

CROOKED

Written by

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EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

The front of a car. Static. Dusty. We peer inside the messy interior until:

A hand lifts and sticks a piece of paper behind the windshield wiper.

OFFICER AUBREY JONES (30) walks along several cars parked along the storefront. She wears the classic black and blue uniform in standard Meter Maid fashion. Ticket generator in one hand.

She stops in front of a gray sedan parked in front of a--

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

She tracks around the back. Stares at the SCRATCH MARKS scattered around the trunk keyhole.

She rubs her fingers along the surface, before briskly walking down the--

EXT. STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

She spots an ELDERLY WOMAN approaching her direction. She nods her way as:

The Elderly Woman passes by, Jones steps into her--

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a three-wheeled, slightly unstable, blue and white, almost two-seater abomination of a vehicle.

She pulls out a bulky laptop sitting beside her.

TERA (V.O.)

Kyle!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

TERA (30's), dressed in casual clothing with a black ski mask scrunched atop her head, treads towards the entrance of an open

VAULT

Duffle bag in hand.

KYLE (20's) leans against the outside

HALLWAY

Music bursts through the earbuds in his ears.

TERA

KYLE!

He jolts up, takes an earbud out.

TERA (CONT'D)

Here!

She chucks the duffle bag his way. Kyle catches, startled.

MORGAN (30's) stands in the

COMMON AREA

Ski mask on, assault rifle out. He corners a dozen CIVILIANS, huddled on the floor.

MORGAN

We wanna make this easy for you guys. So long as you keep following our instructions, we won't hurt anyone... So long as we get what we want, we won't hurt anyone...

He crouches down next to a well dressed man, THE MANAGER (50's).

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(softer)

So long as what you've told us is correct, we won't hurt anyone.

We peer inside the

MANAGER'S OFFICE

where a crouched unmasked CANNAN (30's) spins the dial to a safe.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

BEEEEEP! The laptop chime alerts Jones to the screen. She hunches forward, to see:

The ID of the gray sedan owner: A clear image of an elderly woman.

Jones peers her head out the side of the car to see the Elderly Woman slowly approaching the gray sedan.

Jones slumps back into her seat, sighing.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Tera and Kyle scurry into the

COMMON AREA

They're carrying several duffle bags. They drop two on the ground as they put on their ski masks.

TERA
We're behind!

Morgan turns around to face them.

MORGAN
Is that everything?

He makes his way towards the duffel bags.

KYLE
(to Tera)
By half (a minute.)

TERA
(over; re: Cannan)
Is he done yet?

MORGAN
(to Tera)
Evidently not.

CANNAN (O.S.)
(to Tera)
Did you say (half a minute?)

KYLE
(over; to Morgan)
I need the pick.

MORGAN
(to Kyle)
Oh, right.

Morgan searches his pockets. Finds both of them empty.

TERA
(to Cannan)
How much (longer is it going to
take?)

MORGAN
(over)
Shit.

KYLE
(to Morgan; noticing)
What do you mean "Shit"? (We just
opened the trunk a second ago!)

CANNAN (O.S.)
(over; to Tera)
Hey, suck my dick! Why don't you
have at it then!

MORGAN
(sternly)
Cannan!

CANNAN

slowly opens the safe door. A beat, then:

CANNAN
Sorry.

MORGAN

pulls out a pick and hands it to Kyle.

KYLE
(grabbing)
Thank you.

A masked Cannan enters the common area and hands a tiny black bag, smaller than his hand, to Morgan, who lugs a duffle bag over his shoulder. Tera stands over the civilians.

Morgan looks inside the bag. A beat then:

MORGAN
Listen guys... we've got what we
came here to get. There needn't be
any more conflict from here on out.
(to Tera)
How behind are we now?

TERA
A minute, almost two now.

MORGAN
Then let's go.

They make their way towards the entrance as:

We pan down to the Manager's hands behind his back, to reveal a rectangular shaped remote with a blinking red LED on the side.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

A blinking red LED glows from underneath the Manager's desk.

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle and Morgan bust through the front doors. Kyle almost runs into the Elderly Woman standing by.

KYLE
Sorry!

Cannan and Tera follow out.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alerted by Kyle's shout, Jones looks their direction. Steps just outside of the car.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN
Just get in the car man...

KYLE
I said I was sorry!

Morgan nudges Kyle to the side and opens the door to the sedan.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Heyyyy... my car.

CANNAN
(hunching over)
Sorry m'am, we need it for official business. We promise we'll bring it back in once piece.

Cannan stands up straight. He holds the car the car door open as:

He spots Jones standing down the street, staring straight at him.

Cannan hesitates.

INT/EXT. GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Morgan, in the driver seat, looks off to his side.

MORGAN
Cannan, what are you doing? Get in
the car.

Cannan throws in his duffle bag.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones steps forward, unsure.

Cannan and Jones both lock eyes once again - until Cannan hops inside and the gray sedan speeds off.

JONES
Fuck!

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

She inserts her key and drives off. Passing the Elderly Woman on her way.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

About a dozen officers crowd around SERGEANT MATTHEWS (50's).

MATTHEWS
(pointing at map)
...down the street of Danson and
Highsmith. Now here is the
intersection you guys will be at
according to Warren.
(nodding towards Warren)
It's the height of rush hour, be
careful. You all know your routes.
Godspeed ladies and gentlemen.

The officers dissipate.

Matthews walks into--

INT. LOWLOTZ'S OFFICE, POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN ORSON LOWLOTZ sits at his desk. He's quite bigger than average. Wears a white collared shirt and black tie.

Matthews closes the door behind him.

MATTHEWS

Captain...

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jones speeds and rams into the back of the--

INT. GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The group of robbers jolt with the impact.

MORGAN

What the fuck was that!

Cannan looks behind him.

CANNAN

That bitch!

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones tries to regain control of her car, but she can't keep up with the movement around her and the car begins to spin out.

INT. GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN

Deal with it!

Cannan hands Kyle an assault rifle from the front seat. Kyle aims through the back window, watching Jones loses control of her car.

He relaxes. Laughs.

KYLE

It's dealt.

Morgan looks back through the window and laughs as:

A large black police SUV tanks into the side of the car, pulling it across the--

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

--and bringing the gray sedan to a gripping halt on the front steps of a museum.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones, defeated and helpless, eyes the action that is happening down the street.

Red and Blue lights flash against her face from the side. Sirens, creeping in...

She looks to her left.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A swarm of blaring police cars track around the corner of a building.

INT. BLARING POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

COMMUNICATIVE OFFICER
Approaching on-site to the 10-65.
Intersection is inbound.

EXT. LEADING STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jones's car almost extends completely across the width of the street.

The police cars pool in one-by-one needling through the slight space behind her car.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
Sorry!

EXT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The group of robbers trails from the crashed car to the front steps, frantic. Tera carries an injured Kyle.

A police car is stopped out front, the doors open, two riot shielded officers step out.

They run straight towards Morgan, pulling out their shields.

BHAM!! CLANK!! BHOOOM!! CLANK!! PHEWW!! CLANK!!

Morgan keeps firing... The officers keep coming. He runs out of ammo as the riot shields overpower them all. They handcuff them, and begin to bring them down the steps.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

An angry officer stands outside the front window and looks straight at Jones. She tilts her head back and closes her eyes.

LOWLOTZ (PRE-LAP)
How many times are we going to have
to go through this?

INT. LOWLOTZ'S OFFICE, POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

LOWLOTZ
You are not an officer of the law.

Matthews stands besides Lowlotz at his desk. Jones sits across from them.

JONES
I saw what they did... They we're
about to get away--

LOWLOTZ
That's not your job Jones.

JONES
I know...

Jones looks down. Matthews steps forward. She looks back up.

MATTHEWS
Do you know how much havoc you
caused today with the stunt you
pulled? Half the precinct here
wants you gone.

JONES
I'm sorry, I was just trying to--

MATTHEWS
Help? All the people behind you
want to help. The very nature of
their jobs are: to help. And you do
too, just in a slightly different
way.
(leans over table)
(MORE)

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

But they can't do that unless you
get out of the way.

LOWLOTZ

That's enough Matthews.

(a deep sigh)

What he's trying to say is... To be
blunt... you're not very needed.

Jones stunned, takes a moment.

JONES

The people in the bank were scared.
They had Machine guns--

MATTHEWS

(quickly)

AK's.

JONES

AK's, whatever! My point is, I was
there. I was the only one around. I
had to do something.

LOWLOTZ

Listen, Aubrey, we admire your
dedication, really - but sometimes
your dedication can do more bad
than good.

Jones looks faltered.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)

I'm switching your zones.

(pulls out a book)

You'll take...

(skims through pages)

Alfie's old zone.

JONES

Oh come on, Alfie's old zone was
bullshit, that's why no one does
that crap anymore.

(a pause, then quickly)

Give me Terry's.

LOWLOTZ

Oh, you want Terry's?

JONES

Yes.

LOWLOTZ

You're getting Alfie's.

Jones slumps back in her seat.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)
Aubrey... this happens again... I'm
putting you on desk duty with
Warren.

INT. FOYER, JONES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door creaks open. A tired Jones walks in.

Sk-t-sk-t-sk-t-sk... LINCOLN, Jones's dog, scurries his way
to her. She crouches down. Rubs him.

JONES
Hey boy! You miss me?! I missed
you, yes I did...

INT. KITCHEN, JONES'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A dog bowl. Lincoln waits eagerly. Then: a schlop of dog food
plops into it. Lincoln chows down on the schlop.

INT. BEDROOM, JONES'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln, rests on Jones's bed. She undresses, steps out of
her uniform.

Later, she lies in her bed, watching TV. She grows sleepier
by the minute. Then, her eyes finally shut, asleep. Lincoln
sleeping right next to her.

MONTAGE - DAYS IN A LIFE:

--IN JONES'S APARTMENT (DAY 1): Jones wakes up, brushes her
teeth, makes an egg breakfast for her and Lincoln.

--ON A SIDEWALK (DAY 1): An ANGRY DRIVER argues with Jones
over a ticket.

