

DEMON DETECTIVE CHARACTER SCENE

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FADE IN:

INT. RIVERSIDE POLICE DEPARTMENT - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY.

CHIEF FLYNN and OFFICER RAYLA THEMIS stand in front of a window into the interrogation room.

Handcuffed to the table in the interrogation room, STACY HART sits comfortably back in her chair with her muddy boots kicked up on the pristine table. She's a hot babe with the charm of a human supermodel, the twisted horns of a ram, the feathery tail of a rooster, and the inverted legs of a bull.

Stacy wickedly smirks as she wisps her tail annoyingly in a goth girl's face.

That is DR. JOY. Her scarf and hairstyle scream 1960s. Reptilian scales mix with her human skin, giving her a cold-hearted appearance. Dr. Joy glares through the window.

Chief Flynn dodges her gaze.

Rayla skeptically analyzes Dr. Joy.

RAYLA

Her lawyer's literally cold-blooded?

CHIEF FLYNN

You're letting that demon dyke play you like a fiddle.

RAYLA

This is the first time her legal counsel could be present. I'm not wasting this chance at a confession.

CHIEF FLYNN

She won't waste her breath either.

Rayla straightens up her files.

INT. RIVERSIDE POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY.

Stacy's tail waves in front of Dr. Joy's face. Suddenly, Dr. Joy snatches Stacy's tail.

DR. JOY

(to Stacy)

You know the law better than me.
Why drag me into this?

Stacy turns to Dr. Joy, keeping her voice low.

STACY

I thought you were always on call.
If my lawyer can't show, they let
me go.

DR. JOY

The one day a cockatrice doesn't
need a colonoscopy lands me in this
drag.

Rayla walks in while skeptically reading a file.

RAYLA

(to Dr. Joy)

Dr. Joy, I mean you no disrespect,
but how are you Stacy's legal
council with only a medical license
from... 1967?

DR. JOY

A gnarly wormhole unglued my life.

Confusion overwhelms Rayla as she stumbles to take a seat.

RAYLA

Okay?

Rayla attempts to settle in.

RAYLA (CONT'D)

Ms. Hart, you have your legal
representation, and I have some
questions needing answers. Why were
you at the crime scene?

STACY

Hm, breaking away from the Reid
technique this time. Interesting.

DR. JOY

Can I bug out?

RAYLA

Is it possible for you to speak
with standard terminology?

DR. JOY

No sweat, Square. I got beat feet
and a gas waiting.

Rayla shifts her confused gaze onto Stacy.

STACY

I'm a private investigator doing what you can't.

RAYLA

Private investigators are not above the law. That involves tampering with the crime scene.

STACY

I was investigating.

RAYLA

It's also funny that you've beaten us to every crime scene like you know about it before we do.

Rayla intensely stares at Stacy. She's got her in a corner, eager to witness Stacy's surrender.

Stacy's glowing goat eyes read Rayla like a magazine.

STACY

Observe anything else about me?

Stacy leans in closer, attempting to hypnotize Rayla with her gaze.

RAYLA

You don't seem to ever be working with or for someone.

STACY

You caught me. I'm single.

Dr. Joy's getting irritated. She heads for the door.

DR. JOY

Both of you are all show and no go. Can I cut out?

Stacy rubs her muddy boot against Rayla's ankle. Rayla jerks back.

RAYLA

I have a male fiancé.

STACY

We can make him jealous.

Rayla glances at Dr. Joy, pleading. Dr. Joy leans against the door.

Stacy scoots closer to Rayla and shows off her cuffed wrist.

STACY (CONT'D)

After all, I am all yours.

Rayla jolts out of her chair; it screeches across the floor.

RAYLA

No client means no reason to be at the crime scene, yet you're there! And then, all leads seem to disappear or end in nothing. We know you're behind it!

STACY

Based on what evidence.

Rayla slaps an open folder on the table. Images pour out of it: pictures of Stacy with her demon dad, screenshots of cyberbullying statements attacking KATE PRICE (16), a school graffitied with the image of Stacy as a succubus, and a news article reading "Price family disappears with Stacy Harthorne".

Stacy tries to ignore the images, but she can't help it. She looks at every single one. Every image rips away her confidence.

Rayla smirks.

RAYLA

Your father runs a corrupt company that chews up people and shits them out. Like father, like daughter, you have a history of ruining every life you touch. You can't hide behind your pickup lines forever, but a confession would lessen the punishment.

Rayla pushes a confession form in front of Stacy. Stacy looks at the confession form, considering it. Dr. Joy watches in the background.

Suddenly, Dr. Joy quickly rips up the confession form.

RAYLA (CONT'D)

You're making a mistake.

DR. JOY

You're coercing my patient! Detective, what do you see when you look at her?

RAYLA

Weirdly dressed human being who thinks they're above others.

DR. JOY

And that's your skuzz. You blame her when you're real diagnosis is your lack of faith.

RAYLA

I have plenty of faith.

DR. JOY

In yourself, Mirror-warmer! You want to be the hero so badly that you can't see her or anyone for who they really are!

Dr. Joy notices Stacy regretfully staring at the pictures.
Dr. Joy swipes them back at Rayla.

RAYLA

We're not done.

DR. JOY

There's nothing that justifies my patient's arrest. Keep her here another second, and I'll have cause to throw you in cuffs.

Rayla glares back. She trembles with anger.

Stacy holds up her chained wristed.

Rayla angrily unlocks the cuffs.

STACY

(to Rayla)

Thanks, bae.

DR. JOY

Cut out.

Dr. Joy rushes out the door. Stacy struts out, sending a flirtatious wave to Rayla. It makes her more pissed.

Chief Flynn walks into the room.

RAYLA

I was close. Next time, I'll-

CHIEF FLYNN

There is a pile of cases on your desk. Should I assign them to a real detective?

RAYLA

No, sir.

Rayla drags herself out as if she was punched in the gut.

FADE OUT.

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