

INSTINCTS

Ep. 101

"Incoming Call"

Written by

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FADE IN:

SUBTITLES: NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

We see a nicely, suburban brick home.

INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see a Caucasian woman (40s) washing the dishes and listening to the sound of the TV behind her in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the living room is HALEY (16). She sits on the couch in the living room watching the TV. A horror film. A sound comes from the front door, almost like a tapping knock sound. The girl turns and looks toward the door.

MOTHER
(looking back toward room)
What was that sound?

HALEY
It came from the door.

MOTHER
Is there someone outside?

HALEY
I'll take a look.

Haley starts walking toward the front door. Still hearing the tapping coming from the door, the mother continues washing the dishes. She glances back slightly to the living room, seeing the TV before returning to the dishes. Haley comes closer to the door.

MOTHER
Who's at the door?

DAUGHTER
I'm about to find out.

Haley reaches for the door knob and opens the door. The door opens with a quick chilling creak and reveals- nothing. Nothing but the view to the neighbor across the street. Haley shook her head.

HALEY
Pranksters.

The mother walks into the living room and sees Haley standing in front of the opened door.

MOTHER
Who was at the door, Haley?

HALEY
No one.

MOTHER
Then what was the tapping?

HALEY
Not sure. I believe it was pranksters. They've been around the neighborhood recently.

MOTHER
(shaking head)
Typical. Must be the neighbor's sons.

Haley sighed as her mother returned to the kitchen. Haley turns back to the door and before she could close the door, a black glove lunges from the corner of the doorway, grabbing Haley by her mouth, holding her face tightly. Trying to let out a scream, her mother, still in the kitchen doesn't know what is taking place. She hears a bump coming from the living room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Haley, what is-

From behind her comes another set of black gloves, which grab her and grabs a hold of her mouth. Both the mother and daughter are being attacked by two individuals dressed in all black.

EXT. ABANDONED STREET - NIGHT

A line of men pass along cargo dufflebags toward and into a black van with tinted windows. A large black SUV pulls up near them. The driver's door opens, revealing a man wearing a smooth white suit with his hair slicked back. This is JONNY CARTEL (30s), handsome.

Jonny looks over and watches the men stashing the van with what are his goods. He nods at their work while approaching one of the leading men.

JONNY
(pointing)
Is this all the shipment?

MAN #1
It's what we have, sir.

JONNY
You boys need to hurry this shit
up.

MAN #1
We're going as fast as we can, Mr.
Cartel.

JONNY
It needs to be done before dawn or
otherwise someone won't see
tomorrow.

The men look at one another, holding the bags. The leading man nods toward them and gestures at them to continue their work.

MAN #1
We'll have it done before dawn.

JONNY
Good. That's what I want to hear.

Jonny walks away, returning to the SUV.

MAN #2
Jonny, sir?

Jonny stops and slowly turns around toward the men. Looking at them. The men stood stunned, looking at their fellow teammate.

JONNY
Who called me out of my name?

The man stepped forward. His hands over his head.

MAN #2
(sincere)
I was only trying to get your
attention, sir.

Jonny walks over to the man, laughing at a low tone. A smile on his face. Jonny reaches to his back and pulls out a semiautomatic handgun. The surrounding men take steps back from Jonny as he approaches the man.

He steps forward to the man, placing the gun to his forehead. The other men take steps back with fear covering their faces.

JONNY

You now have my attention. Hell, I can have everyone's attention if I were to blow your head off your shoulders.

The man stood still. His eyes stuck on the muzzle of the gun touching his forehead. Jonny smirked.

JONNY (CONT'D)

Tell me you won't do so again?

MAN #2

I won't call you out of your name, sir.

JONNY

That's what I thought.

Jonny continues to hold the gun to his head.

PRESTON

(O.S)

Put the gun down, Jonny.

A beat. Jonny pauses and smiles.

JONNY

(smiling)

I know that voice.

Jonny turns and sees a man. Lean, slim, with bold facial features. Wearing a casual buttoned shirt with jeans and a sports jacket. This is PRESTON MADDOX (38).

PRESTON

I knew I would find you and your guys out here.

JONNY

What gave it all away? Some little clues you picked up on a previous case or someone decided to be a snitch and screw all this up?

PRESTON

Little bit of both actually. Mostly the first one, if you prefer.

JONNY

Well, Marshal Detective, I have about an hour before I leave out for Miami. So, for once, just give me a break will ya.

Preston shook his head.

PRESTON

Don't give breaks. Waste of time if you ask me. Besides, you know a lot about breaks anyhow.

JONNY

What do you mean?

PRESTON

For starters, there was that one time where I gave you a break and a few of your lackees...

The men glare toward Preston. Preston looks at them and glares back with a smile.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

...steal an SUV from the car lot. Which from what I can remember is that same SUV you drove up here with. Since there isn't a license plate or even a sticker to the front.

JONNY

How can you tell?

PRESTON

I took a look before confronting you.

