

JEFFTOWN

"The Sheriff (Part 2)"

Written by

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1st Draft - Feb 29, 2020

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EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

On Jack. Match frame from exactly where we left off at the end of the last episode. Jack's face is frozen in fear for a beat. Then-

JACK  
(bursts out laughing)  
That's a good one!

Jack turns away from the Sheriff and continues towards the motel.

JACK (cont'd)  
Can't leave Jefftown! Ha!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jack, in generic PJs, throws open the comforter and climbs into bed.

JACK  
(closing his eyes)  
Can't leave Jefftown!

On Jack as he sleeps, smiling. Time passes very quickly, we see sunlight light up Jack's face. He opens his eyes.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

On Jack, bent down over the sink washing his face. He stands up to dry his face, and still wearing the silly grin from the night before, laughs to himself yet again.

JACK  
Can't leave Jefftown.

Then - his face suddenly falls.

JACK (cont'd)  
Can't...leave...Jefftown? Oh god,  
what if he's right???

EXT. WALMART - MORNING, LATER

Jack walks around the Walmart, putting things into his basket - some necessary items, and some random things he pulls off the shelves, as he talks to himself, distracted.

JACK  
I can't be here forever. This place  
sucks. Everyone is named Jeff?  
EVERYONE?

Jack turns a corner and starts pulling bag after bag of chips into his basket. He laughs.

JACK (cont'd)  
No, listen to yourself. That's crazy.  
There's no way. You can't be stuck in  
a town. I'll walk out of here if I  
have to.

He continues down another aisle.

JACK (cont'd)  
Unless...I can't? Is there a border?  
Are there guards?? Oh my god I-

Jack turns the corner and CRASH!! He runs headfirst right into another shopper.

JACK (cont'd)  
(rubbing his  
forehead)  
Why don't you watch where you're-

Jack looks up and is speechless - the person he bumped into is a beautiful woman. About 28, she has short, light brown hair, and wears a red blouse under a black blazer. She looks frightened.

JACK (cont'd)  
(speechless)  
Uh...

The woman scrambles to her feet and ducks back down the aisle she came from.

Jack stumbles to his feet and turns the corner to follow the woman. But he turns the corner and - nothing. It's empty. Jack stands there, confused. He picks up his basket, ignoring the things that fell out of it. He walks around the aisle, he looks down another aisle, then another. The woman is nowhere to be found.

Jack, confused, walks out of scene.

**BEGIN OPENING TITLES: JEFFTOWN - The Sheriff, etc.**

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Establishing shot, a man walks past with his dog.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

In the main foyer of the Sheriff's office, the sheriff stands at the printer near the kitchen. He turns to make coffee while he waits for something to print. Jack walks into the building and over to the sheriff.

JACK

You told me there were no women in  
Jefftown.

SHERIFF

(taking a sip of  
coffee)

Good morning to you too, Jack.

JACK

Yes, yeah, good morning.

(Again, more  
intensity)

You told me there were no women in  
Jefftown.

SHERIFF

There aren't.

Sheriff doesn't know what Jack's deal is - as far as the Sheriff knows he's telling the truth. He grabs the printouts and walks back into his office. Jack follows him.

JACK

I saw one this morning, in the  
Walmart. I bumped into her.

The Sheriff considers for a moment, turns to face Jack.

SHERIFF

A woman?

Jack nods.

SHERIFF (cont'd)

In...Jefftown?

The sheriff sits down.

JACK  
(nods)  
Jefftown.

SHERIFF  
As in, the town filled with Jeffs?

JACK  
Full of Jeff's, yes.

SHERIFF  
Full of men whose names are all Jeff?

JACK  
All named Jeff, all the rest, except  
for Steph! Well, I didn't catch her  
name.

The Sheriff stares at Jack blankly for a moment. Then scoffs  
and brushes it off.

SHERIFF  
Nope. You must have imagined it.

JACK  
Imagined...?? I ran right into her. My  
stuff went flying. I couldn't have  
imagined that.

