

THE DOMINATRIX WORE RED

Written by  
Keith Alan

9/15/2023  
Keith Oxenrider  
463 Quicksburg Road  
Quicksburg, VA 22847  
(540) 740-4293  
mitakeet@gmail.com

**FADE IN:**

EXT. SIDWELL'S STREET - NIGHT

Though getting late, there's still a decent amount of traffic - car and foot - along the city street. Across is a higher-end, but not prohibitively expensive, condo.

A yellow cab pulls up in front of the condo entrance. Exiting the car is a slim WOMAN. She's wearing a trench coat and a hat.

The cab pulls away as she walks toward the entrance, revealing long bare legs and high heels. As she moves further away, from under her hat is long, straight brunette hair.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO LOBBY - NIGHT

A condo for the up-and-coming political actors, the small lobby isn't ornate, but it's clean and well kept. The floors are polished marble and the potted plants are real. The woman, from behind, walks with confidence across the lobby to the elevators.

She presses the button and the doors open.

EXT. SIDWELL'S STREET - DAY

The next day.

Late spring, in a nice part of the city; the streets are lined with mature trees in front of the condos and apartments and the landscaping is manicured.

HAPWELL (HAP) JONES, a distinguished fit gentleman in his late forties, gets out of his car. It has flashing red and blue lights in the front grille, and there are a number of other police vehicles with lights going.

Both lanes of the street are blocked and traffic is being directed around, with the occasional horn blare. Hap glances back and forth to the buildings on either side of the street as he heads toward the building with the steady stream of people flowing in and out.

There are a few dozen gawkers held back behind the yellow tape and eyed by uniformed policemen. There's an OLDER WOMAN in a wheelchair behind the tape. One of the UNIFORMED OFFICERS motions to Hap to come over.

Hap diverts his walk.

UNIFORM

This lady lives here, but can't get in the back because of all our vehicles.

The Uniform shows Hap her ID.

Hap nods, lifts the tape and the woman scoots underneath.

She rolls to the entrance stairs.

Before she starts to struggle up it, Hap grabs the back handles and pushes her up to the landing.

The woman looks up at Hap,

WOMAN

Thank you young man. I can take it  
from here.

Hap touches his eyebrow in a salute and heads in.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO - NIGHT

The previous night.

Inside the elevator, the woman presses for her floor. The surfaces are matt and the hat blocks any view of her face.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

The decor is simple, but elegant. Higher-end wallpaper and quality carpet.

The woman strides down the hallway as if surveying her feudal kingdom.

She reaches her door and raps once sharply with a gloved hand.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO HALLWAY - DAY

Hap walks down the corridor with confidence, casually glancing around.

He approaches a UNIFORMED OFFICER standing at a door.

HAP

Hapwell Jones, Detective.

The Uniform looks up from his clipboard with the start of a smile, it quickly vanishes with the scowl directed at him.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO LIVING AREA - NIGHT

SIDWELL, a white man in his late 20's, dressed expensively, opens the door. Inside is a small, but elegant living area. The furniture, though sparse, is high end; no Ikea here. The tiny kitchen area is clean, but for a bottle of wine and two glasses. One of the glasses has been used.

The woman, her back erect and shoulders back, gestures peremptorily at the floor.

Sidwell smiles and flops face first.

The woman places her foot just in front of his face.

He reaches out to cradle her foot and kisses her toes. She shoves his face away with her foot.

Sidwell trembles in excitement.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO LIVING AREA - DAY

The living area is a jumble of activity, but all of it purposeful and well choreographed. Some people are dusting for fingerprints, others making photographs or measurements. The small living area looks otherwise undisturbed. The wine glasses look exactly like the night before.

The detective scans the area with a practiced eye as he walks toward the only other room.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small bedroom that looks crowded with a four poster full-size bed. Around the edges are a few other pieces of nice, higher-end furniture.

Sidwell scurries around the room, regularly prompted with slaps of a whip brandished by the woman, laying out rope restraints at the corners of the bed. It's clear he's delaying his efforts to add justification to the woman's whip use.

While he does this, the woman takes off her trench coat and hat, revealing she's wearing a tight black latex romper.

CUT TO:

Sidwell has removed all his clothing and is laying on the bed, arms and legs spread toward the corner posts.

The woman, after slapping the whip in his belly and leaving it there, grabs his left wrist and violently, and uncaringly, secures it with the rope.

Sidwell writhes in anticipation.

CUT TO:

The woman grabs Sidwell's right wrist, his hand balled in a fist, and yanks it toward the rope.

