

The Interrogation

Written by

Elijah Wilson

TheMr.Droidness@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. GALACTIC POLICE STATION - EVENING

A bright overhanging light swings about, slashing through the darkness. An officer is revealed leaning against the wall across from Shess.

COP 1

Well isn't this interesting. I never expected that this would be the way I meet the famous Emerald Serpent of the Gilded Crown. My daughter is actually quite the fan.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He puts one in his mouth and begins to light it.

A deep and uninterested sigh barrels out of Shess. Her head lulls to the side as she leans forward, presenting her cuffed hands.

SHESS

Yeah, so before we jump right into this riveting line of questioning that I know is just gonna be loads of fun, can you loosen up these braces a smidge? They're kinda tight and chafing my wrists.

The officer glances down at Shess' hands, then back up to her smiling face. Sensing no malicious intent, he reaches over toward her manacled hands. Suddenly, the door to the interrogation room slides open and another officer steps in he has a coffee mug in one hand and a vanilla folder tucked into his other arm.

COP 2

I wouldn't do that if I were you. She may not look it, but that strength of hers is something special.

He walks over to the table and sits, setting both the folder and the mug down.

COP 2 (CONT'D)

She put six of our guys in the hospital. Loosen those cuffs and she'll make you the seventh.

At that, Shess sinks in her seat and huffs. The second officer opens up the folder and several holographic projections of Shess' face popping up. One picture of note is her mugshot taken earlier in the day.

COP 2 (CONT'D)

Shess Orthel; Also known as the
Emerald Serpent of the Gilded
Crown.

Shess raises her hands in protest and interrupts.

SHESS

Look, before we actually get down
to business, I just want to say
that Van'Lier had it coming, ok? He
ran out on me for some money, so I
roughed him a little bit! But he
was a piece of shit nobody, right?
I know you guys don't actually care
about someone like him! So let's
just forget about this whole
debacle, let me outta here, and
I'll be on my merry way.

The two officers exchange an awkward and confused look, then
look back at her.

COP 1

Yeah...We're...not here for that...

Shess' face crinkles. It's her turn to be confused.

COP 2

We're actually here to get back
what was stolen.

SHESS

Huh? I didn't steal anything from
Van'Lier.

COP 2

(clears throat)

This isn't about Van'Lier in the
least...We're talking about the
item you stole from a federation
facility.

SHESS

(scoffs)

Now I know you're fucking with me.
I was never at a federation
facility.

COP 2
Oh? Is that so?

The second cop swipes a finger across the hologram and the images his to the left over to another set of images. He pinches his fingers, then spreads them to expand what looks like a video.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Earlier this evening, you were caught on camera sneaking around a federation owned science lab and stole a very important item that's apart of ongoing experiments and developments with other projects.

Shess bangs her hangs against the table.

SHESS
Bullshit! That can't have been me!
(Mocking tone) Earlier this evening, I was in a fucking fight! I couldn't have been in some lab!

The first officer then leans in and locks eyes with her.

COP 1
Oh really? Then how in the world do we have this footage? You're wearing the exact same get-up and everything. This can't be anyone ese in these pictures. Meaning, you have a clone or some sort of android at your beck and call.

Shess rolls her eyes and squints at the image. She immediately saw some inconsistencies in the evidence being presented. After a few moments, she launches back into her seat with a sigh and looks back up at the officers in front of her.

SHESS
Its not clones or androids! You jackasses are being played! I'm being framed by my younger brother!

The two officers look at each other with confusion. The first one begins rapidly swiping through other files. The other one quietly and awkwardly scratches his chin. The first officer finally settles on a mugshot.

COP 2
You mean him? Shea Orthell. Your twin brother, it looks like.

In frustration, Shess pinches the bridge of her nose.

SHESS

(Groans)

He's not my twin! Shea is two years younger than me! Anyway, he's the guy you're looking for! It's pretty damn obvious that he's framing me to throw you guys off his scent. So off you go!

COP 2

(Scoffs)

Hold on there! Says here, your brother's been off the grid for about five years now. Do you actually think we'd believe that he'd just pop up out of nowhere just to frame his sister for grand theft of the federation? You must be crazy!

Shess quickly shoots up out of her seat.

SHESS

(Voice raising)

Well, I didn't steal anything! So why don't you guys let me out of here, fuck off, and go waste someone else's time!

The second officer slams a fist on the table.

COP 2

(Voice raising to match Shess')

You're not going anywhere until you give back the shit you stole!

The two begin having a screaming match with each other. The words are indiscriminate and loud. The first officer sinks in his seat uncomfortably as this goes on for a bit. Then, the shouting is cut through as the door opens Ubon Orthel steps through and speaks softly.

UBON

I can take it from here, officers.
If you don't mind.

Everyone turns their attention to Ubon. There's a moment of pause as the room begins to process what's happening.

Shess plops back down into her chair with a huff as the two officers shoot up and salute.

COP 1&2
Corporal Orthel!

COP 1
Of course, sir! By all means, she's
all yours!

The first officer takes this cue and makes his way for the door. In the same moment, the second officer's eyes rapidly dart back and forth from Shess and her older brother. He quickly downs the rest of his coffee, darts after his partner, and closes the door behind him.

There's a long, still silence that fills the room. Ubon simply stands there staring at his sister slumped in her seat not returning the glance. He then slowly walks over to the seat across from her.

SHESS
(In a very low tone)
Ubon...What are you doing here?

