

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

A young, preppy RICH KID sits at the table. A smirk on their face. Calm and smug:

RICH KID

No, let me tell you what's about to happen. You're going to go to the vending machine and get me a Red Bull. By the time you get back, there will be a call from my dad's firm. By the time you hang up the phone, seven lawyers will be walking into this precinct.

As an aside:

RICH KID (CONT'D)

They're not going to be happy that you've detained me, by the way.

Back on the war path:

RICH KID (CONT'D)

They're going to give you two weeks worth of paperwork to fill out if you even want a hope of charging me for this *unsubstantiated* claim. That's busywork you're not going to want to do--ever--but you'll keep the stack on your desk for about a month because you're pissed I got away. But by the time I finish my Red Bull, I'm going to be passing you out in that hallway out there, and that's the last time you'll ever see me.

The Rich Kid, satisfied, watches their words register on the cop's face.

RICH KID (CONT'D)

Now run along.