

JAMBUSTERS

Screenplay by

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Story by

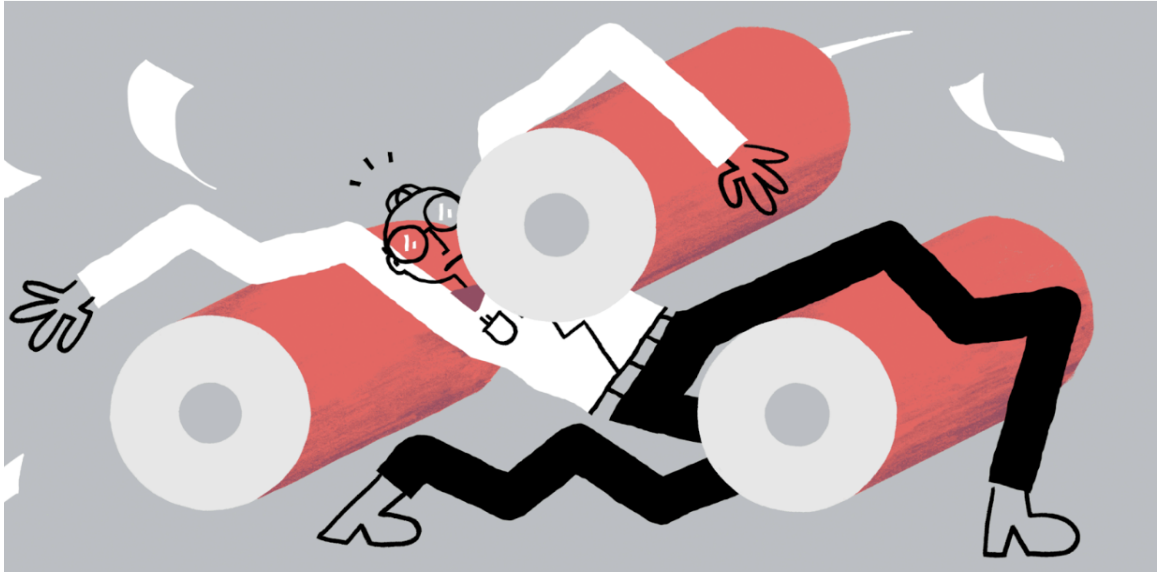
Filipe F. Coutinho & Ben Mehlman

Inspired by The New Yorker article
"Why Paper Jams Persist" by Joshua Rothman

-click on the song links to listen along-

RAIN MANAGEMENT

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...GO WITH THE FLOW

FROM BLACK:

We hear a CLICK followed by a mechanical TZZZ, TZZZ. The GEARS and GRINDS of a PRINTER start moving. Then a silvery, simple VOICE announces itself:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A funny-lookin' fella once tol' me--
*"printers are nothing but paper
torture chambers."*

OPEN ON: A SAUL BASS STYLE 2-D ANIMATION

A vaguely drawn WOMAN curiously approaches an INDUSTRIAL PRINTER 10 TIMES HER SIZE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I laughed'im out o'the room. I mean,
what's that got anythin' to do with
anythin'? But the fella kept talkin',
and more he talked, well, more sense he
made. He said--

The Woman inspects the printer more closely, *leaning* into the FEEDER and... WHOOP-- she's SUCKED IN!

FUNNY-LOOKIN' FELLA (V.O.)
"Think of the paper route--

As the Woman's DRAGGED through the printing process, the FUNNY-LOOKIN' FELLA describes her tortuous journey.

FUNNY-LOOKIN' FELLA (V.O.)
*--from the feeder to the stacker,
it's a steampunk world of gears,
wheels, conveyor belts, and circuit
boards where sheets of paper are
shocked and soaked, curled and
decurled, vacuumed and super-heated.
Can you even imagine... the horror?*

CLOSE ON WOMAN'S FACE-- WILHELM SCREAM!

FUNNY-LOOKIN' FELLA (V.O.)
*Sometimes, in the middle of this
nightmare, paper jams. And doesn't
that make sense? Wouldn't you 'cause
a jam too? ...to stop the torture?"*

The Woman FIGHTS against the gears, the belt, the circuit boards. Finally... SUCCESS-- she JAMS THE PRINTER!

ANIMATION ENDS ON:

CAMERA FLOATING ABOVE THE CITY OF FAIRPORT - NIGHT

An OWL HOOTS against a glimmering full moon... the wind moans... falling snow blends with the lights twinkling below...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I'll be damned if the fella's words didn't stick in my brain like a fond memory with the missus. But that's the type of thinkin' that goes on 'round here. By 'round here' I mean FAIRPORT. You're lookin' at her, by the way--

We're drifting among an all-American northeast town-- not too big, not too small, the type that feels stuck in time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

May look like most places in this here U.S. of A.--

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS: white picket-fenced houses; FAMILIES eating at mom-and-pop diners; CHEERLEADERS rooting for the local high school team...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

--you know, the type people are born in and never seem to leave...

INSERT TIME LAPSE: A MAN sits at a bar knocking back a beer, from ages 18 to 74. As an OLD MAN, he goes for a sip but *suddenly* KEELS OVER, slamming his head on the counter.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Fairport's also where the greatest minds in the world live. Not in Silicon Valley... not in that hoity-toity British place with the big prayin' house... not even down South where the space company is... no siree. They're right here, in lil' ol' Fairport, home of our town's pride and joy--

CAMERA continues tracking through Fairport, turns 90 degrees to REVEAL A CORPORATE CAMPUS. In neon, the company's name:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

--the VON BRANDT PAPER COMPANY.

Below, the company's motto: "TAKING YOU TO TOMORROW"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When MAX VON BRANDT moved his company from Germany 80 years ago, he changed things--

INSERT 8MM FOOTAGE: Fairport from the early '50s to the late '90s. We see what the Voice describes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

--created jobs, injected plen'y o'money, made everyone full o'the joys o'spring. For 50 years, the company prospered, and so did Fairport. When Max went on to the great reward, his son KARL took over. Now Karl, he followed in the great tradition of American capitalism. Got his heart set on becomin' one o'the richest *hombres* in the world. So he looked at all the other rich *hombres* and realized they had somethin' in common: *technology*. Karl got to thinkin' and then, well, Karl got to thievin'-- he went all over the globe and hired the best and the brightest. Now, you might be wonderin' why he'd go and do somethin' like that--

We're moving towards a particular building-- BUILDING 100. It's dark except for one light.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

--well, I ain't gonna ruin the whole story fo' ya. But I'll say this-- pay attention, 'cause tonight somethin' very special's about to happ'n, somethin' that'll set in motion a chain of events that'll forever change this town...

CAMERA ZEROES IN on a window and the PERSON working by it...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Guess you could say, lil' ol' Fairport is about to be in a *bit of a jam*...

Al Wilson's THE SNAKE makes itself heard louder and LOUDER as CAMERA moves through the window. AND NOW WE'RE IN--

INT. BUILDING 100 - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON **DUARTE ALVES** (31), working like a madman, a genius '*in the zone*'. The song plays on a radio as he frantically moves from his LAPTOP to a WHITEBOARD, scribbling FORMULAS. Duarte's pace is quick. And there's that nervous *twitch*...

Duarte stops to contemplate the board. After a beat, it HITS him like lightning--

DUARTE
Espera. Não pode ser... pode?

He leans in... then - TOTAL ELATION!

DUARTE
*Fodasse, tinha razão! O mundo nunca
 mais vai ser o mesmo. Fado é Fado!*

On the desk, a clock strikes 1:00AM.

RACK FOCUS to the door behind Duarte. CREAKING OPEN.

Sensing a presence, Duarte looks over his shoulder. His face, previously overflowing with joy, turns DEAD WHITE.

A SHADOW ENGULFS Duarte. He suddenly looks small. But then--

SNAP - his survival instinct kicks in. Duarte HURLS A CHAIR and JUMPS OVER A DESK, knocking over a printer. Runs out of the office into an--

EMPTY, SINUOUS, NEVER-ENDING CORRIDOR

Lights flicker on as Duarte SPRINTS down the long corridor. Running for his life.

Faster, faster, faster--

He keeps looking back over his shoulder - *terrified!* A shadow LOOMS LARGE behind him. Duarte's lungs burn as he gives everything he's got...

Running out of breath, he makes a sharp turn into a dark place. The sign above the door reads -

'GRAVEYARD OF PRINTERS'

A vast WAREHOUSE stacked with HUNDREDS of obsolete PRINTERS and COPIERS (*think: end of Raiders of the Lost Ark*). STUFFED into INDUSTRIAL SHELVES that reach as high as the ceiling.

Duarte RUSHES through this TETRIS-like landscape -

Deeper and deeper into the blackness. The only pools of light coming from the moon piercing through tiny windows.

It's easy to get lost in this maze. Soon enough... Duarte does.

Panting, he stops to consider his options-- looks left... right... behind him... all he sees are long, dark corridors filled with printers and more printers...

Where to go? A stray NOISE forces Duarte's hand. He backs up and HIDES behind a shelf.

CLOSE ON DUARTE: sweat rolls down his forehead, his breath tightens, he tries to remain as still as humanly possible... But his damn hand *twitches*... *bumping against a printer - making noise - attracting attention.*

DUARTE
Merda! Merda!

Duarte perks up his ears for anything that might give the Intruder away - but there's only silence... He takes a peek... nothing. Looks around... nothing.

Then Duarte hears:

DRAGGING. COMING FROM ABOVE.

Looks up. His eyes GROW WIDE--

A COLOSSAL, PIANO-SIZED PRINTER'S FALLING FROM THE SKY--

SPLAT-- CRUSHES DUARTE! FLATTENS HIM!

Total silence. Blood runs down the printer... We slowly ZOOM IN on the thickness of its pooling and--

INT. JAYNE'S KITCHEN - EARLY A.M.

--ZOOM OUT of the black coffee inside a BOSTON BRUINS mug.

A hand grabs it. Belongs to **JAYNE BRUBAKER** (33) whose face seems to have been carved from red maple. Her Birkin bangs cut shadows over her soulful eyes and pronounced cheekbones.

Jayne's working on an ADULT COLORING BOOK, quietly SINGING along to Patsy Cline's FADED LOVE.

INSERT BOOK: Monet's water lilies at their most vibrant. Nothing has been colored outside the lines.

After a couple more strokes... Jayne's done! She smiles proudly and lets out one of those sighs of peace and quiet -

Takes in the cozy surroundings: the ornate hand-me-down furniture... the patterned carpets over the vinyl flooring... the CATHOLIC IMAGERY... the oldies... the stillness... this is Jayne's morning routine and she enjoys every minute.

That is, until she clocks the time. *Shit!* In a hurry, she grabs the book and goes to open a drawer-- it's stuck! Forces it-- doesn't cut it!

Now Jayne's getting anxious. Goes for a screwdriver and uses it to pry open the drawer - *jiggles it - wiggles it - jerks it - tugs it* - and finally--

Abracadabra! Jayne stacks the book on top of a DOZEN others just as--

KEVIN (33) stumbles into the kitchen, half-asleep, Cross of Christ hanging over a Bruins shirt. He's a gangly, tall guy with hips like doorknobs and unruly, brittle hair.

JAYNE

Did I wake you up Kev? I'm sorry.

Kevin couldn't be less bothered. *Steals* a morning kiss.

KEVIN

Don't be. Gives me a chance to give my gorgeous wife a good mornin' kiss. When's the last time that happened?

JAYNE

Can't change what's always been babe.

KEVIN

That mean a small-town, blue-collar guy can't miss that good-lookin' face?

JAYNE

From gorgeous to good-lookin'. I'm afraid of what comes next.

Kevin grabs her by the hips and wiggles his brows--

KEVIN

C'mon J, plant me a good one.

She can't help but smile -- *MUAH!*

JAYNE

How was last night?

KEVIN

Quiet. The regulars were well behaved for a change.

Jayne takes her mug and throws whatever's left on the sink.

KEVIN

Oh, and your dad stopped by to watch the B's and play some checkers.

JAYNE

How much did you lose?

KEVIN
Just the usual tenner.

JAYNE
You're being played babe.

KEVIN
I know, but it makes him happy.

As Jayne rinses her mug, Kevin opens a cupboard and grabs a glass. Stares at it for a beat, his gaiety giving room to a weightier look.

KEVIN
Speaking of what would make him happy--

JAYNE
Please Kev, not this again.

Suddenly annoyed, Jayne sticks the mug in the drying rack and heads out of the kitchen. Kevin chases her into the--

HALLWAY

KEVIN
Why not?

JAYNE
For one, we don't need the tax break.

KEVIN
We've been together what - 12 years?

JAYNE
13, if you count the year doing hand stuff on your Corolla behind the mini-mart.

KEVIN
You always said 'one day'. Well, I think 'one day' is here. It's time J...

JAYNE
Oh yeah, says who?

BATHROOM

Jayne sits on the toilet. Pees. Kevin hovers by the door.

KEVIN
I don't know - Society... God...

JAYNE

Have God put it in writing and I'll
chew on it.

KEVIN

(cocks his head)

Be serious.

JAYNE

That's hard to do when you're being
stared at mid-stream.

KEVIN

I really wanna be a dad Jayne. I'd be
great at it. And you would too.

JAYNE

Yep, I'd definitely be a great dad.

Jayne flushes and moves to the medicine cabinet. Grabs a
PILL BOTTLE. On the RX LABEL: "ATIVAN -- TAKE WHEN NEEDED"
Jayne POPS one.

KEVIN

Can you at least consider it?

Jayne's phone DINGS. A text. Reading it -

JAYNE

Listen small-town, blue-collar guy-- I
gotta go. Let's talk about it later.

She gives a despondent Kevin a peck on the lips and jets -

HALLWAY

Jayne grabs her GUN AND BADGE from the hallway table and
heads out the door.

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - BULLPEN - A LITTLE LATER

CAMERA probes a quiet POLICE STATION starting its morning
while an upbeat RADIO D.J. attempts to liven the mood--

UPBEAT RADIO D.J. (V.O.)

...you're listening to 88.7 FM Radio.
It's another gloomy morning, but don't
let the weather get you down 'cause up
next I got a firecracker from our small
town. He's The King's descendant, his
aura transcendent, his art *oh-so-*
independent...

(MORE)

UPBEAT RADIO D.J. (V.O.) (cont'd)
 He makes married men jealous -
 teenagers rebellious - I can't stop
 movin' my pelvis - he's our very own...
Chilean Elvis!

As an Elvis Presley impersonator takes over the airwaves,
 CAMERA lands on a yawning **DEPUTY DYLAN THOMAS** (24), trying
 his damndest to focus on a book. Cover reads: "EXPLOSIVES
 AND BOMB DISPOSAL GUIDE"

DYLAN
 Ah, fuck a duck.

He slams the book shut. Like the poet, Dylan can be wise,
 but in his own bombastic, foul-mouthed, Irish-Bostonian way.
 Clocking **OFFICER ELIJAH** (45) by the coffee table -

DYLAN
 Elijah, why donchya make that ol'
 carcass useful and get me a coffee?

ELIJAH
 Why don't you get off that lazy Irish
 ass and get it yourself?

The other OFFICERS perk up their ears.

DYLAN
 C'mon, my date kept me up all night and
 I gotta hit the fuckin' books.

ELIJAH
 Watch out ev'ryone, Dylan's gonna move
 to the daring work of disarming old
 mines left by vets at nursing homes.

Chuckles from the guys.

DYLAN
 Hey smart-ass, I pass this test and
 I'm on my way to bomb school at FBI
 'quartas. Know what that means?

ELIJAH
 Yeah, you'll be blowing suits for
 cups o'coffee.

The room erupts in LAUGHTER!

DYLAN
 Fuck off Elijah.

Elijah pantomimes a BLOW JOB as he passes Dylan's desk.
 Dylan FLIPS HIM and heads to the pour-over machine.

DYLAN

You fuckers are real friendly, you know that?

He pours a cup and takes a swig. HITS HIM like a ton of bricks.

DYLAN

Argh, fuck me! This bitter mud's worse than Dunkin's on Dot ave.

Dylan sticks his tongue out, hoping the air will dissipate the ungodly taste.

DYLAN

We gotta get Checkers to shell out for an espresso machine.

Jayne walks in with purpose.

JAYNE

It's Chief Brubaker to you.

DYLAN

Checkers doesn't mind what I call him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me Miss.

Jayne turns to find a skittish MRS. ROBERTS (70s).

MRS. ROBERTS

Can you help me? My coupons haven't been coming in the mail.

JAYNE

Your coupons?

MRS. ROBERTS

I need them for my groceries. I'm not a rich woman.

JAYNE

I see. Deputy Dylan here can give you a hand. He's the best we've got.

The Officers suppress laughs. Jayne gives Dylan a smirk and walks away. Dylan stares daggers at her as Mrs. Roberts goes on and on about her missing coupons...

CHECKERS' OFFICE

Jayne gives a courtesy knock as she enters a spotless office full of commendations.

Behind a mahogany desk sits **CHIEF MATTHEW "CHECKERS" BRUBAKER** (63), a pragmatic and political 'man of the people' who likes to run a tight ship.

CHECKERS

There you are.

He also happens to be Jayne's--

JAYNE

Dad, you gotta stop putting ideas in Kevin's head.

CHECKERS

What're you talking about?

JAYNE

Kids... or the lack there of.

CHECKERS

We were just having a chat.

JAYNE

Well, don't. Okay?

CHECKERS

Whatever you say Jayney. Hey, close the door will ya?

Jayne obliges. Checkers takes a swig from a Mello Yello sitting on his desk. Also on the desk, a Virgin Mary figurine and a PHOTO of Checkers hugging a refined-looking WOMAN.

CHECKERS

We've got a situation at Von Brandt's, something to be handled on the q.t.

Jayne sits down, intrigued. Checkers grabs the Virgin Mary.

CHECKERS

There's been a death at the campus.

JAYNE

What happened?

CHECKERS

I was thinking I'd let you find that out. What do you say kiddo, are you ready for more responsibility?

Jayne's eyes *glimmer* -

JAYNE

Absolutely!

CHECKERS

That's a good girl.
 (takes a swig)
 And listen-- I don't need to remind
 you of Van Brandt's importance in
 this town...?

JAYNE

I'll keep it close to the vest.

CHECKERS

Good. A couple of my guys are on the
 scene. I'll let'em know you're coming.

Jayne gets up and moves to the door. Reaches for the handle -

JAYNE

Oh, and umm, who died?

CHECKERS

Physicist at the *Paper Jam Department*.

JAYNE

The *what* department?

EXT./INT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS/JAYNE'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Fern Jones' STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN EVERY DAY plays as a 2008 FORD FOCUS drives past a FROZEN LAKE and through the VON BRANDT ENGINEERING CAMPUS. The skies are gray and it's numbingly cold, the kind that fills your blood with shards of ice.

Jayne's behind the wheel. Dylan rides shotgun, taking in the bustling campus: EMPLOYEES decked out in Columbia sportswear rushing from one place to the other. FOOD STANDS and PARLOR GAMES being erected. A STAGE being built. *But for what?*

A banner's raised, answering the question--

"HAPPY 100TH VON BRANDT"

Jayne notices an ECCENTRIC MAN (more on him later) and his CAMERA OP interviewing workers.

The Focus parks in front of BUILDING 100 just as a TRACKSUIT EXECUTIVE gets into a Range Rover taking up two spots. The SUV SCREECHES OUT of the spot and hauls ass. SONG ENDS ON--

INT. GRAVEYARD OF PRINTERS - MINUTES LATER

--Jayne and Dylan towering over Duarte's body CRUSHED BY THE GIANT PRINTER. They can only make out a few limbs.

JAYNE

I'll be damned...

The vast area has been sealed off and an EMPLOYEE's being questioned by a SNAPPY OFFICER. THREE CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS take photos and bag evidence. One of them--

METICULOUS TECHNICIAN

The deceased-- Duarte Francisco Alves de Vasconcelos Ribeiro Cordeiro.

DYLAN

Fuckin' A, what kind of name is that?

METICULOUS TECHNICIAN

The Portuguese kind.

DYLAN

Portuguese? Like that shredded soccer star piece of beef jerky?

METICULOUS TECHNICIAN

Sure. Or, you know - its 800-year-old history, the eclectic food scene, the great novelists and poets...

DYLAN

Excuse me, I didn't know I was talking to Encyclopedia fuckin' Britannica.