CUT TO:

The woman has retrieved her whip and when Sidwell pulls his leg away she slaps his thigh repeatedly.

CUT TO:

Sidwell is now tightly secured at all four corners and can move only his head. The woman steps onto the bed and walks toward his head.

She places her high-heeled foot on his chest.

She runs a scarf through her hands. Gripping the ends, she pulls it tight and bends forward.

Sidwell sighs in erotic anticipation.

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO BEDROOM - DAY

Inside the small bedroom, crowded with several people, is DEREK (DB) BOYD, late 30's ex-college football player. Clearly a street fighter, by the scars on his knuckles and face. He looks at Hap.

DB

You're going to love this one!

Still stretched out over the full-sized bed and tied firmly to the four corners, Sidwell has a scarf tightly wrapped around his neck. He's covered with a sheet.

He's smiling, a woodie pokes up from the sheet, and there's a mess of bodily fluids soaked into the sheet covering him.

DB

He went out with a bang!

HAP

(without smiling)

Ha ha. How many times have you used that already?

CSIs

Four!

Hap shakes his head as DB grins.

HAP

Tell me what you've got so far.

DB

Oh, it gets better. Way better. Jonathan Sidwell, twenty-nine. He worked as an aid to Senator Dell.

(pause)

He has a top secret clearance.

HAP

(frowning)

Oh great. The press is going to be all over this.

DB

As you can see, Jonathan liked things kinky. There're no signs of violence, other than the obvious, of course. Just an imprint of a size seven and a half high-heel shoe on his chest.

Hap looks around.

HAP

How the hell did he afford this place as a Senator's aid?

DB grunts.

DB

Trust fund baby.

Hap grunts.

HAP

Any forensics yet?

DB

Marjory?

A middle-aged CSI tech, MARJORY has been conferring with the others working the scene.

MARJORY

So far, the only thing we have are three long brunette hairs. They were wrapped around the victim's right hand as if he were clasping them. Preliminary results aren't showing any other fingerprints besides the victim, but we're still working the scene.

She pulls out a clipboard and glances at it.

MARJORY

Liver temp indicates the victim died around eleven thirty last night, plus or minus fifteen minutes. Preliminary cause of death is strangling. Given the types of restraints and lack of any other violence, it might not even qualify as murder.

Hap considers this.

HAP  
What's the delay on DNA look like?

MARJORY  
(shrugs)  
The usual. Two to three weeks.

HAP  
Even with this being a Senator's aid?

MARJORY  
We were able to move the autopsy up, the MEs are in a small lull right now, but forensics has the usual backlog.

Hap looks at DB.

HAP  
Anything from the neighbors?

DB  
Nothing. The construction of these buildings has lots of concrete, so people rarely hear anything. Heck, if you were playing the radio loud, you might not hear if your neighbor fired a gun.

HAP  
Got anything from surveillance?

DB  
We haven't got the street cameras yet, but we got lucky with the condo's, they're all digital. We've looked at the ones for the lobby, elevators and back entrance - there are no cameras in the stairwells or hallways.

DB motions to a TECH who comes over with a tablet and hands it to him. DB plays with the screen until he gets to the relevant time.

INTERCUT WITH TABLET SCREEN

INT. SIDWELL'S CONDO LOBBY-TABLET SCREEN

An attractive woman with long brunette hair arrives around ten thirty, wearing a trench coat and a hat. Her legs are exposed, but her face is never seen.

DB (O.S.)  
It appears to be a woman.

CONDO BEDROOM

HAP  
You said "appears to be." What suggests it might not be?

DB  
Oh, nothing.  
(grins)  
Just being complete, like you told me. If it's really a guy, he has some fabulous legs. Here's the back camera.

EXT. SIDWELL'S CONDO BACK DOCK-TABLET SCREEN

A standard back-dock of an apartment building, though relatively neat. The dumpsters don't have junk piled around, though there are rows of recycling containers with beer bottles and pizza boxes on them.

On fast forward, the tablet shows two bulky-looking muscular guys lounging about for about an hour, then heading into the building around eleven ten.

CONDO BEDROOM

HAP  
Anything better later?

DB queues up the appropriate spot.

LOBBY-TABLET SCREEN

Video shows the same woman leaving.

DB (O.S.)  
She leaves about eleven thirty.  
Doesn't appear to be stressed at all. Left as casually as she came.

CONDO BEDROOM

HAP  
Anything else?

DB shakes his head and hands the tablet back to the tech.