The Sheriff turns in his chair to face the wall. He looks up  
at the camera, and begins to narrate.

SHERIFF  
(narrating)  
I had been Sheriff of this town for 6  
years. I hadn't seen a woman anywhere  
in this town. Not once. Either this  
guy's off his nut or...

A brief look of realization or fear flashes across the  
sheriff's face, but then he returns. All that remains of  
whatever thought he just had is a small drop of sweat slowly  
beading on his forehead.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
But...no. There's no way. I knew  
everyone and everything in this town.  
This kid? Didn't know shit. He didn't  
even know how to put his shirt on  
properly in the morning...

The sheriff turns back to Jack.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
Say, uh, you missed a button there.

JACK  
Don't change the subject!

Jack quickly turns around to fix his shirt. He looks up to cam and begins to narrate.

JACK (cont'd)  
(narrating)  
I knew what I had seen. It was a woman. Brown hair, red shirt. I was beginning to suspect that the Sheriff knew more than he was letting on about this strange little town. Now I just had to be clever and figure out a way to get it out of him.

Jack smooths his shirt and turns to the Sheriff. He acts cool, and by acts cool I mean attempts to turn and sit down smoothly but trips a little and brushes it off.

JACK (cont'd)  
You know more than you're letting on, don't you?

At this direct accusation, the Sheriff's eyes widen a little, and the bead of sweat on his forehead drips down his face. He wipes it away nervously.

SHERIFF  
Of course not.

JACK  
(excited - he cracked him)  
You do! You're hiding something..

SHERIFF  
(gruffly)  
The only thing I'm hiding is how much I wish you would get out of here so I can get back to work.

Jack eyes the Sheriff suspiciously, as the Sheriff goes about his business, after a beat Jack gets up and walks out.

JACK  
That's fine. I have a lady to find.

On the Sheriff as Jack closes the door loudly. The sheriff watches his closed office door and waits until he hears the second door close as well. As soon as it does, he turns to a filing cabinet in the corner. He opens it quickly and reaches his hand all the way in the back. He pulls out a folder and opens it briefly. He rifles through the papers for a minute, before shutting it quickly, and throwing it in the trash bin beside his desk.

He grabs a cigarette with shaky hands and lights it but doesn't extinguish the match right away. He takes a drag off the cigarette and seems to calm a little. Then he tosses the match in the trash can. The documents begin to burn.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jack walks towards the library. He briefly checks his phone again - no service. He continues inside.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks up to the front desk where a librarian is seated.

JACK  
(whispering)  
*Hey, do you guys have internet here?*

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
*There are three computers at the back.*

INT. BACK OF LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jack finds the computers. One of them is occupied by a young man of indiscernible age typing away furiously. His large youthful brown eyes were wired with energy but sported dark bags underneath. Next to him sits two cans of coca cola, one empty, one turned on its side. Jack takes a seat next to him.

Jack clicks on the internet icon. The dial-up noises start. Suddenly pop ups cover the screen and a giant red alert flashes: ALERT, VIRUS. ALERT, VIRUS. ALERT, VIRUS.

COKE JEFF  
Computer trouble?

Jack looks over at him.

COKE JEFF (cont'd)  
That's the porn computer.

Jack sighs and moves on to the third computer. The internet browser is already open and he begins to type: Jefftown....ladies? The modem screeches as the internet tries to load. Then, suddenly, pop ups cover the screen and a giant red alert flashes: ALERT, VIRUS. ALERT, VIRUS. ALERT, VIRUS.

COKE JEFF (cont'd)  
That one's also used for porn.  
Aaaand..  
(clicks)  
..print.

Coke Jeff hops up and walks over to the printer. Jack follows him, hoping to get some information.

JACK  
Is there wi-fi or a useable computer  
anywhere else in this town?

COKE JEFF  
Nope. It's pretty sad. I think the  
Mayor keeps cutting funding for the  
library. No one wants to fund public  
services anymore, especially not if  
it means higher taxes, am I right?