Jayne rolls her eyes. Meticulous Technician gives Dylan a sideways look. After a beat--

METICULOUS TECHNICIAN

Anyway, the deceased was with the company 3 years. He's 31 - 5'8 - 'bout 160lbs. Time of death: 1:11AM. Everyone else had gone home.

JAYNE

Okay let's see what we're dealing with.

The Technicians made a crafty LEVER to lift the printer off Duarte's body.

PRACTICAL TECHNICIAN

We could use a hand, Deputy.

Dylan pulls up his sleeves. Everybody gets into position -

PRACTICAL TECHNICIAN

On my count. 3... 2... 1-- PULL!

The Technicians exert all their might. The printer starts lifting... but slowly...

PRACTICAL TECHNICIAN

PULL!

They pull HARDER... and HARDER... and--

The CARELESS TECHNICIAN SLIPS and FALLS--

WHOOFT-- they lose control of the printer. SLAMS BACK ON TOP OF DUARTE!

BLOOD SPLATTERS ALL OVER DYLAN -

DYLAN

Argh what the fuck!? What the fuck!?

Meticulous Technician conceals a self-satisfied grin as he watches Dylan freak out, trying to wipe the blood off him. Jayne winces. It isn't a pretty sight. Or one she's used to seeing. But they've got work to do -

JAYNE

Let's go again guys. And please try to keep the body *somewhat* intact.

Dylan, still battling gagging spurts, removes his blood-stained sweater, and gets back in position -

And a one and a two and-- they repeat the process... this time successfully, revealing the full extent of the damage--

Duarte's body has been FLATTENED, INSIDES CRUSHED, GUTS SPILLING OVER.

Jayne fights down a whole set of sensations: queasiness, shakiness, shock... Dylan recoils at the sight of a human looking like a popped water balloon.

DYLAN

Fuckin' Christ!

Jayne forces herself to focus on the scene. To be a pro. Puts on rubber gloves and warily starts examining the body.

DYLAN

You know, this whole thing reminds me of somethin' that happened to *One-Eyed Harry*, a meat lugger I knew back in The Village.

JAYNE

Yeah, what's that?

DYLAN

Back in 20-14, day before the 4th,
Harry's truck gets a flat and his
clients go fuckin' nuts.

Jayne looks inside Duarte's ears-- *clean*.

DYLAN

All Harry wants to do is go home and
jerk off to the new Shakira video,
but one client in particula' means a
ton of dough, so Harry nuts up-- says
he'll fix the tire and make the
delivery overnight.

Jayne exposes what remains of Duarte's teeth-- *clean*.

DYLAN

When Harry arrives - hopped up on
glazed donuts and Red Bull - it's pitch
dark, and that's when it happens--
Harry doesn't see the pool of grease on
the floor, slips, and sticks a meat
hook in his eyeball. *Can you fuckin'
believe it??* Harry loses the eye and
the loaded client. When the boss hears
about it, he loses the job too.

Jayne looks inside Duarte's pockets-- *nothing*.

DYLAN

Following week, Harry shows up at the
pub with one o'those glass eyes. It's
piercing blue - real pretty. Problem
is, his other peeper is green, so he
sticks out like a fuckin' barney in
Sommerville!

Jayne 'uh-huhs', continues inspecting the body.

DYLAN

Now, here's where things get good -
'Bout a month later, Harry's still
unemployed and desperate for cash, so he
masks up and robs a packie. Gets away
with the loot but since he's the only
David Bowie-lookin' fucker in town, the
clerk makes him *just like that*. Takes
all of 10 minutes for The Boys to put
Harry in cuffs. The fucker's now serving
7 to 10 up in Norfolk.

Jayne's crunched on her knees. Looks up at where the printer
fell from, then at Duarte.

JAYNE

Fascinating. But what's that got to do with our dead guy?

DYLAN

Reminds me of what One-Eyed Harry always says-- *you ever wanna go home and jerk off to Shakira, avoid tragedy and don't work overtime...* Words I live by.

JAYNE

...you know Dylan, your perspective never ceases to amaze me.

Jayne removes her gloves and flags down Snappy Officer.

JAYNE

Officer! What do we have on the CCTV?

SNAPPY OFFICER

Nothin'.

JAYNE

What do you mean *nothing*?

SNAPPY OFFICER

Nada, zero, zilch, nix, not a dicky bird, damn all.

(they stare blankly at him)

Come, I'll show ya.

CUT TO: CCTV SCREENS/OFFICE

Same as before, Duarte races down Building 100's endless corridor. Keeps looking over his shoulder, reacting to someone... except-- there's no one chasing him.

SNAPPY OFFICER

What did I tell ya? Guy went loony, ran away from thin air.

JAYNE

Is there footage from the warehouse?

SNAPPY OFFICER

You mean the graveyard of printers? Yeah, that's the best part--

INSERT CCTV SCREEN: Duarte navigates the maze of printers. Reacts to nothing visible on camera. Looks up and a second later the printer crushes him.

Dylan winces. A horrible sight, even at a distance.

JAYNE

The best part, you said?

SNAPPY OFFICER

Have you ever seen death by printer??
I'm gonna get serious mileage from
this one down at the pub.

JAYNE

Why can't we see the top part of the
screen-- (*points*) right there-- where
the printer falls from...

SNAPPY OFFICER

That's a blind spot. Not even my wife's
ass is wide enough to cover that area.

JAYNE

You must make her very happy. Any
cameras in the paper jam department?

SNAPPY OFFICER

What you see is what you get boss.

BUILDING 100 CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jayne and Dylan pace down the corridor bustling with EMPLOYEES.

DYLAN

We're thinking suicide, right?

JAYNE

A.B.C. Dylan.

DYLAN

Always Be Closing, yeah. What do you
think I'm trying to do?

JAYNE

Not that A.B.C. The one from the book:
Assume nothing--

DYLAN

*'Believe nothing. Challenge
everything'* yeah yeah... It's 'cause
o'shit like that I like bombs. What
you see is what you get.

JAYNE

The idea of handling something that can
blow you up doesn't bother you?

DYLAN

Nah. I'm either right, or it's not my problem anymore.

Jayne chuckles, *he's got a point*. They reach a door sealed off with yellow tape with a plaque that reads, "PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT". Below, a duct-taped, handwritten piece of paper - "aka JAMBUSTERS"

PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

White walls, computer stations, and whiteboards. Fluorescent panels above. Windows overlooking the frozen lake. One OFFICER dusts for prints while OTHERS BAG EVIDENCE.

Jayne and Dylan put on fresh gloves and start poking around-- look through papers and desks. Dylan writes down a few things on his NOTES APP. Jayne's eye lands on the whiteboard. Sees--

go falls away

Around it, mathematical formulas and remnants of erased text. Jayne steps back, SNAPS A PIC with her phone. Then approaches Dylan, who's wrapping up with the Prints Officer.

JAYNE

Got anything?

DYLAN

Shit, there's more fuckin' prints in this office than in a booking center. Gonna take a while to sort it out.

JAYNE

Okay. In the meantime, go talk to Duarte's family. And give his place a once over while you're at it.

DYLAN

C'mon, I got a date tonight. All that grievin's gonna throw me off my game.

JAYNE

Gee Dylan, what a real tragedy. Don't forget to take photos.

Dylan yeah yeah's his way out as Jayne grabs one of the Bagging Officers' attention--

JAYNE

Hey, where are the engineers?

BAGGING OFFICER

Chief told us to keep 'em in the dark
so we moved 'em down the hall.

JAYNE

Okay. And do you have a list with their
names, ranks, previous employers, etc?

BAGGING OFFICER

Yeah, right here -

Bagging Officer reaches in his bag and grabs a print-out. As
Jayne gives it a once-over, her expression turns -

JAYNE

Apple, Foxconn, Cisco, NASA... *what the
hell are these guys doing in Fairport?*

CONFERENCE ROOM C - MOMENTS LATER

The PAPER JAM TEAM sits at a long table filled with diet
cokes and half-eaten pastries in a moldy, dingy room.

ROBIN

This is unacceptable.

CHAD

Yeah, I'm not *feeling* this
room.

Meet **ROBIN ERIKSEN** (27, mechanical engineer), a math genius
with honey hair and clever eyes; and **CHAD WHEELER** (31,
mechanical engineer), a spiked-hair deep thinker with a
penchant for bleached T-shirts.

ROBIN

Well no one can "feel" a
room but--

CHAD

Andy Clark would disagree.

ROBIN

I don't recognize crazy.

CHAD

Being so narrow-minded is what's
crazy. Why should your perceived
boundaries of the brain be limited to
some membrane outside of which
reality doesn't count as cognitive?

ROBIN

Save it Chad. When LSD trips become
science, we can talk.

DALE COCKBURN (46, computer modeller), a reserved geek with a
punk-rocker personality waiting to come out, interjects.

DALE

What's going on Mad? Where's Duarte?

All eyes on **MADIGAN McCORMICK** (54, head of department). Savvy, effortlessly cool, loyal to her Chuck Taylor's.

MADIGAN

I know as much as you do. Let's just buckle down and do some work.

She dims the lights and pulls up a 3D MODEL OF A PRINTER. The model ANIMATES what Madigan describes:

MADIGAN

We got a jam on one of our printers in Seoul. Company was printing a book, but fed a very light and thin paper. Like a phone-book, or a Bible. About 3 quarters into the printing, the paper was supposed to cross a gap, fling from the top of a rotating belt, and soar through space until it was sucked up by a vacuum pump and dropped onto another belt. But the press was in a hot and humid place, so the paper became listless. Before connecting with the conveyor belt, the paper's back corners drooped, dragged on the platform below and - *like a trapeze flier missing a catch* - sank downward. Then, well, you can guess what happened next--

EVERYONE

Flower arrangement.

The animation shows multiple sheets rushing into the same space, creating a pile of loops and curlicues.

MADIGAN

Any ideas on a fix?

Jayne enters unnoticed. Hides in the shadows. Observes.

ROBIN

Maybe buffet the paper upward from below using an air knife?

MADIGAN

No go. It'll blow the loose toner off.

DALE

We could place "fingers" to support the corners as they begin to droop.

CHAD

Not universal enough, it'd only create more jams on other paper types. But--

Chad mumbles to himself, his energy mirroring Duarte's in the opener. Even has the *SAME* nervous twitch. Jayne CATCHES it. Chad rolls up the projector to reveal a chalkboard. Writes--

OPTIMIZE BELT PATTERN

Then SKETCHES a diagram of the conveyor belt.

CHAD

What thrusts the sheet forward isn't exactly pressure, right? It's flow...

Chad lets the word linger, as if wrapped in spiritual meaning.

CHAD

Bernoulli's Principle says *fast-moving* air exerts less pressure than *slow-moving* air. Think of how the top of an airplane wing is curved while the bottom is flat. The air above moves faster than the air below, so the wing rises. Meaning, *if* we have jets of air shooting above the corners, the air flow will lower the pressure and they'll lift.

Chad uses the flat of his hand to mime the paper levitating.

CHAD

Jets on corners-- that's the fix.

Feeling proud, Chad puts the cap on his marker and turns to the luminous engineers - this certainly feels like the right answer. Jayne cuts in, startling everyone--

JAYNE

I didn't understand a word you just said, but it sure was impressive.

MADIGAN

Who are you?

JAYNE

(whipping out her badge--)
Let's go for a walk.

EXT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

Jayne and Madigan tighten the lapels of their jackets as they cross the bustling campus getting ready for the festivities.

JAYNE

Shapin' up to be quite the party.

A TEAM OF WORKERS rudely cut in front of them, rolling trunk cases to the stage. Madigan throws them a *HEY!*, then--

MADIGAN

You have no idea. Those are filled with fireworks-- Roman Candles, Cakes, Sparklers, Catherine Wheels... we got it all. And 1.3g! Can't touch that kinda power without a permit.

ART PETERSON (42), the Eccentric Man from earlier, clocks Jayne talking to Madigan. Snaps his fingers at his Camera OP.

MADIGAN

So, what's this all about Detective?

ART (O.S.)

Not a bad question.

Jayne and Madigan turn to find a camera in their face. Art's a wiry fella with the demeanor of a 1930s hammy actor.

ART

Is it fraud? Tell me it's fraud. Wait no, tax evasion right? I knew that sly ol' fox was pullin' a Capone.

Madigan shoves the camera away.

MADIGAN

I told you I'll let you know when you can film me.

ART

Oh c'mon sugar, gimme somethin'.

MADIGAN

How about my foot up your ass?

Taken with her moxie, Jayne disguises a smile.

ART

Jeez Madigan I gotta make a livin' too.

Art walks away with his tail between his legs.

MADIGAN

Art might be a C-level documentarian, but he's a Grade-A nuisance.

JAYNE

Art? As in Art Peterson - who made that controversial coal miner documentary about a decade ago?

MADIGAN

The one'n'only. It's been downhill ever since. That's why Karl hired him-- he came cheap.

JAYNE

Hired him for what exactly?

MADIGAN

This! To immortalize the centennial.

JAYNE

100 years is no small feat. How long have you been with the company?

MADIGAN

A decade. I founded the department.

JAYNE

Why? I mean, why dedicate an entire team to... *paper jams*?

MADIGAN

Every year printers get faster, smarter, cheaper... but jams endure. They're the quintessential tech problem because it combines physics, chemistry, and programming. Many in the community view it as *the ultimate challenge*.

JAYNE

What makes it such a backbreaker?

MADIGAN

Paper isn't manufactured, it's processed. And that process is complex. First, you gotta turn the trees into wood chips. Then, you mash 'em into pulp and bleach it. And then you run it through screens and chemicals to remove all bio gunk until only water and wood fiber remain. That's just for starters. Now consider this - in Spain, paper's made from eucalyptus, but in Kentucky, Southern pine--

JAYNE

And different trees produce different types of paper.

MADIGAN

Exactly, and they're expected to go through the exact same machine without any issues... Seems challenging enough, *huh?* Now multiply that by a million types of paper and factor in the 12 thousand steps that happen from the moment you hit 'print' to the moment the sheet lands on the tray...

(Jayne's speechless)

You ask me, it's a miracle paper isn't jamming all the time.

(stops walking; turns to Jayne--)

Okay Detective, enough chit-chat. What's the bad news?

CUT TO TOP FLOOR OFFICE

From behind we see a MAN (70s) with broad shoulders looking down on Jayne delivering the bad word to Madigan.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Madigan, shaken up, takes a seat on a bench. Jayne joins, waits for Madigan to collect herself. After a beat -

MADIGAN

A-are we talking m-murder?

JAYNE

We're not ruling out any possibility.

MADIGAN

Jesus! H-how can I help?

JAYNE

I need to talk to your team.

CUT TO INTERVIEW MONTAGE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Jayne interviews Chad, Dale, and Robin SEPARATELY. *QUICK CUTS* and *SPLIT SCREENS* between them as they answer--

CHAD

Duarte was my best friend. A brilliant mind and an even greater man.

ROBIN

Eh, he was nice enough...

JAYNE

Was he seeing anyone? Had any enemies you know of?

DALE

Don't think so.

ROBIN

I doubt it.

CHAD

Duarte didn't have time for lovers or enemies. He was always volleying between the office and the restaurant.

DALE

His family owns a quaint place outside o'town. Amazing food. And the wine? *To die for.*

(realizing)

Well, you know what I mean...

JAYNE

Where were you last night?

CHAD

At a dance class. Helps me tune into the universal flow, you know?

ROBIN

Wow you really asking Detective?

DALE

I was at a punk concert with Robin. Look--

Dale shows a PHONE PIC of Robin and him in Social Distortion tees, sticking their tongues out. This is a wild departure from their current *put-together* look.

JAYNE

Any idea as to why Mr. Alves was working late?

ROBIN

Nope.

DALE

Not a clue.

CHAD

I'll know more when I'm let back into the office. But it's good, Detective. I have a vibe and I'm never wrong about my vibes.

JAYNE

So what now? Can you solve paper jams?

CHAD

Of course we can... if we tap into the universal flow.

DALE

We're getting closer but we're still missing the 'thing' that unlocks it all.

ROBIN

Can we solve it? We don't have a choice if we wanna meet the deadline.

JAYNE

What deadline?

DALE

Von Brandt's 100th, of course.

INT. KARL VON BRANDT'S OFFICE - LATER

Jayne enters a lavish office, with high ceilings and expensive art. The CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of a Newton's Cradle sets a nervous tempo, an energy emboldened by **KARL VON BRANDT** (72). His back's to Jayne, expelling ire through a landline.

KARL (O.S.)

I don't give a goddamn rat's ass.

As Karl continues, Jayne probes the place. Taking in:

A BRONZE EAGLE; Magritte's GOLCONDA (depicting identical men dressed in overcoats and bowler hats dropping from the sky); and a framed Thoreau quote: "*Before printing was discovered, a century was equal to a thousand years*"

KARL (O.S.)

I make my 'Fuck You' money like Joe Kennedy made his-- when a *goddamn* shoe boy piker gives me stock tips, I sell it all and sell it fucking fast.

Karl swivels in his chair like a hurricane.

KARL

So, my *goddamn* shoe boy piker-- *sell it all and sell it fucking fast!*

He SLAMS the phone and without missing a beat--

KARL

Who are you? What do you want?
(she's paralyzed by
his intensity)
You a mute? C'mon I don't have all day.

JAYNE

I'm umm, Detective Brubaker.

KARL
 (demeanor turns 180)
 Matthew's daughter. Why didn't you
 say so? Come in, have a chair.

He gets up to shake Jayne's hand and we notice a fitted suit
 sitting against a brawny body that de-ages him by 20 years.

KARL
 Can I get you anything? DONNA!

JAYNE
 I'm fine.

KARL
 Nonsense. DONNA!

DONNA (60; Karl's secretary; Coke bottle glasses) rushes in
 carrying a limp and a cane to support it.

KARL
 Get whatever Ms. Brubaker wants.

Jayne doesn't want to bother, but feeling the pressure -

JAYNE
 ...water'll be fine.

Donna leaves as Karl opens a cigar box and lights a CUBAN.
 Jayne's about to open her mouth when--

KARL
 Lemme save ya the trouble. Few years
 back, I went to a conference in one
 o'those socialist countries, heard
 Duarte speak, knew I had to poach'im. So
 I tripled his salary, moved his family
 here and gave'em money for a restaurant.

JAYNE
 Any reason to suspect foul play in
 his death?

KARL
 There's two people in this room and
 only one is a detective.

Jayne clears her throat, her way of swallowing this one.

JAYNE
 Why is solving paper jams so
 important to you?

KARL
 Money, what else? In my business you
 don't please a board of directors
 without growing.

(MORE)

KARL (cont'd)

And you don't grow without the green.
And you don't get the green without
innovation. You follow Ms. Brubaker?

JAYNE

It's Detective Brubaker.

Jayne moves in her seat. Then--

JAYNE

Allow me to make an observation Mr. Von
Brandt-- I look at your office, I see
dollars, sure. But I also see art. You
didn't buy it and donate it to a museum
to make a statement. You have it where
only a select few can see it. And that--
(points to Thoreau quote)
That's not your run-of-the-mill dorm-
room platitude. There's something
else at play here. I suspect legacy.

Karl chews on his cigar, sketches a smile.

KARL

Well well, aren't you an oyster with a
pearl? Alright, I'll let you in on how
my noggin works.

(chews on cigar)

On humid days, voting machines jam,
leading to recounts; ice floating down a
river makes ice jams, causing flooding;
over the eons, tectonic plates jam,
resulting in quakes... *Jams*, Detective,
are all around us - *defining us* -
inconveniencing us - *setting us back*.
Solving paper jams may just change the
fabric of the world as we know it. Now,
that's a *goddamn* legacy.

JAYNE

Okay, I get that. But what about this
centennial deadline? Why rush it?

KARL

Why not? They've had ten years. This
is as good a time as any to light a
fire under their asses.

Donna limps back in with the bottle of water. Jayne throws
her an empathetic thanks. Then gets up and gets going -

JAYNE

Thanks for your time Mr. Von Brandt.

KARL

Just make sure your lil' investigation
doesn't affect my centennial.

JAYNE

Oh I wouldn't dare *jam* the festivities.

Karl smirks in a way that almost conveys admiration at Jayne's balls. Almost...

OUTSIDE KARL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jayne walks out with Donna and calls the elevator. Not even a beat later, Karl BUZZES her -

KARL (BUZZER)

Where's that jerk-off son o'mine?