DB  
At around midnight, the whole camera system went down for about an hour. The techs are looking to see if they can figure out what happened, but  
(MORE)



DB (CONT'D)  
 the manager says this has happened  
 once or twice a month over the last  
 six months, so it might be nothing.

A CSI standing at the doorway has an evidence bag in his  
 (or her) hand.

CSI  
 Detectives?

Hap and DB turn to look.

CSI  
 Given how the victim is laid out, I  
 thought you should see this right  
 away.

CSI hands Hap a clear evidence bag.

HAP holds it so he and DB can read it.

A business card. On one side was a horse whip, at an  
 angle, on the other is this:

**Want to be tied up and beaten?  
 Looking for a Dominatrix?  
 Visit Mistress Elise  
 and also be beguiled by erudite conversation.  
 [some website and fake number]**

DB  
 What the fuck is air-you-dite?

HAP  
 It means to have great knowledge or  
 education.  
 (smiles)  
 And it's air-roo-dite, you palooka.

DB  
 Hey, I resemble that remark!

Hap considers the card a few more moments, then hands it  
 back to the CSI.

He pulls out his phone and enters the web address.

DB leans over to look as the homepage comes up.

On it is ELISE DAVENPORT, a very attractive early 40's  
 woman with long brunette hair, dressed in a tight black  
 latex corset, and wearing black fishnet stockings and  
 spiked heels.

HAP  
 Who discovered the body?

DB

An intern showed up here around noon. When the victim didn't show up - it seems that happens a time or two a month - the intern would wake his ass up.

(pause)

She has a spare set of keys.

Hap rolls his eyes.

DB

She let herself in, said she yelled for him. When he didn't respond, she opened the bedroom door. Took one look and started screaming. Like I said, the walls are thick here, so no one heard. She eventually calmed down enough to call nine one one. Said she didn't touch anything. What we've seen so far, that seems to be the case.

HAP

Where's she now?

DB

We've taken her down to the station. We're hoping we can keep a lid on this for a while longer, but did notify the Senator's office.

Hap considers this.

HAP

Contact public records. Let's go visit Mistress Elise and see what she has to say.

DB

Are you sure you want me to go with you boss? Maybe you need to do this by yourself?

DB guffaws when Hap studiously ignores him.

INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - DAY

A standard-issue unmarked police car. Though it won't draw the eye, even a few moments of examination will reveal it's a police car, with the antennas and emergency lights.

They look out on a very nice three-story brownstone on a quiet side street with no through traffic. Lots of expensive cars are parked along the street.

DB

Man, being a dominatrix must pay really well. These things got to be at least a million bucks.

Hap nods.

DB is craning his neck looking out the window.

EXT. ELISE' STREET - DAY

Hap parks in front of a fire hydrant.

He puts his "police duty" sign on the dash.

EXT. ELISE' BROWNSTONE - DAY

They walk up the several steps to the covered front stoop. The double door is covered with intricate woodwork and looks heavy. There are several cameras covering the front of the building and porch. Hap reaches out to press the buzzer.

After a few moments,

ELISE (O.S.)  
(husky, sensual)

Yes?

HAP  
Elise Davenport?

ELISE (O.S.)  
Yes.

HAP  
My name is Hapwell Jones and this is my partner Derek Boyd. We'd like to talk to you about an incident that happened last night.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Hold your IDs up to the camera.

They oblige. After a pause,

ELISE (O.S.)  
I'm with a client right now. Can you come back in two hours?

DB leans toward the intercom.

DB  
Ma'am, this is a police investigation. We'd like to talk to you right now.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Do you have a warrant?

DB shakes his head.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Then I'll see you in two hours.

MAN (O.S.)  
Mistress, what's the problem?

ELISE (O.S.)  
I told you to be quiet while I was  
on the phone!

SMACK, WHIMPER.

Hap and DB look at each other.

ELISE (O.S.)  
(languidly)  
Gentlemen, I assume you know how I  
make a living. I assure you there is  
no crime in progress and no need to  
breach my doors. See you in two  
hours.

They hesitate for a moment, then turn and walk back to the car.

DB  
She sure sounds like she knows what  
she's talking about, eh?

Hap nods absently.

INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - DAY

They slide into the vehicle and sit.

HAP  
Well, it's early for dinner, but I  
don't see any point in going back to  
the precinct.

EXT. SUB SIDEWALK TABLE - DAY

Just outside a sub sandwich shop, DB and Hap are sitting at one of the several small cafe tables. They're sitting alone, but there's a steady stream of people entering and leaving, as well as walking along the sidewalk. DB has a big messy meatball sub and Hap a Philly-style cheesesteak.

