

Locked Up

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ONONDAGA COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

The city is relatively quiet, sirens holler as a police car arrives at the station. SHAWN PETERS (17), a tall, muscular guy, with dark-blond hair and light-green eyes is pulled out of a police car. He is wearing a wrecked Polo shirt and jeans. His hands are handcuffed behind his back.

SHAWN
(slurry)
Dude, chill! I'm coming, no
need to break my wrists!

OFFICER SMITH (40's), a tall police officer, ignores him as he drags him into the building.

SHAWN
Actually, I take that back, just
break them. That way I won't be
able to play next game.

Shawn laughs at himself drunkenly. He struggles to maintain his balance and trips as he enters the police station.

INT. ONONDAGA COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

SHAWN
Whoop! My bad man! You're cool,
you're so cool with that police
uniform on.

Officer Smith shakes his head. They approach the counter. Officer Smith pulls out Shawn's wallet from his pocket. The clock on the wall shows 1:30 am.

OFFICER SMITH
Shawn Peters, seventeen, illegal
consumption of alcohol, percentage
of alcohol in the blood is
currently 0.19, and destruction of
private property.

The FEMALE OFFICER at the counter types the information.

FEMALE OFFICER
Take him to cell three. We will
contact the parents as soon as we
can.

(CONTINUED)

Shawn flinches at the sound of the word 'parents'. He turns around to face the lady.

SHAWN

(slurry)

Parents? Ha, those idiots, they are probably happy that I'm here. They don't give a shit!

OFFICER SMITH

OK, kid. That's enough, let's go.

SHAWN

Yeah dude, you're right, let's go!

The officer walks Shawn down the hall to cell three.

INT. JAIL CELLS - NIGHT

Shawn is shoved by the officer into Cell #3 . He falls down to the floor. The gates close behind him and the door locks. Shawn hears footsteps coming towards him and senses CAMERON (19), a lanky guy with a goofy smile, and TROY (18), a well-built guy with tattooed arms, staring down at him.

CAMERON

Hey buddy!

TROY

Cameron, don't you see the little baby is hurt? It's dark and he's scared, he needs his mommy to help him.

Both laugh as Shawn crawls towards the wall nearest to him, leaning on it as he sits up. Cameron approaches, kneeling down and observing Shawn.

CAMERON

Let me ask you a serious question, which requires a serious answer. Are you currently under the influence of the volatile, flammable, colorless liquid known as ethanol?

Shawn looks at him with a 'what the fuck' face. Cameron shrugs.

CAMERON

I googled it.

(CONTINUED)

Troy rolls his eyes and pushes him out of his way, this time he gets closer to Shawn.

TROY

Let me guess, your girlfriend dumped you? Or wait! No, even better. Lost at beer pong? You seem like a little bit of a lightweight.

Shawn stands up and tackles Troy to the ground. Troy pushes him off effortlessly and laughs.

TROY

Wow! Not even a word and the fluffy beast has already been unleashed! Hey, if you wanna make it through a night, you really need to grow some tough skin.

SHAWN

I don't have to make it through a night, I don't belong here. I don't belong with fucked-up people like you. I'm getting bailed out soon anyway.

Shawn stands up and puts his hands on his knees, looking down. Troy notices Shawn is getting sick and smirks.

TROY

Let me help you with that.

Troy walks towards Shawn, placing one hand on his left shoulder. All of a sudden, Troy punches him in the stomach, hard.

Shawn grunts in pain, runs towards the door and pukes his brain out. Troy and Cameron laugh, walking back to the bunkers.

Shawn finishes puking, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and sits down on the floor, with his face on his hands.

SHAWN

Fuck me.

CAMERON

I'm good, thanks.

SHAWN

Why am I even sharing a cell with two dickheads?

TROY
Dickheads? That's all you got?

CAMERON
Now that you bring it up, my mom
always said my head was shaped
weird.

Troy and Shawn turn to Cameron. They choose to ignore him,
it's for the best. Troy turns back to Shawn.

TROY
Jesus, kid. Why are you so naive?
If you think we're dickheads, you
would be dead by now in any other
cell in this place.

CAMERON
Preach.

TROY
Listen, real shit happens in jail.

SHAWN
Like I give a shit.

CAMERON
First night I was in here, I got
beat up and went home completely
naked. Not even a sock. Trust me,
all your rich kid clothes would be
long gone by now.

Shawn quickly sits up straight and pads his pockets
nervously.

TROY
My first time in jail, someone got
raped a couple cells from mine.

CAMERON
I heard some dude was possessed,
never went back to being himself.
Tragic.

Shawn shakes the comment off and rolls his eyes.

SHAWN
Whatever.

Shawn, Troy, and Cameron sit in silence. Shawn drifts off to
sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL CELLS - NIGHT

All three boys are now fast asleep. Cameron and Troy in the bunkers, Shawn still on the floor.