DONNA

He said he needed to think and that
you know what that means.

KARL (BUZZER)

Get him back here. Now!

Donna curses her luck. Seeing an opportunity -

JAYNE

Why don't I relay the message?

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Jayne's Focus pulls into a dingy strip mall. Dylan's awaits her in fresh clothes, stamping his feet to keep warm while chatting on the phone.

DYLAN

...yeah boy-o, I'm gonna take ya to the
pot o'gold at the end o'the rainbow.

(Jayne gets out of the car)

Shit, gotta go. Boss's here.

JAYNE

What did you get on Duarte?

DYLAN

Not much. The guy's anal. And not in
the way I like it.

Jayne gives him a look. Dylan hands her his phone.

INSERT SERIES OF PICTURES: Duarte's room is meticulously organized. No clutter. Only a few material possessions, a handful of Zen Buddhist and eastern philosophy books.

DYLAN

Family insisted you go to the wake at their restaurant tomorrow night.

JAYNE

You mean 'we' go to the wake?

DYLAN

No can do. Got a hot date.

JAYNE

Thought that was tonight.

DYLAN

It is. But I have one tomorrow too. Different hoodsie.

JAYNE

Shouldn't you be studying for the exam?

DYLAN

Study-schmudy! I know everything there is to know about bomb disposal. Ask me a question. Go ahead, ask anything--

JAYNE

Okay... if a weapon is a US system, who's responsible for any recovery actions required?

CLOSE ON DYLAN: fuck if he knows the answer. Jayne shakes her head and heads into the mall. Tracking behind--

DYLAN

Wait, ask me another one...

INT. RAGE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CHRISTIAN VON BRANT (45), the Tracksuit Exec with the Range Rover from before, is DESTROYING a room with a SLEDGEHAMMER. Each hit filled with pure rage. Noticing Jayne and Dylan -

CHRISTIAN

Yes!?

Christian is a lot! A jittery guy built like a bank vault door who seems to be at the highest point of coke at all times.

JAYNE

I'm Detective Jayne Brubaker. This is Deputy Dylan Thomas.

CHRISTIAN

Like that faggot poet?

DYLAN

Hey! Don't you *fuckin'* say that!

Christian gives him a shithead smirk.

JAYNE

We're not here to discuss poets.

CHRISTIAN

I had nothing to do with that dago's death, okay? But you ask me, I'm glad the fucker's gone.

Jayne and Dylan turn to each other, stupefied.

CHRISTIAN

Shocking to hear, I know. But lemme tell ya somethin'-- those useless engineers at the PJ department have been sucking on my company's tit for too long. With that would-be genius sleepin' with the fishes, maybe my father will wake up and get rid o' that money pit.

JAYNE

He seems to think the department is key to grow the company.

CHRISTIAN

Oh yeah? Okay, then riddle me this-- if paper *jams* you're gonna need *more* paper, which means you'll spend more money. Why the fuck should we be trying to fix that?

JAYNE

Am I wrong in thinking that if you solve paper jams, Von Brandt will gain an edge over the competition??

CHRISTIAN

All I hear are *ifs ifs ifs* and ten years later we're still holding our dicks in our hands. Listen, my father's wrong. He's been wrong since he started hiring foreigners to solve our problems.

JAYNE

Wasn't your grandfather from Germany?

CHRISTIAN

I'm not my grandfather. Or my father.
They do things their way, I do mine.

DYLAN

That why you're here at 2PM on a Friday?

CHRISTIAN

(*EXPLODES*) Listen here you two-toilet
paddy piece o'shit, you don't know fuck
all about what it takes to do my job!

Christian's size causes an impression, but Dylan isn't one
to cower. He's ready to go. Jayne clears her throat.

JAYNE

Can we leave this moving display of
masculinity for another time and get
back to business?

CHRISTIAN

Let's. You ever heard of high-speed
digital printing on-demand? Or
ultraviolet radiation-curable inks? My
board has. 'Cause it filled their
quotas and brought 'em the green. And
it all came from this room right here,
where destruction breeds creation.

JAYNE

Where were you last night?

CHRISTIAN

At the Marriott with Crystal.

DYLAN

Crystal what?

CHRISTIAN

Crystal *they're-not-in-the-habit-of-
giving-last-fucking-names*. Just check
the hotel logs. Or do I have to do
your job for you?

Dylan's seething. One poorly-timed word away from clocking
him. Jayne grabs his arm. *Not now*.

JAYNE

Thanks Mr. Von Brandt, you've been...
illuminating.

Jayne and Dylan start to walk away when--

CHRISTIAN

FYI Detective, only reason my company's still in this god-forsaken town is 'cause my father has some weird-ass childhood attachment.

JAYNE

Okay, so what?

CHRISTIAN

So don't bite the hand that fuckin' feeds you.

EXT. SIDETRACKS PUB - THAT NIGHT

A train swoops by, scaring an owl off a sign covered in icicles that reads - SIDETRACKS PUB.

INT. SIDETRACKS PUB - CONTINUOUS

Patriotic ephemera covers the walls; the Bruins play on TVs; OFF-DUTY OFFICERS gamble on darts and cards. All anchored by a Dean Martin standard on the JUKEBOX. One of the CARD PLAYERS turns to the bar--

CARD PLAYER

Hey Chief, come join us. We need some real money at this table.

Checkers is at the bar nursing a single-malt while playing CHECKERS with Kevin, who's behind the counter noshing on beer and fried scallops.

CHECKERS

Hold on, I'm one move away from teaching my son-in-law a lesson.

Checkers stares at the board, toying with Kevin. Then, in one swift move, takes out Kevin's final 3 pieces. *Game over!* Kevin SLAMS A TEN DOLLAR BILL on the counter.

KEVIN

I'll get you one of these days.

Checkers doubts it. Snags the bill as Jayne walks in.

JAYNE

You being nice to my husband?

CHECKERS
More like, *educational*.

Jayne kisses Kevin and grabs a stool next to Checkers.

KEVIN
Can I get you anything babe?

She grabs his scallops and beer.

JAYNE
Got dinner right here.

CHECKERS
For God's sake, don't eat that crap.
Kev, go fix Jayney a proper sandwich.

Jayne doesn't put up a fight. Kevin goes into the kitchen.
Checkers sips his drink.

CHECKERS
So. How'd it go today?

JAYNE
It went. Just plugging away, following
the book, doing what you taught me.

CHECKERS
Any Herald reporters sniffing around?

JAYNE
All quiet on the western front.

CHECKERS
Good. Let's keep it that way.

Jayne assents. Checkers drains his whiskey and heads to the
card table -

CHECKERS
Time to take these chumps' salaries.

One of them yells "Fat chance!" as Kevin returns with a mouth-
watering PB&J. Jayne dives into it. An awkward silence hangs
over them. Remnants of this morning's conversation.

CLOSE ON JUKEBOX: A new vinyl's placed. The distinct pre-song
scratch takes us into [The LaSalle's LA LA LA LA LA](#).

Kevin's eyes BEAM. Suddenly bursting with energy--

KEVIN
Oh hell yeah. Remember this song? Our
honeymoon?

JAYNE

I was there.

Kevin lifts up a reticent Jayne.

KEVIN

We gotta dance.

JAYNE

...I don't think so.

Kevin gets a groove going anyway. Wears Jayne down until she finally gives in.

KEVIN

That's what I'm talking about.

They do a Motown-style dance with hip shakes, hand swoops, and finger snaps. They're good. They've done it before. All eyes on them. When the lyrics '*Oh baby clap your hands*' hit, EVERYONE in the pub CLAPS in PERFECT SYNC.

We PUSH IN on Jayne as she disappears into the song, falling into a SURREAL DREAMSCAPE. TIME SLOWS. Her surroundings lose focus. Jayne closes her eyes. BLURRING everything out. Gets lost in twirl after SLO-MO twirl. She is one with the flow of the moment... carefree... confident... relaxed...

Then the song comes to an end and the applause SNAPS Jayne out of her trance. Kevin dips her and gives her a big performative kiss. When he swoops her back up -

KEVIN

About kids--

(Jayne dreads it)

No pressure. Whenever you're ready.

This is exactly what Jayne wanted to hear.

KEVIN

But what about a dog?

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - BULLPEN - NEXT MORNING

Dylan's leaning back on his chair, Bomb Guide Book on his chest, loudly arguing with Elijah--

DYLAN

Watched it from every fuckin' angle.
Wasn't offsides. Pastanak's breakaway
would've won the game.

ELIJAH

Nice analysis there Stevie Wonder.

As they continue arguing, Jayne's scribbling on a piece of paper while on the phone--

JAYNE
 Von Brandt. First name Christian...
 just need to know what time he checked
 in and out... okay, thank you...

While she waits, Jayne goes back to her paper, which is full of crossed-out anagrams of "Go Falls Away". Like--

~~wall-saga~~ ~~sway-a-fall~~ ~~low-goat~~

Then Jayne writes--

owls fly

X's it too. Person on the other side of the line comes back.

JAYNE
 You said he ordered champagne?... At
 what time?... 1AM, got it... Thanks.

Jayne hangs up and moves to her computer. Googles "go falls away". Nothing comes up. Jayne goes on browsing when a TEXT comes in. She reads it, tosses her pen at Dylan -

JAYNE
 Just got word, let's go.

INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - LATER

Jayne and Dylan pace down a hallway with WALTER (50s), a towering stick-thin coroner carrying a folder.

WALTER
 ...no indication of foul play and no
 evidence of struggle. 'Course, the body
 isn't in *pristine* condition, but I can
 confidently say that if Duarte was
 killed, the killer didn't even touch
 him, which is quite the magic trick.

JAYNE
 So there's nothing?

DYLAN

Besides an industrial-sized
 printer being dropped on his
 head, that is?

WALTER
 He had drugs in his system. Quite the
 Benzedrine/Psilocybin combo.
 (MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
 (hands the folder)
 That's amphetamines and magic mushrooms. He was most likely hallucinating at the time of death.

JAYNE
 Thanks Walt.

They come to an intersection and go their separate ways.

DYLAN
 Guy under a lot o'pressure gets high as a kite and accidentally rolls a seven. Report writes itself.

JAYNE
 I don't know. Something's missing.

DYLAN
 Yeah, your common sense. C'mon Jayne, this is done. Nothing's gonna fall into our laps.

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Chad sits on a desk captivating the WHOLE OFFICE.

CHAD
 ...I mean actual intertwinement, like you and the object are one 'n' the same. Give you an example. Remember that movie Memento, with the guy that's trying to solve the murder of his wife but keeps forgetting everything?

OFFICER
 Good movie. A bit rough around the edges, but a real thrill ride.

ELIJAH
 Step aside everyone, we have a fuckin' authority in the room.

Chuckles. The Officer flips Elijah.

CHAD
 A guy like that actually exists. His name's Patrick Jones and he lives in Colorado Springs. Despite his condition, Patrick can hold a job. How?
 (MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 (holds up his phone)
 His phone! He creates huge webs of notes using basic apps to know where he is and what he knows at all times. In other words, the phone's an integral part of what it is to be Patrick Jones. See, our environment is an extension of our minds, of our selves. We're just a culmination of what our neural synapses translate into zeros and ones. Meaning, we're not independent of the outside world, we're simpatico with it.

ELIJAH
 Whatever this guy's smokin', we should probably bust him for it.

LAUGHS. Chad catches Jayne and Dylan entering the precinct -

CHAD
 Detective, been waiting for you.

INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Chad sits across Jayne and Dylan, sipping a diet coke.

JAYNE
 So Mr. Wheeler, did you figure out what Duarte was working on?

CHAD
 Not yet. But if it's what I think it is, then, well-- Von Brandt's gonna change the world. But that's not why I'm here...

DYLAN
 Tease us any longer and I'm gonna make a Jackson Pollock in my pants.

Chad throws Jayne a look -

CHAD
 I was hoping it could be just between us Detective.

Jayne gives Dylan the nod.

DYLAN
 Oh c'mon, really!?

Yes, really. Dylan leaves in a huff and Chad leans in--

CHAD

Last night, while meditating, I tuned in. I listened to the airwaves... observed the signs - the tokens - the omens - the ch'i. And something's off Detective. Bad things are happening.

JAYNE

Yeah, bad things happen every day.

CHAD

Not like this. This has consequences beyond what you and I can imagine. Someone needs to restore the flow.

(beat)

And I saw that someone is you...

Jayne cracks a laugh. But Chad's dead serious.

JAYNE

I'm sorry Mr. Wheeler, it's just that from where I stand that sounds... well, pretty ridiculous.

CHAD

That's what people said of Copernicus and Turing and all those who defied the norm. But science is provisional-- we only know something 'til we know it better.

JAYNE

Okay, let's assume what you're saying is true. What am I supposed to do?

CHAD

You have to see the world on a whole new level. You need to liberate yourself from the pre-existing strings that are holding you back. Here, you should go see my guy--

Chad hands Jayne a card. The handwriting on it reads:

Roy, The Shaman

100 Hunter Lane

CHAD

He'll put you on the right track.

Jayne looks at it with a hint of amusement. Then changes gears.

JAYNE

Look, we know Mr. Alves was going down the rabbit hole. And I'd bet a hard-earned tenner you were too.

CHAD

I came here to fulfill a cosmic duty Detective, not to cause any trouble.

JAYNE

Just tell me who's bringing drugs into Fairport and we'll call it a day.

CHAD

(after a beat--)

I don't know who makes it, but I'm buying - was buying - from Elvis.

JAYNE

You should take this more seriously.

CHAD

I mean, Chilean Elvis. ...you know, the mailman.

Off Jayne's dumbfounded expression, we CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - EARLY EVENING

CHILEAN ELVIS, a portly 45 y.o. in MAILMAN UNIFORM, slickly singing Elvis Presley's SOMEBODY BIGGER THAN YOU AND I against a red and pink neon backdrop. And yes, he has the sideburns, the hair piece, the glasses, the whole cheesy shebang.

Jayne sits at the bar, tonic water in hand. Sips on it when her phone buzzes. A text with a picture--

INSERT PICTURE: Dylan and his MALE DATE with Kevin having a grand ol' time at Sidetracks.

Jayne smiles. Puts her phone back and watches Chilean Elvis BELT OUT the finale--

CHILEAN ELVIS

Bigger than yooou and IIIIIIIII...

It's beautiful and sincere, but gets only scattered applause. Elvis approaches the bar and hits the BARTENDER with--

CHILEAN ELVIS

Peach brandy, man. And do me a favor-- give it a lil' kick this time.

Turns out he stays in character: moves, acts, and talks like The King. Jayne moves a stool closer--

JAYNE

I never got the whole 'impersonation' thing. Why do you do it?

CHILEAN ELVIS

I love Elvis more than words can say ma'am. I know we're all God's creations, but you ask me, He took His sweet time makin' the King.

JAYNE

King of what? Didn't Elvis call Eddie Cochran the real king of rock'n'roll?

The Bartender brings Elvis' drink. He takes a healthy swig.

JAYNE

And aren't Chuck Berry or Little Richard more deserving of that title?

CHILEAN ELVIS

(chuckles) Ma'am, you're a true pimple-popper. But remember what Elvis said, *"the image is one thing and the human being is another. It's very hard to live up to an image."*

JAYNE

Speaking of living up to an image--
(flashes her badge)
I know you're slinging drugs King. Who's bringing 'em into Fairport?

CHILEAN ELVIS

I don't know ma'am. I'm just told a time and place and--
(does a Karate chop)
--KA-POW, I'm there.

JAYNE

Just like that, *huh?*

CHILEAN ELVIS

Simple dimple, sweetheart.

JAYNE

Well, we have a problem. Recognize him?

Jayne shows a pic of Duarte on her phone.

JAYNE

He's dead. Possibly on account of the drugs you sold him.

CHILEAN ELVIS

Oh my, that is a problem.

JAYNE

Indeed. And the only way this doesn't end with you in cuffs is if you gimme something. *Something good.*

Elvis looks over his shoulder, making sure no one can hear him. Then leans over.

CHILEAN ELVIS

There's a new shipment o' that funny stuff comin' in. Tomorrow night. But I don't know the particulars yet.

Jayne grabs one of her cards and slides it over.

JAYNE

Find 'em. And then call me. Otherwise you'll be practicing your jailhouse rock for the next few years. Sounds fair?

CHILEAN ELVIS

Fair's fair teddy bear.

Jayne knocks twice on the counter before leaving.

INT./EXT. JAYNE'S CAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

From her car, Jayne observes MOURNERS wearing parkas entering a quaint-looking restaurant in what looks like a completely different part of town. There's a cozy feeling to it, like everyone's part of one big family.

Jayne hits the reading light and looks in the rearview mirror: sees puffy eyes, rosy cheeks, droopy eyelids... She grabs a make-up kit and starts disguising her tiredness.

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: a "In Memoriam" picture of Duarte.

REVERSE: Jayne's captivated by it. Zeroes in on Duarte's soulful eyes... his pronounced jawline... his generous smile... Suddenly, she's overcome with sadness.

ANTONIO (O.S.)
Desculpe, posso ajuda-la?

Jayne turns to ANTONIO (60s), an anguished-looking man with greased hair and dark eyes.

JAYNE
 I'm Detective Jayne Brubaker.

Blank stare. Jayne whips out her badge and spells out "poli-cia". It's more Spanish than Portuguese, but close enough. The man's demeanor turns. Becomes welcoming.

ANTONIO
Sou o Antonio, o pai do Duarte.

Jayne doesn't get it. Antonio repeats himself while pointing to Duarte's picture. Eventually--

JAYNE
 Oh yes. *Father*. Nice to meet you.

Antonio nods, then gestures for Jayne to follow him -

Guides her through the cavernous space filled with grieving PATRONS, leading Jayne to a small, artisanal table. On it, bread, butter, and olives. As Jayne makes herself comfortable, Antonio pours her a hearty glass of red wine.

JAYNE
 Oh no, none for me, thank you.

ANTONIO
In vino veritas.

Antonio gives her a simple smile and leaves. Jayne looks at the glass once, twice, figures-- *what the hell!* Takes a sip.

As the alcohol rests in her mouth, Jayne's eye drawn towards one of the walls-- it's made of tile and forms a painted mural of the Portuguese Armada fighting a SEA MONSTER.

A jag of feedback grabs everyone's attention--

Antonio stands in front of Duarte's picture prepping a mic stand. Next to him, **OFELIA** (29) - a striking woman dressed in all-black with a black shawl - and an OLDER GENTLEMAN, who sits on a stool with a Portuguese Guitar.

ANTONIO
 Obrigado por estarem aqui nesta triste noite. Agora facam silencio que se vai cantar o fado.

Antonio hands Ofelia the mic and the room falls silent. When the lights dim, the Older Gentleman starts plucking away. His chords are thick, with depth and growl, and bounce against the walls creating a mystical atmosphere. Then, with her head held high, Ofelia lets out a powerful--

OFELIA

Disse-tee adeeus...

She's singing Carminho's DISSE-TE ADEUS. Her voice carries profound sadness. Patrons hold their loved ones - remembering Duarte - paying their respects - fighting back tears. It impacts everyone... *including Jayne!*

PUSH IN as Jayne's emotions surface... building... consuming... overwhelming...

Finally, *she lets go*... Jayne's SOBBING and can't seem to stop. Her tears are not just for this moment, but for the last year, the last ten years... for more than she knows...

The song comes to an end and the room's unburdened by a collective sigh of relief.

MINUTES LATER

Jayne, barely collected, snacks on olives. A temporary panacea. Ofelia places a kind hand on her shoulder--

OFELIA

Delicious, huh? We import them from a farm in Alentejo. I'll send you a jar.

JAYNE

Thanks, but you really don't have to.

OFELIA

It's my pleasure Detective. I'm Ofelia, Duarte's sister. Mind if I take a seat?

Jayne gestures for her to do so.

OFELIA

So, you have some questions for me?

JAYNE

I know it's a sensitive time, but it'd be helpful to know your brother better.

OFELIA

If I were to boil it down, I'd say he loved three things-- his job, his family, and Benfica.

JAYNE

Ben-what?

OFELIA

Benfica! It's a Portuguese soccer club. Kind of a religion back home. Duarte didn't miss a match. He was fascinated by the flow of a game - the push and pull - the way teams build momentum.

JAYNE

I see. And did you notice anything out of the ordinary lately? Routines, new people in his life, that sort of thing.