DB  
What makes a guy want to get his ass  
kicked by a woman?

HAP

I really don't understand the  
motivation. I've never had to work  
BDSM before.

DB, as he digs into his sandwich like a starving animal,  
has a thoughtful look on his face.

Hap eats with more decorum, but also ponders.

Around his mouthful,

DB

I wonder if she practices that  
voice.

(shakes his head)

The visions I got when she answered.

Hap nods and smiles

HAP

Definitely a distraction. Imagine  
her dressed like her website and  
talking in that voice. How long  
would you refuse, if she wanted to  
beat the crap out of you?

DB stares over Hap's shoulder a moment, then a flush  
starts up his neck. He turns his focus to the last few  
bites.

EXT. ELISE' BROWNSTONE - DAY

This time there's a gap along the street, so Hap doesn't  
have to park at the fire hydrant.

At the top of the stairs, DB reaches out to press the  
buzzer.

The door opens out before he can press. DB gives a low  
gasp.

Elise, average height, with long brunette hair, wearing  
tall heels and a form fitting red dress that comes down to  
the middle of her thighs. The left side of the dress is  
slit up to the middle of her waist.

Her hair runs down the right side of her chest. She stands  
with her left side slightly toward the men, a riding crop  
in her right hand. As the house is a step up from the  
porch, she looks down on them.

ELISE

(same husky voice)

Gentlemen, follow me.

INT. ELISE' BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

Hallway of high-end brownstone, elegant and expensive. Antique tables and lamps line the way.

The men focus on Elise' behind as it sashays back and forth while she walks down the hallway, as if in slow motion.

About halfway down the corridor, she turns into a doorway.

INT. ELISE' BROWNSTONE OFFICE - DAY

Hap and DB crane their necks, looking around. The office looks like something Hollywood would come up with for a university professor. The walls are lined with bookshelves, all full. Many of the book titles appeared to be related to psychology, but a number are neurobiology related.

The large desk has neat stacks of manila folders covering about half its surface.

ELISE  
(no trace of sensuality)  
Please be seated, gentlemen.

In the moments where Hap and DB's focus was elsewhere, Elise transformed. Behind her desk, she now wears a white lab coat that covers her dress completely, her hair is up in a bun and she's wearing very practical glasses. She sits in a chair behind her desk, several inches higher than their seats, leaning back and relaxed.

DB gawks until Hap gives him a shove.

They take their seats

HAP  
(clears throat )  
Miss Davenport, can you please tell us where you were between ten thirty and midnight last night?

ELISE  
(pause)  
Here.  
(pause)  
Alone.

She stares at them.

HAP  
(pause)  
Do you know Jonathan Sidwell?

ELISE

(pause)

I have knowledge of him.

After another awkward silence,

DB

(blurts)

You actually get paid to beat guys up, right?

Hap stares daggers at DB.

ELISE

(pause)

I get paid very well, generally by very rich and powerful people.

DB blushes and looks down.

HAP

As you will probably hear on the news later, Mr. Sidwell died last night. The circumstances indicate he was with someone acting in a professional capacity.

ELISE

(pause)

And you want to know if I was that person in that capacity.

Hap nods.

ELISE

I was not.

HAP

(pause)

Would it be possible to get some of your time, as a public service, to explain the BDSM culture to me?

ELISE

(pause)

I can spare a couple of hours, if you'd like to meet me here tomorrow morning at nine.

HAP

Thank you. I'll be here, then.

Hap stands up, quickly followed by DB.

Elise stands up a bit slower.

She comes around the desk. She isn't wearing heels any longer, instead has practical flats showing the tops of her feet.

Hap stares at her feet.

HAP  
Miss Davenport, what size shoes do you wear?

Elise looks at him quizzically for a moment.

ELISE  
Size seven and a half. Why?

Hap shrugs and turns to leave.

HAP  
You have lovely feet.

INT. ELISE' BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

She escorts the men to the door, with none of the earlier sensuality.

ELISE  
Until tomorrow, Detective Jones.

EXT. ELISE' STREET - DAY

As they walk toward the car,

DB  
Whew! What happened in there?

HAP  
Clearly we're not the first law officers she's met. She controlled the whole meeting.  
(pause)  
I wonder how long she practiced that quick change. That threw me for a loop. First time in a long time.

DB  
You really want to use her as a consultant? Isn't she a suspect?

HAP  
She's clearly not going to give us any probable cause. If we brought her in anyway, she'd lawyer up, be out of there before we could blink and we'd still have nothing. This way, maybe she'll get careless.

FADE OUT.



The End.