

JEFFERSON COUNTY, P.O.

By

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EXT. RIM JOB CAR WASH - DAY

'The Rim Job' car wash is jumping. JESSE (30s, Cornrows, Muscular, Intense) and two COWORKERS shine the tires on a nice car. A GRADUATE in a cap and gown gets out of the car.

COWORKER

(To Graduate)

We'll have you set in about 10 minutes brother. Go get you a soda from inside or something.

INT. JEFFERSON COUNTY CRUISER - RIM JOB PARKING LOT - DAY

Across the parking lot, watching in their car, are officers WALKER (Woman, Minority 30s) and REYNOLDS (Male, Black 40). They silently observe the men cleaning tires.

WALKER

I'm done talking about it. Macaroni and Cheese is NOT an entree. It's a side.

REYNOLDS

Not when lobster in it...

WALKER

Stop letting white people tell you how to think. Lobster don't belong in macaroni.

REYNOLDS

Don't mean it's not good.

WALKER

You know what else was good to white people? Slavery. Why don't you put that in the macaroni too?

(then)

So which one? Cornrows?

REYNOLDS

That's him.

Walker scowls, then angrily tries to get out of the car.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa! I lead this time. You fall back and let me do my thing.

WALKER

I said okay, dag! I still think  
this is a terrible idea but  
whatever.

EXT. RIM JOB CAR WASH - DAY

Walker and Reynolds get out of the car and approach Jesse.

COWORKER 2

And the same goes for James Harden!  
I don't respect nobody who plays  
wit a beard. That black hipster  
shit is unacceptable. None of the  
greats had facial hair. Shaq,  
Kareem, Jordan--

COWORKER

Lebron got a beard.

COWORKER 2

Yeah, but he losing his hair up  
top. Sacrifice!

Walker and Reynolds arrive at Jesse who looks them up and  
down.

REYNOLDS

Hey! Jesse what's going down, bruh?

He goes in for dap and gets a stiff reception.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Hey, Jesse, is there somewhere we  
can talk?

JESSE

Yeah, my office. No nigga, this my  
job, it's a damn car wash. Outside  
IS my office! Da hell you want  
nigga?

Jesse steps up and TOWERS over Reynolds - who is eye level  
with Jesse's nipples.

REYNOLDS

Oh Shi- whoa. You been eating  
vegetables- (To Walker sotto) I  
didn't know he was this tall.

Walker looks on, arms folded, looking at Reynolds like "now  
what?" Intimidated, some of the bass leaves Reynolds' voice.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
We're friends of Teresa.

Jesse shakes his head.

JESSE  
This bitch done called the police  
on me -

REYNOLDS  
(still talking to Jesse's chest)  
No, we're not police, and we're not  
here for any trouble. Teresa just  
needs her phone back.

Jesse looks pissed and confused.

COWORKER  
Jesse, you good?

JESSE  
Nah, we ain't good.

Several of Jesse's COWORKERS walk over. As tensions rise,  
customers pull out their cell phones to record.

REYNOLDS  
I'm gonna need all of y'all to fall  
back! Do not come any closer! We  
are law enforcement!

Everyone gets serious and takes a step back.

JESSE  
Law enforcement? Y'all cops?

REYNOLDS  
We're Jefferson County Probation.

Beat.

Everyone LAUGHS, with ad-libbed derision on top.

COWORKER  
Y'all some glorified hall monitors!

REYNOLDS  
Look, Teresa's phone was issued by  
her job so it's technically not  
even hers. She lose the phone, she  
could lose the job. She lose the  
job, she violates her probation.  
(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

And since you on parole too, that means BOTH y'all can end up back in jail and nobody wants that, right?

JESSE

What, you mean this phone?

He pulls Teresa's phone out of his pocket. Reynolds smiles. Finally, a breakthrough.

JESSE (CONT'D)

The one she be Insta-snap-tweetchatting all them niggas on?

Reynolds smile drops.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I know for a fact she fishing for new dick! Look at these pics?

Reynolds watches as Jesse swipes through pics on her Instagram page. Each picture is more sexy.

REYNOLDS

It's a few innocents pictu-- Oh damn!

COWORKER

She got ass. What's her username?

REYNOLDS

Jesse, you not allowed to steal her property 'cause you suspect infidelity.

JESSE

And what you gonna do? Ol' pussy-ass, soft ass, probation Martin Luther King lookin-ass nigga.

Walker grows impatient. Her hand begins to twitch.

REYNOLDS

Trust me, you runnin' out of time.

JESSE

Nigga, the bitch leaving. You the one running out of time.

Jesse lifts up his shirt revealing a pistol in his waistline.