Suddenly, the sound of a gate opening wakes them up. In the cell across the hall, Cell #4, the figure of a female, LESLIE (19), a pretty brunette with green eyes, is revealed. Shawn is now sobered up.

TROY

Leslie, you have to be kidding, you can't be this stupid.

Leslie looks at Troy and gives him a sarcastic smile.

CAMERON

You're a true inspiration.

LESLIE

Thanks, Cameron.

SHAWN

So, let me get this straight. All of you know each other.

TROY

Wow, you have a brain. Who knew?

SHAWN

Shit...

Shawn runs towards the gate, holding on to it and hitting it, trying to catch a guard's attention.

SHAWN

I have a complain! Excuse me? Is there anyone out there?

LESLIE

(to Troy and Cameron)
Why is he even here?

CAMERON

Didn't drink his milk before going to bed.

TROY

Baby was drinking without an ID on him.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

Are you serious? This is the twenty first century, for God's sake.

SHAWN

Can you stop talking about me as if I weren't standing right here?

CAMERON

Guys, did you hear something?

SHAWN

Fuck you.

Troy and Cameron giggle and turn around, Leslie shakes her head trying not to laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

OFFICER BERRY (late 30's), a cop with the biggest belly ever, is passed out on the chair with his feet up on the table. If there would be a Guinness record for how loud a snore can be, he would win. He has Cheetos all over him and his hands are orange from the Cheetos. The MONITOR shows cells three and four on different screens. We see Cameron and Troy lying on the bunkers, Shawn leaning against the bars, and Leslie is sitting down against the wall writing in a notebook. The clock on the monitor screen shows 4:14 am.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAIL CELLS - NIGHT

Cameron and Troy are lying on the bunkers. Shawn is wide awake, leaning against the bars.

INTER-CUT SHAWN AND LESLIE

SHAWN

What are you writing?

LESLIE

Just, everything and nothing. My thoughts, feelings, goals for the future. Writing is my form of release, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

I do that too.

LESLIE

Wow, didn't see that one coming.

SHAWN

No one does. But a piece of paper
won't ever judge me for what I feel
and for what I think.

LESLIE

It just listens.

SHAWN

And knows how to keep a secret.

LESLIE

(smiles)

Exactly.

SHAWN

I like drawing too.

LESLIE

Do you really?

SHAWN

Nah, I suck at it.

Leslie and Shawn laugh out loud but are interrupted by a
disgusted Cameron.

CAMERON

Get a room for crying out loud.

LESLIE

Shut up Cameron.

CAMERON

I'm bored. Time for jail
activities!

SHAWN

Wait, what? What type of
activities?

CAMERON

Relax! It won't hurt...

SHAWN

NO, DUDE! What are you talking
about?

(CONTINUED)

Troy sits up on the bed.

TROY
He's just kidding, stop being such a wimp.

CAMERON
This, fellow jail-mates, is the great game of Truth or Dare.

LESLIE
No, not that again.

SHAWN
You're not serious.

CAMERON
Oh, but I am Squire, now let the games begin and may the odds be ever in your favor. As you are a new to this part of town, why don't you go first. Truth or dare?

SHAWN
There's no way I'm doing this.

CAMERON
I'm afraid that's not an option.

SHAWN
Jesus, fine. Da-

CAMERON
Truth! Excellent!

SHAWN
But I-

CAMERON
Have you ever gone a whole day without underclothing?

SHAWN
Yes.

CAMERON
OK, your turn.

SHAWN
This is ridiculous. OK, um, Cameron, truth or dare?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Truth.

SHAWN

Have you ever seen your parents
have sex?

CAMERON

Not together, but I've seen my
father fucking someone other than
my mom.

Silence invades the room. Shawn suddenly feels extremely uncomfortable. He doesn't know what to do and looks down. Leslie and Troy look at Cameron.

CAMERON

Yeah, that motherfucker has some
nerve. He even called the cops on
me when I tried toilet papering the
bitch's house. She deserved it.

(beat)

Anyway, as Ambrose Bierce once
said, marriage is the state of a
community consisting of a master, a
mistress, and two slaves, making in
all, two.

TROY

You and your fucking pranks. And
who the fuck is Ambrose Bierce?

CAMERON

I don't know, some dude.

(beat)

Who's next? Leslie, truth or dare?

LESLIE

Cam, I think it's enough of that
game for today.

CAMERON

No, come on. Truth or dare?

LESLIE

(sighs)

Truth.

CAMERON

If you had one wish, what would it
be?

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

Oh, easy one, bring my parents back
to life.

Shawn looks up with widened eyes. 'What the actual fuck?' is all that crosses his mind. Troy and Cameron don't seem surprised as they knew about this already.

CAMERON

Fair enough.

