

PARKER & BARROW  
EPISODE 1X01: "BONNIE, MEET CLYDE"

Written by

Ashleigh A. Haynes

Ashleigh A. Haynes  
ashleighahaynes@gmail.com  
(770) 633 - 5607  
Ashleighahayneswriter.com

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHFORWARD)

Through the grainy image of a cell phone video, a woman's tear-stained and exhausted face shows. JESSIE BARROW (22), a young woman at the end of her rope. She sobs as she speaks to the camera.

JESSIE

If you don't know who I am, from the police, the FBI, from every news channel in existence, my name is Jessie Barrow.

Her voice -- and the hands holding the camera -- shake, and it takes a moment of hyperventilating to regain her control.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

They're saying so many things. About me. Us.

She breathes in deeply, calming herself. Set with resolve, she stares the camera down.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

But none of it's true. We didn't hurt them. Neither of us.

A pause as Jessie turns and looks out the car window.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I know it doesn't matter. I know we'll be dead soon.

Her voice trembles.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I hear a twig snap, see a car following too closely for too long, and I know. It's coming. If not today, then tomorrow. Or the next day. I know it's coming. So I'm not here to save myself.

Jessie glances down, tears falling freely.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I know I've done things, seen things, I wish I hadn't. I wish I could go to sleep, and find out that I'm already there. That this is a nightmare. But it's not.

She looks at the camera.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying this to save me. Or her. I'm saying this because, when we're gone, and the lies are all you hear --

She chokes on a sob.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

When the lies are all they know, I at least want the truth to be heard. To be known. The truth about Parker and Barrow.

Jessie wipes a tear from her tired face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jessie, face free from horror and exhaustion, laughs from her place beside roommate and bestie, Aurora (early 20s). All around them, a killer party rages.

SUPER: "6 WEEKS EARLIER"

JESSIE

It's my party. I can mope if I want to.

Aurora, wearing a dress a little more revealing than Jessie nudges her with a shoulder, spilling some of the beer in her red plastic cup.

AURORA

I have joint custody of the party, so no moping allowed. Even if you are single on your birthday.

Jessie shoves her friend, who seems to be searching the crowd for a familiar face.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Besides. Single is a state of mind. One you can change.

JESSIE

Uh huh. Who'd you invite?

Aurora meets her gaze conspiratorially.

AURORA

Hmm?

JESSIE

Who are you trying to hook me up with?

Jessie's friend beams, proud of herself.

AURORA

If you must know, *chica*, she's a new girl in town.

Aurora turns back to the crowd.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Very cute. Very smart. Very gay, considering how hard she tried to get my number at orientation. But since she's not exactly part of my orientation --

Aurora raises an eyebrow at her.

ARORA

Just wait till you see her two legs before you say no.

A pair of arms wraps around Jessie and squeezes a little too tight.

LANDON

What are we saying yes to?

LANDON (early 20s), the entitled white guy from hell, with a badge and gun on his belt to match, lays a head on Jessie's shoulder. Though the move seems comfortable to him, a clearly uncomfortable Jessie instantly weasels out of his hold.

AURORA

I don't remember inviting you.

LANDON

You didn't.

Wrapping a hand possessively around Jessie's hand, he pulls her closer.

LANDON (CONT'D)

I'm a plus one.

JESSIE

What are you doing here?

Landon leans in, hand tightening on her wrist.

LANDON

Where else would I be on your  
birthday, babe?

Before she can answer, another arm -- much darker and more feminine -- wraps around Jessie's waist, pulling her away from Landon's touch and into the arms of a gorgeous young woman named ANNIE (23).

ANNIE

I've been looking all over for you.

Keeping an arm on Jessie's waist, Annie pecks the girl on the cheek, then turns her polite-yet-warning gaze on Landon with a smile.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for keeping her warm, but I  
got her from here, friend.

Landon's face sours.

LANDON

Not your friend.

(to Aurora)

What are you doing letting strays  
into your house, Rori? You know  
they can bite.

AURORA

It's not Rori to you. And the only  
stray I see here is you. Shoo.

Nonplussed, but clearly having lost this battle, Landon storms off. Annie steps away from Jessie as soon as he's out of sight.

ANNIE

Sorry. "Gross guy who won't take  
no" sense were tingling. Sisters  
got help each other out, right?

Jessie, a bit out of it, smiles and nods.

JESSIE

Yeah. Thanks.

Aurora steps in and puts a hand on Annie's shoulder.

AURORA

Jessie, this is the girl I was  
telling you about. Annie --

Jessie breaks away from her friend, inching toward a set of stairs.

JESSIE

Nice to meet you. Sorry. I'm really not feeling well. I'm going to head upstairs.

AURORA

Jess. It's your party.

JESSIE

Enjoy it for me. Good night.