REYNOLDS

We can pretend we didn't see that and just, tuck your shirt back in --

JESSE

I'm keeping the phone. Y'all both  
can suck my -

A GUNSHOT interrupts him, fired from Walker holding a smoking  
shotgun. Jesse falls to the ground. The COWORKERS, stunned  
silent take a step back. Jesse wails like a 5-year old -  
hollering in pain and crying. His face is covered in snot.  
Reynolds takes his gun and picks up the phone. Jesse is in  
audible agony.

REYNOLDS

(to customers)

It's okay! Rubber bullets! Jesse is  
going to be just fine.

(to Jesse)

You wouldn't happen to have the  
charger would you? No?

The older looking graduate returns from inside with his soda.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Congratulations, young brother.  
It's never too late. What college?

GRADUATE

Ensley High School.

Reynolds nods and walks back to the car with Walker.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - DAY

WALKER

(beat)

I told you, you look like Dr. King.

Reynolds sits down and holds the phone in the air. A hand in  
the backseat snatches it away. It's TERESA (Bi-Racial 20s)

TERESA

THANK YOU SO, SO, MUCH!

WALKER

(stonefaced)

Our pleasure.

REYNOLDS

And, uh... I think y'all broken up.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. AN OFFICE - LATER - DAY

An interviewer sits behind a desk, studying a resume. On the other side is a young man, LATRELL, (Black mid 20s), in an ill-fitting suit. He smiles nervously. It is a job interview.

INTERVIEWER  
So, getting married in two days.

LATRELL  
(Smiling)  
Yes!

INTERVIEWER  
I see you're on probation. Would you care to say why?

LATRELL  
(Smiling)  
No.

INTERVIEWER  
And if you saw a coworker stealing?

LATRELL  
(Smiling)  
Or Did I? I'm not a snitch.  
Well, Depends on what he stole.

INTERVIEWER  
If someone said something to you that was inappropriate how-

LATRELL  
(Smiling)  
I would notify a superv-  
(Smile falls from his face) )  
I'm not gonna take shit from nobody, if that's what you're asking. I could be working at Disney World, I'll slap Mickey, Minnie, Goofy... Don't matter.

Latrell realizes he's messed up and quickly puts a smile back on his face. The interviewer starts shaking his head and laughing. We now see that it's Reynolds and we're in his office.

INT. REYNOLDS OFFICE- DAY

REYNOLDS

The point of interview prep is to get you thinking on the fly. You're gonna have to take these more serious.

LATRELL

I know, it's just, the wedding's in two days and got my mind going crazy. I love this girl man. She got all her teeth, even the back ones. I don't know if I believe in marriage, but I believe in her. You know, like what you always said about your girl, before she dumped you for a soundcloud rapper.

(beat)

Sorry to bring that up. Aight man, this was good. I'm outta here.

Reynolds produces a plastic cup and hands it to Latrell.

REYNOLDS

Not yet. Gotta drop you.

CUT TO:

INT. PROBATION OFFICE/BULLPEN - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Walker is retelling the car wash story to other Probation officers.

WALKER

I mean, sometimes you just gotta shoot a bitch. And you know HE wasn't gone do it. He won't even carry a gun. That's why I'm leaving this shit for the police department. You can whoop ass without all this red tape.

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Latrell stands at the urinal. Reynolds stands over his shoulder. We hear a long, steady stream of urine.

REYNOLDS

(sigh)

I'm really gonna miss this.



Latrell hands him the cup of urine. Reynolds drops a test strip in and looks at the results. Reynolds' gloved hand shakes the container of urine.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Well I'm proud of you, Latrell. I really am.

\*

LATRELL

And I just wanted to say man, I really, really, appreciate everything you've done for me -

REYNOLDS

(looking at the results)

Bruh!

Latrell stops talking. Reynolds glares at him.

LATRELL

What?

REYNOLDS

What? What do you mean 'what?'

LATRELL

Did I fail?

Reynolds is fuming.

REYNOLDS

(mocking him)

D-D-Did I fail?

(then)

Was the weed so good you forgot you smoked it? Latrell, what the f--? I'm disappointed man. Latrell, what the fuck?

LATRELL

(stammers)

I didn't even smoke that much. It's mostly clean what? Like 75 percent? In baseball, that's Hall of Fame.

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly there is POUNDING on the door.

\*

WALKER (O.S.)

What's taking so long? It's a piss test not a shit test! Hurry up!

\*

This startles Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Hold on!

\*

LATRELL

\*

(sotto)

Reynolds, please, don't violate me today I'm getting married! If not for me, then for Denise man, she don't deserve this.

REYNOLDS

(sotto)

You putting me in a real bad position, fam.