Jonny paused. Looking at the SUV and his men.

JONNY

Is this the reason you're holding me back from a business trip? A missing license plate and a sticker?

PRESTON

Not exactly. But, I'll give you and your men a choice or choices, however you choose.

(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Either, you turn yourselves in to the authorities and there won't be any problems regarding your stash of shit your piling.

JONNY

(slightly intrigued)
And the second option?

PRESTON

I put you down where you're standing and have the authorities come here afterwards.

The men jump into the van and drive off from the location. Jonny looked to them, noticing that the van was filled with the bags. Only Jonny and Preston are left at the area. Jonny smiles at Preston.

JONNY

Looks like you won't be getting my stash, Marshal Detective.

PRESTON

It'll be found. Soon.

JONNY

So, tell me, what are you going to do right now?

PRESTON

You know you could've done better if you turned yourself in.

JONNY

Tell me what have I done to deserve a prison sentence?

PRESTON

Remember the woman you had murdered? You left her torso floating around in the river.

A beat.

JONNY

I don't know what kind of game you're playing at.

PRESTON

Doesn't make sense. You played the game many times.

Jonny's hand slowly leans toward his side. Going for the handgun. Unaware to Jonny, Preston's holster is already opened and his firearm is ready to fire. Jonny starts stepping toward Preston slowly. Preston is aware of Jonny's motives when it comes to approaching someone.

JONNY

Look, how about you report all of this as a misunderstanding. I mean, the woman was a prostitute who didn't make her payments. That's all.

PRESTON

Doesn't matter. She was a human being to start with and that goes into the category of murder. Whether that be homicide, femicide, or gendercide? Your call on that decision.

Jonny shakes his head with his hand on his handgun.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Anyway, you're coming with me and you're going off to prison.

Jonny raises up his handgun. Finger on the trigger.

JONNY

Fuck off!

Jonny pulls the trigger and BAM! Jonny drops his gun and holds his chest. He looks down and sees his hand covered in blood. His own blood. He looks at Preston, standing in front of him, holding his firearm with some smoke emitting from the muzzle.

Jonny slowly crouches to the ground with Preston walking toward him. The blood is flowing from his chest.

JONNY (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Son of a bitch. Son of a motherfucking bitch!

PRESTON

Well, I gave you two choices and you went with number two.

Jonny scoffs with a cough, looking at the blood on the pavement.

JONNY

(groaning)

It won't matter. One day, you'll be on this end of a gunshot. Then' we'll see who'll be laughing on that day.

PRESTON

That I doubt.

Preston pulls out his cell phone and dials 9-1-1. The phone rings.

9-1-1 OPERATOR

(through phone)

9-1-1. State your emergency.

PRESTON

This is Preston Maddox. U.S. Marshal and Homicide Detective of the New Haven Detective Agency. I'm standing at West River around Orange Avenue. I need an ambulance and a coroner.

9-1-1 OPERATOR

Ambulance will be on its way.

PRESTON

Appreciate it.

Preston hangs up the call and looks down to Jonny.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Ambulance is on its way.

JONNY

(panting)

Go fuck yourself.

PRESTON

Don't think that's possible.

Jonny stops moving and dies from the loss of blood. Preston looks at Jonny's now dead body and walks away. Preston walks to his car, parked in the shadows of the surrounding, leaving Jonny's body for the ambulance or coroner to pick up.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

We see a home in the suburbs. The same home from the night before.

Parked in front of the home are police cars, an ambulance, and a coroner. Police officers are walking in and out of the home. Preston drives up to the driveway of the home in his black car. He exits the car and walks over to a fellow officer watching the other officers enter and exit the home.

OFFICER
U.S. Marshal and New Haven
Detective, Preston Maddox.

PRESTON
Yeah. I get the introduction. Tell
me what happened here?

The officer and Preston walk toward the front door of the home.

OFFICER
We received a call from one of the
neighbors freaking out after
finding a mother and daughter
murdered in their home.

PRESTON
How were they murdered? If I may
ask.

The officer stares at Preston.

OFFICER
Come and see.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Preston and the officer enter into the home. Preston looks and sees the mother on the ground in the kitchen, with her head severed. Preston and the officer approach the corpse and Preston kneels down.

PRESTON
So, this is the mother correct?

OFFICER
Yes it is.

PRESTON
So, where's the daughter?

OFFICER
(pointing)
In the laundry room.

Preston stood up and walked to the laundry room and sees blood running down from the dryer which is running. Other officers shut down the dryer and open the door. In the dryer is Haley and her body is contorted. Her skin ripped and shredded from the tumbling of the dryer.

PRESTON

This is new.

The fellow officer approaches Preston. A question is on his mind.

OFFICER

Preston, if I may ask. You have what they call the "Instinct". An instinct that is able to solve cases in a way that many detectives fail to surpass.

PRESTON

Like yourself.

OFFICER

Yeah. I'm just wondering how do you do it?