OFELIA

No. Duarte was happy, at peace...

JAYNE

What about the drugs?

OFELIA

You mean the mushrooms? That's hardly drugs in the way you mean it.

JAYNE

I mean it in the way it's illegal. And may have led to his death.

OFELIA

I don't believe that.

JAYNE

So what do you believe in?

OFELIA

I don't know. Maybe what happened... *maybe it was fado.*

JAYNE

...fado?

OFELIA

What I just sang. That's fado. Portuguese folk. But it also means destiny, the idea that what happened had to happen, that it was God's plan.

JAYNE

And what plan would that be?

OFELIA

As with all of His plans, we'll have to wait to find out.

EXT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS - DAY

Jayne walks hand-in-hand with Kevin through a DENSE FOG.

FAMILIAR FACES start emerging: P.D. Officers throwing darts at balloons - Robin and Dale MAKING OUT behind a food stand - Christian and Karl viciously arguing...

Jayne looks in the reflection of a mirror and catches Checkers tailing them. She tenses up, but does nothing.

A GUITAR MELODY directs Jayne's gaze to the STAGE, where Ofelia and Elvis DISTORTEDLY SING the song from Duarte's wake. Jayne wells up again. Seeking comfort, she goes for Kevin's hand, but-- *he's gone*.

Suddenly, a CROWD materializes around her. Feeling claustrophobic, Jayne looks for room to breathe, but every time she sees an out, MORE PEOPLE POP UP. Giving her a rapid heartbeat - pressuring her - like a python squeezing her neck.

Wait-- *there IS a python choking her.*

Jayne tries to shake it off, but the snake squeezes harder. She falls to her knees - *starting to lose conscience*. Jayne closes her eyes and goes with it. Eventually, she just... *lets go*.

And that's when Jayne feels a divine peace. A ghost of a smile appearing on her face. And then--

CLAPPING. In a succinct rhythm, like a metronome.

Jayne opens her eyes - the python's gone. And so is the crowd. But she still hears the claps. Looks ahead to the stage. On it, looking lost-- DUARTE!

Jayne runs towards him. Or tries to. Because with every new step, the stage gets farther and farther away from her... until it disappears into the distance.

A *BRRRRRING* cuts through.

Jayne turns to find a PAY PHONE. An OWL's perched on top - staring directly into her eyes - HYPNOTIZING her...

BRRRRRING. A soft hand snaps her out of it. It belongs to CHAD, now face-to-face with Jayne -

CHAD

Free your mind. Liberate yourself.

KA-BOOM! An EXPLOSION goes off and the BLAST comes for Jayne. FAST - MERCILESS - DEADLY! Just as it's about to eviscerate her, we CUT TO:

INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Jayne rattles and shakes and pleads *NO NO NO* when-- her eyes SNAP OPEN. Jayne frantically taps the empty bed, trying to locate herself. Breathing heavily. But with each passing gasp, she regains awareness and starts to calm down.

That's when she notices her cell BUZZING on the bedside table. Whoever's on the other line doesn't have good news.

JAYNE

Christ! Text me the address. And put a tail on the others.

Jayne zips out of bed and dresses in a hurry as Kevin enters. Coming back from work. It's clear he's had a couple of tonics.

KEVIN

Going somewhere babe?

JAYNE

Work emergency.

KEVIN

At 5 in the morning? That's crazy.
Why don't you send someone else and--
(taps the bed)
--get in here with me? *I miss you.*

JAYNE

Sorry Kev, wish I could.

Kevin pouts. Jayne goes for her PILLS. Pops one.

KEVIN

Will I at least see you at mass?

JAYNE

Wouldn't dare miss it.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Jayne and Dylan ride up with much-needed coffees in hand.

DYLAN

...neighbor called with a noise complaint. Our guys came and found him dead as a fuckin' dodo. Crazy part though, there was a vinyl skipping. Guess what song was playing?
(elevator stops)
In My Time of Dying. How 'bout that for some synchro-fuckin'-nicity?

INT. CHAD'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: CHAD'S COLD AND LIFELESS FACE. Eyes wide open. Coagulated blood pooled on his forehead.

JAYNE

Inspects the body, which rests on a love seat, arms outstretched, feet crossed. Empty diet cokes close by. All around Jayne, CRIME LAB GUYS dust for prints and bag evidence.

DYLAN

Looks over Chad's vinyl records. Mostly psychedelic.

JAYNE

Moves to a desk. Opens and closes drawers. But it's the legal pad with the top sheet ripped off that catches her eye. She grabs a pencil and TRACES OVER, revealing--

The ego falls away, time flies...

It clicks. Jayne thinks back to the whiteboard message-- "*go falls away*". The picture is fuller, but still unclear. Jayne rips the page and pockets it.

DYLAN

Looks through Chad's DVDs-- *Brazil, Mulholland Dr., Altered States*, and... every season of *The Office*.

DYLAN

Know what I don't get-- *The Office*. What's so fuckin' special about it?

JAYNE

We'll dive into that case next.

DYLAN

At least no mystery there - we know someone murdered comedy.

JAYNE

Rolls her eyes. Walks to the CRACKED PLEXIGLASS WINDOW painted with traces of BLOOD. Surveys the scene, does calculations in her head. Looks at Chad's body, then at the mirror. Finally--

JAYNE

Hey Dylan, come here.
(points to the window)
What does this tell you?

DYLAN

That there was some sort of fight.

JAYNE

No sign of forced entry though.

DYLAN

Chad could've opened the door for someone.

JAYNE

No evidence of a struggle.

DYLAN

Accident?

JAYNE

Does this look like a slip and fall?

DYLAN

Okay, so what do you think?

WE GO INTO JAYNE'S MIND FOR A FLASH: see Chad running at full speed -- JUMPS! -- SLAMS HARD against the window! -- Cracks it, hits the ground. Blood dripping from his head --

And now we're out of Jayne's mind, see her noticing remnants of that same blood on the floor.

JAYNE

I'd say Chad tried to jump out the window but was met with some resistance.

DYLAN

There's a science joke somewhere in there.

Jayne grabs the window's handle and... simply swings it open.

JAYNE

Chad could've just opened the window, and then jump.

DYLAN

He hallucinated, saw something that scared him, and decided to play superman but forgot the basics.

JAYNE

And still ended up dead...

DYLAN

OD?

JAYNE

It's nearly impossible to OD on shrooms. But I have a feeling Walter's gonna find Benzedrine in his system...

DYLAN

Just like Duarte. Paranoia shoots up
and all of a sudden you got a helluva
bad trip on your hands.

JAYNE

One I don't think they signed up for.

DYLAN

You think the shrooms were spiked?

JAYNE

Two "accidental" deaths from people
who work in the same department in
less than 48 hours just days away
from Karl making a big announcement??
I think it's worth finding out.

DYLAN

Should we pick up Elvis? Grill'im
until he's nice and toasty?

A "JAYNE!" cuts through. Jayne and Dylan turn to see Checkers
walking onto the scene. Intense look behind his eyes.

JAYNE

Dad! What are you doing here?

He pulls Jayne aside, away from Dylan's prying ears. That's
when she notices his wool PEACOAT. Feeling it--

JAYNE

Nice jacket. Is it new?

CHECKERS

Listen Janey, this business with
Wheeler isn't good. I need to step in.

JAYNE

I'm making progress. I just need time.

CHECKERS

I woke up with a call from the Herald.
One of their sniffers is onto something.
Fortunately the editor's an old friend.

JAYNE

Who cares about the Herald?

CHECKERS

100 years, Janey!

JAYNE

What?

CHECKERS

Von Brandt has a history here. And it's tied to ours. If you keep making waves, if the press makes a meal out of this, there's no telling if they just pack up and leave. God knows there are better tax breaks in other states.

Jayne's about to open her mouth, but--

CHECKERS

(checking his watch)
Speaking of God, we gotta go -

INT. BLACK ROCK CHURCH - LATER THAT MORNING

A PRIEST tries hard to engage his congregation--

PRIEST

...the world is in a mess my friends.
But we can help to make it right...

Jayne's sandwiched between Checkers and Kevin, struggling to stay awake. Checkers notices Jayne dozing off and gives her a nudge. She straightens up. Sips on her coffee.

PRIEST

Though you may think what you do is trivial, do not underestimate your power. Just tune into God's plan and...

As the Priest continues the sermon, Jayne, bored out of her mind, scans the place. SEES - Dale with his arm around Robin, front and center, attentively listening to the Priest...

CUT TO LATER.

A STREAM OF PEOPLE flood out. Jayne's stuck in the middle. And that's when she's accosted by Mrs. Roberts -

MRS. ROBERTS

Miss. Hey Miss! It's been two days and nobody did anything about my coupons.

JAYNE

Your what?

MRS. ROBERTS

My coupons. For the groceries. I'm running out of milk.

JAYNE

I believe Deputy Dylan's hard at work on your case.

MRS. ROBERTS

I'm not rich Miss. I need my coupons.

Mrs. Roberts walks away with an attitude and Jayne curses her luck. *What the hell's going on today?*

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne tosses her coffee in the trash as Kevin and Checkers emerge. Checkers is held up by CHURCH GOERS who really have to say hello. Kevin escapes the social duties, approaches Jayne -

KEVIN

I was thinkin' babe, what if we went on a date tonight?

JAYNE

A date's for young lovers.

KEVIN

Fine, call it dinner. At a nice place. With proper napkins.

JAYNE

What about Sidetracks?

KEVIN

I'll find someone to cover it. Whaddya say?

JAYNE

I mean, we're talking proper napkins here... What can I say?

In a burst, Kevin kisses her, giddy as a boy who just got a date with his crush.

KEVIN

Not to push my luck, but-- give any more thought to getting a dog?

He puts a friendly, nervous laugh on the end of that. Jayne can't help a grin that says *'well played'*.

JAYNE

I'll drop by the pet store later.

Kevin kisses her again as Jayne spots Dale and Robin at the foot of the steps -

SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne speeds up to catch up with Dale and Robin.

JAYNE

Hey guys. Didn't realize you were religious...

ROBIN

About half of all scientists believe in some form of deity or higher power.

JAYNE

Doesn't that go against the scientific mind?

DALE

The notion that scientists have a clinical view of the world is wrong Detective. Leaves no room for mystery - for magic. And if there's one thing we've learned after all these years is that the world is full of both.

JAYNE

Did Duarte and Chad share that belief?

DALE

Even more so.

JAYNE

In an 'ego' sort of way?

Dale and Robin stare blankly at her. Jayne grabs the page she ripped at Chad's and hands it--

JAYNE

Does that mean anything to you?

ROBIN

Sounds like some inane regurgitation Duarte and Chad liked to spew.

JAYNE

Any idea where it came from?

ROBIN

No. But Madigan might.

JAYNE

I see. Do me a favor, call if something clicks. Anything at all.

Jayne hands Dale her card, who looks at it confused.

DALE

Think this might be the wrong card.

Jayne turns red when she realizes she gave them the 'Roy The Shaman' card instead.

JAYNE

My mistake. Here you go.

(hands the right card)

Oh and umm... did you figure out what Duarte was working on?

DALE

Nope. But Chad called us last night all wired up saying Duarte solved it.

JAYNE

Chad called you?

DALE

Yeah. Around 10pm.

Jayne thanks the guys and calls Dylan -

JAYNE

That tail we put on the paper jam team... where's Madigan now?

INT. GYM - COURT/BLEACHERS - LATER

Madigan's intensely engaged in a VOLLEYBALL GAME. It's just a practice, but she treats it like an Olympic final.

Up on the BLEACHERS, Dylan watches her enthusiastically. Not Jayne. She has AIRPODS on and her eyes are glued to her phone--

INSERT PHONE: DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of Art Peterson in rural America interviewing COAL MINERS. Being a putz, wearing a safety hat even though he's not even inside a mine.

Madigan, mid-air, SMASHES a volleyball past her opponents. *What a strike!* Her TEAMMATES flock to high-five her.

DYLAN

Holy shit, you see that?

JAYNE

(removing her AirPods)

What?

DYLAN

Madigan's strike. She tore that defense a new asshole.

(MORE)

DYLAN (cont'd)
 (considering)
 You know, you could learn a thing or
 two from her.

JAYNE
 I'm sure I could. She's one of the
 top engineers in the country.

DYLAN
 That's not what I mean. Look at her--

We see Madigan *in the zone* - committing to the play - diving
 for a lost ball - commanding the game.

DYLAN
 That's a woman with a purpose. She's
 going after something and can't
 fuckin' wait to get there. I never
 see that fire in you, and it worries
 me Jayne. Hanging out with old farts
 at Sidetracks won't cut it. Live a
 little is all I'm sayin'.

JAYNE
 If a police career doesn't work out,
 you can always pivot to life-coaching.

The players call for a break. Jayne and Dylan head to the
 court. Flag Madigan, who seems surprised to see them.

JAYNE
 Mrs. McCormick. Is there somewhere
 where we can talk?

CLOSE ON MADIGAN, dreading it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Madigan's sitting down, tears rolling down her face.

MADIGAN
 It can't be just a coincidence
 anymore, can it?

JAYNE
 Maybe not. Look, we came across
 something. A phrase. Or a quote.
 '*the ego falls away, time flies.*'

Madigan's entire posture changes. Gets up and opens her
 locker. Jayne and Dylan stir-- *now we're getting somewhere.*
 Madigan reaches inside her purse and pulls out a book--

INSERT: "FLOW: The Psychology of Optimal Experience" by Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi

MADIGAN

Duarte and Chad were obsessed with it.

Madigan flips through the pages until--

MADIGAN

Here we go--'*Flow is*--"

Tears suddenly come roaring back. Madigan takes a moment.

MADIGAN

*'Fl-Flow is being completely involved in an activity for its own sake. **The ego falls away. Time flies.** Every action, movement, and thought follows inevitably from the previous one. Your whole being is involved'...*

(closes the book)

The author posits people are happiest when in a state of flow.

JAYNE

I'm confused. What does happiness have to do with your work?

MADIGAN

Duarte and Chad ran with the idea, came to believe that being '*one with the flow*' would allow them to solve jams.

(Dylan chuckles)

I know how it sounds, but there's some sideways logic to it. The force that gets paper moving through a printer isn't pressure-- it's *flow*. Jamming happens whenever something that's supposed to flow through space doesn't.

DYLAN

What about the drugs? Seems like they were flying, not flowing.

MADIGAN

They thought everything in our world - the tangible and the intangible - was interconnected. If they could access both at the same time, they'd be able to manipulate reality in new ways. Like literally being one with an inanimate object. Like a printer. Being one with the flow meant being one with everything.

DYLAN

And drugs became their Gatorade.

MADIGAN

Yeah. One of the biggest triggers of flow is *focus*. We pay most attention when a task slightly exceeds our skill set. Thing is, solving jams doesn't just 'slightly exceed' our ability. It's on a whole other planet. Chad and Duarte figured, well-- they'd have to be on another planet too.

JAYNE

Did that involve a Benzedrine diet?

MADIGAN

I don't see how it could possibly help. Quite the opposite.

JAYNE

Huh. Can you think of anyone who doesn't want you to solve jams?

MADIGAN

There's the competition-- Xerox, HP, Epson, all those multinationals...

JAYNE

Anyone else come to mind?

MADIGAN

No. I mean, yeah. But it may sound a bit... *outlandish*.

JAYNE

We'll take *outlandish*.

MADIGAN

There's a hemp factory just outside of town...

EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD/JAYNE'S CAR - LATER

The Focus heads up a winding road. Wipers sloughing off snow. Heater on full blast. Jayne hums along to [Fern Jones's I AM A PILGRIM](#). Dylan tries to focus on his Bomb Disposal Book, but the song's gnawing at him--

DYLAN

Am I crazy, or you're always listenin' to... whoever this is?

JAYNE

Respect Fern Jones. Some say she could've been the female Elvis.

DYLAN

I'm sure she's great, but I can't take this Christian crap anymore.

JAYNE

CD's stuck and the antenna was stolen. It's either Fern Jones or silence.

DYLAN

I'll take silence for \$300.

Jayne CRANKS UP the volume to Dylan's despair. The Focus drives over a hill, revealing a FACTORY in the distance--

INT. HEMP PROCESSING PLANT - A LITTLE LATER

Jayne, Dylan, and the FACTORY MANAGER (40s) make way through an assembly line processing HEMP. The Manager's in the middle of a passionate defense of hemp--

MANAGER

...manufacturing paper releases nitrogen dioxide, sulfur dioxide, and carbon dioxide into the air, leading to things like acid rain and greenhouse gases. The U.S. alone consumes more than 30 percent of all paper products globally, even though it makes up only 5 percent of the world's population. And we're not even talking about the massive deforestation issues...

The Manager stops to check on the HEMP STALKS passing through a REACTOR.

MANAGER

Listen, paper made from trees is one of our biggest environmental threats. That's why we're committed to offering a sustainable solution--

On the other side of the reactor, the stalks come out as pulp. The Manager points to it--

MANAGER

Hemp paper.

JAYNE

Is it jam-free?

MANAGER

No, but it's smoother than regular paper, which means it jams less often.

The Manager's on the move again, giving WORKERS adjustments as he walks by their stations. Jayne and Dylan try to keep up.

And that's when someone catches Jayne's eye. Just for a split-second. Is that Elvis, but without the costume and the accessories? Whoever it is disappears behind a machine and Jayne shakes it off. Gets back to the Manager--

JAYNE

What would happen to the hemp paper industry if Von Brandt solved jams?

MANAGER

The stunt-aspect alone would cast a spotlight on them for years to come. That said, our biggest problem isn't the competition, it's the government.

DYLAN

How so?

MANAGER

Capitalism loves oligopolies. Without subsidies and sustainable and clean solutions to legacy products, the alternative energy sectors can't prosper. The whole thing's rigged.

DYLAN

Okay, so you don't have a paper jam department?

MANAGER

Why would we? That's not our fight.

EXT. HEMP PROCESSING PLANT - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

As Jayne and Dylan cross the parking lot -

DYLAN

My gut tells me there's no way these granola-lovin' nerds killed anyone.

JAYNE

Well, your gut doesn't try cases. Stick to what we can prove.

EXT. JAYNE'S CAR - LATER

Jayne drives down the center of Fairport, singing along to Fern Jones' I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED.

JAYNE

*The heavy burdens lifted / And the vile
sins go / I was there when it happened
/ And I guess I ought to know.*

A text from Kevin comes in - "*Excited about tonight <3 <3*"

It's followed by a low battery warning - "*10 percent remaining*". Jayne maneuvers to grab the car charger and plugs it in. Nothing. She notices - *the cable's busted.*

Nothing to be done now. When Jayne looks up, a PET STORE catches her attention. Drives past it, but her eyes stay glued to the building... Kevin's voice gnawing at Jayne... until... Jayne BUSTS A U-TURN under deafening HONKS.

INT. PET STORE - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: The most adorable, adoptable puppies you've ever seen-- jumping on the fence... begging for attention...

But Jayne's not interested. She's entranced by a BALL PYTHON SHEDDING ITS SKIN. *Exactly like the one from her dream.*

A dorky-looking CLERK (early 20s) approaches. Very eager to help. He speaks as fast as a machine gun spits bullets.

CLERK

A beaut, in'he? You can take'im home today for three-fifty. That includes terrarium-food-bedding-substrate-heat-lamp-UVB-light. Everythin' you need and more. Can't get a better price anywhere in town.

(off Jayne's hesitation)

But maybe a snake ain't right for ya. No fret. We have tarantulas-geckos-chameleons-millipedes-centipedes, and of course, your regular variety of hamsters-ferrets-dogs-cats-chinchillas-rabbits-guinea pigs. You name it, we got it! So what's it gonna be ma'am?

Jayne's overwhelmed. Her eyes drag to the fish section.

JAYNE

Maybe a fish? ...should be easy to take care of.

The Clerk moves towards a large aquarium and Jayne follows.

CLERK

You'd be surprised. There are a lot o' complexities that come with owning fish. This pamphlet should help ya--

INSERT PAMPHLET: "*11 Questions You Need to Ask Yourself Before Buying a Fish*"

JAYNE

That's a lot of questions.

CLERK

Nobody gives fish their proper due and that's gospel. Most people think they're clueless 'cause all they do is *flow* through space. But they're wonderful creatures with tremendous potential. They can be totally free-- even teach us a thing or two about freedom. And what do we do? We constrict 'em, stilt their growth.