With that, she dashes up the stairs. None of the other party-goers seem to notice. With a raised eyebrow and a shrug, Annie turns to Aurora.

ANNIE

She seems... nice.

Aurora beams at her, handing her two cups of beer.

AURORA

Upstairs. The door on the right.  
You're welcome.

Aurora dances away, and Annie eyes the stairs. With a scoff, she steps toward them.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie drops the miniskirt she's wearing and pulls on a pair of sweatpants. She's in the process of peeling off her tight top when her door OPENS behind her. She SQUEAKS in surprise as she sees Annie enter, balancing the cups in one hand.

JESSIE

What... What are you doing?

Annie stops, but doesn't blush as Jessie rushes to pull on a tee-shirt.

ANNIE

Should have knocked. Sorry.

JESSIE

No. I mean. Why are you here?

Annie kicks the door closed behind her.

ANNIE

I've been set up a few times.  
Friends, family. Random strangers  
who happen to know a gay friend of  
theirs. I know how this goes, every  
time. Your friend, Rori. She wasn't  
going to back down until I came up  
here.

Now clothed, Jessie crosses her arms awkwardly over her chest  
and avoids Annie's eyes.

JESSIE

Yeah. No, I'm sorry. Aurora's  
pushy. At best.

ANNIE

I get it. You're good.

Jessie smiles, relieved, and sits on the bay window bench.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Landon opens cabinet after cabinet until he tracks down a  
bottle of the hard stuff. He pops the cap off and pours a  
generous amount into a cup.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie holds up the beers.

ANNIE

Want a drink?

JESSIE

No thanks. I kind of hate beer.

ANNIE

Thank god. Me too.

She sets the cups on a dresser.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon swaggers into the center of the party, taking a swig  
from the cup in his hand.

Across the room, Aurora dances with a couple of FRAT BOYS  
(early 20s). She grins up on one, then throws her arms around  
another's neck. All the while she laughs.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a pregnant silence, Annie approaches the bay window, careful not to encroach on Jessie's space. They both stare out the window, at the small town beyond.

JESSIE

Where are you from?

ANNIE

Bit of everywhere. Born in Chicago. Raised in Atlanta, then Dallas. Now I'm here. You?

JESSIE

Nowhere.

She looks up at Annie's confused expression and huffs a laugh before turning back to the window.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Here. I was born and raised here. A not-so-proud resident of Middle of Nowhere, Texas.

Annie huffs a LAUGH as she nods to the expanse past the window.

ANNIE

What makes you think things out there are any better than here?

Jessie meets her gaze.

JESSIE

I can't believe that the entire world out there has to be as awful as the one I grew up in. Immigrant kid in a tiny town where ninety nine percent of the population is white.

She shrugs.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

The world has to be better. I need it to be. Past all those mountains and roads, I need the world to be a truly better place.

The corner's of Annie's lips raise in a wry smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Auroria dances with a few different guys, occasionally grinding up on them. Landon watches, sipping from his cup.

ANNIE (PRELAP)

Well. As a black woman whose lived in all the dark little corners of this country, I hate to be the one to break it to you, but...

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie listens to Annie intently.

ANNIE

But, uh. This world? It's not better out there. Just bigger. Every place I've been. Atlanta, Chicago, New York, some tiny town in California. Here. They're all the same.

She leans forward, tension aching between them.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Anywhere you go, there's gonna be someone with some issue with you. And if you're waiting on them to accept you before you live your life?

Her hand whispers over Jessie's.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna die before you realize you were already alive all that time.

She clasps Jessie's hand and leans forward.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Several party guests leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon dances with Aurora for a brief moment before she moves on.

ANNIE (PRELAP)

You don't need permission to live.

Landon stumbles back, drains his cup. Runs a hand over his gun at his waist.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie and Jessie sit with lips a hairbreadth apart.

ANNIE

But you do have make the decision.  
Whether it's your life that you get  
to live, or the one others want for  
you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon reclines on a couch as many stragglers stumble out from the party.

ANNIE

Once you do, then it's just a  
couple thousand decisions left to  
go before you die. Don't always  
know when an important one is  
staring you down.

Aurora enters with a trash bag and immediately starts cleaning, not seeming to notice Landon.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie's hand grasps back as Annie takes her free hand through Jessie's hair.

ANNIE

But eventually you learn. Sometimes  
the decision is yours, sometimes  
not. Sometimes it's important,  
sometimes it's tiny.

Annie brushes her nose against Jessie's and drops her voice.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But you never know which it is  
until after, so it's best to just  
jump on the bull --

She pulls back a little to catch Jessie's gaze.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
-- grab it by the horns --

She tucks a piece of hair behind Jessie's ear.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
-- and ride it off right into the  
sunset.

With a grin, she leans forward to kiss Jessie.

Jessie puts a hand on her arm to stop her.

JESSIE  
Wait. I don't...