JACK  
How much do you pay in taxes?

COKE JEFF  
Oh, I don't pay taxes, I'm self-  
employed. I'm an amateur DJ.

Then, after grabbing his stack of printouts:

COKE JEFF (cont'd)  
Until I sell my screenplay, of  
course. Hey, do you want to read it?

JACK  
No. Listen, don't you find this town  
a little...strange?

COKE JEFF  
How so?

JACK  
Well, it's a town populated entirely  
by men named Jeff...for one thing...

COKE JEFF  
Well, no, there's the Sheriff!



JACK  
His name's still Jeff! What, did you  
think his name was "Sheriff"?

COKE JEFF  
(sheepishly)  
No....

JACK  
So you've never thought about this  
before.

COKE JEFF  
Hmm. No, I haven't. I guess that is a  
little weird.

JACK  
Okay, great. Thanks.

Jack turns to walk away.

COKE JEFF  
No problem. Nice meeting you, Jeff.

JACK  
Jack.

COKE JEFF  
Jeff.

Jack stops and turns back.

JACK  
No, Jack. My name's Jack.

Coke Jeff's jaw drops.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jack tries to walk away, but Coke Jeff pursues him with a  
barrage of questions.

COKE JEFF  
Your name is Jack??? In a town  
entirely populated with men named  
Jeff? That's so cool!! Oh man, I have  
to tell Jeffrey. HEY JEFFREY!!

JACK  
No, don't tell-

Just then Jeffrey walks up. He joins Coke Jeff, walking sightly behind a very annoyed Jack.

COKE JEFF  
This dude's name is Jack!!

JEFFREY  
Really?!?! Woah!! You know who would  
love this, is Geoff!!

COKE JEFF  
Geoff!! I was gonna say Geoff!

INT. JEFF'S GENERAL STORE - SAME TIME

The Sheriff enters the small general store on the main strip with a handful of papers in his hand. General store is a generous definition for this small convenience store that sells everything from cigarettes, bongs, to snacks, some produce, and even some clothing. The Sheriff clears his throat and begins to talk to the man behind the counter.

GENERAL STORE JEFF  
Morning sheriff. Newports, as usual?

SHERIFF  
No, I've come to ask, uh, ask you if  
you'd be willing to um, apply for the  
Deputy position? Maybe?

General Store Jeff scratches the back of his head and thinks about how to turn down the sheriff's offer.

GENERAL STORE JEFF  
Uhh...I dunno Sheriff. I'm not  
qualified to be deputy!

SHERIFF  
You'd be fine! Better than any of the  
current candidates-

GENERAL STORE JEFF  
I'm sorry, I gotta decline.

SHERIFF  
(exhales)  
Yeah...okay. Thanks anyways Jeff.

The sheriff turns to leave.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Jack walks brusquely down a city sidewalk. Widen to show the crowd following him, gaining numbers as it goes. Jack looks back at them. He tries to duck down an alley, only for them to follow.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The sheriff enters the mayor's office and comes up to the clerk.

CLERK

Hi Sheriff. Mayor Jeffrey is on a very important call-

SHERIFF

No matter, I'm here to talk to you.

CLERK

Me?

The sheriff begins awkwardly, and then holds up a "Help Wanted" sign.

SHERIFF

I was uh, wondering if you'd apply for Deputy?

CLERK

Deputy?

SHERIFF

I really need someone to help me out a bit. Like you help the Mayor. You're a level headed fella...

CLERK

(protesting)

But, I could NEVER leave the Mayor, he's...he's...

Just then the Mayor exits his office. MAYOR JEFFREY is a large balding man, with a bright pink face, and a permanently sweaty face, like his tie is always on too tight.

MAYOR JEFFREY

Jeff, it's past noon, where's my burger?? Oh, hi Sheriff. Don't forget my pickles!!

The Mayor ducks back into his office. The clerk watches him for a moment and then turns back to the Sheriff.

CLERK  
(breathless)  
He's...brilliant. I have so much to learn.