ANGRY DRIVER
...Are you kidding me?! How the
fuck am I supposed to pay this?! I
don't got no job!

--IN THE PRECINCT (DAY 1): Jones hands a batch of paperwork
to Warren.

--AT LOD'S BURGERS (DAY 1): Jones greets the cashier and buys
a burger.

--IN JONES'S APARTMENT (DAY 1): Jones greets Lincoln, feeds him, undresses, puts on a TV show, and falls asleep.

--IN JONES'S APARTMENT (DAY 10): Jones brushes her teeth and makes an egg breakfast for her and Lincoln.

--ON A SIDEWALK (DAY 10): Jones slips a parking ticket underneath a windshield. Watches a cop car whizz by. Then a RUSHING MAN bumps into her.

RUSHING MAN

Sorry!

He disappears through a ruptured wall in a building, concealed by plastic dust sheeting.

--IN THE PRECINCT (DAY 10): Jones hands a batch of paperwork to Matthews.

--AT LOD'S BURGERS (DAY 10): Jones greets the cashier and buys a burger.

--IN JONES'S APARTMENT (DAY 10): Jones greets Lincoln, puts on a show, and falls asleep.

--IN JONES'S APARTMENT (DAY 14): Jones brushes her teeth and eats her egg breakfast alongside Lincoln.

--ON A SIDEWALK (DAY 14): Jones is having trouble with her own parking meter. It expires. She is jokingly furious and gives herself a ticket. She looks back and eyes the plastic dust sheeting flapping in the wind.

--IN THE PRECINCT (DAY 14): Jones hands a batch of paperwork to Matthews again.

INT. LOD'S BURGERS - NIGHT

DING! The bell on the door chimes as Jones walks in.

She walks up to the counter, head down.

JONES

(pulling out wallet)

Heyyy Craig, how you been?

PETE

There is no more Craig, only Pete.

She looks up. PETE stands behind the counter.

JONES

Where's Craig?

A half-beat:

PETE

Craig Anderson... We had to make
some staffing changes. Upper
management stuff, nothing I can do.

JONES

Oh I see.

Jones looks to the kitchen behind the Pete. Sees some
unfamiliar arms.

JONES (CONT'D)

And back there?

Pete nods to the side.

PETE

I assure you ma'am, the burgers
will taste just like you've always
had.

(...)

If not better!

A huge smile creeps across his face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Jones carries her takeout bag to her--

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

She sits down in the front seat. Takes a bite out of the
burger. A beat, then:

JONES

(with food in mouth)

Fuck... He wasn't lying.

She goes in for another bite.

LATER, she looks up, spots the plastic dust sheet, once again
flapping in front of the gaping wound in the building's side.
She takes a moment before she opens the car door, hops into
the--

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

--and walks across, into the--

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Neon-stripped cars speed down the road; MAGICIANS, JUGGLERS, DANCERS, any sort of busker you could imagine populates the area.

A MAGICIAN pops out in front of Jones.

MAGICIAN
Hey could I show you a trick?

The Magician fans out a deck of cards.

MAGICIAN (CONT'D)
Just pick a card out of the deck.

Then a DANCER appears.

DANCER
I can tap dance better then that
guy.

MAGICIAN
Come on just one card?

Jones continues by.

MAGICIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just one card!?

Across the street, a man dressed in a classic black and white striped FAKE ROBBER outfit runs down the sidewalk. A JUGGLER chases him. The Juggler throws three juggling balls at him, which knocks him over. The balls bounce right back into the Juggler's hand.

A CROWD of watchers applaud.

JUGGLER
Thank you! Thank you!
(helps the Fake Robber up)
Come again to see real art!

The Juggler and Fake Robber wave as a section of the crowd leaves.

A MAN ON STILTS treads closer to Jones. She weaves her way underneath the long wooden beams as he passes by.

JONES
(to herself)
Freaky.

She focuses on the ruptured wall. She fastens her pace, then:

BFLOOOOOOMMMM!! A beam of fire extends just in front of her face.

It fades away with the inhale of the FIRE BREATHER as he turns the corner in front of Jones.

FIRE BREATHER
Better be careful out there. Try
not to get... burned.

She looks back as the Fire Breather laughs to himself as he walks away.

PHONE PART SELLER (O.S.)
PHONE PARTS FOR SALE! WE GOT C8's
and C7's! DON'T EVEN ASK ABOUT THE
M DOUBLE O SERIES!

A large monster truck slowly drives around the corner and down the street. An PHONE PART SELLER stands in the truck bed.

PHONE PART SELLER (CONT'D)
AND FUCK THE KREIGS!

The Fire Breather turns their head.

FIRE BREATHER
Hey, fuck you!

The Fire Breather inhales deeply, then exhales a burst of fire towards the Phone Part Seller. Their head gets lit on fire and they scream as they try to pat it out.

Jones keeps to herself and continues ahead. Just a few yards away from the ruptured wall. She nears closer, then:

A man, SHAWN KINS (20's), dashes out, brushing past Jones.

He carries a small bag. A trail of white powder follows.

She stands there for a moment, looking between the fleeing Shawn, the white powder, and the ruptured wall.

Jones bends down, wipes up some of the powder with her finger. She sniffs it. Then licks it, starts to gag.

JONES
(gagging)
Yeah that is definitely cocaine.

She turns Shawn's direction and bolts his way.

JONES (CONT'D)
Heyyy!!! Stop!!!

Shawn looks behind him. Spots Jones, worried, confused. He Continues running.

JONES (CONT'D)
Stop!

Shawn accidentally bumps into the Man on Stilts. He comes crashing down on top of the front of the monster truck.

The monster truck swerves and nearly crashes into the Juggler and Fake Robber.

The Phone Part Seller's flaming head lights a couple of pieces of broken stilt debris, before extinguishing on their head.

The Fake Robber, recovering from the impact beside them, spots Jones chasing after Shawn and the aftermath they just caused.

FAKE ROBBER
Hey... they're stealing our act.

The Juggler looks up, spots them, realizes.

JUGGLER
No one... STEALS... OUR ACT!

The Juggler holds a juggling ball into the air, triumphantly.

The remaining crowd roars around them. The Juggler grabs two flaming pieces of the stilts off the ground and hands one to the Fake Robber. They'd look exactly like torches if you didn't know otherwise.

The Juggler takes a ball from his pocket and brings it close to the torch. The top of the ball is engulfed in flames.

JUGGLER (CONT'D)
(to himself; closing eyes)
One life, One act.

He chucks the flaming sphere across the street.

It blazes past Jones's face, hitting the brick wall on her side, falling to the ground. She continues to run by.

JONES
What the fuck?

She looks across the street, realizing.

JONES (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

A now larger crowd stands around the Juggler and the Fake Robber. All with flaming juggling balls in their hand.

JUGGLER/FAKE ROBBER/CROWD
ONE LIFE, ONE ACT!!

Shawn looks across the street, now noticing.

They all throw the flaming sphere's up across the street in unison. They make an arc in the air, flying sky high.

JONES
I should've got another burger.

SHAWN
Sweet mother of Jesus!

The fiery juggling balls come raining down. Shawn and Jones keep running, trying to avoid the swarm of spheres in the air.

People in front and behind them get hit, falling to the ground.

The Magician pops in front of Shawn.

MAGICIAN
Want to see a magic--

A flaming sphere pierces into him, causing him to collapse. Shawn stops in his tracks.

DANCER (O.S.)
Just dance man...

Shawn sees the Dancer dancing their way around all of the flaming balls coming their way. Then:

Jones tackles Shawn to the ground, just as the flurry of fiery balls comes to an end.

SHAWN
What the fuck man?! What you do that for?

JONES
I'm a fucking officer shithead!

She takes some zip ties out from her pockets, uses them around Shawn's hands.

SHAWN

Don't you have handcuffs lamebrain?

She stands Shawn back up.

JONES

What's your name?

SHAWN

Shawn.

JONES

Last name?

CHK-CHUK-BHRUMM! A piece of burning debris falls from the top of a building. They both look behind them at the chaos. A crowd of angry jugglers staring them down. Fire in the streets. A huge monster truck crashed into the side of a building...

SHAWN

Kins. Shawn Kins.

Jones, silent takes him into the--

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

SHAWN

Hey, listen, I'm not worth this. You're probably gonna get in a lot of trouble for causing that mess.

JONES

Me? I caused that?

SHAWN

If you hadn't chased me, none of this would've happened.

She brings him up to her car.

Shawn, confused and disgusted.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I thought you said you were a cop?

JONES

I said I was an officer.

She shoves him on the passenger side.

SHAWN

Okay, same thing.

JONES
(hesitant)
A parking officer.

Shawn, takes a beat to process, then: a smile grows across his face.

SHAWN
You're a meter maid?!

Jones stands outside the car on the driver's side.

JONES
We prefer--

SHAWN
You're a meter maid.

Jones lets out a deep sigh.

JONES
(quickly)
Yeah, and you get to be known by the guy that got caught by a "Meter maid", so I don't want to hear it right now.

Shawn's smile fades. Jones begins to walk away.

SHAWN
Hey, where you going?

She points at Lod's Burgers.

JONES
Burger. Want something?

SHAWN
No, not hungry.

JONES
It's a decent drive there, I can j--

Shawn begins to shake his head.

SHAWN
No, we can't. I gotta get out of here.

He scoots towards the driver seat. Jones gets closer to the car.

JONES
Hey, stop. We will... in 20
minutes. I want another burger.
They taste fucking amazing now.

She begins to walk away again.

SHAWN
I have to get out of here now... I -
I wasn't running just to run.

Sh stops again. Shawn looks up at her. She comes in closer.

JONES
So... you sure you don't want
anything.

She again points at Lod's Burgers.

SHAWN
Positive.

JONES
Straight to the precinct?

SHAWN
Straight to the precinct.

Jones takes a moment to think.

JONES
Okay, then.

She steps back into the--

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

--and drives out of the parking lot onto the--

EXT. LONG ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JONES (O.S.)
You owe me a burger.