UBON
(Sighs deeply)
Well...I don't know if you realize
this, little sister, but you're in
quite the mess this time...

Shess shoots up in her seat.

SHESS
But I didn't steal anything! You
can look at the footage! It was
clearly Shea, not me!

UBON
I know. I've seen the footage, and
I know it's Shea. Rest assured, I
believe you.

SHESS
(Relaxes and softens tone)
Wait, you have? You do? Holy shit!

UBON
Yes, but...to the higher ups,
that's not good enough. Quite
frankly, I think they just want
someone to blame at this point.

SHESS

Damn...All this and I don't know
what was even stolen...

UBON

(Face turns frank)

That's...classified. Even with the
briefing I've been given, there are
several holes. Unfortunately, I'm
not privy to all the information.
Which could only mean that whatever
Shea took...its a big deal.

Shess leans back in her seat causing the two front legs to
raise off the floor.

SHESS

Ok, so what's the point in all
this? You showing up here. You
wanna personally see me whisked off
to prison? Guess that's what I
deserve from my gracious big bro,
huh?

Ubon winces at that last part. He glances over at the one way
window beside them, leans in, and speaks lowly.

UBON

(Speaking lowly)

I've come here with a few
solutions. While you were beating
up police and being...overall very
uncooperative, I was speaking to
some important people saving you
from the full wrath of the entire
federation on this side of the
Goddamned federation!

SHESS

(Scoffs)

Ooooh! I guess I should be thanking
you now, huh? (Sarcastically)
Ooooh! Thank you big brother Ubon!
You've done such a good job
protecting me! I don't know what
I'd do without you!

She then slams her bound fists onto the table.

SHESS (CONT'D)

(Angrily)

What a load of bullshit!! Everyone
knows that you were always against
me!

(MORE)

SHESS (CONT'D)

You never supported me following my dreams! Need I remind you of what exactly happened last time we spoke! You're not doing this for me! You're doing this for the reputation for the family! And you can take all that and shove it and quit acting like you're better than me!

Ubon goes to respond, but catches himself. There's another long pause.

UBON

(Heavy sigh)

Right...I suppose I had that one coming...but I really, truly did come to help you because I care...As I said before, I do have some potential temporary solutions...

Shess simply gestures a hand for him to continue.

UBON (CONT'D)

(Clears throat)

Well as things stand, you are the prime, as well as only, suspect in this case. While the two of us know that its clearly Shea who is actually at fault, our word of mouth isn't good enough for the higher-ups managing the situation. They want to lock you up and throw away the key. At the very least until Shea strikes again and proves your innocence beyond a reasonable doubt. I think we can both agree that it isn't a gamble we're willing to take. That being said, there is an alternative.

Ubon then places a holographic display on the table and activates it. Displayed are images of a large campus and people in a military uniform doing various activities.

UBON (CONT'D)

I recently accepted a position as an instructor at the Federation Military Academy.

(MORE)

UBON (CONT'D)

The headmaster and I are on good terms and I managed to convince him to sign off on enrolling you so that we can watch over you that way. However, there would be...caveats...

SHESS

(Rolls her eyes)

In for a penny, in for a fucking pound, I guess... (Spoken sarcastically) What are the caveats?

UBON

Well for starters, this strictly a temporary arrangement. To be precise, up until the end of the first semester. So roughly six months. If Shea makes a move during that time and proves your innocence, you'll be free to go, do as you please, and we forget this whole thing happened. On the other hand, if Shea doesn't do anything, we're back to square one and once again will be the prime suspect. After that, its out of my hands.

SHESS

(Groans)

So it looks like no matter what I pick, I'm in a cell. One just so happens to have a delayed effect. Fucking awesome.

UBON

(Clears his throat)

Secondly, You will be required to meet either Headmaster Elo or me everyday at a scheduled time. There, we will keep a written log of your day-to-day activities and overall mental state. Considering that you did put six officers in the hospital, this is to serve as a sort of rehabilitation process. What we take not of will be handed off to the higher-ups for evaluation. If they feel that what we have isn't up to par, all bets are off.

(MORE)

UBON (CONT'D)

Also, failure to arrive to any of these meetings even once will also render our agreement null and void. After that, again, its out of my hands.

SHESS

(Huffs and lets out an exhausted sigh)

I don't have much of a choice, do I?

UBON

Of course you have a choice, little sister. The question you should ask yourself is, are you willing to accept the consequences of your choices?

If Shess sank anymore in her seat, she'd fall out of it.

UBON (CONT'D)

Oh come now! You can't seriously be hesitating on this! Come to the academy! The alternative is an actual prison cell! This shouldn't be a hard choice to make!

Another long bout of silence rolls in. The only sound is Ubon impatiently tapping the table.

SHESS

You know what? Fuck it. I'll take this deal. What's the worse that could happen? Can't be too much worse than sitting in galactic prison.

Ubon smiles. He picks up the hologram device, pockets it, and heads for the door.

UBON

One last part thing. And this part was nonnegotiable. You will have a watchdog program implemented into via augmentation.

Shess shoots up from her seat.

SHESS

A fucking watchdog?! I'm gonna go six months with an invasive, AI sidekick snitch?! Ubon Goddamnit!

UBON
See you on the first day of class,
little sister.

Ubon swiftly makes his exit leaving behind an angry Shess.
She then lets out a loud, rage-filled scream.

FADE TO BLACK.