SHERIFF  
Okay. This was a lost cause.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack turns down an alley and back onto another street, thinking he's finally lost his admirers, only to realize they are coming at him from the opposite direction as well. He runs off-screen.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

The Sheriff, dejected, walks up to the librarian at the counter.

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
*Are you here about Jack?*

SHERIFF  
*No. I came to ask you to apply for the deputy position, and I won't take no for an answer.*

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
*I am afraid the answer to that must be no.*

SHERIFF  
*Please, consider it?*

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
*Why even ask me? I already have a job, I am the librarian.*

SHERIFF  
(starting to speak louder)  
But no one even uses the library!

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
Men use the computers here all the time!

SHERIFF  
But they only use it for-

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
(interrupting)  
It does not matter what they use it  
for!

The Sheriff sighs. Then..

SHERIFF  
Wait, why you askin' about Jack?

LIBRARIAN JEFF  
He was in here earlier, causing a  
commotion.

SHERIFF  
Ah, shit.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff walks up to a street corner where a large crowd has gathered. As he pushes his way into the epicenter, he pushes past an older man who looks particularly disheveled, with a five o'clock shadow and wide eyes.

The Sheriff makes it to the center of the circle to find Jack, sitting on a bench, head in hands.

SHERIFF  
I leave you alone for one minute and  
you start a damned riot.

Jack looks up as soon as he hears the Sheriff's voice.

JACK  
Sheriff! Make it go away.

The Sheriff addresses the crowd.

SHERIFF  
What's goin' on here?

The other Jeffs chime in.

JEFF #1  
Sheriff, this guy's name is Jack!!

JEFF #2  
His name's not Jeff!

JEFF #3

Not Jeff! Jack! Isn't that weird?

Jack stands, fed up.

JACK

It's NOT weird, it's my NAME! YOU'RE the weird ones!

The crowd clamors in response. The sheriff chuckles.

SHERIFF

Well, gonna have to give 'em this one. I mean, in a town filled with Jeffs you're the only one who don't fit in..

JACK

You would take their side! Just tell them to leave me alone.

SHERIFF

Tell them yourself-

COKE JEFF

(on the sidelines,  
furiously writing in  
a notebook)

This is so good. I'm putting all of this in my screenplay.

SHERIFF

-this is childish! I've got things I need to do today-

JACK

So do I! This is your fault anyways! I would have never gone to the library if you had just answered my questions-

SHERIFF

There IS no answer to your question. There's no conspiracies, there's no mysteries, there's no LADIES-

The disheveled man from the back perks up at this, and starts to move to the front of the crowd.

JACK

(angrily)

Yes, THERE IS. I saw her--I FELT her.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
She had brown hair, and a red shirt,  
and-

DISHEVELED MAN  
(interjecting)  
You saw The Lady In Red?

Both Sheriff and Jack turn to the disheveled man, eyes wide.  
Jack walks up to him.

JACK  
You've seen her too??

DISHEVELED MAN  
I have. And I can help you find her.

SHERIFF  
Look, Jack, don't go with him. He's  
uh-he's a little-

JACK  
Unless you're going to answer any of  
my questions, I think I am going to  
go with him.

SHERIFF  
FINE. Go with him. See if I care. All  
the rest of you, SHOVE OFF. Y'all  
causing a fire hazard or somethin'.

The Jeffs slowly start to disperse. Jack walks off with the  
disheveled man. On the Sheriff, who watches him walk away,  
and then storms off angrily himself.

INT. WALMART - EVENING

Jack shows the Disheveled Man around the area of the Walmart  
where he ran into the lady.

JACK  
-and then disappeared down this  
aisle.

The man walks around the aisle, taking everything in, closing  
his eyes.

DISHEVELED MAN  
Yes. I can feel the energy. One of  
them was definitely here.

JACK  
Weirdly misogynistic, but okay...

DISHEVELED MAN

We've got to move quickly, there isn't much time. The full moon is best for these types of things.

JACK

What sorts of things?

