

Demon Detective
Written by Alex Block



PROPERTY OF

My Inspiration:

"Sheer absolute Boredom!" Detective stories lack originality. "It's not like the victim disappeared." "The chest didn't sprout legs and walked away." It's all the same. It's so predictable you can figure it out in the first five minutes. So, what if the victim could disappear into another realm? What if the chest was the murderer? I find that more entertaining, don't you agree? Interrupting your thoughts, I say, of course, you do! In a mythical world, anything can happen: you need only an open mind to see it.

Now, then where do I begin? How about a nightmare?!

It's that last place you want to be on a dark, stormy night: a deserted freeway encased in an eerie forest. In the distance, you hear a motorcycle speeding down the slippery streets. The driver and the motorcycle catch your eye as they blaze through the rainy fog. The driver, Stacy Hart, wears a ripped leather jacket. The horns on her head indicate her demon heritage. She appears just about old enough to drive, but her reckless actions say otherwise. She rapidly swerves between the two lanes, never once looking ahead. With one hand to steer, she clutches something - no, someone - close to her chest. It's a toddler. Why is Stacy so focused on kicking the back of her bike?

The headlights of an incoming RV illuminate a shadow monstrosity attacking Stacy. Distracted in the fight, Stacy doesn't notice the RV. The RV doesn't notice her either.. CRASH!! The bike's head-on collision flings Stacy over the RV. Stacy holds the child close, shielding it from impact. Her body skips to a stop across the asphalt. Bloody and bruised, she lies in a puddle, unconscious. At least the child is okay. But why was she out there? And where did the shadow creature go?

All I can say is welcome to Riverside, Oregon.

Fast forward to Five years later, where a demon private investigator (Stacy Hart) serves as the justice system for the supernatural in a world that does not believe in it. Despite being unnoticed by non-believers (which are most humans), supernatural creatures have lived a relatively peaceful existence beside humans until Stacy's predecessor died and balance between the worlds was lost.

If you haven't guessed, this is a supernatural detective show formatted as a hybrid procedural. This gem of a spectacle could only be conceived by a three-way orgy between *Gravity Falls*, *Hazbin Hotel*, and a generic detective show fresh off the Hallmark channel.

The generic detective scene show gives audiences familiarity. It's the egg: the basic formula of a crime scene, a detective's investigation, and then their Scooby-Doo moment. *Gravity Falls* is the sperm fertilizing this egg into a supernatural reality that confounds the logic of the Hallmark detectives. It also presents a small town in the middle of the ominous Oregon woods. It doesn't take much to know something is going on in this dark but comedic animated world our characters call home.

If a generic detective show is the egg and *Gravity Falls* is the sperm, then what does that make *Hazbin Hotel*? It's the womb, of course. Don't strain yourself thinking too hard about this. *Hazbin Hotel* brings the moral complexities of this world. Like Charlie Morningstar, Stacy Hart is the last being you'd expect to save the tortured souls of this world. She's a demon using her powers for good. Does that make this spawn of evil redeemable? A hero even? What about the other characters who perform good deeds for their immoral gain? Are they the villains deemed worthy of heaven? The episodes will explore these questions, where heroic deeds wave a carrot of redemption before the evil souls only for their sins to return and rip away their hope of redemption. **You're telling this all wrong.**

I can't tell the reader everything. That's mystery, my dear!

This isn't a show. This is our lives.

Forget these two. Please continue your writing, Narrator.

No, they *are* the writing. Excuse my excitement, Reader. It's *them* who should tell you their story. But first, let my cast introduce themselves, starting with our "hero!"

I'm Stacy Hart,

And I'm not a hero. I'm a demon with a natural talent for ruining any life I touch, including my own. I was cursed with heart and made a deal-er I mean promise a long time ago. Above, you read my failure to deliver that promise; the consequences haunt me now. I can't save all the lives I've destroyed, but there are some I can fix. To restore them is not my redemption but rather my purgatory. Come close to me, and you'll see what kind of demonic mischievous I can create for good and bad.

In other words, she'll flirt with you until you leave her alone or flirt back.

Whom you just read in the green was Rayla, our stereotypical detective, who can't solve a single case. Tell us about yourself, Rayla.

Rayla Thomas.