(Jayne's trying to catch up)

Take this lil' guy for example--

(points to an OSCAR)

--he can grow to about 10 inches. 'Cept he's probably gonna die before he gets there. Why? 'Cause he needs room to grow. Needs a big tank. Well, big tanks cost big dollars and most people just shove 'im in a small dollars bowl. Scary thing is, I think we're the same. Without space, how can we grow?

As Jayne reflects on the Clerk's words, her phone BUZZES. A text from an unknown number--

"It's happenin ma'am. At the pier.

MINERVA EXPRESS is your ticket."

Jayne LIGHTS UP and DASHES OUT. The Clerk waves at her--

CLERK

Come back any time!

INT. JAYNE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Jayne speeds through Fairport, phone in hand, on speaker -

DYLAN (VOICEMAIL)

Ya know the drill. *Make it short, make it sweet, and hit me at the--*

BEEEEEP.

JAYNE

It's going down Dylan. Meet me at--

The call CUTS OUT. The phone runs out of juice. Jayne plugs it in the charger, but remembers - *the cable's busted*.

JAYNE

Damn it!

She picks up the MIC of her POLICE RADIO instead -

JAYNE

Come in Dispatch. This is Detective Brubaker.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Go ahead Detective.

JAYNE

Need back-up at the pier. Potential 10-10N in progress. Send a cruiser and look for one Minerva Express.

INT./EXT. JAYNE'S CAR/FAIRPORT PIER - A LITTLE LATER

The Focus pulls up to a pier draped in a THICK FOG. Jayne dry swallows a couple of anxiety pills and exits the car.

It's dead quiet and Jayne can't see an inch in front of her face... bravely plunges ahead anyway. Light CHATTER cuts through and Jayne instinctively SPINS AROUND. Her ears perk up, trying to locate the source. Can't. Chatter dies down.

Jayne clenches her jaw. Feeling the weight of the scene. Places a hand on her holster and unclips it... *Just in case*. Then the fog ominously lifts and a SHIP REVEALS ITSELF. A name's written on the hull-- MINERVA EXPRESS

Jayne looks around for signs of life. Finds none. She draws her gun and boards the--

EXT. MINERVA EXPRESS - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Rusty railings, algae on the sides, dirt all over. Looks like a ghost ship. Jayne walks onto the deck, scans it-- no sign of a crew or a drug deal going down.

She moves past the giant crane over her head and towards the cargo hold. The floor underneath her feet creaks no matter how careful her steps are. Calling attention.

Making her nervous. But Jayne's pot committed. Keeps going. Soon enough, she gets rewarded--

A NOISE, just around the corner - Jayne rounds it sees a couple of GUYS down at the cargo hold. But she can't make any of their features...

So Jayne goes for a better angle. Inches closer. Just as she's about to get an eyeful--

AN OWL FLIES ACROSS HER FACE. Coming from nowhere. Startling Jayne. She hastily steps into the shadows to avoid being seen and BUMPS into something - *or someone* - causing her to DROP HER GUN. Jayne turns around - *afraid* - to see--

AN IMPOSING FIGURE TOWERING OVER HER, WEARING A MASK OF THE GODDESS MINERVA. Jayne screams and, in a flash, Minerva's off--

Jayne picks up her gun and runs after her. Minerva makes a hard left into the inside of the ship. Jayne follows, but stops at the door frame. Sees--

STAIRS. Leading down into a PITCH DARK place. Jayne doesn't even have a her phone for a flashlight. She looks left, then right. Considering. *Fuck fuck fuck*. Grits her teeth, takes a breath, and bravely plunges ahead -

INT. MINERVA EXPRESS - VARIOUS FLIGHTS OF STAIRS GOING DOWN

Jayne doesn't see anything and neither do we. Just hear the SOUNDS of Jayne going further and further down. Finally-- LIGHT! Right ahead. Coming from a room. Jayne grips her gun tighter and moves towards it -

INT. MINERVA EXPRESS - ENGINE ROOM - LATER

Jayne enters the engine room. Seemingly empty. Takes a few steps forward. Towards the machinery. Then-- HEARS the door SLAMMING behind her. She turns around to see -

Minerva standing in front of the door. Like a statue. An owl perched on her shoulder. *The owl looks deeply into Jayne's eyes*. Just like in Jayne's DREAM. Jayne lowers her gun but fights it. Like she doesn't have control over her hand. Minerva takes a very mechanical step forward and delivers--

MINERVA

I know who you are Jayne Brubaker. Where you live. What you like to do. What you like to eat. I even know what you feel, when you feel it. I know everything because the Goddess Minerva sees all.

(MORE)

MINERVA (cont'd)
 Uncovers all truths. The only thing I
 need to know is-- are you ready?

JAYNE
 Ready for what?

MINERVA
 To let Minerva teach you. To liberate
 you. To give you the wisdom and the
 weapons with which to fight those who
 want to hold you back.

JAYNE
 I don't understand.

MINERVA
 You don't have to. You just have to
 stop repressing it. Neglecting it.
 It's already within you.

JAYNE
 What is?

MINERVA
 Welcome to the rest of your life,
 Jayne Brubaker.

MINERVA SUDDENLY APPEARS IN FRONT OF JAYNE AND PRESSES THE
 SIDE OF HER NECK. JAYNE PASSES OUT and we CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON Jayne, the first morning rays hitting her eyes.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
 Detective, wake up! Detective!

She's lying on a park bench, shivering and not even realizing
 it. Every gust of wind feels like a hundred paper cuts.
 Officer Elijah shakes Jayne as she frantically comes to.

ELIJAH
 You okay Detective?

Elijah helps her up, gently. Her head's killling her.

JAYNE
 What h-happened?

ELIJAH
 I was hoping you could tell me. We
 went to the pier as you requested, but
 couldn't find you or the ship.

JAYNE

What? W-where am I?

ELIJAH

At the park. I was walking my beat
and found you here. Everybody's going
crazy looking for you.

As Jayne tries to make sense of everything, we CUT TO:

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - BULLPEN - MORNING

CLOSE ON: a dollar being swallowed by a VENDING MACHINE. An OFFICER watches a soda move to the front and get STUCK against the glass.

OFFICER

Oh for fuck's sake.

He HITS the side of the machine. Once. Twice. Goes for a third, but *stops* at the sight of a disheveled Jayne stumbling in alongside Elijah. Dylan springs up from his desk--

DYLAN

Holy fuck Jayne, where've you been?

KEVIN (O.S.)

...Jayne? Jayne!

Kevin emerges from Checkers's office with a ruffled, 'no sleep' look. Wearing a button-down tucked into jeans. An uncommon combo for him. He runs to Jayne and hugs her tight.

KEVIN

Oh thank God. Are you okay?

JAYNE

I'm okay. Don't worry.

KEVIN

Of course I worry. You asked for back-up and then went M.I.A.

JAYNE

Didn't mean to scare you. My phone
just ran out of juice.

(noticing his clothes)

You look... *different*.

KEVIN

We had a date, *remember*? I pulled an all-nighter looking for you. Christ Jayne, this is serious. You--

Checkers, standing in the doorway of his office, stops it.

CHECKERS

That's enough. Let's take it in here.

(to the room)

What are you lookin' at? Back to work!

CHECKERS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin paces frantically behind Jayne, making a hole on the ground. Checkers grabs a Mello Yello from a NEW MINI-FRIDGE and leans on his desk.

KEVIN

...can't go dark on us like that. I mean, God, we even called the hospital!

CHECKERS

Kev, I bet Jayney could use a coffee right about now.

JAYNE

I'll pass on that lousy mud.

CHECKERS

Oh, you missed the morning excitement. I got the office an espresso machine to boost morale.

KEVIN

Coffee's a good idea. Be right back J.

As soon as Kevin leaves, Checkers' demeanor turns--

CHECKERS

Falling asleep on a park bench!? What the hell are you doing?

JAYNE

I'm onto something dad.

CHECKERS

You could've frozen to death for Chrissake!

JAYNE

Dad, listen - the drugs Duarte and Chad took were spiked. I think somebody killed them 'cause they were gonna solve paper jams.

CHECKERS

(incredulous) Jesus Jayne.

Checkers takes a beat. Looks away, then back at Jayne.

CHECKERS

When was the last time you dealt with dead bodies?

JAYNE

What? I don't--

CHECKERS

'Cause this is exactly what happens to a first-timer. They only see murder.

JAYNE

I'm working the case. Just like you taught me.

CHECKERS

I didn't teach you to go on wild goose chases.

JAYNE

(getting frustrated)

You're not listening to me.

CHECKERS

I've seen the CCTV footage. I've read the reports. I ask you again-- what the hell are you doing? Why isn't this thing closed?

JAYNE

You sound like Dylan. He wanted to shut it down as soon as we left Duarte's scene.

Checkers turns his back to Jayne, sits on his chair.

CHECKERS

Maybe I should've put him in charge.

JAYNE

I don't get it. Where's this attitude coming from? It's almost like -

Jayne stops. Her mind suddenly going. Clocks the mini-fridge and begins putting it all together. When the realization hits, it really hits. Hurts too. Jayne scoffs.

JAYNE

So how much money did Karl give you? Tell me in espresso machines. Or mini-fridges. Or cozy winter jackets.

Checkers nervously adjusts himself in the chair.

CHECKERS

Look Jayne, there's a lot you don't know about the responsibilities that come with my job. It's a small town and our people deserve good lives.

JAYNE

And Chad and Duarte, what do they deserve?

CHECKERS

A proper detective. Someone who knows how to handle the case and the politics around it.

Wow he actually said that.

JAYNE

Screw you dad, okay?

CHECKERS

Get off your high horse Jayne. Like it or not, there are thousands o' jobs on the line here. If Von Brandt leaves, our economy tanks. That's the cold, harsh reality. It's our job to protect our town.

Jayne scoffs. Thinks for a moment.

JAYNE

Okay, tell me this-- if you wanted to sweep it under the rug, why not use one of *your* guys? Why me?

CHECKERS

Because, Jayney, I want you to succeed me. This was the perfect test for you to show me you could...

There's silence. Then Checkers tries to soften things up.

CHECKERS

Look, just give it a beat. Maybe you're right, maybe there's something going on. But wait until after the centennial. What's the rush?

JAYNE

What's the rush? Two people are dead and you're asking me 'what's the rush'?

CHECKERS

I don't understand why you're so consumed by this when you should be thinking about what really matters.

JAYNE

Oh yeah, and what's that?

Looking at the PHOTO of him hugging a refined-looking WOMAN -

CHECKERS

Starting a family.

JAYNE

I told you to stay out of it.

CHECKERS

Don't be difficult Jayney. You know it's what mom would've wanted.

Jayne SHOOTS UP. Now she's *fucking* angry.

JAYNE

Don't you dare hide behind mom! You never cared about what she wanted when she was around, so don't go on pretending now.

She heads towards the exit--

JAYNE

And you know what else - she'd be ashamed if she knew what you did.

--and SLAMS the door behind her.

BULLPEN

Jayne paces in Kevin's direction, who stands by the coffee table with a smile that is all teeth, holding an espresso.

KEVIN

Here's the espresso babe.

Walking right past him -

JAYNE

Keep it Kev. I'm wide awake now.

Jayne speeds by Dylan's desk and gives him a tap -

JAYNE

C'mon Dylan, gonna need your car.

Dylan pops up and follows. As they rush out, they pass THREE OFFICERS rocking the vending machine. The soda still stuck on the glass. The Officers keep rocking it, but lose control--

The machine CRASHES on the floor, making a THUNDEROUS NOISE. The room goes silent, EVERYONE staring at the mess...

OFFICER

Well, fuck.

EXT./INT. OUTSKIRTS OF FAIRPORT/DYLAN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Bumper-to-bumper. Not on the carpool lane though, where the Jayne peels rubber. She white-knuckles the steering wheel. There's a drive behind her eyes we haven't seen before.

DYLAN

Got word from the lab guys. Every print at the paper jam department is accounted for.

Jayne mouths a 'figures'.

DYLAN

Also got Walter's report on Chad. Wanna guess what he found?

JAYNE

Shrooms and uppers. Just like Duarte.

DYLAN

Yep. Chad had upwards of 300mg of Benzedrine in his blood.

JAYNE

What's the normal dosage?

DYLAN

12 point 5.

JAYNE

Jesus! We're talking about engineers and physicists here. If there's one thing they get is numbers, ratios...

EXT. FAIRPORT PIER - LATER

The Focus is parked where Jayne left it last night. Where the Minerva Express ought to be. EXCEPT IT'S GONE. Jayne paces back and forth, talking to herself, mind in a thousand different places... She pops a couple of pills as Dylan walks over with a DOCK WORKER holding a clip folder.

DYLAN

Go on, tell her what you told me.

DOCK WORKER

I triple-checked the system ma'am,
and there's no record of a Minerva
Express ever docking at this port.

Incredulous, Jayne gestures for the folder--

JAYNE

Lemme see that.

--gets it. Skims the paperwork. Doesn't find the ship.

JAYNE

Any chance this particular
ship wasn't logged?

DYLAN

Maybe someone got a C-note
to look the other way?

DOCK WORKER

We've been averaging 900,000 containers
a month for 17 months. This is peak
performance. And we're still jammed. So
you ask me-- can a ship dock one night
and disappear before dawn without
leaving a trace? Sure, but it's gonna
take a hell lot more than a C-note.

She hands back the clip folder. Dylan throws the Dock Worker
a thanks and he leaves.

JAYNE

It doesn't make sense. It was right
there. I saw it. I was in it.

DYLAN

You sure the ship was called Minerva?

JAYNE

Yes I'm *goddamn* sure!

Dylan takes this one. Jayne regrets it immediately.

JAYNE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I just--

DYLAN

Hey you tell me that's what you saw,
I fuckin' believe you.

Jayne nods empathetically, her way of saying thanks.

JAYNE

Is there any way we can find out who might have doctored the records?

DYLAN

Good fuckin' luck. You're talking about poking the belly o'the beast.

JAYNE

What do you mean?

DYLAN

You didn't read the news? Jersey's shutting down their waterfront task force 'cause they can't do shit while the mob's in charge.

JAYNE

Okay, then we go small. Back to basics.

DYLAN

How?

JAYNE

We turn The King's world upside down.

INT. POST OFFICE SERVICE CENTER - LATER

Quiet except for the whirring of ceiling fans. Jayne and Dylan wait impatiently at the counter. Finally, a rheumatic CLERK approaches with a FOLDER. Opens it and points to a picture of Elvis. Or, in this case--

CLERK

Francisco Sandoval. Goes by 'Chico' 'round here. Worked for us for 20 plus years. No complaints, always showed up on time, never missed a day's work... 'till last Wednesday, when he stopped coming in altogether. Two days later, we got a resignation letter.

JAYNE

You still have it?

The Clerk grabs it from the folder. Hands it. Jayne notices two things right away - how the paper is more *ivory* than *white*, and how the edges are smoother but irregular.

JAYNE

(to Dylan)

Does the paper remind you of anything?

DYLAN
 (touching it)
 Yeah. This is the type o'shit we saw
 at the hemp factory.

JAYNE
 (to Clerk)
 Did Chico ever talked about quitting?

CLERK
 The man was on a steady Elvis diet.
 That's all he ever talked about.

JAYNE
 Any friends that stood out?

CLERK
 Few people came 'round. Sorta... *hippie*
looking. But I don't know any names.

JAYNE
 (points to folder)
 That his last known address?

CLERK
 Yes ma'am. Golden Hour trailer park.

Jayne knocks twice on the counter. Steps away, but remembers -

JAYNE
 Oh, while we're here... We've gotten a
 few complaints from a Mrs. Roberts.
 Dylan, what's the full name--

DYLAN
 Who are you talking about?

JAYNE
 The lady with the missing coupons.

DYLAN
 Ugh that fuckin' ol' hag! Lemme check.

Dylan scans through the NOTES APP on his phone.

DYLAN
 Here we go-- Mrs. Roberta Roberts.

JAYNE
 Seriously? You had to look that up?
 (Dylan shrugs; to the clerk--)
 Would you be able to tell us who's on
 Mrs. Roberta Roberts' mail route?

CLERK
Sure thing. All I need is an address.

DYLAN
(checking his notes)
100 Maple Avenue.

The Clerk inputs the data in the computer.

CLERK
I'll be damned... that's Chico's route!

Jayne and Dylan share a quizzical look. To the Clerk--

JAYNE
You mind printing that for me?

The Clerk does as he's told, and almost immediately the printer starts COUGHING. Tries to work through it - to push - but the paper GETS STUCK. *Dylan and Jayne can't believe it.*

The Clerk HITS the side of the machine twice in quick succession, and the printer resumes the paper route.

CLERK
There we go. Sometimes a little push
is all that's needed.

EXT./INT. OUTSKIRTS OF FAIRPORT/JAYNE'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Jayne gooses the gas while Dylan's googling on his phone.

DYLAN
*Minerva's the Roman goddess of wisdom,
medicine, poetry... blah blah... she
was influenced by the goddess Athena...
then there's a ton of weird mythology
crap... okay this is interesting-- she
eventually became the Goddess of War.*

JAYNE
So she's just like Athena.

DYLAN
Says here Minerva fought only on behalf
of just causes and civic betterment.

JAYNE
Huh. What else?

DYLAN
*Let's see... Minerva's often depicted
with an owl - her sacred creature.*
(MORE)

DYLAN (cont'd)
(turns to Jayne)
Why am I looking this up?

JAYNE
I think I had a vision about Minerva.

DYLAN
A vision!?

JAYNE
Maybe it was a dream. Or an apparition.
I'm not sure. But it was telling me
something. Something about this case.

DYLAN
Jayne, seriously, should I be worried?

Jayne regrets bringing it up.

JAYNE
Forget it.

DYLAN
You're having fucking visions, I
can't forget it. What did Kevin and
Checkers say about this?
(Jayne hesitates)
You didn't tell them??

JAYNE
It's... *complicated*.

DYLAN
Talk to me. I can do complicated. I
have fuckin' layers.

Jayne considers. Figures it's worth it -

JAYNE
I love Kevin. At least in the way I
understand love. He's my first and
last - all I've ever had.
(Dylan makes a face)
So I know what he's gonna say. And
how he's gonna say it. And *what* he'll
want me to do. I just can't take that
suffocating 'good guy' act right now.
I know that sounds terrible.

DYLAN
What sounds terrible is going through
life without getting drilled by anyone
but... *Kevin*.

JAYNE

Still my husband you're talking about.

DYLAN

Sorry. Continue -

JAYNE

Checkers' the same, in a way. I don't wanna be judged by two people who are content with their status quo. I just--

DYLAN

Wanna see where it goes. You wanna do this yourself and see what comes out of it. Without any manipulating forces.

JAYNE

...yeah, actually, that's exactly it.

DYLAN

See - what did I tell ya? Fuckin' layers over here.

(laughs; then--)

Listen Jayne, I'm here for you. Okay? Whatever you need.

The Focus pulls up in front of a cookie-cutter house in one of those Stepford Wives-looking neighborhoods.

JAYNE

Thanks Dylan, that makes what I'm about to ask you all the more awkward...

Jayne hands Dylan Elvis's mail route -

DYLAN

Oh no, don't fuckin' do this to me.

JAYNE

Sorry, but I need to know if Elvis stole anything else. Letters, leaflets, pamphlets, that sort o'stuff.

He exits the car, but not before--

DYLAN

You really know how to stiff a guy. And not in the way I like it.

Slams the door. Jayne can't help but grin.

EXT. TRAILER PARK/ELVIS'S TRAILER - LATER

Jayne pulls up to a trailer sitting at the stoop of a forest. It has solar panels, a high-efficiency heat pump, and an energy generator. And the roof's designed for rainwater harvesting.

Jayne instinctively grabs the police radio MIC--

JAYNE

Come in Dispatch. This is Detective Brubaker.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Go ahead Detective.

Jayne has a FLASH of Checkers saying, *"what the hell are you doing? Why isn't this thing closed?"*

JAYNE

Never mind, Dispatch.

Jayne gets out of the car, casting an eyeball to the area. It's quiet, except for the whistling of the chilling wind. Jayne tightens the lapels of her jacket and moves to the trailer.