DISHEVELED MAN

Come with me.

The man turns down the aisle to start gathering supplies, and Jack follows.

JACK

What sorts of things though?

EXT. SHODDY OLD SHACK - NIGHT

Jack follow Disheveled Man up the walkway to an older boxy, single story house, holding bags of supplies. They enter

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

As the Disheveled Man leads Jack through his house, past brown wooden paneling on walls, brown windows, brown floors, brown everything, Jack asks questions about the night ahead.

JACK

So, I assume these are supplies for, a seance, maybe?

DISHEVELED MAN

Actually, they're just my groceries. You can put them anywhere. We only need this-

He pulls out an electric carving knife, corded, and a bag of Doritos.

DISHEVELED MAN (cont'd)

-and these.

JACK

A carving knife? Okay, starting to regret this...

He opens the door to a dimly lit basement, and leads Jack down.



It's a small room, cramped with stacks of boxes, piles of files, a desk so covered in clutter that the only defining desk-like feature is a small blue lamp, and two office chairs, also piled high with boxes. The wall that the chairs face is covered with a large sheet.

JACK (cont'd)  
Starting to...really regret this...

DISHEVELED MAN  
Take a seat...and I'll show you...

He moves some boxes off a chair and offers it to Jack, who sits. He then grabs a corner of the sheet and pulls.

DISHEVELED MAN (cont'd)  
...my research!!

He pulls down the sheet to reveal a wall of photos, files, notes, and string connecting everything. At the center of the board is a big word: ALIENS. Disheveled Man, or as he's colloquially dubbed, "Conspiracy Jeff", is beyond excited to have an audience.

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
Aliens!!

JACK  
Oh...I have to apologize to the  
sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Close on a microwave as the Sheriff puts a TV Dinner in and sets the timer for two minutes. He stews angrily at the kitchen island.

It's a small, square room with light brown cabinets and yellow walls. It's clearly not a chef's kitchen, with very little in the way of kitchen appliances or equipment. The only fruit in the bowl are 3 limes and a banana which is slowly turning black.

The sheriff heads into the next room, a modest living room containing only the essentials - TV, couch, rug, coffee table.

He sits down and turns on the TV, flicking through a few channels that all seem to bore him, though its clear his mind isn't really on the TV.

He gets up and heads to the bedroom.

INT. SHERIFF'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sheriff flicks the light on and rounds the corner to his side of the bed. He reaches for the bottom drawer of his bedside table, hesitating only a moment before opening it.

He reaches to the very back of the drawer and pulls out a small, folded piece of paper.

Sitting on the bed, he unfolds the paper slowly. It's a picture of a young woman. The expression on the Sheriff's face is solemn but otherwise indecipherable.

Then, the microwave dings.

The sheriff puts the photo back where it belongs and closes the drawer.

INT. CONSPIRACY JEFF'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Conspiracy Jeff begins to explain.

CONSPIRACY JEFF

Now, I know this is going to seem crazy-

JACK

It does-

CONSPIRACY JEFF

But it's all gonna make sense. You see, the woman you saw is an alien from outer space-

Jack puts his head in his hands. He should have known better.

JACK

Ooooookay.

CONSPIRACY JEFF

-and we're going to summon her-

JACK

Uh-huh.

CONSPIRACY JEFF

-using your brain.

He pulls out the carving knife.

JACK

Wai-what?

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
We just have to temporarily open your  
skull-

Jack jumps out of his seat.

JACK  
No, we don't!!

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
No it's okay! You're going to  
survive, you see-

JACK  
Oh god.

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
-you're an alien too!!

JACK  
NO, I'm NOT! Ugh, this is crazy. I--  
wait. What were the Doritos for?

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
Oh, those are just for eating.

Jack eyes Conspiracy Jeff, then grabs the Doritos.

JACK  
I'm leaving.

Jack heads back up the stairs.

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
But we can only do this-

JACK  
(calling back)  
Nope!

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
-during the full moon!

JACK  
(farther away)  
Don't care!

