

ACT I

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

We follow Riley into the office. It's on the shabby side with a couple of old plastic chairs against one wall and a half dead ficus tree in one corner. Two of the walls are lined with filing cabinets. The last wall is taken up by a desk that is very neat and organized. Sitting at the desk is Riley's secretary, JANE ASHMORE (32). She has glasses and is dressed a bit like a librarian. We see her over Riley's shoulder.

Jane looks up when Riley stops in front of her desk. She looks at Riley over the top of her glasses.

JANE
You look like hell.

We finally see Riley's face. She does, in fact, look like hell.

RILEY
Good morning to you too, Jane.

Riley goes over to a file cabinet that has a coffee maker and assortment of coffee mugs on top of it. She picks one up with the FBI logo on it and pours herself a cup of coffee. She takes a long, grateful sip.

RILEY
You'd look like hell to if you'd been up all night staking out a vampire mob boss in a cemetery.

JANE
Oh yeah. How's that go?

RILEY
Well, Logan said I got enough evidence so he'll be able to arrest Muldrake.

JANE
Hey, that's good!

Riley shrugs.

RILEY
Yeah, but he's too well connected.
He'll be out soon enough.
(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

At least he won't be my problem for a month or so.

JANE

Always a silver lining.

RILEY

I'll take what I can get.

Riley opens a door to the right of Jane's desk.

RILEY

Anything I should know about?

Jane looks at her computer.

JANE

Councilman Price called to complain about the latest zombie horde.

Riley rolls her eyes.

RILEY

Anything besides an old white dude trying to tell me how to do my job?

JANE

Yes. Carol called and wants you help with a demon situation.

RILEY

A demon? Haven't had one of those for awhile. Nice H City to switch it up for me sometimes.

Jane chuckles as Riley goes into her office. Inside is a bookcase full of all sorts of books on the paranormal and shelves with various paranormal hunting equipment from stakes to silver bullets to holy water. In one corner is well-loved Fender Stratocaster pulled into a small amp.

Riley's desk is very much the opposite of Jane's. It's a chaotic mess with stacks of papers and files and post-it notes everywhere. She takes off her blazer and hangs it on the back of the desk chair and rolls up her shirt sleeves as she sits down.

Riley turns on the computer. It's old and outdated. She pulls her cell phone from her pocket. It's also old and outdated. She flips through an even more old and outdated Rolodex on her desk then picks up the desk phone and dials.

RILEY (INTO THE PHONE)
Hey, Carol, it's Riley. Jane told
me you called this morning.

CAROL (ON THE PHONE)
Riley, yeah. It seems we have a bit
of a demon problem.

RILEY
So I heard. Was it summoned by one
of your apprentices over there?

CAROL
Not this time. This is was more
powerful than anything our
apprentices could pull off. And
something about its energy just
felt off.

RILEY
Off? Like how?

CAROL
I can't really explain it. It just
felt...not of this world, maybe?

Riley considers this.

RILEY
Huh. Interesting. Shoot me the
details and I'll take care of it.
Thanks for the heads up, Carol.

CAROL
Of course. See you around, Riley.

RILEY
Bye.

Riley hangs up the phone. She gets up, goes over to the
bookshelf and pulls down a very old, very big book. She takes
it over to the desk and opens, flipping through.

As she does, there's the sound of the front office door
opening in the other room, followed by a bubbly voice.

BETTY (O.S.)
Good morning, Jane!

A moment later, BETTY HARKER (19) appears next to Riley's
desk. She's the picture of a stereotypical sorority girl with
blonde hair and a perfect outfit. She bounces into the room.

BETTY
Good morning, Ms. Adams!

Riley looks up from her book as Betty sets her bag down and sit across from her.

RILEY
It's just Riley, kid. How many times do I have to remind you?

BETTY
Right! Sorry.

She looks over at the book.

BETTY
Oh, are we hunting a demon today?

RILEY
I am hunting a demon. YOU are going over to see our dear sweet mad scientist and find out why there's a cloud of purple smoke hanging over their complex.

BETTY
Why am I always the one that has to go talk to them?

RILEY
Because they like you and actually listen when you tell them to knock off the dangerous junk. They just ignore me. Or accidentally set a zombie mountain lion on me.

She makes some notes on a notepad.

RILEY
Besides, what's the point of having an intern if I can't send you to do all the grunt work I don't want to?

BETTY
Fair enough. Next time can I come to the demon party?

RILEY
Sure, kid.

BETTY
How was the stakeout? I wish I could have come along but I had that big psych test this morning.

Riley waves her off.

RILEY

No worries. It went just fine.
Logan was good enough company.

A smile spreads across Betty's face. Riley immediately looks like she regrets saying that.

At the same the front door opens again.

AJ (O.S.)

Morning Janey!

BETTY

Ohhhhh so it was just you and
Sergeant Wallis out there all
night?

RILEY

Yes, but it was totally
professional. We're just friends.

BETTY

I don't think that's the way
Sergeant Wallis sees it.

AJ MITCHELL (35) walks in. She's dressed in a plaid button down shirt and khakis and holds one of the coffee mugs from the other one. This one has the TARDIS on it.

AJ

Oh, are we teasing Riley about
Logan? That's my favorite hobby!

Riley rolls her eyes.

RILEY

Oh good. My so-called best friend
is here.

AJ drops into a chair next to Betty.

AJ

Awww, come on, Riles. You know we
only tease because we care.