Takes a peak through a window-- can't see shit. Goes for the door-- it swings open. Unlocked. Jayne observes what she can without entering. Then--

JAYNE

Mr. Sandoval, if you're in there - I have reasonable grounds to believe there are drugs in your home. I'm coming in --

INT. ELVIS'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The space is pristine. As if Mr. Clean himself scrubbed it. We note all the eco-sustainable features: bamboo flooring, Energy Star appliances, LED lighting... And then there's all things Elvis Presley-- signed posters, records, a life-sized cardboard, the like...

Jayne tosses the room. Opens drawers, looks through shelves and cabinets. No sign of drugs or anything suspicious. But something catches her eye--

A PILE OF BOOKS. Jane goes through them. Most are about climate change. Then comes Labatut's "WHEN WE CEASE TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD". Jayne browses it - it's marked all over, but nothing stands out. After that, Bukowski's "POST OFFICE". Well worn. Like it's been read many times.

Jayne flips through it and stops on a page marked with a BUSINESS CARD. A passage is underlined. Which Jayne reads--

JAYNE

"Let' em learn or let' em die."

Jayne puts down the copy, then takes a good look at the name on the card. A ghost of a smile appears on her face--

JAYNE

A C-level documentarian and a Grade-A nuisance.

INSERT CARD:

Artistic Films, LLC
Art Peterson -- C.E.O. & Film Director

Then Jayne HEARS-- a branch CRACKING. Just outside.

EXT. ELVIS'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

A gun emerges -- then Jayne, holding it. Another CRACKING sound, forcing Jayne's eyesight--

TO MINERVA. 100 feet away. At the foot of the forest.

JAYNE

Hey! Stop right there!

Minerva tilts her head. Turns around and STARTS RUNNING! Jayne mutters a 'goddammit' and chases her into the--

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jayne chases after Minerva's shadow. SNAPPING of branches telling her where to go. Leading Jayne deep into the forest.

When the SNAPPING stops, so does Jayne. She scans the surroundings... Doesn't see Minerva, but notices - no birds, no squirrels, no signs of animal life whatsoever. It's completely silent. Peaceful even. Until--

OWLS START HOOTING! Jayne doesn't see them. Just hears their--

LOUD. OVERWHELMING. CALLS.

Jayne falls to her knees and covers her ears. The acute noise is excruciating. *Rupturing her eardrums*. Jayne rolls on the ground, fighting to endure the agony, which keeps growing... and growing... until--

It stops - as quickly as it began. Jayne slowly lets go of her hands on her ears. Rolls on her back and stares at the sky. The adrenaline still swirling around the base of her skull.

She takes in the silence. Realizing how *orgasmic* it feels, Jayne starts laughing...

EXT. TRAILER PARK/ELVIS'S TRAILER - MINUTES LATER

Jayne's phone buzzes as she walks up to the Focus. It's Checkers-- sends it to voicemail. As she enters the car, she sends Dylan a voice note--

JAYNE
Meet me at Von Brandt. ASAP.

INT. BUILDING 100 CORRIDOR - LATER

Jayne powers down the bustling and labyrinthine corridor.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Jayne! Wait up.

She turns to find Dylan running towards her, but keeps on walking. Dylan runs faster, eventually catches up--

JAYNE
What do you got?

DYLAN
Surprise surprise - most people don't give a flying fuck about coupons.

JAYNE
And--

DYLAN
When I pressed those massholes, they tol' me they've been getting a lot less spam lately. Also, 6 months ago recycling bins started showing up.

JAYNE
So?

DYLAN
They're not city sponsored, I checked. Someone put 'em there and has been collecting 'em every week.

They arrive at the Paper Jam Department to the sound of an ARGUMENT. Jayne opens the door just enough to peek inside--

WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES - Madigan, Christian, and Karl arguing.

CHRISTIAN

Let's get down to brass tacks-- what do you have to show for 10 years o'work?

MADIGAN

Our department isn't just about jams. We're making printers better. Faster. Jamming less. We've made this company millions of dollars.

CHRISTIAN

And how does that compare to how much you've spent? Don't answer that, I have the numbers right here--

Christian reaches for his back pocket and grabs a sheet.

MADIGAN

Karl, what is this? We're closer than ever before. Duarte got there. We just need to fill in the gaps.

CHRISTIAN

If that soccer-lovin' dago really solved this thing, where are his papers, his calculations, his *motherfuckin'* research!?

KARL

Christian's right on this one. You've had time, money, and resources.

MADIGAN

I made you a promise and I will deliver. I just need time.

KARL

You have two days. Don't disappoint me.

Karl walks away and Christian follows, but not before--

CHRISTIAN

You're such a fucking loser Maddie.

Dylan's fuming at this. Hates this fucking guy. Jayne moves him back with her arm so that Karl and Christian speed out without noticing them.

PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT

Jayne and Dylan walk in to find Madigan CRYING at her desk.

JAYNE

Can we have a moment Mrs. McCormick?

Madigan stumbles to hide her tears.

MADIGAN

Of course, what can I do for you?

JAYNE

Art Peterson. Where we can find him?

MADIGAN

I think he's staying at the Caribe.

DYLAN

That shitty motel with the flamingo wallpaper?

MADIGAN

Maybe. I've never been. Just heard the name once or twice.

JAYNE

We'll check it out. Anything else you wanna tell us?

(Madigan's confused)

We overheard your conversation with Karl and Christian just now.

MADIGAN

Then you know all there is to know. Either my department pulls a rabbit out of a hat, or we'll all be cashing unemployment checks come next week.

JAYNE

Are you sure this isn't just an intimidation tactic?

MADIGAN

No. Company's stuck in a growth trap.

DYLAN

Growth trap??

MADIGAN

It means we're sinking more and more investment with no return. The board doesn't like no man's land.

JAYNE

So Karl's days are numbered... unless he delivers something that pumps the stock. Which is where you come in.

Madigan nods in agreement.

DYLAN

Seems like Christian would benefit the most, right? Ol' man out, new man in, same family name to keep the legacy goin'...

MADIGAN

No. If Karl goes, Christian goes. The board will want a clean slate. Plus, Christian loves his father, he'd never do anything to betray him.

DYLAN

Hah! The day that fucker's capable of love is the day I fit a hammer up my ass.

Jayne gives him a look.

MADIGAN

I know how you feel. Hell, I don't have any reason to defend him. But truth is he's all bark, no bite.

JAYNE

Thanks for your time Mrs. McCormick.

She nods. As they walk out, Jayne turns to Dylan--

JAYNE

Flamingo wallpaper, *huh?*

INT. CARIBE MOTEL - ART'S ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON: Bright, vibrant pink flamingo wallpaper -

Giving the place a pop of life to curb the sleaze. Art sits at a desk, chain smoking thin cigarettes while editing Von Brandt footage on his laptop. He ignores the first couple of KNOCKS. But when they intensify -

ART

I'm comin'. Don't go gettin' your panties in a twist.

Art opens the door. Jayne and Dylan don't wait for permission to walk in.

ART

Well, a big hello and welcome to you too Officers.

DYLAN

It's Detective and Deputy, my man.

ART

Call me Art. What can I do ya for?

JAYNE

Chico Sandoval aka Chilean Elvis.
What can you tell us about him?

Art grins, drags on his cigarette.

ART

Tell you what *Detective*-- you go on camera *right here right now* and I'll sing like a canary in a coal mine.

DYLAN

Look at this chucklehead thinkin' he's wicked fuckin' smart.

ART

Oh c'mon, I've smelled the smoke and seen the fire.

Jayne shows him the card she found at Elvis's trailer.

JAYNE

Your card was found on the trailer of a murder suspect, Mr. Peterson. This isn't a tit-for-tat type of situation.

DYLAN

It's more like, 'you either talk here or we slap some fuckin' cuffs on you'.

Dylan takes a couple of steps towards Art, looming over him. Enough to intimidate.

ART

Okay jeez. All I wan'ed were a few words from forward-thinkin' fellas such as yourselves to make my doc more estimable. But if you insist on breaking my heart, I'll tell you what I know.

DYLAN

My God, blow it out your ass!

ART

I gave my card to hundreds of people on campus. Anyone who could tell me anything. He was one of them.

JAYNE

What did you expect from the mailman exactly?

ART

When it comes to docs, you don't look for the story, *the story finds you*. Plus, I saw him with Duarte and Chad more than once. Think they were pals.

DYLAN

Pals how?

ART

Buddies, chums, amigos.

DYLAN

Okay, they were friends. What else?

ART

Nothing. I told you - if he had my card, it's 'cause I gave it to him. Fade out, end o'story.

EXT./INT. FAIRPORT STREETS/JAYNE'S CAR - HOURS LATER/DUSK

Jayne's Focus is tailing Art's rental car. Keeps it at a distance, but never loses sight of it.

DYLAN

You really think he's hiding something?

JAYNE

Maybe the story wasn't finding him and he went looking for one.

DYLAN

What do you mean?

JAYNE

'bout a decade ago, Art went to rural West Virginia to shoot a doc about a coal miners' strike. Couple of weeks later, two shift supervisors showed up dead. Apparent suicides, but the Detective on the case was never convinced. Lab reports said they OD'd on sleeping pills, except these guys never had a sleepless night in their entire lives. Point is, Art got the whole thing on film and the doc became a huge sensation.

(MORE)

JAYNE (cont'd)

Was even nominated for an Oscar. But that was 10 years ago. Art hasn't been relevant since.

DYLAN

You're taking the piss, right? Or are you actually saying an ol' timey lil' fuck 86ed two prominent scientists for the sake of a fuckin' documentary??

Art pulls up in front of a building under construction. Sealed off with privacy screens. Jayne parks on the other side of the street.

JAYNE

It's the best we've got.

Art emerges from his car and looks around before going in. *As if making sure he's not being followed...*

INT. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne and Dylan walk into a dusty construction zone with half-built support beams and the foundations showing. They scan the place. Don't see Art. Just two separate flight of stairs-- one goes up, the other goes down.

DYLAN

Where to?

STAIRWAY/ABANDONED DANCE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne and Dylan walk down and land at the foot of a wide space yet to get a face-lift from the engineers. Ahead, a plastic TARP separating them from the rest of the area.

A COMMOTION arises on the other side. Jayne and Dylan approach deliberately. Part the tarp and SEE --

An abandoned DANCE STUDIO where a MEETING is taking place. Present is not only ART PETERSON, but also MEMBERS of the community, FAIRPORT P.D. OFFICERS (the same that were at Sidetracks earlier) and MADIGAN!

MEMBER #1

Why wasn't this put up to a vote? You can't just make decisions like this.

MEMBER #2

Especially when the person in question is making a movie about our town.

MEMBER #3

This is our safe space. We work hard to protect it.

As the protests continue, Dylan nudges Jayne. Directs her attention to a MAN with his back to us, connecting a SPEAKER STAND to an outlet - It's a Man Jayne instinctively recognizes. When he turns around, all doubt vanishes--

Chief Matthew Brubaker - Checkers - Her goddamn father!

A hundred questions swivel around in Jayne's head. Including the one Dylan mutters to himself, "*what the fuck's going on?*"

BACK TO Madigan, trying to cool things off. She squeezes Art's shoulder and--

MADIGAN

Clappers, please... Art needs our help. And isn't that what we do-- help those who are lost find their flow? He promised we won't be in the movie.

MEMBER #1

And you believe him?

MADIGAN

I had my doubts at first, I admit that. But in time, I saw the truth.

CHECKERS

I want to hear from the horse's mouth.

The others agree. Art looks at Madigan, who gives him a 'go ahead'. He clears his throat and opens his heart--

ART

Well fellas, I haven't been feelin' quite like myself lately. Maybe longer than lately. I held on to one success - made it my identity - and it's been nothing but chasin' dragons ever since. What I need, I don't know. But I feel stuck, like everything in my life stopped making sense. And not like in that great Talking Heads way. I'm talkin' the river keeps on flowing downstream and I'm the rock in the middle, watching it go by...

CLOSE ON JAYNE: processing Art's words, assimilating them. Perhaps even identifying with them.

MADIGAN

I think that's a good start. Don't you think Clappers?

The Members grumble and resign themselves to Art's inclusion.

MADIGAN

Fabulous. Art, I want to give you a warm welcome to THE HAND CLAP SOCIETY.

(a round of applause)

Hands hitting each other releases energy, and if done purposefully and in ritualistic form, it helps us get rid of our spiritual load so that we can flow through space as we're supposed to. We begin every meeting by honoring our founding members - Duarte and Chad - with our anthem, The Hand Clapping Song. Art, I know it's your first time, but try to follow along.

All the Members get into a straight line and stand stiff as boards. Like statues at the line of the 100-metre dash. Checkers too. For the first time since we've met him, he's not in a position of absolute control.

Jayne and Dylan are baffled, trying to make sense of whatever the hell's happening...

Madigan places her phone on the speaker stand and hits play--

Joins the others as the propulsive opening of The Meters' HAND CLAPPING SONG takes over the echo-y space.

Jayne and Dylan watch in profound disbelief as a dozen bodies start moving in unison, clapping to the beat of the song.

Then an energy starts to be formed, the choreographed DANCE ROUTINE beginning to look impressive. They've obviously done it many times before.

Slowly, Jayne and Dylan get lost in what emerges as--

beautiful -- hypnotic -- haunting

They see these people completely lost in their movements, in their precise claps. Every single member glows with the freedom of being fully present, absorbed in the moment.. Jayne's mesmerized. Takes in Madigan and we go to--

SLO-MO, as Madigan's hair flows in space... her skin glows... her claps emanate a visible vibration...

WE ZOOM INTO JAYNE'S EYES, deep but adrift, searching... When WE ZOOM OUT, we're in--

INT. SIDETRACKS PUB - LATER/NIGHT

Jayne drains a whiskey. Not her first. She motions to Kevin--

JAYNE

One more ticket on the single malt merry-go-round.

KEVIN

Are you sure babe? What about your medication?

JAYNE

Hit me Kev.

Kevin's reluctant. Jayne rolls her eyes.

JAYNE

Fine, forget it.

A customer hits Kevin with a drink order. As soon as he moves to the other side of the bar, Jayne reaches over the counter and snags the bottle. Pours herself a couple of fingers and tosses them down her throat. A beat later, Dylan swings by and parks his caboose on the stool next to her.

JAYNE

Great timing Deputy.

She grabs him a glass and pours him a healthy round.

DYLAN

Now that's what I call fuckin' service. How you holdin' up?

Jayne gives him a worn-out downcast look that says it all.

DYLAN

Yeah. I tell ya, you look behind the face this town puts up and you find nothin' but zits full o'puss.

JAYNE

Am I drunk or are your metaphors getting worse?

DYLAN

Hey, no need to insult!

JAYNE

Sorry. I'm just--

(stops; scoffs)

We're going by the book. Following leads - talking to people - doing the legwork. Like we're supposed to. And still, here we are, chasing our tails.

DYLAN

As the woman said-- *The possession of knowledge doesn't kill the mystery.*

JAYNE

But solving the mystery is the job.

(stops; considers)

I dunno, maybe you're onto something wanting a career in bomb disposal.

DYLAN

Told ya, there's comfort in knowing what to expect...

Jayne says nothing. Just stares blankly. Ruminating. Dylan stares at her with empathy. Then drinks his drink and gets up.

DYLAN

Tell you what-- I'm gonna work my magic. For you Jayne, 'cause I don't like seeing you this way.

JAYNE

What do you mean 'magic'?

But Dylan's gone. A beat later, a call comes in-- Checkers again. And again, Jayne sends it to voicemail. Then she takes her gaze to the empty glass and figures she'll fill it up...

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - JAYNE'S DESK - NEXT MORNING

Jayne's nursing a hangover the size of The Garden, trying to go over Duarte and Chad's death scenes-- looks through photos and crime scene diagrams, spectral analysis sheets and evidence lists. But there's nothing there...

Frustrated, she pushes it all to the side and opens a drawer. Grabs brush markers and a brand new coloring book. The name on the cover-- "COLOR ME INTRIGUED". Jayne cracks it open and flips it to the first page. Starts coloring.

We PUSH IN on Jayne, slowly, as she tries to focus. But the SOUNDS OF THE PRECINCT nag at her--

The RINGS and the BUZZES and the GIGGLES and the WHISPERS and the WHOOSHES and the CLICKS and the SWISHES and--

Fuck! Jayne colors outside the lines. It's just a single red trace. Almost imperceptible. Not to Jayne, who looks like she's going to short-circuit at any moment--

She fumbles around for an eraser. Opens drawers, moves papers around, looks beneath the desk. Nothing. To the room--

JAYNE
Who has an eraser?

Nobody's paying attention. Jayne insists.

JAYNE
Anyone!?
(still nothing)
HEY! WHO'S GOT A FUCKING ERASER!?

Everything and everyone goes silent. All eyes on her.

ELIJAH
I have one 'round here somewhere.

Elijah finds it. Tosses it across the room. Jayne gets going on that red line as the office goes back to its busy self.

Jayne scrubs and scrubs, but only makes things worse. A tiny blemish is now a big smudge. Jayne insists. Scrubs harder... and harder... and--

RIPS THE PAPER. Taking Jayne to a heightened state--

Suddenly, she can't seem to breathe. SHOOTS UP, gasping for air. Heart's POUNDING. Legs TREMBLING. Vision's BLURRY.

Jayne anxiously looks for something in the pockets of her coat. Doesn't find it. Turns around the desk drawers, finds a pill bottle. Looks at the description-- *that ain't it*. Fuck. Jayne's not feeling well. And nobody seems to give a shit.

Except for Dylan, who's walking in with paperwork and sees Jayne spiraling. Rushes over--

DYLAN
Hey hey what's going on?

JAYNE
I-I-I ca-can't b-b-breathe.

Dylan gives her a once over. Recognizes the symptoms.

DYLAN
You're fine. It's just a panic attack.

JAYNE
H-how do-do you know?

DYLAN
I know. Here, let's have a sit.

Dylan helps her to a chair. Then scans the room-- finds a paper bag under a half-eaten doughnut on a nearby desk.

DYLAN
Take this. Breathe in 'n' out.

She does. Dylan continues encouraging her and soon enough Jayne's intensity starts going down...

DYLAN
Fuckin' A Jayne. You need a vacation.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Rain bucketing down outside. Jayne and Dylan sit in silence by a foggy window. Sipping on warm drinks. Jayne's still jittery. Doesn't help that Dylan keeps staring.

JAYNE
Can you stop looking at me like that?

DYLAN
Like what?

JAYNE
Like I'm a patient at an asylum about to lose it.

DYLAN
So you're okay?

JAYNE
I'm okay.

Dylan lights up. Leans forward, all excited--

DYLAN
Great, 'cause I wanna tell you about Link Jeffers. He's--

JAYNE
Look, I appreciate the help and all, but I'm not in the mood for another one of your neighborhood stories.

DYLAN
It's not. Just listen. Link's a fucker from Philly who goes cuckoo-for-cocoa-puffs when he finds out his side piece is porkin' the meat cutter.

DYLAN CONTINUES IN VOICE-OVER AS WE CUT TO A DISTORTED SHOT OF LINK USING A CLEAVER--

So the fuckin' psycho slashes 'em to death with a cleaver.

(MORE)

DYLAN (cont'd)

Thinks it's poetic. Gets caught and is
thrown in the slammer -

CUT TO LINK, cozying it up in a jail cell.

But as fate would have it, this is New
York in 2008, circa real estate crisis.

INSERT ARCHIVE FOOTAGE of The Economic Collapse of 2008:
Indexes plummeting - People losing their homes - Firings -
Obama giving speeches - Wall Street bail outs - Protests...

Meaning, the economy's in the shitter
and the courts are more backed up than
my dad after Christmas dinner. A ton
o'cases slip between the cracks, others
hit their expo dates. Link's one of'em.

CLOSE ON A PROSECUTOR's eyes GOING WIDE as he reads through
Link's case.

When the deadline to charge him comes
around, the prosecutor almost shits
himself thinkin' a guy like Link is
about to go free.

WIDE ON the Prosecutor slaving away at the computer, a look
of urgency stamped on his face.

So he rushes to put something together,
the bare minimum to take to a judge. At
the eleventh hour, the fucker actually
gets it done. All he has to do now is
print the paperwork. But guess what--

The Prosecutor HITS 'CTRL+P' and the paper gets swallowed by
the printer. Goes through the motions but--

The fuckin' paper jams. He tries again
and again, but no go. A jam every time.