Reynolds thinks for a beat, then opens the door. His suspicious partner waits.

WALKER

Well?

REYNOLDS

We good, let's go.

\*

LATRELL

C'mon I gotta show you the whip!

He walks past her and exits. Walker gives Latrell a sideways look, then follows. His expression screams 'guilty.'

EXT. PROBATION OFFICE - OUTSIDE - DAY

Reynolds and Latrell exit into the parking lot to their waiting cars.

LATRELL

\*

Hey - how come you never called my homegirl Melissa?

REYNOLDS

Oh, right... it's been hectic -

LATRELL

Hey man... call her, bruh. Great job. Big booty. I even heard a rumor she got a good relationship with her REAL daddy. None of that step daddy shit. Only down side, she's a vegan. But she still eat chicken though.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

A LOUD HORN honks outside startling everybody. Walker is already in her car.

WALKER  
LET'S GOOOOO!!!

REYNOLDS  
STOP MAKING ME SHIT MYSELF!

\*

Latrell gets in the car. Next to him is his fiancé Denise.

LATRELL  
Look at this man!? 2004 Nissan  
Altima. Only 342K miles on it. But  
you should see me, I'm riding this  
bitch like it's a brand new Benz!  
(To Denise)  
Hey baby, get out and push so the  
car will start.

\*

Denise gets out and starts pushing while Latrell steers.  
Reynolds waves as he and Walker observe happy couple slowly  
riding off.

INT. PROBATION CAR - SAME TIME - DAY

WALKER  
He didn't pass did he?

\*

The smile leaves Reynolds' face. Walker laughs.

\*

First a little, then a lot, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER - DAY

Walker drives. Reynolds rides shotgun. He's on the "AYE BRUH"  
Dating App. He swipes left on an image. From the app we hear  
an audible "Nah, Bruhhh."

REYNOLDS  
He's getting married!

WALKER  
So what? Violate his ass! We can go  
get him after lunch.

\*

REYNOLDS  
And ruin the wedding?

WALKER  
See? There you go again. You're not  
a public defender anymore Reynolds.  
(MORE)

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Your job ain't to 'protect' these people.

REYNOLDS  
And what about his fiancé?

WALKER  
She shouldnt've dated the brother anyway. He got a job. He made her a promise to stay clean. He didn't.

REYNOLDS  
Latrell has made huge progress over the last year. Plus he was 75 percent clean. In baseball that's the hall of fame. We're supposed to be the bridge between our client's past and a better life, right? Well, Denise is his better life.

TERESA (O.C.)  
It's up here guys.

REVEAL TERESA, still in the back seat of the car.

TERESA (CONT'D)  
Do you guys talk about my business in front of strangers like this?

REYNOLDS  
No. Besides, you don't know who we're talking about.

TERESA  
Yes I do. Latrell Green. He's marrying Denise Shavers at First Baptist Ensley. Their colors are-

REYNOLDS  
Ok, ok! Small world.

The car pulls up at a home where an elderly woman is sitting on the front porch.

TERESA  
It's this house right here on the left! Thanks for the ride to work. And for getting my phone back.

Teresa hops out of the car. She's wearing hospital scrubs and carrying therapy equipment.

WALKER

Imma tell chief you out here  
running an Uber on the side.

CUT TO:

INT. REYNOLDS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In his simple bachelor's apartment, Reynolds makes passionate \*  
love to his girlfriend LATASHA. Lots of kissing and thrusting \*  
and moaning.

Suddenly the NBA ON TNT theme plays and pulls out to reveal  
CHUCK, ERNIE, KENNY, and SHAQ hosting their popular sports  
show. The lovemaking is on the giant screen behind them.

ERNIE

Boy, those were the good ol' days. \*  
We're back and talking about \*  
'Officer' Reynolds and how he lost \*  
the game of love to LaTasha. And \*  
he's been in a slump ever since. \*  
Alone, on the couch eating waffles \*  
with no syrup. \*

Chuck is shaking his head already.

CHUCK

This guy is a dummy. Why would you \*  
quit being a public defender to \*  
become a probation officer? That's \*  
dumber than that time I left \*  
Phoenix to play in Houston. \*

KENNY

But he said that wasn't a good fit.  
Thought he could do more good in  
the streets than the courtroom.

CHUCK

Just sounds like more excuses. Look  
I respect Law Enforcement, but  
nobody respects Parole Officers,  
Ernie. Nobody. And I think that's  
why LaTasha left him.

KENNY

I have a different take. He wasn't \*  
putting it down. Let's go to the \*  
screen!

Kenny jumps out of his chair to GO INTO the giant screen.