Conspiracy Jeff jumps to his feet and tries to follow, but is  
held back by the plugged in corded carving knife.

CONSPIRACY JEFF  
(calling after Jack)  
Well...if you ever change your  
mind...

He sighs, and looks at the carving knife in his hand.

CONSPIRACY JEFF (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
I should have sprung for cordless.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Establishing shot of the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff steels himself for a moment, then opens the door to the bullpen to survey the cast of characters who have come out to apply for the job. They all seem to have some bizarre quirk or feature; one is juggling, one doing push-ups, and another sweats profusely.

SHERIFF  
(to himself)  
Let's get started.  
(looks at his list)  
Jeff?

The sweaty man gets up. He instantly drops his resume and trips over his shoelace trying to pick it up. The Sheriff sighs as they enter his office and close the door.

BEGIN MONTAGE

The Sheriff takes a seat behind his desk and begins to interview his candidates.

He takes the resume from Sweaty Jeff, disturbed at how moist it is.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
So, son, what made you wanna apply  
for the Deputy position?

Sweaty Jeff wipes his brows frequently as the sweat continues to pour.

SWEATY JEFF  
Well, sir, I've always been  
interested, sir, in law enforcement-

SHERIFF  
And...your qualifications?

SWEATY JEFF  
Well, um, I'm-I'm very brave, and-

As he says this, the Sheriff drops a large book on his desk, and Sweaty Jeff yelps in surprise.

SWEATY JEFF (cont'd)  
<YELPS>

SHERIFF  
Okay. Thanks. We'll call you.

Sweaty Jeff stands up to leave.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
NEXT!

The next candidate is Push-Up Jeff.

PUSH-UP JEFF  
(while doing push-ups)  
And I can bench like, 338. 345 if I really push it-

The Sheriff has to lean over his desk to talk to Push-Up Jeff.

SHERIFF  
Sure, but what-

PUSH-UP JEFF  
(flipping over to switch to sit-ups)  
Can I deadlift?? Good question. 503 and counting!

The Sheriff rolls his eyes.

SHERIFF  
NEXT!

On Juggling Geoff, who finishes a quick juggling routine.

JUGGLING GEOFF  
(finishes routine)  
Ta-daaaaah!

The Sheriff, thoroughly unimpressed, starts to speak when Juggling Geoff stops him by holding up a finger.

The Sheriff is confused for a moment, when Juggling Geoff puts up two hands flat out in front of him. He's starting to mime that he's in a box. The Sheriff is done.

SHERIFF  
NEEEEEEXT!

On the Sheriff, who continues to interview more and more candidates...

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
Next...

Slowly losing his mind...

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
Next!!

And slipping farther back into his chair until he's had enough, head in his hands.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
NEEEEXT!!!

END MONTAGE

The Sheriff, head in hands, slowly shakes his head as he hears the next candidate come in and sit down. He looks up and is startled - it's Jack.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
Wha-you ain't on the list!

JACK  
Sheriff, I came to apologize. You were right about Conspiracy Jeff.

SHERIFF  
Well, I know, but, I got things to do-  
-

JACK  
And I've come to apply for the deputy position. On a provisional basis. That should take a load off you for a while, and give you time to find someone good.

The Sheriff eyes Jack. He doesn't love this plan, but doesn't hate it either.

SHERIFF

What makes you think you're  
qualified?

JACK

Well, I trained at Central Valley  
Police Academy for two years and...

Jack stands up and walks to the door.

JACK (cont'd)

May I remind you...

Jack swings the door open. Push-Up Jeff and Juggling Geoff  
continue to practice their affectations in the background,  
while Sweaty Jeff stands right in the doorway looking as if  
he was just about to knock.

SWEATY JEFF

Sir, I know you said you would call  
me but, sir, I thought it would be  
prudent, sir-

Jack closes the door. On the Sheriff as Jack sits back down.

SHERIFF

It pains me to admit...you are the  
most qualified.

JACK

Well?