PRESTON

Simple. Instincts are innate, goal-directed sequences of behavior. They are more complex than average reflexes, but are impervious to the influence of learning and experience. In short, I'm just doing my job. The best that I can anyway.

ELDON

(O.S.)

Your best, huh?

Preston and the officer turn around to see the Chief Commander of the New Haven Detective Agency, ELDON ROSS (50s). Lean, wearing a casual shirt and tie with brown slacks and shoes.

ELDON (CONT'D)

I overheard you saying you do your job the best that you're able to.

PRESTON

I try to.

ELDON

Then, how come I just heard about shooting of Jonny Cartel and from what I was told, you were the one to call 9-1-1 for him. Which leads me to believe that you shot the man.

PRESTON

You knew that I was onto Cartel for a number of months and last night was his final moment to make a decision.

ELDON

Which was what? Either leave town or I'll just shoot you?

PRESTON

I told him to leave town two months ago. He refused. The shooting part just happened to come up last night.

ELDON

How so?

PRESTON

In terms of self-defense, he pulled first. So, I shot him and that was the end of it. Just my 'instincts' I guess.

Eldon hangs his head low. Rubbing his head.

ELDON

We'll discuss all of this back at the office. I'll see you there.

PRESTON

I'll be there after I leave this scene.

Eldon walks away. Preston turns to the fellow officer who is looking at him. Preston is intrigued.

OFFICER

You really shot Jonny Cartel?

PRESTON

Someone had to do it. It was his choice anyway.

Preston leaves the room. Returning to his car outside. He enters the car and drives off.

EXT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Preston drives up to the office building. He parks his car and exits. Walking toward the front doors.

INT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Preston walks into the agency building and inside are many detectives and other officers. While Preston walks through the crowd, he looks over to his right and sees Eldon walking on his side.

ELDON

In my office, Preston.

Eldon continues walking and Preston follows him with a faint sigh.

INT. ELDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Eldon walks behind his desk and sits in his chair. Preston comes in behind him and sits in the front chair of the desk. Eldon's office is covered with plaques of achievements and statues of badges and animals.

Eldon looks over at Preston with a glare.

PRESTON

What do you want me to say, Eldon?

ELDON

For starters. Tell me why you chose to shoot Mr. Cartel besides your "instincts"?

PRESTON

When he pulled on me, I had no other choice.

ELDON

I'll just say this right here and now. The main reason I called you into this office is to give you the news that I have assigned you a partner.

Preston stands up from the chair. Confused.

PRESTON

A partner? Eldon, I'm not sure that is going to work out.

ELDON

How so?

PRESTON

Because my last partner ended up being a snitch and a spy for the opposite team.

Eldon nods.

ELDON

I understand your concern. But, you won't have to deal with that kind of behavior this time. She only works on one side of the law.

PRESTON

Wait. She?

ELDON

Yeah. She.

Eldon looks over to the door and sees a woman standing out in the area. Eldon waves his hand to her and she approaches the office door. Preston turns and looks to see the woman entering the office. Caucasian, Blond hair, wearing a brown leather jacket with blue jeans and a white T-shirt. This is EMILY WESTON (late 20s-early 30s).

ELDON (CONT'D)

Preston, this is Emily Weston. U.S. Marshal and Homicide Detective from Newark, New Jersey.

Preston extends his hand toward Emily.

PRESTON

Its nice to meet you, Ms. Weston.

The two partners shake hands.

EMILY

Same here.

(turns to Eldon)

I heard about those two murders in that suburb home last night.

ELDON

I figured you would, which is why I would like for you and Preston to go to that neighborhood and question any of the neighbors that might have seen something suspicious yesterday.

PRESTON

Hold on, I already had something set out to do today.

ELDON

And what would that be? Hope its work related.

PRESTON

Of course it is. I have a lead on a particular investigation and I was going to visit a man that may know some things regarding it.

Eldon looks at Preston and turns to Emily. Eldon nods.

ELDON

You can follow up with your investigation after you've done your duty with the neighbors and Emily will be accompany you.

PRESTON

(smiling sarcastically)
This is cute.

ELDON

I know it is. The two of you meeting for the first time and already made yourselves a date. Or two.

PRESTON

I don't think she can handle it, Eldon.

EMILY

Listen, Preston. I'm not one of those women who you're used to on a daily basis. I can take care of matters myself and I intend on finding the murderers of that mother and her daughter with or without your help.

(looks to Eldon)

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)
Chief, I'll need the address to the neighborhood.

ELDON
Sure thing.

Eldon hands her the information within the documented folder. Emily takes it and walks out of the office. Preston watches her leave and turns his head, looking at Eldon. No words.

ELDON (CONT'D)
The two of you can make the perfect team.

PRESTON
How? By the sound of our names together? 'Maddox and Weston'?

ELDON
I felt 'Preston and Weston' went together well enough.

PRESTON
(smirks)
Rhyming. Thought I would get past it.