He's now IN THE BEDROOM as Reynolds and LaTasha have sex.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Look at this! No fundamentals.  
Mechanics are off. Bad foot work.  
If he's gonna make a difference  
he's gotta get bigger inside.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

We FREEZE.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Look at Latasha's face!

\*

ERNIE

That is indeed the face of a woman  
thinking about her laundry.

\*  
\*  
\*

KENNY REAPPEARS and jogs back towards his seat.

SHAQ

That is not the way you treat a  
woman who has all her back teeth.  
(to camera)  
Reynolds, forget about Latasha.  
She's with me now. She supports me  
in everything I do mentally,  
spiritually, and sexually.

\*  
\*  
\*

REYNOLDS WAKES UP from his nightmare in front of the TV,  
alone, with basketball highlights still on.

REYNOLDS

Fuck you, Shaq.

As he TURNS OFF the TV we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. JEFFERSON COUNTY CITY OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING - DAY \*  
TWO

Establishing shot of the building that houses P.O. HQ.

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

In the small, joyless, lobby of the probation office, a few parolees wait. On a small TV is a female Relationship GURU. An Iyanla Vanzant Type.

GURU (ON TV)  
...It's all in my new book 'Women  
Ain't Shit, But Neither Is You.'

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Reynolds and Walker sit in front of their Supervisor, BARBARA STEVENSON, Black, late 40s. She studies a laptop screen.

Reynolds spends the scene swiping through his phone, looking at dating profiles. We hear multiple "Naahh Bruhs" during the scene.

Stevenson turns the laptop around to reveal a video taken of their incident at the party on WORLDSTAR.COM. The video is titled "Martin Luther King Shoots in Dick."

REYNOLDS  
Ma'am, I just wanna say, Officer  
Walker was just following my lead,  
I take full responsibility.

STEVENSON  
(mocking)  
"I take full responsibility." Easy  
for you to say, you don't give a  
shit.

REYNOLDS  
Don't give a shit?  
(re: video)  
Look at that! We put our lives on  
the line for that girl's phone! On  
top of that, it's an old ass  
Android!

\*  
\*  
\*

STEVENSON

Being a softy for the clients is different than caring about the job. Hell, if I fired you now you'd probably like it.

REYNOLDS

But where else can I legally look at men urinate? I'd just be... hanging out in movie theater bathrooms. They don't always have the separators there so you can see some good urination in there.

\*

STEVENSON

You should have just called the police when he flashed the gun -

\*

\*

\*

WALKER

Ain't nobody even seriously hurt! He's lucky, if we was cops they'd all be dead.

\*

\*

\*

\*

STEVENSON

This job is not an audition to be a cop.

\*

(re: video)

This gives all P.Os a bad name.

WALKER

\*

We already got a bad name. They don't know what our authority is, so they try to test us. Police come around, everyone shits bricks. We don't get that kind of respect.

STEVENSON

So you shot up a car wash for respect? In front of a college graduate?

\*

\*

REYNOLDS

High School. Only person in the school that can sign his own permission slip.

\*

\*

\*

STEVENSON

Allow me to remind you, we are the only branch of law enforcement that can be sued civilly by the people we serve.

\*

(re: the video)

Only thing saving you two is these dumbasses don't know that.

(MORE)



STEVENSON (CONT'D)

You may wish people looked at you like police, but that's exactly what we don't want. Our job is to keep people out of jail. People hate the police. They don't hate POs. You ever hear anyone make a song called 'Fuck the P.Os'?

WALKER

Not that I know of, no.

REYNOLDS

Naw, that's funny, you right...

\*

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

That's because we are the bridge between our clients and a new, better life. That is what I expect. Be the bridge.

REYNOLDS

Are we not the bridge in that video?

STEVENSON

I see three lawsuits.

\*

REYNOLDS

I see three men cooperating with law enforcement who otherwise-  
(off Stevenson)  
I'll be the bridge.

\*

\*

WALKER

Imma be the bridge too ma'am.

REYNOLDS

Imma be a bigger bridge. Suspension bridge. Real high, like the ones people jump off of.

\*

\*

\*

WALKER

Imma be a double decker suspension draw bridge, bridge, with tolls.

\*

\*

STEVENSON

Please leave my office.

Walker and Reynolds stand to exit. Stevenson turns her laptop back around.

REYNOLDS

(exiting)

Don't watch too much Shaderoom.  
It's depressing.

\*

STEVENSON

Too late. Between this and World  
Star Im 'bout to turn into a  
Republican.

\*  
\*

Reynolds and Walker exit.

INT. JEFFERSON COUNTRY CITY OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Reynolds and Walker walk towards their desks.

WALKER

That was cool of you to take the  
blame.