I'm not bad at my job. The police department was failing before I moved here. My fiancée, Catalyst, brought me here because I could bring new insight. There are too many cold cases piling up, and I vow to solve every last one. In the beginning, I didn't believe the supernatural nonsense Stacy claimed. I mean, people lie all the time, but the evidence does not. The logic pointed Stacy as guilty, and I used the judicial system to bring closure to the cases.

Pardon her. My department is thriving. I don't expect newcomers like Rayla to understand, but it's normal for cases to take a long time to solve. The forensics department gets overwhelmed with tests, officers get distracted by false alarms, and – No one cares, Chief Flynn. Tell us about your more interesting political facade.

I am Chief Nathan Flynn.

What do you mean, "political facade?" I'm the white knight of our small town. As your police chief, I assure you everything is under control. Some of our methods to counteract delays may have been referred to as "brutal," but it keeps the greater good safe, and they can rely on me. I don't care how or whom we imprison. As long as they are proven guilty, I will proudly seal the case closed.

Wow, I couldn't have danced myself out of that better myself. And now, talking over Flynn's argument here's Catalyst.

Catalyst

A pleasure to meet you, disgusting human. I bring hope and doom. To some, I am a savior, but to others, I am a destroyer. I don't expect your feeble mind to comprehend my celestial being as I'm not of this world. Unfortunately, like many others, I am trapped in this realm by powers greater than I. I'm enraged by human's disregard for us "supernatural creatures" and their abuse of their only home. Rayla is my heart's exception to the scum of humanity. She distrusts them as much as I. On behalf of both of us and the supernatural, judgment has passed: I deem human existence as a major threat. Humanity's eradication will suffice our desire for peace.

What cynical words?! After all, he is a mastermind and puppeteer manipulating the supernatural to bring about humanity's end in the Riverside area. He sounds like a vengeful demon, but he is actually one of the many angels that we humans forgot we once praised. The last of our cast is none other than Dr. Joy. Joy? Where are you? There she is, sneaking out! Come back here and tell us about yourself.

Dr. Joy

My threads and skins say it all.

But the reader can not see them: just give us five sentences describing yourself.

I'm part lizard. I'm Stacy's forensics skirt. I'm your old lady's old lady with the looks of a teeny bopper. My patients bug me with their rap when it's dissecting them that gives me kicks. There's a toad with a termite infection waiting for me at my pad. Later.

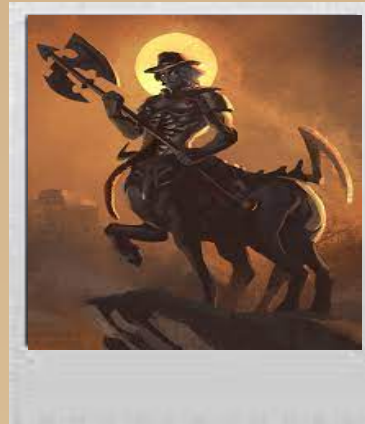
A woman of few, but very confusing words. You get the gist. Stacy, that was you in the opening flashback. Give us your point of view of your abduction and almost murder of a child.

That's my story, but not where our story begins.

I sense a Pilot coming!

Case 1:

I finally returned to Riverside after five years of none of your business. The star jockey (Josilyn Ace) and her horse were found dead on the race track. As usual, the detectives tried to make sense of the crime scene. I looked around until I found something imbued with magic; a piece of fabric. Apparently, pocketing it was enough to label me suspicious. *You didn't document the cont!* I didn't care. That's why I ignored you. I'll let you in on a little problem; the law and its procedures were made for humans: not the supernatural. The supernatural has a... different definition of investigation and justice. So, I paid an old friend a visit.



The case took up into my ward room and demanded I'd check out a thread she had, Josilyn Hart. So, I told her to make tracks, but then she offered to make them on my lips. That's not my bag, but her snake charmed tongue talked me into a deal: I identified the thread, and she'd forever stay out of my life. The thread was part of a transformation cloak that I gave her to a star jockey, before he died five years ago. He went out the same way as Josilyn.