A beat, then: A large black SUV follows, lingering behind
them.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn's stomach grumbles. Jones looks at him.

JONES
Thought you said you weren't
hungry?

SHAWN
Ha.

JONES
Should've got you that burger.
(a moment)
Hold the wheel.

SHAWN
Wha--

Jones leans behind her, reaching into the truck bed. Shawn hurriedly grabs the wheel with his tied hands.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

JONES
I've got Popcorn Puffs, Doritos,
uhhh... protein bars... some...
gray sludge? Oh that's molded
cheese.

Shawns face cringes.

He looks in the rearview mirror and spots the black SUV. It inches closer, and closer, and closer, until:

SHAWN
Look out!

JONES
What?

Jones looks up the rear window.

BROONNKKKKSSSCCHHHH!! The black SUV rams into the back of the car.

The force of the impact knocks Jones into Shawn. The car swerves right, crashing through a wooden pole. Jones takes back control of the wheel and steers back onto the road before drifting to a stop.

EXT. LONG ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The black SUV sits, facing Jones's car, waiting.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
(regaining herself)
Are you okay?!

SHAWN
Yeah...

Jones eyes the black SUV outside the window.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
They found me.

Jones looks at Shawn, then: a long period of silence. She takes this in, eyeing the black SUV again, this time focusing on THE FOLLOWER in the drivers seat.

JONES
What is he doing?

SHAWN
(...)
I don't know...

INT/EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Follower, flicks a lever on his dashboard. Opens the sunroof. Presses another button.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR

The Follower climbs on top of the SUV and pulls a machine gun onto the roof.

SHAWN
(noticing)
We should get out of here.

The Follower jams in a magazine clip.

JONES
(turning keys)
Duly noted.

The Follower aims the gun their direction as:

Jones immediately turns onto the road and drives ahead, following the--

EXT. LONG ROAD - CONTINUOUS

PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!!

The flurry of bullets track along Jones and Shawn's tire tracks.

The black SUV remains motionless, until: The SUV begins to drive forward on its own.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SHAWN

Fuck! Don't you have a gun or anything?

Jones thinks for a moment, looks around frantically.

JONES

Hold the wheel!

Shawn takes the wheel.

SHAWN

Again!?

She rummages around the truck bed as:

PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! KLACK!! PEW!! KLACK!! PEW!! KLACHT!! PEW!!
KLICCKTT!! PEW!! KRUNCH!!

Bullets fly by, some hitting the top of the car, prompting them to hold their heads low. Shawn tries to dodge them. He turns onto the--

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The black SUV follows.

Dozens of vehicles fill the scene. Bright headlights illuminate the ground ahead.

Jones's car makes its way onto the middle of the road.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones pulls out a TASER. Turns around.

JONES

(confused)

Why are we on the highway?

SHAWN
(re: the taser)
That's it?

JONES
Why are we on the highway?!

Jones takes the wheel. Drops the taser on the floor. Passes between two cars.

SHAWN
Hey, calm down - how about a thank you for getting us out of there?

JONES
There are more people here!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!!

The black SUV rams through the cars in front of it.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

They both hunch down. Jones speeds ahead.

SHAWN
Sorry...

A beat, then:

JONES
The taser was all I had.

PEW!! PEW!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones drives on the opposite side of the large box truck.

Its advertisement on both sides reads: "PUPP-EATS! The only food for your pup you'll ever need!"

PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!! PEW!!

The bullets make a perfect line on the side of the truck, destroying the advertisement.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
(re: the bullet holes)
Hey! That is a really good brand!

EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Follower, frustrated, aims the gun downwards.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

PEW!! PwiSSssssshhhhh... One of tires on the truck blows. It slows, revealing Jones and Shawn.

EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Follower raises his gun, finger on the trigger.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones and Shawn shut their eyes tightly, ready...

CLICK! A beat, then:

EXT. BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

CLICK! The Follower's finger holds the trigger down. The Follower tosses the gun down through the sunroof angrily.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
(opening eyes)
Oh my God he's out of bullets!

JONES
We're safeeee!!

They manage to conjoin themselves together in some twisted amalgamated hug.

Jones glances out the side of Shawn's window.

JONES (CONT'D)
Uh, Shawn?

SHAWN
Yes?

JONES
Shawn!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Follower crouches on top of the hood of the Black SUV. It drives near Jones's car.

The Follower jumps off and onto--

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
(looking up)
What the fuck?!

The car swerves a little.

JONES
What did you do to make this crazy
fuck so mad at you!?

BANG!! BANG!! BRUMM!! The Follower bangs on the roof, denting it inwards. Then:

BOOOMCSH!! The black SUV beelines into the guard rails. Debris flying in every which direction.

SHAWN
(regaining himself)
So there's this drug
organization...

JONES
(shouting over)
Orpheus?!

Shawn nods.

SHAWN
I kindof stole that cocaine from
them.

The Follower crawls onto the front windshield and begins to bang on the glass.

JONES
Must've been some good cocaine!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones drives down a highway exit, driving onto a--

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Follower punches through the windshield, he tries to grab hold of the steering wheel.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
...The fuck!?

Jones fights back, trying to take control and free his hands off the wheel.

Shawn picks the taser off the floor. Aims it at The Follower.

SHAWN
HASTA LA VISTA BABY!!

The prongs on the taser shoot out and hit The Follower in his face. An electric shock pulsates through his body and zaps Jones grasping his hand on the wheel.

She flinches back.

JONES
Ow!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car immediately swerves off the road, down a--

EXT. GRASSY HILL - CONTINUOUS

A large forest rests at the bottom of the hill, along with a large barn that sits in front of it.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones grabs hold of the wheel, steadying the car.

SHAWN
Shit...

JONES
Hold on!

EXT. GRASSY HILL - CONTINUOUS

The car wobbles. Bumps up and down as the car travels closer to the barn.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
You're going towards the barn.

JONES
I know.

SHAWN
You're going towards the barn!

JONES
I KNOW.

The car is several yards away from the barn.

JONES (CONT'D)
Okay... Get out now!

Shawn looks ahead, the barn coming up close...

SHAWN
What do you mean "get out now"
we're mov--

He turns to see an empty seat beside him.

He breathes in deep, exhales. He jumps out of the car, The Follower still twitching on top of the hood.

EXT. GRASSY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Jones runs over to Shawn and helps him up. Shawn looks at the scene ahead of him:

The car rolls through the barn, knocking hay-bales aside, and crashes through the back wall - fiercely throwing The Follower aside. The car continues into the forest.

JONES
You okay?

SHAWN
Yeah.

He holds up his zip tied hands. Looks at Jones with an attempt at puppy dog eyes.

JONES

No!

She walks down the hill towards the barn.

Shawn, frustrated follows.

INT/EXT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

What are we doing? Let's get out of here.

Jones walks in deeper, surveying her surroundings.

JONES

Orpheus is our longest running and still ongoing case to date. I can't just go without trying to find something about them...

She walks to The Follower's limp body. The taser on the ground and the prongs still lodged in the side of his cheek.

She bends down, puts two fingers on his neck.

Her face worries.

SHAWN

What?

No answer.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What?

JONES

(looks to Shawn)
He's dead...

A beat, then:

SHAWN

WHOOOOO!! Let's goo!! Sunuvabitch got what he deserved!! Haha!

Jones's face, still shocked...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hey... Why aren't you smiling?
Cheer up man! One truly bad person -
dead!

JONES
I killed someone...

SHAWN
Hey... That wasn't your fault. He practically killed himself the way he launched himself onto your car like that.
(backing up)
Plus... He shot at FUCKING US remember?! Don't feel bad about this guy trust me. There's plenty more of them to find.

Jones takes this in, wipes her eyes. She bends down and searches The Follower's pocket.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Searching his pockets, nice one.
Might be more crook in you yet...

JONES
(a slight pause)
Jones.

SHAWN
Jones...
(to himself)
Arrested by Officer Jones. Detained by Officer Jones. Who am I with right now? Officer Jones...

She pulls out a phone. Turns it on... passcode.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Yo, let me see that. I can hack that pretty easy with your laptop back there.

JONES
What- n- no. We're not hacking anything... This is evidence.

SHAWN
Evidence for what? That he fucking almost killed us? Yeah, we know that, give it here!

JONES
No! I won--

They notice two black SUV's, one longer than the other, pull in and park at the top of the hill. The cars's beaming headlights shine their way.

Two suited HENCHMEN (AL, TONY) get out of each car.

SHAWN
(whispering)
What do we do?

JONES
Uhh...

She looks around as:

The Henchmen begin to make their way down the grassy hill.

JONES (CONT'D)
There!

She points to a few hay-bales in the back. They quickly hide behind them, making sure to peek through the hay-bale cracks.

EXT. GRASSY HILL - MOMENTS LATER

The Henchmen enter the--

INT/EXT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

They look around...

INT. LONG BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

A figure turns his head, looking out the window to the barn.

INT/EXT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jones and Shawn see Al stumble upon The Follower's body. He signals to Tony to go outside.

Tony runs around the outside of the barn. He enters back inside, shakes his head.

Al crouches down above The Follower - checks his pockets, pulls out nothing.

Al puts his fingers to his earpiece:

AL
Boss...

INT. LONG BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS (60's) sits, listening.

AL (O.S.)
(through earpiece)
...it's clear.

EXT. LONG BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Boss exits the SUV. Buttons his suit.

He starts down the grassy hill.

INT/EXT. DILAPIDATED BARN - MOMENTS LATER

The Boss enters. The Henchmen waiting.

AL
James is dead sir.

He leads The Boss to The Follower's body.

THE BOSS
What a shame. What of him?

Tony steps up.

TONY
His phone wasn't on his body. No
trace of Shawn in sight either.

THE BOSS
(turning around)
No phone?

TONY
(shaking his head)
No. It could have fallen in - well
any one of these hay-bales

He waves to the dozens of hay-bales around them.

THE BOSS
There's a simple solution to that
problem.

The Boss pulls out his phone. He dials and begins to call. He
brings it up to his ear.