ELDON
I've noticed that with you and others. Must be something in the ancestral line of families. Maybe tribes.

PRESTON
I could say the same.

ELDON
(hands out)
Just try to work with her, Preston.

PRESTON
I'll try.

Preston leaves the office and Eldon sits down at his desk.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Preston drives his car down the street from the agency.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the passenger's seat is Emily, who's looking out through the window at the surroundings. Preston looks to her occasionally with his eyes.

PRESTON

Something out there you wish to see?

EMILY

No. Its just, I never thought to see New Haven crowded like this.

PRESTON

Well, when a location is covered with buildings of many sizes, you know it is a crowded place.

EMILY

Cute.

Preston smiles.

PRESTON

We have our good days and bad. But, some of us get through them. What brought you here anyway?

EMILY

Things became silence in Newark and the agency was looking into hiring younger members. The rest of us, such as myself were transferred to other locations. They sent me here.

PRESTON

You don't sound thrilled to be here.

EMILY

I was one of their best. I figured if I was ever transferred, they'll send me to New York, L.A. Vegas, or Miami. One of the big cities in the country.

PRESTON

Believe me when I tell you, you'll find those kind of people here. "Big city" type of people.

EMILY

That wouldn't surprise me.

Preston smiles.

INT. NEW HAVEN AIRPORT - DAY

People are walking in and out of the airport. One man walks toward the tunnel. Slim, very scrawny, wearing a flannel shirt with jeans and a denim jacket. He is also wearing a cap. This is BILLY BRONSON (28).

Billy stand at the tunnel, waiting for someone to walk out. He looks through the coming crowd and sees someone particular. Straining his eyes to have a better view. He's able to see the individual clearly.

BILLY

There he is.

HOYT BENNETT (late 30s), walks out of the tunnel through the moving crowd. Lean, with bold facial features, Wearing a long sleeve buttoned shirt and black jeans with dress shoes.

HOYT

Billy Bronson!

BILLY

Good to have you back in town,
Hoyt.

The two shake hands and Hoyt hugs Billy. A reunion. Patting him on the back. Their friendship known to many. Billy decides to do the same.

HOYT

I'll tell you this, Billy. I'm glad
to be back for a certain cause.

BILLY

A cause? What cause?

HOYT

Its time we get things going again
in this city.

BILLY

How so?

HOYT

We blow some shit up!

Hoyt walks over to the luggage pickup area and Billy follows him. Slightly nervous and scratching his head.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NOON

Preston and Emily stand in front of a neighbor's home. The home sat right across from the murder house. They walk up toward the front door. Preston knocks. Three times.

NEIGHBOR
(behind door)
Who is it?

EMILY
The U.S.-

PRESTON
U.S. Marshal and Detective Agency.
We would like to speak with you
concerning the incident that
happened across the street last
night.

The door opens and its a man. Around his mid 30s.

NEIGHBOR
What of it?

PRESTON
We would like to-

EMILY
We would like to have a word with
you about the incident. If you
don't mind.

The neighbor nods. Opening the door wider and standing aside.

NEIGHBOR
Come in.

Allowing them into his home, Preston glares at Emily.

EMILY
How does it feel?

Emily walks into the home, Preston stands still. Shaking his head.

PRESTON
(to himself)
She's learning.

Preston walks in the home and the neighbor closes the door.

INT. BAR - NOON

Hoyt and Billy are sitting inside the bar. Both of them are drinking shots of whiskey. Hoyt drinks his shot and places the shot glass down on the counter. Billy drinks his and his face shows the sign of disgust.

HOYT

What's the problem, Billy? You can't ingest a simple shot of whiskey?

BILLY

Its just too strong for me.

Hoyt looks at the female bartender and points toward the bottle of vodka on the shelf.

HOYT

Honey, please pour a shot of vodka for my good friend here. He could surely use it right now.

BILLY

I'm not too sure on the vodka, Hoyt.

The bartender pours the vodka into the shot glass and hands it to Hoyt. He takes the glass and turns toward Billy.

HOYT

Billy, you're a twenty-eight year old man who works for a trucking company. Your closest friend has returned to the city where we all started and more things will begin anew. So, the best thing you could do right now is have a decent drink with an old friend.

Billy looks at Hoyt. His eyes turn toward the vodka glass and he takes it. Holding it.

BILLY

If its for our friendship, then, I'll take the shot.

Billy drinks the vodka and his face appears as if he's smelled something fowl in the air. Hoyt looks and smiles.

HOYT

Bartender, another round if you please. We're gonna have ourselves a little fun.

The bartender starts pouring more glasses of vodka.

EXT. CITY BANK - NOON

A silver F-250 truck pulls up across the street from the bank. Inside the truck are two men. Both of them are wearing all black clothing with their faces covered with black ski masks. One of them exits the truck while the other remains.

INT. CITY BANK - CONTINUOUS

The individual walks into the bank and immediately starts shouting.