Annie sits back up, concerned.

ANNIE  
Did I totally read all of this  
wrong? I'm sorry --

JESSIE  
No. It's just...

She stutters.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I'm not a kiss on the first non-  
date type of person.

Annie nods and sits back before rising to her feet.

ANNIE  
I get it. No worries.

JESSIE  
Yeah?

ANNIE  
Yeah. But it is getting kind of  
late. I should get home. Don't want  
a black girl alone on the streets  
too late at night. In some places,  
it's worthy of a death sentence.

Annie shrugs and turns toward the door. Jessie, stuck in a decision, suddenly jumps up and catches her, stopping here by the arm and pulling her into a deep kiss.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon stalks toward Aurora salaciously. He slurs heavily as he speaks.

LANDON

Rori.

He reaches her, grabbing her waist and pulling her against him hard. She gasps and drops the trash bag.

AURORA

*Dios*, Landon. You're drunk. Go home.

LANDON

Dance with me.

He starts swaying and she pushes against his chest lightly.

AURORA

You'll hurt yourself. Let go and walk yourself home.

LANDON

Don't wanna.

AURORA

Fine. I'll call Drex --

Landon squeezes her tighter to him, running a hand under her skirt. She GASPS.

LANDON

No. I don't wanna go. I want you.

Aurora pushes his arm away.

AURORA

Stop it. You're being stupid.

LANDON

Come on. You've been willing to give it up to every other guy here tonight. Why not me?

Panicking, Aurora struggles further, and he tightens his grip.

LANDON (CONT'D)

I'm lonely, you know.

Aurora opens her mouth to SCREAM, but Landon's hand clamps over it.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie pulls back from the kiss for a moment, terror and excitement all over her face. *Did she just do that?* Annie smiles broadly, nods, then pulls her back in. She drops a hand to Jessie's waist, to the hem of her shirt...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon tries to get a hand under Aurora's shirt, but fumbles and ends up losing his grip on her. In the struggle to regain control, Landon pushes Aurora to the ground, where she hits her head on a coffee table. She CRIES OUT, but the sound is drowned out by the still-pulsing stereo.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie pushes Aurora back gently, catching her break. Annie nods, then leans back against the door.

ANNIE

Too much on the first non-date?

Jessie nods sheepishly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aurora raises herself up on an elbow, glaring at Landon. Blood pours from a gash on her head.

AURORA

*Idiota.* Look what you did!

Landon takes a step back dizzily.

LANDON

I didn't mean to...

Aurora clumsily moves to her knees, trying to use the coffee table as balance to stand. She slips, crashing back down against the carpet on her knees.

AURORA

You're done. I stood by. Let you hurt her. But now you're done.

Landon, agitated, pulls his gun and aims it at her.

LANDON

You won't say anything.

Aurora chokes on a GASP and inches backward sluggishly.

LANDON (CONT'D)  
 Even if you did, who'd believe you?  
 The way you were grinding up on  
 everyone tonight like a little  
 whore?

With labored breathing, Aurora tries to pull herself away.

LANDON (CONT'D)  
 Me, the mayor's kid doing his civic  
 duty as a cop? Here to keep whores  
 like you safe. Who do you think  
 they're going to listen to, Rori?

Aurora GROWLS and lunges forward, reaching for the gun --

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie meets her own gaze in a mirror and smiles at herself. She turns to Annie, who stands and rushes forward to meet her. With hunger in their eyes, they collide, lips first --

A GUNSHOT stops them cold. Neither moves, confused and frozen, sharing a confused gaze. A blood-curdling SCREAM from below, followed by one last deafening GUNSHOT.

Jessie breaks from her shock first, brushing past Annie and running for the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie rushes down the stairs into the living room --

--and stops in absolute horror at the sight before her.

Landon stands shell-shocked. His gun hangs heavy in his hands. At his feet, a lifeless Aurora lies in a pool of her own blood.

A broken SOB befalls Jessie's lips as she rushes to her best friend's side and falls to her knees. At the same time, Annie follows behind her, coming to a stop at the foot of the stairs and watching the scene unfold before her.

JESSIE  
 No...

Jess reaches out to touch Aurora's wound, but hesitates, shaking. She turns a furious, tearful gaze up at Landon.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

LANDON  
She... she came at me...

Jessie turns her gaze back to Aurora's body, to the gash on her head. She catches a glimpse of the coffee table -- too far away to have played a part in the shooting -- streaked with blood.

JESSIE  
You liar.

She glares up at him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
You think I don't remember the lies  
you tell when you get a little  
angry? Mess up?

LANDON  
I'm sorry, Jessie.

She lunges to her feet and stalks forward.

JESSIE  
Yeah, you always were.

Landon raises his gun again, out of instinct, stopping Jessie in her tracks. Annie rushes forward to back Jessie up.

ANNIE  
I'll call the cops.

