Spanish writing, you’re from Spain. Right?’

‘Yes, I am, and I do have an alibi, last night I was out at a restaurant, and came back at probably 11:00’ I reply.

‘Well, it has your fingerprints all over it, have you ever seen it before??’ she pulls a bloody, serrated knife from the bag and I gasp. ‘I know that. I’ve seen it before in—’ I stammer ‘Daniels office! I remember it when I went to drop off his script. He was furious that he didn’t get many lines, and I saw that exact thing poking out of his desk draw.’ I shiver, but I continue. ‘Do you think he’s the killer?’

Detective Jones gets up, not making eye contact. Shuffling the papers in her hands she says, ‘That will be all for now.’ She turns to me, as though she’s remembered something ‘Oh, you will also be locked in your office for the rest of the night.’

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I’m laying wide awake, unable to find sleep and I still can’t believe she’s locked me in my office. I didn’t think they were allowed to. I’m about to continue writing when I hear something.

What on earth could that be? It sounded like a car door? I thought everyone was locked in their office? Rummaging through my drawers, I find what I’m looking for: a key. Trying to escape, I unlock the door reaching for my flashlight, not knowing where I’m walking. I’m roaming around near the exit when I hear two, maybe three voices. I sneak around, avoiding the surrounding props and find a door.

The door unlocks.

I’m panicking and, in my hurry, I flip a switch, activating the security camera. I hear the door creak open, and frightened, I run behind some props.

‘How could you be so delusional. Leaving it out like that,’ the first voice says.

‘I’m sorry, I didn’t know she would see it, I thought—’ the second voice gets cut off ‘Stupid, ignorant, foolish that’s what you are.’

I look closer, recognising them. Daniel and Detective Jones? I can hear them mumbling and try to lean forward to listen, but I’m too far away. Hopefully the recording catches them. Out of the blue Daniel takes her hands in his and kisses her.

Shocked, I stumble back colliding with a large recycling bin. The bin and I topple over, and I hear Jones shout, ‘Who’s there?’

They begin to move towards me, so as quietly as I can, I go back to my office. I lock the door and hide. I lay down on my makeshift bed with all these thoughts are going through my mind. Why did he kiss her? What is going on? What were they talking about? Was it— My heart starts thumping. The knife? Then I feel someone staring down at me, the hair on my neck beginning to rise.

They stand there for what feels like an eternity until Jones say, ‘Quick, security is coming!’ I hear Daniel’s footsteps patter away. Terrified I lay staring at the ceiling. Rigid. Unmoving.

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I can’t stop thinking about last night. I wonder what they were talking about before the kiss. Oh no! I’m gonna be late for the interviews! I hurriedly change into fresh clothes, the memories of the night before crowding my mind. Oh crap. Ok, I’ve got this, I can do this. I walk out of my office and start heading towards the interrogation room. I stop right outside of the door. I can do this; all I have to do is wait for the right moment. I open the door, as I enter the room feels heavy with suspicion.

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‘Are you gonna say something?’ I say. ‘We’ve been here for half an hour and all you’ve been doing is staring.’

‘You know why we’re staring at you—’ Jones says in a serious tone. ‘We have solved this dreadful crime.’

‘Wait, you have? Who is it?’

‘Well, funny you’re asking, because all the evidence points to—’ she says, tapping a pair of handcuffs on the table.

‘Well?’

‘You.’

I hear sirens and I know what I need to do. I press the button hidden in my lap and the familiar voices of Jones and Daniel blare out from the speakers. ‘No one can know I murdered him you fool. I’m blaming it on your actor ‘friend’.’ Jones says, sounding sarcastic.

‘What about—’

‘Also, there’s nothing you can do about it.’

‘No, you can’t. She’s innocent!’ Daniel says.

‘Well duh.’

‘When he gave me a small role, I said we should get revenge, but I didn’t mean murder! I meant put toothpaste in his Oreos or something, I don’t know?’

‘You—’ I stop the recording as the door opens and I hear a voice.

‘Detective Jones, you’re under arrest.’