I didn't know about the cloth, but I found the uncanny similarities between Centaur's and Josilyn's deaths suspicious. After further digging, I returned to the horse race track, where Stacy and I bumped into each other again. Seems like fate, huh, detective? Stop it, Stacy! Ahem. Luckily, both owners, Jeri and Edie, intercepted our argument and agreed to speak with each of us separately. Detective was really afraid of a four-way. Actually, I was more interested in the potential insurance fraud that could have occurred if Jeri killed Centaur and Josilyn. While I was solving the case, Stacy played hanky panky with Edie.

At least, I got her to confess about killing Centaur. However, that was before I was shot and pinned to my chair by an arrow. News flash, Centaur is back from the dead and wants revenge for Edie and Jeri killing him.

The suspect fled the scene as soon as I intervened.

Centaur then broke into my pad, limping on three legs. I'm not surprised a human caused his wound, but I am surprised to find him alive. How was he sewed back together like Frankenstein's monster? It was the first time I wanted to rap, but he cut me short, bugging me to aid him in his vengeance. I don't kill for kicks, so he put an arrow to my throat. He forced me to enchant his arrows to prevent Stacy from intervening again. From what he described, I couldn't believe that she was still capable of doing good.

With my ingenious planning and charisma, I, Chief Nathan Flynn, convinced Edie and Jerzita to pose as bait so we could lure Centaur back to the crime scene and arrest him with as few casualties as possible.

Centaur is a crossbow-slinger with infinite ammo and a taste for blood. This trap was the set for a shoot-out. But, of course, no one listened to the demon, and the cops carried on with their plan.

I'll admit it didn't go as we hoped; my coworkers got hurt, and Centaur was about to complete his revenge by shooting Jerzita and Edie. I had my gun on him and was ready to take him out, but I couldn't let that happen. I took the bullet and told Centaur that my revenge was how I ruined my own life. He took my advice and fled, taking his second chance at life in a new direction.

Obviously, I arrested Stacy for obstruction of justice.

But an old friend saw the good in me and bailed me out.

She hugs me with it every day.

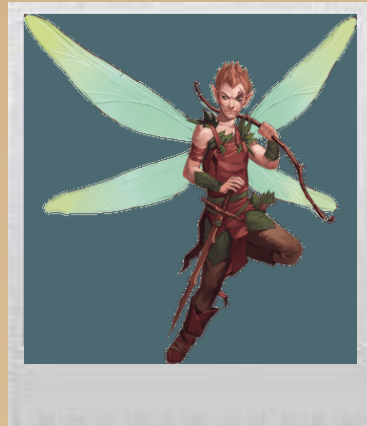
My subordinate ally forewarned me of Stacy's actions, but I rendered her as less than a potential threat. I reincarnated Centaur to drive some humans out of Riverside, which he accomplished. I had plenty more allies to aid in my eradication of humans. With a light gesture, I release another ally.

Wonderful performance. I could envision your pilot. Tell us what else you have in store for us.

~~I don't think-~~ I'm game. Case 2, there's a- Before you stir up unnecessary panic, allow me, Chief Nathan Flynn, to calm the public.

Case 2:

An unidentified group of individuals had been dumping garbage in the homes of the east-side neighborhood. Rest assured, I, Chief Nathan Flynn, had some suspects in questioning.



Actually, we had nothing but junk. There were no signs of a break-in, and nothing was taken. Stacy was smug, claiming to know the perpetrator. I thought a subpoena would get her to help us.

I told Rayla it's the sprites, but it wasn't my fault she didn't believe me. While the cops called me crazy, I found a way to get the neighborhood to stop littering and parrying in the sprite's village, so the sprites could stop throwing the trash back at them.

My sprite allies succeeded in dissuading some future humans from abutting with the neighborhood. To my dismay, it resulted in another "cold case" for my lovely Rayla. It strained my heart to see her flustered, but I prayed it would show her that means outside the law are more effective.

Case 3:

In another case, a band of unidentified perpetrators damaged excavation equipment belonging to a pharmaceutical company. This injustice prevents the company from excavating the local shroom caves for medical purposes. I, Chief Nathan Flynn, assigned this case to Rayla, marking it her last chance to prove herself an effective detective.



I was so close to catching the perp. I re-adjusted my sleep schedule and had enough caffeine intake to stake out the caves every night. Finally, I saw the suspect in action. I had my gun aimed and their arms in the air. Then, she interrupted, costing me a demotion.