MASKED MAN#1

Everyone! This is a robbery! Get down on the ground and stay down!

The people in the bank crouch down to the ground, some lay down on the floor. The masked man walks toward the counter with a brown bag and gun in his hands. Standing in front of the counter, he slams the bag on the counter and points the gun toward the banker's head.

MASKED MAN#1 (CONT'D)

You've seen this movie before, smart guy. Put the money in the bag!

The banker starts tossing the bundled money into the bag while others look on in fear of the masked man. One of the bankers behind the other counters slowly reaches underneath the counter for a shotgun.

Grabbing the shotgun, the banker stands up. The masked man turns quickly and sees the shotgun. The shotgun fires and the masked man ducks the shot. He rises up and shoots the banker in the chest. The banker falls to the ground as the civilians run out of the bank in mass. Screaming for help and their lives. Even the remaining bankers exit the building.

MASKED MAN #1

Are you done filling the bag?!

BANKER

I am.

The masked man grabs the bag, zipping it up. He holds it over his shoulder.

MASKED MAN #1

Great doing business with you all.

The masked man exits the bank and runs toward the truck, seeing some of the civilians running through the streets. He approaches the truck and throws the bag in the back of the truck and enters. He gives the signal to the other masked man, who exits the truck with a rocket launcher in hand and fires it at the bank.

The bank explodes with the masked men's truck driving away, leaving behind the bank which is now in a sea of flames.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NOON

Preston and Emily sit on the neighbor's couch as he sat in front of them in a chair.

PRESTON

We would like to ask you if you had seen or heard anything about last night's murder?

NEIGHBOR

I came home around 11:50 and went straight to bed. Although, when I walked toward the front door, I seen a black van parked in front of the house and I saw two individuals dressed in all black. Covered in all black from "head to toe" wearing masks. They came out of the back of the van.

EMILY

And that is all you saw?

NEIGHBOR

I assumed that it was just some joke being played by the family or friends.

PRESTON

Did you get a look at the license plate?

NEIGHBOR

I did not. It was too dark out for me to see.

Preston nods.

EMILY

Are you sure it was too dark? I would assume the street lights would've helped you in some way.

NEIGHBOR

I couldn't see the license plate.

EMILY

Really?

NEIGHBOR

(keens on Emily)

It seems to me that you're accusing me of this crime.

EMILY

No. I am under the assumption you're hiding something that corresponds with the murders.

Preston raises his hand. Emily turns to him and glances at his hand. Preston looks at the neighbor.

PRESTON

Forgive her actions. She's my new partner and she's new to town. Don't mind her behavior.

NEIGHBOR

I'll tell you one thing. You should find yourself another partner. This bitch will get you both killed with her attitude.

EMILY

(stands up)

Now you're disrespectful.

Emily stared down the neighbor. Preston stood up and tapped Emily on her shoulder. She turned to him with a glare.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What?

PRESTON

Sit back down. Remember, we're here on duty.

Emily didn't move. Preston notices it. A beep sounds, coming from Preston's jacket pocket. It's his phone. He answers.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Maddox here.

ELDON
*Preston, I need you and Emily to
return to the office.*

PRESTON
Why? What's happened?

ELDON
*Something has come up that requires
the both of you.*

PRESTON
Something big or small in nature?

ELDON
*Come back to the office and I'll
explain.*

PRESTON
We're on our way.

Preston hangs up. Looks to Emily and the neighbor.

EMILY
What is it?

PRESTON
Eldon needs us back at the office.
(turns to neighbor)
It was nice speaking with you, sir.

They shake hands.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Thank you for your cooperation.

NEIGHBOR
Anything to help.

Preston and Emily leave the neighbor's home.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward the car and enter.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Preston turns the key. The ignition starts.

EMILY

Why does he needs us back at the office when there's a double murder to investigate?

PRESTON

He said it was something that requires the both of us.

EMILY

Well then, get the car going.

PRESTON

Don't start now.

Preston drives the car down the street.

INT. BAR - NOON

Hoyt and Billy are still inside the bar. Drinking. Billy appears to be drunk from all the ingestions.

HOYT

Tell me, how do you feel right now?

BILLY

Better than those people from last night.

Hoyt paused. The mention of "those people" caught his attention quick as a lightning strike. He wants to know more.

HOYT

Who are these people you've happened to mention?

BILLY

I meant to tell you. There was a double murder last night in some suburban area. A mother and daughter.

HOYT

So, how were they murdered?

BILLY

(drunken gesturing)

Well, the mother's head was severed and the daughter was stuffed into the dryer. While it was on. Contorted her body it did.

HOYT

Oh my. Have they discovered those involved?

BILLY

Not as of late. The Marshal and Detective folks are looking into it rather than the cops. They have some new female detective. So hot. And that Preston fellow they keep mentioning.

The name Preston grips Hoyt. He knows of him.

HOYT

This Preston, what is his last name?