LANDON  
What the hell do you think I am,  
bitch?

ANNIE  
Aside from a murderer? I wouldn't  
know.

Landon looks down at Aurora, swirling emotions fighting for dominance in his face.

LANDON  
No.

JESSIE  
You killed her. You can't just  
apologize for this. You're done.  
Landon, you fucked up.

Anger flashes across Landon's face and he raises the gun again, pure fear and fury in his eyes.

LANDON

No. I didn't do this.

Suddenly, he stalks forward and turns the gun around to place it in Jessie's hand, wrapping her fingers around it well.

LANDON (CONT'D)

You did.

Jessie panics and drops the gun, backing away carefully. Annie glares at Landon.

JESSIE

What?

LANDON

You two got into a fight. You were drunk. You grabbed my gun and attacked her.

JESSIE

That doesn't make any sense.

LANDON

It will when they hear that she wanted your little chocolate bar first. That you stole it from her.

ANNIE

Sick bastard.

LANDON

And you. I'm sure they'll love to know how you helped. How you both killed her for fun. Because you're psychos.

JESSIE

Landon. Please. You can't do this. No one will believe --

LANDON

They will believe what I tell them to believe. And I think all of us know that.

Landon steps forward, but Annie intercepts him before he can get any closer to Jessie.

LANDON (CONT'D)  
I still love you, Jess. That's why  
I'll give you a head start.

JESSIE  
What?

LANDON  
Run. Half an hour. Then they'll  
come for you.

Annie turns to Jessie.

ANNIE  
He can't get away with this.

Jessie and Landon share a knowing glance.

JESSIE  
He already did.

With a quivering lip, Jessie kneels beside her best friend's  
body one last time and brushes the hair out of her face.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love  
you.

One last glare up at Landon.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Make sure she gets a burial. A nice  
one.

Landon nods solemnly.

Jessie stands and pushes past Annie back up the stairs. Annie  
glares at Landon one final moment, then follows.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessie slams into her room and runs immediately for her  
closet, grabbing a duffel bag. By the time Annie arrives,  
she's already stuffing it with clothes and special  
belongings. Annie lays a hand on her shoulder.

ANNIE  
You can't just run.

JESSIE  
I have to. I can't fight this, and  
I can't do prison.

ANNIE  
You didn't do anything wrong.

JESSIE  
I know.

Jessie pauses for a second.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
I don't have another choice. It's  
not a decision I can make.

ANNIE  
Maybe it's one I can.

Pause.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
If you take your car, the police  
will know who you are. They'll find  
you. But no one in town knows me  
yet. Even Landon doesn't know my  
name. It will take a while for them  
to find me, and by then... Who  
knows? Maybe we'll be able to clear  
your name.

JESSIE  
I couldn't ask that of. You'd be  
aiding and abetting a fugitive.

Annie shrugs nonchalantly.

ANNIE  
Wouldn't be the first time.  
Technically.

Jessie looks horrified.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Look. Yeah. There's bad things in  
my past. I've known some bad  
people. But I'm not a bad person.  
And I might be your only shot of  
getting out of this alive. Let me  
help you.

Jessie pauses, one of those rare decisions sitting right  
before her face. She hesitates, then relents with a SIGH.

JESSIE  
Grab my suitcase from the closet,  
will you?

Annie smiles and nods, turning to do as she's been told.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Annie carries a suitcase and a couple of smaller totes, while Jessie carries a messenger bag, the duffel bag, and a few other miscellaneous items. Landon stands by the door. The three stand in silence for a moment.

LANDON

Drex will be here in five minutes.  
The rest will be here in ten. You  
should go.

Jessie nods, then takes a final look around the house, including a small glance at the sheet over the body in the living room.

JESSIE

I'll see you in Hell, Landon.

He doesn't answer. Just opens the door and steps to the side.

Annie and Jessie share a glance, then exit the house.

INT. ANNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

With the back seat bogged down with bags and suitcases, Jessie slips into the car beside Annie. In the distance, SIRENS ring out, getting closer. Jessie and Annie take a precious second to sit and consider their situation.

JESSIE

This is insane.

ANNIE

Yeah. Worst non-first date ever.

Jessie smile beside herself, though tears form in her eyes.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Aurora.

Jessie SOBS quietly and nods in thanks.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So I was thinking. If we're going  
to be on the run together, I'm  
pretty sure we should know each  
other's names. Only seems fair.

Jess nods and wipes a tear away as she turns to Annie with an extended hand.

JESSIE  
Jessie Parker.

Annie shakes the hand with a bittersweet smile.

ANNIE  
Annie Barrow.

JESSIE  
Nice to meet you.

ANNIE  
Nice to meet you, too.

The SIRENS wail as they close in. Jessie looks up at her house one last time as Annie starts up the car and pulls out onto the street.

**End of Pilot**