I couldn't let Rayla arrest the myconids; it would anger the rest of their colony and cause more trouble. This "pharmaceutical company" doesn't know they're killing myconids to make their products.

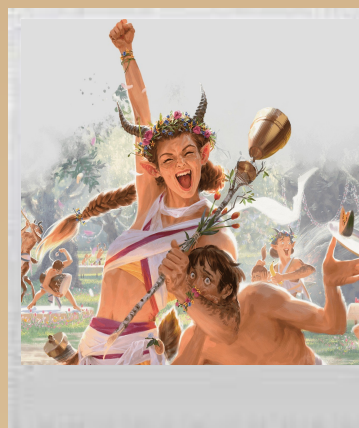
The product isn't the viral ingredient in the painkillers the man claims it to be. It's the viral ingredient to their secret drug business. Hurting creatures to hurt people was messed up.

So I blackmailed the company into leaving.

Thus unknowingly fulfilling a role I never intended for my nemesis. These events convinced me of a potentially more effective method to dispose of humans in the area.

Case 4:

After recent occurrences, I'd lost the support of my supernatural allies. They became fond of Stacy's ideals of living with humans. They could side with her, but I would bring her demise. No, the humans would, and in doing so, ignite my allies' fury once more. I only needed someone to get acquainted with Stacy.



Finally, after many years of overrunning our town, I, Chief Nath- shut the hell up! We know who you are already! Pardon the interruption, Reader. As I was saying, I, Chief Nathan Flynn, had arrested the Wild Wheelers for public indecency. They would face a speed trial that should result in a guilty verdict. There was no reason to lose faith in my department.

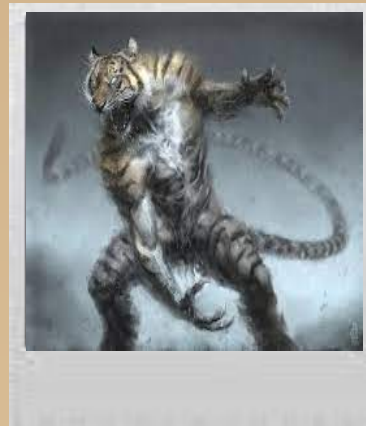
It's a frame job. The Wild Wheels wear booty shorts and ride bicycles in a single file line on the road. They're only guilty of annoying drivers. They couldn't have thrown a rave that resulted in many law violations. I can't prove their innocence alone as an officer, but I'm reluctant to follow Catalyst's advice to work with Stacy. However, it's my only option.

I let Rayla tag along to prove the Wild Wheelers' innocence, but I didn't let her arrest the real perps, The Satyrs. They're a cumber bicycle-riding league of Satyrs who just want to ride the streets: if only the Wild Wheels would stop driving them off the road. Both gangs needed to see they were not that different from each other, and so I proposed a bicycle dance-off between them. It was such a good time that they went from rivals to drinking buds.

I hated working against my boss, but at the end of the day, I'm happy I did. Maybe not every case needs to be solved as long as both parties are happy.

Case 5:

The usual delinquent teenagers decided to go all out this year with a spooky prank. They thought it would be funny to rob butchers of their meat and create graphic scenes in public. They also claimed there was a tiger on the loose, but not even our local zoo had a tiger. I, Chief Nathan Flynn, was sure this would come to an end with the Halloween season.



The scanoose is it was late and some vampire thought it be bitchin' to pig out on my blood collection. I scared them off but accidentally trampled on a broken glass tube of a werewolfer's blood. I'm so mess, no need for Stacy to flip her wig.

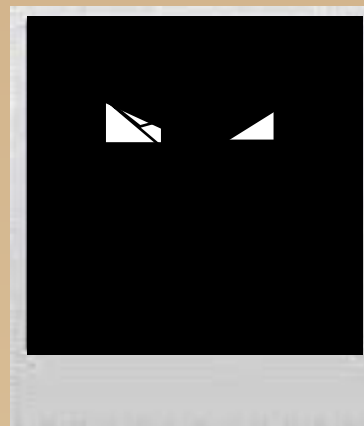
Joy had a hard time adjusting to her new weretiger curse. I tried to help, but a cure is hard to find, especially when an annoying betch can't understand the words, stay away!