BETTY

And because you and Sergeant Wallis
are just so cute together.

AJ holds up her coffee mug in a cheers.

AJ

The kid has a point.

RILEY

Did you just come here to torture me or do you need something?

AJ shrugs.

AJ

Meh, it's a slow news day. I figured I'd get out of the office and come see if you were up to anything that could spice up the paper.

RILEY

Well, if you want you can come check a demon situation with me.

AJ

Great! That should be good for at least one article.

RILEY

You just have to remember to do what I tell you this time.

AJ

Hey, that thing with the ghoul was not my fault. How was I supposed to know they don't understand sarcasm?

RILEY

Maybe when I said watch what you say? Just be on your best behavior, alright?

AJ

Fine, I'll keep all my brilliantly witty comments to myself.

Riley downs the rest of her coffee and stands up. She pull her Colt revolver from it's holster on the back of her and checks the chamber. Satisfied, she spins it closed and and re-holsters it.

BETTY

Are you going to kill the demon?

RILEY

What's the first rule I taught you, kid?

BETTY

Never kill something unless it's actively trying to kill you but always be prepared.

RILEY

Right. I'm not planning on killing it but Carol said there was something off about it so I don't want to go in without a back up plan.

Riley put her jacket back on and sticks her notes in the pocket.

RILEY

Right. Betty, go make sure the docs aren't up to too much trouble.

BETTY

You got it, boss!

RILEY

Ready to roll, AJ?

AJ gives an exaggerated salute.

AJ

Aye aye, cap!

Riley rolls her eyes as they all shuffle out of the office, bidding goodbye to Jane as she goes.

CUT TO:

INT. RILEY'S COBRA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Riley and AJ get in the car. Riley starts it up and takes a moment to revel in the purr. It's obvious she does the every time. This car is her baby, her most prized possession in the whole world. She throws it into gear with the precision of a race car driver and pulls out of the parking lot.

AJ

So, spill. What happened with you and Logan last night?

RILEY

Nothing happened. We went on a stakeout. That's it.

AJ

Really? You were on a stakeout all night with a hot cop who happens to be crazy about you and nothing happened?

RILEY

Right. Nothing happened. When are you going to cut me some slack on this Logan thing?

AJ

When you finally give the poor boy a break. I mean, he's been swooning over you for years and the feeling is mutual. You might be able to hide it from everyone else but I know you too well.

Riley drums her fingers on the steering wheel.

RILEY

Look, it's not that I haven't thought about it...it's just...I'm not sure if I'm ready for that yet after...you know.

AJ puts a hand on her shoulder.

AJ

Riley, it's been ten years. You're going to have to move on sooner or later.

RILEY

Maybe.

A beat.

RILEY

What about you? Any luck on the dating scene?

AJ shakes her head.

AJ

Far from it. I'm pretty sure every queer woman in H City hates me. Or is taken. Or both. I've been ghosted so many times I'm starting to think I died without knowing it.

RILEY
Anything's possible in this stupid town.

She punches AJ in the shoulder.

RILEY
But in my professional opinion you're still alive and well.

AJ
Ow! Hey! Save that lethal right hook for the bad guys.

RILEY
In all seriousness, AJ, you'll find someone. You're funny and kind and patient enough to put up with me all these years and someday the right person who appreciates that as much as I do will turn up.

AJ
Awww, Riles, you old softie.

RILEY
That doesn't leave this car.

AJ
Don't worry, I won't ruin your hard boiled reputation.

Riley steers the car around a corner into an industrial area.

RILEY
Well, that's not good.

They both look out the front window and it seems like everything has gone a bit fuzzy.

RILEY
Ready to do this?

AJ
You know I've always got your back.

They get out of the car. Everything still looks fuzzy, like the whole world is out of sync. Riley starts to look around, trying to figure out what's going on. Suddenly, nearby trash can starts shaking. Riley slowly approaches it with AJ right behind her. It starts to shake harder as they get close. AJ hides behind Riley as Riley reaches for the lid. Before she can reach it, the lid flies off and out pops...a raccoon.

AJ starts laughing.

AJ
Just a trash panda! Hey buddy!

The raccoon scurries off. Riley and AJ relax but the the dumpster behind them explodes. A huge, creature made of smoke and lighting with red, glowing eyes emerges and makes a horrible hissing noise at them.

AJ
Hey, Riley! I think that's the demon!

RILEY
Yeah, real good observation skills there, dude.

AJ
That's why I'm the assistant editor of the paper.

The demon screams again, seemingly annoyed at Riley and AJ ignoring it in favor of their banter. Riley turns to the demon. She squints at it.

RILEY
Well, Carol was right. This isn't like any other demon. But nothing I can't handle.

She sizes up the demon and then starts to take a step forward but stops when there's a bright flash of light to their right followed by a woman barreling towards them.

The woman is ARTEMIS BLY (31). She's dressed in a safari shirt, a well-worn leather duster, scuffed boots, and a newsboy cap. She has on goggles and one sleeve of her duster is pushed up, revealing a leather cuff on her left forearm. She's frantically tapping on whatever is set into it with her other hand as she runs. When she gets to Riley and AJ she stops.

RILEY
Who the hell are you?

She pulls off the goggles and lets them hang around her neck. She stick out a hand to Riley with a big, genuinely friendly smile across her face. She has in Yorkshire accent when she talks.

ARTEMIS
Artemis Bly, at your service!