

The Third Law
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EXT. CITY - DAY

Jackson is walking down a city street. A few feet behind him is Parker, who's keeping their distance. At first, Jackson looks like he doesn't notice Parker following him, but he quickly becomes agitated and looks over his shoulder. However, when he looks back, Parker has disappeared. Jackson stops in his trail, looks around, then continues walking. Parker is once again following a few feet back. This cycle continues, until Jackson turns a corner. Parker turns the corner to follow, but is grabbed by the shoulders by Jackson and pushed against the wall. Jackson is gripping Parker's jacket, eyeing them in half fear, half rage.

JACKSON

Why are you following me?!

PARKER

(struggling to get out of
Jackson's grip)
Jackson, calm down -

JACKSON

(reinforcing Parker against the
wall)
How do you know my name?

PARKER

We've been -

JACKSON

Who's we? Who are you? What -

Parker suddenly grabs Jackson's shoulders and turns them so Jackson's the one pinned on the wall. Jackson freezes, eyes wide, as Parker takes a step back, wiping dust off their shoulder.

PARKER

For fuck's sake, Jackson, this is a
new jacket.

Jackson stays frozen. Parker fishes a badge out of their pocket, holding it out for Jackson to see.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Detective Parker Anderson from the
P.S.B. You and I have some matters to
discuss.

Parker motions for Jackson to follow as they start walking away. After a second, Jackson peels himself from the wall and starts walking. When he catches up, Parker continues.

PARKER

You, my friend, have worried enough important people to drag me out of retirement. About a week ago, the P.S.B received an error from one of their devices. That device was traced back to you.

Jackson opens his mouth to interrupt but nothing comes out.

PARKER (CONT'D)

What we'd like to know is why you decided it would be a good idea to take the damn thing, let alone keep it. The U.P.D wants it back, peaceful or not. It's up to you how that goes.

Jackson stops in his tracks, scoffing.

JACKSON

Stop, what? I haven't...I haven't stolen anything from anyone! And what the hell is the P.S.B, and the U.P...

He trails off, realization dawning on his face. He looks at Parker for a second, letting it sink in.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

U.P.D. That butterfly.

PARKER

You're smarter than you look, kid. The P.S.B is the Preter-Supernatural Bureau. Think of it as the F.B.I for the paranormal. They run the U.P.D - Unusual Patterns Division.

JACKSON

I didn't know that the butterfly meant anything. I thought it was just some stupid little...trinket.

PARKER

Everything means something, Jackson.
And that "stupid little trinket"
happens to mean a lot. You've knocked
so much shit out of balance, it's not
even funny.

JACKSON

What do you mean?

PARKER

What do I mean? Have you not noticed
the entire world just...glitching out?

Parker pulls out their phone, messing with it as Jackson
speaks.

JACKSON

What? No, of course not, the world
can't glitch. We're not living in the
matrix.

PARKER

Really? Listen to yourself.

Parker shows the phone to Jackson, revealing that they were
recording Jackson talk. They press play, and Jackson's
statement plays back, except it's as though his voice has
been glitching and lagging. Jackson's jaw drops.