Stacy was acting weird. She'd avoid me more than usual. She wouldn't torture me like normal. A friendship with her was crucial to solving the cold cases, and I had to do what I could to gain her trust.

They didn't uncover a cure. I expected Joy to remove more humans before she accepted her new beast identity. At least, the incident taught Stacy to be more open to my lovely spy, Rayla. Now, my new plan could initiate.

Case 6:

I gifted my intel of Stacy's settlement to an enemy of my enemy. You witnessed him in the teaser wanting the toddler Stacy was protecting. Now, he'll get his revenge.



The prince of shadows sent Stacy a death threat. Rayla was so stoked on protecting Stacy, but as a non-believer, she'd get a pounding. Stacy thought she could rave on her investigation of the shadow with Rayla, and help her see the supernatural reality. But, when it came down to it, things went hairy.

This "Shadow" Stacy wanted to kill was just a little boy. That whole death threat was a ruse to rope me into her treachery! She believed this kid would kill her associate and fugitive, Stan Schylar. I didn't understand her logic, either. Luckily, this allowed me to arrest her and prevent her from hurting anyone else.

On that day, on behalf of the Riverside Police department, I, Chief Nathan Flynn, was glad to promote Rayla to detective. She had bravely ended Stacy's reign of terror and uncovered America's most wanted criminal, Stan Schylar's, RV's whereabouts. He did not go down easy, but rest assured, the shootout claimed the death of him and his adopted child.

I failed to protect her.

Case 7:

I'm aware some of you possess questions in regard to the prior episode. Why did Stacy give a fugitive a toddler to raise? Why was this toddler special to her? I tortured Stacy with these questions in her lonely cell. The answer was guilt for a past broken promise. The toddler was her hope of redemption, and now it was dead.



Flynn was hacking off the supernatural as he chopped Stacy to plead guilty to all previous crimes of the cold case files. It then hogged the creature's anger and forked it into a magical weapon. He was lacking in force, but I thought it'd be neat to pound that weapon to dust before the storm.

Then, Joy charged into my house and started trying to look through my fiancé's stuff. She had no right to do that, so I cuffed her before she could touch a thing.

Rayla adequately fended off Joy long enough for me to make an accord with Stacy. Her power in exchange for a life free from her past burdens. I returned home, and with Stacy's demonic influence, I could unleash my weapon and curse upon the humans, causing them to kill each other. Rayla escaped the curse, but at a cost. I had to expose her to the existence of the supernatural to ensure her safety. She's mad, but she'll forgive me eventually.

Case 8:

Humans are going ape, pounding each other, and the only one to break the curse is in the joint. Fortunately, the friends we made along the way came in to separate humans from each other, buying time for Rayla and me to rescue Stacy.

I'm going to sound crazy, and I barely understand it myself, but when we visited Stacy's cell, we entered an... I think an alternate reality. It was the first time I saw Stacy happy; here, she had the life she wanted. However, it was my nightmare. My tangle of emotions is hard to describe, but I knew this wasn't hers or my happy ending. I reminded her of the good she did for me and the potential for a good life outside this dream.

After Rayla rescued me, I did what I do best: trick, manipulate, and destroy another's life. I pretended to be Rayla and tricked Catalyst into returning my power so I could reverse the curse on the humans.



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Bravo!! Wonderful!! I hear the roar of applause!! There's a lot more to this story, but I'm afraid I must finally tear the curtain of reality. Stacy, Rayla, and all these characters are voices in my head. That's right. This document was basically me talking to myself like a crazy person. But hopeful for a moment, the cast were real for you too, and this was an escape from something in your life. I'm sorry if I failed to give you that. Many people suffer from some form of depression; days can feel like a never-ending torment of loneliness where all we do is sit and wait for death. That was me growing up. My mind was my escape as it would naturally wander and often reimagined life with a twist. Once I reimagined bikers into a gang of booty shorts-wearing satyrs on cumber bicycles. It's ridiculous, but it made me smile. I believe perspective is reality, and I want to show people that we can make a gloomy reality more fun if we change our perspective. So, that's what this show is: a fantastic spectacle in the everyday meant to bring joy to many lives. I would love to share more of my imagination with you, but only if you're willing to see it.

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