Cameron lays on his bed as Troy gets up and starts pacing.

TROY

That's funny, if I were in your
position, I don't think I'd ask for
that.

LESLIE

Troy, don't say that, you know it's
not true.

TROY

Hell yes, of course it's true. I
haven't seen them in a while so
it's as if they were dead anyway.

Shawn can't believe what he is hearing, he can't hold it anymore.

SHAWN

(whispers)

Holy shit.

TROY

I'm sorry, is that too harsh for
your ears?

LESLIE

Troy...

TROY

(ignores Leslie)

It's pretty fucked up but then
again everything about me is fucked
up. I'm the town's fucked up drug
dealer, well I'm sorry if I don't
want to depend on my fucked up
abusive father. I have to making a
living one way or the other.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

I could think of a thousand other ways of making money...

Troy, Leslie, and Cameron, even Shawn himself, are surprised by the response.

LESLIE

Ha, it's not that easy.

CUT TO:

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

Troy is shown hitting the bars out of anger, hard. We hear a loud bang all throughout the station. Officer Berry is too concentrated on his donut.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAIL CELLS - NIGHT

Troy walks up to Shawn, who is now standing up straight. He is shitting his pants but refuses to show it. Troy points his finger at him, he looks like a beast.

TROY

You are just so fucking full of yourself! You are in a county jail, this is real life. Take a good look at it. The most extreme situation you will probably ever face is moving out of your three story mansion to go to college.

SHAWN

Shut the fuck up man, you don't know my family or me.

TROY

And you don't know shit about us either! You think we had a good education? That we can just apply for nice job, go buy a suit and tie, and just live happily ever after? It doesn't work that way.

LESLIE

The only job I could find was cleaning bathrooms in the subway. But I had to quit, because it was a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE (cont'd)
full-time job and I had to take
care of my brother and sister.

SHAWN
Wait, why do you need a job?

LESLIE
(inhales deeply)
My parents died in a car accident
when I was ten, leaving me and my
little brother and sister behind. I
tried finding someone that could
help us out but everyone rejected
us. I had to feed them so I
searched for food in dumpsters and
then went on to stealing from
stores and so on.

Leslie starts tearing up, even though she's trying extremely
hard to hold back the tears.

SHAWN
I-

TROY
That's what I thought.

CUT TO:

INT. MONITOR ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Officer Berry is now playing Angry Birds. The monitor shows
Troy walking back to a bunker where Cameron is also seen,
Shawn sitting against the wall, and Leslie sitting facing
towards Shawn. The monitor clock shows 4:10 am. In the next
monitor, a cop is shown walking through the hallway towards
cells three and four.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Officer Smith walks towards the cell where Shawn is at.

OFFICER SMITH
Shawn Peters, your parents will
arrive shortly.

INT. JAIL CELLS - EARLY MORNING

Shawn stands up, cleaning the dust off his pants. He clears his the lump in his throat from the earlier conversation.

SHAWN
Thank you, sir.

Officer Smith walks away.

LESLIE
Peters, huh?

SHAWN
Yup, that's me.

LESLIE
So, you really do live the life everyone wants to live.

SHAWN
Trust me, it's not even close than what it appears to be.

LESLIE
It can't be that bad.

SHAWN
When you think Peters, what do you think of?

LESLIE
Michael Peters, one of the best football players in the history of the sport.

SHAWN
Exactly. I've been living in his fucking shadow ever since I was born and everyone expects me to play football and be just as big as he was.

LESLIE
That must be hard.

Shawn just purses his lips and nods.

SHAWN
Obviously, it's not as hard as your situation, or Troy's, or Cameron's. I feel like such a girl for doing what I did compared to you guys.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

What did you do?

SHAWN

I got drunk and then trashed the football field he donated to the school and broke the cabinet where he's picture was posted.

Everyone stays in silence for a split second. Cameron snorts lightly and everyone starts laughing.

CAMERON

That is epic.

(beat)

And very, extremely cliché.

As their laughs ceased, the character fell into a comfortable silence.

TROY

It's just football, you know.

SHAWN

Not for him.

TROY

They think they always have the upper hand.

(beat)

Unfortunately, they do.

SHAWN

Not in your case, they don't.

TROY

Never take a drug dealer as an example. Yes, I don't depend with them anymore. Doesn't mean I'm happy.

LESLIE

You know, you don't really realize how much they do for you regardless, until they're not there. I'm trying, but I can't even afford a pair of socks for my brother.

SHAWN

Leslie, I'm really sorry about your parents and everything.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

Yeah... I am too. But, there's nothing I can do about it, right? Things happen for a reason.

SHAWN

Right.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Footsteps are heard as an officer approaches cell three.

OFFICER SMITH

Peters, time to go.