RING-RIIING!! RING-RIIING!! He turns towards the ringing.

Jones hurriedly takes the phone from out of her pocket.

SHAWN
(whispering)
Shut that thing up!

JONES
(tapping the screen)
I'm trying!

RING-RIIING!! RING-RIIING!! RING-RI--

The Boss nods to the hay-bales in the back. The Henchmen approach.

Al nears the hay-bales, he pushes one aside to reveal:

NOTHING. Just more hay in an endless stream of even more hay.

He shakes his head.

A lone barrel stands off to the side.

INT. BARREL, DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jones and Shawn peer through a circular hole.

THE BOSS
Hm.

INT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS
And this?

He kicks the taser on the ground.

TONY
(The Boss picks it up)
Belongs to the 4th precinct. Came with... his face. That's all we know.

The Boss dials on his phone. Holds it up to his ear. It calls for a long while until:

THE BOSS
Matthews...

INT. BARREL, DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS

One of yours just killed James. Get your men in line.

On Jones, taken aback.

JONES

(to Shawn; whispering)

That's my fucking sergeant!

INT. CLOSET, MATTHEWS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Matthews stands in the middle of a circle of hanging clothes.

MATTHEWS

Wh- I- None of them are even assigned to that district.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BARN, CLOSET, AND BARREL

THE BOSS

Well one decided to take a little stroll! Their taser was found on site.

MATTHEWS

Well what do you want me to do?

Jones's eyes widen.

THE BOSS

I want you to fucking fix it! Find out who and deal with it!

He hangs up.

INT. CLOSET, MATTHEWS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

On Matthew stunned. He exits into the--

INT. BEDROOM, MATTHEWS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--where his WIFE lay sleeping. He hesitantly hops into bed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BARN AND BARREL

The Boss hands the taser to Al.

THE BOSS
(re: the barn)
Burn it.

Jones and Shawn look at each other, worried.

The Boss walks out. He begins up the grassy hill.

Al pulls out a lighter, bends down and lights The Follower's body. The body engulfs in flames.

The Henchmen leave, marching up the grassy hill.

Jones and Shawn watch them get into the SUV's as the fire spreads to the ceiling.

The SUV's take off.

INT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

The fire nearly reaches the barrel when:

The barrel rocks back and forth and back and forth before tipping over, dumping Jones and Shawn out on the ground.

Jones crawls out, both of them grunting. Jones helps Shawn up on his feet.

JONES
C'mon we gotta go.

They frantically run outside--

EXT. DILAPIDATED BARN - CONTINUOUS

--distancing themselves from the fiery destruction. A large piece of wooden debris falls and crushes the barrel.

They are out of breath.

JONES
(panting)
You still wanna hack this phone?

She pulls out The Follower's phone from her pocket.

SHAWN
Now you want me to?

JONES

Listen... They want you dead. They took a shot at you and missed... We won't. They don't know where you are. They don't know who I am. They don't know what we know now... and with my resources... we could have a good shot at actually taking these guys down.

SHAWN

No offense Jones... but you're just a meter maid.

JONES

And you're just a junkie... Two people they'll surely underestimate.

Shawn thinks for a moment.

SHAWN

So... what you want to team up, like--

JONES

Partners?

SHAWN

I was going to say Batman and Robin, but that works too.

Jones bends down to the ground, grabs a sharp piece of wooden debris. She cuts Shawn's zip ties.

JONES

Then it's official.

He shoots a slightly endearing look her way.

SHAWN

I need something in return though.

JONES

Like what?

SHAWN

A reduced sentence- or actually better yet, cleared of all charges.

JONES

(thinks for a moment)

No promises, but I'll see what I can do.

A grin creeps across Shawn's face.

JONES (CONT'D)
Now help me un-wedge my car.

INT. MATTHEWS'S OFFICE, POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Matthews sits at his chair. He stares at Jones's taser, lying in the center of his desk. He turns the taser upside down to reveal:

The item code, scratched off and dinged up.

JONES (V.O.)
(through a phone speaker)
Hey sarge, woke up with a fever
this morning - I'm afraid I'm gonna
have to sit this day out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jones sits on her couch. She stares at The Follower's phone, lying in the center of her coffee table.

JONES (V.O.)
Let me know if there's anything you
need me to do in the meantime.
Jones out.

Shawn walks in with a laptop in his hand.

SHAWN
You didn't tell me your laptop was
like 20 fucking years old.

He sets it down on the coffee table.

JONES
Is that bad? Can you not hack it
anymore?

SHAWN
No, I can hack it...
(sitting down next to her)
But it'll take a lot more time.

Jones, contemplating.

JONES
Well lets get started then.

She moves the laptop close to Shawn.

INT. LOD'S BURGERS - LATER

Matthews walks in, spots The Boss, sitting in a booth beside Al. He walks their way, sitting across from them.

He scratches his head as The Boss eats a triple bacon burger.

MATTHEWS

No one came in to report anything
last night--

THE BOSS

Order something.

Matthews stares at him. Looks away to roll his eyes.

A SERVER comes their way.

MATTHEWS

Could I just get a coffee?
(the Server nods)
Thank you.

The Server leaves. Matthews shoots The Boss a "you happy?" look.

THE BOSS

The food here is delicious. You
should enjoy it.

Matthews looks down at the table. Then, back up.

MATTHEWS

(ignoring)
No one reported anything about last
night.

The Boss finishes eating his bite of food.

THE BOSS

Conclusion?

MATTHEWS

This is clearly the work of a
master detective. They probably
didn't report anything because they
know about my connection to you.

THE BOSS

And?

MATTHEWS

Well, I just thought I should let
you know.

THE BOSS

(sighs)

You thought wrong. I told you this is your mess to clean up. You can update me on the situation when it is resolved.

The Server walks by.

SERVER

Here's your coffee sir.

The Server sets the cup of coffee on the table. They walk away.

Matthews frustratingly pulls out his wallet. He places a five dollar bill on the table.

He stands up, eyeing The Boss. He takes the coffee and dumps it in a nearby plant.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Shawn jolts from his seat on the couch. Brings the laptop closer to him.

SHAWN

Hey! It's done!

Jones comes rushing in from the kitchen. Stands over Shawn.

JONES

What'd you find?

Shawn scrolls through and types on the laptop.

SHAWN

Well so far, the main bulk of the data that's been allocated to its memory is the location data...

He clacks away on the keyboard.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Okay, I just pulled it up.

He turns the laptop to Jones. Three hotspots are glowing in a map of the city.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

There are three most frequently visited locations on this thing... We should scope them out.

JONES

Agreed.

SHAWN

We should go to this one first.

He points to a highlighted spot towards the top of the map.

EXT. PHARMACY - LATER

Jones and Shawn stand in the parking lot.

JONES

A pharmacy?

SHAWN

I needed medicine.

He walks into the store, Jones following behind,

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Matthews stands to the side, surveying the incoming, exiting, and stationary officers.

DETECTIVE RAMIREZ approaches him.

RAMIREZ

(serious)

Hey! I'm onto you!

Ramirez walks by.

MATTHEWS

What?

Ramirez turns back around.

RAMIREZ

I'm onto you hotshot. Don't think you can get away with anything!

Matthews, scared:

MATTHEWS

Is that a threat? Are you thr--

RAMIREZ

Yeah! Bowling you this Friday is gonna be a piece of cake, mark my words.

Matthews confused, takes this in.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

I got Warren on my side now. That's
the only reason why you guys won
last time.

It finally clicks.

MATTHEWS

Oh... Haha yeah, we'll see about
that Ramirez!

EXT. DORWELLER HOTEL - DAY

Jones and Shawn stand in the parking lot. Incoming cars
navigate around them.

JONES

Second stop.

She puts her hands on her hips.

SHAWN

You really think something's going
on in Dorweller Hotel?

JONES

Not likely. But it was a point on
the map.

(points to phone)

We gotta check anyways.

They walk up to the front steps. Through the main entrance
and into the--

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They look around to see: Lots of people, upper class people,
dressed more formally.

A MANAGER comes their way.

MANAGER

Excuse me, you can't come in here
dressed like that.

Jones points to herself, then looks to Shawn, then back at
the Manager confused.

MANGER

Both of you.

SHAWN
But this is--

Jones steps forward.

JONES
I'm sorry mam, he's with me.

MANAGER
You don't get special permission to
come waltzing around here lady.

JONES
(chuckles)
I'm a police officer.

MANAGER
Then you'd know officer that hotels
are private property.

She raises an eyebrow.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jones and Shawn walk through the front door.

JONES
What a bitch am I right?

SHAWN
Total bitch.

He closes the door behind him.

JONES
I mean what hotel has a dress code
like that?

INT. LOWLOTZ'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Matthews walks into the room. Shuts the door.

He places Jones's taser on Lowlotz's desk.

LOWLOTZ
What's this?

Matthews inhales.

MATTHEWS
It's a taser.

LOWLOTZ

No shit Matthews. Why's it on my desk?

MATTHEWS

It belongs to one of our fine men out there. Haven't been able to figure out who- Was hoping you might know.

A beat, then:

LOWLOTZ

Why the fuck would I know that? I'm not our goddamn indexer. Wh-- Have you- Have you checked the registry.

Matthews twists his head.

MATTHEWS

Code on the taser is scratched. Nothing I can do.

Lowlotz turns the taser upside down. Spots the disfigured index code.

LOWLOTZ

Hm...

(thinking)

There's a simple fix for that.

Lowlotz picks up the taser, walks past Matthews, and out the door into the--

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of officers fill the room. They all look up at Lowlotz entering.

Matthews walks up beside him. Lowlotz clears his throat.

LOWLOTZ

Fourth precinct!! Listen up!!

The chatter in the room goes quiet.

Lowlotz holds up the taser.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)

Please come up here if you've got a missing taser!!

A long beat. Matthews scans the room. No one comes forward.

Lowlotz looks to Matthews, lowers the taser. He walks back into his office, Matthews following.

INT. LOWLOTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lowlotz walks around to his side of the desk. Places the taser in a drawer.