QUICK CUTS of the Prosecutor losing his mind: Pulling the
jammed paper - Hitting the printer - Rinse/Repeat

When he finally gets the fuckin'
machine to work, it's too late--

WIDE of Link walking down the COURT STEPS.

Link's case expires and the court has
no choice but to let him go... But
here's the kicker--

CUT TO Link STORMING into a 7/11 with a GUN, all wiry.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Two days later, Link bursts into a 7/11 with a .32 all coked up.

Points the gun at the CASHIER, who's scared to death.

Starts some shit with the cashier, who pisses himself inside of 5 seconds.

On the aisle with all the candy, there's a MIDDLE AGED GUY with soft features and empathetic eyes.

In the back o'the store, though, there's a guy buyin' chocolate. Nice guy. Wants to surprise the wife on his way home. Sees the scene and tries to help, to calm Link down...

The GUY approaches Link, tries to reason with him.

But Link's not having it.

Link draws his .32 and FIRES TWO SHOTS.

Hits him with a couple o'slugs to the chest. Just like that. The guy's dead before he hits the ground. And Link?

CLOSE ON the Guy's dead eyes as, in the background, Link runs out of the store.

He gets picked up by The Boys not even two minutes later.

BACK TO COFFEE SHOP

JAYNE

Okay, amusing story. And...?

DYLAN

The guy that took the slugs to the chest... that was Madigan's husband.

(Jayne's eyes go wide)

Without him there's no paper jam department. And no paper jam department means no Duarte, no Chad, no Elvis, no drugs, no Art, no Hand Clap society...

Jayne works hard to take it all in. Then--

JAYNE

It was fado... what happened had to happen.

INT. JAYNE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/BATHROOM - MIDDAY

Jayne walks in all jittery. Restless. Like she's bothered by an itch she can't scratch. Heads into the bathroom and goes straight for the medicine cabinet. Grabs the anxiety medication and shoves two little helpers down her throat.

Takes a breather. Stares at her reflection in the mirror until she looks more in command of herself. Doesn't manage it. Figures a bath might do it. Pops open the faucet in the tub.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Jayne? Is that you?

Kevin comes in and gets his answer.

KEVIN
What are you doing home?

JAYNE
Needed a break. Wasn't feeling too hot.

KEVIN
Told you it was a bad idea to drink that much.

JAYNE
(w/ attitude)
...yeah Kev, you did.

There's an awkward pause. Jayne doesn't know what to say and Kevin wants to say too much. Finds a way to boil it down -

KEVIN
I'm worried about you J. You've been so anxious lately - so distant - and I don't know what's going on. I just know that I barely see you. And when I do, we don't talk, we don't hang out, we don't fuck...

JAYNE
Been busy with this Von Brandt case.

KEVIN
And before?? This isn't new. I've given you space to figure it out, but I'm losing patience here.

Jayne considers. Sits on the edge of the tub. Plays with her hands.

JAYNE
Do you ever feel stuck?

KEVIN

What do you mean?

JAYNE

Stuck. Like you can't breathe. Like you're supposed to move forward but you keep finding yourself in the same place.

KEVIN

The deeper the roots, the higher a tree grows.

JAYNE

I'm not a *goddamn* tree.

KEVIN

Look around you - this is our home. We've grown together here. It doesn't make me feel stuck, it makes me feel like I'm a part of something.

JAYNE

And you never question if there's something else you should be doing?

KEVIN

Why should I? I have you, I have this house, I have the--

JAYNE

--bar, yeah I get it Kev.

KEVIN

Maybe you just need something else to love. Or someone...

JAYNE

Jesus, you think I'll pop a baby and all of a sudden I'll be happy?

KEVIN

Then what would make you happy?

JAYNE

Not that. Have you even asked yourself why you want children?

KEVIN

I feel the calling, I'm ready.

JAYNE

The other day you came home at 5am. *Drunk*. And it wasn't the first time.

KEVIN

I'll be more responsible.

JAYNE

Okay. And who's gonna look after a kid when we're both at work?

KEVIN

Well, I thought that--

JAYNE

What? I'd quit my job?

KEVIN

I was gonna say I'd sell the bar and stay home for a little while. And maybe in time you'd lighten the work load so we could be a family.

Well, shit! This is not where Jayne thought this was going. Luckily for her, the tub starts OVERFLOWING, which forces her to take care of that instead.

JAYNE

Can we continue this another time?
I'm exhausted.

It's not what Kevin wants, but--

KEVIN

...yeah, sure.

Kevin leaves, brooding. Jayne moves to the door and closes it. Then lets her body crumble to the floor. Soon enough, *tears start streaming down her cheeks...*

LATER

Jayne soaks in the tub, reading the "FLOW" book to herself.

JAYNE

Flow is being completely involved in an activity for its own sake. The ego falls away. Time flies. Every action, movement, and thought the previous one. Your whole being is involved.

Jayne sits with it. But her mind's going. And with it come a few voices--

OFELIA (V.O.)

Fado. Destiny. What happens needs to happen.

CHAD (V.O.)

See my guy. He'll put you on the right track.

INT./EXT. JAYNE'S CAR/ROY'S HOUSE - LATER

Jayne's in her Focus in front of a shingle shack dump in the middle of nowhere. Staring at the 'Roy the Shaman' card.

JAYNE

Okay Chad, let's do it your way.

Jayne gets out of the car. Walks the front steps, RINGS the BELL. Soon enough, **ROY, THE SHAMAN** (40s) opens it. He's lounging around in a PINK SATIN KIMONO, his hair spiked up in a state of permanently post course bed-head.

ROY

Come on in Jayne Brubaker. It's almost ready.

Jayne's taken aback. But before she can ask what's ready and how he knows her name, Roy disappears into the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM

Hank Williams' LOST HIGHWAY plays on a gramophone. Jayne sits on dusty, green velvet couch and takes in the space around her-- it's so full that you can barely make anything. Our guy's a hoarder. Roy comes back with a TRAY COVERED BY A RAG.

ROY

Do you like Hank Williams, Jayne?

JAYNE

I'm Christian and I go to church.

ROY

Damn shame about the alcohol 'n' the pills. You ever think what music would be like if he stuck around a lil' while longer?

JAYNE

Not really Mr. Roy.

ROY

Lose the Mr.

JAYNE

Okay Roy. I'm here 'cause Chad Wheeler gave me your card.

ROY

Don't worry about a thing Jayne. You'll find what you're looking for. I've seen it.

Roy's incredibly calm. Peace is the currency he has to offer.

JAYNE
What have you seen?

ROY
Patience.

Roy pulls the rag covering the tray to reveal a WHITE POWDER AND A GLASS PIPE. Jayne cackles. Kinda shocked.

JAYNE
You want me to smoke crack? If you've *seen it*, you know I can arrest you right now.

ROY
Chad was right, you really need this. Here's what I'm gonna do for you. I'm gonna break it down. The whole ritual.

JAYNE
Ritual!?

ROY
I'm a Shaman, Jayne. You knew that when you made the decision to come here.

JAYNE
You're right, this one's on me.
(gets up)
Thanks for your time, but--

ROY
You wanna wanna restore the flow or not?

Jayne stops in her tracks -

JAYNE
What do you know about that?

ROY
I know you've been doing things a certain way for a long time and that they aren't working. If they were, you wouldn't be here. So have faith in what your gut's telling you.

Jayne absorbs it. Accepts it. Sits back down.

ROY
Now, have you ever heard of Toad Licking? It's a delicate process.
(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)

You start by holding a toad with a gloved hand and strike its skin with a stir rod until the venom is rubbed out. You leave it out to dry and then ground it into a fine powder. That's the powder you're looking at. The powder you're gonna smoke.

JAYNE

(incredulous) I need to smoke poison in order to restore the flow??

ROY

Burning the venom destroys the harmful toxins. There's nothing to worry about.

(dry clap)

So, are you ready to cut the strings that are holding you back, Jayne Brubaker?

She takes a beat, looks at the powder and then at the pipe.

JAYNE

What the hell, I'm here for a reason, right? Let's lick this damn toad.

Roy smiles. Moves to the gramophone and replaces the Hank Williams record with another one. Drops the needle and the spirituality of Jane Winther's LOKAG SAMASTAH SUKHINO BHAVANTU sets the tone for what's to come...

After a beat, Roy starts SPEAKING IN TONGUES, disappearing into another reality, but present enough to place the powder on the pipe and hand it to Jayne--

She takes a deep breath, then lights the pipe and the smoke starts filling her lungs. She sinks back into the couch and allows the song and Roy's words to become her world...

Jayne focuses on them - TUNES IN - and then--

SHE'S SOMEWHERE ELSE

A MEADOW where the sun shines brightly. There are no houses, no people. It's quiet. Peaceful. And Jayne revels in it--

Sits on the ground. Content... maybe for the first time in a long time. This is a wonderful place to just be.

Then she hears a NOISE. Turns around and sees--

MINERVA DESCENDING FROM THE SKIES. With it, the world around her darkens. Jayne's sense of peace now gives room to dread. A feeling heightened when--

MINERVA SPLITS INTO TWO IDENTICAL FIGURES.

Then FOUR. Then EIGHT. And so on... Minerva keeps multiplying until the image Jayne sees becomes reminiscent of Magritte's "GOLCONDA" (painting in Karl's office). The world darkens even more and the Minervas GROW MOUTHS. In unison, start intoning--

MINERVAS

The ego falls away. Time flies.
The ego falls away. Time flies.

As the LOOP continues, Jayne gives in to claustrophobia. What she wouldn't give to have her pills.

Oh, there they are-- a giant PILL BOTTLE appears just ahead. Jayne tries to run towards it. CAN'T. She's stuck in place. The anxiety grows. *Mirroring the panic attack from earlier.*

Jayne closes her eyes and thinks of a paper bag, which appears in her hands. She breathes in and out into it. But does it so *fast and so frantically* that she PASSES OUT--

Only to wake up the very next beat. In her own ROOM, in her BED, under the sheets. Feeling calmer. She tries to get up but the blanket weighs a thousand pounds. Crushing her. Jayne gives it her all--

Manages to eke by it. THUMP! Falls on the floor, but keeps on moving--

Walks into the KITCHEN. Finds Checkers and Kevin, PISSED-- sitting at the table, which is overflowing with coloring books, all colored outside the lines, smudged in red...

Checkers and Kevin open their mouths and *literal* BARKS and COOS come out - ATTACKING JAYNE! Pushing her into a corner. She feels small. Makes herself small by coming to her knees.

Checkers and Kevin move towards her, their facial expressions heightened. Jayne curls into a ball.

Then sees-- Chad, Duarte, and Madigan on the other side of the room. DANCING. CLAPPING!

Jayne is overcome by a *burst of energy* and pushes past Checkers and Kevin and their BARKS and COOS - Exits the kitchen with the guys in tow--

SLAMS the FRONT DOOR on their faces. And look at that-- there's a key on the lock. Jayne uses it as Kevin and Checkers SCREAM on the other side.

And now Jayne's running away... faster and faster... not looking back... the house getting smaller and smaller...

CLOSE ON Jayne, an expression of relief oiling her face. *Until* - she TRIPS ON A PRINTER and falls. When Jayne gets up, she finds herself in the MIDDLE OF A CELEBRATION--

Present are Karl, Christian, Madigan, Robin, Chad. Balloons, party hats, champagne, the works... And right ahead--

A PULPIT. Karl takes it, starts speaking in tongues. But does so with conviction and a sense of achievement... The crowd CHEERS him on. It lasts only another beat because suddenly the happy world Jayne observes turns -

Elvis emerges menacingly behind Karl! Jayne tries to warn him, but no words come out. It's too late anyway. There's no stopping what Elvis's about to do--

He drops COUPONS all over Karl!

Jayne sighs of relief. Lasts only a moment. A HAND's placed on her shoulder, startling her. She turns to find--

Duarte and Chad, speaking in unison.

DUARTE & CHAD
Go with the flow.

Jayne tries hard and manages to release three little letters-- H-O-W! And then--

A HUGE EXPLOSION! Coming from the pulpit. EVISCERATING everyone near it.

SCREAMS. BLOOD. BODY PARTS.

Jayne freaks out. Falls to her knees and PULLS on her hair. So hard that she RIPS IT OUT. Then goes for her face--

DIGS HER FINGERNAILS INTO HER SKIN AND DRAGS THEM DOWN, RIPPING OUT FLESH. It's a horrific sight and quite suddenly -

WE'RE BACK AT ROY'S

Jayne's shaking and trembling. The Shaman slaps her. Once. Twice. Calls for her. Jayne can't get out of the bad trip. So Roy pulls a SHOT and injects Jayne with something--

LIGHTS OUT!

INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jayne comes to in her bed, foggy and in pain, wondering how she got there in the first place. *Was it all a dream?*

*Did she even go to Roy's house? She looks to her left-- finds Kevin sleeping soundly with his back towards her. Jayne makes a motion to get up-- every bone cracks, every tendon snaps. In other words, *it fucking hurts!**

She glances at the alarm clock and almost has a heart attack. It's 12:00PM.

INT./EXT. HALLWAY/FRONT PORCH - MINUTES LATER

Jayne rushes out the door but clocks the morning paper on the welcome mat and STOPS. The headline catching her eye--

"FAIRPORT CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF VON BRANDT"

She picks it up and scans the article on the way to the Focus-- there's something about a party with entertainment, fireworks, and a big Karl speech. The start time-- 1:00PM.

EXT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS - A LITTLE LATER

The big event. And what a perfect day for it - clear skies, no wind, sweater weather. There are food and drink tents, carnival games, and a stage where a COVER BAND rips into Neil Sedaka's OH, CAROL. The scene is just like in Jayne's dreams and hallucinations.

As Jayne wanders among the crowd, she sees many FAMILIAR FACES - Ofelia and Duarte's Father getting cotton candy; Art and his Camera Op interviewing people; Fairport P.D. Officers competing at a shooting gallery; and--

Dylan! Lovingly wrapped around JACK. Playing Bust-a-Balloon. She walks over but gets CUT OFF by Checkers, who's furious.

CHECKERS

There you are. I've been trying to reach you for two days!

JAYNE

You think you'd get the message.

CHECKERS

You're off the case Jayne. Effective immediately.

JAYNE

Whatever you say, Chief.

She pushes past a grumbling Checkers and moves to Dylan and Jack. Interrupting a quasi-kiss--

JAYNE

I gotta take him. Police business.

And drags Dylan away amid a lot of protesting.

DYLAN

What the hell Jayne, I'm off the clock.

INT. PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT - SAME TIME

Madigan, Robin, and Dale stare intently at the whiteboard. At Chad and Duarte's work. Trying to figure it out. Any of it.

DALE

Sorry Mad, can't make heads
or tails of this.

ROBIN

Were they really onto
something, or just high out
of their minds?

MADIGAN

I don't know, but this is our best bet.

ROBIN

(w/an empathetic look)
No Mad, it's a losing battle.

Madigan examines the board again. One last attempt to piece the puzzle... But--

MADIGAN

You're right. Go on guys, get outta
here. Go enjoy the party.

DALE

Are you sure?

MADIGAN

We'll all be fired in the morning.
Might as well.

ROBIN

What about you?

MADIGAN

Just need to wrap up a few things.

They turn to leave, but before they do--

DALE

Oh and Mad-- *(she turns)* sorry we
couldn't crack it. We did our best.

MADIGAN

I know. Maybe it's just not meant to be.

EXT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Karl crosses the campus with a sense of urgency. Christian tracks right behind. For the first time, we see him worried.

CHRISTIAN
Fuckin' think about what you're doing.

KARL
I already did.

CHRISTIAN
Then you're going senile. It's the only explanation.

KARL
I've given my life to this company. My name's on the door. Have some faith.

CHRISTIAN
Faith doesn't solve problems. Neither do lies. When people find out, the stock's gonna tank.

KARL
Nobody's gonna find out. Madigan will come through.

CHRISTIAN
What if she doesn't?

KARL
She will!

INT. PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Madigan sorts out her chaotic desk - the paperwork - the tools - the pen drives - the crumpled post-its... Eventually -

MADIGAN
Fuck it.

There's too much to do and she's not in the mood to do it. She stops. Takes in the department - her creation - her life's work. *And it's as good as done.*

Resigned, Madigan grabs her coat and as she walks by the whiteboard, something in it catches her eye--

CLOSE ON MADIGAN: her eyes glimmering like the Mediterranean on a bright summer day.

MADIGAN

...those fuckers ...I can't believe
it ...so simple ...so brilliant.

Completely re-invigorated, Madigan races between the board and her computer, writing down formulas and calculations, emulating Duarte's drive in the opening scene. She's so focused, so determined, that she doesn't even notice the SHADOW about to ENGULF her...

BUILDING 100 - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Yet again, Jayne and Dylan find themselves pacing down the wide, never-ending corridor.

DYLAN

You gonna tell me why you're costing
me a nice BJ in the porta-potty?

JAYNE

Something terrible's about to happen.
I've *seen it* Dylan. I need to restore
the flow.

Dylan glances at her sideways, genuinely concerned.

DYLAN

Remember that vacation we talked
about? It's time you take it.

Not time to consider it, though - a DEAFENING *BEEEEP-BEEEEP-BEEEEP* cuts through. Sounding a lot like a SMOKE ALARM -

That's because it is. Right ahead, THICK, DARK SMOKE POURING OUT the paper jam department!

Holy shit! Jayne and Dylan hurry over. As they get close, Jayne stops in her tracks, ASSAULTED by--

LOUD. OVERWHELMING. HOOTS. Just like in the forest. Jayne drops to her knees and covers her ears.

DYLAN

Hey hey what's wrong?

JAYNE

Don't you hear that?

DYLAN

Hear what!?

JAYNE

Just go help them. GO!

Dylan complies reluctantly, braving against the wave of toxic smoke. As Jayne tries to put herself together, she sees a SHADOWY FIGURE DASHING OUT, traversing through the smoke. She fights her hazy mind to get back up on her feet. Takes a deep breath and-- SETS OFF!

PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dylan pulls his shirt as to cover his mouth and nose to weather a coughing fit. Makes way through the office, bumping into desks and chairs. Finds Madigan. PASSED OUT! Dylan shakes her.

DYLAN

Madigan! Madigan! Can you hear me?

Goes for her pulse. Finds it. *Phew!* Then makes a call--

DYLAN

I have a potential 10-6 in progress.
Need assistance ASAP!

As Dylan drags Madigan out of there, we CUT TO:

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne's in pursuit, gun in hand. The Figure's fast but Jayne has an advantage - in this long, wide corridor there's no place to hide. Which means Jayne sees a shadow turn into the--

'GRAVEYARD OF PRINTERS'

It's dark despite the hour. Also quiet. Which helps Jayne. Now she can follow every little noise...

She goes through the maze of printers vigorously - rounding corners - cutting corners - but keeps missing the figure.

A LOUD CA-CHUNK STARTLES Jayne, propelling her to turn abruptly and BUMP against a stack of printers--

Rocking the structure--

Jayne's *Spidey sense* tingles! She looks up and sees-- a PIANO-SIZED PRINTER COMING RIGHT AT HER!

Jayne JUMPS OUT OF THE WAY a millisecond before the printer SMASHES on the ground!

Fuck, that was close! Her heart's about to explode from her chest. She takes a breather to check on herself, sees if she's alright... She is.

That's when Jayne decides to stop moving. She closes her eyes... breathes in and out... controls her heartbeat... and then-- just listens...

CLOSE ON JAYNE, tuning into the frequency of the place-- observing the RUSTLING and the SHAKING and the RATTLING and the DRAGGING. Mapping it all in her head. Then--

WHOOSH - her eyes POP OPEN and suddenly *she's on the move!* Going somewhere. Determined. Purposeful. She glides through row after row without hesitation. As someone who knows how to get out of this maze. Jayne rounds a corner and--

There she is. Right in front of her. At gunpoint. MINERVA!

MINERVA

Excellent Jayne Brubaker. You are starting to understand.

JAYNE

Understand what?

MINERVA

You are tuning in. Listening to your inner-self. Hearing your truth.

JAYNE

Who are you?

MINERVA

I told you. I carry wisdom and weapons. I'm a teacher and a fighter.

JAYNE

You know, I'm tired of this crap. You wanna speak in tongues, you can do it all the way to jail.

MINERVA

And yet, you are still blocked. But I am not worried anymore. I know when the time comes, you will go with the flow.