\*  
\*

REYNOLDS

Might as well. No sense in you  
heading over to the police  
department with a strike on your  
file. And for the record, I had the  
situation under control, you ain't  
have to pop dude like that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

Thanos was bout to kick yo ass.  
PLUS, He pulled a gun.

\*  
\*

REYNOLDS

He flashed a gun. Aggression begets  
aggression is all I'm trying to  
say.

WALKER

Said the six-foot-something-ass  
negro. It's different for me, I'm  
petite! And I'm not gone always be  
there to protect you. That "I don't  
carry a gun" bullshit gone get old.

\*  
\*  
\*

REYNOLDS

Whatever. But can you at least  
admit that you just enjoy  
physically hurting people? Like, a  
lot?

\*  
\*

WALKER

(thinks)

You may have a point that I will  
have to reflect on at a later date.  
Hey but f'real... thanks. If I got  
fired now I can kiss the academy  
goodbye.

REYNOLDS

You're gonna be a great cop one day, Walker.

WALKER

(inspired)

You really think so?

REYNOLDS

Yeah. You pulled out your gun when the incident didn't call for it. Got your partner to cover it up. And you didn't get punished. You're a natural. You're going to be a danger to a lot of people.

\*  
\*

She laughs, despite herself.

WALKER

And destroy a lot of lives, but... really, a great cop.

Reynolds puts his arm around her for a half-hug. She ELBOWS him in the rib.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Only person Imma hurt is your stupid ass.

\*

REYNOLDS

You hungry?

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LUNCH - DAY

BIG MIXX (Black, 40-60s) has his unlicensed BBQ "truck" set up in the corner of a parking lot. It's a BBQ grill sitting on a flat bed attached to a truck. Reynolds is chowing down while Walker is skeptical of the BBQ rib she's holding that's covered in a white sauce. Dozens are in line. A CUSTOMER pays for his food.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BIG MIXX

(To Customer) Just stand over there playa, have you ready in a sec.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

Barbecue ain't supposed to be this color.

\*  
\*

BIG MIXX

It's Alabama white sauce. You'll like it.

\*  
\*

WALKER

Lobster in the macaroni. Now this. Stop letting white people gentrify y'all's foods. And what's all the black speckles in here?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BIG MIXX

IT'S PEPPERCORN! GOT DAMN JUST BITE THE SHIT. Ain't like you never had white sauce in ya mouth before, girl.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

Hey - don't make me not want to eat this shit! How you got a barbecue spot without a spot?

\*  
\*  
\*

(re: the empty parking lot)

\*  
\*

Where the hell is the rest of your shit? Where you wash your hands?

\*  
\*

BIG MIXX

Naw, see, germs is what give it the flavor.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

(to Big Mixx)

\*

If this shit makes my stomach explode Imma taze you until you have a heart attack, you hear me? You look like you about halfway there now.

\*

Walker takes a bite and seems impressed.

BIG MIXX

See?

WALKER

Talk to me in six hours. I'll take four bones, to go.

REYNOLDS

We can't even sit and eat?

WALKER

No, cause you stalling. It's simple. He violated his probation, take him to jail.

REYNOLDS

He's getting married tomorrow.  
Latrell ain't going anywhere, we  
can do it on Monday.

BIG MIXX

Who y'all talkin' about?

REYNOLDS

Mixx this is confidential informa--

\*

BIG MIXX

Wait, are you talking about Latrell  
that stay over on Lawson? She the  
one that got that good relationship  
with her father -

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

REYNOLDS

Yes, that Latrell.

\*

\*

BIG MIXX

Did you know she got all her back  
teeth? Anyway, I'm catering the  
wedding. Shiiitt, you might NEED to  
lock his ass up. Them Gate City  
Boys looking for him.

\*

\*

\*

REYNOLDS

(concerned)

Gate City Boys? why?

BIG MIXX

That brick of weed he went to jail  
for belonged to this nigga named  
Gumbo. And Latrell still owes him  
for the drugs he lost. Now Gumbo  
ain't trippin on the debt cuz  
Latrell got out the game PLUS he  
didn't snitch. THEN Gate City heard  
he was getting married AND he  
bought a brand new Benz.

REYNOLDS

It's an Altima!

\*

BIG MIXX

You can't go 'round spending money  
on women and you still owe Gumbo.  
At least that's how Gate City see  
it.

\*

\*

\*

WALKER

All you had to do was do yo job  
this morning.

\*

\*

(MORE)

WALKER (CONT'D)

But now you gotta pray Gate City  
don't find him first. Them G-C-B  
crazy. They shot the candy lady  
because she refuse to carry Hot  
Cheetos.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

On the wall we now see an emotional RIP mural of an older  
black woman holding a bag of Cheetos. Doves flying out of the  
bag.