LOWLOTZ
What was that about?

MATTHEWS
What do you mean? I just wanted to return that taser--

LOWLOTZ
Bullshit Matthews.
(a beat)
C'mon - Spill it out.

Matthews exhales.

MATTHEWS
You know that report about that burning barn we got?

LOWLOTZ
From Old Man Sherman?

MATTHEWS
Yeah.

LOWLOTZ
What about it?

MATTHEWS
That's where we happened to find that taser...

Lowlotz looks from side to side.

LOWLOTZ
(...)
I don't get it.

Matthews leans back in his chair.

MATTHEWS
There's nothing to get. Like I said, I just want to return this thing.

LOWLOTZ
 Okay, okay, I'm sorry for pushing
 ya.

MATTHEWS
 Do you know who was there that
 night?

Lowlotz shakes his head.

EXT. ABANDONED SKATE PARK - EVENING

Jones's car pulls up beside a tunnel entryway.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
 Last stop.

Jones holds up the phone with the map open.

JONES (CONT'D)
 What do you think?

SHAWN
 It's the perfect drug deal spot if
 I've ever seen one.

INT. ORPHEUS MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matthews walks deeper into the room. Several HENCHMEN stand around. He encounters GUI (40's), the person in Orpheus in charge of distributing tasks and assignments.

GUI
 Heyyyy, my boy!

MATTHEWS
 Gui.

They embrace in a friendly hug.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
 Hey, listen man, I kind of got
 something I need you to do for me,
 at least until I sort things out.

GUI
 Anything for you man!

MATTHEWS
(chuckles)
Thanks Gui.

GUI
So what's up?

MATTHEWS
I need you to prioritize sending
units to drop locations above all
else. Five additional men per
party.

Gui's eyes widen.

GUI
Jesus Christ... Five additional
men?!

MATTHEWS
Can you do it?

GUI
(exhales for a beat)
Of course I can do it! Might take
some time... but I can do that.

MATTHEWS
Thank you.

INT. METER MAID CAR - NIGHT

SHAWN
How much longer?

JONES
I don't know Shawn.

They eat some Lod's Burgers in-between themselves.

JONES (CONT'D)
These things take time.

Jones spots a moving light coming their way in the distance.

JONES (CONT'D)
There...

Shawn looks up. She points through a few trees ahead of her.

EXT. ABANDONED SKATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A black SUV navigates down a windy road leading inside the park.

It stops nearby a graffiti mural.

INT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
Remember, we're just observing.

SHAWN
I know, I know...

They continue to look out the front window.

Shawn spots a moving light coming their way from the other side of the park.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Look over there!

Jones sits up in her seat. Spots the car.

JONES
Okay... Here it goes.

EXT. ABANDONED SKATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A blue truck drives to the graffitied mural.

One man gets out of the black SUV, one man gets out of the blue truck. They meet in the center between the two vehicles and exchange briefcases. Everything is smooth.

The blue truck returns the way it came.

The black SUV begins to drive the way it came.

INT/EXT. METER MAID CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
That's our cue.

Jones steps on the gas, driving towards the black SUV, slowly.

SHAWN
Keep your distance.

She trails behind it.

The black SUV gets onto a city street.

JONES

What are they doing? I thought
they'd go someplace more remote.

The black SUV stops in traffic, they slowly stop right behind it.

SHAWN

It seems like this might be
something more hidden in plain
sight.

The black SUV continues down several roads, Jones still trailing carefully.

The black SUV makes its way into a large complex: Dorweller Hotel.

The black SUV drives into the private garage section, the garage door closing behind them.

Jones and Shawn look at each other.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JONES

So it was Dorweller Hotel?!

SHAWN

I mean it is right smackdab in the
middle of the city, if anything
it's their way of reaching every
consumer here.

JONES

I know but... Dorweller?! I feel
like we would've heard something
about that.

SHAWN

If they've got a police sergeant...
Who knows who else they've got.
Someone that can keep a secret like
that under wraps I'm sure.

Jones sighs. Shawn brings Lincoln to his lap.

JONES
We need a plan... A way to scope
this place out undetected.

SHAWN
(preoccupied)
I guess so.

Shawn rubs Lincoln's belly.

JONES
A way for us to see all shady shit
going on over there.

SHAWN
(distracted)
Tell me about it.

Shawn plays tug of war with Lincoln and one of his toys.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Okay, now attack!

Shawn points at Jones.

Lincoln charges for a stuffed animal on the ground.

Jones looks at him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
It was worth a shot.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Jones makes her way to the equipment closet.

JONES (V.O.)
We need... something that lets you
see and hear what I'm doing as I
scope out the place.

She opens the close door. Searching...

SHAWN (V.O.)
Don't you guys have those video
recording contact lens type stuff?

JONES (V.O.)
That stuff doesn't actually exist,
but I'm sure we have something.

She finds surveillance based contact-lenses. She picks it out.

JONES
(amused)
Huh.

She closes the closet door, to reveal:

Matthews standing beside her. She hides the lenses behind her back.

MATTHEWS
Hey Jones!

Jones flinches, surprised.

JONES
Hey!

She turns to leave.

Matthews looks down at her utility belt to notice:

A missing taser in her holster. Matthews looks up in realization.

MATTHEWS
Jones?!

She turns back around.

JONES
Yeah?

MATTHEWS
Haven't caught you in a while,
how's it been?

JONES
It's been good, the car - still
shitty.

They both chuckle.

MATTHEWS
We missed you a couple nights ago,
we had a celebration - Rick moved
up the ranks.

JONES
Yeah... Sorry I- My dog ate
something bad, had to go to the
vet.

MATTHEWS
(quickly)
At 1 am?

Jones laughs, nervously.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding, hope your dog...

JONES
Lincoln.

MATTHEWS
Well I hope Lincoln is okay.

Jones nods his way. She exits.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jones holds up an earbud.

JONES
Okay... I've got one earpiece,
you've got the other.

Shawn sits with a laptop in front of him.

SHAWN
Communication at every possibility.
I like that!

Jones grins.

JONES
My contact lens will transport a
video image and audio to your feed
here.
(a beat)
What could go wrong!

INT/EXT. DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jones arrives at the front in her car, dressed in an
extravagant dress to blend in with the elite arriving.

JONES
You see what I'm seeing?

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn sits in front of a laptop.

SHAWN

Yup.

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She walks in deeper. There are dozens of people there with increasingly overzealous outfits.

She focuses on a woman with a balloon coat.

JONES

I would never ever, even think of wearing something like that.

Shawn chuckles.

JONES (CONT'D)

So... These Orpheus people... Think we're in over our heads?

SHAWN (O.S.)

It's kind of too late to back out now.

JONES

I know... but you stole from them originally right? You had to have had a plan.

INT. JONE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

I do things spontaneously Jones. That man I tased didn't come out of any grand plan.

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

JONES

I guess I just find it hard to believe that a man like you would still be here now, without a plan.

SHAWN (O.S.)

It's like you said before Jones...

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

...people underestimate us.

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jones squeezes past a few people into a--

INT. UPPER HALLWAY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

JONES

You'd think that they'd have better security leading into this place.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

To be fair, I don't think their operations are hotel staffed.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jones continues down until she walks into: Gui, spilling the drink he is holding all over his white suit.

JONES

Oh my God, I am so sorry!

She tries to pat it off.

GUI

Aw shit!

JONES

I'm sorry!

SHAWN (O.S.)

Fuuuuck.

GUI

It's fine... I'm not presenting anyways...

(a deep sigh)

Who sponsored you?

JONES

Excuse me?

GUI

Your sponsor. Whitman or Jones?

He motions to her outfit.

JONES

Oh... Jones.

Gui, taken aback.

GUI
Jones? Aren't you guys showcasing
right this moment?

JONES
Umm...

An ANNOUNCER booms from the distance...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen!
Introducing... The Jones family!

Gui stares at Jones for a moment.

GUI
Well let's get you up there, now!

He leads Jones back up the hallway...

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
Jones, where are you going?

INT. UPPER HALLWAY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

...to the--

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

--of which she came, into, what can now be recognized as:

A fashion competition.

Blaring music. Crazy outfits. A stage in the center of the
lobby.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
What kind of fashion show is this?

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Gui points to the Announcer.

GUI
(shouting over music)
You have to speak with that man
over there by the stairs to the
stage! He can get you up there in
time!

JONES
Listen man! I don't think--

GUI
You're gonna do great! I can't wait
to see ya!

Jones looks at Gui, bewildered.

She continues towards the Announcer, awkwardly.

The Announcer chats with MARIE. Then, notices Jones creeping
up behind.

ANNOUNCER
Hey, missus. Which sponsor you in?

JONES
Oh... I'm not in any--

ANNOUNCER
Independent?
(to himself)
Jesus Christ...
(to Marie)
Get this one in slot six! Move
Tabitha up for the second round...
(under his breath)
It's what she wanted anyways.

Marie grabs Jones and pulls her up onto the side of the--

INT. RUNWAY STAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She stands awkwardly.

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Gui smiles, sinisterly. He turns around and heads back down
the upper hallway.

INT. RUNWAY STAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

MARIE
You heard the man, slot six! Find
Jennifer for the debrief!

Marie hands her a paper slip.

JONES
But I'm not--

MARIE
(into headset)
Stan, the lights have to be on for
this segment...

JONES
(quieter)
...a model.

Jones sighs, turns around and looks at the paper slip in her hand.

SHAWN (O.S.)
I take it you're not that into
fashion?

JONES
Not really.

She crumples up the paper slip in her hand as she heads--

INT. BACKSTAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

--through the curtains. She throws the slip to the ground.

About a dozen female models, lined up behind the large
draping curtains.

JENNIFER
(faint)
Looking for a Jones! Looking for a
Jones!

Jennifer turns a corner, appearing in the very back.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(louder)
Looking for a Jones!

Jones turns, spotting her. She rushes her direction.

JONES

Yes?

JENNIFER

You a Jones?

JONES

Yes- No... I'm independent?

Jennifer, confused.

