

INT. POLICE STATION - SHARED OFFICE AREA

TERRY, male 50s, and ELAINE, female 50s, sit across from one another at their desks. Elaine stares at Terry with fire in her eyes... Terry happily HUMS.

ELAINE
Stop humming that song!

TERRY
I can hum if I want to.

ELAINE
I know you can, I'm asking you to stop.

TERRY
Well, if you're asking, then I'll stop.

ELAINE
Thank you.

He stops humming, but has a big, pleasant smile on his face as he types.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Could you not smile like that?

TERRY
Now you're asking me to mask my emotions because of how it makes you feel? That I will not do.

He continues smiling and goes back to humming as well.

ELAINE
Seriously Stop Humming! OK?! This isn't accounting or wherever the hell you and your little pocket calculator were transferred from.

TERRY
Forensic accounting, OK and its and important part of the job.

ELAINE
Whatever, stop being so overtly happy about doing shit work you moron.

She stares him down then jumps up.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
I'm going to get some food.

She leaves... then comes back.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
You know what I just did? I just walked out the door, saw a couple of detectives and I was about to start badmouthing you behind your back, but I stopped myself because my mama taught me that a woman who talks behind somebody's back is a bitch.

TERRY
Well, I appreciate that.

ELAINE
Good, cause I'm gonna tell you directly to your face.

TERRY
No, you don't have to.

ELAINE
No, I don't like you. I think you're a fake cop. I bet the sound of your piss hitting the urinal is feminine.

TERRY
Mmm hmm.

ELAINE
If we were in the wild, I'd attack you. Even if you weren't in my food chain I would go out of my way to attack you. If I were a lion and you were a tune, I would swim out in the middle of the ocean and frickin eat you! And then I'd eat your tuna brother and violate your dad.

TERRY
OK, first off..a lion, swimming? In the ocean? Lions don't like water and if you'd placed it near a river or some fresh water source that makes sense.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

But you find yourself in the ocean, 20 foot wave, I'm assuming it's off the coast of South Africa...coming up against a full grown 800 pound tuna ? with his 20 or 30 friends? You lost that battle, you lose that battle 9 times out of 10. And guess what? You've wandered into our school of tuna and we now have a taste of lion. We've talked to ourselves. We've communicated and said you know what? Lion tastes good. Let's go get some more lion. We've developed a system to establish a beach head and aggressively hunt you and your family and we will corner, your pride, your children, your offspring.

ELAINE

How you gonna do that?

TERRY

We will construct a series of breathing apparatus of kelp, we'll be able to trap certain amounts of oxygen, it's not gonna be days at a time, but an hour, hour 45, no problem. That will give us enough time to figure out where you live, go back to the sea, get more oxygen and stalk you. You just lost at your own game. You're out gunned and out manned.

Terry types. Elaine stares.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Did that go the way you thought it was gonna go? Nope.

Elaine leans into Terry's face.

ELAINE

Terry, when you least expect it... expect it.

Terry ponders.

TERRY

Expect what? (beat) Expect what?

Elaine simply stares at Terry. He goes back to typing. He looks up, she's still staring. He goes back to his typing and continues, never looking up at her again.

END SCENE