\*  
\*  
\*

REYNOLDS

I repped most of them as a public  
defender. I seen this before. I'll  
just step to Gumbo and defuse it.

BIG MIXX

When you was my P-O you was  
straight with me. So I'm being  
straight with you. Only thing  
that's gonna save ya boy is two  
thousand dollars.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER

That's it? JUST Two thousand  
dollars? Well let me go to the ATM.  
Doe Gumbo takes Venmo? Or Cash App?

\*

REYNOLDS

(to Walker)  
Imma be the bridge.  
(to Big Mixx)  
Where do I find Gumbo?

BOSS

He do Trap Yoga over at Ali's  
halfway house on third.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN gets in line for barbecue. They all  
notice.

\*

BIG MIXX

Go holla, man.

WALKER

He don't want a girlfriend. He  
wanna love all these damn clients  
instead.

REYNOLDS

Eh, meeting people is hard.

WALKER

Yeah, especially when you don't do  
shit to meet people.

BIG MIXX

It's all good man, just remember  
the key to masturbation is  
switching hands, keeps things  
interesting. You ever tried to  
grapefruit yourself?

\*  
\*  
\*

Big Mixx laughs, then flirts with Walker.

BIG MIXX (CONT'D)

So what's up with you, little  
momma?

Before Walker can retort, a POLICE CAR speeds into the lot.

\*

BIG MIXX (CONT'D)

Shit!

(yelling to his workers)

5-0! Pack it up!

As Big Mixx and helpers scramble to shut down the truck. The  
car door opens to reveal POLICE OFFICER HAWTHORN, black,  
skinny, 30s, wearing a suit and large sunglasses.

Big Mixx is still standing on the flatbed manning the grill  
as they speed away. A Customer who never got his food gives  
chase.

\*  
\*  
\*

BIG MIXX (CONT'D)

(to customer) I got you next time  
fam. My bad.

\*  
\*  
\*

HAWTHORN

I'm gonna get you Mixx! Get your  
license or stay out of this lot!

Hawthorn eyes some of the patrons up and down.

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)

Y'all should be ashamed!

He snatches a plate from someone.

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)

I'm taking this as evidence!

He eyes a person with BRAIDS, flip flops, and man boobs.

\*

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)

You. What's your preferred gender  
pronoun?

Before the man can answer, he walks on, stealing napkins from  
a table.

\*  
\*

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)  
 Health regulations exist for a  
 reason! Food poisoning kills over  
 ten people a year. What's this  
 black shit?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

He tosses the table napkins at another man.

\*

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)  
 Wipe that sauce off your face, man.  
 You disgust me.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Walker starts frantically wiping her face with napkins and follows.

\*  
 \*

HAWTHORN (CONT'D)  
 (Off Reynolds)  
 Top Flight. I was here to talk to  
 Mixx but you'll do.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

WALKER  
 (mouth full)  
 I wasn't eating Officer Hawthorn, I  
 was just watching them eat. The  
 black stuff is peppercorn.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

REYNOLDS  
 Wait - 'Detective' Hawthorn? Did  
 you finally get that promotion!?

\*

He extends his hand, Hawthorn SMACKS it away.

HAWTHORN  
 I'm asking the questions, alright?

REYNOLDS  
 You're doing police work off duty  
 just so you can wear a suit and  
 play detective?!

HAWTHORN  
 I'm on a special assignment!

WALKER  
 Well anything we can do to assist  
 your assignment Detective, let us  
 know.

We hear the POLICE RADIO.



DISPATCH (O.C.)  
(electronic)  
Victor 12, please respond. You're  
three hours late returning your  
squad car. What's your 20?

HAWTHORN  
Mind your business! I'm looking for  
one of your flock of felons.

REYNOLDS  
Clients. We call them 'clients.'

HAWTHORNE  
And I call them 'convicts'.

\*  
\*

DISPATCH (O.C.)  
(electronic)  
Victor 12, respond.

HAWTHORN  
Whatever. Knucklehead named Latrell  
Green. Flashy kid, new clothes,  
just bought a Bentley.

REYNOLDS  
Its an Altim-

DISPATCH (O.C.)  
(electronic)  
Victor 12, I know you hear me!!

HAWTHORN  
(into radio)  
You ain't my momma, shit! Stop  
embarrassing me, Gloria!

DISPATCH (O.C.)  
(electronic)  
Nigga Don't use my real name--

\*

Hawthorn turns off his radio.

HAWTHORN  
(to Reynolds)  
I need you to do that thing you do -  
when you summon one of them felons.  
Make'em come to the office.

WALKER  
Well actually, we were getting  
ready to take Latrell into custody.