JONES (CONT'D)

Umm... The lady said I'm slot
six...

Jennifer nods her head. She looks back the the line of women.

JENNIFER

Tabitha! You're moved to the next
round!

TABITHA steps out of line, smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(to Jones)

You, you're right there.

She points to Tabitha's previous spot.

SHAWN (O.S.)

You gotta get outta this.

She shoves Jones along.

JONES

You think I can touch up before I
hop in line?

Jennifer looks down at her watch, then the slit in the
curtain, then back at Jones.

JENNIFER

You've got two minutes tops!

JONES

(bowing)

Thank you.

Jones rushes to the back and heads through a door with the
label: "HAIR AND MAKE-UP".

INT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP ROOM, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She rests her arms on the counter, looking into the mirror at herself.

She closes her eyes for a beat, opens them again.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JONES AND SHAWN

SHAWN

You okay?

She continues to look into the mirror.

JONES

Yeah, I just... don't really know what we're doing here.

(...)

I'm at some fashion show trying to take down a drug syndicate? That doesn't make any sense.

SHAWN

It makes all the sense Jones...

Jones scratches her head.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

We are the most unconventional team, probably in the history of ever. I mean, you're not even a real cop... And so it makes sense that you'd be going about everything we do in the most unconventional ways, even if that means performing at a fashion show, to stop a looming drug syndicate.

JONES

Yeah... We are pretty unconventional.

They both chuckle.

SHAWN

Now get out there, do that fashion show, and kick some Orpheus ass for me.

Jones nods her head, psyched. She heads for the door as:

The door busts open to reveal: An angry HENCHMAN.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

This isn't good!

He throws his fists at Jones, with each swing, Jones steps back to dodge. She backs into a wall.

He pulls out a syringe from his pocket. He thrusts the needle towards her chest as she holds his arm back with her forearm.

She kicks his shin. He bends down in agony. She snatches the syringe and shoves the henchman back to the opposite side of the room.

She moves towards him, hearing: RIIP!!

She looks back at her dress, pieces of the sleeve now caught on a hook on the side wall - torn.

JONES

Fuck this dress.

She lunges for the man on the ground. He kicks her back as:

Jennifer opens the door.

JENNIFER

Okay, we're read--

The henchman gets up off the floor. Jones, the Henchman, and Jennifer all trade looks.

The Henchman eyes the syringe in Jones's hand. Then bolts out of the room.

Jones follows him--

INT. BACKSTAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The Henchman runs past the women in line, knocking some of them over.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn watches the monitor screen intensely.

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER

Coming up next, we've got an independent creator... Jones!!

INT. RUNWAY STAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The Henchman runs center stage. He freezes. Everyone in the audience, confused.

Then: Jones runs onstage and tackles him on his side.

He grapples with her, rips more of her dress. Then, she pulls out the syringe. Holds it up high and plunges it down with all her might.

STAB!! The needle pierces his chest. She injects the fluid into him, his eyes beginning to drift off.

His body goes limp.

She looks up at the audience - all of them staring at her in awe. She stands upright and curtsies.

The audience members all look around at each other, some somewhat horrified. Then, one person claps, then another, then another. The whole room soon fills with applause.

ANNOUNCER

Well that was... Jones everybody!!

Jones takes in all the praise onstage.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Nice stuff Jones...

WOMAN IN LINE (O.S.)

Hey!

Jones looks behind her to see three more HENCHMEN running to her from backstage.

JONES

That's my cue!

She jumps off from the runway and into the--

INT. LOBBY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She speeds towards the Upper Hallway.

INT. RUNWAY STAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The Henchmen run past the unconscious Henchman and into the lobby.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jones speeds down, looking behind as the Henchmen all pull out suppressed pistols.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
Shit. Shit! Shit! SHIT!

INT. UPPER HALLWAY, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She turns a corner. A stack of boxes stand beside her. She knocks them over.

The Henchman run through the boxes, kicking them aside.

She runs through a set of doorways. The door closes behind her.

The Henchmen run through and continue ahead. We linger on the closing doorway to reveal: Jones hiding behind the open door.

Jones breathes rapidly.

JONES
God, I am never doing that again.

EXT. BATHROOM, DORWELLER HOTEL - LATER

Jones walks out of the bathroom with a more casual outfit on. Torn dress in hand.

She walks, throwing the dress in a trashcan.

SHAWN (O.S.)
You gotta admit, it was pretty sick though.

Jones smirks.

INT. STAIRWELL, DORWELLER HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

She navigates down into the--

INT. PARKING GARAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Supercars flood the parking spaces ahead.

JONES
Look at all these cars...

McLarens, Bugattis, Ferraris, this garage has them all.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
Holy shit!

INT. PARKING GARAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A beat, then:

SHAWN (O.S.)
You know, my cousin has one of those!

JONES
Oh yeah?

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
He scored big in Las Vegas a while back. Said the only thing he'd ever wish for was a Lamborghini Veneno.

JONES (O.S.)
And so he got it?

SHAWN
He gets it... But he never drives it.

INT. PARKING GARAGE, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

JONES
How are you going to get a car like that and not drive it?

SHAWN (O.S.)
I told him the same thing! But he goes-
(imitating)
"It's not about driving the car. It's about knowing I could, and choosing not to."

JONES

Well... He sounds like one lucky son of a bitch if you ask me.

She walks further throughout the garage.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JONES AND SHAWN

JONES

Hey... You see any black SUV's? I don't spot any.

Shawn leans into the laptop.

SHAWN

Not at the current moment, no.

She continues to walk, makes her way to a lower level in the parking garage.

JONES

Oh wait...

She sees the hood of a black car.

JONES (CONT'D)

I think I've got something.

She treads closer. It is the long black SUV.

JONES/SHAWN

Bingo.

She runs up to it, scans the area.

JONES

Ok, what do I do now?

SHAWN

Just go where you think they might've gone.

JONES

Okay...

She walks all around the vehicle. Looking inside through the windows.

JONES (CONT'D)

Look, I don't see anything.

SHAWN

Well they had to go somewhere.

JONES
I know but--

She looks behind her, spots an exit stairway.

SHAWN
It couldn't have been where you
just came from, so there has to be
someplace nearby.

She continues to eye the exit stairway.

JONES
Yeah I think I found it.

She heads towards it.

INT. EXIT STAIRWELL, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She enters the staircase and looks down.

JONES
Doesn't it bother you, that I just
keep going deeper and deeper into
this place?

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN
It does feel kind of odd.

JONES
Almost too easy...

SHAWN
Yeah.

INT. EXIT STAIRWELL, DORWELLER HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A beat, then:

SHAWN (O.S.)
Don't say that until you get there
though.

JONES
You're right.

She begins to head down. Each footstep echoes louder than the last.

SHAWN (O.S.)

When you do get down there... what are you going to do? What are you going to say?

JONES

I don't know... But it doesn't matter what I say or do, because as long as we've got this recording...
(points to eyes)
...then we're golden. It doesn't matter how we expose them, it just matters that we do.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shawn rubs Lincoln.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jones enters the bottom floor, it is pitch black. She uses her phone as a flashlight.

She walks down what seems like an endless hallway, until she reaches:

Two large wooden doors. Two GUARDS stand before them. She tries to nudge her way through, but they push her back.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JONES AND SHAWN

SHAWN

Rude.

She looks up at the guards.

GUARD 1

What is our rule?

Jones, confused.

SHAWN

"What is our rule?" What does that even mean?

Jones steps back for a moment.

JONES

"What is our rule?" I think they are talking about Orpheus.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

He went to the underworld to bring his lover back from the dead, but the only rule he had to abide was that he couldn't look back at her on the journey back to the overworld. I think it's don't look back.

She turns to the guards.

JONES (CONT'D)

Don't look back.

A long pause, then: The guards open the door.

JONES (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Bingo!

She heads inside.

INT. ORPHEUS BASE - CONTINUOUS

She sees pounds of cocaine packaged everywhere - it seems as if the world's supply was all in one spot.

JONES

Shawn?

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

Yeah, I'm seeing this.

INT. ORPHEUS BASE - CONTINUOUS

People are dancing and partying as well.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Looks like my kind of thing!

A beat.

SHAWN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm joking... I'm joking.

She goes deeper, coming across a map on a wall. Points are marked with knives impaling the paper to the wall.

She reaches up to touch one of the knives.

JONES
(to herself)
Freaky.

SHWIIINGGG-THWACK!! A knife whizzes through the air and into the map beside her.

Jones turns to see the KNIFE THROWER.

KNIFE THROWER
Would you be a darling and throw
those back to me?

JONES
(laughs)
I don't think you want me throwing
these your way.

She turns.

KNIFE THROWER (O.S.)
Give it your best shot.

She turns back.

JONES
Okay.

She pulls out the knives from the map. Looks at the emblem across the blade of the knives: a snake.

KNIFE THROWER
You know why it's a snake don't you
lad?

JONES
(a moment)
It's what killed Eurydice.
Orpheus's wife.

KNIFE THROWER
Precisely.

JONES
But why engrave it? Isn't the snake
exactly what you- we hate?

KNIFE THROWER
No. No, no, no... The snake- That's
death. We don't like it necessarily
but it's a part of us. We have come
to embrace death.

Jones stares at the emblem even more.

KNIFE THROWER (CONT'D)

But... That snake isn't meant for us. It's meant for our enemies. It's for every person we come against to meet their end. That never falters.

(a beat)

You choose if you want to be the wielder or the one that gets bitten.

Jones twirls the knife in her hand, thinking.

JONES

What if I don't make a choice?

KNIFE THROWER

Not making a choice is still a choice... Now. Throw me the knives.

Jones looks down at the knives in her hand. After a long beat, she sets them off to the side and walks elsewhere.

A ball rolls to her feet.

VOICE (O.S.)

Could you hand that here?

Jones picks it up. Turns around to reveal:

The Fake Robber, dressed in the same attire as before.

SHAWN

You gotta get out of there!

She hesitates. He eyes her up and down.

FAKE ROBBER

You?

She hands the ball to him.