Shawn nods at the cop and walks out of the cell. He turns around to see Troy and Cameron and nods. He turns to Leslie and smiles. Leslie winks sympathetically.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - EARLY MORNING

In one of the monitors, Shawn is seen walking out into the lobby. The clock on the monitor shows 5:25 am.

INT. ONONDAGA COUNTY JAIL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

Shawn meets CLARA (40s), Shawn's mother, and MICHAEL (40s), Shawn's father. Clara walks towards Shawn, hugging him.

CLARA

Shawn, baby, thank God you're okay!

SHAWN

Why wouldn't I be?

MICHAEL

Do you know what kinds of people are locked up in this place? They're criminals, Shawn, they're nothing like us.

SHAWN

Actually Dad, it's quite of the opposite. They all deal with different bullshit, but they have a reason to do what they do.

CLARA

Shawn, baby, you're just identifying with them because

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARA (cont'd)
you've been with these people too
long. Let's take you home honey,
come on.

Clara grabbed Shawn's arm, attempting to pulling him towards
he exit. Shawn shakes his mother's hand off his arm and
stands still.

SHAWN
I can't leave yet.

MICHAEL
Are you insane! Come on, Shawn,
stop it with your bullshit. You're
not going to save the world by
caring about a bunch of criminals.

SHAWN
I've had enough of YOUR bullshit!
You don't understand it, do you?
You've always had your fucking way
with everything. You are the GREAT
Michael Peters, but what about me?
Have you ever considered maybe,
just maybe, I don't want to be like
you? Don't you get it? YOU are the
problem.

Both Clara and Michael are surprised by Shawn's sudden
outburst.

CLARA
Shawn, honey...

SHAWN
Don't get me wrong, thank you, so
much, for everything. But, I'm not
leaving with you guys if the other
three people in there have to stay.

MICHAEL
Shawn, you can't be serious. That's
a shitload of money.

SHAWN
I'm being more than serious. They
deserve to be out of there more
than I do. And don't give me that
money bullshit. You and I, in fact,
everyone in this country, knows
that you have the money.

(CONTINUED)

Michael rolled his eyes and stared at Clara, who just nodded and shrugged.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELLS - EARLY MORNING

Troy and Cameron get up from the bunkers and walk towards the gate as they hear footsteps in the hallway.

OFFICER SMITH
Lucky bastards, out, now.

Troy and Cameron look at each other confused. They look at Leslie who is even more confused. They all look back at the cop.

OFFICER SMITH
I don't have all day, you coming or not?

Troy, Cameron, and Leslie walk out of their respective cells, following the officer.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONONDAGA COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Troy, Cameron, Leslie, and Shawn are seen walking out of the police station and part their separate ways.

Troy and Cameron turn around one last time, making eye contact with Shawn. Shawn nods. Troy nods back and Cameron gives him a peace sign.

Shawn walks next to Leslie, towards Shawn's dad's car. It's a Porsche.

SHAWN
Hey, do you need a ride?

LESLIE
Nah, I'm fine, my brother and sister are waiting for me at a gas station close from here.

SHAWN
OK. Hey, I was gonna ask, my dad works with FOX Sports, and I can totally get you a job in the journalism section, if you want one.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

Wow, um, I don't know what to say.

SHAWN

Just think about it. Here, give me your number and I'll keep you posted.

LESLIE

Um, OK, sure. Do you have a pen?

SHAWN

Yeah, hold on.

Shawn walks around the car and gets a pen and a notebook from the car. He then walks back to Leslie.

Leslie grabs his pen, ignoring the notebook. She smiles as she holds his hand and writes her number on it. Shawn smiles back.

SHAWN

Alright, well it was nice meeting you, Leslie. And, thanks for everything.

Leslie hugs Shawn. As they pull back, Leslie reaches for a piece of paper in her back pocket.

LESLIE

Here.

SHAWN

What's this?

LESLIE

Just, read it when you have a chance.

With that, Leslie gives Shawn a kiss on the cheek and walks away.

Shawn smiles at her. He then turns and smiles at his parents. He was ready to start over again. He would've never expected such a shitty night would turn out to be one of the most inspiring things that ever happened to him.

Shawn got in the backseat and buckled up.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - MORNING

Shawn sits in the backseat and opens the piece of paper. He starts reading. As he reads, Shawn's car is shown making its way through the city.

LESLIE (V.O)

Somewhere along the way, something went wrong and we ended up here. Maybe it wasn't our fault, maybe it was. Our choices in life might have not been the best, but all of this proves that for some reason, we were destined to make those choices. It doesn't make sense now, but in the future, we will be able to look back and connect the dots, and learn why life has been a bitch to us and why we made the choices we made. Bad things happen to good people, but maybe those bad things are not so bad after all. Maybe they're just a way to keep you on the track of life that you are meant to be in. For reasons that we might not yet understand, we were meant to be here, locked up.

FADE OUT.