HAWTHORN

(to Reynolds)

See! She understand how this relationship is supposed to work. Probation helps the police keep the streets clean. Not give out third and fourth chances. (To Walker) You gonna make a fine detective one day.

\*

REYNOLDS

You're not a detective. You're a patrolman in a suit driving a stolen squad car. (then) What do you need with Latrell? I can help.

HAWTHORN

If I needed your help I'd tell you to grab a cup so I can piss in it.

Walker LAUGHS, too loud.

WALKER

Good one sir. We do collect a lot of urine.

HAWTHORN

My business with him is none of your business. I don't trust you amateurs not to screw my shit up. You see Latrell, you call me. Then stay outta my way. Gotta go work my contacts.

Walker stares longingly as Hawthorn drives away.

\*

WALKER

God I hope he's my training officer.

\*

\*

REYNOLDS

Why you act like that around him?!

WALKER

I'm re-applying to the academy. I need that recommendation.

\*

\*

REYNOLDS

You up for some Yoga?

Big Mixx zooms by again. Customer still giving chase.

\*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

\*

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - AFTERNOON - DAY TWO

Reynolds and Walker approach the door. The beat of trap music thumps. Taped on the door is a flier for 'TRAP YOGA.' After a couple of knocks, the door opens. ALI (Black 50s Zen like).

\*

ALI

Blessings my children.

\*

REYNOLDS

Mr. Ali, we've met before. My nam-

\*

ALI

I know who you are officers.

REYNOLDS

We, um... we were hoping to talk to Gumbo?

\*

\*

ALI

Absolutely not. Your energy is off.

\*

REYNOLDS

But you called us your children.

\*

ALI

And children need boundaries. I must protect the sanctity of this sanctuary.

\*

\*

\*

\*

A hobbled old black couple enter, Ali quickly returns to zen.

\*

ALI (CONT'D)

She is here to do trap yoga. Trap Yoga is open to the whole community. Are y'all doing Trap Yoga? The only way you coming in here is if you're doing Trap Yoga.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Reynolds and Walker enter behind Ali. The furniture has been cleared and there are about a dozen Trap Yoga practitioners - residents and a couple locals. Reynolds and Walker are given mats and find a place in the rear of the group. The music, the instructor, it's all completely ridiculous.

Reynolds makes an effort to do the trap yoga poses while scanning the large open bottom floor of the halfway house.

\*

He notices a very attractive WOMAN near the front of the class. Trying not to ogle, he tries to focus on the instructor but is visibly distracted by her.

\*

Moments later, he notices Hawthorn in the corner, wearing an over the top yoga outfit and a wig. He is a Trap Yoga expert, throwing himself enthusiastically into each pose.

\*

Hawthorn looks over and sees Reynolds and Walker. He reacts, but tries not to overreact - so as to not blow his cover.

HAWTHORN

(sotto)

What are you doing here?

REYNOLDS

(sotto)

Trap Yoga. What are you doing here?

HAWTHORN

(sotto)

I'm undercover!

WALKER

HOW? You are a PATROLMAN.

\*

HAWTHORN

Y'all are here for Gumbo, huh?

REYNOLDS

(soto)

Shhh!

We see a black man, 30s, watching the class, eyeing the three of them talking while doing yoga. This is GUMBO. He's definitely locked in on what they're saying.

\*

\*

\*

HAWTHORN

I knew it! That boy's moving major weight and Latrell -

REYNOLDS

(sotto)

Shhh! C'mon, man!

HAWTHORN

(sotto)

- Used to sell for him. Well I didn't need your help, Top Flight. I infiltrated all by my -

Ali approaches.

ALI  
 (re: Hawthorn)  
 Who's this?

Hawthorn suddenly goes into over-the-top character.

HAWTHORN  
 Hello, ah, you don't know me, my \*  
 name is Owen D. Caruso, yoga  
 entrepreneur, CEO of the Caruso  
 Investment Group. We do big deals \*  
 all around the world. Akron, Ft. \*  
 Wayne, Lubbock. How would you like  
 to turn 'Trap Yoga' into a global  
 phenomenon!? Like a modern day Tae  
 Bo! Billy Blanks owns four homes. \*  
 Right? And what's your name? \*

Beat.

REYNOLDS  
 He's a cop, But he's not with us. \*

Hawthorn loses his shit. He snatches his own wig off and  
 SWATs Reynolds with it.

HAWTHORN  
 Damm it Top Flight! You blew my \*  
 cover! Told you stay out of my way! \*

He's making quite the scene. Gumbo looks nervous.

ALI  
 I'm going to need all y'all to  
 leave my house.