JONES

Me.

He turns to The Juggler sorting balls behind him. Then back to Jones.

FAKE ROBBER

What are you doing here?

JONES
(shaking her head)
What does it look like? I got
hired!

His expression doesn't change.

FAKE ROBBER
I don't believe you.

He begins to walk away.

JONES
Where are you going?

FAKE ROBBER
(turning around)
To see if your lying or not my
friend.

He heads for two metal doors.

JONES
Wait!
(stammering)
Matthews hired me!

He stops in his tracks.

JONES (CONT'D)
If that's not enough proof, I don't
know what is.

FAKE ROBBER
(turning around)
You know Matthews?

JONES
(she sighs)
Yes.

SHAWN
Good thinking.

The Fake Robber taps on the ball he holds with an unsure
tendency. Then: He stops.

FAKE ROBBER
Okay! Follow me...

He leads Jones to two bins set off to the side. One bin
contains small packets of cocaine, the other several hand-
sized hemispheres.

FAKE ROBBER (CONT'D)
We store one packet inside of every
two hemispheres creating...

He chucks the ball to Jones. She catches.

JONES
And then y--

THE JUGGLER (O.S.)
Hey, what's this bitch doing here?

The Juggler walks up beside the Fake Robber.

FAKE ROBBER
Easy man. She a new recruit.
Matthews's girl.

THE JUGGLER
She fucked up our op last time!

FAKE ROBBER
I know, but it was probably her
first day. She was chasing that
fuck who stole our shit, so we
should be thanking her.

The Juggler sighs, takes this in.

THE JUGGLER
Matthews?

They both eye her.

FAKE ROBBER
Apparently so...

JONES
Can we get back to this glorified
tour now?

The Juggler nods her over.

THE JUGGLER
Thank you son.

He grips The Fake Robber's shoulder.

THE JUGGLER (CONT'D)
I'll take it from here.

He leads her to a large bin, full of balls.

THE JUGGLER (CONT'D)

We put the fully assembled balls here.

(a beat)

Once we've got the go ahead, we send em down this manhole cover.

Jones looks down to see a long wire going through the middle of the manhole.

JONES

The sewer?

THE JUGGLER

It's a gross job, but it's a necessity. Plus it pays a ton.

JONES

I bet...

THE JUGGLER

We have routes and paths that expand its reach throughout the entire city.

JONES

No one's dumb enough to scope you guys out.

THE JUGGLER

That's exactly the point.

The Juggler pulls on the wire. A large bucket travels down the wire into the sewer.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SHAWN

That's exactly what we said.

JONES (O.S.)

Yeah...

INT. ORPHEUS BASE - CONTINUOUS

THE JUGGLER

Yeah... it is pretty cool.

They both continue to look down the sewer, in awe. They look back up.

JONES
Who goes down there?

The Juggler looks around.

THE JUGGLER
We don't know...

JONES
You don't know?

THE JUGGLER
They switch every week. But
whoever's lucky soul goes down
there, takes it to the ruined
building on Stiles and Cook...

INT. SIDEWALK - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Jones, placing down a parking ticket, looks up to see a cop car whizz by. Then, the Rushing Man bumps into her.

RUSHING MAN
Sorry!

Her eyes follow him as he continues on running. He disappears, making his way through a ruptured wall in a building, concealed by plastic dust sheeting.

INT. ORPHEUS BASE - NIGHT [BACK TO SCENE]

THE JUGGLER
...where you were chasing your
friend.

JONES
(worrisome)
My friend?

THE JUGGLER
I mean that in sort of a "mutual
problem" kind of way.

JONES
(nodding)
Um... You're talking about the
ruined building near the Lod's
Burgers?

The Juggler chuckles.

THE JUGGLER

If you want to think of it that way, then sure. That Lod's Burgers is a popular place to dine among us fortunated few.

A MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET passes by in front of her.

She turns to see him head for the metal doors.

THE JUGGLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And so, after all of that. It's me, Carl, and Bryan's job to distribute these balls in any way we see fit.

He walks through. Jones turns back to The Juggler.

He pulls three balls out of the fully assembled bin. Starts to juggle them.

THE JUGGLER (CONT'D)

It turns out, having a knack for juggling can help you out in the long run.

Jones, somewhat amazed:

JONES

What did you say was behind those doors again?

She points to the metal doors.

THE JUGGLER

I didn't.

He stops juggling.

THE JUGGLER (CONT'D)

But seeing as you were hired by Matthews directly...

(sighs)

It wouldn't be too much of a problem if you decided to take a peek behind those doors.

The Juggler walks over to the doors.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Why do you want to go behind those doors so bad?

JONES

(quietly)

That guy... Seemed like he was going someplace important. Plus they talked about these doors before. If there's anything to expose about these guys... then it's behind here.

The Juggler opens the door for Jones. She walks up to the doorway.

JONES (CONT'D)

(to The Juggler)

You're not going in?

THE JUGGLER

Oh, I'm not allowed to.

Jones shrugs and walks into--

INT. ORPHEUS SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Juggler shuts the door. It is once again pitch black.

She uses her cell phone as a flashlight. An empty corridor stands in front of her.

JONES

Hey Shawn?

No answer.

JONES (CONT'D)

Shawn?

AL (O.S.)

(through earpiece)

Shawn isn't here right now.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tony holds Shawn aside.

INT. ORPHEUS SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matthews walks in from the dark corridor. The lights turn on.

MATTHEWS

Hey Jones, surprise!

Jones, shocked and disgusted.

JONES
Matthews...

She looks behind her to reveal Guard 1 and Guard 2.

MATTHEWS
It didn't have to be this way. If
you just did your job like an
actual meter maid--

JONES
Parking enforcement officer.

MATTHEWS
(...)
Whatever! You wouldn't be in this
mess.

Jones takes this in. A beat, then:

JONES
You're a cop! A sergeant!
(...)
Why?

MATTHEWS
Never mind why. All I want you to
know is, I won - and you lost.

Guard 1 smacks Jones across the head.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL, POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Jones wakes up surrounded by bars. She looks out to see the
Bullpen right there next to her.

Many of the officers laugh at her and mock her.

She puts her hands on the bars.

JONES
What's going on? Why am I here?

The sounds of their laughter drown out her plea.

JONES (CONT'D)
What's going on?!

Matthews walks in from Lowlotz's office.

MATTHEWS

You've been detained Jones. Can't you tell?

She steps back.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Arrested for the use and possession of cocaine found in your apartment. It really is sad.

JONES

No- You can't do this!

MATTHEWS

Whoa! Hold on just a minute! It's not me that's doing this - it was only through you and your actions alone-- Well, I guess you weren't alone now...

Jones bangs on the bars.

JONES

You piece of shit!

MATTHEWS

Like I said, it was all your actions. Not mine.

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

He walks to the center of the precinct.

MATTHEWS

Hey everyone! This is going to be as smooth as possible.

Everyone gathers around him.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Orpheus is going down tonight! And we won't let traitors like her...
(pointing to Jones)
get in our way!

Jones slumps back in her cell, back against the wall.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

We will be advancing to the north side of Eli and Maverick's.

(MORE)

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

According to her, this is where
Orpheus deals out of.

Jordan shakes her head in disbelief.

Lowlotz steps outside of his office. Matthews notices.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Alright everyone. You know your
assignments... Godspeed ladies and
gentlemen.

Everyone begins to pack up.

Matthews walks to Lowlotz.

LOWLOTZ

Some speech huh.

MATTHEWS

It's a special night!

LOWLOTZ

Damn straight. Just... you do good
out there.

MATTHEWS

I will captain.

Matthews grabs his stuff.

INT. HOLDING CELL, POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

JONES

Wait! Matthews.

Matthews stops in his tracks. Walks over to Jones.

JONES (CONT'D)

(quietly)

What are you doing with Shawn?

MATTHEWS

(quietly)

He's being taken care of... Jones.
He- He stole from us. You didn't
think he'd get off scot free did
ya?

(a long pause)

You did. Well I truly am sorry...
that you became so naive. I thought
you were smarter than that.

He leaves, giving Jones a sly look as he exits.

Lowlotz walks over to Jones.

LOWLOTZ

I think we both know you're not
crazy enough to posses cocaine let
alone use it.

He begins to unlock her cell. She stands up.

JONES

How'd you know?

He opens the cell door.

LOWLOTZ

I had my suspicions about Matthews.

She walks out.

JONES

What do you know?

LOWLOTZ

I know he's lying... That's all I
need to know.

JONES

Well your intuition was right sir.
He's practically Orpheus's right
hand man. That's why they're always
two steps ahead of us and why we're
five steps behind from where we're
supposed to be.

Lowlotz takes this in.

JONES (CONT'D)

But if we take him down... They'd
have no more upper hand. And the
information we could get from
him... We'd be able to put a stop
to Orpheus for good. How often can
you say that?

EXT. PARKING LOT, POLICE PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

JONES

What are we doing out here?

She looks around at all the surrounding cars.

Lowlotz hands Jones a set of car keys.

LOWLOTZ
These are mine.

She reaches out for them. He pulls them back.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)
Be very careful.

He extends his arm. She grabs the keys.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)
I put one of our trackers in
Matthews's car.

He pulls out a handheld GPS display device.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)
Use this. Follow him. Take him down
for good.

Jones takes this all in.

JONES
Thank you captain.

LOWLOTZ
And maybe when you get back. We can
look into getting you that
promotion... and sorting something
out for that friend of yours...

JONES
Shawn.

Lowlotz nods. They shake hands.

JONES (CONT'D)
See you soon captain.

She hops into the drivers seat of Lowlotz's car. She turns
the keys.

LOWLOTZ
Oh and one last thing.

He hands her her taser.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)
Thought you might need this back.

Jones smiles. Grabs the taser.

JONES

Y'know, when I get back - I'ma have
to tell you what happened a few
nights ago.

LOWLOTZ

Can't wait to hear it.

Jones begins to drive off.

LOWLOTZ (CONT'D)

Please be careful with the car!