Minerva takes two precise, mechanical steps back.

JAYNE

Stop. I'll shoot.

MINERVA

Make sure you do not miss the big finale, Jayne Brubaker.

And she's off, darting towards the exit. Forcing Jayne's hand. She doesn't want to, but--

PULLS THE TRIGGER!

Except the gun doesn't go off. *Click click click*. No go. THE GUN'S JAMMED!

Jayne runs after Minerva... but she's nowhere in sight... Frustrated, Jayne slams her gun on the ground--

It GOES OFF, scaring the shit out of her. Jayne takes her hands to her face and just... *laughs*. Feeling like she's going completely mad...

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE PAPER JAM DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The smoke's subsided. The IN-HOUSE FIREMEN deal with the last of it. Dylan talks to one of them.

DYLAN

I don't get it, don't these fuckin' places have automatic sprinklers?

FIREMAN

They do, just didn't go off. Could've been human error. It's not uncommon.

Madigan's wheeled past them on a stretcher by an EMT as Jayne approaches. Worry stamped on her face.

JAYNE

Is that Madigan!? Is she gonna be okay?

DYLAN

Too soon to tell, but the EMTs are optimistic. What happened to you?

JAYNE

I-I thought I saw someone.

DYLAN

Minerva again?

JAYNE

(averting her eyes)
...maybe I do need that vacation.

DYLAN

Yeah, no shit.
(looks at the time)
Come, let's go check on Karl and the others. We can still catch the big finale.

Dylan's last words echo on Jayne's mind and suddenly -

She's ASSAULTED by imagery. FLASHES COMING AT HER like strobe lights at a club - a mix of real events and her dreams and hallucinations -

Duarte crushed by the printer - Karl slamming his hand on his desk - Ofelia singing - Chad uttering "FLOW" - Madigan striking a volleyball - The Hand Clap Society - Roy in his pink kimono - Jayne smoking the white powder - Kevin and Checkers cornering her - the missing coupons - Elvis in mailman uniform - the centennial festivities - all leading to Karl on stage and the EXPLOSION THAT DESTROYS EVERYTHING!

Jayne's eyes FLASH OPEN -

EXT. VON BRANDT CAMPUS - STAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON a wristwatch. The time: 12:55PM. Karl gets the nod from the STAGE MANAGER. Christian's still chewing his ear off.

CHRISTIAN

I'm begging you - cut our losses, talk about our 3D printing advances instead.

KARL

It won't cut it.

CHRISTIAN

The board wants reasons to keep you around. I'm giving you one *goddammit*.

KARL

The moment you start telling me what to do is the moment I dig my own grave.

CHRISTIAN

Okay. I'm gonna go get you a fucking shovel then.

Christian storms away, wanting nothing to do with this moment. Karl puts on a hundred-watt smile and takes the stage to rousing applause.

INT. BUILDING 100 CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jayne and Dylan sprint, their faces screaming urgency -

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Karl looks powerful. Certain. Inspiring.

KARL

...100 is a number that holds a lot of weight in our minds, but it's just that - a number. That's not what this celebration is about. It's about Fairport, a town with the finest people I've ever met--

The crowd likes this. As Karl rambles on, Jayne and Dylan appear on frame and approach the METAL STRUCTURE where the stage is built. And now we're--

UNDER THE STAGE

Jayne and Dylan walk into the metal structure to find--

ELVIS. Underneath the pulpit where Karl's speaking. With his back to them. Jayne and Dylan draw their guns--

JAYNE

Hands, now!

DYLAN

Let's see those hands!

We hear a faint *CLICK* and then Elvis stops what he's doing. Puts his hands up.

DYLAN

Turn around. *Slowly*.

Elvis does. There's a wry smile on his face.

JAYNE

I tell you Chico, you give a new meaning to 'going postal'.

ELVIS

You think this is a joke ma'am?

DYLAN

C'mon teddy bear, don't tell me you lost your sense o'humor.

ELVIS

You'd lose it too if you spent 20 years seein' the amount of paper goin' to waste-- ending up in landfills, decomposin', killin' us all.

DYLAN

So you steal old ladies' coupons and recycl'em. That's gonna solve the fuckin' problem.

ELVIS

Your attitude's the problem man. You kick the can down the street expectin' someone else to pick it up.

JAYNE

And Chad and Duarte? They were the problem too?

ELVIS

Sharpest people I've met east of Tennessee. But like that Oppenheimer fella, gifted minds don't always look out their own window.

DYLAN

You're building your high horse way too fuckin' close to the ground.

ELVIS

Did you know we've got a hemp factory not even ten miles from here?

JAYNE

We paid 'em a visit. And they told us Von Brandt is not their fight.

ELVIS

'Cause they're not allowed to compete! We can't have that, not at a time we're losing our forests - our planet. We have to give 'em a fair shake and that's what I'm doin'.

JAYNE

And there it is - the "greater good" argument.

ELVIS

It's the truth. How many papers have been written about well-meanin' science exp'riments gone wrong? We keep plowin' ahead anyway. No time spent thinkin' if we even should. Don't you realize we're on the brink of extinction? Not in 50 years, but now!

JAYNE

There's a better way Chico.

ELVIS

No ma'am. Too many politics. Too much brown sugar on the applesauce.

(MORE)

ELVIS (cont'd)
 Only way to get attention is to make a
 statement. And I'mma make one.

Elvis takes a step to the left and Jayne and Dylan's faces
 DROP. To Dylan--

JAYNE
 Tell me that's not I think it is.

DYLAN
 It's exactly what you think it is.

A MOTHERFUCKING BOMB!

JAYNE
 We have to evacuate everyone.

Dylan takes a closer look.

DYLAN
 There's no time. Look -

Points to a TIMER-- 1:00 and counting down... To Elvis--

JAYNE
 How do we stop it?

Elvis says nothing. Jayne LOSES IT. Irately grabs Elvis by
 the lapels--

JAYNE
 I'm done fuckin' around. You're gonna
 stop that ticker and do it fuckin' fast.

ELVIS
 I'm ready to go ma'am. *Are you?*

Jayne looks into his eyes. Probes for the truth. Finds it.

JAYNE
 Fuck!

She cuffs Elvis to the metallic structure, and--

JAYNE
 Okay Dylan, this is where your
 studies pay off.

DYLAN
 Are you out of your fuckin' rocker? I
 don't have the experience. Cutting the
 wrong wire or touching it the wrong
 way can blow up the whole thing.

JAYNE
It's gonna blow up either way. You're
the best chance we've got.

OFF DYLAN, dreading it, we CUT TO:

KARL ON STAGE

KARL
...when Madigan came to me after being
ridiculed by every paper company in
the country, I knew I had to invest in
her, in her ideas.

DYLAN HANDLING WIRES

They're all black, identical. Dylan sees where they lead, to
make sense of it... Sweat starts running down his forehead.

CLOSE ON TIMER: 40 seconds.

KARL ON STAGE

KARL
You don't get anywhere without people
who want to shift the paradigm, who
challenge you to evolve.

DYLAN AND JAYNE

Dylan's completely flustered. Jayne's tied up in knots.

JAYNE
C'mon Dylan, make a decision.

KARL ON STAGE

KARL
At Von Brandt we solve the unsolvable.
We take you to tomorrow.

DYLAN AND JAYNE

TIMER: 25 SECONDS.

JAYNE
You have to choose. Right now!

Dylan fumbles the wires. Takes a step back, defeated.

DYLAN
I-I- ...I'm sorry.

JAYNE
We're gonna die! Do you get that?
Just choose a goddamn wire!

Dylan's blank. Frozen. Incapable.

KARL ON STAGE

KARL
That's why we embarked on a journey
that nobody dared to embark on --

JAYNE LOOKING AT THE BOMB

Perplexed. At a loss of how to get out of of this one... So Jayne closes her eyes and takes a deep breath... After a beat, the WORLD AROUND HER DISAPPEARS and she becomes laser-focused. Hears a familiar voice -

OFELIA (VOICE)
*It's fado. What's happening is meant
to happen.*

Then the words from FLOW start coming to her--

VOICE OVER
The ego falls away. Time flies.

Jayne puts her hands on the bomb. As if feeling its heartbeat. Trying to understand its inner-workings, to be one with it...

VOICE OVER
*Every action, movement, and thought
follows from the previous one. Your
whole being is involved.*

Jayne starts *feeling* the wires, one-by-one, intuiting them like an emotional X-Ray...

CLOSE ON TIMER: 10 SECONDS.

QUICK CUTS BETWEEN KARL & JAYNE

KARL
And today, on the day the Von Brandt
Paper Company celebrates 100 years --

-- Jayne grins ominously --

KARL
-- we reap the benefits of a decade
of hard labor --

-- Timer: 3 SECONDS --

KARL
-- Today, I can safely say the world
will never be the same --

-- Jayne grabs one of the wires confidently --

KARL
-- Today I'm happy to announce that --

-- JAYNE PULLS THE WIRE --

KARL
-- we solved paper jams!

-- The CROWD EXPLODES IN APPLAUSE --

-- THE TIMER STOPS! ...

DYLAN AND JAYNE

Jayne sighs in relief. Dylan comes out of his catatonia.

DYLAN
Holy fuck Jayne. You did it. You
fuckin' did it.

ELVIS
You're only delaying the inevitable.
There's thousands of us.

DYLAN
Yo King-- shut the fuck up!

In a state of pure exhilaration, Jayne and Dylan hug.
Relieved. But suddenly--

KA-BOOM! AN EXPLOSION!!

Jayne and Dylan instinctively DUCK FOR COVER. *But how can they get cover from a bomb less than 10 feet away??*

A moment passes. They pat themselves, making sure they're not in an ethereal land. Then run outside--

EXT. STAGE AREA

MORE EXPLOSIONS! *What the fuck's going on?* Jayne and Dylan take in the glee on the faces in the crowd and realize--

It's fireworks! Jayne and Dylan glance at each other and allow themselves a giant sigh of relief...

DYLAN

What did I fuckin' tell you about working overtime...? *Never again.*

Jayne laughs, feeling an ease of mind. In the distance, by the lake that surrounds the campus, Jayne sees an owl HOOT HOOT and fly away...

FADE OUT

INT. FAIRPORT P.D. - BULLPEN - NEXT MORNING

On Dylan's desk sits today's edition of the FAIRPORT HERALD.

CLOSE ON HEADLINE: "VON BRANDT ANNOUNCES END OF PAPER JAMS. WORLD OF TECH REACTS. COMPANY STOCK SOARS."

Dylan sorts through paperwork when a STUNNING WOMAN holding a MANILA ENVELOPE walks into the precinct, looking for someone. Elijah and others flock to her, embarrassingly horny. But she's there for Dylan.

CHECKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A befuddled Checkers tosses back a Mello Yellow as he listens to Jayne lay down her findings. Not as a daughter, but as an underling. No emotional attachment on display whatsoever.

JAYNE

...Elvis befriended Chad and Duarte after learning they were on track to solve paper jams and used his access to sabotage their efforts. Problem was Karl. As long as he was alive, he'd keep the department going. So Elvis's plan was two-fold - one: to get Christian to take over and nix the department; and two: to make a statement.

CHECKERS

A statement?

JAYNE

In Elvis's mind, an explosion was a shock to the system. A shift in the flow of things.

CHECKERS

And this would be the same "flow" Duarte and Chad believed was gonna help them solve jams...

Jayne nods. Checkers gets up all bothered--

CHECKERS

So this is all what, a goddamn hippie conspiracy? Are you kidding me with this crap?

JAYNE

It's not crap. It was a desperate act from someone who found himself at the edge of his climate anxiety.

Checkers mulls it over. Scoffs. Makes a decision.

CHECKERS

Here's how this is gonna go-- whatever's out there stays that way. But the rest doesn't leave this room. You hear me? You don't talk about this to anyone - no reporters, no friends, not even Kevin.

Jayne's eyes grow darker, sadder.

JAYNE

What about Dylan?

CHECKERS

If he wants the FBI gig, he'll play ball.

Jayne holds his gaze. Long enough to make him uncomfortable.

JAYNE

This is all there is to it, isn't it?

CHECKERS

What is?

JAYNE

This life. This loop. I follow in your footsteps, do what you want me to do - *what you indoctrinated me to do* - then I do the same to my kids and they do that to theirs. And so on.

CHECKERS

Nothing wrong with establishing a legacy.

JAYNE

(chuckle-scoffs)

Fucking men and their legacies.

Jayne grabs her gun and badge. Places both on Checkers' desk.

JAYNE

I'm not going to destroy Fairport because of your choices, but I won't be a part of 'em either.

Checkers can't quite believe it--

CHECKERS

Think about what you're doing Jayne. There's no coming back from this.

JAYNE

Wouldn't have it any other way.

BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne walks by the INTERROGATION ROOM. Through the mirror, we see Elvis, starting to sweat. But Jayne's done with him. Keeps going. Towards Dylan, who's going through a SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, his cheek smacking the floor. Stunning Woman grins. With a thick, foreign accent -

STUNNING WOMAN

What did I tell you Deputy? When I promise something, I deliver.

Jayne taps Dylan on the shoulder. Takes him aside.

JAYNE

Who's the babe?

DYLAN

(tongue and cheek)

That's Crystal '*they're-not-in-the-habit-of-giving-last-fucking-names*'.

JAYNE

Christian's alibi? What's she doing here?

DYLAN

I tracked her down hoping to get some dirt on him.

(MORE)

DYLAN (cont'd)

Turns out she knew exactly who she was dealing with. So she hid a camera and took pictures. Pictures that cuntbag would kill to bury -

He hands them. As Jayne flips through them, her eyes grow wide.

INSERT SERIES OF PHOTOS: All of Christian and Crystal, *non-explicit* but suggestive of PEGGING.

DYLAN

Tell ya, all these fuckin' hypocrites are just one door swing away from leaving the closet.

Jayne's beside herself. Can't muster anything but a chuckle.

DYLAN

Let's see if Von Brandt's board still wants him around when the Herald gets their hands on this.

JAYNE

Christian makes 'em money, and money still speaks louder than headlines.

DYLAN

Well, at least it'll ruin his fuckin' week.

Jayne chuckles. *At least that.*

JAYNE

I'm headed to the hospital to check on Madigan. Wanna tag along?

DYLAN

Can't. Got the bomb disposal exam in a few hours.

JAYNE

You're still taking it after what happened? ...or didn't happen?

DYLAN

Fuck yeah I'm takin' it. I'm still learning. You don't get a fuckin' resident to do open-heart surgery.

JAYNE

Anybody ever told you you swear too much?

DYLAN

You know what they say - swearing's
the linguistic crutch of the
inarticulate motherfucker.

Jayne laughs. Looks at Dylan fondly for a prolonged beat.

DYLAN

What's happening? You're freaking me
out.

JAYNE

I'm gonna miss you, Dylan.

DYLAN

Miss me? What the fuck does that mean?

CHECKER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CHECKERS POV, THROUGH THE BLINDERS: we see Jayne leaving the
precinct.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Jayne gives a courtesy knock as she enters a very white room
bouncing light all over. Madigan, stuck in bed, comes to
life when she sees her.

JAYNE

I'm glad to see you breathing.

MADIGAN

So am I Detective Brubaker!

JAYNE

Just Jayne. I quit.

MADIGAN

That makes two of us.

JAYNE

Oh? What does Karl have to say about
that?

MADIGAN

He doesn't know. Won't be happy when
he finds out either. When everyone
realizes he made a false announcement
to inflate the stock, he's gonna lose
the company. Maybe even be indicted.

JAYNE

So why are you quitting? You hold all the cards.

Madigan takes a beat. Looks over Jayne's shoulder, making sure no one is in earshot.

MADIGAN

You know what else Karl doesn't know? What he'll never know?

Jayne sits next to Madigan, her curiosity peaking. Madigan leans in. In hushed tones--

MADIGAN

I solved it Jayne. What Duarte and Chad were working on - I figured it out.

Jayne's eyes go wide. Her lips form a perfect "O".

JAYNE

...and you're leaving!? It's your life's work - it'll change the world.

MADIGAN

Maybe not in the way we think. Maybe not for the best. Did you see the lengths Elvis went through to stop us?

JAYNE

Elvis is an extremist.

MADIGAN

I know. But what if he's right, ideologically speaking? I made the cardinal sin - I became so obsessed with solving a problem that I never stopped to ask myself *what* exactly I was solving and *why*.

Jayne takes it in. Then remembers--

JAYNE

What about your husband?

MADIGAN

You know about that?

(Jayne nods)

Well, the harsh truth is sometimes people are in the wrong place at the wrong time. But *this* - this is bigger than him. Bigger than any of us.

JAYNE

I just have trouble accepting that your last ten years were for nothing.

MADIGAN

They weren't for nothing, Jayne. I embarked on this journey to end up *right here*. I'm the lucky one - I survived - I can reinvent myself.

Jayne sits with Madigan's words. Resonating with her...

INT./EXT. JAYNE'S CAR/PET STORE - LATER

The Focus drives into the same PET STORE as before. The "MEGA SALE" signs explain the full parking lot. Jayne gets lucky. A spot opens up right in front of the store.

The dorky-looking CLERK we met earlier walks out, helping a WOMAN wrangle a kennel. He clocks Jayne as she exits the Focus and smiles at her, knowing she was bound to come back.

INT./EXT. JAYNE'S CAR/PET STORE PARKING LOT - LATER

Jayne secures an empty 75-gallon TANK and other supplies in the backseat. Then comes the FISH - an OSCAR - in a plastic bag. Goes inside the tank for safe keeping. Jayne slams the door and that's when she sees--

MINERVA! On the other side of the lot, staring at her. There's a long look between them. Neither move. Jayne runs through the options in her head without breaking eye contact.

A HONK forces her look. A pesty DRIVER who wants her spot.

DRIVER

C'mon lady, I don't have all day!

Jayne ignores the provocation. When she looks back across the lot, Minerva's gone...

INT. JAYNE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Jayne opens the medicine cabinet and grabs her PILLS. Lifts the toilet seat and throws them in. The whole thing.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne opens the same drawer that once gave her trouble. Grabs a coloring book from the stack and opens a random page--

RIPS IT. *Not noticing the colored OWL in it.* Flips the page and starts writing--

"Dear Kev.

I owe you more than a note, but a note is all I can do right now. I can't give you what you want. What you deserve. And I can't stay here either. Fairport isn't my home anymore and I owe it to myself to find it. I hope you'll forgive me one day.

With love, J."

Jayne takes a good look around her kitchen, once her safe space, her peaceful space. That's when our NARRATOR comes in to take us to the end of this story--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A group o'brainy engineers almost changed this here blue marble in ways we can't even get the ol'noggin' to comprehend. But it didn't happ'n, and when Fairport-ians ask me what I think, I go 'n' tell 'em 'bout Billy Willock. That's the newspaper fella from couple centuries back who fancied himself a bit of a Gutenberg.

Jayne grabs a sealed, artisanal JAR OF OLIVES sitting on the table - a gift from Ofelia - and stuffs it into a PACKED BAG.

EXT./INT. JAYNE'S FRONT PORCH/JAYNE'S CAR

Jayne locks the door and leaves the key under the mat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy-O stumbled his way into a new type o'press. I won't bother you with the particula's, but it got Billy to put out ten times as many gazettes as his hard-bitin' rivals. 'Cept that didn't quench his thirst -

Jayne opens the back seat on the passenger side and snuggles the packed bag comfortably against the fish tank.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy wanted to put ev'ryone out o'business. So he found ways to get his wheels to spin faster, the rods to hold mo' pressure, the oil to pump with mo' vigor... And when he did it, he took the great lap of luxury.

WHOOOP-- the key goes into the ignition.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Billy didn't know when to quit. No
siree. He kept burnin' the midnight
oil - tempting the Gods - and well,
they paid attention.

The Focus comes alive. With it, so does the radio. Fern Jones's THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME starts playing. Jayne drives away...

NARRATOR

One night, when Billy was all by his
lonesome, his leg got caught in the
press. Long story short, Billy got
himself a nasty gangrene and that was
the end of ol' Billy.

We GET CLOSER and CLOSER to Jayne, and when we're close
enough-- when we see her soulful eyes re-invigorated and
full of purpose-- then well... we stay there.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sometimes, just sometimes, there are
worse jams than paper jams.

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME takes over as Jayne drives off
past the horizon of foggy Fairport...

FADE TO BLACK.