SHERIFF

Well-I ain't saying no.

Jack smiles.

JACK

Perfect-

SHERIFF

But you better drop this whole,  
conspiracy thinking, and asking me-

JACK

I know, I've dropped it. It's  
dropped.

The Sheriff sits back, seemingly satisfied with that answer.  
Jack turns to camera to narrate.

JACK (cont'd)  
(narrating)  
Little did he know, I was never going  
to drop it. But I was a good actor,  
and he was none the wiser.

On the Sheriff, who also takes a moment to narrate.

SHERIFF  
(narrating)  
I knew he wasn't going to drop it.  
But my only other option was...Sweaty  
Jeff...

The Sheriff turns to Jack.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
So...do you wanna go deal with them?

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LATER

Jack stands outside the Sheriff's station shooing the other interviewees, grumbling and muttering, away from the station.

JACK  
Keep it moving, yep he gave the job  
to me, keep looking, yeah maybe the  
circus will come to town buddy...

He folds his arms and rests against a support pillar. The Sheriff comes out of the building, holding something small, and falls in place next to Jack as they watch everyone leave.

He holds up the item, the Deputy's Badge, and hands it to Jack.

SHERIFF  
Here you go, Deputy.

Jack takes the badge as the Sheriff takes out a cigarette.

JACK  
Provisional deputy. I am going to get  
the fuck out of here if it kills me.

The Sheriff shrugs.

SHERIFF  
Your funeral.



The sheriff offers Jack a cigarette, but he refuses, busy replacing the name tag from his previous job from his vest with the new adornment. They stand in silence a moment before the Sheriff breaks it again.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
So, he try to cut your head open?

Jack stares at the Sheriff wide eyed.

JACK  
Yeah-how did-

SHERIFF  
Yeah, he tried me too. I put him in the holding cell for a month. In the end he's pretty harmless.

JACK  
He thought I was an alien.

SHERIFF  
He thinks everyone's an alien.

Jack sighs.

JACK  
I just-ugh. I don't get it. Why is everyone here named Jeff? And why am I here?

SHERIFF  
Drive yourself crazy asking those questions, kid.

JACK  
I just...it has to make...it's...

SHERIFF  
Forget it Jack. It's Jefftown.

Jack sighs and shakes his head, then he takes a cigarette as the camera pulls back revealing more of the Sheriff's station and the surrounding area as the Sheriff and Jack share a smoke in silence.

Then suddenly, the scene rewinds. The sheriff goes back inside, then Jack and the interviewees. Then the tape rewinds further and further, faster and faster, until the scene is all the way back at the Walmart one day ago.

The scene of Jack bumping into the woman is scrubbed over once or twice, before <CLICK> - it's deleted.

INT. DARKENED ROOM

A woman stands hunched over a desk in a darkened room, lit dimly by the computer screen in front of her. Though it's hard to tell, it appears that her hair is brown and her blouse is red. She hears a noise outside that startles her, and quickly grabs her keys from the desk and rushes out.

She exits into a well-lit hallway. It's late, and the sound she heard might just have been the janitor who is vacuuming down the hall. She turns the corner and almost bumps into another woman. AMY, 22, a petite South Asian woman with dark brown hair pulled into two braids, is just as startled as her.

LADY IN RED

(startled)

Amy!! I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.

AMY

Oh..that's okay...what are you doing here so late?

LADY IN RED

Oh, I, uh, forgot my keys.

She holds up her keys and gives Amy a weak smile, before continuing on. Amy eyes her, a little suspicious.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy opens the door to the dark room. It's entirely dark except for a faint light coming from an illuminated computer screen in the far corner.

Amy approaches the computer. A pop-up asking the user to confirm the log-off attempt blocks the center of the screen, and after looking around, Amy closes it.

The screen remains on the footage of Jack in the Walmart, and Amy zooms in on the confused looking man to get a better look. She zooms in closer and closer on his face before panning down and landing on his name tag, which reads "JACK".

She gasps.

CUT TO BLACK