BILLY

Maddrops. Maddcocks. Maddtops. Maddcrops. Something like that.

HOYT

Madd with two Ds?

BILLY

Yes. Yes.

HOYT

Madd.... *Maddox*.

BILLY

Mad ropes?

HOYT

Maddox as in Preston Maddox.

Billy stares at Hoyt. His drunken face is slightly contorted. Confused in his eyes as he holds a bottle in his hand.

BILLY

(slurring in speech)
Soooo?

HOYT

Because of this information, I know just what to pull off this evening. You in, my friend?

BILLY

(continued slurring)
In as much as I can fit.

INT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - NOON

Preston and Emily enter the agency building. They look and see Eldon speaking with a young man. Wearing a red shirt and brown slacks. They walk toward the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eldon looks and sees Preston and Emily. He gestures to them to enter the boardroom.

ELDON

Good to see you made it back in time.

PRESTON

In time for what exactly?

EMILY

Preston said you needed us here because something had happened.

ELDON

Apparently someone, not in their right mind or doesn't give a damn, decided to blow up a bank today.

PRESTON

Blow up a bank? Right after a double-homicide?

ELDON

That's right. They blew up a bank. Completely.

PRESTON

So, what happened with all the money?

ELDON

The money burnt to shit, Preston. That's not the point. Besides, whomever blew it up robbed them before doing so.

EMILY

Any word on the people that were inside?

ELDON

From what we know, three of them were killed. Others were injured from the explosion.

(MORE)

ELDON (CONT'D)

They're currently being treated at the hospital.

EMILY

We should go and search the bank grounds.

Preston looks at the young man. Wondering why he's even in the building at all. His dress code doesn't fit the notion of a marshal or detective. Preston turns to Eldon and points at the young man.

PRESTON

Eldon, one question before we go bank searching.

(pointing)

Who's this young fellow?

ELDON

His name is Cody Aries. A young man trained in a particular skill set that we will certainly need.

PRESTON

What kind of skill set are we talking about? Highly trained?

CODY

Highly trained in the skill set of marksmanship.

Preston nods.

PRESTON

Great. Same here.

CODY

So, you know how to use a sniper rifle?

Preston pauses.

PRESTON

Sniper rifle? No. Not my cup of tea. But, impressive for someone of your age.

Emily approaches Cody. Extends her hand.

EMILY

Welcome to the agency, Mr. Aries. I'm Emily Weston.

CODY

Great to meet you, Ms. Weston.

PRESTON

We're heading to the bank now?

ELDON

You have something else to do,
Preston?

PRESTON

I have some leads on the murders.

ELDON

You can go on your little solo
mission after visit the bank scene.

Preston nods with a grin.

EMILY

Anyone else there right now, Chief?

ELDON

We have one of our own who's
waiting for us at the scene.

PRESTON

Fair. I'll meet you guys there.

Preston leaves the room. Eldon, Emily, and Cody watch him
leave.

EXT. CITY BANK - NOON

Eldon, Emily, and Cody arrive at the bank scene. Some police
officers are around as well as other detectives. Eldon looks
around as Emily approaches him.

ELDON

Where's Preston?

CODY

He said he'll meet us here.

EMILY

Yet, he left the office first.

They hear a vehicle approaching and the vehicle is Preston's.
He parks the car and gets out, walking toward the group. He
looks over to his left and sees a white Lincoln. He points
and looks to Emily.

PRESTON
Got yourself a Lincoln, huh.

EMILY
Its my car from Newark. It's what
moves me around.

PRESTON
Its a nice car. Although, it isn't
black. Such as mine.

Eldon approaches Preston.

ELDON
Don't start any of this bullshit
right now. We're hereon duty and
your mind needs to be focused.

Preston stands still. His hands up.

PRESTON
I'm very focused, Eldon.

Eldon walks around the bank scene. Emily and Cody follow him. Preston stands and shakes his head while walking around the scene by himself, doing his own investigation as it may. Walking around the bank, they see the amount of damage that was done on the building.

CODY
Only a high-powered weapon could've
done this much damage.

ELDON
What kind of weapon are you
suggesting?

EMILY
A grenade launcher?

PRESTON
(O.S.)
Rocket launcher.

They turn around, seeing Preston looking down at a strap with the cap for a rocket launcher on the ground. The strap is laying in the street as if it was dropped suddenly and without notice.

ELDON
I'm impressed by this, Preston. At
least you've done something right.

PRESTON

It was just laying there, Eldon.
Someone had to point it out.

ELDON

Cody, take the strap and cap back
to the office so it can be tested
for fingerprints.

CODY

Yes, sir.

Cody put on gloves and grabs the strap and cap, placing them
into a plastic bag. Preston looks at Emily and glances to the
strap and cap.

PRESTON

What have you found?

Emily smirks and looks on the road, seeing something laying
down.

EMILY

What's that?

PRESTON

What's what?

Emily walks over to the object and sees a wallet. She looks
over to Cody and Eldon.