INT/EXT. LOWLOTZ'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jones looks down at the handheld GPS display. Matthews is
half a mile ahead.

She looks to her right to spot: A pair of handcuffs on the
passengers seat.

She pulls into her apartment complex.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jones walks through the front door. Lincoln comes running up
to her.

JONES

(rubbing Lincoln)

Hey boy! How you been?

(Lincoln licks her face)

I know, I know, I know! Been gone
for a while, but listen... There is
no movie night tonight. We have to
go someplace dangerous...

INT/EXT. MATTHEWS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matthews pulls up onto a--

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

--and parks his car.

He hops out of the drivers seat and walks towards a--

INT/EXT. METAL SHED - CONTINUOUS

He comes up to the metal doors. Knocks three times.

He waits a moment, then: The doors open.

Al and Tony aim their guns out the door.

MATTHEWS
(raising his arms)
Am I good here?

They lower their weapons and step inside. Matthews follows inside to reveal a busted up Shawn, tied to a chair.

Black eye, messy hair, sweat dripping over his bruises.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Shawn! How are you my friend?

Shawn grunts.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Jones sends her regards.
Unfortunately, she couldn't be here today, but I promise she is getting what she deserves. Just like you!

He walks closer.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
I want you to know you're going to die tonight. There's nothing you can do to change my mind about that either.
(a beat)
You see, you're just a junkie. A nobody. You will never amount to anything worthwhile in your life... Think of your death as a purpose. The first real purpose you've probably had in a long long time.
(a beat)
Orpheus is a story about a man and his willpower to get what he desires. Orpheus failed because he let his doubts overcome him. But not us. We give his name new meaning... We don't fail, we don't doubt - we simply take.

Matthews nods.

Al and Tony walk over to Shawn and begin to beat him up more.

INT/EXT. LOWLOTZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones stops on the remote road behind Matthews's car.

Lincoln sits in the passenger seat.

JONES
Good boy.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

She hops out, and walks to Matthews's car ahead of her.

She peers through the windows: No one, nothing.

She turns around spotting the metal shed. She walks that direction.

EXT. METAL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Jones walks around the outside of the shed. She hears hits and grunts and objects clatter on the ground.

She goes around back and looks through a slit in the metal.

She sees Shawn, tied to a tipped chair. His face all bloodied. Al, Tony, and Matthews standing over him.

She steps back from the shed, thinks for a moment.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Jones stops next to Lowlotz's car. She eyes Lincoln, then she pulls out her taser.

INT. METAL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

KRACK!! THWACK!! POW!! Shawn spits blood on the floor.

TONY
Had enough yet?

PUNCH!! Al punches Shawn in the gut.

AL
That was for James...

Shawn begins to chuckle through the pain.

TONY
Something funny asshole?

Tony holds Shawn's chin up.

SHAWN
(still chuckling)
Well... It's just that... It's
just... He died... after jumping on
top of a car!! What did he expect,
he's not in some spy movie!!

Shawn continues to chuckle, until: PUNCH!! Tony sucker
punches Shawn.

TONY
Shut it.

Matthews picks up a pistol from off the ground.

MATTHEWS
Okay. I think it's time we end
things.

Matthews walks closer.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
I know we had our fun--

SHAWN
No, please!

MATTHEWS
Shawn... Shawn... Shawny boy... My
friend... This is just the way
things have to be. We put our trust
in you, and you betrayed us.

SHAWN
It was just a bag of--

MATTHEWS
(sternly)
It's never just anything with The
Boss.

Raising his gun.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Shawn. I truly am.

He puts his finger on the trigger.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!!

They all turn towards the doorway.

AL
We expecting anyone else?

MATTHEWS
No... but could be The Boss. Tread
carefully.

He keeps his gun aimed on Shawn as Al picks up his rifle and moves towards the door.

He opens it to reveal: Lincoln, sitting.

Al turns to Tony and Matthews.

AL
(confused)
It's a dog?!

CRASH!! Lowlotz's car beelines through the side walls bumping Al and Tony to the ground - down for the count.

Jones runs in from the newly made hole in the side of the shed.

She aims her taser at Matthews only to see:

Matthews pointing a gun at Shawn.

MATTHEWS
Taser, ground. Now.

Jones throws her taser aside.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Now, how'd you find us?

Jones, unmoving.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
C'mon now... Someone helped you -
You didn't get out of that cell all
by yourself now. The only other
person that has the jurisdiction to
let you out is...

He looks at the car...

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Lowlotz.
(he chuckles)
(MORE)

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

He's gonna be mad at you for that shit! You know how is is about that car.

JONES

Yeah... I know...

MATTHEWS

And now she speaks...

She looks down at the ground. Shawn grows increasingly worried.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Listen, Jones... You, Lowlotz, even Shawny boy here- I gotta give you props. You got close, I'll be the first one to admit. You almost had me... But you also got lucky. And luck runs out eventually.

He raises his gun to Jones.

JONES

Lincoln, Attack!

Lincoln speeds from the doors to Matthews in a blur. He jumps up, right underneath his crotch, chomping on his groin. He drops his gun.

Matthews yells out in agony as Jones runs over to him.

JONES (CONT'D)

(to Shawn)

You okay?

SHAWN

Better now.

She bends down over Matthews, pulling a pair of handcuffs out of her pocket.

She cuffs him, then begins to untie Shawn.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Actual handcuffs this time. Mad respect!

Jones grins.

JONES

Hey this was all you man. This wouldn't have happened if it weren't for you training Lincoln how to attack.

SHAWN

I mean hey, I'll take the credit!

Jones chuckles, freeing Shawn. He rubs his wrists.

She grabs Matthews, stands him up.

JONES

Look behind you Matthews. You have nothing.

Matthews looks at the scene in front of him. Two unconscious henchmen and a junkie with a dog to blame.

He chuckles to himself.

Jones looks at Shawn, wide-eyed. Shawn shrugs.

LATER, Jones puts Matthews in the backseat of Lowlotz's car where Al and Tony lay. Matthews continues to chuckle to himself. She closes the car door. Shawn stands by, holding Lincoln.

SHAWN

So what now?

JONES

Unfortunately, I do have to arrest you... It's just the policy... But don't worry, you won't be sitting with them.

INT. LOWLOTZ'S CAR - LATER

Jones speeds down the streets. Shawn in the passengers seat holding Lincoln.

JONES

(shouting over wind)
You hungry?!

SHAWN

This time... Yeah, I am!

Jones shares a knowing look with Shawn.

INT. LOD'S BURGERS - CONTINUOUS

Shawn stuffs his face with a triple layered burger.

SHAWN

I can't thank you enough Jones.

JONES

Hey, we both did this, not me. We did this together.

SHAWN

Hey I just had one question I'd been meaning to ask you.

JONES

Yeah? What's that?

SHAWN

How'd you know where the guards were when you crashed the car into the shed?

Jones chuckles.

JONES

I didn't.

She continues to chuckle. Shawn does too, but it's more nervous than hers.

EXT. PARKING LOT, POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Jones pulls up in a dinged up Lowlotz's car. Lowlotz stands outside, waiting.

LOWLOTZ

(re: the car damages)

Motherfucker.

He walks over to the car as Jones parks. She, Shawn, and Lincoln get out.

JONES

I know what you're going to say--

LOWLOTZ

What the fuck you do to my car!?

SHAWN

If it makes it any better, she made sure it was worth it.

LOWLOTZ
She better have!

JONES
Look sir. Things went rough, but
look at that score.

She motions to the backseat.

Lowlotz eyes Matthews, Al, and Tony all sitting still,
motionless.

Lowlotz strolls away, sighs.

SHAWN
(to Jones)
I think he's still pissed.

JONES
You think?

He walks back.

LOWLOTZ
The car...
(a very long pause)
I can get over. Good work
Detective.

Jones's eyes widen.

JONES
Detective?

LOWLOTZ
Wouldn't you say you've earned it?
(to Shawn)
What do you think?

SHAWN
What I think- I think- Why yes,
she... Yes.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Shawn sits at the Defense Table.

Jones, now in a detectives uniform, Lincoln, and Lowlotz sit
behind in the Spectators Area. A JUDGE in the Judge's Bench.

JUDGE

Based on the evidence presented,
and with Mr. Kins's past history,
there is no doubt here that he has
served his community well.
Therefore, the court hereby acquits
the defendant of all charges. The
defendant is discharged.

(to Shawn)

You are free to go Mr. Kins.

On Shawn, grinning. He breathes in, then out.

INT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Jones hugs Shawn.

JONES

Congrats!

Lincoln runs up and licks Shawn.

SHAWN

Hey boy!

Lowlotz walks up to Shawn. Extends his hand.

LOWLOTZ

Congratulations.

Shawn shakes his hand.

SHAWN

Thank you.

LOWLOTZ

You know, we always need more
officers in the force...

Shawn looks to Jones.

INT. BULLPEN, POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Jones stands in the center of a crowd of POLICE OFFICERS
around her.

Lowlotz stands in the back. Shawn stands in an officer-in-
training outfit up front.

JONES
(holding up a photo)
This is Lewis Kreyes. Better known
simply as, The Boss...

INT/EXT. JONES'S CAR - DAY

Jones and Shawn share a Lod's Burger's meal in-between the
front and passengers seat.

JONES
You know... Of all we've been
through, of all we had to face to
get here, I think it was worth it.

Shawn turns to her.

SHAWN
(munching on fries)
Oh yeah, how so.

JONES
'Cause I got this car.

REVEAL: A pristine, navy colored sedan.

They both chuckle.

POLICE OFFICER 2
(through radio)
Dispatch, 10-20 on Orpheus - last
known outlier, corner of Wayward
and Mason. Requesting backup.

Jones and Shawn both eye each other.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Boss, Gui, the Fake Robber, The Juggler, the Knife
Thrower, Guard 1, Guard 2, and a few more HENCHMEN play cards
around a circular table.

INT. JONES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JONES
You ready recruit?

SHAWN
Have to be.

They both look out the front windshield, ready.

Jones drives off, down the street. Deeper into the city.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END