HAWTHORN  
 I'm not going nowhere! Now I came  
 here looking for Gumbo, and I don't  
 mean the soup!

Hawthorn pulls out his gun and badge from his extremely tight \*  
 pants. \*

HAWTHORN (CONT'D) \*  
 Nobody move! Jeff Co P-D! \*

Gumbo RUNS for it. Hawthorn chases.

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - SECONDS LATER - DAY

Gumbo RUNS out of the house and Hawthorn comes sprinting  
 after and TACKLES Gumbo from behind. But Gumbo is stronger. \*

As the two get to their feet and square off, Gumbo starts WHUPPIN' Hawthorn's ass in the front yard.

HAWTHORN

Hey nigga I'm the police! Ow! Hey!  
Nigga, did you hear me?! I said  
police!

\*

Everyone from the house watches like a schoolyard fight.  
Including Reynolds and Walker.

\*

\*

WALKER

We gotta help him. I really need  
that recommendation.

\*

Reynolds and Walker GRAB Gumbo and literally pull him off  
Hawthorn's ass. Hawthorn's yoga outfit is torn and dirty.

\*

HAWTHORN

Yeah you better grab his ass!!

\*

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

A couple more police cars are now on the scene. The Trap Yoga  
class and members of the Gate City crew, have assembled.  
Hawthorn, swollen lip and black eye, has Gumbo in cuffs.

\*

\*

HAWTHORN

(to Reynolds) )

He assaulted an officer! Now do  
your part and bring in Latrell so I  
can get this fool on drug charges,  
too!

\*

\*

\*

Reynolds winces when he hears the name - things just got a  
thousand times worse.

GUMBO

Latrell?! Is that who's snitching?

(to his crew)

You hear that fellas? Nigga Latrell  
out here snitchin' and shit!

\*

REYNOLDS

Wait, no! No, no, no, that's not  
true! Latrell did not snitch on --

GATE CITY MEMBER #1 (O.C.)

We got that nigga, Gumbo!

GATE CITY MEMBER #2  
Latrell dead as dirt!

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)  
Excuse me officer.

\*

In the midst of despair, Reynolds turns to see the ATTRACTIVE  
WOMAN from the Trap Yoga class - MELISSA MAPLES.

MELISSA  
Do you know my homegirl Denise?  
With he back teeth and the strong  
male role-model? She's engaged to -

\*

\*

\*

Reynolds' face lights up.

REYNOLDS  
Wait, you're Denise's friend? You?  
You're her?

\*

\*

\*

GATE CITY MEMBER #4 (O.C.)  
Fuck that snitch nigga, Latrell!

\*

\*

REYNOLDS  
Hey excuse me real quick -  
(yelling at thugs)  
Latrell didn't snitch! He's out the  
game, this just one big  
misunderstanding!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MELISSA  
Is that Denise's Latrell they're  
talking about?

\*

\*

\*

REYNOLDS  
They just playing. Nothing serious.

\*

\*

GATE CITY MEMBER #3  
We gonna cut that nigga's balls  
off!

\*

\*

\*

REYNOLDS  
(yelling at thugs)  
Hey! You not gonna cut anyone's  
balls off, alright? He didn't  
snitch!  
(then, to Melissa)  
Wow. Well I feel like a complete  
idiot for not calling you!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

We now realize an ad-libbed 'fuck Latrell' chorus is starting  
to grow from the Gate City crew.

\*

\*

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Look, I'd love to keep talking bu-

MELISSA  
I understand. Talk soon?

Hawthorn barges past Reynolds to put Gumbo in a squad car.

GATE CITY MEMBER #4 (O.C.)  
Fuck that snitch nigga, Latrell!

WALKER  
All you had to do was take him in  
this morning. Now you gotta tell  
that boy to call off his wedding  
and turn himself in to Hawthorn.  
How that bridge working now?

Reynolds stands in stunned silence. Walker laughs maniacally.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
(To Hawthorne)  
It was a pleasure fighting crime  
with you today. Can't wait to do  
more of this when I join the force.

HAWTHORN  
Join the force? We in the middle of  
a hiring freeze. The county ain't  
got no money. Best stay where you  
are.

Walker is stunned. She joins Reynolds in stunned silence.

Walker gets a text from Latrell-- THANKS FOR WHAT YOU DID FOR  
ME TODAY.

Suddenly the GATE CITY boys recognize Reynolds and Walker.

GATE CITY MEMBER  
Hey it's the Shaderoom P.O.s!

They come running over like fans, phones out for selfies.

GATE CITY MEMBER #4  
Hey let me get this for the gram  
real quick!

As our heroes are mobbed by elated thugs taking pictures,  
they now stand silently in their own individual hells.

FADE TO BLACK.