EMILY

Chief, Cody. Over here.

They approach her as she shows them the object on the ground.

ELDON

What have you found?

EMILY

It's a wallet.

PRESTON

A wallet? That's it?

ELDON

Let me have a look at it.

Eldon grabs the wallet and opens it. Seeing the owner's
driver's license inside with other information regarding the
owner. Eldon nods and tosses the wallet to Cody.

ELDON (CONT'D)

Have the office contact that man.
See if he's in a hospital or a
morgue.

PRESTON

At least you've done some good.

EMILY

That's why we're here isn't it.

Emily walks away. Preston only stares.

INT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Preston, Emily, and Eldon are inside the boardroom of the
agency, sitting at the table. Cody enters the room.

ELDON

What has come about with the strap?

CODY

So far, we've found no traces of
fingerprints on the strap or cap.

PRESTON

Now that's a damn shame.

EMILY

There are other possibilities to
trace.

PRESTON

That, I am sure of.

Emily shakes her head, turning to Cody.

EMILY

What of the wallet?

CODY

The wallet belongs to a Richard
Ward. One of the bankers that
survived the incident. We guess he
dropped his wallet when he was
leaving the bank before it
exploded.

ELDON

Surprised the robbers didn't take
the wallet.

PRESTON

So, the wallet belongs to a banker.
Kinda funny.

ELDON

We'll need to contact this Mr. Ward
fellow and ask him some questions
about the whole situation. Maybe he
can give us some details that will
help find the robbers.

CODY

I'll get right on that, sir.

Cody leaves the boardroom. Eldon stands up from the table and
approaches Preston and Emily.

ELDON

Nice work from the two of you.
Impressed you're getting along so
far.

EMILY

Was only doing my job, Chief.

PRESTON

I'll agree with what she said.

Eldon smiles and leaves the boardroom. Preston and Emily are
the only two inside. Emily turns to Preston.

EMILY

I hope your mouth doesn't run this
much as we move forward.

PRESTON

I like to talk. Its not about ego.
More about function in the line of
duty.

EMILY

Explains why you don't have any
partners in the field.

PRESTON

Nice one.

Emily leaves the boardroom. Preston stays sitting. Thinking
to himself. He looks at his watch.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - AFTERNOON

Hoyt walks toward a mobile home. He knocks on the door and it opens, revealing Billy.

BILLY
Hoyt.

HOYT
Mind if I have a word with you for
a moment?

BILLY
Come on in.

Hoyt walks inside the home as Billy closes the door.

INT. MOBILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt looks around the home. Seeing the interior. Mostly covered in clothes, empty boxes of pizza and chicken.

HOYT
Still living in this same old
shithole, I see.

BILLY
It works for me, my friend.

HOYT
I see you're no longer hung over.

BILLY
Some sleep helped.

HOYT
No problem there. The reason that
I'm here at the moment is to speak
with you about the proposition for
tonight.

BILLY
What did you have planned?

HOYT
We're going to make a statement.
One with enough wind to sweep the
city.

BILLY
By doing what?

HOYT
 Just simple, blow something up.
 People love it when fire flies into
 the sky with sound effects.

BILLY
 What time?

HOYT
 I'll come back right before the
 time comes.

Hoyt looks at Billy. Nods with a smile, discerning Billy's expression.

HOYT (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, Billy. You'll be fine.
 Besides, they won't even know who's
 responsible when they see what's
 left.

Hoyt leaves the home. Billy sits back down on his couch.

INT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Eldon walks toward his office with some files in hand.
 Preston walks past him and Eldon turns around toward him.

ELDON
 Heading out?

PRESTON
 Yeah. Figured we've done most of
 what we could today. So, I'm going
 to head home.

Eldon nods.

ELDON
 Very well.

Preston turns to walk away.

ELDON (CONT'D)
 By the way, Preston.

Preston turns back to Eldon.

ELDON (CONT'D)
 Meant to tell you this earlier.
 Hoyt Bennett is back in town.

PRESTON
The Hoyt Bennett?

ELDON
That's right. He came in sometime
this morning from D.C.

PRESTON
They let him out?

ELDON
Yeah. Said his time was due and he
was given release.

Preston nods with silence.

PRESTON
This isn't something to be calm
about..

ELDON
I figured you would say something
like that.

PRESTON
You remembered what he did and why
he was sent away. The man can't
change his motives.

ELDON
What makes you so sure of that? A
supermax prison can change anyone's
mind.

PRESTON
Not Hoyt's. Whenever he shows up,
shit happens and people end up
dead.

ELDON
That was many years ago.

PRESTON
You know his intentions. It's
always calm and slow when he
returns. Once he makes his first
move, everything escalates. He's
here to rebuild his supposed
empire.

ELDON
You know him well.

PRESTON
Enough to know when he'll strike.

ELDON
Look Preston, we can be sure if something does happen, we'll stop him. Rather, you'll stop him.

PRESTON
I know a few places he may be. But, I'm concern at what he will attempt tonight.

Preston walks away. Eldon enters into his office.

EXT. MARSHAL-DETECTIVE AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Preston walks outside of the building and runs into Emily, who's heading back inside.

EMILY
You're leaving?

PRESTON
I have some personal stuff to do. That's all.

EMILY
Fair enough.

PRESTON
I guess.

Preston walks away.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
I'll see you tomorrow.

EMILY
Sure thing.

Emily watches Preston walk away and walks inside the building.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Preston enters a seafood restaurant. He walks up to the waiter's podium in front.

WAITER
How many?

PRESTON

Just one.

WAITER

Right this way, sir.

Preston follows the waiter to a small table. Preston sits down at the table. The waiter brings him the menu and the tableware.

WAITER (CONT'D)

What would you like to drink?

PRESTON

Water, please.

WAITER

I'll be right back with it.

PRESTON

Thank you.

The waiter walks away. Preston looks around the restaurant. Seeing it is crowded with people for the night. He looks over to his left and sees a couple sitting down at a table not too far from where he's sitting. He notices the woman's hair. He looks closer, squinting his eyes. Able to see, he notices his ex-wife. As he looks, she turns around and sees him. They stare at one another and Preston waves. She smiled and waved back.

The waiter returns with his water. He takes the glass.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

(reading from menu)

Thank you.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

PRESTON

Give me a moment.

The waiter nods, walking away. Preston looks toward his left again and his ex-wife is standing right in front of him. He jolted for a moment. She is KAREN ROGERS (30s). Her long blonde hair is what caught Preston's eyes. She's dressed for the occasion. Wearing a beautiful red dress.

KAREN

It's good to see you again. After all this time.

PRESTON

Same here.

KAREN

So, how's life been treating you these few years?

PRESTON

You know. Good days and bad days come and go.

Preston looks and sees a man approaching them behind Karen. The man stops at the table and puts his arm around Karen. He's dressed in a gray suit with a black tie. He has short hair, somewhat slicked. He's RICHARD ROGERS (late 30s).

KAREN

Oh, Preston, this is my husband, Richard.

Preston and Richard extend hands and they shake.

PRESTON

Nice to meet you.

RICHARD

Same here, good sir.
(speaking to Karen)
We need to get going, honey.

Karen nods.

KAREN

It was nice seeing you again, Preston.

PRESTON

Good seeing you too.

Richard and Karen walk away, leaving the restaurant. Preston looks on. Silent. While sitting, something triggers Preston. He can't get it off his mind. He stands up from his seat, leaves the cash on the table and exits the restaurant.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Hoyt and Billy arrive in front of a small jailhouse. Hoyt stops the truck. Billy looks around the location.

BILLY

This is part of your plan?

HOYT

Billy, this is a jailhouse.
Criminals reside within those
walls. I figure that its best to
put people like them out of their
misery instead of keeping them
safe.

Hoyt exits the truck and walks toward the back. In the back,
Hoyt opens up a box, revealing a grenade launcher.

HOYT (CONT'D)

There's my baby.

He raises it up. Billy looks and doesn't know what to make of
it.

BILLY

Where did you get that?

HOYT

My brother kept it locked away in
his shed. He won it in a contest.

BILLY

What are you about to do, Hoyt?

HOYT

I'm about to make these people feel
a little safer in their city. Their
streets will become clean and their
air will be fresh.

Hoyt aims the launcher.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hoyt still has the launcher aimed. Billy sits in the truck,
terrified.

HOYT

Our time has come, Billy. A time of
change is making its way toward New
Haven and we're opening the door
for it.

The launcher is set to fire.

Guards walk outside of the jailhouse. They glance over toward
them. Billy sees them.

BILLY

Oh shit!

Billy ducks to hide himself. One guard took a glance outward, seeing the truck and someone standing. Hoyt held the launcher and smirks.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hoyt, we have trouble!

HOYT
No worries here, Billy.

The guard intrigued, goes to tell the others. Hoyt aims and takes in a deep breath. He exhales.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Incoming Call!

Hoyt fires the launcher and he grenade bolts out and flies into a window. BOOM! The jailhouse explodes with the guards flying up in the air. Debris, flames, and smoke cover the sky. Hoyt looks up and smiles. Soaking up the moment.

BILLY
We need to go!

HOYT
Beautiful. People love this.

BILLY
We have to go now, Hoyt! Come on!

Hoyt tosses the launcher in the back of the truck. He jumps into the driver's seat.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Why man?! Just why!

HOYT
(excited)
Our time has come Billy! Our time
has come.

Hoyt drives off. Leaving the jailhouse destroyed and filled with dead prisoners and officers.

Preston arrives at the scene, catching the truck driving by. He focuses as it passes him and he makes out the faces. Hoyt looks, seeing Preston and grins.

PRESTON
Shit.

Preston watches the truck drive away as the jailhouse was covered in smoke and flames.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE